

*America's Favorite Magazine of the Screen*

# PICTURE-PLAY

MAGAZINE

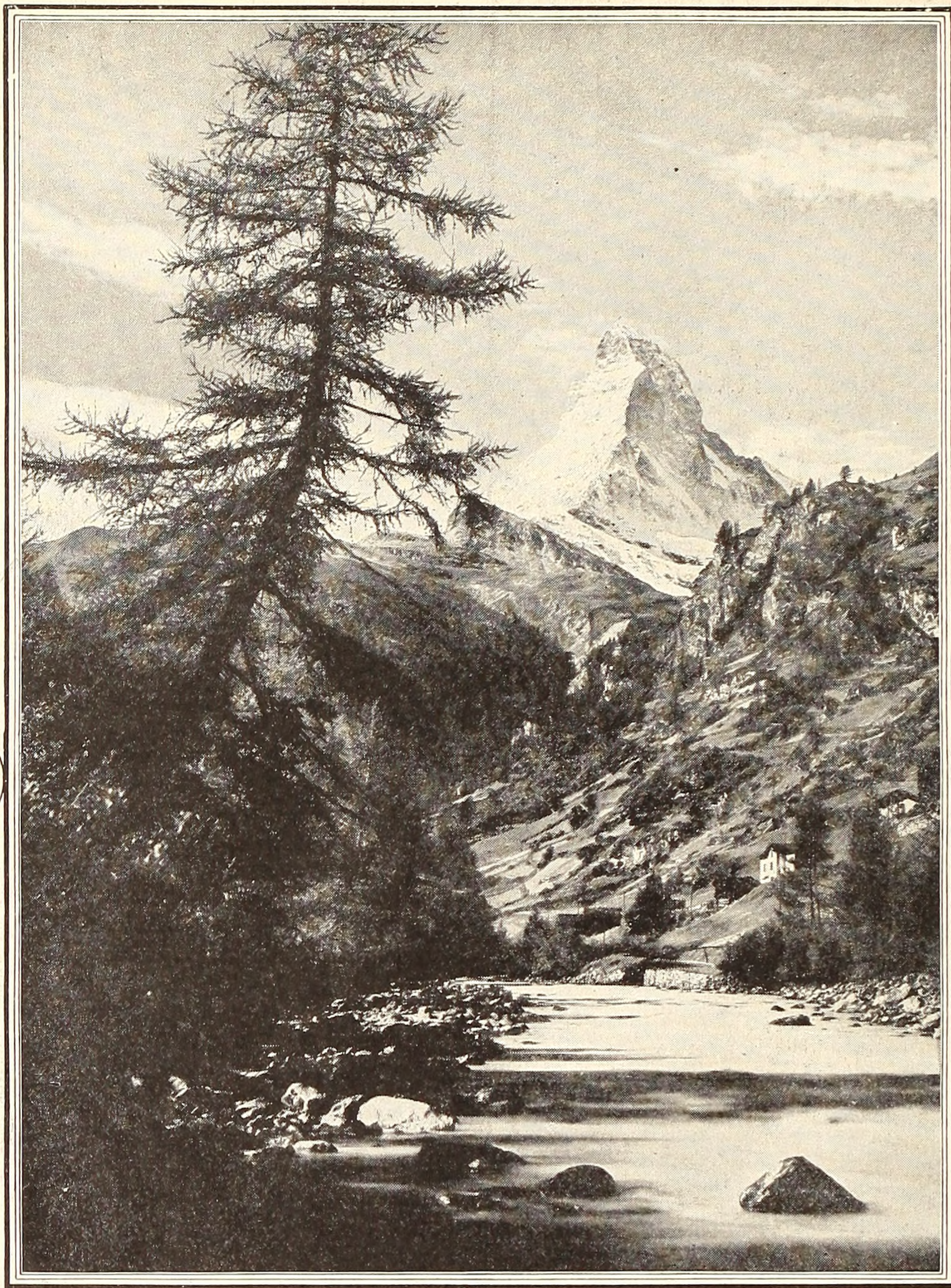
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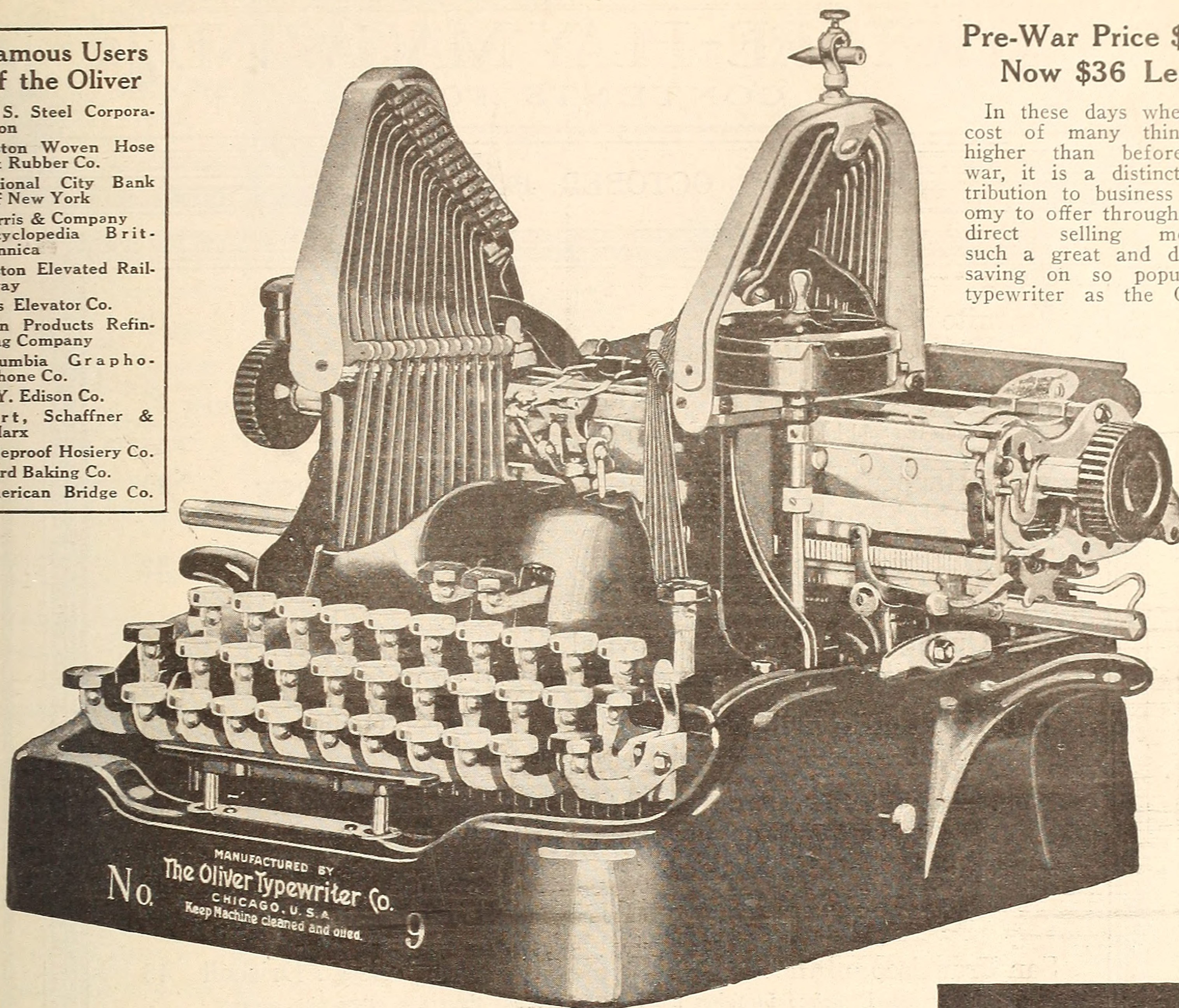
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# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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## The Sensation of the coming year!

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The account of his impression of the lady, which is quite as dazzling as her own dancing, will appear in our next issue.

That is but one of the many features which will appear in that number.

Others in preparation include:

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"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed. I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easy as I do. Any one with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His course did: I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one

hour, how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonyng, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

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My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous. VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

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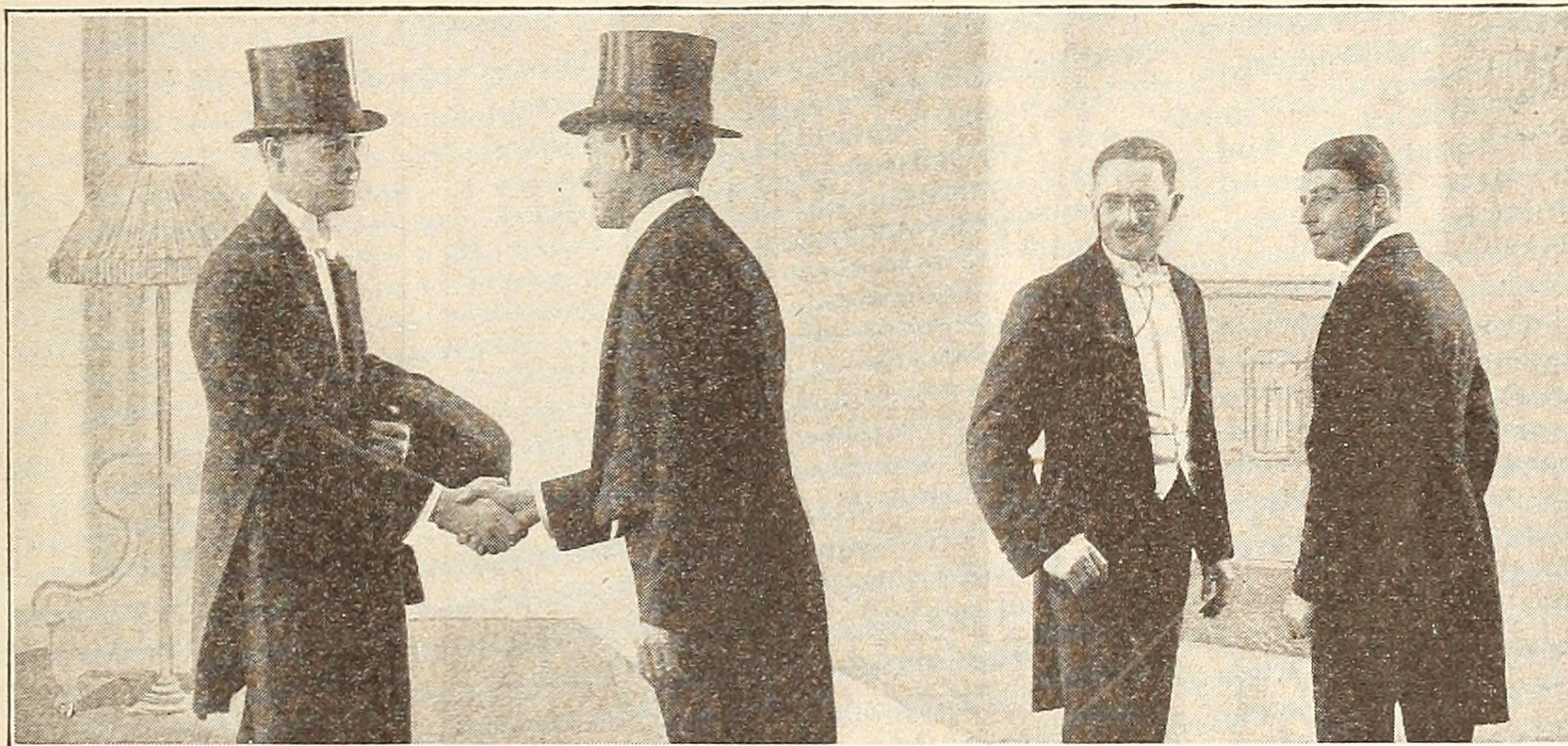
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"Of Course I Place You! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth course is priceless. I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who know things.

Now I can call up like a dash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth course will do wonders in your office.

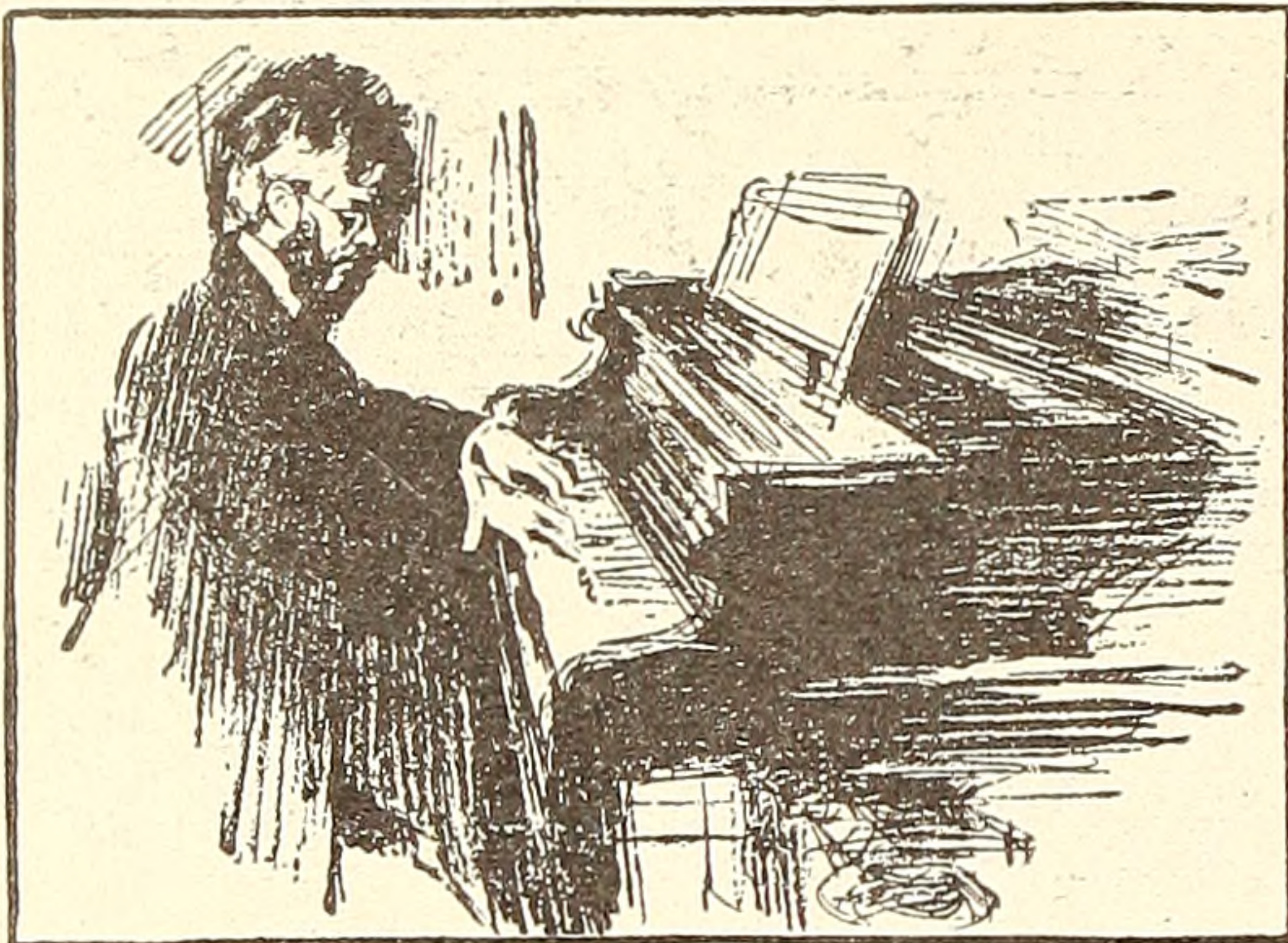
Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forgot that right now" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember," or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith?" Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:



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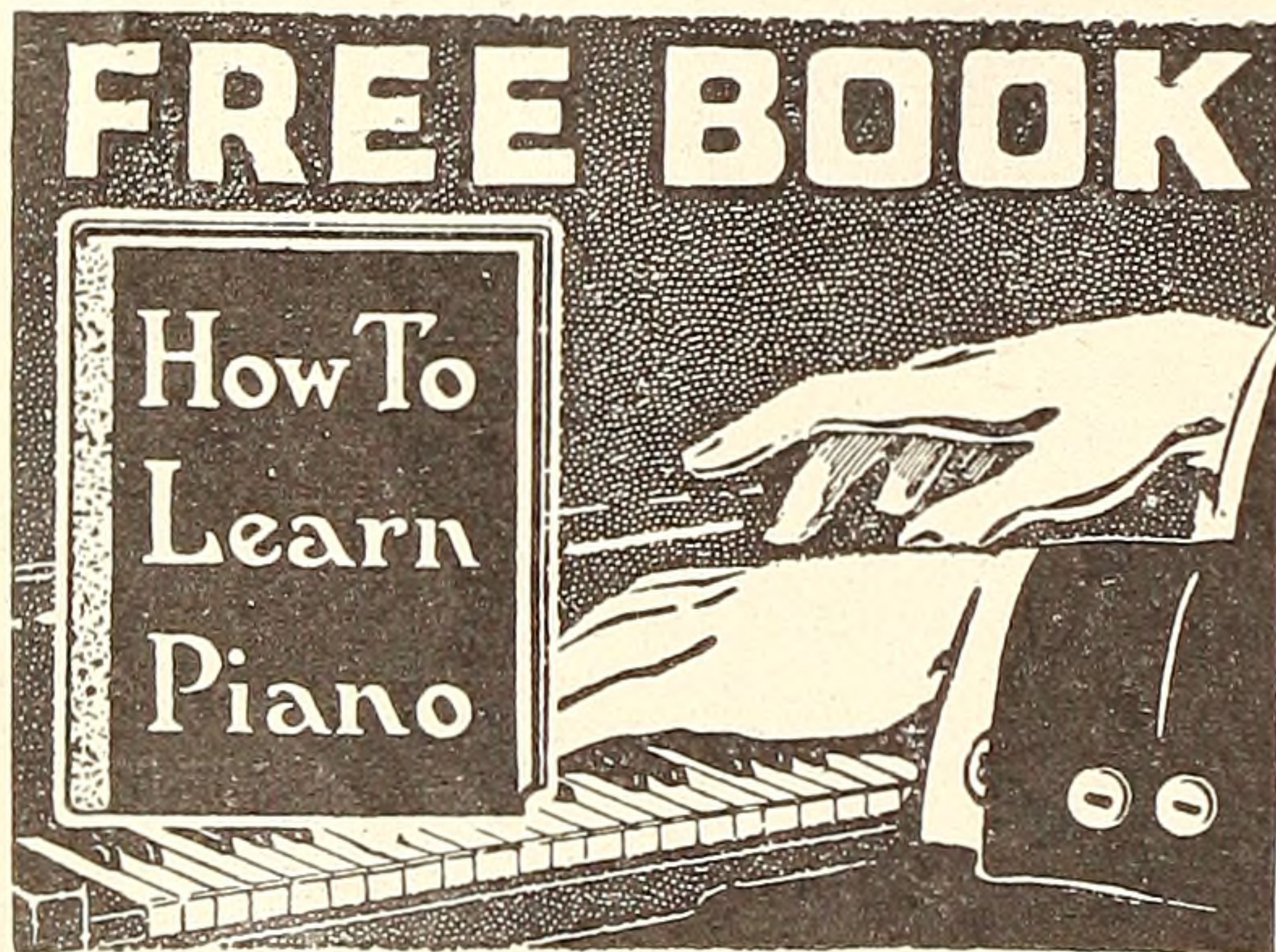


DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO

From the Famous Sketch by Schneider, Exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

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My Course is endorsed by distinguished musicians, who would not recommend any Course but the best. It is for beginners or experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied without extra charge. A diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."



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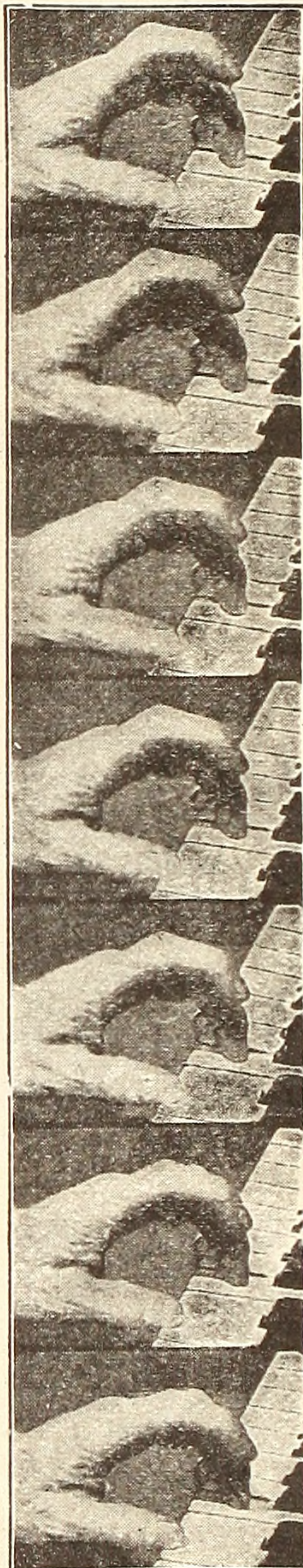
That my system is successful is proved by the fact that in 1891, when I first introduced my original method, I was nearly laughed out of business—yet, *now* I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have overcome this old-fogey prejudice and enlarged my school every year for over twenty-five years unless my teaching possessed REAL MERIT?

I'll teach you piano in *quarter* the usual time and at *quarter* the usual expense. To persons who have not previously heard of my method this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I have scores of students and graduates in every state in the Union who will gladly testify to its accuracy. Investigate without cost by sending for my 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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**T**HIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really *can* and simply *haven't found it out*? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can *tell* a story. Why can't most anybody *write* a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow

## LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

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"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System." -- HELEN KINDON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

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

sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes — you may laugh — but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

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

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

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

**L**ISTEN! A wonderful **FREE** book has recently been written on this very subject — a book that tells all about the Irving System — a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't *dream* they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's

own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you *ARE* a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to **WIN!**

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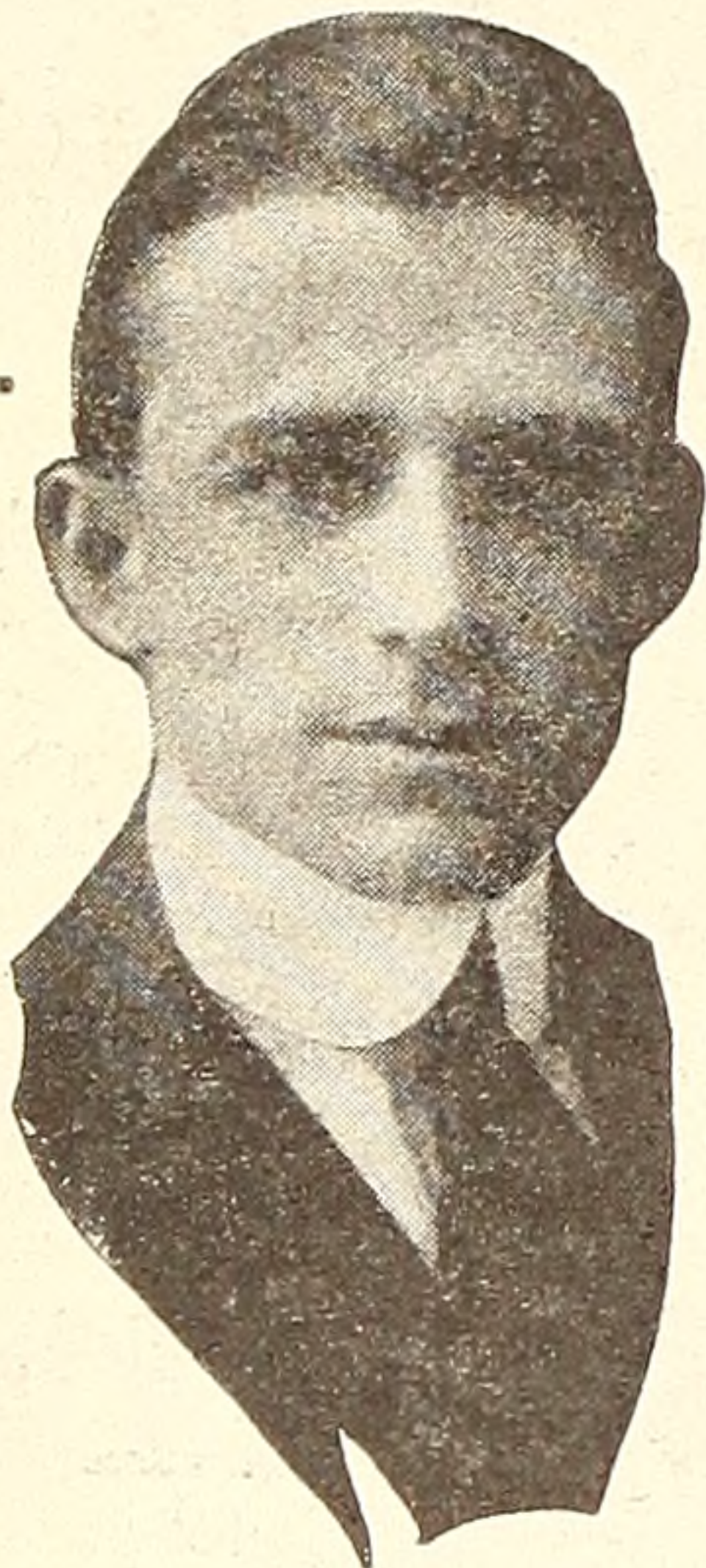
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# Want to Visit the Studio With the Most Famous American Humorist?



H. C. WITWER

The newspapers reported his death in July, but he denied the report next day over the telephone (not the ouija board) and a few days later he sent in the next of his side-splitting yarns about "The Camembert Film Company," which is exhibiting exclusively in PEOPLE'S.

Witwer is the highest-paid humorist in America to-day. His book of short stories called "Baseball to Boches" was the funniest and most popular war book ever written, and his new series of short stories—on movie maniacs this time—is even funnier and of special interest to all who go to the movies. Of course they will appear in book form later, at about \$1.75 per, but you can get them now in PEOPLE'S Favorite Magazine at only 25c a copy.

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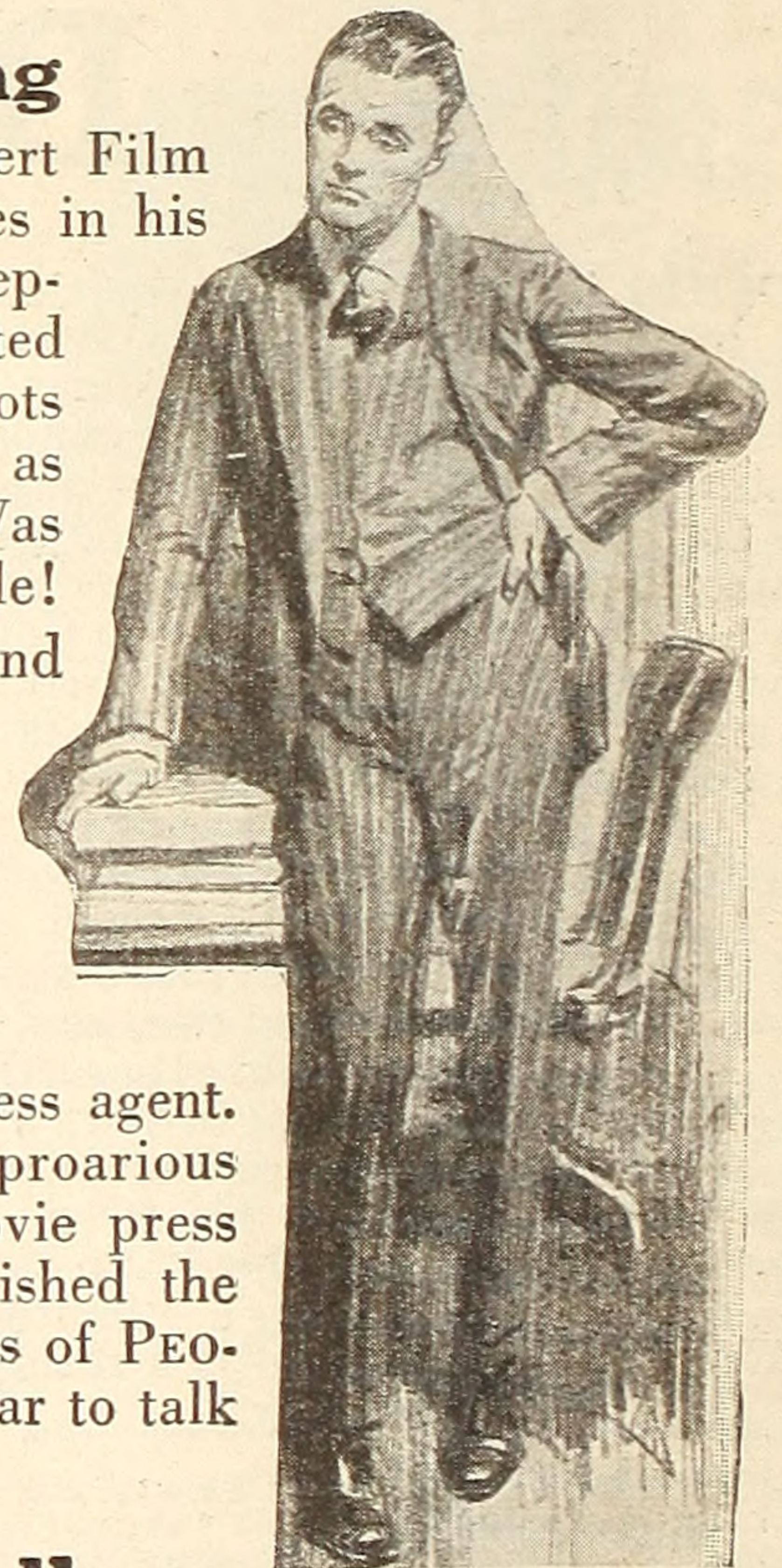
Then get *People's Magazine* for October—on sale September 10—and turn to the love affair of "Old King Coal Oil." You'll find a dozen rapid-fire giggles and three or four big laughs in every foot of it, and you will be laughing with, and sometimes at, real movie folk and the stage door hangers-on, for Witwer has been meddling with the movies himself lately and has run across some rare characters in and about—especially about—the studio.

## Introducing Beatrice Charming

"Since I been tearin' off publicity for the Camembert Film Company's collection of camera comets," Witwer confides in his October story in PEOPLE'S, "I have met considerable representatives of the speaker sex which was madly infatuated with themselves and was there to tell the world what riots they was. The boy screen dare-devils is not half as bad as the girls—they're twice as bad. Sweet Cookie! Was boostin' yourself ice, them guys wouldst be the north pole!"

"But Beatrice Charming copped the brown derby and made all them other babies look modest, shy, and retirin'. When it come to regardin' herself in a favorable light, it was a case of love at first sight, and I'll say she was head over heels! In her opinion, they had only been two real actresses since Eve—herself and Sarah Bernhardt, and Beatrice conceded Sarah second money."

Beatrice meets "Old King Coal Oil" through her press agent. Read the rest of the yarn in the October PEOPLE'S; it's uproarious—and, incidentally, if you don't already know why movie press agents hate their job, you'll find out before you've finished the story. With the rest of the series, to appear in later issues of PEOPLE'S, it will be one of the most amusing things of the year to talk over with movie fans and friends.



The Press Agent

## But That's Not All—

A few of the other big features and famous contributors in the October PEOPLE'S are: "George W. Perkins' Creed for a Rich Man," by Frederick Lawrence; "What It Means to be Broad," by Dr. Frank Crane; "Plolytics," the first of Hugh Fullerton's vivid stories of Chicago's Chinatown (they're as human and real as Burke's great story on which "Broken Blossoms" was founded); "If You're 70 Per Cent Well, You Are in Good Health; But it Takes More Than That to Give You Pep," an article by Dr. William Brady that is better than a doctor's prescription, and that includes his famous eleven exercises for acquiring health and personality; and "Getting Roosevelt to Talk About Himself," by Herman Hagedorn.

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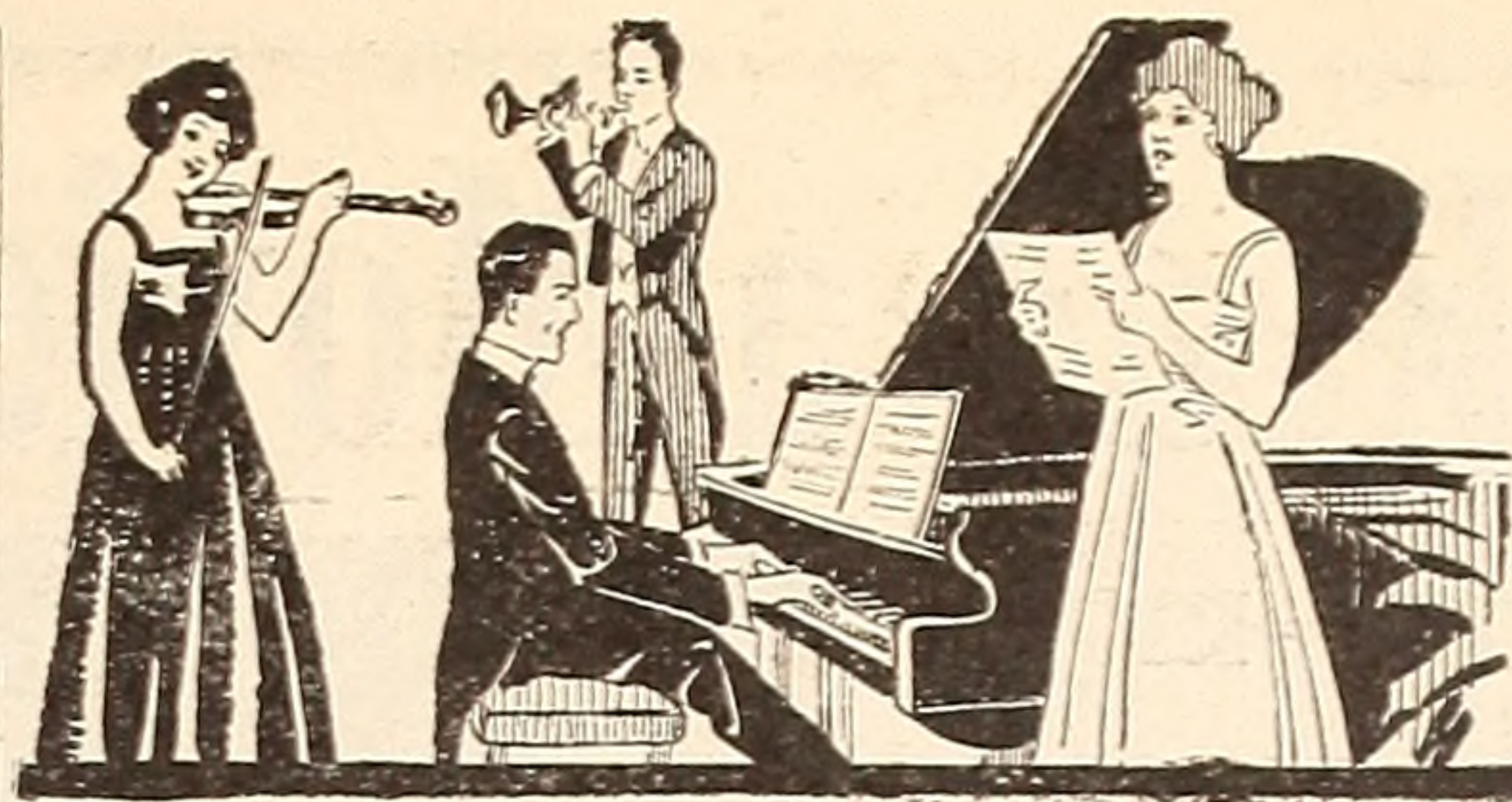
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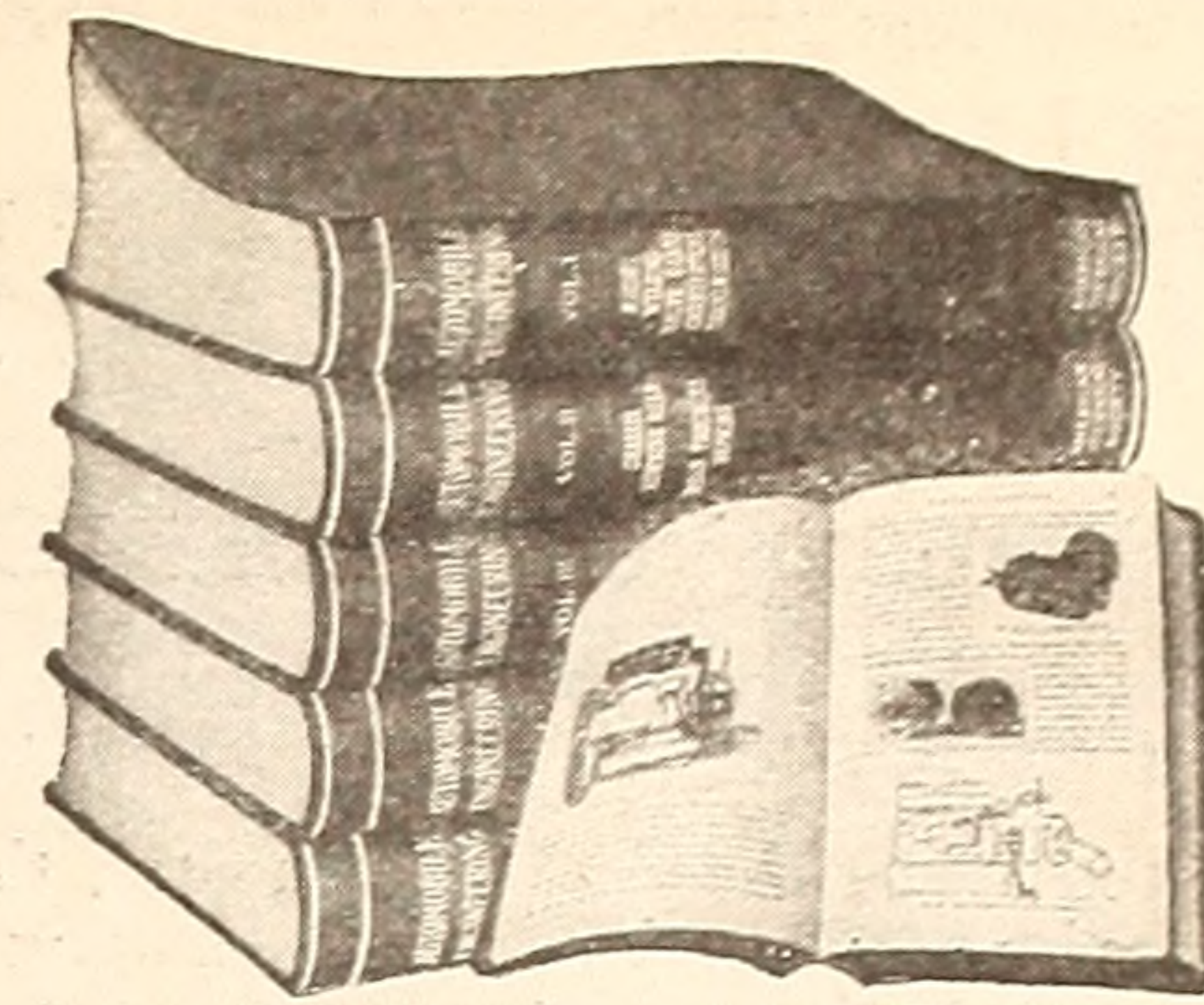
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# Why Do You Read a Movie Magazine?

Because you want to know more about the great world of the screen.

You sit in the darkened theater, thrilled with excitement, moved with deep feeling, or shaking with laughter, as you follow your favorite star through the adventures of the play.

And then, as you leave, comes the wish that you might know more about the *real* person who created that marvelous image on the screen, that you might come to know him—or her—intimately, as you know your own close friends.

Or, as you discuss the production, and questions begin to arise as to how some of these marvelous effects shown were produced, how some of the seemingly impossible feats were performed, you are conscious of a longing to be taken behind the scenes, to learn how it's all done.

You see the announcements of the forthcoming productions in which your favorite stars are to appear, and you wonder which ones are worth going to see, which ones you can't afford to miss.

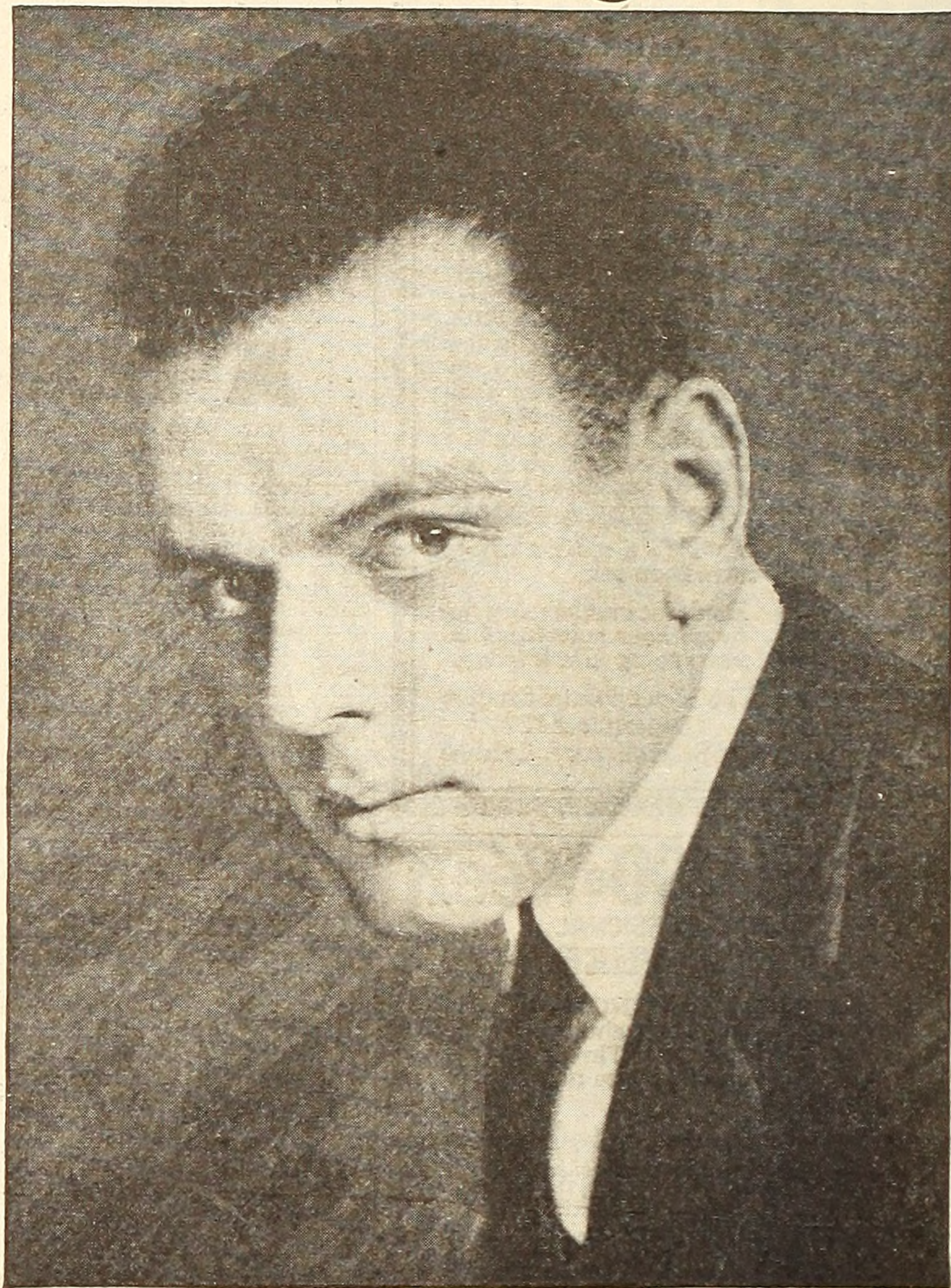
And it is because **PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE** answers these desires of yours better than any other publication that you are reading this very issue. Turn the pages and ask yourself if this is not so.

Did you ever come closer to a human being through a word picture than in the article which Emma-Lindsay Squier wrote about ZaSu Pitts—or the story on Nazimova in last month's issue—a story, by the way, which the great star said was the best one that had ever been written about her?

You wanted to be taken behind the scenes—well, here are two trips: "What Becomes of the Story" and "How a Movie City Is Built."

**But PICTURE-PLAY does even more.**

It gives you, more than any publication, a wide variety of subjects connected with the screen. It never fails to carry something of value in pointing the way to the thousands who wish some day to enter this great profession in some capacity. It offers you the opportunity of contributing to the most interesting and constructive department of ideas concerning the screen that is to be found anywhere, a department called "What the Fans Think."



Herbert Howe, who is to conduct his own department, beginning in the November issue. Photo by Hoover.

**And it has still more things in store.**

Among them will be Herbert Howe's own department of chat and news, gathered in and around Hollywood. If you read the article, "Come-On-In," in our September issue, you know how intimately Mr. Howe knows the life of the film folk. His department will reflect, in a bright and humorous manner, the little inside happenings of the colony. **Watch for this new department—you will be repaid for doing so.**

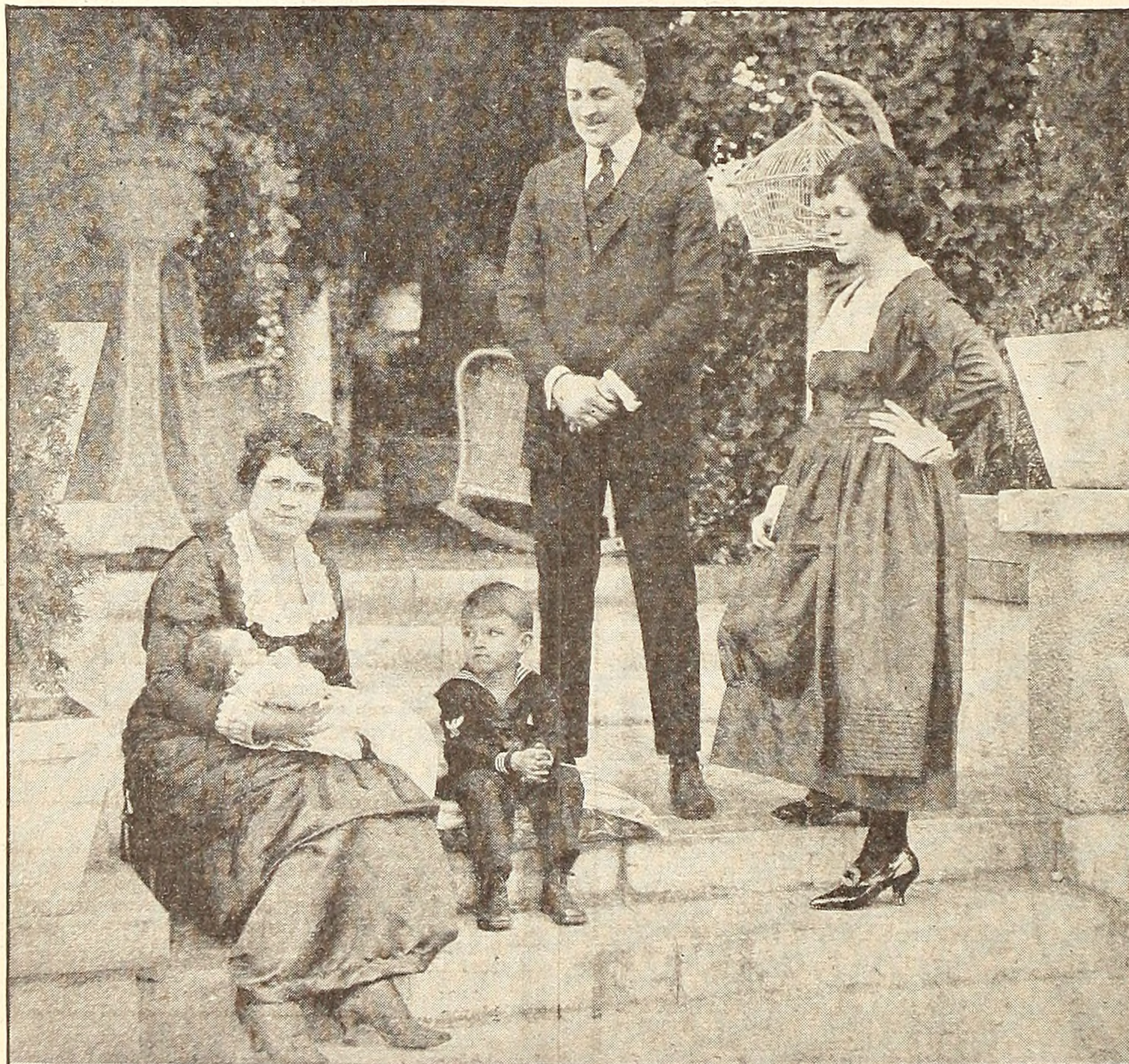
There will also appear, in our next issue, the first of a series of **GREAT LOVE STORIES OF FILMLAND**, written by Grace Kingsley. There is no one who knows as many stars as intimately as Miss Kingsley, and there is no one who can write more truly, more sympathetically about them, as you know if you have read the many stories which she has written for us—such, for example, as the one we printed last month, in which Bebe Daniels told about her first love affair—and her second.

This series will begin with the romance of Charles Ray and Clara Grant—a story which never before has been told, and one that will hold your interest from the first word to the last.

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Grace Kingsley and the Bryant Washburn family. The story of the Washburns' romance will appear as one of her series of great love stories of filmland.



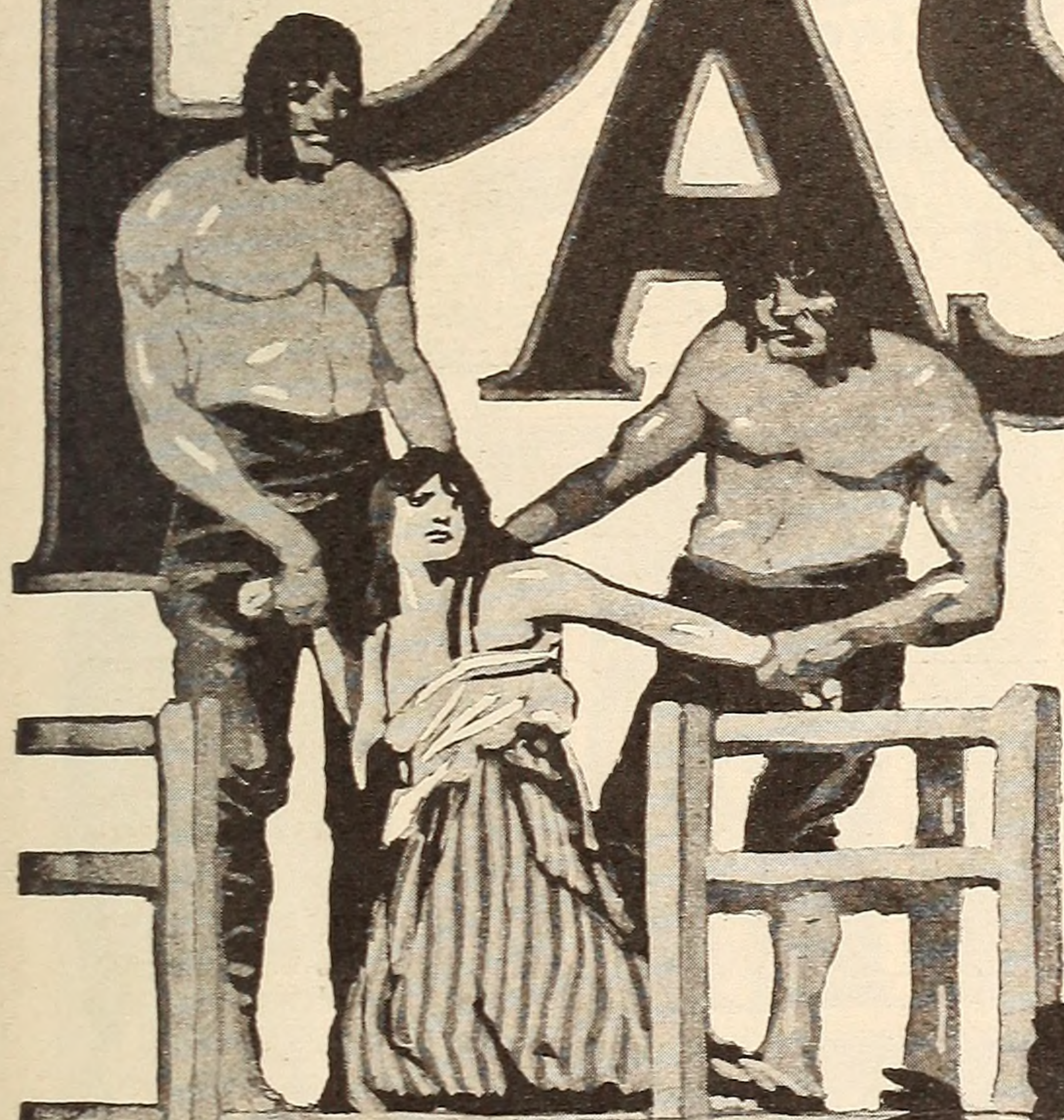
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TRUMPET ISLAND

TRUMPET ISLAND

ALBERT E. SMITH  
presents

# "TRUMPET ISLAND"

This picture, the biggest in the history of Vitagraph, is a magnificent and thrilling story of love and adventure, fashioned into form for the screen from one of those delightful and inimitable stories of Gouverneur Morris. The picturization was made by Lillian and George Randolph Chester and the master hand of Tom Terriss directed its making on a stage that had as its boundaries the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

Coupled with this effort to give it the very last touch of realism is an all-star cast, months spent in the making of it and an expenditure of more than a quarter of a million dollars. It is probably richer in spectacular value than any story ever transferred to the moving film.

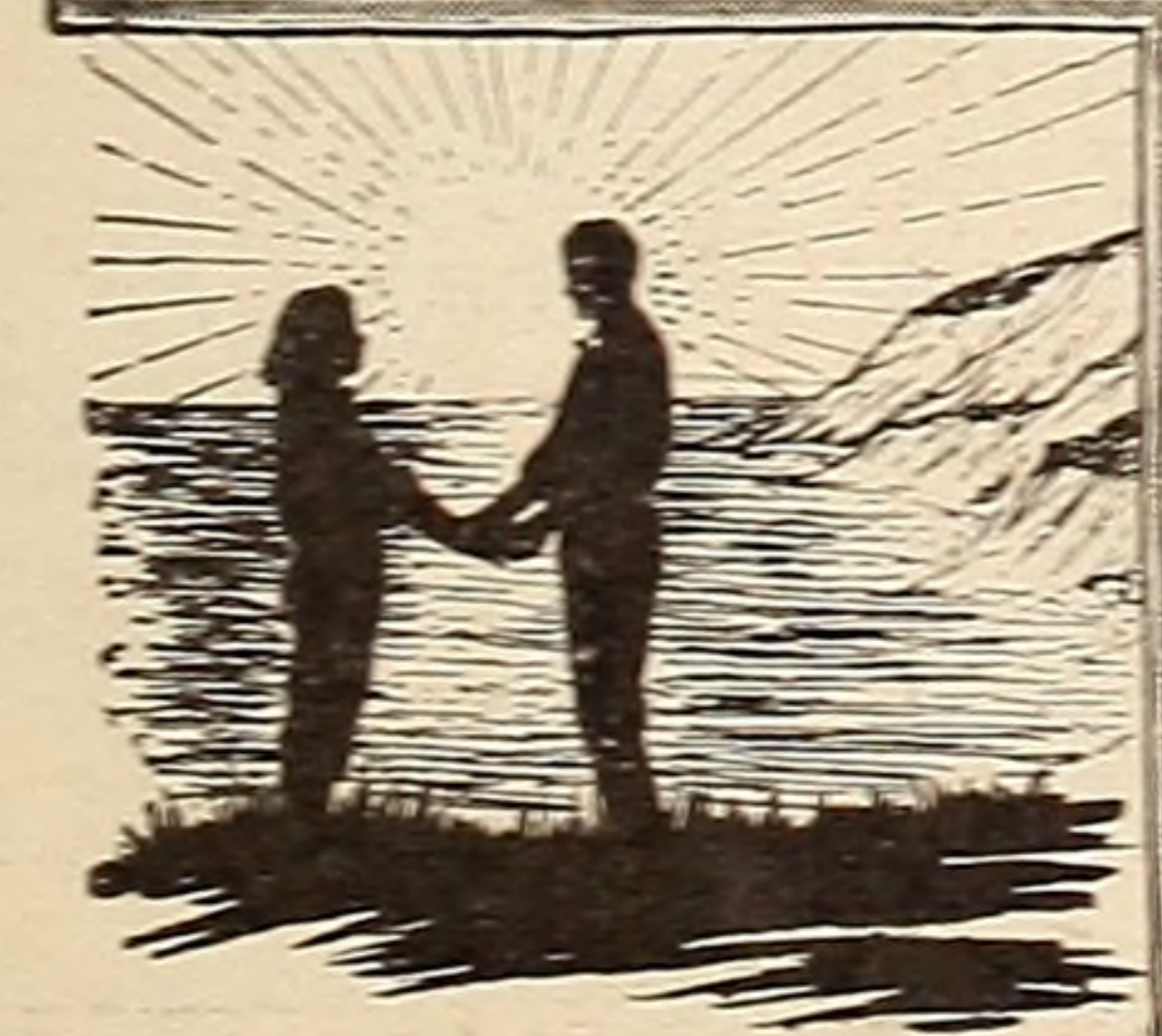
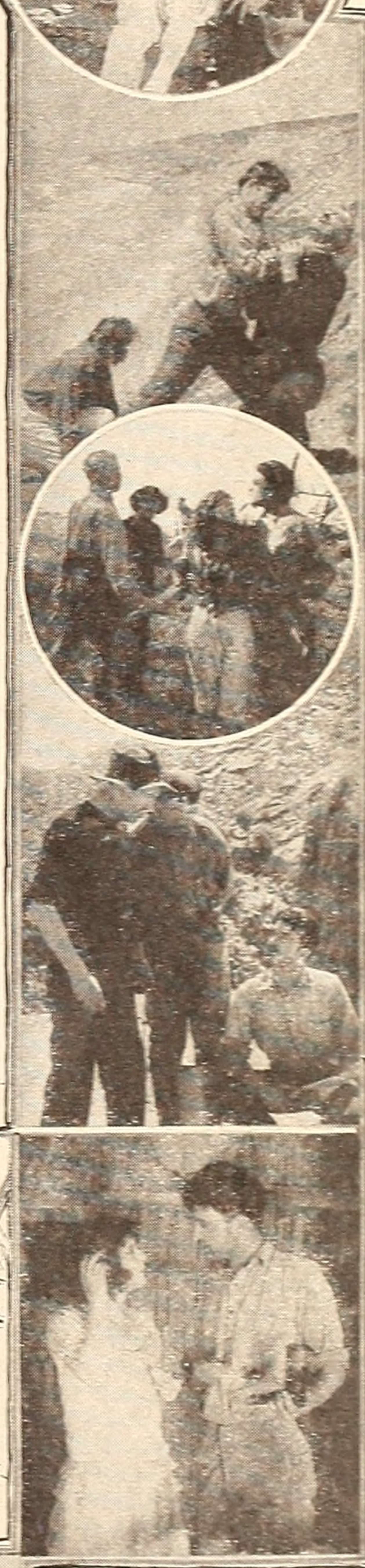
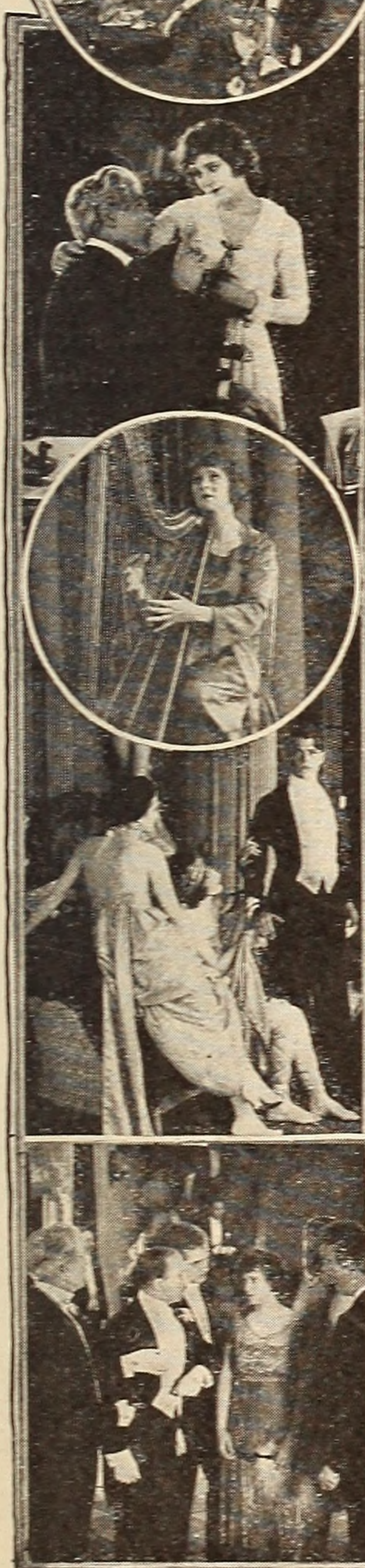
"Trumpet Island" tells the story of Richard Bedell, Eve le Merincourt and Valinsky, the human derelict. Bedell goes through a period of hardship and deprivation in which he can find neither work nor the hand of good fellowship. He becomes bitter and discouraged. Eve is taken from the quiet seclusion of a finishing school to wed a man she loathes. Valinsky, with a perfected invention for airplanes and starvation staring him in the face, cannot find anyone who will consider him seriously.

Thus these three travel the roads that Destiny has put them on—Bedell, the Stony Path seeking Success and Fame; Eve, the Road of Roses with its thorns and Valinsky, the Road of Mud and Muck. After many windings and twistings these three roads converge,

bringing happiness and content to Eve and Bedell, while Death looms for Valinsky at the end of his journey.

Bedell's metropolitan orgies—his dissipations resulting from a too-bountiful Luck and a hopeless Love—his trip to Trumpet Island to become a *man* once more—Eve's fateful marriage—the airplane honeymoon—the storm—the wreck—the meeting which results in the strangest, the most alluring love story ever told—from this point on, sensational levels are touched in the unfolding of the story of Trumpet Island.

A VITAGRAPH  
SUPER-FEATURE



TRUMPET ISLAND

TRUMPET ISLAND



# A New Art

## is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.



Dorothea Nourse  
Attributes her success as photoplay writer to the Palmer Plan.

For literary ability is not required—one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.

Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

Who hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try to write that better photoplay?

The thing to do is *act now*—begin today—learn how to put your ideas into the *proper form* for presentation to producers.

### The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the *arrangement* of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they *could* write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

### 5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplays plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still its fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from \$250 to \$3000 for successful *first attempts* by unknown writers. They must hold out these

inducements to *get the stories*, to *develop new writers into photoplaywrights*.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may *not* be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara

Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

### The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents *their* ideas of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism



Mrs. Caroline Sayre  
She wrote "Live Sparks" in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred.

by experts in all departments of the art. It is of university calibre in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

### A Feature of This Course

THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau to which producers come for photoplay-stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world, and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.



Paul Schofield  
A novice a year ago. Now earning \$10,000 a year as a scenario writer.

### A Free Book Worth Your Reading

IF you are seriously interested, send for free book which explains the course in detail. There is no obligation. Simply mail the coupon and completely satisfy yourself.

The demand for new writers is enormous, the field wide open, and the rewards greater and quicker than in any calling we know. Mail the coupon now. See what it brings to you. You'll be glad you took this action.

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PICTURE PLAY PLAYERS



**ERIC VON STROHEIM**

is putting on the screen the Monte Carlo he knew some years ago, when he was a dapper young army officer, and so scorned his present profession that he wouldn't be seen going into a motion-picture theater, no matter how great the provocation.





Hoover

**BESSIE LOVE**

is one of the few actresses most of us would be willing to see as *Little Nell* in "The Old Curiosity Shop," so a warm welcome was accorded her announcement that she would screen the Dickens masterpiece, possibly going to England to do so.





EVANS

### CLEO MADISON

is a favorite whose popularity is of long standing. Well known for her work on the stage before she went into pictures, she won the fans' hearts in the early days of the movies. Her most recent appearance is with Bert Lytell in "The Price of Redemption."





Edward Theyer Monroe

### CONSTANCE BINNEY

finds success irksome at times; she's played "39 East" so many times on the stage that she loathes it heartily, she told us, and now Realart wants her to make it for the movies. So, despite her feelings, you'll probably see it on the screen before long.





Ira Hill

### JUSTINE JOHNSON

is a famous beauty of whom you've doubtless heard much. Heretofore the stage has claimed her, but she recently signed up as a Realart star, and now her blue eyes and golden hair are daily being shot by the camera, with comedy drama as the background.





2008

### RUTH KING

is one of the reasons why even Mack Sennett comedies appeal to some highbrows. For photographic purposes we don't know of a better musician; never having heard her play, we don't know whether she plays as well as she looks at the piano or not.





Hoover

### ANN MAY

has been bucking up against family opinion for some time, insisting that she was meant by Fate to be an actress. The public agrees with Ann, vociferously. So does Charles Ray, who had her for his leading lady in "Paris Green" and "Peaceful Valley."





Abbe

### BETTY ROSS CLARK

has been voted "a comer" by those who know, and is living up to their opinion by putting her best foot foremost in such productions as "Romance," in which she looked as she does here. Her experience was gained in years of hard work with stock companies.



## ZaSu Goes Home

Every one who ever dreamed of some day achieving fame and fortune has thought, "And then *wouldn't* it be great to come back to the old home town and hear what folks would say!" ZaSu Pitts did just that, and this is the story of how the "old home town" received her.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

I WAS on my way to Santa Cruz for a week's vacation. I had changed cars from the luxurious Limited to a funny little jerkwater train that stopped amiably to let cows get off the track and waited while drummers bade their small-town sweethearts a lingering farewell. The conductor was a friendly old man who knew most of the passengers by their first names, and who paused at my seat to inquire hospitably if I was comfortable and if I liked the country.

"Goin' to Santa Cruz?" he asked conversationally, as the little train trundled placidly ahead. "Nice town," he volunteered; "lots of celebrities come from there. ZaSu Pitts is there now on a visit—she came up yesterday. She's a high-up fillum actress now, and they do say she gets a whopping lot of money——"

I knew ZaSu Pitts, and told the conductor so. He seemed much impressed, and when I told him the exact figures of the salary that ZaSu is to receive now that she is to be starred he blinked with amazement and no little pride.

"I knowed she'd do something big," he assured me. "She had it in her. Why, I mind the day—it seems like yesterday — when she boarded this very train to change cars for Los Angeles. That was four years ago—just sixteen she was then—a little mite of a thing, with big eyes and a little round hat set up on top of her head that was always sliding over on one ear. She had on a funny-looking suit, too, with sleeves that were too short, and her arms were full of bundles that kept dropping, first one and then another.

"I mind that I set down by her and she told me she was goin' to be a fillum star. Not a bit afraid—not her! She wa'n't pretty, either, and her arms and legs were awful long, but say, she *knowed* she was goin' to win out—and she's done it!

ZaSu leaned over the fence of her old home. "I used to have such a pretty garden," she said.



*She was kept talking and laughing every minute.*



went away, and say, she certainly looked nice. And she knowed me, too. Wasn't the least bit stuck up—asked about my wife and if our old dog was still alive—not a word about her being a star or makin' loads of money——"

The train stopped with a jerk.

"Cow on the track," explained the friendly conductor, and hurried away to assist Mrs. Cow to safety.

Santa Cruz, I found, was a sleepy, early California town set in a crescent around the blue waters of Monterey Bay. A town with funny, old-fashioned houses and a main street where hitching posts still survive and are used. Somehow it seemed just the place for ZaSu's home town and was like her in many ways; unpretentious but wholesome, possessed of a quaint, distinctive charm, entirely unsophisticated and perfectly contented with life.

I was registering at the St. George Hotel, preparatory to hunting up ZaSu, when suddenly, at my elbow, was ZaSu herself, her shade hat over one ear—her hats never *do* stay on straight—a brown braid of hair threat-





*"I certainly gave you a splurge in the paper," said the editor.*

ening to uncoil from around her ear, and her gray eyes looking larger than ever against the creamy oval of her face.

"You're coming right up to my room," she announced, taking the pen out of my hand. "I have twin beds in it, and I was wondering how I was going to use them both unless I took turns sleeping in each of them——"

It's perfectly useless to argue with ZaSu. I imagine casting directors found that out when they tried to discourage her from becoming a film star. Her wide, almost mournful, eyes belie the iron will that is behind them. So, in a few minutes more, my bags were deposited in her room, and we were chattering away for dear life trying to tell each other everything of interest in a single breath.

"I came up yesterday," ZaSu explained, as we curled up on our respective twin beds. "This is my first vacation since I started in pictures, and 'Roulie' and I"—Rouland is her eldest brother—"came up for a month. He is going to fish, and I'm going to rest until time for my first picture under my new contract.

"I've always dreamed of this," she sighed contentedly, stretching out her long, slender arms; "of coming back to my home town—I lived here twelve years you know, and went through high school; and of staying in the best room of the best hotel in town——"

There were hours of aimless but thrilling conversation. Then came brother Roulie,

*ZaSu's visit included a call on Mrs. Josephine McCracken, Mary Pickford's god-mother.*

with a string of fish, which were cooked especially for us at lunch, with a celebrity-worshipping waitress attentively near. Afterward, ZaSu volunteered to show me the sights of the town.

But it transpired that ZaSu herself was the main sight of the day. Old-time friends waylaid her at every step. She was kept talking and laughing every minute. Well, if here wasn't little ZaSu Pitts, home again! A real star now, wasn't she—well, they always knew she'd make the town famous—how was her ma, and wouldn't she come around and see the folks while she was in town? Then the questions would begin. How did she like being a movie star? How did it seem to be so famous? Did the old town look about the same?

There was the grocery man who hailed ZaSu delightedly. He recalled the day, four years ago, when she had come into his store to buy currants. She was in a great hurry, and was worried for fear she wouldn't have time to make the currants into jelly before leaving for Los Angeles to become a movie star.

Then there was the mistress of the dancing school, who beamed as she told ZaSu she hadn't changed a bit, and that she certainly used to be an imp of Satan!

"ZaSu was always up to some kind of mischief," she told me. "A regular Topsy she was.





I remember the day when her teacher was going to whip her, and she ran out of the building and down the hill with the teacher after her—ZaSu was laughing, fit to kill, she thought it was the biggest joke in the world.

"But bashful, say, she was the funniest girl—she couldn't bear to have a boy near her. She used to come to my dancing school, and if she could dance with the girls she was all right, but let a boy try to put his arm around her, and she'd wriggle away like an eel.

"Even when she took the lead in the high-school plays, she always tried to make them cut out the love scenes. And once when a boy wanted to carry her books home, ZaSu slammed them into his arms and said, 'Oh, all right, come on'—and stalked ahead of him, never letting him catch up with her or walk beside her."

We met the editor of the evening paper, a hardy old-timer who had come across the plains to Santa Cruz with an ox team, and who owns half the town. He was a perfect type of editor of the old school.

"ZaSu has certainly made us proud of her!" he boomed in his best oratorical style. "I always expected it, too. She took the lead in school exhibitions ever since she was a little girl, and whenever she came upon the stage, you knew at once that she was master of the situation!

"When they told me about the big salary you were to get from now on, I didn't believe it until I saw the contract," he continued apologetically, "but when I *did* see it, I certainly gave you a splurge in the paper!"

"You certainly did!"



Friends stopped her at every step. The lady holding the flowers was ZaSu's school-teacher who chased her down the hill.



Photo by Hoover

ZaSu was just a small-town girl, who was loved by friends and neighbors for herself alone.

agreed ZaSu gratefully, and I happen to know that of all the printed praise she has ever received, that item from her hometown paper was nearest and dearest to her heart.

We walked up the street to the Pitts homestead, where ZaSu had spent her childhood. It was a white, frame house, with bay windows, and the yard was overgrown with weeds and unkempt grass. ZaSu leaned over the fence and regarded it sadly.

"You'd never know by the way it looks now that I had one of the prettiest gardens in town," she sighed. "Raising flowers was my hobby, and I had them in little beds, all neatly arranged—one of the neighbors used to tease me by telling me the yard looked like a cemetery."

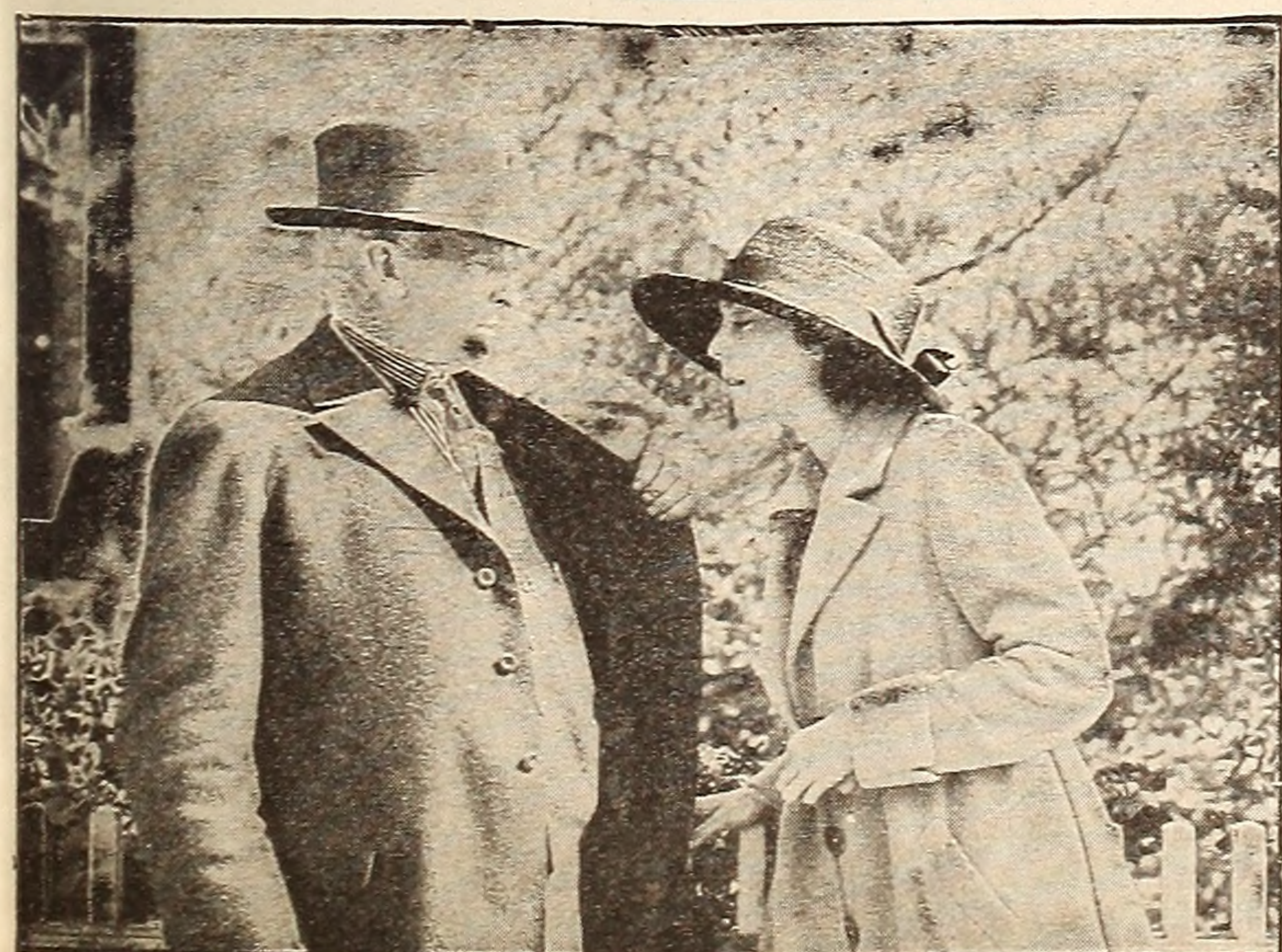
That night we went to the movies, and the proprietor of the theater

told ZaSu that he had booked every picture he could find in which she appeared, even for the briefest moment. When he advertised "The Little Princess," in which ZaSu had her first big part, he had featured her name instead of Mary Pickford's. Such is fame in one's home town.

We were two tired girls that night. ZaSu's progressive welcome-home reception had been rather strenuous for both of us. As I watched

A chat with the county sheriff.

Continued on page 91





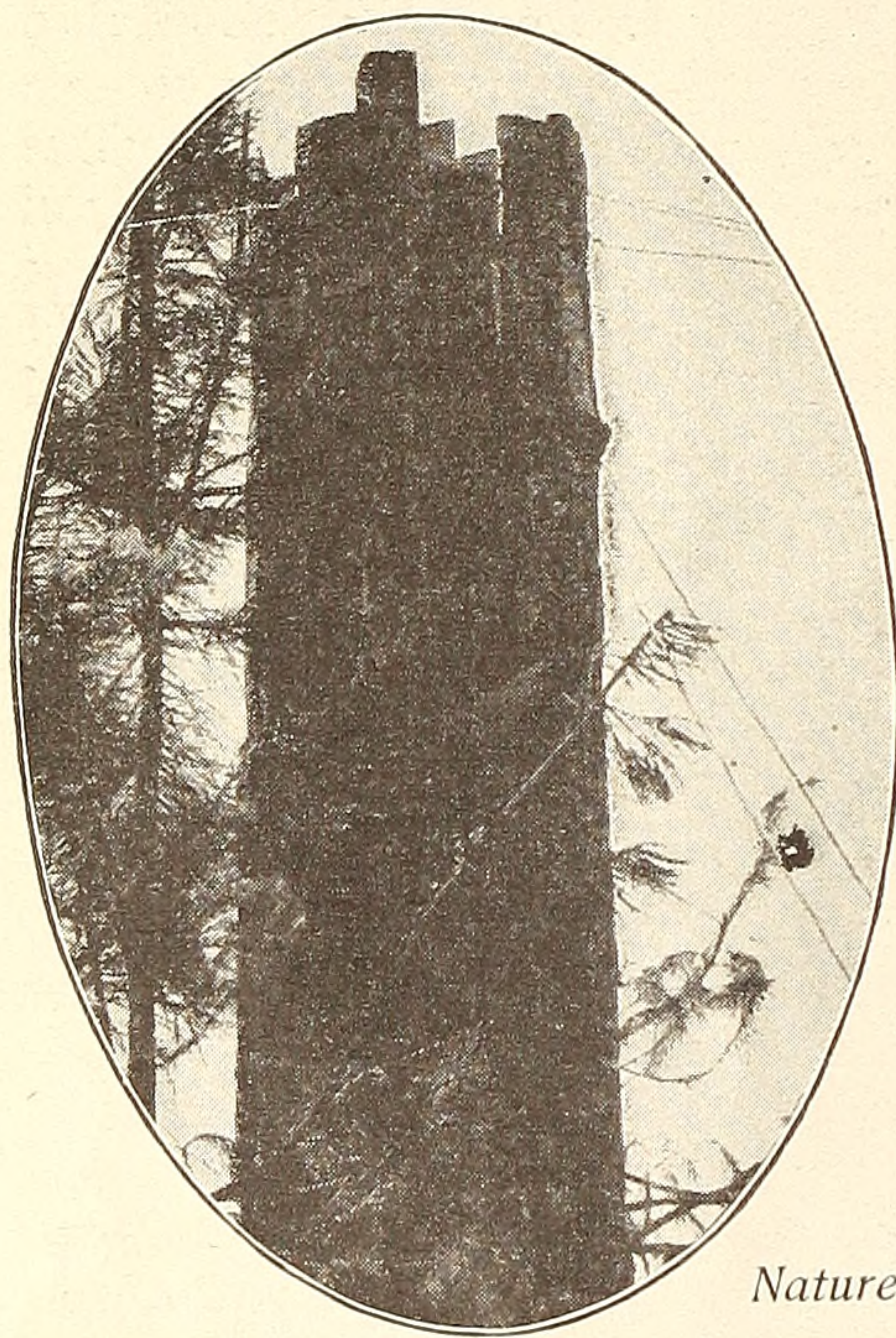
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# What Happens to the Story

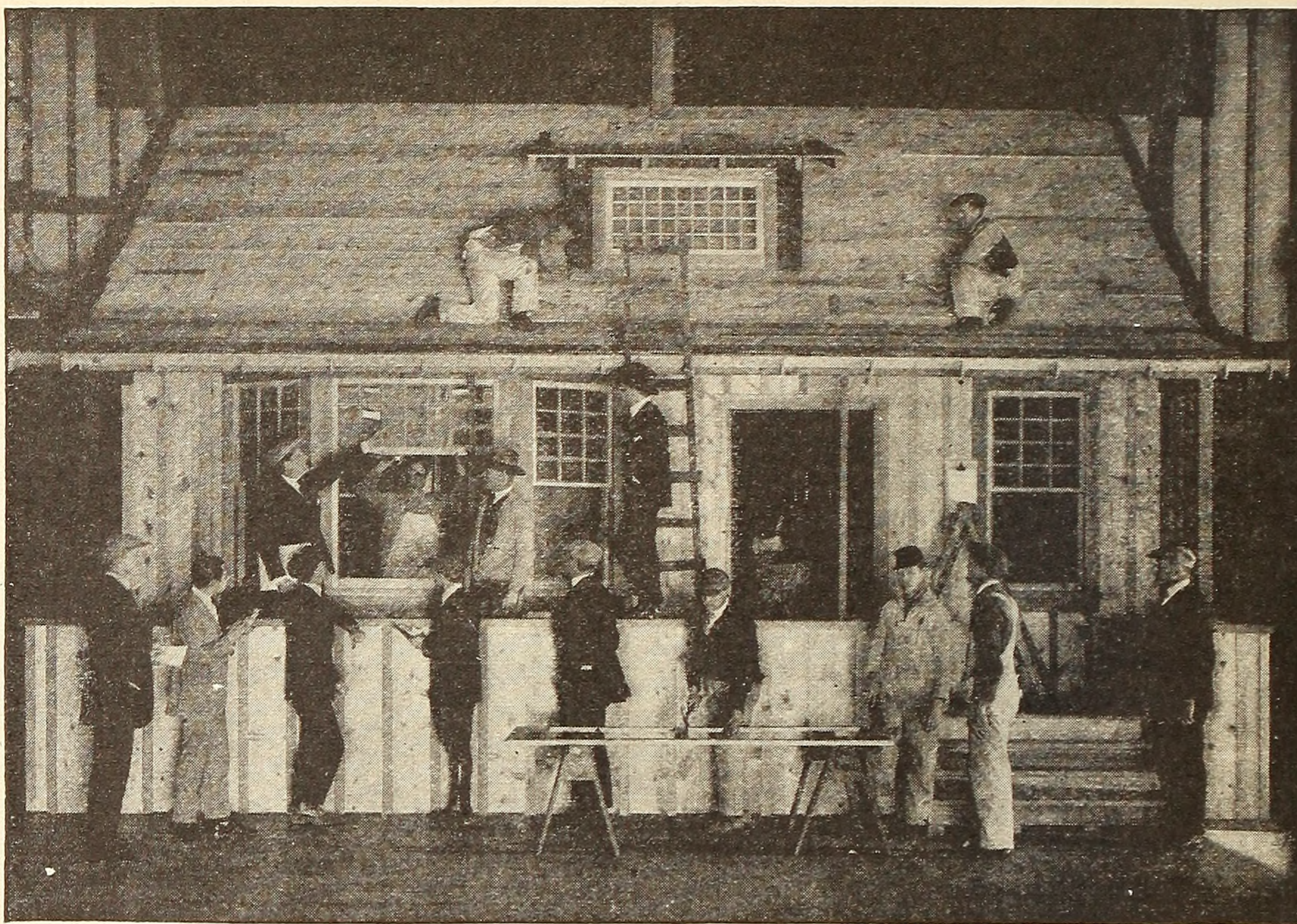
If you sold a scenario, here's what would happen to it.

By  
Hunt Stromberg

---



*Nature was denaturalized here.*



*The court of last resort has to pass judgment on all sets.*

**T**HERE'S a crackling splatter of light across the screen, and you see a giant tree struck by lightning, while the drums in the orchestra rumble, and peas are rattled in a can to simulate rain.

"Gosh! They can do anything in the movies now!" murmurs a man behind you. "Must have taken months to catch that. How do they do it!"

That same remark applies to a lot of other things you see on the screen. How do they catch a storm at sea, in which great liners are shown sweeping up to the crest of a wave and then hurled to watery depths? How do they go about making a picture, anyway—where do they begin?

It's interesting to watch the progress of a scenario through the studio, just

*Even big sets like these are used for but one picture.*





as engrossing as it is to step behind the scenes and see how nature is denaturalized, so to speak, and the fury of a storm depicted right on the studio lot. By visiting the Thomas H. Ince studio recently I learned something about this mysterious journey, and, incidentally, about some of the tricks that make picture-making what it is.

When a story is accepted for production, twelve copies of the continuity—the specially written version of the story, in which it is divided into scenes—are made and distributed among the departments concerned in the making of the picture. The heads of these departments and their assistants must become familiar with it and its general requirements, and everybody, regardless of rank or office, is asked to submit ideas and suggestions to the director assigned to the picture. This is one reason why the very best place to learn to write for the screen is from a job inside the studio.

The casting director then selects the players who are to surround the star; sometimes two candidates, possibly three or four, are chosen for every rôle, each is tried out, and finally one is selected. Meanwhile the director and his assistant, the technical and art directors, and the stage manager get together in the office of the production manager to arrange a definite schedule for the construction and placement of all sets for the picture.

With this schedule completed, the art director makes

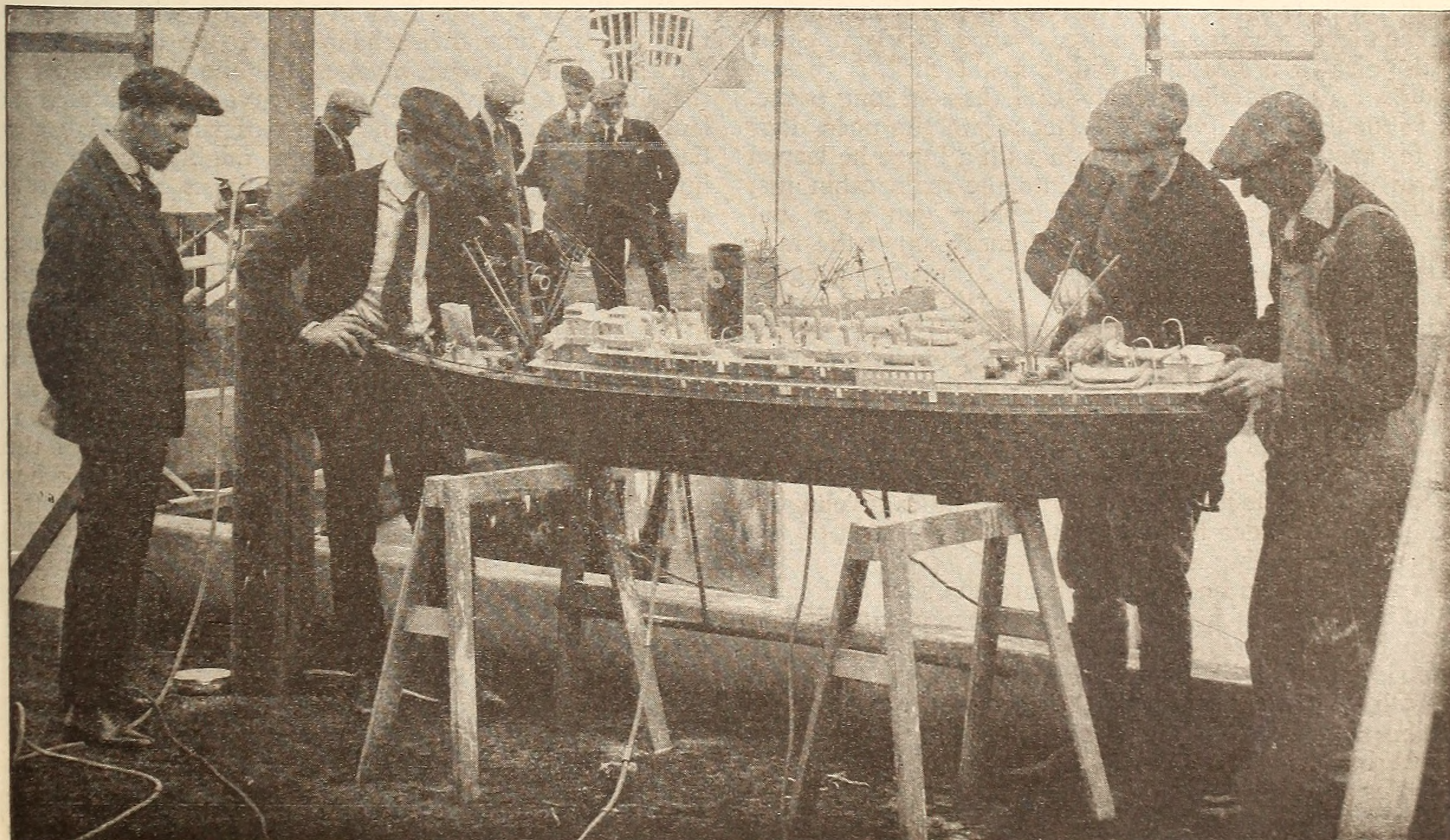
*It would be impracticable to wreck an ocean liner, so miniature models are used for shipwreck scenes.*



*Here's the cabin shown on the opposite page, plus a studio snowstorm.*

and submits to the director rough sketches for these sets; the director must stretch his imagination and make sure that such sets are in strict accordance with the action and "atmosphere" of the story—every detail must fit in perfectly with the general feeling of the story. For example, when a recent picture of Enid Bennett's, "The False Road," was in preparation, it was necessary to get sun-baked lumber, and, in the studio, build the "little cabin around the foothills" called for in the story. Wintry scenery and a realistic snowstorm also had to be created; cotton batting, tinsel, bits of snow-white paper, and a special fluid whose formula the studios will not divulge, produced the proper effect.

*Continued on page 82*





# The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*

It took a desperate fight with a rebellious crew on the ship that carried his sweetheart to make Dick Sommers realize that he was "a real salt son of an old salt father."

By Samuel Hartman

JOHN PIKE thoughtfully paced the clean, white, moonlit deck of the *Elsinore* as she lay against the dock in San Francisco. From somewhere aft came the occasional light laughter of Margaret West, where she and Dick Sommers sat in the shadows. It was a wonderful night, the air wet with the sea and the high sky clear with stars. Perhaps the boy would come out all right, after all, was the burden of John Pike's thought as he looked down over the rail deep into darkened waters. If they could only get him to sea on a long voyage with Margaret! He smiled sadly. He honestly wanted her to have Dick if she loved him—but he wanted the boy to be worthy. He wanted Dick to be a man—his kind of a man.

Slowly he sauntered to his cabin, peeled off his coat, and with a full, glowing pipe settled himself comfortably in his bunk for a quiet hour of reading before he went to sleep. Once he almost dozed off, but jerked himself suddenly awake, a trick acquired from the long habit of a first mate's responsibility at sea. The *Elsinore* gently snuggled in her berth as she settled with the falling tide. The hawsers creaked as they tightened and slackened on the friction-polished hawser posts of the dock. Ferryboats all alight slipped noiselessly back and forth across the bay—a sturdy tug whistled hoarsely as she lumbered toward Oakland, lashed to the gloomy side of a great barge loaded with freight cars. Then out of the distant noises of the night came another noise, strange, different, close. The noise of a stealthy tread, a metal click, a ghostly shuffle, a dull, jarring thump—and then—a long pause.

Suddenly alert, John Pike stepped to the open door of his cabin and listened. Then with a lunge he leaped down the companionway and into the main cabin just in time to see a man with a smoking gun as a shot crashed out. And as he threw himself upon the man with the gun he was dimly aware of the sinking figure of Captain Sommers in an open doorway. Then came the sound of running feet overhead—dully he regretted that Jason West was so old, he would have been a great help in his day—and he cursed softly because the big, hard-fighting second mate had shore leave for the night. But the man in his arms was a small one. He crushed him easily, smashing his great fist repeatedly into the lean, snarling face, and flung the frantically clinging body free in order to meet unhindered the rush of the other, who was big and powerful.

The watchman on the dock heard the shot and came running, blowing his whistle as he came, and in less than three minutes two husky policemen leaped over the side and added a convincing finish to the battle.

"Oh, you rat!" said Tim O'Reilly of the dock squad as he shook his victim between his two great hands. "I've been lookin' for yuh, yuh one-eyed rat! It's murder and robbery both this time, and a thousand years you'll get, and maybe a hangin', too!"



## "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*"

Written from the Metro picture which was adapted from Jack London's novel by the same title, and played by the following cast:

John Pike.....	Mitchell Lewis
Margaret West.....	Helen Ferguson
Dick Sommers.....	Casson Ferguson
The Rat.....	William V. Mong
Captain Sommers...	Nowal MacGregor

But John Pike turned away from the scene of battle. The shot had brought Margaret and Dick, and they knelt at the side of the wounded captain. Some one went for a doctor, but it was useless, for Captain Sommers was dying. John Pike could see that as he bent gently over him. His captain that he had sailed the seas with for so many years!

"It's all right, John," murmured Captain Sommers with a little smile, patting Margaret's hand. "You'll sail the *Elsinore* with Jason West and help take care of Margaret."

His fading glance traveled to the grief-stricken face of his son for a moment. "And the boy, John. Make a man out of Dick. He's a good boy—I think he means to be—but—but somehow he's not the man I'd have him. Not a sailorman, John. Promise me you'll make—a—a sailorman out of—!" And Captain Sommers died with John Pike's solemn promise in his heart.

It was a wild night in Frisco, the night Dick Sommers was born. A southeast gale lashed the coast with

the mightiest storm of the decade. In San Francisco the twisting blow swept over the town with threatening fierceness, tumbling chimneys and shattering glass, booming relentlessly along at ninety miles an hour.

In the saloons along the water front wise men of the sea listened to the roar of the storm with no regret that for the time theirs happened to be a land berth during a lull between voyages. While the women of the sea, those brave things who give up their men to long uncertain voyages, the safety of whose loved ones lies in the siren whimsies of the mighty ocean, they huddled in their shabby little cottages with terror-stricken eyes and forgot to pray.

One of these was Dick Sommers' mother, a young girl facing the vast outer darkness that a life might be, crouching in the shadows of death, with the din of the storm in her soul and a desperate dread and fear of the sea in her heart. A sad little sea-wife, only a child whose sailorman had been six long, lonely months from home. Month after month the girl-wife of Nathaniel Sommers had been pursued by that fear of the sea, that fear and dread for her man, and now her great hour had come, had come in his absence, in the midst of a crashing storm. It was too much. The battle of fear and the battle of life were too much for her, and she slipped out on the ebb tide of the storm with the tired sigh of a beaten angel, leaving a small son for Nathaniel Sommers to father when he returned from his voyage.

But if Nathaniel Sommers had transmitted the spirit of the sea to his son Dick, there was little evidence of it when the boy grew up. He hated the sea and the ships of the sea. He hated the long voyages, monotonous and deadly. He hated the storm and the calm,



the flapping of the sail and the dank, wet smell of a brine-soaked deck. All those things that were the breath of life to his sea-dog parent were distasteful to him, and there came a time when years of growing dread brought the conviction to the father's heart that the son of Captain Sommers was a coward! With kindness and patience the old man tried to school his boy to love the sea, without result. He had prospered, had Captain Sommers. Together with his friend Jason West, he owned and sailed the *Elsinore*, with which they traveled the seas of the Orient and brought rich cargoes into San Francisco. And foolishly and fondly they planned for the children, for Jason West had a daughter, a lovely dark-eyed thing who loved the sea as much as Dick Sommers hated it. Dick almost loved Margaret—all except that! She almost lived on the *Elsinore* with her father, hardly ever missed a voyage, while Dick stayed ashore in idleness.

His father had plenty of money, he argued to himself. The old man went to sea because he loved it, not because he had to. Why should he, Dick Sommers, spend his life on the smelly old *Elsinore* in the sun and rain and stuffy cabin when the luxury of his home ashore was so alluring! And so, stubbornly, he refused to yield to the hopes and plans of his father—while the bluff, kindly captain grieved over the son who was a coward. A Sommers who was afraid of the sea! His own son, with the salt of the sea in his veins!

But Dick was young, full of the zest of living. He had his friends and his interests ashore. His habits and associates had no approval in the eyes of Captain Sommers and Jason West. And John Pike, the privileged first mate of the *Elsinore*, loving the boy as he loved the boy's father, tried with all his great, clumsy sincerity to win Dick over to the love of the sea. For not to love the sea was as much a crime in the sight of John Pike as to lack devotion to Margaret West.

He had loved both Margaret and Dick as children. He loved them both now, differently, even though he would not admit it even to himself. But Margaret was a live, flesh-and-blood woman, and John Pike looked on her with great, sad eyes, for he knew that she was not for him. And yet—he was not so old! Old on the sea, yes—but in age not so old. Thirty-five is not old—and yet it seems old to one of twenty. But there were times when Margaret smiled up at him in a certain way that made him wish for ten lost years back again—and there were other times when he wished he could make a man out of Dick—a real man—a sailorman who would be worthy of her.

In spite of life and death ships must sail the seas, and after Captain Sommers had been buried, the *Elsinore* was cargoes and slipped her hawsers for Hongkong.

Dick said good-by to Margaret and her father with a clutch of sadness in his throat.

*John Pike looked on her with great, sad eyes, for he knew that she was not for him.*

"I wish ye was goin' *with* us, boy," said the first mate seriously.

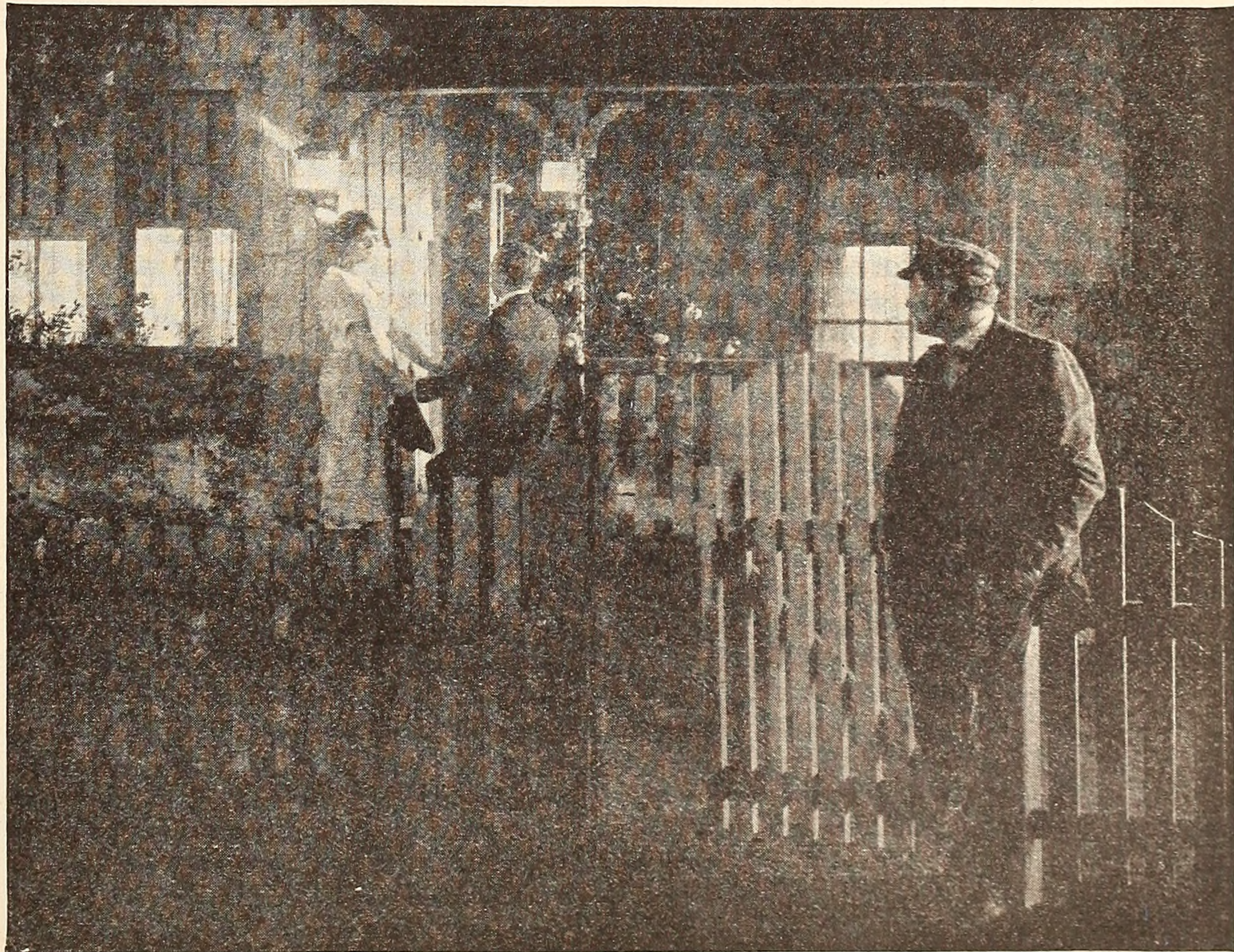
"Not this time, John. Maybe in the spring," half promised Dick.

And with the spring came the return of the *Elsinore* from an exceptionally successful voyage, but to the disappointment of Margaret and John Pike, Dick made no plans to sail with her when she was ready to go to sea again. He had spent very little time with them during their stay in port. Margaret was heart-broken over his neglect, but John Pike was so busy with the loading and the details of clearing, and was so taken up with the difficulties of getting a crew, that he failed to notice it. The crew problem had bothered him considerably. His second mate had qualified for a first mate's berth and had been taken on by another master, and the motley crew that came aboard the *Elsinore*, sent by a berthing agent, was quite the worst lot that had ever manned her.

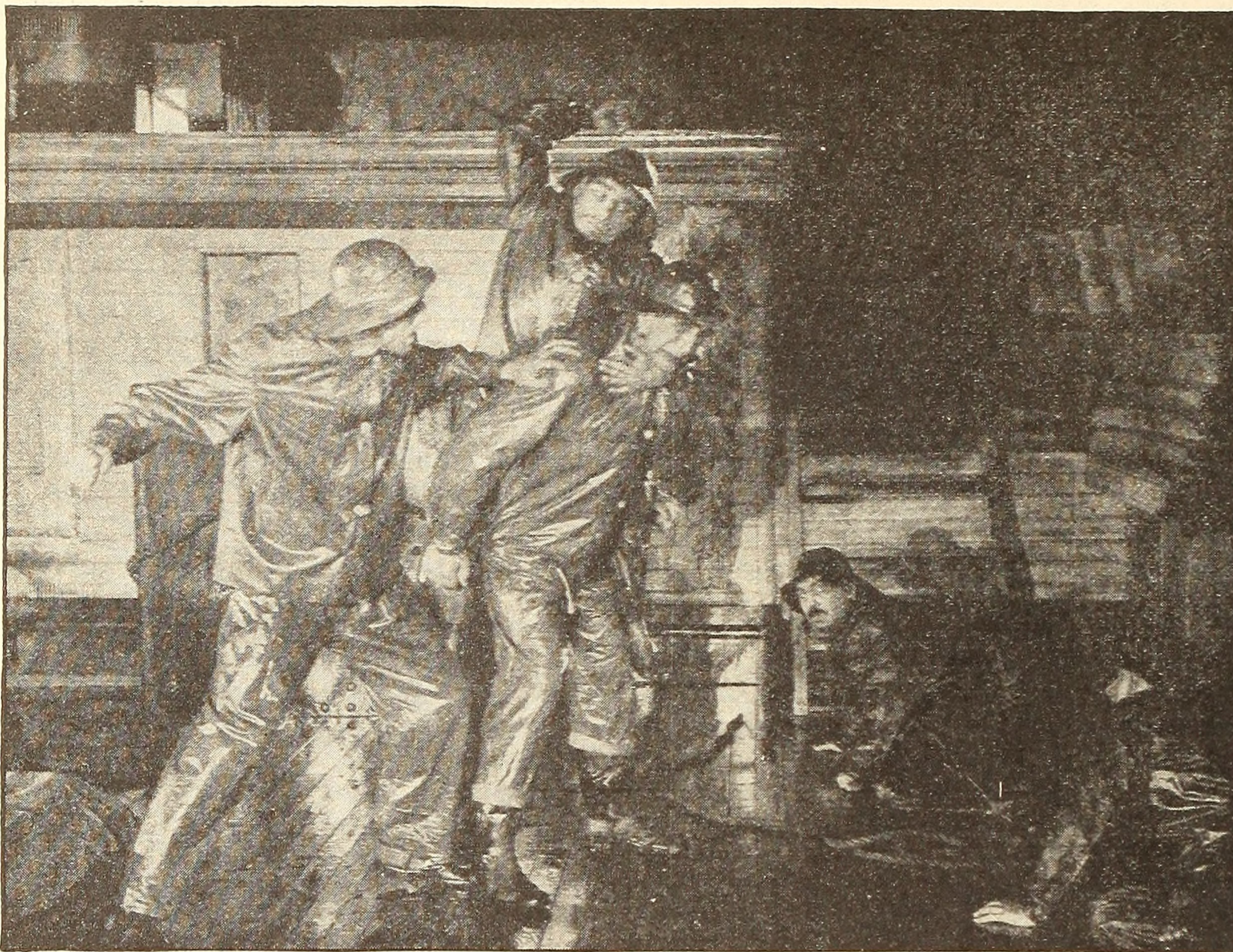
To make matters worse, when the second mate did come aboard he was of the pattern of the rest. A black-bearded fellow with a strange and sinister resemblance to some one that John Pike had known before but could not place.

Then in the midst of the thousand and one things to be done on the morning of sailing, Margaret came aboard in tears. She had expected Dick down to say good-by, but he had sent her a little note of farewell instead. This was too much for John Pike, and a sudden righteous wrath arose within him. He knew where the difficulty lay. It was another girl, that girl he had heard about but hadn't considered because he could not believe that any man in his right mind could prefer any girl to Margaret. The young cub probably was taking the other girl to lunch on the *Elsinore's* sailing day, and John Pike strode forth in search of the delinquent.

Seldom has an exclusive restaurant been the scene of such an event as occurred upon the arrival of John Pike. Dick was surprised and angry, but handled the irate first mate with courtesy and courage. Baffled by Dick's suavity and dignified attitude, angered by his







This was the signal for half a dozen of them to leap upon him.

calm and determined refusal to abandon his luncheon and go to the ship, John Pike suddenly struck him with his mighty fist and dragged him out of the place. Then throwing the half-unconscious boy into a cab he drove hurriedly to the dock. And when the *Elsinore* caught the offshore breeze outside the Golden Gate and cast off the tug that had towed her out, she started on her long voyage with her young half owner a prisoner in his cabin.

But Dick was not the only passenger on the *Elsinore*, for huddled in the starboard boat aft lay a small, wiry, rat-faced man with one eye. And whenever there was the sound of voices or footsteps that one eye he kept glued to a small hole he had bored through the side of the boat with his penknife. The rat-faced man had a score to settle. It was not an old score, but it was a big one. A pal had squealed and The Rat had suffered, and whenever The Rat suffered, somebody paid. It was rather a joke to The Rat that the trail had led him the night before to the *Elsinore*. He would have rather found its end on almost any other ship, for he and this very same pal who had squealed had fizzled a job on her less than a year before, and croaked an old man in the process.

So from the very start of the voyage there was trouble brewing on the *Elsinore*. To begin with there were strange doings at night. Things were stolen from the galley—food and trinkets belonging to the cook. Other things about the ship began to be missed. It was reported among the crew that a furtive figure haunted the decks at night. There was a growing unrest and continual bickerings. Several times John Pike had struck swift and sure in cases of impudence, a thing he could not stand aboard his ship. And this but added to the general dissatisfaction and uneasiness.

There were long days of sullen seasickness for Dick. His pride had been hurt almost beyond repair, and even the pleasing joy of Margaret at his presence on board failed to ease the hurt. His young heart was full of hate for John Pike, the big, brutal, crude sailor who had so humiliated him. But Dick was not the only

one who had a grudge against John Pike. There was talk in the forecabin. Veiled mutterings and threats. Those who had fallen under the mighty fist of the first mate waited for an opportunity. It was generally understood that the second mate was with them. He was said to have a right fancy grudge of his own over something in the past. It was openly whispered that he was going under a name not his own, that he had shipped aboard with the intention of getting even.

And on top of it all Dick had thrown a cat overboard! That it was a sick, mangy, sore-eyed cat, and that Dick considered his act a humane one had nothing to do with the case. No ship can stand the misfortune of having a cat thrown over her rail. In the eyes

of a sailorman nothing can bring disaster to a ship quicker. Bad luck was in the halyards, bad luck was in the hold, and the cutthroat crew of the *Elsinore* was spoiling for trouble.

Eventually when the seasickness wore off Dick Sommers began doing various odd jobs about the ship just for the sake of something to do. His knowledge of the ship was painfully slight, but he kept his eyes open and learned many things. But he was still easily disturbed by perilous situations. Time after time he had tried to go aloft, but had to give it up because of the sick dizziness which always seized him. Once it caught him on the ratlines, and he nearly fell overboard, but gradually he began to get the feel of the ship, and Margaret was overjoyed at the change that began to be in his manner. However, he avoided John Pike as much as possible. He could not conceive of anything that would enable him to forgive John Pike, and the first mate knew it, so he watched the boy in silence and noted with approval the things about the ship that Dick was beginning to do of his own accord and interest.

But the turmoil that seethed just below the surface was becoming more evident every day. John Pike knew that trouble was coming, and his only hope was that he could stave off an actual outbreak until they made port.

He might have been able to do this had it not been that the *Elsinore* nosed her way into a terrific northeaster. The barometer fell like a shot pigeon, and in the last hour of the dog watch all hands were called to reef her down to her poles. It was in the midst of this operation, extremely dangerous in a driving gale with sheets of rain slashing through the rigging, that The Rat emerged from his hiding place. With a heavy sea running and dangerous work to be done it would be easy to get his man and leave the impression that the victim had been swept overboard.

This very same idea filled the minds of the second mate and several of the crew. Now was the time to get John Pike! But John Pike was not to be trifled with. The second mate returned an impudent answer

Continued on page 92



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# You Ought To Go Into the Movies!

Here are eight good reasons why.

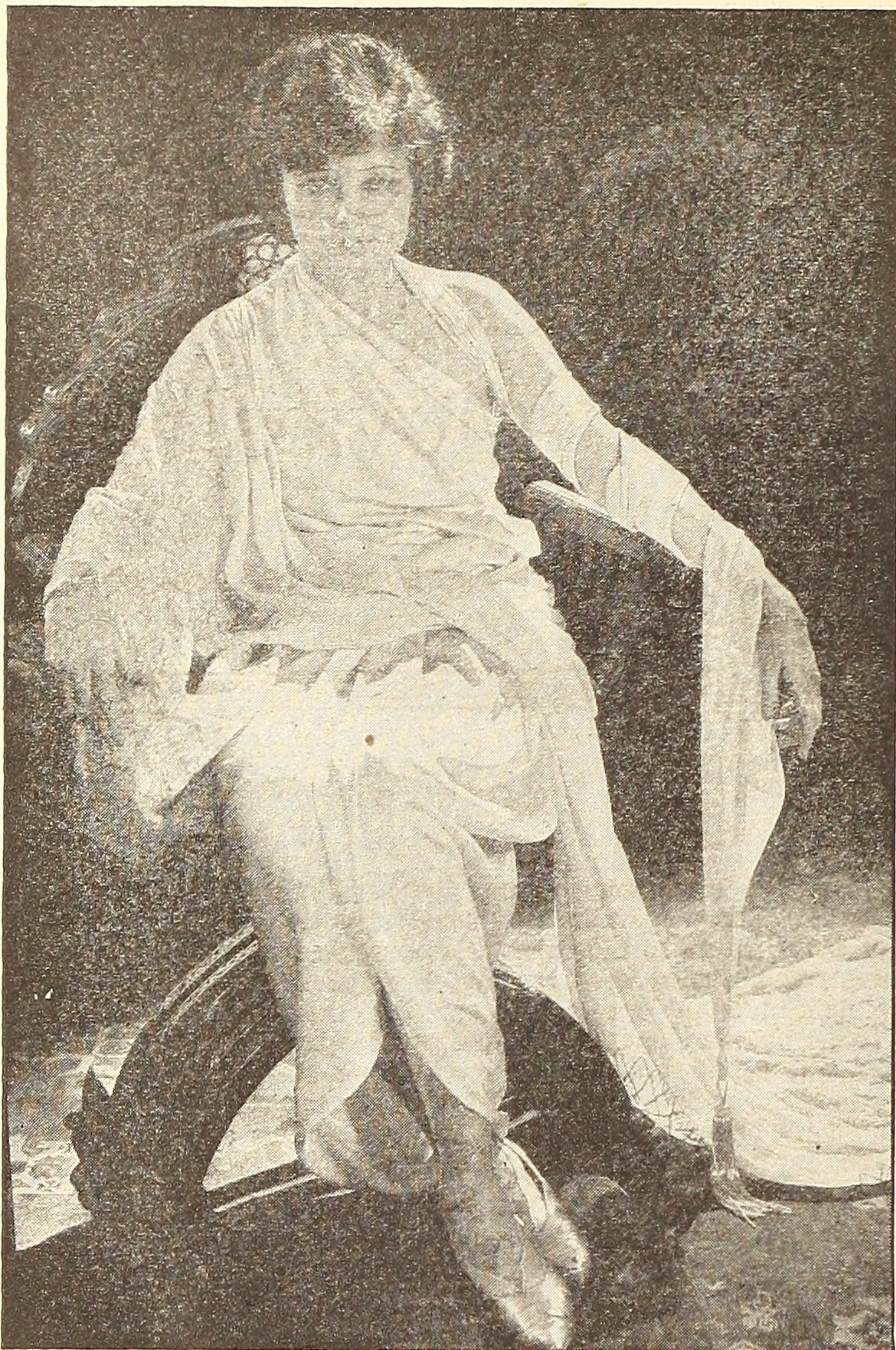
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We'd like to announce publicly that Breezy Eason, Jr., has a Boy Scout turn of mind and considers that day lost on which he doesn't live up to the exhortation on this waste receptacle and so register his good deed for that twenty-four hours. But alas! The painful truth is that he's standing there not to show that he backs up the slogan, but merely to see if the rest of the kids know where he's hiding—and as an embodiment of the reason why half the children in the country long to go into the movies. Nor do we blame them, when a studio lot offers so many opportunities for having a riotous good time.

Don't you wish you'd been asked to Tom Mix's birthday party? Everybody on the Fox lot was, but they all had to come dressed as youngsters. In the front row, center, we have Tom, of course; at his right sits Francelia Billington, whom you'll remember as the wife in "Blind Husbands," and on his left—next the heart, you know—is his own wife. Parties like this are another reason why casting directors are popular with those who are on the outside of the studio longing to get in.



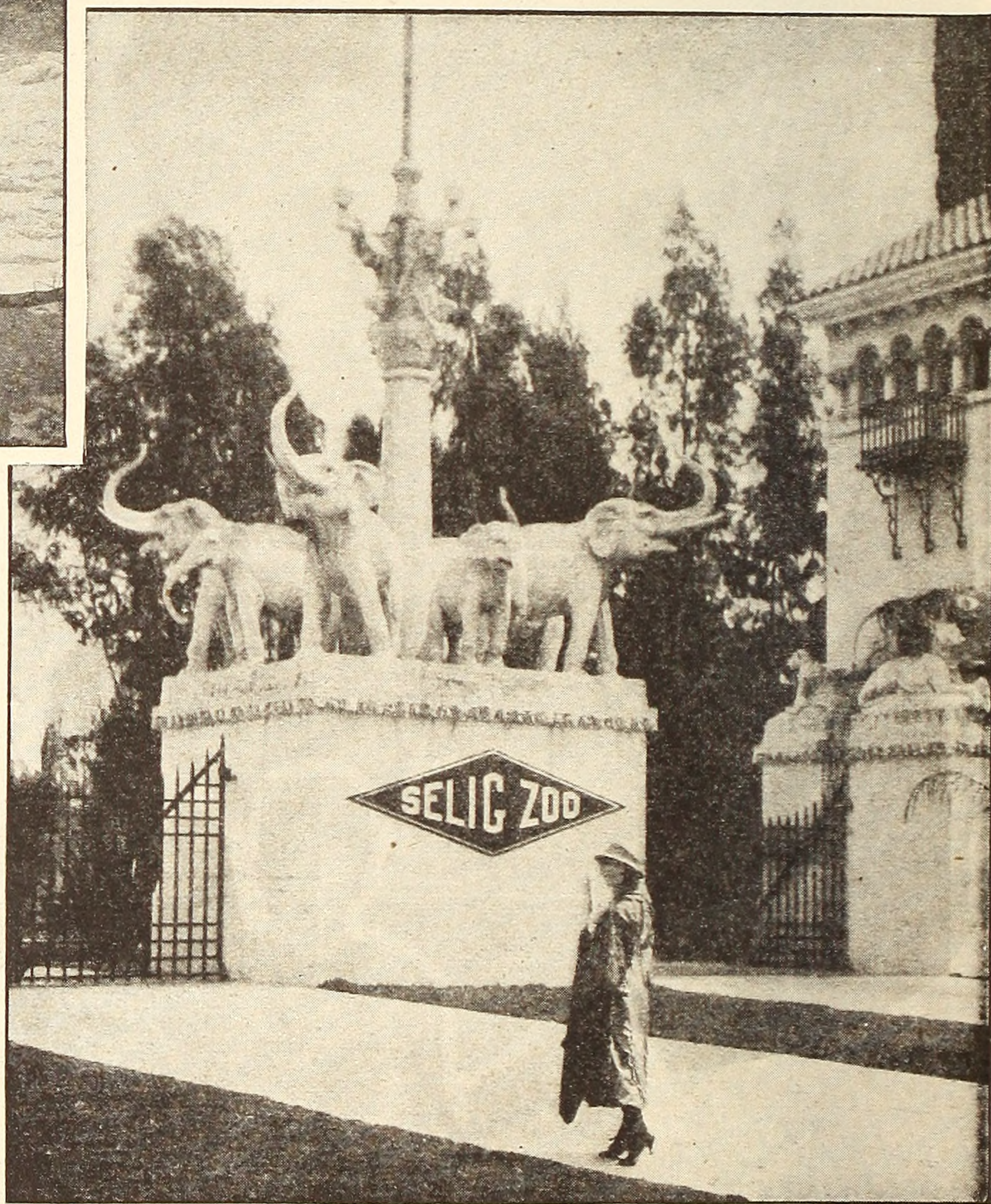




Above we have Corinne Griffith showing what a difference a wig can make in a girl. Now, we can't imagine Corinne's tiring of her own reflection—but wouldn't it be nice to experiment with different-colored tresses in pictures like "The Whisper Market" and then let the change be permanent if it was becoming and the mirror's tale grew monotonous? But, of course, they *do* try on wigs even outside of the movies.



You remember the Selig zoo—who could forget those thrilling animal pictures that used to tear us from hearth and home even when we didn't have seventeen-reel feature productions that cost millions and millions of dollars, as we do now, more or less? Well, if you were in the movies, as little Mary Anderson is, you could walk right in at the elephant-guarded gate and see the famous spot for yourself.

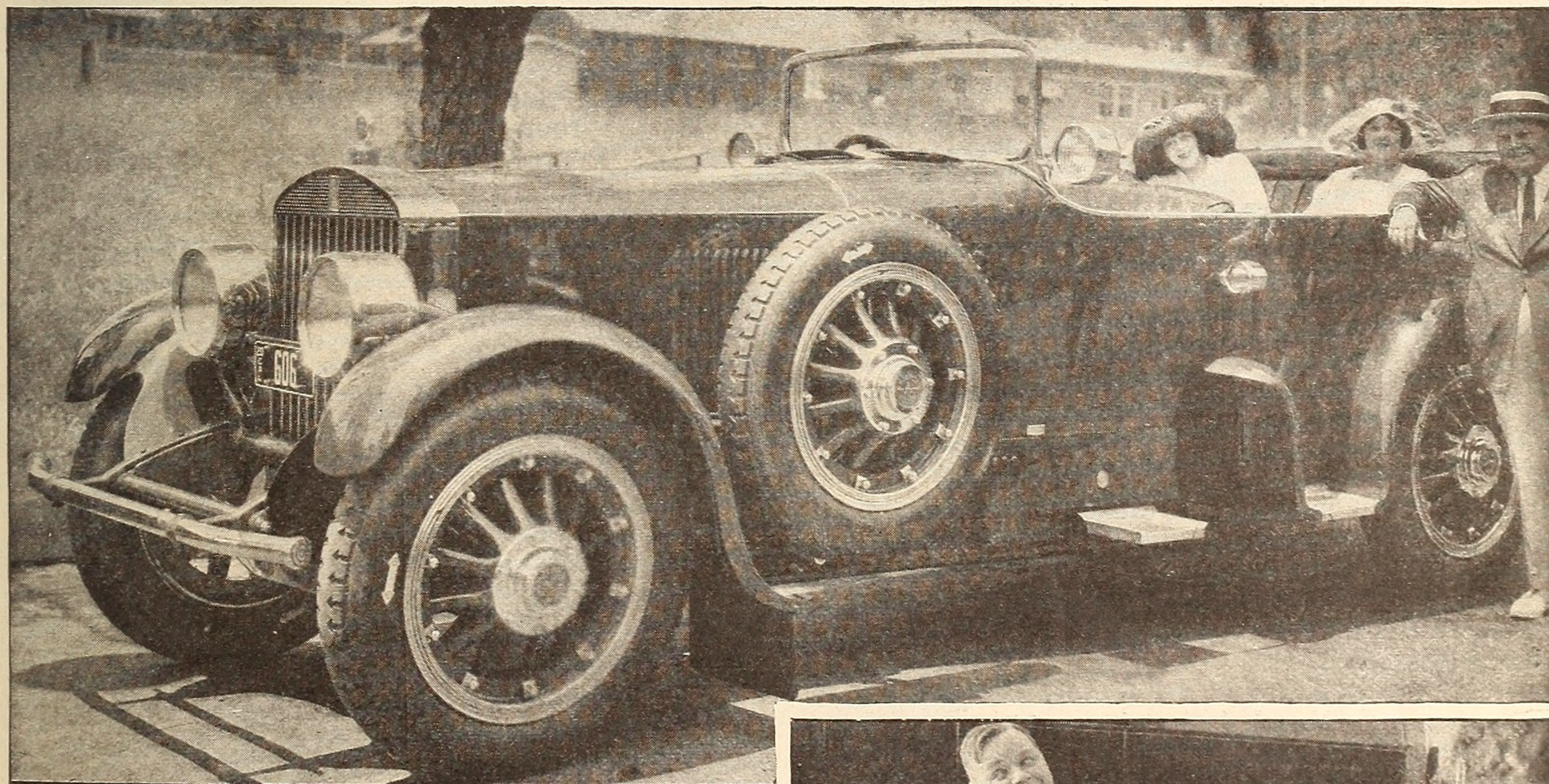


If you like to put wet sponges in people's beds, or send a man to call on another man, telling him the man was deaf, after you've already told the second man that the caller was deaf, when neither of them is—if that style of humor appeals to you, the movies would offer you many a golden opportunity. Mary Thurman's not afraid of snakes; she just runs when she sees one—you know how it is. So somebody arranged this would-be boa constrictor for her. We're glad to report that Mary saw through the joke right away, however.



Here's Corinne Griffith giving another reason why those who tire of their own crowns of glory should go into the movies. In real life, if you decided to wear a wig you'd have to stick to it forever and ever. But Corinne can change as often as she likes. So in "Bab's Candidate" she wore her own hair. And, while we don't want to intrude or anything of the sort—we wish she'd leave the wigs to other people in future.

Here, perhaps, is one of the very best reasons for wanting to earn one's living in front of the camera—it enables people to buy things like this superautomobile that Fatty Arbuckle's rolling around Los Angeles in. The description of the car is simply overwhelming. It cost, we are told, twenty-five thousand seven hundred dollars; it has special wheels and tires such as are used on trucks; it is equipped with cigar lighters and a cellarette. It was specially designed, took months to build, and nobody knows how fast it can go, though the motor cops in the vicinity of Los Angeles are hoping Fatty will let 'er out some day. As for the size of the monster—well, you can see that the photographer couldn't get both car and owner into the picture!



But here we have the real Fatty, in a car that lives up to his reputation as a fun maker instead of a money maker. Can you imagine anybody pulling *real* rough stuff in the baby Pullman above? Neither can we. But in this one—well, the possibilities are infinite. We'd try to get a job as extra ourselves if it meant that we could buy a car like this.





Photo by Hoover

*She's a genuine Parisienne.*

THE place was Hollywood—but the atmosphere was Paris. The chief character in the plot was Beatrice la Plante, Pathé's newly discovered comedienne. I was at once the audience, the critic, and the supporting cast. The properties were a bed and a bottle.

Beatrice lives in one of those quaint little apartment houses which consist of a number of suites arranged about and opening upon a flower-decked patio. I located her door, knocked, and in a moment was hearkening to a soft voice that bade me enter. I obeyed and found myself in a large, shadowy room, in the middle of which stood prop number one, a bed, and in the middle of the bed, buried beneath mountainous quilts, lay the chief character, Miss La Plante. About her head was a bandage. From beneath it one of the largest brown eyes in the world was watching me; the other was hidden from view by a voluminous bandage. For a moment I stood there, a little awkward in the face of this unusual and unexpected situation, while she coolly appraised me. Then she spoke again, in that soft, slightly husky voice, with a queer little accent, which I won't attempt to reproduce, breaking persistently into every sentence.

"You are nice," she said calmly. "You may sit on the bed."

I suppose I should have hesitated, but I didn't. Perhaps I was afraid she would change her mind. Be that as it may, I did sit down—on the bed—and was soon listening sympathetically to a torrential tale of woe, for the charming young Frenchwoman had a severe case of Klieg eye—the studio name for the painful inflammation caused by working under the strong studio lights.

"Poor me!" she groaned softly, her hand pressed to her forehead.

## A Bed, a Bottle. and

She yearns for emotional rôles while she

By Helen

"My head is killing me!" There followed an interval of silence while she rubbed her forehead. Then—

"This hot bottle!" There was a tremendous upheaval of bedclothing, while she shifted the unseen but obvious "hot bottle," prop number two, which I decided was none other than what is known in common American as a "hot-water bottle." When she had arranged herself she turned to me once more.

"You have come to get acquainted, eh?" she inquired, fixing her great eye upon me. I made it evident that I had.

"Then I shall tell you all about me," she offered pleasantly.

Beatrice is nothing if not naïve, with that naïveté which only a genuine Parisienne can achieve. We should call it frankness in this country, and if we were inclined to be spiteful, conceit.

"I have come to this country two years ago," she began, "and to make

a career has been my one idea. But careers are many, and a woman's mind is hard to decide! I travel about for a year or more

searching that the right thing may come. To no good—until I reach Los Angeles. And who has come to Los Angeles who has not tried this picture game? You should believe me, I am no different than they. I leave my name with a—what you call it? Agency? Yes! And in one I am fixed! I am the cast of 'Rose of the West,' with Madlaine Traverse." She paused a moment to regard me with her lone brown eye, frankly expectant of admiration. I smiled

*"And me—I ride on a barrel!"*

encouragingly. She went on to tell me of her immediate engagement, after the com-





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# Beatrice

nurses a Klieg eye.

Ogden

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pletion of "Rose of the West," as a member of the cast of "Dangerous Waters," a William Desmond picture. The remarkable thing about all this is that she had had no previous stage or screen experience. But though she is delightfully pleased with her cleverness, Beatrice by no means overlooks her faults. She bewailed her appearance in "Dangerous Waters," with a horrible frankness.

"I was what you call 'punk.' Do not mention that 'Dangerous Waters,' I implore you!"

But later came the female lead with Hayakawa in "The Beggar Prince," in which her vivid, delightfully "different" personality quite captivated both fan and producer. She was next featured in the Youngdeer production, "The Stranger," and then offered a three-year contract to make comedies with Pathé. It was all accomplished in eight months, a record that is almost phenomenal in the screen world. But still she is not satisfied.

In "The Beggar Prince" she had a part she liked.

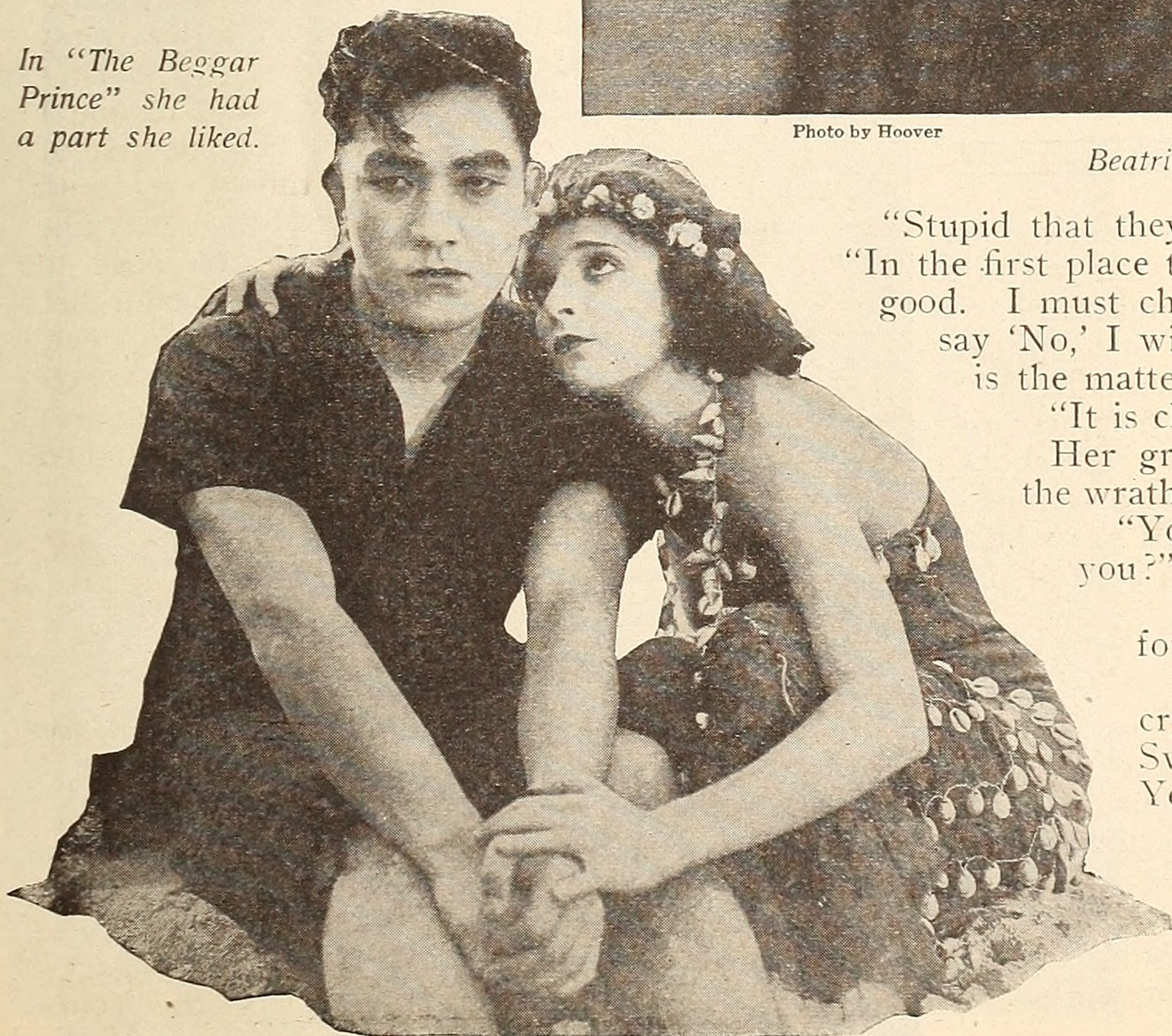


Photo by Hoover



Beatrice has a "different" personality.

"Stupid that they were!" She turned indignantly upon me. "In the first place they tell me, this Pathé, that my name is no good. I must change. It is hard to say and remember! I say 'No,' I will not change. Tell me, what on the world is the matter with my name?"

"It is charming," I murmured.

Her great eye widened, and a faint smile erased the wrathful curve of her lips.

"You have a little French in you, haven't you?"

I made a reluctant denial—and she promptly forgot me and returned to her woes.

"No, no! I do not want comedies! I could cry! I want to do emotion. When I see Gloria Swanson up there on the screen in 'Why Change Your Wife?' the tears all come because I cannot yet do that. That fight with Bebe Daniels! It is wonderful! And me—I ride on a barrel and go to bed with hot bottles and Klieg eye!"

She shrugged her shoulders as though to say, "What's the use?"





Photo by Lumiere

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## Agnes—and a Bag of Peppermints

Agnes Ayres is as quaint and old-fashioned as her favorite sweet.

By Selma Howe

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ONE day last winter I was in a little, New York shoe shop on Sixth Avenue, where the elevated railway shrieks and rumbles high overhead and the taxi drivers in the street below dodge the pillars that uphold that strange structure. Few persons knew about the shop in question, and most of those who did were members of the theatrical profession—for it was one of the few shops in this country which, at that time, sold the short-vamped French pumps, and everybody was afraid that if the whole town knew of its existence the price would go up and the supply would go down.

But Gloria Swanson, straight out of the West, knew all about it.

"It's on Sixth Street and Fiftieth Avenue," she calmly announced to our taxi driver, reversing her directions and thus upsetting his equilibrium; being a stranger in town little things like streets and avenues meant less than nothing to her. But finally we arrived, and just as Gloria was trying on her 'steenth pair of shoes, and deciding that she would have two bows instead of one, in walked a girl—a girl with sea-blue eyes and hair the color of bright new pennies.

"Gloria!" she cried, in a voice that you promptly wished you could hear again.

"Agnes!" cried that gorgeously gowned young person, hopping across the floor in her stocking feet. And then they embraced and kissed and embraced again, and finally settled down on the little bench beside me, and the newcomer was introduced as Agnes Ayres.

"And just think—we haven't seen each other for years—not since we both played small parts at Es-sanay, in Chicago!" Gloria told me. "And now here we are! Do tell me all about what you've been doing; of course, I've seen notices about your work, and some of your pictures—but tell me everything right from the beginning."

Photo by Abbe

*She's signed up for stardom now.*





"Well," replied Agnes, "that's a big order, but I'll try. I guess that what I've liked best was the series of O. Henry stories I did for Vitagraph—I was *The Girl* in them, you know—I did twenty of them, and it was a wonderful experience.. I was under contract with Vitagraph for two years. And I supported Marjorie Rambeau and Nance O'Neil—you know how I always wanted to go on the stage, and used to beg to make personal appearances where my pictures were shown! Well, I kept that up here in New York, too; everybody else thought I was simply crazy, but I didn't care; I'd go to little theaters everywhere, and take mother along to sit in the back and tell me if she could hear me. The first few times she said it sounded as if a mouse might be squeaking somewhere. But I wouldn't give up. Then, pretty soon she said she could hear, and finally she said, 'For pity's sake, Agnes, put on the soft pedal; you're beginning to sound like a Kansas cyclone.'"

She paused to laugh at her own efforts, and Gloria laughed with her.

"We used to have such fun," she confided to me. "Agnes and I would go off in a corner at Essanay and eat candy and talk about our ambitions and make plans——"

"And that reminds me—I've got some candy right here," Agnes cut in, rummaging in her muff. I expected French bonbons at least, but she produced a bag of old-fashioned peppermints.

And she makes you think of that delicious, old-fashioned candy; she's just as wholesome and unassuming as it is; not a frill or an affectation about her.

*She did twenty of the O. Henry stories before the camera.*



Photo by Koehne

*A girl with sea-blue eyes and hair the color of bright new pennies.*



Not long after that shoe-store meeting, Gloria Swanson went back to the coast to begin another De Mille picture, and Agnes went with her, to play the lead in a Lasky production, "Held by the Enemy." That was the last of her free-lancing, for another producer, Al Kaufman, liked her work so well that he signed her up for stardom with a two year contract.

I saw her the other day in Hollywood, and as I crossed the hotel dining room to her table I wondered a little, foolishly; wondered if she'd have changed much, or if she'd be as sweet and unassuming as she had been that day in New York. But I needn't have; she was as natural as ever.



# He May Not Be a Genius, But—

His salary is seventy-five times what it was three years ago. And here's the story of how he did it.

By John Addison Elliott

**T**HERE is no field of human endeavor which can compete with the motion-picture industry in pointing the way to success—by means of endless examples—to every ambitious man and woman, boy and girl.

Take the career of almost any of the big stars, they are almost like fairy tales in—

"Yes, of course!" you exclaim. "But what Charlie Chaplin did, for example, isn't any guide for me. He's a *genius*."

Quite right. And so I shan't talk about Charlie or Mary or Nazimova — but I shall pick at random a man who perhaps isn't a genius, and whose achievement in motion pictures is, for that reason, a better one by which to prove my point.

About three years ago Chester Bennet was graduated in law from Leland Stanford University. He went to Los Angeles and hung out his shingle. A few clients responded. Some were from the movie colony out Hollywood way, and they sought advice as to the legal way of breaking unjust contracts which awarded them only five hundred a week for their services when they were worth a thousand. Instead of giving them advice, Attorney Bennet took a tip from them. He applied for a job at Universal City and got one as assistant camera man at ten dollars a week. The next morning, after obtaining this lucrative position, he took down the shingle. Stepping into his motor, he said to the chauffeur:

"To the studio, James."



*He will direct Antonio Moreno when the famous serial star returns to features.*

His employers were amazed to behold their new assistant camera man arrive in an automobile. But it happened that Mr. Bennet had a little bank roll already, and as he was confident that it would be increased soon, he intended to live as befitted his future position.

An assistant camera man is the lowliest of all people in the movie domain. He is simply a dog-robber or striker for the camera man. His labors for art consist mainly of carrying the camera tripod and of holding up the focus board when the camera man gives the word. But he has a chance to observe and to learn.

At that time Ruth Stonehouse was directing two-reel comedies at Universal. As she also starred in her productions, she felt that she needed an assistant to relieve her of some of the burden. She liked the looks of ex-Attorney Bennet, so she engaged him as assistant director. Later she discovered that Mr. Bennet had a good camera countenance, whereupon she made him her leading man. Determined to know every angle of the business and to be as thorough in his study of it as he had been of law, the

young lawyer's next move was for a position in the production office of the studio, where all the business pertaining to the manufacture of pictures is transacted. Then he made an important decision. He determined that directing was the best road to fortune. Again he became an assistant to the megaphone shouter, who,

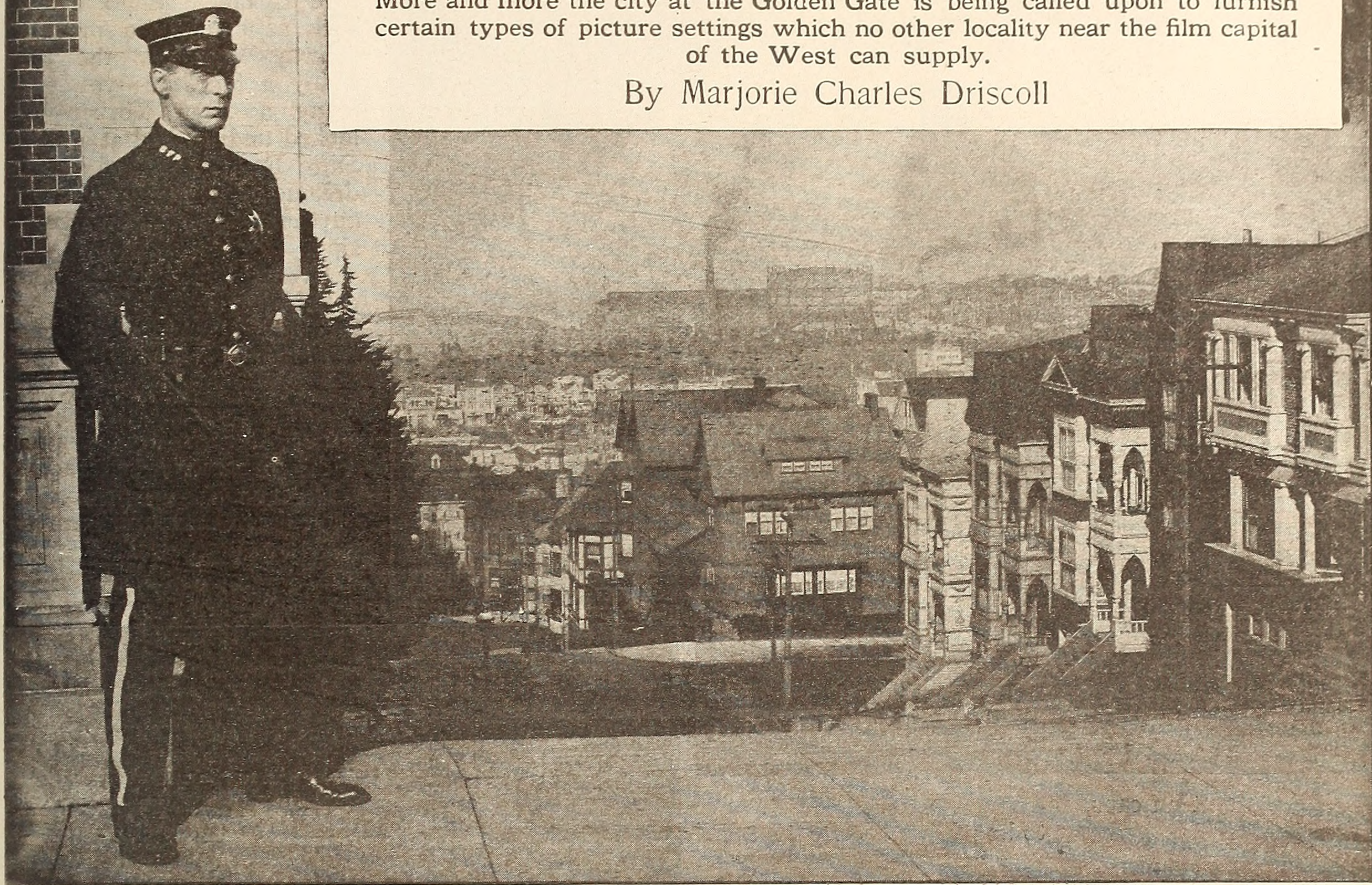
*Continued on page 88*



# San Francisco on the Screen

More and more the city at the Golden Gate is being called upon to furnish certain types of picture settings which no other locality near the film capital of the West can supply.

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll



San Francisco settings are often demanded by the authors. In "The Cradle of Courage" Bill Hart was called upon to take the part of a San Francisco policeman.

**B**ECAUSE ocean liners do not dock at Los Angeles, because the Los Angeles Chinatown is unpicturesquely Occidental, and because the business section of Los Angeles is a poor hand at disguising itself to look like New York—these are a few of the reasons why many a film star is becoming quite as much at home in San Francisco as on his native heath of Hollywood and why it's a dull day when a motion-picture camera isn't clicking somewhere about the city on the bay.

It used to be that when a script called for Chinatown locations the studio carpenter did it with his little hammer; ran up a few dingy fronts, hung a few lanterns on the balconies, and let it go at that. Nowadays when *Shifty Pete* and *One-eyed Mike* seek their favorite opium joint to plot for a reel or so, they sneak furtively down a real Chinatown alley, encounter a few real Chinamen in their usual walks of life—if the director is lucky—and slide through a door that is probably as innocent as a cafeteria, but needs no make-up to look wicked.

Chinatown and the water front are the two big reasons why San Francisco is coming to play a star part in the films. They are a fertile field for the picturesque, and their possibilities are, as yet, only beginning to be developed.

"Shooting in Chinatown" is an occupation that is fairly sure to be productive of interest. The difficulty lies in the fact that if you happen to want a Chinaman in the scene to add a bit of atmosphere, he is as elusive as a dollar bill; whereas, if you don't want him, he is

quite likely to become so numerous and attentive in his perfectly innocent interest in what is going on that he walks straight over the camera.

For example, a brief while ago Wallace Worsley, Goldwyn director, was in San Francisco with a company, gathering footage for "The Penalty," the Gouverneur Morris story, which demands a strong flavor of underworld atmosphere. Just to help things along, he decided to get a few shots of Chinese inhabitants hurrying down a particularly picturesque alley. Knowing that if he set up his camera in the open that alley would instantly become as deserted as an alley can be, he plotted a plot.

Cameras and camera men were carefully hidden where they commanded the desired view. At the crucial moment, two plainclothes men of the Chinatown squad, all too well known to every Chinaman in San Francisco, strolled along the street. Suddenly two officers in uniform dashed around the corner, seized the strolling detectives and a beautifully staged battle ensued. Aroused by the astonishing spectacle of policeman fighting policeman, every Chinaman for blocks around shut up shop and came to the party, while the hidden cameras were busily registering a mob scene that no studio performance could equal.

But when you don't want Chinamen, and they insist on coming, that's different. Director Worsley says so. He got all he wanted one afternoon when he was after another scene.

The scene was a simple one. Certain men, lounging on a street corner, were suddenly to snatch off their





Photos by Consuelo Kanaga

straw hats, put on caps, and run down the street. The signal was to be a blast on a police whistle.

Everything would have been quite serene except for the unconsidered fact that San Francisco's Chinatown knows a police whistle when it hears it and wakes from a siesta to see what the trouble is.

The scene was started according to schedule. The cameras were placed in a truck, the actors were located. Across the street and safely outside of the picture an artist had set up her easel and was sketching a bit of Chinatown. Everything was as peaceful as a summer day.

"Toot!" went the whistle. The men yanked their hats and grabbed for their caps. Then one million Chinamen arrived. Worsley says there were at least that many. He knows that fully that number walked over him. Chinamen poured out of every door, every alley entrance, every window, every crack, and apparently sprang up out of the pavement. The artist and her easel went down under the stampede, the trucks were surrounded, and before the echoes of the whistle had died away, the street was packed with inquisitive Orientals. It took many minutes to rescue the cameras and the actors from the crowding spectators.

Chinatown, of course, is only one sought-after feature of San Francisco. The water front with its miles of dockage, where anything from a tug to an ocean liner may be found, is a story in itself. San Francisco's famous Barbary Coast with such locations as the Thalia dance hall, familiar to many a slumming party, gets into the pictures again and again. Instead of reproducing the Thalia in a studio scene, a Goldwyn director brought a big company north not long ago for half a dozen scenes in the real location.

Does a script call for a glimpse of a metropolitan business district? Los Angeles has big buildings, but the skyline is broken by many low roofs. New York

*Only in San Francisco can the real Chinatown settings be obtained.*

and Chicago are far away, but Montgomery Street can double for New York any day in the week, providing due care is taken as to details, such as planting a property subway kiosk or the like. Many a film fan—yes, even many a New Yorker—has looked undisturbed at a bit of San Francisco and never dreamed that he was seeing anything west of the Mississippi.

Even so small a thing as a cable slot helps. There are times when overhead trolley wires simply won't do; Mr. and Mrs. Audience are too wise. Very well, San Francisco offers many a street with perfectly satisfactory cable-car tracks.

Goldwyn companies are not

*Continued on page 84*







## “There’s Nothing to Write About Me,” Said Claire

But the interviewer found a number of things which couldn’t fail to interest any one who had caught a glimpse of the picture above.

By Edna Foley

**S**HE never uses make-up off the job.

One of her favorite pets is a mouse.

She has a special musician of her own, who is always with her.

And yet Claire Adams insists that she’s just a perfectly ordinary person; that there’s nothing unusual about her, and therefore nothing to write about.

“How about this?” I demanded, holding out a list of her picture performances.

“‘Spirit of the Red Cross,’ ‘End of the Road,’ and ‘Lord Jim,’ for Betzwood, ‘The Invisible Bond’ for Paramount, ‘Desert of Wheat,’ and some rôles opposite H. B. Warner.” She read my list and handed it back with a little smile.

“Lots of people have done more than that,” she commented. However, here are the reasons why I think she’s wrong about not being interesting:

She was born in Winnipeg, Canada. She was educated in Calgary and London, and has lived in Toronto and New York, which certainly paints in an interesting background for her present life. She’s a true Canadian; loves cold weather and all sorts of winter sports, and has the snapping black eyes and very black hair which distinguish so many of our northern neighbors.

As for not using make-up, she doesn’t need any, and

is sensible enough to know it. When you meet her away from the studio you almost wish she’d stay there, because she’s so pretty “as is.”

Her own musician is Tina Marinelli, a violinist.

“Nearly all studios furnish music for the players during big scenes,” Miss Adams told me. “But somehow I don’t always seem to be able to work with the musicians they provide. Tina always knows exactly what to play for me, because she knows me so well—so I take her along with me.”

And Tina has played to good purpose, as you will agree if you saw Claire Adams in “Riders of the Dawn” and “The Dwelling Place of Light.” Incidentally, the little Canadian can claim musical honors for herself, for she’s quite an organist, and between scenes of “The Money Changers”—the Hampton picture in which she’s recently been working—her fellow players would call off the regular musicians and urge her to play for them.

“So you see, there’s nothing interesting to tell about me,” she remarked, when I’d gleaned the above facts and retired to the background while she played for the rest of the company.

If you agree with her it’s my fault, however; in reality she’s one of the most interesting people I’ve met recently.



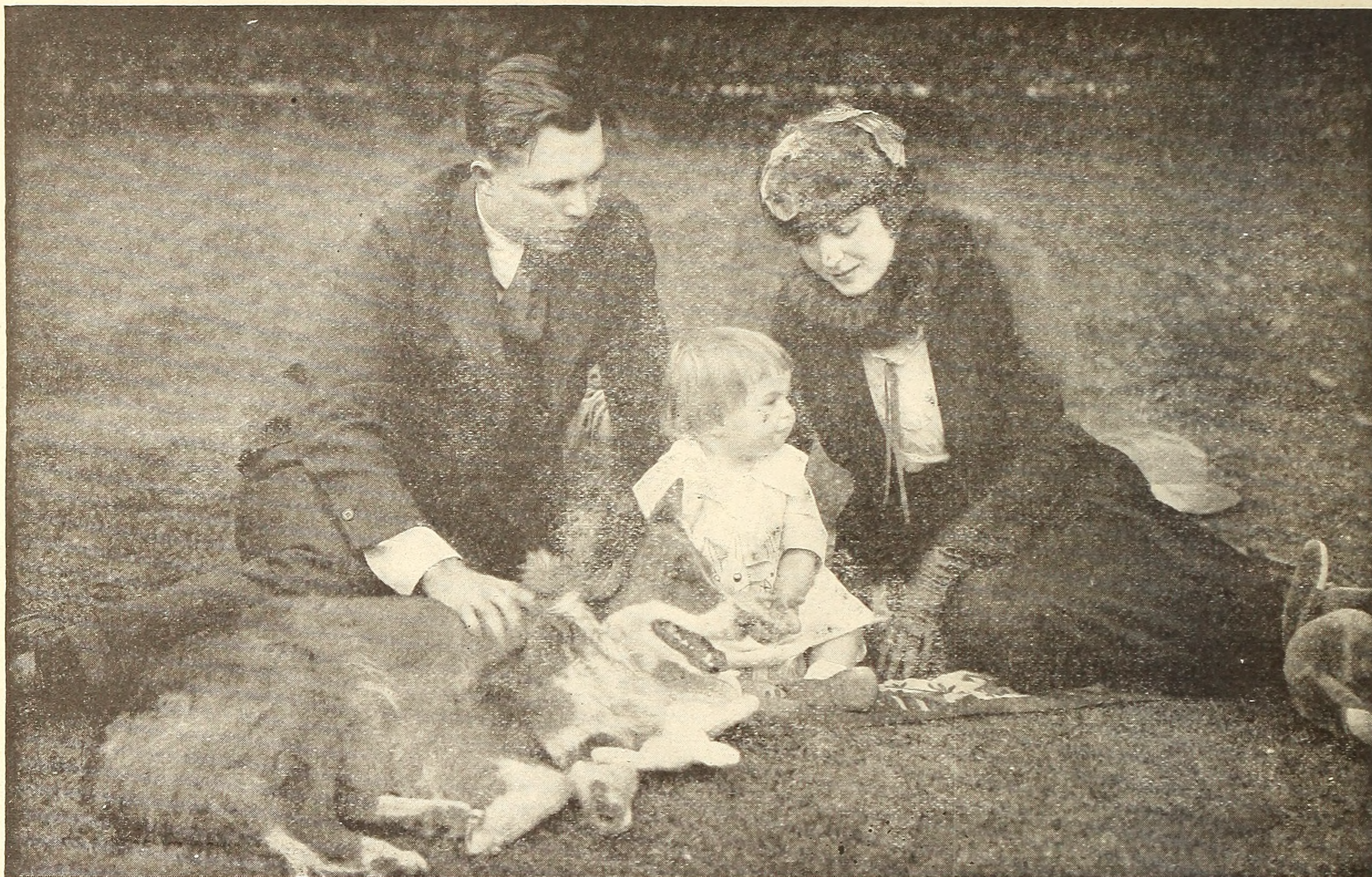


Photo by Ira H. Morgan

## Husband, Wife, and Company

Florence Vidor feels that it's the best firm in the world.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

FLORENCE VIDOR and I were discussing intermittent matrimony as it's practiced by a good many professional women nowadays. She didn't believe in it, and I—well, I was on the fence until I'd talked with her a while. Now I'm a convert to her ideas on the subject.

"The women who keep their own names and homes and just see their husbands by special arrangement insist that it's the only way to keep marriage from getting monotonous," I explained, trying to remember all the arguments I'd heard at a luncheon that noon. "They say it's the only way to be happy though married. Of course, I know that not many go to that extreme; that most of them have the same home, but have grown away from the idea of always having at least two meals a day together. And as for the reasons why they think a wife should keep her own name after she's married—well, they're too numerous to mention. But you took your husband's, didn't you?"

"Of course, I did," she answered,

*She could be  
Florence Arto  
—but she won't.*



Photo by Ira H. Morgan

her brown eyes very earnest. "I never thought of doing anything else. My own was Florence Arto, but I don't believe many people know it. You see, I—well, I like the thing it stands for in my life to use my husband's name in my work."

Nobody could possibly doubt her sincerity; I doubt whether Florence Vidor could pose if she wanted to. She's one of these beautiful women whose character is so apparent that you hardly realize her beauty. She has wonderful dark eyes, lovely coloring, and pretty features, but you keep translating her into what she reminds you of; a quaint, ringleted girl of long ago, in tulip skirts, treading the stately mazes of a minuet, or a gray gull winging its way across a luminous twilight sky. You think of her serenity, her deep, still calm, her charm, and almost forget that she is beautiful.

"You see, we're a firm as well as a family," she told me that afternoon, in her little ivory-tinted dressing room at her husband's studio. "There's King Vidor and Florence Vidor," she checked them off on her slim fingers, with a little



laugh. "And Suzanne Vidor, who was a year old last Christmas—she's the 'Company,' I suppose—and Charles Vidor, King's father. Of course, King and I are doing the same kind of work, and that makes it easier for us, perhaps; but I believe that no matter what he was doing there'd be the same interest in it and understanding of it on my part that there is now, and I don't see how any family that is bound together by a oneness of interest could ever reach the point where the wife wanted to indulge in 'intermittent matrimony,' as you call it. Why, I am most anxious to keep a sense of unity between my work and my family. If I had to give up one of them it would be the work, of course; I could put on a gingham apron and retire to the domestic realm most contentedly. But I never could give up the feeling that I was part of an important partnership."

"But don't you ever want to—well, want to stand on your own feet, assert your own individuality?" I asked.

"I do stand on my own feet—but I haven't the slightest desire to separate my individuality from my husband's. I admire him too much. I admire the type of picture for which he stands—the clean, fine, sincere picturization of truth. And I just want to help him exemplify his creed of making pictures that will uplift humanity's thought just a little bit, anyway. I help in any way I can. Sometimes I play a big part in his releases—in 'Poor Relations' and 'The Test of Honor' and some of the others I did. But in 'The Jack-Knife Man,' his latest one, I helped in a lot of other ways, and just appeared in the picture in a few scenes at the very end.

"He's very anxious not to hamper my progress as an actress, of course," she went on. "And when we first began making pictures together we had to work things out quite clearly, and eliminate the husband-and-wife feeling, so that we'd just be director and actress. At first I dare say I

*Sometimes she's featured in her husband's releases—sometimes she's "handy man" off stage.*

Photo by Ira H. Morgan



Photo by Hoover

*You get so interested in Florence Vidor's character that you almost forget her beauty.*

was a bit self-conscious about 'acting' under his direction, and he was overeager not to force me to do things or change my ideas. But that soon passed, and now we work together as well as if we were strangers."

"And will you always work just with him?" I was interested to see how far this partnership was to be carried.

"Oh, no—I'm going to work in a picture that Thomas H. Ince is producing, as my next engagement."

"And don't you and your husband ever quarrel over things—not fight, exactly, but disagree strongly? Working together so much I don't see how you could help it," I remarked candidly.

"Oh, no!" And again Florence Vidor's brown eyes were opened

*Continued on page 83*







Photo by Campbell Studios

the most brilliant fabric or unusual design. Knowing enough to dress up to the store of vitality and just plain "pep" that she possesses is largely responsible for her selection of frocks that many of us wouldn't dare to put on.

Then, too, she knows how to "key" her frocks and wraps to her own beauty. That is, she understands that she has a definite tone, which really is sounded by the brown of her hair and eyes. As long ago as when Anita did "The Girl Phillipa" I remember hearing a man say: "If Anita Stewart were painfully homely and couldn't act, her hair is so beautiful that it would save her pictures." Doubtless you remember it. For years she wore a tiny curl in the middle

## A Heart's Worth of Frocks

The emotional upkeep of Anita Stewart's clothes would bankrupt a girl of any other type.

By Louise Williams

**M**Y dear, I simply can't wear that hat today; it exhausts me unless I feel like a million dollars!"

"Well, I always consider that when I buy clothes; I mean, I select gowns and hats that look well whether I'm tired to death and worried because the cook's leaving or am perfectly hilarious over Henry's birthday present to me."

And there, my friends, in that snatch of conversation which I overheard one day on a Fifth Avenue bus, you have the secret of Anita Stewart's stunning gowns and the reason she can wear them so effectively. No fabric is too brilliant, no design too unusual, for her to wear. Gowns like hers demand a personality that fits in with their gorgeousness; one can't afford ever to be tired or bored or headachy or indifferent in such frocks, or the effect is spoiled, and the deadly "clothes horse" impression of being just something on which beautiful clothes are hung dominates everything else. The emotional upkeep of such frocks would soon exhaust any girl who hadn't been designed by nature to wear them. Of course, Anita has. And the autumn bride who is planning her trousseau and who is of Anita's type can learn a lot of things about clothes from her. For Anita's just bride age, even though she has been Mrs. Rudolph Cameron for some time now.

You know Anita's type, of course—sparkly, always effervescent, brilliantly beautiful, and always alive all over. She's dark and slender, and her own looks have distinction enough to dominate even

Photo by Campbell Studios

*You can't afford to be tired or bored in a frock like this.*





of her forehead; she knew that she could be distinctive and cling to that curl no matter how far other girls embarked on marcel waves and puffs and braids. And now she realizes that her hair must always claim its own place, and that a frock or hat which calls attention to it is twice as becoming as one that doesn't.

An example of such a frock is one of bronze



Photo copyrighted by Evans



Photo by Witzel

*A hat whose coloring calls attention to her hair is twice as becoming as one that doesn't.*

satin and gold brocaded fabric. The satin forms a straight, close underskirt; the brocaded material is made into a straight blouse, square cut in the neck and long-sleeved, and with a coatlike skirt drapery. A mink scarf of the brown of her hair and eyes is thrown around the neck of the frock, and mink edges the cuffs. Anita's a symphony in brown in that dress—and few realize how very cleverly it was planned.

But more important is the other keynote, not one of color but one of mood, which she strikes in her frocks. Anita Stewart, as I've said before, is of the brilliant, vivacious type; consequently brilliant, unusual gowns fit in well with her personality. You can't imagine Bessie Love, for instance, in an evening gown of pale-gray chiffon whose entire skirt, with the exception of the front panel, is formed of straight ostrich feathers, divided into short strands and sewn to the chiffon petticoat. Bessie's a dear child, and her looks might make it possible for her to wear such a gown, but, though she's bright and sparkling, she's like a clear brook bubbling along gayly through a springtime wood. And Anita's more like the brilliant sparkle of champagne; not artificial, but clear and bright.

She has another evening gown with a Cleopatra-like charm all its own. The bodice is cut very low, and the gown is made almost entirely of pearl beads. The girdle is a great double rope of them; the long, square train is edged with them, and at its corners are two great, trailing tassels. It's a white gown—the very essence of whiteness—and it's perfectly keyed to Anita's personality.

*Her frocks are keyed up to her own personality.*

And yet she hates to shop. "People think it's

*Continued on page 82*





# Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

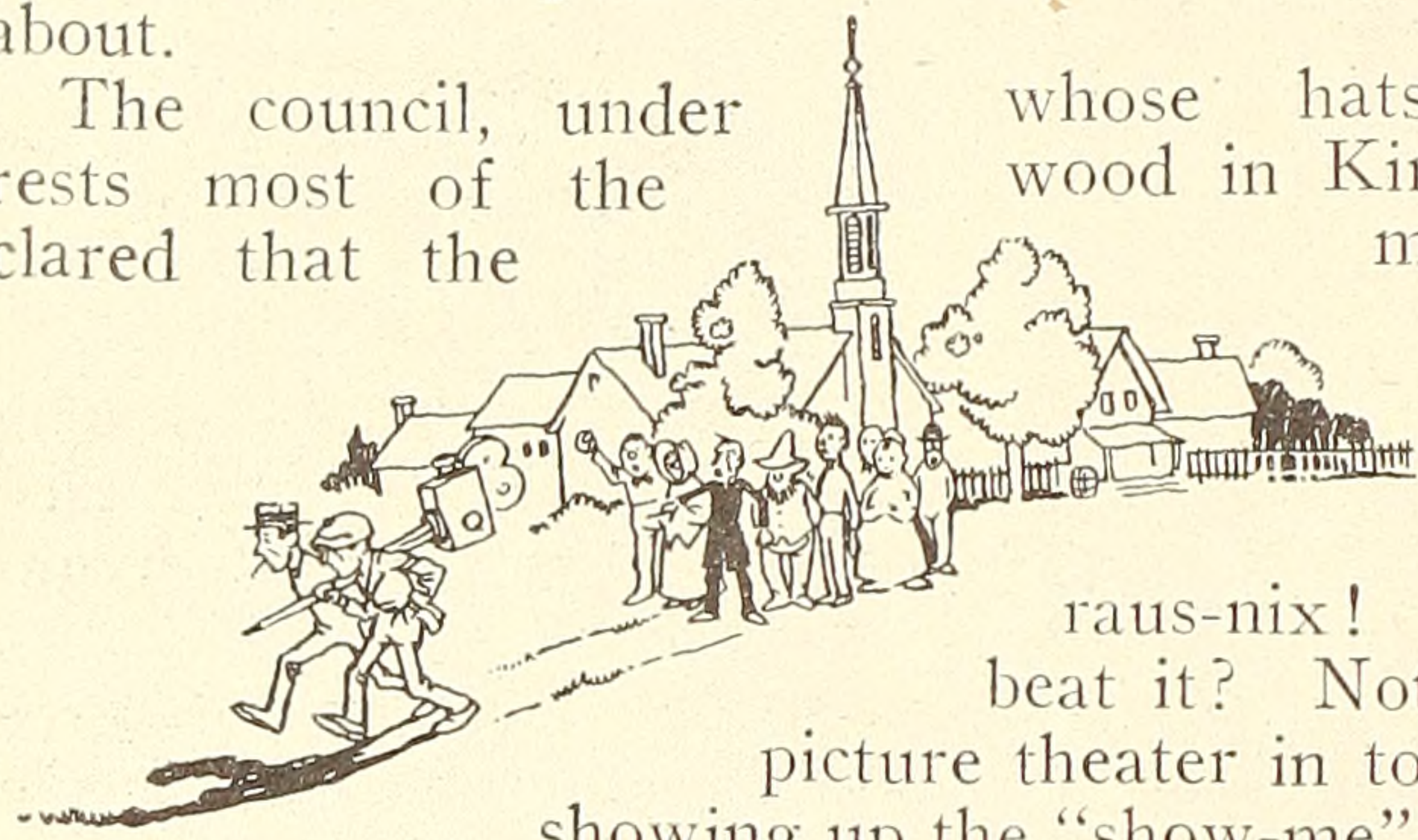
SKETCHES BY  
H. L. DRUCKLIEB



## Ever Hear of Kirkwood, Mo.?

Neither did we. Well, sir, it seems that Kirkwood, being unable to attract attention in any other way; pulled off a desperate stunt to get itself talked about.

The council, under rests most of the clared that the



whose hats probably wood in Kirkwood, demovies were n o n - essential, and gave 'em the raus-nix! Can you

beat it? Not a moving-picture theater in town! Kinda showing up the "show-me" State, huh?

Well, there may be people in Kirkwood, but nobody LIVES there!

—O—  
M. M. M.

It matters not to me her play,  
If simple, strong; or grave or gay,  
Just so she's in it!

Applause from me is hard to get,  
Grim pessimist am I, you bet—  
But SHE can win it!

From out my life she drives the gray,  
Not Charlie's, sis, but she's a ray  
Of light; a prism!  
There is a word—just search it out—  
That fills my case, and yours, no doubt—  
It's "mytacism"!\*  
—O—

## Do You Remember When:

For five cents you could buy a nice, fat,  
lucious glass of—er—pardon!  
—You could see Mary Pickford, Henry  
Walthall, Blanche Sweet, Owen Moore, and  
Mack Sennett, all at once; for a nickel?  
—O—

## Answer to Correspondent:

Twin Girls, Kansas City, Mo.: Two belles, go ahead!  
Yes, there are two "I's" in Hollywood. One is the high  
cost of living and the other is getting a job. Same in  
Los Angeles. Fatty keeps so by worrying each day.  
It increases his sighs. Betcha The Oracle couldn't do  
that! Yes, the Southern Pacific Ry, is noted for its  
curves. So is Marie Prevost. Yes, we're fond of  
scenery. All out; far as we go!  
—O—

## We Couldn't Get It.

We took a peep into "The Dark Mirror," but it was  
too melanoid for us. We remember seeing Dorothy  
Dalton twinning herself, but all the rest went right over  
our head and out into the lobby.  
The play is called a psycho-analysis of the subcon-  
scious hieroglyphic; or something like that. Guess  
they call 'em that when the spectator doesn't know

\*We had to consult Webster's Unabridged to get this. You will be repaid for doing the same.—THE EDITOR.

what the author means; the author isn't exactly sure of it himself; the director doing some ground-and-lofty guessing—and the actors just taking a chance!  
—O—

## Eggsalting Kerrigan.

Hodkinson is at it again! Really, we wish they'd refrain from advertising their one-and-only J. Warren Kerrigan in the puzzling manner as is their wont. Here's their latest:

"Kerrigan rivals, and in spots excels the best male screen stars of the day!"

If that ad meets the eye of an egg-candler with a sense of humor, he'll laff hisself into an omelette!  
—O—

## Those Misleading Titles!

Mike Kelly was a carrier who worked for Uncle Sam. All Michael had to do was walk all day. He'd walked so much his feet were shaped just like the ham what am. To rest those feet he sought a picture play. Said Kelly: "There's a picture here with me will make a hit!" So in he walked and found a cosy seat. The play was all "society," and Kelly had a fit. For "Tortured Souls" did not refer to feet!  
—O—

## A Grave Danger.

Perhaps Marshall Neilan, the world's great-est gold-fish director, has started something besides one of his wonderful pictures. Mickey grasped the possibilities of our plastic English language and referred to his "Don't Ever Marry" as a "mirthquake."

And it sure was. It rattled our chuckle structure clear to its foundation.

But we fear Mickey's inspired neonism may encourage others to don their mental overalls and attempt some verbiculture on their own hook, or whatever typewriter they happen to be using.

Then we'll get a gust of "joyphoons," "hahanadoes" and "gigglecans"—which ain't!  
—O—

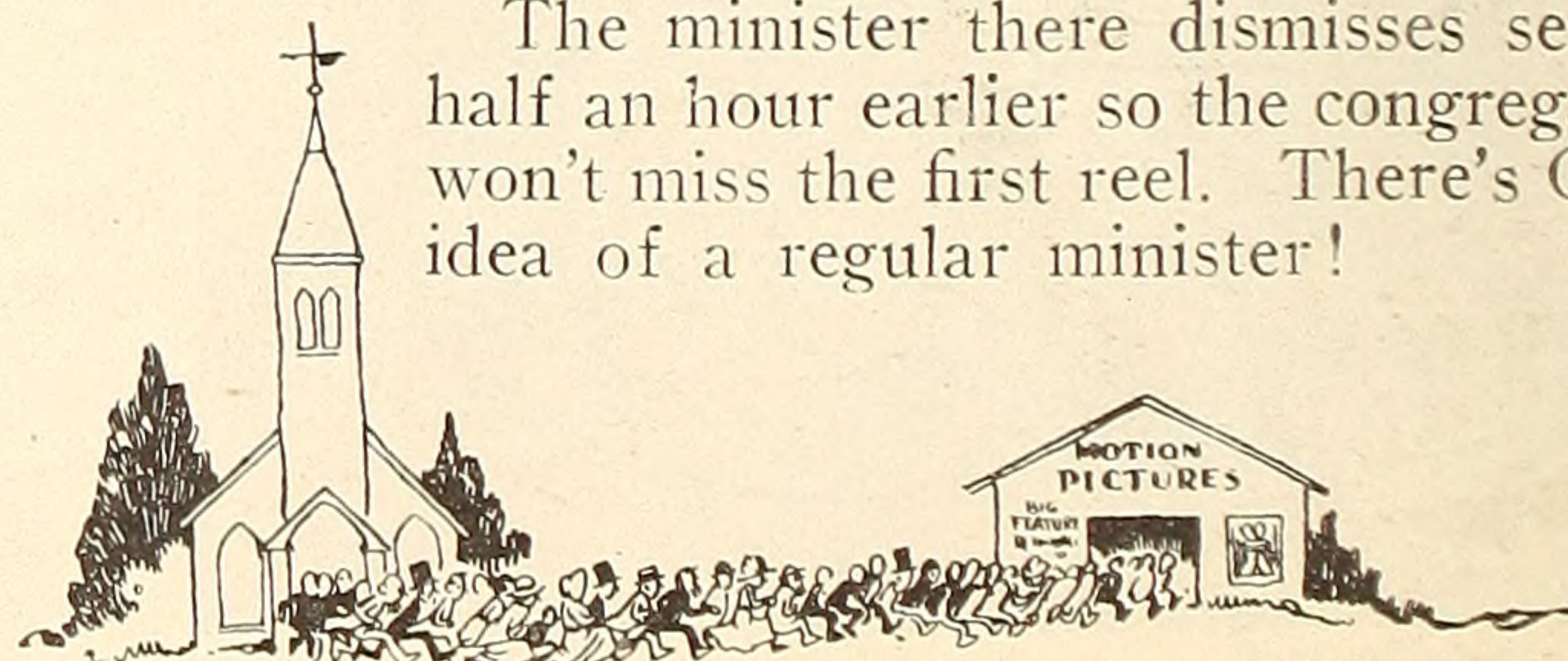
## But They'd Probably Title It: "Hands Off!"

Lon Chaney's portrayal of *The Legless Man* in "The Penalty" proves the ingenuity of our movie actors and directors. We're betting if a producer tackled a script with the Venus de Milo for its heroine, he'd get away with it!  
—O—

## But On The Other Hand:

As an antidote for the first paragraph on this page, here's news from Wilmot, Wis. There are not many folks in Wilmot, but their quality is 100% pure.

The minister there dismisses service half an hour earlier so the congregation won't miss the first reel. There's OUR idea of a regular minister!





**A Delirious Ad.**

A year or so ago we could view a picture and be either joyed or gloomed; as the play hit one. 'Tis different now. We tarried in the lobby long enough to peruse the ad for "Dollars And The Woman": "A Slice of Life, A bit of Heaven, a touch of Hell, a mint of Mirth, a tint of Pathos, and a ton of Delight!"

All of which scared us back into our taxi (honest!) and we wended to another theater.

We'd rather watch a picture than eat, but who wants to be sliced, bit, touched, minted, tinted, and squashed under a ton of delight?

Not we!

—o—

**But They Were Worth It!**

Of course, it wouldn't be natural-like for the movies to stand still. We don't expect that, neither do we ask it. But we do wish actors would be more inclined to stay put.

Coupla years ago we could go forth and view Fatty, Buster Keaton, Molly Malone, and Al St. John, all for two-bits, and all in one night.

Recently, on a wager, as we say at the club, we saw 'em all in one night. But not for two-bits! Oh, dear, no!

It cost us \$2.35 for seats, \$87.00 for taxi, and \$13.20 for luncheon!

—o—

**She Makes A Typewriter Talk!**

Emma-Lindsay Squier, the astrosopical authoress, who knows more about the stars than the stars ever dreamed of—recently interviewed some of Hollywood's most dazzling four-legged skylights.

Sez Emmy: "I think it cruel to keep an animal from his meals!"

Huh! She'd better p w s p's! Every-time we become immersed in one of Emmy's interviews the butler has to call us six times for dinner, and then finally come and take the magazine away from us.

—o—

**A Dyer Dilemma.**

After making "The Deep Purple" perhaps the producers of it did some worrying.

You know, if a deep purple is no good it will run. And if it IS good the fans will cause it to run. If it doesn't run it doesn't pay. And if it DOES run it's no good. And—if aw, you finish it; 'tis too deep for us!

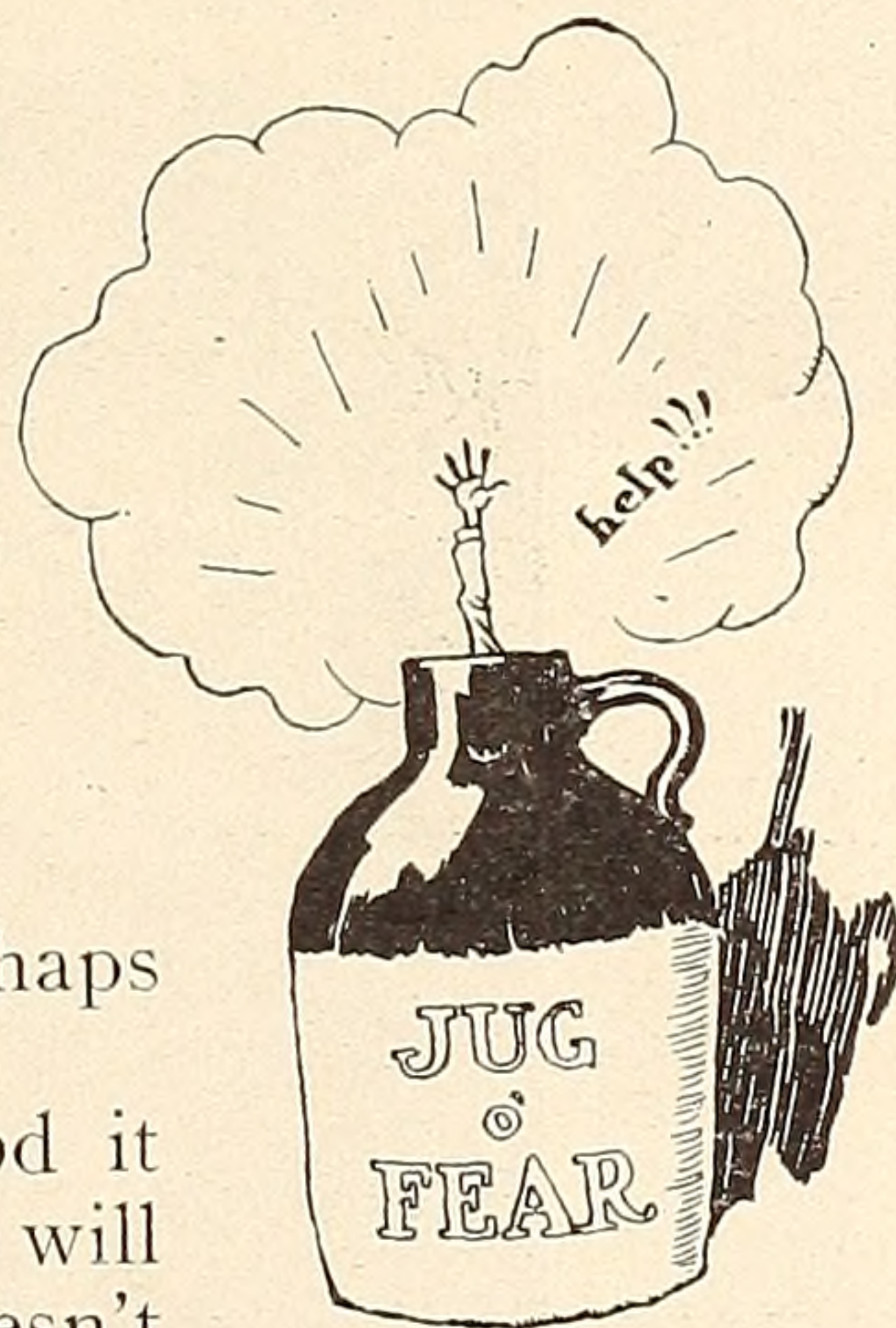
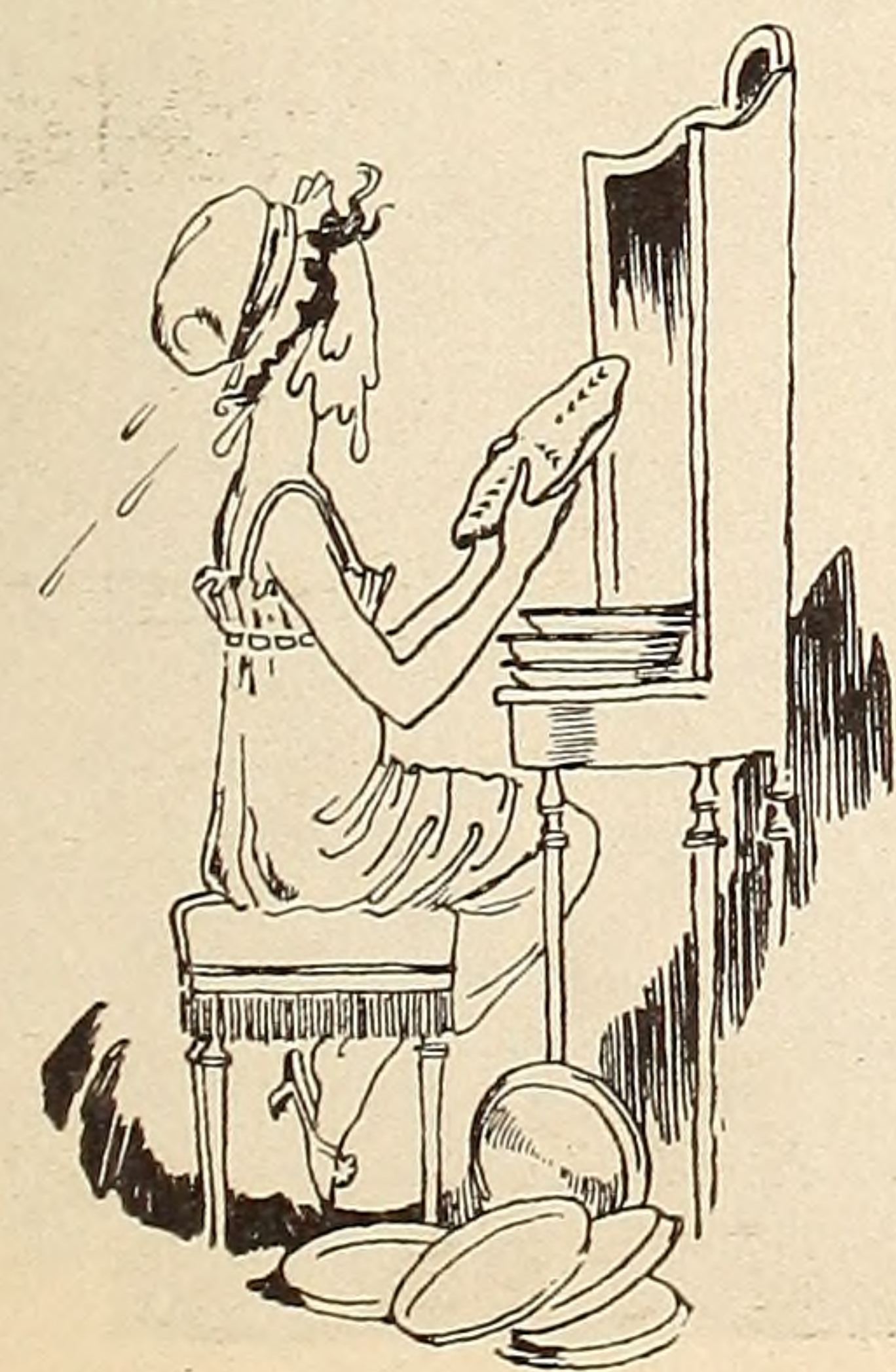
—o—

**Any Denials?**

The Bystander indignanted her side-kick, Fanny, by telling her (over the tea-cups) that Katherine MacDonald was once fired because she wouldn't let George Ovey squish her in the features with a custard pie.

Fanny was no more horrified than we at the thought of the lovely Katherine's complexion being desecrated by a loose pie, but—list to us, girls—

If some beauty scientist suddenly discovered that a custard pie applied externally was an infallible beauty bringer; all you flappers would be slapping yourselves with custard pie—and you know it!



Last night we saw a one-reel comedy, (you know the kind) and lost three things; our time, our money, and our temper.

And found three things; our hat and exit and the street!

—o—

**Earl Growled When He Read This!**

"Earl Rodney, of Christie's, has been loaned to play an important part in a Selig animal comedy." (News Item).

—o—

**The Short-And-Simple Title.**

Every time a play comes to the theater bearing a title containing twenty-five or more letters, the electricians go down into the basement and howl a hymn of hate at the producer.

That's why "Duds" and "Suds" were warmly greeted by these electric-sign lads. A four-letter title is plenty for any play at that.

Try it. Take buds, spuds, and cuds, for instance—and see how many plays they would fit. You'll be s'prised!

—o—

**Queer Exits.**

Film villains are certainly suffering unusual injuries and demises these days.

In "The Dark Mirror" the villain drowns himself in fear. And in "The Riders Of The Dawn" the chief villain gets a wallop in the rendezvous, and his pals are killed by dozens.

You know dozens are really quite dangerous at this season of the year, and should be boiled and then carefully dusted before engulfing.

—o—

**Statistics.**

During the past year the films have shown us:

- 17,692 things that never happened.
- 124,208 things that never will happen.
- Some things that happened.

A few that might happen.

That heroines always wear their stockings to bed.

That all lady villains whose lives are spared become trained nurses.

That people always look back when going through a door.

That flowers are always placed in waterless vases.

That a polar-bear rug is in all boudoirs.

That heaven does not always help the poor working-girl.

—o—

**We Expect To Be Chided For This!**

Whenever a film actress temporarily deserts the screen for a whirl on the stage—we know the reason why.

Some women can keep silent just so long, and then they just GOTTA talk!

—o—

**Film Jokes.**

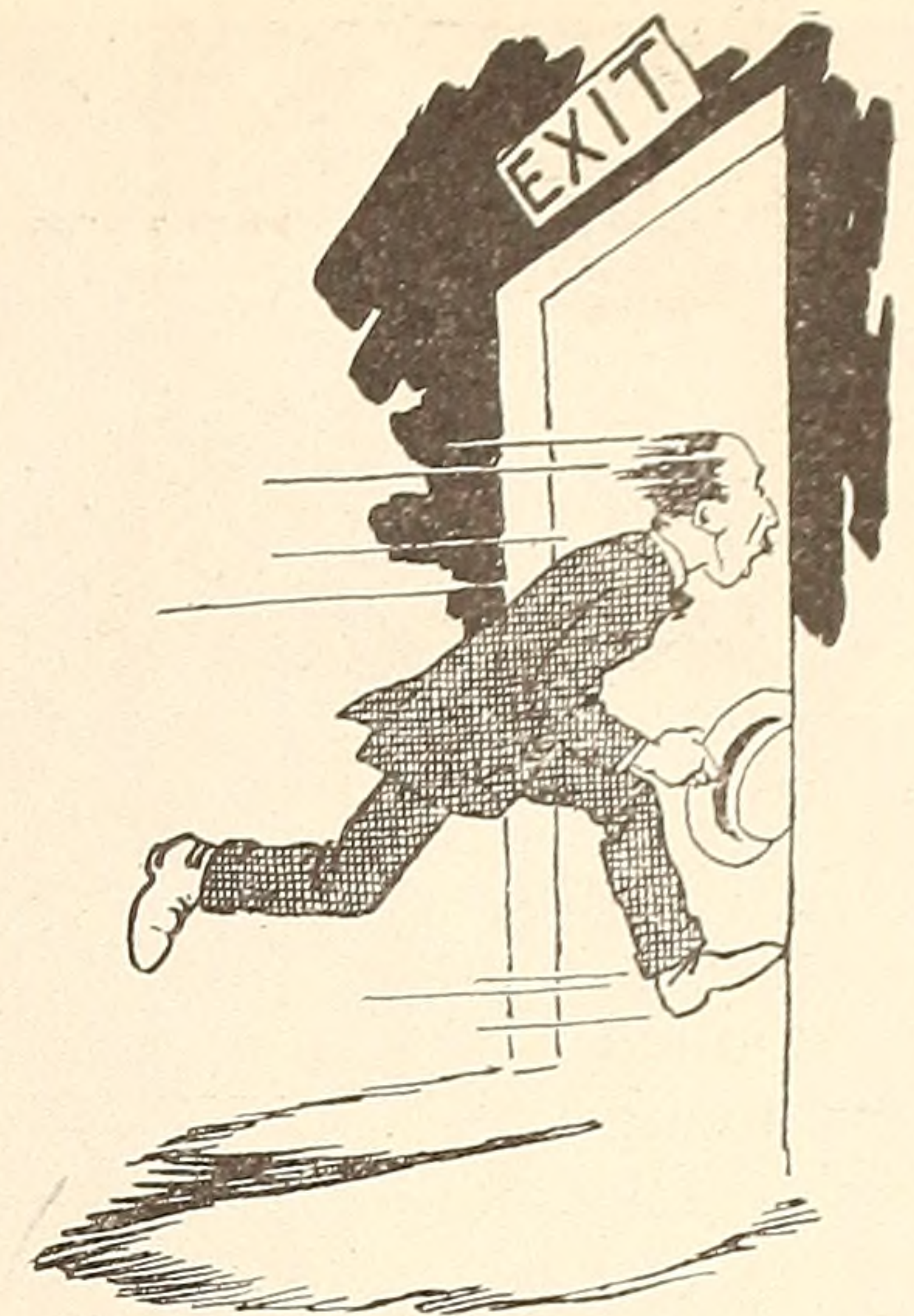
"The Eyes Of The World."

"The Shepherd Of The Hills."

Earle William's cow-boy clothes in "The Usurper."

Female Chaplins.

Female Bill Harts.







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# Something to

By John Addison

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is the story itself. You'll think about it whether you like the idea back of it or not. In a way it suggests "The Miracle Man"—not in any sense as an imitation, but only because both are based on the same idea—the power of right thinking.

It is the story of a wealthy cripple who falls in love with the daughter of the blacksmith in the little town where he lives. He watches her grow up, and finally sends her away to school. When she returns, he hesitates to tell her of his love because of his infirmity. Her father, understanding this reticence, urges the girl, *Ruth*, to propose to *David*, which she does.

And then, almost on the eve of their marriage, *Jim Dirk* returns from agricultural school. He and *Ruth* have always been friends, and now they discover that they love each other. Unwilling to tell *David* the truth because he has been so

**J**UST the daughter of a blacksmith in a quaint old country town, wearing funny little hats and stiffly starched dresses—showing us Gloria Swanson in that rôle is one of the ways in which Cecil De Mille's new production lives up to its title, "Something to Think About." Of course, Mr. De Mille always makes us think. "Old Wives for New" and the other pictures in which he dealt with different phases of marriage, "The Whispering Chorus"—I don't recall one De Mille production which hasn't drawn a train of thought in its wake.

He's started several with "Something to Think About," however. Giving Gloria Swanson a rôle so different from any in which she's been seen before is but one. There were those, who, after seeing her in the exotic gowns and peculiar coiffures which distinguished her in "For Better, For Worse" and "Male and Female," said she was nothing but a figurehead; then "Why Change Your Wife?" while it clothed her in strange garments, also gave her a chance to act. And now she takes advantage of a better one—and you think about it. First as the little village girl, later as the poverty-stricken, broken-hearted woman who feels that suicide is the only solution of her problem, she makes *Ruth* a real character.

Elliott Dexter's return to the screen after a year's absence, caused by illness, is something that most of us will think about with a good deal of pleasure. He has long been a favorite leading man, both on stage and screen, and was sadly missed during his retirement, and his return as the crippled rich man in "Something to Think About" is most welcome.

But perhaps the most important thing that Mr. De Mille has given us to ponder over in this production





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# Think About

Elliott

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good to her that she hates to hurt him, *Ruth* elopes with *Jim*, leaving her father to explain.

She leaves bitterness and broken hearts behind her. Her father, angry at her cruelty to *David*, prays that he may never see her again, and, working at his anvil, grows careless and is blinded by flying sparks. *David*, his dream shattered, loses his faith in human nature.

I won't go on and tell you how love finds a way of straightening out the snarl of these relationships. It isn't an easy way, but it is much the way that life usually takes, and one is thankful to Mr.



De Mille for not reaching his happy ending by short cuts and so detracting from the realism of his story.

The cast includes, besides Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter, who plays *David*, such favorites as Theodore Roberts as the old blacksmith, Monte Blue as *Jim*, and little Mickey Moore.

There's one more thing about this picture that gives cause for thought—and that is the fact that it's the last one in which we will see Gloria Swanson and Elliott Dexter appearing as featured players, as both will be starred under their new contracts with Famous Players-Lasky.

And last, but far from least, according to Mr. De Mille, he has given us something to think about in the way of subtitles. A new method of making colored pictures has been used—it is known as the Loren-Taylor-Quadi-Teller process—and Mr. De Mille is convinced that it will revolutionize screen photography. He is so enthusiastic about the color effects of these subtitles that he is featuring them in the advance notices of this special production, and his enthusiasm seems to have proved contagious, as it was caught by a celebrated landscape artist, Frederick Bergdoll, who consented to paint eighty backgrounds for the colored titles.

Remembering some of the colored films of the past, in which red and green splotches flickered before the eyes of the audience most distractingly, one is inclined to feel a bit doubtful, despite Mr. De Mille's enthusiasm. However, whether his prediction of a revolution in screen photography comes true or not, he certainly has lived up to that title!





From a portrait painted by Karl Anderson

*Though she looks no more than eighteen, Anita Loos claims to be "the oldest writer in the picture game."*

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## The Higher the Fewer

A most amazing story of two young geniuses of the screen who calmly announce that they have made enough money!

By Helen Klumph

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**D**O you remember the old riddle, "Why does a mouse when it spins?" whose perfectly meaningless answer was, "The higher the fewer"? Well, John Emerson and Anita Loos are a riddle, but they have put a meaning into that answer. The unexplainable riddle part about them is how they have been able to turn out such dozens of sparkling and brilliant scenarios, and the answer, "The higher the fewer," has to do with their future plans.

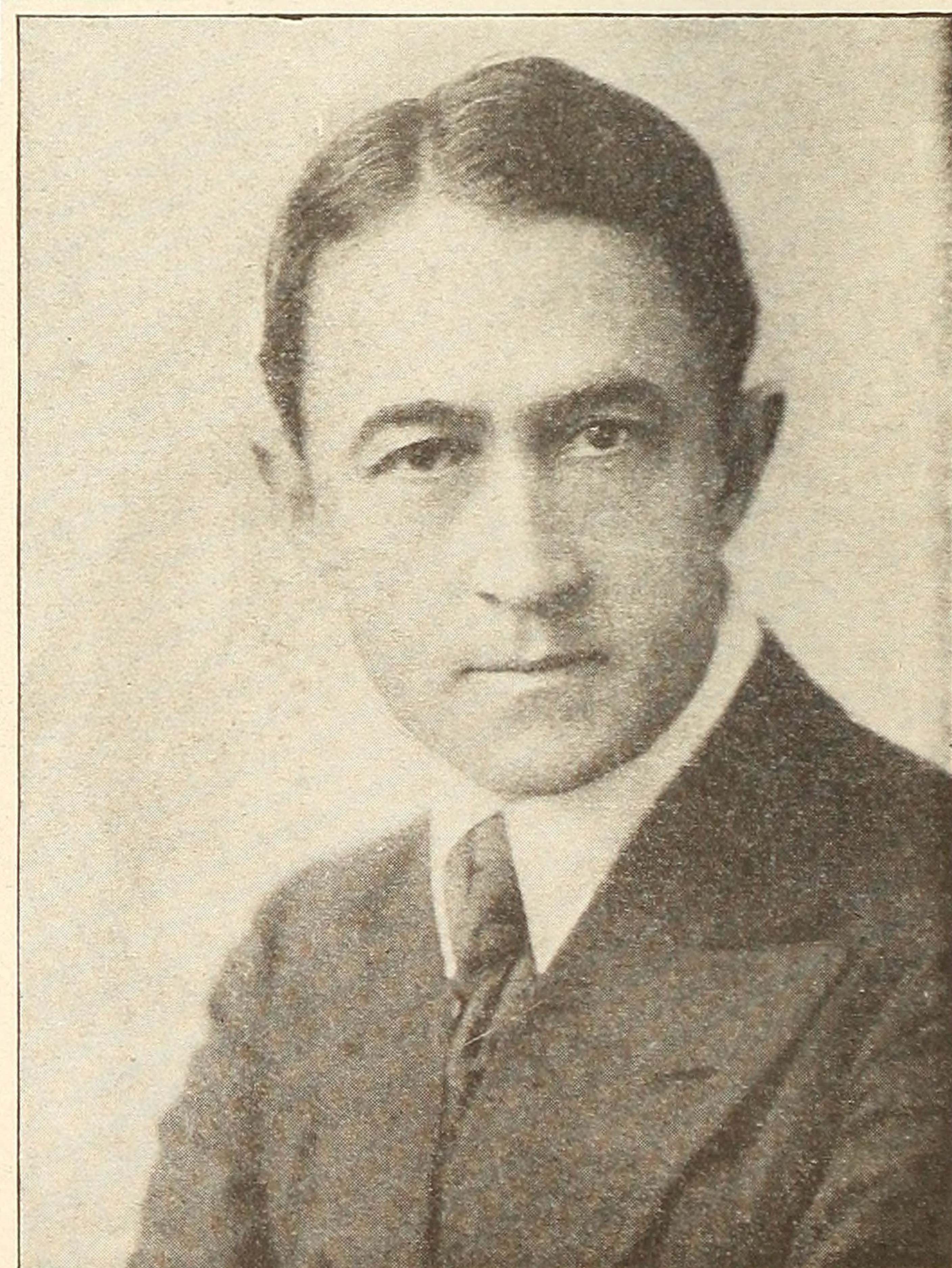
You see, it is this way: John Emerson and Anita Loos are the only ones of their kind. They have all the money they want. Let Mary Pickford rail at the size of her doctor's bill, and Charlie Chaplin balk at buying forty-cent gas, but you

can't make John Emerson talk about the high cost of living, no matter how hard you try. And the same goes for Anita. They are the only people on record who aren't watching for their ship to come in. They've declared the harbor closed, quite content with the skiff already anchored there.

But before you start rejoicing for their sakes, hearken to this: Their prosperity means that you will no longer be able to see an Emerson-Loos picture every four or five weeks. The happy days of having an Anita Loos caption to adopt as your pet repartee at the monthly dance of your fraternity will be no more. John and Anita are through with contracts that bind them to deliver scenarios with clocklike regularity. In the future they will write scenarios only when they get so lonesome for the Klieg lights that they just can't stay away any longer—and whoever is lucky enough to get them will have to pay and pay and pay. That's where "The higher the fewer" applies to them. They plan to write about two scenarios a year, and the rest of the time

*John Emerson earned his success by a thorough apprenticeship on the stage.*

Photo by Apeda





they will do something frivolous and unprofitable, like writing symbolic dramas.

But why this stern resolution on their part? It is simply this: Neither of them has expensive tastes, take it from Anita's sealskin wrap and John's silk shirt, and the sum already to their credit in the bank will satisfy their simple wants for some time to come.

It sounds like an awful pun just after I have told you that John and Anita are practically leaving the motion-picture business to say that they have retiring dispositions. But it is true. They don't seem to crave the spotlight. Neither of them has a taste for coral-pink aëroplanes, John has never been known to want the biggest amethyst ring in the world, and as for Anita, she just doesn't seem to have any interest in diamond anklets. But there you are! Princes and queens have visited our shores this past year and dressed just like the rest of us more or less human beings, so I suppose that we will have to excuse John and Anita for not being more flamboyant.

Now you may never have known John Emerson and Anita Loos until they started writing the Constance Talmadge pictures. Or, you may be lucky enough to remember the perfectly delicious captions Anita Loos wrote for the early Fairbanks pictures. But how many, if any, of you know that at the age of thirteen, when the petite Anita was a schoolgirl in San Diego, she wrote caustic paragraphs on world events for the front page of a New York newspaper? And that John Emerson was right-hand man of Charles Frohman, the late theatrical magnate, long before he went into motion pictures? One might say that he went into pictures

headfirst, as he hung around the old Majestic-Reliance studio in Hollywood for some time just finding out what it was all about before he became an actor, then a director, then a writer of motion pictures.

One afternoon last winter at a meeting of an exclusive club of women writers in New York, Anita Loos remarked that she was the oldest writer in the motion-picture business. Whereupon there were gasps of dismay from the gray-haired coterie, and a few of the younger ones leaned forward to look at her again. She looked about eighteen, an eighteen of fully developed beauty and disarming poise, but eighteen, nevertheless. And then she elucidated by saying that she had been writing motion pictures longer than any one else in the business. She wrote them in the days when all the plot that was needed was a chase. She claims to have written all the seven—or is it seventy?—standard plots in those early days.

"And they lived happily ever after"—is the most satisfactory way for every scenario to end. That usually means being married to the most adorable person in the world and not having any money worries. So, it would seem almost as though John Emerson and Anita Loos had written their own scenario, and provided amply for the "happily-ever-after" part, for you see, in addition to being so prosperous, they are married to each other.

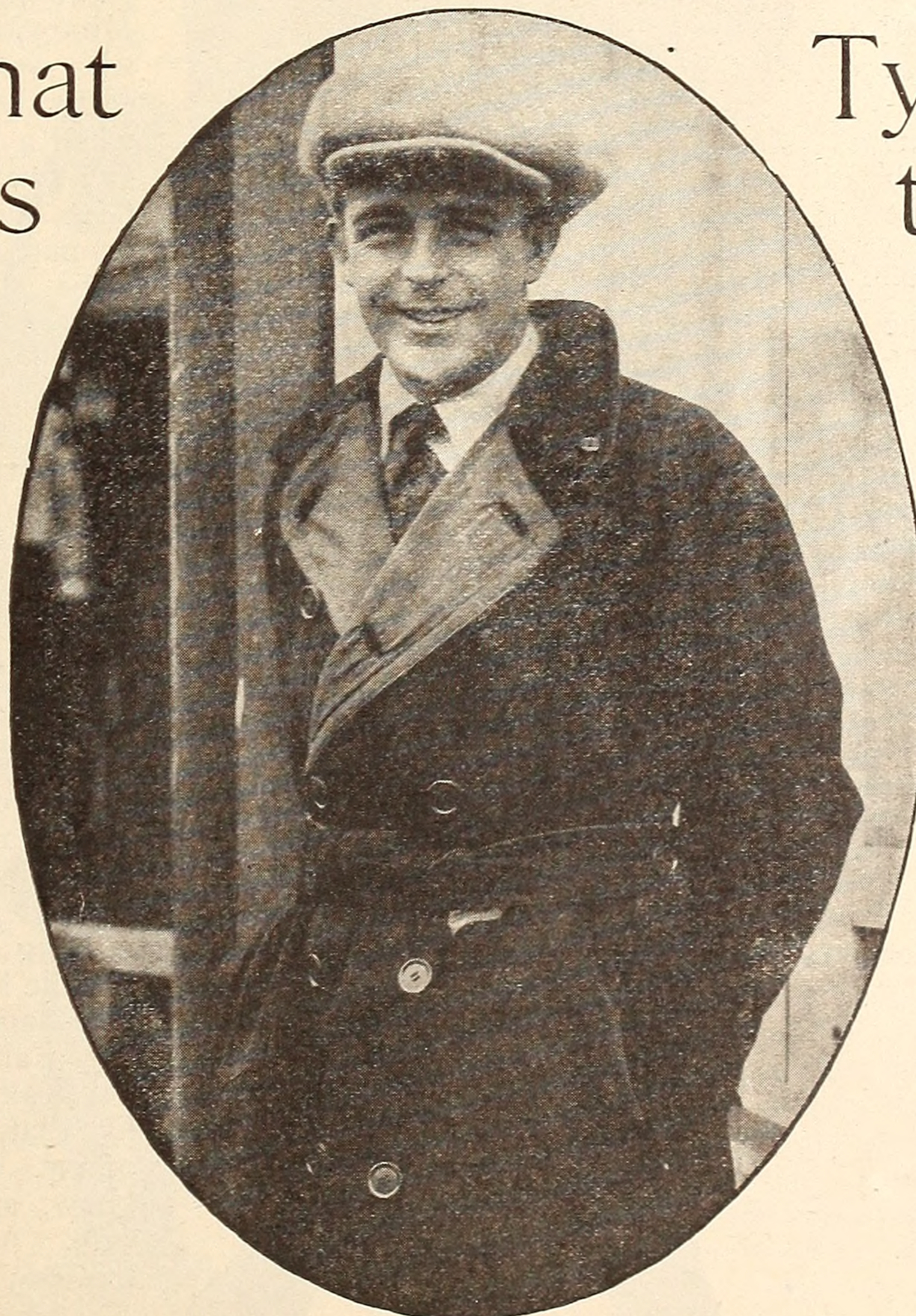
It is my private opinion that, even though they can do without more money, they won't be able to get along without the pleasure of having a brand-new, up-to-the-minute, scintillating comedy to their credit every once in a while.

## What Appeals

By Sylvia

## Type to You?

Cushman



**D**ID you ever stop to consider why you liked certain screen favorites better than others? Or why other persons, who seem to be perfectly sane in other respects, rave about players to whom you are quite indifferent? Sometimes, of course, it's a mere matter of taste quite unexplainable, like our likes and dislikes for certain articles of food. But I think I can show that in the majority of cases there's a more fundamental reason, and that nearly every one of the leading stars has his or her own special following because of a special appeal

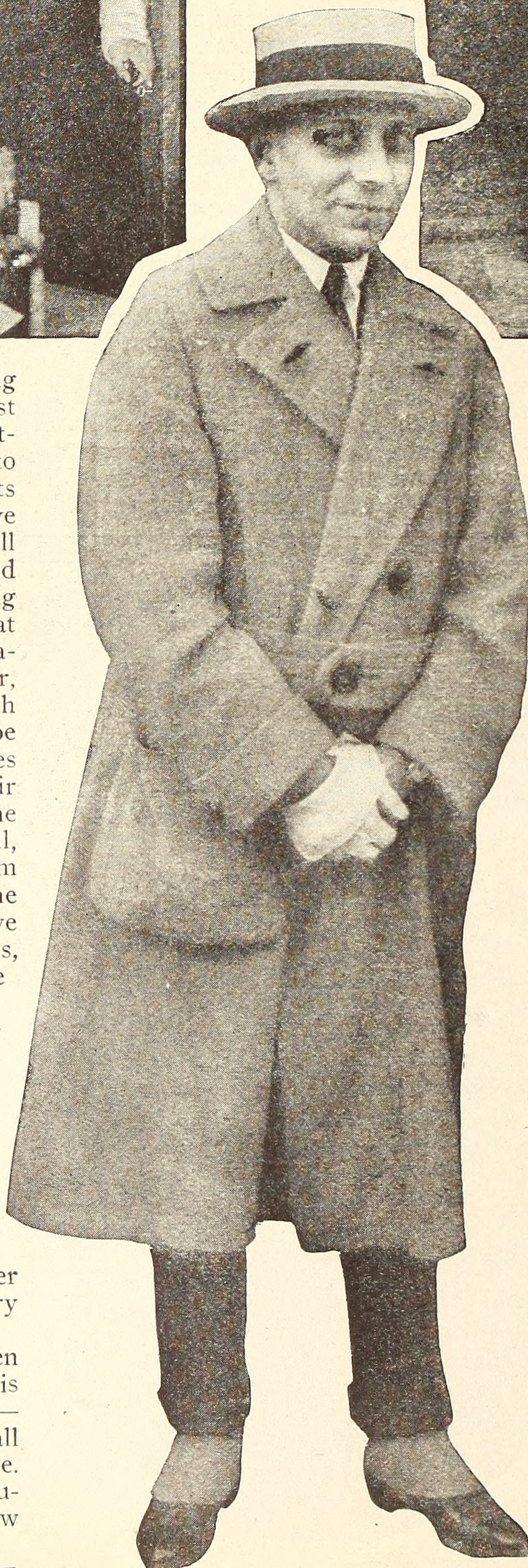
to a certain type of person.

The person who has passed the age of romance in his or her own life, to whom romance makes a special appeal, invariably enjoys the pictures in which the young lover and the flapper flap through five reels of mushy sentiment which does not at all appeal to those youngsters who are enjoying that kind of intoxication at first hand. Why is it that Auntie Lou secretly adores Wallie Reid and Charlie Ray? I'll tell you—because through their screen reflections she sees the mist of years fade away. She





Three screen stars  
who have very dif-  
ferent followings:  
Pearl White, Elsie  
Ferguson and Erich  
von Stroheim.



is young again—young, wishing and craving for love, the most desired of all things. No matter what a woman may say to the world, in her heart of hearts she knows that her hunger love is her greatest of all desires. All women want to be loved and caressed, and when advancing years bring the realization that for them the gates to this paradise are probably closed forever, they live in the image of youth when love is reality and hope eternal. When Wallie kisses Bebe Daniels, they recall their courtship with Will Berring, the grocer's son, or Jed Kimball, who used to drive over from Connersville to take them to the barn dance. The years have gone, but the memory remains, and it is for Charlie and Wallie to make them live again.

The youngsters invariably enjoy serials. They cheer the hero, hiss the villain, and weep with the heroine, because with youth comes the spirit of adventure, and all serials are ninety per cent adventure. Pearl White probably has more fan letters from children than any other star with the exception of Mary Pickford.

Between the ages of sixteen and twenty the heart interest is strong. It is the romantic age—love is very, very serious, and all the world is its sacred circle. Norma Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, Pauline Frederick, and Lew

Cody are their gods. The girls say their prayers to Lew while the boys have Norma and Elsie all over their rooms at college, and spend their allowance on the magazines that display their ideal's picture.

A woman of tarnished life will go to the pictures of Mary Miles Minter, while the little foolish girl who wants to be a vamp will generally be found in the front row when a lurid vampire picture is in full sway. Older men love Lillian Gish, and see in her the kind of woman they want their daughters to be. Dorothy Gish is the idol of the grammar-school girls who imitate her sailor suits and empire dresses.

In a theater in Stoneham, Massachusetts, early last spring, "Blind Husbands" was being shown. Back of me sat two dear old ladies who probably never had been out of Massachusetts in all their lives; at any rate, it is safe to say they knew nothing of the life and idiosyncrasies of an Austrian army officer. But they knew human nature, and even a clever man like Erich von Stroheim couldn't fool them. After the picture was finished they snorted in disgust. A friend was reviling Erich, rejoicing in the fact that he had been killed—in the picture—and hoping that he would spend all eternity in torment.

"Really, Amy, you shouldn't talk like that," said the one directly back of me. "It's only play acting, you know, and besides he has a nice face. Any man with a smile like that couldn't be really bad."



# Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan simply can't help gossiping; she knows so many people.

By The Bystander

“Do you think it would be tactful,” demanded Fanny, brandishing a shopping list over the teapot, “to put a bottle of seasick medicine in a steamer basket?”

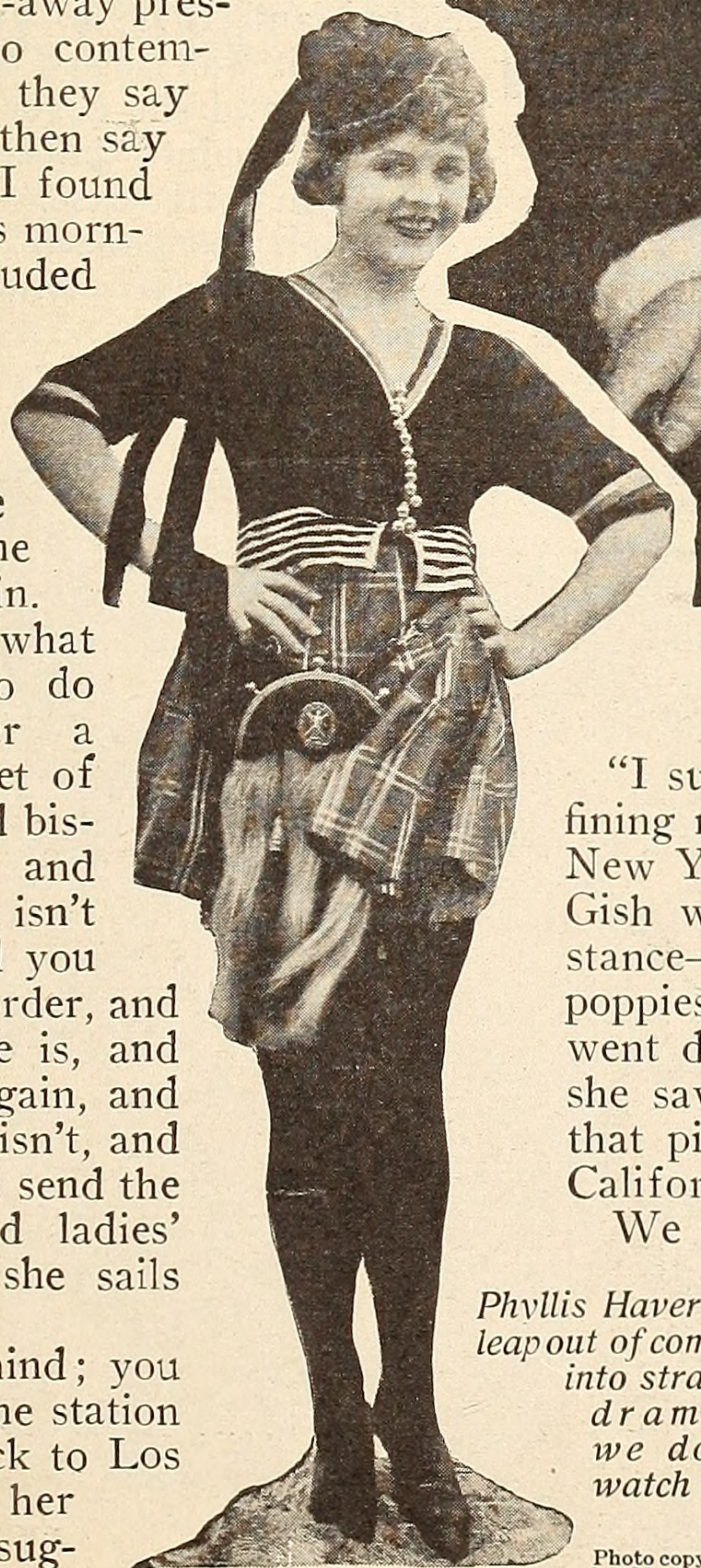
I declared forcibly that I didn't.

“But it's far more necessary than jars of jam and teaballs and fruit,” she retorted. “The things people put in those baskets are perfectly inane, anyway; they seem to think that travelers' tastes change the instant they step on board a liner. Why, when I went abroad I was given a steamer basket that simply *bulged* with gooseberry jam, which I've always loathed, and pickled kumquats, or whatever they do to those things, and guava jelly—and my appetite's anything but exotic. Now, with everybody who's who in the screen world sailing for somewhere, the subject of what to give them as going-away presents is horrible to contemplate. And when they say they will sail and then say they won't—well, I found two gray hairs this morning!” she concluded gloomily.

“Isn't that taking it pretty hard?” I inquired, with the indifference of the outsider looking in.

“Maybe—but what are you going to do when you order a scrumptuous basket of fruit and imported biscuits for a star, and then she says she isn't going to sail, and you countermand the order, and then she says she is, and you phone it in again, and then she says she isn't, and in desperation you send the basket to the old ladies' home, and *then* she sails after all.”

“Well, never mind; you can meet her at the station when she gets back to Los Angeles and pelt her with bananas,” I suggested.



Phyllis Haver will leap out of comedy into straight drama if we don't watch out.

Photo copyrighted by Mack Sennett Studios



Photo by Sarony

Barbara Castleton is to marry Willard Mack.

“I suppose I'm not going to,” she answered gloomily. “I'm confining my offerings to flowers now, and telegraphing the orders to New York at the last minute. I sent Johnny-jump-ups to Dorothy Gish when she sailed in August, and bachelor's buttons to Constance—hope she liked 'em. And I got about a bushel of California poppies for Norma—of course, they'd close up tight when the sun went down, but luckily she sailed at high noon. Do you suppose she saw the sweet significance of them? I loved her in 'Poppy,' that picture she did so long ago, and I wish she'd come back to California—I think that was pretty clever, myself!”

We were sitting in my sun parlor, and could look way off down the hill at Los Angeles, and way off up to the hills far away. Fanny had announced her arrival by declaring that there wasn't any news of anybody; but then, she has a taste for the sensational when it comes to gossip, and nothing short of a startling engagement or raising an extra to star rôles gets her excited.

“What do you think about Dorothy Devore's promotion?” she demanded now, lazily. “She's always been





Photo by Hoover

*Elinor Fair is to have the leading feminine rôle in the screen production of "Kismet," Otis Skinner's famous stage success.*

in the Sennett bathing-beauty brigade, and now she's Charlie Ray's leading lady in 'Forty-five Minutes From Broadway.' Comedies have it all over dramatic schools nowadays, haven't they? And there's Molly Malone, too—she used to be a comedy queen after



she'd broken into pictures by way of straight dramas—and now here she is in Goldwyn pictures—a regular actress once more."

"I think it's equally interesting that Louise Lovely's following up her work as William Farnum's leading lady by becoming a Fox star," I contributed. "And that Elinor Fair is leading woman in 'Kismet,' with Otis Skinner. Did you see that on the stage? It was simply gorgeous, and after all the delay there's been about screening it I'm delighted that it's really under way at last."

"I've got some new kodak pictures," volunteered Fanny, rummaging in her bag. "And they're the greatest consolation to me, because they're not a bit flattering to the screen people who posed for them. You know how it is when somebody points a kodak at you—you do so long to be beautiful so that everybody who sees the picture will wonder who you are. Well, I wish you'd look at the picture of Helene Chadwick; she's certainly an awfully pretty girl, but you'd never realize how pretty she is from these pictures they took when they were out making 'The Black Pawl.' And look at John Bowers—that's really stunning of him; it disproves my theory. He looks like Tommy Meighan, doesn't he?"

"He does. Oh, you remember the last time I saw you, when we went to Tia Juana? Well, the very next day Sylvia Breamer went there and won two hundred and fifty dollars playing roulette—and it was turned over to her in silver dollars and she never thought of changing them into bills, but carried them home in a suit case. And I'd just about decided to believe that gambling is

wicked, because I always lose. Now I'll never be able to stick to my convictions."

"I suppose you know that Elliott Dexter isn't to be with Famous Players-Lasky any more, but will both star and direct for the new Rockett Film Corporation?"

I cut in. When Fanny gets to moralizing you might as well either interrupt forcibly or give up the struggle to be interested and go to sleep. I chose the former. "His first picture will be 'Truant Husbands.'"

"Yes, I heard that—and that Jack Pickford leaves Goldwyn with the completion of his present picture, and that Betty Compson will go right on making pictures with her own company, but will release them through Goldwyn. Also I hear that Flora Finch is coming back to the screen—you remember how funny she used to be when she was with John Bunny?"

*Bob Gordon wound up "The Vice of Fools," with Alice Joyce, and then rushed off to Ithaca to do "Three Women Loved Him," but don't worry; his wife went with him.*

"I could if it didn't make me feel so old to remember things that happened in the early days of the movies. Oh, I had some news from Rob-



ert Gordon the other day. You know, he finished 'The Vice of Fools,' with Alice Joyce, and then went up to Ithaca, New York, to be featured in 'Three Women Loved Him'—doesn't that sound hectic for nice Bob Gordon? And he says that he likes this new company he's with—they engaged him for the part after seeing him in 'Dollars and the Woman'; before that they wouldn't believe that he could do anything different from *Huck Finn*. And he and his wife have rented a big touring car and are driving around the country and having the time of their young lives; they say they wish they could live in Ithaca forever. That's where Irene Castle Tremain lives, you know."

"Oh, some news—Molly King has an infant son, Kenneth Alexander—I almost forgot that. You remember her, don't you? She was on the stage, and then made a lot of pictures—I think 'Women Men Forget' was her first one."

"Wonder if she'll come back to the screen. Evelyn Greeley's returning, you know; she's to be in 'Diana of the Stars,' a Select program picture. It seems like a long time since

*Continued on page 85*

*Molly Malone has deserted comedy to become a Goldwynite.*



## Puritan—Parisienne —and Picture Player

As Mark Twain said of the bicycle, it isn't reasonable. Yet we find the blend in Ann May.

By Herbert Howe

Photos taken exclusively for PICTURE-PLAY by Hoover

**M**Y word! I hope you don't mind the bu-umps," she ejaculated, shifting gears on the Stutz speedster. "What were you—mercy—saying?"

I had involuntarily blurted out a bit of "dough-boy French," as the sudden lurch almost lifted me out of the seat. Ann looked at me and laughed.

"Comment? No, I'm not French—well, maybe—a few grandmothers back."

Ann May possibly is not French, but she has the spirit. When I saw "Paris Green"—and her—I exclaimed, "At last, the real French girl." For she has the misbehaving eyes immortalized by Anna Held and







"If that girl succeeds in transplanting her personality to film, she'll be one of the greatest stars in the business."

the mouth for—well, a very kissable mouth. And her black curly hair, terminating at the tips of her ears, pirouettes around her head in the mode of the Parisian apache dancer.

"Ninon" they call her at Charles Ray's studio, where she is playing opposite Ray in "Peaceful Valley." *Ninon* was the French girl in "Paris Green."

"Ninon, you'd be a star to-morrow if you didn't have so many arguments for everything," I heard Director Jerome Storm tell her after a voluble debate as to the amount of rouge on her lips.

"But, Jerry, I don't look well without it. You *know* I don't."

"Do you want to look like a chorus girl?" interrupted Mr. Ray sedately. "Try to be something besides beautiful."

"That suits me, Charles!" Her eyebrows shot upward under the forehead curls. "That's all that's necessary. Yes—you bet—that satisfies me."

"What do you know about lips?" she demanded as we shot away from the studio over a range of asphaltic hillocks. "Dot Gish gave me some pointers about make-up. And I'll stick to them if I lose my job. Yes, I will. If I ever have the following and salary of Dot Gish, I'll——"

A bump punctured her plans. She was about to resume them when there was further interference from a traffic cop.

Arguments may be impolitic in a studio, but they certainly come in handy with a cop. Miss May dismissed the threats of fine, imprisonment, and seizure of car with a queenly wave of her hand and a parting, "You're awfully sweet, mister. I'll send you a Christmas card."

One need not be a psychologist to detect personality in this young lady. Photographically, she's perfect. As for expression, she has more shrugs, moues, and optical caprices than Dorothy Gish or Constance Talmadge. In action, she resembles these pepsters. In repose—if she ever is—I fancy she might suggest Norma Talmadge.

"If that girl succeeds in transplanting her personality to film, she'll be one of the biggest stars in the business," Jerry Storm told me in an aside. "If she doesn't—she won't be anything—merely a pretty leading lady."

The beautiful Ann is superfeminine, hence super-obdurate. She's positive she would qualify as a *Desdemona* or a Broken Blossom. Those who know her are quite as positive she's another *Little Disturber*.

I ventured to remark that I'd heard she was a lady of fortune who didn't need to picturize herself for a livelihood. From the Studio Club fly such rumors as—she ran away from home, renounced a million, has an income of five hundred a week without working, owns two dozen hats, fifty pairs of shoes—untold wealth.

"My word!" Disgust shortened her upper lip. She slumped down in the car so that she appeared to be chinning herself on the steering wheel. "*My word!* I think that's disgusting. They're always bothering about my affairs. It isn't true. Nobody will take you seriously if they think you have enough to keep from starving. You simply have to starve to be a regular in this business. It's—it's traditional. Well, I am in earnest. If I weren't, I wouldn't be in pictures. And if I were starving I wouldn't be, either. I'd work at something more reliable."

She violently twirled the steering disk. The front right wheel shaved the concrete corner; the rear right trounced over the curb. "Afraid to die?" she glanced up with tantalizing smile. "No? All right, here she goes."

The speedometer shimmied to sixty miles. Ninon's



hair swirled and curled and kinked itself around her head. From the cushion beside her two frightened books bounded to the floor. One was Beaudelaire's "Fleurs de Mal," the other Plato's "On the Immortality of the Soul." The combination was as congruous as the elements of Ninon's nature. Dashing and hurdling over those mountain roads I experienced for the first time some agitation as to the immortality of the soul. It was engulfed by a greater curiosity. I asked the lady Jehu concerning her pictorial experiences.

She told me her vanity had been utterly defaulted when she saw "Paris Green." She thought herself "terrible—positively terrible." Mr. Ince didn't think so, neither did Jerry Storm or Charles Ray or C. Gardner Sullivan. Mr. Ince and Mr. Sullivan wanted her to play a part in "Sex," that of the girl from the country who becomes a vamp champ.

"They described the part. I had to smoke cigarettes and act intoxicated and wear—my word!—you should have seen what they wanted me to wear. It was less than a thought. I said 'unh-unh-never!' Why! what would the girls back in school have thought if they'd seen me in such a part?"

She was horrification personified, her eyes veritable orbs, her mouth pursed with Puritanical grimness. A curl right above the middle of her forehead stood upright, as upright as a curl can. She registered the solemnity of a kewpie.

For all her interest in the immortality of the soul, demi-sized Ann is a girl just out of school. I fancy she still believes that to have a fudge party at midnight or to sneak up the stairs of the Studio Club with her slippers in hand is delectable sin.

*Continued on page 84*

*Photographically  
she's perfect.*



THAT Shakespeare ne'er heard of the film world  
Is a fact that we all will concede,  
And yet apt quotations he's written  
To fit its every need!

*Star*

She's beautiful; therefore to be wooed. She is a woman; therefore to be won.

*Leading Man*

I am not in the roll of common men.

*Vampire*

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

*Comedienne*

They have a plentiful lack of wit.

*Villain*

Thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward,  
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!

*Extra*

Double, double, toil and trouble.

*Director*

Man, proud man, dress'd in a little brief authority.

*Screen*

To hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature.

*A Good Play*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*A Poor Play*

Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like the phantasma, or a hideous dream.

*Subtitles*

What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?

*Fan*

It were all one that I should love a bright, particular star.

*Answer Man*

I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips, let no dog bark.

*Critic*

Condemn the fault, but not the actor of it!

VARA MACBETH JONES.





*If you are interested in the unusual you will enjoy Tourneur's "The White Circle."*

## The Screen in Review

Criticism and comment on current releases by New York's best-known and most widely read reviewer.

By Peter Milne

JUST what is the determining factor which makes a picture stand out as an unusually good one? This question is the bane of a picture reviewer's existence; it certainly is my particular bane.

It is easy enough to determine whether a picture is good or bad, but to explain your conclusion through a correct course of reasoning is one rather difficult.

There are times when I feel certain that a production's merit is due to the careful efforts of the director. I write down my feelings and subsequently the mail brings me word from the author of the



*Robert W. Chambers' tricks of writing have been adequately translated to the screen in "The Fighting Chance."*

work that the director was merely following out his ideas. And time and again I have credited the author with acquitting himself in fine style only to have my verdict knocked into the shape of the celebrated cocked hat when the director has met me on the street and told me that he threw the author's manuscript into the wastebasket and went ahead on the picturization, using nothing but his own ideas.

The picture reviewer who labors to inform without the benefit of knowledge of sundry studio policies, the liberties accorded divers directors and scenario writers, the



restrictions placed upon them, et cetera, is up against a task as difficult as that which confronts the baseball critic who would determine the relative values of a strike-out pitcher and a home-run hitting outfielder. First it's one, then the other, and then again—it's both.

There is one element, however, which enters into every successful picture, for which either director, author, or star may be responsible. For want of a more definite term this element is called atmosphere. No great work of the picture art achieves its success through anything else but this element. Other elements may have contributed, but a realistic, a poetic, a highly imaginative, or a sensational atmosphere is always the big factor. I feel safe in defying any one to name a great picture that lacked this essential.

Recently it has been my fortune to see some eight or nine pictures, in all of which this determining atmosphere is striking. And at the risk of offending several authors I make the bold statement that in each case the director has been responsible for the achievement. The authors paved the way for them, provided them with the opportunities, but the directors contributed the finishing touches. The architect might draw plans for a palace, but the builder, through his blundering, might turn out a mountain of junk.

First in the list I place Maurice Tourneur, despite the fact that his present picture, "The White Circle," will perhaps not become as popular as some of the others I have seen. The story, based on Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Pavilion on the Links," is one of fantastic lengths, telling of the manner in which a man named *Northmour* hid away *Huddleston* and his daughter *Clara*, when the former was threatened by members of an Italian secret society whose funds he had embezzled. *Northmour's* craving for the girl is a conventional villain's attribute, but when at the end he could dispose of his rival easily he sees of a sudden his freedom vanished, visualizes to himself years of humdrum marital existence.



"The City of Masks" is a delightful bit of whimsy.

Tourneur has played with wonderful atmospheric effects in the succession of nightmares that visit *Huddleston*. The moral coward dies a thousand horrible deaths in his mind, and Tourneur's way of visualizing some of these is altogether masterly. He clearly demonstrates himself an artist in the way of effects—and effects, of course, constitute atmosphere.

If you are interested in the unusual I am sure you will enjoy Tourneur's bold ventures in the realms of extraordinary atmosphere. And I am sure the scenes between Spottiswoode Aitken as the cowardly *Huddleston* and Wesley Barry as the boy who is unacquainted with fear will appeal. More than this Tourneur has brought to the screen a new leading woman, Janite Wilson, a young woman in whose eyes lies the ability to topple the reserve of a pompous prince.

More extensive in appeal than "The White Circle" is "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*," another Jack London adaptation. In this story of a boy's making, of his coming into manhood, London injected an atmosphere of virility and deep, human appeal that has been communicated to the screen with wonderful fidelity. And it is Edward Sloman, who to my knowledge never made a sea picture before in his life, who has this achievement to his credit. "The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*" teems with the invigorating atmosphere of the salt sea. It has a tang that courses all through you.

The effects which have aided him in achieving this are a wonderful series of fight scenes aboard the ship when a storm is lashing the craft about at will, a fine performance by Mitchell Lewis that is superbly simple in its appeal, excellent work by the support, particularly William V. Mong, and the presence of a dog who is as much



"The Prince Chap" has a delightfully romantic atmosphere.



an actor as any of the rest. Certainly London, if he were alive to-day, would congratulate Sloman for so faithfully extending his ideas to the celluloid.

Atmosphere is an essential part of Marshall Neilan's "Go and Get It." This atmosphere is nothing more than Neilan's personality. Neilan is a man of a dozen moods. He may perpetrate the severest slapstick jokes on you one minute, and the next second will see him discoursing on something approaching ideals. He will relate to you a story he has read in which a pretty romance is dominant, he will wax tearful, humorous, widely imaginative. All these moods are represented in "Go and Get It." It has separate thrills and in itself is one long thrilling melodrama. It has a charming romance, moments of humor and more of purely slapstick comedy. Like Neilan himself, it is a three-ring circus. Its atmosphere is wild, ever changing from one key to another. He has pounded all your emotions at the end, and you like him for being so downright clever about it.

"Go and Get It" is a melodrama of newspaper life that never could have happened. It has a romance that is too good to be true and comedy that is burlesqued to the breaking point. It has thrilling airplane stunts that you will not believe until you see them. And it has the benefit of delightful performances by Agnes Ayres and Pat O'Malley, while the clever little Wesley Barry supplies the comedy. "Go and Get It" is a picture that you will want to see more than once.

Imaginative atmosphere again marks "The City of Masks," a George Barr McCutcheon story, which Thomas Heffron directed, with Robert Warwick in the leading rôle. The idea behind this reads as quite crazy. It concerns a group of mere employees in the city of



Wesley Barry in a new kind of role in "Go and Get It."

New York who congregate on a certain night each week and play at make-believe, indulging their whims to the extent of calling themselves lords and ladies, knights and princesses. And, of course, it is these people who have the souls of knights and princesses, those of wealth whom they serve being contrasted as commonplace and vulgar.

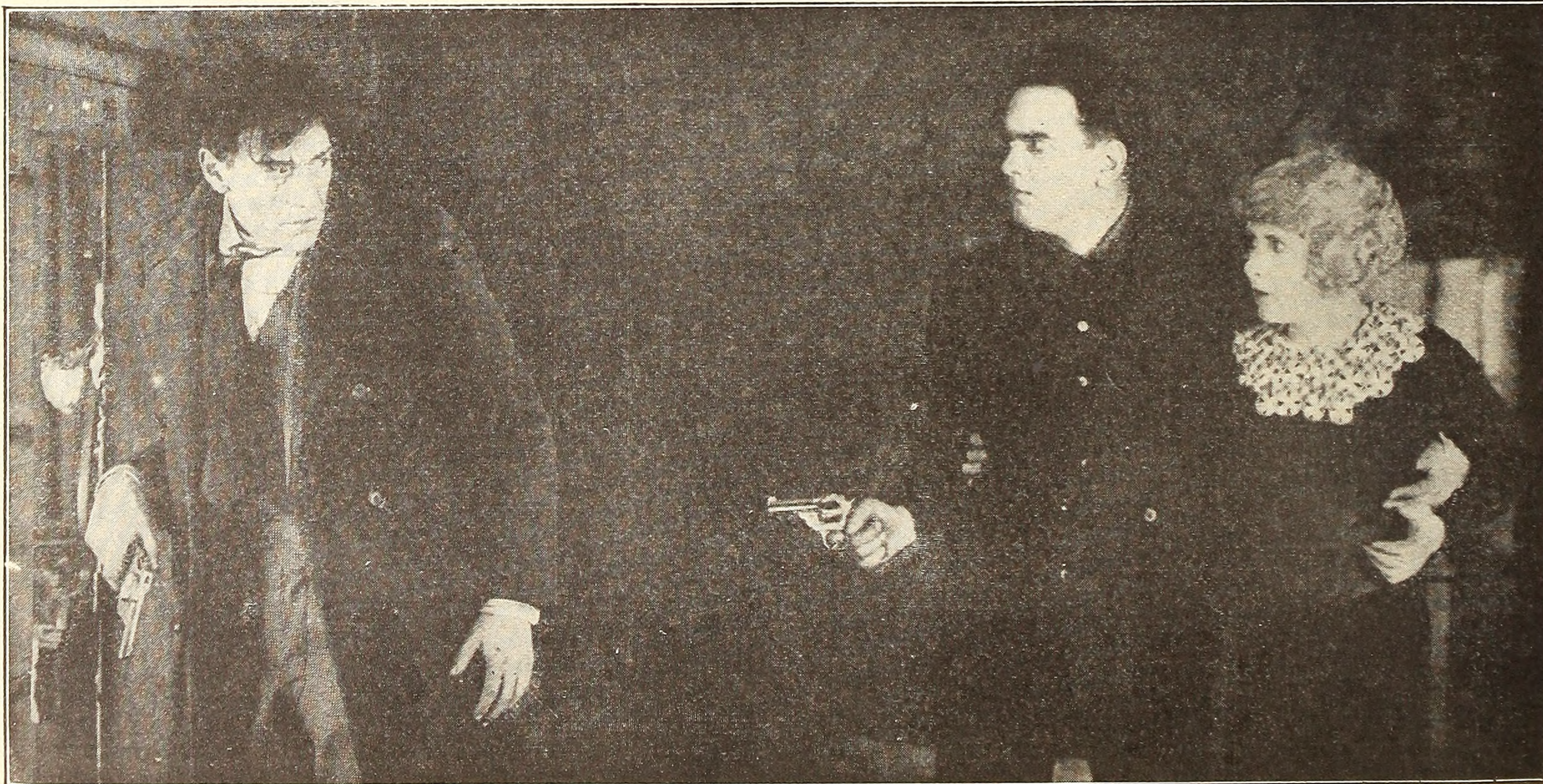
It is a delightful little bit of whimsy, of fantastic imagination over all of which spreads an atmosphere of dreamlike quality which must go to the credit of Heffron. He was aided by a performance of stellar quality on the part of Warwick and another of the same water by Lois Wilson.

And while I am on the subject of Mr. Heffron's work I must also mention "Firebrand Trevison," a Fox picture with that new star, yclept Buck Jones. Mr. Heffron undergoes a transition from the sublime to the wild when he steps from the McCutcheon story to this tale of the movie wild West. And yet he has done his work here just as well, equipping it with an atmosphere of dash and daring that is infectious. Jones—I believe he is the only star who ever dared use such a common, or garden variety of name—helps him a lot with divers stunts and a very clean and manly personality.

In "One Hour Before Dawn" Director Henry King was supplied with an ideal murder-mystery story. Not even little Willie who frequents the pictures every day will guess the identity of the murderer. I can readily see how nine out of ten directors would have botched the story by neglecting to supply the atmosphere of tense mystery and suspense which King has injected. Here is really a marvelous example of the power of suggestion in making a picture. From the very outset King lets you know something dire is scheduled to

*Those who enjoyed Pearl White in her serials will find plenty of thrills and entertainment in "The White Moll."*

*Continued on page 93*



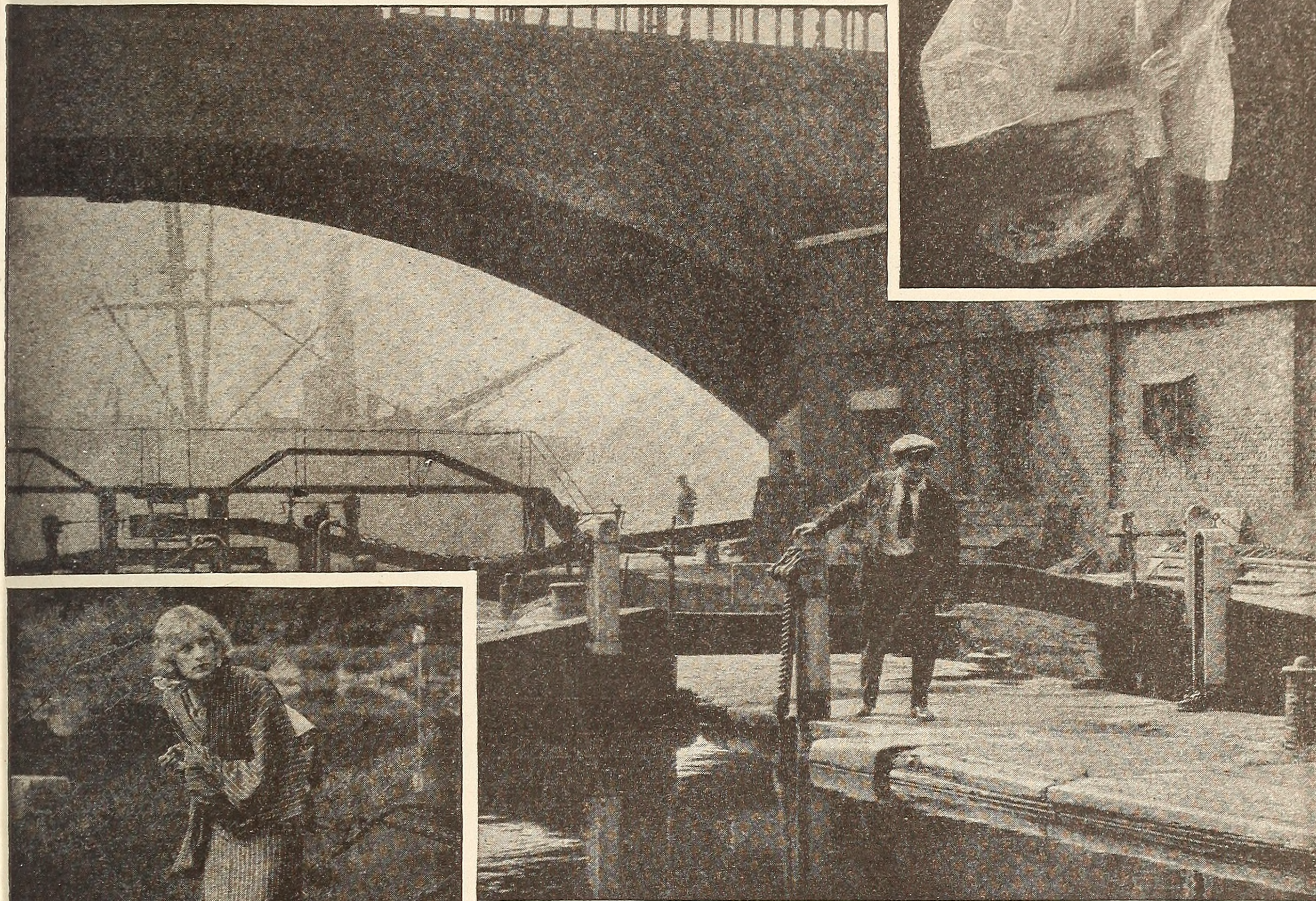


# Putting the "Gee!" in Geography

Globe-trotting serial makers are doing it right along.

By Caroline Bell

Marie Walcamp in the Philippines.



Eddy Polo took "The Vanishing Dagger" to England.

THE class in geography will now go to the 'Bijou' for the next two episodes of 'His Leap for Life.' Please notice particularly the parts showing the Taj Mahal, in India, and the Tower of London. Don't forget your tickets, and be back in time for arithmetic."

Fantastic? Not a bit of it! Grammar-school teachers everywhere may take to this method of teaching both history and geography if the other motion-picture producers follow Universal's example and send their companies all over the world on serial-making expeditions.

Perhaps you saw Eddy Polo in "The Vanishing Dagger"; if you did, you'll remember the English scenes. Dignified old estates, beautiful gardens, the Whitechapel district of London, famous as a haunt of

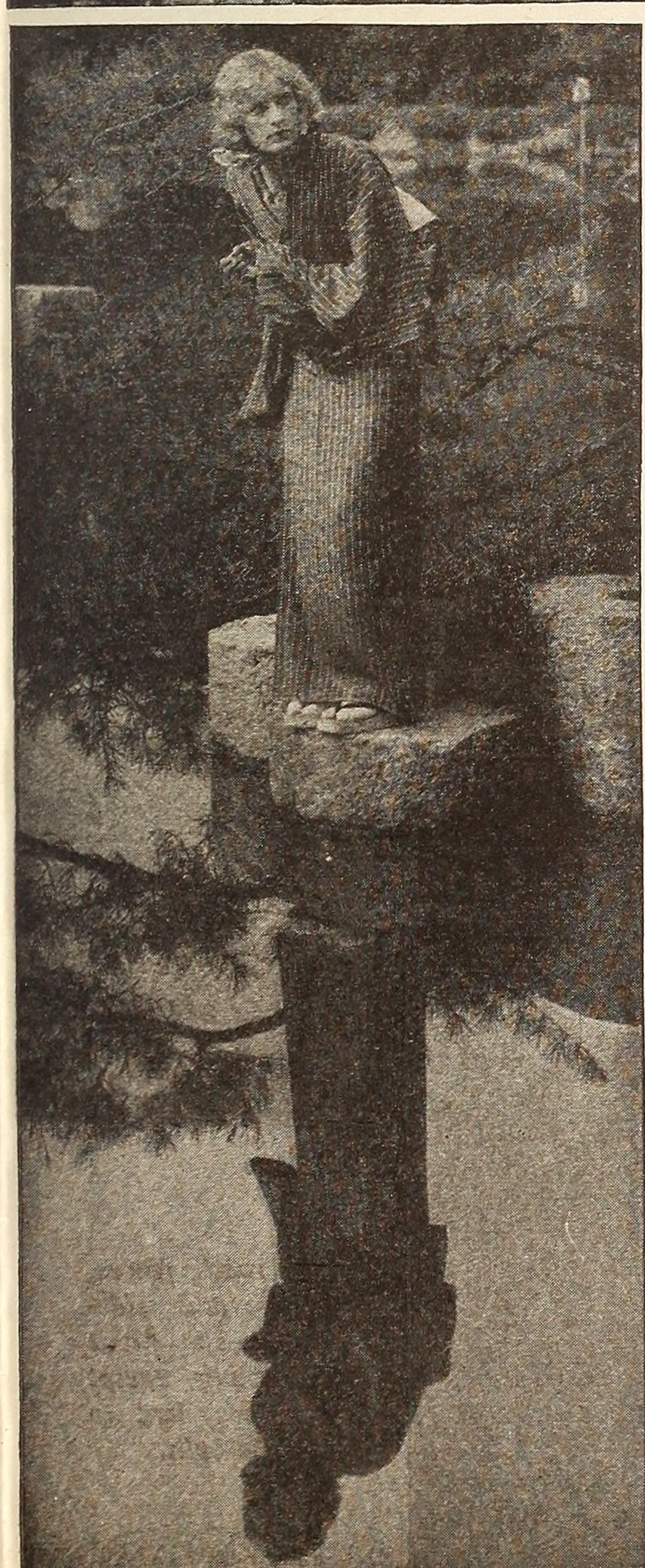
criminals—they were all shown on the screen, not rebuilt as studio sets, but as they really are; for the whole company went abroad on location, and "The Vanishing Dagger" vanished on its native heath.

Japan made an effective background for Miss Walcamp in "The Dragon's Net."

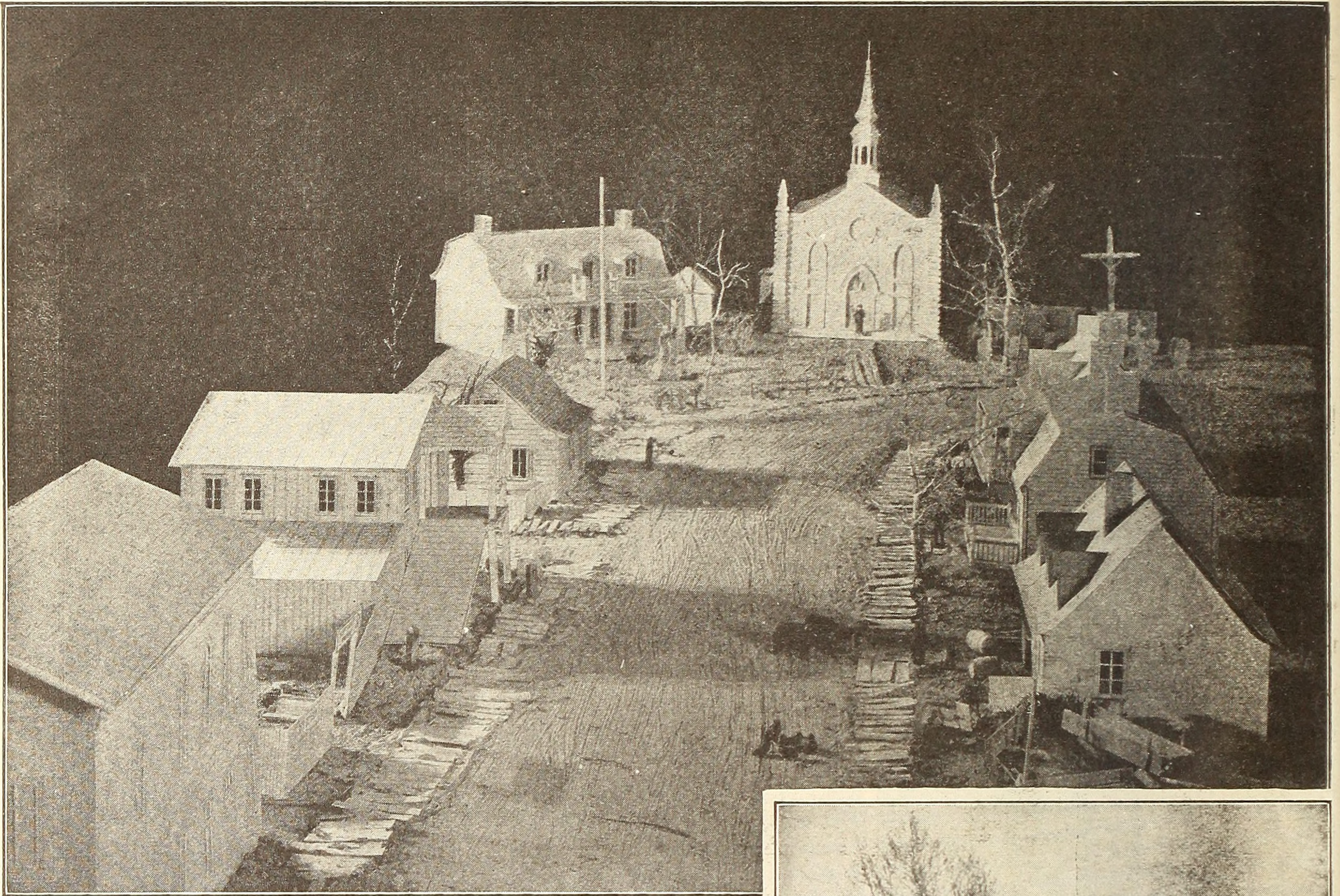
Marie Walcamp was the next Universal star to sail the seas in order that a series of hair-curling adventures might be authentically presented. She crossed the Pacific to do "The Dragon's Net," and scenes were shot beneath the historic Great Wall of China, besides flooded rice fields in Japan, the Hawaiian Islands, and the Philippines. Miss Walcamp wore native garb in these various countries, and, of course, natives were used as extras.

Universal is now planning to send Eddy Polo out on another globe-trotting expedition, with a scenario for a serial in his pocket. This time South America has been selected as the setting.

Think of the ambitions that will be aroused in small boys who follow these serials. Their grandfathers who longed for adventure and planned to ship before the mast in order to get it are terribly out of date. Being a hero of serials has such tame ambitions beaten a mile!







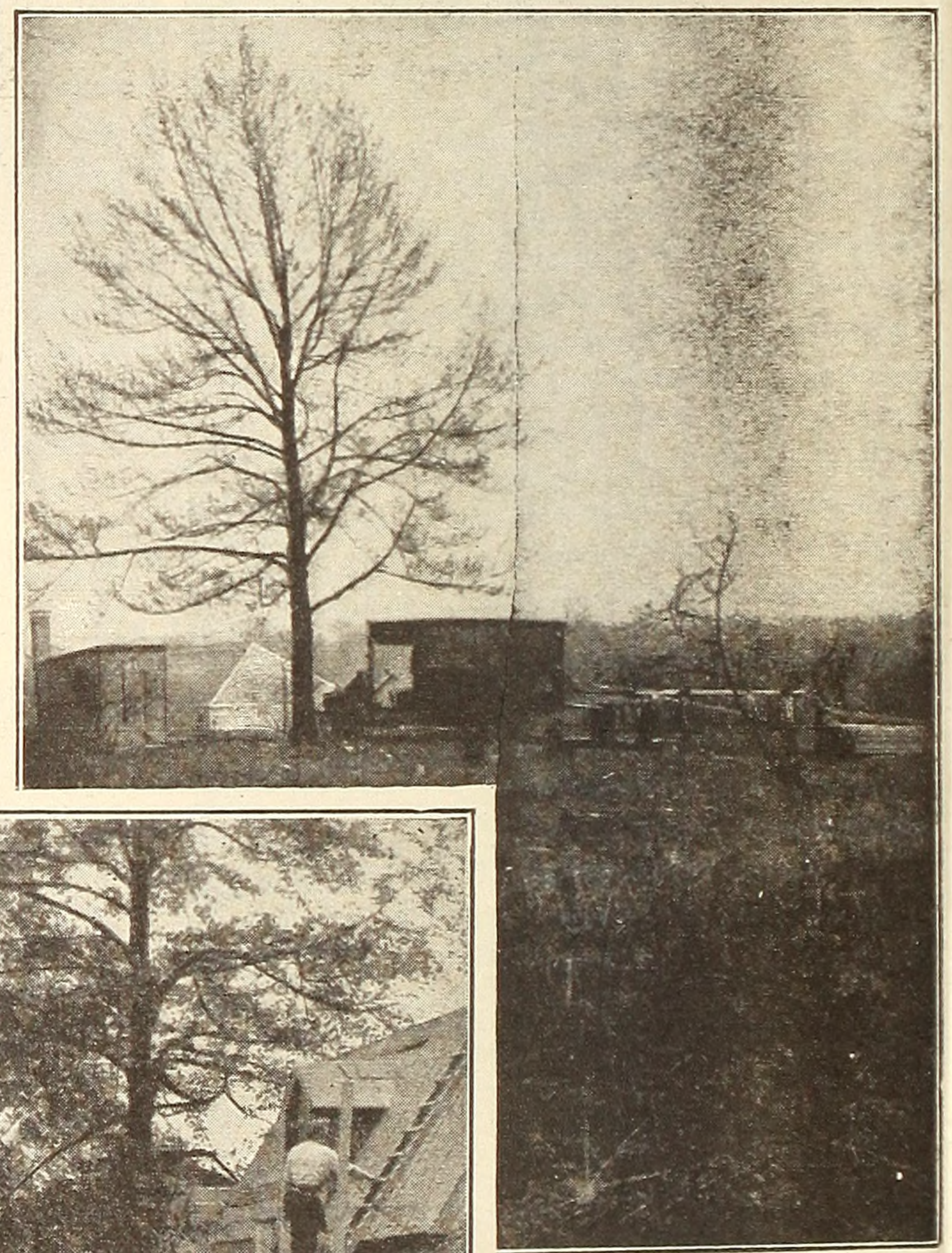
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## How a Movie Town Is Built

Once planned, it goes up as though by magic.

By Charles Carter

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*The road, fences, lawns, and sidewalks—in fact everything except the trees, had to be built.*





**T**HREE weeks before the place had been but a patch of vacant land high above the Hudson River, across which lay New York City. But on the night when the great storm was about to burst, the work of sixty men had transformed it into a small French-Canadian village, the setting for William Faversham's new picture, based on Frank L. Packard's novel, "The Sin That Was His." And in the fury of that storm—produced by aëroplane engines and propellers—Faversham and a great company of extras spent the last night of work on the production in making some of the story's most dramatic scenes.

The accompanying pictures tell, at a glance, how such a set is made. The first is the miniature model made in cardboard for the director's approval before a single spadeful of ground is turned on the actual work. And you can see, by comparing the model with the picture of the finished set, how carefully the model was followed.

The picture is one on which both Packard and Faversham have set high hopes, and which Packard believes will surpass "The Miracle Man." And since he wrote the stories from which both productions were made he surely has a right to make the prophecy, which we shall soon see fulfilled—or not fulfilled—since the picture will be shown early this fall.

*Faversham in the rôle of a gambler masquerading as a priest.*





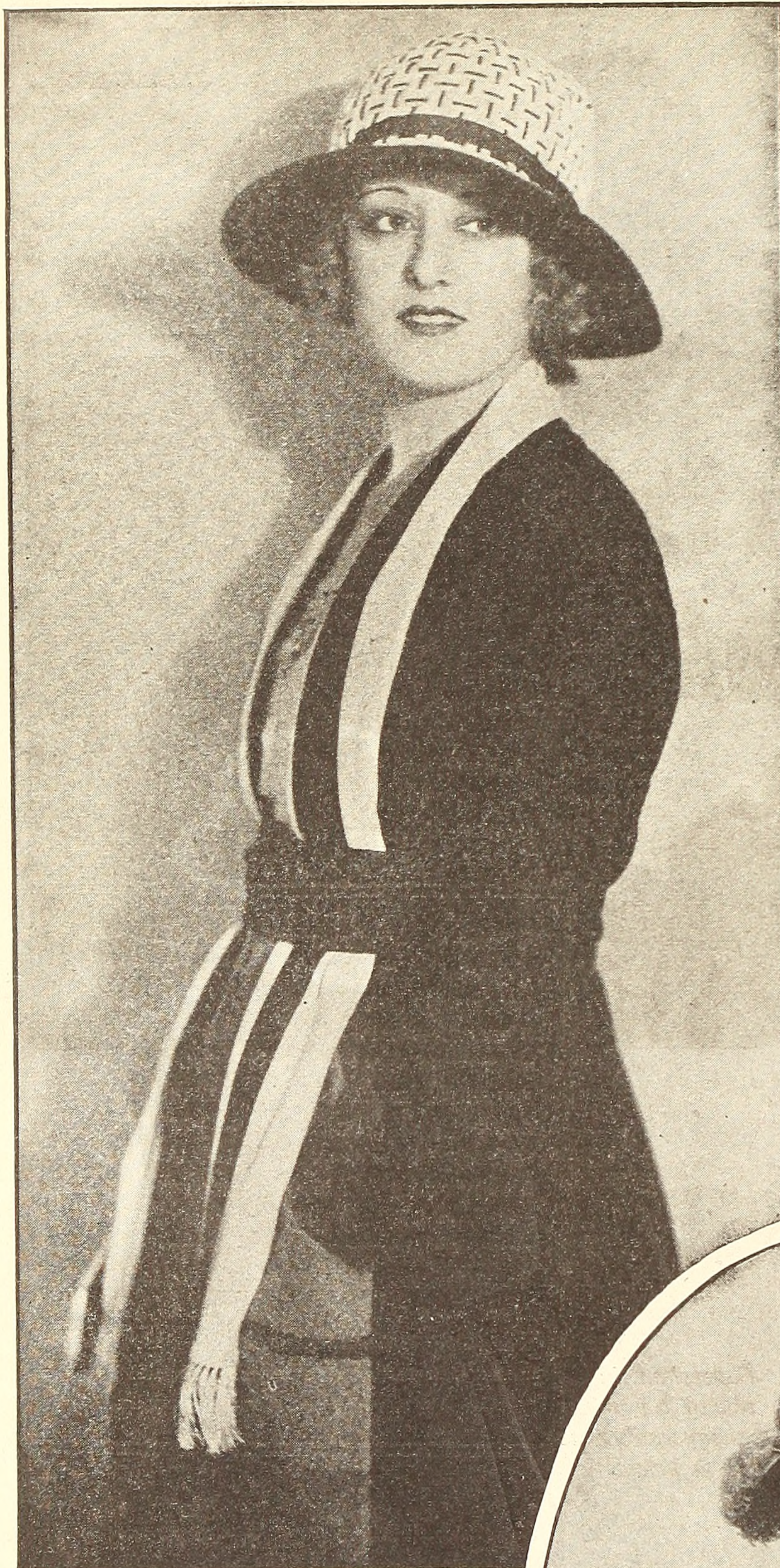


Photo by Evans

Grace Darmond, who is appearing in the serial May Yohe wrote, "The Hope Diamond Mystery."

SHE was the toast of London. Everybody'd heard pretty May Yohe sing her famous song, "Honey, My Honey"; she sang it on the musical-comedy stage for the general public, and at private parties for royalty. Her madcap escapades were the talk of the town; every one knew all about the American girl who had gone to France to study, and then come to England and won all hearts. And the town speculated as to which of her titled suitors she'd accept.

She ended the talk by marrying Lord Francis Hope, and started more by wearing the famous Hope Diamond, which, according to tradi-

## The Toast of London Town

Grace Darmond tells of her visit to May Yohe—once wearer of the famous Hope Diamond about which the story of Miss Darmond's new serial was written.

By Barbara Little

tion, ruins the lives of all who possess it. And now some say that it ruined May Yohe's, just because, not so very long ago, she had to work as janitress in a California shipyard to support herself and her husband. But May Yohe doesn't think so. She told Grace Darmond, who is appearing in a serial, "The Hope Diamond Mystery," based on the history of the famous jewel. And Grace Darmond told me all about it.

"She's the happiest person you ever saw," Grace told me, the day after she'd called on May Yohe Smuts in her little cottage in San Pedro, near Los Angeles. "She lives in a wee little place all covered with honeysuckle—there are just three rooms in that house, and it's filled with souvenirs of the time when May Yohe was famous. She met me at the door—and she's still so pretty; when you look into her brown eyes you don't wonder that she dazzled all London."

"Tell me all about your visit," I urged.

Miss Darmond did so; and here, in as nearly her own words as I can recall, I shall try to repeat the story to you, just as she told it to me.

I'll catch up on May Yohe's history for you first. Lord Hope's relatives didn't take to her any too kindly, you know, and she was just as much of a madcap as she'd ever been after she was married, and finally she ran away with an American officer.

He later deserted her—doesn't that show the influence of the Hope Diamond on her life? But she refused to be downed by Fate, and toured the Orient, singing and dancing. Then she married Captain John Smuts of the British army; he's a relative of General Smuts. And they're happy as kings.

I never had a nicer time in my life than I did the day I spent with them. He works in the shipyards now, you know, and wasn't home when I arrived, but came soon after. And when we heard his step on the back porch she called to him, "John, dear, wash up and come into the sitting room." Imagine a woman who's lived in a castle in that environment!

So he did, and she played, "Honey, My Honey," on the piano for me, and he turned the



May Yohe and her first husband, Lord Francis Hope.





*Deep Dene, Dorking, England, of which May Yohe Hope was mistress.*

music. She had a photograph of King Edward on the piano—and on the silver frame is engraved, “To May from Edward.”

“He was my friend—he was kind to me,” she said. “I would not part with this picture for all the diamonds in the world.”

It seemed a funny combination of events, for me to be sitting there thinking about how I’d portray May Yohe on the screen, and using a napkin that had once been in the linen closet of the castle of the famous Hope family of England, and eating a salad of lettuce, radishes, and onions that May Yohe had raised in the little garden behind her three-room house.

Yet, somehow, you can’t think of the change in her life as a misfortune; she has a philosophy that absolutely discounts it.

“I’ve been at the top, titled, wealthy, a friend of nobility, and I’ve been at the bottom, a social outcast, penniless, a janitress in the shipyards—when we first came here John was ill, and I had to do whatever I could to earn money, you see. And I’ve always been happy. I never walked the floor at night nursing my troubles. Happiness is here,” she touched her heart, “and never did I dream that I could be so happy as I am here in my little house with John and the flowers and the rabbits.”



You can’t feel sorry for the fallen fortunes of a woman who sees life that way; there’s nothing to feel sorry about.

However, she doesn’t intend to remain in her little house forever.

“I’m going to tell you a secret,” she told me. “I wrote the story of the Hope Diamond for a purpose. I mean some day to return to England; I love that old country, where I have many, many friends. And with the money I get from this serial about the diamond I am going back there and show them that May Yohe is alive, happy, and prosperous. And I am eager to get John away from the shipyards; people are always being hurt there—and I’d rather have him away from it.”

And how much money do you suppose it’s her ambition to have? Fifty-five thousand dollars. Certainly her former life did not leave with her an inheritance of extravagance.

And if I’ve shown you May Yohe as she really is—kindly, unassuming, lovable—you’ll understand why I’m trying harder than I’ve ever tried before to do the best work I can in this picturization of the story she’s written; I’m so anxious to do my part in helping her to get back to England.

*“You can’t feel sorry for the fallen fortunes of a woman who looks at life as she does.”*



# What the Fans Think

On different subjects concerning the screen, as revealed by letters selected from our mail pouch.

## Mrs. R. J. D.—Please Read!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I must comment on Mrs. R. J. D.'s letter regarding Cecil De Mille's latest production, "Why Change Your Wife?" as it afforded me the best amusement I have experienced in weeks.

Unfortunately, however, Mrs. R. J. D. does not state her daughter's age. If she is under eighteen, mother is to blame for her foolishness; but if she is past that age and does not know when her dresses are too low-necked to be becoming—Heaven help her, because she is not the average American girl, and any amount of censoring will not help much, so why censor a truly remarkable production that very subtly teaches a moral just because one young lady out of a thousand chooses to take a grotesque view of it and make herself absurd?

If she merely imitated Miss Swanson, all would be well, for you will remember the striking street costume she wore at the time of the accident. Her evening gowns were very beautiful—Miss Swanson's back being largely responsible—but, of course, any common-sense girl will realize that she could not wear them and "get away with it," especially if she is still in, or lately out of her teens.

As to perfume, Miss Swanson used it sparingly. I do not recall any instance that would lead one to believe that *her* clothes "fairly reek with it." Surely the picture cannot be to blame, for the young lady could just as easily get her ideas from a novel.

If it is very warm in Winsted, Connecticut, I am very much afraid that most of her fudge adheres to the cushions, and if it is cool, she is running a terrible risk, because one of her "un-initiated" admirers might accidentally sit on it, and—! ? !  
A. DE MILLE ADMIRER—Butte, Montana.

## "Hoping Mary Pickford Never Grows Up."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I am thirteen, and will be in the second year of high school in September. And I buy your magazine every month.

I have been reading "What the Fans Think," and some one in Canada wants Mary Pickford to grow up. I *don't*, and I saw her in "Pollyanna," and she was *wonderful*. I can't agree with the Toronto writer about Mary Miles Minter, either; I didn't like her in "Anne of Green Gables;" she didn't act like a kid at all. Mary Pickford is the only one that can play kid parts well, and I hope she will keep playing them.

I like Nazimova, too—she sure is a wonderful dancer. I enjoyed so much the article about her in your last number.

I am so glad they are going to star Marjorie Daw; I have loved her ever since I saw her with Mary in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

I enjoy your magazine, every bit of it, very much.  
ROSE E. WARD—Ithaca, New York.

## Putting a Pedestal Under Gloria.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

In a late issue of your magazine I found a letter of criticism of Gloria Swanson. And I want to protest against the things it said of her.

First it said she could not act. In several plays she showed that she did not have as much acting ability as some other players, but she was better than some girls I have seen starred, at that. And in "Why Change Your Wife?" she proved that she ranked among the best players.

In another issue some one wrote that Gloria Swanson was not beautiful. I don't think she is pretty, but she is one of the most beautiful women on the screen.

J. W. S.—Covington, Kentucky.

## An Appreciation of Elsie Ferguson.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

The saddest thing about the English language is its frequent inability to express truth without perverting it so that it loses the semblance of truth. But may I be permitted to offer, in all sincerity, a humble appreciation of Elsie Ferguson? To me she is that "something afar" which signifies an ideal. In the magic of her wistful smile I read the whole history of

romance. In the depths of her clear eyes I catch a glimpse of ancient Greece—a vision of the perfect art of Athens and of her tolerant sanity. The charm of her voice carries me to the Land of Heart's Desire. She is beautiful, cultured, patrician, an aristocrat as delicately aloof in the midst of a crowd as on a lonely hilltop. A slender goddess, made to be adored. I am shaping an idol from my dreams, you say. No; to me she is quite human, quite alive; and I can pay her no greater tribute than to say that I should not be afraid of a fallen idol, should my path ever cross hers, as hers has already crossed mine.  
DIXETTE—Yonkers, New York.

## A Bouquet for Nazimova.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

In your July issue "An Interested Fan" asks that some one come to his aid in defense of Nazimova. Believing that it is much better to "give flowers now" where they are justly deserved, I send to this incomparable star "my whole garden of roses."

Did you ever sit at your window after a violent storm and look at a beautiful rainbow, noting the many colors that go to make up the whole—the warm shades, the cold shades, and even those that suggest tenderness? Nazimova's characterizations are like that. She is fire and she is ice. She is autumn and winter and spring and summer—she is anything she wills herself to be. If she were cast to portray every feminine rôle in a play, she could do it—and wouldn't it be a novelty?

With best wishes for your very interesting magazine, I am  
Sincerely yours,  
ANNIE B. GILES—Austin, Texas.

## A Word or Two to the Directors.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I'd like to back "D. K.," of Sioux Falls, when he says, in the August number, "Why doesn't Norma Talmadge stick to light, airy plays, instead of dipping into heavy tragedy?" Why can't the directors leave that stuff to the Nazimova and Alice Joyce types? It's almost as bad as it would be to feature Doug as *Shylock* in "The Merchant of Venice!" I've heard at least a dozen people deplore Miss Talmadge's dips into heavy drama, while thousands applauded her "She Loves and Lies."

Why don't you magazine editors conceive some plan to put a good suggestion for the aid of bettering art before the producers, when one comes along? You have your finger on the public's pulse through the medium of your columns. When the majority deplores some incident, such as the above, then you can let the producers know. It might not mean much at first, but as time goes on they'll feel the weight of your words and it will help. See what the other film fans think of it.

C. F. M.—Buffalo, New York.

## "Me for the Star."

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Under the caption "What the Fans Think" you publish some very readable stuff. I do not wish to infer that the balance of your output is flat. It is really good. In fact, to my mind yours is the most readable of all the many movie magazines published. Got a pretty good staff, I guess, or maybe ye editor knows what to throw out and what to print. Both, perhaps.

But back to the first proposition. Most folks like to know what others think. I do. I get lots to chew on and mull over in these letters you print from other fans. So I'm going to contribute my bit.

We all must have a hobby outside of business to maintain high efficiency. "In the chairs" in secret orders was mine for ten years, but when I had no more fields to conquer there I took to the movies. Works fine. I like 'em. Like professional baseball, about one performance out of ten is worth seeing. The rest of them don't hurt one any.

Continued on page 87







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# HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William

Lord Wright

## How to Write a Synopsis

Several of my readers recently have sent similar letters of inquiry, trying to find out specifically how to put a screen story together. These are difficult questions to answer, because writing cannot be reduced to a basis of rules or formulae. No one can do more than to give you the general broad rules. Still, I shall try to do what I can to clear up the problems presented to me, beginning with the one offered by Lawrence L. Spencer:

I believe that if we had a way to see and study the synopses of the current pictures that come to the theaters in our respective towns, we would know much better how to go about to prepare our own stories. I feel sure that if I could only see one finished picture, the original scenario of which I could study, I would have far less trouble in writing my own. My greatest trouble lies right here: I do not know what to write and what not to write, in spite of your advice to write only the naked plot.

At the theater, where I am operator, I will see a picture with little scenes inserted all through it, and I wonder how the author ever wrote all that in fifteen hundred words. Or didn't he? Or does the director or continuity writer fill out the story? If not, then my trouble would be in not writing enough; but if they do, then my trouble lies in writing too much. Right here I wish to make a suggestion. If you could add to your department a few of the current pictures' scenarios we would like to study them.

The limitations of space forbid our printing detailed synopses. There is a sample short synopsis in our Guide Posts booklet, and one of the inexpensive text books listed in that booklet contains a long synopsis, which is carefully explained and analyzed. If you cannot grasp the form from reading both of these I do not believe you have it in you to construct a story. If you have read our Guide Posts booklet carefully, you should know that a fifteen-hundred-word synopsis is the mere skeleton of the plot, and that all the little details and bits of business to which you refer could not be packed into so small a compass. It is a matter of your own good judgment as to whether or not you wish to attempt to write a long synopsis, packed with details. If you have the real story writer's gift, and can write concisely, such details will be appreciated by the scenario editor. But if your story once starts to ramble with details which are of no value to him he is likely to lose interest.

As a general thing, persons who have had no training and experience in writing should not attempt a long, detailed synopsis, but should content themselves by telling the story as briefly as possible. If your plot is new it will catch the editor's attention without "trimmings."

## What About the Details

A similar problem is presented by Mrs. J. I. Giddings, who says that she is trying to write a comedy. "Should the amateur include the small comedy situations in his synopsis?" she writes. "Take, for example, the picture 'Mary's Ankle.' In the scene where the three hungry men are looking through the window watching the cook frying waffles, was this scene in the original synopsis, or was it put in by the continuity writer?" If I remember correctly, this bit of business was nothing on which the structure of the plot depended.

It is therefore likely that it was inserted by the continuity writer, though it may have been suggested by any one connected with the production. The point for you to bear in mind, however, is this: The writer of the original story need only write such incidents and details as are strictly necessary for the development of the plot. If, while writing your plot, bits of business such as the "waffle-watching" episode occur to you, and you believe they would heighten the effectiveness of the picture, there is no harm in inserting them. If such incidents are well chosen, they will improve your synopsis.

**QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.**

## Don't Overstress Technique

J. O. Milhauser evidently has spent some time in the study of plot construction, as you can see from his letter of inquiry. He first asks whether or not it is against the rules of screen storywriting to begin a story by characterization, giving, as an example, the following:

"Elsie is a splendid type of girl—shy and demurely wistful. Jimmy is a hero of baseball and football fame, but modest withal."

Following the introduction, I start off fast with interesting action, not letting down till the story is over half done. My stories are built on this model: mmrrtllllfdFFr. There is a lull at the first f and the climax is on the double F. I find myself the same as lost in the woods, if I do not fix my great climax before I develop my story. Is this correct? If I have five threads to my story, should I work out each thread to its conclusion and then weave the threads together? Or should I carry them along together, adding a new phase, or thread, as the theme seems to be losing life—timing them in such a manner that will be equivalent to adding new coal to the fire? I find that close observation and careful deliberation are great assets to screen writing.

Certainly it is all right to begin briefly by characterizing the principal personages of the story, though the

*Continued on page 74*



Dear Marjorie:-  
 A chap across the street just treated me  
 to a real thrill. No, he didn't appear on the window  
 ledge in indelicate negligee and do setting  
 up exercises or anything like that. He  
 just showed me a picture

If you can look at that picture without  
 the same sort of thrill, then I'm sorry I'm  
 coming home next week! Just get a look!

Hammock; old maple tree down by grape arbor;  
birds and grasshoppers; bees and summer little whiffs  
of breeze across the flower beds; sweet little girl;  
music—

Oh, Wadge! Finish the picture yourself! I've just got to  
 go and take that mandolin away from that fellow across  
 the street; if he keeps on playing our tunes I'll go dippy—

You know you ought not to read any more of Marjorie's letter because you're almost sure what the rest of it is, and you wouldn't want everybody to read *your* letters, or pry into the intimate little memories and vague longings that are brought to your mind by this "picture."

Queer what music, or the mere *thoughts* of music, will do to a person's mind—yet not so queer after all. Music is so intimately personal, no wonder we automatically associate it with the things that are nearest and dearest.

But think of the barren places in the lives of those who do not know the joy of *making music*! Yet even these are just as human as we—they get the same thrill from Marjorie's letter and the picture—but it's a thrill with *something missing*.

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characterization should be developed more or less along with the story. As for the other problem, it seems to me that the writer is making matters difficult for himself. It is a good thing to learn all you can about theory and methods of constructing plots. Most writers at some time or other have dabbled in this. But all the successful writers whom I know forget that sort of thing when they start to write. No artist of any sort thinks of technical rules when he is engaged in creating a work of art, whether he be a painter, a musician, a writer, or what not. So when you set about to write your story forget all about the "five threads" and the "double F." You are quite right, I may say, however, in figuring out your main climax before you start. You *must* do that, since the climax is what the story must work toward from the time it begins, and if you haven't any climax in mind when you begin, you couldn't very well work toward it.

### Another of 'Em

"I'm another one of 'em—but not yet successful," writes J. Norris Collier. "I notice that Mr. Pearson has trouble in getting his ideas on paper. So do I—but there is something else I would like to ask you." He then continues as follows:

In writing a scenario synopsis, there is a scene where a timid boy, a stranger in the city, works in the same factory with a girl whom he admires, but is not acquainted with. He makes it a point to get out of the factory, at quitting time, ahead of the girl, and wait until she appears, then following after her, wishing that he could walk with her. He repeats this each evening until an incident happens that makes them acquainted. The action is commonplace, but the scene should be repeated, in order to show that the boy is timid but persistent. Should the boy's every action be in the synopsis, or how could you explain the action otherwise? The story in mind is very pretty, but how to write it without being too wordy is what stumps me. My impression in writing a synopsis is to tell it in as few words as possible, but it is hard to explain what my mind sees without going into detail.

Explain what your mind sees, by all means. When we say not to be too wordy we do not mean to sacrifice clearness. It is not necessary, though, to write the boy's every action in the synopsis. Carry the meaning, the intent, and the continuity writer will care for the rest. And by way of example, I might add that in the preceding paragraph you have expressed clearly and concisely enough for any one to understand what you have in mind, and without explaining the boy's every action and move. Go and do the same in your synopsis.

### Pointers from De Mille

Cecil De Mille has recently written an interesting article on "Things to Avoid in Writing Scenarios," from which I take the liberty of quoting a few excerpts. What any one in his position has to say on this subject should be read and thought about by every one interested in writing for the screen. He says:

Perhaps the most frequently quoted reason given by the budding screen writer for his or her literary output is that the story in question is founded upon personal experience. This is sufficient to doom the story without a hearing. No individual experience is sufficiently broad and comprehensive to serve as the basis for a screen play. That fact was discovered long ago by no less an authority on dramatic construction than David Belasco, dean of stage producers. And the rule established by the stage dramatists is equally applicable to screen drama.

Personal experience may be woven into a story; it may furnish the starting point or climax, but in general, any one man's experience—dramatic though it may be in spots—is insufficient for the elaboration necessary in a successful stage

or screen play. A truly successful drama must be many-sided; it must be the complex result of many experiences.

Many a person, after seeing a particularly bad or stupid motion picture, hurries home and writes one which, he claims, is far better than the picture which he has just seen. Not infrequently such a person explains just why he was forced to write the inclosed story.

Perhaps the picture he saw was faulty, but he is no more justified, on that account, in thinking that he can do, offhand, a better one, or one that ought to sell, than he would be justified in thinking that, because he recognized a certain building as being a poor example of architecture, he could set to work and, with no training, erect a better one.

Historical tragedies or plots which make use of fictitious kingdoms seldom find favor and may be safely avoided by would-be writers. Yet a large percentage of the scenarios submitted are of this type. If the student writer would take the trouble to follow the current productions issued by any of the established producers, he or she would speedily learn what general divisions of the subject matter are under the ban.

Few writers in the making seem to realize that screen writing is a fine art which must be acquired. Many of them seem to feel that they are writers by virtue of a special gift, that they are, in other words, born scenario writers. Scenario writers are *made*. Of course, native intelligence, some education, mental capability, and a special creative talent are necessary for the writing of stories. But the special technic of scenario construction is acquired and not inherited. The person who submits a manuscript with the hope that it will succeed because of the innate merit of the writer would not dream of attempting to play a violin without studying music. Yet he attempts the far more difficult task of scenario writing without any preparation.

Plot seems to be the objective which every would-be scenario writer seeks to achieve. The one idea of many inexperienced writers is that if they cram their stories full of complications it is bound to succeed.

Contrary to popular opinion, photo plays do not succeed because of intricate plots. To-day, *theme* is far more important. Plot, in the usual sense of the word, is being relegated to the background. Character delineation, founded on a theme of value, is the thing which the successful photo play of the future must have. But—above all things, the story must have theme.

To sum up these negative hints to beginners: Don't write scenarios because you have had an experience which seems to you sufficiently unusual to make a successful screen play; don't write historical tragedies or plots laid in mythical principalities; don't write because you think you are a born writer; don't write without studying the way in which others have written screen stories; and don't write with plot as the sole reason. Learn the mechanics of the art, select a theme of real merit, and develop it and the characters which make it live.

I may venture to add this: Don't attempt to write motion-picture continuity. Leave it to the veterans. Write your story in synopsis form. And if you have a good plot—develop it along with the character delineation—and the theme!

Here is the surest sign that the stock of stories, novels, and plays for the movies is diminishing. "The Prince Chap," "The House of a Thousand Candles," et cetera, made as features by the Selig Company four or five years ago, are to be remade as new productions. "The Garden of Allah" is to be remade. The old Hoyt comedies, all of which have been made into pictures at one time or another, have been collected and will serve as future vehicles for Charles Ray.

Other plays and books which have been produced as pictures within the last few years have been acquired by others, the old negatives scrapped, and new productions planned. When this is done the fund of old material will be small indeed.

Originals, *good* originals, will be at a premium sooner or later. One of the signs of the times is the reported combination of four or five of the more versatile writers of plot and continuities, who anticipate a big demand for original stuff within the year.

Continued on page 86



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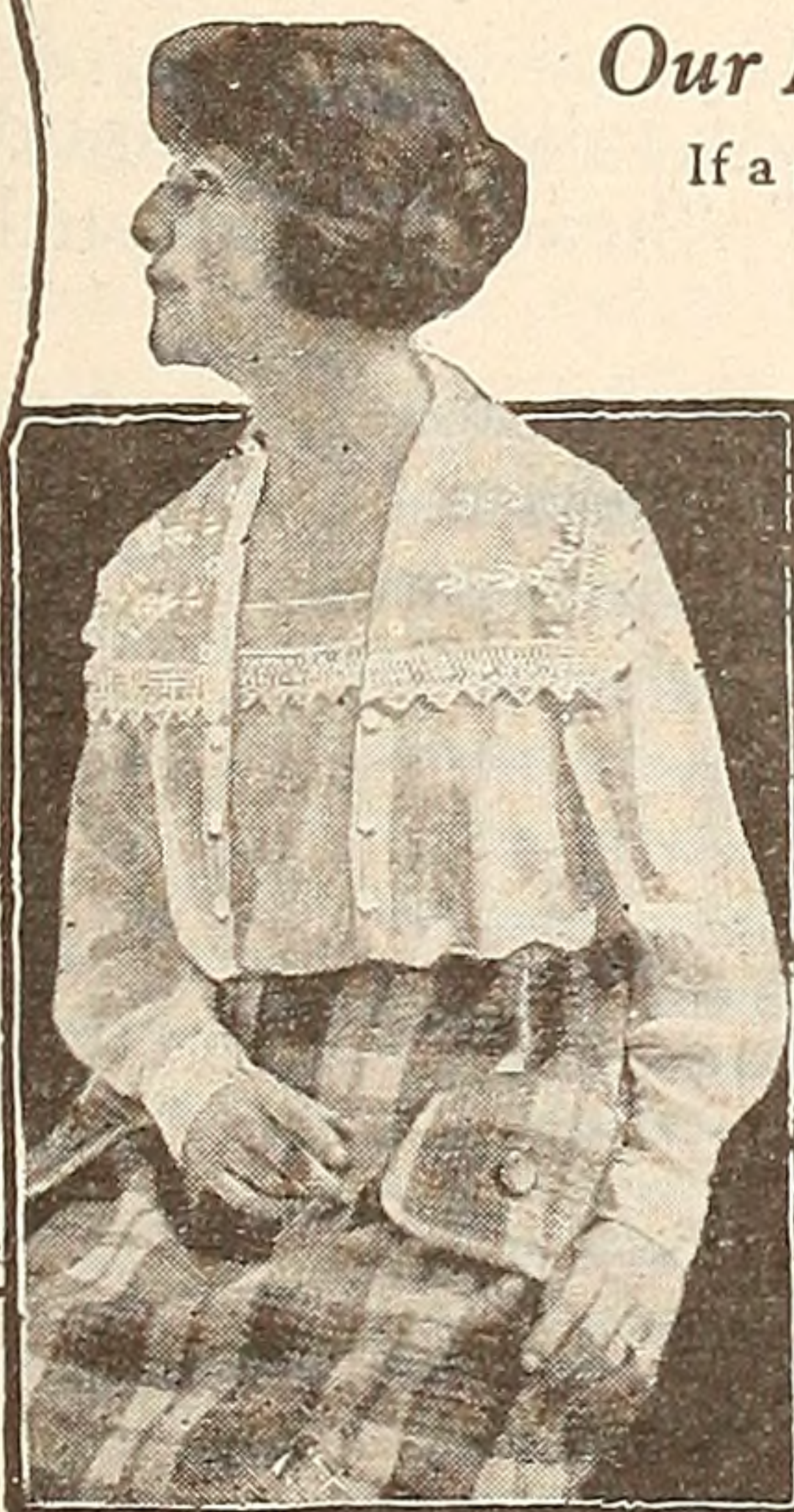
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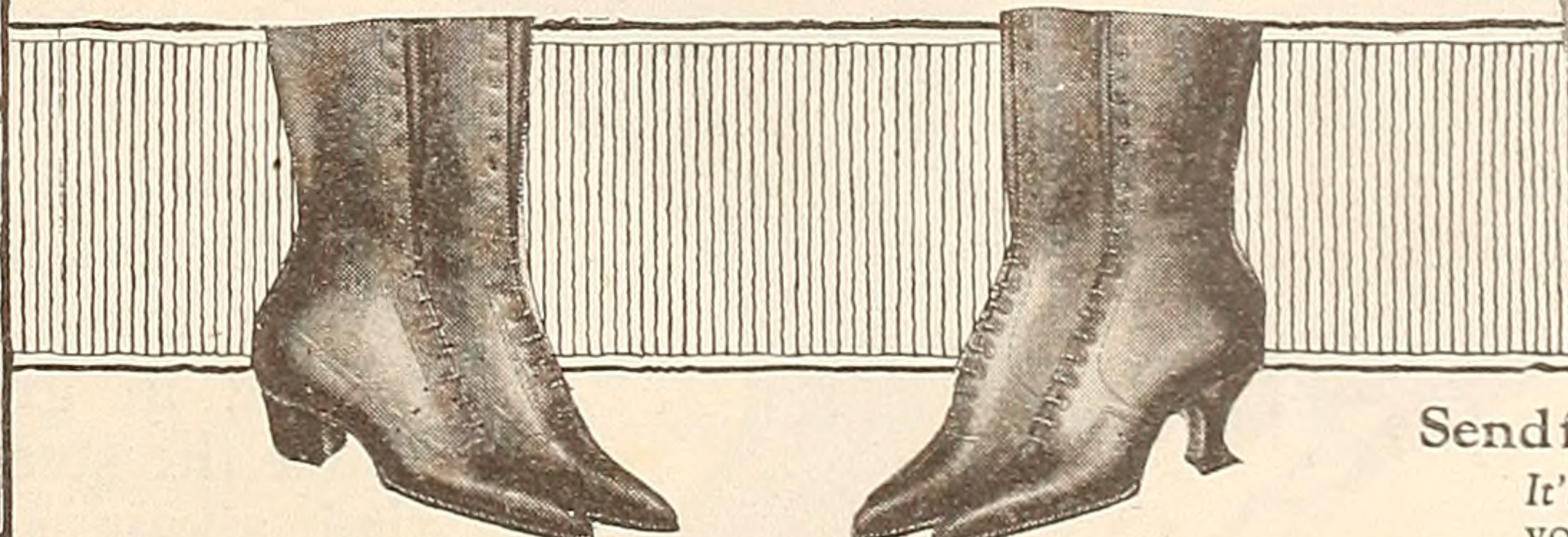
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# Seena Takes a Flier

We refer to her investments in oil—not to exploits in aviation.

By Grace Kingsley

SHE was just trying on a new khaki walking suit, and when she looked up I saw that she was Seena Owen.

Of course, I knew it would be Seena, because that's whom I came to see; but an interviewer always has to start off some mysterious way like that, so that it will sound more exciting.

Anyhow, her blue eyes were shining, and her face wore that alluring smile of hers.

"For a new part?" I asked, referring to the khaki. You remember, she used to be Bill Hart's leading lady, so she was born to the khaki, so to speak, even if she has departed since from the Western atmosphere and indulged in things like Tourneur's "The Life Line" and "Victory" and other such dramas.

"For a new part," she exclaimed, stopping in the buttoning-up process, "why, my dear, they've struck the black line!"

"Struck which?" I demanded breathlessly. "And did it hurt?"

"Hurt?" she demanded scornfully. "Why, that just means they may strike oil any day, now!"

"Oil?" I repeated. "What's that got to do with your new rôle?"

"Everything," smiled Seena calmly; "you see I'm a member of the board of directors of an oil company down in Texas!"

"Why, Seena Owen!" I exclaimed. "Did you hear what you said?"

"Yep," said Seena. I've known Seena so long that she has a right to "Yep" me any time she wants to.

So she's two kinds of queen—film and oil! And being two kinds of queen, it seems to me, is more than any one girl has any right to hope to be.

And you aren't a bit more surprised than those rough oil men were, that day when she walked into the lobby of the Westbrooke Hotel, at Fort Worth, Texas, all dolled up in her prettiest clothes, was greeted by a tall, brown young man who looked a lot like her, only in a masculine sort of way, and the two joined a group who were talking oil, with Seena as much at home as if she'd been used to such scenes all her life.

That was only five short months ago, since which time Miss Owen, and the tall, brown young man who is her brother, have cleaned up a small fortune, all of which has gone back into the oil business, because Miss Owen is no mere speculator, but means to make a real business of it.

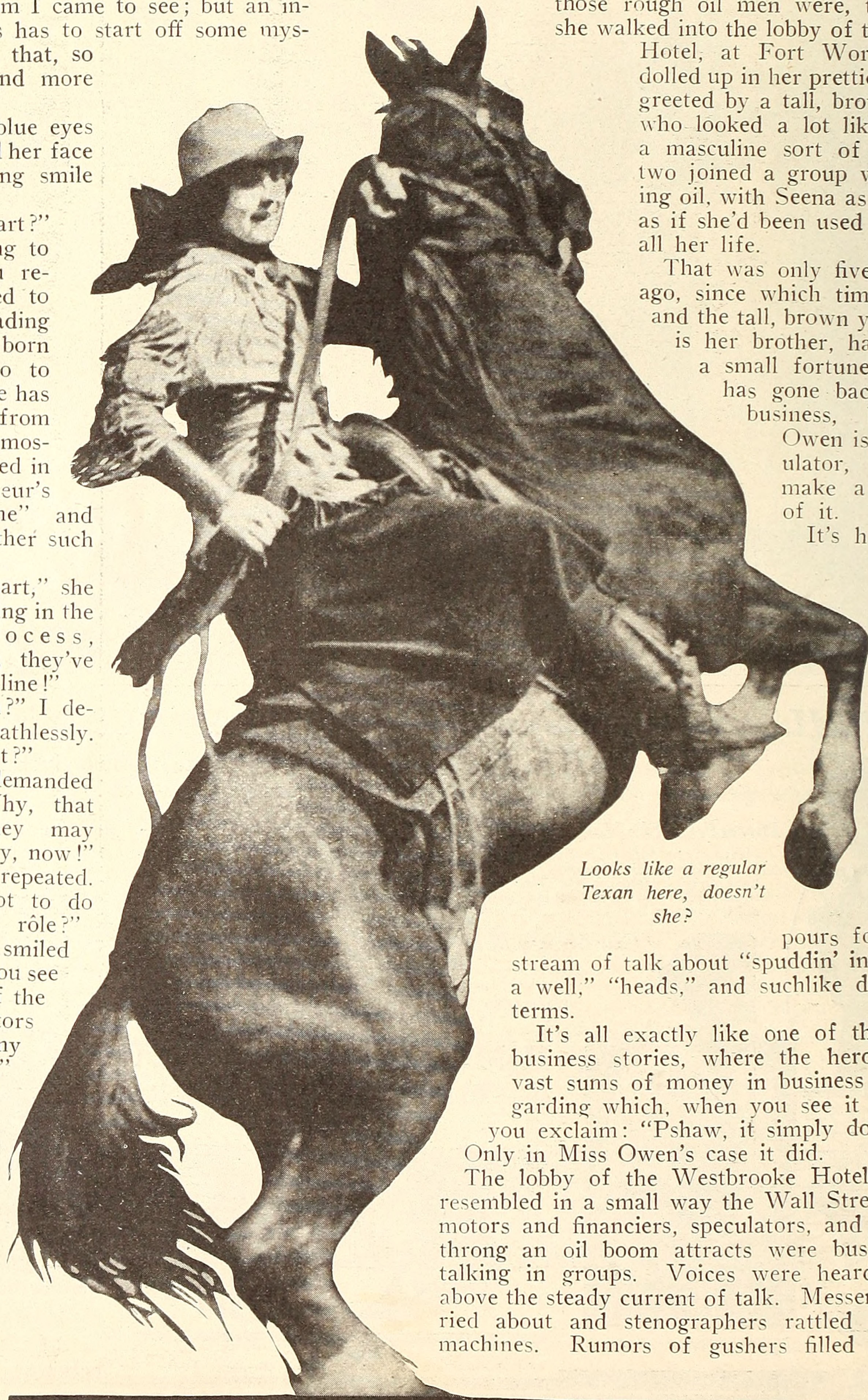
It's highly amusing, as well as edifying, when you see those red lips open, and that alluring smile reveal itself, and, expecting to hear her make some remark about some matinee idol or a new gown, she

pours forth, instead, a stream of talk about "spuddin' in," "bringing in a well," "heads," and suchlike deadly technical terms.

It's all exactly like one of those up-to-date business stories, where the heroine helps win vast sums of money in business enterprise, regarding which, when you see it on the screen, you exclaim: "Pshaw, it simply doesn't happen!" Only in Miss Owen's case it did.

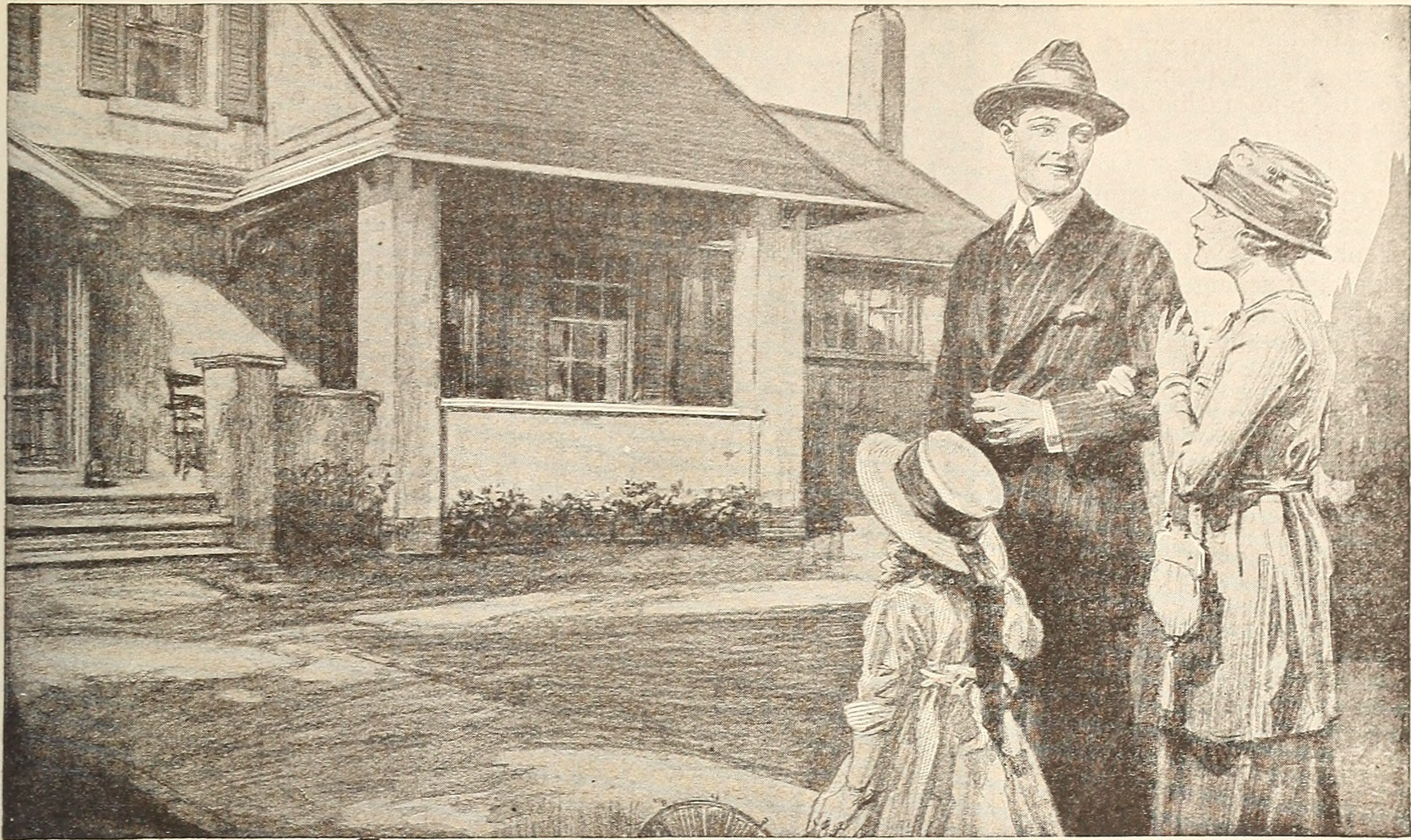
The lobby of the Westbrooke Hotel that morning resembled in a small way the Wall Street Curb. Promoters and financiers, speculators, and all the motley throng an oil boom attracts were bustling about or talking in groups. Voices were heard in argument above the steady current of talk. Messenger boys scurried about and stenographers rattled away at their machines. Rumors of gushers filled in the chinks

Continued on page 78



Looks like a regular Texan here, doesn't she?





# “The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!”

“It was our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary’s eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

“Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

“Then one night Mary came to me. ‘Jim’, she said, ‘why don’t you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You’ll make good—I know you will.’

“Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

“And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that ‘Betty can be proud to grow up in.’

“I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.”

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of conversation, and everybody was tensely excited.

Suddenly into the midst of it all tripped a lovely blond girl, clad in tasteful and fashionable raiment. Instantly she became the cynosure of all eyes. (Doesn't that sound just like a subtitle?) There was a hush of voices for a moment, the crowd being taken by surprise at seeing a girl in the midst of activities in which only men were generally known to participate, and—

Well, of course, as I've said before, the girl was Seena Owen. And this is how it all happened:

A few months ago, her pet brother, one with whom she has been chums all her life, met with business reverses. He was feeling pretty blue, and the two used to sit up night after night discussing the lad's future, after everybody else had gone to bed. Suddenly, one night, Miss Owen bethought her of the oil boom in Texas. She asked her brother why he didn't go down there and try his luck. He slapped his knee, and said he just believed he would. Then they began to examine over oil reports, to study geological bulletins, to talk with experienced oil men, and one day brother, loaded up with "imperial gallons of fact" about oil, kissed his sister good-bye, and sallied forth to make his fortune.

Did sister Seena forget all about what brother was doing, and devote herself solely to picture art and picture-folks' festivities? She

*A few months ago he and she sat up nights discussing his future.*

Photo by Monroe



Photo by Monroe

*You can see for yourself how becoming the khaki duds were.*

did not. She read everything she could lay her hands on concerning the Texas oil situation, devoured her brother's letters, and shortly began sending him advice. That does seem odd, doesn't it? But it seems the advice was good, for soon brother got right in and became a director of one of the companies. Then sister Seena wrote him she was going to visit him. And instead of gathering together a wardrobe wherewith to dazzle the husky Texans, she got busy on some khaki duds and set forth. Of course, she took some pretty clothes along, also. That was good business too.

*Continued on page 83*



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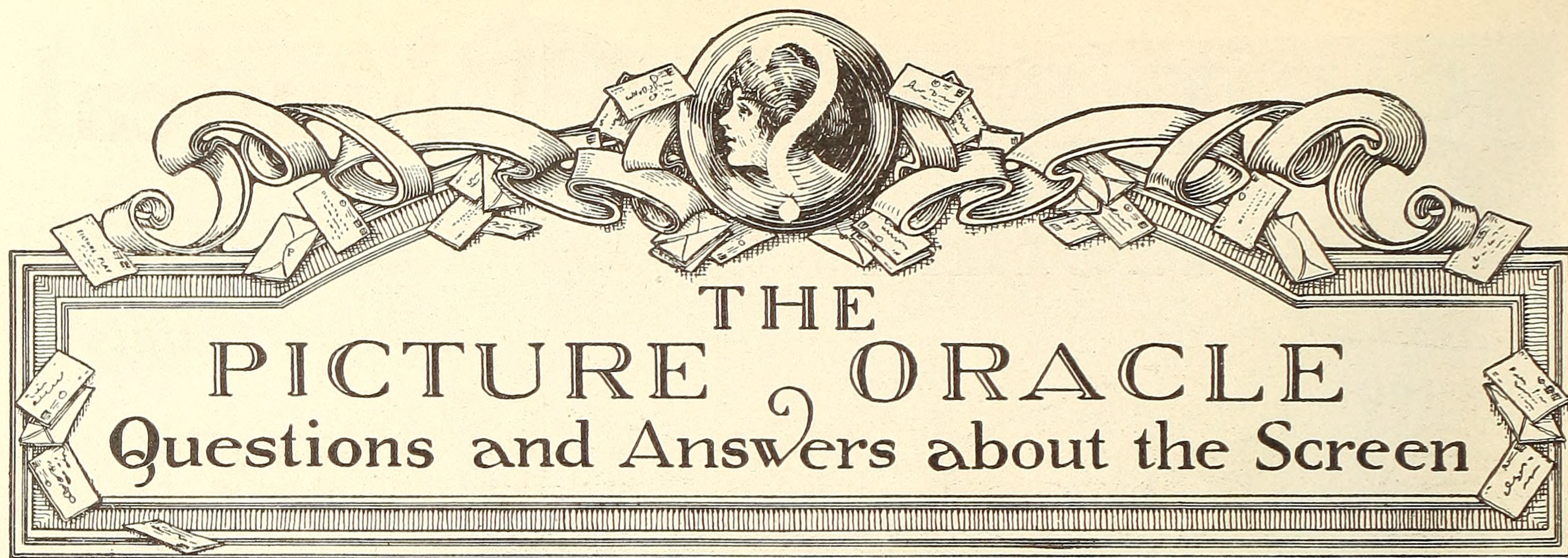
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# THE PICTURE ORACLE

## Questions and Answers about the Screen

**BONNIE FRANCE.**—"The Love Expert" is the Constance Talmadge film you refer to. Darrel is not married. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

**RUTH S. BUFFALO.**—I have quite a few correspondents in your home town. Mildred Harris is not divorced from Charles Chaplin. Ruth Stonehouse is still working in pictures. She is with the Metro Pictures Corporation at the present time. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Virginia Lee Corbin was born a year later. Marjorie Daw arrived on this earth in 1902.

**BOBO & HOBO.**—Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay, of the Ziegfeld "Follies."

**MARS.**—My, you're full of questions, aren't you? That was Norman Talmadge's own hair you saw. Yes, Eva Novak played with Tom Mix in that picture. Kathleen Clifford was Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman in "When the Clouds Roll By." Molly Malone is the girl you refer to in "The Garage" with Roscoe Arbuckle. Buster Keaton was the assistant. Ben Turpin is really cross-eyed. William Carrol was the heavy in "The Trail of the Octopus." We have already had the interview with Tom Mix. You must have overlooked it. The editor looks after all the interviews. Look at the end of The Oracle for addresses. Clarine Seymour died in April, following an operation.

**VIOLET M. L.**—Gladys Leslie looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Marie Walcamp seems to live on stunts and thrills, doesn't she? You can get the photos you desire by writing to the stars personally for them and inclosing a quarter with your request. You certainly have a raft of favorites. Jack Pickford is married to Olive Thomas. Niles Welch is married to Dell Boone. He was born in 1888. Violet Mersereau has blond hair and dark-blue eyes.

**EILEEN AND ETHEL.**—Norman Kerry and Lew Cody are not related to each other. "Polly of the Storm Country" is Mildred Harris Chaplin's latest play. Monte Blue is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in her latest Realart feature. Juanita Hansen was born in 1897.

**NOODLES.**—You hear all kinds of gossip about professional people. Gossips always choose people who are well known to talk about, so, naturally, the theatrical end gets hit the hardest by these verbal bombardments. It is true that Clarine Seymour passed away. Yes, I know Constance Talmadge very well. Bebe Dan-

iels looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Naturally, Mary has to have a secretary to help her with her letters, which mount well up into the hundreds weekly. It takes me a good, full month to answer all the questions in one issue. Yes, I guessed you liked to write after noting the length of your letter.

**HAPPY BUD.**—Olive Thomas is Mrs. Jack Pickford. She does not wear a wig. I am sure that she would gladly send such an ardent booster as yourself one of her

**THE ORACLE** will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

photos if you wrote to her. She has brown hair and blue eyes. She is five feet three inches and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds.

**TAR HEEL.**—There is no use of your going to California to see Norma Talmadge, because it would be impossible, principally because you would not find her there, as she is in Europe at the present time. Better change your direction if you intend to see her personally. That was hard luck in missing Geraldine Farrar's concert. Maybe you have your mind twisted a bit. Spottiswoode Aitken is not a leading man. He is a character man. You certainly must be a Norma Talmadge booster to be willing to sacrifice all that for a glimpse of her.

**URA JOKE.**—Why not ask Tom Mix those questions yourself? Drop him a line. I'm sure he'd be interested. He is married to Victoria Forde. He has been in pictures for about six years.

**THOMAS W.**—Thanks for the stamps. The editor has mailed you copies of the "Market Booklet" and "Guideposts for Scenario Writers."

**MARY PICKFORD FOREVER.**—Yes, John Barrymore played in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" on the screen. This picture was made by Famous Players-Lasky. The Pioneer Film Company also released an adaptation of this famous book, with Sheldon Lewis in the title rôles.

**X K VATE.**—Every one of the questions you asked has already been answered in replies to the queries preceding yours.

**MARVEL.**—George Loane Tucker is still directing for Mayflower. Albert Ray is not acting at the present time. He is directing a picture for First National.

**THE PIPER O' DUNDEE.**—The "Market Booklet" has been sent to you by the editor. It shouldn't take very long to get the pictures after you write for them, unless the actors should be out of photos and waiting for a new batch when your letter is received. I should say several thousand letters per month. Walter is not an Englishman. What would you do if you did have all her money? You must not judge any one by the place or circumstances they were born in. You know that wise old saying about all great things having a small beginning.

**FLORIDA.**—Hugh is coming rapidly to the front. His latest picture is "The Slim Princess," opposite Mabel Normand. Yes, I saw him in the plays you mentioned. Yes, he is. Look at the end of the department for addresses.

**RATA.**—You certainly are a veteran reader of PICTURE-PLAY, but what kept you from asking any questions all this time? Niles Welch is still working in pictures. The last release in which he appeared was "The Courage of Marge O'Doone," by James Oliver Curwood, which was produced by Vitagraph. Pauline Starke had the leading feminine rôle in this play. You probably had the wrong address for him. Try again. Clarine Seymour died on April twenty-ninth, 1920. Webster Campbell is still with the Vitagraph forces. Mary Pickford is now Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, as you must surely know by this time. Don't be so long in writing again. You will find the addresses you want at the end of this department.

Continued on page 96



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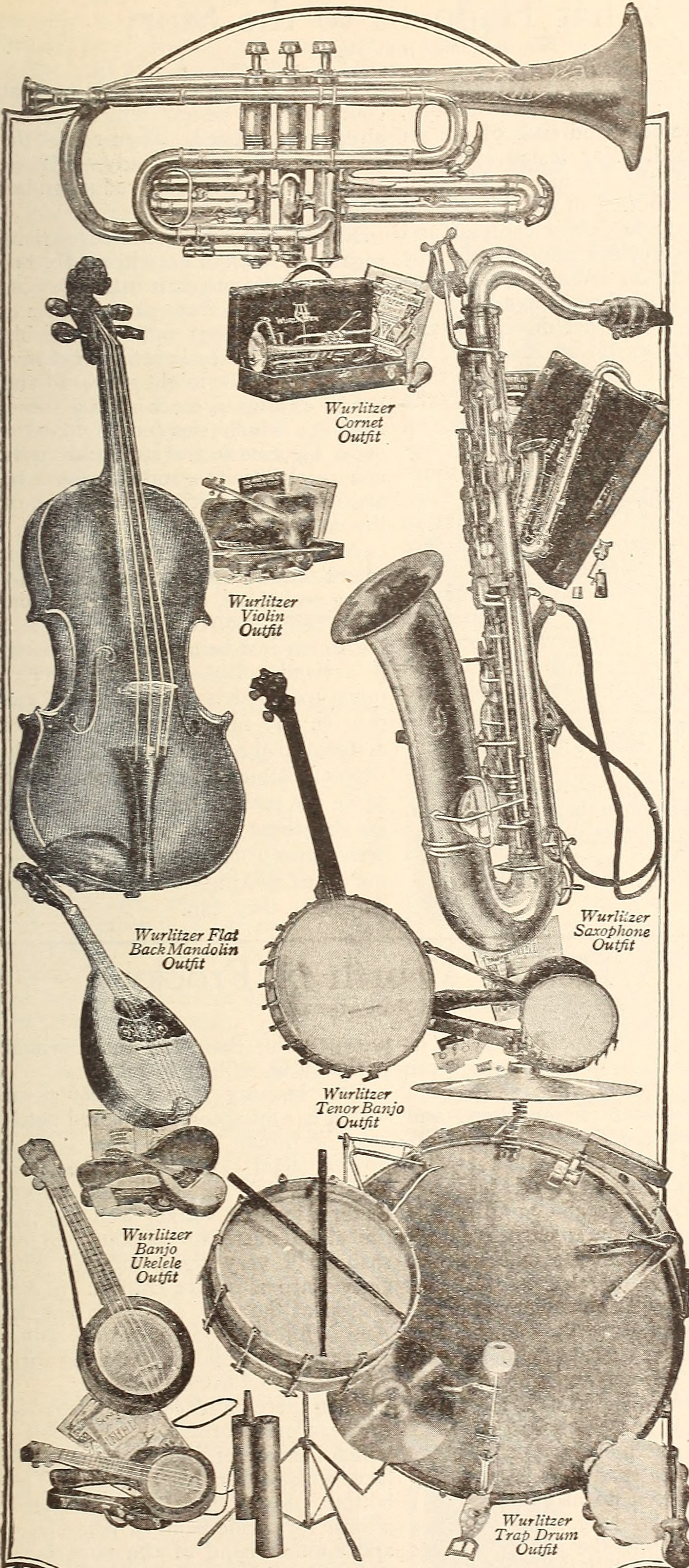
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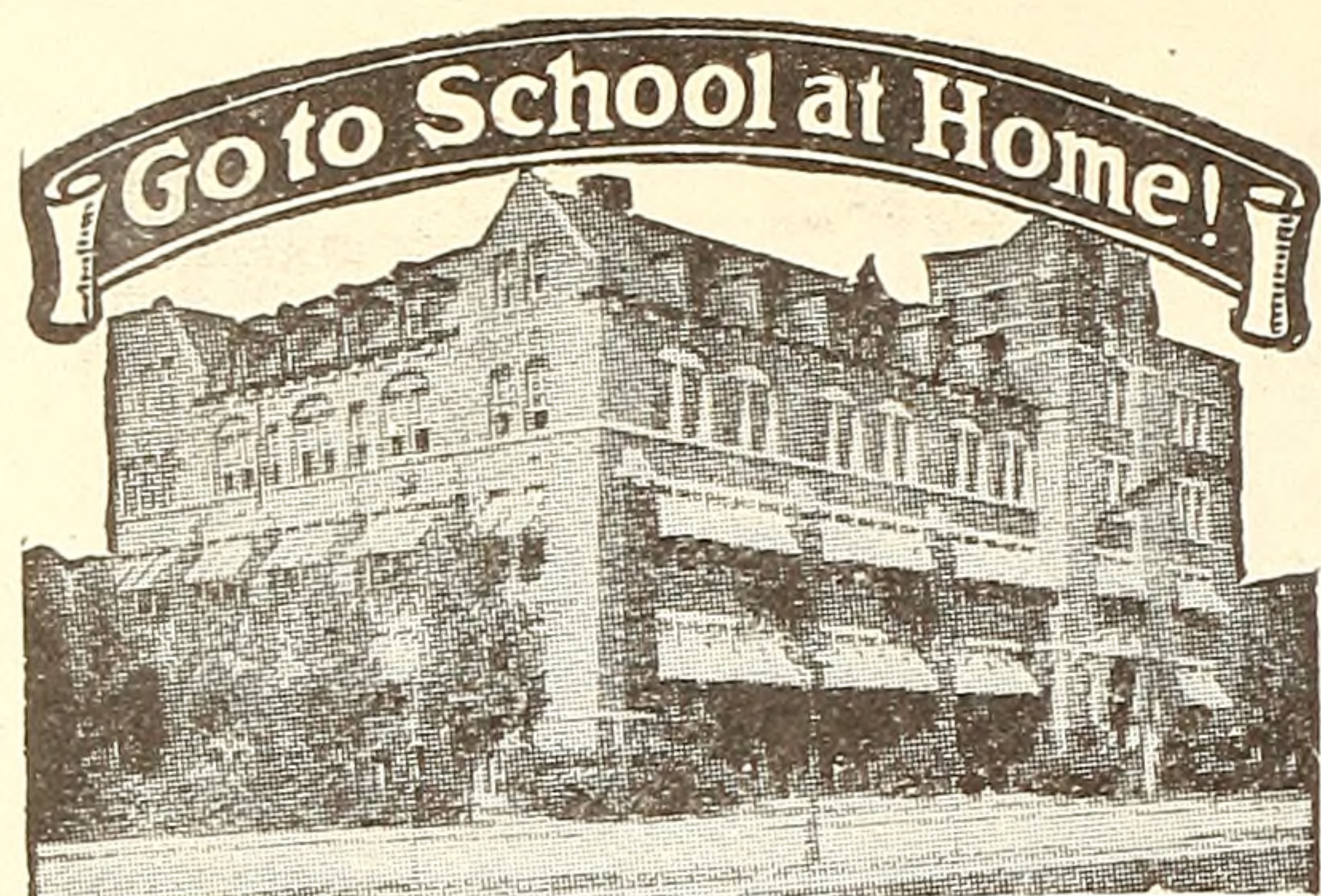
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## What Happens to the Story

Continued from page 31

Under the head of "atmosphere" such details as furniture, decorations, and all the odds and ends of the set are included. For instance, if the heroine of the picture is blond it would be criminal to provide a light background; to gain a contrast and insure crystal-clear photography the walls of the set must be dark.

A staff of draftsmen handles those first plans of the art director's, and they are passed on by Mr. Ince, the director, and the continuity writer of the picture before they go to the stage manager and the carpenters. Usually the building of a set takes from two to thirty days. Sometimes such building takes place on the stage where the set is to be used, but in the case of elaborate sets miniature models are first made, and the actual building takes place in the mammoth shops adjoining the studio proper. The sets are then moved piecemeal to the stage where they are to be set up, and it's no unusual sight to see husky stage hands stalking about the studio bearing a Greek column or a large portion of a winding stairway to the proper destination. Samson would have found no difficulty in getting a job around the studio, and Hercules could have had a life contract as a mover of scenery, if they lived nowadays.

Finally the set is O. K.'d by that court of last resort, which I have already mentioned. Then comes the familiar cry of "Ready—lights—camera!" And actual production begins.

Now for the promised revelations regarding ways of outwitting Mother Nature. Of course, it might be possible to have camera men hang around the woods until a nice, big tree was struck by lightning, but several camera men might grow old and hoary waiting to catch such a scene. And it's much simpler to move a good, big tree to the studio lot, wire it with electricity—and then let it be artificially "struck" in full view of the camera.

As for the storm at sea—this, too, might have been accomplished by using real ships, on a real ocean, the ships being insured against loss, and the storm just being waited for until it arrived. But—to build perfect miniature models is much less expensive and far easier, and to make a storm in the studio tank is equally simple. Which all goes to show that while the makers of the movies will go the limit when necessary, they aren't averse to using commendable thrift and making clever substitutions whenever they can.

## A Heart's Worth of Frocks

Continued from page 49

an easy matter to spend forty thousand dollars a year for clothes," she told me one day, when she'd been making a round of the shops and was wearing the simplest sort of little tailored suit because she knew her mood would never stand for anything more noticeable. "Yet it's much easier for me to earn five hundred thousand than to spend less than a tenth of it on clothes. Buying clothes that will express me, and will register well before the camera, and fit in with the character I'm playing—oh, for the rags and tatters of 'In Old Kentucky!' I've been trying for hours to match these shades of tulle with this metallic cloth—it has all the pastel shades in it, and my maid had given up in despair, but I know it can be done. The tulle has been dyed, but the cloth changes color just like a chameleon in between dyeings."

However, the finished frock was well worth her trouble. Anita's clothes always are, though frocks such as those she wears necessitate their wearer's going to a lot

more trouble than you and I would probably be willing to take.

For instance, there's the gown which has an accordion plaited petticoat of brown chiffon over one of bronze metal cloth. Over that is a very full skirt of brilliantly striped material which stands well out on the sides, fastened without belt or sash to a very tight bodice. The sleeves are of mauve chiffon, cut out on top of the arm, and wrist length. And with this quaint frock Anita wears a cape of taffeta trimmed with wide bands of ostrich feathers.

Then there's a black gown, suitable for teas or informal dinner parties, which is made of finely figured black lace, made over black satin. The bottom of the tunic skirt is edged with a very wide band of white lace, and another band of the same lace, somewhat narrower, forms the belt. The gown is very simple—simple as French frocks so frequently are. I know a man who said that he'd rather see his wife wear cloth of gold made in America than plain black net made in France.



"The black dress would have an awfully strong kick if it were a drink," he explained, rather enigmatically. So has Anita's simple little black one; it embodies the sparkle in her eyes.

Her hats are moods. There's a snug little one of dull brown trimmed with grapes in their natural colors; it makes Anita look like an autumn nymph, and expresses all the richness of her beauty. There's another very wide brimmed one, edged with ostrich, which explains one of the reasons why fans are no longer so popular as they once were—to-day's girls flirt from under their hat brims.

But you mustn't think that all the verve and sparkle of Anita's clothes mean that that introduction of mine applies to her; she's sublimely content as Mrs. Rudolph Cameron, and if you want to know what her favorite gown is, it's a dull blue house gown which she calls, "Home, Sweet Home."

**Husband, Wife, and Company**

*Continued from page 47*

wide. "Long ago we worked out the understanding that one opinion is as good as another, and that neither is any good, because opinions are only personal judgment, you know. And quite apart from what people think, there is just one right thing—one right solution—and if the two people who are trying to reach it just remember that, personal opinion won't enter in, and there'll be no chance to quarrel."

I began to feel that I understood her serenity somewhat.

**Seena Takes a Flier**

*Continued from page 78*

Down there she met Doctor H. E. Peterson, of the University of Texas, an authority on geological structures, who has been very helpful in the discovery of oil-well localities.

Outsiders smiled a bit when they heard about it, but Miss Owen's associates knew of her careful study of the oil fields, and respected her sound business judgment. You see Miss Owen came from a family of business men, and it soon became known she was there to attend, with her brother, meetings of the board of directors of the company in which she was interested.

This company, as is the case in many other large oil concerns, dealt in leases. Much acreage was owned by it, adjacent to a newly drilled well, owned by another company, which was capped as soon as it was known to be a producer.

But all of a sudden stories were circulated, nobody knew quite how,

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**\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00 SHOES**  
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W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. They are made of the best and finest leathers that money can buy. They combine quality, style, workmanship and wearing qualities equal to other makes selling at higher prices. They are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas personal guarantee that the shoes are always worth the price paid for them. The prices are the same everywhere; they cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free

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EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are, First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be,—gray, brown or blue,—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

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M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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and valuable booklet on the care of the hair.

Two colors: "Light to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black."  
Two sizes; 50 cents and \$1.50.

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to the effect that this new well was not a gusher, but that it was a "duster," meaning a dry hole. Some of the directors, of whom Miss Owen was one, wanted to sell the concern's holdings. She argued against it, telling her associates she was sure the stories were being circulated for a reason, and that there was a nigger in the woodpile somewhere, as they say down in Texas. Finally the majority of the directors were won over.

The time came, just as it does in the picture scenarios, when the company owning the well, having acquired all the acreage it wanted, uncapped the well; it turned out to be a gusher, and Miss Owen and her associates sold their holdings at a handsome profit.

To have it all just like the picture story, Miss Owen should have been present when the well was brought in, because that would have been the dramatic thing to have had happen. But truth compels me to state that she wasn't. Instead of being in the

great throng which surged about the well when it was uncapped, she was away off in New York, where she had had to go in order to fulfill a picture engagement.

"But it was awfully exciting, and I had my big moment, anyhow. I was in my room at the Biltmore, the night the well was brought in, and I got a telegram from my brother. It read: 'Your hunch was right. Well is a gusher!'"

"Well," I asked, "do you mean to quit the pictures for the land of gushers, Fords, and heat?"

"I really don't know," she answered. "There is a tremendous fascination for me in handling business affairs. But there is also a lot of fascination in being a screen star. I don't know—if I find the right sort of a picture for my next one, maybe I'll forget the oil business altogether. Then again, I may not."

So there you are. It all depends, and Miss Owen reserves the time-honored right of woman to change her mind.

## San Francisco on the Screen

*Continued from page 44*

alone in discovering the merits of San Francisco locations. William S. Hart has done many a scene there. Tom Mix blocked traffic on Market Street one day when he rode from the Ferry Building to the St. Francis on his cow pony. Douglas Fairbanks and Annette Kellermann have disported in the waters of the bay. The storm scenes for "The Old Homestead" happened down on the San Francisco water front. Mitchell Lewis and the crew of the *Elsinore* mutinied on San Francisco Bay, with a puffing tug towing their white-sailed barkentine over the blue water.

Another reason for San Francisco scenes is that the city, with its picturesque and interesting atmosphere, has been used for the setting of so many stories that have been translated to the screen. Frank Norris once wrote that only three cities—

New York, New Orleans, and San Francisco—really offered good backgrounds for fiction purposes, and though O. Henry disproved the statement, a great many writers seem to have agreed with Norris. To catalogue a long list of San Francisco stories which have appeared on the screen seems hardly necessary—every fan who is interested in the city of the Golden Gate will doubtless remember several of them. It's interesting to note, however, that William S. Hart alone has had three San Francisco stories within a comparatively recent space of time. These include "The Poppy Girl's Husband," "The Narrow Trail," and "The Cradle of Courage," in which Hart not only used the settings of the city, but immortalized the uniform of the San Francisco police force.

## Puritan—Parisienne—and Picture Player

*Continued from page 61*

We stopped at the florist's while she purchased a gigantic basket of flowers for "Daddy" Woodruff, who played with her in "Paris Green" and who is now in a hospital. Incidentally, while purchasing the flowers she smiled the young florist out of two dozen American Beauties for herself. I believe she threw him a kiss in payment.

I left her with her arms full of roses—warm, fire-flaming roses as vivid as herself. She was going to

spend two hours at the hospital reading to the old actor. At least, such were her intentions. The day before in her haste she seized the wrong volume. Instead of something peaceful and quiet she took Oscar Wilde's "Salome." Now she was none too sure the nurse would let her in. "But it seemed to cheer him," she defended.

My word! she's a curious witch, this blend of Puritan, Parisienne, and pictures.



## Over the Teacups

Continued from page 59

we used to see her in World releases, doesn't it?"

"Um-hum, and she was so pretty; I don't see how such an attractive girl with so much ability can fade off the screen so completely, do you? Oh, did you hear that Barbara Castleton's to marry Willard Mack? Pauline Frederick divorced him some time ago, you know. And *did* you hear that Theda Bara had a long interview with Sir James Barrie—they say he never sees any one, but apparently the author of 'Peter Pan' and America's best-known vampire had a lot in common. She's really a very intelligent person, you know—probably they had a perfectly delightful time."

"Probably they did," I agreed, wishing I could know what they talked about.

"Oh, and did you hear what happened in New York a while ago!" You know how Fanny leaps from subject to subject, like the gentle chamois from crag to crag. "Well, they've been having a terrible time trying to find out who murdered somebody, and finally the district attorney announced that, following a suggestion received from France, they were going to photograph the dead man's eyes, to see if the reflection of the man who killed him would still be there. Nice and gruesome, wasn't it? And then Pathé stepped forward and announced that that very thing was done in the third episode of 'The Third Eye,' their current serial. But the stunt didn't work, after all."

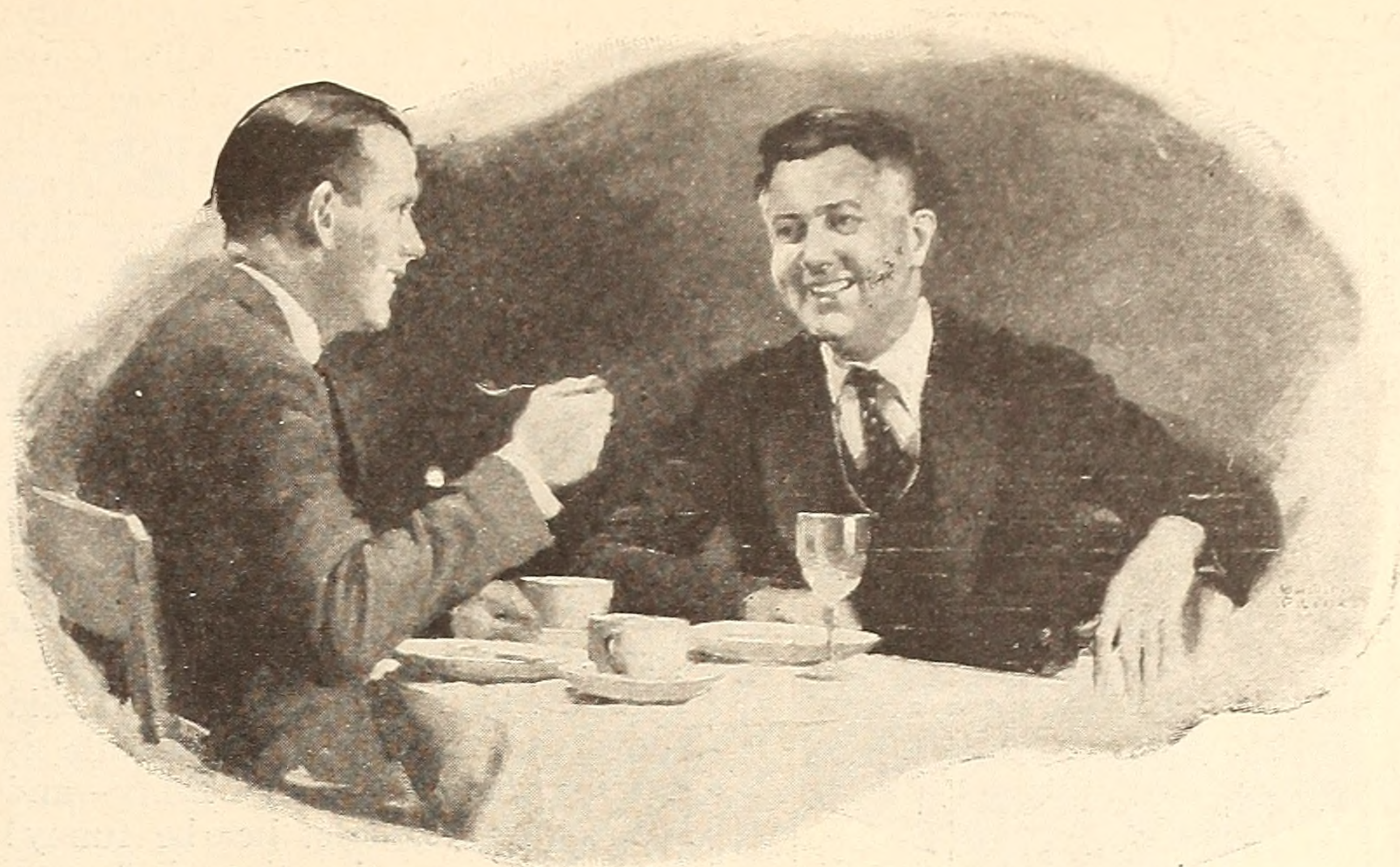
Fanny paused for breath, and I added a few contributions to the news fund. Noel Tearle was one of them; he's Conway's brother, you know, and is playing the leading rôle in a big Fox production. Fanny was quite excited over that fact, as she's always deeply admired Conway.

"But I'm afraid he'll leave the movies flat and go back to the stage," she sighed mournfully; that's her one fear about her favorites. "Florence Reed has, you know; she's to do a play called 'The Green Jade' on the stage this year, and just says nothing at all about movies."

"She'll come back with her own company," I prophesied. "They all do it eventually."

Languidly Fanny rose to go, pinned on her hat hindside foremost, by mistake, decided that she looked like Norma Talmadge with it that way, and began hunting for her pocketbook.

"There's nothing much in it, of



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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.

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We now supply to thousands daily, a quick, convincing test. And we urge every home to make it.

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It prevents that oily, shiny appearance. It is cooling, refreshing, harmless.

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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French Perfumers, Dept. 16  
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course," she told me apologetically. "But I had a note from Ethel Clayton saying that she simply loves England, and one from Dorothy Gish raving about Paris, and one from the Bryant Washburns saying that they don't know when they'll ever cross the pond and come back home again. And I want their addresses—I'm going to cable the whole bunch that I've cut their acquaintance!"

"Oh, I forgot to mention that Edith Roberts is leaving Universal," I remarked, as she extracted a hatpin from my best hat and stabbed it through her own.

"I didn't know that—but I did know that the Smith Syndicate is starring Helen Jerome Eddy—and I do hope they'll let her be funny! And Morosco, the theatrical producer, has formed a film company and is to make two pictures to begin with: 'The Master Thief,' the stage play in which Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne have been appearing—the most awful melodrama, my dear—with them playing their own parts, and 'The Humming

Bird,' written by Maude Fulton, an actress, with her and Henry Walthall in the leading rôles."

"Morosco will be making pictures that are regular old-home weeks if he keeps on," I commented. "Did you know that he was one of the originators of the Paramount Company? He's made a lot of pictures, and now that he's going to build a studio and go in for picture-making in earnest we'll probably see startling things."

"Well, I wish he'd start Phyllis Haver on the road from comedies to emotional stardom," remarked Fanny, sauntering toward the front door. "She's my favorite bathing beauty, and might as well meet the fate of those who've gone before her up the ladder. I'm going to a slumber party to-night—I'll phone you in the morning if I hear any startling news."

"They wouldn't let what you consider startling go over the wires!" I shrieked after her. "But call me up, anyway."

**Hints for Scenario Writers**

Continued from page 74

**More of the Same**

Our old friend Arthur Leeds, writing in the Writers' Magazine on the subject of original stories for screen plays, says: "To-day, among the more successful writers of action stories for the magazines, there exists a feeling that it is a criminal waste of time to write 'originals' for the screen." He continues as follows:

Their method is deliberately to plan their magazine fiction—especially their serials, novels, and novelettes—so that they will furnish abundant photo-play material, and at the same time contain the necessary word painting and dialogue which good fiction demands. In other words, they systematically plan their stuff to make its picture possibilities "hit the producer in the eye" the first time he or his scenario editor reads it. On publication there follows the wild bidding for the story, and the fancy options paid to "beat the other fellow to it." Summing up, it amounts to just this: First you must write real stories. They must have plot and must have clean-cut characterization. If you are starting out as a fiction writer, and are really

possessed of a natural talent, you are on the right road. Almost nine-tenths of the pictures shown to-day were first conceived as fiction stories or plays. Second, you must learn the fiction form. Argue as you will, the fact remains that the producers will accept and even fight for a story from a popular magazine that has only a small percentage of real screen material before they'll purchase a thoroughly worth-while original from even well-known writers of either form. To-day, no matter what changes may take place with even a year—and changes do take place quickly in the photo-play game—to-day you are thoroughly equipped to write good for the screen only when you are properly equipped to write good fiction and sell it to the magazines.

I differ from Mr. Leeds. There is but one company maintaining a scenario department that has the absolute rule that nothing but printed stories can be considered for their productions—published stories and plays. A year from now even that company will be buying originals. It must come. And then the scenario editors will almost exclusively demand the clearly written synopsis of action, *without* word painting.

**The Movie**

I believe that Life is a Movie,  
And the films that each of us make  
Are full of humor and drama,  
And the hearts we gladden, or  
break.

I believe, in the World's Big Picture,  
It's the human things that count,  
And over the everchanging screen  
It is Love that is Paramount.  
NAN TERRELL REED.



### What the Fans Think

Continued from page 70

The most animated discussion at the present time seems to be about whether "the play's the thing" or the star.

Me for the star.

We all like a good play, but deliver me from the so-called "all-star" cast. To me it is a little of everything and not much of anything. The successful starless plays have been loaded down with coming stars. "The Miracle Man" would have been a farce without Tom and Betty.

To be a star is a gift. Many capable performers lack that indescribable something, known as personal magnetism, which is absolutely necessary to carry them to stardom.

The star is "there" now, has been in the past, and always will be.

Before the movies we all went to the theater to see—what? The star, man, the star.

My whiskers are not yet gray, but I am no kid. I have seen many times Irving, Mansfield, Drew, Mrs. Fiske, Julia Marlow, Mrs. Leslie Carter, yes, and even Weber and Fields.

What did I see them play? Search me. I might name a few of the plays, but the stars themselves, their art and marvelous personalities I shall never forget.

And when time rolls on and my son's son—if he ever has a son—wants some dope on the pastimes of the early prohibition era, shall I tell him of the plays? No.

And, as a shyster lawyer would say, "and my opponents, 'way down in their hearts, know it." I will tell him of Bill Hart, Doug, and little Mary, Nazimova, et al.

I shall never forget them, but I have forgotten most of their plays already.

Some contend loudly that stars never change and are the same in all of their plays. True without argument. That is what makes them stars. It was the same on the speaking stage. Irving was always Irving and Mrs. Fiske was always Mrs. Fiske. Mansfield could come nearer to changing with his plays than any of the old guard, in my humble opinion.

On the screen few are able to hide themselves.

Nazimova is great, probably the greatest of the lot, but to me she is always Nazimova. No knock intended. Suits me fine. I never miss her plays.

Yet lesser stars do change. Witness Viola Dana. Note the jump from the weepy little ragamuffin in "Blue Jeans" to the hoyden in "Satan, Jr." and on through "The Gold Cure" and "Please Get Married," then back with a flop to "The Willow Tree."

Clever, I'll say. The vivacious little lady is good. A great attraction, beyond a doubt. I never miss her plays, either. But does versatility pay? How would you like to have as your yearly stipend the difference between her doubtless good salary and the befatted wad paid to and fully earned by the great Nazimova?

Why is this? To my mind it is because Nazimova is always Nazimova, and vivacious Viola is sometimes not V. V. but Miss Dana.

So much for an argument in favor of the star.

By the way, I'm not so blooming old. I went through grammar school with Milton Sills. Milton used to sign his examination papers "Milton G. G. Sills."

He dropped the G. G. when he went on the stage, for obvious reasons. How could he cry, "My kingdom for a gee-gee" when he already had one?

ANOTHER FAN—Atlanta, Georgia.

# La-may Face Powder is Guaranteed Pure and Harmless.

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There is a thousand dollar guarantee of purity printed on the box, certifying it does not contain white lead, rice powder or any harmful substance. This guaranteed pure powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because it is pure and harmless, La-may is now used by over a million American women; it is now the most popular complexion powder sold in New York. Women who have used even the most expensive face powders say they cannot buy a better powder than La-may anywhere at any price. There is also a La-may Talcum that prevents the souring of perspiration.

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# He May Not Be a Genius, But—

Continued from page 42



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and is good for soreness and stiffness—congested tissues due to exposure or over-exertion. Absorbine Jr. rubbed vigorously into the muscles at the sore point will bring about certain relief.

**Absorbine Jr.**  
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this time, was James Young. When Mr. Young left Universal to direct Earle Williams in "The Wolf" for Vitagraph, Mr. Bennet went along. He made himself so useful and agreeable at the new establishment that Earle Williams decided to give him a trial as a director.

The name of Chester Bennet, director, now appears on four Vitagraph pictures starring Earle Williams. They are "When a Man Loves," "Captain Swift," "A Master Stroke," and "The Purple Cipher," the last of which is one of the best Williams-Vitagraph pictures on record. And now Antonio Moreno has declared for "Chet" as a director for the first feature in which Tony will star after "The Veiled Mystery."

Mr. Bennet's salary is now just seventy-five times the original ten dollars for which he started three years ago, and he soon will be in the four-figure class of picture directors.

The question is, did his college education pay?

Mr. Bennet thinks it did. A law course that gives you such keen business judgment and foresight sufficient to quit law for the movies is decidedly profitable. But, of course, you must study the movie business as closely as you did the law.

The judicious young director thinks there is plenty of room on the "lot" for others holding similar ambitions, but they must start as he did, a green freshman all over again.

And, by the way, his chauffeur who drove him along the road to fortune on that momentous day three years ago is now one of his assistants. Perhaps his patience with gas-engine troubles will avail him much in handling stars.

There are several "interesting morals" to be learned from this story, but I leave it to you to figure them out—and to apply them.

## Screen Gossip

Bits of inside information and interesting anecdotes concerning the players.

By The Film Colonist

### Bryant Knocks 'Em Cold.

A certain actress appearing in support of Bryant Washburn had lovely eyes, but her hands—well, they didn't look well in close-ups. A stenographer working on the Lasky lot was summoned to "double" for the lady when it came to the magnified handclasp. The camera walked right up and focused for the clasp. Bryant seized the girl's hand, squeezed it significantly, and with a gentle pat withdrew from the finger embrace. It was noted that the girl had her eyes fixed with a deathlike stare upon the handsome countenance of the star. When the scene had been shot she started to move away as though in a daze. Before she had quit the stage she turned for a last look at the great star and—collapsed in a faint. When revived with buckets of cold water she murmured feebly:

"Oh, Bryant Washburn! He held my hand."

Bryant, much aghast and greatly confused, exclaimed:

"Great Scott, what would have happened had I kissed her?"

### ZaSu's Great Riches.

One of the most interesting stories of filmland is ZaSu Pitts' leap to fame and fortune. ZaSu couldn't get a job three years ago at a dollar a day. The office girls at the studio used to inquire flipantly if she wanted to see the janitor. Then Mary Pickford gave her a "bit." Subsequently Brentwood put her under contract at seventy-five dollars a week. ZaSu supported herself and all her relatives on that sum, allowing herself only ten dollars a week for spending.

"I had just two pairs of shoes and two dresses all last year," says she.

Then came a contract from the Smith

syndicate at one thousand dollars a week. ZaSu signed, but refused to believe a word of it until the first check for a thousand was handed to her. Then she did a kangaroo leap out of the office, summoned a taxicab, and rode down Hollywood Boulevard. Whenever she espied an acquaintance she leaned out of the taxi window, shouting and brandishing the check. Then she proceeded in state to the hairdresser, the manicurist, and the ice-cream-soda bars. But first she had a picture taken of herself and the check, just to assure herself that she wasn't suffering some sort of hallucination.

"Me for luxury from now on," is ZaSu's edict. "I'm going to save part of the money, and at the end of three years I'm going to Egypt."

She feels the land of Cleopatra calling her. Says she:

"I may look like 'the help,' but I've yet to see a picture of Cleopatra, champ beauty that she was, holding a thousand-dollar check."

### Turning the Tables.

A certain star's contract was terminated abruptly not long ago. It was said that he did not please the box office. A day or so later another star, who sends the box office into fits of ecstasy whenever he appears, strolled into the office of his company and remarked nonchalantly:

"I'll have to have one thousand dollars a week more or part company with you."

"But you have a contract."

"I know," smiled the star amiably. "So did so-and-so. But he didn't earn you the money, so his contract ended. I do earn you the money, so my contract will end for the opposite reason."

"We'll give you five hundred more."

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He smiled and started for the door. "A thousand."

"Thank you," said the star.

As a matter of fact, this star is one of the biggest money makers among male stars, but he received little of the profits, possibly less than half the amount some failures receive. So the raise was coming to him, and the company acceded, rather proud, we fancy, of their star's pluck.

Moral: You can beat the other fellow at his own game if you have the nerve.

**Some Bathroom!**

A star who owns a half dozen luxurious cars, twelve servants, a cellar full of bottles and all the luxury of a profiteer was describing his new bathroom.

"All the rugs are imported Orientals," said he. "The walls are of imported enamels. The water flows into the tub from the mouth of a huge gold statue of a woman holding flowers in her arms. The mirrors are gold-framed and full length. There's a bank of palms across one side of the room. The lights are concealed by rose silken petals."

We were all quite awed by the magnificence. Then George Stewart, brother of Anita, murmured dreamily:

"Gee, it must look like a Greek soda fountain."

**They're All Alike.**

Julie O'Grady and a picture lady are sisters under the skin.

The other evening at the Hollywood Hotel Betty Blythe was having dinner with her husband, Paul Scardon. She came to our table for coffee and was chatting merrily when suddenly her face registered "TERROR!" in headlines.

"What time is it?" she gasped.

"Eight o'clock," we said.

With glassy eyes peering forth into the lobby, she exclaimed:

"There's Count Georges de Monaco and his two friends. I—I invited them to dinner and forgot all about it."

Whereupon we witnessed a great piece of acting—Miss Blythe smiling over a second dinner and murmuring vague apologies about the warm weather robbing one of appetite, et cetera.

**Agnes Ayres Married?**

We are informed that Agnes Ayres is playing Sphinx about the secret of her life. According to an intimate friend of the beautiful star, Agnes was married two years ago to a lieutenant, who was sent to Siberia and hasn't returned. He wasn't sent to Siberia for punishment, but—well, for whatever reason our troops are sent to Siberia. Miss Ayres is appearing in a Realart production, "The Furnace."

**Another Newly Rich Lady.**

Colleen Moore, like ZaSu Pitts, is dizzy with new riches. About a year ago Colleen earned a hundred a week. Now she is being offered stardom at a thousand. Her latest dramatic work was in Marshall Neilan's "Dinty," and she's soon to be seen in "So Long, Letty." Her salary is said to have already reached the seven-hundred-and-eighty-dollar mark.

**New Stellar Arrivals.**

Helen Jerome Eddy is to star in productions made by the Smith syndicate, which recently signed ZaSu Pitts.

Anna Q. Nilsson has incorporated her own company.

Grace Darmond is to be starred by Christie, we hear, following her appearance in "So Long, Letty."

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LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT, a simple, absolutely harmless preparation, will positively strengthen weak and tired eyes, and help to make them clear, strong, bright, and alert.

This is the day of the Lady Beautiful, and LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT will serve to make her more so by giving her a preparation which will beautify her eyes, and make the "windows of her soul" clear and shining.

You read in this and other good magazines on how to take care of your hands, face, hair, eyelashes, but nothing is said about the most important and beautiful organ of the human body—eyes.

Nature intended your eyes to be strong, bright, and beautiful, but hardly anyone takes care of their eyes until too late, and then expensive specialists are necessary.

**20,000,000 Americans wear glasses, mostly because they neglect their eyes.**

By using LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT you not only add to the beauty and brightness of your eyes. You strengthen them against possible future weakness and many expensive eye specialists.

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We will cheerfully return your money if LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT does not satisfy you in every way.

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### Mam'selle Now Mrs.

Mlle. Beatrice la Plante, who came from France two years ago and entered films, is now Mrs. Clyde Drollinger, according to the marriage-license bureau of Los Angeles. The dashing mam'selle has been seen in Rolin comedies and in the leading rôle with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Beggar Prince."

### Barbara Castleton Weds.

Barbara Castleton, formerly a Goldwyn high light, has become the third bride of Willard Mack. Her predecessors in the rôle were Marjorie Rambeau and Pauline Frederick. Miss Castleton recently bought her release from her Goldwyn contract in order to appear on the stage in one of Mr. Mack's plays. She secured a divorce from her former husband a few months ago at Reno.

### Jack Gilbert, Director.

Jack Gilbert is to direct Hope Hampton in her next picture. Jack has been prominent as the hero of Tourneur productions.

### Doraldina's Hula Hours.

Doraldina has arrived in Hollywood to star in "The Passion Fruit" for Metro, and straightway excited the soporific ville by announcing hula hours to replace tea-time. Doraldina and her husband, Frank Saunders, are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Edward Earle—Eddie you'll remember as the Vitagraph O. Henry man, who was seen last in "The Law of the Yukon."

Doraldina has signed a five-year starring contract with Metro.

### Anita Stewart, Censor.

If all stars were like Anita Stewart, the censors would be jobless. And that wouldn't cause any one to drop a tear.

An attempt was made to introduce "sexy" vulgarity into Miss Stewart's picture, "Sowing the Wind." There were such pretty little objects as nude ladies and such edifying spectacles as a gentleman biting a lady's shoulder. Miss Stewart, unable to prevent these Rabelaisian scenes, went on a strike and refused to work in the picture until assured those portions of the film were garbaged.

"But look at 'Sex,'" was the aggrieved retort of the person responsible for the "sexiness."

"I don't care to look at 'Sex,'" replied the fighting Puritan. "You can produce such pictures without me."

"But the public wants that sort of thing."

"Then I'm too old-fashioned to please the public," said Miss Stewart.

"But they are just little De Mille touches."

"You think so?" was the reply. "Then you have to learn that there is a wide difference between art and its cheap imitations."

Upon the completion of the picture Miss Stewart went to her home on Long Island for a long rest. We may expect to hear that she has made new affiliations before long.

Miss Stewart is not quite the only star who has waged a war on film bestiality. Madge Kennedy recently censored the script of one of her pictures. And we hear she is to head her own company, where she will have complete dictatorship as to the sort of pictures in which she appears.

Here's a subject which might be discussed in PICTURE-PLAY'S forum of fan letters: Does the public want vulgarity

or does it want Miss Stewart and Miss Kennedy?

### Nazimova's Ambition.

It has been Nazimova's lifelong ambition to own a theater in New York, where she can produce stage plays. Perhaps, however, she will become a film producer when she no longer wishes to devote herself to acting. As a matter of fact, madame is now her own producer. She directs, cuts, assembles, and even supervises her own pictures. Upon the completion of three more pictures for Metro she will make a contract with another organization. Her husband, Charles Bryant, is now negotiating the contract business in New York. We understand that the "Big Four" will become the "Big Five" if a suitable agreement is reached. Mr. Bryant will no longer act in Mrs. Bryant's pictures, but will devote himself to business management. Nazimova is now producing "Madame Peacock," a magazine story by Rita Weiman.

### The Latest Line-Up.

While dining at the Alexandria the other night we made the following observations of who-goes-with-whom:

Lew Cody with Bebe Daniels.

Charlie Chaplin with Florence Deshon.

Mildred Chaplin with George Stewart.

Viola Dana with Lieutenant Locklear.

Frank Mayo with Dagmar Godowsky.

Louise Glaum with J. Parker Read.

Doris May with Wallace MacDonald.

William Duncan with Edith Johnson.

Marshall Neilan with Blanche Sweet.

Naomi Childers with Luther Reed.

Alice Lake with Buster Keaton.

And three stars flirting unconventionally with their own husbands. The guilty ones were: Anita Stewart, Priscilla Dean, and Betty Blythe.

### George Arliss in Pictures.

George Arliss has signed to appear in a pictorial version of "The Devil," in which he starred on the stage. Andrew J. Callaghan, producer of the Bessie Love pictures, has secured the Arliss signature.

### Jerome Storm Productions.

Jerome Storm, who directed Charles Ray in the star's principal successes, now has a company of his own with a capitalization of one million dollars. Mr. Storm will produce four pictures a year from famous stories and plays.

### John Bowers, Water Racer.

Johnny Bowers has bought a boat, and it is called the *Uncas*. Johnny is going to enter it for the Honolulu cup next year, and in the meantime is keeping it in trim by racing with Dusty Farnum.

### Bushman and Bayne Again.

Francis X. Bushman and his wife, Beverly Bayne, are to return to pictures in a production of their stage play, "The Master Thief," sponsored by Oliver Morosco. The Bushmans have been appearing on the stage of the Little Theater, in Los Angeles, in Paul Dickey's "Rainbow Bridge," which Mr. Morosco also plans to convert into film with the same stars.

Francis Bushman's eighteen-year-old son, Ralph, is becoming so popular in the film colony that father probably will have a chance to make good on son's reputation.

### Monroe Salisbury's First.

"The Barbarian" is the first picture to be made by Monroe Salisbury and his company of players. Donald Crips, who played *Battling Burrows* in "Broken Blossoms," served as director.



## ZaSu Goes Home

Continued from page 29

ZaSu take down her long hair, which reaches below her hips, I couldn't help thinking how beautifully she and Santa Cruz fitted together. At no time during the day had I seen the slightest trace of self-consciousness in her. She was not a star with a fabulous salary just ahead of her, she was just a small-town girl who was loved by friends and neighbors for herself alone; for her droll personality, her wholesome candor, and her blithe spirit.

She is still a small-town girl, you see. She doesn't smoke or drink, and she disapproves of swearing. She likes to ride in a buggy, and even in the privacy of her room, she wears—not filmy negligees—but neatly scalloped flannel "wrappers."

ZaSu was still brushing her hair when it suddenly occurred to me that I knew nothing of her early work in pictures.

"Oh, that isn't much of a story," she said. "Mother was willing for me to try my luck in Los Angeles because she had almost as much confidence in me as I had in myself.

"When I got into town, I registered at the Lankershim Hotel—all alone, mind you—and then I started in trying to get work. But at first they wouldn't even give me extra bits. Directors would take one look at me and then tell me kindly to go home to mother.

"But one little comedy company thought I looked funny enough to be funny, if you know what I mean, and they gave me a trial. Then Marshall Neilan gave me a part with Mary Pickford in 'The Little Princess,' and after that it wasn't so hard. Directors called me a 'type,' and used me for all sorts of parts where awkwardness was required. I played with Florence Vidor in several of her pictures, and then Brentwood featured me in two productions, 'Seeing It Through' and 'Better Times.' But my big chance is just ahead—and do you know why I want to make a great big success?"

I yawned, and hazarded a guess about world fame and greater fortune. ZaSu shook her head and prepared to turn out the light. I was fast sinking into dreamless slumber, and I heard her voice as from a great distance.

"I want to see a great, big headline on the front page of the Santa Cruz paper that says, 'Local Girl Makes Good!'"

I murmured a sleepy assent. ZaSu asserts that it was a snore.



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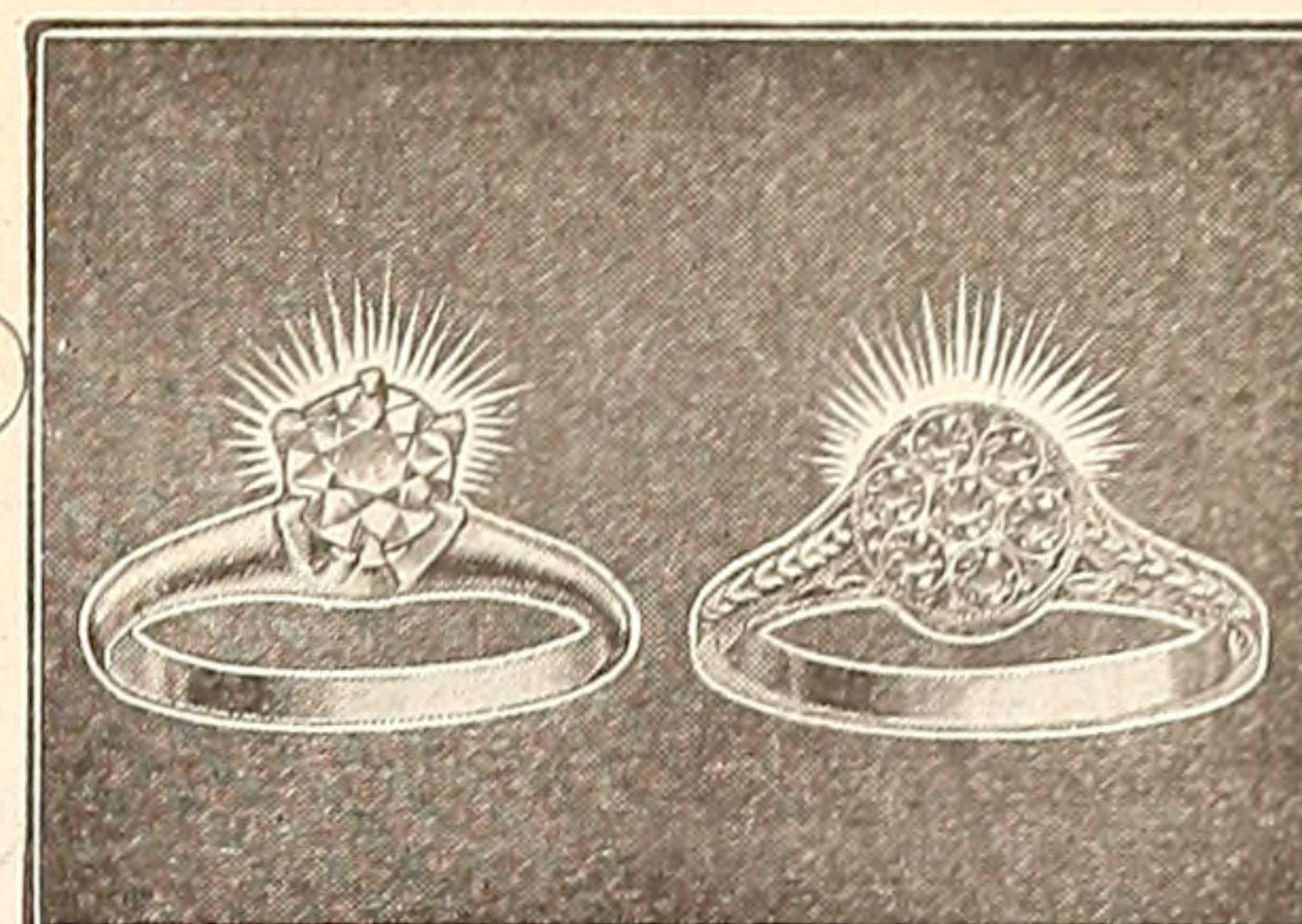
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# The Mutiny of the *Elsinore*

Continued from page 34

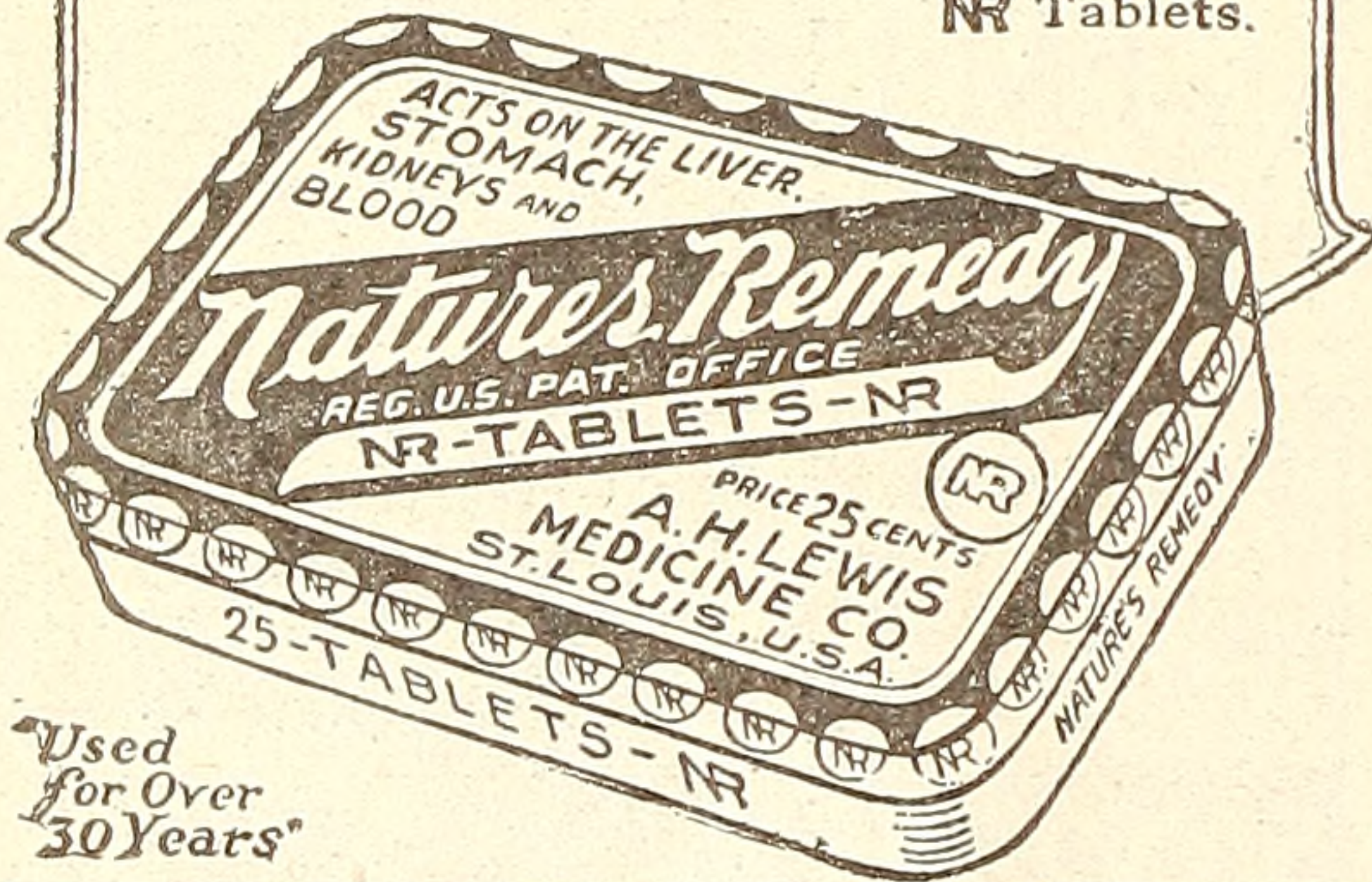


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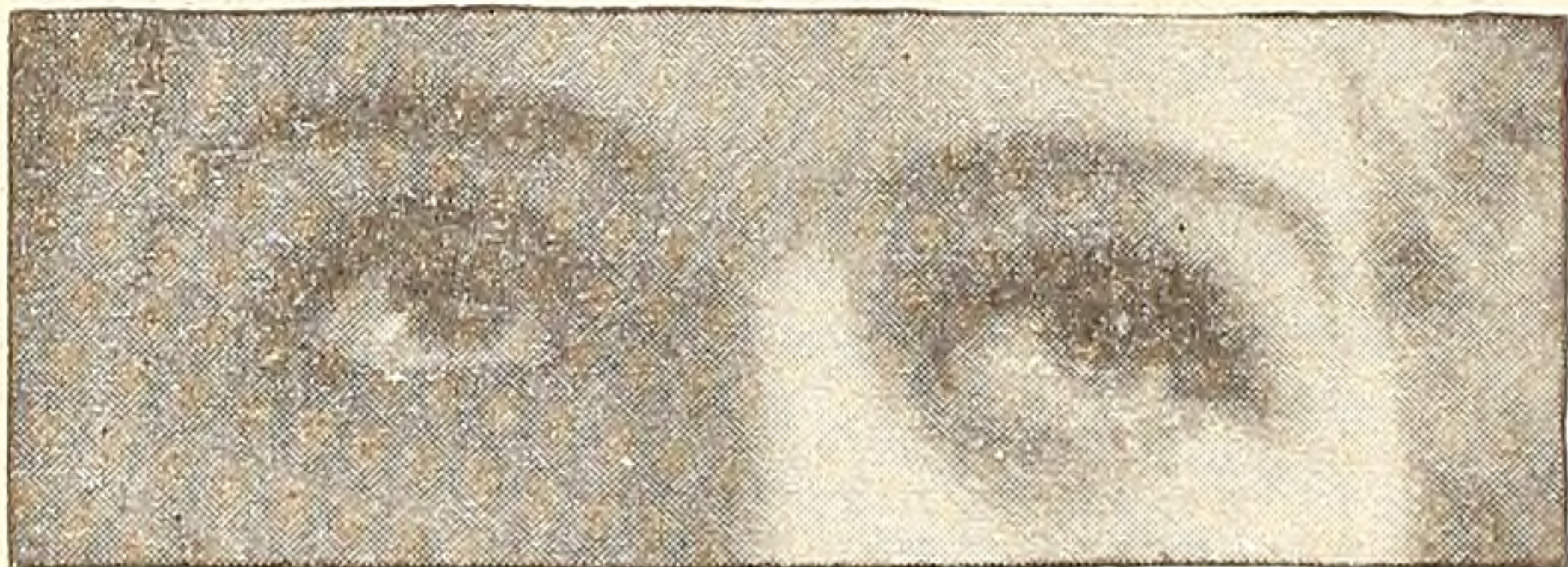
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to an order, and John Pike's ready fist smashed out in rebuke. This was the signal for half a dozen of the discontents to leap upon him. They were a herd of cowards fighting in a pack so that one after another fell away from the punishment of the first mate's mighty blows till the way stood clear for the great battle. The wheel had been abandoned, and the *Elsinore* wallowed in the trough, with the seas sweeping fore and aft. The terrific rolling of the ship brought Dick to the deck, and when he would have mixed in the fighting the voice of John Pike bellowed through the gale. "Take the wheel and sail the ship—the fight is mine!" And then he closed with the second mate fighting for his life, the ship, and Dick and Margaret.

With Dick at the wheel the staggering *Elsinore* steadied with her nose in the wind, and the two antagonists fought on the slippery deck with more security. The second mate was a desperate man and fought as such. Time after time he arose from the mighty blows of John Pike only to go down again, and then suddenly realizing that he was deserted by the rest of the mutineers, he twisted out of the strangle hold of John Pike and bolted aft.

With a long knife in his hand The Rat had been watching from the shadows for this very move, and craftily swung back and met the second mate behind the deck house. For an instant they crouched there eye to

eye in the gloom, the mate terrified by the apparition of the stowaway.

"Ah-h-h!" snarled The Rat. "A bad man on a good ship! A squealer! Squeal now—curse you!" And he struck deep with the knife he held.

With a cry of pain the mate grabbed him around the neck, the *Elsinore* heaved and they rolled out on the deck. Again The Rat struck savagely as a great tongue of the sea reached aboard and lapped them over the side into her hungry maw.

Down in the cabin Margaret bathed the wounds of John Pike. Old Jason West was up at the wheel holding the *Elsinore* in her course while Dick prodded the crew into getting in the sheets. And once the sails were tightly reefed he herded them forward with a gun in his hand and told them just what was expected of them for the rest of the voyage. He was very calm about it all, with a cold, still, blood-curdling calm, and there was a scathing slash to his words and a convincingness in his manner that deeply impressed those tramps of the sea.

"Yuh can take it from me," said one old bruiser, "the kid's like his old man, quietlike and gentle, but he'll be a crew-killin' cormorant if he's tampered with."

So down through the years Margaret and Dick sailed the *Elsinore* with never again a mutiny to disturb the serenity of the voyage, for Dick had found himself the real salt son of an old salt father.

## It's Art, Bill Hart

Dear Old Bill Hart!  
You are a bear,  
You shore do tear  
A ragged hole  
Rite in the atmosphere.  
You have no fear.  
It seems, you just break loose  
And make the whole  
Damned ranch "vamoose."  
You are a pleasant kind o' chap.  
You've got a grin  
That "gets my goat."  
But when your chin  
Begins to quiver, then I know  
Them barroom bullies shore will float  
Off into space, so suddenlike.  
It's mighty cute!  
To watch 'em drift when you go mad,  
And just for fun shoot  
Off an ear or two.

Say, Bill! you're my ideal  
Of the bad wild West;  
And often I just seem to feel  
Them bullets in my chest.  
When the bold villain tries to kiss  
The orphan girl,  
And his sharp hiss!  
Makes slips in the tense silence,  
Then you just happen in,  
And pull a six-gun  
From your hip, and grin,  
And then he wilts, just like a  
Rose leaf in the desert sun.  
Aw, shucks! Bill Hart,  
I can't describe it, but  
It's art, and say  
You are the best I've  
Ever seen  
Upon the screen.

WILL. D. MUSE.



The Screen in Review

Continued from page 64

occur, and he builds up on this knowledge of yours with a skill that is admirable. Then when he reaches the pinnacle of his physical action, the murder, he keeps right on the upward scale of suspense. Your interest doesn't drop, rather it accumulates in anticipation of the conclusion—but what that conclusion is you are unaware.

King has been aided by H. B. Warner, the star, who also realizes the power of accumulative mystery and suspense and who knows full well how to play for it. I want to go on record as saying that this is the best murder-mystery picture I have ever seen. Pictures on such themes are common, but they are exceedingly difficult to handle.

In this connection it is interesting to note "The Girl in the Web," a robber-mystery picture. "The Girl in the Web" is as poor as "One Hour Before Dawn" is excellent. There is no fine atmosphere about it, and, to contradict my first assertion, I doubt if even King could have supplied it for the reason that the story is rather foolish, poorly developed, unclarified even at the end, and containing a number of false leads that have no business being in the plot. Blanche Sweet is the girl in the case, and it is to be regretted that "The Girl in the Web" is the only poor picture in her new star series.

William C. De Mille's production of Edward Peple's play, "The Prince Chap," in which Thomas Meighan is featured—and ought to be starred—is a picture filled with a delightful and unusual romantic atmosphere. The story of the artist who adopts a baby girl and so loses the woman he favors because of her false suspicion, and who watches the girl grow to young womanhood finally to realize himself in love with her, has been beautifully pictured by De Mille. His atmosphere is sentimental to the extreme, but who is there that doesn't glory in real honest sentiment? I have seen many pictures where the sentiment has been a false thing of saccharine quality. Here it is mixed with fine red blood. Meighan is excellent in the title part, and Lila Lee is the adopted girl grown up.

The only thing that De Mille omitted in this picturization of the noted play was the comedy. The original had much. The picture has none.

I had occasion once to point out the thoroughly sympathetic work of Director Charles Maigne in the handling of a picturization of a Robert



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W. Chambers story—"The Firing Line." Maigne has perfected the art of translating Chambers' tricks of writing to picture terms. This he has demonstrated in previous productions, and this he again demonstrates, only more richly and fully in his latest work, "The Fighting Chance." Chambers writes of romance and of the strange workings of women's minds. Putting the latter psychology on the screen is a difficult task. The printed word really has the better of it over the pictures in this case. But however difficult this is to do, Maigne has done it. "The Fighting Chance" is a fascinating picture, extravagant in production details, reflecting the superficial glory of a high-society life and mirroring its shams, unrealistic though some of them be, in quite convincing fashion. Anna Q. Nilsson and Conrad Nagle play the leads in it and catch the spirit of the Chambers-Maigne combination in faultless style.

To compare again, where Maigne has succeeded in drawing a sumptuous though artificial life on the screen, B. A. Rolfe in "A Woman's Business" has failed. The stories of the two photo plays, the latter the work of Charles Belmont Davis, are much alike in general aspects. But there is no atmosphere to the Rolfe work, the illogical parts of the story—and these are many—show through. Rolfe's work is not up to the standard he once maintained and even with such an attractive person as Olive Tell heading his cast he has been unable to score many points.

"The White Moll," while it is lacking in an atmosphere of a quality such as the majority of those pictures I have named possess, is to be noted for the reason that it marks the return after a long absence of Pearl White, erstwhile serial queen. This is a Fox picture, and it is Miss White's first effort along the feature lines since a day long ago. "The White Moll" is a melodrama based on a story by Frank L. Packard, author of "The Miracle Man." Though the director has endeavored to impart that same atmosphere of spiritual uplift to this work that was present in such abundant quality in the greater picture, he has obviously failed.

The picture turns out to be a melodrama of roaring quality, quite similar in various of its sequences concerning crooks and the underworld to the serials with which the star's name is still linked. I think those who delighted in Miss White in the to-be-continued-in-our-next pictures will delight in "The White Moll" as well. The star is as active as ever,

and besides creating the character of a lively heroine does some clever eccentric work while wearing a wonderful make-up. The gist of the story concerns the efforts of the *White Moll*, a reformed crook herself, to reform others of her old gentry.

"Life's Twist" is a picture in which the duty of creating interest rests almost entirely on the shoulders of Bessie Barriscale, who appears in a dual rôle. The story is rather unusual but fails to generate any great degree of drama. Miss Barriscale appears as an ignorant child of the tenements who by a strange series of circumstances awakens the love of a well-to-do wife for her husband, after a misunderstanding. Playing also as the wife, Miss Barriscale creates widely contrasting characters, both of which command and hold the interest throughout.

"The World and His Wife" is a story dealing with the results which idle gossip brings on an innocent wife. They are tragic in the extreme, and certainly there is more than an atom of reality in them. The locale of the picture is laid in the Spain of several years ago, the action is colorful, the acting full of flourishes and grand manners. It is something of a welcome change to see a picture produced in such a key, and Robert Vignola deserves the credit here for establishing and maintaining such a refined and traditionally true atmosphere. His cast aids him considerably, headed as it is by Alma Rubens and Montagu Love, and with such competent players as Charles Gerrard, Pedro de Cordoba, and Gaston Glass in support.

"The Misfit Wife" plainly lacks the required atmosphere of reality, that which is at least partially present in the majority of pictures produced to-day. It is indeed very old-fashioned in plot and direction, dealing with the poor little girl who marries a man "above her station," who is snubbed by her husband's relatives, and who ultimately proves her mettle before them by assuming her sister-in-law's place in a compromising situation. I have little doubt that the picture-wise spectator of this subject will be able to call every turn of it considerably in advance. Alice Lake, one of the most competent of the younger stars on the screen, deserves vehicles of a much better caliber than this.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, those Universal comedians who recently graduated from the one and two-reeler to the feature production in "Everything But the Truth," score again and score strongly in "La La



Lucille," an adaptation of the stage farce by Fred Jackson. Jackson wrote one of the best of "bedroom" farces when he wrote of this two-ply marital mixup with several other characters thrown in and a hotel of questionable reputation as a background; and the two star comedians certainly have taken every advantage of his work both in the acting and the general direction of the picture, to which end they also attended.

"Moon Madness" is a very peculiar combination of old-style melodrama in quite an artistic setting. The producers, Robertson-Cole, frankly advertise it as the adventures of a wild desert maid among the wild men of Paris. This description may be attractive to some, but it wasn't to me. The picture exists mainly for what sex appeal it is able to work up, and aside from this it is to be noted for the reappearance of Edith Storey. Miss Storey isn't starred, but she should be. She has many striking poses, wears some startling clothes, and has the advantage of some thoroughly artistic lighting effects.

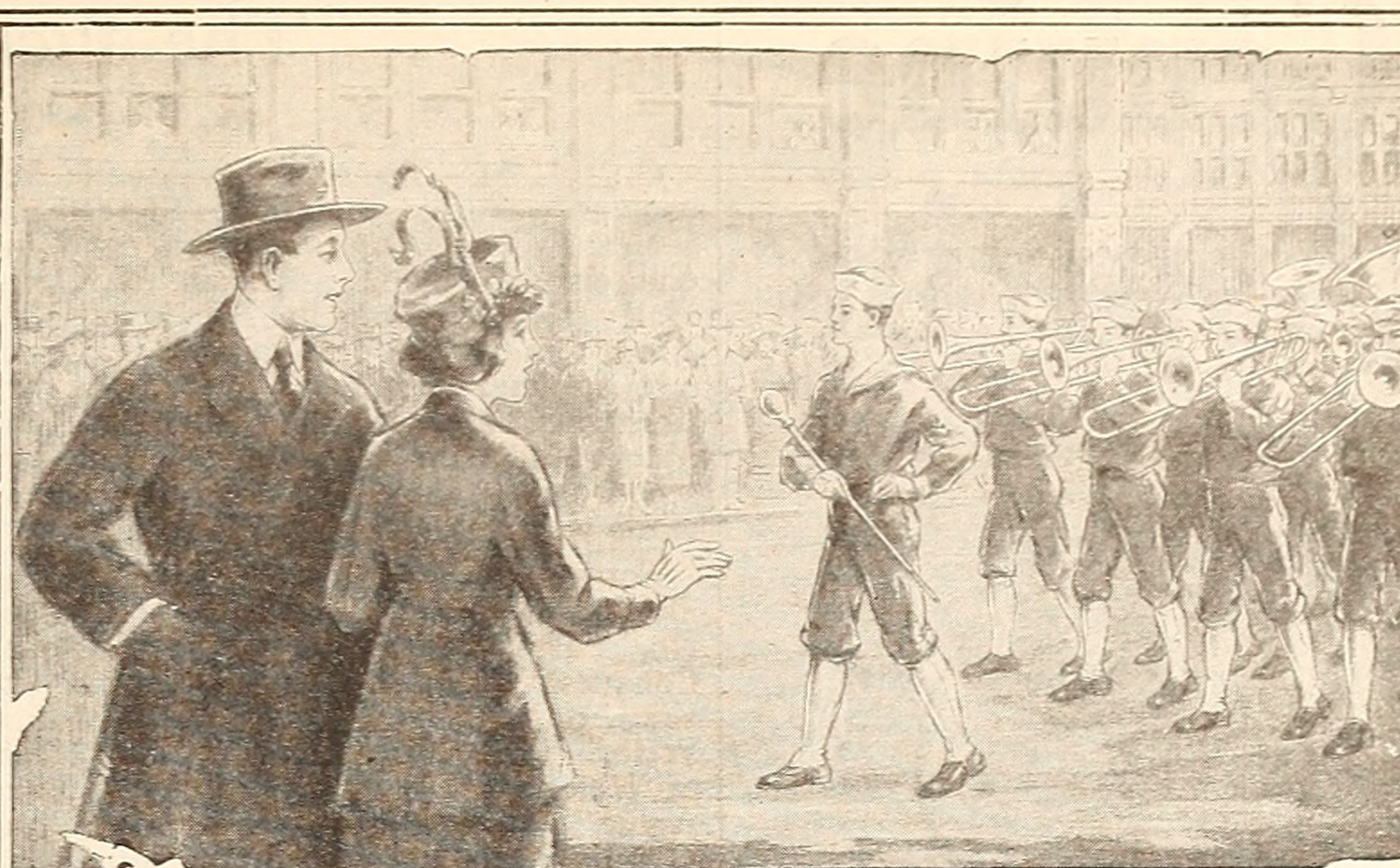
"The Rose of Nome" is a typical Alaskan dance-hall number in which Gladys Brockwell appears as the sophisticated dance-hall heroine. It has all the familiar twists of the Northwest tale, even the Mounted Policeman who strays into the action from Canada.

"Under Northern Lights" is another subject dealing with a member of the Northwest Mounted Police. It is very conventional and has the benefit of no stellar personality or performance. Stories dealing with the M. P.'s are about as passé as the M. P.'s of the World War days.

"Going Some" is a Goldwyn picture, based on Rex Beach's old novel and play of the same name. The story of the college crowd on the sheep ranch fails to charm as it did between the book covers and on the boards save in the details concerning the race between the bogus champion and the ranch cook, the which are as funny as ever.

To D. G.

"Your "Battling Jane" caused me to weep—  
 (Don't think me cranky!)  
 When "Boots" I viewed damp tears did seep—  
 Into my hankie!  
 "I'll Get Him Yet!" "Nobody Home!"  
 And others after—  
 I cried—excuse this weepy pome—  
 My dear—with laughter!



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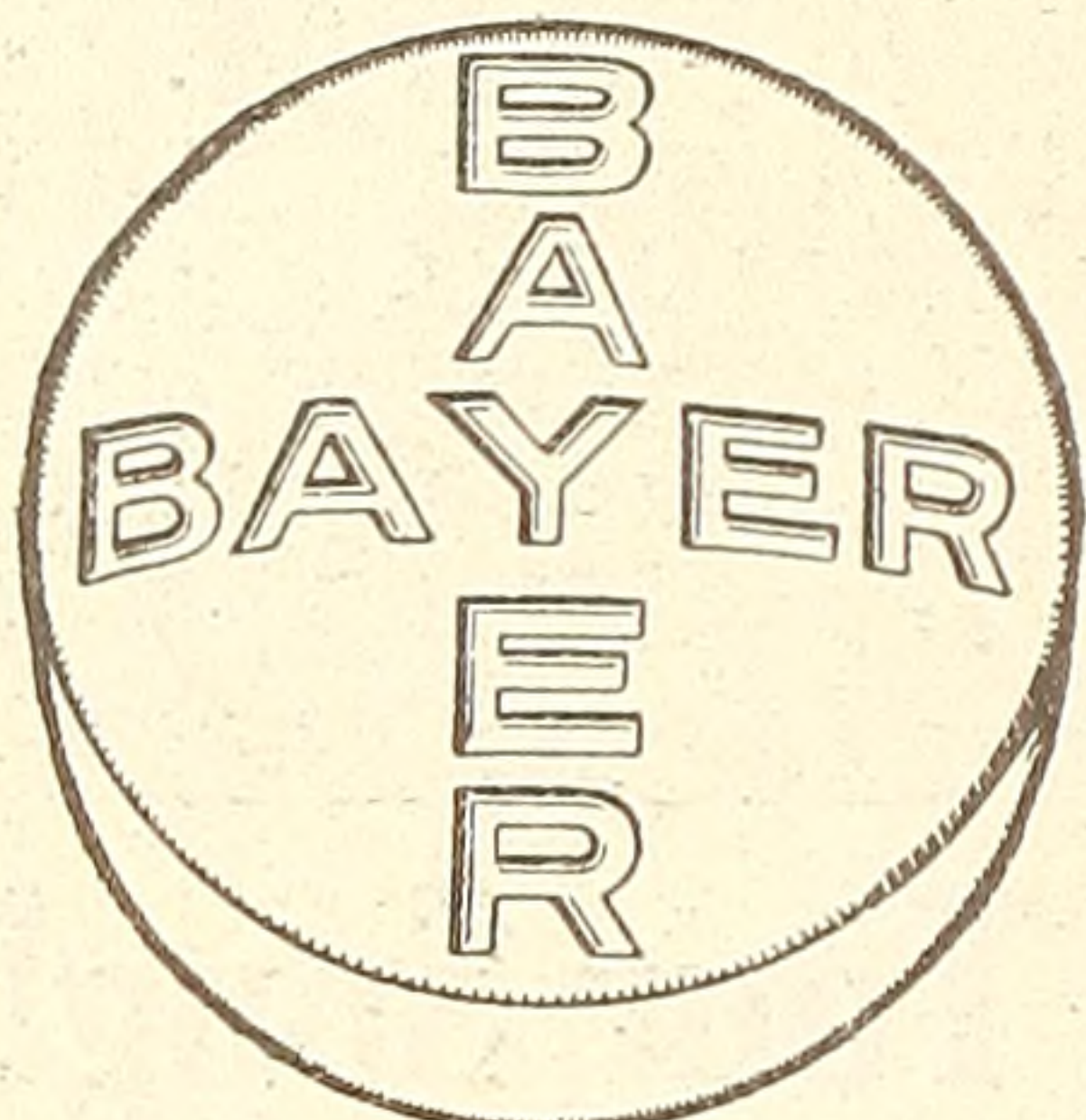
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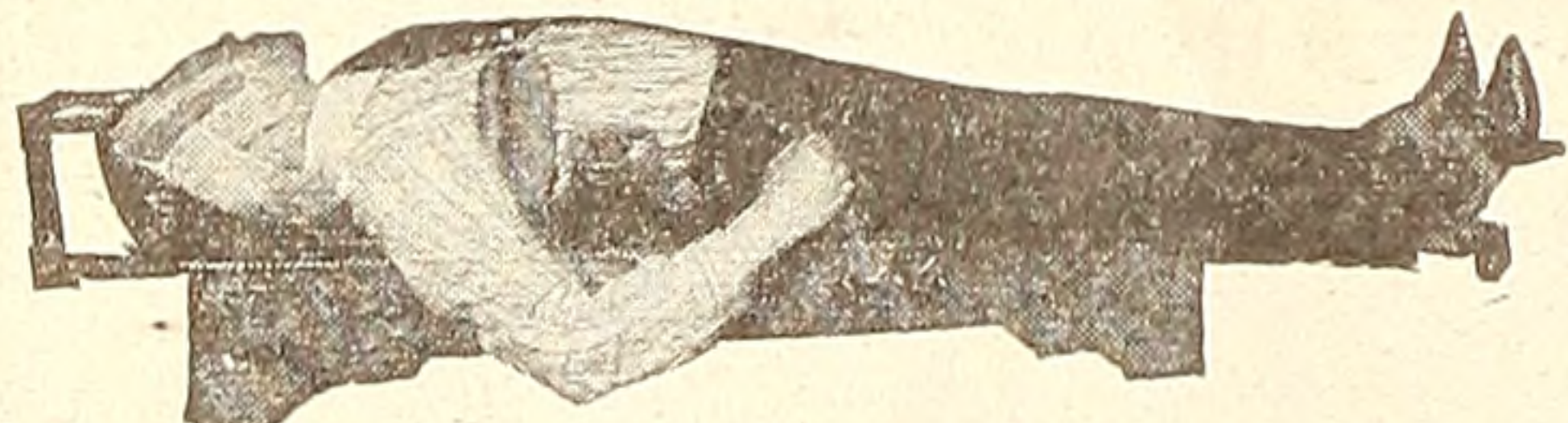
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## The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 80

G. McL. M.—You must have overlooked your answers, because I distinctly remember answering your question, and no one else has ever asked it. Erasmus Hall High School, in Brooklyn, New York, has turned out quite a bunch of motion-picture stars. Anita Stewart, Constance and Natalie Talmadge, and Mary Anderson all attended that high school when they did their first screen work with the Vitagraph Company.

CONNIE.—Write just as often as you like. You are always welcome. "Yes or No," "The Woman Gives," "The Isle of Conquest," "She Loves and Lies," "The Way of a Woman," "The Probation Wife," "The New Moon," "The Heart of Wetona," "Her Only Way," "De Luxe Annie," "The Ghosts of Yesterday," and "Panthea" are her last dozen features.

LENA FROM WALES.—Antonio Moreno is not married. I am sure that he would send you one of his photographs. Better inclose a quarter with your request.

MARIE COLE.—You certainly are the bitter little thing, aren't you? What on earth has caused your intense hatred for the popular pair you mention? Isn't there just a little bit of jealousy connected with it? Your letter certainly sounds that way.

BLUSHES.—Pearl White and Wallace McCutcheon are man and wife, not brother and sister. William S. Hart is not married. That is his right name. He was injured a while ago when he was thrown from his horse, but he is quite all right again. Katherine MacDonald is not married. ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. Yes, Marguerite de la Motte was born in Duluth, Minnesota.

CAROLINE M.—William Scott acts opposite Gladys Brockwell in all of her releases, probably because she likes his work better than that of any of the other leading men she has had. He is not married to her. Pearl White has auburn hair.

ELIZABETH M.—All of your Pearl White questions have been answered in the replies ahead of your own. The best way to get anything off your mind is to try not to think about it. You are acting just opposite to what you want to accomplish. Why ask a lot of questions about something that you want to forget?

MISS MARION B.—You forgot to inclose the two-cent stamp for a personal reply, so I am answering your questions in the department. You will find your questions about Clarine Seymour and Richard Barthelmess already answered. "Alias Jimmy Valentine" is Bert Lytell's picture. If Bobby Harron is engaged he is keeping mighty quiet about it. See end of this department for addresses.

MISS KRAUSE.—Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880. He was on the stage for a good many years before entering the picture game. He supported such stars of the footlights as Sir Charles Wyndham, Billie Burke, Ethel Barrymore, Ellen Terry, Viola Allen, Grace George, and others.

HEDDA NOVA FAN.—Hedda Nova is now starring in her own pictures, which are being directed by her husband, Paul Hurst. I have nothing to do with the placing of pictures or interviews in PICTURE-PLAY. I have all I can do to attend to The Oracle. The editor has charge of everything else and it is entirely up to him—not me. Pauline Curley was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts.

Ruth Roland is a native daughter, being born in San Francisco, California. Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in Paris, France.

LIROSE.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. Elsie Janis is her name. She is. She was born in Columbus, Ohio.

I. R. H.—Viola is married. You can get a photo of her by writing to the little lady and asking for one. Better inclose a quarter with your request.

PUTER.—That is merely a wild tale of some busybody who has nothing to do but gossip, one of those who make up a lot of yarns if there isn't any real gossip worth telling. The statement is absolutely false in every respect.

SUSIE G.—Eileen Sedgwick played with Eddy Polo in that serial. Carol Holloway answers all the mail she can. "The Adventures of Ruth" is the latest Pathé serial starring Ruth Roland. There was no serial released under the title of "Ruth of the Rockies." Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

H. J.—Your questions have already been answered in this issue.

J. E. J.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of "The Market Booklet." You are right about William S. Hart. Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875.

SUGAR PLUM.—You mean Larry Seimon, don't you? He is still making comedies for Vitagraph. Larry used to be a newspaper cartoonist on the New York Telegraph before he became a director for Vitagraph. Peggy O'Dare is playing the leading rôle opposite Eddy Polo in his newest serial for Universal. Addresses at the end of this department.

TOODLES.—What do you mean—Wallace Reid support Wanda Hawley? It has been just the opposite, but as Wanda is now starring on her own for Realart, I don't see any chance of seeing the two playing together in any more films. Her hair is not naturally curly. It takes a curling iron to do the trick. Wallace was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. I don't think your term, "Isn't he beautiful?" would make very much of a hit with Wally. "Handsome" would be more appropriate.

BEAULAH L.—Thanks for the six cents in stamps. I turned them over to the editor and he has mailed you a copy of the "Market Booklet." There is a Hope Hampton playing in pictures. Is that the one you refer to? She has that color hair.

FERNIE.—The editor has mailed you the "Market Booklet." Your Antonio Moreno question has already been answered in this issue.

H. G.—That is his real name. George was born in New York. Neither Constance Talmadge nor Bebe Daniels is married. George Walsh is twenty-eight years old. He is five feet eleven inches and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. He is married to Seena Owen and they have a baby daughter about three years old. "The Dead Line" is his latest picture.

KALEM FAN.—Kalem reissued the Alice Joyce-Carlyle Blackwell and the Alice Joyce-Tom Moore pictures in 1915.



J. A. G.—I receive hundreds of letters every week, and they are all answered in this department just as quickly as possible and in the order in which they are received. "First come, first served" is The Oracle motto. The "Market Booklet" contains a complete list of all the motion-picture companies, with their addresses, and tells what kind of stories they are in the market for. You can get it by sending six cents in stamps to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY. Bebe's name is pronounced just as if there were two B's, accent on the first B. Look for all addresses at the end of this department. Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. She was educated in Seattle, Washington, and New York. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs but one hundred and ten pounds. She has blond hair and grayish-blue eyes. Katherine MacDonald was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She spent her last days of education at Blairsville College. She is five feet eight inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds. She has blond hair and blue eyes. Beatrice Joy first saw the light of day at New Orleans, Louisiana, and received her education at the Sacred Heart Academy in the same city. She is five inches shorter than Katherine and weighs nine pounds less. That's a good puzzle for you to work out. You certainly felt very inquisitive to-day, didn't you? Maybe you have been saving all this up for a long time; is that it? Beatrice has black hair and brown eyes. Blanche Sweet is a prized product of Chicago, Illinois. Her stage career included such well-known stars as Chauncey Olcott and Gertrude Hoffman. She began her screen career on five-dollar checks at the old Biograph Studio under D. W. Griffith's direction. She remained with Griffith until she was signed up by Lasky, then with Harry Garson, and now with Jesse D. Hampton. Douglas MacLean looks like a good example of a denial that Philadelphia is a slow-moving burg, because his peppy personality comes from there. He attended Northwestern University. He is five feet nine and one-half inches tall and carries one hundred and forty-five pounds around with him. He has brown hair and eyes. Lila Lee was born in New York City in 1902. She attracted the attention of Gus Edwards, the theatrical producer, when she was a wee youngster, and he adopted her, putting her on the stage and securing private tutors for her. She became well known on the vaudeville stage as "Cuddles" Edwards, before being signed to a long-term contract by Lasky. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. She has black hair and eyes. Doris May is a gift of Seattle, Washington. She was educated in a French convent there. She stretches to five feet two inches and tips the beam at one hundred and seventeen pounds. Her hair is golden and her eyes are brown. Enid Bennett was born in York, Western Australia, and was educated in Perth, Australia. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs all of one hundred and two pounds. She has golden-brown hair and hazel eyes. Violet Hemming is a native of Leeds, England. She received her schooling at the Malvern House School, Southport, England. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and eighteen pounds. She has blond hair and blue eyes. Vivian Martin is not a native of sunny California. She was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. You'll have to write to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY about the pictures you would like to see in the gallery and the interviews between the cov-

ers. I have nothing to do with that, having all I can handle with The Oracle department. Where did you get hold of enough paper to write all your questions on? You shouldn't save them up for a grand landslide, but let them come in a few pages at a time, and in that way you get quicker results and more answers in these columns. The letters you wrote to the players in care of the exchange will have to be forwarded, so that explains the delay.

WALLIE REID FOREVER.—Although you are as regular as clockwork, you don't seem to find any trouble in having a new batch of questions regarding your favorites for me to answer every month. It was Marguerite Clark, not Dorothy Gish, who did the "Bab" series for Paramount. Yes, Richard Barthelmess played with her in them. "Haunted Spooks," "An Eastern Westerner," and "High and Dizzy" are the names of the three latest Harold Lloyd comedies for Pathé. Bebe Daniels did not play in any of them. She was with Lasky at the time they were made. Yes, Ann Little played opposite Wallace Reid in that picture. Emily Stevens played in "Wheels of Justice," "The Slacker," "Alias Mrs. Jessup," "Outwitted," "Daybreak," "The Wager," "The Soul of a Woman," "A Man's World," and "Kildare of the Storm," all for Metro. She was also featured in the Schomer-Ross production of "The Sacred Flame." Thanks very much for your check to cover a year's subscription to PICTURE-PLAY. At last you have found a place where you can get your questions answered. You should have saved time and tried The Oracle in the first place. The editor is taking care of your subscription.

EDITH-IRENE.—Pearl White is five feet six inches tall. Of course, I like them all. So you think William Russell is a darling? I'm sure he would feel flattered if he knew. Anita Stewart is five feet five inches tall. Yes, George Stewart looks very much like his sister, Anita. He has become a full-fledged movie actor himself, and you will see him as the juvenile with Mildred Harris Chaplin in her latest First National feature, "Old Dad." Eugene O'Brien is not married, so your mind can rest easy—until the next rumor. Frank Mayo is married. Bebe Daniels is five feet four inches tall. Priscilla Dean is the same height as Bebe. Dorothy Phillips is just half an inch shorter. So you think me a wonder and as clever and handsome as Douglas Fairbanks! How do you know, when you don't even know who I am or what I look like? However, I feel highly flattered, although I wouldn't know that Doug would be by the comparison. Yes, it does seem strange that Doug could stand still long enough to get married. I am always willing to oblige, so I'll bite. What is the story about "Kisses" and "I Want a Daddy"? I hope it's nice.

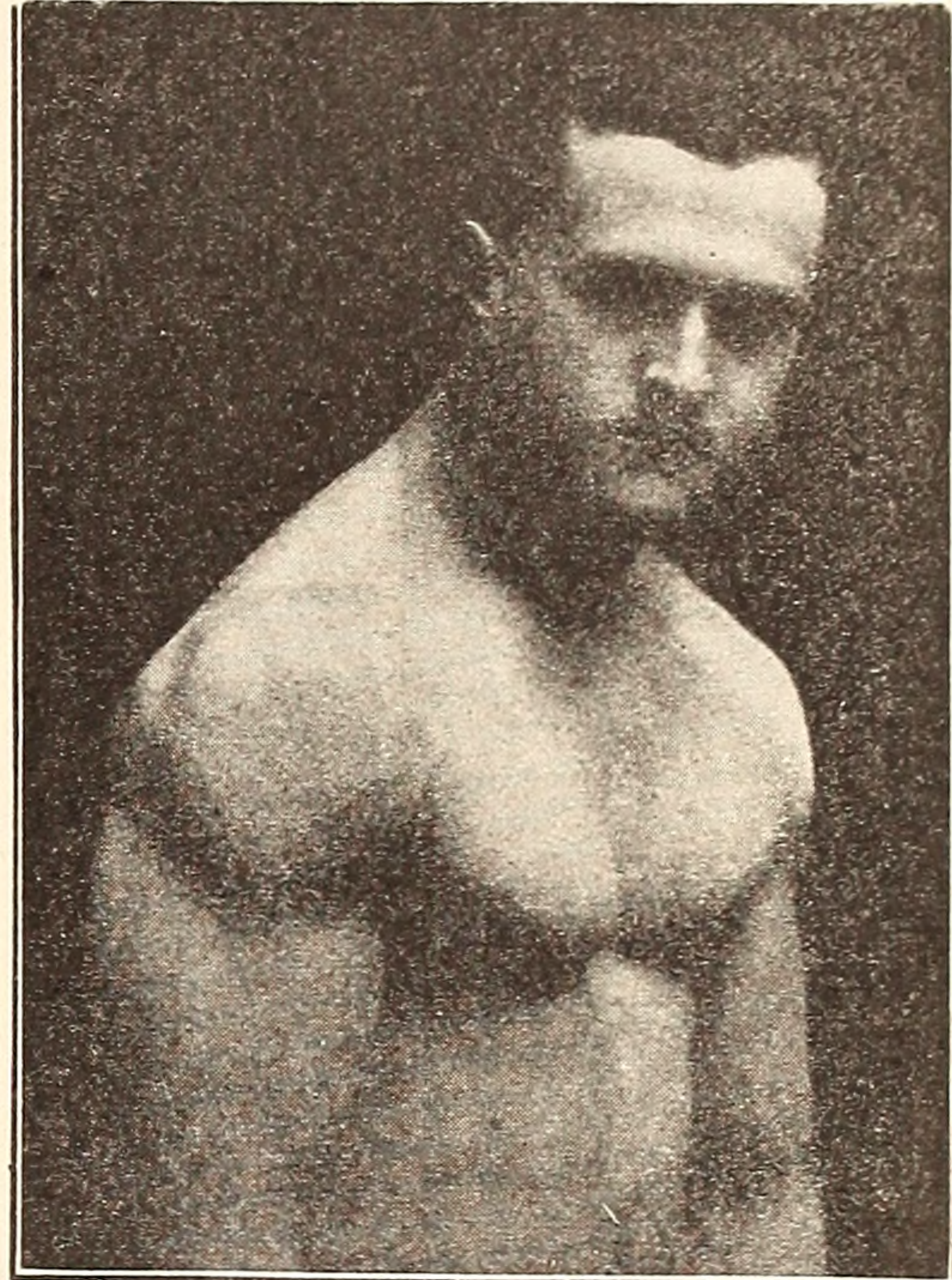
JAMES L. Y.—California has by far the greatest number of studios of any State. In fact, a great many more than all the States put together. Fully ninety per cent of all pictures made in the United States are produced in California, and this percentage seems to be increasing every year. Motion pictures have gone a long way toward making Los Angeles what it is to-day.

FERDINAND ALONZO.—This is a pretty short answer in response to such a long letter, but all of your questions have already been answered in the different replies before this one.

MABEL.—Look for addresses at the end of this department.

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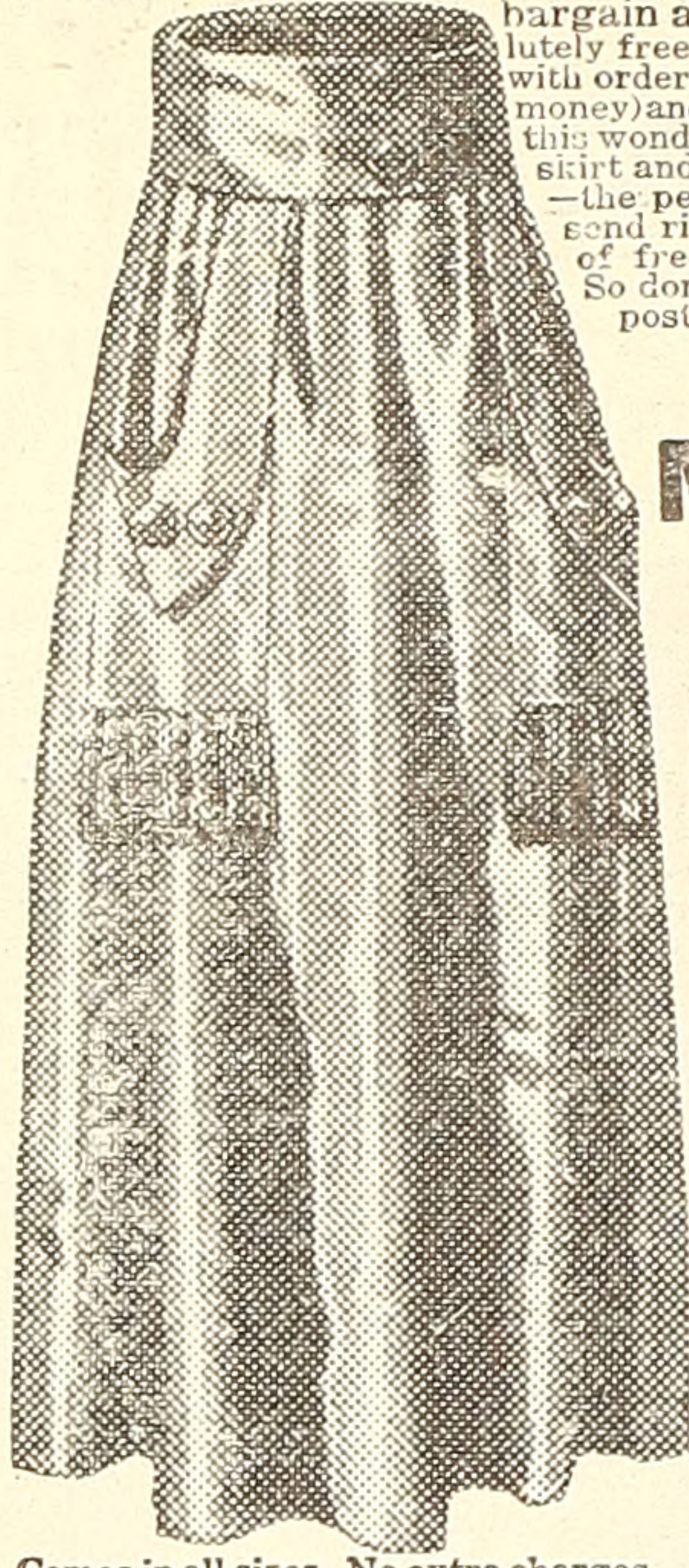
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Unless you are sincere in your desire to get in the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.



E. M. J.—The Screen Club was first formed by King Baggot, who conceived the idea of having a place where motion-picture actors could get together. It was founded in 1914. King Baggot is thirty-six years old. He began his career as an amateur, and finally secured an engagement with a cheap repertoire company, playing anything and getting very little for it. He had considerable experience on the stage before entering pictures. At one time he was leading man for Marguerite Clark in the stage play "The Wishing Ring." He has returned to the screen once more and was recently featured in the Metro production "The Man Who Stayed at Home." He is now doing a serial for Burston Films, Inc.

DIPPY DOG.—The weather isn't so good here right now. If you look like Mary Miles Minter, as your friend says you do, you must be a very beautiful little girl. Yes, I know her personally. She is five feet two inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Her hair is light blond and her eyes are blue. June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899. She is the same height as Mary Miles and her eyes are also blue. Her hair is a shade darker than Mary's, and she weighs one hundred and five pounds. Marguerite Clark, Edna Mayo, Billie Burke, Alma Rubens, Helen Holmes, Frances Burnham, Eileen Percy, Mildred Manning, Earle Williams, Paul Willis, James Morrison, and Wallace MacDonald are still working in pictures. Wanda Petit is a Realart star now. Miss Petit no longer. She became Wanda Hawley quite a while ago. No, we do not give the private addresses of players.

LOOK OUT.—No, Hedda Nova is not the young lady's correct name. It is Hedwiga Leonie Kuszewski, but she has simplified all this by becoming Mrs. Paul Hurst, wife of the director. She is twenty-four years old and was born in Odessa, Russia. You are going back quite far. That picture is five years old. Here's the cast for "A Bunch of Keyes," which is the one you refer to: John Slavyn was *Jonas Grimes*, William Bures was *Littleton Snaggs*, June Keith was *Teddy Keyes*, Charlotte Mineau was *Rose Keyes*, and Leota Chrider was *May Keyes*.

WILLIAM S. HART, JR.—I cannot send you a picture of William S. Hart. You will have to write to him for one. I am sure that he will gladly accommodate you. See his address at the end of The Oracle.

CURIOUS.—Mildred Harris is still Mrs. Charlie Chaplin. She uses Mildred Harris Chaplin as her screen name now.

MAIDEN G.—Jane and Katherine Lee are six and eight. They are now appearing in vaudeville. They are not related to Lila Lee. "Why Smith Left Home" is one of Bryant Washburn's Paramount pictures. In it Lois Wilson plays opposite him. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Bryant is married and has two little sons, one of whom arrived just a few months ago. He owns his own home in Los Angeles. Wanda Hawley also resides in Los Angeles. Yes, I think it is quite a good name. Write again.

TOM TAYLOR.—Edmund Lowe has finished his picture work between seasons and has gone back on the stage. His latest picture to be released is "The Eyes of Youth," with Clara Kimball Young. He is married to a nonprofessional.

CASTLE BARB.—Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April nineteenth, 1900. She received her education at Erasmus High School. Her screen career has been with Vitagraph, National, Triangle, Griffith, Select, and now First National. She is five feet six and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is light and her eyes are brown. That is her correct name. Irene Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Certainly, her hair is bobbed. She is the one who introduced the style to New Yorkers. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897.

VICTIM OF MOVIE ITIS.—You refer to Marjorie Bennett in the "Midnight Patrol," produced by Thomas H. Ince. Patsy O'Connell in the same play was Rosemary Theby. Dorcas Mathews is the name of the young woman you are thinking about in "The Market of Souls" with Dorothy Dalton. William Scott opposite Gladys Brockwell. Henry Walthall was *Colonel Ben Cameron* and Mae Marsh and Miriam Cooper were his sisters in "The Birth of a Nation," or "The Clansman." Josephine Crowell was his mother and Spottiswoode Aitken his father. Jennie Lee was the faithful old servant. Elmer Clifton, Lillian Gish, and Robert Harron were the children of *Ralph Lewis*, the radical leader. George Seigman was *Silas* and Walter Long was *Renegade Gus*. Donald Crisp was *General Grant* and Joseph Henaberry was *Abraham Lincoln*. Robert Harron and Lillian Gish were the one pair of sweethearts in "Hearts of the World," while Dorothy Gish, as the *Little Disturber*, loved Bobby and was loved by *Monsieur Cuckoo*, played by Robert Anderson. Kate Bruce was Bobby's mother, Ben Alexander his littlest brother, and George Fawcett his pal. It's a wonder you didn't wear your typewriter out with all those questions. If there is anything else you would like to know, just drop me a line.

PAULINE C.—Doris Lee and Lila Lee are not related. Doris is now Doris May, Thomas H. Ince having changed her name again. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston in 1889. Bessie Love is not married. Marguerite Clark is married to Lieutenant Palmerson Williams. Yes, Mae Marsh has a baby daughter, Mary Marsh Armes. Charles Ray and Albert Ray are not brothers, but cousins. Gladys Leslie is married. Norma Talmadge is the young lady's correct name. Why should they change their names when they are married? The fans have come to know them by their own names, and the change might cause confusion. Suppose you should see Mrs. Howard Hickman, Mrs. Harold Bolster, Mrs. Willard Mack, and Mrs. Thomas Clarke in electric lights over your favorite theater at one time or another? Would you know that they meant Bessie Barriscale, Madge Kennedy, Pauline Frederick, and Elsie Ferguson? You would not, and there is the answer to your question. No, any one could not be an actress. It takes talent, and every one hasn't talent for acting, although I don't think there are many who realize that, judging from the numerous letters I get from readers who want to become motion-picture stars.

BILLY.—Theda is quite nice off the screen. Yes, she is married. Nazimova was born in Russia. How does she look? Pretty good, I should say. I could say "with her eyes," but that's too old. I don't know where you can get the life stories of all the actresses. Better keep tabs on the PICTURE-PLAY interviews and you will get them all that way. The pleasure's all mine.



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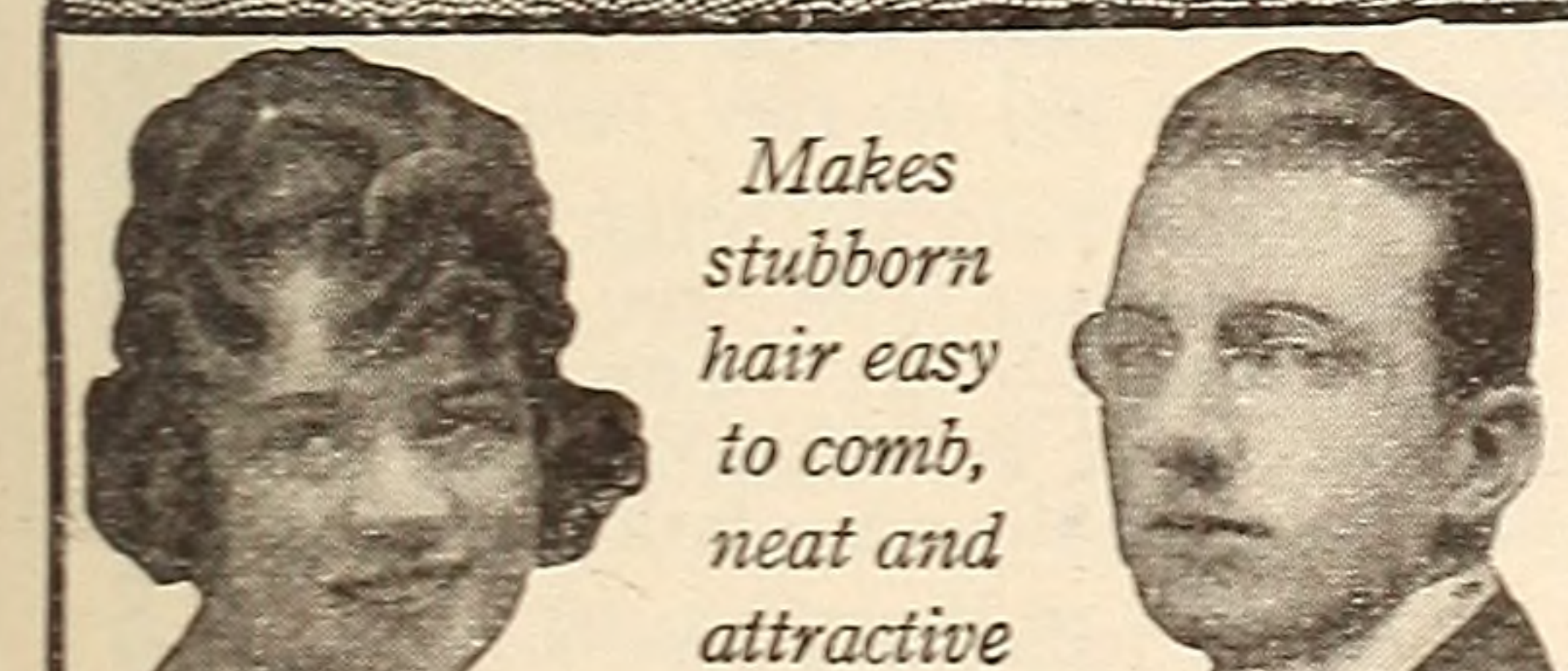
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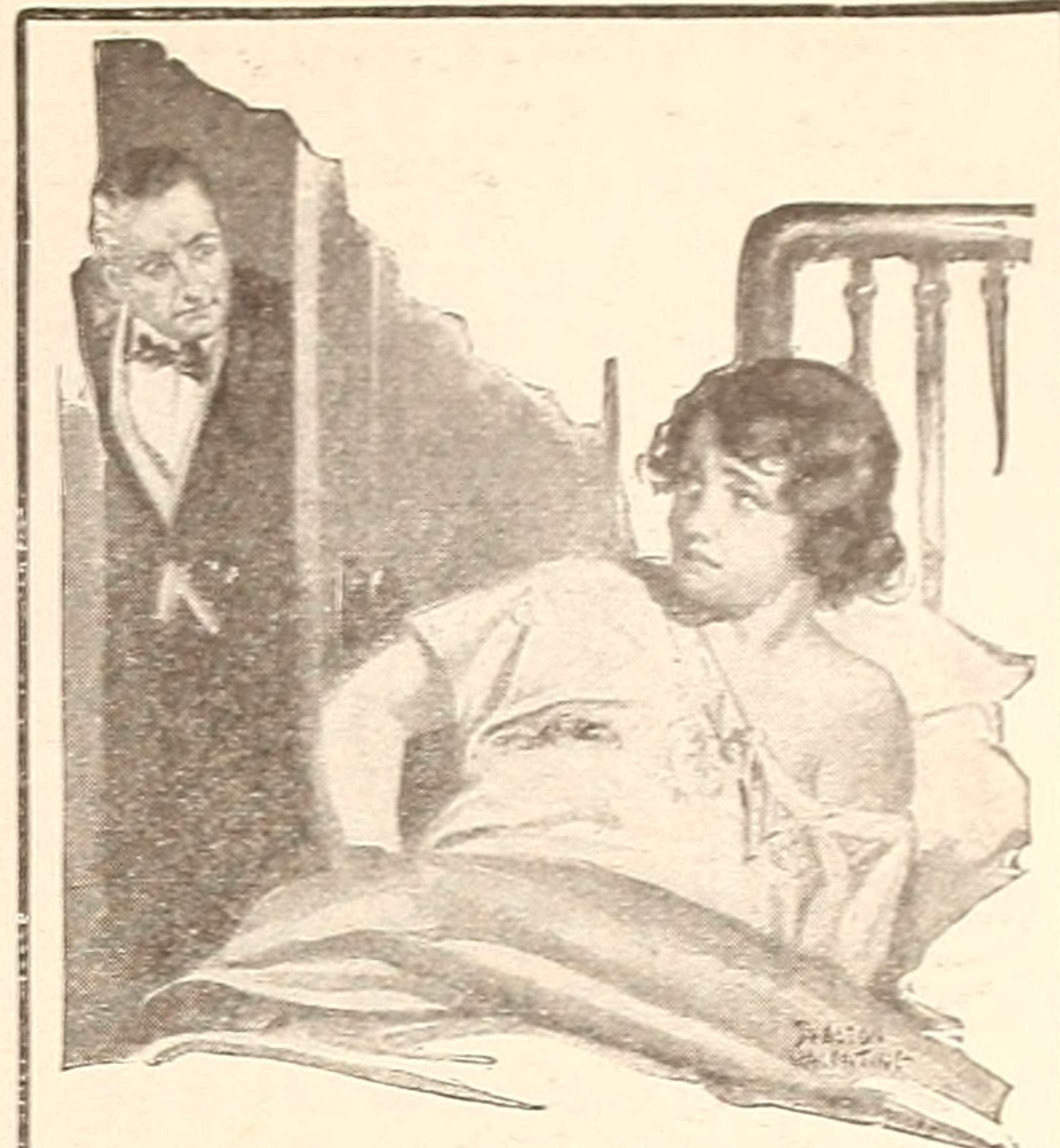
**R. BARTHELMESS FAN.**—Your favorite appeared with Dorothy Gish in "Boots," "Peppy Polly," "I'll Get Him Yet," et cetera. Wallace MacDonald was born in Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, Canada. Eighteen ninety-one was the date. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. He has brown hair and dark eyes. Yes, he played the juvenile with Anita Stewart in "The Fighting Shepherdess." Didn't you recognize him? Dorothy Gish is just five feet tall. Dorothy Dalton weighs all of one hundred and twenty-seven pounds. Constance Talmadge weighs seven pounds less than Dorothy. You mustn't believe all you hear. That is just another of the many false rumors going the usual rounds. Wait until you see facts actually printed in **PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE**—then you can believe them.

**CLEO.**—The paper shortage sort of keeps you changing stationery with great regularity these days, doesn't it? You aren't able to stick to your well-known patterns any more. I used to know your letters the moment I spotted the envelope, but now I don't know until I open them up. Thomas Meighan is not playing with Gloria Swanson any longer. He is a star in his own right with Paramount now. "Conrad in Search of His Youth" is his latest picture. Albert Ray is not playing in pictures at present, and I don't know whether he will make any more in the near future or not. He has cast aside the grease paint for the megaphone again, and is now directing comedies for the First National Exhibitors. You will find your other questions already answered in the replies ahead of your own.

**MABEL N.**—Edwin Carewe is now directing special productions for Louis B. Mayer. She doesn't play in pictures. I can't tell you the children's names because there aren't any. That's a good reason, isn't it?

**MISS PLAY.**—You must be some sort of relative to my other correspondent, Miss Take. Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand are not playing together. Those pictures you saw with these two famous gloom destroyers are several years old and were made by the old Keystone Company for Mack Sennett. The latest Tarzan picture is "The Return of Tarzan," they are now making a Tarzan serial, which is all very pleasant to the author, Edgar Rice Burroughs, who is realizing quite a big sum out of the filming of his famous stories. That picture was made long before the producers ever thought of putting their players' names on the screen, so I can't give you the cast of it, because the producers themselves haven't any record of who played in it. It's that old. The Oracle letters are all answered in the order in which they are received. You must have overlooked your other answers, because I distinctly remember answering them. I hope you don't overlook this reply, too. Juanita Hansen is making serials for Pathé. Her last serial was "The Lost City," made by Colonel Selig for the Warner brothers, Sam and Jack. Pearl White has left serials for good, so she can not be called the serial queen any longer. She has left a good field to fight it out for the coveted title. Far be it from yours truly to pick the successor to Pearl. The public will do it eventually.

**LITTLE ONE.**—You, too. Robert Harron is making features under the supervision of D. W. Griffith. His films, when completed, will be released by the Metro Pictures Corporation, however.



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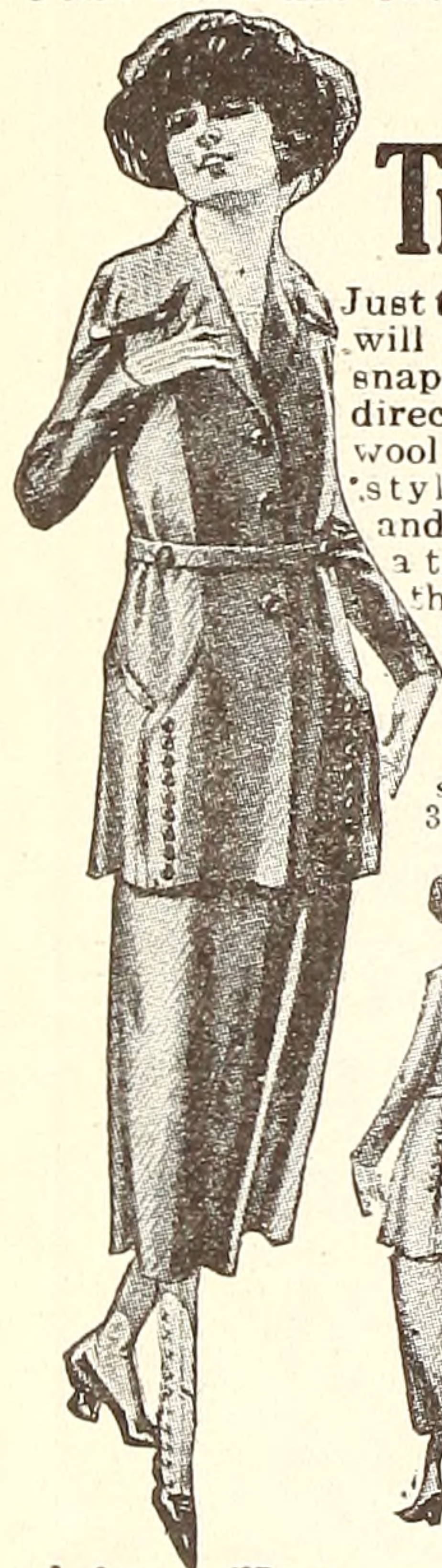
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**HUTCHIE.**—Dick Barthelmess is not a woman hater by any means, since he married Mary Hay last June. Who put that idea into your head? Dorothy Gish is not married. Mary was born in 1893. Dorothy Gish used to play in her blond hair, but prefers wearing a bobbed wig for picture purposes since her success in "Hearts of the World." You haven't bored me a bit. Don't let your first offense be your last.

**C. G.**—Harry Morey had the featured rôle in "The Gamblers."

**MISS UTAH.**—Theda Bara has left the Fox Film Corporation, and is appearing on the stage. She is twenty-seven years old. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Your Pickford question is merely a matter of opinion. Mary Pickford very rarely has a male heavy working in any of her pictures. She likes to have her pictures as clean and as entertaining as possible, so that every one can go to see them. Of course you may write again.

**HAZEL O.**—Kenneth Harlan had the leading rôle opposite Mildred Harris in "The Price of a Good Time." Carlyle Blackwell was born in New York. Tom Mix is working at the William Fox studios in Hollywood, California. His hair is black. He is married to Victoria Forde. Mabel Normand is not married.

**OPAL.**—Bessie Love and Montagu Love are not husband and wife. They are not even related.

**M. R. P. D.**—Miriam Cooper was born in Baltimore, Maryland. She has dark hair and dark eyes. Naomi Childers was born in St. Louis, Missouri. She is five feet six and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Marguerite Clayton was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She is five feet four and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is blond and her eyes blue.

**OCTAVIA.**—Yes, Eddie is. She is not on the screen, and they haven't a son. Yes, I know Wanda Hawley personally. Leo Maloney was Helen Holmes' leading man in that serial. Margarita Fisher has a new leading man in every picture.

**BILLIE.**—I can't send the letter you wrote me on to Monroe Salisbury. You had better write him yourself. It would be the best way. Bluebird Features are not being produced any more. Universal makes only special features now and a few short subjects. Monroe is not married, and owns a big ranch in California, where, he says, he is going to settle down with his mother as soon as he has finished his screen career. We hope that won't be for some time, though, eh? Owen Moore and Mary Pickford are divorced. Kathleen Clifford and Ruth Clifford are not related.

**W. H. C.**—The censor laws in New York are not quite as rigid as those of the Pennsylvania board. I don't know where you can obtain a list of all the pictures showing in New York for the current month. The only way you could find this out would be to get the information from all the motion-picture exchanges in New York, and that's some job, believe me.

**SHIRLEY T.**—Dorothy Dalton was once Mrs. Lew Cody. Gail Kane works in pictures every once in a while. Dorothy Gish is twenty-one and Lillian is twenty-three. Charles Ray is married to a non-professional. Wallace Reid has one child, a boy. What do you mean—pretty? I should call him handsome.

**DOROTHY H.**—See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

**W. T. R.**—You should have inclosed a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you wanted a personal reply. Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the "Market Booklet," which will give you a complete list of all the motion-picture producing companies in the United States who are in the market for scenarios. You will find that it answers your purpose exactly.

**C. H. S. P.**—Your questions have already been answered.

**ELMER R.**—"Too Much Johnson," "It Pays to Advertise," "What Happened to Jones," and "The Sins of Saint Anthony" are Bryant Washburn's latest releases. "Lombardi, Ltd.," and "The Right of Way" are Bert Lytell's latest. Herbert Rawlinson is now being seen in "Passers-By." Next time you write just say "Dear Oracle," and you can't go wrong.

**JACKIE, BOBBIE, & BILLIE.**—Pearl White is now making features for Fox. Write to the editor about covers on the magazine. You three must be great pals. I like fudge very much.

**DEAR NAZIMOVA.**—You must have overlooked your answers before. Alla Nazimova was born at Yialta, Crimea, Russia. She first appeared in this country in New York in 1906 in "A Doll's House." Charles Bryant was born in Hartford, England, in 1887. The "Red Lantern" was made in California. She lives in Los Angeles. She has dark hair and eyes. I am sure that she would send you a photograph of herself if you would inclose a quarter with your request. I have nothing to do with what goes in PICTURE-PLAY with the exception of The Oracle, so you had better write to the editor about the Nazimova article. Carol Holloway and William Duncan both live in Hollywood, California. "The Heart of a Child" is Nazimova's latest.

**MARY THURMAN ADMIRER.**—Mary Thurman is now with the Mack Sennett Company and hasn't been since she left to go into drama several months ago. She plays in productions for different companies now. Carol Holloway is her real name. "Infatuation" is Gaby Deslys' last.

**ARLIE.**—Here you are again. You're getting to be the regular bird of The Oracle department. I can always find you on the job several times a month. How did you enjoy your vacation? Bet you went to a picture show three times a day. Wanda Hawley is certainly very attractive. You are right about Clarine. Carol Dempster was not in that play.

**WAYNE E.**—Valeska Suratt and Virginia Pearson have both been used on the cover of PICTURE-PLAY. You can get any back numbers of the magazine by sending twenty cents to the circulation manager.

**A. F. S.**—Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. The birth records in that city show that. Her correct name was Theodosha Goodman, but several months ago she had it changed by the court to Theda Bara. At one time Theda's press agent declared that she was born on the Sahara Desert, and we thought she was; but we learned it was not so later on. No, that was not Bobby Connelly in the pictures you named. The freckle-faced youngster you refer to is none other than Wesley Berry, Marshall Neilan's protégé. Thank you for those kind words. Be sure to keep your threat to write again.



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**BLUE EYES.**—I have several correspondents in far-away Alaska, but am very pleased to add you to the list. Tom Forman and Niles Welch are both married. Dorothy is not. Dorothy was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893. Tom Forman was born in Mitchell County, Texas. He is light. Niles was born in 1888.

**H. C. B.**—Harrison Ford is not starring as yet. His latest picture is "Miss Hobbs," in which he plays opposite Wanda Hawley, in her first starring vehicle for the Realart.

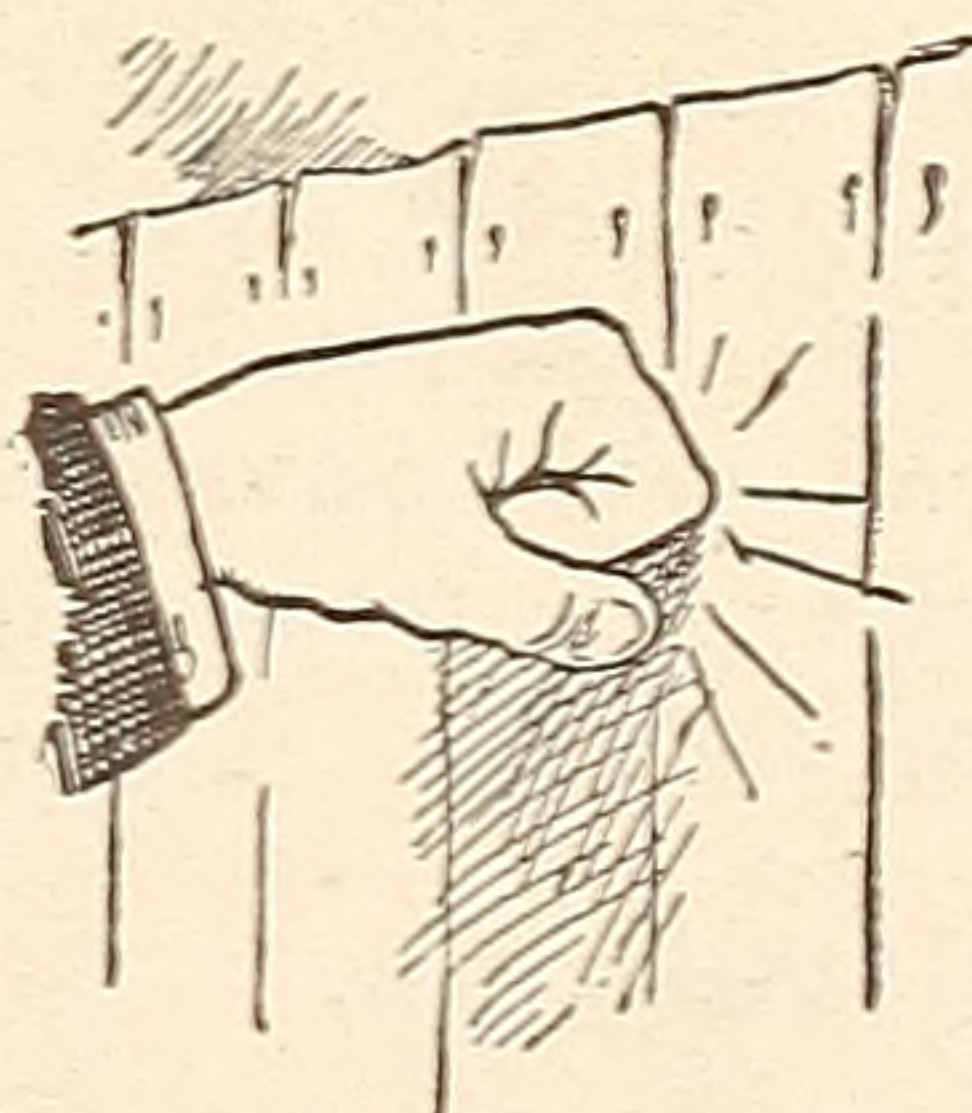
**BERNICE.**—Yes, that would save you a great deal of trouble. Write to the circulation manager about subscriptions. I am sure that Alla Nazimova would send you one of her photos. I greatly admire her work, too. No trouble at all. You're entirely welcome. Maybe you didn't use the right address when you wrote her. Try again.

**H. M. H.**—Thanks for all the nice things you have to say about PICTURE-PLAY. We are trying to give the fans the kind of a magazine they want, and it is very encouraging to see that our efforts are appreciated. Warner is not working in any picture at present. You certainly have some collection of photos. Look for addresses at the end of this department.

## Dead Men Tell No Tales

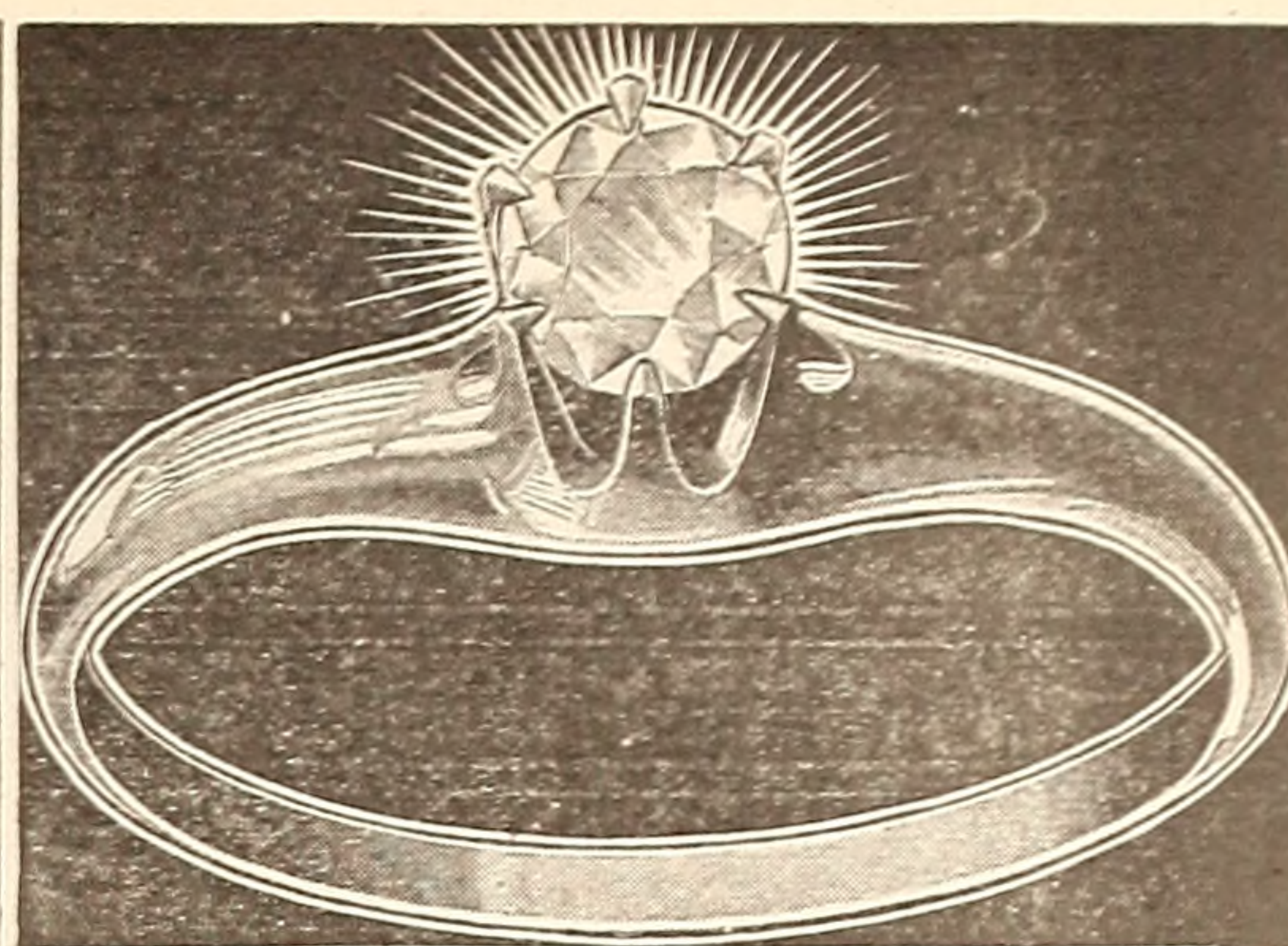
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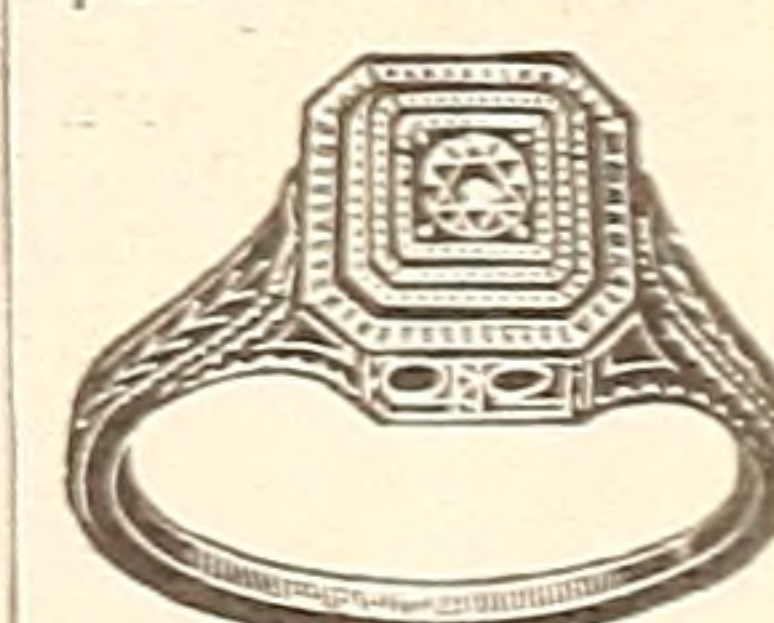
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ANTONIO A.—Carl Laemmle is president of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Their studios are at Universal City, California, and at Gower Street, Los Angeles, California. Albert E. Smith is the head of the Vitagraph Company of America. They have studios in Los Angeles, California, and one in Brooklyn, New York.

J. B. L.—William S. Hart is not married. You will find all your other questions, and a lot more besides, answered in the reply to J. A. G.

PRETTY BABY.—Where have you been all these weeks? I thought you had deserted me. Yes, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—pardon me, Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks—went abroad, shortly after their wedding in Los Angeles, California. Object—honeymoon. See addresses at the end of this department.

FUTURE MOVIE STAR.—I'm sure I can't tell you where you can go to become a motion-picture star. A great many fans seem to be under the impression that I can tell them to go somewhere, and they'll become stars when they do it. It's all wrong. If I knew of such a place, I'd go there myself and give up Oracing. Your bakery job is not to be despised in these days of the high cost of living. You are sure of three square meals a day. If you knead the dough, as you say, it's a cinch you will make more in the bakery than you ever will in the movies. The "Market Booklet" will give you the names and addresses of all the film companies; but take a bit of friendly advice and stay where you belong, and save yourself a lot of money and disappointment.

MISS CHERRY BLOSSOM AND SWEET PEA.—I've got a lot of your brothers and sisters growing in my back yard. I only hope you radiate as much happiness as your namesakes. Certainly, Mary Miles Minter's curls are natural, and all her own, too! Lucille Carlisle is the young lady you refer to in the Vitagraph comedies with Larry Semon. Her correct name is Lucille Zintheo. She is still playing opposite Larry. Some men are born lucky while others just get that way. Fannie Ward is in England at present, making pictures. Maxine Elliott is no longer in pictures. You might write and see. It won't do any harm to try. Edith Roberts is near the completion of her contract with Universal. I don't know whether she intends to remain with that firm or not. Her correct name is Armstrong, and her father, Doctor Armstrong, was killed in a train wreck in South Africa, with William Stowell, while they were down there making films for the Universal and the Smithsonian Institute. What makes you think I feel like spanking you? You must think I am tired of life.

NYE.—Raymond G. Nye was born in Tamaqua, Pennsylvania. He received his education in Wilmington, Delaware, and at the University of Pennsylvania. His stage career before going into pictures consisted of five years in stock, vaudeville, and road shows. He is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall and will break any scale that won't register two hundred and fifteen pounds. He has dark-brown hair and eyes. He is living in Los Angeles, California, at present, working with William Farnum at the Fox Studios most of the time.

HOP.—What on earth has come between you and your typewriter? Have you parted company. Only a short longhand note from you so far this month, and you even failed to ask any questions. I fear you are deserting me.



**TOOT.**—Not necessarily against you. Dark-red hair would photograph like dark brown or black. Ethel Lynne is now Mrs. Fred Fishback, wife of the comedy director, and she isn't working in pictures at present. Doraldina was the last Hawaiian star we had, and she is now making a picture for Metro.

**MELVIN G.**—I have addressed the letter you inclosed to Henry King as directed.

**JENNIE S.**—Alfred Whitman is married. No, Juanita Hansen is not in a sanitarium. She is now working on a new serial at the Selig Studios in Edendale, California. Monroe Salisbury is not married. Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Mabel Normand are still single. Madge Kennedy is married. Nell Shipman, George Cheseboro, and George Larkin are all married, but Juanita Hansen is still free from the bonds of matrimony. Richard is his first name. What do you mean, you feel incompetent?

**ALBERT ROSCOE ADMIRER.**—Your favorite was born in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1887. He was educated at the Vanderbilt University, in Nashville. He has been with Famous Players, Leonce Perret, and Fox. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has brown eyes and black hair. He recently signed a contract with Fox to play leads. His latest picture is "The Hell Ship," opposite Madlaine Traverse. Kenneth Harlan has appeared in "The Microbe," with Viola Dana, "The Hoodlum," with Mary Pickford, and "The Trembling Hour," with Helen Eddy, since returning from service in France. He has just finished a picture with Katherine MacDonald for First National. Florence Vidor has been appearing in King Vidor's productions for First National, and is now working in a Thomas H. Ince production. King is Florence's husband. Monte Blue is with Lasky under a long-term contract.

**MISS NETTIE.**—I am sure that Cullen will send you one of his photos if you inclose the quarter you speak about. He is still making pictures for Goldwyn.

**F. K. M.**—You are quite right. See addresses at the end of this department.

**H. W. A.**—Edward Coxen is still playing in pictures.

**MARY THURMAN ADMIRER.**—Mary Thurman is not with any special company. She is working by the picture and with different companies. Vonne Thurman is her correct name. Olga Petrova will probably come back to the screen at the head of her own company again.

**JUST ALMA.**—Yes, my picture was printed in PICTURE-PLAY once—just once. It has taken the magazine a long while to recover from the shock. Luckily, no one knew that the picture was that of The Oracle, so I still have lots of readers writing to me. Mae Murray is married to Robert Leonard, her director. They have formed their own company. Mae's hair is bobbed. Geraldine Farrar is not with Goldwyn any more. She is going to make pictures for the Associated Exhibitors. Your other questions have been answered.

**VIRGINIA M.**—I never heard of any engagement. You must take a rumor for what it is worth—just a rumor. Antonio Moreno is busy on his latest serial for Vitagraph. I don't know whether he will answer your letter or not. He can't answer them all, that's a certainty, but yours may be one of the lucky ones.

**DELPHINE B.**—Vivian Martin is married. Harold Lloyd is not married to Bebe Daniels. In fact, Harold isn't married at all. You have quite a list of favorites; but why dislike an actress simply because a friend tells that that said actress has green eyes? Olga Petrova is married to a physician.

**G. I. L. C.**—You refer to Rockliffe Fellows, opposite Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner." Robert Warwick's correct name is Robert Bien. The others you mention are all using their own names. If you don't see your favorites often enough, you should ask the manager of your favorite theater to run more pictures with the ones you like best.

**INQUISITIVE G. M. H.**—Tom Mix was an honest-to-goodness cow-puncher, sheriff, revenue officer, et cetera, before going into pictures. Juanita Hansen is now making serials for her own company. They will be released by Pathé. You will find all your other questions already answered in the replies ahead of yours.

**GIRL.**—Madge Kennedy is Mrs. Harold Bolster. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. Katherine MacDonald will send you a photo of herself, I am sure. She is not married. Joseph Schenck is Norma Talmadge's husband. Your other questions have been answered.

**O. I. C.**—Mabel Normand is the young lady's name, and she is not married. Education is not the big essential in getting into pictures. Of course, it helps in any walk of life; but a college diploma will never be transferable for a movie contract. It's ability to get over on the screen that counts. The education will help you figure up your income tax if you have plenty of ability and personality.

**W. M. S.**—They do look a great deal alike in some expressions, but they are not related.

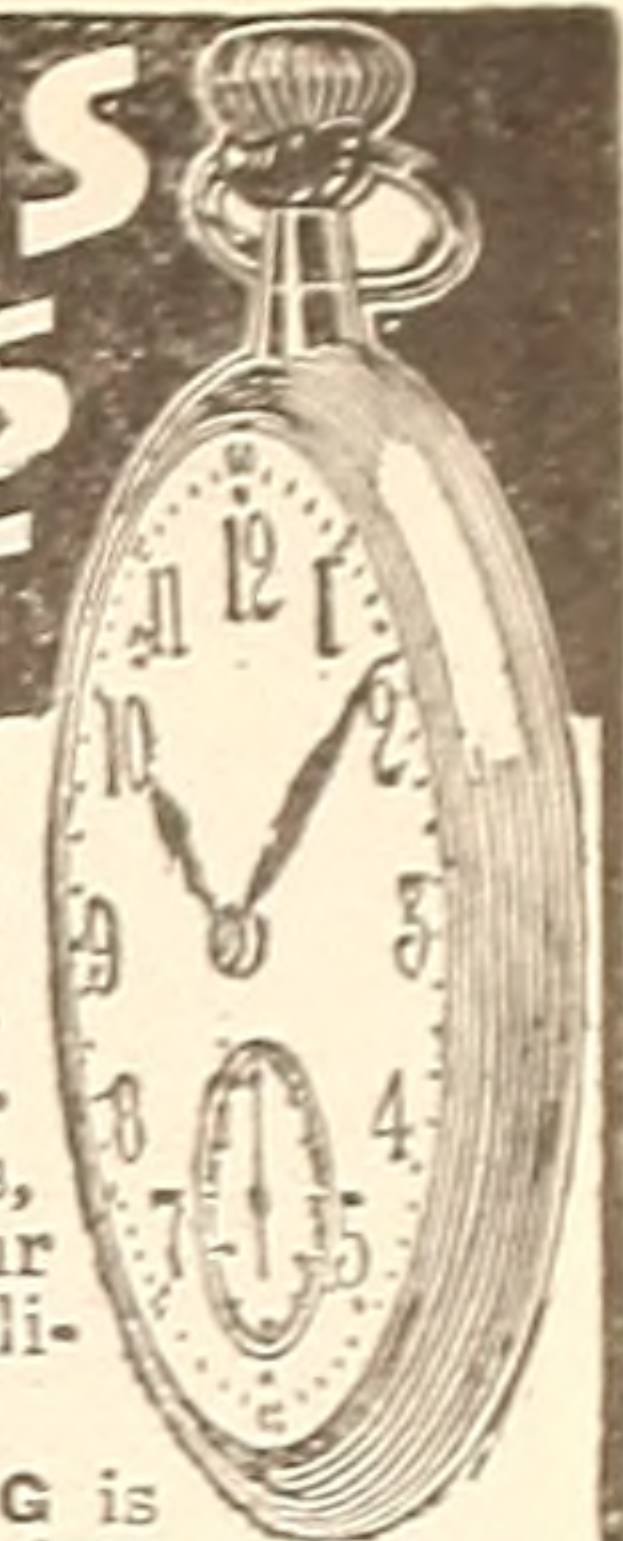
**MILDRED K. HULSTEAD.**—Pearl White is an American. Pearl, Shirley, Irene, and Dorothy all have bobbed hair. Pearl is still making features for the Fox Film Corporation. She has no children. Wallace McCutcheon is her husband. June Caprice has not left the screen. "Broncho Billy," otherwise G. M. Anderson, is devoting all his time now to the production of stage productions. The Lee kids now have a sketch in vaudeville and are making quite a hit in it. You will find all your other questions already answered in these columns.

**MY FIRST WRITE.**—William Duncan is not married to Carol Holloway. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. Niles Welch is Dell Boone's husband. Ralph Graves is not married, but Jack Mulhall is. Jack has a little youngster named after himself. Marie Walcamp, Harlan Tucker, and Otto Lederer have the principal rôles in the new Universal serial you refer to. Of course, the little colored boy who played with May Allison was an actor. If he wasn't before, that made him one, anyway. Ruth is not married now.

**GREENUP.**—Pete and Magda are not married. I am sure that he would send you one of his photographs. The "Guides for Scenario Writers" has been mailed to you as requested. The ten cents in stamps was correct.

**LAURETTA B.**—Ruth Roland is not married now. She was formerly Mrs. Kent. She has no children. You can get a picture of her by writing to her personally. It is always best to inclose a quarter with your request for a star's photo.

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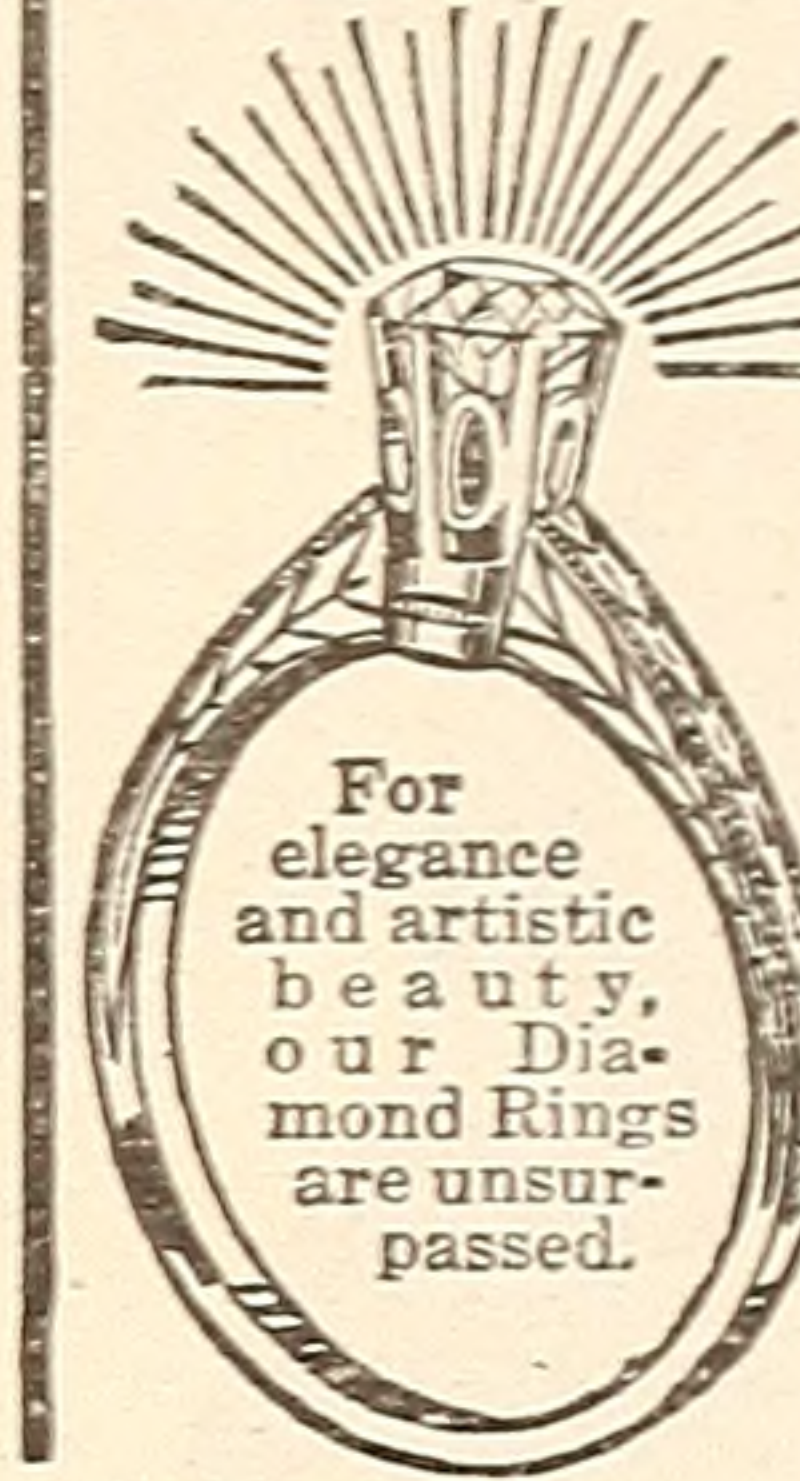
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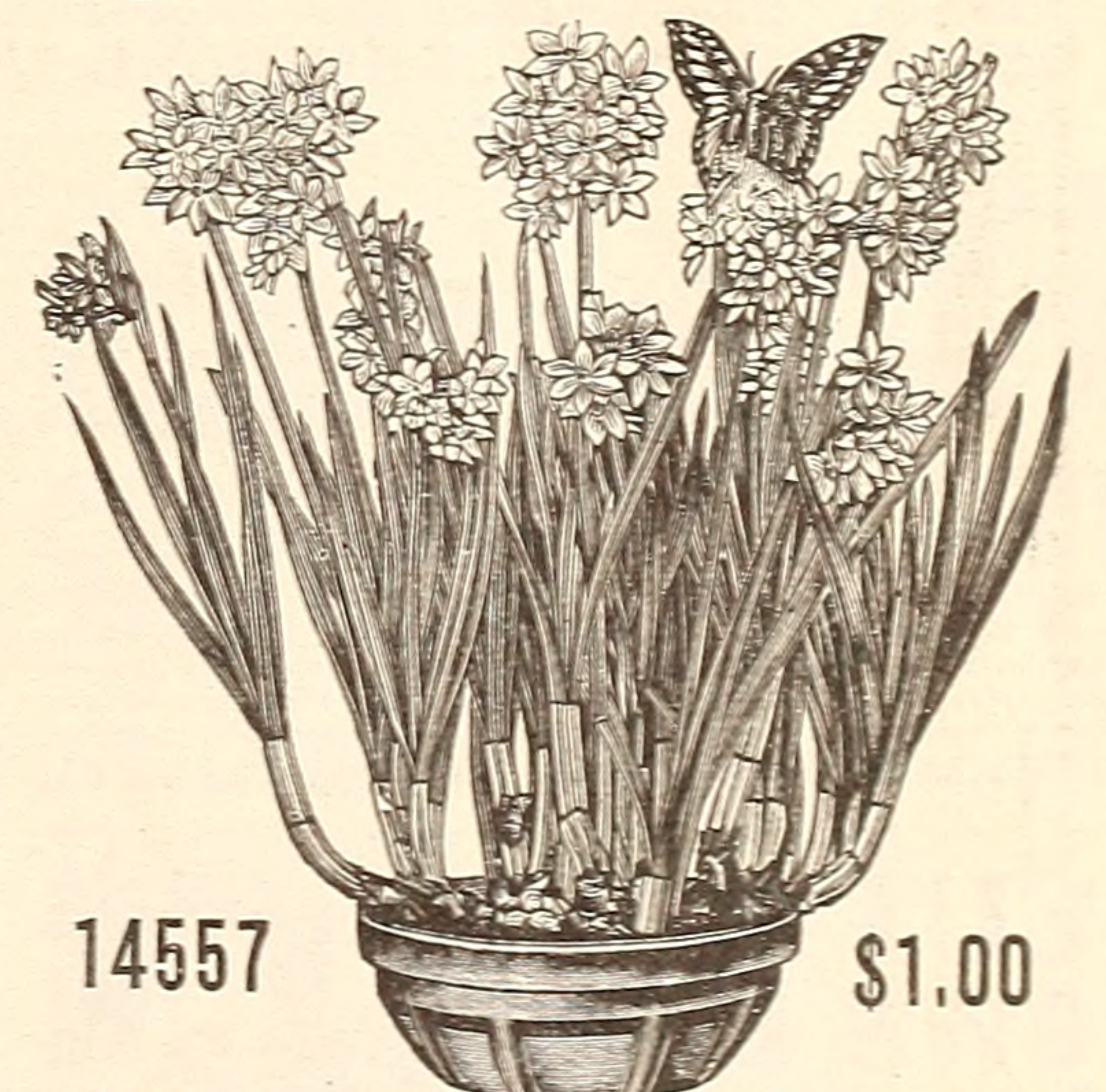
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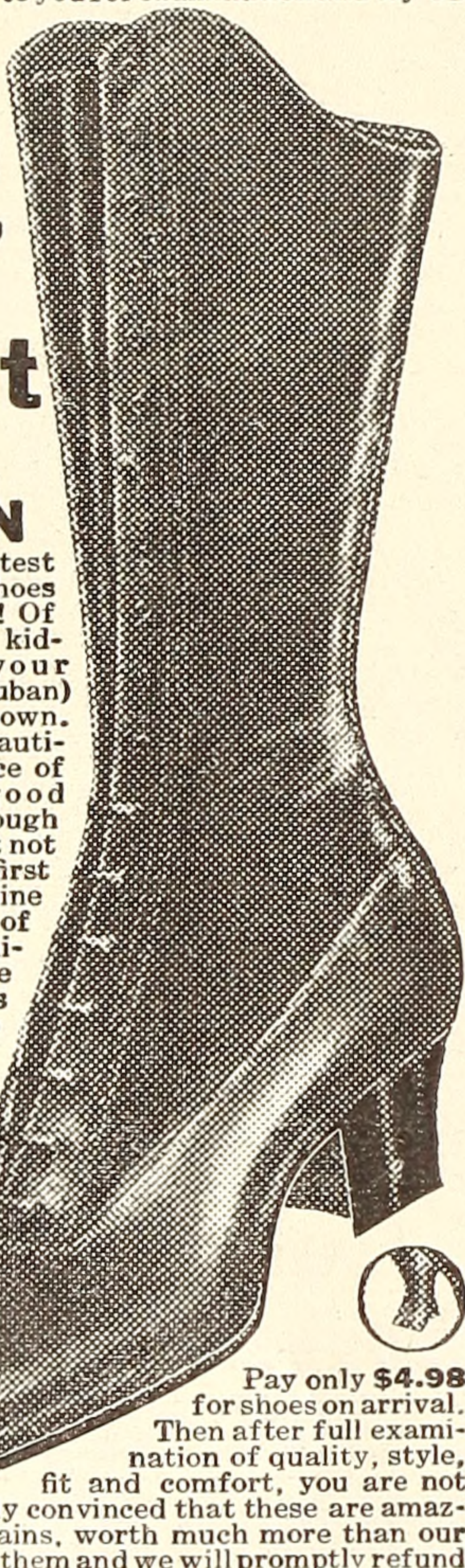
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MARJORIE WELLS.—You might have run across yours truly without guessing that I was The Oracle, for I have been to Fellows' Camp, right near you, several times. I bet that starts you guessing. I don't see how you can get very lonesome when you say you go to picture shows every night. Wallace Reid has only one youngster. Norma Talmadge is five feet two inches and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Constance is three inches taller and weighs ten pounds more than her sister. Gloria Swanson is five feet three inches and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Shirley Mason just reaches five feet and tips the beam at ninety-four pounds. Katherine MacDonald is five feet eight inches and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds. You are quite right. It takes more than a letter of introduction to get into pictures. You seem to want to be a lot of things. Why don't you just pick out one vocation and stick with it? A "Jack-of-all-trades" never gets very far, you know.

BETTY.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson will continue together in Vitagraph serials.

GABY.—I'm sorry I couldn't get your answer in the issue you wanted; there were too many ahead of you. I answer all letters in the order in which they are received, and yours did not come in time to be printed in that issue. I think you write very well for one who understands but little English. Charles Chaplin speaks French quite well. Pearl White has just come home from a trip abroad, so I guess she picked up quite a bit of French while in Paris. I never heard of the Marshall you speak of.

A. P.—You are quite correct about Katherine MacDonald.

J. M. J. T.—Send six cents in stamps for a copy of the "Market Booklet." I don't know whether Mary Hart would send you a photograph or not. You see, she is not an actress herself, so doesn't keep a collection of photos on hand to send to admirers.

MRS. J.—Dorothy Dalton is now making features for Paramount at their New York studio.

ALICE B. G., QUEBEC.—Here's your answer, just about the time you thought it would be printed, too. You are some guesser. Frank Mayo is married. He was born in New York in 1886. Have you run out of questions? I never knew you to ask so few before.

BROWN EYES.—I like 'em all. Your Norma Talmadge and Alice Brady questions have already been answered. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1884.

MRS. J. H.—Phyllis, Marvel, and Harriett are blondes with blue eyes. Marie has dark hair and eyes, as have Myrtle, Mollie, and Vera. Mildred has blond hair and brown eyes.

A WALLY REID ADMIRER.—Wallace is married to Dorothy Davenport. Yes, I like Hershey's.

R. S. B. C.—William S. Hart has been on the stage since he was a youngster. Charles Chaplin was on the stage when he was a kid. He was born in Paris, France. Hart was born in Newburgh, New York. Geraldine Farrar is thirty-eight years old. Hart is six feet one, weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

A READER.—You will find your question already answered in this issue.

WILLIAM RUSSELL ADMIRER.—You refer to Albert Roscoe in "Cleopatra" with Theda Bara. William Russell is married to Charlotte Burton. I think he will send you a photo if you ask him for one.

MATILDA F.—I can't send you the book you mention, because there's no such animal. Look for the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

ANNA LUTHER ADMIRER.—Anna Luther has not made a serial since "The Great Gamble." Mae Murray is still making pictures. William Duncan is married. Tom Moore's youngster doesn't play in pictures. Your Dorothy Dalton questions have already been answered.

MRS. M. W. C.—There was never a picture of that name released with George Walsh. That was probably just the temporary title of the picture and it was changed when released.

H. J. H.—Charles Ray is no longer with Thomas H. Ince. It is six months since he worked under the Ince banner. Charlie's latest pictures for First National are "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway" and "Peaceful Valley." Alice Howell is making her own comedies now. Billy Watson, of "beef-trust" fame, has not gone in for pictures as yet. He is one of the few who haven't.

A GIRL SCOUT OF AMERICA.—Robert McKim is married to Dorcas Matthews. He recently became the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. Pearl White has reddish-gold hair.

## Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Douglas MacLean, Doris May, Lloyd Hughes, and Jane Novak, Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

William S. Hart, W. S. Hart Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd, and Harry Pollard, Rolin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Betty Compson, Lottie Pickford, Mary Pickford, James Kirkwood, Lillian Walker, and Sessue Hayakawa, Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Murray, Ben Turpin, and Charles Conklin, Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Wyndham Standing, Billie Burke, Marguerite Clark, Elsie Ferguson, Ann Pennington, Catherine Calvert, and Irene Castle, Famous Players-Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Charles Hutchison, George Larkin, and Ruth Roland, at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Kathryn Adams, Marie Walcamp, Eddy Polo, Harry Carey, Edith Roberts, and Priscilla Dean, Universal City, California.

Mildred Harris Chaplin and Anita Stewart, care of Louis B. Mayer, Los Angeles, California.

Hale Hamilton, The Lambs' Club, New York City.

Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, and Alla Nazimova, Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ethel Lynne, L-KO Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Ray Stewart, Niles Welch, Ashton Dearholt, Pauline Curley, Ruth Clifford, Dell Boone, Bertram Grassby, and Hall Cooley, in care of Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California, or the Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California.

Constance Binney, Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, and Bebe Daniels, Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Robert Harron, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Ralph Graves, and Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.





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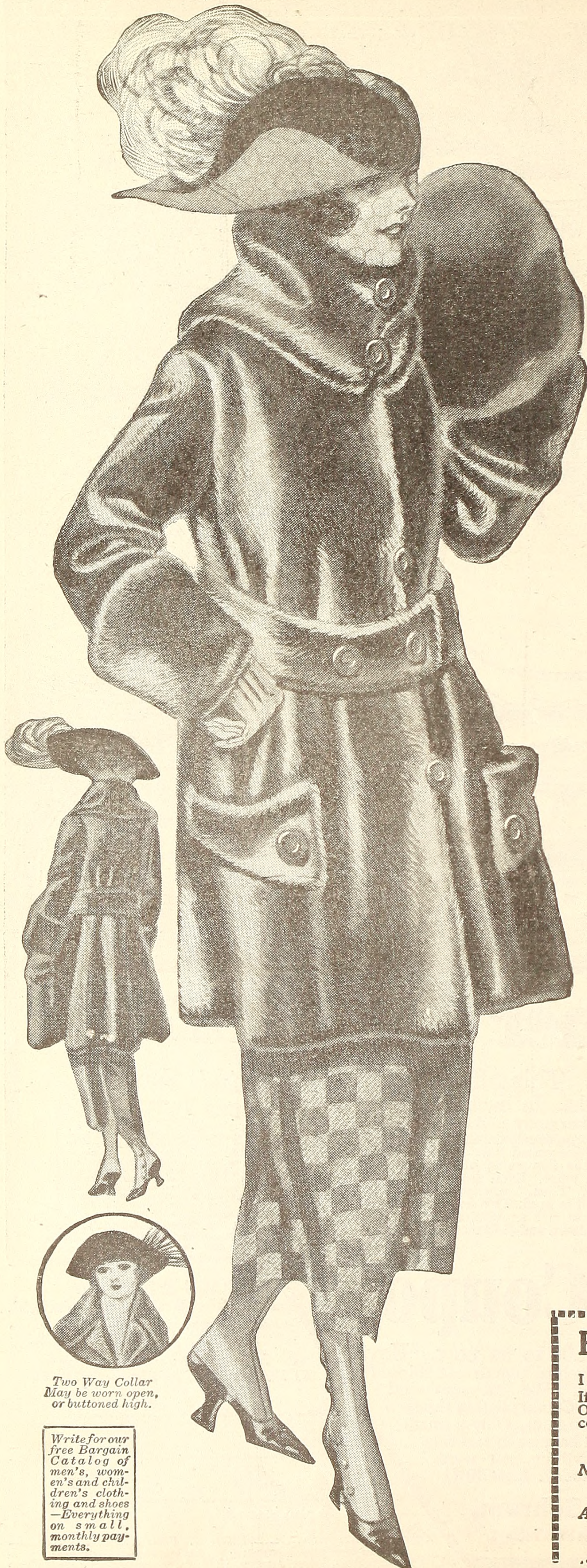
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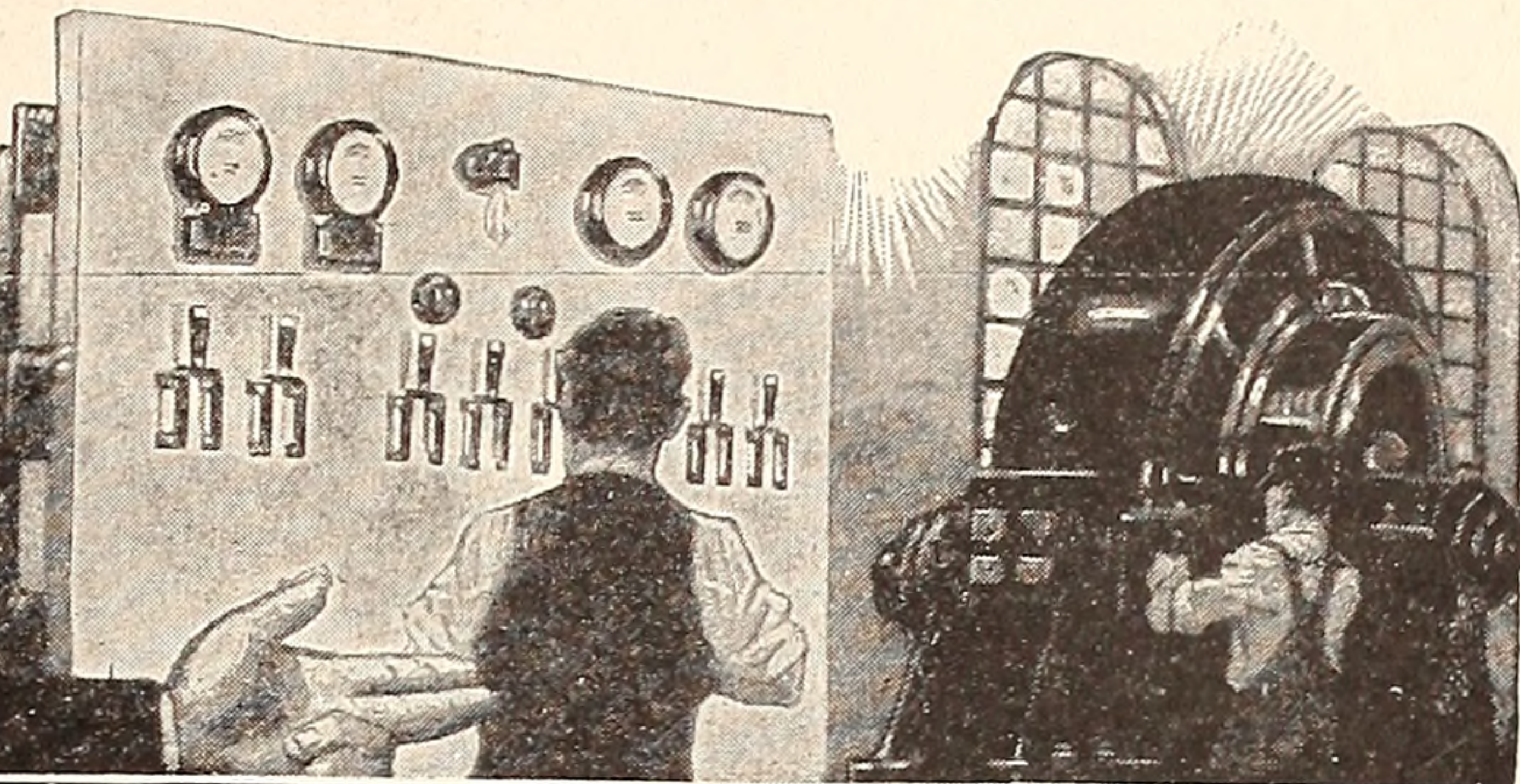
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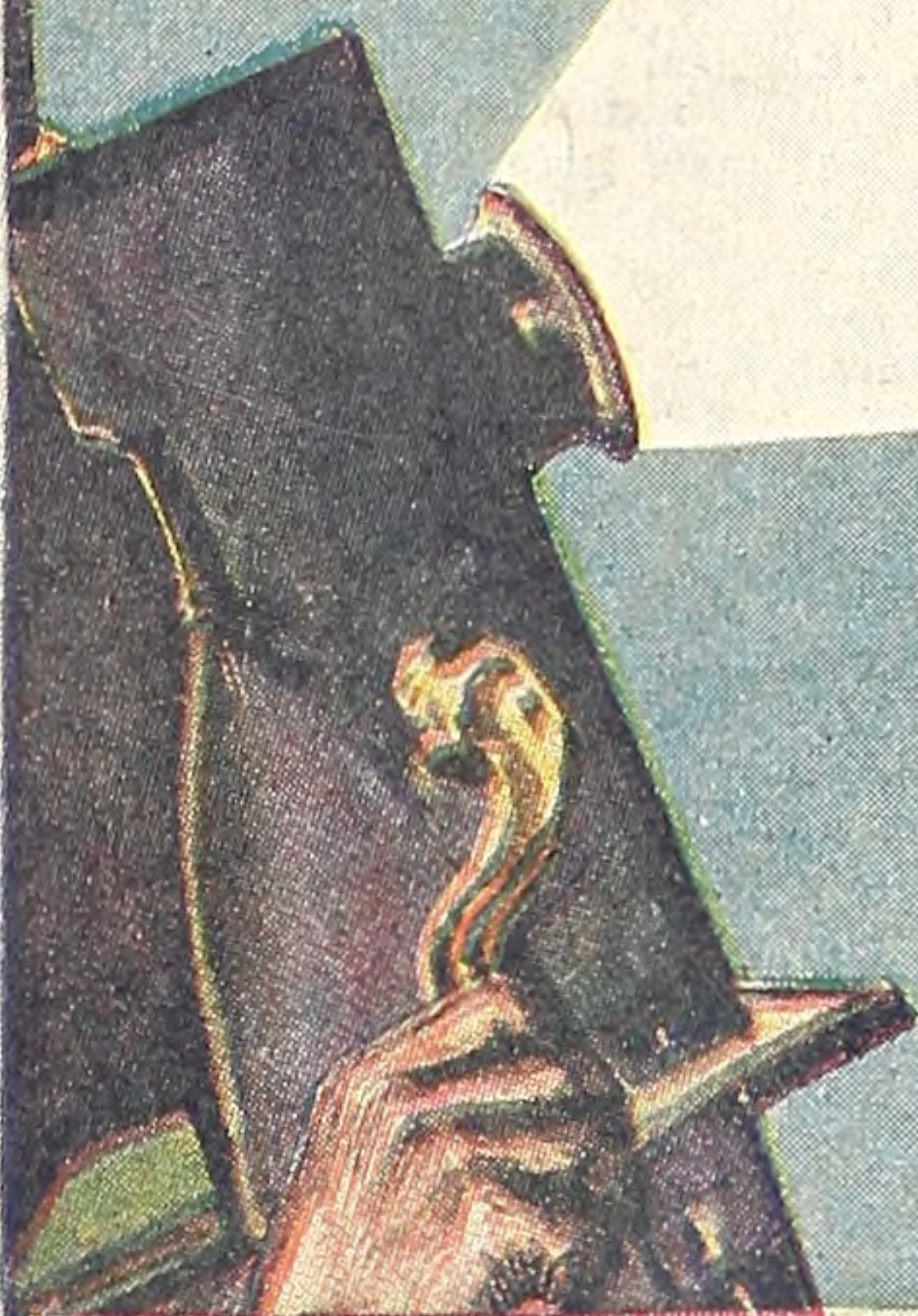
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The powder that stays on and blends so perfectly with the color and texture of the skin. It's such faithful protection in sunshine and wind—so soothing and refreshing and delightfully scented.

**Trial Offer**

Carmen Brunette Shade—The new charming creation so popular we will send you purse size box containing two or three weeks' supply for 12c to cover postage and packing, or we will send any other shade you prefer.

**Stafford-Miller Co.,**

**St. Louis, Mo.**

THE FINAL TOUCH

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream  
and the New  
CARMEN-BRUNETTE Shade  
50c Everywhere

