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A BREWSTER PUBLICATION

CLASSIC

DECEMBER

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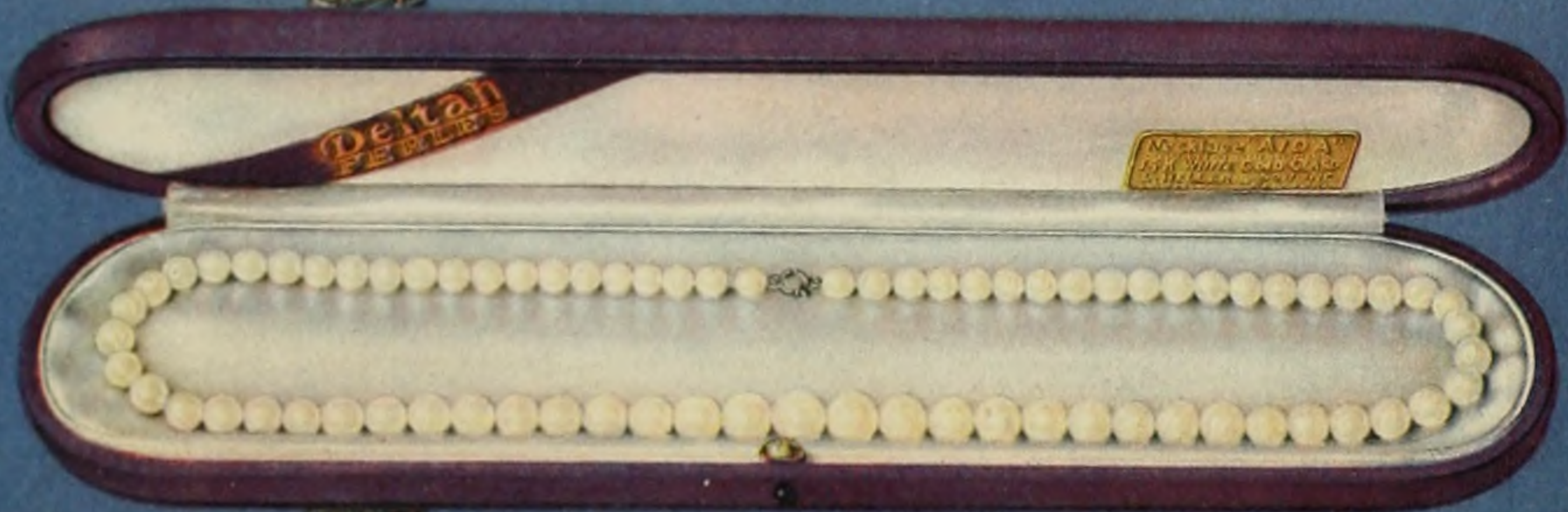


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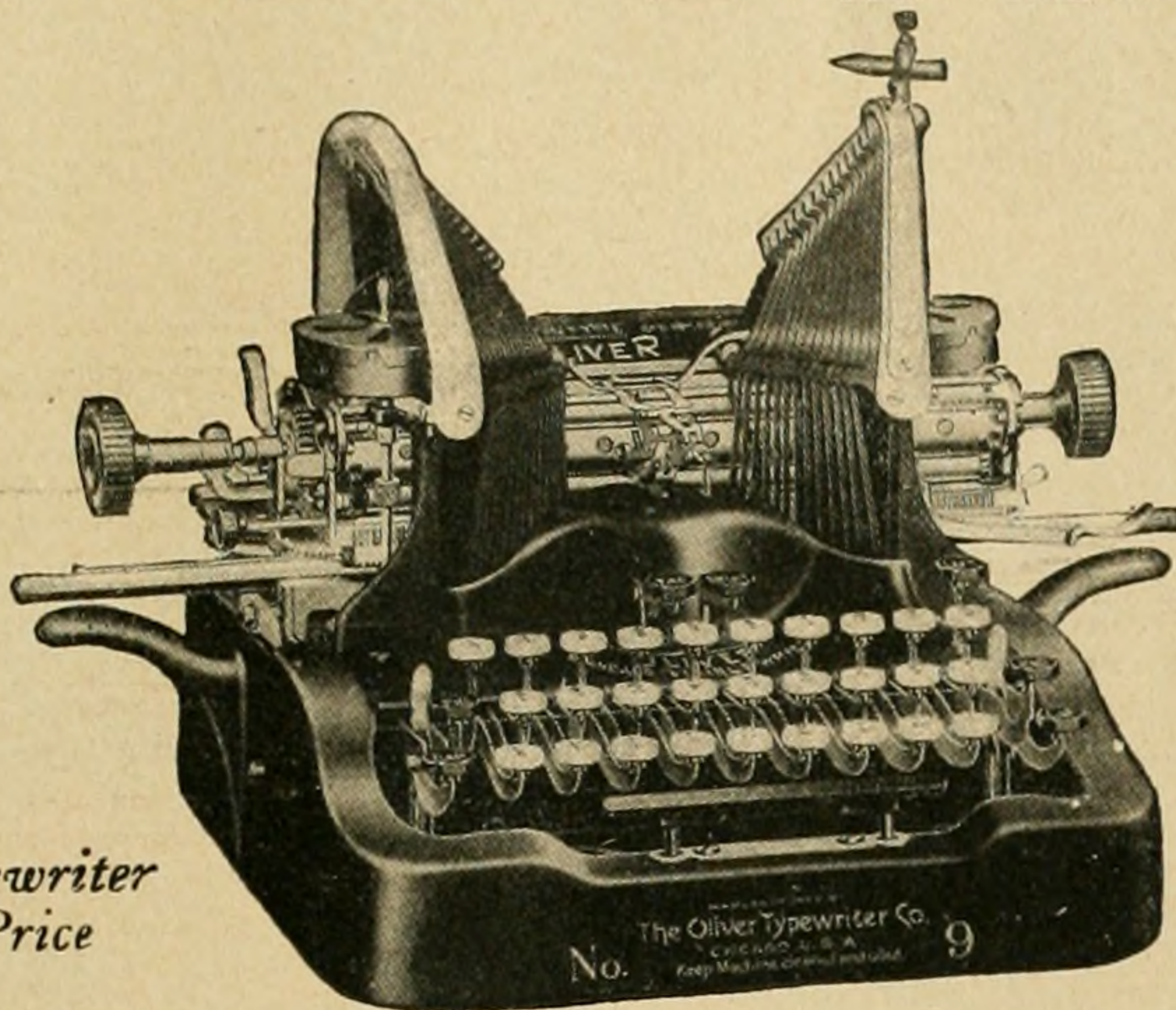


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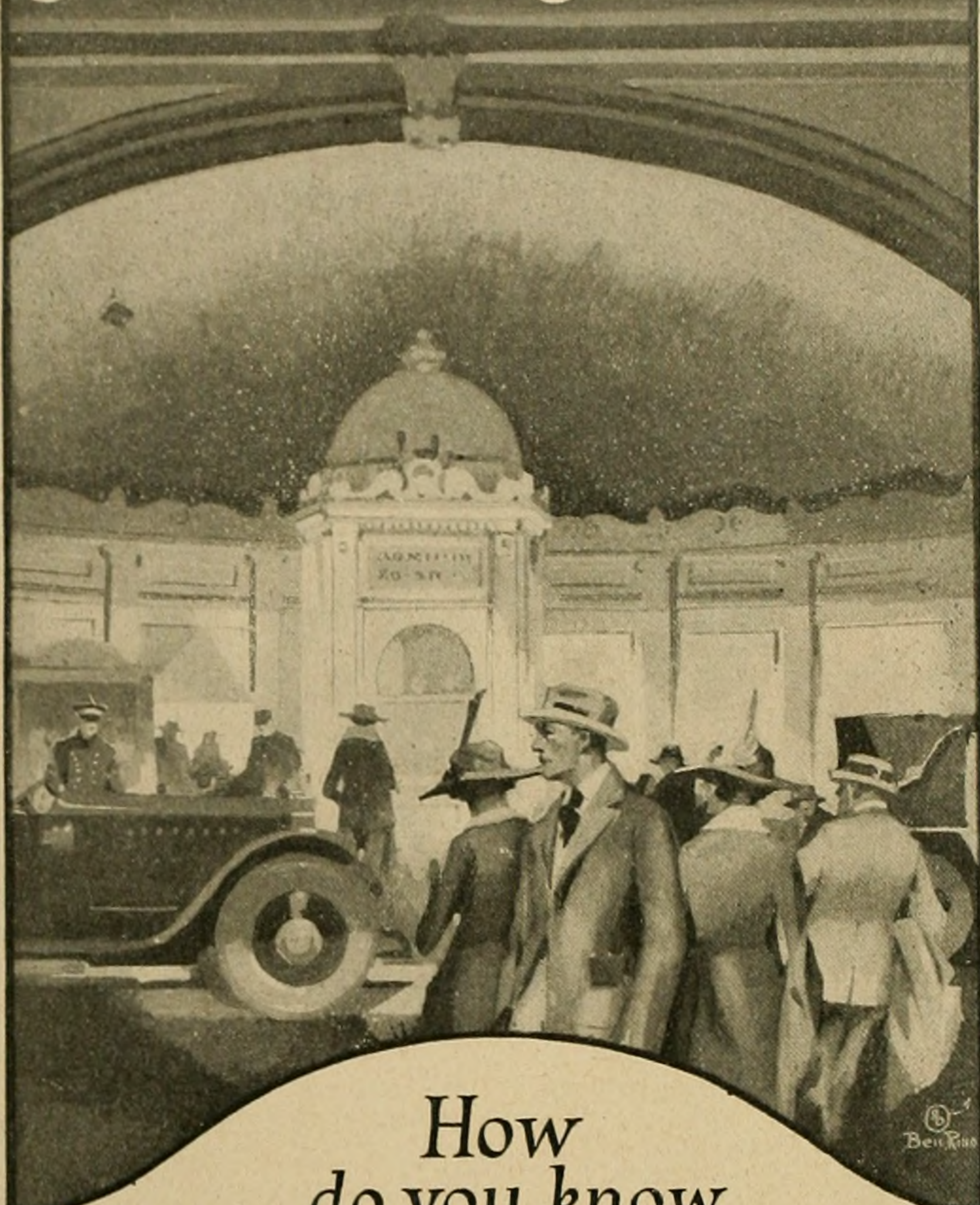
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†Charles Ray in
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†Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"

* *A Paramount Picture*

Wallace Reid in
"Always Audacious"
"Toujours de L'Audace"

* *A Paramount Picture*

Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"

* *A Paramount Picture*

Maurice Tourneur's
Production
"Deep Waters"

* *A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"

* *A Paramount Picture*

Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

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Vol. XI

DECEMBER, 1920

No. 4

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr.)

Bebe Daniels, a black-eyed beauty of Spanish heritage, who has been on the stage since the tender age of ten weeks, when she took the part of the baby in "Jane." A speaking part in "The Confederate Spy" at four and playing in stock at the age of six are steps in her remarkable career, until she reached the screen. Now she has left the farce-comedy of the cinema and is appearing in her premiere Realart production, "You Never Can Tell."

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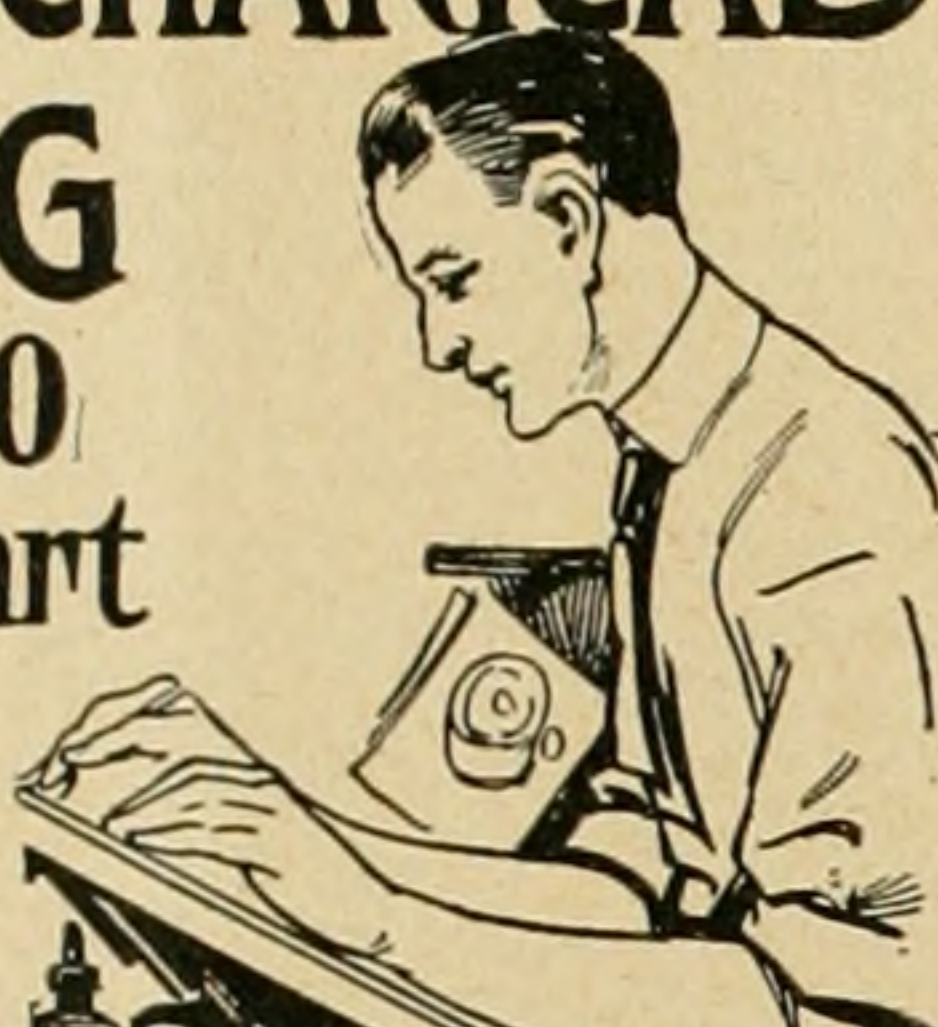
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IMPORTANT NOTICE

Due to unforeseen conditions, it has been impossible to announce the final results of the Greatest of All Popularity Contests in this issue. The final votes have been tabulated, however, and a complete announcement, with the interesting last-minute developments, will be printed next month, and also in the January number of the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.**

Stage Plays of Interest

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

Belasco.—"One," with Frances Starr. Edward Knoblock's opus of twin sisters with but half a soul apiece. Neither sister can get along without the other, hence the drama. Miss Starr plays the twins. Mr. Belasco's handling of this play saves it from slipping over the line from serious drama.

Bijou.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duer Miller's story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree, James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Booth.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay. O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the bailiff's bibulous aid.

Broadhurst.—"The Guest of Honor." with William Hodge. A typical sugar-coated Hodge vehicle, in which virtue is shriekingly triumphant. Nowhere near life, but pleasant bunkum.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Pleasant musical entertainment with charming score by Efrem Zimbalist, the violinist. Mlle. Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.

Central.—"The Poor Little Ritz Girl." A musical play enjoying a long run. Andrew Tombes heads the cast.

Century.—"Mecca." A gorgeous and elaborately colorful "mosaic in music and mime" of ancient Egypt along the lines of "Chu Chin Chow." "Mecca" achieves several rarely beautiful moments in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A huge cast and fourteen scenes.

Century Promenade.—New York's newest dinner and midnight entertainment, "The Century Review" and "The Midnight Rounders." Colorful girl shows for the tired business man. A delightful place to eat.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome Stranger," Aaron Hoffman's story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole town kindness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Turkish bath on ladies' night. Not only skates on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's slender little comedy built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco's smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith's master-production of the rural melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—climax since the ride of the clansmen in "The Birth of a Nation."

Fulton.—"Enter, Madame." The best thing—dramatically speaking—in New York at the present moment. A vivid study in artistic temperament: the story of a butterfly opera singer. Gilda Varesi strikes fire in this rôle and gives a superb performance. Norman Trevor plays her husband admirably.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Another big and picturesque Hippodrome spectacle. Nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Plenty of entertainment.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else.

Palace.—Keith vaudeville. The home of America's best variety bills and the foremost music hall in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Rida Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Maude Adams in the making.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. Built about an opium dream which reveals a tragic romance of old China. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Tinney starred. Considerable fun, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies of 1920." Gorgeous and beautiful, as is typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Times Square Theater.—"The Mirage," with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway's newest theater. Edgar Selwyn's drama of New York's easiest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dinehart, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Winter Garden.—"Broadway Beauties." Another typical Winter Garden revue, sans satire but plus girls. Bert Williams furnishes most of the real fun, altho Eddie Cantor and George LeMaire are also present.

ON TOUR

"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not."

"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganza is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

George White's Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out musical revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in

(Continued on page 8)

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Stage Plays of Interest

(Continued from page 6)

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By JOHN HANLON

Once I heard a symphony,
Sublime chord on chord,
As music won Eurydice
For her lonely lord;—
Tho'twas tonal ecstasy
I was bored.

Once I heard a woman play
Tunes she scarcely knew
In a fumbling, halting way,
Discords not a few;—
I could listen all the day;
It was you!

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But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her hopes mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE." But yesterday she deemed well-nigh impossible the triumph that has come to her today!

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. In her little niche behind the notion counter her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft' hopefully repeat to herself those lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she told herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really can learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

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(Nine)

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that "nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write!" Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

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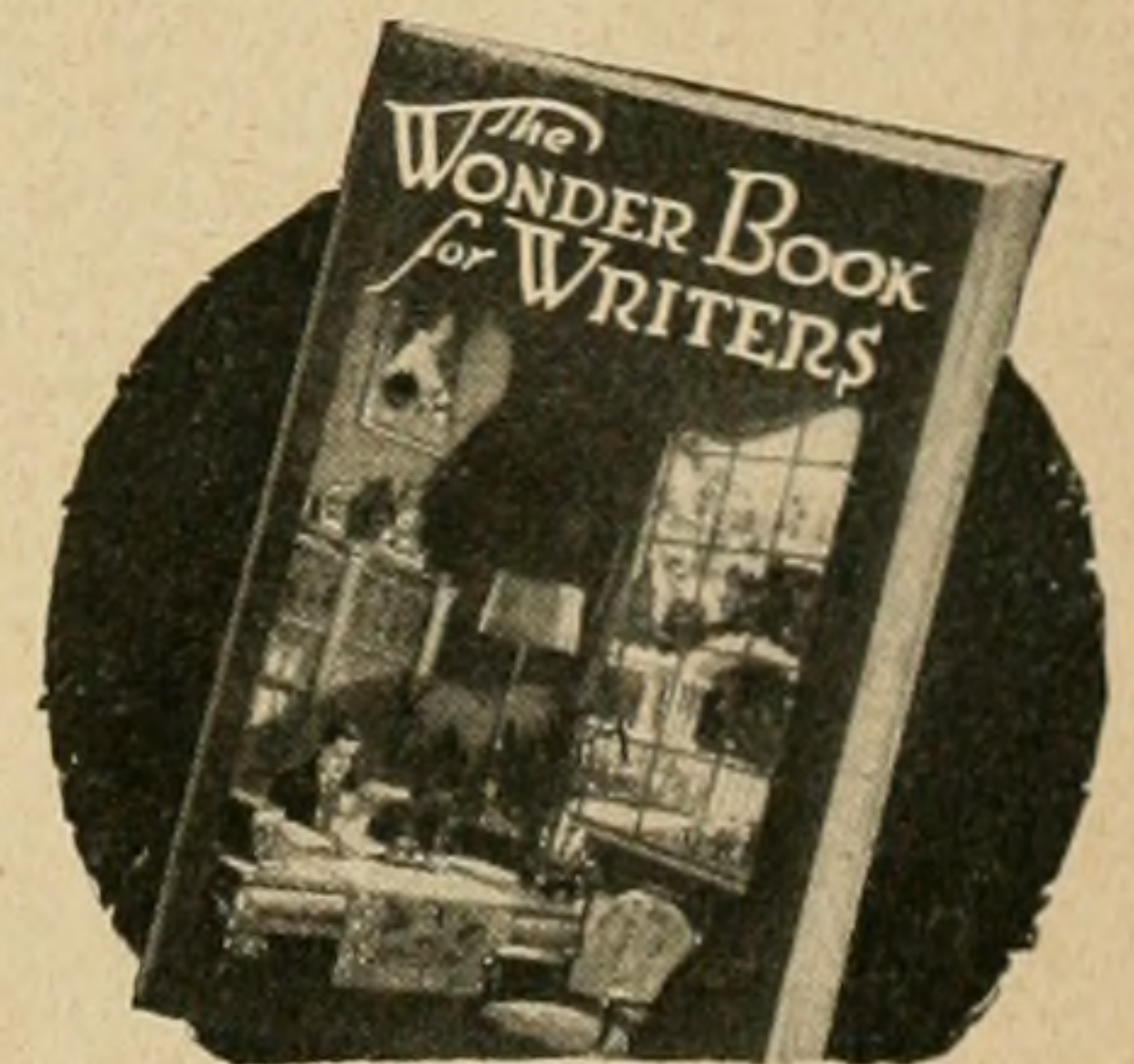
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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC



MARIE MOSQUINI

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles



Photograph by Freulich

PRISCILLA DEAN

Priscilla's most notable performance was the title rôle in Universal's "The Virgin of Stamboul," which had its première during the last year





Photograph by Nickolas Muray

HOPE HAMPTON

Miss Hampton is about to make her second stellar appearance in "The Bait," a melodrama of international intrigue





Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

SYLVIA BREMER

Miss Bremer is bringing "Athalie," one of Robert W. Chamber's heroines, to the silver-sheet in the Mayflower production of that name



Photograph by Hartsook, Los Angeles

MARGARET LOOMIS

Miss Loomis is an attractive personality who has recently appeared in the Famous Players productions, among them "The Sins of Saint Anthony," in which she played with Bryant Washburn

Shadowing Kismet

all the haunting old love songs. The mechanics of the movies, that pitiless hammering of stage carpenters and electricians, was strangely absent. The illusion was as perfect as if we had been in front of the footlights. Even the rustle of the queen of the harem's beads sounded a note of something imminent, something great impending.

"When you finish 'Kismet' will you do another picture?" I inquired.

"It all depends how this picture turns out," he replied; "if I am rotten in this, never again! If it is a success, I shall undoubtedly do others."

And right there one touches the chord of Otis Skinner's being. He has no desire to be attached, be it ever so ephemerally, to—a failure. What he does must be of the very best caliber. He loves most that which attracts the greatest success. He has passed beyond the persistent stage of youth which stubbornly stamps its foot and hews and whacks its way out of the barriers that hinder it. Otis Skinner has reached the age where a rough road in life means a detour. His is the philosophy of the person who has arrived.

He has long since passed the stage of growing pains. He sees life as it is. Is the gossamer veil of romance rent into shreds, you ask? No, indeed—for his is the power to recreate romance. Sitting in the green glare of the Klieg-lights, he recounted for me the story of 'Kismet,' and by the tones of his voice alone transported



"HOW did you happen to fall for the hated movies?" thus I greeted Otis Skinner, very nearly the only great actor on our stage today, who has up to this time zealously repudiated any art in pictures and steadfastly refused munificent offers to see himself as others see him.

"Why pick on me," he retorted, "I know dozens of actors right here in Hollywood who hate pictures . . . but—the money . . ."

I pricked up my ears, this promised to be an extraordinary interview.

"Seriously," he added, "'Kismet' is going to be a very beautiful picture."

He motioned to the scene on the border line of which we were sitting. It was the harem scene from "Kismet" which Mr. Skinner played so long and so successfully on the stage. At our feet lapped the cool, green water of the sunken swimming pool, beyond rose the purple and gold walls of the palace. Enormous silken cushions, as wide and broad and deep as I am tall, were huddled invitingly against papier-maché marble pillars. In the background an accordion player wailed fragments of

The entrance of Otis Skinner into the celluloid world marked the inevitable surrender of all the great stage celebrities to the lure of the screen. Mr. Skinner will be seen shortly in a film version of his former stage success, "Kismet"



By
HAZEL SHELLEY

me into a story-book world—but the false sentimentality of youth is gone. It is not likely that he would mope over the past, or long for a departed favorite. He is interested solely in the play of today. The play that attracts the widest popular applause is the one he loves the best.

He says that stage people are not completely understood. He quoted Henry Arthur Jones as saying, "all actors are rotters" and then added "that erudite gentleman tried to write plays for the 'rotters.' Of course, he failed.

"Many actors make the mistake of thinking the applause, the notes, the flowers are tributes to them personally and become big-headed or pig-headed as the case may be. That is why you see the strutters, the poseurs. The audience is perpetually mistaking the part the player is playing with the man himself. They ascribe to him all the virtues of the stage character he is portraying, while in real life he may go home and beat his wife."

"What do you think of matinee girls?" I asked.

"Matinee girls?

God bless them! Where would we be without them? We have to have someone to buy the tickets, you know."

Otis Skinner is a jovial gentleman with a vast fund of humor. He possesses all the witticism of the accomplished raconteur. This is as it should be, for all that is best in the traditions of the stage are a part of him. All that is best in literature and art, he is familiar with.

In spite of his erstwhile persistent hatred of the silent drama, he has not entered it with ignorance. He now goes to see movies indefatigably. He knew what others had done and were doing in the shadows before he stepped into the camera's glare.

What he hates most about pictures is their trite melodrama, their persistent namby-pambyness; what he likes about them is their ability to present the beautiful.

(Seventeen)



He said, "People told me I should find a vast difference in the mechanics of the movies and the stage. I see very little difference in the required methods. A little slowing down of action to give the camera time to register—that's all."

Mr. Skinner is tremendously interested in all that pertains to his picture, "Kismet." He wants the scenes to be the most beautiful that have ever been erected. He is enthusiastic over the costumes and he marvels at the way a whole city street

(Continued on page 83)

Mr. Skinner's family is a happy one. He is tremendously proud of his daughter who has just completed a two years' course at Bryn Mawr College. She is playing a small part in "Kismet" and goes to Paris in the fall to study for the stage

Kirkwood Confesses!

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

by the villain, and return somewhere off-stage to get renovated. Not that you ever expect 'props' to get off all the grime. That's out of

the question. 'Props' is 'props,' and he'll un-spot you enough so that the dear fans wont think you are sporting sartorial novelties. "This leading-man life has the directorial existence skinned a mile?" I again ventured. (Continued on page 78)

When James Kirkwood made his screen debut, the majority of the now-known "pioneers" were "extras" at the studio, making five dollars a day. He became a director after playing every kind of part in one- and two-reelers, and finally joined the Famous Players, where he directed Jack Barrymore, Hazel Dawn and Florence Reed. Now he has again taken up the grease-paint, and, judging from his popularity as a player he won't have much opportunity to discard it



Photographs by Evans, L. A.

THERE'S an intangible something to James Kirkwood which you simply have to describe as "personality." Not that it is expressed either in a loud voice or a jazz shirt, after the fashion of some of our other screen leading men, but, nevertheless, it's all there.

Kirkwood has come back to the screen after quite a lengthy directorial absence. The traditional grease-paint and handsome-hero stuff is a relief, he says, after the strenuous duties of a megaphone manipulator, and hereafter he's quite satisfied to leave the direction end of the movie game to whatever gentlemen may be disposed to shoulder its burdens.

The solid comfort enjoyed only by that variety of the human species known as motion picture stars—the solid comfort relative to having even the minutest speck of dust brushed from the coat-tail of one's suit by a fourth-assistant property boy, was being enjoyed by Kirkwood when I cornered him in a brilliantly lighted cubby-hole of a stage at Ince's, where he is working in a Glauum picture.

Kirkwood enjoyed himself ostensibly. Oh, so ostensibly! In fact, as ostensibly as only one who is accustomed to the joys of an actorial existence can possibly enjoy himself. Languidly he held up one arm while "props" with a whiskbroom hacked away at a dust smear. A broad smile o'erspread the Kirkwood countenance.

"Oh," he almost yawned, "I'm so lazy. So darned lazy! Too lazy, even, to doll myself up. And very happy! This is the penalty one pays for being a cinema hero. You mess up and get messed





My Theda Bara

By

Pauline L. Bara

do unto you. You, whether you be mother, son or daughter, can understand how a mother's heart must be wrung and torn upon reading the various articles purporting to tell the truth but, in reality, the lowest order of cowardly attack by men and women who enter your home under the guise of

At the age of three, surprising as it may seem, Theda was a blonde of the fairest type. Then, every night her prayer was something like this: "Please, dear God, make me a tall lady wif black hair and wif black eyes and have a 'nana (banana) under my pillow in the morning." Above, Theda Bara, at the ages of three and four, and below with her sister, Loro, and her mother



WOULD you like to know the real Theda Bara? Perhaps you wonder if there is a *real* Theda Bara and not just a *reel* one, after the many contradictory things you have read about her in magazines, newspapers, etc. Victor Hugo, I believe, said, "Art is a corner of life seen thru a personality," and if I may be permitted to paraphrase, "A personality is a corner of life seen thru a press-agent or an interviewer. It is a difficult task, indeed, for any one to tell the exact truth about any person, and more especially if that person is an artist who is a strange mixture of moods, paradoxes and complexities—but this is the task that I, her mother, have set for myself.

In the four-and-a-half years that Theda Bara has served you—her fans and friends—much that was malicious, cruel and untrue has been written about her and I feel that the time has come when one who knows her in the most intimate sense possible should at least attempt something that represents a true presentation—or close-up of herself, if you prefer.

To those of you who have grown to love her—and there are many, God bless you—my task is an easy one. To those of you who hold otherwise, you at least, in your hearts, have the desire to see fair-play—to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and so I ask you to read this article with an open-mindedness that simply follows the good old rule of doing unto others as you would have them

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild



friendliness and who go away and outrage every law of hospitality, good-breeding and honor by printing that which is far more contemptible than lies—half truths. If you, in your life's experience, have ever made a statement and afterwards heard it falsified and garbled beyond recognition by malicious people so that you burnt with the outrage and insult, you can, perhaps, in a measure, realize the heavy, heavy heartaches that have been the portion of a girl named Theda Bara.

Perhaps you think a mother is so blinded by her love and maternal pride that she is unable to present an impersonal picture. Read and judge then, for I shall tell you of her faults as well as her virtues.

Perhaps I had better begin back a good many years ago, with myself—I, like most French children, was christened with a long string of names. Pauline Louise Françoise (etc., etc., etc., etc.) de Coppet. My mother and father died when I was a small child and I, with my dear sister, was left in charge of a guardian, mutually appointed by my dear parents before their death. We were on our way to my uncle who was at that time court surgeon to the first Emperor, but on the boat our guar-

(Continued on page 97)

As a Lamp to be Tended

husband were about to embark upon the morning after our talk.

They were traveling, Miss Kennedy explained, in rather caravan fashion, caravan *à la mode* it might be said. First Mr. Bolster and herself in the Mercer, followed by the chauffeur, the maid and the impedimenta of camping in the Ford.

They were heading first of all for Quebec, pitching their tents in the resinous woods by night, wearing riding habits and khaki in general, and stopping every second or third day at some hotel to taste, momentarily, of civilization ere retiring again to the forests primeval.

"Such preparation as we have been undergoing at home!" Miss Kennedy laughed; "First of all a room was set apart to collect things in. The 'things' began with a folding cot and a luncheon basket. Since then they have swelled to amazing proportions. There is a most motley col-

Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

MADGE KENNEDY was practically *en route* the other day, when she, none the less, very graciously served me tea and chicken sandwiches at the Ritz Carleton. She was about to take a plunge into atavism (to which I shall devote a paragraph anon) and had, prior to the plunge, to buy a hat, gifts for the staff at the studio, a book for her husband to peruse on the trip, *et cetera ad infinitum*.

With the liberality of time, characteristic of the person with many things to do, Miss Kennedy was enthusiastic and eager to talk about her new stage play and was reading, incidentally, *The Life of Leonardo Da Vinci*—not that that has anything to do with the play.

The plunge into atavism heretofore mentioned is better described by a trip Miss Kennedy and her

Madge Kennedy has long been a favorite of both the stage and screen. For the past three years, however, she has devoted herself entirely to the silversheet, but will be seen this season in a new play on Broadway



By
GLADYS HALL

lection inclusive of famous old middys of mine, riding skirts, one's favorite books, fishing tackle and huge boots. It will be refreshing, tho, much more so than a conventional vacation at a conventional hotel. It will give us time to breathe and time to think and time to recreate ourselves. In the pictures life has been, for me, just one gown after another—clothes, clothes, clothes . . . Oh, how good the old middy and the riding skirt will seem!"

Lofty green branches and running pebbly brooks and lilt of birds, and all free, unfettered woodland things seemed mirrored at that moment in her face . . .

I asked her about her play; how she felt about returning to the speaking stage after her three-year absence therefrom; what were her sentiments upon leaving the studio life, etc., etc.

"As for the screen," she said, "I feel that I have been very unfortunate in my stories, my material. I feel disappointed in the work I have done; the work I have not done. Still, it was not standing still, because it is a part of my philosophy that no experience is without growth, without an accruing benefit. All told, I simply feel as tho I were laying down one vehicle and taking up another.

"I am unspeakably enthusiastic over my play, 'Cornered.' It is a melodrama, which is a new field for me, but it provides me with plenty of delicious comedy, and it runs a gamut of emotions, never for an instant losing track of the human touch. Which is, of course, the essential element. My part in 'Cornered,' and I dare go on record as saying this, is the best woman's part in—well, in my time. It is so varied, so complete.

"I have read plays, plays, plays for the past three years and this is the first one that has so much as intrigued my interest. I had determined never to return to the stage until I had found the, to my mind, *the play* . . ."

(Twenty-one)



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

"You believe, then," I interpolated, plagiaristically, "that 'The play's the thing?'"

Miss Kennedy was emphatic.

"The *only* thing," she said; "absolutely the *whole* thing. In 'Cornered,' for instance, any girl with an air of breeding could play my part; the play is all . . ."

"That savors of self-depreciation," I said.

"I hope not," said Miss Kennedy, thoughtfully; "really, I

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"I always feel that a person bearing within him an art should consider that art as a flame to be tended, to be kept clean and bright," said Miss Kennedy, "I believe that one should conserve one's self for this flame; guard one's self; watch over it. It is a lamp to be tended and trimmed"



The New Zealand Bushranger

WHAT is a New Zealand bushranger?

That is precisely the first question I asked Mr. Patrick, whose Christian name is Jerome.

"An outlaw," he told me.

"And yet Mr. Belasco always called you the New Zealand bushranger?"

He nodded assent.

I stared more closely—mayhap more rudely (but interviewers are privileged creatures) at the powerful male person seeking with me that oasis in the Lasky studio, a cool spot. He was wearing white jeans and a grey coat. His method of wearing them bespoke the man who seeks tailors who build clothes to fit him, *not* mold him into stock clothes. His physique is muscular, he gives the impression of dapper solidity, of a healthy sophistication, of a man whose traits are all masculine and who is nevertheless an artist. And withal he is redolent of Broadway and all the best things for which Broadway, New York, stands.

"An outlaw," and the more I gazed at him the less I saw anything which would render that term applicable.

But David Belasco always calls Jerome Patrick, "that New Zealand bushranger,"



Mr. Jerome Patrick is primarily of the stage. He was born in New Zealand and his parents destined him first for the priesthood, and then a doctor's career. For a while he tried the latter and practised at medicine and dentistry, but his leaning toward the stage only increased until he finally decided to leave home. He appeared with Lenore Ulric in "The Heart of Wetona," and his first screen appearance was in "Officer 666"

By
BARBARA BEACH

and who am I to argue with Belasco? To speak of Belasco is only natural when one is with Mr. Patrick, for to that virile young man, Belasco is the god of all things as they should be and the father of his career.

For Jerome Patrick is primarily of the stage. He loves it, it is his mate.

"If I thought I would never tread the boards again, I would want to pass out," he said, and he meant it. The stage means more to him than life itself.

Jerome Patrick was born in New Zealand, of very religious and perhaps slightly narrow-minded parents. They destined him—when they found he wouldn't be a priest—to be a doctor. For a while he tried to fit his square personality into a round hole and practised at medicine and also at dentistry, but his leaning towards the stage only became greater as the days passed.

The inevitable climax
(Continued on page 72)

(Twenty-two)

Storm Warning

Film Fans Had Better Watch Out

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

HUNT up your memorandum book right now and in it write two words: *Jerome Storm*. For you are going to hear more of this individual with the cognomen of troubled atmosphere. Before long, too, for Storm is now directing Lillian Gish upon her first appearance as a star.

If you are a real movie fan, you already know Storm as Charlie Ray's director. Which, of course, stamps him as unusual and necessarily possessing a human and sympathetic hand. But the Ray-Storm partnership was broken to permit the formation of Jerome Storm Productions, for the director has gone the way of all directors who do anything above the average. Storm is temporarily directing Miss Gish, pending the launching of his own organization.

We are willing to stake our judgment back of the statement that Storm will go a considerable distance. Because—but let us go back to the beginning.

Storm came thru the usual film mill. His career moved past the regular milestones: theatrical barn-storming, California studios in the pioneer days, and so on.

Born in Colorado, he went on the stage at Elitch's Gardens, where regularly a stellar stock company played each summer. After that came seasons behind the footlights. Finally came California and the movies.

Storm became an actor at Inceville, that pioneer training school of stars, actors and directors. Chet Withey, the present director and recent maker of "Romance," was playing "heavies" there in those days. Frank Borzage, still another recent directorial discovery and the maker of "Humoresque," was acting there. Mildred Harris was playing child parts. Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki were featured players. But, more important to this tale, Charlie Ray was a player at the Ince studio. Indeed, the first words Storm heard around the Ince "lot," were spoken in an argument between two actors as to which was the better "heavy," Withey or Ray. In those days, Charlie was doing deep-dyed villains and doing them vividly.

At Inceville started the early friendship of Ray and Storm. "Oddly, my strongest early impression of Ray came about thru the fact that I was cast for



JEROME STORM

phases of life, can understand and reflect them upon the screen. Working with him as long as I did, I know him to be a great artist in his particular line of playing, altho he is a big boy at heart."

Which is praise, indeed. Storm, too, gives Ray every credit for the success of his vehicles. There is nothing of the typical self-assertive screen director about him. Storm, in reality, is wholly unassuming and likable. The generous and sane way he praises others and the way he subordinates himself, point to a well poised and clear thinking mind.

Q Jerome Storm has very sharply defined ideas about the photoplay. He is going to center his interest as a producer upon small town stories, because he believes in the human, close to life theme—but, as he expresses it, he believes that this should be happy and wholesome, rather than hectic and gloomy. His directorial ideals are substantially those of King Vidor and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

an Irish rôle which had been intended for him," says Storm. "Everyone shook his head and said I would have to go some to fill the part.

"Of course, everyone knows how Ray stepped gradually from heavies and character rôles to his present style of part—and to success. While success was coming to him I was being graduated from acting to directing. My first production was Enid Bennett's 'Keys of the Righteous.'

"When the opportunity came to direct Ray I was delighted. I started with 'The Girl Dodger' and directed him in all his productions up to the time we severed connections, making this step for our mutual benefit. 'Peaceful Valley' was my last Ray production. You know how easy it is to slip into a rut. We thought the best thing all round was to try new fields, as it were.

"Let me express my great admiration for Ray as an artist. I honestly think he stands alone. Impressed with his humanness, film fans underestimate his histrionic ability. He is past master of every technical trick. Every effort is carefully conceived and worked out. It has always seemed uncanny how this boy, who, in reality, knows but little of the varying

He has very sharply defined ideas about the photoplay. He is going to center his interest as a producer upon small town stories, because he believes they best reflect the healthy average of American life. He believes in the human, close to life theme—but, as he expresses it, he believes that this should be happy and wholesome, rather than hectic and gloomy. His

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Those Moreno Eyes!



Photographs by Hartsook

One of the really picturesque personalities of the cinema is Antonio Moreno, the Vitagraph star. And nobody—we suspect—knows better how to demonstrate the possibilities of eyes than Tony from old Spain. On this page Moreno demonstrates

The Case of Norma Talmadge

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

THE possibility of writing a verbatim chat with Norma Talmadge is quite beyond our ken. Miss Talmadge cannot be interviewed in that fashion. She does not pose placidly before an interviewer and recite her likes and dislikes, her ideas of art and the movies, her opinions upon the way things should be. Emphatically, she does *not*.

Norma Talmadge is not that sort of star.

She strikes us as an every-day sort of American young woman elevated to high estate by the cinema. Also it seems to us that she is quite willing to be considered in this fashion. Any attempt to gild a personality, we suspect, would stir her sense of humor.

Said sense of humor impressed us most of all. This—and her very easy going outlook upon life.

We know that the League of Nations, the Bolshevik bugaboo and the problem of capitol and labor concern Miss Talmadge not a whit. The average girl is interested in other things—and so is Miss Talmadge. Again, the average star would try to impress you as vitally alive on every topic, but Miss Talmadge is not the average star.

We like her sincerity and her lack of pose.

Because she does not unfold a colorful—and doubtlessly carefully created—personality for one's inspection, it must not lead you to think she looks down upon the photoplay.

We can well believe that stardom is a mixture of work and good fun for her. She isn't the sort of person to slight things.

When we interviewed Miss Talmadge, she curled up comfortably in a huge arm chair and ran her hands rather hopelessly thru her hair. We represented her third interview of the day.

Then she summoned a maid with tea and cinnamon toast, (at least, teat and toast were among the things brought), and settled back into her chair.

It developed that:

Miss Talmadge admires Nazimova immensely.

That she dislikes most of her recent pictures and is terribly disappointed in them.

That she is a sort of older sister-mother for the family, which, incidentally, means that she keeps a careful eye upon the harum-scarum Constance. "Someone *has* to get Connie to the studio," she sighed.

That she is so tired at night that she either rests completely or goes to the theater for recreation. Sometimes she reads a magazine story or two.

That she likes to play every-day sort of people.

(Twenty-five)



Photograph by Royal Atalier, N. Y.

That temperament amuses her a whole lot. That—

Is our pen portrait still vague? Perhaps, we should go back to our first meeting with Miss Talmadge. It was—well—some years ago. The scene was the old Vitagraph yard. We were talking with Edith Storey when a slender girl in short skirts happened to pass. Miss Storey introduced us to "the Talmadge kid." This was, of course, before the silversheet arrival of Constance, who, at that time, must have been even slenderer and in even shorter skirts.

Norma secured her early training in those palmy Vitagraph days. She played everything from children to grey-haired mothers and, incidentally, found time to grow up. From Vitagraph she went to Triangle. After this came her marriage to Joseph Schenck, the vaudeville and motion picture manager.

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Norma Talmadge does not pose placidly before an interviewer and recite her likes and dislikes... She strikes you as an every-day sort of American young woman elevated to high estate by the cinema

"My Lady Claire"

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

AN interviewer is like a bold knight of ye olden days. He rides forth to rescue ladies faire from their castles of obscurity, to assail with his lance-like pen the powers of darkness which strive constantly to cut them off from the world, and to crown them finally with a wreath of golden praise, printed where all may read. Usually there is a fierce dragon, called strangely "dear monna," who guards the castle's portal. And the fiercer the dragon the fairer the princess languishing within . . . That is the rule.

I was considerably encouraged, therefore, when I knocked upon the door of Claire Adams' bungalow in Hollywood. A pretty melody which was being played on a piano within halted suddenly, in the midst of its most lilting strain. At the same time the door swung open and the dragon stood revealed. As dragons go, she was quite homelike, clothed in a voluminous apron, grey hair and "specs," but she was undeniably a dragon. Her gaze pierced me like a rapier and I thought I detected the odor of sulphur. Perhaps it was only the coffee boiling over in the kitchenette.

And the princess? She was standing in the center of the room, clasping a black poodle



in her arms in a manner that seemed to say, "You shall not have my child!" When she beheld me, a hint of disappointment crept into her eyes, she dropped the child, which fled yelping to the kitchenette in the dragon's wake, and exclaimed:

"But you're not at all formidable!"

Behind that sentence I divined worried hours of preparation, epigrams neatly polished and ready for the psychological moment, a studiedly careless knowledge of all the vital questions of the day. I felt sorry

for Claire. I should have warned her of my youth!

It is significant that even as I use her first name, Claire, I have a sneaking feeling that I shouldn't. She is like that; instinctively, Britishly reserved, a person whom one cannot hope to know in a day, or a month. We talked of every thing from socialism to real estate but never once did she open the gate to her inner self. With her, spontaneous intimacy is impossible.

Her career is just at the budding period, perhaps a little beyond, so that one catches a glimpse of dazzling possibilities yet to be unfolded. It is the result of ambition's triumph over parental prejudice. In Canada, where she was born, she gained a few weeks'

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Photograph by Evans, L. A.



The career of Claire Adams is just at the budding period, and one catches a glimpse of dazzling possibilities yet to be unfolded. She was born in Canada and has lived in Canada and London most of her few years. She has no desire for stardom—but is sincerely in earnest concerning her progress on the screen





Madame Peacock

By
FAITH SERVICE

MADAME PEACOCK slipped from her head the magnificent head-dress composed of the feathers of the most magnificent birds of the species. She slipped the silken, embroidered sheath she wore from her body, suddenly weary, suddenly divested of glamour, suddenly and unmiraculously *itself*.

For the first time in, oh, well, in many, many years she felt that she *was* herself, essentially herself. Not very wonderfully herself save as reality, however unlovely, is always wonderful.

It hurt to be herself. To be herself, Jane Goring, again. It hurt because she had, first, to be so divested of the glittering garments she wore. The garments of Sham.

What, again, had Cleeburg, the manager of the theater, said of her, that afternoon, as she was leaving.

"Sham's her middle name, my boy," he had said, to the author of the new play, "she can't help it—she was born that way. A sham!"

"A sham!"

Well. . . well . . . ?

Her nervous fingers unbound her hair. There were one or two grey hairs. Angèle had been careless, of late, then . . . Of late, everyone had been more or less careless. Ever so slightly there were appearing rents and tears in the adulation she had been for so long accustomed to, so long fed upon. And how greedily she had eaten! How she had taken the public laurels and burned them at her own insatiable altar, inhaling the smoke as rare incense, into her nostrils, into her

very being. Ah, it had been a breath of life to her, pervasive, consuming . . .

To stimulate it further she had done all manner of eccentricities. She had culled the rarest silks and jewels, the most extravagant fads and foibles, the bizarre of all countries and fashions. London had called her, had acclaimed her as "Madame Peacock." She, together with London, had almost forgotten that she had once been Goring, Jane Goring, simply born and bred. That there had ever been McNaughton, or the baby . . . that ever . . .

As in a mirror, life-sized, faithful in its reproduction, fearful in its verity, Madame Peacock beheld her years come creeping back. Some grey with tears, some red with hope, some chameleon in their many colors, some strident, some subdued. She looked because she wanted to, but more because she couldn't help it. Her sham had dropt from her with her head-dress and her silken robe. Her years were demanding toll of her. . . . She had preached the philosophy, many times, to many an admiring satellite, of the inevitable paying of a price. . . . Knowing, full well, as she had preached that she, Madame Peacock, would never pay, would evade payment, being sham. What she had not foreshadowed was the possibility of sham deserting, of the years coming back to one, rather than one going back to the years . . .

First, then, came McNaughton. The man, no, the *boy* she had married. He it was who had first given her to herself as something rare and wonderful and set apart. Prior to his

coming, his love of her, she had had no very great self-esteem. She had hoped she might act one day, might be on the stage, more because the stage seemed so glamorous a mystery than for any self-assurance. Then McNaughton had come and had told her she possessed qualities akin to the great ones of the drama.

He had taught her the value of her great green eyes, her supple body, her red rage of a mouth. He had taught her by his humble, postulant love of her. His adoration had been the first food her slumbering vanity had had to feed upon.

And how she had fed upon it! Hungrily, gratefully at first. Then with rapacity, with disregard. Little by little the world she had known had faded from her enraptured vision and she, she herself, had stepped onto the stage of her imagining, supreme.

The baby had come. But she had come too late. She did not give Jane time enough, time enough to preen, to muse, to capture the full glory of the career she was sure, now, she was to have.

Then, the first engagement.

In McNaughton's tender arms she had sobbed out her first reaction to the Big Chance, terror, joy, self-confidence, timidity.

That night the baby had been ill, and she had not cared. She had told McNaughton he must care for it; she was to rehearse in the morning, she must have her rest.

McNaughton had known his

The opulent years had followed. The years of Madame Peacock. Glittering, golden, fiery years. Triumphant years with, in this hour the ring of brass



first pangs that night. Had felt his first fear that he was doing Jane harm rather than good. Had woven, for her, the first threads of the mantle of sham she was so superbly to wear.

It had been spectacular and swift. The first engagement had been brilliant and successful. She had been "a find." London raved over her green eyes, her accent (pure Dorsetshire polished and contorted, had they known). There had been vague comparisons to Bernhardt, to Duse, to all the great and gifted of the Drama.

Jane Goring had drunk it in.

With the beginning of her engagements and the sure argosies of success coming in, daily, freshly laden, she had acquired more and more temperament, more and more disdain of the humble McNaughton, the importunate baby, the demands of every-day living.

There came the day when she told him that if he really cared to help her, as he had so often and so extravagantly said, she could tell him how he could do so.

"How?" he had asked, with the pathos of eagerness characteristic of him where she was concerned; "you know you have only to tell me, Jane."

"Forget me," she had said to him, and, reminiscently, how metallic, how terrible her voice came back; "forget me. I am going away."

In the mirror of her years she shut her eyes against the remembrance of his face, white and unforgettable, even now . . .

The opulent years had followed. The years of Madame Peacock. Glittering, golden, fiery years. Triumphant years, with, in this hour the ring of brass.

The gowns she wore, the gestures of her famous hands, the sweep of her eyebrows, the shoes she wore on her arched, imperious feet, the reed-like unexpectedness of her laugh, all these things had been copied, emulated, parodied, made world wide. Ah, she had known Fame . . . why were the dregs so bitter?

Her car driving thru the London streets had been the signal for a mob to follow. In the theater she had been a despot, an empress, unquestioned, untouched, supreme. All the sediment of tyranny in her nature had been stirred up, made active. . . . How she had ruled! What an imperial dream had hers been! Why was the purple faded and the gold lace tarnished—tonight?

The lovers who had pursued her—a wistful troupe viewed in retrospect—a youth with gold hair dulled—the strident young leading man she had repulsed, who had called her milk and manna—Nirvana—fulfilment—whither were they gone?

Then, five years ago, after one of her most successful performances, she had gone home and found McNaughton awaiting her. She had scarcely recognized him. The years had depleted him, had hurt him, marred him.

He had told her, timorously, that he had induced her press agent to let him come in his place. He had to see her, he had said.

She had questioned him, more with her slender brows, her manner than the solicitude of words.

He had told her he was ill, forced to go to Colorado; their early days had seemed to return to him, miraculously recharged with their old significance . . . the child . . . he thought perhaps she had found the glitter more superficial than the gold, that she might wish to accompany him . . .

Into his white, somehow bewildered face her own laugh rang back to her, thin and cruel. No, she had told him, and so deep-dyed was her chosen art that she had been, temporarily, the victim of her own delusion. No, she no longer belonged to herself, certainly not to *him*, but to the Public, the Public who had given her idolatry and fame.

He had brought to bear upon her a few more reminiscences, memories. He had again referred to their child, emphasized the mutuality. She had ignored it.

Angered at her indifference not so much to himself as to the child, McNaughton had bidden her farewell. He had told her that she was giving up love and friendship and the inimitable gift of her baby for—*sham*. He, too, "*sham*." . . . How fitly she must have worn it that, here and there down the primrose path, to the tune of lutes and the delectation of honeycomb, that word had appeared to her . . . Sham!

Well? . . .

On her head she seemed to feel, for the first time, the weight of the peacock feathers. On her body the embrace, the soft sweet strangulation of satins and silk. On her hands and arms the hard, unlovable kiss of jewels. She had no tears. . . . And there was no place for laughter . . .

The mirror brought back five more years. Still triumphant years; still replete with adulation; dizzying successes; popularity approaching genius; genius rather great than good. Yet they wore, these later years, a different aspect. After McNaughton's sudden, unexpected visit, after his sudden complete departure they seemed to be, the years, tinged with the pallor of his face. Now and then a shrill voice echoed thru them, reed-like as her own strange laughter, and yet dissimilar. Her mother's face, too, appeared infrequently, her mother who lived with her rather in the capacity of maid and general factotum than mother. Yes, they had changed, the later years . . . the flowers were more hothouse than natural; the footlights seemed garish rather than like stars fallen to her feet for her further glorification, even the notices in the papers seemed to hide, thinly, sardonic censure under their hyperbole . . .

What had she done, then, Madame Peacock? . . .

There seemed to be, she felt, a reluctance on the part of life to let fall further largess. After all, what had she given to life? Never before had this question touched her. She, Madame Peacock, favored of life and the lovers of life. But what, what *really*, had she given?

The mirror she faced demanded a reply. It would have none of silence and the evasion of silence.

She answered: "Nothing."

That, persisted the mirror, was not enough, was not draining the mouth of verity.

She answered then, "WORSE than nothing!"

The mirror was content. It was true . . . all these years . . . worse than nothing. . . . Sensationalism . . .

envy . . . rancor . . . jealousy . . . occasional wonderment, mostly unwholesome, a great deal of fear . . . excitation abnormally obtained . . . inflation of values where values were nil. . . . These things she had given . . . these worse-than-nothing things.

In exchange for what?

In exchange for young McNaughton, for young-old McNaughton now, no

The lovers who had pursued her—a wistful troupe viewed in retrospect—a youth with gold hair dulled—the strident young leading man she had repulsed who had called her milk and manna — Nirvana — fulfilment — whither were they gone?





Later in the week she had remarked on the ugliness of the girl and Cleeburg had said, without enthusiasm, that she was like enough to play own sister to Madame Peacock

heady draught, her future, its first tinge of individualism, of apartness from herself, small duties and small cares.

And her baby . . . In that moment she had her baby for the first time. . . . A girl-baby. . . . Madame Peacock. . . . She wanted to laugh, then, but the mirror forbade laughter . . .

This brought her back to the Present, to Today. A week ago a new girl had entered the cast of the new play. She had shown, during the initial performance, a strange facility, a really remarkable comprehension of the lines . . . Cleeburg, the manager, James, the young author, had been enthusiastic.

Madame Peacock had inquired her origin. She had been "discovered," it seemed, in some Western town in the States; Madame Peacock had shrugged and laughed. Her own laurels she knew to be invincible. They had taken root and grown to her, to herself, to Madame Peacock. . . . Cleeburg had seemed, for the first time indifferent. . . . Had almost ignored her as she sat in the wings smoking, nostrils disdainful, had not opened the doors for her and stood before on her way from the dressing-room to her waiting car. Little omissions, per-

doubt. McNaughton with his belief of adoration, his self-effacement, his tenderness that knew no limit, his pride that had been spared no barb. McNaughton who from the depths of his love had given her the first food to feed upon, her egotism its first

black rage and her brain, wearied, over-exerted, had reeled, had become abandoned and unsteadied . . . venom had come from her heart to her lips—she had felt, first, an impulse to cry out, to destroy . . . she had told Cleeburg that, unless the girl were dismissed instantly, she, Madame Peacock, would, herself, sever their connections. The ice of the manager's face who had been, so short a while ago, servile, obsequious . . . His answer had seared her, leaving her, she felt, exposed, withered, undesirable . . .

"I have signed the young lady up with a life contract," he had said, then he had shrugged . . .

He had needed to do nothing further . . . that shrug! . . . Madame Peacock, with her long cape drawn about her, suddenly old and inexpressibly weary, had crept from her dressing-room to the outer door. On the way the smell of the grease paint, the old dust of old sets, the dimness . . . all that had been champagne to her seemed stale and odoriferous. She had no spirit to do more than incline her weighted head to the door keeper who raised his hat to her as she passed. Just as in her most dizzy triumphs, he had raised it in recognition

of a great artist. This alone was left her; the salute of the keeper of the door, thru which, for the last time, she was passing. It was said of him that he, too, had been great for a time. And had been cast forth. Well . . .

In her apartment alone Madame Peacock shuddered and drew in her breath with a little shivering cry.

A great need of a human touch overcame her. Also the knowledge that she had been without a human touch for

(Continued on page 85)

MADAME PEACOCK

Told in short story form, by permission, from the Metro production, based on the scenario of Madame Nazimova, adopted from the story by Rita Weiman. Directed by Ray C. Smallwood and starring Mme. Nazimova. The cast.

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| Jane Goring..... | } Madame Nazimova |
| Gloria Crommell..... | |
| Robert McNaughton..... | George Probert |
| Rudolph Cleeburg, the manager..... | John Stepling |
| Lewis..... | William Orlamond |
| Thorne..... | Rex Cherryman |
| Harrison Burke..... | Albert Cody |
| Character Lady..... | Gertrude Claire |
| Mrs. Goring..... | Mrs. Woodthorpe |

Boudoirs and Bicycles

Bebe's road to stardom was a trail of luxurious cinema boudoirs. Heretofore, she has been one of the screen's most attractive boudoir sirens — especially in the silken dramas of De Mille. And now under her new contract— who can tell?



Realart themselves realize "You Never Can Tell," and thus they have titled her new picture. Incidentally, it is doubtful if anyone ever realized just how attractive a mere bicycle could be

Monroe Salisbury Presents...



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

MONROE SALISBURY was standing in front of a moving picture theater on Broadway, Los Angeles, waiting for his car. He had just returned from a trip to northern California where he had been shooting scenes for "The Barbarian," his first picture made with his own company.

"Another important thing," said Monroe Salisbury, "is that our pictures will be cut to natural length and cut by the man who is directing them." Above, a character portrait and right, an informal picture

"And maybe you think we didn't have a wonderful camping outfit!" he said. "It was such an outfit as I don't believe anyone ever had before. Of course, the scenario called for a society camp and we had to have one, and, equally, of course, it proved useful and luxurious for the company. We traveled in style. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cudahy were members of the party, as were also their two children, Michael and Ann, who played parts in the picture. We left town in the Cudahy's machines and carried with us a number of their servants, including their chef.

"I've never seen a long period of location work go by so smoothly. There was really no friction at all. We made our headquarters at Sisson, but

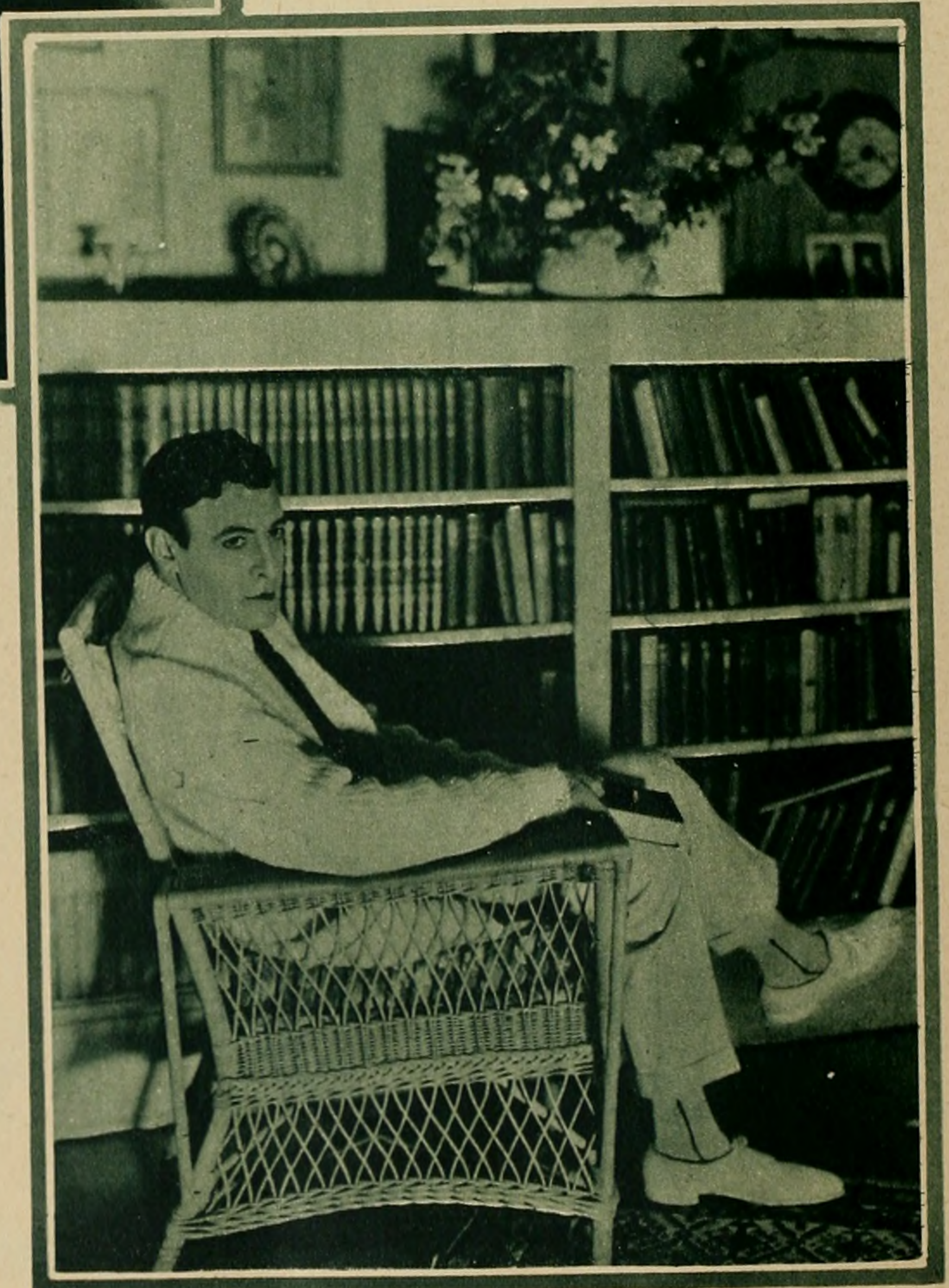
branched out from it for many miles. I think that the most beautiful part of the trip was that spent on the John Wrinkle estate, near San Francisco. There we shot scenes of deer in the wild; some of the exteriors were unimaginably beautiful.

"Did you hear that I had a road built for me? A nine-mile stretch, between Sisson and Castle Lake. It was formally christened Salisbury Pike just before I left. And now, I come home to find a new and unusually rigorous bunch of traffic laws!"

"Arrested?" I asked.

"Yes, before I had been in town for an hour. Something in the nature of a welcome home, I suppose."

I notice that there was about him an air of happiness that no annoyance over the much-cussed traffic laws could effect, even temporarily. After a period in which he had been, as an acquaintance of his phrased it to me, "In prison" . . . making pictures of an arbitrary length under certain set rules, with the question of expense something to



By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

be considered at every turn, he is, at last free and has unlimited backing . . . (Jack Cudahy is among those heavily interested) . . . to make pictures according to his own ideas of how pictures should be made.

These ideas are not basically new. The screen has had enough of newness. What it needs now is a little wholesome tradition. And this is what Monroe Salisbury plans to give it.

During his career on the stage, he was associated with such people as Charles Frohman, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Kathryn Kidder and Nance O'Neil. Undoubtedly, he absorbed all of the finest traditions of the stage and made them his own.

His company—The Monroe Salisbury Players—has been formed on the same principle which has gone to make famous stock companies ever since the beginning of theatrical history; that is, the principle of uniform excellence which dictates that every member of the company must be an artist in his own line, and must remain with the company for as long a time as possible. To this latter end, it is necessary that they should never be dissatisfied. Said Salisbury:

"The whole thing must be looked at from the viewpoint of the actor. Donald Crisp, who is directing, is himself an actor and a good one. His *Battling Burrows* in 'Broken Blossoms' is a bit of artistic work that will never be forgotten. He is, then, capable of directing actors and understanding their peculiar needs. The same with the

His favorite paintings are of Indian scenes and Indian characters, and of the pictures he has made, he enjoyed the part of the Indian in "Ramona" best of all

Photograph by
Evans, L. A.



management. The idea is that we are featuring our company. We could not do this if the company were not a good one. Consequently, an artist who joins us is doing us a favor and will be treated accordingly!"

During our conversation, we had walked slowly up Broadway to a confectionery store, where we had enjoyed something cold to drink.

We had then walked back to the original place, in front of the theater,

arriving there at the same moment that his car drew up.

Milton Markwell joined us. He is a young man with fair hair and blue eyes. Given the rôle of a surveyor in "The Barbarian," he has something very much more important in "Ethan of the Mountain" which will be the second picture made by the Monroe Salisbury Players. He recently appeared in stock in Seattle.

"Shall we drive around for a while?" Salisbury suggested, "Suppose we take you home?" We soon found ourselves on Santa Monica Boulevard where the heat of the day was relieved by a light breeze blowing in from the sea.

"Another important thing," he went on, "is that our pictures will be cut to natural length, and cut by the man who

(Continued on page 84)

The Diminutive Dorothy Devore

were demanded, and just glory in singing to an audience.

This, of course, necessitated a fictitious name and Ann, who was at that schoolgirl age when one worships Robert W. Chambers, caramels and chocolate ice cream, adopted the



Photographs by Evans, L. A.

SOME 'teen years ago she was born Ann Inez Williams, in a small town in Texas, U. S. A. Today she is Dorothy Devore, star in Christie Comedies and leading lady for Charles Ray in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway."

It all happened very much in approved story-book fashion. When Ann Inez Williams was eleven years old, her mother, seeking renewed health, brought her to California.

Ann Inez at that time had four brothers and an elder sister. They were all married; had families of their own, and so mother Williams felt free to devote her time wholly to Ann Inez and her health. She brought all the family furniture, took a comfortable house in Los Angeles and sent Ann Inez to private school. All *seemed* going smoothly—that is, on the surface.

But Ann Inez wasn't the placid little soul her mother thought (I could have told her that, the moment I saw those big brown eyes with mischief hidden deep, deep within them.) Ann, who was called Dot at school because she was so very tiny, was possessed of a tremendous voice, and it used to amuse all her friends to hear that huge voice issuing from the slender throat of the very littlest one of them. And so Ann, who was very ambitious, caught the career fever and sang in the church choir where her voice, she says, "Just boomed out."

This led to an offer for her to sing in private homes of society people for the entertainment of blasé guests. Ann Inez knew that her mother would never consent to this, so she used to run away from school every afternoon when her services

Dorothy Devore was born in a small town in Texas. Her real name is Ann Inez Williams, and altho Ann Inez is still in her 'teens, she has been a choir singer, a cabaret dancer, a vaudeville artiste and is now a star for Christie Comedies



By
HAZEL SHELLEY

name of Dorothy Devore. She says the Dorothy was easily accounted for, but she must have chosen the Devore from a *Snappy Stories* magazine.

Dorothy's mother didn't hear about her professional success until it led to a splendid cabaret offer. Then, of course, as mothers of spoiled daughters have a habit of doing, she, at first, absolutely refused to let Dorothy keep up her work and at last gave in gracefully.

So it was that Dorothy Devore, without training of any kind, found herself heading a troupe of professional chorus girls in the vaudeville act at Levy's, a very popular Los Angeles café. Dorothy not only was the headliner but taught her chorus new dance steps and songs and managed them—and she was, I might add, in her very early 'teens. But when one is in their very early 'teens and ambitious, nothing seems impossible—perhaps that is why Dorothy was so successful.

In a very short while an offer came to book her over the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, and it seemed that Dorothy's greatest dreams had come true. Everything was planned. She was to be billed as "The Miniature Pocket-Edition Sophie Tucker," the real Sophie Tucker gave her permission to use her name in return for the exclusive rights to some songs that Dorothy had composed.

And then one day, she received a telephone call from Eddie Lyons, of Universal's Lyons and Moran comedies.

"Would she consider coming out to Universal City to do a picture with them?"

She had had no desire to enter pictures, but she had a little spare time, and so she went out to Universal City, fully prepared to be assigned nothing but an atmosphere part. But without even taking a test picture they assigned her the lead. And that rather settled Dorothy's career, for she was seen by Christie's casting director and captured with the lure of a high salary.

That was two years ago, and Dorothy has now become Dorothy Devore spelt with a small *v*. She played opposite Bobby Vernon for some time and was then made a star herself for Christie. She has the greatest fondness for that company, and altho she is being sought on all sides by directors who wish to put her into drama, she only dips into drama at present when her services can be dispensed with briefly at Christie's.

Because she is so very young she is still in love with her first love, farce-comedy; for she believes that that which we learn first we learn best.

(Thirty-five)



Photographs by Evans, L. A.

Because she is so very young she is still in love with her first love, farce-comedy; for she believes that that which we learn first we learn best

And so it happened that her vaudeville tour was postponed indefinitely—but Dorothy Devore admits that it is her real ambition, and some day she hopes to travel. She can imagine nothing more wonderful than a tour in vaudeville. But at present

she is very happy in pictures, because her mother is happy to have her in them.

As for Dorothy Devore herself, this little happening illustrated what she is like better than anything else.

The other day she was introduced to a dear old lady of seventy or thereabouts.

"And what do you do, little girl?" she was asked.

"I act in pictures," responded Dorothy.

"What—you are one of those motion picture actresses? Land sakes. I'd never have believed it, why, little girl, you belong in a sweet little home, married to a good man, with a couple of kiddies."

Dorothy says she considers this the greatest compliment she has ever received. Incidentally, one of Dorothy's schoolgirl

(Continued on page 71)

Ann Ascends



formally, a friend, (or interviewer), in pajamas is quite all right. (We'll say it is, and so would anyone who had beheld Ann May.)

"I know you wont mind," she began. "You see, I'm so frightfully busy, as I'm leaving tomorrow for the coast, with only three days' notice. Now what do you think of that? I came East after finishing 'Paris Green' with Mr. Ray, expecting to stay all spring and summer at least. But here I am," indicating the adjoining room, where one glimpsed a bewildering array of dainty feminine apparel, "madly packing.

"Not that I'm not glad to go back to the coast," she said, becoming more shining each moment. "I adore it there and I dont like New York, not *at all*. The atmosphere is so unreal and every one hurries so and there are no neighbors or nice, cozy, homey

Ann May has never been on the stage, altho she studied dramatic art for five years. She is practically a newcomer to the screen, but her work as leading woman for Charles Ray was so effective, that she is again going to play opposite him in his first First National picture

times and no long, beautiful, always-warm-and-sunshiny automobile roads here as in California—I'm so tired and need tea," touching a bell and giving an order. "You dont mind if I

All photographs by Hoover Art Co.

IF I had to choose one word with which to describe Ann May, I would choose *shining*, she is so unqualifiedly that. Shining brown hair, worn in a mass of curls, eyes like twin stars, a face as bright and a smile as sunshiny and alluring as a June morning. She has an air, too, this shining Ann, of delicate, high-strung intensity, as tho poised, birdlike, to see what wonderful thing is happening next, just around the corner. Even her voice, heard before I saw her, was "shining," and then she came blithely in, clad unembarrassedly in black pajamas bizarrely embroidered in green, red and gold.

Time was, of course, when pajamas were merely sleeping apparel and were never, not *ever*, worn outside one's bedroom. But times have changed and, with them, the ways of pajamas—and to receive, in-



By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

just keep fussing at something, do you?" she ended breathlessly. "I must run fresh ribbons in these things—my maid is rushed to death with last-minute shopping."

She is a daughter of Ohio, Ann May. Toledo, to be exact, and a graduate of a dramatic school of that city. Not that she was expected to take advantage of this training in any way. Certainly *not!* But a girl should receive some specialized training, and, if she can afford it, why not along some line that she likes? reasoned an indulgent father. If she cared to do so, she could become a teacher of elocution some day. And so, because from a child little Ann could "speak pieces" in a most entertaining way and because her father was proud of her talent and because Ann wanted it very much, she entered the dramatic school, where she continued five years.

"Father never seemed to have an idea," she said, "that I might want to go on the stage. Of course, it was part of the training that the pupils of the school take part in theatricals. Well, when dad found out how 'popular' I was, it was both funny and pathetic. He was proud of me, as he was of the little girl who spoke pieces to amuse his friends—but he didn't like my popularity, for he was afraid it would 'put notions in my head,' and he ordered me to stop taking part in the entertainments. But I could not do that and continue at the school. I finished the course, but have never been on the stage—yet."

"And do you consider that your dramatic training has helped you at all in screen work?"

"Not a bit!" she smiled, relaxing into a corner of the divan with a cup of tea and bit of pastry.

"Of course, any line of study helps one to concentrate and is good mental discipline. Aside from that, my training taught me poise, a certain amount, at least, and it did wonders for my voice. It was worth while just for that—if I ever get a chance to use my voice. But as to technique—the technique of motion picture acting is not to be learnt at a dramatic school. Of course, I had no thought of pictures then."

"And when did you think of them?"

"Well, it sounds funny, but a picture of mine was used on the cover of a book. A man saw it and said it was a good screen face and should be in pictures. I was offered a part in a picture with Catherine Calvert and just for fun I took it and was crazy about it. Father," she said slowly, a shadow



flitting across her bright face, "had died, and mother, knowing that I scorned a social butterfly existence, consented to let me try pictures. She thought it would be a more normal life than the stage. So we went to the coast, where I did a part in 'Lombardi, Ltd.' with Bert Lytell.

"And then I was asked to play opposite Charlie Ray in 'Paris Green.' I can't tell you how thrilled I was. It seemed that the door of opportunity had opened—and it had because I am called back to play opposite him again in his first First National. Isn't that wonderful? He is the cleverest and the kindest man in the world. Every one who works with Charlie Ray simply adores him. He is a real inspiration, too. He told me how hard he worked, and how discouraged he became, thinking he never would 'arrive.' It made me more than ever determined to succeed.

"And so I'm anxious to be back and at work. I have had a good time in New York—just as a spectator. I could never

(Continued on page 72)

There is an air of delicate, high-strung intensity about Miss May, as the poised, birdlike, she eagerly awaits what wonderful thing will happen next

Admissions

By
Pearl Malverne

ing else, his working knowledge of all the professional branches has been worth while. In each separate branch, he tells me, he met a separate and distinct type; code of conduct, philosophy and method, and that each has been interesting and worth while.

Kenneth Harlan has played on the vaudeville stage, has appeared in legitimate drama, has toured in stock, and is now treading the celluloid boards. He prefers the vaudeville stage to any of the foregoing phases of drama. The first picture he ever did was with Constance Talmadge

All photographs by
Clarence Bull



KENNETH HARLAN is one of the workers. I didn't see him working, but then, one seldom does on a studio interview. I suppose if I were of the school of Maeterlinck, I could consume a whole paragraph on a scientific simile anent the drones and their antithesis. Being handicapped, I shall have to say that:

He has invaded vaudeville, stage and screen, stock, *et al.*, and I leave it to public opinion whether or not a mere drone would, or could, be so versatile. . . . Changes of any sort require initiative and initiative requires work.

He says that in experience if in noth-



Of all of them the vaudeville life appealed to him the most from the human, personal viewpoint.

The first picture he ever did was with Constance Talmadge. And he was doing one with her the day I talked with him at the studio. In the distance, also temporarily off the set, Constance like her leading man was pinioned on the inquisitorial prongs.

I asked him whether he liked doing comedy, and he said he preferred other things. "I am not the comedy type. I think," he said.

He added that he believed in changing from one sphere to another, but not from one type to another. (Cont'd on page 70)

(Thirty-eight)

DEEP WATERS



By
DOROTHY DONNELL

"IT'S a sightly mornin'," said Caleb West contentedly, "the ocean's as bright and blue as the picter on an insurance calendar." He hitched his chair a little back from the table and fumbled in the pocket of his faded blue shirt for his pipe. Behind the tin coffee-pot his wife, Betty, leaned her soft chin on her clasped hand, looking dreamily away thru the window at the ocean, sparkling in the early sun.

"I like it better when it's kind o' misty and mysterious," she confessed shyly, "and you can imagine the fishing boats are—are gondolas and the summer cottages on the cliff are palaces an' towers—"

"Romancing again!" But Caleb's tone was indulgent. "Wonder why 'tis that you young folks is always wanting something different, wishin' today was tomorrer, and here was somers else. Reckon it's *because* they're young—a kind o' a disease like measles or chicken-pox. Time'll cure it, Betty, like it has me." His slightly faded, humorous blue eyes were a trifle wistful as he looked across at the fresh, girl-face opposite.

She shook her head. "I dont want to be cured! What would be the use o' living if you couldn't look ahead, and expect something beautiful? I want to go everywhere, and see everything and feel all the different feelings in the world!" There was a kind of fierce hunger in the way she threw out her arms. He watched her somberly.

"Reckon I'm too old for such junketing, Betty," he said quietly, "you'll have to go to those furrin places alone."

She started slightly, as one coming reluctantly out of a glorious dream. Her eyes widened as they turned on his rugged, weatherbeaten face with the greying hair and the fine, humor-

ous lines about the eyes. "Oh, Caleb, I was just a-foolin'!" she laughed, and ran around the table to perch on his chair arm, "you cant get rid of me easy as that! Besides how'd I enjoy traveling thru the Alps and ruins and pyramids and thinking of you having to eat your own cooking?" There was only mischief in her vivid face now, tho his eyes were watchful. And with a sigh Caleb West got to his feet. "Building lighthouses may be isn't so romantic," he said, "but folks couldn't travel without 'em. And you couldn't build lighthouses without laying foundations for 'em first. I'm needed, Betty, and it's good to feel needed."

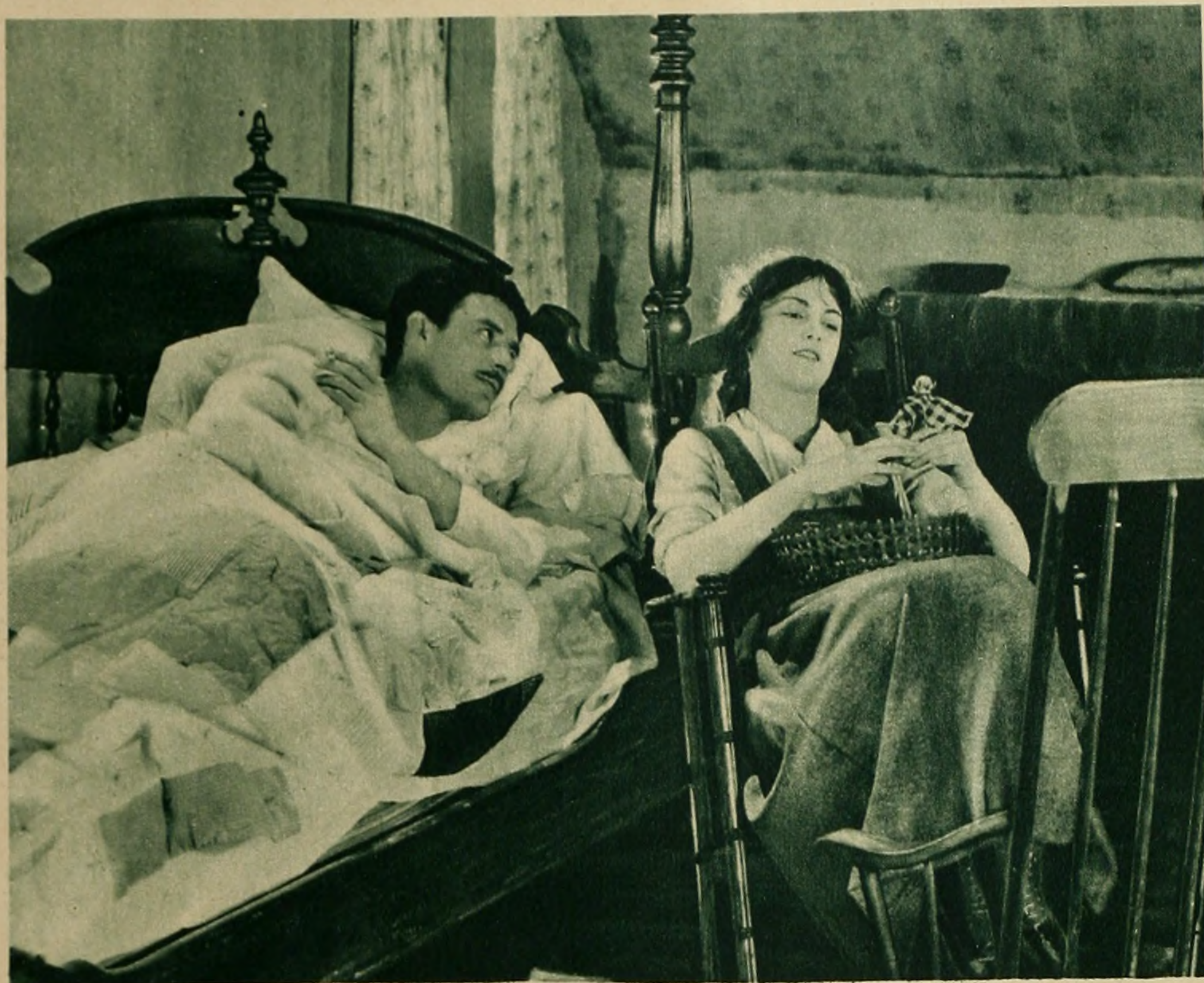
She went to the door with him and lifted her face to his good-by kiss. "Be careful, Caleb," she whispered with a shudder, "I know you're a master-diver, but sometimes when I get to thinkin' of you down under tons an' tons of green water seems as if I'd sh'd scream. I need you too, Caleb—"

The trouble went out of his eyes then, and he caught her to him with a kind of clumsy fervor which the slim, handsome youngster, coming up the path noted with a scowl. That old buzzard an' a pretty girl like her! Why he might be her father—all of fifty he must be, and she hardly turned twenty yet.

"Dont think, Blossom," Caleb admonished, "there's a heap of suffering comes from thinking about troubles that never happen.—Why, hello, Bill. Comin' along of me, eh?"

Bill Lacey shook his dark head. "Maw's got another of her headaches. I haven't had a bite of breakfast—if Mrs. West could give me a cup o' coffee—"

He sat before his filled plate, later, making small pretense of eating, while his eyes, full of little smoldering sparks, followed



"I'd like to see things," she confided, "but I guess I never shall." She sighed, "Caleb likes to stay put"

the girl's slender figure from the table to sink and cupboard sullenly. Suddenly the dishes clanged with the jarring blow of his fist on the table. "Damn it!" he burst out, "I seen him at the door—kissing you—

he don't know how to kiss, Betty; You ain't ever been kissed!"

She stood quite still, staring, while the quick color flooded to the bright line of her hair. "Bill Lacey, are you stark crazy?" she gasped, "the idea of talking like that! It's—it's wicked—"

"It's true!" he came to her and gripped her wrists, "I'm crazy all right! Crazy about you—an' I have been ever since you come here seven months ago. What did you marry him for? He's almost an old man, he dont know how to make you happy but I *do*. I—you—"

She wrenched herself free of him. "I am happy! You shan't stand there and say things about Caleb! He's the best man in the world—he married me when Paw was drowned and he's been kind and—and wonderful to me. I—I guess you'd better go now. I guess you'd better not come back either."

The color did not leave her cheeks after Lacey, mumbling apologies, strode away, tall and straight in the sharp, uncompromising light of the new day. She went about her household tasks with tightened lips and hands that shook and blundered over their work. Once she stopped to look out of the window, wonderingly, as tho at an unfamiliar world. The line of rocks jutting against the sky,

was singing as she began her preparations for an extra good supper, but the song broke off short with the sound of heavy boots on the pathway.

She turned a small face, bleached with fear to the door. Caleb—O God! Dont let it be Caleb!"

Her husband's ruddy face answered her prayer. He looked concerned. "Betty, young Lacey's had an accident, rock fell on his leg. I guess it's broke." He looked at her guiltily, "I—I'm having him brought here, Betty. I know it'll make you a heap of extra trouble, but you know his maw's only a step one, and besides she's kind o' an invalid. Do you—mind?"

She was clinging to him, sobbing. "I dont mind anything so long's you're not hurt!" she choked. "Oh, Caleb, but you gave me such a turn!"

Young Lacey proved a meek and docile patient. Pain at first, prudence later kept him from touching on the subject they had

last quarreled over. He slept a great deal, or she thought that he slept, not guessing how often the heavy black lashes hid a gaze that followed her every movement. His grit in bearing the ordeal of moving, and his helplessness touched her pity dangerously, and the admiration that he let her see now and then in his handsome dark eyes was not unpleasing—so long as he did not put it into words.

When he judged that her defences were down he began to talk, matter-of-factly, about every-day things. There was a young eagerness in his attitude toward life that found its complement in her own vague, restless yearnings. Besides he had

DEEP WATERS

Fictionized, by permission from the Maurice Tourneur production for Paramount, based on the scenario of Jack Gilbert; adapted from the book "Caleb West, Master Diver," by F. Hopkinson Smith. Directed by Maurice Tourneur. The cast:

Caleb West.....	Broerken Christians
Betty West.....	Barbara Bedford
Bill Lacey.....	Jack Gilbert
Kate Leroy.....	Florence Deshon
Henry Sanford.....	Henry Woodward
Morgan Leroy.....	Jack McDonald
Capt. Joe Bell.....	George Nichols
Auntie Bell.....	Lydia Y. Titus
Barzella Bustud.....	Marie Van Tassel
Squalere Vixley.....	James C. Gibson
Zuby Higgins.....	Ruth Wing
Seth Nungate.....	H. Edgar Stockwell
Prof. Page.....	Charles Millsfield
(His Niece).....	Seggrid McDonald

traveled somewhat, a fishing voyage around the Cape, a trip to New York, and he spoke confidently of going some day to the West Indies. She listened, her fingers forgetting to hold the needle, her eyes wide with gazing at the far places of her fancy.

"I'd like to see things," she confided, "but I guess I never shall." She sighed, "Caleb likes to stay put."

"He would," Lacey agreed, kindly tolerant, "folks lose that when they get his age—wanting to go places, I mean,—and discover life." Silence lay over the room. Into it came, presently, the sputtering cough of a recklessly driven motor. "Sanford's going to hit a snag some day," the boy said, choosing his words, and watching her averted face under lowered lashes, "anybody with him this time?"

She looked, answered almost unwillingly. "Mrs. Leroy."

"I thought so," said Lacey, "she usually is. Well, you can't blame a pretty woman like her for wanting something more than that husband of hers can give her. He's slow—Leroy is, doesn't talk much—always reading a paper. I guess he's older than she is, too."

That was all then. He managed it cunningly and with infinite patience. When Caleb was present he always seemed to defer to him, but managed to make him seem older, greyer and more unromantic than ever in contrast to his dark youth and eagerness. He saw her sometimes glance from one of them to the other, and then run to Caleb's chair and perch on it and lay her bright head on his dusty one almost defiantly. Lacey could have leapt from his bed and snatched her away in the consuming jealousy that swept him at the sight, but he only smiled. He loved Betty West, selfishly, perhaps, but as much as it was in him to love—and he waited his time to possess what he wanted.

It came presently. He was not quite certain of her, but he dared not wait. There was no longer any excuse for his staying. He could limp about the house, could have walked without limping, indeed. "tomorrow," he said, as he sat on the seaward-looking porch, while she shelled peas, "tomorrow I'll be gone—"

A pod slipped in her fingers, scattering its green globes over the grass. She bent over the pan. "Tomorrow? Yes, —I suppose—you'll have to go back to work."

He spoke in a low tone. "Are you sorry, Betty? Are you going to miss me?"

She tried to smile. "Of course! There won't be anybody to praise my puddings! Caleb never notices what he's eating—"

She paused, beginning to tremble as she found her hands prisoned and his eyes with the disturbing flame in

them close to hers. "Betty! Betty! Don't you see I can't go—and leave you here? We belong together, dear! We're both young, we both want life and everything it can give us. It isn't wicked to want them, it's the way the world's made! West isn't really your husband—he never was your lover. Betty—you're going to come away with me—on the Boston boat—tonight—"

"Oh, I couldn't!" she quivered, but she felt as tho strong tides were beating her, carrying her out with them from her safe harbor, "Caleb—what would he do? I've got to get his supper. You mustn't—it isn't—right—"

When Caleb was present he always seemed to defer to him, but managed to make him seem older, greyer and more unromantic than ever in contrast to his dark youth and eagerness

He saw that he had won, and laughed low with triumph. "Then life is wrong, Girl!" he exulted, "you've never lived—but you're going to. It's your



Sanford paid assiduous court and Kate Leroy's gay, pleased laughter shrilled her flattered delight to all the world



"He's like the ocean—when there's a fog," he found himself repeating mechanically. "he says that there is life behind the fog—and I want to see. You'll never forgive me, Caleb, or believe that I do love you. Your new shirt is in the top drawer—the camphor is on the kitchen shelf in case you catch cold. O Caleb—"

He held the pitiful, foolish note to the flame of the lamp, watching it consume. Captain Bell, standing unnoticed in the doorway, regarded him in amazement. "I swan!" he ejaculated, "the hull blame world's gone plumb crazy tonight. Caleb West. What in tarnation you doin'?"

The other man gripped his arm, turning a stark face toward the window. Over the water came the

birthday, Betty, yours and mine." But he was wise enough not to kiss her, even then.

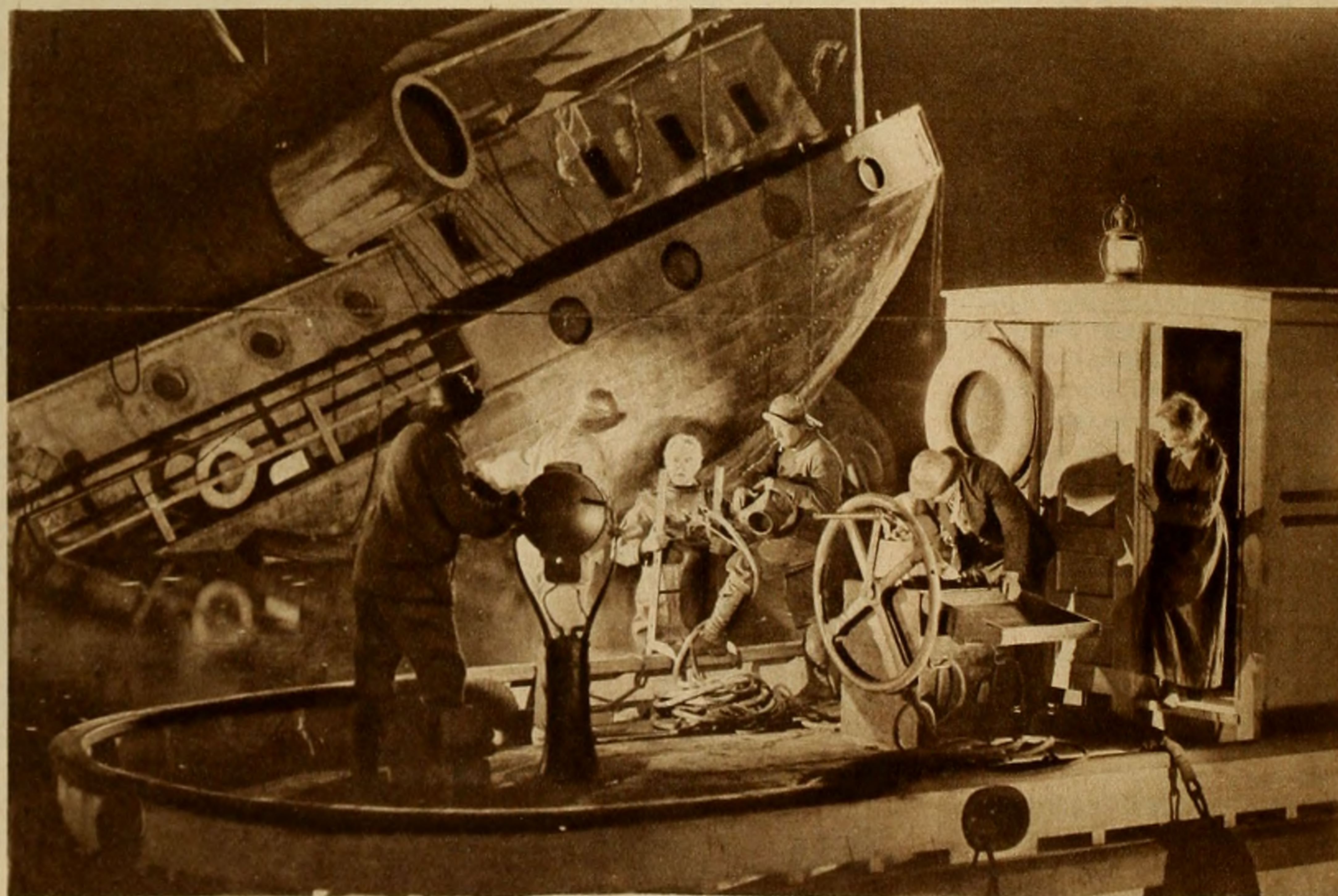
Caleb West came home late, noting with a curious sense of uneasiness that there was no smoke curling up from his chimney. He pushed open the door and found darkness and the sharp sudden scent of the sea. "Betty," he called, "Betty-Girl, where are you?"

A match sputtered and flared out under his impatient fingers. He lighted another. Then he saw the note on the mantel shelf, blotched with tears. After he had read it he sat a long time, hours—staring down at his twisted, gnarled old hands lying on the red-checked table cloth. It was a fresh cloth he noted stupidly. She must have put it on just before she went—he groaned as if in pain.

"—Without a word he turned on his heel and set the helmet over his head"

sharp yelp of a steamboat whistle. "She's gone," he said heavily, and his lips came together like the jaws of a trap, "she's gone with Bill Lacey to find life—" he laughed silently, unpleasantly.

Captain Bell probed the white face in the lamplight with
(Continued on page 66)



Semon the Jester

By HARRISON HASKINS

WHEN we were invited to luncheon with Larry Semon at the Hotel Astor, we made one condition—that no custard pies or spaghetti would be served.

One cannot be too careful with movie comedians.

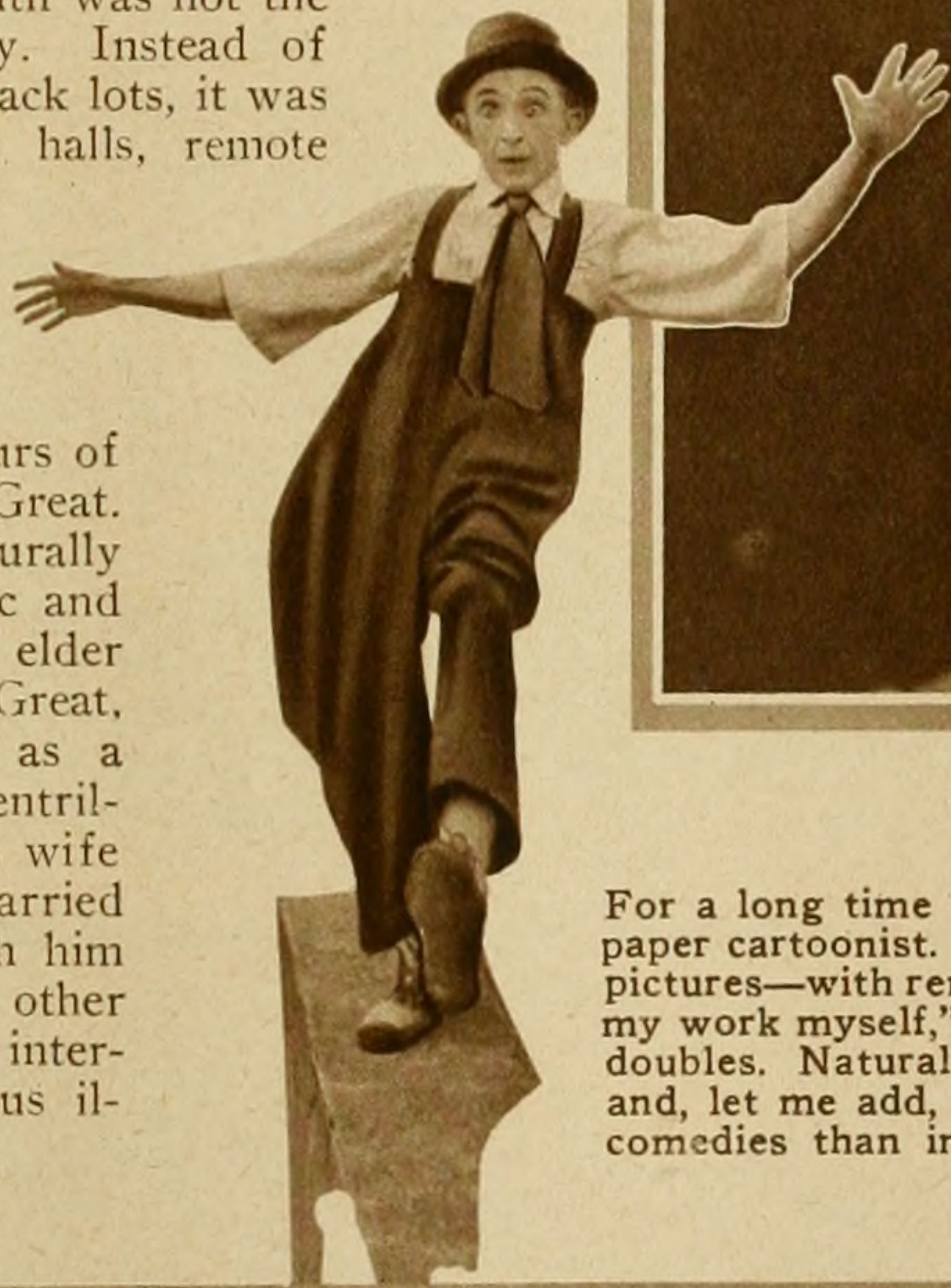
But—seriously—Semon is no mere clown. No screen player we know has a more alert business brain or does clearer thinking. His long newspaper career, which preceded his film debut, gave him an unusual viewpoint.

Only a few years ago he was feature sporting cartoonist on *The New York Evening Sun*. Before that he was on the art staff of *The New York Telegram*, *The Morning Telegraph* and *The New York Herald*. But the real incentive which led him to film comedy dates back still further.

Semon comes of a picturesque family of theatrical adventurers. His youth was not the youth of the average boy. Instead of baseball, marbles and the back lots, it was spent in backwoods town halls, remote railway stations and dingy trains.

To go back to the beginning:

Semon's grandfather was connected with the tours of the magician, Herman the Great. The comedian's father naturally became interested in magic and took up the work. The elder Semon became Zera the Great, and toured the country as a magician, hypnotist and ventriloquist, accompanied by his wife and the boy, Larry. He carried a vaudeville company with him and comedy, tumbling and other miscellaneous acts were interspersed with the mysterious illusions of the Great Zera.



For a long time Larry Semon was a newspaper cartoonist. Then he turned to motion pictures—with remarkable success. "I do all my work myself," says Semon. "I do not use doubles. Naturally we take lots of chances and, let me add, there is less faking in my comedies than in most farce productions"



Larry, of course, was called upon to assist in various ways and, in time, he became a proficient and versatile performer. One night would find him an acrobat, another a hypnotic subject, again he would be a comedian, just as the needs of the little barn-storming company developed.

Larry himself wanted to be a singer but fate—and his father—interposed. He lost his voice. And his father, tired of the struggle of pioneer stage work, wanted his son to do something different. Both the elder Semon and his son had a certain knack of caricaturing. Result—the boy was sent to art school.

Finishing his course, Semon secured his first employment on *The New York Herald*. He advanced until he occupied the first comic post with *The Evening Sun*.

(Continued on page 81)



How "Earthbound" Was Made

By
JAMESON SEWELL



Photograph by
Evans, L. A.

PROBABLY no motion picture story yet filmed presented the difficulties offered by Basil King's psychic novel, "Earthbound." Hence the story of the director, T. Hayes Hunter, is of unique interest.

First, "Earthbound" required seven months for its development from the printed page to the photoplay screen. Four months were actually occupied in filming the story at the Goldwyn coast studios. Mr. Hunter actually shot 190,000 feet of film, which were cut down to 7,600 feet, the final length of the completed screen production.

To those who have not yet seen "Earthbound," something of an explanation is in order. The Basil King novel traces a domestic tragedy which culminates in the murder of the other man by the husband and then goes on to show the regeneration of the dead man after death—how his spirit readjusts two shattered households to the best of his (or shall we say its) ability. Thru a great deal of the story the chief protagonist moves in shadowy spirit form. This necessitated double exposures and the most adroit camera trickery. To be exact, there were 166 double exposure scenes in "Earthbound." Successful double exposure work can only be obtained by the most careful and painstaking camera work.

But let Mr. Hunter himself explain

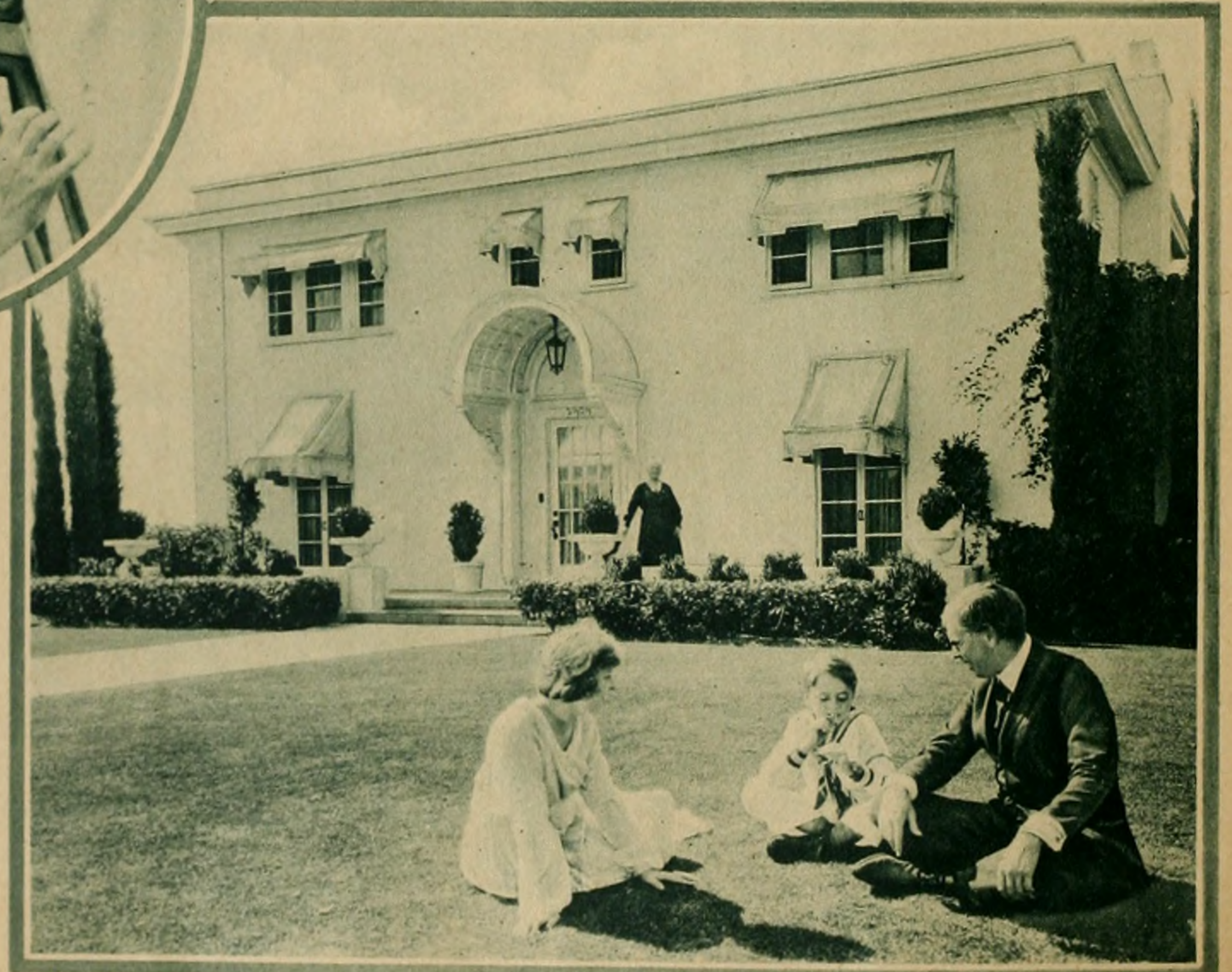
"Let us assume I intended to photograph a scene in which the spirit talked to his living friend. I first rehearsed the two actors together in the scene as it would be screen visualized. Then I timed the action, using a ticking metronome to standardize our count. For instance, at the count of 63 we would find that the ghost started speaking, that at 79 he stopped, that at 85 the material figure felt his presence and turned around, that at 96 the spirit materialized to be visible to the living man, that at 115 the spirit walked over and put his arm on the other's shoulder, that at 169 the living man showed visible emotion as a result of the other's words, that at 175 the ghost started to dissolve out, taking eight counts to become nothing.

"You can realize that, if we depended upon a human count, an inaccuracy would be bound to occur. The metronome kept this in perfect measure, even the cameraman grinding to its beat.

"Let us assume that we have carefully rehearsed and timed every
(Continued on page 92)



Four months were actually occupied in filming "Earthbound" at the Goldwyn studios and 190,000 feet of film were shot. Top a new portrait of T. Hayes Hunter; center, Mr. Hunter directing a scene in "Earthbound," and right, with his family on the grounds of his Hollywood home



The Celluloid Critic

The Month's Photoplays in Review

By Frederick James Smith

AN odd and homely little tale, shining out of an exceedingly dull photoplay month is "Honest Hutch," an unpretentious Will Rogers effort which, to our way of thinking, is the best thing ever done by Goldwyn. Interesting it is to see this simple story of a village loafer easily displace all the expenditure and elaborateness of a long line of Goldwyn productions.

"Honest Hutch" is just another proof that real film drama is the drama of every-day life, minus claptrap and melodrama—that the really big play may revolve around the simplest daily events.

"Honest Hutch," which by the way, is built from a short story by Garrett Smith, has a delightfully droll thesis. The shiftless, happy-go-lucky Hutch, with his embittered drudge of a wife and his brood of ragged children, lives a life of utter laziness—until he finds a box containing fifty thousand dollars in \$10,000 bills. Hutch suddenly realizes that the money is useless to him, since no one will believe him the possessor of an honestly acquired \$10,000 bill. It is a case of going to work, thus acquiring a reputation equal to his money, or throwing the fifty thousand away. Hutch, reluctantly, goes to work, altho he has a sneaking doubt that the money isn't worth the labor. How, in the end, he finds real joy in work—and in bringing happiness to his family—is brought out with homely humor.

Rogers is Hutch to the life. It is an honest, close to the soil performance, and his best celluloid rôle thus far. We congratulate him. Our hat is off, too, to Clarence Badger for his directorial handling of "Honest Hutch."

In interesting contrast to "Honest Hutch" is "Madame X," Goldwyn's visualization of Alexandre Bisson's super-heated Parisian melodrama. With all its expensive outlay, "Madame X" does not come within a hundred miles of "Honest Hutch's" closeness to life.

Bisson is a master of adroit stage technique. He knows how to build with fine theatric effectiveness. His characters may be puppets neatly maneuvered to get the greatest dramatic effect, but he, at least, achieves the result he seeks. "Madame X" has a scene of big emotional appeal.

"Madame X" tells the story of a young French wife who leaves her husband and baby-boy for love of another. Later, when her husband refuses to forgive her, she drifts to the moral depths, a drug wreck. Finally, she commits murder and is brought to trial. Without realizing her identity, her husband, now a man of affairs, is a visitor in the court-room while their son is appointed to defend her. She is steadfast in her refusal to say a word, but the boy by a brilliant and impassioned speech, wrings a verdict of "not guilty" from the jury. Then her wrecked constitution gives way, but not until there is a reconciliation.

This court-room scene was an electric thing behind the footlights, but it is lost in the screen adaptation. This is due to several reasons. Director Frank Lloyd launches his story in too high an emotional key. Consequently, he steadily loses effectiveness. Again, Pauline Frederick did not touch us anywhere as the wretched Jacqueline. Her performance, in a measure due to the director, of course, lacks all gradation. From start to finish it is a drab uncolored thing on the verge of hysteria, without the building up necessary for sympathetic appeal. Again, Casson Ferguson is an unfortunate choice as the son. Here is a big rôle in every sense of the word. What Richard Barthelmess could have done with it! Indeed, the whole cast of "Madame X" disappointed us.

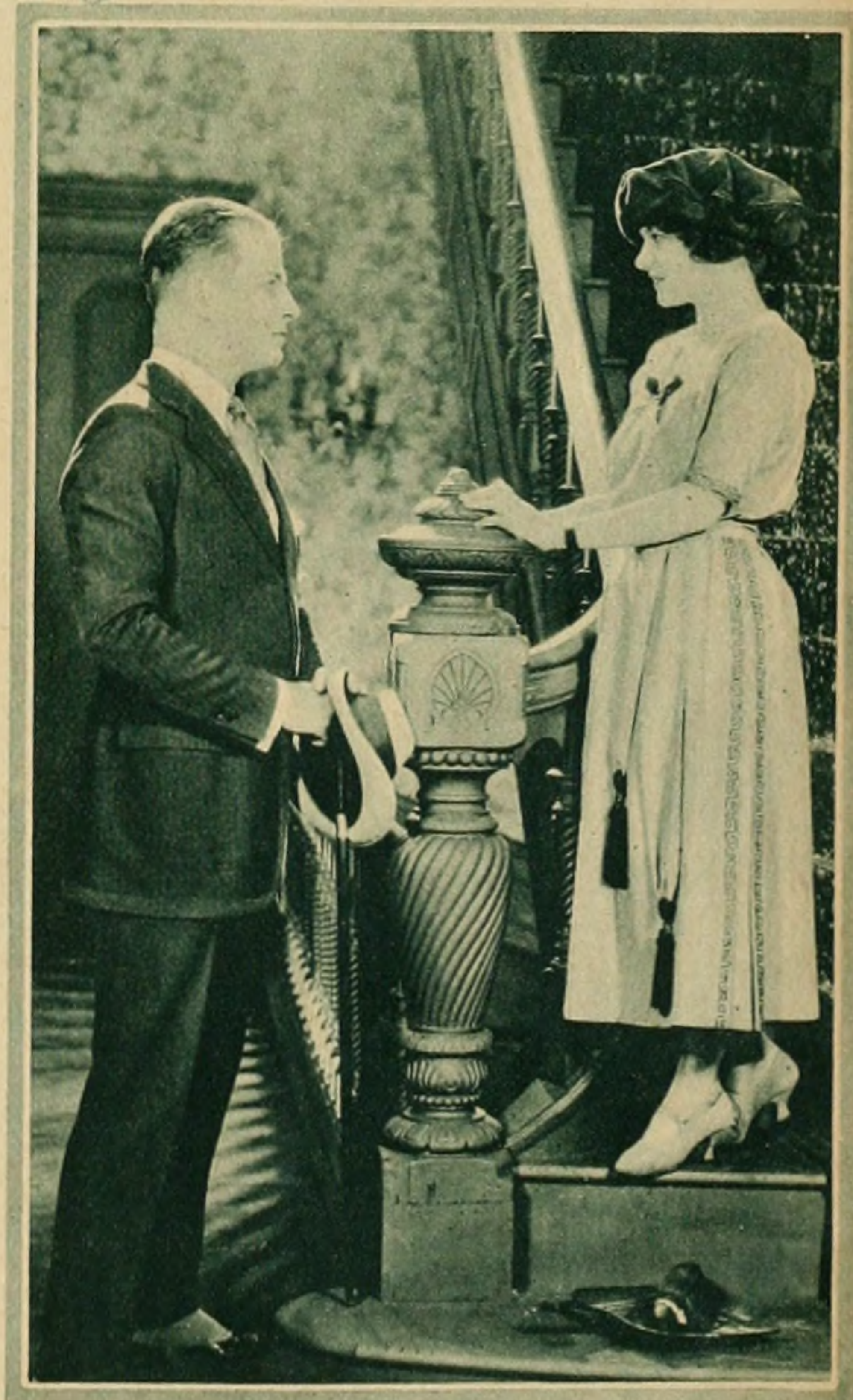
"Nomads of the North," (First National), a James Oliver Curwood story, had enough theatric ingredients, including a forest fire, to have been an effective picture. It fell down largely thru inferior direction.

With the Canadian-Northwest as his background, Curwood has unfolded a story of a cruel factor, his scoundrelly son, an innocent cutie of the wood-

(Continued on page 101)



Above, Pauline Frederick in "Madame X," left, Alla Nazimova in "Madame Peacock," and below, Constance Binney in "39 East"



The Winners Are Announced

THE 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest closed on August 1, and on September 23 the judges met and, after due deliberation, rendered their verdict. In announcing their decision, which was not without dissenting votes, it seems desirable to make some explanations. Quite early in the contest several unusually promising contestants appeared, and for months they continued to head the list. Repeated motion picture tests were made of them under various conditions and the most promising of these young ladies were sent to Albin, Lumiere and other photographers for studies. They were photographed from every possible angle and under different lights and conditions to make sure that they were endowed with all of the many essentials that go to make up a one-hundred-per-cent. screen star. Among these were Lucille Langhanke, formerly of the West, but now of 419 West 115th Street, N. Y. City; Helen DeWitt of Queens, N. Y.; Beth Logan of 22 Maple Street, Bronxville, N. Y.; and Erminie Gagnon, formerly of Canada, but now of 244 West 109th Street, N. Y. City. For beauty, charm, grace and personality, they are

Left, a camera study of Allene Ray of San Antonio, Texas

Photograph by Albin

(Forty-six)

awarded first honors, and in commemoration of the event, they will be presented with gold medals. Each of these young ladies will hereafter be known as a Gold-Medalist of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

Lucille Langhanke is an amazingly well equipped girl, with sunset eyes and hair, and her friends will not be surprised to read here that for grace, charm, beauty and photographic picturesqueness the contest has produced no superiors. In fact, we have already placed her with the Famous Players-Lasky Company on a five-year contract, and you will soon hear much of this unusual girl.

Helen DeWitt is none other than the violinist who for years toured the world with Madame Gadski and Sousa's Band as soloist. She is a little blonde of classic beauty, with golden hair and big blue eyes, and is about twenty years of age. The Metro Company has already engaged her to play in Bert Lytel productions, and the concert platform's loss is the screen's gain.

Beth Logan is a distinct type and a real discovery. She is about five feet five in height, slight of figure, with large, dark, sparkling eyes, and is full of vivacity and "pep." She is barely fifteen years of age and we have no doubt that the screen will soon find a place for her.

Erminie Gagnon is just sixteen and we have made over ten tests of her before the motion picture camera. In real life
(Cont'd on page 68)



Right, a new portrait of Corliss Palmer, of Macon, Ga.

An Irish Twinkler



years I was a member of the cast, I passed from rôle to rôle until I had actually played every part from a loaf of bread up. I felt like a full-fledged actress and after playing with Elsie Janis and Gaby Deslys I went with Ziegfeld, spending two years in 'The Follies' and 'Midnight Roof.'

"Mother never quite approved of the stage," she went on, thoughtfully, "and was anxious for me to get into pictures—we used to talk about it so often. After her death I wanted more than ever to do what she wished, so one day I told Mr. Ziegfeld that I intended to leave the show and go back to posing."

"A night or two after this, Douglas Fairbanks saw me in the 'Midnight Roof' and, with his characteristic impulsiveness, he immediately engaged me to play leads, so within two weeks after Mother left me I was on my way West to act in motion pictures! Almost uncanny, wasn't it? Somehow, I felt she *knew*, and I was happy that I could so soon fulfil her dearest wish."

It requires but a moment's chat to discover that the guiding influence in Eileen Percy's life is her mother's memory and her sincere desire to live up to what this mother would wish. Ideals of the highest order, early instilled by the absent one, form the girl's standard.

Born to the wailing of Irish winds and the wash of waters on the wild shores, there is just naturally an aura of romance around this pretty girl all the time and you have only to look at the lurking smile at the corners of the eyes and the provocative curve of the lips to realize how well the quaint endearments of old Ireland fit her. "Macushla, mavourneen,



FROM the Emerald Isle to the silver-sheet is a long trail but it was trodden by a little maid of Belfast between the ages of infancy and sweet sixteen. Recalling the roguish twinkle in her eyes, no one will be surprised to learn that Eileen Percy is a daughter of Ireland, Belfast being her birthplace.

However, she was still a wee baby when the family came over to this country, so the first part of her journey to the silver-sheet was made in her mother's arms, but the latter part was made alone on the trim and independent feet of the "colleen" herself.

The Percys, arriving in this country, settled in New York City, where the five children, three brothers, a little sister, Thelma, and Eileen, herself, grew up.

Eileen attended school in New York and Brooklyn, then was sent to a Sisters' Convent.

She wasn't very big when she began posing for the noted artists of the day, among them Harrison Fisher and Howard Chandler Christy. It is easy to imagine their delight in drawing the girl's piquant little face, with the wide eyes that are set far apart, continually changing color, ranging from the deepest blues thru various greys to a lovely green.

It frequently happens that it is but a step from posing to the stage, so, when "The Blue Bird" was produced at the New Theater, Eileen was among the group of "unborn children" in that fanciful scene which the poet, Maeterlinck, wove into his great dream drama.

"I grew up in that play," remarked Miss Percy, "and during the three

She wasn't very big when she began posing for the noted artists of the day—and it frequently happens that it is but a step from posing to the stage, where she made her début as an "unborn child" in "The Blue Bird." Top, a new portrait; center and right, informal pictures



By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

ahagar" she was to that mother whose memory she adores and is to the people from her island who seek her pictures in American theaters.

I saw it all as we were sitting in her bungalow dressing-room, where her perfectly molded features, masses of glossy hair and fair complexion were enhanced by the artistic decorations in soft shades of orchid. These bungalows are all the fashion at the Hollywood studios, for the idea, started several years ago by Mary Pickford's cunning bird-cage in the corner of the Lasky lot, has met with favor. At the Fox studio, each star has a pretty grey bungalow set in a lovely garden, and Eileen, now a Fox star, has in hers an effective setting for her daintiness, which does not destroy the glamour of romance.

Her humor is of the quiet kind, and tho she looks the part of the peaches and cream girl, she has a remarkably sane balance, governed by a happy viewpoint of life, with a safe margin of spirit—when the occasion demands.

"Being with Mr. Fairbanks was a very wonderful experience," Miss Percy was telling me, "and I shall never be grateful enough for all I learned with him, but I found it a pretty big jump from The Follies, to playing lead with one of the foremost film-stars. I became discouraged after completing five pictures and decided to give them up. I was only sixteen and had not yet found my bearing since losing Mother and tho I had my sister, Thel-



At the studio they will tell you that Eileen is a general favorite—never indulging in temperament and always being on time. Above, another camera study, and left, Eileen at the shore

ma, with me, I nearly died of loneliness.

"Oh, of course, I came to my senses," she went on, "and I suddenly realized that to succeed I must get right down to hard work and seriously

study this work. The screen is illuminating, for it reaches the thought behind the action and this is, after all, the very point on which the finely balanced ball of success is poised. If the foundation is not true and sincere, the whole thing crumbles—, this is so with everything, motion pictures and life itself.

"As soon as I looked it squarely in the face everything seemed to come to me in the most satisfactory way and now I am fired with a big ambition to make a worthy name for myself. I seem destined for comedy—farce comedy, so I presume that will be my forte."

After playing in several pictures with Sessue Hayakawa, where her dainty fairness made an excellent foil for the Japanese artist, Eileen was

(Continued on page 100)



Holbrook Blinn and Frances Carson appear at the left in a colorful moment of Porter Emerson Browne's drama of the Southwest, "The Bad Man"

Photographs, left and below, by Ira D. Schwarz

Genevieve Tobin, below, who is the charming and personable heroine of that pleasant little drama of Manhattan in 1810, "Little Old New York"



Photograph, left, by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Tot Qualters, above, is a picturesque figure in the Century Roof entertainment, "The Midnight Rounders"

Mid- Winter in the Theater

One of the centers of interest of John Murray Anderson's highly colored "Greenwich Village Follies of 1920" is Margaret Severn, who contributes several interesting—and vivid—dance interludes



Photograph by Apeda

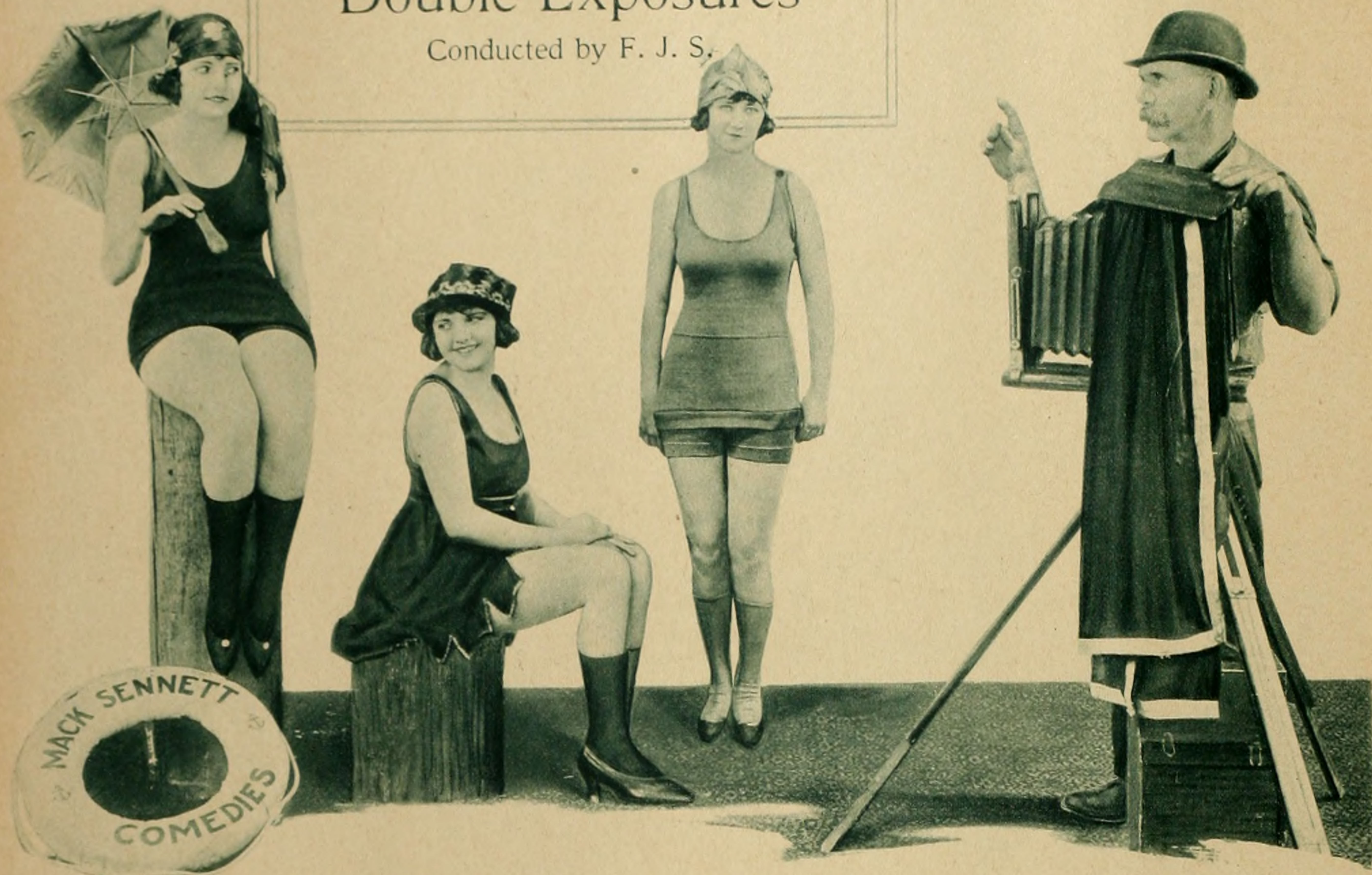


Photograph (above) by Abbe

Zimbalist, the famous violinist, has made his début into the musical world with a light operetta, "Honeydew." The real hit of "Honeydew" is scored by a little Spanish dancer, Mlle. Marguerite, who here appears with some of the Zimbalist chorus

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.



HOW TO BE A MOVIE REVIEWER

(In One Lesson)

(NOTE—You know the kind of motion picture criticisms you read in the daily newspapers and in the trade papers. But have you ever thought of trying it yourself? Here's how to do it).

If the director wrecks an automobile:

Truly no expense has been spared.

If it is a wildly improbable melodrama:

Crammed full of real thrills and possessing a wealth of action.

If the principal cutie is in peril anywhere:

Replete with heart interest and having an absorbing love story.

If the star is downright bad:

The drama carries itself, altho the popular star was never better.

If the star and the story are both bad:

Agreeably entertaining and marked by superb photography.

If a mystery tale:

Perplexing story in which the interest of the absorbed spectator will be held to the end.

If the cutie wears several gowns:

Star runs the whole gamut of emotions.

If the cutie reveals a glycerin tear in the close-up:

Here is, indeed, a triumph of emotional acting.

If the plot is almost invisible:

A sweet and simple photoplay of rare wholesomeness.

For any photoplay including a mob scene:

Greater punch than "The Birth of a Nation."

For any photoplay with a spiritual reformation:

More uplifting than "The Miracle Man."

For any photoplay attempting hazy "art" photography:

Nothing like it since "Broken Blossoms."

For any star wearing curls:

... gives a sweetly unsophisticated performance which plays upon the heart strings.

For any male star:

That he succeeds in this difficult rôle attests to the ability of the sterling actor that he is.

THINGS I SHALL NEVER LIVE TO SEE.

By LOUISE FAZENDA

Bull Montana in the Florodora sextette

Nazimova in one-reel comedies

Theodore Roberts walking a slack wire

Geraldine Farrar playing Peter Pan

Lew Cody in the cement business

Mildred Harris Chaplin debating on the League of Nations

Hayakawa in a railroad serial

Katherine McDonald eating a hot dog

Tom Mix in "Hedda Gabler"

Louise Fazenda as "Little Egypt" in a side show.

Doug Fairbanks is going to do D'Artagnan in a film version of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." Our choice for the Dumas hero is Ben Turpin, with Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin as the other guardsmen.

ADD THINGS WE'RE TIRED OF

Property ducks that squirt water in the comedian's face.

Crumbling roses to indicate the passing of a character thru the pearly gates.

Burning oil wells in the weeklies.

Stories of star's pets.

Stories of star's insurance.

Stories of star's offers to return to the legitimate.

(Continued on page 89)

Dinty

By

PEARL MALVERNE

"A CHAP doesn't take pay fer doin' right."

Dinty stood his ground squarely, legs planted sturdily apart, blue eyes level. He repeated his assertion. It was said without bravado, simple as part of the boy's creed.

The third District Attorney eyed the small and evidently Irish face.

"You're from the auld counthree" he said, with a smile and a brogue.

Dinty's blue eyes glinted.

"Yessir," he said, "we've a story, we have. A rare one."

"Tell it me."

The third District Attorney seldom squandered his valuable time so freely. More or less of a humanitarian, he had learned to reject much of the flotsam drifting in to him in these quarters. Especially, the ones with "stories." Generally, the fiction was connivance in one form or another, more or less ingeniously masked. Dinty seemed different. There was a light in his blue eyes, wide eyes suggestive of strain and sleeplessness, there were faint hollows in his too-young cheeks and an irresistible and unquenchable humor in his smile, a ready smile.

"My mother was Doreen Adair," the lad said, as tho he loved the dark romance of his telling; "she was in love, very greatly in love she was, with Danny O'Sullivan. He had eyes like me, that Danny. There are many times when my mother, not so well as at other times, sir, kisses my two eyes and says 'fer you, Danny-arragh'. She forgets-like. They married secretly, the pair of 'em. Doreen Adair had a landed father and oh, such a lady-mother; English, she was. I've heard of her often. Laces, she wore, and little tip-tilty caps and a haughty air. Danny O'Sullivan wasn't good enough for the likes of an Adair. And so they got married, and then Danny got wind of a job in America and he told Doreen how that he'd go over where gold was growing like sumac at home and then he'd send for her, and after a bit they'd go home again, Cræsus-like and rich and the proud mother of Doreen would bow her haughty head." Dinty vouchsafed a smile. "It didn't happen like that," he said, "'cause I came first, and then, when Doreen got here, Danny had been kilt only three days before." A little tenderness actual in its significance touched the lad's sensitive mouth, "it was a battle the little woman had to fight then," he said, "with me a babe as helpless as helpless and nary a cent, nor kin, nor friends. But it takes the Irish! Her proud mother and her stormy father and me, soft and dependent, but most of all, *most of all*, her



love for Danny O'Sullivan pulled her thru. She worked by day and she worked by night and her body got thin and stooped and her pretty hair thinned and there's siller in it, and her feet lost their shapes, she said, and her hands got twisted and poor-like and after a while a doctor told her . . . her lungs had to be 'humored,' but, at first, she couldn't humor them, owing to the work and the hard times and all. But now . . . now . . ." the embryo man puffed his own exceeding small chest, "I'm the man of the family, now," he said, "I work by day and by night I take care of Doreen. I feed her and make her all comfy, same as she did for me, and I think she's mostly happy. Now and then she takes me for Danny O'Sullivan, and not just Dinty, and then she smiles and looks like the little picture of her taken on her father's estate, all curls and frills and laughing. So it's mostly all right."

"But some of it isn't? Some of it is fight, eh?" The young third District Attorney felt a suspicious stinging of his eyeballs. Nor was he, in any sense, a sentimentalist.

"Well, it's like this. I'm selling papers. Me and Watermillions, he's black outward and white inward, and Chinkie, he's yellor, but the same applies to the inner. We're up against a gang. Levinsky's the head of it. Levinsky's a bird. He makes life hard for me and for Watermillions and Chinkie. He has all the best corners, you see, for his gang. Whenever one of us gets going good and gets a trade, he takes our corners



Another Chinaman had accompanied them and they had taken the white woman into a banquet hall, all red and black lacquer, couches and weird contrivances for pleasure and for torture

turned untouched, by Dinty. There were not, in his section, many Dintys. Painful experience, the painful experiences of others, had taught him that. Dinty had refused reward in the shape of a tenner, despite the sick, beloved Doreen and the gang and the preempted corners.

John North rose and clapped the small man on one lean but unflinching shoulder.

"Keep a stout heart, my friend," he said, "and we'll see what can be done."

A week later Dinty received a communication from the third District Attorney. It requested the honor of an interview. The sum and substance of the interview was that Dinty accepted a loan, on a strict business basis, wherewith he collected a selling force of his own, inclusive, of course, of Chinkie and Watermillions, bought up some corners, and became the leader of a gang of little fellers to oppose Levinsky's big fellers. North also insured the little fellers police protection.

Dinty was exuberant. His mother's teaching was right as right. The white light of it burned on the zealous altar of his soul.

Dinty sold the editions in

away from us, and makes us move on. We cant get a foothold, not that way, and we dont get on very firm or very fast. I 'spose gangs must be gangs."

The third District Attorney fingered his lost wallet, containing its thick wad of bills and other valuables, that hour returned

van had loved the young Doreen, all his Irish was up.

He ached to conspire. He dreamed fitfully of the flash of knives and the snarl of teeth in pallid yellow faces. His vivid imagination showed him secret panels and underground dungeons and holes beneath the earth, foully conspiring to blood-curdling conspiracies.

He told North all he knew and all that he had heard of the desperadoes of Chinatown.

"It's one of the Malays," he said, "I can bet. It's one of them half-breed Malays. They cling together like glue. There's Dorkh, for instance. He's got some white in him. That makes him all the worse. It makes him cunning. Chinkie's scared to fits of Dorkh and his sister is Dorkh's Chinese wife. She's scared to fits of him too. She's only a kid, fifteen. Thin and lemon colored with terrified eyes. I useter look like that in the dark, once. I'll bet it's Dorkh."

That night Dinty's suspicion was confirmed by Judge Whitley.

North called on him and told him of his talk with Dinty. "I try to draw him out," he said, "very often those kids are scavengers of information, and Dinty's would be straight."

Whitley groaned.

"It is Dorkh," he said, "I've been keeping it to myself for a twofold reason; first, because I feared further enmity if publicity got out and, secondly, I had no confirmatory word. Tonight I got a message direct. A month ago I sentenced his son to San Quentin for killing a Chinaman in a gambling row. Dorkh came to me and tried to bribe me. He was ferocious in his svelte way. Naturally, I refused the bribe. He left me, apparently reasonable. Then . . . this . . . Ruth. God, God, to

DINTY

Fictionized, by permission from the Marshall Neilan production of his story. Scenario by Marion Fairfax. Released by First National. The cast:—
 Dinty O'Sullivan.....Wesley Barry
 Doreen O'Sullivan.....Colleen Moore
 Danny O'Sullivan.....Tom Dannery
 Judge Whitley.....J. Barney Sherry
 Ruth Whitley.....Marjorie Daw
 Jack North.....Pat O'Malley
 Wong Tai.....Noah Berry
 Sui Lung.....Walter Chung
 Mrs. O'Toole.....Kate Price
 Barry Flynn.....Tom Wilson
 Alexander Horatius Jones.....Aron Mitchell
 The Tough One.....Newton Hall
 Wong Tai's son.....Young Hipp

Bringing the Congo to Broadway

By B. F. WILSON

AN unusual phase of the motion picture industry recently came to light with the return of Dr. Leonard John Vandenberg from an eleven months' trip thru Central Africa.

On the twenty-fourth of September, 1919, Dr. Vandenberg together with a camera-man, an assistant, and Dr. George B. Shattuck, embarked from New York to Naples. From there, the party journeyed to Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, continuing on to Albert Nyanza, Lake Kioga, and following the Nile to Alexandria. This small body of men brought back sufficient data to confirm unquestionably the report of the existence of a race of pygmies, known as the Mambuti.

"We encountered many difficulties in locating this tribe," said Dr. Vandenberg, "for they are a most timid people. None of them exceed four feet in height, and their customs and mode of living are perhaps the most unusual I have ever encountered in my nine years of missionary work in the wilds of Africa."

We were seated in the offices of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. At first impression, Dr. Vandenberg resembles a banker, or doctor, yet the deep-set eyes and the bronzed skin bearing witness of long months of exposure to burning rays of tropic suns,

Photograph by Apeda, New York



Photograph (left) by Apeda



Two strange tribes of Africa are the Mambuti, a race of pygmies, and the Masai people, who are giants in stature. Dr. Vandenberg confirms the report of their existence in his recent trip to Africa. Top, a White Father with two of the pygmies; center, Dr. Vandenberg; bottom, two Congo belles in gala attire.

places him as one who has seen wide spaces, and lived in strange countries.

"You see, I had originally planned this trip solely for the purpose of gathering material for a coast to coast lecture-tour in connection with my missionary work.

I have for nine years lived with these people, who are so pathetically untouched by the hand of civilization. I wished to arouse the interest of America, and to get her help for these ignorant children. Mr. Jesse Lasky heard of my projected trip and most generously offered to finance it if I would take a camera-man along and procure some motion pictures. Also my missionary work is to receive a certain percentage of the returns from the pictures when they are released as a special feature.

"It was thru the friendship with some of the White Fathers, who live so simply and work so earnestly on their apparently thankless tasks, that I managed to finally locate the

Mambuti. As I have said before, they are a very timorous little people and, upon the first inkling of our approach, they fled, leaving the villages quite empty. However, they were coaxed back thru intermediaries, and finally became quite friendly, posing for pictures and dancing for us. I lived in one of their villages for some weeks, making a thoro investigation of their habits, their daily life, their customs. I found that they existed on rodents, caterpillars, and other similar food, and that their chief sport was

(Continued on page 102)



Know Thyself!

in and advised me to keep it. 'You'll need it,' she told me, 'in my apartment.' I find that I do. It sort of fits in."

Miss Hansen was hospitable plus over a charming dinner-table containing not merely charm but food, substantially speaking as well . . . delectable and exceedingly gooey chocolate cake inclusive.

Juanita occupied a tall and carven chair of somber hue and looked startling . . . like a glad sort of picture, framed.

She has a sort of hovering solicitude which one might not expect, perhaps, of her somewhat sensational appearance. One knows, however, that the sensational appearance, the super-ability to wear clothes startlingly, does not mitigate the kind heart beneath the Luciles, if they be Luciles.

There is an air about her at once of ministration and childlike pleasure.

She had never been in New York before, which I did not know. It is, I suppose, always something of a shock to a born and bred New Yorker to encounter a person who has never before so much as seen the famous



Photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe

OF course, I knew that Juanita Hansen had had an apartment or a bungalow or something or other in California with Mary Thurman; that she had been one of the famous Mack Sennett bathing girls and that she had rather recently changed her line, as it were. I knew that she was but newly arrived in New York; that she was effectively blonde and that she was occupying Texas Guinan's apartment in the precincts of the village known as Greenwich. This last I knew with a beautiful definiteness, because she had cozily invited me to dinner, and I always ascertain dinner addresses . . . I am an interviewer.

These facts, above related, were the only facts in my possession. I had heard, tho, come to think of it, that some glib soul had observed that Texas Guinan's apartment resembled the large set in "Intolerance," and, having seen Miss Hansen photographically, I anticipated an—well, graphic evening. I got it.

I was greeted by a vision, nothing else, nothing less, with hair blonde and bobbed, in Turkish costume of an extreme effectiveness, even to the bound ankles.

"I always," said Miss Hansen, "wear this thing around the house. It is a habit with me. Just before I left California, tho, I was throwing away a lot of things and was about to include this in the lot, when Texas Guinan came

Juanita Hansen has a sort of hovering solicitude which one might not expect, perhaps, of her somewhat sensational appearance. She has a super-ability to wear clothes startlingly—at the same time this does not mitigate the kind heart beneath the latest Lucile model



By FAITH SERVICE

sky-line. "I nearly," she told me, "went crazy the first night I arrived. Some friends met me and took me some place to dine . . . I don't know *where* . . . I was so excited and seeing so many things all at once, so it seemed to me. I just kept bobbing from one side of the taxi to the other, asking questions galore and always coming back to 'Where is the Statue of Liberty?' I thought I couldn't be happy until I had seen that."

After dinner we inspected some creative fabrics known, commonly, as gowns; likewise hats and vamp negligees and such-like triumphs. I discovered in the delicate process the innate good nature of Juanita, a sort of ready and open obligingness pleasing to find. Tired from a long day at the studio, strenuously serialing, anticipating a repetition of the same early the following morning, she still tried on the various hats and gowns for us, (her secretary, her P. A. and *me*), with unvarying *éclat* and with varied and always bewildering achievement.

Then we went into the dimly lit, mirror-hung, exotic living-room and toasted our feet against a coal grate . . . and talked . . . I asked her what had induced her to leave the Sennett line of work, *et al.*



Photographs by Edward Thayer Monroe

Left, Miss Hansen in a Turkish costume which reduced ye interviewer to a state of semi-consciousness for the entire evening. "One day I made up my mind that I would make good," she says. "More importantly, I made up my mind that I *could* make good"—and she has

"I suddenly found myself," she said; "I had always been very self-depreciatory and without any self-confidence at all. I thought every one I saw was so supremely much better than anything I was or was doing that I

would come away completely crushed and discouraged. I'd see Lillian Gish, or Norma Talmadge, or Blanche Sweet, and I would go home and think, 'Oh, they are wonderful! I can never be like *that*,' and I would be so blue I would be actually in despair. Then, one day, it came to me like a flash that each one of us has his or her own particular place in the scheme of things which no other person can possibly fill or even touch. No matter how small the place, it is our *own* place, uniquely, to do with what we will. It came to me as sort of revelation. No one can take anything from us or give anything to us in so far as our niche in life goes. We are all personalities. No two of us are similar, really. I sort of felt that I had met myself and for the first time. I took a look at myself in the glass. I was still young. I made up my mind that I would cut out parties and fooling

(Continued on page 83)



Nancy Manages

By LILLIAN MAY



The little family, however, remained in Australia for some time and it was there at the age of ten that Nancy made her stage debut in a Christmas pantomime. She made such a success of it, too, that she begged to continue her work as a child actress, which she did intermittently, thru several years of traveling about with her parents.

"Ever since I can remember, I have loved to act and dance," she said. "Daddy didn't want me to do it, but mother didn't mind, and I reasoned with Daddy, telling him that as long as he and mother were always traveling that I might as well put it to some good advantage for myself.

I DON'T know what it was about her. She is very small and childishly formed. Her brown hair waves naturally over her ears and is drawn low at the back of her head. Her dark blue eyes look out from long, curled lashes that were not darkened. Her mouth, a real Cupid's bow that an artist might have formed, was not too red. Her clear skin with a suspicion of small brown freckles was guiltless of powder. She was quietly dressed and yet, as we walked a few blocks up Broadway, thru the lobby of the Claridge and into the dining-room to a cozy corner, it was as tho every one were saying, "Here comes Nancy Deaver!"

How so much personality could be encountered in one small girl I have wondered ever since. And it was not long until I discovered, that not only is Nancy Deaver a person of exceeding charm and personality, but she is also very business-like.

In the first place, there was the business of being born. Daddy Deaver is a civil engineer with business all over the world. Mother Deaver accompanies him on all his trips. Did Nancy, merely to be born, separate the family or postpone an important business trip to Australia? Certainly not. The trip was made as scheduled and en route, efficiently and promptly, Nancy was born. Never for a moment would she interfere with the business of civil engineering or anything else!

"That's why I am sometimes called an Australian," she said, "but I'm not. I was born on the way to wherever we happened to be going, which happened to be Australia. But father is English and mother is Scotch, therefore I am English and Scotch and proud of it."



Photographs by Apeda

A continual source of surprise is that so much personality can be encompassed in the diminutive Nancy Deaver. And not only is she a person of exceeding charm and the above personality, but she could also come off with flying colors in the latest and most difficult of efficiency tests!



Of course, he said that I ought to be put in school in England and left there. But all the same he was glad that mother refused to have me left behind at a stupid school. You see my father is not a typical Englishman—the kind who rules his family. No indeed. Mother and I rule him. And some—
(Continued on page 86)

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

THE new Long Island studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are now running in full force. It's a big, model plant, and an ideal creative home for the photoplay.

Motion picture stars are still coming and going abroad. Dorothy Gish has returned with her mother. She is going to rest a while, making a trip to California before she resumes production. Blanche Sweet recently sailed for Paris. Herbert Brenon, fresh from interesting activities along the Mediterranean and in Italy, has been visiting in New York. Very possibly he may go back to make a few more pictures. As *THE CLASSIC* goes to press, this is still pending.

Some interesting news comes from Realart way. They say that Constance and Faire Binney are to appear together, playing the sisters in the new novel, "Christopher and Columbus." By the way; Constance is going to play behind the footlights again, alternating with her screen work. It will be in a Rachel Crothers drama, "Nice People."

Theda Bara returned from an interesting trip abroad and is again on tour in her stage play, "The Blue Flame." Rumors are current regarding a return to the screen next summer. Be that as it may, it is an interesting possibility.

Madame Olga Petrova made a flying trip to England on business and returned to open a twenty-week vaudeville tour of the Keith Theaters. This will take her to the middle west.

The remarkable — and even sensational — success of David Wark Griffith's super-picture, "Way Down East," is the talk of the motion picture world. "Way Down East" is doing an absolute sell-out business at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York, and is playing to S. R. O., (Standing Room Only), in Boston and Philadelphia. A Chicago presentation is about to be made.

There is much talk about David Wark Griffith's future plans. The tragic death of Bobbie Harron, of course, upset things a great deal and activities at the Mamaroneck plant ceased for many weeks. Griffith always personally supervises the presentation of his productions in the various cities. Following the launching of the Chicago run, it is likely that he will again turn to production immediately. He has another super-production in mind, one in which Dick Barthelmess will be featured. After this, Dick is to be starred.

Charlie Chaplin has been seeing New York very much *incog*. He dodges interviewers, but can be occasionally seen at the theater and at evening roof entertainments.



George Fitzmaurice who once was an art student in Paris, looks over a studio "prop" in the upper picture. In the center, Constance Binney pauses for a cup of tea between scenes of her latest Realart production. Below, Thomas Meighan confers with his father, John A. Meighan



Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By HAZEL SHELLEY

TEA time at the Alexandria! The statuesque blonde wearing the beautiful tailored suit and the trim sailor hat is Kathlyn Williams—with her husband. The demure, slender little girl in the dark blue serge and close fitting hat is Colleen Moore who has just signed a fine new contract with Marshall Neilan. The good looking boy with her is her brother, Cleve. King Baggott is the business-like man on your right and so it goes—unless you look closely you miss the celebrities, for they are just people.

One of the beautiful brunettes in Los Angeles is Florence Vidor. I met her out at the Ince studio the other day where she was completing her final scenes in "The Magic Life." House Peters was playing opposite her. The quality of Florence Vidor's beauty is the sort you read about and dream about. There is a perfection of feature, poise and carriage which leaves one fairly breathless. She was wearing an evening gown of yellow and lavender draped chiffon. Her luxuriant chestnut hair was bound closely to her shapely head. Her complexion is so finely luminous that it is scarcely necessary for her to use any make-up. About her there is a spiritual aura, a peace, a completeness. She is a wonderful woman, wife, mother, and artiste.

William deMille has begun work on Barrie's play "What Every Woman Knows." Lois Wilson has been given Maude Adams' original rôle and Conrad Nagel plays opposite. The Conrad Nagels are a model, happy, young married couple, who are now making their home in Hollywood.

Another admirably mated pair are Mr. and Mrs. John Bowers, who recently spent a wonderful five weeks' vacation on their yacht, the *Uncas*.

Metro has signed up a stock company of unusual strength this season. Included are Wyndham Standing, whose performance in "Eyes of the Soul" was a screen epic, Edward Connelly, Edward Jobson, Florence Turner, Cleo Madison, Edward Cecil and Lawrence Grant. Having these players always available, means that Metro stars will be supported by practically all-star casts.

We were all just thrilled over the addition of Gareth Hughes to our film colony, when along came Fame and handed him the leading rôle in J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," and he departed for New York. However, he was only loaned to Famous Players by Metro for this one picture, so we may expect him back again soon.

And speaking of "loaning," Marshall Neilan has loaned Colleen Moore to King Vidor for one picture, "The Sky Pilot."

Jack Mulhall, another happy benedick, is to have the leading rôle opposite Viola Dana in her new picture, "The Off-Shore Pirate."

By the way, I stumbled on an interesting rumor the other day. It is said that Thomas H. Ince, who produced the wonderful old Indian pictures in the good old Fine Arts days, will produce another Indian drama in the near future.

I watched Myrtle Stedman being directed in "The Concert," by Victor Shertzinger a while ago. Miss Stedman has remarkably expressive blue eyes and fair hair and is, complete mistress of screenic moods. She can

turn from a study of "Vogue" on the side lines to a most pathetic
(Continued on page 94)



Above, Bebe Daniels deserts the luxurious boudoir to pose as a sea siren for a new effect in a new picture; right, Marie Mosquini believes in enjoying every shining off-stage minute, and below Betty Blythe, who is now busy before the Fox cameras, as Queen of Sheba, in the spectacular production of that name



Photograph by Monroe, L. A.



**The Cutex
Traveling Set**
\$1.50

Contains just what you need to keep your nails beautifully manicured—all full-sized packages. Cutex Cuticle Remover that does away with ruinous cutting; Cutex Nail White to remove stains and discolorations and give your nail tips a snowy whiteness; Cutex Cake Polish and Cutex Paste Polish (pink) to give your nails the fashionable finish.

In addition you get a double-cut steel file, emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton and an invaluable little booklet on the care of the nails, all combined in a stunning set.

In one stunning set— everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

IN ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the proper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

For Christmas and birthday presents

Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

Any drug or department store in the United States, in Canada and in England has Cutex manicure preparations. Don't let another day go by until you have secured Cutex. Get your set today. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.



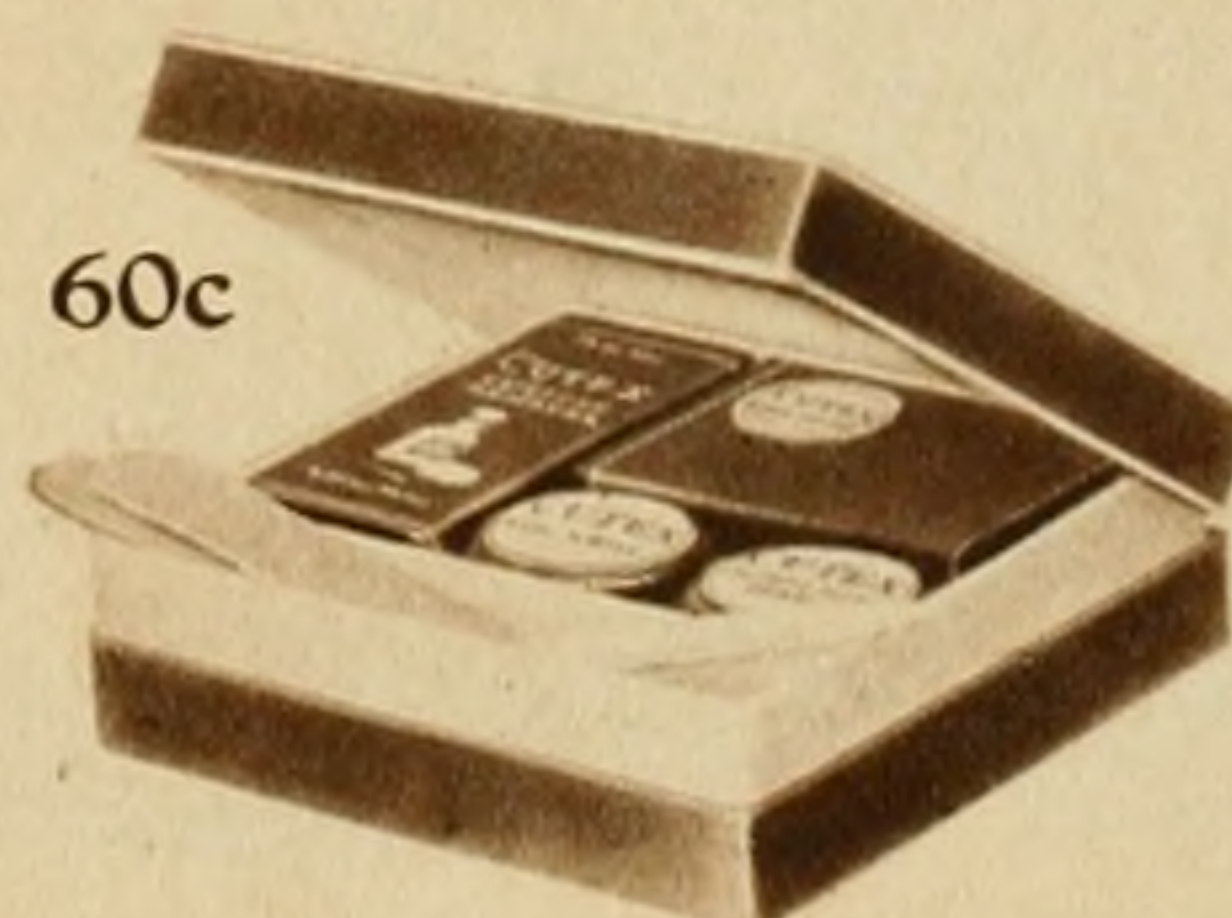
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The Cutex Boudoir Set
only \$3.00

This more elaborate set contains full-sized packages of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish, Cutex Paste Polish (pink), Cutex Powder Polish and Cutex Cold Cream. In addition you get your orange stick, emery boards, flexible, double-cut steel file, and a beautiful white buffer with removable chamois. A really impressive Christmas present.

The Cutex Compact Set
all the essentials
60 cents

This is the Cutex set of a thousand uses. Many women buy six of these at a time. Each contains a miniature package of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake Polish, and Cutex Paste Polish (pink). In addition you get your orange stick and emery boards—all the essentials for the modern manicure. Hundreds and thousands of these sets are bought every year.



60c

CUTEX

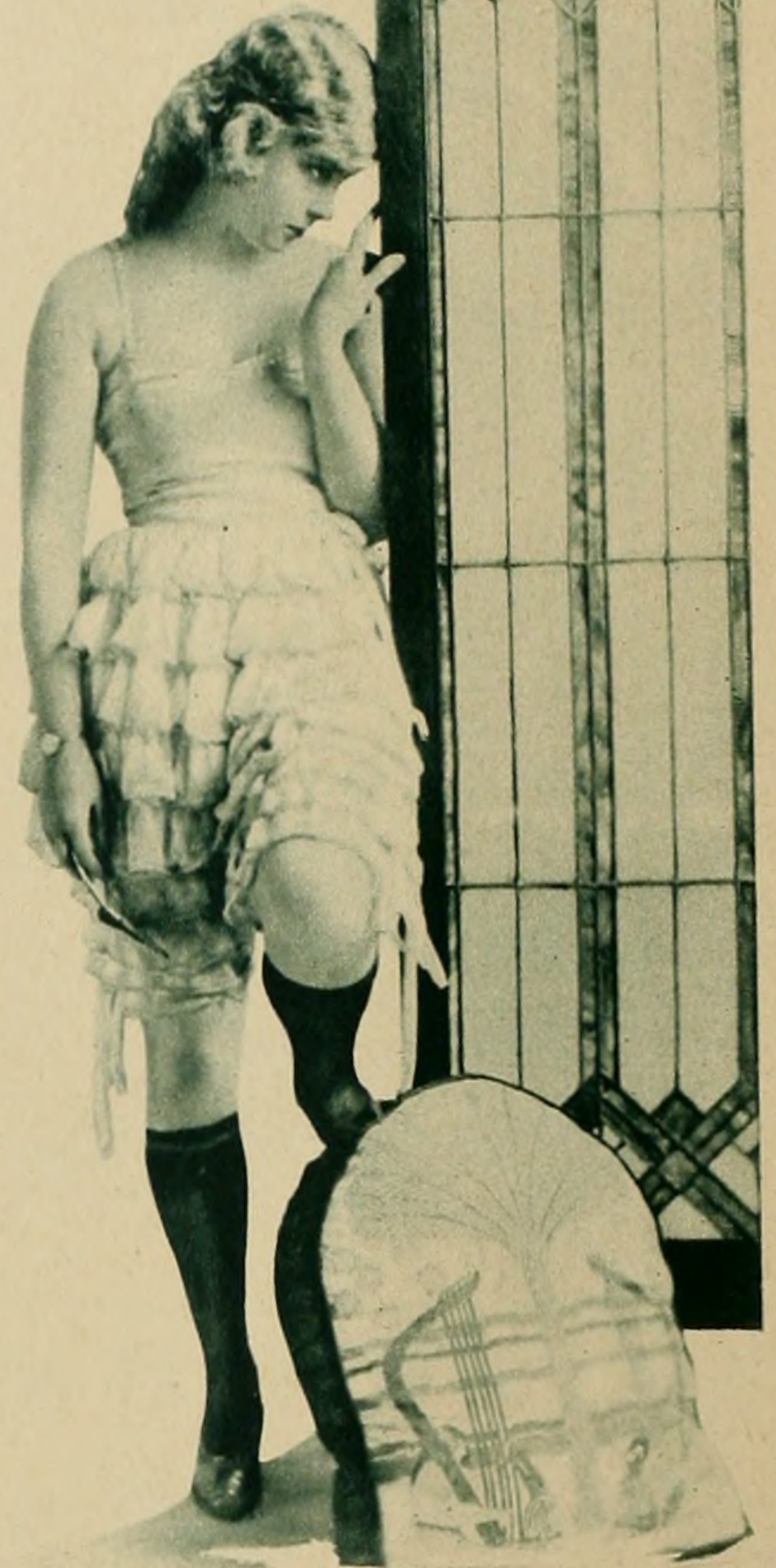
Manicure Preparations

The Fair Four

Pathé has a new idea! A company of six girls has been organized—the half dozen to take turns playing leading rôles in Rolin comedies. They are to be known as the "Vanity Fair Girls"



The piratical flapper just above is Ethel Broadhurst. Ethel rather gives us the impression that walking the plank wasn't so unpleasant after all



Photographs by Witzel, L. A.

The pensive maid is Jean Hope; the fair pilgrim in the center is Del Lorige; while the agriculturally inclined young woman at the lower left is Lilymae Wilkinson. Lilymae is one of those names that printers and proof-readers remember in their prayers every night



How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance



It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your face

go out and your skin will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth



Whenever you want to look especially lovely, even though you are tired, you can give your complexion new freshness at a moment's notice. Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous for the eleventh hour freshening it brings your skin

will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of *staying* tired.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How *could* so much dust have gotten into my pores!" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Every normal skin needs both these creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair.

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



To make the powder stay on all evening apply a powder base of Pond's Vanishing Cream

look oily before going out. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made without any oil precisely for this daytime and evening use. It cannot reappear in a shine. Lightly touch your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you



One little bedtime duty you must not forget if you care about a clear complexion is the cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream

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Please send me, free, the items checked:
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POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Deep Waters

(Continued from page 42)

shrewd eyes. "Mm!" he said at last dryly, "she must ha' found it quick, because she's down at my house this minute, crying as tho her heart 'ud break. I couldn't make out what was wrong, so I come over to find out. Went away, oh? With Bill Lacey? Well, I guess she changed her mind."

Caleb West caught the table edge. "She—didn't go?"

"Didn't 'pear to," the Captain said, dryly, then his tone changed, grew pleading, "Caleb, she's young. We older folks forget what the world looks like to twenty. We'd ought to make 'lowances. Shall I go back and send Betty home?"

The master-diver stood immovable. His face was like granite. "It's too late, Bell," he said slowly, "It 'ud happen again. I couldn't stand it, watching' her, wonderin'. I'll give her half I make but—she cant come back."

Argument, pleading availed no more than a wave washing against a rock. "There ain't nothing," mused the good Captain as he plodded heavily homeward, "there ain't nothing unforgivinger than a good man, nor stupider either. Caleb West is all right when it comes to laying the foundation for a lighthouse but he cant keep his own home from drifting to shipwreck."

White-faced but singularly calm, the girl received Caleb's edict. "He's right!" she flashed when the Captain showed indignation. "I haven't got the right to go back." She faced the old man bravely, "you know what folks'll say. But it wont be true. Bill Lacey never so much as kissed me. Soon as I got on that boat I knew I couldn't go. But I was wicked all the same. I listened to him and I—wanted what he said—Life! and things happening—and things to see! And I deserve to be punished."

The tiny fishing village rocked sea-sickly with the news. Housewives left their dishes unwashed to discuss it over their fences, the men on the fishing boats rolled it like a flavorsome morsel on their tongues. But there was a singular scarcity of details. None of the three involved would speak of what had happened. Bill Lacey, sullen-eyed, with bitten red lips left the lighthouse gang and went to work as a fireman on a freighter, plying between the island and the mainland. Betty West got a place as a waitress in the hotel, and Caleb strode to and from the ledge where the lighthouse was rising, with a heavy look that forbade questioning.

But the gossips eked out their fare with another spicy morsel. For a long time the admiration of Henry Sanford, the contractor who was building the light, for pretty Kate Leroy, the wife of the hotel owner, had been unmistakable—to the whole village, except apparently, to slow, silent, plodding Morgan Leroy. The handsome shoulders and dapper mustache of the city man were almost never seen without an orange sweater, a floating

chiffon veil close by, and while Sanford paid assiduous court and Kate Leroy's gay, pleased laughter shrilled her flattered delight to all the world, Morgan Leroy, in shapeless old trousers and wrinkled necktie sat hunched over his paper in the hotel office.

In her leisure hours Betty slipped away to the cliff, and sat, a small, huddled figure hidden among the bushes, looking out over the restless harbor to where the far figures of the divers moved on their platform. The ocean no longer called to her imagination. Its eternal plaint moaned in the homesick ears of her soul, and slow, silent tears gathered in her eyes and dripped off the point of her chin.

To Bill Lacey, when he tried to reason with her, to plead angrily, passionately she answered only "No. That's all over with—please."

"But you cant live here all your life like this," the boy stormed, haggard eyes on her colorless little face, "people whisperin', working like a horse! Ask Caleb for a divorce and marry me. We'll go away—to Europe, we'll see the world—"

She smiled sadly, as tho she were infinitely older and wiser than he. "I couldn't be any farther away in Europe than I am here," she said, and fell to brooding, not noticing when he stumbled blindly away.

People said afterward that the explosion aboard the *Bessie Marie*, freighter, was a judgment, rolling the good old Methodist word solemnly on their tongues. They proved at the inquiry that it was a leaky valve. Whichever you prefer, it was at least a turning point in six people's lives. Almost before the vibration of the explosion had died away a crowd had collected on the shore and the tug with the divers, still in their suits had started for the wreck. Captain Bell was casting off his dory when he felt his arm seized, and looked down into the face of Betty West. "I've got to go!" she told him wildly, "I've got to go!"

And so Caleb West and his wife came face to face at last on the tilting deck of the tug beside the mass of wreckage which alone showed where the *Bessie Marie* had gone down. Her hands went to her breast, but she did not speak, only looked up into his face, set into hard and alien lines. "All o' the crews safe—but one man," he said harshly, "he's in the air lock. If I dont get him in ten minutes, handsome Bill Lacey'll never break up another man's home."

There was such terrible bitterness and exultation in his tone, and his kindly eyes held such an unholy light of triumph that she cried out then and clutched at his arm. "Caleb! You're going? You must! Oh—you must!" She was thinking only of him, and of the Cain-reproach he would carry always thereafter if he did not go, but he read in her agony another meaning. Without a word he turned on his heel and set the helmet over his head.

It seemed to Betty West that all her lifetime up to that moment was not so long as the ten minutes that followed, when she stood by the bow, staring down into the green deeps as tho by the force of her will she could draw him up to her. When the ugly, squat figure appeared, silently carrying something limp in its arms and clambered clumsily aboard, she heard the sound of hysterical weeping somewhere at a great distance but did not know that it came from her own lips.

They laid Bill Lacey on the deck, a long young sprawl, terribly still. And while she watched them work over him, Caleb West clambered out of his diving suit, staggering with weariness. It had been a gruelling fight under the crushing green waters, a fight more than physical. But he came out of it a conqueror. He went to his wife now, and the hardness was gone from him. "I saved him partly because 'twas my duty, Betty, but mostly because you wanted him." He smiled crookedly, "I been wrong. I was too old for you—I didn't have the right to your youngness, Blossom," (the old pet name slipped out unaware), "but I'll give you back what I took, best I can. I'll set you free—"

The nearness of her—ah God! the dearness! He shut his eyes lest he forget his promise and take her straightway, because he could do no other, into his weary arms. Because they were shut he could not see the quivering shame and tenderness in her upturned face, but suddenly—thru the darkness, spiritual and bodily that engulfed him, he heard a whisper;—

"Caleb, please—dont—set me free. I want—I want to stay—"

And, as in the beginning, the voice cried to the swirling chaos, "Let there be Light," and there was light. Now Caleb West opened his eyes on a glory of sunset crimson and a face in it, lifted to his. It was not the placid kiss of middle-age but the kiss of a young, ardent lover that he gave his wife then—

And the same night that robbed the village of one scandal took away the other also, on the train that carried Henry Sanford to the city—alone. Captain Bell, who rowed two passengers from the Point to catch the train, might have been able to explain why he brought one back with him, weeping with a melancholy satisfaction over her shattered romance and tremulously grateful for its shattering.

Rowing homeward, after he had left Kate Leroy, whimpering her gratitude at the hotel, Captain Bell regarded the lights twinkling friendliwise along the shore contentedly, his face gently humorous.

"Ain't it nice to think all o' them lights mean a home," he ruminated aloud, resting a moment on his oars, "That's the way the Lord meant it to be, I reckon, men and women set in homes. An old bachelor like me has missed his job at home-making. Still," and he chuckled softly, "I do' know but what the Lord needs a few lighthouses, too!"

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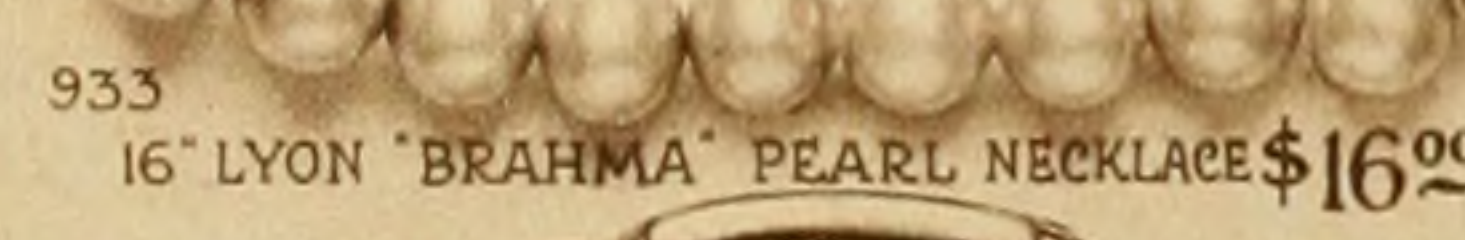
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The Winners Are Announced

(Continued from page 47)

she is very pretty to look upon, with an unusual complexion.

Among the early contestants were two children of unusual beauty and screen personality,—Little Ruth Higgins of 20 Liberty Street, Morristown, N. J., and Dorothy Taylor of 1322 Findley Avenue, N. Y. City. Both of them play important parts in "Love's Redemption," and we know of no other children on the stage or screen who could have played and looked better. They are each awarded silver medals and will be known hereafter as Silver-Medalists of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

And while we are speaking of "Love's Redemption," be it remembered that every member of that cast was carefully selected from among thousands of applicants and, therefore, each one is hereby given the award of Honorable Mention, and a place on our final Honor Roll. They are Dorian Romero, Lynne M. Berry, Katherine Bassett, William R. Talmadge, Arthur Tutbill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Jos. Murtaugh, Effie Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred L. Rigali, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, William White, Norbert Hammer, Carl Chalmers, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, O. L. Langhanke and Jose Santo DeSigue. Some of these are "types" and are not honored for beauty. Mr. Romero deserves special mention for his work in this play.

During the warm months hundreds of girls appeared before the judges, and some were so beautiful that it seemed they would outshine those previously mentioned in this article. Among these was Betty Pomroy Hanson of Rugby, North Dakota, who seemed to be the exact "double" of Lucille Langhanke. Several tests were made of her and it was found she screened remarkably well and had all of the elements that a screen star should have. In the same group appear Mary Jane Sanderson of Johnstown, Pa., and so promising was her first test that we at once telegraphed her to return for another. She is not quite fifteen.

There were two more in this group, deserving of special mention, for they screen exceptionally well. They are Yvonne Bailey of 15 McDonald Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bertha Keating of Springfield, Mass. They are each about thirteen years of age and a trifle too young to win first honors in this contest, but look out for them in the next!

Early in September there came two girls of remarkable beauty and presence, each measuring about five feet seven in height. They are Elma McKinney of 114 West 58th Street, N. Y. City, and Eileen Elliott of 707 Ritner Street, Philadelphia, Pa. They both screen very well, indeed, and while their spheres will be limited on account of their unusual size and height, the cinema will find a place for them.

About this time came two charming

little brunettes, who were long considered for first honors. They are Katherine Leonard of 160 West 84th Street, N. Y. City and Bye Madden of 1667 Grove Street, N. Y. City.

Those who saw "A Dream of Fair Women" will remember the cute little miss who played the part of the "tough girl." She was then only fourteen years old. She came down to Roslyn one day in July for a new test, and everybody was amazed at her appearance. She screened beautifully and we did our best to get her back again for additional tests, but she was away on the road playing in vaudeville. She is Evelyn Pouch, but we are unable to give her address.

Late in August several of the judges met and again went thru huge piles of photographs in search of some "rose born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," fearing that somebody of unusual promise had been overlooked. Several thousand photographs were thus selected and sent to the studio of the editor-in-chief. Many hours every day were spent in going over these photographs in the hope of revealing a rose or a bud that had been previously overlooked. About a hundred were selected and the wires were burned up in sending hurry messages for these girls to appear at once before the judges. Telegrams, form letters and phone messages were sent out in great haste, and soon they began to bear fruit. Among these photographs was a small, poorly made, and in-artistic one sent in by a friend of a young lady in Canada, unknown to her. The young miss was surprised to receive our summons, but, when she learned what had happened, on she came from Canada, and now she finds herself on the final Honor Roll, well up among the winners. She is Jean McIntyre of Meaford, Canada.

Another similar case, and even more astonishing, is that of Corliss Palmer of Macon, Georgia, who will now be amazed to find herself a winner. Her simple photograph had been passed over and she came within an ace of being lost in the shuffle.

Another similar case is that of Allene Ray, a charming little blonde from San Antonio, Texas, who came, saw and conquered at the last minute. Both of these young ladies are dazzling beauties of rare charm and photographic possibilities, and, as Emerson said to Walt Whitman on receipt of a copy of "Leaves of Grass,"—"We welcome you on the threshold of a great career." Many screen tests have been made of them and the judges are convinced that, everything considered, the contest has produced nobody quite so faultless as these two Southern beauties.

Space forbids our making further mention of the many glorious girls who appeared in this contest. There is a limit to all things, even to the final Honor Roll. It is quite possible that we have over-

looked some who have screen possibilities. We now wish that we had secured half a dozen cameras and camera-men instead of two and given every girl additional tests under different conditions. Therefore, we say to all those whose names do not appear here that they should not be discouraged, and not give up hope for the future. May they have better luck in our next contest.

All of those mentioned above are declared by the judges to be the real discoveries of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. However, we have agreed to make stars of the winners, to give them two years' publicity in all four of our publications, and to secure for them contracts with reliable companies. We have already secured two contracts, as above mentioned, and we shall do what we can to secure others as fast as opportunity comes. We surely cannot be expected to declare as winners all of the foregoing, for various reasons. Some of these girls are not yet ready to start on a screen career and some are mere children; and as for publicity, there would not be room for much else in our magazines were we to grant two years' publicity to all.

As for Lucille Langhanke, she is already a star, and is entitled to all that a winner is entitled to. The same is true of Helen DeWitt.

But since the judges are to select one or more who are to be declared winners, and who are entitled to the full quota of our promises, it is found necessary to reduce the number of declared winners to two. Should more than two winners be announced, we could not fulfil our promises. In one sense of the word, all those above mentioned are winners, because they have all won honors. Lucille Langhanke, who will hereafter be known as Mary Astor, has already been made a star, or will be made one by the Famous Players-Lasky Company, regardless of what we do for her. They have already started their campaign of publicity. However, we insist upon selecting and making at least two more stars and, therefore, we take pleasure in announcing the final decision of the judges as follows:

The winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest are hereby declared to be:

CORLISS PALMER, 614 MOUNT PELIER AVENUE, MACON, GEORGIA; AND ALLENE RAY, 2248 RIVER AVENUE, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

To these two young ladies we extend our hearty congratulations for having won the greatest contest that has ever been staged. We are confident that the future will prove the wisdom of this choice. In the years to come, these two young ladies and five million readers will look back upon this announcement as an epoch-making one, and the editors of the Brewster Publications, as well as the judges of this contest, will always feel gratified and elated over the wisdom of their choice.



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It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles, despite the tooth brush, have been constantly increasing.

Now we combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved their efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Now millions daily use them, largely by dental advice.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

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Watch it act

This is to offer a ten-day tube. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The new tooth luster will show you its effects. The book we send will tell you what they mean. Then you can judge for yourself.



Men who smoke

Smokers' teeth often show film-stains most. Children's teeth are most affected by the film. Young teeth are most subject to attacks. With older people the chief danger lies in pyorrhea.

So to all this test is most important. For your own sake don't forget it. Cut out the coupon now.

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Admissions

(Continued from page 38)

He prefers the heavier, more dramatic rôles. Better fitted to them, more in his element. He does not, he informed me, go upon the general theory of the good in versatility. To be able . . . all right . . . but in practice . . . no. We have, he adduced, a limited time to progress in. It is too much to expect that we can progress along all lines and reach any number of definite and worth-while goals. There is such a thing as overstepping one's mark and one's capabilities. Strained efforts are palpably so. A wise man knows and remains within, his own limits.

"Still," I said, "you are going to appear in a stage play as well as in pictures this winter, isn't that so?"

He admitted it . . . no, *them*.

"I hope to," he said, "for a year or so anyway. It will give me a better working value, to myself and to those employing me.

"It is also a matter of money. Working at both increases my market value. I think we are all interested in the money end of it. I am. I admit that, too."

"Do you think," I pressed, "that the money end is of more import to the majority than the so-called Art end?"

Mr. Harlan considered, blowing, the while, perfectly remarkable fantasies of smoke against the ceiling.

"I think," he said, "that to the wise and practicable individual the money end is the *means* to the Art end and, therefore, greatly and certainly primarily to be considered.

"Money is the great liberator. We can do so much more with it than we can without it, which would be trite if I did not mean in anything but a material sense. We can be artists so much more youngly and easily because we have the wherewithal to lessen the brunt of other drains and pressures."

"What," I said, "is the most worthwhile thing to you?"

"Ambition," he said, sans hesitation. "Ambition and California. Sunshine and the will-to-get-on. Without ambition we are dull, flat and quite stale. An interesting person is almost sure to be an ambitious person, in one sense or another. You can be sure that it is the missing ingredient in a savorless person."

"And work?"

"Work is the walls of the house, of which ambition is the foundation," Mr. Harlan said, adding, rather vaguely, "but I am getting in beyond my depth. Anyway, I mean that ambition is, of all characteristics, the fundamental prompter."

Afar off someone hailed him. Constance, duly inquired of, no doubt, had gone back to the set. Mr. Harlan arose with some alacrity, not to say relief.

"Speaking of work," he said, "this is the first stroke I have done today. Perhaps that is why I am so glib . . . talking about it . . . It often goes that way . . ."

The camera clicked and I departed.

(Seventy)



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As a Lamp to be Tended

(Continued from page 21)

dont believe in self-depreciation. It is an inverted form of egotism, and quite as harmful as its antithesis. We cannot help what we are. We really have no reason to laud or to cavil at what we are. We are, and it is outside our volition.

"It is what we do with what we are that matters; that can give us the right to pride or shame. If we are born with a gift of writing, of acting, of painting or playing, it is so. What matters is the way in which we treat the gift, once it is ours. Whether we maltreat or exalt it, humble it or glorify it.

"I always feel that a person bearing within him an art should consider that art as a flame to be tended; to be kept clean—and bright.

"I believe that one should conserve one's self for this flame; guard one's self; watch over it. Sometimes the simile of a lamp comes to me, a lamp to be tended and trimmed, dimmed, perhaps, or raised.

"One should be able to consider it, this art, subjectively, abstractly, a thing not entirely one's own, to be rendered an accounting for to the public . . ."

Miss Kennedy gave her whimsical deprecatory smile; patted her husband's hand, near her own, said, "I hope you do not think I am trying to be theoretical, unduly," and was gone from me in quest of the Hollander hat.

"Come and see me in my play," she called back to me, and I said:

"I will—good luck!"

The Diminutive Dorothy Devore

(Continued from page 35)

ambitions was to be a millionaire and have five babies by the time she was twenty-five.

And there is still time for even this dream to come true.

Dorothy Devore is as unlike an actress as anyone I have ever met. She is a tiny little girl, another member of the five-foot-small brigade. She has enormous large brown eyes with an innocent stare. Her hair is naturally a reddish-brown, and off the screen she doesn't curl it, neither does she use make-up, and she is one of the few girls I know who has no interest in a lipstick. She wears—in real life, you understand—simple little frocks of gingham or of organdie as the occasion may warrant. She is all in all the typical American ingénue. Her very manner, bearing and clothes, bespeak the clean-minded, very young, well-brought-up daughter of an American mother.

A cabaret dancer, a vaudeville artiste, and a motion picture actress!

I give you my word, as well as the old lady's—

You'd never know it from meeting her.

(Seventy-one)



"Another \$50 Raise!"

"WHY, that's my third increase in a year! It just shows what special training will do for a man. When I left school to go to work I couldn't do anything in particular. All I could hope for was just a job—and that's what I got, at \$60 a month for routine, unskilled work. I stayed at it for three years, with one small increase each year.

"Then one day I woke up. I found I wasn't getting ahead simply because I couldn't do any one thing well. I decided right then to put in an hour after supper each night preparing myself for more important work. So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work and its possibilities. You see, I was just beginning to really understand it. I made some suggestions to the manager and he was immensely pleased. Said he had noticed how much better I was doing lately and wished he had more like me.

"Just after that an opening came and he gave me my chance—at an increase of \$25 a month. Then I really began to grow. Six months later I was put in charge of my department and my salary went up again. Since then I've had two increases of \$50 a month and now I've got another \$50 raise!"

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Ann Ascends

(Continued from page 37)

be a part of it. I love the theater and have revelled in the opportunity to see the work of some of the great artists. And there are many wonderful things to see and learn. But do you know that it is the 'outsider' who really knows and appreciates the best things in New York? What does the average New Yorker care about the art galleries or walking across Brooklyn Bridge at twilight or the view from the top of the Woolworth Building or plays like 'The Jest'?

"I have been living here with friends who seem to live in a mad whirl of dinners, teas, dances, shopping—going round and round in a circle and getting nowhere. They have tried to carry me along—because they think it's the only life for a young girl. But I had decided that it would never do for me and, as I expected to be here several months, engaged a room down-town in the dormitory of a girls' club—all of them girls who work and live for something besides a good time.

"My philosophy of life may be a very queer one," she said, "but it seems to me that youth is not the time for frivolity. Not if one is to get anything out of life worth having. It's the time to discover many wonderful things—to study, to observe, to travel—to cultivate worth-while people—to *build*. And then, when one is older and has learnt to discriminate and knows what one really wants most in life and has earned the right—why, then, let them 'as wants to' go ahead and *frivol*," she laughed; "it's up to them!"

"No, I'm too young in the business to have any theories about pictures. I'm just learning and glad of the opportunity to watch and learn. In the meantime, I'm glad I'm going back to God's beautiful country, where one can really live. But some day, when I have acquired much experience and a great deal of nerve, I'm coming back to New York and haunt the offices of the Broadway managers until they *offer* to try me out in a stage engagement. Of course, I realize I will have a great many things to contend with, but the game would not be worth playing without them," quoth the shining Ann.

The New Zealand Bushranger

(Continued from page 22)

was brought to a head when his father, a stern man, utterly forbade him to appear in an amateur performance for which he had been rehearsing for weeks.

It was the last straw. Jerome Patrick left home and answered the call of that will-o-the-wisp fame.

But he was willing to work hard, no false pride kept him from attaining his ambition. He was willing to do anything that was honest, providing it kept him in the theater. Thus he was a chorus man, a leader in stock, a player in the provinces, but all the time he had just one object

(Continued on page 74)

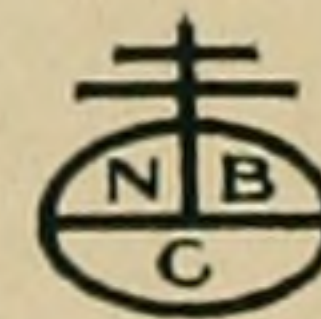
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THERE'S a need for 5000 new stories and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays. Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done"?

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Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan; Dorothea Nourse; Paul Schofield, Ince writer; G. Leroi Clarke, who sold his first story for \$3,000; and others who have won success. "His Majesty the American," played by Douglas Fairbanks, is a Palmer student's story. James Kendrick, another student, sold six stories less than a year after he enrolled.

We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

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(All correspondence held strictly confidential)

The New Zealand Bushranger

(Continued from page 72)

in view: to be under Belasco's management.

It is a singular fact that when one has a straight goal in mind one generally reaches it. Patrick reached his.

It was while he was playing "A Thousand Years Ago" that Belasco sent for him. And he has been associated with that wizard of the stage ever since.

"Why, I can remember when I was playing in 'The Little Lady in Blue,' I had to write a letter and Belasco had me supplied with paper stamped with the monogram of the character I was playing. In that play, too, I had to ask the butler each night for a glass of claret. At the dress rehearsal three different bottles of claret were brought me (no ice tea in this production) and Belasco asked me to sample them and order the one I liked best. I singled out the one I preferred. Mr. Belasco said, 'Oh my word, the most expensive of the lot, that man will bankrupt me.' Nevertheless, he ordered it, and at every performance I was served real claret."

Mr. Patrick played with Lenore Ulric in "The Heart of Wetona" and more lately in "By Pigeon Post." At present he has come West to play in pictures.

His very first glimpse of the Klieg lights came in "Officer 666," his second in the all-star production, "The Furnace," directed by William D. Taylor for Paramount.

He praises Mr. Taylor's work very highly.

"Mr. Taylor is a gentleman in every sense of the word," said Patrick, "and he is keen enough to know that a picture must be produced with a splendid cast thruout. The star system, turning every ray on the star, is all wrong. I myself have found pictures like starting all over again, and I am so interested that I shall keep it up and see what I can do."

And I hope that Mr. Patrick will keep it up, because he has that which the screen needs—something new. He possesses all the culture and background which a first-class stage training gives one; he is young, different from other movie heroes and decidedly easy to look at.

His hair is red—absolutely—altho women who fall in love with him will call it russet, Titian or some other poetic name—it is the kind of hair that waves naturally, tightly, the kind that a woman would love to run her hand thru and feel the short tendrils cling to her fingers. His eyes are blue-green, fascinating because they bespeak superiority yet humanness, sophistication yet clean-mindedness. He does not wear a mustache in real life, consequently he seems more boyish and younger than he appears on the stage or screen.

He has the exterior of a hero, the heart of a gentleman, the mind of a scholar and the soul of an artist.

Here's hoping the Klieg lights reveal Jerome Patrick's personality honestly.

(Seventy-four)

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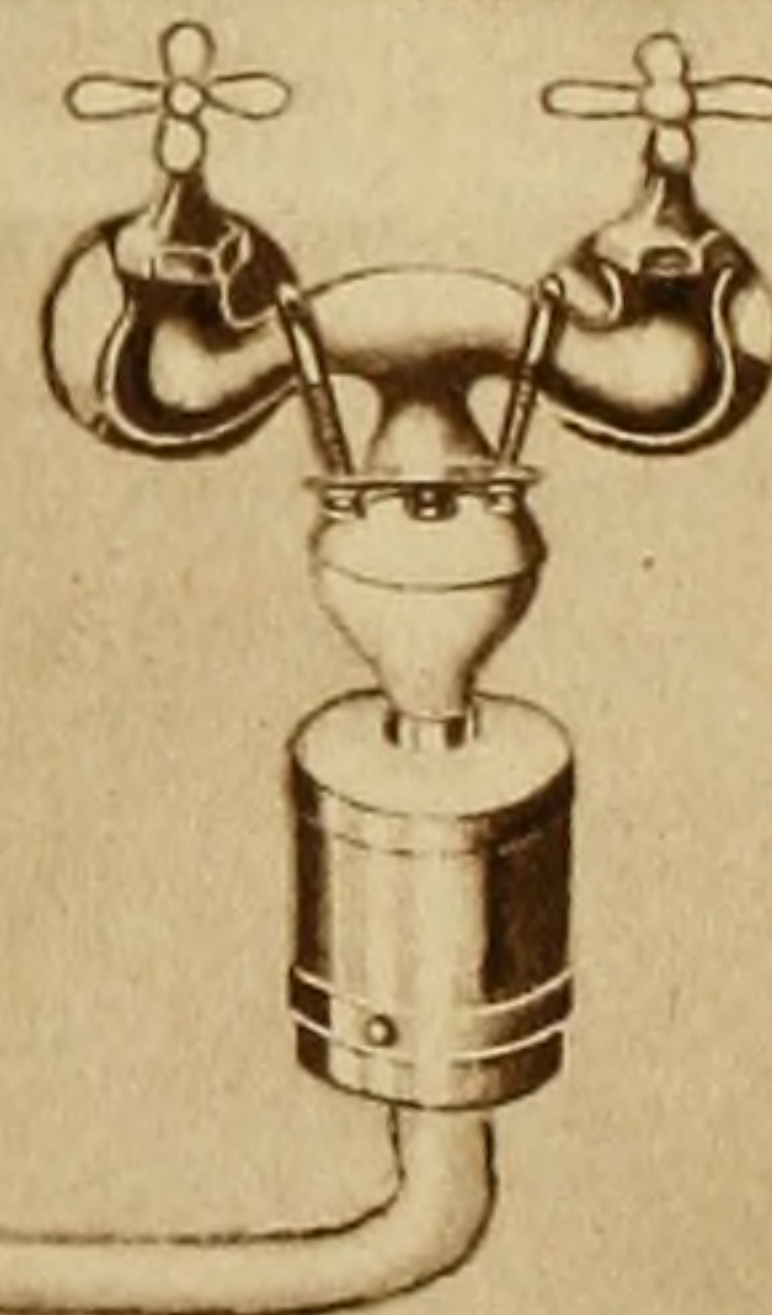
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Smiling Stars

Who are they?

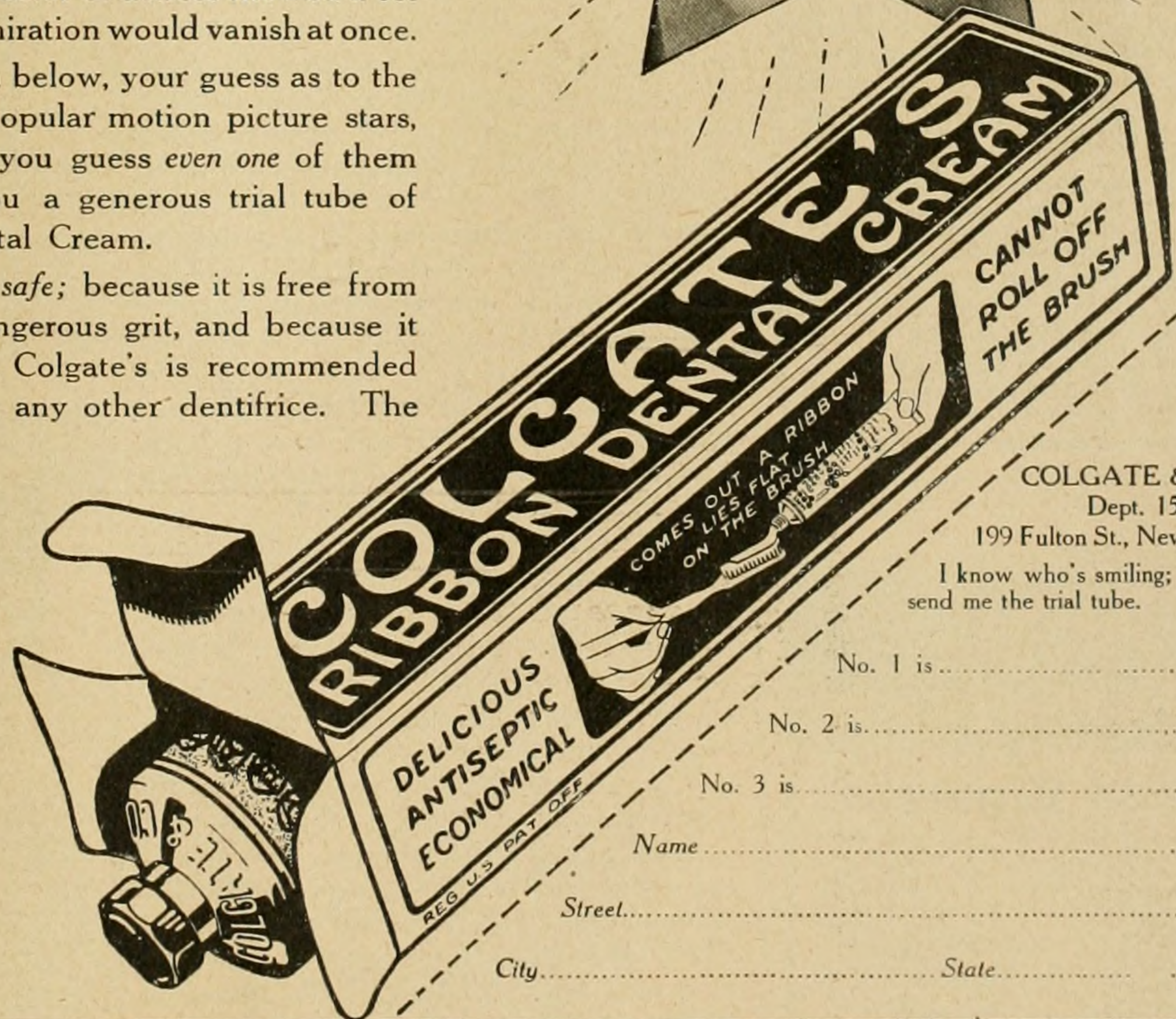


YOU will notice that all three of these Smiling Stars have good teeth. A motion picture star *must* have good teeth to be successful. Think how disappointed you would be if a close-up of your favorite motion picture actor or actress showed a set of bad teeth. Your admiration would vanish at once.

Write on the coupon below, your guess as to the names of these three popular motion picture stars, and mail it to us. If you guess *even one* of them right we will send you a generous trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

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STORES IN LEADING CITIES

My Lady Claire

(Continued from page 26)

experience as a child actress before her parents refused to let her continue. Even in the face of their strong disapproval she never gave up her dream of the stage.

At the beginning of the war, she became a nurse. She collapsed finally under the strain of her work and retired to private life again. A trip to New York found her surreptitiously making the rounds of the movie studios. When she actually landed a small bit her father gave in and her career was started.

"I shall never forget," she laughed, "the reply that granny wired from England when father wrote her what I had done! She demanded, 'Are you out of your head to let the child become an actress? She will be ruined!' But success justifies almost anything.

"When she saw my first big picture, 'The Spirit of the Red Cross,' she sent a wonderful letter of approval!"

She is patricianly beautiful, Claire Adams, in a dark, intense way, patently a woman of the world, and possessed of all the easy charm that worldliness implies. Her voice, influenced by her life in Canada and London, is modulated and quiet. In the West, where voices incline to stridency, it is like the touch of velvet after gunny-sacking.

And this English deliberation has crept into her being, until it is an integral part of her life. I asked her if she did not mourn New York, where she had got her start with Vitagraph. She shook her head slowly.

"No," she said. "I do not like New York. Its money-madness makes more than a few weeks of it unbearable. It seemed to me that while I was there I was under a terrible, relentless pressure. I was caught up in the mad race and had to keep up with the racers or be trampled under foot. The average dweller there, if he is working, may see nothing of grass or trees for months on end, and only an occasional dash of smoky sky. I have been brought up chiefly in western Canada, and the outdoors has become an essential part of me. Here in California it is crowded enough, but at least one may live comfortably, and have a lawn, and a car and keep a dog without fear of protest from the landlord."

Later, on the track of her ambitions, I spoke tentatively of stardom. Her reply was as convincing as it was surprising.

"No, I do not want stardom. I think I could be content if it never came. After all, there is an infinite satisfaction in being surrounded by a cast of capable actors and, in the end, being a part of a picture that is thoroly satisfactory and as perfect as good acting can make it. The star is too often surrounded by an ineffectual support that ruins the picture as a whole. Think of the countless personal triumphs of which you read and of the countless failures which accompany them. I believe that the day of the star is dying. It is inevitable that a chosen few will survive. Mary Pickford, for example, could never be set aside. But why should

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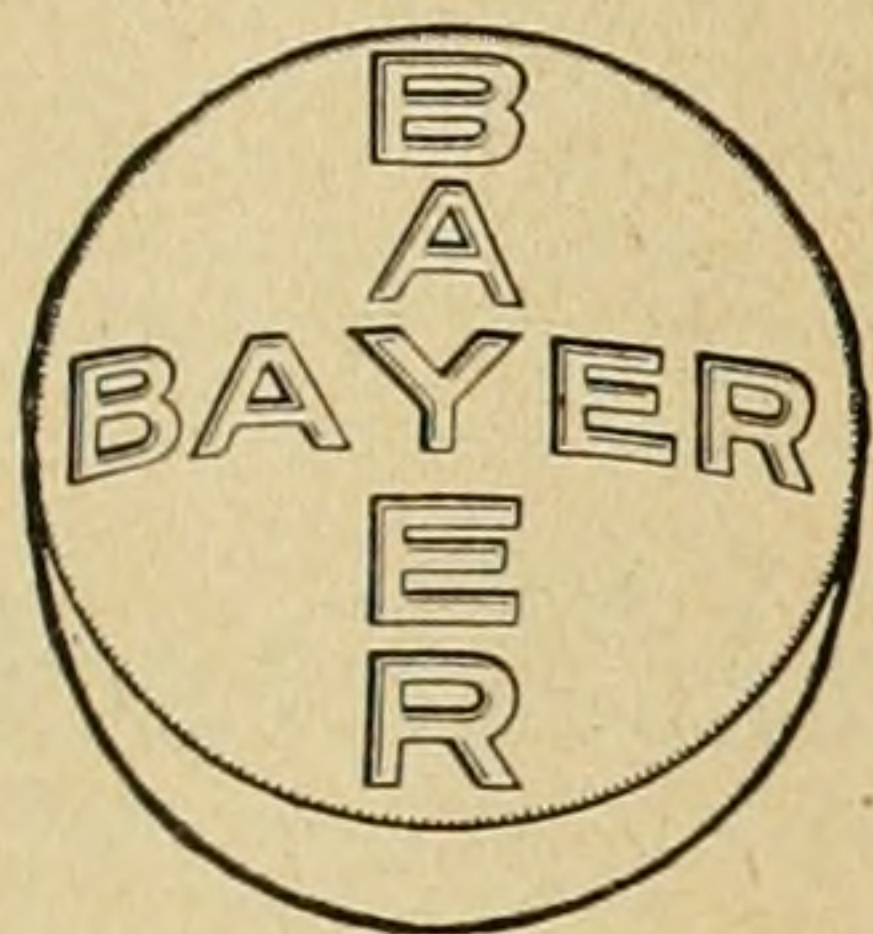


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(Seventy-seven)

I even talk of stardom? It is not so long ago that I was taking lessons in the art of walking from Kosloff, and so far 'The Riders of the Dawn' is the only picture that has been released under my new contract for five years with B. J. Hampton. I have completed others, of course—Churchill's 'The Dwelling Place of Light,' Harry Leon Wilson's 'The Spenders,' and Upton Sinclair's 'The Money Changers.' But I still attend each day's 'rushes' on the alert for every little exaggeration, every fault of expression that I have made. And in the increasing confidence that is resulting, in the surety that I have done this or that bit as near perfection as possible, there is a thrill that the possibility of stardom has never given me."

In defiance of her earnestness, I started out to write about Claire in an airy vein, to try to weave fantasies into the serious web of her ambitions. I find that I have failed miserably. The heavier vein persists.

But I would not give a wrong impression of her. Her work is not the be-all and do-all of her existence. She had just returned from a five days' trip to Mt. Baldy, an interlude of rest between productions, where she had fished the entire five days, had caught one fish, and had come home contented. It was a magnificent achievement in optimism.

And she has created a charming home for herself out of a miniature bungalow, a taste for delft blue, and the aforementioned poodle. The dragon, who after all was not her mother, she speaks of in warm tones as "a perfect dear." She is an elderly companion whose forbidding aspect, it would seem, hides a multitude of kindnesses. I conferred my blessing upon her as soon as I knew that she was not a "movie momma."

I didn't want to leave. But I could hear the dragon thumping tinnily in the kitchenette, her energy increasing with each thump. It may have only been a good dinner in preparation, but it sounded like a hint. When the poodle stuck his head out of the door and sniffed straight at me, I *knew* it was. I withdrew my blessing and departed.

DARK AND DEW

By TED OLSON

In the dark, in the dew,
When the laggard day is thru,
And one star burns, whitely chill,
Just above the highest hill,
When the lilac's odorous pain
Swims across the dusk again,
Comes a dream, dear heart, of you—
In the dark, in the dew.

Hark! the silence stirs alone
To the frogs' metallic drone,
Or the wavering, unseen flight
Of a bird across the night;
But the room is all a-blur
With the shades of things that were,
With a joy reborn anew—
In the dark, in the dew.

In the dark, in the dew,
How my heart leaps back to you!
To your slim young wildwood grace,
To the glory of your face;
Till the fragrant twilight seems
Warm and redolent with dreams,
With one dream I never knew—
In the dark, in the dew.

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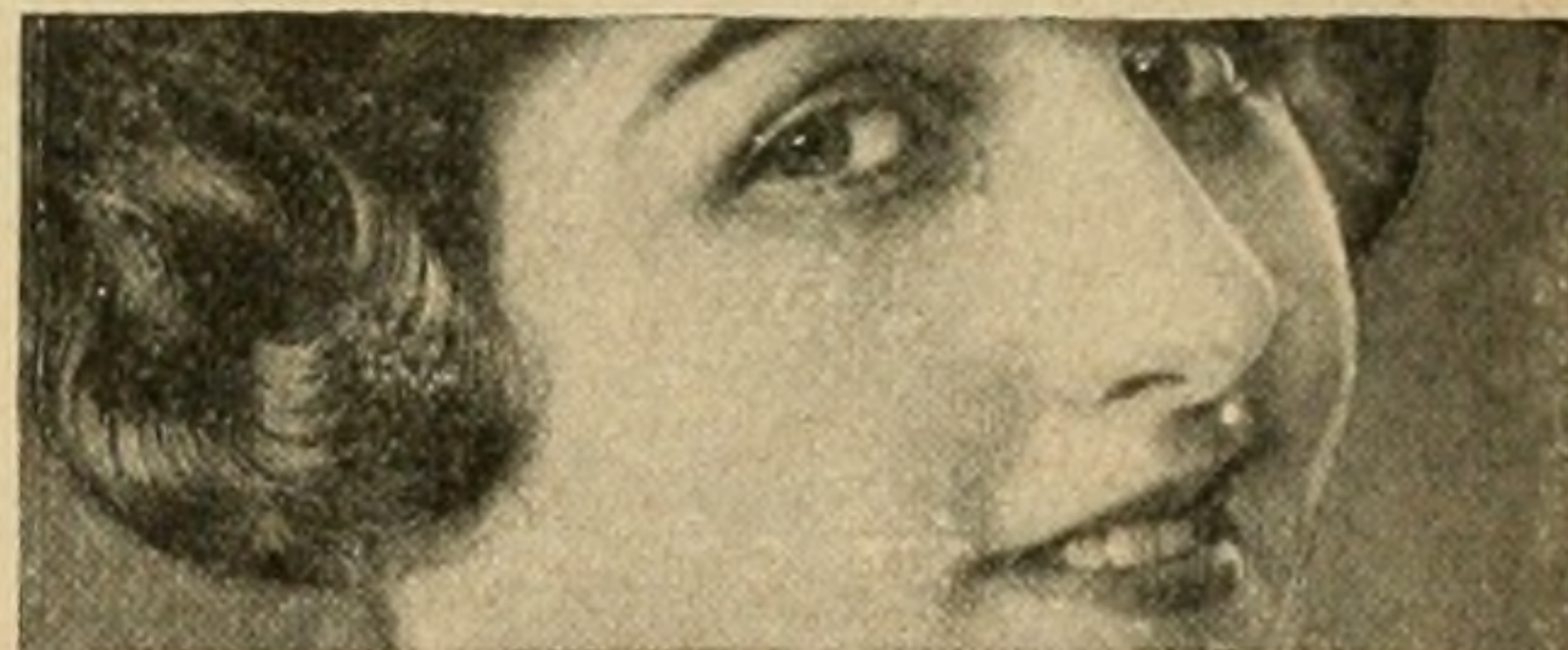
which remove lines and "crows feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth and clear up muddy or sallow skins. It will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn Murray's simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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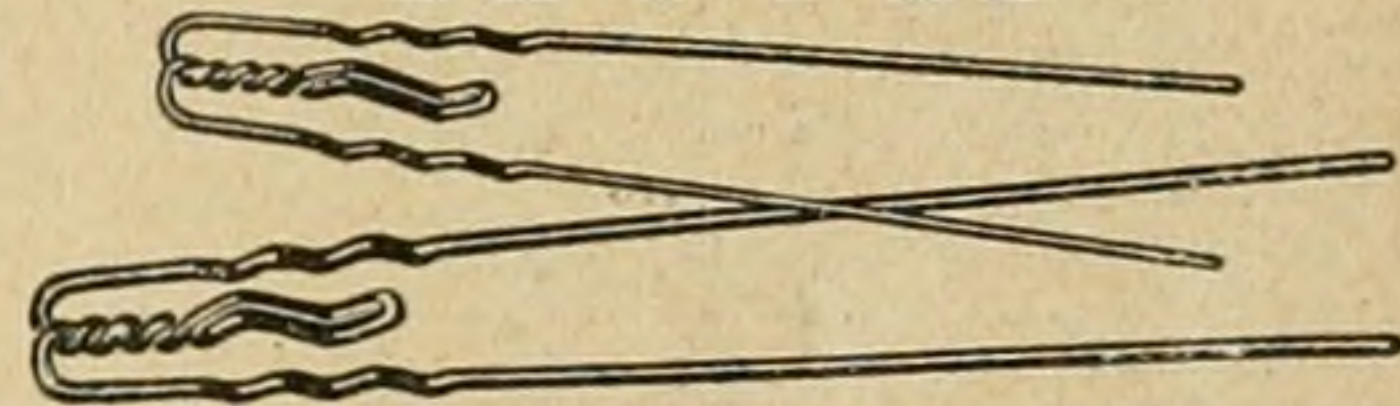
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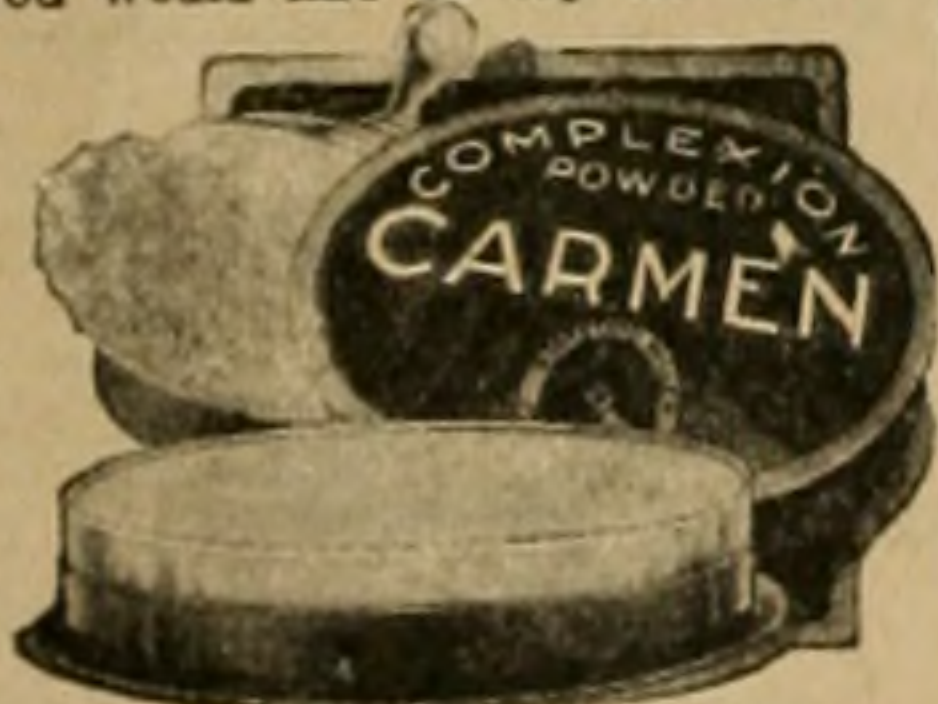
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Kirkwood Confesses!

(Continued from page 18)

"You said it! No more directing for me!"

Kirkwood, a few years back, was one of the coterie of popular matinee favorites—when he played opposite Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." Just at the zenith of his popularity he gave his admirers a heartache by leaving them flat to direct. For a long time we heard nothing of him, further than that he would produce this picture or that, until Allan Dwan lured him back to the grease-paint in "The Luck of the Irish."

In the picture he played a whole-hearted, manly young Irishman. Kirkwood, being both manly and whole-hearted, made the characterization a page from the book of Life. He had a fight or two every twenty-five feet, and by the time that the picture was half over, you commenced to wonder whether God and human vitality would pull him thru.

Fighting is one of his pastimes *de luxe*. Back in the old Biograph days he used to astonish them all by his ability in a screen free-for-all, and now that he's staged a regular film "come-back," they still continue to cast him as the chief purveyor of this black-and-blue drama.

"I've had something like four hundred brawls before the camera," he remarked, "and I've never put anybody permanently out of commission. Screen fighting's a fine art. You have to hit your opponent so you won't crack either his make-up or his jaw."

Kirkwood, both in his make-up and off-stage, is not the type of the matinee man. His hair is naturally curly—not marcelled. His teeth are all his own, and he has enough muscle to beat up a cop should he want to. Furthermore, when you're talking to him, he seems to forget that James Kirkwood is alive. He never mentions himself, and it is only with the utmost difficulty that he is made to say anything at all about his work.

And, girls, he's just a wee bit bashful! In fact, he blushed—visibly, even under his make-up—when someone asked him if he'd ever been proposed to. Of course, he has; what good-looking screen actor hasn't?

But it's nothing to brag about, he adds. Rather, it's an honor to be proud of, and he wishes it made known that he would like to oblige each of the fairest fair ones, only—

That "only" is a definite reason, which it is not my province to disclose. Suffice it to say that James, being a dutiful son, supports his mother.

Kirkwood insists that he likes to do either dramatic or comedy parts.

To his great credit his versatility enables him to do one as well as the other.

"What are you best in?" I asked.

"Why ask me?" he rejoins. "Why ask any actor? How does he know what he's best suited for?"

Once, when he was very young, a stage manager had him don crepe whiskers and play old men in their seventies. Later, he did foreign character parts. It used

(Continued on page 80)



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is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

WINDS

By WRIGHT FIELD

The south wind, sweeping inward from the shore,
Lifts your damp, golden locks in such a way:
But so it lifted hers another day—
For every wind that blows has blown before!

The north wind that careens the meadows o'er
Puts a round, red spot on your velvet cheek;
Hers, I remember, bore a scarlet streak—
For every wind that blows has blown before!

The east wind, whining, scattering the store
Of summer's largesse, makes your red lips pout;
It whipped her grey eyes till the tears came out—
For every wind that blows has blown before!

The west wind, pulsing, fragrant, I adore!
It wakes the latent passion in my breast;
I hunger for you and forget the rest—
But every wind that blows has blown before!

I WONDER!

By J. LILIAN VANDEVERE

A very dignified old gentleman
Comes often to the motion picture house,
And tho we sometimes have adjacent seats,
He never speaks. I watch him, and I catch
Unnumbered little hints that make me smile
And wish I knew him. When the travelog
Transports us to some Old World river town,
I've heard him sigh, and when the boat swept round
The river's curve and landed, he said "Yes!"
Beneath his breath, then coughed, and stirred a bit.
He always comes to see the heroine
Whom some think childish. Once the lights went on
Quite suddenly, and I surprised a tear
Caught on his wrinkled cheek; but then, I've seen
The picture in his watch—a gentle face—
That looks quite like our heroine herself.
The homely man who does the Western stuff
He never misses. There's a little scar
On my old hero's forehead, near his hair—
I wonder if he's known the West himself?
He never even smiles at me; in fact,
The program done, he starts away alone,
Aloof and dignified, and looks about,
As if he said, "What common folk are these!"
How can they sit thru such a tawdry bore?"
But when I go again, to right or left,
A bit in front, I see his silver head
As usual!

(Seventy-nine)



Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine

Hinds
Honey and Almond
Cream

NEVER fairy tale with aspiring Knight, proposed a more difficult feat than Miss Evan-Burrows Fontaine, brightest of stars in terpsichorean constellations, devised for Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

"My impulse to dance has always been irresistible" writes this famous interpretive dancer. "Yet I once had a terrible objection to it. I always worried terrifically over the thought of my feet becoming hard and calloused as those of all other barefoot dancers become. Then I decided to put Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—which I have used ever since I can remember—to the severest test I could imagine. I am enthusiastic, but I do not exaggerate when I tell you the wonderful skin-softening action of this cream has kept my feet so soft that I am surprised, even myself."

Attributes most admired and desired by every one, a complexion of soft glowing clear-

ness, and hands slender, white and fragrant,—these are most safely possessed by the woman on whose dressing table you find Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Delightful coolness is the first sensation when applying Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Then follows a wonderful healing and softening process—a remarkable refining of the skin's texture and restoring of the surface to its natural clearness.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample 2c; Trial size 15c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.

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BATH CARTONS

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That's True in a million homes

Suppose you read that breakfasts had dropped 85 per cent. Think what good news that would be in these high-cost times.

In countless homes breakfasts have come down. In late years millions of new users have adopted Quaker Oats. Those homes do save 85 per cent. as compared with meat, eggs, fish, etc.

To save \$125 a year

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6½¢ per 1,000 calories, the energy measurement of nutriment.

It costs 12 times as much to serve one chop—9 times as much to serve two eggs. A bite of meat costs as much as a dish of oats.

In a family of five Quaker Oats breakfasts served in place of meat breakfasts saves some \$125 per year.

The oat is the food of foods. It supplies 16 elements needed for energy, repair and growth. For young folks it is almost the ideal food. As vim-food it has age-old fame. Each pound yields 1,810 calories of nutriment.

It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Cost Per Serving	
Dish Quaker Oats . . .	1c
4 ounces meat . . .	8c
One chop . . .	12c
Serving fish . . .	8c
Bacon and eggs . . .	15c

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For the children's sake

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

These delicious flakes cost you no extra price. Get them for the children's sake. They make the dish doubly delightful.

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Kirkwood Confesses!

(Continued from page 78)

to be his ambition to be a heavy. There's something about the expression of his eyes that made me think that, perhaps, he might be a good he-vamp. Whereupon I broach the subject and—am at once squelched.

"He-vamp?" he snorted. "Nothing doing!"

Some day, when he has amassed a neat little bank account from the silent drama, Kirkwood is going to "settle down" on a comfortable farm. Now, he says, he gets tired of the sophistication of the stage, exactly as a banker wearies of the humdrum existence of the clearing house. It's reversing the English on your own life, as it were; everybody gets bored doing his own particular line of work—or, rather, tires of his world.

Kirkwood literally got dragged onto the screen. Griffith, working at the Biograph in New York, saw him one day when he visited some friends at the studio and prevailed upon him to accept a part. Previously he had been with Blanche Bates on the stage under Belasco's management in "The Girl of the Golden West," with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide" and with other stars of the legitimate, and was playing the male lead in the stage version of "Behind the Scenes" when he strolled into the studio.

When he made his screen debut, the majority of the now-known "pioneers" were "extras" at the studio, making five dollars a day. He started in a picture with Marion Leonard and Mary Pickford—went on before the camera for the first time in a "retake." After playing every variety of part in one- and two-reelers, he was at length given Marion Leonard to direct, and subsequently, after careers with Reliance, Mutual, Universal, Fox and American, he affiliated with Famous Players, first as a leading man, later as a director, where he swayed the destinies of such stars as Jack Barrymore in "The Lost Bridegroom"; Hazel Dawn in a number of plays, and Florence Reed in a series, among which was "The Struggle Everlasting."

Shortly afterward, when Jack Pickford began to make pictures for First National, Kirkwood became his director. He wrote "In Wrong" for Mary's little brother and directed him in it. Later, he held the megaphone for "Bill Apperson's Boy."

It was then Allen Dwan came along, and Jim joined him, later going to play opposite Louise Glaum in "The Girl Who Dared"; and now Kirkwood will permanently remain in his make-up, because, in the final analysis, he likes to think that there is a bigger field in acting.

"But," I concluded, "I thought I heard you say you're lazy."

"Oh, yes," he responded. "I guess I am. But I couldn't go without working—not if somebody offered me a cool million to take life easy—exactly as I like to take it."

Motion Picture Magazine

FOR DECEMBER

THE luxurious personality of Catherine Calvert pervades the atmosphere of "Satin and Pearls" as her gowns and jewels did the Japanese Garden at the Ritz, where she was interviewed by Adele Whitely Fletcher. Read about the capture of this star by Vitagraph and her return to the screen.

The story of Bobby Haron in the December issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE holds much interest, as it is the last interview granted by him before his death.

C. Blythe Sherwood presents new views and sidelights on Blanche Sweet.

The personality of Forrest Stanley is portrayed by Hazel Simpson Naylor.

Hope Hampton, in her palatial apartment in New York, grants an interview to Gladys Hall. Result—a vivid word picture which brings before the reader this luminary, her charming negligees and exotic perfumes.

Excerpts from letters written to scenario editors appear under the title of "Rainbow Chasers," by Elizabeth Peltret.

Departments of valuable information conducted regularly by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE are: The Answer Man and Greenroom Jottings. Valuations of the pictures to be shown are to be found in the Screen Time-Table.

Three powerful new photoplays not yet released will appear in fiction form. Read them and be prepared for a fuller enjoyment of the plays.

Get the news of the activities, frivolities and festivities of the celluloid world in the December issue of

THE MOTION PICTURE
MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N.Y.

Semon the Jester

(Continued from page 43)

All this time, however, he had his eye upon motion pictures. This, too, may be traced to the adventurous elder Semon, who had once manufactured "flapper-books," little photo-packets which gave the effect of motion pictures when the thumb was run over the edges. Later, too, he had been interested in the making of slot machine movies, the earliest form of the photoplay.

But let Semon tell the rest of the tale himself:

"Thru J. Stuart Blackton I secured the opportunity I desired at the Vitagraph studio. I started learning direction as his assistant and then became a director myself. I did all this during the last year of my caricaturing contract with *The Sun*. Then I decided to cut adrift from comic drawing and stick to pictures exclusively. Chance threw me into comedies, for the simple reason that, at the moment, they had dozens of dramatic companies at work and needed farce directors.

"I did not play at first, but, as I worked with one comedian after another, I found that they did not quite carry out my ideas in one thing or another. Why not try myself?

"I did—and I'm still at it. Of course, my early barn-storming training was a vital aid. And my newspaper work gave me a clear—and broad—viewpoint. That's about all."

Now let Semon offer an explanation or two anent his comedies.

"I do all my work myself. I do not use 'doubles.' Naturally we take lots of chances. On high buildings, for instance, and, let me add, there is less faking in my comedies than in most farce productions. The members of my company are mostly all acrobats.

"I have been asked why I do not try five-reel farces. I believe them too long. Audiences do not want so much slapstick at one time. I do not think they fit into the average theater program. On the other hand, I want to go on making fast two reelers.

"This coming year I hope to elaborate upon my work of the past. That is, I am going to 'shoot' my two-reel comedies in as big and elaborate sets as serve for five-reel dramas."

Semon has had a mass of amusing adventures before and behind the camera. Only recently he was using a colored man in a comedy scene and the company had been enjoying themselves in "kidding" the darky regarding an imaginary scene in which they told him he was to appear with several savage lions.

Finally, Semon thought he would add the final touch to the colored man's worries.

"Rastus," he said, impressively, "we'll shoot your lion scene tomorrow—ever work with animals?"

Rastus breathed hard. "Yas, suh, ah's worked with animals—pigeons, goldfish, canaries, but ah draws the line right there!"

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PREMATURE gray hair that falsely proclaims the passing of youth is not more unpopular today than it was two thousand years ago.

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The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

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The Golden Key of Opportunity Is in Your Hands— Turn the Key in the Doorway of Success

and thru the portal of the Fame and Fortune Contest you may enter the kingdom of the screen.

Photographs May Be Entered at Once

and the first honor roll winners will appear in the January issues of each of our publications.

Send in Your Photograph Early

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Fill Out the Coupon Below at Once

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When born..... Blonde or brunette.....

Weight..... Height.....

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)

Shadowing Kismet

(Continued from page 17)

was built for his picture. He can call everyone, even the minor players, the stage carpenter, the stage artist, by his first name. Now that he is in pictures he has not spared time, effort or talent to make his picture the very best that has been done.

Mr. Skinner's family is a very happy one. He is tremendously proud of his only daughter, Cornelia Skinner. It seemed to me that he is even more interested in her career than in his own. She is a tall, regally attractive brunette and has just completed two years at Bryn Mawr College. She is playing a small part in "Kismet" this summer, and in the fall goes to Paris to study pantomime, drama, and enunciation preparatory to her debut on the stage.

"I was hoping," Mr. Skinner told me, "that her talent might run in another direction—literature, for instance, but so long as she has made up her mind to go on the stage, I am going to see that she gets the very best groundwork possible."

So you see even those with a heritage of genius must study.

Know Thyself

(Continued from page 59)

around. I made up my mind that I would leave the sort of work I was doing. I made up my mind that I would make good. More importantly, I made up my mind that I *could* make good. I felt, for the first time, that I could do just what I wanted to do if I wanted to work hard enough. And I *did* want to.

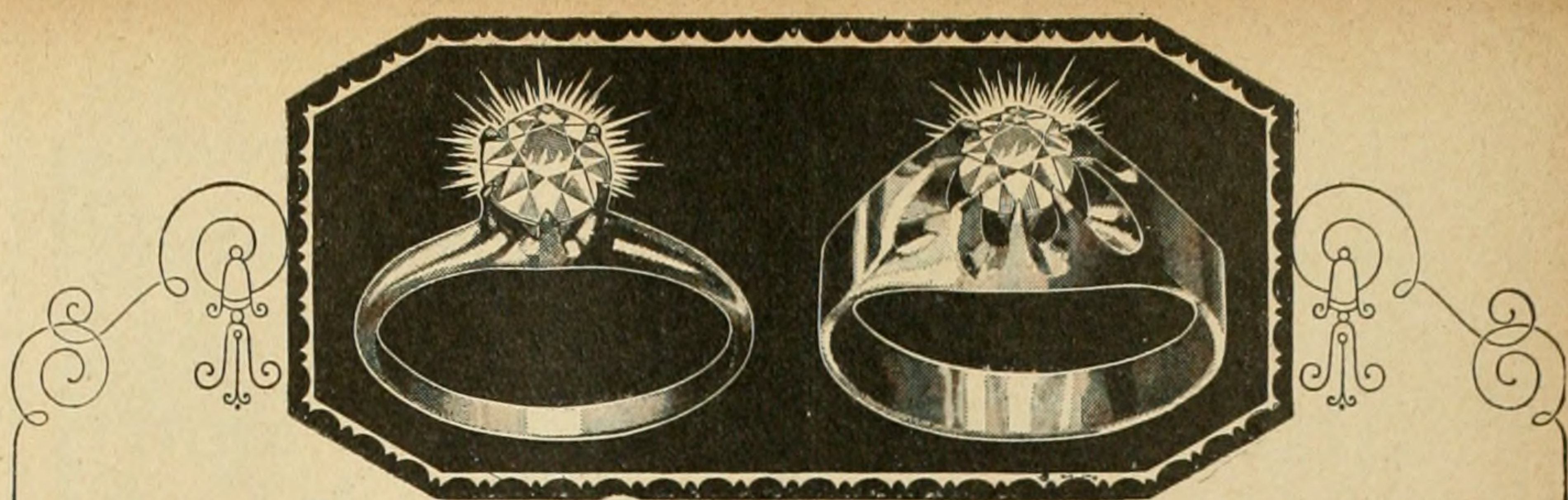
I have always thought we could do anything if we wanted to badly enough. Now I was ready to prove it.

"I walked across the street and told Mr. Sennett I was leaving—just like that. 'What are you going to do, Juanita?' he asked. 'I don't know,' I said, 'but I am going to do something.'

"That very day, walking around town, I ran into Crane Wilbur. 'What you doing, Juanita?' he asked me. 'Nothing,' I said. 'Do a picture with me,' he suggested. I did, and I've been doing ever since.

"I have set myself a mark. Chalked myself up, as it were, financially and otherwise, and I am going to attain it. I have reached one mark now, and that first mark is the hardest of all. It's the devil and all to get your first thousand a week, for instance, but once you do . . . It's all a question of knowing yourself, setting right what's wrong, eliminating wastes, building up the weak spots. It can be done. That's my slogan. Some people call it getting a line on yourself, still others getting wise to yourself. It all amounts to the same thing—*self-knowledge*."

(Eighty-three)



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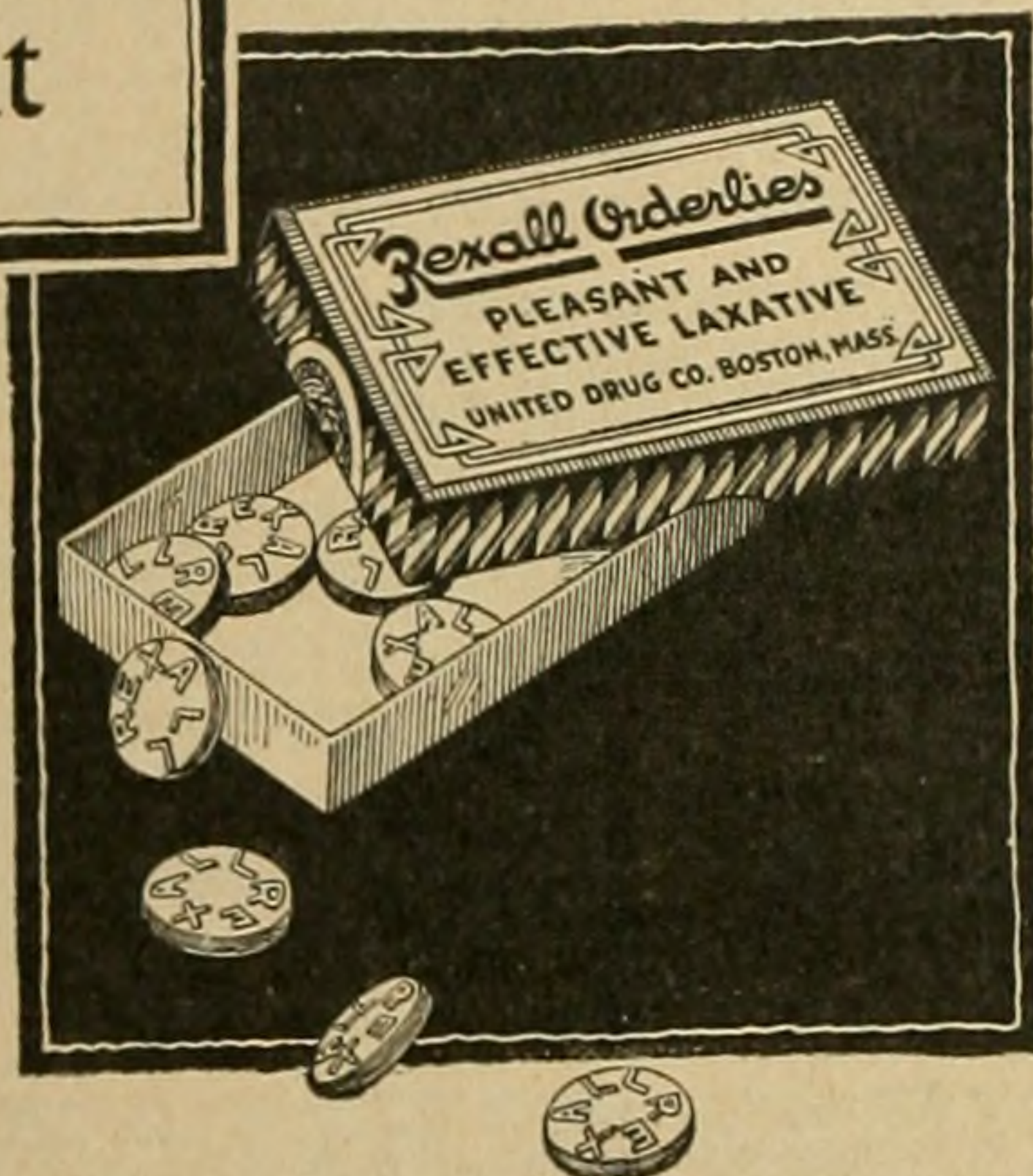
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Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear. **KEEP YOURSELF FIT.** Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co., 326 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas



For Boys and Girls Also

Monroe Salisbury Presents...

(Continued from page 33)

is directing them. Donald is cutting 'The Barbarian' now.

"It stands to reason that you can't shoot a large number of scenes and then leave it to someone who hasn't the remotest idea of what you are trying to do, to put them together. If a story can be best told in four-and-a-half reels—or in six-and-a-quarter reels—why, that is the length to which it should be cut. No one can do consistently artistic work if he is forced to make all of his pictures the same length, any more than a writer could do artistic work if he was forced to make each one of his books contain exactly the same number of words.

"We want to keep, as nearly as possible, the same people with us all the time. We may not be able to do this at first, as I may go on tour with 'The Barbarian' and I couldn't carry so large a salary list over an indefinite period of time."

(The cast includes Jane Novak, Alan Hale, Barney Sherry, Lillian Leighton, Eleanor Hancock, Milton Markwell, Guy Milham, Larry Steers, Sydney Dean, Harrison Post, Tip O'Neil, Marcel Daly, and Michael and Ann Cudahy.)

Salisbury was faultlessly dressed. Never conspicuous, you would not, for instance, notice his clothes before you noticed him, he is punctilious in these matters. He wore the conventional dark coat and light trousers with a dark hair-line stripe, white hat and white nubuck Oxfords.

His eyes were shaded by large, smoked glasses, which, while making him look older than he does on the screen, added to his natural distinguished air.

He is tall and holds himself erectly.

As he talks, especially about something which particularly interests him, his lips have a way of quivering into a sort of nervous smile.

His fingers are long and expressive. His favorite gesture is a short, side-ways movement made with stiffened fingers and the palm turned inward. He has a keen sense of the dramatic. This it is that makes him so fond of Latin and Indian characters and gives him the insight to portray them so exquisitely.

He humors his aesthetic and artistic taste by making a hobby of collecting odd and interesting articles, some of which are real works of art, others mere curios.

In his apartments you may see many curios from the South Sea Islands, the Philippines, or made here in the States by his Indian friends.

His favorite paintings are of Indian scenes and Indian characters, and of the pictures he has made, he enjoyed the part of the Indian Alessandro in "Ramona" best of all.

He is unmarried and is living at the Mountain View Inn with his mother.

"We are thinking very seriously of moving," he said. "We've lived there for a long time."

Which goes to show that this is a period of change for Monroe Salisbury.

Madame Peacock

(Continued from page 30)

... oh, for a very great while ... She ran into her room where, as she knew, her mother sat, solitary, sewing ... Details wrought themselves upon her ... The pity of her mother's hands ... the joylessness of her life ... She buried her head in the patient lap ... she sobbed ... "I am afraid—I am afraid—"

Her mother patted the humiliated head. She said no word, being wise. The touch was what the woman wanted—

The bell rang and the head burrowed deeper. "I can see no one—" Jane Goring said, "no one—today ... dont let them find me, mother—dont—dont—"

Her mother left the room and when she returned, Madame Peacock could hear, from her pillow, that there were others with her. Why did they seek her out? Why did her mother go against her in this way? Didn't they know she was done with the Public even as the Public was done with her—?

She raised her eyes, and it was McNaughton, McNaughton holding the arm of the girl from the theater. Her mother, too, her mother had her arm about the girl—

Jane stared. Then unbidden tears clouded her vision. Things kept thronging back—her desire to touch this girl's hair—her vision of the girl carrying on, perfecting, the weapon she, Madame Peacock, was now to lay down ... the travail she had undergone at this intrusion of the younger generation—ah, now she knew—her subordinate leaving of the theater—her hunger for the human touch—

She rose and, very slowly, crossed the room to where the girl was standing. She put forth her forefinger and, very delicately, traced the features, her own, yet, mysteriously, not her own ... sharper, keener, sweeter. ... She looked at McNaughton and she never knew how sweetly, how plaintively, she smiled ... she didn't have time to, because her head was on her daughter's breast and her arms were clinging about the young slender body, of her own fashioning, her own neglect, and when she raised her head again there was a rainbow across her eyes—


Storm Warning

(Continued from page 23)

directorial ideals are substantially those of King Vidor and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Here let us add his belief in Henry King as a coming directorial force. It is not commonly known that King made the comedy success of last season, "23½ Hours Leave." King is now with Bessie Barriscale.

Storm suggested that we jot down the name of Henry King in our memory book. We offer the suggestion for what it is worth. But—emphatically we ask you to be sure to have Storm in your memorandum book.

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IF I CAN PUT INTO YOUR HANDS THIS BOOK ON
STRONGFORTISM



Is Your Wife Proud of You?

Does she look upon you in admiration as her ideal physically and mentally? Does she compare you with other men and see in you the noblest of them all? Or does she see in you a frail, hesitating, discouraged individual for whom she is sorry—a weakling she has to jolly and coax and prod to go to work and make a man of himself? Are you languid, tired out, disinclined to go out into the world and make a fight for a place for yourself and family? Are you afraid to go into social circles where both sexes mingle and enjoy themselves?

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in a way that no other man in the world can help you—when I offer to place within your grasp a system of self-cure, of rehabilitation, upbuilding and strengthening, that is leading the way in making better men, happier men out of thousands who had counted themselves failures.



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| .. Rupture | .. Constipation | .. Despondency |
| .. Neuritis | .. Biliousness | .. Skin Disorders |
| .. Neuralgia | .. Indigestion | .. Lung Troubles |
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Here mention other subjects not listed above.....

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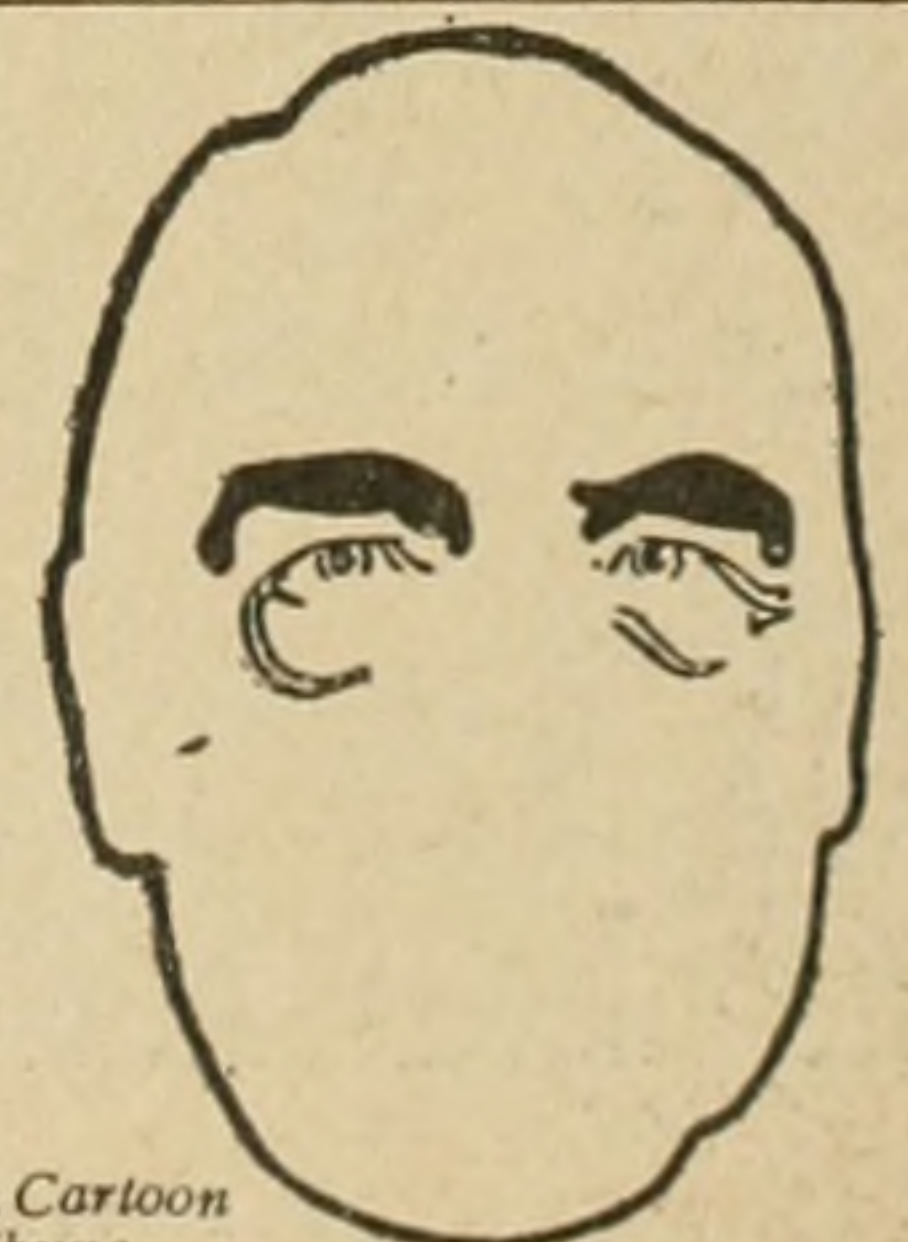
Do you like to draw? Do you want to become an Illustrator? Then try your hand at this sketch of Harding and see what you can do. Newspaper illustrators make big money drawing cartoons. Some cartoonists receive salaries as large as the president's. You may be one of those who can become a highly paid professional cartoonist.

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Diamond Dyes

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Nancy Manages

(Continued from page 60)

times," she added decisively, "I rule them both!

"So, I had my way, and stage-managed myself around the world, going to school wherever we traveled at hours that suited my work. It was not a 'regular' education, of course. But don't you think that a girl who has traveled in Australia, Great Britain, France, Spain, Germany, and Cuba, learning nearly all these languages and business-managing herself into jobs wherever her father's business took him, has learned *some* thing?"

"And the trouble I had with the Gerry societies and children's societies and the like. I never could see what the fuss was about, I was just being myself. Even after I was old enough, I was always having to explain myself because I was so small they wouldn't believe me when I did tell the truth. But I always managed!"

Nancy Deaver's first stage appearance in America was about four years ago with Fred Walton, the English pantomimist, as the *Wax Doll*. Needless to say, her success was assured. And then, being, as she says, grown up and able to manage a "regular" career, she has worked steadily in musical comedies and vaudeville, always in dancing parts.

Until last winter, Nancy had never appeared in a picture. She always intended to, she says, but was cannily biding her time and watching her chance. One day she met Charles Miller, the director, whom she knew very well. "Nancy," he said, "I'm thinking of producing 'East Is West' and I want you as the Chinese girl."

"Me? I should say not! I'm not the type and I don't want to be a Chinese girl."

"Never mind what you want," he said, "come and let me make you up."

"Anyhow," I thought, "here's a chance to learn something about screen make-up. And when he had put a black wig on me and fixed my eyes so they slanted, I didn't know myself. But it happened that instead of producing 'East Is West,' he produced 'The Law of the Yukon,' and I was given a leading rôle. I played the part of a young girl whose father kept a dance hall. I was very carefully looked after by my father in the story, but I had a chance to dance in the picture, so I liked the rôle very much.

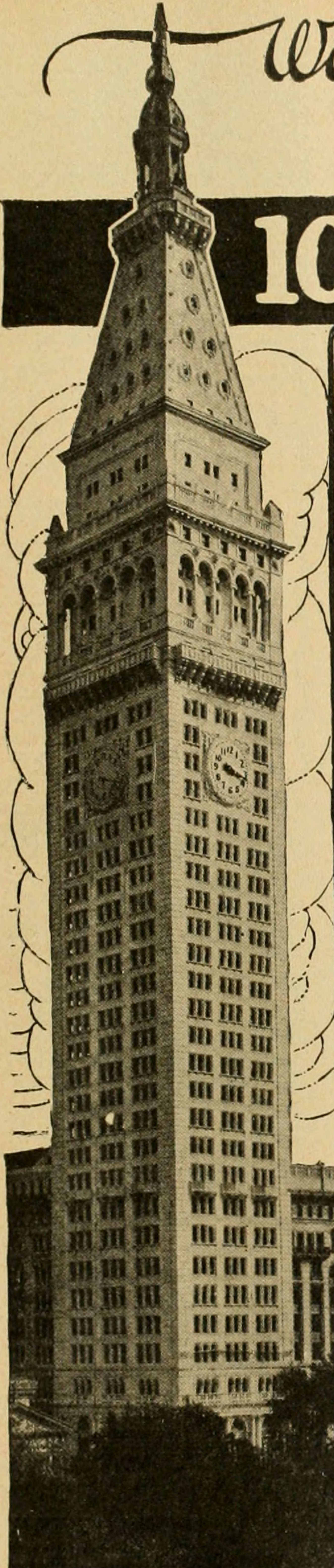
"Well, I have traveled nearly all over the United States and thought I knew something about cold and snow, but Fort Henry, up near the Canadian border, where the picture was made, was the coldest place in the world. We were up there fourteen weeks. Lots of times it was too cold even to work, but it was perfectly glorious and was surely just the right temperature for that picture. The queer characters Mr. Miller unearthed as extras, and what he got out of them, was uncanny.

"This is ancient history, but we were up there at Christmas time, a bit lonely

(Continued on page 88)

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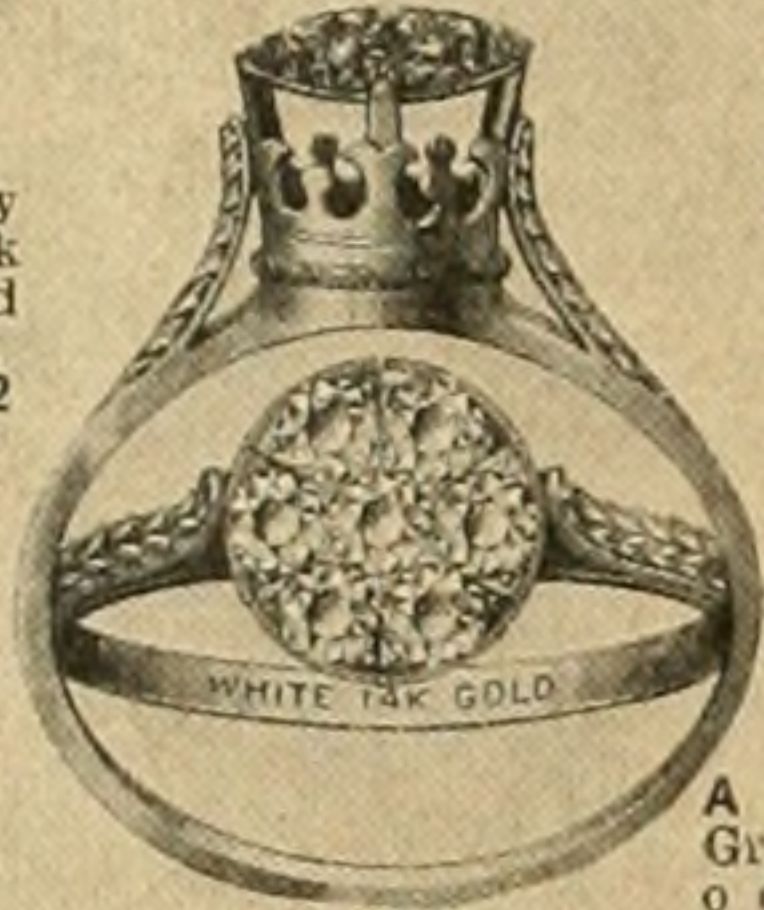
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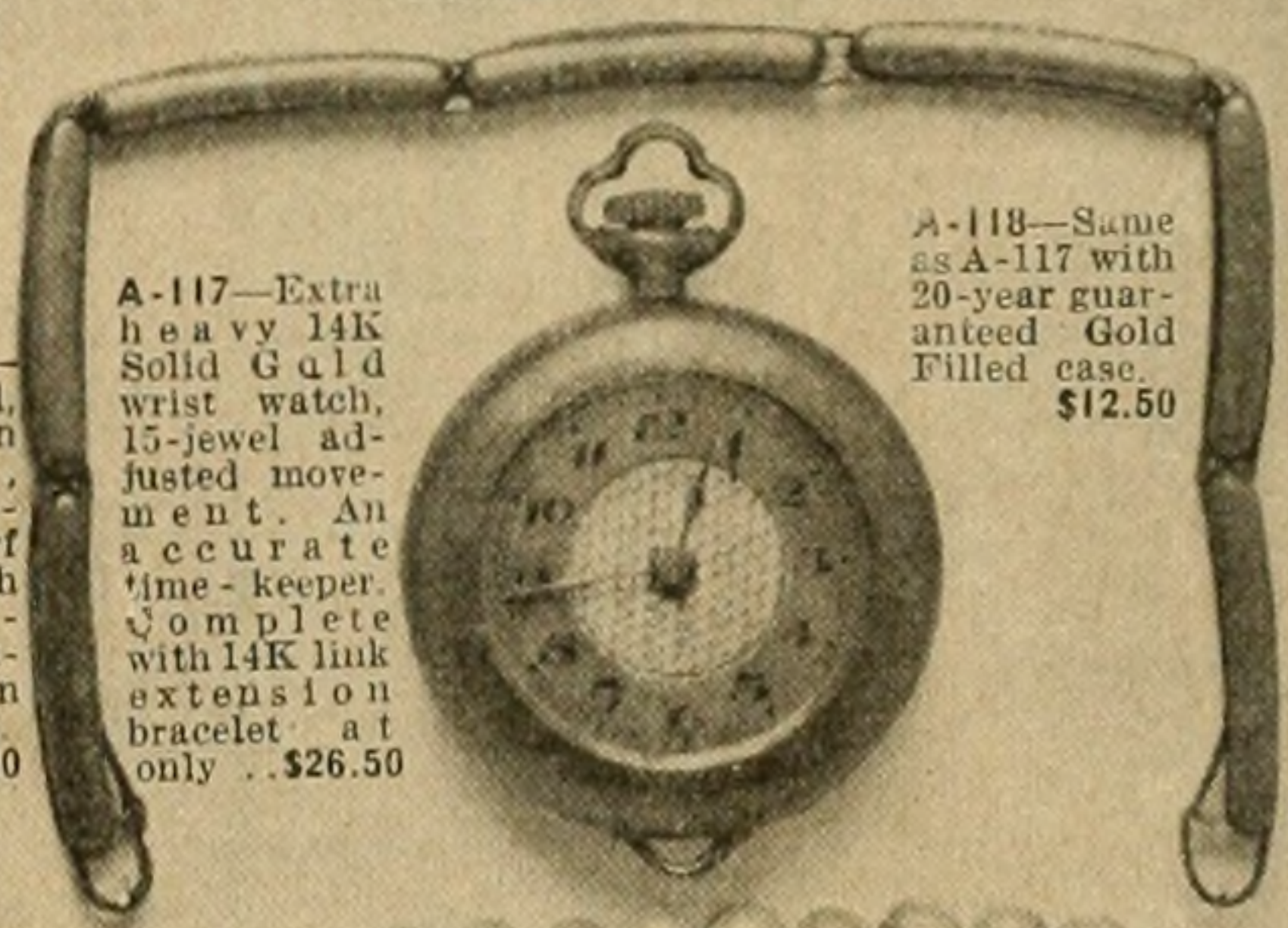
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Send for Trial Jar Send fifty cents today for a trial jar. Use it five days. If it isn't just what you have been looking for—send it back. Your money will be cheerfully returned to you. Send United States stamps, coin or money order. Your jar of delicately scented, greaseless Hair-Dress will be promptly mailed postpaid. Send for this wonderful toilet necessity today.

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The Tifnite Co., Dept. 1001, Chicago, Ill.

Nancy Manages

(Continued from page 86)

and homesick, some of us, so we decided to see what we could do for the natives. We had a community Christmas tree in the town square and every poor child, (600 of them), had a toy, some sweets, and a useful gift. We nearly froze before it was over, but it paid. Mr. Miller was so lovely to work with, and we were just one big family. The people of the community treated us like royalty. We were entertained by the nicest people. If making pictures were always like that, I would want to make them the rest of my life.

"It was good to get back, tho. You know I just love to cook, and, next to dancing, it's my favorite sport. Up north, the food was good but monotonous. So when I got home I started in to cook and I had a wonderful time, only it seems to me prices are more appalling than ever. I'm ashamed to think how much I have squandered on chops.

"So, since I've been back I've cooked and I've danced. No, I have not danced for managers or at rehearsals or even in restaurants. But, I knew there must be a lot of new dance music since I left, so the day after I returned I bought fifty new dance records and every morning when I wake up I jump out of bed, put on a record and have a party all my own.

"Yes, I shall do more pictures. In fact," she said, "I have had several offers and just now I am holding out on a certain person because I happen to know I'm the type he wants and I know that he knows that the type is very scarce. So, I'm waiting to get what I want. Do you see?"

I did. And have every reason to believe that Nancy will get it.

The Case of Norma Talmadge

(Continued from page 25)

who has produced her pictures ever since.

It is rather difficult to summarize her screen work. We doubt if she has ever once given a characterization in the full sense of the word. She is always Norma Talmadge. That she has succeeded lies in the fact that Norma Talmadge represents average American girlhood. Consequently she has made the young women of her vehicles flesh and blood folk to those in front of the screen. Hers has been a healthy, natural girlishness. There was no forced cuteness, no "clever" touches, no be-curved super-innocence. She was a regular girl, with the feelings, the flapper viewpoint and the high spirit of a regular girl.

Miss Talmadge has retained her hold because she has remained unspoiled; because, in the main, she has retained these things. Thus it is that a little Brooklyn school girl shot to cinema popularity and success minus all technical equipment, without the breadth of vision that comes of tasting and observing life, lacking all seeming histrionic essentials. Indeed, she has succeeded and retained success, because of these things—and because she is Norma Talmadge.



"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

Kolor-Bak is not a dye or stain. It is colorless, stainless, harmless and restores original color to gray hair simply by putting hair and scalp in a healthy condition.

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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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(Eighty-eight)

Double Exposures

(Continued from page 52)

Stories of star's letters from Japanese admirers.

Stories of stars.

At the present speed of release, Chaplin's "The Kid" will have white whiskers before he sees a screen.

Yes, Rollo, we know people keep comparing the screen to the stage, to the damage of the former. The answer is simple, Rollo, very simple. In 1915, Frances X. Bushman was on the screen. In 1920, Francis X. Bushman is on the stage.

Anyone else in the audience having questions will please hand them to the ushers on the way out.

No, no, Rollo! "Black Beauty" is not to be confused with "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

OUR FAVORITE SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Constance Binney dancing in her top floor bedroom in "39 East."

Dinty

(Continued from page 56)

had caused them to be strapped to this table. Over the table swung a massive knife, clutched in a dragon's teeth.

In this room, the Chinese wife told the father and lover, Dorkh had imprisoned the white woman before he made good his departure.

Even as they talked, then, Ruth was on the hideous table, her wide eyes watching, sanely or insanely, the descent of the murderous knife. She had held out, they knew then, against the Eurasian, and this, this vile death, was his revenge.

The father lost control and hurled himself against the door.

North tried his turn. "It is absolutely useless," he said. The Chinese wife nodded a dumb assent.

In the background, Dinty, Chinkie and Watermillions stood, rooted, their individual heads bristling, their mouths loose and agape. Within that door the heart of their hearts was being tortured. In this twentieth century, that gently bred girl, tortured! Ruth . . . their Ruth . . . left by a Malay half-breed to so lurid a death!

All at once Dinty and Chinkie bent their heads together.

The older men were crying out to her now, to the victim within. They were trying to make sound carry some comfort, some sustenance to her. They loved her too much to be efficient. Dinty sensed that. He knew . . . Once Doreen had had hemorrhage . . . He hadn't been much good.

Watermillions and Chinkie were agreeing with him. It was tremendous! An inspired plan!

(Continued on page 102)

(Eighty-nine)

I'll Teach You Piano In Quarter Usual Time

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world.

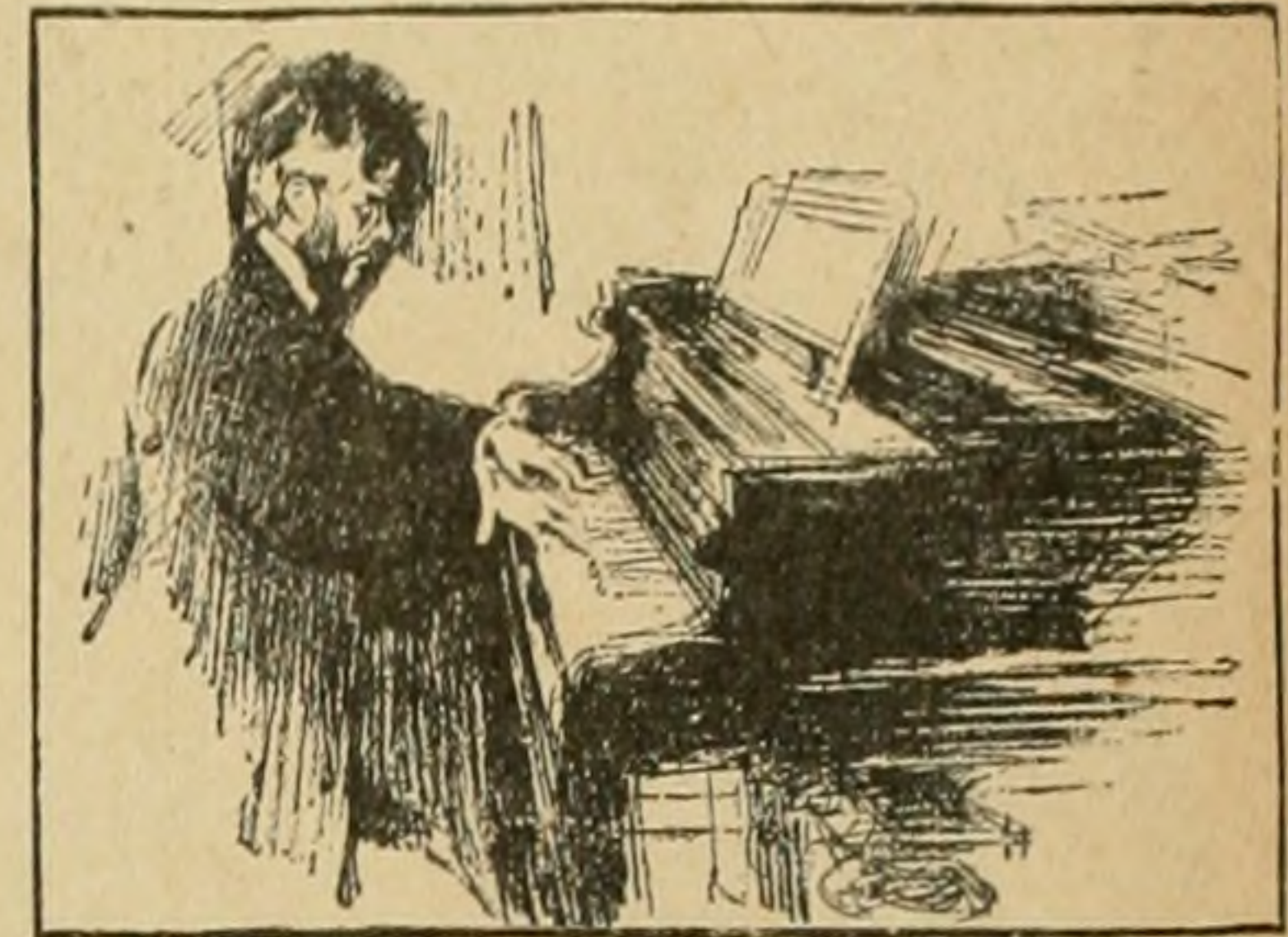
There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their *entire* training from me *by mail*. I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



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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 "nightmare" 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 be obtained *only from me*, and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

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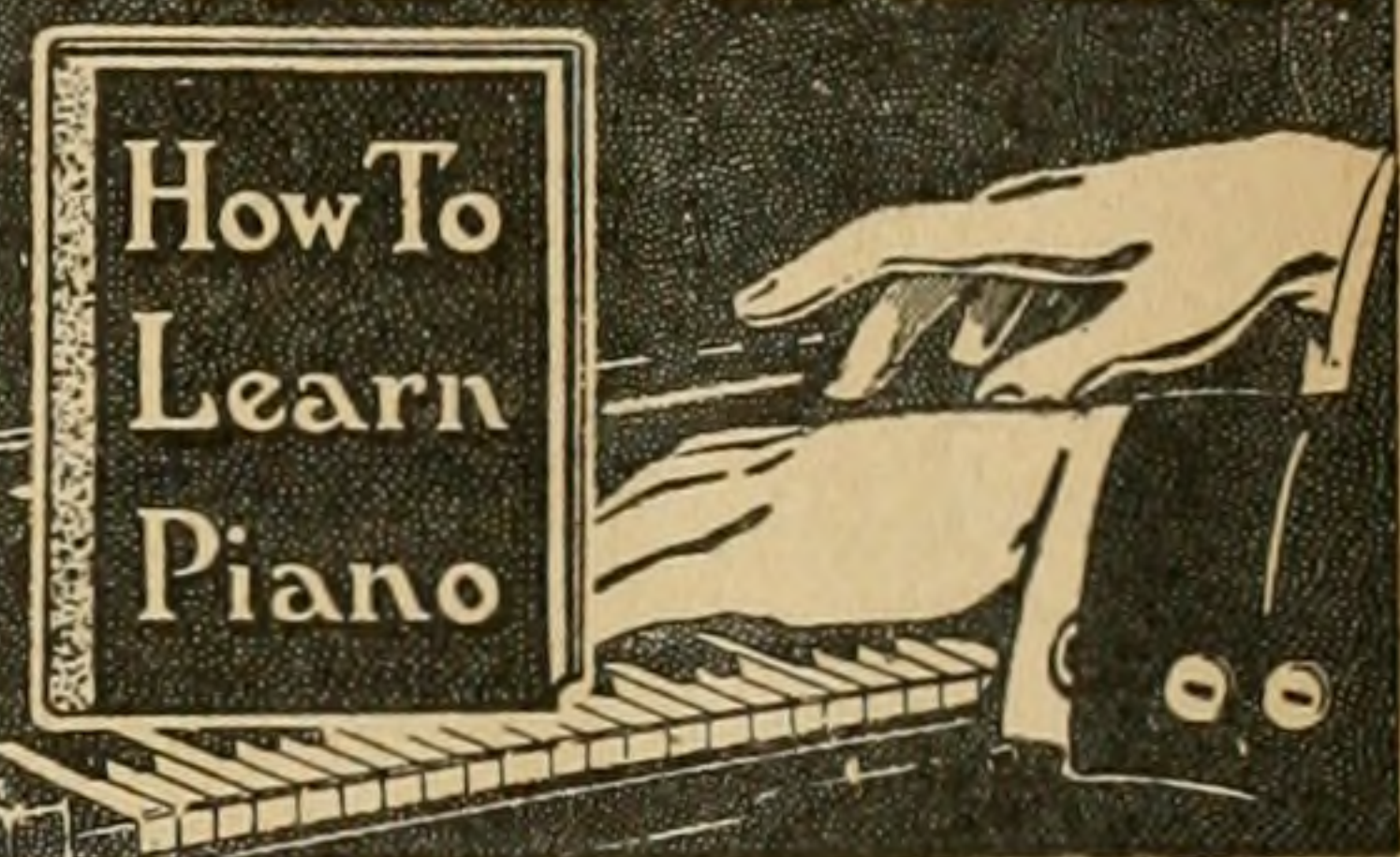
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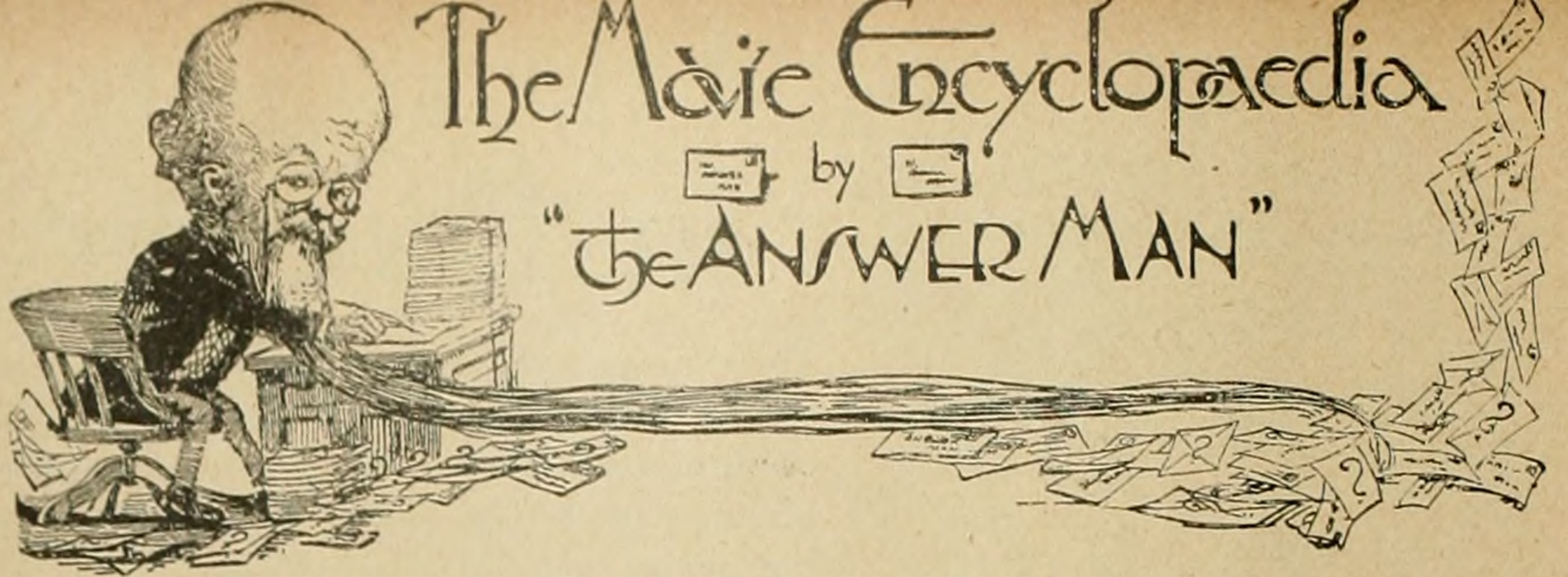
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The Movie Encyclopaedia

by

"The ANSWER MAN"

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.

VIRGINIA K.—How do you do! Glad to see you this evening. Is Rex Beach married. Very much so. Walter McGrail is not married. Wallace McCutcheon is a player, also the husband of Pearl White. I'll say so.

BABY BLUE EYES.—Oh, I began my career as a very little boy. Rod LaRoque plays the part of Life in "Money Mad." Bert Lytell and Lucy Cotton in "Misleading Lady." Well, your trouble seems to be that you think you are thrifty—whereas you are spendthrift.

DOROTHY F.—Yes, he is married. I am afraid you idle too much, Dorothy. Everything comes to him who works. Don't be a Micawber, always waiting for something to turn up. The crowd always makes way for the man who pushes boldly forward. Yes, Will Rogers has been appearing in vaudeville. Making some money too. He played in "The Guile of Women."

CARL E. S.—Too late for that issue. That is a very profound question you ask, "Is life worth living?" Once more this oft repeated irksome task must be accomplished—it all depends upon the liver. You want to know if Corbet played in the Eighteenth Amendment. I don't think it was his turn at bat.

TOTO MAC.—Well, his experience should teach us to beware of love at first sight—always have a second look. Sorry, but I have no cast for "The Love Flower." I don't happen to know the middle names of the ten players you inquire about. That was some verse of yours.

PAUL Y.—You want to know what queen was crowned, with all due ceremony, after her death. You refer to Inez de Castro, queen of Pedro I, of Portugal, 1350. It has not been done in photoplay, I believe. Sorry I cannot help you.

BETTY B.—Oh, hello! I understand that Marguerite Clark spends quite a bit of her time in New Orleans with her husband and his parents. Dorothy Davenport is the only wife, I know of, that belongs to Wallace Reid. Run in again, Betty.

RED ROSE.—Don't know where I will spend Thanksgiving, but I hope somebody will take pity on me, for I do love turkey and cranberry sauce. No, I cannot tell you what the actresses do to keep themselves beautiful, but I know that there is no torture that they would not suffer to enhance their beauty. Just send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you a list of the correspondence clubs.

HERMAN B.—You want a picture of William Farnum in the gravure section. Certainly, come and see me in my cage. It is more blessed to call than to receive. Well, Mary Miles Minter played in the picture play "The Littlest Rebel" and on the stage.

WEE WEE.—Oui la, la. God bless the publicity man! Without him many a player would be born to blow up unheard and to go to seed unseen. But wasn't it Benjamin Harrison, in his contest for the presidency in 1888 who originated the so-called "front porch" campaign? Or was it McKinley—I forget.

CARMEN SILVA-HAVANA.—Don't know where you can purchase all the photos of the players? You want to see Forrest Stanley and George

Walsh in the gallery soon. I'll do what I can. Yes, the pen is mightier than the sword, but I have found out that the scissors are often mightier than the pen.

HELEN LOUISE.—You want to know all about George Walsh. I'll try to find out—wait a minute. Viola Dana is playing in "The Off-shore Pirate." Jack Mulhull opposite her. Oh, thank you, it isn't so cold up here. I expect to get a new feather bed and a fur coat. I'll send you the rest by wireless telepathy.

AMADO B. MAGTOTO.—Stiletto! No, I am not married. Your first question to me. You think Marie Provost partly resembles Mary Pickford and partly Mae Murray. Maeterlink is finishing his first original motion picture scenario for Goldwyn. It is called "The Power of God."

BLUE-EYED DOLL.—It is bad cynical philosophy that says, "It is rare that, after having given the key of her heart, a woman does not change the lock the day after." I can't believe that most women are as fickle as that. I understand Nazimova is doing "Aphrodite." You know Madame Petrova was asked to play the part for the stage play of the same title, but refused.

KAMLOOPS KID.—Thanks for the nice things you say about me. So you have been watching Larry Steers and think he has an awfully kind looking face—so whimsically Irish. Montague Love opposite Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle, Woman." You must write to me again.

MONSIEUR.—Yes, "Limehouse Nights." Buy the book. They say that there are no pleasures where women are not; and that, with the French, champagne itself has no flavor unless served by the hand of beauty. I hold woman in high esteem, but not so high as that. I have got along for 79 years without one, and my champagne always tasted pretty good.

ALLEN.—Oh, yes, I always use a typewriter. Every make of typewriter produces its own peculiar noise by the clatter of the keys. An expert recently recognized and named correctly 20 different machines simply by the sound of their operation. I know the sound of some automobiles, particularly the Ford.

STACY B.—I didn't see "The Adorable Savage." You say there were seals basking in the tropical sunlight on the Fiji Islands. Now wasn't that clever of the director? Such a novelty!

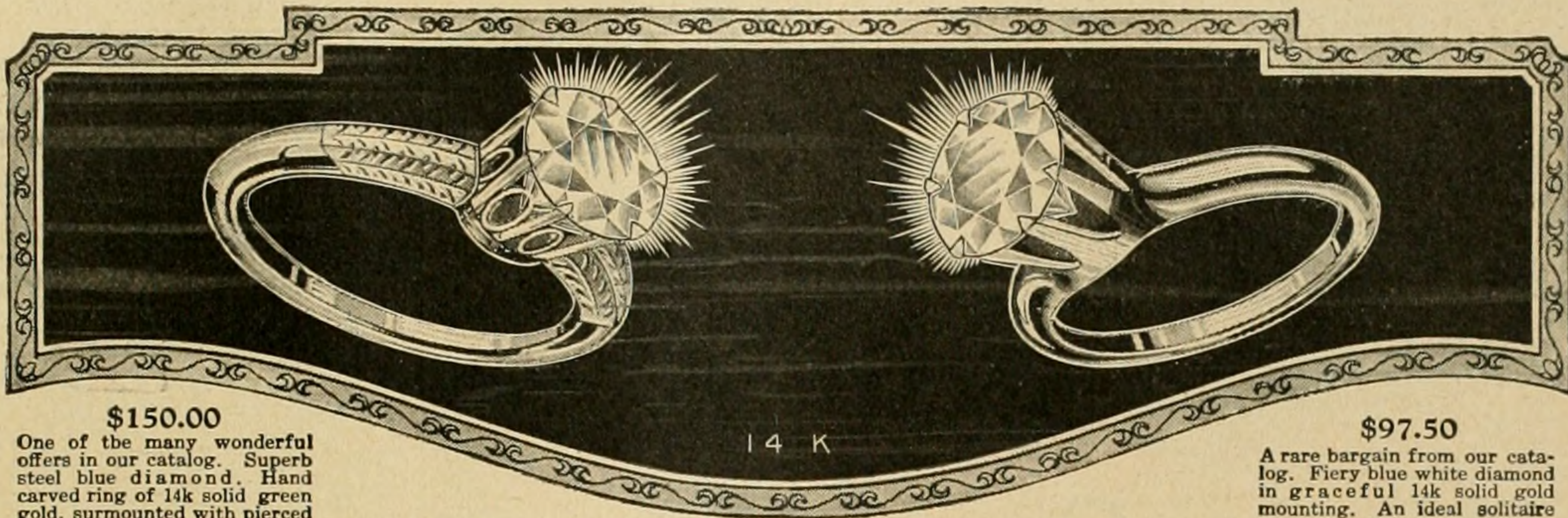
A DOG LOVER.—You should see our two dogs we have here in the office. A Russian wolf-hound and a collie. Write to Mack Sennett. You will soon see Hope Hampton again, and in a more attractive rôle. You know she is a new star, and I am betting on her.

JOHN M.—I haven't the heights just now, and can't get them right away. How would I look walking around among the players with a tape measure?

BUCK PRIVATE.—Welcome! Vivian Martin can be reached at the Capitol Theatre Bldg., N. Y. City. I guess they only appear to be friends. Friendship between two leading ladies in the same company is only a suspension of hostilities.

(Continued on page 103)

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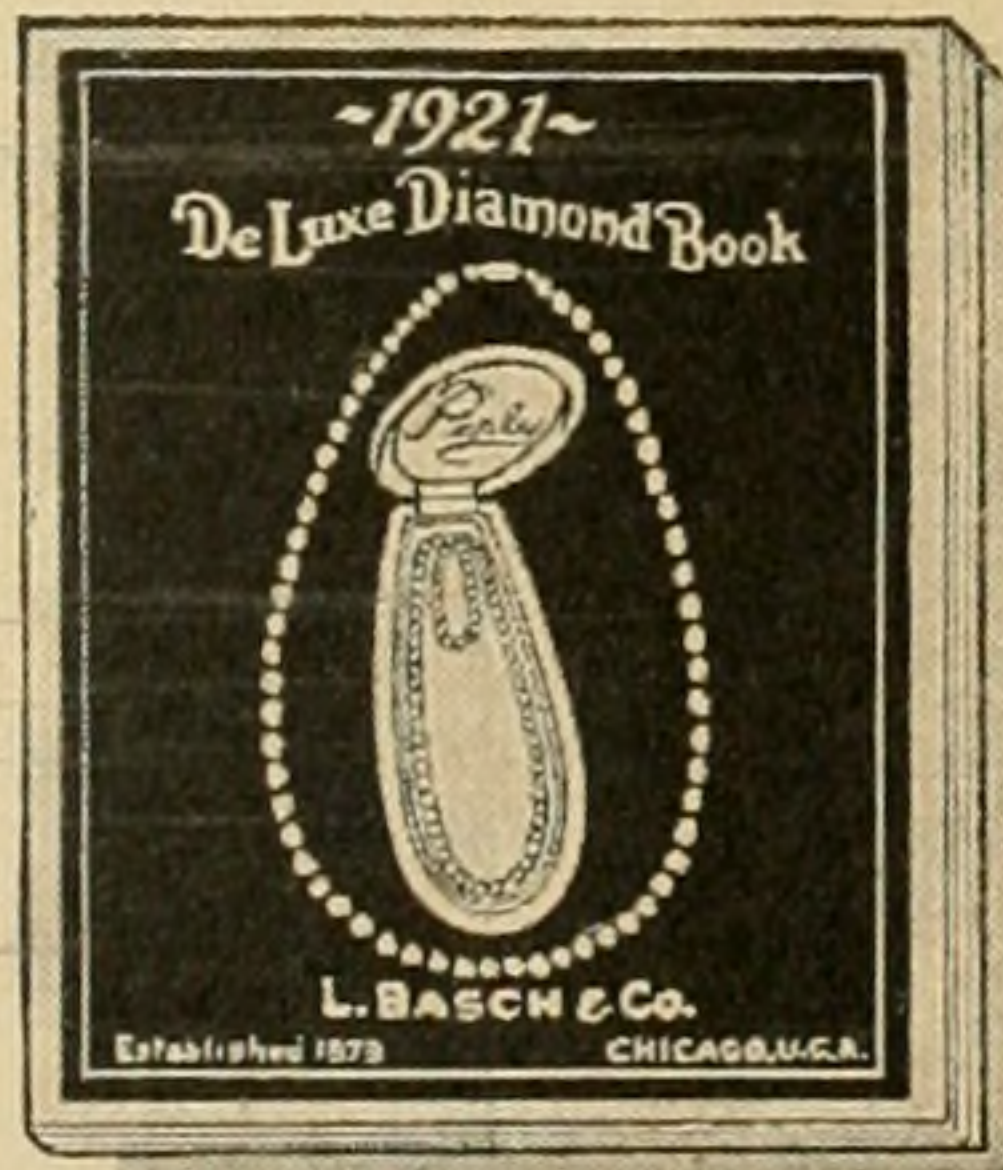
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How "Earthbound" Was Made

(Continued from page 44)

bit of action of our scene. I first 'shot' the material portion. That is, after the actor playing the living man had rehearsed his part alone, I took his scene with him in it *alone*. Here I would carefully prompt, something like this: 'Get ready to feel his presence—you sense his presence—you see him'—and so on.

"Having taken the material side, we would next film the spirit action. The player doing the ghost would rehearse and, when he was perfect, we would cover the entire setting, even the carpet and floors, with black velvet. Then we would grind the film carefully back in the camera to the start of the scene.

"I should, perhaps, explain the velvet. Since we were re-exposing the film, the velvet prevented any fuzzy doubling of background. Only the ghost's figure would be photographed, the velvet preventing any reflection of light or photography of background.

"Then we put a gauze of crepe de chine before the lens. This gave the resultant vague and hazy spirit effect. After which we 'shot' the scene, which dovetailed in exact numbering with the material portion.

"You can guess how easily these scenes slipped up. The slightest error threw everything out. To guard against this, we 'shot' every scene many times and finally used the best 'take.' Right here I want to express my appreciation of the way the players co-operated with me. Frequently we worked from 8:30 in the morning to midnight or longer. This was necessary because the camera could not be moved between exposures; that is, between the filming of the spirit and material 'shots.' It would never be possible to re-set up the camera exactly the same. A divergence of one-eighth or one-quarter of an inch would wreck everything.

"There were many apparently insurmountable difficulties. For instance, in a scene of speedy action, such as the one where the widow falls thru the spirit arms of her husband to the floor. It is practically impossible to time a fall with accuracy. This simply meant doing the scene over and over until we caught the right thing.

"Again, I believe the scene where the dog sees the spirit is the most unusual example of double exposure ever made. You cannot rehearse a dog or tell him what to do. So we did the next best thing.

"On the top of a platform, out of range of the camera, we placed a goat. Now a dog hates a goat, perhaps, more than any other animal. In front of the goat we placed a draw curtain.

"At the moment when the dog sees the spirit, we drew aside the curtain and revealed the goat. Of course, the dog started, bristled and jumped to his feet, revealing all the necessary emotions.

(Continued on page 94)

(Ninety-two)



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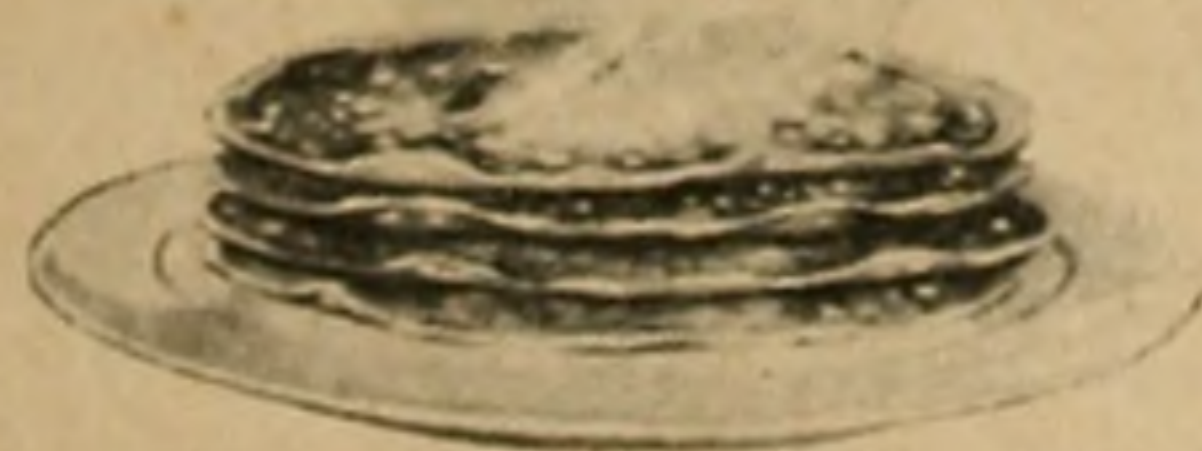
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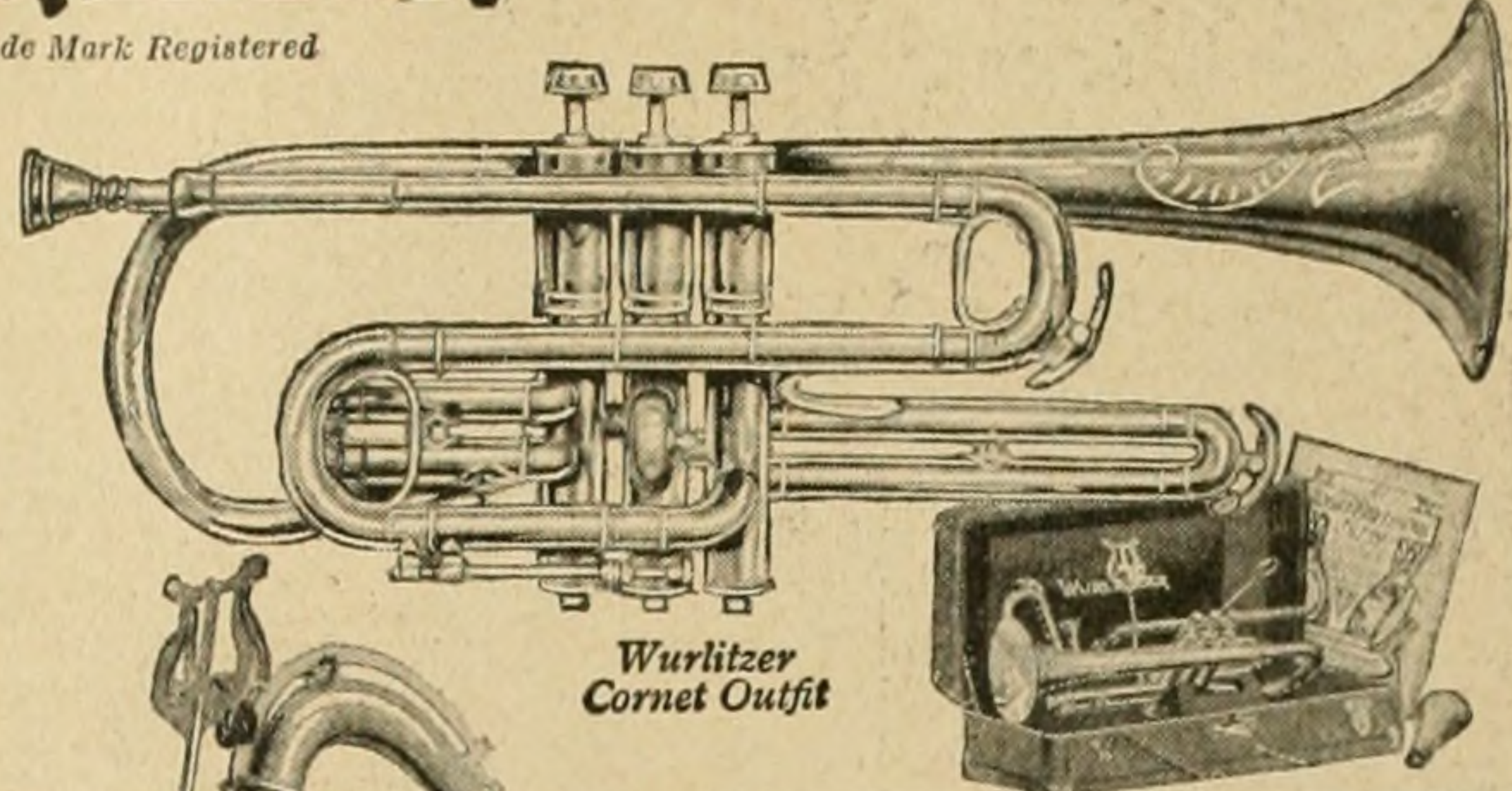
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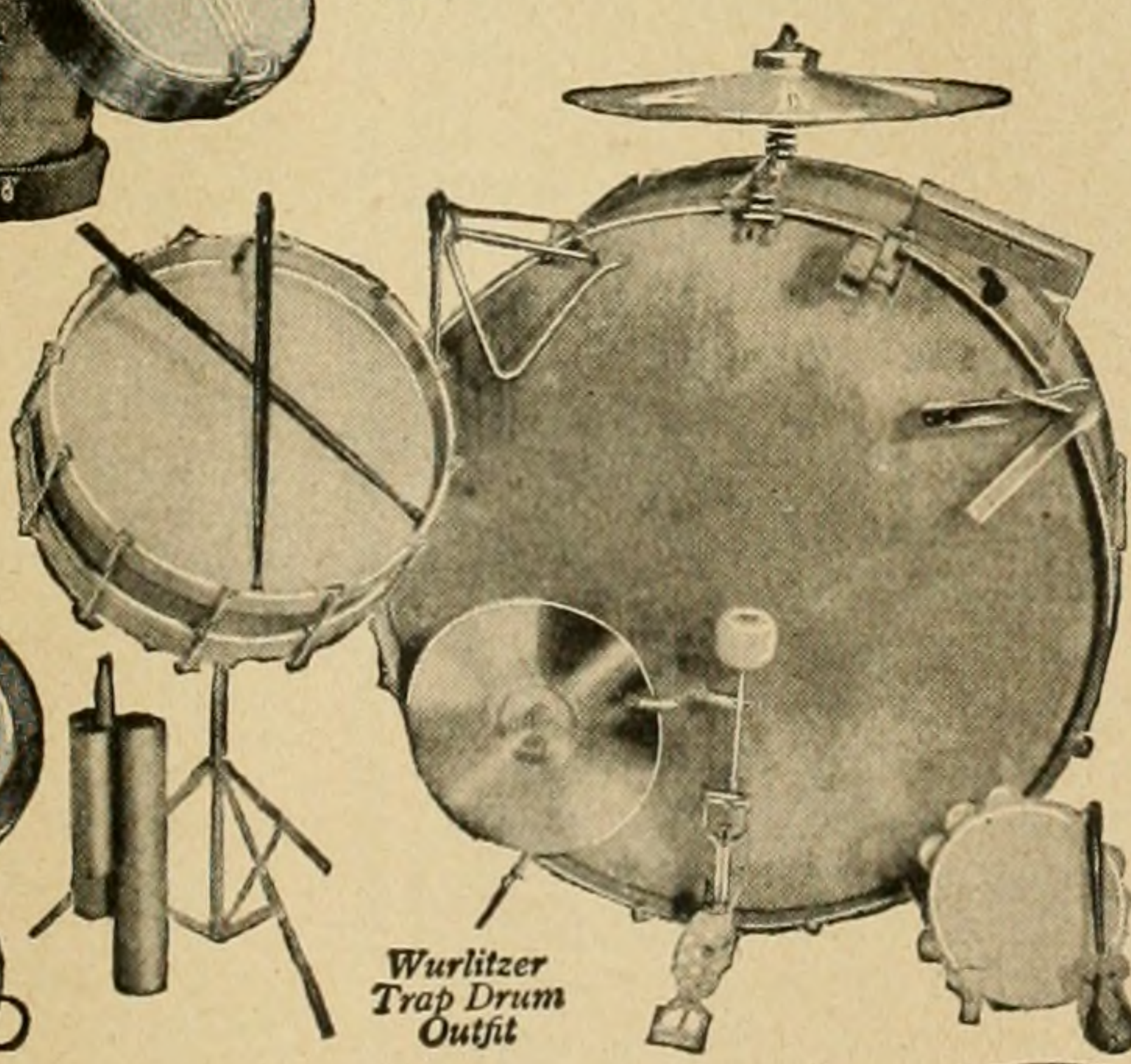
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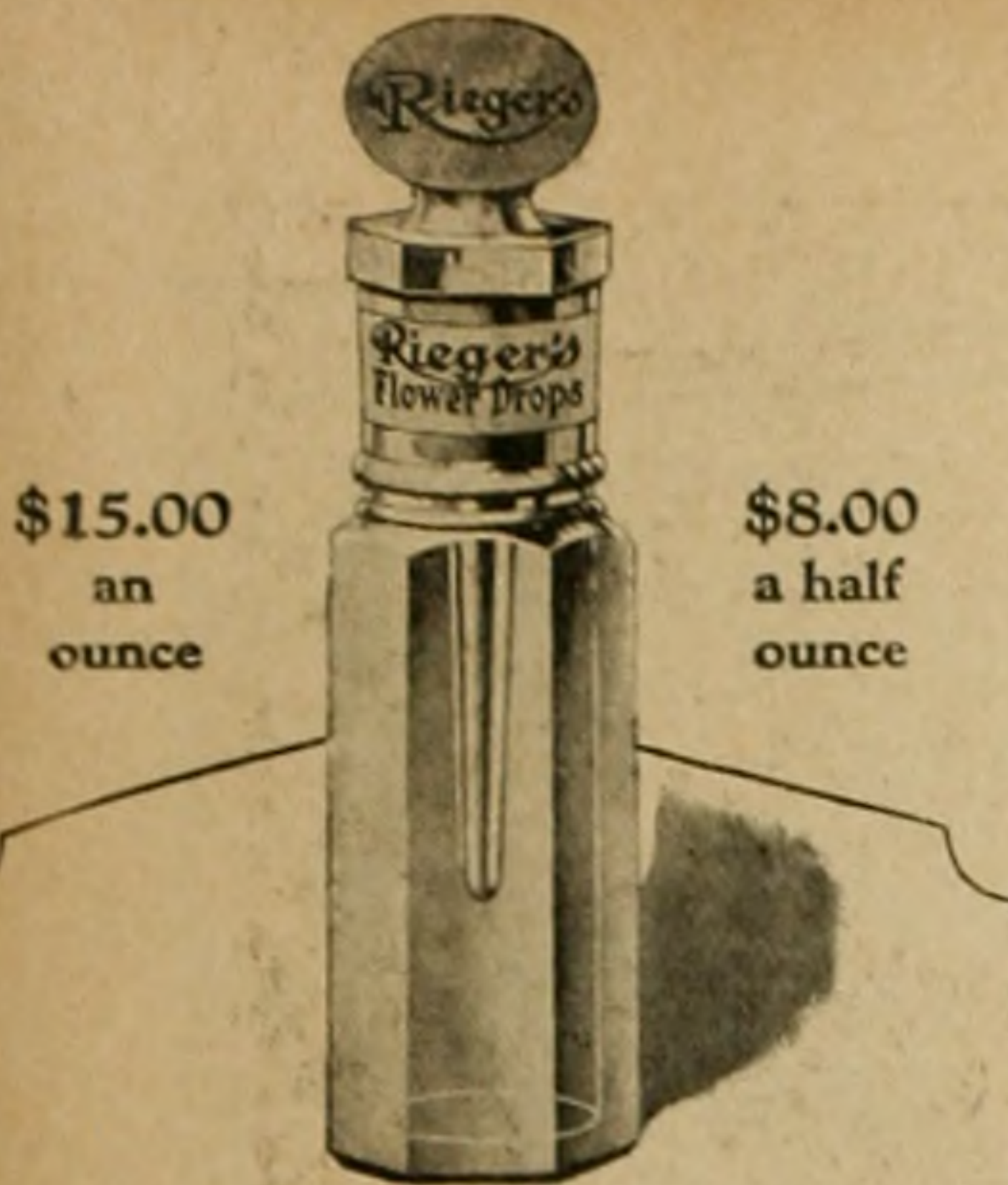
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How "Earthbound" Was Made

(Continued from page 92)

You will recall that the dog suddenly turned and looked about as the spirit faded out. Here we closed the curtain and started an unusual series of noises under the set stairway. Naturally the dog wheeled about to see the new surprise and looked puzzled at not being able to tell what it was.

"The scene where the murdered man finally disappears for the last time required the most expense. The material exterior was 'shot' in Santa Barbara but the psychic part was done on the Goldwyn lot at night. An inclined platform two-hundred-and-fifty feet long was built and covered with velvet. A motor driven car was arranged to run up this platform, carrying powerful lights. Thus, when the spirit apparently walked away over the tree tops, he in reality walked up this velvet covered runway, while the electric light car traveled alongside."

Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(Continued from page 62)

and emotional episode with a facility which is little less than amazing. Others in the cast of "The Concert," are Mabel Juliene Scott who has left the Lasky lot for the Goldwyn studio, Lewis Stone and Frances Hall, a new screen recruit from musical comedy.

Maurice Maeterlinck left behind him several original stories for the screen when he departed from this coast. The first of these, "The Power of Good," will be produced as a Goldwyn special. The continuity is being written by Elmer Rice, author of that famous stage success "On Trial." Mr. Rice is so youthful that it is hard to believe he has already attained the success for which other men work years.

Mary Pickford has almost completed "A Flame in the Dark." This is the story of Italian atmosphere written and directed for her by Frances Marion. In it our Mary grows up, puts her hair on top of her head and becomes a regular emotional actress. Tho taking the part of an Italian, Miss Pickford is not wearing a dark wig, for she says she came across so many blond Italians in the village she visited to get the atmosphere for her story that she decided against the black tresses. Before this picture is released, however, you will see our Mary in another of the kid comedies in which she is so well loved. This, too, was written by Frances Marion who will direct it and who has titled it "Rag-Tag and Bob-Tail."

Thru some error a report was circulated that Elliott Dexter was still handicapped by his recent illness. This is untrue. Mr. Dexter has returned to the screen with a greater power for portrayal than ever. I greatly enjoyed watching him during the filming of "The Witching Hour," his most recent picture.

The Holiday Number of Shadowland

LIKE the pack on the back of St. Nick, December SHADOWLAND comes laden with gifts. The pictured faces of screen favorites, bright stories of unique personalities, and lovely color plates are some of the pleasant surprises.

Novelizations of new photoplays soon to be released, a quick-moving one-act play, "Ask Ouija," and the smiles and satire of the critic are other presents enclosed within this holiday number of SHADOWLAND.

W. L. George, the man who wrote "Caliban," making it one of the six best sellers, naturally holds strong and interesting views on timely subjects. Read about him as Frederick James Smith delineates him in "Women and the World War."

Mordkin, the inimitable Russian dancer, and Mordkin, the man, are the subject of another story by Oliver M. Sayler.

Thru his successful achievements with the "Greenwich Village Follies," James Reynolds, tho but 23, is recognized as a leader in stagecraft. His story will appear in SHADOWLAND for December.

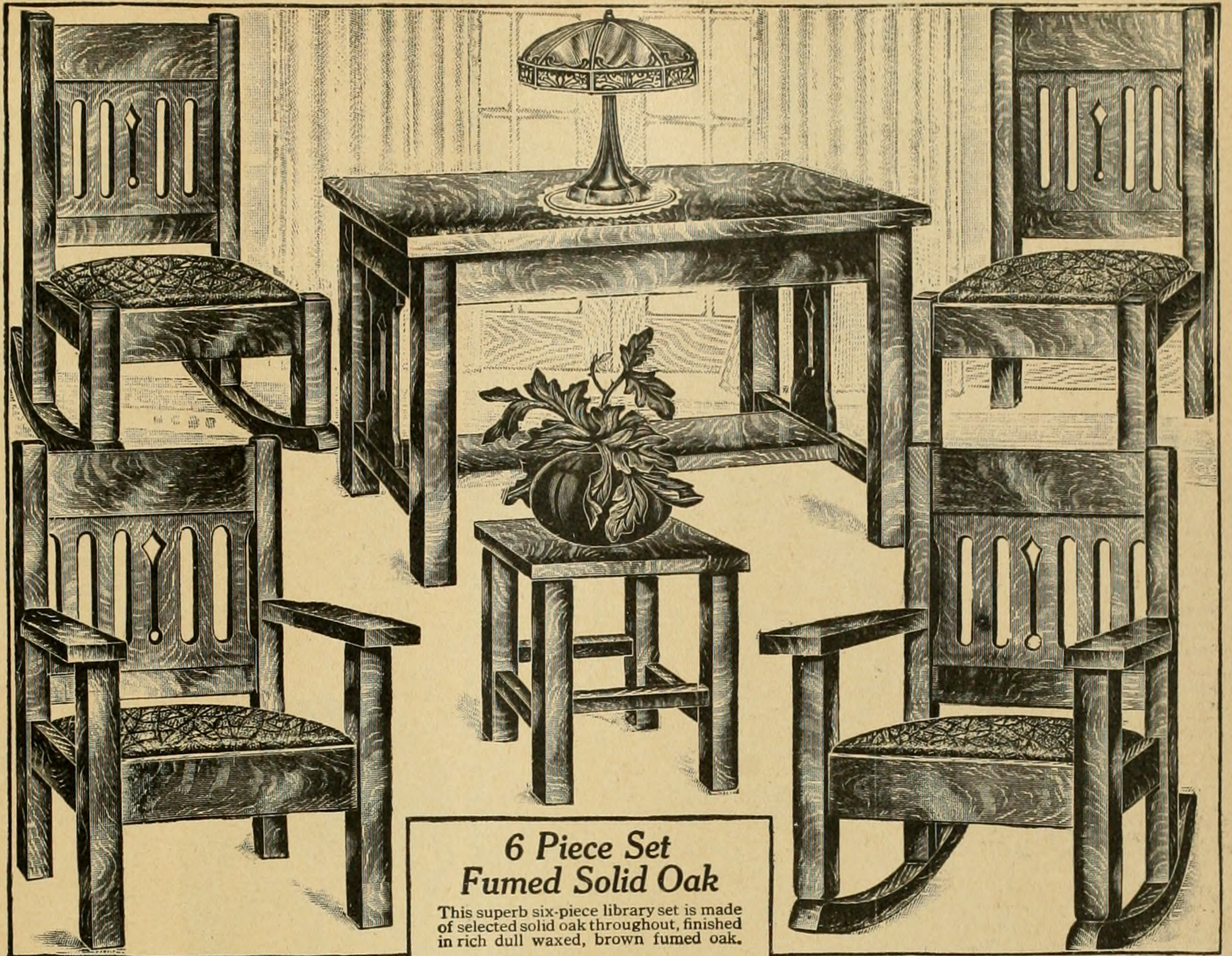
The versatile pen of Frederick James Smith gives an enlightening picture of E. O. Hoppe and his unique work with the camera.

The ramblings of The Rambler result in a page of attractive suggestions for Christmas gifts.

A magazine that aims always at the artistic and the beautiful, it will be especially alluring for December. Bring joy and inspiration into your home with the holiday number of

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The Fighting Earl

By
LILLIAN MAY

these days of mad scurrying to get any place at all to live. Go out and eat? Of course not. Earl, (already present, coat off, hard at work), could go out and get the makings of a meal. He could also cook it. It wouldn't be the first time.

Earl went. He came back laden with bundles. We removed the baby's doll, a bundle of clothing and the piano stool from the dining table and, presently, we ate. We had chops, creamed peas, French fried potatoes, alligator pear salad, fifty-seven varieties of French pastry and coffee fit for the gods. Earl was some cook.

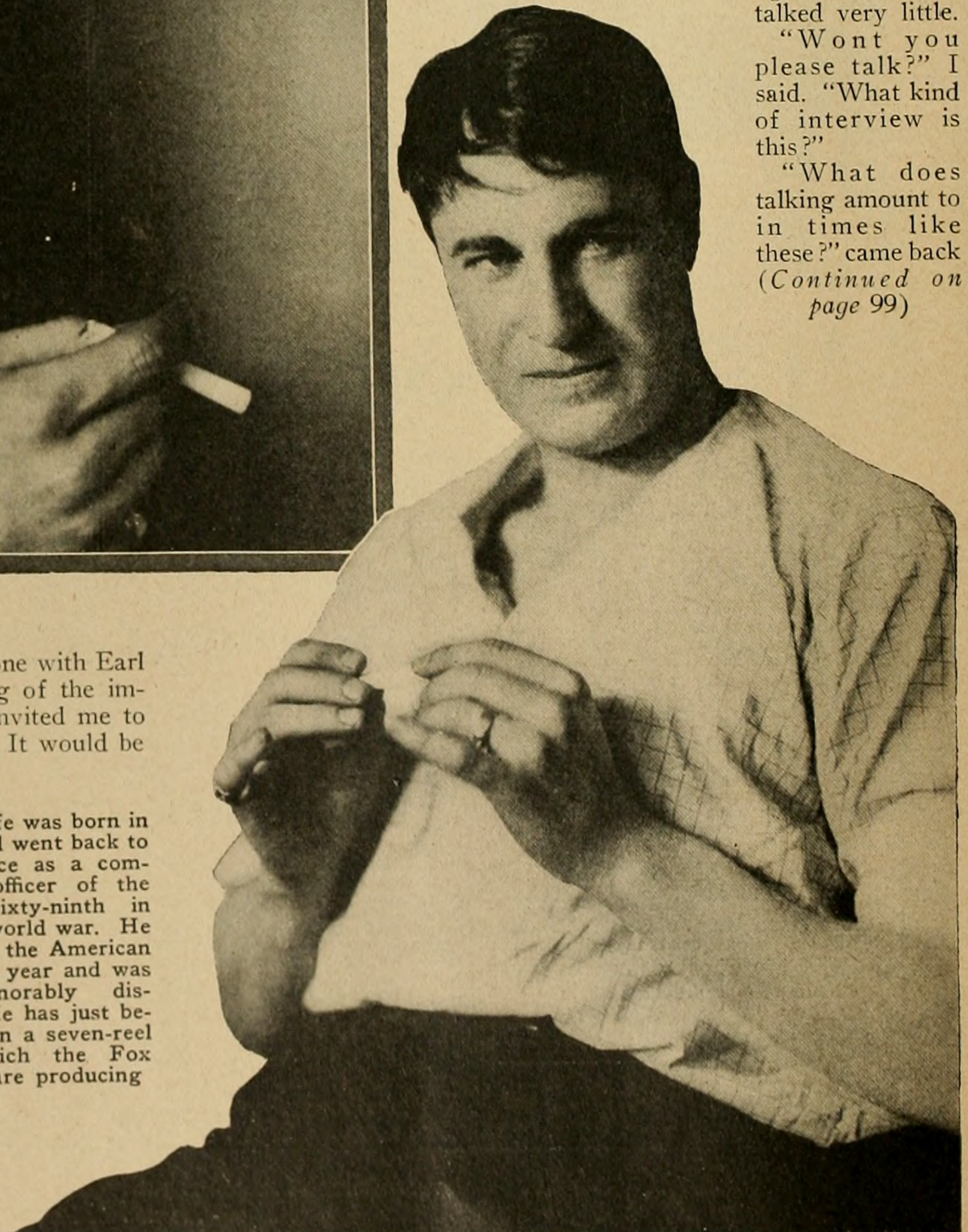
When we had finished, Earl washed the dishes and arranged the cupboards. He decided where the piano should stand and moved it in place. He hung pictures and became deeply involved in restoring efficiency to a disabled group of light fixtures. He talked very little.

"Wont you please talk?" I said. "What kind of interview is this?"

"What does talking amount to in times like these?" came back
(Continued on page 99)



Photo by Packard Exchange, N. Y.



Earl Metcalfe was born in England and went back to his birthplace as a commissioned officer of the Fighting Sixty-ninth in the recent world war. He served with the American Army for a year and was then honorably discharged. He has just begun work on a seven-reel feature which the Fox Film Co. are producing

OF all the interviewers ever staged, this one with Earl Metcalfe was most unusual. Hearing of the impending interview, a mutual friend invited me to meet Mr. Metcalfe at dinner at her home. It would be jolly and different, wouldn't it? she said. It would, and, eventually, it was.

Anticipatorily, I fared forth on the appointed evening. At the home of our mutual friend, I found that she had moved that day to the floor below. She had always wanted that particular apartment and that morning found she could have it. She had salvaged the elevator boy, the doorman and, presto, change!

Dinner? Of course. But that was a mere detail. The point was, she had moved. It is an accomplishment in

My Theda Bara

(Continued from page 19)

dian, who had betrayed his trust thru rash speculations and investments, committed suicide, so that my sister and I were left entirely in the charge of my uncle, a very brilliant surgeon and a most erratic man. Our education was an unusual one according to his peculiar ideas and my early recollections are kaleidoscopic, here, there, everywhere—a series of strange places, faces, schools and governesses—and America. So much for myself and the pure French strain in Theda Bara which has been so often disputed.

Theda Bara's name is not Death and Arab, spelled backwards, as someone has ingeniously concocted nor was she christened by the Fox Film organization. She was named originally Theodosia Burr after Aaron Burr's lovely daughter, the one really fine and splendid influence in a brilliant but dissolute career. My husband and myself were greatly impressed by Theodosia Burr's beautiful but tragic life and so we called one of our daughters after her, with the hope that she might emulate the character of this very fine woman who met such an undeserved and terrible fate. Theodosia is a long, long name and she had many pet names as a child, amongst others Theda which you can see for yourself, is a diminutive of The(o)d(osi)a. The Bara is an old family name and now you have the real explanation of this so-called mystery.

In most people there is a dual personality and I think always of an old nursery jingle that you all are familiar with when I think of my daughter Theda—I believe it was especially written for her, both as a child and a grown woman.

"There was a little girl and she had a little curl right in the middle of her forehead, and when she was good she was very, very good and, when she was bad, she was horrid."

At the age of three, surprising as it may seem, Theda was a blonde of the fairest type, with blonde ringlets covering a very small head and two large violet eyes. Every night her prayer was something like this, "Please, dear God, make me a tall lady wif black hair and wif black eyes and have a 'nana (banana) under my pillow in the morning." Naturally, I was able to fulfil the latter half of this prayer and the first part of it seems also to have reached its destination.

At this time we had a home in a suburb called Walnut Hills—the house was of brick with a very large veranda and stood rather high upon a hill.

One day I placed her upon the veranda in a very big chair with a pretty pair of new booties on—pink in color. Her little feet stuck straight out in front of her and I left her, the dog on guard beside her, gazing with enraptured concentration and vanity at her new acquisitions, in order that I might finish dressing her brother and then take both of them for a little ride. I was gone for possibly fif-

(Ninety-seven)

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

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E. S. Huntington

AUTHOR OF "TRYING THE LEAVES SO THEY WON'T COME DOWN" "DON'T FORGET OLD DYKELAND" AND OTHERS.
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teen minutes and when I returned I found her sitting bare-footed. Vanished were the new shoes and stockings—her little pink toes almost pinker than the shoes had been. "Baby, baby—where are you shoesies and 'tockies?" I demanded. She waved a small fist toward indefinite space and said sorrowfully—"A poor little boy in no shoes and no stockies came along the street so I called him and gave him mine 'cause I've got so many o'vers." I ran madly down the steps to the street just to see a big lad of nine or ten rounding the corner with the tiny shoes and stockings in his hand—I gave chase but, alas, he could run faster than I could! I felt it unfair to scold her, for after all it was the prompting of a little heart at the sight of what she reasoned to be dire need.

As a little thing she was a great runaway and she showed positive genius in ways and means of escaping our vigilance. We had the locks in the entrance doors placed high above her tiny reach and yet she disappeared as if by magic; search as we would we could not find the means of her escape. One day she was gone—I rushed out of the house and down the street. Ahead of me, I saw what appeared to be a tiny dwarf with an enormous hat around her neck, the head being completely submerged under it like a wash-basket and dragging behind yards and yards of train, my very best frock. *That was my daughter's first public appearance in costume.* We afterwards discovered she had hammered a small hole in the screen door, just large enough to crawl thru. Finally, we were obliged to fence in a corner of the garden to prevent further escapades. I shall never forget the intense interest with which she watched the construction of that fence and the screams and kicks when she discovered she was trapped; *and that was my daughter's first temperamental fit.*

About this time we moved to another suburb, called Avondale, and here came our first tragedy—Sport, the faithful, little guardian of our runaway, went to sleep quietly and forever under my girl-baby's chair. At breakfast she tried to waken him but she discovered only the cold inanimate shell of her pet and this was her first great grief. To you who are sophisticated this event will seem trivial indeed but to you others who have loved devotedly a little, dumb animal, to you whose lives are made up of the many small intimate pleasures derived from the affection of pets, flowers and trees, far removed from the busy mart, with its hectic excitements and desires, this intense grief of a little child will be quite understandable. Theda has never outgrown her love of animals, especially dogs and horses. You all know the story of her two white Russian wolfhounds; the first one died on her birthday. She sat up the night thru, giving him his medicine at fifteen minute intervals, vainly trying to save his life, but he passed out at the dawn and again she repeated the sorrow of parting from a beloved companion as she had in her babyhood.

(The second and final instalment of this story will appear next month.)



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The Fighting Earl

(Continued from page 96)

Earl. "It's doing that counts. Hand me that screw-driver."

Perhaps it was true that Earl Metcalfe detested interviews. Was he keeping busy to avoid talking about himself? Or had his training in Uncle Sam's army given him this zeal for service? He was a lieutenant, I remembered, a commissioned officer from the first Plattsburg Training Camp and assigned to the famous One-hundred-and-sixty-fifth Infantry, popularly known as "The Fighting Sixty-ninth" of New York City. He went across with his regiment in '17 and, after a year, returned upon a special mission to the Adjutant-General of the Army in Washington. With the signing of the armistice, the mission became automatically finished and he was honorably discharged. He must know many things worth talking about. At any rate, he must talk about *something*.

"Sit down by the lady, Earl," commanded our hostess, "and tell her where you were born, what you like for dinner and what you are going to do next."

"Next? I'm going to lengthen this picture wire," said Earl, imperturbably. This feat accomplished, he reluctantly descended from a stepladder and sat down upon the lower rung. "What shall I talk about?"

"I know you were born in England," I said, "and I know what you like for dinner—you showed us—but wont you talk of your year overseas?"

"No," he said quietly. "I spent a year over there, a good part of it in the trenches. I saw war in all its phases. But I cant talk about it. The public doesn't want to hear about it, either. It's over. Let's forget it."

"And be thankful that there wont be another war," I added.

"Wont there?" and Earl jumped to his feet and began pacing up and down between the piles of furniture. "Do you ever listen to the 'soap-box harangues' that take place on the street corners? I never did until I came back from the other side. Over there I learnt the condition of the people—their position economically and socially. Some of them come over here and have advantages they didn't know existed before they came. Then about one out of every hundred discovers that there is a class of people who have much that he hasn't and decides that this land of the free isn't a land of the free at all, so he proceeds to put ideas into the heads of all who are unfortunate enough to get in his way.

"Does socialism and anarchism and bolshevism with incitement to strikes and riots start with good American citizens? No. Would a good American citizen stand upon a soap-box and incite his fellowmen to lawlessness, and could he get away with it? No. He would be judged insane or a criminal. And when I hear these exhorters and know that they are actually influencing some of their hearers, I get so angry I stop and argue, and then I get so much angrier

that I know if I dont keep quiet I'll get in trouble. There will be war right in our midst if things dont change. And I'm here to tell you that if there is, I'll be in it." And Earl of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" stopped for breath and sat down.

"Since I've been back?" establishing himself more firmly on the stepladder. "Well, I've just been getting my bearings. Captain Charles Maigne gave me a chance to break into harness by giving me a part in support of Alice Brady, whom he was directing. Then I directed the James Montgomery Flagg satirical comedies. I like directing and did considerable of it in the old Lubin days.

"Then World Films asked me to finish 'The Battler,' a picture Monty Love was starring in when he was taken seriously ill. Of course, all the scenes had to be retaken. Ultimately, I want to go back to the speaking stage. I played a thousand dramatic rôles before I went to Lubin and feel that the experience helped me in many ways.

"War certainly broke into things," he said, "careers, finances, everything, but I'm doing the things which lie nearest, and just at present that happens to be a part as leading man for Corinne Griffith. Later, I hope to do some big character work, and would like to direct pictures, too, if I could get a chance to do it in a large way.

"That's plenty of time spent talking about myself," throwing open the piano to strike a few chords. "Out of tune. Too bad I dont number piano-tuning among my accomplishments. This certainly has been an evening after my own heart. I haven't had such a good time in years," he said, attacking a pile of books stacked in one corner.

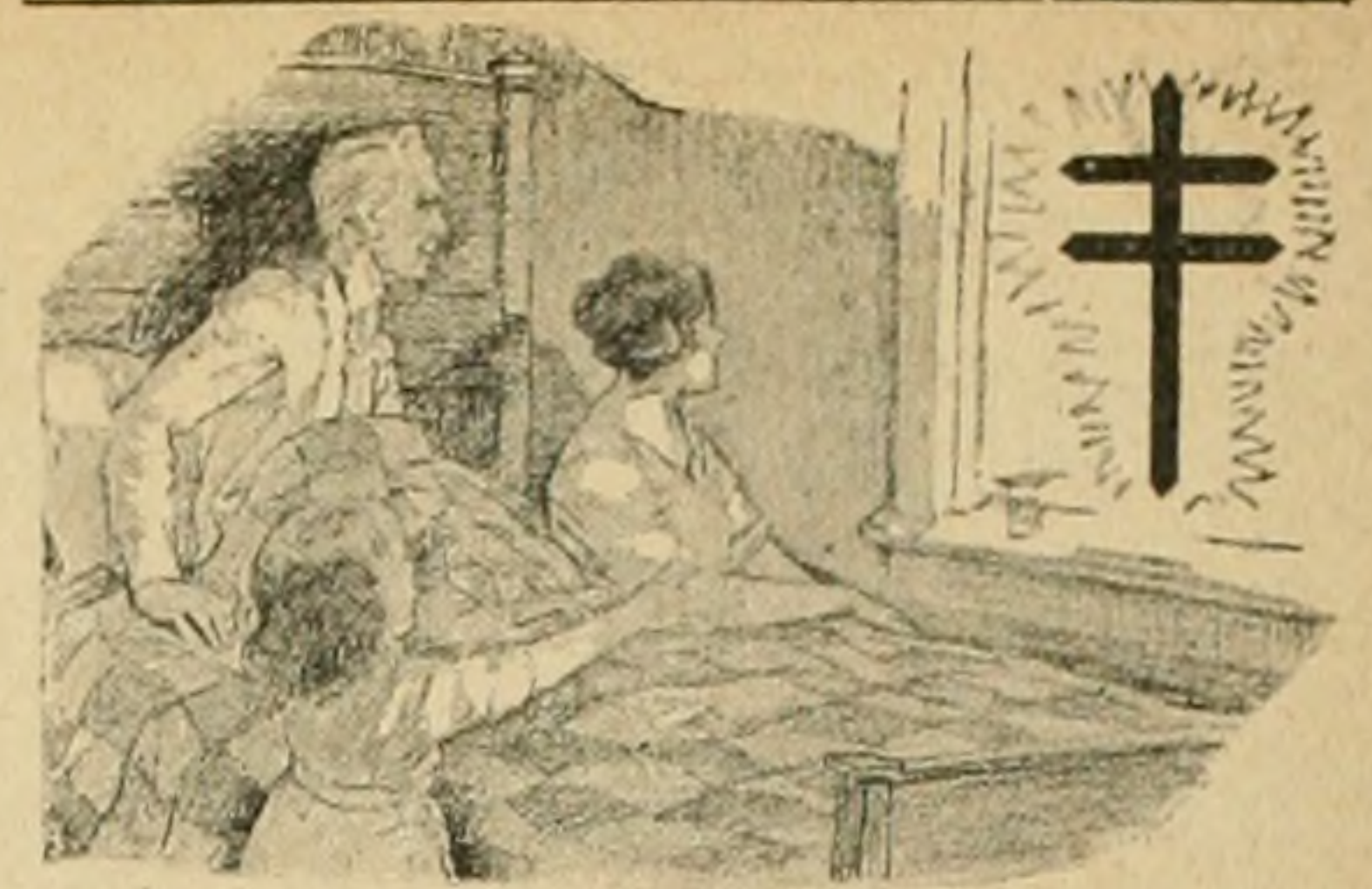
THE FEMININE FACTOTUM

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

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Cut a pie, and make a fork!
Put up curtains, rake a fire!
Tinker with an auto tire!
Scour the kitchen pots and pans!
Take up carpets, open cans!
Clean the chimney of a lamp!
Saw a cake, and jab a tramp!
Peel an apple, rake a grate!
Hang up pictures, or a plate!
Spread the butter, varnish floors!
Fix the hinges on the doors!
Do up a baby, beat an egg!
Use it as she would a peg!
Button gloves, sew, darn, and knit!
Make the children's trousers fit!
Yawning chasms reconcile!
Keep receipted bills on file!
Tighten windows, clean a clock!
Sharpen pencils, mend a sock!
Stop a leak, untie a knot!
Varnish floors, erase a spot!
With this in hand she's quite content—
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An Irish Twinkler (Continued from page 49)

featured with Warner Oland in the Pathé serial, "The Third Eye," which she says she thoroughly enjoyed, as she had always wanted to make a picture with a lot of stunts, being something of a tom-boy. Then, came her flight among the Fox luminaries.

"Being a star brings a stimulating responsibility, for you are so determined to make each picture the real prize winner that it becomes an exciting game," and the Percy eyes sparkled.

The day of our interview proved to be an eventful date on her calendar, for the first shots on her new picture, "Beware the Bride," were to be made and the bungalow dressing-room was in a state of confusion while the star flitted about.

"Look!" she cried, tragically pointing to a set of armor in the corner of the room, "Please remember that it is mid-summer and that is what I must wear in half my scenes,—it is the same that Geraldine Farrar wore in 'Joan the Woman.' Lift it!" and standing back, she laughed at my attempts to lift the five hundred pound armor.

"That is just four times my weight and I expect to be reduced to a mere speck after carrying it about. My costumes touch the extremes, for in several scenes I wear gay little negligees, again I prance about only in frilly lingerie, then sometimes I appear in lovely old-fashioned things like that," pointing to the fluffy frocks with rows and rows of lacy ruffles.

"Allen Forrest is my leading man in 'Beware the Bride,' and it is one of those laughable affairs where every imaginable complication comes up to separate the lovers. My rôle is interesting. I've never vamped, I am always the excuse for the picture ending happily. Still, in my last, I was a husband hunter,—so perhaps I have broken my record after all."

As the little star, finally arrayed as a girl of yesterday, waited for the call from the stage, we talked about her fads.

Somehow, you would know Eileen had a kitten. It is a beautiful orange Persian, named Foxey, and it manages to live in peace and harmony with the shiny black Pekingese that looks like a drop of ink, and Princess Pat, the pedigreed Boston Bull, which nestles closest to the heart of the little mistress.

Eileen has revived roller skating and is finding it great sport. She spends some of her leisure hours, usually in the evening, flying about the boulevards near her home in Hollywood.

The Percy sisters have a pretty bungalow ruled over by a Chinese cook and a Japanese maid, while Eileen confesses that she dearly loves to cook so it is no hardship for her when she has to prepare a meal. She is so essentially feminine, from the tip of her little toes to the top-most yellow curl, that this announcement brings no surprise.

She drives her own car, is a long distance swimmer and adores dancing,



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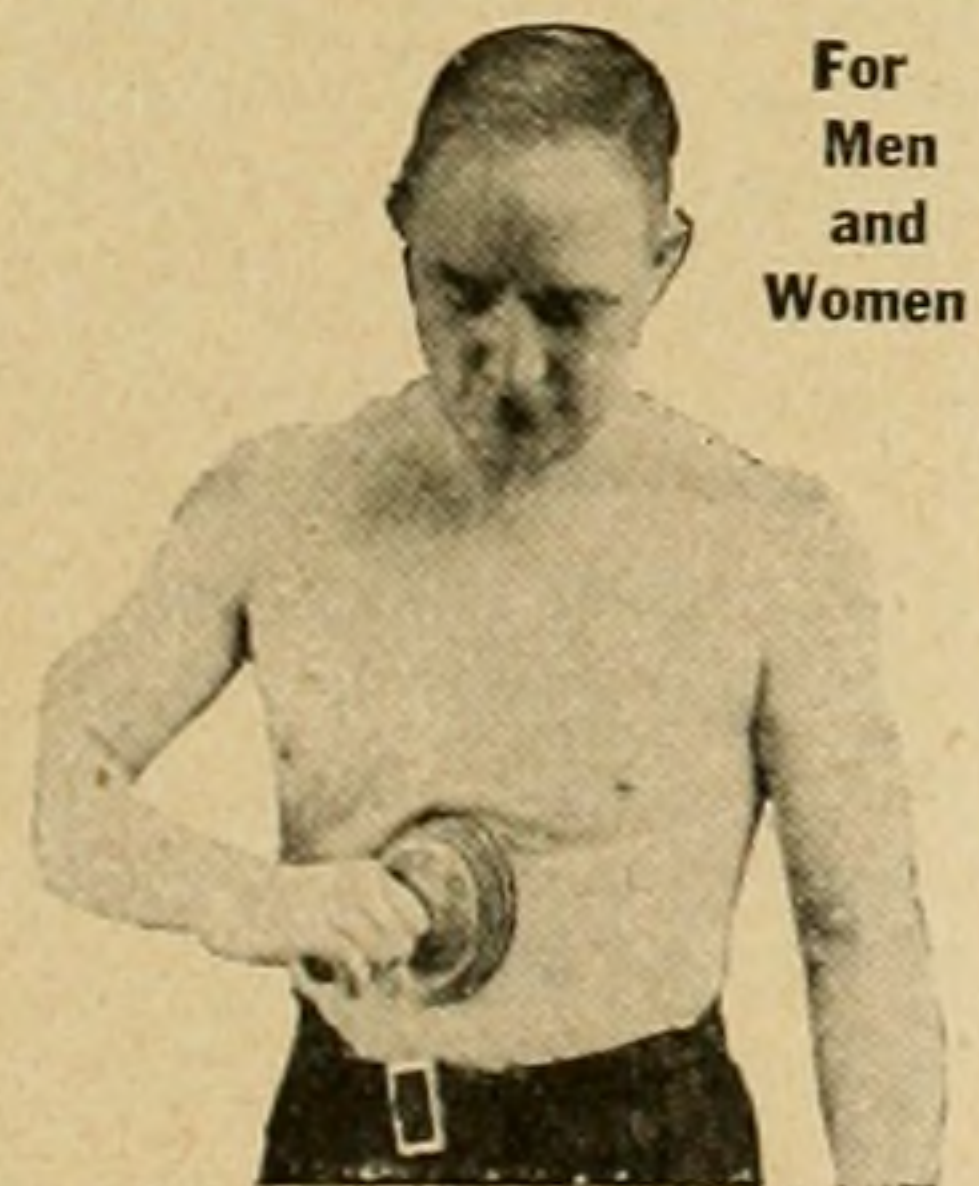
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On a recent visit, that expert fisherman, William Farnum, was in a boat alongside of hers in the Bay of Avalon and suddenly they both began to reel in like mad, hauling up a good size fish,—“But,” wailed Eileen, “my line broke and Mr. Farnum landed the prize, I call that tragedy.”

At the studio they will tell you that Eileen Percy is a general favorite, with her happy, bubbling spirits and unselfish consideration of everyone. She never indulges in tempermentals and—she is always on time! This is the highest praise one can bestow around a studio.

“Oh, that's simple,” laughed Miss Percy, “I honestly try to do to others as I wish them to do to me—and I hate to wait!”

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 45)

lands and a simple French-Canadian who loves her. The hero kills a man in self defense, and he is about to be executed for the crime when he escapes with his bride. The two seek happiness in the wilderness. They are tracked down by a Canadian mounted police officer who, after a forest fire in which they all fight for their very existence, rides away, giving them their freedom.

We should have liked to see what suspense David Griffith would have extracted from the forest fire. Director David Hartford was unable to get it across, altho huge stretches of woodland seem to have been burned. He simply was unable to transfer it to the silversheet. Betty Blythe is effective enough as the heroine, Nanette, and Lewis Stone plays another “River's End” rôle as the pursuing arm of the law. But Lon Chaney is miscast as the hero. In his hands, Raoul becomes a mixture of George Beban and Bull Montana. Mr. Hartford's direction is of the most obvious sort.

Every time we see Constance Binney, our faith in this young actress grows apace. “39 East,” (Realart), is a celluloid presentation of the Rachel Crothers play, in which she appeared on the speaking stage. It is the usual sugar-coated opus of the innocent girl who comes to a New York boarding-house in quest of theatrical success, her struggles with sordid foot-light life and her ultimate winning of a rich youth who, for some reason or other, is also a boarding-house dweller.

“39 East” ambles pleasantly along without approaching the surface of life anywhere. It is just caramel entertainment, but Miss Binney is so fresh, unspoiled and pretty as the girl heroine that you

(Continued on page 104)

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Bringing the Congo to Broadway

(Continued from page 57)

elephant hunting. Very often the chase would last for months and months, and they would move their villages in pursuit. When the elephant had been finally brought low, more because of loss of blood, the innumerable spear wounds, and exhaustion, than anything else and after they were certain of his death, they would swarm all over the huge carcass, and resembled nothing more than an enormous ant hill alive with insects. Altho they are timid because of their size, these people are fearless hunters and, when attacked, very brave fighters.”

Here Dr. Vandenberg showed me some pictures of himself with four or five of the pygmies lined up under his arm, showing their size, and also their friendliness with the white stranger.

“One of the most thrilling results of the trip in the way of novelty is the motion pictures we made of a real lion hunt, the lion being killed some thirty feet from the camera,” he said. This feat was accomplished by members of the Masai tribe; a people who are unusual in every way. They are gigantic in size, absolutely fearless and very intelligent. They have decreased in numbers from 250,000 of some twenty-five years ago to about 20,000 at present. This is due largely to their impossible living conditions and their enormous death rate. One of their customs, up until very recently, (and still existing in some places), was the method of handling their sick. When one of them became ill, he was taken out into the forest, where a crude hut was erected around his body, and where he was left. Of course the body was invariably devoured by wild animals, and no sympathy or attention was permitted. The possible chance of recovery was never contemplated. When the British authorities discovered this practice, an end was put to it, but it has not even now become entirely obliterated.

“They were a very agreeable and friendly race, posing willingly for pictures, performing the most difficult athletic feats, and dancing for us. For two and one-half hours, some three thousand of them danced steadily, the wildest, strangest sort of dance, known as the Kavaronda.

“We stumbled upon another phase of the strange workings of the African mind in our trip up the Nile. Among certain tribes they still continue the custom of offering young girls to supplicate the god of the river during a drought. This is done by tying the virgin's body in a sort of sack, and at a certain hour of the day, amid much ceremony and religious rites, she is thrown into the river.

“I can only say in conclusion,” he remarked, “that it was a most interesting trip for me, and that I have not only accomplished something for my missionary work, but that when the Famous Players people release the film it will be really worth seeing.”

Dinty

(Continued from page 89)

Outside in the street a wagon had been laying cables. The three boys rushed for these cables. Their hearts pounded in their narrow chests like bullets flying to and from. Inside, that knife . . .

Dinty and Chinkie fastened one end of the cable to the steel door. North knew that only a miracle could help.

Outside Watermillions and Sketches fastened the other end of the cable to a cable car whizzing up the San Francisco hills. They timed the feat. The car started and the rope strained gently, at first; taut, then, with a mighty wrench, a groan, the giant door burst open, the chamber of horrors stood revealed.

A hollow of gloom, in the center a white object, luminous, Ruth . . . Over her, hideous and distorted, the gleaming knife was swooping. Two minutes more and it would have scraped at her garments, at the rise of her breast, another minute, and . . . North sprang to the table. He called, “Dinty!” Between them, they untied the ingenious knots.

“Oh, Ruth! Oh, Ruth!” they said, the two men that loved her. In the soft, terrorizing gloom North held the girl to him. He dared not let her go.

Outside, Dinty was sobbing against Judge Whitley's shirt-front. His small, steel nerves had sprung.

The four of them put their heads together. There was no word.

“And then, Doreen,” Dinty said, late that night, having finished his graphic tale, “then the Judge took Miss Ruth and Mr. North home and told me to come for supper at six, me an' Chinkie an' Watermillions an' Taki-San, Dorkh's wife; an' we went. The Judge took me in his own room and told me I was either too old-young or too young-old, to know just what I had done. But that he had to tell me I had done the most precious thing in all the world for him, and that I must not exhibit—exhibit is the word he used—a smallness after so fine an exhibition, an' I must go to school, he said; an' you must have a cottage, bungalow he called it, an' a nurse, so that I would be free to come into my great career. He said, I think you ought to know, Doreen, darlin', because it's yourself that gave them to me. He said I had integrity (I memorized 'em 'special and particular to tell you, ochone) an' steel nerves, an' resource, an' sterling worth, an' he could use these qualities, he said, an' it would be very poor business, he said, for him to lose track of this, or for me to, either. An' so, bein' a business man an' a family man, first, last an' all the time, I consented, Doreen. Yes, sir, darlin' mine, I gave my consent.”

The wasted woman on the bed sighed. It was a sigh of happiness. Her gentle mind, vague now and then, wandered into the realm wherein it found most peace. She kist the lad's blue eyes. “Danny's eyes,” she murmured, “Danny's eyes . . .”

Dinty, holding her hand late into the night, did not undecieve her.

(One hundred and two)

The Movie Encyclopædia

(Continued from page 90)

TEDDY.—Great guns! Has it come to this? You want to know how I wash my face. I'll tell you a secret, if you wont tell. I never wash it. I let my beard grow on it, and that hides everything. There is no way of telling; you must be tried out before the camera.

McNULTY.—All right.

LUZIE D.—That was a sad case. Nothing makes ladies who have been "attractive" more ridiculous than to forget that they are no longer so. They are coquettes by profession. If they only knew that they are just as attractive in their forties and fifties without trying to appear youthful!

TRIXIE.—Stuart Holmes has been playing in "But Yet a Woman" with Doraldina in the lead, taken from Carey Wilson's story "The Passion Fruit."

C. E. F.—I advise you not to buy any of that motion picture stock. One touch of avarice makes the whole world skin. Good motion picture stock is seldom hawked about. Niles Welch is about 25 years old. Shoo fly. Did you know that a large nest of wasps will account for at least 24,000 flies a day? Come on in and see me some time. There's no flies on me (this time of the year).

MILDRED & CLELIA.—Olive Thomas's last picture was "Everybody's Sweetheart." She plays the part of an inmate in the poorhouse. Viola Dana in "Rings and Things."

NATALIE.—Lou Tellegen is in New York City now. No indeed. Eugene O'Brien likes the ladies. "Suds" ended with Mary Pickford sitting on the laundry steps. Very well, thanks.

BOBBIE.—Your letter was very interesting, but you will find your answers elsewhere.

MRS. K. H. M. FARGO.—I will have to open a Woman's Department. I cannot tell you why it is that a woman likes to be called a duck or a ducky, but not a goose. And a chick or chickie, but not a hen. A bird vision, but not a ghost; a lamb, but not a sheep. Funny creatures—yes. Eileen Percy in "Beware of the Bride."

IRISH STEW; MELIKEM; FRANCES:—Your letters were very interesting. Do write to me again.

BLANCHE R.—I wish I could tell you the life history of Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan, but why clutter up this department with biographies? Yes, "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" should become very popular now.

MADGE KENNEDY ADMIRER—Blue Eyes.

W. S.—Write me again, please, and try to draw me out. Sometimes I'm very timid and retiring—particularly late at night.

GREASY JIM.—No, I didn't see that pugilist when he was here. May Allison—I dont know her age. She's not telling. Ferdinand Earle is filming "The Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam in Los Angeles. It is being produced in colors.

TOTO MAE.—Dont be a fool! Fashion is a fickle and misleading jade. She is the will-o'-the-wisp that leads us, step by step, to the quicksands of financial ruin. It is nice to be well dressed, but folly to be overdressed. Why dont you learn to save. Charles Meredith is in New York City. Sorry I cant help you. So you didn't care for Carol Dempster in "Scarlet Days." Why?

MARIE H.—No, I didn't scratch the hair off of my head by answering questions. Money may be the root of all evil, but I have always said, give us plenty of the root.

E. CORINTH MISS.—Why, Edward MacDowell at one time held the chair of music at Columbia University. So you are a wonderful pie baker. You can send me a pumpkin pie any day, and I'll let you know how good you are.

CHARITY.—So you dont believe in handshaking, but it brings two people closer together. Kissing is shaking hands with the lips, and brings people still closer together. Well, Emerson says nothing is old but the mind, and believe me, mine entertains some pretty young ideas.

DOT-DASH.—Very glad to hear from you.

RUBY T.—Thanks for the fee. Henry G. Sell was Tom in "The Lightning Raider." If you see Hope Hampton in her new picture

you will change your mind. They tell me she "has everything."

MAJOR R.—Yes, Ward Crane is the same young man who was Secretary to Gov. Sulzer of New York State.

DORA T.—Your's was a peacherino. Warner Richman was the gypsy in "Sporting Life." Be sure to send on that fudge. You know I am fond of good things to eat. Olive Tell in "Wings of Pride."

LENORE.—Thanks. Write me again.

GLADYS T.—Never heard of her. That's it, write me often. I count not among my friends those who come only when they want a favor. Nigel Barrie is playing opposite Pauline Frederick in "Iris."

BABE.—Ship ahoy! So you think Thomas Meighan is a humdinger. Yes, they are both married, but not to each other. Polygamy is the right to have more than one wife. Monogamy, one wife. Where there is only one wife, it is called monotony. That is the reason why there is so much bigamy in the world.

G. G. N.—Get your pictures direct from the players, but be sure you pay for them.

N. W.—Will Rogers latest is "Honest Hutch," adapted from the story "Ol Hutch lives up to it." Glad you are to be married. What is home without another. Shirley Mason is with Fox, Los Angeles, Cal. Pauline Frederick with Robertson-Cole, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. C., and Mae Murray and her husband Robert Leonard are in Europe.

THEDA BARA ADMIRER.—Get out the geography. The chief colonial possessions of Holland are in the East Indies comprising the islands of Java, Sumatra and Celebes. The Ganges is the sacred river of India. Valeska Suratt in the October and November, 1919, "Shadowland." Get a copy, it's a handsome book. Mary McAlister was on the cover of the February, 1918, issue.

DOLLY.—*Ars longa, vita brevis*—means Art is long, life is short. H. B. Warner is playing in "Felix O'Day" for Pathe. Goldwyn is producing "It's a Great Life," Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous story. She's a great favorite of mine. Natalie Talmadge is 19. James Regan is Mr. Alice Joyce. Thanks.

JOYCE.—Maybe you refer to "Lives of ploughmen all remind us we can make our furrow straight; and, departing, carry with us passports thru the golden gate." Cleo Madison is playing in California. She is the mother of twins. Fannie Ward is in France. But every candidate seems to believe in high wages for the working man and low prices for the consumer, but nobody seems to know how it is to be done.

ARTHUR S.; JEAN D; GUSSIE; CATHERINE E. M.; JOE S.; WM. H.; BENJAMIN R.; ALICE; L. E.; TIP; ETHEL; E. M.; FANCHON; L. W. S.; AND ELIZABETH. Your letters were very interesting, and I'm sorry to not be able to answer you individually.

TIS.—Indeed, there are several players with college educations.

VAMP.—Sorry I am not able to print your kind words about Mary. And you like Bebe Daniels. See the interview with her in "SHADOWLAND. Louise Glaum in "The Leopard Woman."

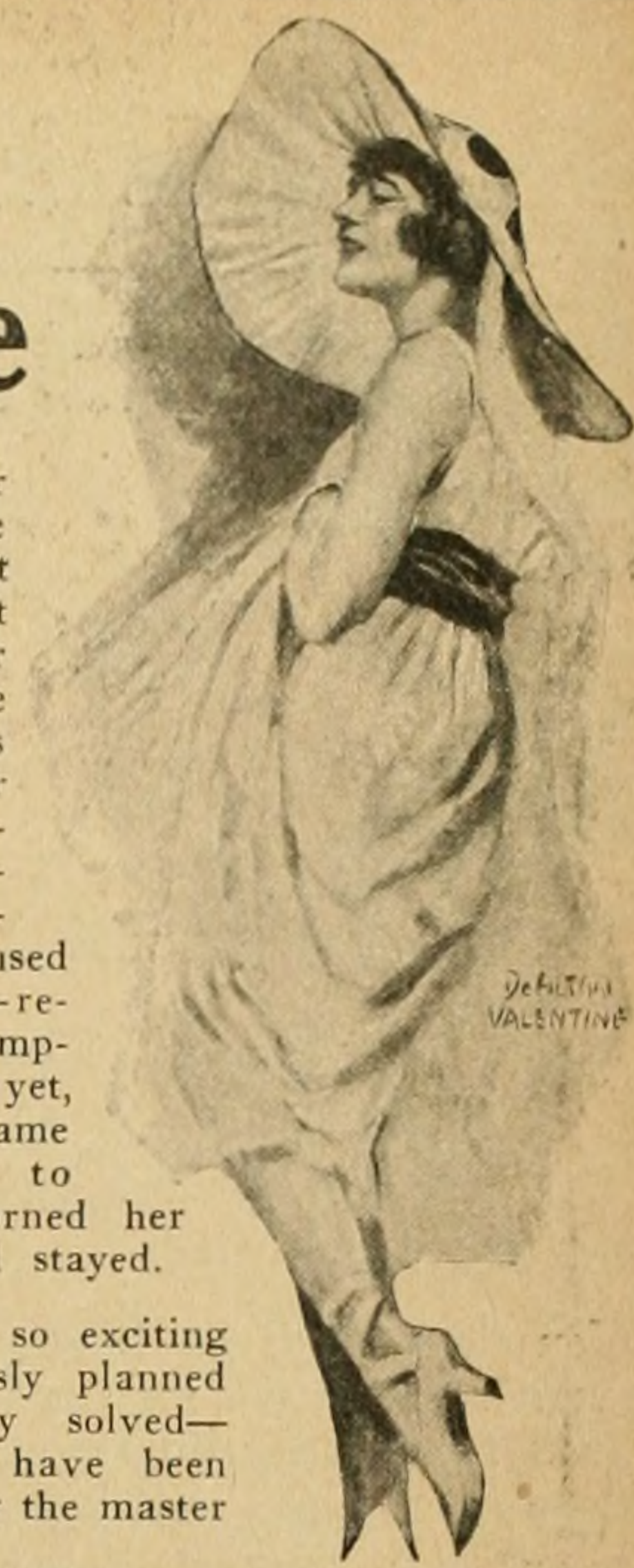
VERA D.—Well, I have often marveled to see what pains women take to catch men and how very little they take to hold on to them. Perhaps it is because our ladies devote more attention to external decorations than to internal improvements. Nothing personal, Vera. Edward Earle is playing with Doraldina in "The Passion Fruit."

LILLIAN NERVE TRUMAN.—Yes, it will soon be time for turkey and cranberry sauce, hooray! And then we can see some of the good old foot-ball games. Frederic Burton was Horatio in "The Fortune Teller."

MAY PAINE.—Election doesn't bother me much. Your suggestion that the authorities print the pictures of the different candidates on the ballots is very unwise. What chance

(Continued on page 105)

The Slave



With all her strength she fought to get away from it all—the vulgar cabaret—the mysterious beauty parlor—the underground drinking hell. Fiercely she had refused every bribe—resisted every temptation. And yet, when there came the chance to escape, she turned her back to it and stayed.

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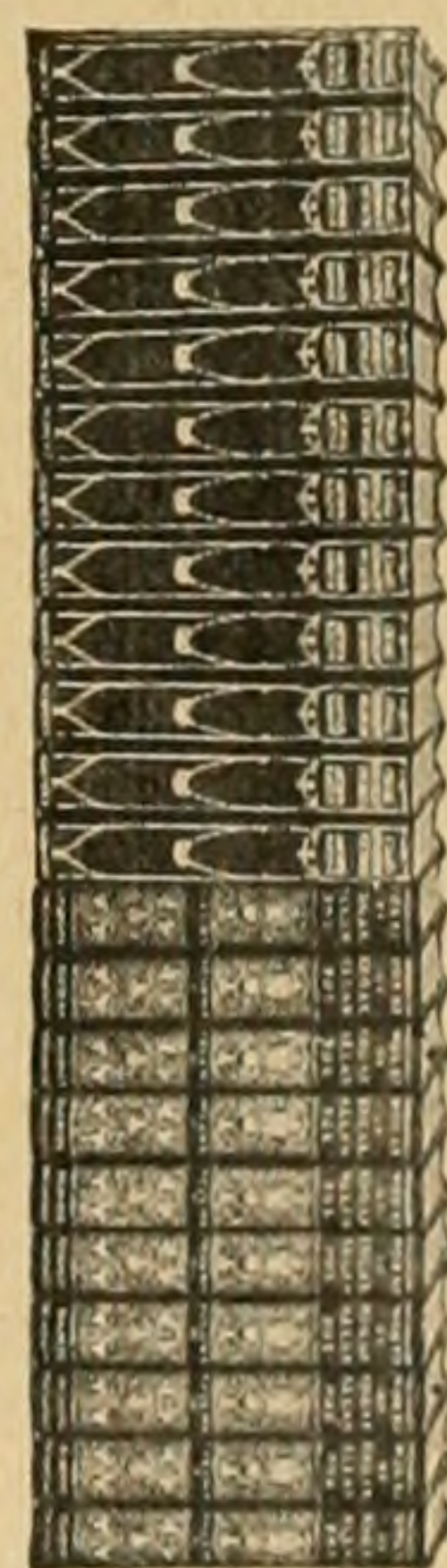
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black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....
Street..... Town.....
Co..... State.....

The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 101)

rather forget the hollowness of it all. We think you will like it.

Charlie Ray's final Paramount vehicle, "The Village Sleuth," will not add to his laurels. This, an original story by Agnes C. Johnston, is a trick melodrama. Ray plays a would-be detective who, while employed at a sanitarium, attempts to solve what appears to be a murder. Just as he seems to unravel the mystery, the "murdered" one returns. "The Village Sleuth" is an involved thing, told rapidly but loosely. It does not hold our interest in the least, despite Ray's usual byplay as the yokel sleuth. The director, Jerome Storm, too, does not seem to get a definite hold on the story, ridiculous tho it is.

It is our painful duty to record "Little Miss Rebellion," (Paramount), as another failure, despite the spontaneous Dorothy Gish. Harry Carr's original story, the pleasant hocus of a royal princess of some small European principality who falls in love with an American dough-boy, is lost in the direction. George Fawcett, the director, seems to have told the story in chunks—and then had considerable difficulty getting the chunks to fit. Result, a comedy which became a melodrama—and an exceedingly lame one at that. Even Miss Gish is lost.

We hand another medal to Harold Lloyd for his "Get Out and Get Under," (Pathé). We thought the humorous possibilities of the Ford car had been exhausted, but now we know better. Lloyd has not equaled his classic "High and Dizzy," (which was the funniest thing since Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms"), but he has succeeded in building a consistently funny farce.

The Talmadges had better look to their scenario departments. For instance, Constance Talmadge has just been miscast in "Good References," (First National), an original story by E. J. Rath, in which she plays a young secretary who gets a position in a wealthy home on fake credentials. Of course, she falls in love with the young man of the household and has to face the terrific emotional problem of confessing the fib.

Here Miss Talmadge is lifted away from her forte, light comedy, and dropped into a far-fetched semi-melodrama. R. William Neill, the director, probably did all he could with the story. He gives Miss Talmadge a new leading man, the boyish Vincent Coleman. Young Coleman seems rather artificial as yet and wears a fearfully theatric looking make-up.

THE IMPERISHABLE

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Death may take to him the painter,
But his works to us belong;
He may steal from us the singer,
But he cannot seize the song.

And, tho he may take the lives that
Hold our sum of joy, yet he
Cannot rob us of the largess
Of a single memory.



Every household should have a jar of Resinol

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The Movie Encyclopaedia

(Continued from page 103)

would the homely candidate have, now that the women are doing so much voting? I'm glad you think Nell Shipman is 100%.

ALICE M. S.—Write direct to the players.

ZZZ.—; IRENE'S STAUNCH ADMIRER; KITTY KELLY; VEREZY; HOUSE PETERS FAN—See above for your answers.

W. W. G. W.—No I never had corns. I always got the right size shoes. Freezone—you ask is it good—do we advertise it? See for yourself, anything we advertise is O. K. You're right, but when a man is compelled to eat his words, his appetite is quickly satisfied. I didn't call Owen Moore a poor simp—I said he played in "The Poor Simp."

JOYCE.—Jack Keane was Edward in "Black and White."

AL G. B.—There are different kinds of selfishness. In the intercourse of every-day life the friction produced by mere thoughtlessness is far greater than that caused by deliberate selfishness. Sarah Bernhardt was born in Paris in 1845. George Larkin played in "The Trey of Hearts" series. He is in Los Angeles now.

VIRGIL T.—Glad you like them, and hope you always will. You refer to Pope Adrian IV, who was by birth an Englishman, and the only one of that nation who has ever occupied the papal chair. Our editor's new son is named Virgil, and he's a wonder.

SANTA CLAUS.—But dont bristle up so. The country is not run on your opinion; other people have ideas too. When I die who is going to take my place? I dont know—that will be easy to fill. Send the old maid on—I'll get her a job in New York.

INQUISITIVE ED.—But remember, in love, as in everything else, experience is a physician who never comes until after the disorder is cured. Bert Lytell is on the coast, and married.

BO LA B.—Yes. Bill Rogers was on the stage. He was interviewed in Nov., 1918, issue of the CLASSIC.

ROMONA.—Dont believe all the scandal you hear. Those who live good lives are not afraid of the black hand of scandal. Scandal is the sport of its authors, the dread of fools, and the contempt of the wise. Ann Pennington is a brunette. She was born in Wilmington, Del., 1895, and educated there. She is on the stage dancing now.

MYRTA.—You want me to tell you more about myself. I cant tell you any more than that I am 79 years old, long white beard—after I use ivory soap—drink buttermilk, live in a hall room, and well, that's all there is, there is no more. Beatrice Dominguez is with Universal.

I. KNOWITALL.—You're probably the only one who thinks so. Some day run in, and we will go over that ancient history you speak about. I've got letters piled sky high here in front of me to answer.

KATHERINE S.—No, I dont file my letters when I finish with them. You bet, I read every letter I receive. You're very nice to say all those things about me.

ME, MYSELF & I.—You bet 2 cents I am not 79?—make it a nickel; you lose. No, there is no limit to the number of questions you may ask, but be reasonable—that's all I ask. Arline Pretty is five foot five and a half. Yes, William Russell is married to Helen Ferguson. You say if you ever get into pictures, you will take the name of Violet Ray. Here's hoping for Violet Ray.

JESSE FAULKNER.—So you are a lawyer. God bless you, but please keep away from here. I look upon the law as sort of mousetrap—easy to enter but hard to get out of. You say you look a lot like Wallace Reid. Why dont you get into pictures?

J. B.—Cecil de Mille is French.

JANE EYRE.—Richard Barthelmess is 25. Write him.

G. M. B.—Now, that the sweet season of the Sweet Buy and Buy is over, I hope that people will settle down to their normal way of living. Robert Warwick in "Secret Service." Write to the National Motion Picture Institute, 173 Duffield St., Brooklyn.

(One hundred and five)



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LIST OF SUBJECTS

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|---------------------|
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| Marguerite Clark | Francis X. Bushman | Alice Joyce |
| Douglas Fairbanks | Earle Williams | Vivian Martin |
| Charlie Chaplin | William Farnum | Pauline Frederick |
| William S. Hart | Charles Ray | Billie Burke |
| Wallace Reid | Norma Talmadge | Madge Kennedy |
| Pearl White | Constance Talmadge | Elsie Ferguson |
| Anita Stewart | Mary Miles Minter | Tom Moore |

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"Love's Redemption"

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Ask your exhibitor to book it so that you may see it at your theater.

All of the Final Honor Roll and *Winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest* appear in this photodrama, and, aside from this feature, the story is unusually powerful and beautifully played.

Following is the cast of characters:

Peggy Logan.....	Blanche McGarity	Broker.....	Joseph Murtaugh
Mike Logan.....	Dorian Romero	Billy Logan.....	Dorothy Taylor
Ralph Lane.....	Lynne M. Berry	Mrs. Sykes.....	Effie Palmer
Lucille Worth.....	Anetha Getwell	Mrs. Lane's Nurse.....	Bunty Manly
Mrs. Lane.....	Katherine Bassett	Bill Sykes.....	Alfred L. Rigali
Mrs. Worth.....	Octavia Handworth	Worth's Maid, Marie—	Erminie Gagnon
Detective.....	Wm. R. Tallmadge	Jewelry Clerk.....	Edward Chalmers
Edwin Markham.....	Edwin Markham	Doctor White.....	Charles Hammer
Hudson Maxim.....	Hudson Maxim	Another Doctor.....	Wm. White
Richard Worth.....	Arthur Tuthill	Rent Collector.....	Norbert Hammer
Mrs. Lane's Maid.....	Cecile Edwards	Worth's Butler.....	Carl Chalmers
Officer Kelly.....	Wm. Castro	Worth's Servant.....	Doris Doree
Officer Reilly.....	Ellsworth Jones	Worth's Housekeeper....	Mrs. F. Mayer
Officer Jones.....	Seymoure Panish	Police Captain.....	O. L. Langanke
The President.....	James J. McCabe	Pawnbroker.....	Jose Santo DeSegui
	The Poet's Little Friend.....		Ruth Higgins

Edwin Markham, the greatest of living poets and author of the immortal "The Man With the Hoe," makes his first appearance in this photodrama, and so do Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, and Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, Judge of the Municipal Traffic Court. The leading part is beautifully played by Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, who takes the part of a fifteen-year-old poor girl. Octavia Handworth, who was for years Crane Wilbur's leading lady, plays an important part, as also does Anetha Getwell, another of last year's contest.

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