



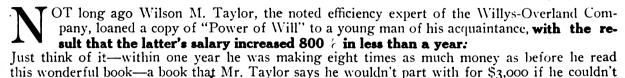


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by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce, is the first thorough course in Will Power ever conceived. It is the result of over 20 years of research and study. Yet you will find every page in the 28 lessons written so simply that anyone can understand them and put the principles, methods and rules into practice at once with noticeable results right from the years etaet. the very start.

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How to test your Will.

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What creates Human Power.

The Six Principles of Will-Training.

Definite Methods for developing Will.

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How to Develop a strong keen gaze.

How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you — object, person,

How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you — object, person, printed page, work.
How to become aware of Nerve Action.
How to keep the body well-poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming Power.
This is only a partial list —a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

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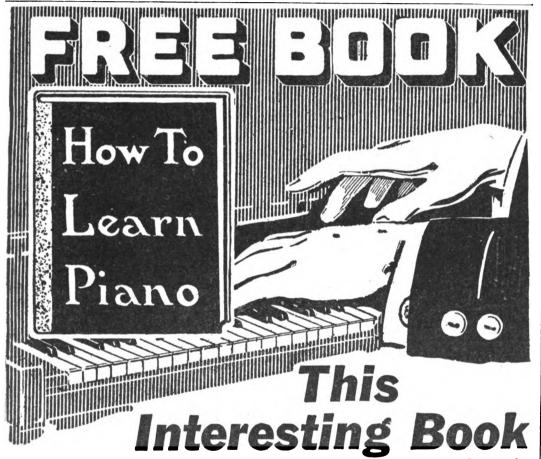
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

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

Playhouse .- "The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater. The talk of the town.

Booth.—"Getting Married." William Faversham, Henrietta Crosman and a fine cast in Bernard Shaw's sparkling comedy.

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen."

Cohan's.—"Come Out of the Kitchen." A remarkably appealing play with Ruth Chatterton and Bruce McRae, who make it a worthy successor to "Daddy Longlegs."

Longacre.—"Nothing But the Truth." A clever farce which William Collier makes uproariously funny from curtain to curtain.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the big hits of the season. Review later.

Belasco.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit \$12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this a bright farce well worth while. farce well worth while.

farce well worth while.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy Longlegs," "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man"; intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook-play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." If you like fairy stories (with fierce pirates as fairies) and the sea, and picturesque settings—including a real ship—and Stevenson's sea yarns, dont miss this elaborate production. It is exceedingly amusing. The young folks will be held spellbound, and the old folks will have a hearty laugh. It is handsomely and wonderfully done.

and wonderfully done.

Lyric.—"A Daughter of the Gods." Fox's
"Picture Beautiful" with Annette Kellermann as the star submersible and dancing Venus. A very elaborate spectacle.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.— Photoplays; first runs. Program changes

every week.

Rialto. — Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

changes every week.

SUCCESSFUL PLAYS NOW ON THE ROAD

"Object Matrimony." Another "Potash and Perlmutter" and "Abe and Mawrus" comedy. Immensely pleasing to those who like this style of humor.

"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

"Under Sentence." A strong, gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of recent years. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and J

"Sybil." One of the hits of last season. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.



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### CLASSIC

VOL. III.

JANUARY, 1917

NO. 5

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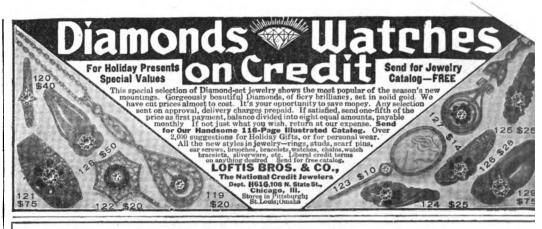
Edmund J. Kiefer 69

At a Motion Picture Theater of the Future,

Entered at the Brooklyn, N. Y., Post Office, as second-class matter

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STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC: Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.



After reading the stories in this Classic, ask your exhibitor to show the films on the screen. You will find that the Photoplay is doubly interesting after having read the story, and it will be delightful to see the characters you have read about MOVE!

### Finish This Story For Yourself

The girl got \$6 a week, and was lonely. "Piggy"-you can imagine his kind-was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night?

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that has endeared him to the men and women of the land. From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 120,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the professional man who

sits among his books to the man on the street and to the woman in every walk of life—the whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him with love and pride as our greatest writer of stories.

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# The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for

The girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand. The rest of us must have at least a touch of color. What is it that is keeping most of us from having this charm? A dull, sluggish skin!

And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

You can change this sluggish condition by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin which forms every day, as old skin dies, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin tonight to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then, finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself

Use this treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

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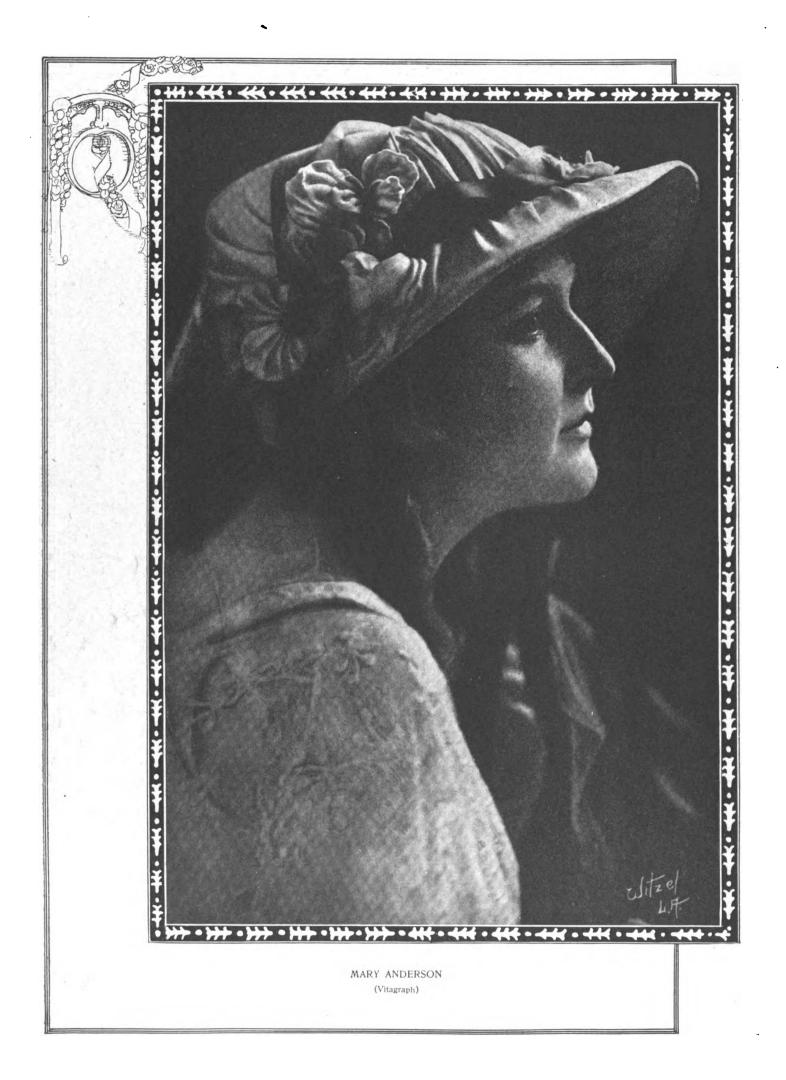
Photo by Gilbert & Baun

ETHEL CLAYTON (World)



Photo by Underwood & Underwood







HARRY HILLIARD, as Romeo, in the Fox version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet"



MYRTLE STEDMAN (Morosco)



ANITA STEWART (Vitagraph)



'RUTH ROLAND (Balboa)

# Acting A Matter of Instinct By Hugh Ford



SCENE FROM "THE WHITE PEARL"

(Fifteen)

cuse him of being an instinctive

foreign extraction. For instance, in Mary Pickford's recent picture, "Poor Little Peppina," which was supposed to take place in Italy, every Latin rôle except those played by Miss Pickford and her brother was entrusted to a bona fide Italian. In both "The White Pearl" and "Madame Butterfly," real Japanese played many of the important rôles in support of Miss Doro and Miss Pickford, respectively.

"The Feud Girl," in which Hazel Dawn played a mountain lassie, was actually photographed in the wildest mountain section of Georgia, with a great many old mountaineers appearing in the picture. "The Eternal City," for which Pauline Frederick actually went to Rome itself, is a classic example of this search for the proper atmosphere and for national

At first glance, it seems foolish to permit the players to be seen on the screen with people of the actual nationality which they are endeavoring to portray, since they are apt to suffer by comparison. But it has been our experience that our stars do more effective work under the circumstances, seeming to draw inspiration from the bona fide foreigners with whom they are associated.

Of course, I do not mean to say that all acting is mere mimicry of any given person or persons. There is no question that the

PAULINE FREDERICK IN

"THE ETERNAL CITY"

actor's imagination plays an important part in his presentation of a character, but at the same time, the chief stimulus of the imaginative faculties is nothing but unconscious recollection of mannerisms or individualities which have impressed themselves upon the mind and crowd back again when the player attempts to impersonate the given character. If that were not true, then every one's interpretation of a negro, for instance, would be radically differ-If there ent. were nothing but pure imagination on which to base one's idea of how





negroes, it is a simple matter for any good actor to simulate their most striking characteristics, the excellence and finish of his performance depending upon his powers of observation and the retentive qualities of his memory.

To reverse the illustration for the purpose of emphasizing my point, nobody has ever seen a representative of the inhabitants of our neighboring planet, Mars, tho Percival Lowell and many other scientists are stoutly of the opinion that they exist. Assuming that they are realities and not creatures of the imagination, ask an actor

would be as dif-

ferent from the

other as daylight from darkness, and

(Sixteen)



### I LIKE IT

By MICHAEL GROSS

I know it's hard to find the plot, You'll guess the end as like as not,

You say this film is low-brow stuff? I LIKE IT. You think the action is too rough?
I LIKE IT. When Si grabs up a ten-pound brick And dents the face of "Naughty Nick," Then perforates him with a pick, With loud applause I greet the trick, I LIKE IT.

The story has no sense at all? The actors just get hit and fall?

ÏLIKE IT.

Tell me exactly what is what, Yet I'll confess, despite all that, I LIKE IT. This show, you say, ain't worth your dime?

I LIKE IT. A film like this just wastes your time?

I LIKE IT. When Chappy Charlin, in "The Trance," Did that somnambulistic dance, Then grabbed a dagger-pointed lance,

And stabbed his partner in the pants, I LIKED IT.

You think such stuff is simply shocking? I LIKE IT. You never heard ME do the knocking, - I LIKE IT.

Keep all your hifalutin' "draahma," Where Percy steals the sacred llama, To make a hit with Glady's "mahmaa," Just give me lots of "Katzen Yammer," I LIKE IT.

(Seventeen)



PAULINE FREDERICK IN "THE MOMENT BEFORE" (CENTER) ALICE HOLLISTER IN "MAKER O' DREAMS" (LOWER)



### Plus Grease-

Continuation of

By ROBERTA



considering make-ups, we are all too prone to exclaim aloud at a make-up that is merely spectacular—that is, a make-up that is chiefly crêpe hair and ferocious eyebrows. The really artistic make-up is the one that challenges detection-a make-up that is chiefly expression, aided and

abetted by a few deft touches of grease-paint and the like. There are few girls in pictures who are known as really adept make-up artists, but foremost among these few we find Dorothy Kelly.

Miss Kelly has just created a make-up, in "The Battle Cry of War," which is to follow "The Battle Cry of Peace," Vitagraph's great preparedness spectacle, that deceived even some of her best friends about the studio. And that isn't to be wondered at, either, when you see Miss Kelly-the dainty, adorable, brown-eyed little star; vivacious, gay, always laughing-disguised in pathetically antiquated "widow's weeds"; all her pretty color hidden by a carefully, artistically applied coat of grease-paint; her dimpled cheeks hidden by skillfully worked-in "shadows"; her hands in old-fashioned "mitts," and on her meekly bowed, white head a jet-and-velvet bonnet that, many years ago, during the antebellum period, was "le dernier cri" for Southern aristocracy. The "old" picture shown here will give an idea of the change wrought by powdered hair, grease-paint and antiquated clothing, with the cleverness of one of the screen's prettiest girls behind it all.

There is no better loved character in stage annals than that of Josh Whitcomb, the big-hearted, lovable old man in "The Old Homestead." When Famous Players decided to produce this stage classic in pictures, there was no hesitation about the director-James Kirkwood was chosen-and there was no hesitation on the part of Mr. Kirkwood when he came to cast for the character of Josh Whitcomb. Frank

(Eighteen)

FRANK MCGLYNN IN "GLORIA'S ROMANCE"



# Paint and Wig

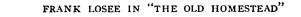
"Triumphs of Make-Up"

### COURTLANDT

Losee was the only one who could possibly do it as Mr. Kirkwood wanted it done. And Mr. Losee scored a personal triumph in the rôle. The make-up was comparatively simple, but, to be Irish over it, all the more difficult for that. It had to be convincing. The make-up must look as if it wasn't a make-up at all, but an effect secured by a kindly nature. Mr. Losee let his silvery hair grow a trifle long about the ears; he wore a pair of old-fashioned spectacles; a few carefully placed lines, which were mere "kindly wrinkles"—and the make-up was complete. Yet it was one of the most convincing, sincere make-ups of the screen. Many people believed that the dear old man, who acted so well the part of Josh Whitcomb, was really "like that in real life." So Mr. Losee got scant credit for a skillful make-up, but the praise of his acting more than made up for his other loss!

It is unusual to see a screen star deliberately choose a part in which a repulsive make-up is necessary-a make-up that will utterly disguise all that star's beauty and charm. It is especially unusual when that star is a girl. But Alice Hollister, who is a strong advocate for "mentality back of make-up," is one of the most unusual stars in pictures, anyway. In "The Menace of Fate," which is one of her favorite rôles, she gives what may be best characterized, perhaps, as a remarkable study in sensuality—a girl of the slums, brought up by a pair of professional "dips." How she is discovered by a young slum-working doctor, regenerated and returned to her rightful home, only to leave it again to marry the doctor, is one of the best stories on the screen. But it is Miss Hollister's make-up in which we are interested. Her expression was chiefly responsible for the success of the make-up, altho her lips were thickened, eyebrows lengthened and eyes heavily shaded. Even her hands and arms were "made up." Another make-up that was really repulsive was as the heroine in "The Maker o' Dreams." In the last part of this she is a hag, living miles away in the woods, hated and feared by children far and wide, and vested with the title of "Witch." Her make-up gives a good excuse for this title, too. With ragged, streaming

(Ninetecn)





DOROTHY

IN "THE

BATTLE

CRY

WAR"

hair, eyes malevolent, her face seamed and wrinkled with a wicked old age, even her hands claw-like and worn, she was a terrible figure of hatred and vengeance. In real life, Miss Hollister is charming, but her make-up would never lead one to suspect it!

One of the best make-ups from the Coast, recently, was that of Harry Von Meter, as Captain Rand, in "Lillo of the Sulu Seas." In this play he has the part of a man, captain of one of the finest South Sea trading ships. Embittered by the faithlessness of his wife and the man whom he had considered his best friend, he takes up his residence as a hermit in a tiny, almost unknown island of the South Seas. Here he lives for years. His companion at all times is the one servant he has brought out with him, a man who combines the services of valet with those of cook and housekeeper. Mr. Von Meter knew that a man like Captain Rand, educated, a man of the world, wouldn't relax all his care of himself and his clothes as soon as he dropped out of the world, especially with his valet to look after him. He overcame the difficulty by letting his clothes become shabby but not un-kempt. Captain Rand appeared with a beard that was kept in trim, without growing bushy and unkempt; his hair was slightly long, and his eyes shadowed by bushy brows; his clothing clean and whole, tho coarse. It was an unusually good characterization, and Mr. Von Meter says that he enjoyed the rôle very much. So did his

friends who saw the picture.
Pauline Frederick, Famous Players'
beautiful star, recently surprised followers of Paramount Pictures with
two most unusual characterizations.

One was the ill-starred heroine in "The World's Great Snare," the other in "The Moment Before." In the former play she played the part of a woman of the mining camps, who is regenerated by her great love and who "comes back" gloriously. In part of the picture Miss Frederick wore man's clothes, and made a tall, stunning cowboy, in leather "chaps" brightly studded with brass tacks, a leather shirt, and a tall, broad-brimmed sombrero, bestriding her horse as easily and gracefully as a Western cowboy. In the second play, her characterization was as different from this as it is possible for two characters to be. She was a heavy-browed, sullen-eyed gypsy, reading her fortune in a deck of greasy playing-cards.

In George Kleine's Motion Picture novel, "Gloria's Romance," which stars Billie Burke, there is one man whose make-up is so good that it stands out from the other players in the cast. This man is Frank McGlynn, playing Gideon Trask, the murderer of Gloria's sweetheart, the villain. Mr. McGlynn finds a great delight in such roles, because of the almost unlimited opportunity for characterization.

Another make-up that deserves mention is that of Sam D. Drane, who essays the rôle of Abraham Lincoln in Selig's multiple-reel feature, "The Crisis." This is a rôle that seems a great temptation to practically every character man in the business. There is a great rivalry for the credit of the best Lincoln make-up, and Mr. Drane is entitled to at least a place in that rivalry. He makes Lincoln the quiet, big-souled, generous-hearted man, who gave his life to the helping of the country he had sworn to guide—the

unassuming, awkward, lovable man whom we all reverence, be we North or South, and no matter how "unreconstructed" we may be. Mr. Drane's performance of the part is quite as good as his make-up, which is high praise, indeed.

Charles Dudley, in Balboa's "The Devil's Pet Bait," takes the part of the horned gentleman in a way that is well worthy of His Satanic Majesty. Mr. Dudley's make-up is an unusually fine one, altho he follows the conventional idea of garbing the rôle in bright red, with the mustaches, the closely fitting cap, horns, tail, and so forth. But his make-up is none the less striking, for all that.

In Helen Holmes' company of Signal players, there is a character man who is a veritable master of the art of crêpe hair. He is Thomas C. Lingham, and is shown here in what he himself considers the finest make-up he has ever used. It is the make-up of Jepthah Turrentine, mountaineer chief of the clan, in "Judith of the Cumberlands." Mr. Lingham says that for the two weeks he worked on this role he tried so hard to keep himself in the character that he talked with a drawl, walked with a slump, and even chewed tobacco, just as a really-for-true mountaineer would have done. Any one who has lived in the South, especially in the mountains of Dixie, will recognize the spirit of the old moonshiner. If you have ever driven along a lonely road, at dusk of a summer evening. you have seen just such a figure as this, standing high on some lonely point, a gun in the crook of his arm, stolidly watching you. Mr. Lingham's make-up wasn't skin deep, by any means.



### "Daddy Pictures" He Is Lovingly Called

By LILLIAN MAY



other adventure—this time into the circus

He loved the life and the work-it was even more exciting than being a medicine man. He confined his attention to it a number of years, but in time the long hours, the one-night stands, the necessary strenuosity, began to tell on him. Very regretfully he bade good-by to the sawdust ring, and, after looking about a bit, settled in Los Angeles. His life had been full and active, and his temperament would not allow him to remain inactive the rest of his days, even

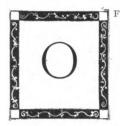
One day he chanced to see a Motion Picture, in which appeared a very youthful-looking old man, save for his crêpe beard. That gave him an idea, and he visited the studios of Los Angeles. The appeal and nobility of his face "caught on" almost at once, and, from his first picture, "Daddy" Hooser has been branded a success.

Today he is a necessity. "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; hermit, fisherman, Indian chief"—there seems to

another in the same day. Thus did "Daddy" Hooser answer the call of the movies, and he is now one of the most sought-after old men in Moviedom. His lovable face and personality on the screen are making him another "Daddy" Manly, and while it is a fact that the movie fans and the Motion Picture industry will never forget their old favorite, "Daddy" Manly, they will find a warm place, too, in their hearts for lovable, cheery "Daddy" Hooser.

(Twenty-one)

# Polly's Day at Home ~ A Chat



going to be a really-truly interview, we'd begin by calling her Miss Pauline Frederick, of the Famous Players studio. And we'd describe

her numerous wonderful costumes, her stage successes, her picture successes, and wind up with some pictures showing Miss Frederick wearing some of the former, in the latter, and so on, for pages and pages. But I dont believe that you really want such stuff, but

that you are more anxious to know something about the real woman—something about the real life of the woman who made "Bella Donna" so fascinatingly wicked, or wickedly fascinating-the woman who, on the stage, hypnotized critics of such

reams about her perform-

ance in the title rôle of "Innocent." So this is





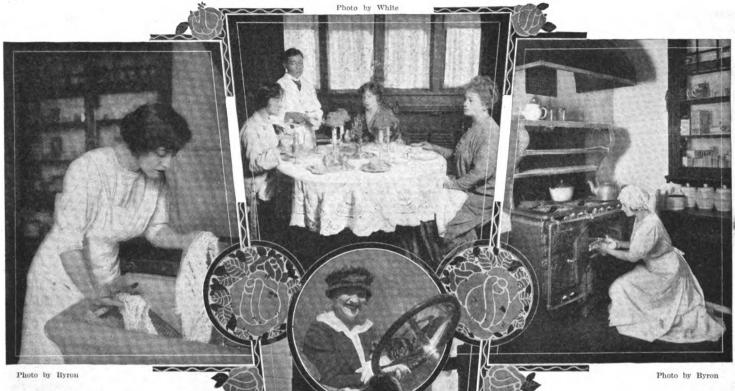
Pauline Frederick who keeps house in a beautiful apartment on Park Avenue, with her mother and pretty girl-cousin for company, or family, as you prefer to put it. So we begin by calling her "Polly," altho few people save the lovely, aristocratic mother and a few very, very intimate friends-are allowed to use the endearing abbreviation.

Polly is gloriously happy when she is

(Twenty-two)

# with Pauline Frederick Carol Lee





few moments there is silence at the table, interrupted by brief exclamations, half-finished sentences and the like.

"Now that I have a day off," says Polly, finally rising, her letters in her hand, "I'm going to amuse myself in my own way. See you later, mother darling."

And off she goes to her own room, where she is busy for an hour or more answering her morning's mail, seeing that costumes for the next day are all ready, with no missing hooks or buttons. She is exquisitely neat, is Polly, and she strenuously objects to anything approaching slovenliness. Since Polly sews beautifully, and enjoys making a great many of her frocks, her maid has learnt that she has to do her work, not well enough to pass the eyes of her mistress, but better than that mistress can do herself.

After the letters are ready for mail, and no other small tasks occupying her mind, she slips out of the gorgeous, Oriental-like robe, in which she breakfasted, and dons a simple little housedress, spotlessly white, cut square at the neck, and with sleeves ending above the elbows. Over this comes a plain, serviceable, white linen apron without a particle of trimming. Thus attired, she is ready for the rest of her morning's work. Down into the kitchen she goes, and, dispatching the grinning cook on a shopping trip in search of materials for dinner, she begins baking pies. It is a most delectable task, and she is a most delectable sight while engaged in it.

Her fellows at the studio have learnt that there is no higher praise than her commendatory pat on the shoulder and an enthusiastic "You deserve a pie for that." And the reward is always considered more than generous. They are pies that the gods must have dreamed of—golden-brown and flaky as to crust, juicy and luscious as to contents.

The kitchen in which she so loves to work is not at all the sort of kitchen you would imagine a movie star prefending to cook in. It is strictly and simply a place for cooking and arranged for that purpose. The walls are spotlessly white; a huge, built-in kitchen cabinet lures the housekeeping heart, and the big gas-stove smiles brightly in its freshly polished blackness. A shining kettle bubbles away cheerily at one side of the stove, and a couple of old-fashioned flat-irons flank the kettle. There are an immaculately scrubbed kitchen table, a couple of chairs, and that's all. It is a typical New England kitchen, and everywhere may be found the New England fondness for cleanliness, efficiency and a lack folderols

Having attended to the baking of

several delicious pies, Polly turns her hand and mind to other things. She has brought down from her room a bundle of dainty, fluffy-looking things that looked like woven cobwebs. These she deposited in cold water, rubbed them with Ivory soap, and, with a rub-board, went to work in as unconcerned manner as if she were an Irish washerwoman, many miles away from Park Avenue and movie leading women. For Polly, being a wise, as well as lovely, lady, never puts any of her prettiest things into the laundry or weekly wash. She washes them herself, at home, and irons them, too. She's quite proud of her ability along these lines, and she says that, unless you have tried it, you cant imagine what fun it is to wear dainty, fresh, pretty things that you have laundered yourself.

After luncheon, which is served at one, she dons a negligée, or house-gown, and sits down for an hour with her music and her books. The negligée which she is wearing here is of dull blue, hand-embroidered in gold. It forms a pretty setting for her shining black hair and dark, mysterious eyes. The living-room, where she spends most of her leisure time, is a big, cool room with four windows always insuring plenty of light. The windows are curtained in chintz, to harmonize with the walls, and the underdraperies are of snowy whiteness. beautiful piano, and a music-rack full to overflowing of the world's best music, are perhaps her most treasured possessions. She plays with rare skill, and has a singing voice of pleasing sweetness and depth.

Born in Boston and educated there, Polly early developed a fondness for

(Twenty-four)

good books, and this fondness her parents wisely encouraged. She has added to her collection thruout her travels, and scarcely a trip that has not yielded from one to four or five books for her bookcase. It is also undoubtedly true that her taste for housekeeping and similar prosaic tasks was inherited from New England forbears.

One of Mother Frederick's chief worries is what she terms Polly's extravagance. An instance of this happened recently. All winter Polly had been riding to and from the studio in her limousine, and often her mother, going out, either phoned for a taxi or else waited until Polly was thru with the car. When summer came Polly decided that the only thing to do was to get another car, for she realized what a comfort the big car would be to her mother during the hot, summer months. So she very quietly ordered a two-passenger roadster for herself, turning the big car and its chauffeur over to her mother.

"But, Polly dear, I dont want you to do that," protested Mrs. Frederick; "I shall do very nicely this summer without that car. You must keep it for yourself and let the other car go back."

"Now, mother darling, there isn't the slightest use arguing about it," cried Polly, gently seizing her mother by one pink ear; "the other car has been delivered, and you are going to have the big one. I want you always to have the best of everything, mother. And think how much fun I'll have driving myself about. There isn't a bit of use arguing now."

In fact, there's scarcely ever any use of arguing with Polly Frederick, for when she definitely decides that she wants something, hers is the quiet determination which is founded on a powerful will and a strong personality, as instanced by the fact that "Polly says" is generally quoted as the final word of any given subject by the devoted mother.

After playing such rôles as "Zaza,"

"Bella Donna," et cetera, Polly has decided that she has failed in her work, in that she has won, not the like, but the dislike of the public. While they may admire her acting, there has never been a rôle in which she was an appealing figure whom the public might admire and really like. So when the director was casting for "The Woman in the Case," a Famous Players adaptation of Clyde Fitch's play of that name, Miss Frederick -Polly. I mean-decided that she had rather play the less important rôle of the wife in the play than the title part, which is a vampire rôle. She wishes an opportunity to make the public really love her, thru playing an appealing, sympathetic rôle. That she will succeed in this ambition, as she has in many others, is almost a foregone conclusion.

But whatever she chooses to play, she has one sincere admirer who loves her in any part, ranging from "Delilah" or "Cleopatra" to "Elsie Dinsmore." (Modesty forbids my naming that admirer.)

### *3*2 *3*2 *3*2

### Some Sensational Starts for Photoplays of Contemporary Life

By HARVEY PEAKE

Ι

It was four o'clock on the morning of August the thirteenth. At the bottom of the sea, just off Bedloes Island, Amaryllis sat crouched in the chamber of a submarine, counting over a double-handful of thousand-dollar bills. She hadn't an acquaint-ance in the world.

Looking up, she suddenly saw, by the aid of the periscope, the hull of the yacht Hylo Jack. It belonged to the Shah of Afghanistan. Somewhere within its confines was hidden the million-dollar ruby that was the mate to the one set in the heel of her gold slipper. She must have it at any price. But how? Should she negotiate for it with the handful of bills, or dynamite the yacht?

Suddenly there was lowered, over the side of the slowly moving vessel, a pale blue baby, entirely nude. In one tiny hand it clasped the bandbox of a world-famous French milliner; in the other an open marriage certificate, upon which was emblazoned, in phosphorescent letters, these words:

Π

At every angle of every one of the hundred and fifteen floors of the Stringer Building stood a policeman. Fourteen of them were awake. Somewhere in the building was the man for whom they were waiting. In his hiding-place he could sense every one of them, and yet he would escape—that he promised himself.

A clock struck three. Then four thousand eight hundred and ten clocks answered with the same message. On the second stroke of the seven hundred and eleventh clock, something happened.

A bit of plaster fell from the ceiling onto the upturned face of the hiding man, on which these words were written: "Now!! Pull the middle hair in your bald spot three times and whisper 'Nuts!"

Acting quickly upon this mysterious hint, the hunted man gave a vigorous jerk to the hair designated, which at once left its moorings and came out in his hand. This so greatly excited him, that in place of using the cabalistic word of which he had been told, he ejaculated the word "Bugs!"

In an instant there was a crushing, grinding sound, followed by a crash that seemed to shoke the very foundations of the building. Then, with a mighty roar, eight thousand baffled minions of the law yelled in terror:

III

Down the crowded street tore the messenger upon his motorcycle. Three babies, an old man and seven dogs lay dead in his wake. Terrified pedestrians everywhere fled to safety zones. Into the Woolworth Building he dashed—cycle and all. One of the batteries of up-going elevators was just starting. Into it he flung himself, crashing his wheel upon the floor. At the forty-first floor he tore open the door and ran down the corridor.

"He has just gone up to the roof to take his aeroplane," shouted a halfdozen voices in answer to his inquiry for a certain man.

In thirty-nine seconds he was upon the roof, only to see his game rising toward the clouds.

Quickly fixing a bit of white paper to a rocket, he touched it with a match. The rocket rose toward the ascending car. It was overtaking it. Now it was within one hundred yards of near-by windows—upturned eyes were watching the race.

Feeling, in some indescribable manner, its nearness, the occupant of the car looked over its side and saw the approaching rocket.

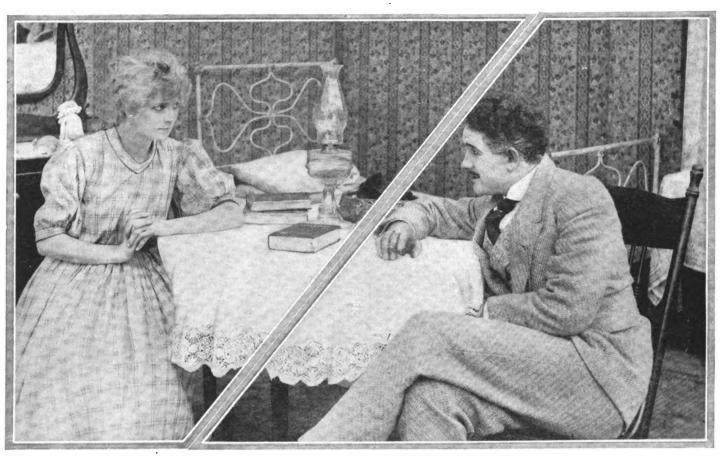
What could it be? Only a matter of the most supreme importance merited such an effort.

Swinging his plane about so that he could not miss it, he waited for the oncoming messenger. When it came near enough, he seized it, tore open the paper, and read:

DEAR DUCKIE: Do you love me as much as ever?

PETTIE.

(Twenty-five)

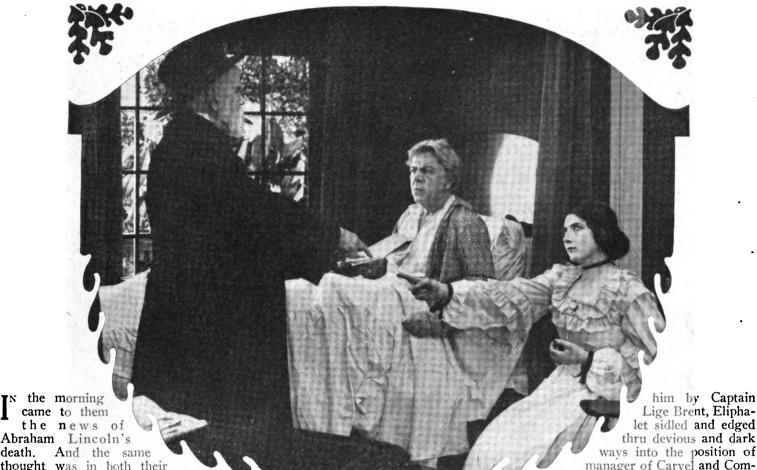


LEONA HUTTON AND FRANK BORZAGE IN A SCENE FROM "A KNIGHT OF THE TRAILS" (KAY-BEE)



SCENE FROM "THE WOMAN WHO FOLLOWED ME" (GOLD SEAL)

(Twenty-six)



death. And the same thought was in both their hearts, who had known him as it was given few to know himhow he had lived in sorrow; how he had died a martyr on the very day of Christ's death upon the cross. And they believed that Abraham Lincoln gave his life for his country even as Christ gave His for the world.

And so must we believe that God has reserved for this nation a destiny high upon the earth.

Many years afterward, Stephen Brice read again to his wife those sublime words of the second inaugural:

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his children—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

Eliphalet Hopper was a mole; nothing else would satisfactorily

describe Eliphalet Hopper. When he arrived in St. Louis from New England and won for

himself a position in Carvel and Com-

pany's store, he pursued his mole-like methods from the first. He made himself, by industry and by frugality, indispensable to the company, and, despite the dislike felt for

*rbyr* Richard Wallace ~ Selig ~

> A twice-told tale from the famous novel by Winston Churchill (The MacMillan Co.)

> > acted in a deeply humane spirit and had expended all his meager savings in the purchase of a slave he did not want.

let sidled and edged thru devious and dark ways into the position of manager of Carvel and Company's business.

When Mrs. Brice and her son Stephen came from Boston to St. Louis, they naturally stopped at the boarding-house frequented by New Englanders, and there Stephen met Hopper, and there he gained a distaste for the tobacco-chewing, subservient Yankee.

Mrs. Brice and her son had come to St. Louis so that Stephen could study law under the tutelage of Judge Silas Whipple, a man of

decided opinions frankly spoken. Sixty and more years ago Missouri was a slave-holding state. When Stephen Brice passed the auction block, where so-called "black cattle" were being sold, his puritanism could not stand the bar-

ter and sale of human beings. When he bought Hester, a beautiful quadroon, he incurred the enmity of Clarence Colfax, a young and fiery Southerner. Beautiful Virginia Carvel, only daughter of Colonel Comyn Carvel, had expressed a desire to own the girl. Colfax, deeply in love with Virginia,

his cousin, resolved to purchase Hester, and was enraged when Brice, a stranger. outbid him

for the slave. He did not know that Stephen Brice had



VIRGINIA CARVEL (Bessie Eyton)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (Sam D. Drane) (Twenty-seven)

Judge Silas Whipple and Colonel Carvel, altho lifelong friends, frequently engaged in heated arguments over the vital questions of the late fifties. Judge Whipple invariably took Sunday dinner at the Carvel home, and often Virginia Carvel found it necessary to act the part of peacemaker when the Judge upheld Abraham Lincoln, just then becoming known, while Colonel Carvel stormed at length against the evils of "Black Republicanism."

Stephen Brice won a place almost immediately in the heart of Judge Whipple, and was sent by the Judge to hear the Lincoln-Douglas debates. In following Lincoln around the political circuit in the then primitive Illinois, he learnt to love and honor the man whose speeches are now classics in literature—the Lincoln of the black loam, who built his neighbor's cabin and hoed his neighbor's corn; who had been storekeeper and flatboatman; this physician who was one day to attend the sick-bed of the nation in her agony, and whose knowledge, almost divine, was to perform the miracle of her healing.

When Stephen Brice reported his meeting with Lincoln to Judge Whipple, journeying to the home of Colonel Carvel for that purpose, he delighted the Judge, who precipitated an immediate argument with Colonel Carvel, founded on his newer and deeper insight into Lincoln's ambitions. Pretty Virginia Carvel was coldly courteous to this young Northerner, whose political beliefs, in those stirring times, could only breed her

Then came the historical days when Abraham Lincoln, the rail-splitter, was elected President of the United States on the Republican ticket; the revolt of the Southern States and the guns of Sumter; then there also came the parting of the ways for those two time-tried friends, Judge Silas Whipple and Colonel Comyn Carvel. One stood solidly for the North, the other immutably for the South.

Then followed the capture of Camp Jackson at St. Louis by the United States forces; the escape of Clarence Colfax from his guards and his joining the Confederate army; the leavetaking of Virginia and her father, who also believed his duty was as a soldier in the ranks of the Southern army (these

sacrifices are historic details now), and Stephen Brice, too, facing his great decision, joined Grant's army, which daily was tightening its coils around Vicksburg. And during these times did he. Little by little Clarence Colfax was nursed back to life at his mother's home, and little by little Judge Whipple slipped down toward the Great Divide. Again, when on the highway to recovery, Clarence Colfax told Virginia Carvel of

ON THE EVE OF VICKSBURG-STEPHEN'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER

which tried men's souls, Eliphalet Hopper reaped a harvest thru the misery of others. He became the real head of Carvel and Company, because of Colonel Carvel's notes. which he held; he heard, with a sneer, the story of Judge Whipple attending the auction sale and buying in a piano which belonged to Virginia Carvel. Neither Hopper nor Stephen Brice could understand the action



IN A DRAWN BATTLE

of Whipple, who had Virginia's cherished piano moved to his office and living-rooms, where he locked it securely in and placed the keys in his pocket.

Mr. Hopper's aims were high about this time. He resolved to marry Virginia Carvel. "I shall be th' richest man in th' South before long," he confided to Virginia, "and I calc'late that you kin have everything money kin buy." He showed his yellow teeth in a covert sneer when Virginia refused the offer of his hand, but decamped in fright when threatened by Colonel Carvel. True to type, Eliphalet decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and he resolved to bide his time and strike when least expected.

The story of the surrender of Vicksburg is history, and, when Captain Stephen Brice entered the city, he marveled that the brave defenders could have held out as long as they did. There he found Colonel Clarence Colfax hovering on death's threshold from wounds, and he heaped coals of fire on Colfax's head by arranging for the wounded man's parole and his return to his mother and to Virginia Carvel at St.

Judge Silas Whipple was failing fast, and seldom left his apartments. His long hours of suffering were lightened by the occasional presence of Virginia Carvel, whom he loved more than any one else on earth. If she noticed the presence of her piano in the Judge's room, she never mentioned it, nor

> his love for her, just as he had done, fruitlessly, many times before. He also told her of how Stephen Brice had saved his ebbing life at Vicksburg. "I know he loves you, Jinny," her cousin said, "and you know that he does. You must feel that he does. It was a brave thing to do. He thought he was saving me for you. He was giving up the hope of

marrying you himself.' Virginia sprang to her feet. "Marry a Yankee!" she cried. "Never!"

"Virginia, I loved your

(Twenty eight)



THRU THE MISERY OF OTHERS ant. Brice, invalided at home, had hastened, despite his illness, to Judge Whipple's room, when he heard that the shadow of death was hovering near. The old friends met again, and this time in peace. Weakly, Judge Whipple reached up and put his hand on Virginia's shoulders as she bent over him. He whispered in her ear. The tears came and lay wet on

Judge Whip-

ple one day to Virginia.

And, as if

in answer to that prayer,

Colonel Carvel

slipped thru

the Union lines and in-

to St. Louis to see his

was night-

time, and Judge

Whipple

piece of cotton-twine, hung a little key.
"I saved it for you, my dear," he said. "God bless you—and make your life happy. Virginia—will you play my hymn once

her lashes, as she undid the button at his throat. There, on a

They lifted the night-lamp and the medicine bottles from the piano. It was Stephen Brice who stripped it of the black cloth it had worn, who stood by Virginia, ready to lift the lid when she had turned the lock. The girl's exaltation gave a trembling touch divine to the well-remembered chords:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom; Lead Thou me on!

barked on the long, long journey. Virginia Carvel left the death-chamber for the outer There she encountered Eliphalet Hopper. The look in his little eyes, as he gazed upon Virginia, was a filmy gaze, like that of an

animal feasting.
"I came here to see you," he said hoarsely—"you!" He stepped closer. "Your father, a rebel, is in that room. He never can leave this city without I choose. There is but one price to pay—and that is

Virginia shuddered and drew back, as tho she had stepped on a snake. The man was a coward, she knew, but he was cunning and resourceful, and would not have dared venture into the Whipple home unless he was prepared to cover his

retreat and to strike a telling blow against her father. She must hold him, lead him on—anything to gain time. "Eliphalet," she said pensively, "once you told me that you

were able to make me the richest girl in the South. I dont know where you have come by the money; you must be a very clever man."

Éliphalet's eyes studied her closely; there was just a suspi-

cion of irony in her words.
"I calc'late," he explained, "I was brought up in a hard school, and my wits are a little sharper than your kind; at any rate, I've made money—heaps of it—and I wont be stingy when it comes to layin' it out on you."

She shivered at the coolness of his bargain and the licking of his loose lips.

'And my father," she asked, half-persuaded—"what will you do for him?"

Eliphalet's eyes shone with beady magnanimity. "It's this way, Virginia," he explained: "I stand in with either side, no matter which wins. If the South pulls thru, I calc'late to make your father a big man again, that is, with me back of him, and if the North-

"I see." she interrupted; "whichever way the wind blows, you will be weather-cock.'

"You understand exactly," said Eliphalet, taking her hand; "and I'll always be confidin' and simple-like, if you'll let me."

Steps sounded in the passageway. Eliphalet did not hear their warning—his doting eyes and feverish hand held the girl, drawing her close.

"So you want me to sell myself," she asked, all her loathing of him mounting to her lips, "for the price of my father's

Eliphalet's fingers gripped deep into her flesh. "That's a hard way of sayin' it," he drawled, "but, seein' as you dont take to me naturally, it's about the truth."

The man did not hear the door open. An arm and a blue sleeve came between Hopper and Virginia. Above the two towered Stephen Brice. Suddenly Stephen threw the coward across the room. "Leave, you skunk!" exclaimed Brice. "Leave before I throttle out your miserable life!" And Mr. Hopper went quickly, without words.



Captain Lige Brent and

Virginia Carvel were

THE GENTLE HOMES OF ST. LOUIS WERE TURNED INTO GRIM HOSPITALS

But nothing would do but that Virginia should visit the White House and request President Lincoln to save the life of Clarence Colfax, who, arrested as a spy, was in danger of death. She gained admittance to President Lincoln's office. She asked for the life of Colfax. and President Lincoln informed her that a Union officer was in the anteroom who had also asked for Colfax's pardon. The President summoned the officer, and soon

Stephen Brice was before them.
"I wish it understood, Major
Brice," the President said, "that I am sparing Colfax's life because the time which we have been waiting and longing for is at hand-the time to be merciful. Let us thank God for it."

Abraham Lincoln gazed long upon the beautiful girl. "Virginia," he said, "I have not suffered by the South. I have suffered with the South. Their sorrow has been my sorrow; their pain my pain; what you have lost I have

to hang the rebels, Virginia; we are going to hang on to them." Then he was gone. For a space, while his spell was on them,

they did not stir. Then Stephen Brice sought Virginia's eyes, which had been so long denied him. They were not denied

him now. Overcome by hallowed mem-

ories and by the sweetness of her

lost; what you have gained I have gained. We are not going



THE PASSING AWAY OF JUDGE WHIPPLE

She did not resist, but lifted her face to him, and he kist her.

You love me, Virginia?" he cried. "Yes, Stephen," she answered low, more

wonderful in her surrender than ever before. Then she hid her face against his blue coat. "I—I cannot help it. Oh, Stephen, how I struggled against it! How I tried to before. hate you and could not!"

He kist her brown hair.

"Virginia, will you marry me?" "Yes.

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes, dear, tomorrow. I-I have no one but you now.'

'God help me to cherish you, dear,

and guard you well."

For a while they were silent, looking out: raindrops glistened on blades and flowers as the sun came out, and a soldier leaned on his gun at the end of a leafy vista.

Suddenly a bugle sounded low and

clear, and the sentinel stood at attention.
"Let the dead past bury its dead," said Stephen, humbly. We are at peace, and the bugle-notes are no longer martial music." They looked out again. The soldier had gone, and a tall, uncouth man paced the walk, with bent head and hands clasped back of him. The birth of new and

> ants. The new green of the earth struck deep into the hearts of Stephen and Virginia.

hopeful things stirred deep within his suppli-

presence, he drew her to him until her heart beat against his own.

VIRGINIA CARVEL NEVER KNEW-UNTIL THE END-WHY SILAS WHIPPLE HAD BOUGHT HER PIANO

D

### NOR CAST NOR CREED THAT CAN RESIST

By D. UNDINE BAKER

With jeweled lorgnette and vinaigrette, And fan of ivory frail;
Pale purple orchids, freshly cut,
And grown like misty veil;
A wrap of ermine, azure-lined— Said fan and flowers and fur All packed within an opera box, At \$7.50 per! And with them sits stern Archibauld, And likewise Geraldine! With air blase they scan the stage And note the styles between.

Yet just the other night, I'm told By Jim and Mary Green, Who at the nickelodeon Had viewed the movie screen,
Beside them, in the self-same row
(In tailored suit, I ween!
Without a gem or blossom rare)
There sat Miss Geraldine. And by her sat stern Archibauld (In business suit, I ween!), And really laughed, and almost cried O'er things upon the screen.

They never knew that they were known By Jim and Mary Green,
Or that I'd talk with common folk To homely gossip glean;
But I've my prima donna hour,
My vespers—and between, I've grown to know the movie stars That greet me from the screen. The font of every caste and creed
Is human—that I ween!
Three cheers for our stern Archibauld And dainty Geraldine!

(Thirty)



# An Animal Chat With

'Twas a gorgeous, sunny day—a typical California day—when I gently tapped the old-fashioned knocker on Miss Williams' beautiful home and was admitted by mine hostess herself.

The dictionary defines home as "the dwelling-place of a man and his fam-

ily," but here we have the dwelling-place of a woman and her family that I will safely say earns the name of home more readily than that of any man from the standpoint of happiness, comfort and beauty. True, the family consists of a sundry collection of beasts and birds, as well as miscellaneous fish, vet it is as wellregulated and as

trees, is her actual home. In size it is really an estate, but in general appearance it is purely a beautiful garden—a natural playground of most inviting qualities. Altho I had never met my charming hostess before, this fact did not evidence itself after a few minutes had elapsed. A most winsome smile and a nature devoid of any sign of temperament soon made me feel that we were old friends. This was true to such an extent that, before I was aware of the fact, I had forgotten that my call was in the nature of an interview and not a personal visit.

As we walked about the place I was formally introduced to Miss Williams' family. My first introduction was presented in the nature of a surprise. While gazing up at a wonderful pepper-tree in admiration, I suddenly heard a rustling of leaves, and lo! before I knew it, two forms leaped from a lower branch and came scampering toward us. "Jock and Jill," announced Miss Williams, as two funny little monkeys climbed up on her arm and gazed at me with fierce eyes. It was only after a few sweet words were



AD Noah's ark been hit by a submarine, all the notes that have ever emanated from the minds of the world's brainiest diplomats would not have consoled Kathlyn Williams.

Yes, I am quite convinced that "diplomatic relations" would have been out of the question had the offender harmed as much as a curly lock of the lion's mane or deprived the energetic monkey of his evident source of amusement, the flea—for Kathlyn Williams is a lover of animals—a lover of animals such as I have never had the pleasure of meeting in all my young life.

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Woe be unto him who, in the presence of this charming girl, brings sorrow to the heart of the "dumb one," whether it be biped, quadruped, or any other kind of "ped" with which the layman might be unfamiliar. Kathlyn Williams is a friend of the animal, and past experiences prove that every animal with which she has come in contact is aware of this very fact.

happy a family as one could expect to find anywhere.

Few leisure hours are spent indoors by the popular photoplay star. Her wonderful garden, with its rare flowers, rolling lawns and overhanging whispered into the ears of the new arrivals that they accepted my proffered hand, tho still staring at me in a manner that denoted they were accepting it only thru courtesy for our mutual friend. Among the new

(Thirty-two)

# Kathlyn Williams By Feter Gridley Schmid

acquaintances formed by me that afternoon were Mae, a Persian cat with a pedigree as long as your arm; Tramp, a Boston bulldog of none too friendly attitude; Fifi, a French poodle; Goozum, a fluffy little thing that barked like a toy dog; a cub bear of goodly proportions, as well as a collection of parrots, canaries, and even goldfish, the names of which I have forgotten.

"As far back as I can remember," related Miss Williams, as we were seated under a beautiful honeysuckle arbor directly behind the house, "animals have always been my chief delight. I will never forget the time, back in Helena, Montana, when I received my first and only black eye, as well as several burns and bruises, as a result of my feeling for animals. While walking Lehind my doll-carriage, my attention was attracted to a group of yelling boys who were dashing around a tree-trunk, from the foot of which a dense smoke was rising. They were 'playing Injun,' and, with no little excitement, I hurried over to watch the game. As I approached the gathering I heard a loud meowing,

spitting as the flame and smoke drew about it. Forgetting all sense of danger and with a wild shout, I leaped among the flames and untied the rope as the fire began to lick the tree. In mad frenzy, the youngsters rushed upon me for spoiling their game, and

a very lively fracas ensued. Here was a time when sex was forgotten. In less time than it takes to tell it, I was on the scrambling heap of young demons. To my good fortune, that heap did not remain there more than an instant, and, before realizing it, I was being carried home by a neighbor. It all happened so quickly that I





and, as a gust of wind blew the smoke away, I witnessed a sight that made my heart stand still for the moment. There, tied to the foot of a tree with an old wash-line, was a wild-eyed and greatly disheveled cat, crying and (Thirty-three) didn't even feel any pain until I was well on my way home. A sorry-looking little miss was placed in the hands of her mother that day, but never did I feel more like a heroine than when, swathed in bandages, I told of what

had happened. Ice-cream and extra helpings of pie became realities for quite a few days thereafter. Of course, I have had many exciting experiences with animals since then," concluded my pretty hostess, with a little laugh, "but that first experience will always linger in my memory."

"Had Noah never reached Mount Ararat with his cargo, I suppose you would be a most unhappy girl today," I ventured, glancing around at the

various assorted pets.

"There is hardly any doubt about that," laughed she, stroking the silky ear of fuzzy little Goozum, who had curled himself upon her lap in extreme bliss and disregard for the visitor. "Strange as it may seem, Motion Pictures have been the cause of my gaining wise, intimate knowledge of beasts of every description. During the past six years I have not only come in contact, but have acted with animals of many kinds, including elephants, lions, leopards, wildcats, bears, snakes, zebras, giraffes, wolves, buffaloes and kangaroos. I studied the ways of each and had no trouble in becoming friends with the most ferocious beasts.



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### Red Tape Encountered in Filming Park Scenes

By ERNEST A. DENCH

MOTION PICTURE producers may do as they please when putting on interior scenes in the studio, but the situation is different in the case of exteriors.

The producers are very partial to parks, because they present a wide range of locations within a confined area. This saves them considerable time and traveling expenses in selecting suitable natural backgrounds.

The chief film-producing centers are southern California, New York, New Jersey, Chicago and Florida. The most hard-hit town, from the

The most hard-hit town, from the producer's point of view, is Brooklyn, where the Vitagraph plant is located. Up to June, 1915, the Vitagraph Company was allowed to "shoot" scenes in the Brooklyn parks without payment of tolls. The Vitagraph directors have filmed over one thousand scenes in Prospect Park alone.

The Brooklyn Park Department was prompted to charge fees, because it regarded photoplays as commercial products.

The Vitagraph Company has not opposed its action, but instead indicated its willingness to help the city financially.

If it sends a troupe of not more than ten players, it has to pay five dollars, but an additional five dollars is charged should heavy "props" or artificial scenery be used. When the company numbers more than ten or less than twenty-six, the fee is ten dollars.

Each horse employed is rated at one dollar.

It is not always realized by those responsible for the control of our parks that harm is done when they place obstacles in the way of reputable producers, whose photoplays are shown the country over, and the "atmosphere" they introduce acts as a boost for the place in which they took the scenes.

An instance of this occurred in New Orleans recently. The Fox Film Corporation applied for permission to take several scenes in City Park, but

it was 'refused by the City Park Board. The matter was taken up by the New Orleans Association of Commerce, who feared that this petty action would prevent New Orleans from becoming a film-producing center. The City Park Board, however, had the good sense to realize its mistake.

The weapons used in war photoplays are harmless, so a mounted policeman made a fool of himself when he arrested a troupe of cowboys and soldiers who were "fighting" in Van Cortlandt Park, New York City. He took them to the Morrisania Court, where he charged them with carrying weapons as opposed to the Sullivan law.

The magistrate discovered that the guns were not loaded, and, when matters were explained, the Edison players were dismissed.

The Edison Company now obtains a permit from the Police Department when any of its players have occasion to carry firearms in public.

(Thirty-six)



## Stars and Their Bungalows in Flickerville

By PEARL GADDIS

T seems that the stars in our thriving little Moving Picture city aren't going in much nowadays for the gilt-front hotels like they used to, but are all falling for these wisteria-covered-chicken-raising-in-the-backyard bungalow mansions which are so prevalent in Flickerville.

And all that is perfectly as it should be, we agree. It's no wonder the stage stars desert to the pictures. If you were an actress and had a husband and a beautiful rambling bungalow with a wide lawn in front of it, easy wicker chairs on the porch and a long blue limmy out in the

driveway, how would you like to swap them all for catching trains and living at hotels with a road company—be it ever so famous? I think not! So they have all settled down in Flickerville to a prosaic, humdrum life, such as might be endured by a retired mining

> presidents of corporations are reconciled to a quiet life with their families, cooks, chauffeurs and maids, is a suburb of our city of movies. Some call it "Los" or Hollywood, but Flickerville will do. Its houses are not all bungalows in the original terminology. Most people used to think of a bungalow as about the same sort of dwelling as one of those little portable affairs, except that a bungalow has roses growing in front of it, and is fitted inside with disappearing beds and writing desks-all accommodations not far removed in size and general cussedress from those of the average apartment-or Pullman, perhaps. But our retired Eastern merchants and

man or a bank president in his leisure moments. Flickerville, I should mention, where all these Motion Picture stars and

our film people are not satisfied to stop with pocket-edition bungalows; so they build, buy or lease the ones that spread over half an acre or so of ground, have a patio in the middle, a garage that would be a palace to a poor man or a three-dollar extra, and a hundred or more varieties of vegetation in the front yard.

And the bungalow home is usually a pretty "homey" place, too, in Flickerville; for labor in the silent drama permits anything but a steady diet of late hours. Bright filmland lights cant twinkle so brightly at eight o'clock on an early morning set if they have been shining the evening before in the highly illuminated places about town. So Mr. Star and Mrs. Star, if they have been dining out or attending the movies in person, or seeing Friend Star and his wife on some local stage, motor out Flickerville way in the suburbs, take a fond look at the little Stars—as there frequently are—and make an early exit toward the wings that lead to the haymow.

Yes, our little city is full of stars and their houses and lots. Even the leading restaurant in our suburb is inoculated with the spirit of Flickerland, for it has a sign posted prominently, "Movie Patronage Especially Invited," and at the luncheon hour you can see half a dozen men in full dress and make-up, a couple of directors and a sprinkling of assistants, half a dozen soldiers and two or three prop boys in their shirt-sleeves. A number of our staid old citizens who have lived in Flickerville ever since it was built and before the films came in, have got to asking each other, "Have you a little movie star in your block?" If you haven't, your neighborhood is extremely behind the mode.

Some friends of mine were out here



LOUISE GLAUM (INCE)

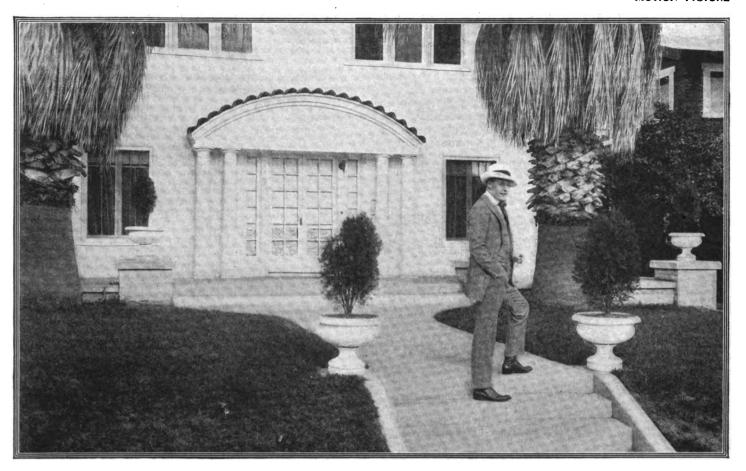


HARRY MC COY (KEYSTONE) (Thirty-seven)

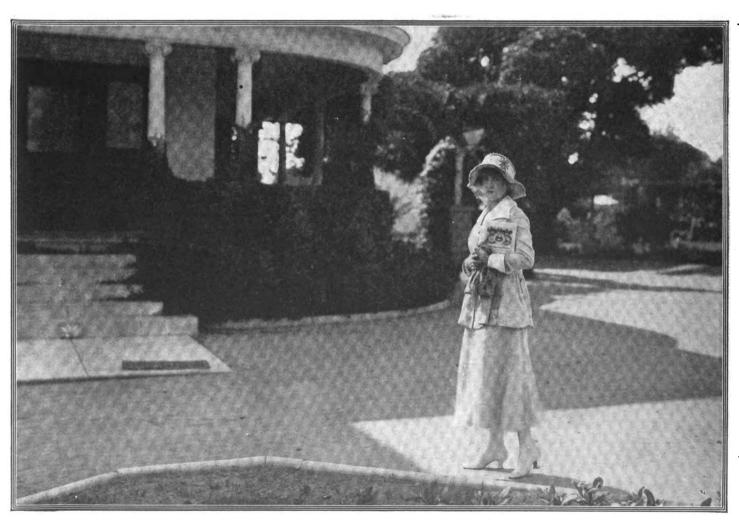


CHARLES MURRAY (KEYSTONE)

### MOTION PICTURE



HAROLD LOCKWOOD (METRO)

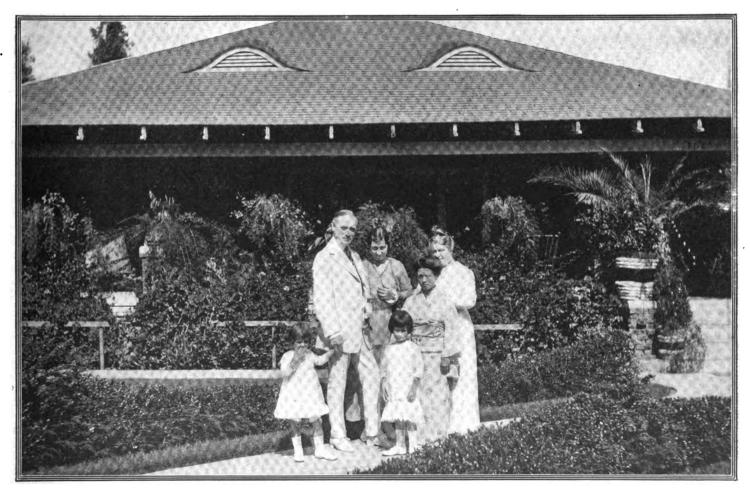


MAY ALLISON (METRO)

(Thirty-eight) Digitized by Google



ANITA KING (LASKY)



FRANK KEENAN, MRS. KEENAN, THEIR DAUGHTER, MRS. FRANK SLOANE, AND TWO GRANDCHILDREN (Thirty-nine)



MARJORIE WILSON (INCE)



LOUISE FAZENDA (KEYSTONE)



FORD STERLING (KEYSTONE)

from Kansas not very long ago, and one of them said he "didn't suppose the movie folks had much home life," so I promised to take him around and point out a few of the little Flickerville cottages and onestory palaces occupied by our galaxy of planets. "We'll take a camera-man along," said I, "just to be able to show the folks back in your state how comfortably the stars manage to get along in their bungalow abodes."

The car bowled along out Sunset Boulevard, until an orange grove with a pretty white house behind it stood out from the scenery. The camera-man called attention to the home of Geraldine Farrar and her husband, Mr. Lou-Tellegen; and then we didn't have much more than time for a glance, because the chauffeur buzzed us up Franklin Avenue, where back of a long row of drooping pepper-trees stands the spreading, white bungalow of Fanny Ward and her husband, Mr. Jack Dean. Farther up the same street we saw De Wolf Hopper turning into his place between the peppers, hurrying along at a breakneck gait for such a large man, for he was in a hurry to see whether the small Mr. Hopper had recovered from his slight cold, and would not be stopped by our most

importunate pleadings.

Making our way onward, therefore, we ran down one of Flickerville's prettiest streets and overtook Miss May Allison walking home from work—just as if she couldn't afford to ride—after a strenuous forenoon's work at the Metro: and a little later we caught a glimpse of Harold Lockwood, star of the same company, just in time to snap him going into his Flickerville two-story bungalow. Then we came to Miss Bessie Barriscale's charming little bungalow home on Wilton Place. Miss Barriscale was having a day off, and was caught in the act of embroidering things for Christmas, which she says is always coming and has to be prepared for any time and every time the

camera isn't clicking.

When Charles Chaplin directed himself in "One A. M." he knew there was something excruciatingly funny about a bowl of goldfish. In fact, stepping into one has always been full of riotous humor. Fred Mace goes Charles one better and thinks there is a lot of comedy in a pond full of goldfish in his own back yard. So he has the real ones tamed to frolic around in the water. When he feels like it, he dips them out with his net and shows them to the visitors, just like a proud papa would with his infant son. Mace is so proud of his goldfish he is thinking about having a guard stand over them to keep away the ever-covetous prop men from the studio.

Ford Sterling, when we saw him without his mustache, was a much different man, sitting under the oranges in his back yard and explaining to us the intricacies of the bulbs which he was sorting out and planting with the critical eye of a Luther Burbank. Charles Murray we also found to be quite a plantologist

(Forty)

around his home on Ocean Park Avenue: for he has the whole place covered with ferns and vines, and the house otherwise surrounded by palms, great banks of geraniums and rose-bushes, and a dozen other things, including lawn-mowers. We got him in the picture looking over some of the flora on his front porch. After that we shot Eddie Dillon taking life easy on the porch of his Griffith Park bungalow, and Harry McCoy going out to exercise those dandy little bulldogs of his.

There was still gas enough in the machine to travel along a eucalyptus-bordered street, almost across Flickerville. Crenshaw Boulevard was the first hesitating place, for there was Louise Fazenda, dallying with the flowers in her front yard before going to work at the Keystone.

After that we followed a very attractive-looking driveway and found Louise Glaum, snapping her picture just after she had gathered an inviting-looking basket of grapes and pears out of the Glaum back yard.

Frank Keenan, Ince favorite, standing by his flower-covered bungalow, was entirely surrounded by the various members of the Keenan family, Mrs. Keenan. their daughter, Mrs. Frank Sloane, and two grandchildren. Out on another street which seemed to be all palm-trees, we found Anita King, Lasky star, reclining on the sod in front of her bungalow, totally surrounded by the Motion Picture magazines and a five-pound box of the best local chocolates; and Marjorie Wilson, in her back yard. The latter young lady looked decidedly charming to us in her breezy tennis jacket, but we had to travel right along to get downtown for an appointment at the Photoplayers' Club.

This club, by the way, is soon to be the social headquarters of the Los Angeles photoplayers' colony. Under the able leadership of both Wallace Reid and Anita King, great things are planned for it, in the way of a country club and rendezvous for all social activities of the players.

My friends from back home were charmed with the fleeting glimpses of Flickerville, but nevertheless I could plainly see that there was something on

their minds.
"What is it?" I asked. "Have we missed something?"

"We feel just a bit like sight-seers," one explained, "and—well—hardly like friends.

And then I caught their point. "Very well," I said, "you have got to stay over a few days longer, and I'll show you what jolly fellows and real friends the screen folk are. And as for hospitality, they'll offer you more than you can accept in a year.

"On our next jaunt," I promised, "we'll make the rounds again—and visit, and we'll see the 'innards,' the real home life and home comforts of our friends in Flickerville.





FRED MACE (KEYSTONE)



EDDIE DILLON (KEYSTONE)

## The Soul Master

OMEN," said Robert
Travers, harshly,
"are the reason I believe in hell."

"Women," said his friend, softly, "have taught me to believe in heaven." He gestured to the sunny

scene framed in the window square—three children in a tangled heap of joyous, fat legs, and their young mother laughing with them under her tossed, brown hair. "Bob, those there are some man's world. It makes lonely devils like us sort of hanker for what we're missing—a home, you know, to come back to, and somebody to help us off with our overcoat—"

Travers filled the room with his laugh—sneering, jangling—the laugh of a Silenus in the presence of the white-limbed goddesses of Love and Fireside.

limbed goddesses of Love and Fireside.

"That's the bluff they put up," his voice grated—"that's their bait for us, and when the trap is sprung they look about for another quarry. It's instinct. They have the soul of the huntress. They fling dust into our eyes; they blind us with kisses and smother our ears with their caresses, and all the time we think we're in heaven they're fixing up a nice, hot little hell for us. I tell you, Brandt,

I know what I'm talking about. My own mother taught me what women are!"

He poured out the story in jagged phrases, with elisions and omissions that spoke more loudly than his words-an old story of a little child whose world is overthrown by a mother's sin and a father's shame: of a clean boy-soul poisoned by the bitter draught of knowledge. No bigot is so zealous in defending his faith as an infidel in defending his lack of it, yet Brandt thought he caught, now and again, an overtone of pain which no hardened cynic possesses; this man could still be saved from the thorny path of bitterness he was treading, and, in a flash of

he saw the way.

"You had a tough experience, Bob," he said, as the story came to an end, "but for one weak woman in the world there are a hundred strong ones, and I'm going to introduce you to one of them. If God made man a little lower than the angels, He made Arline Barry on a level with 'em. Oh, you can smile, you old scoffer,

inspiration, Brandt thought

This story was written from the but you'll stay to pray—you see if you dont!"

In a week

"WOMEN ARE THE REASON

Robert Travers' world had been re-created, as woman has re-created man's world since the first woman and the first man. A slim, white-birch little creature, this Arline, with hair like bronze metal and eyes as shallow and cold and pure as a mountain stream. She was nun-like in her aloofness—she seemed mentally to flee from advances in a terror

(Forty-two)

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THERE WAS AN ABSOLUTE LACK OF PASSION IN TRAVERS' PUNISHMENT

## Pitagraph By Dorothy Donnell

Photoplay of JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

of capture that only added to the desire of her in Travers' soul. He was none of him. not an

him, his voice shook like a boy's first, stammered love-making, and his heart was cold with fear that she would have

In the two years that followed he clung to his belief in her as a child to its belief in fairies, refusing to listen to the voices of reason or the warning of memory. He saw that she was a charming hostess, a devoted mother, and a tender wife. He would not see that she craved wealth and admiration, and that she adorned her beautiful body for other eyes than those of her home.

He was like a man walking on the brink of a precipice so abysmal and frightful that he turns his eyes always away and upward at the grassy, flower-jeweled slopes, refusing to recognize that the precipice is there. And so he was happyfeverishly, restlessly happy -like a lover, if not deeply content like a husband. He was continually wooing her, trying to capture the elusive something in her nature that made her still the tantalizing fugitive in spite of the narrow gold ring on her wedding finger. And then, one apocalyptic

day, he became, what the world was to call him for all his years, the man without a soul. He came home early, arms loaded with birthday roses, and found his wife in her lover's arms. And suddenly, as he stood calmly in the curtained doorway, looking at them, he knew that he had lived that moment a hundred times before in other lives, or perhaps in anticipation in this life. He was conscious of no surprise, no grief, no rage, only a cold sort of triumph to think that he had found her out so soon, a hugging to his heart of his old bitterness as a man wakes from a drugged stupor to welcome his old, familiar pain.

He recognized the man as Cartwright, a frequent visitor at the house, a glamorous fellow, fresh from the diamond fields of Kimberley, with a scar on one cheek and a hundred on his soul, the romantic type that allures a woman's imagination—that prefers the stolen joys of other men's wives to the responsibility of supporting a wife of his own.

Arline's nun-face was lifted to his as it had been lifted to Travers' a thousand times. The husband drew a slow, difficult breath, and Cartwright turned his flushed face and saw him in the doorway. The pair sprang apart as he advanced into the room. Arline began to babble. She ran to him and laid her white hands

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ATATA TA 

"A TRIFLING BIRTHDAY OFFERING, MY DEAR ARLINE"

when he came to his great decision and asked her to marry

especially good man-the doctrine of cynicism gives its devotees license to get pleasure where pleasure is to be found, since everything is a mockery and self is the only God. But he loved Arline Barry as cleanly, spiritually, humbly as Abelard, the monk,

first adored his Héloise. And

1 BELIEVE IN HELL"

on him; the scent of her rose to his nostrils. "Bob! Bob! Listen! You dont understand!" she whimpered weakly. "Dont look so-dont-dont-I didn't do anything! What are you going to do?"

She drew back before her husband's smile. He thrust the roses into her arms with a how

"A trifling birthday offering, my dear Arline," he said blithely, "and, if you care to watch, I will soon show you what

I am going to do."

He went directly to Cartwright—he might have been going to shake hands with him by his urbane manner and suave smile. And, still smiling, he struck him full in the face and felled him to the ground with the force of the blow. His father's wrong spoke in that blow—the next one would have finished Cartwright if Arline had not caught up a heavy candlestick from the table and brought it down on her husband's head as he stooped over the fallen man. She acted on the instinct of the female animal, who joins with her protector against a common enemy. She was afraid of her husband—terribly afraid. A moment later she and Cartwright stood looking down on the still face of the man they had wronged. A slow trickle of blood oozed from beneath his dark hair. Arline shuddered away, with little, shrill cries.

'Stop that!" Cartwright ordered her roughly. "Go get your hat and we'll get out of this. There's no time to waste. What are you waiting for?"

Again instinct prompted her.
"The—the baby——" she stammered. "I—cant leave—her—
"Get her, then,"

DOUDUAD said the man, grimly; "there's a boat MAELSTROA TO A LONG I

INTO THE MAELSTROM TRAVERS STOOD LOOKING DOWN

South America in half an hour and we've got to be on board her when she sails!"



human griefs or joys—a man with terrible potentialities, because he was an exile from God. The years went by with all their

changes, but Robert Travers did not change. Materially he was prosperous. The great de-partment store, of which he had been only a stockholder, came into his hands, and a steady stream of profit finally added his name to the list of the great city's millionaires. Society listened to the pleasant tinkle of his shekels, instead of the whispering of gossip, and welcomed him to its bediamonded bosom; but Travers seldom took advantage of its welcome. Unfriended, unloved, he went his solitary way. That lower, secret world that lies on the suburbs of respecta-

bility knew him, but even

here he was feared and shunned. And on one

morning, as he sat in his sumptuous office, he recognized a familiar date on the desk calendar, and suddenly discovered that many years had ticked into eternity since that same day when he had bought roses to carry home.

aloud; "I have lived in hell for twenty years!"

He touched his hair, and, thru the finger-tips, felt the spatter of gray, and for an instant a shudder shook him, a dread of the immensity of eternity and the fear of dissolution. So the old min-ister found him when he came to plead

the cause of his poor.

"Mr. Travers," the minister said, quite simply, "what do you pay the girls who work in your store?"

"I pay them all they earn," said Travers, harshly, "I am a business man, not a philanthropist. The most of them get five dollars a week, I believe.'

"Five dollars!" said the minister, sorrowfully. "Mr. Travers, a thousand girls work in this store. In a way, you are responsible for them. I want you to come with me and look-and think-

Travers sneered openly, as he followed

(Forty-four)



the old man out onto the balcony and gazed at the panorama spread below.

"Let them work elsewhere if they are not satisfied," he said coolly. "What have I to do with them? I buy eight hours of their days; they can do what they like with the rest of them."

"They must live, and they cannot live on what you give them," the minister said. "Mr. Travers, you are responsible to God for such souls as are lost here!"

When the old man had gone, quivering and indignant, Travers stood still by the rail, looking down into the maelstrom of the store. Directly below him, at the ribbon counter, a girl, glancing up, caught his eyes and held them. She was a pretty, pale creature with silver-blonde curls massed at the nape of a slender, Beside the flamboyant white neck. good-looks of her fellow clerks she was as colorless as a washed-out dimity beside gorgeous cretonne, but something about her fascinated Travers. He stared until she dropped her eyes in fright, and a wave of color washed her white cheeks. He could not understand the unease that filled his heart at the sight of the girl. It went back into his office Behind the mask of his face his brain was at work with evil ways and means. There was but one interpretation he could put on this excitement that possessed him, this strange unease of spirit as he gazed on the girl before him. He had no illusions in regard to himself. Yet when, in the course of her chatter, the name "Peter" fell from her lips, he was unprepared for the storm of emotion that shook him.

"Peter? Who is Peter?" he questioned brusquely.

A shy wave of color mounted to the silvery hair. "Peter works in the store, too, sir," she said, and the words were lilting like a song. "I—he—we—

are going to be married when he gets a—raise." Travers rose heavily to his feet.

He put one hand on the bright head and tilted it up to his gaze. "You're too pretty for Peter!" he said significantly. "You ought to have your own automobile, and beautiful clothes, and jewels. Can Peter give you those?"
"No, sir," she answ

she answered, wonderingly.
"I can," he said, and then,

and not until then, did she guess his meaning and shrink away in horror of his touch. "I will. You shall have everything in the world-

"Oh!" she cried out piteously. "Oh! You think because I am poor I must be bad? How sorry I am for you!" "Sorry for me?" he repeated curiously. "Why are you sorry for me?"

"Because a man that could think such things must be terribly unhappy," answered slowly. "He must be the unhappiest man in the whole world!"

Travers uttered an exclamation and took a swift step

sheltering pinions of her guardian angel? She was frankly puzzled at the questions he asked her, but she met them with the open candor of a child. Yes, she got five dollars a week, and it was hard to live on it. "I couldn't do it,

I'm afraid, sir, if it weren't for Mrs. Bunty," she confessed, "but she's so good to me. She's the woman I live with, and she has a little girl, too, to take care of, but she only asks three dollars week-

Travers listened silently to the girl's simple story.



TRAVERS TOOK A SWIFT STEP TOWARD HER

something invisible seemed to rise between them. Instead of touching her, he pointed furiously to the door. The latch clicked. One instant to his staring eyes came a swift vision of a white birch swaving in the sun, then she was gone.

He sank down at his desk and fought for self-control. Something elemental had touched him, but he did not guess, then, the name of the strange force. To him woman was man's prey-nothing more, nothing less. This girl, with her white face and silver hair, should be his, also. There were ways aplenty. His face was not good to see, as he took down the receiver of his desk telephone and called

up a number.

"She was right!" he muttered, as he waited. "I am unhappy! I am the

unhappiest man in the world."

It takes but a short time to bait and set a trap. A week later Ruth said good-by to a weeping Mrs. Bunty, and set out with Peter to the address the kind lady had given her. She was garrulous with joy at her good fortune.

"Just think, Peter—ten a week just to be a companion!" she cried gleefully, as they went up the steps of the handsome, brownstone house. "Why, if I save every bit of it, we can be married ever so soon!"

"I wish we could be married now," muttered Peter, as the great door swung across Ruth's gay good-bys and he turned away. "I dont like this companion business, somehow."

But his vague forebodings did not crystallize until late that evening, when a whiff of cigar-smoke, creeping in from the street, sent him to his feet with a sudden, sharp cry.

"God!" groaned Peter. "There was cigar-smoke there, and she said she lived alone!"

In the deserted department store the moon wandered up and down the silent aisles, sending strange shadows scuttling The man, who leaned so to and fro. heavily against the door, covered his eyes at the sight of them.

"Ghosts!" he moaned—"the ghosts of lost souls!"

He staggered presently down the aisle, to the stairs and upward, with dragging feet. It was as if he were hunting for something.

"Arline—are you here——?" he called once. "Are you laughing at me? I shall see you soon, but we will never see her again-

He paused to shriek with insane mirth till the shadows seemed to shudder and flee before the horrid sound.

"So she has silver hair, and yours was bronze. How was I to know?" he raved. "Our daughter! and she keeps your picture on her bureau! Who knowsmaybe she can love you out of hell!" He tore at the dishonored white hair on his brow.

"The boy came in time-she's safe! She will not join you, lost souls!" he muttered, as he staggered on, "and she does not know I was her father. spared her that, at least-

He was in his office now. His wildly blundering fingers missed the electriclight button. He fumbled in his pocket and struck a match, holding it high.

"My soul!" he whimpered. "Where did I lose it? I must find it! must-

The horror of the night's discovery flooded his brain, and he sprawled forward over the desk, the match falling from his nerveless hand. Later-moments or hours-he opened his eyes to find the room, the world, in a swirl of red flame. Escape by the door was cut off by a wall of quivering fire; the street lav five stories below. In the face of death reason was given him for one merciful moment. He staggered to the desk and seized the telephone. eternity of pain, and then the answering voice in his ear.

"Judge Gordon—listen!" he said hurriedly. "I have only a moment. The store is on fire, and I am penned in. No! no! Dont go for help—there isn't time. Listen! I have a daughter-Ruth Caldwell, she calls herself, five hundred and sixty Summer Street. I want to leave my money-to her. But she must never—know—I was her—father! God! The fire—— No! no! Wait, Judge. Do you understand? You'll see it's done?

Good! Now call the engines. Good-by." The phone fell from his hand; he turned and faced his doom, head high. In that moment, before the red flood swept over him-who knows?-perhaps he paid the long arrears of sin and met the future out of debt and free. God is very merciful; perhaps, in His system of accounts, one moment of self-forgetfulness, of nobility and courage, balances a long lifetime of sin; perhaps, at the moment of dying, Robert Travers found his long-lost soul at last.

#### TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE SEE THE MOVIES EACH DAY

By STANLEY W. TODD

AN you imagine an audience of 12,000,000 persons? You can get a fair idea of what it means by going behind the scenes in some theater. There you can study a sea of faces—you cant count them all. That would probably represent only a few thousand people; but think of twelve millions!

Yet, it is just that number of people, so certain theatrical statisticians calculated recently, that each day attend the Moving Picture shows in the United States. Twelve million people every day of the week! That means that more than 80,000,000 people see the movies each week, or 240,000,000 every month. In a whole year, at least 2,880,000,000 persons attend film shows-more than the population of the earth!

The same experts who presented these amazing figures, a few days ago, at a meeting of a theater club in New York, made other astounding statements as to the proportions to which the Moving Picture industry has grown within the past ten years. According to these statements, the nation, in 1915, spent enough for the

movies to build and equip a Panama Canal. At any rate, if we saved the money which will go to the Moving Pictures during the next four years, we would have enough to pay for three Panama Canals. In other words, about \$300,000,000—a gigantic sum, when you come to realize it—is paid every year by the general public for admission to various Motion Picture houses thruout the country.

Now, when the people patronize any industry to such an extent, you may take it for granted that everything connected with it is conducted on the same comprehensive scale. The producing of the films, which must entertain these 12,000,000 people each day, also presents some staggering figures. During 1915, for instance, the Moving Picture theater proprietors paid about \$35,000,000 for the rental of the reels, while their investment in their theaters represented a total of more than \$150,000,000. It is not difficult to appreciate how tremendous such sums are, unless you have become hardened to big figures by calculating the national debt, or studying the costs of the war in Europe.

While it is impossible to give exact figures, film-makers state that during 1916 as much as 50,000 miles of film were used in producing these pictures. As there are sixteen little pictures or "frames" in every foot of film, each person in the United States could have thirty of them, if they were cut apart. Further statistics show that the cost of films during 1916 amounted to \$30,000,000 for reels exhibited in Moving Picture houses during that year. In addition, just twice that sum—or \$60,000,000—was expended by film manufacturers thruout the country for feature pictures intended for release at a later date.

These figures must be of interest to every one of the twelve million daily picture "fans"—and, of course, you are one of them—because they suggest the still greater development of the film entertainment in the future. Nowadays it is a common thing for an ordinary "feature" film, which provides a full evening's program, to cost between \$15,000 and \$30,000. while in exceptional cases the costs have run up as high as \$500,000 for a single Moving Picture.

(Forty-six)



## "Daredevil? Not Me!"

So Said George Larkin, But the Interviewer Remained to See a Picture Made, and "Daredevil Larkin" He Is

By ROBERT E. WELSH



studio, on the St. John's River, towards the heart of Jacksonville. Thru Jacksonville to the opposite outskirts we sped, until we arrived before a factory building that appeared unoccupied and was set off a slight distance from its neighbors.

"Had quite a search before I found this building," said Director Ellis, as we street and around the corner we traveled. finally reaching the yard in the rear of the factory. Mr. Larkin pointed to the roof. "See those telephone-wires stretching from the roof over to that building on the next street? Well, in the story Miss Kirkby is to be trapped in a room on the top floor of this building when the fire breaks

just "some stunt" to him, but for all my searching glance I could see nothing else in his eyes—not the least touch of fear, not the slightest apparent realization of what it would mean were his hold on the wires to slip and let him fall. Or, supposing the assistant who cut the wires did not gauge the point rightly and Larkin's swing did not carry him thru the window? Or, supposing the sudden jar of the drop shook his grasp on the wires? All these thoughts ran thru my mind, but Larkin just stood there smil-

ing and bubbling over with enthusiasm, because it was "some stunt."

The voice of the director was heard approaching. "Better get up on the roof, George. The men are ready to start the fire on the fourth floor as

soon as I give the word. have two cameras on the scene, so there's no chance of a

I found Director Ellis at my side, as Larkin



TAKING AN AIRING ON A WINDOW-LEDGE

noon, isn't it?" I asked. "Oh, yes. We'll have half the Jackson-

blaze before it goes too far. Then, to-

morrow, we'll have a

good-sized fire on the

top floors, so that Ollie Kirkby can be in real danger when she slides down a rope from the roof to the ground. George Larkin will then help the fun along by jumping from the roof to a

I craned my neck up the seven stories of the building and then allowed my gaze to wander down again to the ground. It was a dizzving thought. "Altogether, it's going to be quite a pleasant after-

fire-net."

ville fire department on the job to see that the fire does not get beyond us, and you can be sure that a real fire is going to draw a record crowd of onlookers.

George Larkin appeared at that moment to capture my attention. "Come around to the rear of the building," he said, "and I'll show you the stunt we are going to put over today." Down the

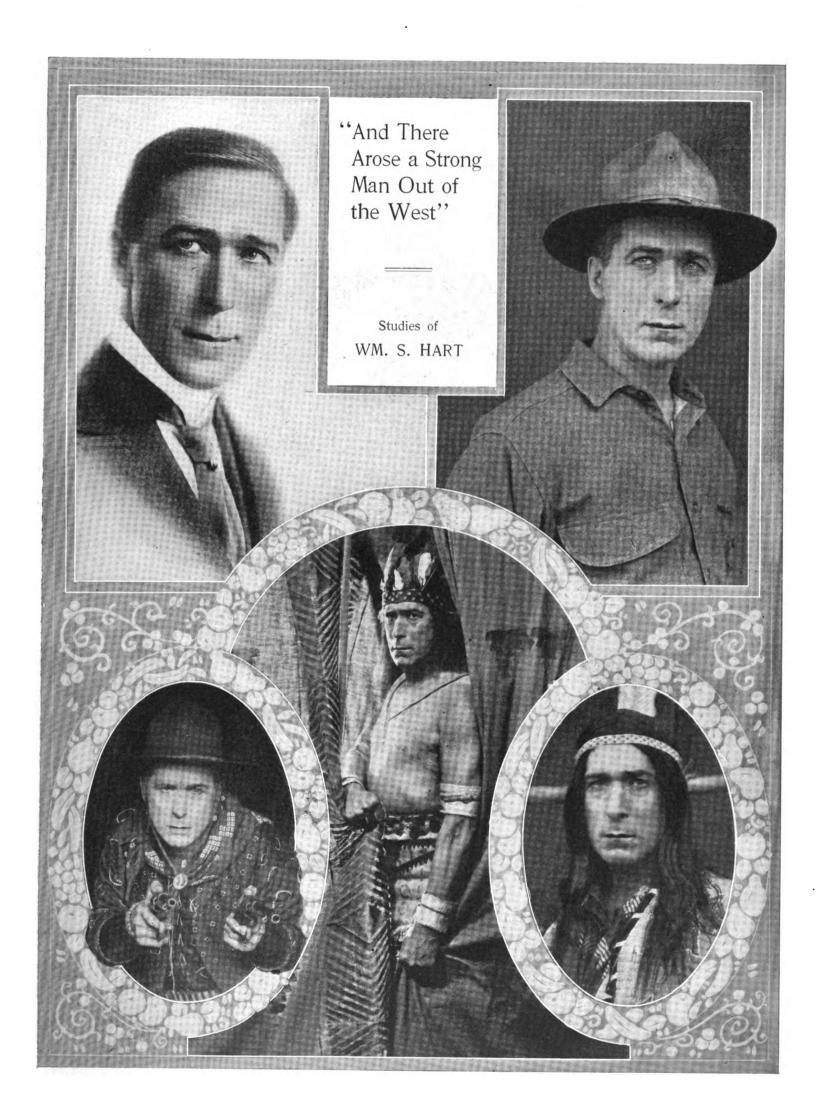
but there is only one way to get to her quickly and save her, and that is by going hand-over-hand across on those telephone-wires. I start, but when I am only half-way across the wires snap under my weight, and I am hurled down thru the air and catapulted into the blazing room. Some stunt, isn't it?"

I looked at him quizzically. It was

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT WITH LARKIN

hurried away to get into action. "It beats me," he was saying, half in soliloquy. dont think there's a thing that he is afraid of. He gets sprained ankles, bangs and bruises, day after day, and never a word of complaint. And he could be just as prominent a player without doing those stunts, too, because he is one of the best (Continued on page 66)

(Forty-eight)







is all of the glamour of the Orient—all of the pain of it—all of the lure. It is all of love—all of fulfillment—all, all of my life.

I was—perhaps I am—so typically American. I went to school; I followed athletics; I went to college. I studied law. In most all of it I took a tepid

thing that age may mar or tragedy de-

stroy. It is too precious to pass by with-

out the sealing of the written word. It

athletics; I went to college. I studied law. In most all of it I took a tepid interest. One thing I did not do, and therein I proclaimed my originality-or my "queerness," as my family and friends chose to term it. I did not fall in love. I do not disparage the American woman. Very far from it. And I have not met them all. But I never was overly thrilled. "Good scouts" they have been-pleasant, comradely, hail-fellow girls, with blooming skins, and athletic inclinations, and lures as bald, as pitiful, as transparent as the A-B-C primer; or vampirish creatures, who, having lost all semblance to human beings, cannot be said to be women, or to possess a woman's charm. I never pondered much over my apparent immunity to the amorous, but, when I did, I reflected this "woman mystery" stuff was greatly over-They could hardly have been done. called mysterious — those good girl-friends of mine; they were given to discussing the most perilous topics under the heavens with the most disarming and appalling freedom. They took their strong, young hands and ruthlessly tore down the veil that hid us, the one sex

from the other. Into the-high light of

noon dragged the nowparodied sex question," and blatantly proclaimed it. Marriage with one of them would be about as inspiring as bachelor quarters with my old room-mate, Tom Sanders. I marveled at the delirium some of the chaps worked themselves into over a sliver of a girl, with a baby-stare and a smattering of Nietzsche, and great mouthings over the "woman's vote." I put it down to a species of autointoxication.

After my senior year, the pater offered me a trip abroad. "Go to London," said the dear old man, "and look up so-and-so; the Grossgroves have opened their shooting-box in Scotland—or there is Paris—" and he finished with a knowing wink that yet was pitiful. I surprised myself by a shudder. I thought of



IN FAR-OFF ARABY

Dad looked at me oddly. He looked perplexed and worried. And that night I heard him confide to mother that "The boy is queer. I cant imagine where—" etc., etc.

Next week I sailed for Arabia. Oh, marvelous Far East—you land of pure mysticism, and glamour, and enchantment; land of veiled women and bearded sheiks, of muezzins and fakirs, of strange smells and eerie calls; land of Mohammed and Buddha, of fatalism, and barbarism, and a culture exquisite and fine. Marvelous Far East!

And, oh, my Hafsa! In your clear, olive body; your slumbering, darkling eyes; your slow, caressing smile; your subtlety—in you is all the lure of womankind, all the enchantment, all the mystery. You have made of love a thing of musk and citron, of frankincense and myrrh, of waving palms against a blood-red sky, of the calling—calling—calling of the East!

Perhaps some long-gone ancestor of mine digressed from the path of commerce—from the streets of New Amsterdam, wherein my ancestral fathers lived and loved. Perhaps he—or a wistful, wander-driven she—journeyed over the seas and loved, with the abandon the East calls forth, some native of Persia—some daring Bedouin. Perhaps that ancestor transmitted his fevered, restive blood to me; awoke in me that strange aversion to the obvious, to the palpable at hand; created in me the latent strain that needed Hafsa for fulfillment—Hafsa, daughter of a hundred sheiks,

(Fifty-one)

product of the purest East; different only in that she possessed an Occidental education and a mind that responded instantly to Occidental freedom, to the vistas it opened up—the promise

it gave.

The night that I first saw her was the close of a long and strenuous day. Riding on the desert at high noon-on my steed—I encountered a Bedouin fleeing for his life from some French soldiers. I felt sorry for him. He was hard put to it, and he had dog's eves. I never could endure that—dog's eyes in a human face. I gave him my steed and let him go. He went, calling on Allah and all the prophets to witness his undying and eternal gratitude—his kissing of my feet; his prostration at my honorable word, etc., etc. I watched him become a speck of dust on the desert, gave the lie to the Frenchies, and began the tramp back to the great oasis of Ourlana, where there was a town.

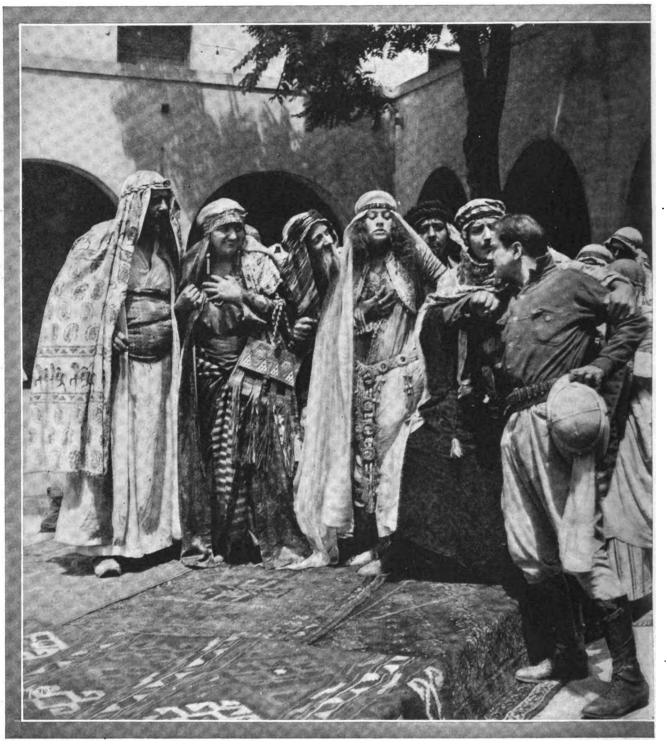
As I drew near the market-place, I saw a girl and her maid examining some trinkets from one of the hideously voluble vendors, who got their wares and their God and their obsequies curiously intermingled.

The girl had clutched impatiently at her veil, and that had attracted my attention. What had held it were the eyes above the veil—eyes like dark flowers laid against the moon; eyes that called, and caressed, and

pleaded, and rebelled; eyes the like of which I had not even dreamed before. And I had dreamed many things. Her maid was with her—she was catching desperately and nervously at the loosened veil. She was convention-hobbled, thoroly of the East.

Of a sudden the girl tore angrily at the veil, and it dropped. I stood rooted to the spot. And all at once, then and there, a fever kindled in my veins—a fever that I knew one thing only could quell: her full lips laid against mine—her young heart warm on my own.

I moved nearer them, and suddenly I saw the maid touch her mistress on the arm affrightedly, and both girls darted into the dark alleyway that ran thru



"MALIK GLARED AT ME AND STROVE TO ELBOW HIS WAY PAST-

the market-place. "It is Sidi-Malik, your father," the maid whispered hoarsely. "May Allah have mercy upon our souls if he sees us thus!"

The girl was frightened, too. Her face looked like a lotos-flower in the gathering dusk; thru the strange smells and sounds she seemed like the clear note of the cymbal—the star that had led the Wise Men over the desert. I stopped before her; she stumbled, and I caught her in my arms.

Never tell me that there is not sex magic. Never tell me that a man does not know his woman, or a woman her man. It makes no difference where or how, under what circumstances, in what far land. Skin makes no difference, nor

color, nor race. It is man and woman—sheerly. That is all.

I heard her breath come in a little gasp. I felt, thru her thin drapery, her heart flutter and pound like a maddened bird's. I pressed her closer, then released her.

Sidi-Malik and a sherif of the town were approaching. I felt her shrink, and I stepped before her, blocking, with apparent stupidity, the entire pasageway. Malik glared at me and strove to elbow his way past. I remained immovable. "Dog of an American!" I heard him bluster. Then he and the sherif walked in the other direction. The girl stepped in front of me. Her maid had drawn her veil over her lovely face, and only her eyes looked out at me. She touched my

(Fifty-two)



I REMAINED IMMOVABLE"

hand with her own, and they were gone. But I knew then all that I know now. I knew that, in our case, at least, the East and the West were one.

The day following I presented myself at the home of Sidi-Malik, disguised as a peddler. The East has a child's curiosity over the junk stuff of the peddlers and fakirs; it is why they thrive so there. They never weary of staring at the pretty things—of haggling and bargaining for them—of possessing the cheap baubles in the end. A peddler is ever welcome—a diversion eagerly received. I was at once admitted to the chambers of Hafsa.

That chamber of hers—how it haunted me, immeshed me, tantalized me! How intimately it brought her to me—Eastern born, but Western bent! It was hung in the rich silks of the East, and sleepy with incense, and extravagant with barbaric jewels. But familiar books nodded at me from modern book-shelves; a victrola stood friendly in one corner, a golfbag peered incongruously from behind a priceless rug.

I knelt before her and opened out my wares. As she bent over to examine a bracelet I handed her, my fingers came into contact with hers, and lingered there! And she knew. Her marvelous eyes above the veil kindled, then grew soft. Her breast rose fully, and I felt it beat upon my face like scattered rose-leaves. She raised one hand and commanded only Zorah, her maid and confidante and more than friend, to remain. When they had all gone, I tore off my disguise and gripped her slender, beringed hand.

"Hafsa," I said, "I had to come, and I am coming again. Do you know that I love you—that a miracle has come to me—to us?"

"Is this—love?" she asked, but there was no cheap beguilement in her voice. It was the flawless innocence of a child who asks a question, and, confidently, expects an answer. I knew that she was, inherently, of the East. I knew the dread ignorance in which the East keeps its women—only to thrust them, at last, into repulsive ownership.

"Yes, my beloved," I answered—"such a love as the poets write of; such a love as comes once only to mortal woman and mortal man; too great a love, my beloved, for us to disregard."

She bent nearer to me, and then I understood the delirium of my poor fellowmen back home.

During all this Zorah stood apart—fearful, fascinated, still. Suddenly she leaned over Hafsa. "Mistress," she breathed, "the—the gentleman tarries overlong; the walls have ears and a million eyes, and not all of them are friendly."

Hafsa pulled herself together. "You must go," she whispered fearfully. "Somehow I had forgotten—everything. If my father should find you here, he would—I dare not think what. And he would marry me to the sherif he has in mind, with all speed. You must go—with speed!"

I kist her hand again, passionately, with abandon. I gave it more than ever I could give to the lips of any woman. "I shall come again," I whispered back, "and then, my Pearl of the East, I am going to ask your father for you in true American fashion. It is the man's way—and surely he is a man!"

She smiled, with the fatalistic sadness of Eastern women, with the deeper sadness of the Eastern woman who has sipped the widenesses of the West. "He is—an Oriental," she answered back, "and I am just a woman to him—a thing to be disposed of as he sees fit!"

I donned my disguise, and a slave showed me out. I thought he eyed me cannily. An instant later I was sure of it; then I saw reeling stars.

Four swarthy Arabs laid upon me. In the dim foreground I saw the enraged countenance of Sidi-Malik and the still more enraged countenance of the sherif destined for Hafsa. The one was a father's discipline violated—a custom disregarded; the other was a greedy thing threatened of its prey—a lust without any salve of finer love—the thing the Easterner desecrates as a marriage.

The East and the West cross swords today as they did in the more pagan yesterday; they cross prejudices and customs and beliefs that are bone of their bone. And, when the crossing comes, there is the devil to pay. Sidi-Malik had been crossed in his bitterest prejudice, his strongest custom, his most fervent belief—the Easterner's care of his women.

I put up a goodly fight—I know I did -for I was fighting for my life, and for my love, which had grown to me dearer than life. And I knew that the dark eves of the Pearl of the Desert were upon me. I wanted to show her what manner of men we Westerners were. I wanted her to realize even more fully than I knew that she did, that we gave of our sinews, our bone and brawn for our women, tho we did not smother them in attar of rose, nor crust them in barbarous gems. But the Arabs of Sidi-Malik outdid me. And, as I swooned, I heard him giving his orders. "Take him into the southern oasis with the first south-going caravan," I heard him say as from a great distance, "and there sell him into slavery. By the beard of the Prophet—on the sacred Koran I swear it—the white ass shall bray no more in El Oued!"

Afterwards my Hafsa told me of her fainting, as she saw me gagged and bound and borne away. She told me of the terrific scene she had with Malik, her father—the scene in which she brought



HAFSA RECEIVES HER FIRST LOVE-LETTER

to bear against his Eastern prejudice. "Give me the right to my own life," she had pleaded. "Is that too much? Be broad; be tolerant; be understanding; you have traveled; you have seen much. Oh, my father, you know that all women do not go as I go—veiled of face, veiled of heart, veiled of soul, where the sun of Allah can never reach, where always it is gloaming. Let me live—I pray you!"

But old Malik turned on her. "You are a woman," he had snarled from between the avaricious tongue of the Eastern man; "you cannot have freedom, for Allah has not given into your keeping the wise use of it. So your mother pleaded with me many years ago. I listened to her—made a fool by her soft

eyes, her honeyed tongue. And what became of the kindness of my heart? Treachery! She deserted you—and betrayed me. I have never seen her since. She set me up as a mockery to my fellow-men, that I could not house my own women. Woman! Freedom! Bah!"

But love made my Love strong. That night, as the sun sank, flame-red, over the gold rim of the desert, she and Zorah, her maid, stole out of Sidi-Malik's house and crept into the streets of the town. Hafsa knew that I would have been sent with the first southgoing caravan. She had knowledge of Malik's methods before. And on the streets of the town she encountered Abdallah, the wealthy owner of the caravan with which I was to journey—a captive. He was going by way of Ourlana, and Lella Sadiya, the owner of the Al-

one of his missions had been from mees, who gleaned her living by traffic in dancing-girls. She had heard of the "Pearl of the Desert, whose fame was not so narrow as the desert itself, and she coveted her for her dancing-hall and for the price she would gain at the marriage-market or the slave-market. Abdallah, not knowing the high rank of the girl, had promised Sadiya to procure the girl and bring her to Ourlana. In El Oued he had gathered who the Pearl of the Desert was, and he feared to abduct the daughter of so influential a man as Sidi-Malik—the promised bride of the still more influential sherif. But when he saw my Hafsa in the marketplace at night-when he heard her tremulous inquiry concerning a caravan-he took what the gods thus eagerly offered. He escorted her to the caravan bound for Ourlana.

And thus we made our pilgrimage across the burning sands—the hoarse cries of the camels punctuating the stillness; the voluble excitement of the Arabs; the shrill calls on Allah, making of it all a dream that pierced my dulled, drugged brain with half-painful inter-

vals. And in the intervals I dreamed, or thought I dreamed, the dark eyes of my Hafsa gazing down on me, half in perplexity, half in yearning tenderness. It was like the pilgrimage of a dream in truth—a thing spun in the brain of grotesque unrealities.

My first conscious moment came when I was awakened by a familiar voice hissing sternly into my ear. It was night, and I came to with an effort, eyes full on the paling purple of the heaven, studded with stars that burned like angry gold. The voice was Karan's—the Bedouin I had rescued from the Frenchmen in the desert.

"I am paying my debt, sahib," he said, with the extravagant humility of his kind; "always I am your slave—your



SWAYING HER LOVELY BODY FOR ALL MEN'S EYES

dog—to do with as you will. When I got wind in El Oued of Sidi-Malik's revenge, I knew that the time had come for me to repay my debt. There must be no debts to cancel in Paradise. Sahib, tonight we must escape. I have stolen the stuff with which they were drugging you from the Arab dog's saddle-bag. I have given it to the Arab dogs themselves. The rest we can overpower; and for the others, they are but women—the dancer, whose fame outdoes the beauty of the heavens, and her slave."

I sat erect. "The dancing-girl," I asked, and my eyes must have burned with a kindling fire—"is she called the—Pearl of the Desert?"

"I have heard her called so," the Bedouin answered, a trifle impatiently; "but come, sahib, while the night is upon us. Do not risk your life in queries about a woman. There are many of them—and there is but your one life. It is too precious."

"But, Karan," I persisted, "this girl—this girl is—"

The Bedouin smiled, still imperviously. "You love the woman," he explained, as tho my brain were still befogged, "and she is very beautiful; but there are many, master—many beautiful women to be bought for a song. Let us not waste our time. Ah! she comes this way!"

I struggled to my knees, and Hafsa was beside me, her voice crooning little, inarticulate things, her arms enwrapping me, enfolding me, her heart throbbing against mine. After ll, love is not of time or place.

"I have heard," she was telling me, "and you must go—you must. Where they take me I may escape, and my father will come to find me. Where they take

you—oh, Sun of my Heaven!—there will be no escape, and no one to seek you out. For my sake, my beloved, my king—for my sake—"

I went—partly, I think, from the drug; partly because I knew Abdallah would dare let no wrong come to the daughter of Sidi-Malik, and partly because I could serve my beautiful one better free than I could a bound captive in the caravan.

The next time I saw her—Sometimes now I wake at night and call her name, wildly, despairingly, a poignant fear thrilling my every fiber; and it is only with her arms about me, her voice soothing me, stilling me, the comforting shriek of the boats on the good old Hudson booming in my ear—only these things take away the horror, the red-misted torture of that night in the Ourlana dance-hall.

Abdallah had delivered my innocent dove to Lella Sadiya, and the trafficwoman had gloated and triumphed over the delectable prize that would fill her pockets with gold.

She had been kind to the girl, Hafsa told me afterwards; in her practical, cynical way she had been kind. She had given her a luxurious room and placed Zorah with her; she had humored her by letting Hafsa talk with her, and read to her notes that she prayed to send to her father. But she had, ruthlessly, dressed the girl for the dance, in veils that showed all the ravishment of her body, all the grace, all the sweetness. And she had, as ruthlessly, given her wine, powerfully drugged, to stimulate her, and forced her to the dance.

I was there that night—merciful God! Her face was veiled, but I knew her. I shall never forget—the powerful perfumes of the place; the sensual abandon of the dances preceding and following her; the gloating, leering faces of the Arabs; the glitter in the eyes of the old, dissolute sheiks, and in the eyes of one sheik in particular, more dissolute, more carnivorously greedy than the rest—and

(Fifty-four)



SIDI-MALIK RESCUES HIS DAUGHTER FROM HER DEGRADING MARRIAGE

my Pearl of all the Orient swaying her lovely body there for all men's eyes.

It was Karan who restrained me when I would have gone mad with the madness of a man's fear of his woman. It was Karan who instilled the wisdom of the East into me, and saved me.

It was Karan who went with me, afterwards, to the auction-place, where the dancing-girls were sold into marriage or into slavery. Oh, the hideousness of it, the unspeakable degradation to my love and to the love we bore! I bid for her against the old sheik. Christ! how it chills me even now—against the old sheik, with the lust-greed in his eyes!

I bid every coin I had—my watch, my chain, my every possession. I would have bid in my pound of flesh, the heart out of my tortured breast, the soul out of my body. I would have bid away the lives most dear to me. I would have bid her life away, rather than know she was being pawed by the yellow talons of that unspeakable thing in his parchment flesh. Even in Lella's eyes there was regret.

But he won her. I could not vie with his prodigality. I could not pay in the coin of the East. He won her, and my brain reeled in its orbit. Karan, faithful Arab dog, saved me again.

"There is yet time," he whispered to me
—"in the name of Allah——"

After all, it was Zorah who sent us on our Road to Happiness. Her soul was so inundated with the sacrificial spirit of the East that she offered herself to her young mistress as an offering to the sheik. Lella Sadiya had given a grudging permission to Zorah to dress Hafsa for the marriage. It was a concession wrung from a heart that, flint-hard, felt now the stirring of remorse. No lovelier thing than the girl, Hafsa, had ever touched her life.

In the betrothal gifts that the old sheik sent his bride I had contrived to slip a hollow bracelet she had once given me. And she, crafty by her love, had understood. She penciled me a note, and sent Zorah to deliver it. In it she hinted at the plans, and named a rendezvous where she would meet me clad as Zorah, while Zorah went forth as a bride.

And so it happened.

Before us stretched the Road to Happiness. Karan had promised to join us down the road. Hafsa had promised Zorah that one day soon she would send for her and take her to a land where women achieved their souls. The way seemed clear, when, a veritable simoom,

Sidi-Malik and his Arabs came down the road. At the same time Lella Sadiya had discovered the ruse, and the storm gathered. It never broke. As Lella Sadiya and Sidi-Malik came together at my horse's side, there was a sudden, an instantaneous silence. Then Malik's voice, throatily, hoarsely: "Lella! Lella!" And Lella Sadiya's—poignant, anguished, full of potent yearning—"Malik—your daughter—then it is— Oh, Hafsa—my beautiful, my rosy-limbed babe! Allah! Allah! what mockery is this? What have I done—Allah! Allah!"

Malik stilled her, and she looked at me searchingly. Then, on her knees, she begged her husband of the long-ago to let their daughter go forth to a Christian marriage—to a freer, surer happiness than the East could ever give. She begged him to help her deliver her from the aged sheik. She told him of how she had not run away, but been stolen. And, in the end, she won.

Old Malik bade us go—with the blessing of Allah upon us. And there, on the desert, the East bade the West farewell.

The Road to Happiness! Right royally we've traveled it—she and I. And still, radiant as burnished gold, fragrant as musk, it bears us to the journey's end.

(Fifty-five)



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

## The Photodrama

#### Department of Expert Advice, Criticism, Timely Hints, Plot Construction and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathe Freres; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

Close-Views and Inserts

What we need is Harmony!

For instance, the other day I was called upon to interview a

well-known star in the hope of furnishing a suitable vehicle for his exploitation in a measure commensurate with his

We had a heart-to-heart talk. I learnt that one of his recent productions had been written for a female lead and had been thrust on him at the last minute. Naturally, his prominence in the play was forced. He was a star straying constantly out of his orbit. He appeared at unexpected and ungratifying moments.

Discord in drama is worse than discord in music!

But what was worse still was the total lack of harmony between our står and his director. He had never quite understood why his director required suchand-such scenes of him, with the result that he went thru them externally only. The truth of the matter was that the director did not understand the actor, nor did he know either his shortcomings or his excellencies. There was a total lack of harmony.

The audience feels this intuitively, and its estimate of the play is inevitably injured.

While we are discussing discord, let us mention two more examples that harrow the soul of every author.

They tell us to write plays "for" a given star. As cues, we are told that Douglas Fairbanks is fond of "slugging," Viola Dana is very good at fancy dancing, Carlyle Blackwell can drive a tandem, and Annette Kellermann can remain under water for three minutes.

But dont be misled by this tailormade drama. Forget the hand-made furbelows until after you have built a play that fits the hearts of your audience, that is cut after the pattern of Dame Reason, and that takes its colors from Nature and chooses its fabrics from Life.

Consider the stars, yes; but keep your feet firmly fixed on Life.

Some studios call him the "rewrite"

Alas! how true! how apt! He takes the play you sell to the producer and rewrites it. He rewrites every thought and idea you had dreamed and written in it.

He earns his salary. To prove this, we may say that you will recognize but a bleeding fragment here and there strewn over the screen. And his name will appear on the screen probably before yours,

as the author "from the story by \_\_\_."

I have had this happen several times. I contend that all of these discords can be remedied, and from time to time will submit the facts to your judgment-and action.

Therein lies some of the reasons why people say the photodrama is not improving. Not so. Those are only a few of the specks that strew the way of all great movements. Soon Art will come sweeping along and leave perfection in its

Plotting the Photoplay

Plot Material may consist of any item that suggests an emotional equation to the plotter, or that may

fruitfully expand some theme or plot already in his mind, or in hand.

Thus Plot Material hangs upon a multitude of relationships that are as broad as the universe, as high as the heavens, and as deep as the human soul.

It may consist of Dramatic Fragments, Extraordinary Excerpts, Sublime Moments, Pathetic Flashes, Ejaculatory Situations, Gripping Climaxes, or a thousand other vicissitudes.

Too, it may be a Complete Plot, inspired simultaneously from beginning to

In discussing particles of plot material, however, we are not always to think of them as mighty conflagrations, but as sparks capable of igniting greater fires of human emotion. Perhaps a better term for this material might be kindling, all ready for the match of inspiration.

Discriminating between the ordinary and the extraordinary in the selection of plot material is a fine art that has much to do with the plotter's success in acquiring valuable data. For all plot material must have its emotional core and dramatic essence. It must be fire itself and strike fire in the imagination instantly.

Such particles need have only a personal value to the particular plotter, suggesting to him a complete cycle of activity that another might not dream of.

EXAMPLE: A faded flower; a leaf from a child's primer; a sentimental "motto," browned with years; a canceled check; a clipping from some local paper; a marriage announcement-might appear commonplace to all but the plotter himself, for whom they might be the golden keys to some of life's richest treasures.

Screenings from Current Plays

Speaking of William Fox, as we did in our previous instalment. there is much to be said about "Love and

Hate," into which Bertha Kalich has been dragged literally by the hair of her head. For it was only when Miss Kalich let down her raven hair that she became truly dramatic.

Candidly, there is little commendatory we can say about "Love and Hate."

Before we go on, let us make our object clear.

First, whatever play or company we mention is a matter of chance, not choice. Second, we would rather boost a play than knock it. Third, we base all criticism on general standards, not particular

If we were to advise you to see "Love and Hate," we should add, "in order that you may see what to avoid.'

Here we find a two-reel subject padded to the point of suffocation.

We have a happy family suddenly preyed upon by a pair of "ten-twenty-thirty" villains, for personal reasons of

the author that never become convincing to the audience. No horror is neglected. The hero is ruined; the heroine (Kalich) is made to appear untrue to him. The hero trusts everybody but his wife; the heroine convinces everybody but her husband. The hero leaves his wife and children-a perfect cad in the audience's opinion. One of the children dies in a manner that no mother will ever forget. Divorce proceedings usher in an entirely new story, and Mr. Fox further digresses by pointing out the evils of divorce in lengthy captions and after the manner of the solemnest Hearst editorials. But the harrowing end is not yet. The villains get the living child that has been awarded to the husband-hero, tho the wife has been as true as G. W., as any person in the audience would gladly have testified in order to end the play. The mother is lured to the villain's lair, where he ogles the audience to the extent of a hundred or so feet of film, with a fascinatingly ghastly eye that has been blinded by the hero. Here, amidst villainous-looking

(Fifty-six)



Chinese furniture, the villain prepares to consummate his infamy. There is a struggle for the possession of a revolver, left conveniently on the floor by the wicked author, and then we see as nice a shooting as the Board of Censors ever left out of a picture, and Miss Kalich returns to her home, and is received in the arms of her husband, who has until this moment refused to receive her. He is pleased, for the first time in the course of the play, over the delightful information that she has smeared away the barrier in blood!

We are almost thru. Part of the padding of "Love and Hate" was pathetic comedy. The cook-parlor-maid-laundress-nurse (she was all these, despite the quantities of large-denominationed stage-money our hero possessed and carelessly put into the hands of the villain) was a perfect whale at being funny. Every one but the audience laughed their heads off at her. Altogether, it was very sad.

Then the villain did some sleight-ofhand, in that he was seen to be smoking a cigaret in a scene; a caption would be flashed, and lo! he would be smoking a cigar when we again saw him on the screen, altho there was no lapse of time. We strongly suspect the director of this legerdemain.

When will the same care as to details be observed in drama on the screen as we find it on the stage? The gallery would howl down inaccuracies on the stage. Let us protest against them on the screen!

Lessonettes

All knowledge is acquired thru the same channels: Study, Analysis, Synthesis,

and Practice. The photoplay student must study the technique, analyze the screened plays, synthetically plot new ideas, and then practice the art of effective and profitable photoplay writing.

It is not merely necessary to gather ideas capable of dramatic exposition, but one should acquire the requisite technical facility for properly giving them expression.

To come down to the unfortunate truth of the matter, the offices of the film manufacturers are being deluged with third-rate matter that aspirants are pleased to call photoplays. No consideration is given to the editor; even scraps of soiled paper are used; they are written in illegible handwriting; the spelling is poor, the grammar poorer. What can it matter about the play itself, after these glaring defects?

Third-rate work will be rewarded in a third-rate manner, which means that it will not be rewarded at all. If a thing is worth while doing at all, it is worth doing well

The photoplaywright must first learn what he is about, and then set about doing his task in the best way he knows how.

(Fifty-seven)



These two men, like thousands of others, started side by side at desks in a row—equal.

One stood still. Today he's just a little older, just a little more discouraged—but right where he started.

The other has grown to a position of responsibility and command with all its accompanying advantages and comforts. The big difference in these men's lives is *Training*.

The failure had the same opportunities, as much spare time, as much natural ability as the man who won. They started equal.

But the successful man looked ahead; he saw that the man who climbs to a high position is the man who trains himself for bigger work. And he had the pluck, the determination to get that training in spare time while others idled. He won.

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

## Why Are Girls Screen-Struck?

### The Edison Players Hold a Family "Quarrel" Over the Problem

By ASHLEY T. LOCKE

T was the booming of a basso-profundo voice, that penetrated from the outer office of the Edison studios in Bedford Park, N. Y., to the very depths of the stages, that first caused a question to shape itself in my mind.

"Orders is orders, I tell you, miss," it said. "You cant see the casting director without sending in your name and waiting for your turn. Them's orders, and orders is orders!"

There was a pause, during which the girl evidently made some further pleas.

"I tell you, now, there aint no use," came the gruff voice again. "Orders is orders—that's all! You'll have to wait and go in reg'lar, like the rest of 'um. Orders is orders, and I cant do nothin' for you!"

I had noticed, when I came in, that the gathering in the anteroom was large and representative. Girls, most of them



MABEL TRUNNELLE

young and attractive, were occupying most of the available space in the room.

The gruff voice came booming in to the

"Hey!" it said. "What d'yuh think this is—the entrance to the subway? You cant go in there just like it was your own furnished flat!

Everybody on the stage had to smile, and all seemed to look the question: Why is it?

Conway Tearle threw up his hands

with a gesture of despair.
"It's vanity—that's all," he said, without a trace of prejudice or animus in his voice. "The great majority of women are disposed to display their charms-or their lack of charms—on every possible



SHIRLEY MASON

occasion, and the greater the audiences they can do this before the more alluring the prospect appears. Motion Picture audiences are somewhat in size. Therefore, the woman, plus the opportunity for displaying herself before a few million people, equals the feminine flurry to get into the 'movies.' The flattery that is accorded picture-stars today also appeals to the vanity of women, because their chief delight lies in being flattered. Vanity and the desire for admiration are the motives that make girls persist in attempting to get on the screen. It's feminine nature and you cannot change

"Well! I like that!" said Mabel



JESSIE STEVENS

Trunnelle, with a disdainful glance in the direction of Mr. Tearle. (Before proceeding, let it be understood that Miss Trunnelle is not a champion of woman's rights, and that she is young and beautiful and very alluring. She just couldn't help upholding her sex in the argument that started, however.) "Women are not a bit more vain than men," she said, "but generally they are more enterprising and ambitious. And they certainly are more tenacious. When a woman has the desire to succeed along a certain line, she does not, as a rule, hesitate and temporize. She goes out resolved to achieve the task before her. It is ambition to get out of the rut of the commonplace that brings scores of girls to studios where only one man comes. Women have a stronger craving for the beautiful things of life than men do, and they are willing to struggle harder to attain that



CONWAY TEARLE

which they desire. What some (scornful tone) call vanity is noble and womanly

"Everybody's wrong but me, as usual," cheerfully remarked Alan Crosland, Edison casting director, who had heard the clamor of battle and had come up to see what it all was about. "I've talked with just about one million stage-struck girls in the past week, and I know that their chief desire to get into the 'movies' is based on the fact that they want to become acquainted with some of our noble and handsome actors. The first question that most of them ask relates to the personnel of the company. If they find out that some particular actor has left

(Fifty-eight)

the studios, they want to know where he is located. When they find out, they decide immediately that they dont care to work for Edison. They want to go to Flim Flam Films, Inc., or whatever other concern the idol of their dreams may happen to be with. They follow the light of the stars—that's all. That's what keeps the anteroom out there so full of dainty and alluring but impressionistic and light-minded girls, who all have the physical qualifications that would make them Motion Picture stars, but who haven't got enough intelligence to pose for a tintype."

Perhaps motherly Jessie Stevens, who radiates sympathy and good cheer, came as near a true solution as any one.

"It's this way, I believe," she ventured. "Girls have none of the resources of men, and, in most lines of work, are unable to get more than a mere pittance for their They are forced to sell their services. lives, and all the possibilities that every life contains, for little or nothing. Most of the lucrative fields of employment are closed to them-they do not have any of the opportunities to achieve fame and fortune that men do. While there are hundreds of occupations and professions in which men can win renown and make themselves independent, women have only a few, and today the greatest of these is the stage. It is because of this condition that the studios are besieged by girls who seek the opportunity to get into the pictures, believing that they are qualified to duplicate the successes that have been achieved in the same field by other women.

"I am not certain that women are not a little more vain than men and a little more fond of being admired," concluded Mrs. Stevens. "But this is their nature, and, even if it could be changed, who is there that would want it changed? And these qualities are not the prime motives for the condition that we are discussing. Economic necessity and ambition largely are responsible for the many applications from girls for positions with Motion Picture companies."

Shirley Mason, the youngest of the Edison stars, was appealed to for her opinion.

"Why do you like Motion Picture acting as a profession?" she was asked.

"Oh, it's nice to think that you are known all over the country and that you really amount to something," she replied. "And the money comes in handy when you want to take a vacation or when you puncture a nice new tire."

"Vanity!" said Mr. Tearle.

"Ambition!" insisted Miss Trunnelle. "Economic necessity!" said Mrs. Stevens.

"Orders is orders!" came an invisible but stentorian voice.

Men are in Motion Pictures to make a living, and girls seek the screen for many reasons that are difficult to corner and brand.

Who's guessing right? Can you tell? (Fifty-nine)

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## The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

THE POST NOT THE

By ARTHUR TRUE BUSWELL, M.D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is directly traceable to the digestive tract.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain

gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach."
And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't-sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a

store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 721, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

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FRED J. L.-Vera Mersereau is not playing in pictures now. I dont agree with you when you say that there should be no dramas and that everything should be comedy. While each care drives a nail in our coffin, no doubt, each merry laugh again drives it out; nevertheless, we have got to have the cloudy day in order to appreciate the sunshine. The difficulty lies in working up a laugh over most of our comedies. No wonder that good most of our comedies. No wonder that good comedians bring high prices. If laughter were sold at a drug-store at \$5.00 a bottle, the man who owned the patent would soon make more money than Chaplin is making. Ruth Roland is playing in "A Matrimonial Martyr" (Pathécolored).

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—So you want a picture of her on the cover. She will play in the new serial "Pearl of the Army." Write to Creighton Hale, care of Powell Co., Times Building, New York. Yes, thanks. Quite satisfactory. Let me hear from you again.

Building, New York. Yes, thanks. Quite satisfactory. Let me hear from you again.

KITTY PURR.—The only name I know that he has is Francis Ford. Yes, I remember him in the old Méliès days with Edith Storey and William Clifford.

KATHLEEN H. W., NEW YORK.—We have no record of Joseph or Peter Collins in pictures. Perhaps some of my readers can help me

help me.

BRUNETTA, 17.—See Motion Picture Magazine. Jack Dean was Jim Webster in "For the Defense." You refer to Eugene O'Brien in "Poor Little Peppina." Lasky, Morosco, Famous Players are under the Paramount brand. You are waiting to see Norma Talmadge in "Panthea"?

G. U. STIFF.—You have the wrong name for that cast. Sorry. So you want more child players in the Classic. I understand they were going to call Billie Burke's Baby "Gloria." Heap much thanks for assurance.

somewhat, but I recall that Bunny gained in popularity year after year until his death. John Lorenz and Elizabeth Tinder in "The River of Romance."

MARGREL A.—Gerald Gordon was the lead in "Betty, the Boy and the Bird." Yes; Mr. Fairbanks has proven a valuable acquisition to the Motion Picture world. He is just as hearty and happy outside of pictures as he is in them. His principal characteristics are his cheerful disposition and his ability to make the best of things at all times, while

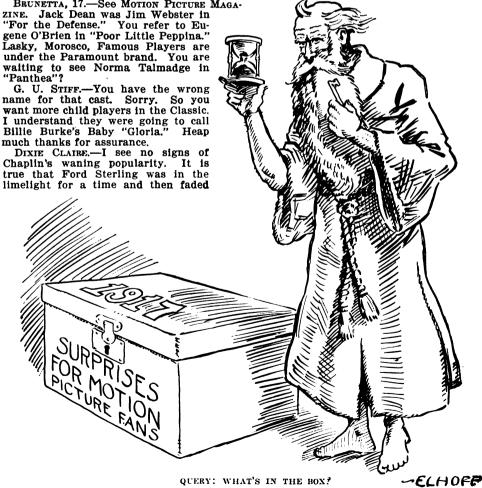
to make the best of things at all times, while his talent combined with his contagious smile help to make him the favorite he is.

Rosalle, 19.—Francis Bushman and Ruth Stonehouse in "Mongrel and Master." Richard Travers and Gerda Holmes in "The Seventh Prelude." Dwight Mead and Beverly Bayne in "The Loan Shark." Richard Travers and Ruth Stonehouse in "A Daring Young Person." Liliuokalani was the Queen of Hawaii up to 1893.

MATHUDA T. BROCKPORT.—Patience ceases

MATHILDA T., BROCKPORT.—Patience ceases to become a virtue when I get such lengthy letters as yours. Brevity is the soul of wit and also of modern skirts. Honest-

I better not say it. Geo. C. D.—George Ovey has been playing for the last year in pictures. Thank you.



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J. E. J.-Jean Darnell has not been playing for some time. She was in New York recently, but I believe she is now out West. recently, but I believe she is now out West.
No, toe-dancers do not usually have stiffening in their slippers. They wear soft, flexible soles with cotton stuffed in the toes.
Yes, when a man is honest "because it pays," he'd be a thief for the same reason.
JOHN S., WINNIPEG.—Come, now; you can certainly hand out compliments. Thanks.
No; Warren Kerrigan has never been in youdeville. One of the principal causes of

the high cost of living in America is the high cost of living in America is the high cost of killing in Europe.

ALICE K. O.—I cant tell you all about Douglas Fairbanks here, but if you will look up December 1916 Magazine you will see a

lot about him.

C. F., Del Rio.—Yes, every man ought to marry a woman who is a good manager, because only a few men are worth a cuss unless they are properly managed. Dont you know a woman can make a man? I

you know a woman can make a man? I think that you will see Geraldine Farrar in pictures after "Joan of Arc." Alice Joyce is picture-playing in "Within the Law."

GRACE B.—Yes indeed, night falls and never breaks, but day breaks but never falls. I dont think we have ever published a picture of Winifred Kingston, but her turn

tont think we have ever published a picture of Winifred Kingston, but her turn will doubtless come around soon.

MURIEL T., BROOKLYN.—Ha-ha, he-he, and likewise ho-ho! So you heard that about Earle Williams? Not so, not so. I will stake my life on it. Earle is a gentleman from the sole of his head to the crown of his feet and I am one of his boosters.

ARTHUR T., UTICA.—An Eagle friend of mine says: "Mary Pickford picked a peck of perfect pictures; a peck of perfect pictures Mary Pickford picked. If Mary Pickford picked a peck of perfect pictures, where's the peck of perfect pictures, where's the peck of perfect pictures Mary Pickford picked?" I decline to answer, because it is too obvious. Mutual are releasing Lone Star pictures.



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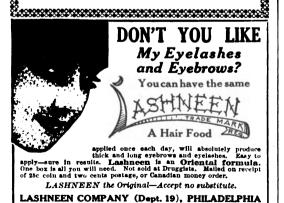
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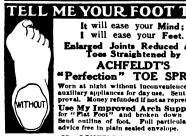
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WITH

HUGHES AND WILSON.-Roscoe Arbuckle, the Keystone star, was born in Kansas, March 4, 1887. He weighed sixteen pounds at birth, and the last time he tipped the scales they registered 295. He has had a wide stage experience in musical comedy, and is famous as a comedian both here and abroad. His nicknames are "The Human Poundhause" and "Cunid" Minte Ruman and is famous as a comedian both here and abroad. His nicknames are "The Human Roundhouse" and "Cupid." Minta Durfee, of the Keystone, is his wife. Arline Pretty did not leave Vitagraph, as stated some months ago. She is playing in a serial.

Bernice T., Oshkosh.—Gretchen Hartman and Alan Hale are with Fox. Edwin Cecil is also with them. They played in "The Love-Thief."

Love-Thief.'

OLGA, 17.—Valeska Suratt thinks that women ought to adorn themselves more with veils. I have always heard that veils are bad for the eyes, but they must be handy when one has something to conceal, and when one has something to conceal, and they probably intensify the beauty by leaving some of it to the imagination. When are you coming to see me again?

NAOMI, LITTLE NECK.—About fifty per cent. of the inhabitants of the United States are under twenty years of age. Greec Cupard

under twenty years of age. Grace Cunard was born in Paris, and came over on a steamship line. Thus she made it famous, and it promptly adopted her name. She has and it promptly adopted her name. She has been with Eddie Foy, and for the last five years in pictures, starting as an extra with Biograph, then with Lubin, Republic, Kay-Bee and then with Universal. Since then her life has been one darned serial after another, and "To be continued next week" are her favorite words

another, and "To be continued next week" are her favorite words.

HARRY VON M.—Frank Borzage and Anna Little are playing in "Immediate Lee." Mary Miles Minter will play in "The Innocence of Lizette." Florence Turner's last two are "The First Settler's Story" and "East Is East," released thru Mutual.

JUNIOR T.—A good plan to make the winter pass quickly is to sign a note for three months. It will come due before you know it, and the winter will be gone. You refer to Roberta Wilson in "The Isle of Life." IRENE H., CANTON.—L. C. Shumway and Edith Johnson in "For Love and Gold." Jennie Nelson is playing opposite Paul Pan-

Jennie Nelson is playing opposite Paul Pan-zer for Universal. So you haven't seen a Leah Baird picture since she left Vitagraph. Look for "The Eyes of Love," and you will

Socrates.—Juanita Hansen is playing for Mack Sennett in the Triangle Keystones. Yes, it was the Motion Picture Magazine that put Brooklyn on the map. We also put

the O. K. in Brooklyn.

ARLINE T.—I want to make a correction, that Ollie Kirkby did not leave Kalem, as I announced last month, but she is playing just as hard as ever for Kalem.

just as hard as ever for Kalem.

MARTIN T. D.—During the year 1912 only ninety-seven new plays were presented, of which thirty-six were musical comedies, thirty-six serious, thirteen comedies, one pantomime, two tragedies and fourteen farces. Gaumont announce, "Coming, "The Vampires'," and the fans are waiting patiently to see what kind of a vamp. the French can now turn out.

MELVA.—A Chinaman cannot become a

French can now turn out.

MELVA.—A Chinaman cannot become a citizen. No, I haven't seen Ben Turpin in "He Died and He Didn't." Mme. Petrova was born in Warsaw, capital of Russian Poland. She is thirty years old, and is one of the most gifted artists ever screened. Her red hair adds individuality to her charming personality, but it photographs black. She is five feet six inches tall.

OLGA, 17.—So you like E. K. Lincoln. Crane Wilbur hasn't been in a picture for some time. A man's stomach is supposed to be almost round, yet nothing fits in it like a

be almost round, yet nothing fits in it like a "square meal." No, I have no one to tell me I "cant go by-by's tonight."

Dolph.—The newspapers must always have something to cackle about and excite

those who are looking for eggs, and a devil or a saint answers the purpose equally well. Oh yes, Murdock MacQuarrie is still with Universal.

Mystic C.—So you would forbid all crime and tragedy on the screen, would you? Well then, you would make it impossible to well then, you would make it impossible to screen Shakespeare, the Bible and most of the classics, and you would have a sort of Sunday-school photodrama for prudes and preachers. Ben Wilson in "Society Hypocrites." You think Margarita Fischer resembles Theda Bara. I dont see it.

ANTHONY.—Of course I am waiting for you to stop in to see me.

ETHEL T.—The Sphinx is an emblem of silence and mystery. A monument near Cairo, Egypt, half woman, half lion. Dorothy Davenport was Martha in "Barriers of Society"

ESTHER, TRENTON.—So you doubt that I am a man. All right for you, Esther. I thought you had faith in me, but now, O ye of little faith, come in and see for yourself. I am opposed to undersea warfare because it is not on the level.



MOLLY MALONE, LEADING WOMAN FOR GEORGE COCHRANE'S UNIVERSAL COMPANY, MAKES FRIENDS WITH TWO LEOPARD KITTENS AND ADOPTS THEM AS PETS





Mary Pickford and her company of players came very near losing their lives in a storm off the rock-ribbed coast of Massachusetts. In the taking of her forthcoming picture, "The Pride of the Clan," the fishing schooner upon which marine scenes were being pictured foundered in the gale and several the company were washed overboard. Miss Pickford was rescued waist-high in the water as she clung to the rigging.

water as she clung to the rigging.

The report has gone forth that "The Sins Ye Do" is Frank Keenan's last production for the Ince-Triangle Company. Mr. Keenan corrects this statement by acknowledging that he has left the Triangle force, but that two forthcoming subjects of his will be two forthcoming subjects of his will be presented by them, entitled "His Slave" and

"The Crab."
Ollie Kirkby can thank daredevil George Larkin for saving her life. Recently, while they were descending a sixty-foot ladder, Miss Kirkby slipped and fell, but Mr. Larkin caught her by the waist and held her swing-chove the earth until rescued. Miss ing above the earth until rescued. Miss Kirkby is suffering from a fractured wrist, but is deeply grateful to Mr. Larkin's presence of mind and strength of arm.

Florence Turner is back in America again

after an absence of three years in England. The one-time idol of picture audiences has converted her English studio into a hospital for English soldiers and will hereafter pro-

duce in the United States. They had their big Election Day in Universal City, too, and there was also a wrangle for a recount of the votes. Herbert Rawlinson was finally returned the winner over Ben Wilson by 691 votes to 687. It is to be trusted that Ben Wilson will not delay his congratulations (with apologies to

ex-candidate Hughes).
Gail Kane, the star of many World Film pictures, is going back to the speaking stage. She is now rehearsing Laurette Taylor's latest stage-play, "The Harp of Life."

In "The Matrimaniac," Douglas Fairbanks puts all his previous records of stunts

in the shade. Just at present he is snatching a bruised and breathless vacation at the San Diego Exposition.

Between scenes Anita Stewart has undertaken a bit of charity in aid of a young first offender who was convicted of burglary and is now under sentence. Vitagraph's bighearted star is raffling, among her friends and the public, a jewel case made by the prisoner. It is an exquisite bit of mosaic lined with old-rose velvet, and the chances are only ten cents each.

Herein is perhaps the strangest and most sudden death of any that we have recorded among the players. Recently, while dancing with Ninita Garcia, George Elwell, the promising juvenile lead of the Ince-Triangle studio, dropped dead in a prize waltz contest at Ocean Park, California. Elwell had just returned from the Mayican border. just returned from the Mexican border. where he had been doing soldier duty for his

country.
For those who want to keep in touch with their Vitagraph favorites, here is a sprinkle of them, ushering in the New Year: Anita Stewart in "The Glory of Yolande"; Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in "Money Magic"; Alice Joyce, Harry Morey, and Marc MacDermott in "Whom the Gods Destroy"; Lillian Walker in "Indiscretion"; Peggy Hyland and Marc MacDermott in "The Grand Duke," and E. H. Sothern in "A Man of Mystery."
Rose Tapley, of the Vitagraph Company,

Rose Tapley, of the Vitagraph Company,

and our beloved Answer Lady, is about to take the stump. She is gifted as a speaker and will address the leading women's clubs and civic bodies thruout the country on many subjects of Motion Picture interest.

Tom Mix has been elevated to the rank of directors.

of director. At the same time he will appear in leading rôles, his latest being "Twisted Trails," tri-starring himself, Bessie Eyton and Vivian Rich.

Marie Doro set the winter social season awhirl in the Hollywood film colony with a recent entertainment to fellow players. Wallace Reid and Charlie Chaplin fancy-danced together; Douglas Fairbanks and Chaplin sang a duet, and to top the evening off (get this straight), there was an imitation by Charlie Chaplin of Charlie Chaplin imitat-ing Pavlowa imitating Charlie Chaplin.

Director George Walsh and a company of
Fox players were recently under fire by a

shot fired at them by a United States Government patrol-boat. The good ship "Fox" contained a hold full of players made up as Chinese, and the Government boat suspected that they were the real Chinks being smuggled into the country.

Metro audiences will please sit up and

take notice. Here is some advance information about their favorites: Francis Bushman tion about their favorites: Francis Bushman and Beverley Bayne will soon co-star in a romantic serial; Olga Petrova will appear in "To the Death"; Mabel Taliaferro offers "Jerry of the Emerald Isle"; Lionel Barrymore, "The End of the Tour"; Viola Dana, "Threads of Fate"; Ethel Barrymore, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," and Harold Lockwood and May Allison are about ready with "Pidgin Island."

Carlyle Blackwell is in great demand as

Carlyle Blackwell is in great demand as a dancer and cotillion leader nowadays. During the past month he "led alone" in society functions in Newark, Philadelphia, New York, and even in Brooklyn.

The statue which plays an important rôle in the Fox photoplay, "The Mischief Maker," was actually posed by the persons which it is supposed to represent. The head was made from a cast of June Caprice's head, and the body was moulded from a cast posed by Margaret Fielding.

Hist! I have you in me power! Stewart Holmes has been rendered a harmless villain. It all came about thru an election bet and now the doubled-dyed villain has paid the penalty of his wager by shaving off those devilish little mustachios.

Triangle program sleuths will be inter-

ested in the following clues of new presentations. Clara Williams will soon appear in "The Criminal"; Dorothy Gish in "Children of the Feud"; Robert Harron and Mae Marsh in "The Wharf Rat" and Bessie Love in "The Heiress of Coffee Dan's."

Just to show that he has not lost his stage cunning, Earle Metcalfe took a flier in vaudeville recently, playing in Cleveland and Detroit. Earle will soon be back in film harness, however.

Hobart Bosworth is slowly recovering from an encounter which he recently had with a vicious horse. The animal was unbroken, and, when the star approached him, attacked him viciously, striking out with all four feet. Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are hopefully awaiting the recovery of their director and adviser.

Edward Earle is making a country-wide tour of Metro theaters, not only addressing his audiences, but appearing in a povel

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Star-gazers will do well to note the appearances of favorite stars for the coming pearances of favorite stars for the coming month. Florence Reed will appear in "Lucretia Borgia"; Clara Kimball Young in "The Foolish Virgin"; Mary Miles Minter in "The Innocence of Lizette"; William Russell in "The Twinkler"; Marie Doro in "Lost and Won"; Vivian Martin in "The Right Direction," and George Beban in "His Sweetheart."

Having passed thru the "pimple and elbow" age in retirement, Yale Boss, the erstwhile noted Edison child-star, has rejoined his colors and will be featured as a football hero in "The Halfback."

Marjorie Rambeau, who is now making one of the hits of the season on Broadway in "Cheating Cheaters," will soon join the Frank Powell picture company.

Trank Powell picture company.

The following stars will twinkle in heavens new: Fay Tincher meteors from Fine Arts to Fox; Joe King, of Lasky, will soon be rediscovered in his first firmament, the stage; Vola Vale (Vola Smith) glides from the Universal to the Lasky constellation; Charlotte Walker and Holbrook Blinn will twinster with McClure and Jewel Corp.

will twin-star with McClure, and Jewel Carmen comets from Triangle to Fox.

Here are some important changes of hangars among studio high-fliers: Charlie Chaplin is looping-the-loop, and no one knows where he is going to alight—his present contract expires in January; Dolores Cassinelli is after an altitude record by starring in her own company; Frank Keenan expects to volplane to the stage from the Triangle studio; Gertrude McCoy, Jean Sothern, Jack Sherrill, and Dorothy Bernard have all alighted at the Art Drama hangar, and Hank Mann has skidded from

hangar, and Hank Mann has skidded from Keystone to Fox.

"The Truant Soul" is replete with firescenes, and Henry B. Walthall has again proved himself a life-saver. While a recent fire-scene was being taken, Patrick Calhoun, one of the cast, caught fire from the oilsoaked furniture and was rescued from a gruesome death only by Mr. Walthall's courage and presence of mind. The Essanay star dashed forward, wrapped his coat around the sufferer, and finished the life-saving job by playing a fire extinguisher saving job by playing a fire extinguisher upon him.

Nell Craig is another unfortunate election

bettor. She is not out of pocket on Hughes, but her payment consisted in playing golf thru the streets of Chicago, with a potato and a toothpick as her golfing kit.

and a toothpick as her golfing kit.

While getting local color for his rôle in "The Egg," Richard Travers entered a tough saloon. Upon inadvertently displaying a roll of bills he was set upon by a gang of the regular "bar-fleas." Travers floored the ringleader with a neat pivot blow and now the fellow is minus a tooth (pivot, perhaps).

Just a few gurgles from the Fox Chatterbox: Frank Morgan, lately of Vitagraph, has been engaged to play opposite June Caprice; Theda Bara will next present "The Vixen," "the greatest liar and the greatest love-pirate the screen has ever known"; and Art Acord and Gladys Coburn will co-star in "The Battle of Life."

"Perilous" Pearl White has at last had a Humpty-Dumpty adventure. Counting upon her ability as a bareback rider to manage

any kind of a steed, she asked the livery-man to send her a wild one for her morn-ing's exercise. Result: Pearl spilled neatly in the bridle-path.

#### OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS

Francis Bushman and Beverley Bayne honored our offices with a visit last week and made the rounds of our chain of dens—the Answer Man, Peter Wade, Editor Brewster, Edwin M. LaRoche, Dorothy Donnell, Gladys Hall, and all the others of us, were surprised and delighted in turn. The famous players looked the pleture of health famous players looked the picture of health, happiness and good looks, and Mr. Bushman was "buttonho ed" for a set of pictures of himself on pleasure bent at his country home, which we will shortly publish in an interesting article.

#### Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific By RICHARD WILLIS

Marin Sais, the Kalem leading woman, and Barney Furey fell from a horse in a scene the other day. It was part of the program. On this occasion Miss Sais escaped hurt, which is unusual; it was poor Barney who laid off for awhile with four broken ribs.

Edith Sterling, supporting Tyrone Power in "The Planter," writes from Guatemala entertainingly. She states that she cannot say exactly what she wants to as the mail is inspected. Edith had an air trip with the

government aviator.

Antonio Moreno and Edith Storey are working together at the Western Vitagraph studio. Miss Edith has a bungalow; but she does not hide the fact that she will be glad for the time to come when she can return

to "that dear New York."

Two important directorial changes have been made: Rollin S. Sturgeon, who was prominently associated with the Vitagraph, tudios, and William D. Taylor leaves the Pallas-Morosco for Fox, at the end of the present Kathlyn Williams feature.

It is an open secret that Cleo Madison will head her own company at the expiration of her Universal contract. The New Year should usher in all the important particulars. Miss Cleo has managed to make herself very popular since she started playing for the screen.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are noted for their bigness of heart. When poor Louis Jackson was killed at the Santa Monica races they assumed the expenses of the funeral, and looked after Jackson's wife and brother. Jackson drove their car for them during working hours.

William Farnum was a big loser in the late Fox fire at the Western Avenue studios. He is grieving over the loss of many treasured possessions which were burned, relics which can never be replaced; there were

three big trunk loads of them. At the same fire, Frank Lloyd's assistant tried to get into Frank's office to save some manuscripts. A fireman objected; the assistant insisted; so Mr. Fireman promptly knocked him out with one on the jaw. That punch saved the youth, for the ceiling fell

punch saved the youth, for the ceiling fell in a moment afterwards.

Bessie Barriscale is working on a new comedy-drama for Mr. Ince. She is full of work after her Eastern trip. According to her accounts of said trip, the little lady had a fine time and met about everybody. She says it is nice to be home, tho. Howard Hickman agrees with her in this sentiment.

Mary Miles Minter and her mother, Mrs. Selby, have a particularly beautiful home at

Selby, have a particularly beautiful home at Santa Barbara, and both are in love with the pretty city. They entertain quite a lot, and Director James Kirkwood and his wife, whom we all knew as Gertrude Robinson, are

constant visitors.

Charles Ray has received several letters from Englishmen thanking him for his natural impersonation in "The Honorable Algy." One man wrote: "It is so unusual to see an Englishman characterized as an ordinary human being; one is accustomed to watching an inane ass with his head bent forward and his eyes half closed."

Margarita Fischer, star of the Pollard Picture Plays Company, has the honor to possess two directors all to her own little self. Harry Pollard prepares his story while Henry Otto directs another one. Henry and Harry find this a splendid arrangement, and claim that it saves both money and time. Of course the winning Margarita has all San Diego at her

repretty feet.
Say, New York, what are you doing with some of our leading citizens? Anna Little, Alan Forrest, Webster Campbell, Corinne Griffith, Rhea Mitchell and others have left our much vaunted sunshine, and have been listening to the blandishments of Eastern greats and managers. Have a care—we may agents and managers. Have a care—we may come back at you, Father Knickerbocker!

(Sixty-four)



## A Little of Everything—and Then | Some More

An Amazing Jill-of-All-Trades Is This Month's Art-Portrait Girl

By PETER WADE

Y/но's good-looking enough and well-known enough to play the star in our new military serial?" asked the general manager.

"Who can do the thrills? It's full of them," piped up the casting director.

And who can wear a uniform and not look like a bolster or a lath?" suggested the wardrobe mistress.

"There is some heavy emotional work to carry," explained Director Jose, "and quite a bit of ingénue, with a dash of coquette and some heavy stuff; and I

guess we'll have to double on most of the thrills—they're awful!"

"You've got me," confessed the gen-eral manager, hopelessly. "Where are we going to find such a composite star?"
"A lot of the work will be new to her,"

countered Director Jose-"railroad hazards, monkeying around dangerous machinery and high explosives, mixed in with some deep-sea stuff in the icy briny. Then, too," he added, in mock despair, "she's got to play up true and big in the patriotic scenes—a modern Joan of

Arc."
"There aint no such she!" growled the

Director Jose struck an attitude. "I've already titled the script, 'Pearl of the Army,'" he cried triumphantly, "and the star is cast as Pearl Dare."

"Pearl White!" roared the G. M., in tones of relief. "Why didn't you say so in the beginning?"

And so it was settled that "Pearl of the Perils"—she of the "Exploits" and "The Iron Claw"—should be the bright, shining star of Pathé's forthcoming serial. No career in studio or stage history has been overcrowded with adventure as that of Pearl White, and the strangest part of it all is that she is just crazy about her unique calling. Perhaps being born with Titian-red hair, in a mountain log-cabin, the first-born of an Italian father and an Irish mother, has something to do with it. At any rate, Sinbad the Sailor led a hall-bedroom existence compared to Pearl White.

Her first real adventure came when she slipped down from the mountains, barefoot, and played Little-Eva-chasedby-the-bloodhounds for a wandering Unde Tom's Cabin company. In between her adventures were a few years in the crossroads school, wherein the Titian pigtail was put up into a fiery circlet around her head.

Then, one day, a cross-country circus came to the village, and Pearl slipped away in the dust of the lumbering wagons. For years she led a gypsy-life

-a bareback rider, camping in the open, and wandering from town to town. In time the stage had its lure for her, too, and her wanderings were taken up anew in, as she says, "some of the worst road-



PEARL WHITE IN "PEARL OF THE ARMY"

shows in the business." It would have taken a genius or a seer to have recognized the demure little Pathé ingénue of four years ago, who, with Quaker straight hair and downcast eyes, had put

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The third painting is perhaps the strongest of the three, and it is of a strong and handsome player,

#### H. B. WARNER

who is now playing in McClure pictures. This painting will also be reproduced by the offset process and will appear on the inside third cover of the February Motion Picture Magasine. You cant afford to miss any of these charming paintings, so it would be well to place your orders now with your newsdealer.

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her gypsy-loving circus days far behind

The birth of the "thriller" serials gave Pearl White her chance at last. Here was a dazzling, handsome girl, with a figure like Venus de Milo, and blessed with steel nerves, who could do anything the "thrillers" demanded. Her exploitsin the pictures are an open book, but it is not generally known that "Perilous" Pearl tackles all sorts of stunts outside of studio hours (heaven knows she works for eighteen hours at a stretch!) "just to keep in practice," demurely says.

One early morning, on her way in her demon car from her home in Bayside, Long Island, to the Pathé studio in Jersey City, she chanced to see some painters-little toy-men way up on a seventeenth-story scaffold-and the desire took possession of her to try her hand at sign-painting. Leaving her car at the curb, Pearl White shot aloft in the sky-scraper's elevator, and stepped out on a window-ledge above the astonished painters. Hand-over-hand she slid down the supporting ropes, and once on the slender scaffold, seizing a brush, she daubed her initials upon the sign. The painters, of course, thought she was plumb crazy, but it was only one of the exploits of Elaine, strictly on her own hook.

Days afterwards the sign-painters heard that their aerial visitor was none other than the famous Pearl White, and one morning she received a little, pink card in her mail, which read:

Member 3482, Brotherhood of Painters, Decorators, and Paper Hangers of America.

At her beautiful country-home, in Bayside, "Perilous" Pearl uses up some of her surplus energy on the golf-links, and is hail-fellow-well-met with every one, from minister to the plumber's helper. Democracy is her middle name. and in the wee sma' hours of the morning, if you chance to live in Bayside and hear a whirring, raucous noise, you can gamble that it is Pearl White taking a constitutional on her lawn with her demon lawn-mower.

#### "Kissed," Please, Not "Kist" By ROBERT J. SHORES

Whene'er I read "The hero kist," I think of what the hero mist: I fear that when her lips he sot He gave it very little thot, Nor lingered as a lover ot. What sort of lover, sir, is this, Could be so stingy with his kiss? Cut business, if you must, to "biz," Reduce Elizabeth to "Liz"; But when we reach the final act, Oh, leave the hero's kiss intact! I used to be with envy green Of actors' love-scenes on the screen; But now I much prefer my own, Where lover's kisses came full-grown. Thank God! when I set out to court, I did not cut my kisses short!

#### "Daredevil? Not Me!" (Continued from page 48)

actors I have ever seen on the screen. But he seems to just naturally take delight in the excitement and danger.'

Larkin appeared at the edge of the far roof, bellowed a lusty "All right, go ahead," and in a second Director Ellis was shouting a volley of commands. I faded into the background, for now things were happening, and I had no desire to be in the way. Puffs of smoke began pouring from the top floor of the unoccupied building. Larkin tested the strength of the wires by leaning over the cornice and resting both hands on them, then swung out in the air and began a slow progress across the thirty-foot area-way.

My heart pounded like a trip-hammer. I turned to see the camera-man grinding away in an unconcerned manner. Then he swung the camera-head a trifle, and I knew he was doing it so that the far roof would be outside the camera's range when the assistant cut the wires. I bolstered my nerves up to turn and look at the giant swing. Director Ellis bellowed a hoarse command thru the megaphone; the assistant's hand appeared over the cornice; his wire-cutter began hacking away. A waver ran thru the wires; Larkin halted his progress,

I'll have to be frank with you. I didn't see what happened then. I saw a blur, a scattered vision of cameras grinding, a cold-hearted director, flames and smoke pouring from a window, and, thru the whole kaleidoscope, a human body hurtling thru the air towards-yes, right towards that spot of blinding smoke and fire. True as an arrow, thru the window -the cameras clicked a half-minute more; I heard another command from the director—and it was over. Everybody turned to everybody else with selfcongratulatory smiles.
"But what's happened to Larkin?" I

asked some one.

"Oh, there are a dozen inside there waiting for him. They have been keeping the fire from spreading too far inside the building, and as soon as they pull Larkin out safely they will put it out altogether. Come on; let's run up and see what damage was done by the fire. You wont mind the smoke for a few minutes?"

But I was edging away, my head

shaking an emphatic negative.
"Let George do it," I said, "and tell him for me that whether he likes it or not he's going to be a 'daredevil'!"

#### A Fair Question

By K. A. BISBEE

Mrs. Brown and little Ruth were waiting on their corner for a car. Ruth, turning to her mother, said: "Mamma, if I promise to be young enough to ride on half-fare this morning, can I be old enough to go to the movies tomorrow?"



#### Overheard in the Studio

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

THE best way would be to carry her to the deserted house and there force her to sign the agreement." "No; I advisé kidnapping her and keeping her prisoner on board the ves-sel."

Not a desperate conspiracy, gentle readers; just an everyday conversation between a scenario writer and a director arguing over a story.

Lights, lights! Over here in this dungeon set. Lights!"

"Lord! but it's hot under these lights, Lillian!"

'It certainly is. Temperature, ninetytwo in the shade; the sun beating thru a glass roof; electric arc-lights of seventy-'leven power overhead in addition—it's a wonder we dont melt. And the people think that movie actors and actresses have a soft snap, when they sit in a cool, wellventilated theater and see these scenes run off!"

"Now, people, we'll have to meet early tomorrow morning to get some special scenes. Be at the Weehawken ferry at seven thirty A.M. Oh, quit groaning! You can have a two days' rest when this picture is done."

"Hello; what are you cast for today, girls?"

"Oh, I'm cast for a French maid; Molly's cast for a restaurant cashier, and Peggy's downcast because she isn't cast for anything yet!"

'What's holding up this scene?"

"Edith has lost that precious poodle of hers, and her temperament wont allow her to start work until the dog is found. For heaven's sake, look for it, everybody!"

One of the publicity men trying to interview the stars:

'What's your favorite flower, Earl?"

"Oh, the Moving Picture plant."
"Oh, go away! What is your favorite flower, Marc?"
"Pillsbury's best, son."

"How goes your production, Tommy?" "Bad, old top, pretty bad; I have to retake a lot of stuff. My leading lady fell off the cliff in the big scene just as gently as tho she were rolling off for exercise. 'This is no weight-reducing stunt,' says I; 'you're supposed to be hurled from the cliff.' I even fell off the blooming cliff myself, to show her how. I ask you, could I do more?"

Why technical directors leave home:

"Jack, for this script I'll need a very old edition of the Bible, some candlesticks and furniture of the Louis Quinze period, a mediæval French dungeon, and a-erer-post-chaise of the same period. And oh! two little chickens in one scene, where the peasant child plays with them. Tell me, did the chickens look the same as now, six or seven centuries ago?

(Sixty-seven)

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Some time ago we asked a selected number of popular players to be kind enough to supply us with some true stories of themselves—events and episodes that happened in their own lives. They very kindly responded and now our readers are to be treated with the result. Some of these stories are very fine, and all are good and worthy a place in any story book. Perhaps our readers should be let in on a little secret—we promised the writer of the best story a cover painting! Perhaps that accounts for the excellence of the stories. Anyway, you are to judge for yourselves if they all are not entitled to covers! The first of the series are by these popular players:

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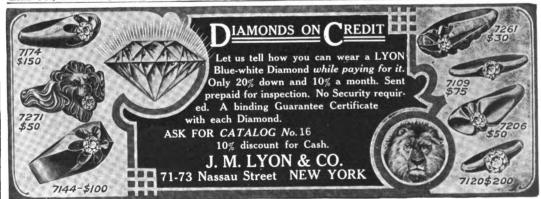
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GORDON GRAY (VITAGRAPH)

### His Surrender

The Youth Who Ran Away to Dance Back

HEN young Gordon Gray confessed to his father, Carleton Wiggins, that he wanted to follow in his footsteps and be an artist, the distinguished animal painter leveled his mahlstick at his son's breast and offered to shoot him in his tracks.

That meant little to Gordon in one way, and a lot in another. At the time he happened to be a famous runner, a "track man" in the Boys' High School of Brooklyn, and he had shown his heels to the best half-milers in the East. But it meant an awful lot in shaping his career.

Of course, with hope wanting, young Gordon ran away, and the "foot-work of his retreat was so agile that he decided to become a dancer. But modern dancing had not quite come into its own in those benighted days, and Gordon did the next best thing and became an actor. His success was rapid and deservedly so. After a gruelling two years in stock, Broadway "discovered" him, and soon he was playing "fat" parts in "The Old Homestead," "Peter Pan," and "The Tyranny of Tears." But his first love, Silver Heels, the goddess of the cinder path and the dance, kept calling to him, and he left the stage to take up the new-found profession of society dancer. And, in time, he danced his way all along the coast from Bar Harbor to Palm Beach and back again to the Waldorf-Astoria. As an exponent of the light fantastic, voung Gordon Grav was a serious rival to the kingdom of Vernon Castle; and when that artist abdicated for a trip to Europe, Gordon filled an engagement at Castle Summer House.

One day Gordon Gray danced into a Moving Picture—and could not dance out again. It captivated him, and he surrendered to the art of silent pose. He is a Vitagraph player now, and the irony



of fate cast him as a starveling artist in his first production.

Gordon Gray yearns for "the differ-' and in "Nature Classics," a series of ten unusually artistic pictures, he is now playing in support of Paula Blackton.

Nothing is too strenuous or too tiring for our friend of the lithe limbs and motor-lungs. Outside of studio-hours he keeps his hands and feet in training by frisks on the bridal-path astride his broncho, "Baldy," and with a few rounds of "gentle" boxing when he can find a husky sparring-partner.





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We Demand Only One Condition:

We Demand Only One Condition:

#### Limit Your Story to Five Hundred Words

Millions attend the Motion Picture theaters nightly. To satisfy the ever-increasing demands of these millions of movie fans, the great producing companies must have stories. Several of these film corporations, who are exceedingly anxious to please the movie patrons, have acknowledged to us that they need stronger plots. We want to encourage the art of plot writing.

#### Absolutely No Technical Skill Needed

All the big studios now employ writers who work out the stories into scenes, and put them in proper shape for the screen. But there is a great dearth of stories. The companies must have new plots, new ideas, new incidents, and they are obliged to depend in a great measure upon the public. Moreover, the studios are now willing to pay big prices for plots alone. The price is constantly rising, and, at the present time,

#### From \$50 to \$1,000 Is Being Paid For Plots Alone

Your story may be incomplete—lack dramatic interest, suspense, climax, surprise, novelty, characterization or any of the other elements that go to make up a salable dramatic story. If you think so you may submit it to us for criticism. For a fee of \$1.00 we shall be happy to point out to you the defects in your work, indicating why certain things should not be done, and suggesting others that will materially improve your script. In other words, we shall be glad to collaborate with you in turning out a strong and appealing tale. This work will be done only by well-known scenario writers, who have had studio experience, including the editors of the Motion Picture Macazine and Classic.

In addition to an honest, upbuilding criticism, we will mail you a list of producing companies, to whom you can submit your story in case you do not wish to enter it in this contest. You may enter your story whether or not it has been criticized, but under no conditions will we answer questions regarding the merits of stories. Thus we shall be treating all writers alike. CRITICISM OF YOUR STORY IS ENTIRELY OPTIONAL WITH YOURSELF.

THE CONTEST CLOSES ON MARCH 31, 1917.

THE SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. City

#### At a Motion Picture Theater of the Future—Program

By EDMUND J. KIEFER

6:45—Overture, "The Top o' the Morning." Patrons are gently awakened as they lie huddled in their seats where they have fallen asleep the night before. 7:00-7:30—Breakfast is served. 7:30-8:00—"Morality Reel." Picture

version of the gospel of the day and

its various applications. 8:00-8:30—The News Pictorial. Yesterday's happenings of interest gleaned

from every quarter of the globe. 8:30-9:00—"Cheer-Up Series." Goodnatured portrayal of some triumph of

optimism. A tonic for the day. 9:00-11:00—Intermission, to allow those desirous of it an opportunity to earn their daily bread.

11:00-11:30-"Yesterday's Yield." Pictures of the latest arrivals in movie stardom.

11:30-12:00-Karl Kaplin in a kitchen comedy. This film is intended to serve as an appetizer. 12:00-12:45—Lunch is served.

12:45-1:45-Intermission, to allow for nap.

1:45-2:00—Cartoons by Rube Silverberg, Gray, Hy Flyer, and others.

2:00-4:00-Intermission. Further opportunity to earn daily bread.

4:00-4:30-A Kornerstone Komedy enacted by Fatty Normand, Mabel Arbuckle, William Sterling, Ford Collier, Raymond Busch, Mae Hitchcock, Lew Weber, Joe Fields, Tillie Bernard, Sam Dressler, De Wolf Tincher, Fay Hopper, and others.

4:30-5:30—"The Surprise Show." Photographic representation of the latest thing in the world of fashion, sport, art, science, etc. This film affords patrons a liberal education which they have no time to acquire elsewhere.

5:30-6:00—"How to Eat What." Illustrated lesson in mastication and food values.

6:00-7:00—Dinner is served.

7:00-7:30—"It Is to Giggle!" The latest

jokes set forth in pictures.

7:30-8:00—Intermission, to allow for fresh-air recreation, in accordance with the order of The National Committee for the Encouragement of Exercise.

8:00-8:15-"Lovers' Luna." Beautiful close-view pictures of the moon, by special request of The National Committee for the Encouragement of Courtship.

8:15-11:15—"The Feature Film." film of emotional drama, featuring all the artists of note.

11:15-"You Yawn, Yawn, Yawn-Orchestra selection to serve as a lullaby. 11:30—Sleep.

The paper reports that a prominent man has trouble with his eyes-a film has come over them. Films have come over the eyes of the whole world in the last few years, but it doesn't seem to trouble them much.



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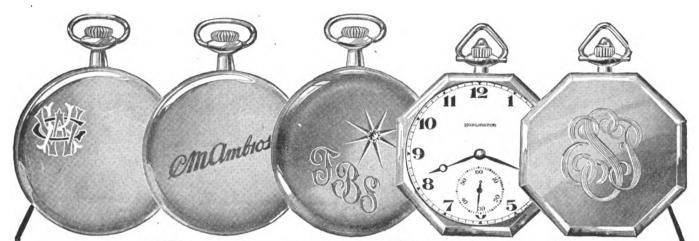
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