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CLASSIC

JULY

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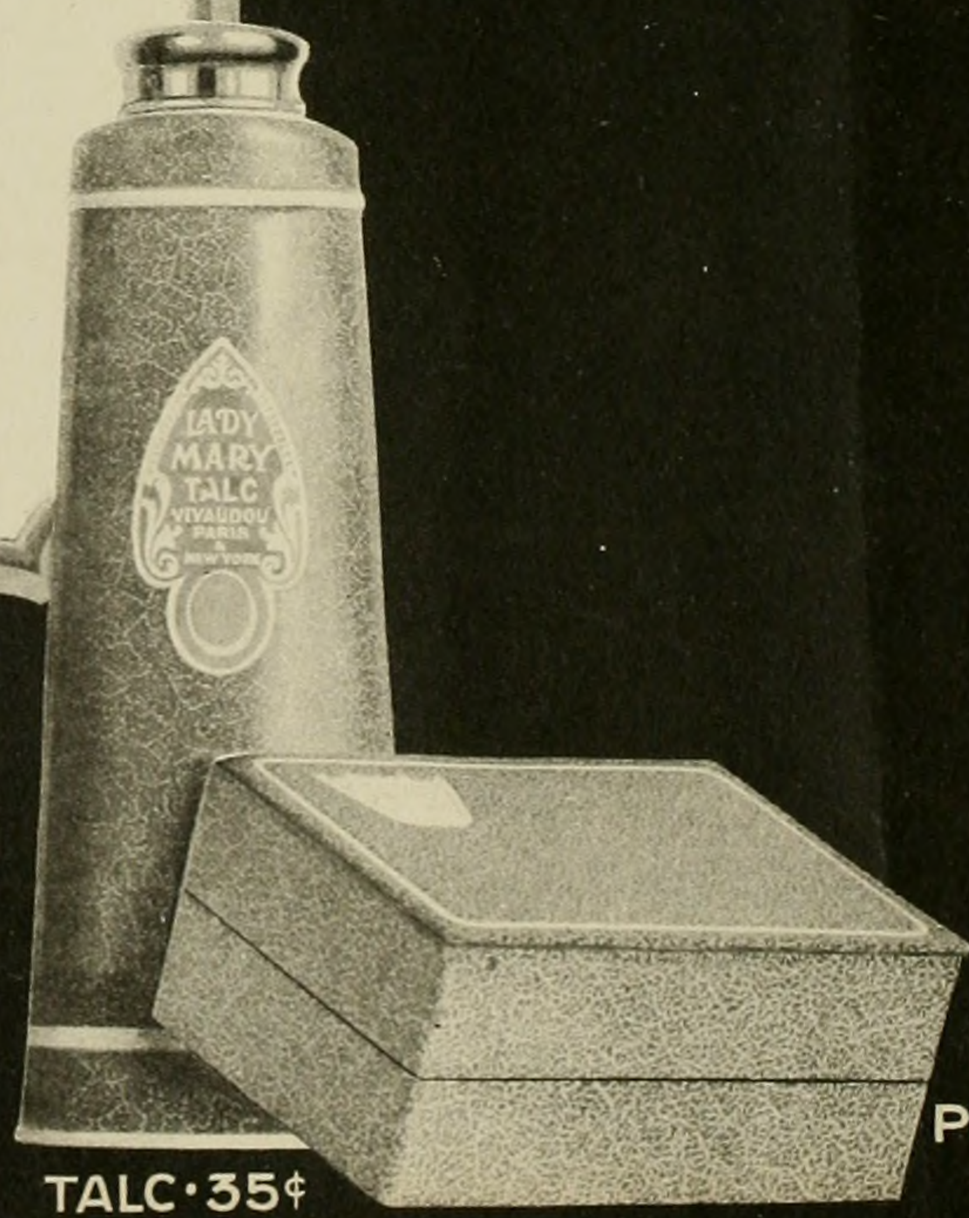
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How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women! Dear Friends of my Sex:—Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you were a real help to so many, to feel that you could be a sort of fairy godmother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had stored up and just the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They fairly breathe appreciation and friendship for the good things they attribute to me and my work. Here is one from a little woman in Allentown. I remember the first time she wrote me. Such a pathetic little letter it was, a sigh from beginning to end, mingling with a sort of forlorn hope that I, Juliette Fara, might be able to help her.

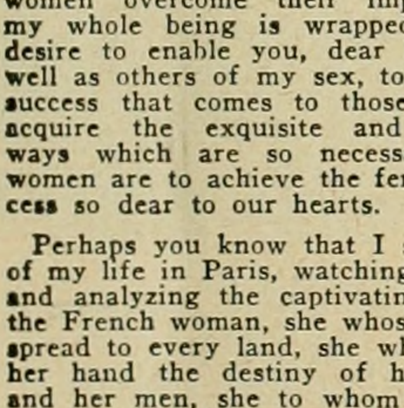
Yes, to help her. To show her how she might attain success, how she might throw aside the mantle of a gray, uninteresting and even repellant personality and be just what the Creator intended her to be, a glorious, magnetic little woman radiating charm and personality, captivating hearts of men and women alike with a new found power sparkling with the attraction that draws friends like a magnet, compels admiration, respect and all the other things in life worth having.

That's what my little friend wanted and that is what all of us want. Now she writes and tells me that she has attained the desire of her heart, and that to me—think of it, to me—she owes the credit of her success. Can you blame me for being elated and happy?

But hers is not a new story to me. I have dedicated my life to helping women overcome their imperfections, my whole being is wrapped up in a desire to enable you, dear Reader, as well as others of my sex, to attain the success that comes to those who will acquire the exquisite and charming ways which are so necessary if we women are to achieve the feminine success so dear to our hearts.

Perhaps you know that I spent years of my life in Paris, watching, studying, and analyzing the captivating ways of the French woman, she whose fame has spread to every land, she who holds in her hand the destiny of her country and her men, she to whom the power of attraction is an art and a science to be cultivated just as one would learn to play the piano or sing. What secrets have been revealed to me! What amazing things I have found in the French woman's treasure box of personality!

There was Mademoiselle Polaire, for instance, one of the most fascinating little bits of femininity I ever knew. Beautiful? Dear me, no! Mademoiselle was positively ugly of feature. But people raved over her.



JULIETTE FARA

But Mademoiselle Polaire had personality, she understood the very things that I would like to teach to you who are far from being ugly, you,—an American Girl—equipped as no other girl in the whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, admiration-compelling woman you would like to be.

How often have you wished you could reach out your arms and draw close to your heart the devotion, the luxuries of life, the tender love that you see others enjoying! How often have you envied the woman who seemed so supremely happy in the shelter of a wonderful home and perfect love, the woman with scores of admirers at her feet, or another with an enviable position!

You have wondered why, gifted to no particular degree with beauty of either face or form, or endowed with but ordinary intellect or education—why some women attain their desires so easily.

I will answer you. They have personality, the winsome charm that all women can have, once they know the secrets.

Now, dear Reader, I do not want to seem the least bit mysterious, but you who wish to acquire a winning personality should know the secrets which I have found out. These I would like to whisper in your ear, to tell you confidentially, woman to woman, how I have achieved my success, and how I have helped so many of my sisters achieve theirs.

How many women there are who in some way or other find it desirable and even necessary to use every bit of honest persuasion they can summon to control the love and hold the interest of the men of their hearts! Sometimes they win over the thoughtless, indifferent or erring ones by weeping or arguments. But more often do they fail when they do not understand the true secret of winning personality for women.

Yes, if they only knew. If they would but work with head and heart instead of only the latter, using the knowledge, the secrets which would make the task so easy, the results so wonderful and everlasting. How I have longed to go to these women and say: "Let me teach you," instead of which I must stand aside and await the time they must realize that I have what they want.

Of course, there are all types of women in the world. Among those who have yet to attain a charming personality is the loud, aggressive, rather forward girl. Then there's the woman who is too shy and retiring. If you are either of these types, or if some other imperfection stands between you and your desires, I am sure I can help you. As the beautiful butterfly issues from the homely cocoon so should you emerge from the darkness and obscurity with a new found power at your command, with the alluringly beautiful personality of a woman whose hand is firmly on the throttle of her own destiny.

I want to make you sought after by both men and women. I want you to be the real center around which revolves every social function you attend. I want you to rise in business and make yourself so independent that you can choose your own pathway through life, gain and hold the love of the man of your heart, dispelling your troubles like fog before the bright sunshine. So I want you to learn what I have learned, to share with me the secrets of a winsome manner.

But this is not all I have to tell you. I would like to know you better and have you know me better. So first I suggest that you write for a little book into which I have written some of the wonderful secrets I know.

Juliette Fara

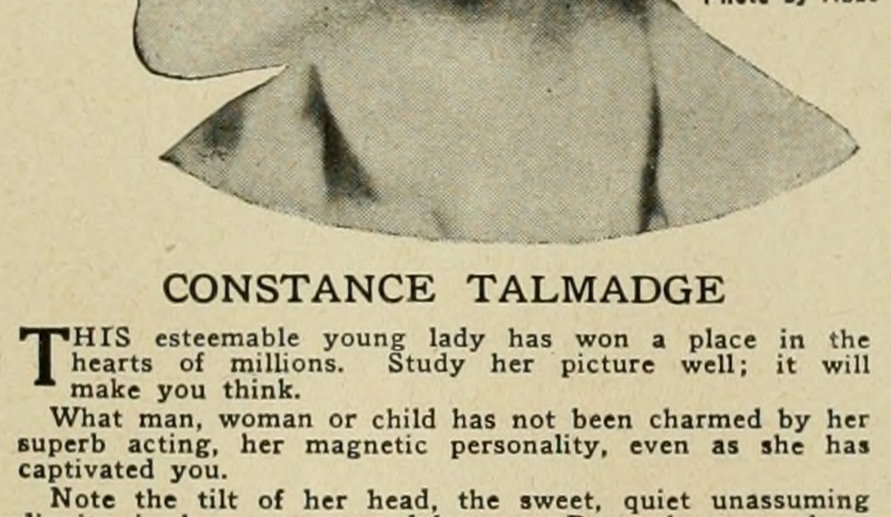


Photo by Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

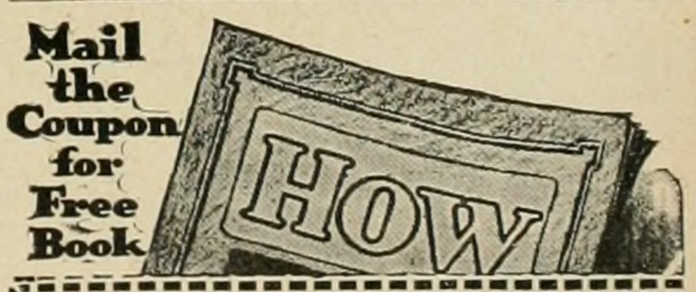
THIS esteemable young lady has won a place in the hearts of millions. Study her picture well; it will make you think.

What man, woman or child has not been charmed by her superb acting, her magnetic personality, even as she has captivated you.

Note the tilt of her head, the sweet, quiet unassuming dignity in her easy, graceful pose. Remember—you have never heard her utter a word. She has no opportunity of portraying her thoughts and emotions in vivid, eloquent speech. By pose, motion and facial expression, she holds your attention, thrilling you, amusing you, leaving you with a lingering memory of her charming mannerisms.

All that Juliette Fara teaches, Miss Talmadge employs to her direct personal advantage, so much so that a prominent director said: "Mentally and physically she is able to adopt any attitude with the greatest ease and to express any emotion or shade of feeling. That is why she attained such nation-wide popularity."

Miss Talmadge has heartily indorsed the instructive knowledge which Juliette Fara imparts to women, and what Miss Talmadge indorses you should know. "How" you also can use the secrets which she uses to such advantage is explained to you in the free book "How" which the Gentlewoman Institute will send for the asking.



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Listed alongside, alphabetically, are some of the latest Paramount Artcraft features. Don't miss them.

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"MALE AND FEMALE"

CECIL B. DeMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WM. S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

GEO. H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

MAURICE TOURNEUR'S
Production
"TREASURE ISLAND"

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BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

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Vol. X JULY, 1920 No. 5

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(*Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a Still Photograph.*)

The silversheet has no more promising young star than Constance Binney, who first came to the films in Maurice Tourneur's production of "Sporting Life."

While Miss Binney owes her cinema discovery to Mr. Tourneur, she had an unusual measure of stage experience crowded into her two or three years behind the footlights. She first attracted attention as a dancer in the musical comedy, "Oh, Lady, Lady!" After that came screen fame and finally stardom with Realart.

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Subscription, $2.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, $3.00 a year; in foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. One- and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its elder sister, the Motion Picture Magazine, comes out on the first of every month. Shadowland appears on the 23rd of each month.



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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

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

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

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board." Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and provide plenty of surprises. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

Booth.—"Not So Long Ago." A fragile and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman, telling a story of picturesque New York in the early '70's. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino.—"Betty, Be Good." Lively summer musical show with a tuneful score by Hugo Riesenfeld, the director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion screen theaters. Josephine Whittell is the life of the entertainment, Frank Crumit scores and Worthington Romaine makes his rôle stand out.

Central.—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really revives.

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

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

Eltinge.—"Martinique." A colorful romantic tragedy of the French West Indies, revolving around the exotic *Belles Affranchies*—mulatto belles—of a certain part of the tropics, the women poetized by Lafcadio Hearn. The cast includes Josephine Victor, Vincent Coleman, Arthur Hohl and Emmett Corrigan.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

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

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

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinées and proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of years. Richard Bennett heads a remarkable cast.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of the Ziegfeld revues, yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Spinelly, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty MacKay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant if conventional.

Plymouth.—"Three Showers." A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Coburns, who produced "The Better 'Ole." Rather dull and not very inspired. Anna Wheaton is the featured member of the cast.

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

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

ON TOUR

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual rôle of an ingénue with and without a soul. It is breaking box-office records, proving that every one wants to see Miss Bara "in person."

(Continued on page 8)



HELENE CHADWICK - CLARA WILLIAMS - LOUISE FAZENDA - RUTH ROLAND - RUTH STONEHOUSE - MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

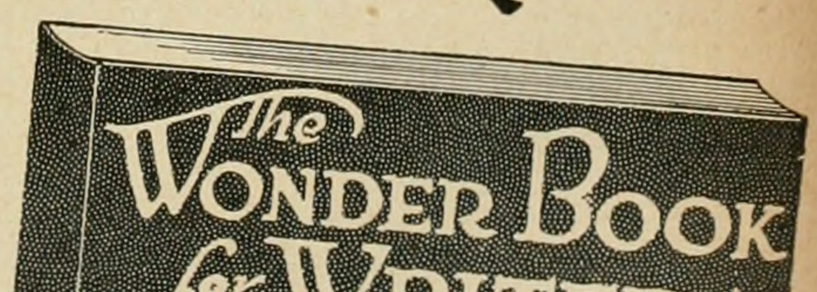
LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written,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

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(*Continued from page 6*)

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

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

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

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

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

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

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Mary Pickford and Wallace Reid Head Popularity Contest

The contest with the twofold interest rushes on. If you have not already sent in votes for your favorite player, you have two more months in which to do so. Join the ranks of the photoplay students who are showing themselves cognizant of who is who in movieland.

Here are the last-minute results at the time of going to press: Mary Pickford, 30,004; Norma Talmadge, 15,850; Pearl White, 13,051; Nazimova, 7,950; Constance Talmadge, 5,749; Viola Dana, 3,302; Elsie Ferguson, 2,014; Lillian Gish, 1,552; Shirley Mason, 1,500; Theda Bara, 1,452; Dorothy Gish, 1,351; Ruth Roland, 1,210; Mary Miles Minter, 1,210; Anita Stewart, 1,148; Gloria Swanson, 1,102; Marguerite Clark, 1,000; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,000; May Allison, 948; Dorothy Dalton, 948; Ethel Clayton, 901; Olive Thomas, 901; Irene Castle, 901; Geraldine Farrar, 751; Clara K. Young, 751; Marion Davies, 701; Bebe Daniels, 651; Pauline Frederick, 651; Mae Murray, 600; Margarita Fisher, 549; Mme. Petrova, 549; Marie Prevost, 500; Edith Johnson, 500; Alice Joyce, 500; Alice Brady, 453; June Caprice, 453; Vivian Martin, 453; Priscilla Dean, 402; Marie Walcamp, 402; Dolores Cassinelli, 350; Juanita Hansen, 350; Ann Little, 350; Betty Compson, 300; Madge Kennedy, 300; Billie Burke, 249; Wanda Hawley, 249; Doris Kenyon, 249; Katherine MacDonald, 248; Jane Novak, 248; Doris May, 201; Lila Lee, 149; Mae Marsh, 149; Dorothy Phillips, 149; Fannie Ward, 149; Enid Bennett, 102; Virginia Lee Corbin, 102; Mildred Harris, 102; Constance Binney, 102; Mary Garden, 102; Mildred Reardon, 102; Mary Thurman, 102; Winifred Westover, 102; Kathlyn Williams, 102; Peggy Hyland, 102.

Wallace Reid, 9,750; William S. Hart, 9,202; Richard Barthelmess, 8,550; Douglas Fairbanks, 6,600; Eugene O'Brien, 3,801; William Farnum, 2,398; Charles Ray, 2,101; J. Warren Kerrigan, 1,952; Douglas MacLean, 1,602; Tom Mix, 1,602; Charles Chaplin, 1,349; Rodney La Rocque, 1,102; Tom Moore, 952; Antonio Moreno, 900; William Russell, 900; Jack Pickford, 850; John Barrymore, 800; Ralph Graves, 748; Earle Williams, 748; Thomas Meighan, 748; William Duncan, 700; Kenneth Harlan, 700; Bert Lytell, 700; George Walsh, 700; Bobbie Harron, 647; Harry Northrup, 647; Marshall Neilan, 550; Harrison Ford, 501; Eddie Lyons, 501; Eddy Polo, 449; Henry G. Sell, 449; Lewis Stone, 449; Tom Forman, 350; Cullen Landis, 300; King Vidor, 300; Francis McDonald, 300; Robert Gordon, 251; Bryant Washburn, 251; Emery Johnson, 204; Will Rogers, 204; Monroe Salisbury, 204; Robert Warwick, 204; Louis Bennison, 204; Elliott Dexter, 204; Lon Chaney, 204; Monte Blue, 151; Raymond Hatton, 151; Harold Lloyd, 151; Charles Meredith, 151; Lee Moran, 151; Francis X. Bushman, 100; "Fatty" Arbuckle, 100; Lew Cody, 100.



MISS ANETHA GETWELL
1919 FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST WINNER

You Will Admit That This Is a Rare Opportunity!

You have often thought of what you would do if you could only have the chance.

Well, here it is!

The Fame and Fortune Contest being held by **The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic** and **Shadowland** is offering you the realization of your dreams.

It brought success to four young ladies last year; it brought them country-wide publicity thru their appearance in "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN," a two-reel feature produced for the purpose of testing their histrionic ability. This feature, which is being released by the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, proved so interesting that it has been sold to every State in the Union.

"LOVE'S REDEMPTION" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, has been chosen to play the leading part of "Peggy." Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy," and he has a big and strong part to play. Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Mrs. Mayer, Bunty Manly and Erminie Gagnon have also been assigned parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the great poet; Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor, and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster place at Roslyn, L. I., and the making of the picture will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

Put yourself to the test. You have exactly the same chance to make good as any of the very best known stars on the screen today have. Send in your photograph and let us decide whether or not you have screen possibilities.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

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Name.....

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Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any.....

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When born.....Birthplace.....

Eyes (color).....Hair (color).....

Complexion.....

Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?.....



The Possibilities in every Woman's Face



THE soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—*of course*, you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, *nothing is right*. Haven't you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes?

You *can* make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it the special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color.

One or two nights a week fill your wash-bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury's Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

A special treatment for each different type of skin

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Get a cake to day—begin, tonight, the treatment *your skin* needs. Woodbury's Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

ALMA RUBENS, International Star.



Photograph by Witzel, L..

LOUISE GLAUM

You would never guess what Miss Glaum's pet hobby is. Well, to relieve the suspense, it is raising chickens! Nevertheless, she has vamped her way into stardom, and her latest picture, "Sex," has caused quite a flutter in filmland.



CHRISTINE MAYO

Now of Goldwyn, but who has recently been seen in that five-reel comedy of Marshall Nielan's, "Dont Ever Marry." Miss Mayo gave an unusual characterization a much-hackneyed semi-vampire in this feature.



Photograph by Hixon-Connelly Studios

JUNE CAPRICE

To be known as "The Sunshine Girl" is quite a pleasant thing, dont you think? But to be able to fulfill an obligation of this sort is something of an achievement. Miss Caprice has been working under the direction of Albert Capellani in her most recent pictures.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

MAY ALLISON

One of the stars on the Metro banner, Miss Allison's ability as a comédienne is as unusual as her blonde beauty. She has just completed "Held in Trust," in which she is said to have done her best work.

Bashful Bobbie



BOBBIE HARRON is soon to be a star. We are violating no confidences in telling, we believe. When the unassuming Bobbie goes into the electric lights it will be the ultimate step in a singular career. For Bobbie has never sought success in the films.

Dame Fortune has literally pounded upon the Harron doors and, finding no response, climbed in a window. Harron has no profound silverscreen ambition.

Do not misunderstand us. Harron does not look down upon the photoplay. He does not belittle the films. He is not unforgetful of their favor. Far from it. "Harron isn't a typical actor," some one who knows him well told us. "He is a regular boy. He will go to a football or a baseball game and have just as keen an interest about it as about a scene at the studio. He will be just as absorbed over the mechanism of an automobile as over the script of his next picture. Probably much more. Harron has too many interests to be what you call an actor. An actor has only one interest—himself."

Harron takes himself far from seriously. They tell an interesting story at the Griffith studios anent this quality. The press agent had put over a publicity stunt about Harron and, armed with the newspaper clipping, came in triumph to show it. Harron took the clipping. The back of it caught his eye and he began laughing over a comic story of a police court case. Finishing it, he calmly dropped the clipping and walked back before the camera. Never a thought about himself!

Harron is a difficult subject to interview. He simply wont talk about Bobbie Harron. And yet his story is a fascinating one—for he is a veritable prodigy of the photoplay.

Years ago—we wont be too exact—but it was before the film play of today, Griffith was a struggling playwright-actor who had never heard of the Biograph studio, then located at No. 11 East 14th Street.

Harron was a student at St. Joseph Parochial School close by. The



Above, a new portrait of Bobbie Harron and, right, a glimpse of Bobbie clamming on the beach close to the Griffith Mamaroneck studios. When Harron becomes a star he will stand unique in the cinema world. He has never sought success—it literally came to him uninvited

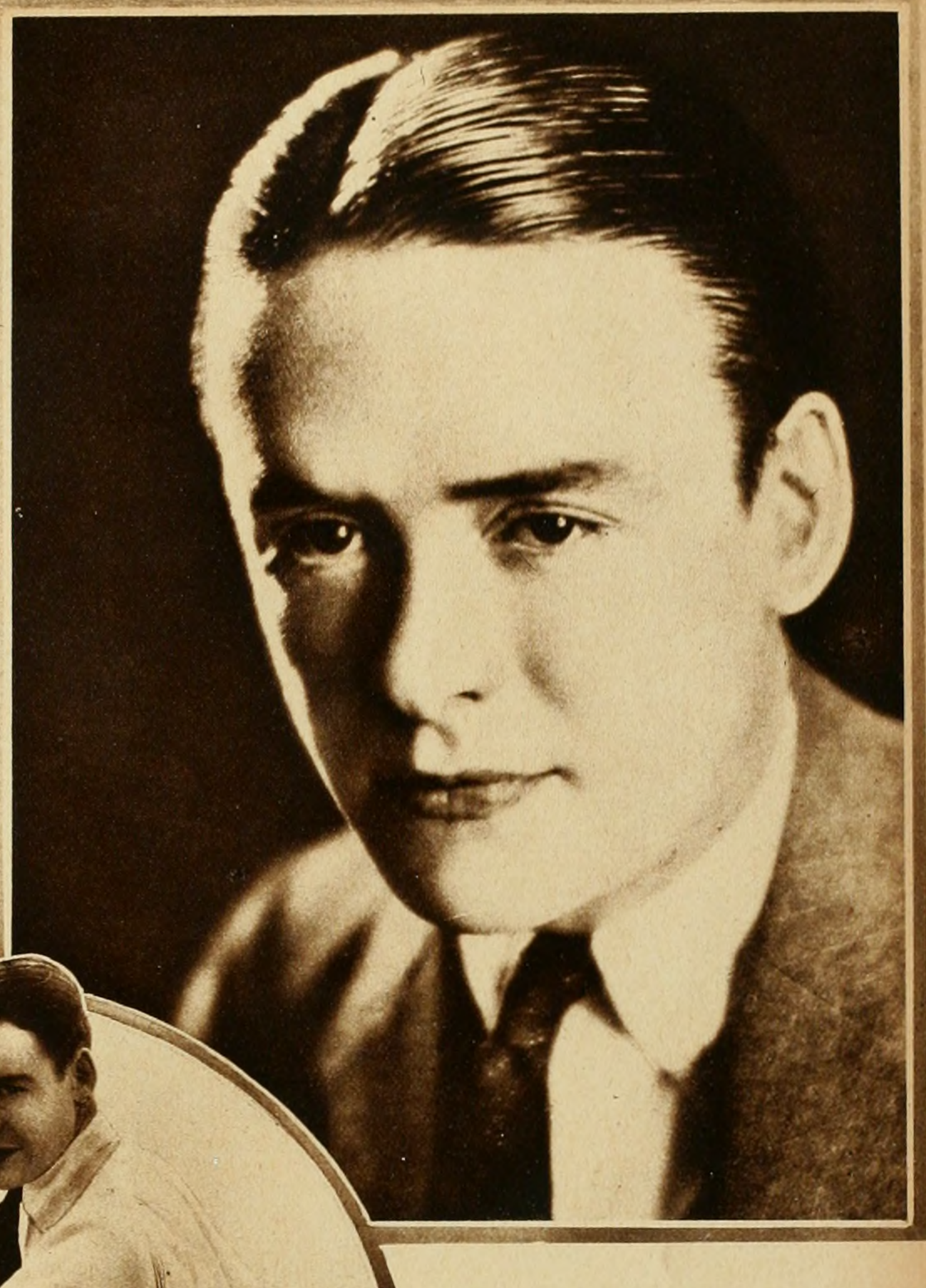
By
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Biograph Company secured its minor employees by applying to the academy. In the course of events, Harron and a lad named Jimmie Smith were sent over to the Biograph studio, by the good fathers. That was in 1907. They went to work in the film cutting room. Jimmie Smith is now Griffith's chief cutter.

Harron moved on to doing all sorts of odd jobs around the studio. Acting, however, was far from his thoughts.

"Then Griffith came," he says. "I remember those first days very well. At the start, he wrote scenarios and played as an extra. Then he developed to 'heavies' under the direction of Wallace McCutcheon's father, at that time a Biograph director. Soon he was given a chance to direct and, with his first picture, 'The Adventures of Dolly,' he established himself. That first picture was staged up near City Island, not far from the new Griffith Mamaroneck studios."

From the entrance of Griffith, fortune began to shape Harron's career. He was literally pushed into success. "That boy," as they called Bobbie, was pressed into service in tiny



Harron takes himself far from seriously. He is a difficult subject to interview, for he simply wont talk about himself. Yet his story is a fascinating one, for he is a veritable prodigy of the photoplay

roles. Lillian Gish once told us that her earliest memory of Bobbie was of a queer lad acting a bit and devoting the rest of the day to sweeping up and doing odd chores around the Fourteenth Street studio.

Thus it comes about that a mere boy can speak like a white whiskered patriarch about the screen's palmy days. For instance, he remembers when he "delivered films to a man named Loew running a little place over on Second Avenue." The man named Loew turned out to be Marcus Loew.

He remembers one decidedly interesting incident. It seems that the outer portals of the old Biograph studio were then guarded by an iron-willed feminine tartar who never relented an inch.

One day, David Griffith was coming down the studio steps when he heard the dragon saying in sugary tones, "But, honey, I cant!" Griffith paused in amazement and listened. Then another—and very girlish voice—protested. "How is he ever going to know whether or not he wants me when he isn't allowed to see me?" And then the dragon responded: "Well, dearie, I'll do what I can."

Right then and there Griffith says he decided to engage the unknown.

(*Continued on page 71*)

Players of Yesteryear





Top, Clara Kimball Young and James Young in Vitagraph's famous old production of Barrie's "The Little Minister"; left, Harry Northrup and Helen Gardner in "Vanity Fair"; below, a Paris street scene in "A Tale of Two Cities," with Florence Turner and William Shea

THE room was dark; here and there the dimly white figure of a marble statuette, the polished corner of a mahogany chair, and a soft fold of velvet curtain, glimmered in the half-light. A white screen reflected the high-light at the back of the room. A deep silence of thick, luxurious carpets, of heavy draperies, of perfect understanding between the inanimate and animate objects of the room, quieted the tense nerves of the man seated in the armchair. Silently he gazed upon the screen before him, and to an invisible observer there could be seen a sort of puzzled, half-wistful, half-humorous look in the deep-set eyes.

On the large, white sheet there moved in a magnificently furnished queen's drawing-room figures of unusual beauty, marvelously gowned and displaying the brilliancy and charm of a fairy tale. Glorious ladies and handsome courtiers of dashing animation danced and flirted and loved and sighed to the silent strains of a half-hidden orchestra.

The most glorious of all the glorious ladies and the most dashing of all the courtiers faded slowly from sight, clasped in each other's arms and gazing most deeply into each other's eyes. "The End" was written — and then—the blank white screen. A faint click almost broke the heavy silence and still the figure of the man in the armchair sat quietly, his head resting on his hand. The last word in motion picture production had just been reviewed, and another leaf had been added to the laurel-wreath of fame which he wore as the great director.

The room was still in darkness as a shadowy figure slipped noiselessly behind the armchair and softly closed the door on the luxurious projection-room and on the back of the man who sat lost in the maze of the road which leads back into the past. He gazed long and deeply upon the white sheet, and suddenly the tiny shutter of memory clicked in his



By B. F. WILSON

[For the facts in this article the writer is indebted to Van Dyke Brooke.]

brain, and he looked upon a curious picture which now appeared on the screen.

There was a small group of quaintly garbed people moving stiffly about a room so ludicrous in its attempt to imitate with pasteboard, *papier-mâché* and tinsel the splendor of a queen's drawing-room that it brought the tears of laughter to his eyes. He saw himself, made up as a senile old man, tho at that time he had staggered under the mighty weight of twenty-five years; dashing to and fro on the set, acting, directing and reading from his own manuscript, all at once.

Another picture from the camera of memory flickered across the screen: he saw himself at his desk, writing far into the night, and yet on the following morning, bright and early, he would be down at the studio and, standing before the heads of the company would read his scenario, receiving their approval or disapproval. If the scenario was at all passable, instructions would be given him to start that day the picture which was to be finished the same afternoon, it being an established rule that all pictures must be finished by the afternoon of the same day on which they were started. It was almost incredible! Where on earth had he been able to find all





Top, Maurice Costello as he appeared at the height of his celluloid career in "A Tale of Two Cities," one of the best-known of Vitagraph "palmy day" productions. Right, Clara Kimball Young as Anne Boleyn, in "Cardinal Wolsey." Below, Harry Morey, Florence Turner and Norma Talmadge, then a minor player, in the same production, "Cardinal Wolsey"



the energy necessary for the work that he had been able to accomplish in those days? Seven and eight costume and make-up changes during the day; trying out new and strangely awkward aspirants for the recently created ladder of fame; directing the scene, which creaked both in its acting and in its furniture.

A smile crept into the corner of the tired mouth. There appeared a title on the screen of his memory. It read, "Five Minutes to Twelve," and he remembered that it held the record for being the shortest picture that had ever been



Left, a scene from Kalem's well-known old production, "From the Manger to the Cross." Center, a glimpse of "Vanity Fair," with John Bunny and Tefft Johnston, at the extreme right. Lower left, Robert Gaillard. Maurice Costello and Leo Delaney in "Thomas à Becket"

made; it only covered one hundred and fifty feet of film, and living up to its title, by twelve the showing of it was finished.

He recalled one bright morning when he had hurried across the crowded studio to a large open window and had called out some directions to a group of more or less indifferent carpenters down in the yard who were building Solomon's Temple for the last set, which had to be taken that afternoon. As he turned quickly back, he knocked down a small, dark-eyed child who wore a heavy pigtail of hair down her back.





She had been gazing intently at a group of actors, and had been so absorbed that she had failed to notice the director as he hurried past her. The child quietly picked herself up and continued her earnest inspection of the players. Her mother was standing nearby, and the director, attracted by the beauty and interest of the child, asked the mother if the child could be used in the picture. The mother consented, and the little girl put her foot on the first rung of the ladder, on the top of which she now sits in undisputed possession and gladdens the world with her talent. The little-girl-of-the-pigtail was Norma Talmadge!

A succession of the old pupils whom he had started on the rocky road to success flashed across the screen. The mobile face of Florence Turner smiled wistfully from the screen, followed by the queenly Julia Swayne Gordon, the intrepid Edith Storey, the blonde head of Claire Williams, the wonderful dimples of Lillian Walker, the agile Mabel Normand, the great-eyed Clara Kimball Young, the unusual beauty of Anita Stewart and the prettiness of little Zena Keefe, all challenging a not-indifferent world with the first flush of their glorious youth. What tremendous screen personality they had possessed! He sighed as he recalled the universal adoration which they had received from all parts of the world.

The sigh vanished promptly as the immortal huge figure of John Bunny ambled across the screen, followed in close pursuit by the angular form of Flora Finch. Every appearance of these two was the occasion of untold mirth, and they had truly caused a grin to circle the globe. He thought of the opportunities which they would have had today and sighed again.

It was pay-day. Florence Turner, who represented the entire stock company of one and also the star cast of one, doffed for the moment her histrionic character and, assuming a much more responsible and important one—that of cashier for the company—laid into eager hands the weekly envelope containing the munificent salaries of the players. A curious look appeared on the face of the man as he remembered the $5.00 per day he himself

(*Continued on page* 82)

Side-tracked!

By ELIZABETH PELTRET



LEWIS S. STONE has two little girls, one eleven and the other three, and neither one of these children has ever been inside a theater, either to see a play or a moving picture.

"Because," said Stone, "I dont believe in it! I want them to be children while they can. There is time enough for them to learn the things plays will teach them. I want them to grow up as children should grow up; wholesomely interested in their lessons and their games and free from foolish notions. My oldest girl sometimes takes part in little school plays. But she knows nothing of the real theater, and I have nothing about the house that could suggest it to her."

We were standing on a stage at the Goldwyn studio, at Culver City, and Stone wore the costume of John for the first episode of "Milestones." He had just finished a delicate little love scene with Mary Alden as Rose, and now, oddly at variance with her hoop skirts and the quaint house-furnishings of two generations ago, Rose sat gracefully in an old-fashioned arm-chair and puffed at a Melachrino, while her lover sat on a carpenter's "horse" and smoked Fatimas. It was, perhaps, a little disillusioning if you wanted to look at it that way. But if you didn't want to look at it that way, everything was entirely as it should be.





Lewis Stone's stage career was the result of the merest caprice of Fate. He dramatized a story from a magazine which he was casually reading one day, and while trying to dispose of it in a booking office he was offered the leading part in a melodrama named "Side-tracked." Center, Mr. Stone in an interesting scene with himself from "The River's End," his biggest success

There is, around a studio, an air of comradeship . . . a sort of all-this-is-in-the-family tone that is in every way delightful. Little remarks, made jokingly, that have no meaning whatever unless an outsider hears them, when they suddenly become absurdly important. But to the players themselves scarcely anything is real. It is all a little game they are playing with themselves and with each other. Some even drift so far away from reality that they lose touch with it entirely. Others, more wise, tie themselves to something so genuine that the breath of artificiality can never touch it.

This is what Stone has done in keeping the theater out of his home. Otherwise, he would inevitably see his profession become the principal interest in the lives of his two little girls. He would never, for an instant, be away from its atmosphere . . . nor would they . . . and he would hear talk about it constantly. He knows because he himself came from a theatrical family.

"I was born to the profession," he said.

Lewis Stone is a man of medium height, with greenish brown eyes and brown hair. His voice has a splendid tone, naturally resonant and entirely free from "staginess." His walk, however, a graceful, perfectly even stride, gives evidence of his profession. He is of Scotch-English ancestry. This, perhaps, accounts for the stern, grim expression he is able to assume so well.

"Actually, I have a very cheerful disposition," he said. "In spite of my tin-pan exterior."

He has two houses, one in Los Angeles and the other at Venice. Whenever he finishes work early, he goes to the beach

(*Continued on page 66*)

Katherine MacDonald, A.B.



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Her Japanese fans think the slogan of "The American Beauty" an honorary title, so their fan letters arrive "Katherine MacDonald, A. B."

I WAS looking over fan mail in the publicity office of the Katherine MacDonald studio, waiting for some one to ascertain if the lovely star was on the lot, and among the envelopes whose postmarks I perused was one addressed to "Miss Katherine MacDonald, A.B."

"Ah, the fair Katherine is a college graduate, and this letter is from a classmate," I Sherlocked to myself, and so sure was I of the accuracy of my deductions that almost the first question I asked of Miss MacDonald, whom I found dressed in negligée in the semi-privacy of an elaborate bedroom set, was, "And where did you take your degree of A.B.?"

Miss MacDonald looked blank. She denied having taken such a thing.

"But it was on a letter!" I insisted. "Right after your name, the initials, 'A.B.'"

The beautiful Katherine—she's exactly the kind of a girl that Shakespeare would have called "my bonny Kate"—threw back her head and laughed merrily and unaffectedly. And the line of her throat when she did it!

"Oh, that!" she said, sobering enough to explain her outburst of mirth; "that was from a Japanese fan. You know, they use my pictures with a rose and the slogan of 'The American Beauty.' My Japanese admirers seem to think it's an honorary title, so they use the initials after my name."

I wanted to tell her that the Japanese were evidently a people of rare discernment, but I didn't want to gush. Interviewers are supposed to be blasé and beauty-proof, but I defy any one to look upon the perfect oval of Katherine's countenance, with its serious eyes of grey shaded by the longest and thickest lashes imaginable, a mouth shaped like Eros' bow, for the subjugation of human hearts, and not get a thrill somewhere deep in the left ventricle. Even in the hideous glare of the deceitful Klieg lights she was beautiful. My own face, as I was acutely conscious, was a dyspeptic green, set off with purple lips and magenta eyes. But hers, protected from the spiteful lights by a coating of cosmetic, was a creamy white, and her grey eyes were only deepened in color. Her hair, which is soft and brown, fell about her face in enchanting little waves and lay caressingly on her shoulders in unpremeditated curls. When she turned her face in a certain way, I caught a fleeting resemblance to her sister, Mary McLaren.

"I hope you dont mind my receiving you in my *boudoir*," she shivered, as she gathered her negligée closer around her and huddled up by a tiny gas stove which was doing its best to dispel the chilly atmosphere of an un-California-like day, while the studio electricians shifted lights on the set.

"We are making 'The Guests of Hercules,'" she went on, tucking a satin-shod foot under her for warmth, "and this is one of the guest rooms of the ancestral castle which is willed to me."

Her voice, I noticed, had none of the inflections or broad *a's* which characterize so many screen stars—whether b[illegible]





By
EMMA-LINDSAY
SQUIER



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Interviewers are supposed to be blasé and beauty-proof — but there wouldn't be any golden rules if it were not for the exception. And Miss MacDonald is certainly all of that!

nature or cultivation I am not prepared to say. There is a quiet sincerity about her, an absolute naturalness, that precludes any idea of pose. In fact, she gives you the impression that she is what she is and that if you do not like her it makes not the slightest bit of difference. I found her attitude refreshing and altogether charming.

"Pictures?" she echoed, as I broached the time-worn but necessary question as to how she "got in."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was pushed in. I never had the slightest idea of going into the movies; in fact, I considered them quite common and altogether unattractive. Of course, I was interested in Mary's work, but for myself—why, I was going to be a school-teacher." She finished with a reminiscent smile.

"That's hard luck for some. school," I observed, but she shook her head and gazed into the fire.

"Oh, I dont know—maybe I'd have failed miserably as a teacher. One never knows. But anyway, I came West to straighten out some legal tangles for Mary, and stayed to keep house with her and her mother. The manager of the old Horsley studio asked me if I wouldn't work in some pictures, and he offered me thirty dollars a week. Well, I had nothing else to do, so I started in. For many weeks I played 'atmosphere' bits and held up the back curtain while the real actors emoted in front, but the studio was rather poorly equipped with help, so I was a sort of general property woman. I helped 'dress' the sets, arranged the flowers for all of them, and when extra 'props' were needed, I'd take my car and run over to the house and bring back a load of vases, rugs, curtains and everything you could think of."

I could not help looking about the ultra-modern studio with its elaborate sets, perfect in construction and detail, and reflecting that they were for her very own productions. From thirty a week to umpty-steen thousand a week—well, the Lord must love the Scotch as well as the Irish. Katherine is Scotch.

"Then Max Linder offered me one hundred a week to play opposite him in his comedies," she went on. "Of course, it sounded like an immense amount of money, but Mary advised me if I was going to start in pictures, not to break in thru the comedy route. (That was before Gloria Swanson and the rest of the comedy queens broke into drama)," she explained parenthetically. "So I turned down the offer and took a part in Mary's company. I did parts of no special importance for some time, and my first lead was with Douglas Fairbanks in 'Headin' South.' I also played with him in 'Mr. Fixit,' and did two pictures with William Hart, 'Riddle Gawne' and 'Shark Monroe.'

"I never thought I'd have my own company," she smiled, glancing around the studio with a pardonable pride, "but I have—and it's like a dream. I'm afraid I'll wake up."

The first feature in which Katherine MacDonald made her producer's bow to the public was "The Thunderbolt," and the next were "The Beauty Market" and "The Turning Point."

(*Continued on page 72*)



The ingénue affecting the coy pose on the pedestal is a Sennett newcomer, Peggy Floyd. She is just making her first appearances in seagoing farces.



Photographs by Abbe

The "Classic" Visits

Abbe, exclusive photographer has caught some unusual

The young lady introducing the new style in musical attire at the left, is Ruth King, still another new Sennett — er — face. Ruth just loves her daily music exercise

Remodeling a Husband

Fictionized from the Dorothy Gish-Paramount Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

"YOU'RE making a mistake!" chorused the flushed femininities after having showered Janie Wakeman with all the extraordinaries in the way of aluminum they had found purchasable if not practicable; "a terr-i-ble mistake," they intoned.

"Not me!" snapped Janie Wakeman. She had a snappy way, had Janie.

"He's a devil with the ladies!" went on the chief mourners, dolorously.

"He'll have a devil for a wife," came back Janie, with pursed lips; "that'll cure him."

"Not Jack . . . there was the blonde down at the beach summer before last . . . he had a fierce time over that. She"—the fair informant lowered her voice meaningly—"she was *married!*"

"Old stuff!" said Janie.

"There was the girl on the Pullman car," suggested still another; "*her* father stepped in . . ."

"There was the girl who waits on the table in Wild's," vouchsafed another; "Jack cant eat *there* any longer. Oh, Janie, *darling,* you'll have a fearful life, simply *fearful!*"

"All this," observed Janie, stirring her chocolate coolly, "was before my time and does not concern me."

"But, Janie," they protested, *en masse*, "what makes you suppose you will be any different than the others? He *is* a flirt. He's fickle. He's inconstant and unsteady. *Everybody* says so."

"*Everybody,*" said Janie, "does not have to marry him. Nor, I might add, has he married everybody. *I* am the first. *I* shall be the last. All that is necessary, my dears, is efficiency in the marital relationship. I am young, but oh, how I am wise," she added, softly, "when it comes to Jack." She said, aloud, "Jack shall neither break my heart nor my home. Wait and see!"

They waited. Then they waited some more. It was unbelievable. Jack Valentine had never been known to walk a straight line on the street when a pretty girl was on the other side. After his marriage to Janie he seemed to be of the nature of a sleep-walker; his eyes were fixed. It was magic, they said.

Janie took it calmly and rather irritatingly to many of her prenuptial well-wishers. She had the air of "I told you so!" Some went so far as to say that they pitied poor, dear Jack . . . his home life must be something awful! They began to remember the autocracy of Janie with her humble parents. After Janie's advent, it was recalled, the parents, well-meaning always, had had little if anything to say. Of course, they had seemed to like it, but then, they had been parents . . . that is different . . .

The well-wishers had to admit to an idyllic state. There was every sign. Janie in her pretty room, *en negligée*, waiting for Jack to run in for early tea . . . which he always did.

Janie undoing her husband's shoe, petulantly pretty. Janie on her husband's knee before the open fire. The pictures were complete.

When the first difficulty came the well-wishers were wholly in the dark. That was Janie's way.

Jack came home for supper one evening half an hour late. He entered with



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The well-wishers had to admit to an idyllic state. There was every sign. Janie in her pretty room, en negligée, waiting for Jack to run in for early tea . . . which he always did

glib excuses and many kisses. He was greeted by an apparition that made his amative blood congeal. His wife, his Janie, stood on the threshold of the living-room and her blue eyes blazed in her head like twin coals. She was sobbing hot, indignant tears and her small fists were beating the air in a thoroly efficient sort of manner.

"Dont you dare . . . d-d-dont you d-d-dare!" she sputtered, effectively. "I saw you! I did! You w-wretch! You . . . oh, *you!* No, dont speak, dont dare to speak. You'll lie. I know you'll lie. Of course, you will. You always do . . . husbands always do, I mean. I feel it coming. You'll say that the subway was held up, or you were held up . . . at the office, or . . . or something of the sort. It isn't so . . . no, it isn't so . . . no, I wont stop talking. I've only just begun. I saw you, I tell you. I saw you. With my own eyes. O-o-o-o-h!"

Jack waved a limp hand. It was no use.

"I was on top of a Fifth Avenue bus," stormed on Janie, "riding along and thinking how I'd get down pretty soon and buy you some ties I saw in Budd's. Then, all at once, I saw you go up to a girl on the avenue, a *blonde* girl, John T. Valentine, and help her into a taxicab. A taxicab, mind you! *You* know you did. Dont tell me. As if I didn't know what a *taxicab* means! Haven't I been in 'em?"

"E-r-r-r-r . . . a-a-a-a-h . . ."

"John Valentine, if you say another word I'll hurl every single bit of bric-à-brac in this miserable, violated, desecrated, once-holy home at your infidel head, I will! You just *dare* to come in here and talk to me like that, to my very face! Oh, you brazen thing, you . . . you . . ."

Janie choked, but waved her fists fiercely to caution the ghastly John to a complete silence.

"You got in after her," she went on, "and I got down and got into another taxi and *followed* you. You took her to her very door, and at that door, you . . . you . . ."

Something between a groan, a squeak and a whine emanated from the nearly collapsed Valentine. He swayed weakly and rested his palm on the nearest support.

"You *kist* her," shrieked Janie, "you did! Before my eyes! *Kist her!* I call heaven to witness if a falser wretch ever lived or breathed! I call on all the gods! I am wronged! I am a wronged woman! Heavens!" Janie gave three tremendous sobs, then she, too, crumpled up and fell into the chair behind her. "John T. Valentine," she said, "what are you going to *do?*"

John T. Valentine made a desperate endeavor to appear as tho he filled at least *some* portion of his clothing. During the tirade he seemed perceptibly to have wilted. He felt of his collar, of his hair, even ran his fingers over the outline of his features to make certain they had not altered; then he said, with great adequacy, "Janet, you know I l-love you."

This produced an emotional Niagara, terrific in its onslaught, to the eye and to the ear. Another hour and Janie demanded, albeit more weakly, "John T. Valentine, what are you going to *do?*"

John T. Valentine crept over to the couch upon which the sharer of his bosom was, by now, drooping. He tentatively touched the hem of her flowing garment. The night was creeping on apace. He was cowed; he was subdued; he was convinced that he had trod down and splintered the ten commandments and that, no doubt, he would have done damage to ten more had there been that number; but he was also sleepy and he knew that he hated with a frightful and bloodthirsty vengeance the blonde on the Avenue who had seemed to him, at that moment, unable to carry her suitcase, and to whom, probably because she was blonde, he had tendered his assistance, and he knew as clearly that he was violently sleepy and that he adored Janie. If she could know these things, too!

He began to tell her. He began to conjure up their imminent and tender past.

The result was horrific. It produced dolor not unmixed with temper and resulted, all told, in four smashed vases, rather jolly vases at that; the complete destruction of the family album, with all the grandmas and grandpas; three pictures; two glass trifles and various carefully selected books. With each crash Janie would wail, "You've broken my heart, you have! You have, you've broken my heart!" until John T. felt, with a shudder thru his spine, that he could hear the agonizing splintering of Janie's beloved and agonized little heart.

He suffered.

Around morning they fell asleep.

The result was breakfast at noon, with considerable marmalade, a chastened husband, a weepy but picturesquely forgiving little bride.

Of course, a second honeymoon ensued. It was altogether blissful. It had a savor the original one had not. They had, they knew, suffered together and had "come thru." Jack had sinned, had strayed from the fold. It gave him, Janie half admitted it, very secretly, to herself, a sort of glamor, a new, if dangerous, garment of illusion. Janie, on the other hand, had forgiven. In reality, she had fallen asleep, but pshaw! What is reality when one is twenty and very much in love?

There followed another interlude.

"Have you *ever*," said everybody, "known such an ideal couple as the Jack Valentines? They were made for one another."

Then, abruptly, it became known that Janie Valentine had gone home to mother. Had picked up every belonging she owned and gone clean back.

That was all that did become known. Janie was mum. She took her efficiency and her silence into her father's business offices and proceeded to be successful. The only mail she did not read were the letters she received in John's handwriting. These she tore up into little, vicious bits, lit a match and completely removed from being. The only 'phone messages she did not personally receive were those made by John. These she either did not receive at all or transferred to another line upon recognition of the voice.

Gossip said that Janie Valentine had "changed." There was a little glint in her eyes that had not been there before. There was a slight tightening of her mouth. When she walked, now and then her shoulders drooped as tho she were carrying a burden ever so slightly too much for her strength.

When she awoke in the mornings her pillow was always damp. No one but Janie knew that.

It had all been about a manicure girl. A rather opulent creature with a hearty laugh.

Janie had been in the habit of having the girl come to the house to do her nails every Saturday morning. One day Jack suggested that he rather needed a manicure himself. Janie suggested that her Mabel do them for him. Jack assented. After the first manicure, Jack took to having them as regularly as Janie. At first, Janie was unsuspicious. Jack had been, since the taxicab catastrophe, so completely uxorious. Then, one day, while he was being "done," Janie had caught a look in his eyes. It was the old battle light. At once she was on her guard.

Jack was a transparent person. The next time he had an appointment for a manicure, Janie had occasion to go out . . . for a while . . . When she returned, rather suddenly and very quietly, her husband was not being . . . *manicured* . . .

One hour later, to the minute, Janie went home to mother.

This time, her methods were very different.

There was no weeping, no wailing, no gnashing of teeth. There was no reviling, no accusations, no protestations. Jack wished, tragically, that there were. Just silence. Grim silence. Glacial. Totally unforgiving. Her small, white face . . . how stern! Her hurried, yet precise preparations, how final! Jack bit his manicure away and cursed the fragile sex! His advances, his pleas, his self-condemnations were met with a frigid aloofness, not so sad as it was sweet, nor so sweet as it was sad. Jack was minded of the lines, "But, sweet, for me, no more of you, not while I live, not tho I die, good-night, good-by!"

His soul was swept and scarred and seared by a knowledge, a revelation, of his torrential love for Janie! Gods, how he loved her! It ached!

Janie became exceedingly businesslike. She took to wearing severe-looking garments and talking like a profiteer. The



Janie undoing her husband's shoe, petulantly pretty. Janie on her husband's knee before the open fire. The pictures were complete

worse her heartache and the damper her pillow in the morning, the more she talked and the more severe she grew. Her parents led a rather terrible life. They had always been somewhat in awe of Janie, single; now that she was come home in her new state, she was truly terrible. They had not an inkling of the quaking heart within the firmly girded breast.

It took John T. two months to gain admission to the rather important place Janie had made for herself in her father's importing house. He had, finally, to see her by appointment.

It was an ordeal he did not soon forget.

Janie talked to him as his grandmother might have talked, as some remote and distant great-aunt might have talked to a foolish nephew who had foolishly strayed from the safe and beaten way. She didn't talk one bit like his Janie, who had lain, with tumbled curls and love-flushed face, within his cradling arms. He had to focus his vision and pinch himself to make sure this new Janie was also his old Janie, the Janie he loved . . .

". . . are the paths of righteousness which, alone, bring peace and eventual happiness," Janie was ending up. She had been going it in such a wise for the better part of an hour.

Jack gulped mightily. He had not many resources, had Jack. He was lovable, but not subtle. If, now, he could only have taken the terribly stern young person and cuddled her and kist her absurd frown away and called her oogly-googly and such like familiar-sounding things, he could have won out. He was, he felt, deprived of his weapons and left defenceless. He could only say, with thinly shredded adequacy, "Janie, I . . . I l-love you!" Under the stern appraisement of her eyes his own fell and he fidgeted.

"You kist her!" shrieked Janie. "You did! Before my eyes! Kist her! I call to heaven to witness if a falser wretch ever lived or breathed! I call on all the gods! I am wronged! I am a wronged woman!"

"Love, young man," said Janie, "is a science. It should be treated as such. One does not toy with science, lest one toy, inadvertently, with a high explosive. Love, young man, is such an one. Love . . ."

"Oh, Janie," burst forth Jack, "Janie . . . please . . . remember. Janie, that's all I ask of you. Just sit there for five, for ten minutes, and *remember*. Remember just as hard as ever you can. Our first meeting, Janie, our second, our . . . our third. You *do* remember our third, dont you, dar . . . er . . . dont you, Janie? We took a walk . . . we . . . we didn't keep on walking . . . you do, Janie, I see it in your face . . . then, that night, you kist the ring I slipped on your hand . . . . you were all . . . well, go on, Janie, just for five minutes."

After precisely three and three-quarter minutes Janie had crumpled in her official chair, the crisp attire was flooded with tears and there was none of Janie to be seen at all. She was completely engulfed by John.

An hour after that she had severed her business connections, dispensed with home and mother and was busily rehabilitating herself in her husband's home.

There was, of course, a third honeymoon. There would have had to be. They had become a man and a woman of sorrows. They conducted themselves as such. It was tinged with melancholy, this third honeymoon. There was much talk of the frailty of human nature and, on Janie's part at least, very much talk indeed of the consummate greatness of a woman's enduring and all-forgiving love.

Still, Jack knew, it had been a capitulation on Janie's part. He was only human. He began to give himself airs and, as it were, to look about him. He began to believe that he was, after all Janie's taunts and threats, the master in his own domain. Twice now, with just a little coaxing, Janie had crept back into the fold. She probably always would.



Jack began to strut about. He felt more like other men. His wife, so he attitudinized, was only a woman . . . tish, tosh!

He attitudinized in such a manner for six weeks. One day, presto, change! he found himself a bachelor again. He had a habit of so doing. His Janie was gone off. This time she did not do so temperate a thing as to make it home and mother. She went off, vaguely, but she might, from her sinister notes, have gone 'most *anywhere*.

Jack had the most hideous nightmares. Now, at last, he *had* gone and done it. This—this was beyond expectation! He thought of his Janie in all sorts of terrible situations, almost always with a blond man with a Greek-god torso and melting eyes. He *had* done it this time!

He took to wearing flowing ties and affecting a tragic air. He wrote to the general delivery address Janie had left him the most impassioned, the most desperate, the most suicidal notes. He soared as neither Janie nor he had ever supposed he could soar before. He even quoted poetry and finally got so bad that he composed some. He took to playing the piano and hinted at the harp. At this, Janie came home.

Of course, a fourth honeymoon ensued.

On this occasion Jack adopted the attitude, or felt it—who knows—of the desperate lover. He languished at his lady's feet and mooned into her eyes. They talked of their past and of the more than earthly thing their love had become, that it should lead them, as it did, thru the still waters and the dark valleys unto, as always, each other's arms . . .



It took John T. two months to gain admission to see Janie. He had, finally, to see her by appointment. It was an ordeal he did not soon forget. Janie talked to him as his grandmother might have talked, as some remote and distant great-aunt might have talked to a foolish nephew

They impressed upon each other the fact that this was the ultimate reconciliation, inasmuch as only those who had been thru the fires of the crucible of love could really know its deepest meaning. They pledged each other thru the medium of beautiful, fervently sounding phrases, prodigally borrowed for the occasion from the "six best sellers" of the day. They outdid each other; capped each other's highest-flown phrases without even the faintest semblance of a blush.

"Love like ours," chanted Jack, cured and cowed, "has never been . . ."

Janie nodded, solemnly. "Love like ours," she repeated, fixing him with her eyes, "has nev-er been . . ."

Above them, the ancient moon sailed thru the ancient sky.

REMODELING A HUSBAND

Fictionized from the scenario by Dorothy Elizabeth Carter. Produced by Paramount, starring Dorothy Gish. Directed by Lillian Gish. The cast:

Janie Wakeman	Dorothy Gish
Her father	Downing Clarke
Her mother	Marie Burke
Her chum	Mildred Marsh
Jack Valentine	James Rennie
His father	Frank Kingdon
A flirtatious lady	Barden Daube

Bennett & Co., Inc.



"It all depends upon the husband," laughed Miss Bennett, when I spoke of this. "You see, Fred happened to be the *right* one and I happened to *know* it before I said 'yes!'"

"Oh, no; it depends upon the wife," gaily challenged Mr. Niblo, smiling at her. "So I refused to accept Enid's 'no,' and she had to say 'yes!'"

"Seriously, it depends upon both husband and wife," went on Miss Bennett, looking like a little girl as she curled up in the corner of the big davenport. "No one's life is complete without love, and marriage should so enrich one's nature that a new dramatic power and a deeper sympathy would be developed thru great happiness. Fred and I share both our work and our play; in fact, we have an absolute understanding and, after all, that is the only basis for a happy marriage, whether there is a career or not."

We were sitting in the drawing-room of the Niblos' beautiful home, situated on a palm-shaded avenue in picturesque Beverly Hills, which lies midway between the ocean and Los Angeles. It is here they are found whenever the duties at the Ince studio will permit, for they have successfully incorporated

An ideal married life is that of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo. "You see, Fred happened to be the right one and I happened to know it before I said 'yes!'" says Miss Bennett. At the bottom are Mr. and Mrs. Niblo in their library

Photograph, left, by Evans



THE popular little screen star, Enid Bennett, and her director husband, Fred Niblo, have solved the great problem of how to combine careers and marriage, making a success of both.

In this day of unrest and confusion it is a joy to find a couple so thoroly congenial and happy in each other as are the Niblos. Their tastes and ambitions are essentially the same, while both seem endowed with a definite optimism that keeps their lives moving along peaceful paths. In their quiet, wholesome married life there is nothing of the theatrical or ultra-pretentious, only an atmosphere of good fellowship, of ideal companionship.

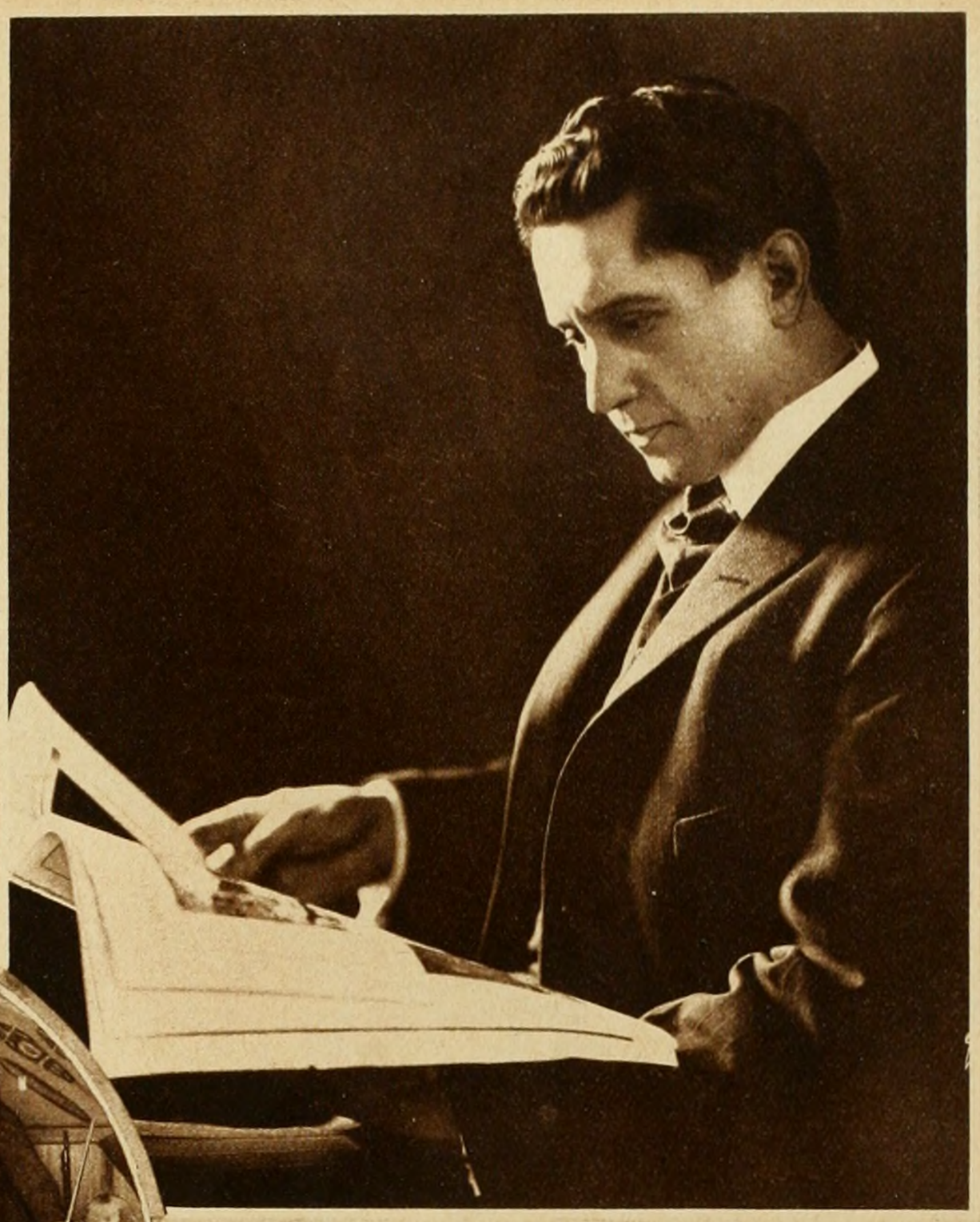
By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

their own artistic and hospitable ideas, and it is a real home where they spend their leisure in resting, studying and entertaining their friends.

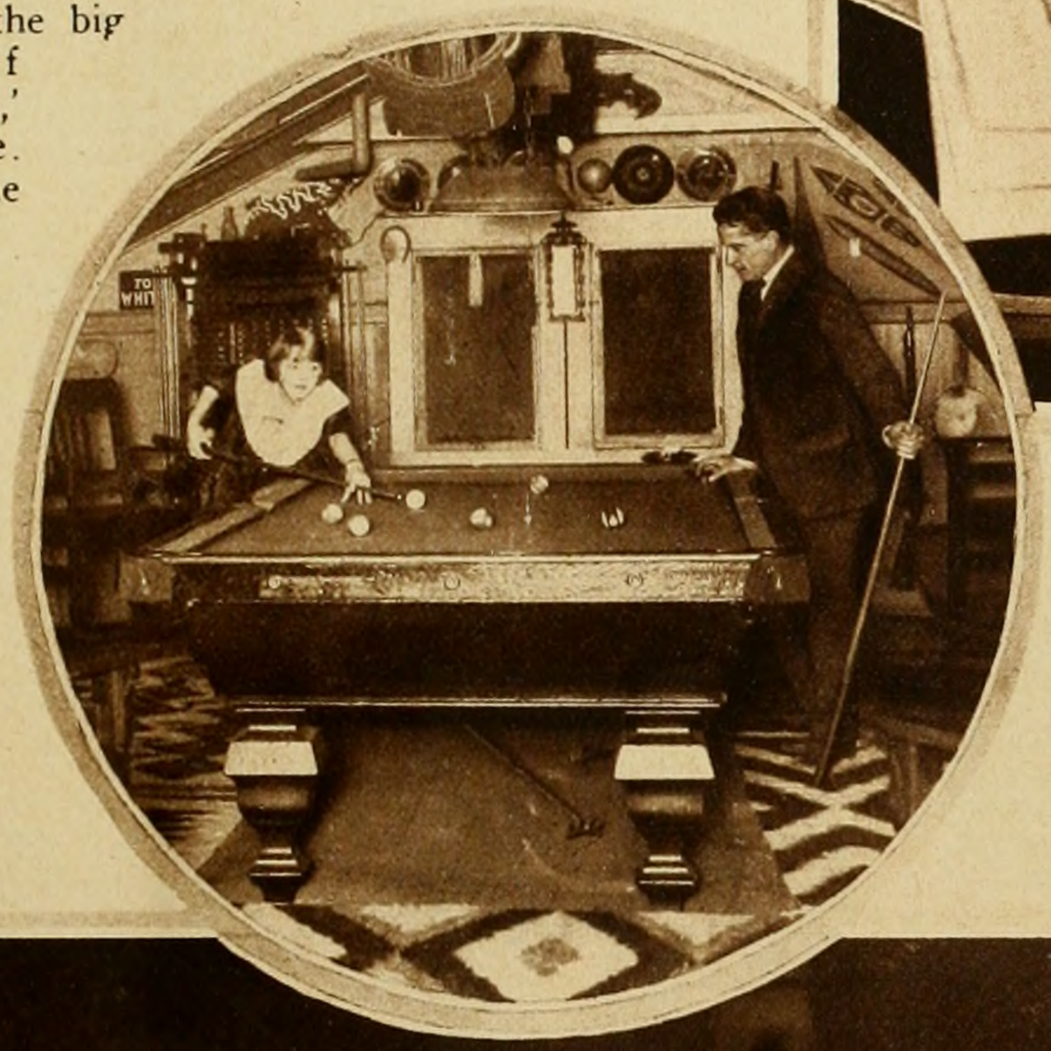
As she talked, I found myself watching the little star's expressive face, with its delicate coloring, deep blue eyes and lovely blonde hair. She suggests a refined womanliness which gives her a distinct charm.

"I came from a great big country, but a wee little town, for I was born in York, Western Australia," said Miss Bennett, a little later, over tea and cinnamon toast. "Rather a coincidence that Fred was born in York, too, but York, Nebraska, U. S. A., and, much to our chagrin, both Yorks are so small that they are absolutely unknown.

"I went on the stage as soon as I finished school, and I'm sure that I played in every town and hamlet in our country. Among my first important rôles was Modesty in the big production of 'Everywoman,' over there. Mr. Niblo came to Australia, presenting a repertoire of American comedies, and for three years I played in his company. Later, I realized that the opportunities at home were limited, so I made a bold dash for the front and came to the United States. I am glad I came, for happiness and success have reached me here." And the blue eyes smiled into the glowing fire.



Photograph by White





Photographs by Northland Studio

Above, a new study of Mr. Niblo; center, the Niblo "chamber of horrors" and, below, Miss Bennett spending a quiet afternoon in her Beverly Hills home

"My first engagement was most fortunate, for I was with Otis Skinner in Cock o' the Walk' for a whole year. He is wonderful, and every one in his company receives their full worth!"

While appearing with Mr. Skinner, Thomas Ince met Miss Bennett and, seeing her possibilities, he engaged her to play in his pictures, with such success that she is now one of this producer's brightest stars.

Then, two years ago, after a romantic courtship, Fred Niblo came West to marry Miss Bennett and found her in the middle of a picture. While waiting for its completion, Mr. Ince

(*Continued on page 67*)

Summer in the New York Theater



Photograph by Apeda



Photographs by Abbe

At the upper left appears Helen MacKellar, one of the best of our younger actresses, who is featured in the melodrama of the Northwest, "The Storm," at the 48th Street Theater; at the left is pretty Marcella Swanson, an attractive member of the sextette of "Florodora," now revived at the Century; and, above, Ernest Torrence and Louise Groody, principals in "The Night Boat," the Dillingham musical show at the Liberty Theater



Photograph by White

Irene Bordoni is a fascinating figure in the charming and amusing musical entertainment, "As You Were." At the lower right she appears in her Ninon song, while above, is seen the Watteau chorus in the same number



Photograph by White



Photograph © by Ray Hupp

Alice Eis is a popular dancing headliner in the Keith varieties

Shorty



Antrim Short is a cousin of Blanche Sweet. He made his screen début at old Biograph when she was a member of the company, altho he had been on the stage from a kiddie. At that, he's just eighteen

Photographs by Evans

REAL consciousness and acting were simultaneous with Antrim Short. In fact, his mother says he was *born* acting.

Antrim was always up to tricks. When his name is mentioned nowadays in cinema circles, people begin to smile and tell you that he is "the cutest kid in the game, a sure *comer!*" He is as full of life and boyish nonsense as if he still were a schoolboy—and fearless? Whew! About the first story I heard of him was the way he frightened the folks at Metro studio by swooping around in his airship, shooing sparrows and linnets off the telegraph wires in front of the new administration buildings.

Being a generous soul, Antrim Short invited some of the clerical force up for a ride, but, with one accord, they pleaded "important business," and one timid individual said his life insurance policy had not yet arrived from New York.

This chat really should be Short and Sweet, for Antrim is first cousin to Blanche Sweet and has appeared with her frequently on stage and screen. His present release with Miss Sweet is in "Fighting Cressy" and, having watched his clever work during the "shooting," I looked with a pleasurable thrill for the first showing.

What he hasn't essayed in his young life! As I said, he was born acting and, with sister Gertrude, became a stage child almost before he could lisp. In 1906, he was a stock actor at the Liberty Stock, in Oakland, California, where he played prattling little *girls* and stage infants in long clothes, a thing he hated.

To be truly appreciated, Antrim Short should be heard. He is inimitably droll, a born mimic and farceur, quick as a flash at repartee, with a mobile mouth.

"Some one said, Aha, the kid is clever—let us take him to New York that he may be appreciated!' So mother packed the family jewels, meaning Gertie and me, into a tourist car and came to the city of big happenings and miserable failures.

"I had some seasons with Tom Jefferson—regular tank shows. What I dont know about ten, twent', thirt' houses isn't worth chronicling," continued the lively Mr. Short, as he tried gymnastics on a swivel-chair. "Regular tank shows, I said—and they were. We carried a tank for the



By FRITZI REMONT

water scenes, which were very thrilling. I was in 'Salvation Nell' with Minnie Maddern Fiske, being three seasons on the road with her. Gertrude went over to Mary Mannering, and mother traveled with her, while father held the slipper over *me* as our paths separated. Fond parent act, and all that, you see.

"Then the idea of pictures struck us very hard. They were doing camera-phone photoplays then, and during a summer season I worked in two 'talkies.' That was before David Griffith began to show the possibilities of the screen.

"The Biograph followed, because Blanche Sweet, who's my first cousin, was with Griffith. I had two months of the movies, then we moved to San Antonio, Texas, and——"

"You must have seen a lot of our country at a very early age," we interrupted, rudely.

"Yep, followed old motto—see America first—one hundred per cent. stuff, youthful patriotism and so on," laughed Antrim, gaily. Then, continuing modestly, "But there's a deal I've not yet seen. Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, in San *Antone*. Let's see—why"—registering great surprise and delight at a brilliant discovery—



Photograph by Evans

Antrim Short, despite his youth, has had worlds of cinema experience, principally with Metro and Universal. He's something of a crack aviator on the side, making flights three times a week. At the left is a glimpse of Mr. Short in "Please Get Married" with Viola Dana



"that will be eighteen years the eighteenth day of this month. Watch your step, Shorty; you're growing ancient."

Such sunshiny blue eyes as he has! It's no wonder they look for his hide-and-go-seek smiles. There is an attraction about this unspoiled, wholesome American boy, born of his broadminded outlook, which gets over on the screen every time.

"At last I came to California with the Biograph, Wilfred Lucas directing. Then back to the New York Biograph. I returned to Mr. Morosco's stock, playing at the old Belasco, Los Angeles, and Gertrude had a similar engagement. Later she played at the Alcazar in 'Frisco. I was cast in 'Mother' with Emma Dunn, with whom I'm now doing 'Old Lady Thirty-One'—it's great to renew old friendships. Helen Leslie had me playing opposite her, and I also did the juvenile in 'The Littlest Rebel' for months and months.

"When the Biograph returned West, I worked with them two years, then left to free-lance, as they were going to New York."

The boy did a season in stock at Universal, then

(*Continued on page* 68)

Screen Impressions

By LOUISE FAZENDA



Photograph by Monroe

ALMA RUBENS—A red lily—Messages d'amour in an old prayer book—Rubies—Moonbeams on the Alhambra



Photograph © by Evans

MAY ALLISON—Corn-flowers and daffodils—Turquoise — Sunshine after rain—White rabbits



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild

MARY MILES MINTER—Dickens' Little Nell — Daisies—Lavender and old lace—Valentines



Photograph by Evans

VIOLA DANA—Johnny Jump-Ups — Peter Pan — A baby-cloud against a purple mountain—Wisteria

OLIVE THOMAS — Forty-second Street and Broadway—"Lalla Rookh"—Pink satin and pearls—Mignonette

ENID BENNETT—Easter lilies—Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"—White moths—St. Cecilia



Photograph by Hartsook

EUGENE O'BRIEN—Sir Walter Raleigh—The Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman"—Old-rose drawing-room

TOM MEIGHAN — Gorse-covered moors—A shepherd on a lonely hill—Shamrocks in Central Park



Photograph by Evans



CLARINE SEYMOUR — Fireflies—Night, the scent of orange-blossoms and thrumming ukuleles—Bloom of apricot



Photograph by Northland Studio

For the Soul of Raphael

Told in story form from the Clara Kimball Young Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THE Arteagas had land and gold and jewels, great ranches sweeping to the far foot-hills, money to buy drink and velvet jackets and jewels wherewith to adorn their proud ladies so that they flashed in a multicolored and cold flame. The last of the Arteagas had today won a jewel, more precious than emeralds and diamonds.

Marta Estevan, slim and white as one of the candles she had burned before the Virgin's shrine, sat in the great chamber while the maids arrayed her for her marriage with Raphael Arteaga, the bridegroom whom she had seen once only, and then red-eyed, purple of face, reeking of the wine he had drunk in honor of his convent bride whom his mother was bringing from the Sisters of the Holy Heartbreak that afternoon.

"Yesterday," Marta murmured, wonderingly, "how strange! I have lived a long ti since then." She thought of her shrinking disgust at the vinous kisses of her affianced, of old Doña Luisa's burst of anger at the sight of the slim golden slipper under the refectory table, and then the terrible sequel.

Marta shuddered so that one of the girls who sat twisting the veil of the Arteagas above her soft, straight, high-piled hair felt the movement and crossed herself. Mary pity a bride who shudders upon her wedding day! Yet, *per Dios*, she did not wonder that the poor white lamb feared that black wolf, Raphael. She could tell her tales——

But Marta was not thinking of Raphael. Instead, her brain kept repeating over and over the words that she had whispered after Doña Luisa's stiffening lips in that room of death where the red light of the sunset lay like an angry stain across the counterpane but could not tinge that cold grey face with its glow. "I swear by the Holy Cross and the Sufferings of Our Lord to stand guard over the soul of Raphael while he lives!" A cold wind, with the dank odor of open graves, seemed to blow across her, tho the room was stifling with the odor of roses and lilies, and again she shuddered.

"See, the bride is ready!" the Mexican girls cried, fluttering away like a flock of gaudy parrakeets, to admire their work, "but," they whispered, "she is pale—pale as a corpse! Perhaps, who knows, her heart is dead for another——"

Raphael, handsome as a great, black, full-blooded animal, gaudily arrayed in a suit of wine-colored velvet and wearing a huge ring on one finger that flashed with a hard light in the sun, strode up and down the colonnade of his ranch-house, awaiting his bride. A gratified smile twisted one red lip-corner, despite the fact that his mother lay in state within the darkened room in which he had been born. She was dead, but one must die when one is old, of a certainty—when one is young—ah! One lives! Lives hard, hotly—drinking deep of the wine of pleasure.

The smile grew broader. He was remembering Marta, the convent girl who had stepped from the cloisters into his arms, untaught of the meaning of life or of love—a flower unpicked, almost unseen. "*Dios!*" swore Raphael, licking his curving, glossy lips, "my mother was right. The Arteagas should choose women who have never been handled when they come to wed. The others—they are well enough for loving, but one wants to be sure of one's wife. And Marta has never even seen another man . . ."



From the noisy merriment of the wedding breakfast, Marta slipped away presently with a sense of escape. Almost without knowing what she did she stepped through the low windows to the balcony; ran along it to the steep stone stairs and then down

Convent walls are high, convent walls are thick, but no walls have ever been built that can keep the eyes of a maid from those of a man. In her girl soul, on an altar among her saints, Marta had enshrined a face with blue eyes like the sky when the sun shines and skin as fair as the waxen faces of the images in the chapel. There had been only one moment for her to remember, a single flash of wonder in two meeting glances, a something that seemed to spring up laughing in her soul. But since



Her voice broke, "Today he marries a great lady like himself, and—and if I had not the wee one to care for I should want to die. Oh, Raphael—Raphael mio—"

then Marta had known what life could be.

The wedding-bells rang across the hacienda with a brassy sound, as tho they sang of the joy that would be hers with false tongues. She walked among the flowers and the faces, trembling thru all her small, slender frame, with look downcast and cold hands that were displeasing to the man who clasped them at the altar. He liked women with life in them, blood in their veins; women who could laugh loudly and swear a bit. This girl was strangely aloof. She made him feel too large, too clumsy. She reminded him of the chilly saints with their disdainful lips in the sacristy. Even before Marta had worn the name of Arteaga an hour her bridegroom was already looking at another woman, a tall, ripe, blonde thing—a tourist spending the summer in town who had come to the wedding from bold curiosity and who stayed to smile with eyes that held hot blue flames into the eyes of the handsome savage who had married the little grey nun.

From the noisy merriment of the wedding breakfast—the dead woman listening rigidly in that darkened chamber upstairs—Marta slipped away presently with a sense of escape; laid off her sheer gown and the lace veil, light as gossamer, that seemed so heavy a weight on her head. For a time she brooded alone, gazing down into the hot sunshine of the gardens where the roses, steeped in the glare, swung like great censers, flinging off rich incense. Then, hearing an uncertain footstep on the stairs, she sprang to her feet with a sudden sense of suffocation--her husband—Raphael——

Almost without knowing what she did, she stepped thru the low windows to the balcony, ran along it to the steep stone stairs at the end and down. Then crouching in the shadows, the bride of an hour waited until her husband's wine-thickened voice had ceased to call her name. Along the gallery came other footsteps, light ones but dragging. Marta moved from her retreat and came face to face with an Indian girl, almost a child in years, whose slender body was bent sidewise under the weight of the heavy baby she carried on her hip.

There were tears rolling slowly down the olive cheeks, dripping on the stolid little face below, and as Marta looked the girl leaned heavily against the pillar and gave way to a low wailing in her own tongue.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked her, gently. "You seem unhappy, suffering——"

"No, señorita," the girl answered humbly. She spoke the liquid Spanish gutturally but understandably. "No one can do anything for my baby or for me. Its father"—and she touched the tiny face with tender fingertips—"great gentleman. He love me once. Now he ride by and does not see me in the dust of his horse's feet. Today"—her voice broke—"today he marries a great lady like himself, and—and—if I had not the wee one to care for I should want to die. Oh, Raphael—Raphael *mio*——"

"Raphael!" Raphael's bride spoke the name in a voice that seemed very far away. She turned, held out her hands and sank to the stone pavement, a crumpled little figure amid the ruins of her life. They lifted her, carried her to her chamber and presently she opened her eyes and shuddered at the sight of the dark face bending over hers.

"Go away!" she begged him; "go away! I would I lay yonder dead beside your mother before I had made that cruel pledge. The Indian girl is your real wife—for she has borne you a child——"

Raphael laughed, with great, square white teeth. "Pah!" he spat. "*Wife*—that carrion wife to an Arteaga! You are insane, or a fool! Come, get control of yourself and come down to my guests."

Marta rose from her pillows. Her skin had the transparent look of a lily that has been broken. Her eyes were great dark bruises under the tumbled wealth of her hair. "Raphael Arteaga," she said quietly, "I have sworn an oath that your mother's soul carried up to God with her to guard your

soul while you lived. I shall keep that pledge, but I call on God to witness that if you try to force me to be your wife, as that Indian girl was your wife, I will kill myself with the dagger that all the convent girls wear always here——" and she struck at her bosom with clenched hand.

In that moment, Raphael, bully and braggart that he was, felt the cold touch of fear on his coward soul and turned away and left the bride whom he would not own now or hereafter. But the golden-haired Americano was waiting below-stairs, with the other guests, and there was plenty of wine, and so he quite forgot his grievance—for the while.

And all the night after her wedding Marta knelt with the moonlight bathing her feverish face like cold, clear water, and prayed to the Virgin that she would teach her how to use her broken life and give her the courage to forget the leaping light in two sunny blue eyes.

The days thereafter were blurred, long, aimless stretches of sunshine that made the eyeballs ache, interrupted by velvety black nights, smothering the flat ranchlands with sooty shadows. Marta gradually, because she was young and strong and hopeful, even tho she thought that hope was forever gone, came to accept her life, even to begin to fill it with little, gentle, useless tasks. She gathered the roses in the garden, wove garlands of paler blooms for the chapel and embroidered altar cloths with tiny, invisible stitches, to send to the convent in Mexico from which she had come.

Raphael did not trouble her. He was sullen in his manner toward her, sneered at her tasks—but he did not claim any of the rights she had denied him. On her part, Marta made conscientious efforts to fulfill her pledge to the dead woman who had adopted her when she was a child and placed her in the convent to be reared for her son.

She saw to it that the table was spread with the food he liked, that his silver spurs were always polished until they struck out sparks and that he drank no more wine than she could help. She prayed for him, too, in the long, wakeful hours of the night, that the good saints would touch his soul and that he might be saved from the fires of hell. Of the other, whose face was as an image with a candle burning before it, she tried not to think, yet thought often, wondering where he might be now and whether he ever remembered her.

And then one strange day, that ever afterward remained a sacred one in her calendar of life, Marta Arteaga looked out of the window of the house of a friend in the village, straight into the eyes she had seen once only, yet had seen so many times in dreams. Ana Mendez, her hostess, hearing her stifled exclamation, came to her side and waved her hand.

"Señor Keith Bryton, an Americano!" she exclaimed. "He is a friend of my husband. He is in Southern California buying mules for the army. Is he not handsome, think you, Marta? With his skin so white as milk and his eyes——"

But Marta heard no more. Both her small hands had crept to her breast, pressing close as tho to prevent some secret thing from escaping. Her face was the waxen white of the magnolia blooms beside it, but then a tinge of rose wakened it to life. For the man who stood in the plaza outside had moved toward them and Ana had hurried to admit him to the room. And now he stood before her, and his hand, big and firm and warm, held hers an instant in formal greeting. She lifted her glance to his, and their eyes met, steadily, as those of friends.

"At last," Keith Bryton said, with a slow breath. "I have waited long for this, Little Nun."



And all the night after her wedding, Marta knelt with the moonlight bathing her feverish face like cold, clear water and prayed to the Virgin that she would teach her how to use her broken life

She had a vision of their first and only meeting, she a big-eyed, grey-clad girl looking thru the open gate of the convent wonderingly at the unfamiliar world, at this tall, straight figure striding along the pavement as tho he owned the world. Then when he came opposite her he had stopped, as if she had called him, and looked at her, long—long—until old Sister Margaret had come up behind and snatched her in and swung the gate to, shutting him outside. She had had to do hard penance for her sin, but she had forgotten the penance and only remembered the wonder of the sin.

"I, too," Marta answered him now. "I have often prayed for you, señor, and prayed that the good God would let me see you again some day."

He laughed, a big, healthy sound. "Some day is here, Marta," he cried, "and so am I and you."

But she had drawn away, suddenly trembling. "I had forgotten," Marta whispered desolately, "I am married. I have taken a vow up to God," and for the first time since her darkened wedding day the slow, hopeless tears rolled down her cheeks. And, with a frightened movement like some wild thing, she turned and ran from the room. But deeper than the tears was the sound of singing, for she knew that she would see him again.

The next time was at the church. Marta, with Raphael beside her, felt his gaze before she dared look for him, but when at length she raised her dark, frightened eyes from her rosary, her heart leaped until she felt that her husband must be aware of its tumult. This time there was no chance for words, yet she went back to the hacienda with the sense of having listened to mad love-making. And that night she prayed to the Virgin that she might never see Keith again and that she might remember always her promise to Doña Luisa and to God.

The next morning she stood, waist deep in June, the great waving heads of the roses in the garden tossing their petals over her dark, uncovered hair, when Keith Bryton strode thru the wicket.

"I have come, Little Nun, to say good-by," he told her, standing before her in the sunshine that dazzled her eyes as she lifted them to his face; "I dont dare to stay any longer. It's too hard to be near you and still so far away. From the moment I saw you in the convent gate I've loved you, but I couldn't touch you then, and"—his great hands clenched—"I cant touch you now."

Marta looked up at him, then down at the crimson rose by her hand. As long as she lived, the scent of red roses was to make her faint and dizzy as she was then. "She was an old woman, and she was dying," she said, as tho pleading an excuse; "she had been good to me . . ." The words caught raggedly on a sob. She looked up at him again, piteously. "You say—you love me. Then promise you will think of me every evening when the first star shines, and I will try to go on living. But if I thought you would forget—I should pray the Virgin to take me to Her, for I, too—I, too——"

"God bless you and keep you, Little Nun!" the man said hoarsely, and suddenly the roses blurred in the wind of his going and fell in a shower of bloody petals at her feet, and the world was empty and the saints had turned their faces away.

Across the fields Marta saw a fleck of black that was Raphael and a fleck of blue that was the habit of the Americano with golden hair, but they meant nothing to her mind, numb with its grief. They were very close together, these



The next day Keith Bryton was brought, wounded well-nigh unto death, into the hacienda. A party of vaqueros had found him lying beneath his dead horse on the mountain trail

flecks, but Marta did not notice. He was gone. He was *gone*——

That night, as she was brushing her dark, thick hair, the door was flung suddenly open and her husband stood swaying on the threshold, his eyes, glazed with wine, resting covetously on her uncovered arms and neck. "Damn it!" cried Raphael, "I've a right here—dont look so astonished! I married you, didn't I? And I'll be put off no longer with your pious talk." He lurched toward her, smiling thru glistening lips. "You're —you're devilish pretty, Marta. Did you know it? C'mon, give 's a kiss! What! You hell-cat!"

He leaped backward as something flashed in her upraised hand. Her eyes, too, glittered with the hard light of the steel. "Keep away," warned Marta, in a low, tense voice. "I swore to your mother to marry you, but I didn't swear—anything more. And if you come nearer I'll kill you as certainly as I stand here hating you!"

They faced each other in silence, and again, as once before, the man's spirit yielded to hers. He laughed spitefully. "Have your own way! After all, why should I care! There are others who aren't quite so—particular——"

The next day Keith Bryton was brought, wounded well-nigh unto death, into the hacienda. A party of vaqueros had found him lying beneath his dead horse on the mountain trail, stripped even to the silver mounting of his harness by brigands. "He will die," mumbled the old physician, bending over the splendid chest of the wounded man to count the slow heart-beats; "nothing can save him."

"He will live!" Señora Arteaga flamed. "One thing can save him." But she did not say that that one thing was love. In the days of terror that followed she seemed to keep Death at a distance with the bare strength of her beating hands. She literally fought for the life that was dearer to her than her own life. It was as tho she re-created him, until, one day in the late summer, he opened sane eyes on a room filled with the clear wine of sunset, with a woman's face—or was it an angel's?—bending over him. "Marta," he whispered, "beloved——"



"And if you come nearer I'll kill you as certainly as I stand here hating you." They faced each other in silence, and again as once before the man's spirit yielded to hers

But she was gone. And tho he begged the old Mexican nurse who took her place for her, she came no more. The strain of the last weeks had almost sapped her. She was hardly able to walk in the garden, or even to make her daily pilgrimage to lay fresh blooms before the image of the Holy Mother in the chapel. But every evening when the first star twinkled out of the dark blue overhead, she closed her eyes and said a little prayer for the man who was creeping back to life in the great ranch-house.

On a night of late August, sultry, throbbing with stars, she stood in the decaying garden and heard the voice of her husband beyond the wall, speaking passionately. "Your golden hair—a man could drown in it, *cara mia!* Have mercy! Tell me when you will go with me——"

And then, cold as ice, a woman's reply. "When you bring me the jewels you have promised, Raphael—the jewels of your house."

"Now! Within the moment!" the man cried hoarsely. "They are in *her* room, but I will get them if I have to draw the necklace around her throat and strangle her! Wait here! I'm mad for you, Anita—mad enough to wade thru blood to seize you in my arms!"

(*Continued on page 69*)

FOR THE SOUL OF RAPHAEL

Fictionized from the scenario by Dorothy Yost based upon the novel of the same name by Marah Ellis Ryan. Produced and directed by Harry Garson. Starring Clara Kimball Young. The cast:

Marta Raquel Estevan	Clara Kimball Young
Raphael Arteaga	Bertram Grassby
Doña Luisa Arteaga	Eugenie Besserer
El Capitan	Juan de la Cruz
Keith Bryton, the Americano	J. Frank Glendon
Ana Mendez	Ruth King
Angela Bryton	Helene Sullivan
Polonia	Paula Merritt
Teresa	Maude Emery
Ricardo	Edward M. Kimball

The Climax



Photograph by Lumière

THE *judges' committee will sit on July 1st and 2nd between the hours of ten and four at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., to interview personally all contestants who can make it convenient to appear at this time.*

Tests will be taken before the motion picture camera at Roslyn, L. I., N. Y., on the following Saturday, Sunday and Monday of all those contestants who seem qualified to be chosen for the final honor roll.

Evidently the possibilities of the contest have reached, in many and various ways, the ears of the entire feminine contingent of the country, for there seems to be no village or county in all the land which hasn't been heard from. A peculiar fact attracts our attention—photographs of the prettiest girls frequently come from the most obscure places. More than once we are reminded of the poet's saying that "many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." This, of course, is the primary object of the contest. To give an opportunity to a girl who, shut away from the world and all that it offers, would otherwise have no chance at all ever to get away from her narrow enclosure. To offer to this girl, if she is one of the winners, every means by which she will arrive at the goal of success.

And not only have the contestants responded from every village and county thruout the country, but we have received pictures from our readers who desire to enter the contest from many foreign countries. This is, perhaps, what is the most interesting factor of the contest. The variety of types of beauty and charm is overwhelming. And not only is it the young girl who dreams about the glory of stardom, but there has been a number of entries from men and women beyond their first youth who desire to try their fortune and who feel that they may make good in the cinema world. This shows the increasing importance that is being attached to the cinema by old and young alike.

We are quite flattered with the results of the contest so far. As you doubtless know, the winners of the contest and also the members of the honor roll took part in a two-reel feature which was aptly named "A Dream of Fair Women," and which proved so successful a film that the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, has distributed it thruout the entire country. Encouraged by the



Above, Helen M. Bates of New York City; center, Pauline Anderson, also of New York City, and, below, Margaret Peggy Ford of Washington, D. C.

Photograph by Hartsook

Photograph by Betts, K. C.



We have now arrived at the most exciting part of the Fame and Fortune Contest being held under the auspices of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND. The climax is, of course, the most interesting and thrilling part of the play, and the audience always thrills to the rising of the curtain on the third act. We have reached the big moments in the contest. Entries are growing more and more excited, (as is shown by the number of photographs submitted, anxious letters pouring into the office, wires, etc.). Indeed, the photographs have doubled in number and flood the office daily.

The Fame and Fortune Contest Reaches Its Most Interesting Point

success of this feature, we have decided to produce a five-reel drama.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, has been chosen to play the leading part of Peggy. Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy," and he has a big and strong part to play. Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Mrs. Mayer, Bunty Manly, Erminie Gagnon and Johanna Huschle have also been assigned parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the great poet; Hudson Maxim, famous inventor; and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster place at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

The judges of the contest will be Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

We have the privilege to announce the seventh honor roll winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest:

Martha Carleton Baker, 571 West 139th Street, New York City, has never had any professional experience. She has blue-grey eyes and brown hair. Her complexion is fair.







Top, Lady Gay Carrara of New Orleans, La.; center, Nan E. MacAllister of Baltimore, Md., and, below, Martha Carleton Baker of New York City

Photograph by Symsack

Photograph by C. Bennette Moore

Another Manhattan beauty is Helen M. Bates of 430 West 119th Street. Miss Bates has appeared in amateur theatricals and is very unusual in appearance. She has blue eyes and dark-brown hair and a very fair complexion.

From 2751 W. Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md., comes a picture of Nan E. MacAllister, who has played minor rôles on the screen. She is an English girl and has dark-brown eyes and hair, while her complexion is olive.

Pauline Anderson of 561 W. 141st Street, New York City, has blue eyes and dark-brown hair and fair complexion. She played a small rôle on the stage last season.

Margaret Peggy Ford, 312 C Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has a fair complexion, blue eyes and dark-brown hair. Miss Ford has played small rôles on the dramatic stage.

From P. O. Box 1428, New Orleans, La., comes a beautiful photograph of Lady Gay Carrara. This Dixie beauty has been playing a small rôle with the New Orleans French Opera Co. for two months. It is a well-known fact that New Orleans has many beautiful girls—Lady Gay Carrara proves this with her hazel eyes, dark-brown hair and fair complexion.

A Dreamer of Dreams



Photographs by Evans

Cullen Landis has worked at everything. He started in Nashville as a milkman and drifted to the coast. There he started at the bottom in the studios, worked up to property man, assistant director, and assistant camera-man to "stunt actor." Finally he landed as a regular player

No one who saw Rex Beach's "The Girl from Outside" could forget "the Curly Kid."

All the way thru the picture you felt Cullen Landis' sincerity, a sincerity that seemed to come out of the screen and grip you. "Why," you thought, "this kid is real; there is no pretense here." And when he stood, frightened and miserable, by the bedside of the sick girl, he made you realize his misery as keenly as tho he were there in person in the place of his shadow.

He was, it seemed, Youth incarnate; impulsive, reckless and on fire with enthusiasm at every new discovery. And this is exactly the impression you get when you meet Cullen Landis in person. He is splendidly, boyishly alive to everything that is romantic in life.

There are people who believe that all day-dreaming is a waste of time. And then there are others who will tell you that all thoughts have an existence of their own, with power to help or harm their creator. That your success depends on your outlook on life and on the way you think more than on anything else. It is on this philosophy that Cullen Landis is molding his life.

"I have always had big dreams," he said; "even when I was property man I used to imagine my name in electric lights above the door of a theater." And now, at twenty-four, his dream seems well on the way to fulfillment. He is under a five-year contract with Goldwyn.

I saw him at the studio on a cold, rainy afternoon in late winter. We sat in one of the little upstairs office rooms. The rain beat an endless tattoo on the roof and occasionally was blown against the window-pane.

"I used to believe," he went on, "that thoughts were of no material help, but I have grown to look on such matters differently. I think now that my day dreams have helped me and that they are helping me every day. I know that having visions of a future makes me more careful with my work. Even when I get a part that I dont like, it is impossible for me not to do my best with it.

"There is a man, a Russian Jew, named Auerbach, who has talked with me a great deal about the importance of training my mind to be as mentally efficient as possible. He is one of the most brilliant men I have ever seen. He has been everywhere and he speaks half a dozen languages, among them Sanskrit. I think that he has had more influence on my life than any one else with the exception of Uncle Ed, (Edward Job-



By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

son, a much-loved character actor). Uncle Ed taught me how to be patient.

"I first met Uncle Ed at the Balboa studio in Long Beach. I was doing a little of everything then, driving a bus, running errands and minding the switchboard. He had lost a boy of about my age, and I suppose that is why he took an interest in me. I used to lose my patience with practically no provocation at all."

Cullen Landis is the romantic type of Irishman. His skin is pale, his eyes a deep blue and his hair black and wavy. He talks in a direct, matter-of-fact way, with just a slight edge to his voice to tell of his natural restlessness. He doesn't like cities. You would notice that his few gestures are always large ones and that they are upward and outward, away from himself.

When I saw him he had just returned to Los Angeles from his first visit to New York, which he made in company with his director, Victor Schertzinger, and Mrs. Schertzinger.

"I had a good time," he said, "but I didn't like New York, really. I like to have lots of room."

He lives in Long Beach, about twenty miles from Los Angeles. James Cullen





Photographs by Evans

Cullen Landis is a young Irishman—and, with all his hard struggle—a dreamer of dreams. "My day dreams have helped me," he says, "and they are helping me every day"

Landis, to give him his full name, was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1895. There it was that he got his first job. It was as a milkman, and he only kept it for a very short time. After that he bought a newspaper route and rose promptly at three o'clock every morning so that subscribers to *The Nashville American* would have no reason to complain of their service. He was so successful that he soon rose to the dignity of a regular position in the circulation department. He gave that up when, at the age of sixteen, he came to California.

"My first job here," he said, "was driving a sightseeing bus, so I am quite fitted to point out the beauties of Los Angeles to admiring friends." And then he began doing a little bit of everything at the Balboa studio in Long Beach.

No one can say that he didn't begin his career in moving pictures on the first rung of the ladder, or that he missed any rungs going up, even tho he is climbing so rapidly.

He was a property man, an assistant director, an assistant camera-man and, with it all, a "stunt" actor, but the type of stunt actor who never gets any credit. He was, in other words, a double for stars where the scenario required them to do a stunt so risky that the company

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Celluloid Critic

Next month Mr. Smith will review the entire screen year, selecting the twenty leading photoplays of the twelve months and discussing in detail the progress—or lack of progress—of all the leading players and producing units. This annual review has been a CLASSIC *feature for three years and is of unusual value as a record of cinema achievement.)*

WE have long intended commenting at length upon Charles Ray and his unquestioned genius of the silversheet. Yet there is something so matter-of-fact, so every-day, so humanly devoid of the spectacular about Ray that each month we express our brief appreciation—and pass on.

Ray is deserving of much more. You and I have come to look upon his bashful, awkward, small-town boys as regular incidents of photoplay releases. Yet they are far more. Ray takes the most colorless sort of rôle and galvanizes it into life. There is nothing of the theater or studio about him. He is small-town youth—the sort of youth upon which America depends. He is a master player because he is able to reflect this so humorously, so tenderly, so sincerely. We know the customary phrase: "He is just playing himself." In answer, we say that Ray is the greatest of all artists, a player who projects himself into a rôle minus all the histrionic trappings and gildings of the actor. Great artists are the simplest. Witness Mary Pickford. Or Charlie Chaplin. Or Ray.

Ray is a genre player of genius. He is typically American. No mere heroic manikins are his screen creations. He turns the characters inside out and shows you the affectations, the weaknesses, the boyish foibles, the very thoughts of his creations, along with the outer shell.

Consider Ray's latest vehicle, "Paris Green," (Paramount). Here he plays a country boy, just back from France and out of khaki, who finds that his sweetheart at home has not waited for him. Just when life seems greyest, along comes a little French girl he met during his forty-five minutes in Paris and to whom he gave his address "in case she ever needs it." With the aid of a French dictionary the boy finds the happiness he seeks.

A creaking skeleton of a story it is. But Ray makes you believe in it. If there is anything more human in recent pictures than his homecoming to the old homestead, we want to see it. Bert Woodruff makes the father stand out, altho he exaggerates the rôle, while Gertrude Claire is effective as the boy's mother.

One other production of the month strongly impressed us. This was "Humoresque," (Paramount), a visualization of Fannie Hurst's short story of a little Jewish boy who finds wealth and acclaim thru his genius in music, who gives up everything to go to France in the uniform of the land his parents adopted, and who returns with one arm crippled. In the end he recovers and his ability to play upon the public's heartstrings via his violin returns. Miss Hurst writes with an unusual understanding of East Side life and the story offers innumerable opportunities for fine naturalistic direction.

Frank Borzage's handling of the theme is







Above, Bert Lytell in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," in which he gives a very likable performance; right, Violet Heming in "The Cost," which is too scattered a tale to make an effective photoplay; and, below, William S. Hart and Anna Q. Nilsson in "The Toll Gate," another typical Hart de luxe dime novel

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

unusual enough to make his future work of vivid interest to students of the photoplay. Here is another forerunner of the slice-of-life silent play of tomorrow. True, this striving for human detail becomes apparent here and there thru "Humoresque" and the play drags seriously at times. But, on the whole, it is far and away ahead of the average shallow melodramatic film drama.

The cutting of "Humoresque" is puzzling at times. For instance, there seems to be a deliberate effort to keep the featured player, Alma Rubens, in the background. As the young violinist's sweetheart she should have been a vital link in the story. Here she is a mere inanimate lay figure. A character player, Vera Gordon, who contributes a singularly fine and well-rounded portrayal of the Jewish mother, walks away with the honors of "Humoresque." No mere silversheet shadow is this touching presentation of the immigrant woman whose son, by one of those odd freaks of genius, lifts her from a tenement room and a fire-escape landscape to Riverside Drive and limousines, but who never once loses her primitive balance, her store of mother-love, her unswerving faith. Dore Davidson, too, is excellent as the father. Gaston Glass is quite adequate as the boy.

David Graham Phillips always wrote vigorously. But his "The Cost" is too scattered a tale for a strong film story, unless handled from a more naturalistic view-point than Director Harley Knoles produced it. Herein a young girl overrides the hopes of her parents and marries a young rounder. She soon discovers the downright moral worthlessness of the man and that she really loves another. But she drifts thru years of disillusionment and pain until the death of her husband opens the way to a belated sort of middle-aged happiness. There is really no climax, for Mr. Phillips' characters are very human in their drifting.

Violet Heming is fairly sympathetic as the girl, while Ralph Kellard is actory as her unfortunate selection. "The Cost" is one of those photoplays in which the characters never really age, altho years dash by in the subtitles.

Somehow or other we find ourselves unable to take the very heroic heroics of William S. Hart very seriously. Somehow his *de luxe* dime novels never impress us as being a significant contribution to either life or literature. "The Toll Gate," (Paramount), is an instance in point. "The Toll Gate" presents Hart as another kindly bad man, Black Deering, who once again encounters regeneration and a cutie at one and the same time. In this opus, Black Deering foregoes the ingénue and rides away alone thru the mountain "toll gate." Hart is himself as the good bad man and Anna Q. Nilsson is an attractive figure as the heroine.

We confess dire disappointment in Marshall Neilan's feature comedy, "Dont Ever Marry," (First National). For Neilan has a fresh Irish sense of humor. In "Dont Ever Marry" he has taken a slender farce idea and tried to develop it into feature length. The result: a tiresome hour and a quarter with only occasional flashes of laughter. It concerns the efforts of a young

(*Continued on page* 94)





Charlie Ray is a genre player of genius. Above, he appears in "Paris Green," a slender story galvanized into life by his rare artistry. Left, Irene Castle, who lends a certain pleasant personality to "The Amateur Wife." Below, Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee in "The Prince Chap"



Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By TRUMAN B. HANDY







Photograph by J. C. Milligan

Top, a stellar reunion at the First National coast studios: left to right, Florence Vidor, King Vidor, Katherine MacDonald, Charlie Ray and Anita Stewart. Center, Charlie Chaplin and little Mary Pickford Rupp. Right, Ruth Roland displaying literary discrimination

Photograph by Pathé Exchange

Los Angeles, (*Special*)—The back-to-the-stage movement is hitting the movies hard these days. That and the fact that the producers, such as Metro, Goldwyn, Lasky, *et al.*, are having to pay upwards of dozens of thousands of dollars for star vehicles, such, for instance, as "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." After having been in pictures for some years, our cinema favorites are feeling the call to return to their first love, the stage, and one by one they are leaving the film Mecca.

Dorothy Dalton, of course, was the first to depart in order to star on Broadway in "Aphrodite." Theda Bara left the camera for "The Blue Flame." And now Bert Lytell has announced his intention of going back to the boards in a play to be staged exclusively for the purpose of letting Broadway theatergoers hear his voice. Lytell has actually wanted to go back to the "legit" for some time. In fact, after each picture he'd say he was thru with films—temporarily—and that he wanted a chance to hear his own voice again *en scene*. But now, having finished "The Temple of Dawn," he has left for New York to make one more picture before the fatal appearance *per se*.

And even that champion little child-wife of the screen, Mildred Harris Chaplin, left the camera, very temporarily, however, for the speaking stage. She made her début here at the Little Theater in a very intricate farce, "Sick-a-Bed," and, even tho she looked beautiful in her stage dresses, her voice was not quite powerful enough. The première fling at spoken dramatics, however, has put the bug into Mrs. Chaplin's ear; she says she'd really like to consider the stage seriously. And, who knows? She's had a very good offer to do so, it seems, but, nevertheless, she's quite busy making a picture which is to be released under the more or less prosaic title of "Old Dad."

The Los Angeles film colony was plunged into sudden sadness on receipt of the news of Clarine Seymour's death. Miss Seymour was one of the best-liked members of cinema-land's younger set. A year ago, before she left for New York with the Griffith players, Miss Seymour was one of the brightest social lights here. Her sparkling personality was in evidence at all of the more exclusive dansants and teas, while her graceful dancing and genial good-fellowship won her a host of admirers. And, by the way, she was one of Eileen Percy's closest friends and, I believe, "stood up" with Eileen at her marriage to the son of Adolphus Busch. When word was received here of her death, a huge portrait of her which stood in the lobby of the Kinema Theater, at which her picture was showing, was draped in crêpe and an especially written obituary was flashed on the screen immediately after the announcement of her name on "The Idol Dancer" cast sheet. For Los Angeles was her home, and it was here that she was filmed in the two productions which literally "made" her—"The Girl Who Stayed at Home" and "Scarlet Days."

Remember Tom Chatterton, who made such a startling impression a few seasons ago as a

(*Continued on page* 75)

The Last Interview

By HARRISON HASKINS



Photograph by White

"CLARINE SEYMOUR died at the Misericordia Hospital, New York, on Sunday evening, April 25, following an illness of only four days."

So spoke the cold, impersonal newspaper columns. Yet in those few lines lay a drama of real life—swift, flashing, tragic—of striving, of success close at hand, of death.

For the screen had no more promising young actress than Miss Seymour. Recall her pathetically brave little jazz girl in David Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Remember her little harum-scarum wife in "True Heart Susie." And her piquant little Mexican girl in "Scarlet Days." But, most of all, her half-caste girl of the tropics—vibrant with the love of life—in "The Idol Dancer." Here Miss Seymour touched a new note—a note that meant quick stardom.

She was at work in Mr. Griffith's visualization of "'Way Down East" when the fatal ailment—intestinal trouble—asserted itself. An operation was found necessary. For five days she fought a brave fight against impossible odds—and then the end.

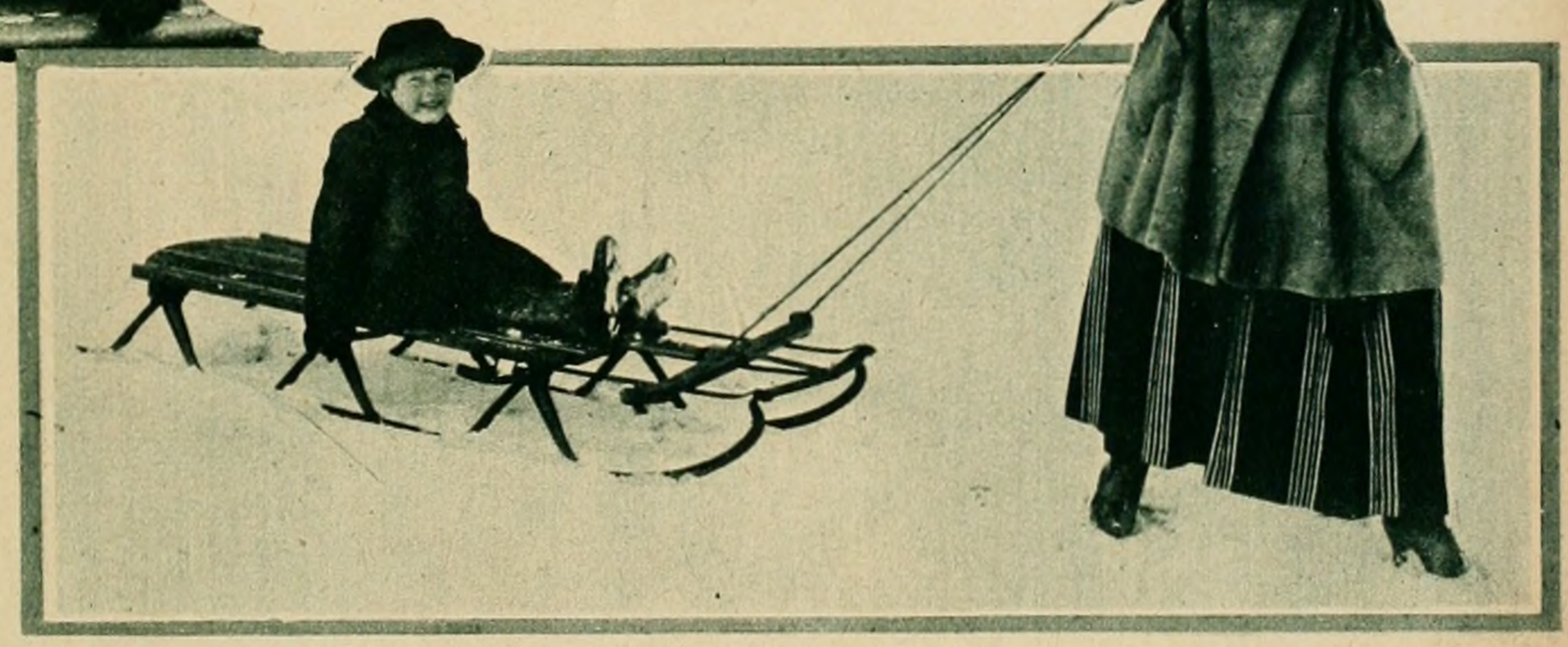
It is hard now to transcribe even a bit of our last talk with Miss Seymour, which was, indeed, her last interview. For the talk was so full of hope, of gladness, of dreams coming true.

Miss Seymour was born in Brooklyn, altho New Rochelle became her home town. Comparatively close by was the Thanhouser studio. It was inevitable that she should try for screen success. But an opening did not come easily. She went day after day for weeks before she was given a tiny rôle. Heartened by it, Miss Seymour kept on. Small rôles came now and then and finally she was offered a contract with the Rolin Company to play in Toto comedies.

Miss Seymour went to the coast, but a disagreement followed soon after. She sued, charging a broken contract, and won her case, altho not until she had played briefly with the

(*Continued on page* 83)





At the top of the page is Clarine Seymour's last photograph, taken two weeks before her fatal illness developed. Above, is a snapshot of Miss Seymour taken last winter with her mother and little brother. At the right is another snapshot



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

Little Sister, Huh!

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

Inasmuch as Eva was leaving on the 5:30 train with the Bill Hart company for a location in northern California, the meager details of this interview were gleaned in a hasty and none-too-easily-ridden trip to the studio from the Novak bungalow in Hollywood.

Jane at the wheel of the aforesaid *limo*, Eva and yours truly in the back seat, Mrs. Novak, the girls' mother, in the front seat with Jane—and all of us permeated with that atmosphere of hurry peculiar to the time previous to boat sailings and the flights from the city of motion picture companies and bank panics.

Eva, as I have hitherto noted, is a blonde—one of those pink-and-white creatures lovers of the æsthetic rave about. Her ever-present smile is contagious, and echoed by the faint, wistful registration of sisterly appreciation as evidenced by sister Jane.

It impressed me that Eva is something of a vamp—one of those harmless kind a mere male simply cant help adoring. I asked her if she thought she was sirenish.

"I dont see why not," she remarked perfunctorily. "Just because you happen to have a taffy thatch isn't any sign that you cant compete with your raven-locked sisters, is it?"

Quite so. Jane admitted it for Eva—and for herself. And she also volunteered the information, in response to my query, that Eva's ambition is not to vamp; that, in fact, her little sister as yet seems to have manifested no particular ambition other than becoming as famous as Mary Pickford.

In Hollywood the pecu-



Photograph by Evans

Eva is a blonde . . . one of those pink-and-white creatures lovers of the æsthetic rave about. Her ever-present smile is contagious; and it impresses one that she is something of a vamp—one of those harmless kind a mere male simply cant help adoring

This question of having to live down the reputation of an already famed member of your family is a serious one. In the first place, old ladies inclined to deafness are wont, upon an introduction, to murmur about how much you look like your noted relative and then to give you a dissertation on the various seven cardinal virtues possessed by him.

Or they'll start in to patronize you by saying that so-and-so has done such perfectly splendid things and has a beautiful soul, and that you have the same sort of eyes and therefore have the same beautiful soul and all that. Or else they'll perhaps merely sniff the air, take practically no notice of you at all and insist upon mouthing all the famous doings of the famous one which have already been done.

But Eva Novak, the ever-so-blonde sister of Jane, isn't the sort of person whom doddering old ladies are going to classify as—

"Heh? Jane's sister—oh my, yes!"

Not at all. Eva has a personality quite her own; a vivacity that her demure older sister seems not to affect; a way of burring her "r's" that Jane doesn't have; a liking for athletics and the great out-of-doors, while Jane prefers to stay at home, to sew or to read a book.

Jane likes to go to tea and the theater. Eva doesn't give a whoop about the uplift of the "drammer." She'd rather ride a horse. But——

Sister Jane, nevertheless, drives the family omnibus. Eva declares that Jane's the better chauffeuse and knows how to fix the darned thing when it's "busted." The omnibus in question is a small limousine, black with yellow wheels. Jane sits at the steering gear like a regular cabby, while Eva rides in state in the back seat.



Eva Novak Refuses to Twinkle in Jane's Reflected Brilliance



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

liar ambition of every one of the photo-famous seems to be to "take off,"—weight in some cases and in others aviation. "Taking off," aviatorially speaking, may I explain, means to go up in a plane. Pauline Frederick has "taken off" considerably. So have Mary Pickford and those prime factors of the film colony, the Hayakawas. Eva, however, declares that she knows aviating wouldn't even give her a thrill. She's never figured on buying an aeroplane, nor even considered the matter of Locklearean volplaning.

But, however, her ambitions are in themselves like aviation.

"They go in leaps and bounds," she announced.

"Um-hum," agreed Jane, laconically, "she makes up her mind sometimes that she's a mountaineer. After she's bought a new set of hiking attire, the streak's worn off and I use the stuff in a picture."

"I wouldn't!" exclaimed Eva, vehemently, a little bit ungrammatically, but, neverthe-

Photograph by Evans, L. A.



Miss Novak, the younger, has gone into the serious stuff for keeps. Temperamentally, she's been created for the emotional line. Physically—well, she should just be merely seen by Flo Ziegfeld!

less, vehemently. "I adore the mountains. I'd rather be in the mountains than eat, so there!"

"Once in a while she gets ambitious to fix up the house," added Mrs. Novak. "She sends me out of the kitchen and insists upon cooking all the meals. She knows how to cook if she wants to."

At this juncture our little Eva in true younger-sisterly fashion, registered a protest.

"Jane," she said, "I have to follow you every place, and they say, 'Oh, there's Jane's sister!' It's an awful stigma to be the younger relative of somebody who's well known. I wish I were a boy—no, I dont, either. Boys always have shiny noses and want to fight."

But what is weighing very heavily on the younger Novak mind right now is her attempt to stabilize her memory. She forgets so many things she ought to remember, she declares, that she's simply *got* to do something.

"We get so used to not remembering that we just forget to remember. The studio writes everything down for us—what we wore in Scene 144 and even how we looked in a close-up. Now, ever since I first started——"

"Which wasn't so long ago," interrupted her sister.

Precisely. She was a schoolgirl in St. Louis

(*Continued on page* 70)

Double Exposures

Conducted By F. J. S.



Photograph by Abbe

"Look where you're dancing," said Ben Turpin. "Dance where you're looking," responded the Sennett Spirit of Nature

THE OUIJA SPEAKS—

"OUIJA!" said we the other night—we always consult our ouija board upon editorial matters of importance—"Ouija," we repeated, "how about it?"

Suddenly the ouija galvanized into movement, dragging our hands along.

"I-m h-e-r-e," it spelled, indicating that the spirit of Ab, the famous cave-man-novelist and the Robert W. Chambers of the Stone Age, was at work. Ab, who is our spirit control, claims to have been the originator of the Cinderella type of story, (having dictated it to a stone mason in 80892 B. C.), and is consequently intensely interested in motion pictures.

"What," we asked profoundly, "will be the big photoplay developments of the coming year?"

The ouija glided to "No." Ab is whimsical like that.

Sternly we repeated the query.

The ouija slowly began spelling out the psychic reply: "F-i-f-t-y-o-n-e b-l-o-n-d-e i-n-g-é-n-u-e-s w-i-l-l b-e s-t-a-r-r-e-d."

"Yes, yes," we prompted breathlessly.

"F-o-r-t-y-e-i-g-h-t B-r-o-a-d-w-a-y f-a-i-l-u-r-e-s w-i l-l b-e p-u-r-c-h-a-s-e-d f-o-r t-h-e m-o-v-i-e-s a-t a h-u-n-d-r-e-d t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d e-a-c-h."

"Go on," we demanded.

"G-e-o-r-g-e J-e-a-n N-a-t-h-a-n wi-l-l a-t-t-a-c-k t-h-e p-h-o-t-o-p-l-a-y."

"No, no!" we exclaimed, incredulously. The ouija went firmly to "Yes."

"W-i-l-l-i-a-m H-a-r-t w-i-l-l p-l-a-y a b-a-d m-a-n w-h-o r-e-f-o-r-m-s."

We noted the startling information.

"W-a-l-l-i-e R-e-i-d w-i-l-l b-e s-e-e-n a-s a d-a-s-h-i-n-g m-o-t-o-r-i-s-t."

We started with surprise.

"C-h-a-r-l-i-e C-h-a-p-l-i-n w-i-l-l m-a-k-e a-n-o-t-h-e r p-i-c-t-u-r-e!"

We could no longer contain ourselves. Indeed, we expressed our incredulity in no mean language.

But the spirit Ab persisted.

"C-e-c-i-l d-e M-i-l-l-e w-i-l-l p-r-o-d-u-c-e a p-h-o-t-o-p-l-a-y w-i-t-h a b-e-d-r-o-o-m a-n-d a b-a-t-h."

We laughed at the preposterous idea. The ouija rattled angrily.

"Y-o-u-r-e g-e-t-t-i-n-g t-h-e r-i-g-h-t d-o-p-e," the ouija was fairly speeding now.

"Are you positive?" we asked.

"Y-e-h," responded Ab. He often drops into colloquialisms like that.

We were just about to put several more significant questions when Ab interrupted.

"H-e-r-e i-s w-h-e-r-e I f-a-d-e o-u-t," he spelled out. "I a-m o-f-f t-o t-h-e w-e-e-k-l-y m-e-e-t-i-n-g o-f t-h-e A-n-t-i-S-p-i-r-i-t R-a-p-p-i-n-g A-s-s-o-c-i-a-t-i-o-n. W-e a-r-e o-r-g-a-n-i-z-i-n-g f-o-r a-n e-i-g-h-t-h-o-u-r n-i-g-h-t."

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Mrs. Oso Riche

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Willie Weary ..... Marmaduke Nothing
Mrs. Weary ..... St. Clair Smythe
Tramp ..... Archibald Finephace
Alicia ..... Hortense Palindrome
The Little Stranger ..... Letty Limp
Extras—Glawdys Brown, Oscar Muchfeete, Olive White, Charles Bungler, Susanne Zero

Property Man, Nick Screen
Autos by Onelung Auto-Co.
Casting Director, I. Knowitawl
Studio Manager, Acost Kutter
Scenarioist's typewriter by Remington
Raw film stock by Eastman
Novel originally published by Unique Pub Co.
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

WHY?

When a liner sinks, does the ocean seem to

(*Continued on page* 83)

The Yellow Typhoon

Told in story form from the Anita Stewart Photoplay

By PEARL MALVERN

It was not until the blare of publicity had died and been decently interred that Hilda could bear to speak of The Yellow Typhoon. It was not until her own honeymoon was on the wane, and life had assumed, once more, normal proportions, a normal perspective. Then, one evening, before an open grate she began to tell her husband of the twin sister, known to the world, sinisterly, as The Yellow Typhoon. For, looking into the flames, she had begun to see pictures and the impelling need of speech descended upon her. She saw herself and Berta at play, twin sisters, with, at first glance, no appreciable difference save the shade of hair. Her own the dark, somber brown it still was, Berta's a mop of belligerent yellow, which had given to her face a curious stalking look, the look of *prey*. She could recall little fragmentary odds and ends out of their childhood. Their mother saying, in a worn voice, "I am sure I dont know what will *ever* become of Berta!" Adding, always, "Hilda is so *entirely* different, it is difficult even for me to believe that they are twins." Or, vividly, Berta demanding from her the doll she most cherished; the part she most wished to play in her favorite game; the desk in school she herself coveted; the share of candy, or fruit, always the major share. Her own remonstrances, gradually weakening under the insidious and generally terrifying threats Berta would make . . . And then, as they grew apace, little by little, the divergence of their interests, the intolerance of their mutual points of view. It was all, seen now, in the still red glare of the recent tragedy, painful in the extreme.



She could recall little fragmentary odds and ends out of their childhood. Their mother saying in a worn voice, "I am sure I dont know what will become of Berta"

Still, she had always known that the story of The Yellow Typhoon must some day be told, and to one so important as the man at her side, in whose life The Yellow Typhoon had dipped her vulture-like fingers before the end.

And so she began by sketching, in graphic bits, their twin birth, their early apparent dissimilarity of character and disposition, the slow but very sure way in which Berta had broken their mother's heart and ended her gentle and terrified life.

"Mother gave us a complete absorption," Hilda said; "she had, she felt, failed personally in a great many ways. Her vital hope was that we might atone, might shrive that failure. From the beginning, I see it now, and mother, being so wise, must have seen that from the first, Berta gave omen of her end. There was, I know not how, something wicked in Berta. Wicked is the only word for it. The sort of wickedness that, in a woman or a good man, congeals the blood, and in a bad man fires it."

Mathison interpolated: "Hallowell wasn't bad—"

Hilda nodded. She knew Mathison's deep devotion for the man who had been his friend as well as his chief. She savored the resentment he must feel for The Yellow Typhoon because of Hallowell. So many people dear to her had suffered because of The Yellow Typhoon! Over that desecrated grave the tears that dropt were said with self-pity.

"No, he wasn't bad," she said, gently, compassionately; "he wasn't. He was *good*. But I think, dear, that of all who crossed her path in that way, he was the only good one. He was a victim to her, then, untried capacities for evil. Some of the fresh untouchedness of her youth must have lingered about her, with promise, not of evil, but of good. She had a great magnetism, Berta. Poor Hallowell felt that. And feeling that, he was wilfully blind to the other potentialities. The human animal is so frail when its emotions are aroused!"

Mathison turned to study the fire-etched profile. But there was no substratum of meaning in Hilda's words. She was thinking solely of her sister and the havoc she had wrought. She was thinking of the beautiful, cruel, forever unpowered hands, that had taken so many lives and strangled them at will; nothing more.

"Berta ran away with Hallowell, as you know," Hilda went on more briskly; "and two weeks thereafter a body was found in the river dressed in Berta's clothes, wearing Berta's jewels, with Berta's light hair, and, what we could see of her, a general resemblance to Berta in form and feature. Hallowell had dropped from the face of the earth—and we identified the body as Berta's. Mother and I surmised a tragedy, of desertion, probably, or merely an outcome of one of Berta's horrible rages when thwarted. Hallowell had not known how to



Still, she had always known that the story of The Yellow Typhoon must some day be told, and to one so important as the man at her side, in whose life The Yellow Typhoon had dipped her vulture-like fingers before the end

handle her, we reasoned, and the suicide, in a moment of red rage, had been the result.

"It broke mother's heart. The thought of that unsanctified body preyed on her night and day. She got to the point where she forgot the woman, Berta, and kept harking back to the yellow-headed, beautiful baby whose worst fault was to rip the paper off the walls in a childish gust of passion, unrestrained. She kept holding her, in her imagination, or slapping her tiny, undeveloped hands. Very soon after that, she died. Berta had killed her."

A log separated, split, fell apart, sending into the reduced light of the room a spray of angry gold, not unlike the vanquished head of The Yellow Typhoon. The man and the woman, sensing it, shuddered.

"I began my work in the Washington headquarters of the Secret Service," said Hilda; "I had the power, I believe, of hurling myself into obliteration of other things by work, more work, arduous, concentrated work. By work I lived, and by work I was able to preserve my sanity in the balance, if I had had time to think of those two lives of which I was so integral a part.

"After awhile the work of the Secret Service gripped me. I thrilled to it, every nerve. And . . . I made good at it, as you know."

Mathison squeezed the deliberately relaxed hand hanging over the side of her chair.

"There came my mission to Manila," said Hilda, "as protection for Hallowell on his anticipated trip home with the plans for rendering submarine warfare inutile . . . Do you remember that day?"

"Do I?" Mathison gave a short laugh. "Do you remember the things that I said to you? Oh, my child!"

"The most acute thing, of course," said Hilda, "was the fact you presented to me, indubitably, that Berta was alive. You said, so coldly, John, 'You bear a remarkable resemblance to The Yellow Typhoon,' and you studied my credentials with even more than customary scrutiny as you spoke.

"I said, 'Why; what do you mean? Who is The Yellow Typhoon?' And then you told me of the yellow-haired woman with the cruel mouth and the defiant eyes who was suspected of being in Manila for no good purpose. 'We are of the impression,' you said to me, watching me with sort of lynx eyes, 'we are of the impression that The Yellow Typhoon is in Manila with the express purpose of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Hallowell's general plans.' How cleverly, and with what meaning you said that, dear! I asked you more about The Yellow Typhoon, and you told me of the woman who had, at one time, some connection with Hallowell; who had run a large, a very notorious, a very horrible gambling house in the Orient and who had eloped with one of her patrons, a man called Lysgaard, after staking herself and her place against a priceless diamond necklace—losing. You told me that you did not doubt but that The Yellow Typhoon, having left on her transcontinental trip with Lysgaard, a lurid pathway, was in Manila for huge stakes. 'She has got,' you said, 'to slake her blood with hotter fevers than even the Orient, which she has lapped up, can supply. She has come here for the fevers. You told me other things, little things and big things, and in the telling you etched Berta as perfectly for me as tho you had presented her to me in the flesh. I felt faint, and showed it, and you thought that my being, as it were, found out, had caused the temporary illness. You should have known, dear, that it would take more than a tentative recognition to shake the aplomb of The Yellow Typhoon."

Mathison again interpolated: "And then, again, you showed your credentials from Headquarters at Washington, such bona fide credentials, and I recall thinking what honest hands you had, what steady eyes, what a sweet, reliant mouth. I remember thinking of you as a woman who should not play big stakes, but for whom big stakes might well, might justifiably, be played. I recall a pang of pity that you were, in any capacity, right or wrong, involved in intrigue. We couldn't, of course, ignore your credentials, neither could we ignore the amazing resemblance to the woman who was causing us the uneasiness, and so we accepted your service . . . and waited . . ."

Hilda, tensely now, took up the thread. She knew that Mathison would hesitate to supply the piece that fitted in here.

"That night Hallowell found Lysgaard and Berta rifling his trunk," she said, "and Berta . . . no, not Berta, The Yellow Typhoon, shot . . . and killed him . . . the man who had been her husband, whom she had ruined once . . . then deserted . . . she killed him. She got away, just before I arrived, too late for me to hold her back, soon enough for me to recognize her. When you appeared upon the scene there was Hallowell . . . dead . . . and there was I!"

There was a little silence. The split log dwindled to grey ash. Mathison said, "My first thought was personal rather than professional. I was ashamed, but it was so. I thought, involuntarily, 'God, dont let her be guilty!'

"You dear," said Hilda.

"Shall we go on with this?" asked Mathison, tenderly, "I am afraid it is too much for you. Is it necessary?"

Hilda nodded. "Yes," she said, "let's talk it out, get it, as it were, out of our systems, and then . . . then, perhaps, The Yellow Typhoon will lie still, will not be restless any longer, any longer insatiable . . . oh, I want her to rest; I want rest *from* her!"



She had a great magnetism, Berta. Poor Hallowell felt that. And, feeling that, he was wilfully blind to the other potentialities

"We couldn't prove anything, of course," Mathison resumed, "but we couldn't prove anything *either* way, and there we were. I couldn't believe that you were The Yellow Typhoon, but neither could I deny the irrefutable fact of likeness taken in conjunction with the uncanny circumstantial evidence piling up about you and against you. The next day we sailed, leaving poor Hallowell's last rites to be performed by strangers . . . You had the stateroom next ours. I had secreted Hallowell's plans and was taking them to Washington in his stead . . ."

"And all the while," broke in Hilda, unsteadily, "The Yellow Typhoon and Lysgaard were in the steerage, disguised, watching us . . . how far gone Berta must have been, John, her own sister . . . the man who had been her husband . . . what a terrific way she must have gone!"

"Then the attempt on the way over," Mathison filled in the silence that seemed almost to palpitate between them with the strange personality of the dead girl, "and the way you, every time, dear, intervened. And the fight I fought with myself! Against the fascination, the dear warm fascination you held for me, and my shrinking fear of your identity. If Berta had not been, in fact, your sister, dear, I should not be able to forgive myself. Since she was, I feel that my suspicion must necessarily be somewhat condoned. Small wonder that I thought as I did!"

"I used to feel sometimes," said Hilda, rather dreamily, "as tho, even now, Berta was holding from me the thing I wanted most even as she had done in childhood. I knew, too, on that sea voyage, dear. I knew so surely, so sweetly, with such a pang of pleasure and of pain. And I thought that the best and the worst of it would be that I would have to hug my knowledge to my breast, solitarily. I thought you could never care for me . . . because of The Yellow Typhoon."

"And you told me of the woman who had eloped with one of her patrons, a man called Lysgaard, after staking herself and her place against a priceless diamond necklace . . . losing"

They sat in silence for awhile, and it almost seemed to them in that hushed hour as tho the tumultuous, restless spirit of The Yellow Typhoon breathed between them—was it compassionately?

"Then we landed," whispered Hilda, "and I followed you to your hotel. I took the suite above you. I was not sure but I had every reason to believe that Berta and Lysgaard would also go to the same place. I had a twofold reason then for wishing you to reach Washington safely. My love of my country and my love of . . . my man. I determined that no vigilance ever known should surpass mine. Waking and sleeping you should be under my surveillance. And you were. I knew that night, that red and terrible night, that the sounds I heard in your room beneath my own, were not the sounds you made in preparing for bed. I had come to know your every movement, dear. To anticipate, to follow. I had come to thrill to each sound you made after the key turned in your latch. On that night, things were different. There was no deliberate dropping of two shoes . . . how I used to smile at the same deliberation, my own. There was no soft whistling following the short sharp shower in your bath. There was no shuffling and ruffling of innumerable newspapers before the light was snapped out. I followed the régime that night . . . and it was not the same.

"I knew it was The Yellow Typhoon at work.

"My love of you formed for me, then, a sort of protective barrier against the thing I had to do. If it had not been *you* I was going to protect, perhaps to save, there might have come to me the chill that I was giving my own sister, my nearest of flesh and blood, over to the law. I might have been halted in my rigorous duty, for the sake of a softer tie. But that night nothing mattered—only you. I thought of your deep friendship for Hallowell—now dead. I thought of the courageous sea trip you had made, guarding those plans, his plans, with your life, for honor's sake. I thought of . . . oh, love, forgive my heart talking to me in that hour . . . I thought of



the moon-flooded nights at sea when your dear heart spoke, in your eyes, to me, and your dear mute mouth was still.

"There they were! Berta and Lysgaard, over your trunk, mulling up your papers, throwing your things aside. Berta, my sister, and the man who was the aider and abetter of the crimes that were making her infamous . . . It was a bitter sort of moment, if it had not been for my love of you!"

"And you held them at bay," the man whispered, half inaudibly, "there, in the night, alone, splendidly, until I came with the police who had called me to the desk in order that I might disprove the lies Lysgaard had been spreading about me. The police were with me at a fortuitous moment. They saw The Yellow Typhoon and her mate. They caught them with the papers . . . and I think, dear, oh, I feel certain that after Lysgaard started the firing it was the police who shot them down. Your revolver and mine had nothing to do, Hilda, with the two who are no more.

"It is hard to evolve out of a chaos of shouts and groans and threats and pleas any sort of clear conception, and yet, oddly enough, something told me, some instinct, that I should know just what was transpiring, precisely what was transpiring. The same instinct told me that I should need it. After this is over, ran thru my mind, after this is over I shall need to make some sort of explanation. I think it must have been your valiant courage in holding your own flesh and blood at bay for the greater sake of a greater cause. That fired me, dear. The last doubt, too, had fallen from me. I saw the likeness and I saw the difference . . . the same flesh and the same blood, the same features, the same lines, the color of The Yellow Typhoon that drove men mad for love of her and the spirit of a brooding Madonna in you that made a man worship *you*. I know that. An instinct deeper than I can fathom tells me that this is so. It *is* so. Dear . . ."

"It is all over with her now, poor, passionate soul," Hilda murmured. "I hope she is at rest . . . she never was in life. I like to think that that little smile on her mouth was one of commiseration for all the pain she had caused on earth and one of hope for the salvation she was going to find in Heaven."

"Amen to that," said Mathison; "hers was a consummate expiation."

The fire fell away and the room was in darkness. Mathison stooped over and replenished the logs. When he had done, the flames leaped forth again and fell athwart the walls in broad bands of scarlet and gold.



Hilda lifted her head with the old confidence, the old gladness.

"And then," she said, "we took the plans to Washington and delivered them, just, I know, as Hallowell would have wished us to do. You were so still on that trip. You had seen The Yellow Typhoon. You knew the relationship that had so confused you with its likeness, yet still you kept silence . . ."

"I knew, too, on that sea voyage, dear. I knew so surely, so sweetly, with such a pang of pleasure and of pain!"

"I was so ashamed," whispered the man, "of my doubt of you . . . of you . . ."

"The committee commended you for your loyal services," his wife went on, "and then they asked you my identity. You turned to me, and I must have answered you with eyes and lips and touch, for you bowed and said: 'Gentlemen, my future wife!' and I said, 'Yes,' . . .

"With the staid Washingtonians not quite sure what it was all about, and I at a loss to reply . . . and then . . ."

"But you *did*," he said, "you *did* reply."

THE YELLOW TYPHOON

Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn from Harold McGrath's story of the same name. Directed by Edward Jose. Starring Anita Stewart. Released by First National.

Hilda Nordstrom / Berta Nordstrom, (The Yellow Typhoon) ..... Anita Stewart
John Mathison ..... Ward Crane
Robert Hallowell ..... Donald MacDonald
Karl Lysgaard ..... Joseph Kilgour
Monsieur Andre Duval ..... George Fisher
Morgan ..... E. J. Brady

A New Cinema Beauty







Photographs by
Clarence S. Buel

Emily Chichester has just come into prominence in Goldwyn productions. She scored something of a hit with Pauline Frederick in "The Woman in Room 13" and the discerning screen observers predict all sorts of good things for her

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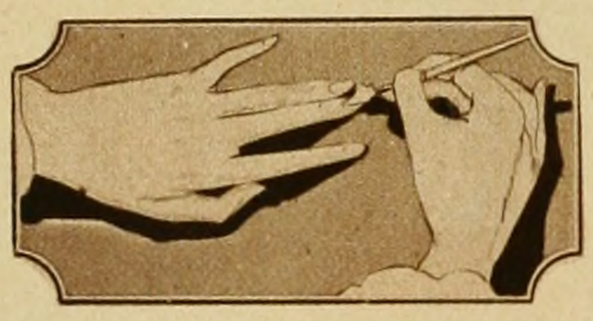
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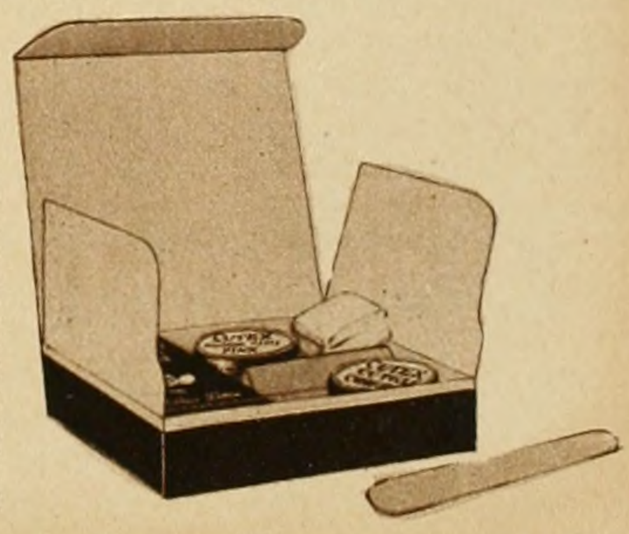
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Photograph by Witzel, L. A.

Mildred, Descendant of William

By FRANCES GRAY

Mildred Davis, who plays opposite Harold Lloyd, is a descendant of William Penn, and she herself comes of a Quaker family. Altho she is but nineteen, she has had much screen experience with Mutual, Metro, Bluebird and Pathé

"WOULDN'T William turn over in his grave if he could see me as a movie actress?" demanded Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's petite leading woman, with a giggle that revealed two piquant dimples at once.

"William—Shakespeare?" we hazarded vaguely, really knowing nothing about Mildred's forebears.

"William Penn," she corrected me. "Why, yes, I'm a Quakeress—all my people came from Pennsylvania, and I'm a lineal descendant of the dear old Bill who sold the State to the Indians, ~~or~~ bought it from them—or something. I never *can* remember history."

The famous Quaker probably did turn over in his grave just then; but ancestors cannot expect to be taken seriously by nineteen-year-old descendants with curly gold hair, baby-pink skin and bluish-green eyes. Mildred, supplied the optical adjectives, or I shouldn't have dared. No, she doesn't take her illustrious lineage seriously at all. The past does not concern her—just the present.

In spite of the fact that she has played with Mutual, Metro, Bluebird and Pathé, and has risen to the dignity of co-featuring with Harold Lloyd, she is just a little girl, with the likes and dislikes of young girlhood.

"I began as a movie fan when I was twelve," she said, with her little-girl smile. "I had the walls of my room just plastered with pictures of movie actresses, and I liked the ones who wore curls and ruffly dresses—like Mary Pickford and Viola Dana. So you can imagine how thrilled I was when I found I was going to play in the same cast with Miss Dana.

"We went to Washington to live when we first came out here from the East, and we came to California from Tacoma, Washington. But the Seattle newspapers claim that I'm from there, too. That's like the crook who said that Minneapolis and St. Paul were in an awful argument over where he came from. Only in his case Minneapolis said he was from St. Paul and St. Paul insisted that he was from Minneapolis.

"How did I happen to go into pictures?

(*Continued on page* 73)



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"Dollar for Dollar," a *Frank Keenan* production;

Blanche Sweet in "Simple Souls," a *Jesse D. Hampton* production from *John Hastings Turner's* novel;

"Sherry," from *George Barr McCutcheon's* famous book, an *Edgar Lewis* production;

"The Little Cafe," from the very successful play adapted from the French by *C. M. S. McClellan*, starring Max Linder.

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Sidetracked

(*Continued from page* 21)

house and he often spends his Sundays there, that is, of course, when he works in Los Angeles. Working at Culver City, half way between Los Angeles and the beach, he can make his choice, tho from there the Venice house is the more easily reached. He absolutely refused to let me describe either place.

"The Venice house is just a camp," he said. "There isn't a thing in it, or in the Rampart Street house in Los Angeles, that belongs to me; all my things are in storage."

"Mine too," said Mary Alden, who had joined us.

"But," I argued, "you can impress your own personality on even a rented house if you live in it long enough. The same is true of motor-cars . . ."

"And of wives," said the irrepressible Rose.

"For instance, you might marry me tomorrow . . . as a matter of fact, he is going to marry me tomorrow, aint you, John?

"I am if Fate doesn't step in again and prevent," said Stone with very little evidence of enthusiasm. The wedding . . . for picture purposes only . . . was to have taken place that day on "location" in Pasadena, but had been postponed because it was raining steadily and blowing big hurricanes.

"Anyway," Rose went on, "we might be walking down the street and some one might see us and say: 'Isn't that so-and-so's wife? She looks like him!'"

"I think that's a myth," said Stone. "I dont believe that association ever changes one's physiognomy. Environment might, but not association.

"For instance, I might have been very different in appearance if I had followed my first ambition. I thought that the biggest thing I could be was a captain on an ocean-going liner. I worked on a ship for seven months without pay, only asking to be taught something of navigation. I worked harder then than I have worked at any other time before, or since, in my life.

"Finally, I considered myself qualified, only to learn that I could not get a pilot's license until I was twenty-one years old. As I was then about sixteen, life looked very hopeless to me. Shortly after this, the Spanish-American war began, and I marched away with a crowd of boys as young as myself, all of us feeling very heroic indeed.

"Of course, all of that seems like a very comic-opera sort of little fuss, remembering it in comparison with the war we have just been thru. But it was all very exciting to us then. Incidentally, it was while I was in the army that I went broke for the first time. We had been stationed in Cuba for four months and during that time none of us had been paid. As a result, I hadn't seen anything of the nearby town. At last a regiment arrived from Massachusetts and I went down to look them over and see if I knew any one. (Stone's home is about thirty miles from Boston.) I soon made friends among them and one of the boys asked me what I thought of the town. I said that I hadn't been there. 'Why?' he asked. 'Because,' I said, 'there's no use going there without any money.' He said that he would let me have some money and, in support of his word, let me have an American ten-cent piece. I changed it for centavos, getting ten centavos for every American cent. Then I took my three tent mates with me to town and we had a wonderful time.

"We could get a glass of peculiarly hectic drink for one centavo, and a guava fruit sandwich, which was quite delicious, for the same price. Cigars were two centavos each. So we not only had a feast, we had some money left when we got thru.

"This is in sharp contrast," he remarked, "to the profiteering one has to put up with today.

"For instance," he said, "last Sunday I bought two Los Angeles newspapers in Venice and was charged twelve and a half cents each for them. With Los Angeles only fifteen miles away, this is absurd; I could have gotten the *London Times* cheaper! It is this type of small profiteering that is so peculiarly exasperating. One is practically helpless to do anything about it." It is characteristic of Stone's lack of self-confidence that he did not choose the stage as his profession, but followed it with splendid success after another man had chosen it for him. This was A. Q. Skannon of New York and the whole incident was, apparently, the result of the merest caprice of Fate.

"I had just left the army," said Stone, "and was looking for work. I visited the navy yard, hoping to find something there, but the only demand was for carpenters, skilled mechanics, etc. I made a list to show to the boys in camp and bought a magazine for myself to read on the way back.

"At this time, vaudeville sketches were just beginning to be shown. Among the stories in the magazine I was reading, was one that I thought would make a good vaudeville sketch. Without knowing anything about dramatic construction, I dramatized it and showed it to an uncle of mine who was in the profession. I suppose he thought it bad enough to be really funny and decided to pass his laugh along. Anyway, he gave me a letter of introduction to a booking agent in New York. While I was in this man's office, Skannon came in. He looked me over. 'What's your line?' he said. I didn't know what he was talking about. 'Juvenile, leads, heavies or what?' he added. I explained that I wasn't an actor." (But here is where the advantage of belonging to a theatrical family comes in.)

"You can read, cant you?" Skannon asked.

(*Continued on page* 70)

Bennett & Co., Inc.

(*Continued from page* 33)

made him an offer, and as he had become fascinated with this new art, he promptly accepted. So, instead of carrying his bride back to New York, as he had planned, he remained to direct her pictures and the successful combination of Bennett & Co., Inc., was effected!

"I came to stay two weeks and have remained two years," said Mr. Niblo. "I sent for my belongings, we bought this house, and for the first time in my life I have a real home."

"See what you got by marrying me!" teased Enid.

"The home is only the frame for the picture!" gaily retorted Fred, with his grandest bow.

"Fred's weakness is prowling about the book-stores, and he is on intimate terms with all the book-collectors in the vicinity," remarked Miss Bennett, as we entered the cosy library opening off the drawing-room.

"This room is the heart of the house, for this is where we really live," proudly announced Mr. Niblo. "Here we study our scripts, work out new bits and plan many of the scenes that finally reach the screen."

The mahogany book-cases lining the room contain an extensive and rare collection which is a veritable treasure-house and makes one long for unlimited hours in which to dip into its riches. Above the books are a number of autographed portraits of famous actors, suggesting many happy stage associations.

The third floor of the house is one long room, which they have merrily dubbed the Chamber of Horrors, for here are the remarkable souvenirs and relics which Mr. Niblo collected during his extensive foreign travels.

"Fred and I had such fun arranging these things," said Enid, as we examined the treasures, representing many nations, tribes and peoples, "for he told me the interesting story connected with each one and how and where he secured it."

"*Wanderlust!*" I exclaimed. "How does he escape its grip?"

"Oh, he doesn't," began Enid. "He longs to be up and away whenever he hears of a boat sailing."

"When we finish our contract we are going on a long, long trip," continued Mr. Niblo. "We will take our cameras and weave one or two reel stories against a background of travel. I was the first to take motion pictures into Africa, and I want to cover the same country again —with Enid."

At the far end of the room is a pool-table, and tho Miss Bennett admits that husband defeats her with tantalizing regularity, yet the lure will not be downed and they indulge in a spirited game every night after dinner.

"And *your* fads?" I asked the little star, as we returned to the drawing-room.

"I have none except—Fred!" she answered. "I love my work, my home, my garden and my two dogs—here they are now!"



Mae Murray

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Shorty

(*Continued from page 37*)

almost two years with Harry Pollard, enjoying comedy, since humor appeals to Antrim Short, and finally with Bob Vignola, his close friend and a man whom he fairly worships. I liked his enthusiasm when describing Mr. Vignola.

"There will be a lot of *good* directors, tho, now that the country has gone dry," Mr. Short said, sagely.

With Vivian Martin, Antrim Short appeared in "The Petticoat Pilot" and "The Third Kiss," later with Constance Talmadge in "Romance and Arabella," and in a propaganda story which came into being a little late, as the armistice was declared—that was "The Yellow Ticket," you remember.

"With Bert Lytell, in 'The Right of Way,' I play a good part. I like 'em to change from crooks to sweethearts, drunken younger brothers to dudish chappies with monocles, boys—like in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'—and all that stuff, you know," he volunteered.

"Seems to me you have hit Universal City quite often in your travels," I suggested.

"Always glad to get back home and to mother's cooking," he smiled cheerily again. "Funny how we all hike again to Universal, isn't it? Well, you're sure of a square meal when you belong to that outfit, anyway. I'm welcome at Daddy Laemmle's table any time—quite comforting, that!"

"Do you fly often?" we ventured.

"Three times a week I go to Crescent Junction and Wilshire Boulevard, to the Mercury Field, and it's the one big hobby of my life—nothing on *earth* can compare with flying," answered the young man, as he described enthusiastic circles with his arms. "I am a speed-crank—and you cant get up speed on earth. I have to *walk* to the studio every day, because I am so afraid of the speed cops."

"Automobile racing ought to suit you!"

"I want to awfully—I mean race. I think there's less danger of smash-ups in the air than on the track, so, for my part, the ship is good enough for speed. Mother hasn't much time for auto races!"

"And I suppose you're a very obedient son?"

"I should say. Mother says I run a very good average—as boys go."

AN ORIENTAL LOVE SONG

By James Franklin Mullaney

Your absence turns the light of day to dusk;
The sun that laughed to see you hides and grieves:
Your garments hold their lavender and musk,
And scent of sandal leaves.

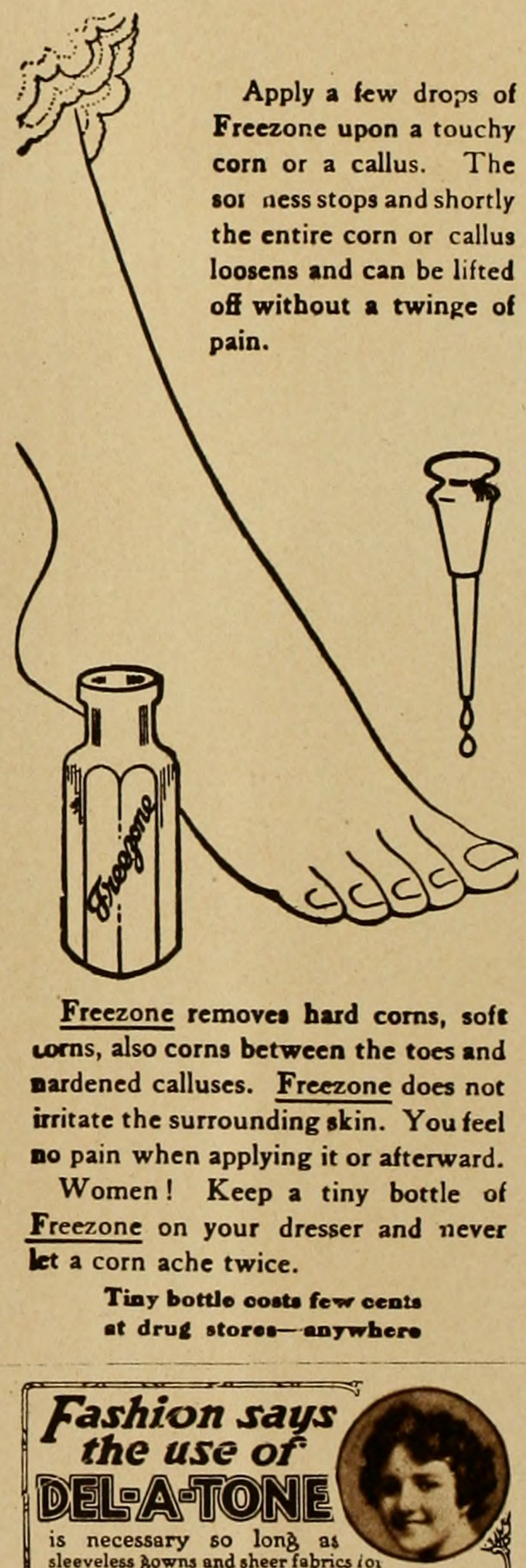
When you are near, my heart that was as cold
And sad as winter, sings, and gladly sings,
For happy sunlight kisses fields with gold—
The joyous poppy brings;

The fragrant tube-rose stars your glistening hair,
And perfumes hours, and freely beautifies:
Your eyes reflect like pools of silence where
The lotus, sleeping, dies.

As with a cord, thick-twisted, of bamboo,
My life is bound to yours till its last breath;
E'en then my soul will rise and follow you
Across that stream called "Death!"

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For the Soul of Raphael

(*Continued from page* 43)

Then the sound of his footsteps hurrying into the hacienda. Marta lifted her face to the sky. Perhaps—yonder Doña Luisa was peering down, reminding her of her vow—"to save the soul of Raphael——"

She stepped out into the moonlight, facing the hard look of the golden-haired American. "You do not love him—love saves. You would destroy him, body and soul," Marta said steadily. "I will not let you have his soul!"

"What are you going to do about it?" sneered the other woman, secure in the knowledge of her power. "You talk like a third-rate melodrama!"

Marta came close to her. Her eyes flashed, but her voice was low and controlled. "I have made a vow to the Mother of God to stand guard over the soul of Raphael."

A snarl behind them drew their eyes to the figure of Raphael Arteaga, face convulsed with anger, strange-colored fires flashing from the jewels he held in his hand. "You! I have had enough of you! Take your vow back to God!"

The golden-haired woman laughed softly. After all, marriage would be more of a triumph; then she screamed. For a tall figure, head swathed in bandages, had stepped from the window and seized the arm raised above Marta's head. Raphael whirled, stumbled, tried to save himself and fell, the knife still in his hand. On the ground a shadowy figure writhed once or twice with a hic-coughing sound and then lay quite still. The golden-haired woman screamed again and began to laugh insanely as she bent over the dead thing that had been Raphael.

In the bright starlight Marta and Keith Bryton faced one another. "A judgment of God," shuddered Marta, "a judgment——"

"Beloved!" Keith cried, "oh, beloved, thank God I came in time!" And he would have taken her into his arms, but she shook her head.

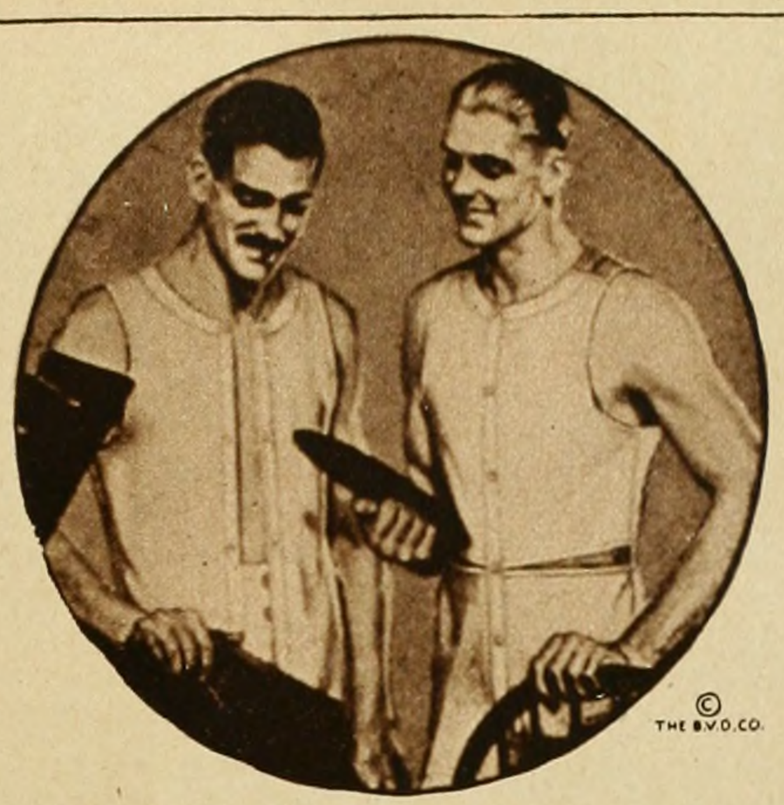
"Not—yet," she whispered; "we must not think of ourselves now." Her face, pure like that of some waxen saint in a sacristy, was turned upward to the sky. "Mother of Sorrows," prayed Marta, "intercede with Thy Son for the soul of Raphael——"

Movie Encyclopedia

LOUIS DESIRABLE.—Yes, the Talmadge girls will write to you. That was a real octopus in "Girl of the Sea." Lillian Gish in "The Tiger Girl." It was originally called "The Lily and the Rose." How do I know whether or not Mary Pickford is afraid of toads? Ask her yourself.

J. M. H., JR.—Dont know how you can get in touch with Dorothy Dalton unless you write to her personally. She is very busy, you know. Some one said they were going to put Aphrodite in overalls. No, I wasn't in that overall parade.

MARGUERITE.—No, my name is that, and you cant bribe me, either. You write a mighty clever letter. Alan Forrest is playing with Lottie Pickford. Surely Mary is a Canadian. Cant give you the name of the Minter picture taken in Ottawa.



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Side-tracked

(*Continued from page 66*)

"Yes," said Stone.

"Then read this!"

"This" proved to be the leading part in a melodrama named "Side-tracked."

Stone read it . . . cues and all.

"That will do," said Skannon.

He then explained that he had a company on the road, playing Canada, and that the manager was taking the place of the leading man who was too ill to finish the season. "When can you leave?" he added.

"I had been trying to find work for several weeks and was feeling somewhat at a loss as to what I should do," said Stone. "Here was a decision apparently made for me by heaven. I accepted, and joined the company at Belleville, Canada.

"At first, the company treated me royally. One by one they buttonholed me and told me how much they liked my work and how glad they were that I could finish the season with them. Then one by one they told me what theater I had been playing in when they last saw me and what type of part they were certain suited me best. At last, when I could stand it no longer, I got them all together and informed them that I had never been on the stage before in my life. After this, it was thumbs down. They treated me like the outsider I had announced myself to be."

There was a moment's pause:

"Do you think that luck is the biggest factor of success on the stage?" I asked.

"I think that it is an important factor of success not only on the stage, but everywhere," he said.

"Certainly an actor of no very great ability is often exceedingly successful because he happens to be given exactly the right part under the best possible conditions. But isn't the same thing true of non-professionals? How many men have been given credit for foresight and sagacity when, if the truth were known, all of the credit would be given to luck!"

After finishing his first season, Stone returned to New York, where he appeared in "Bunny" at the Hudson Theater. He came West in 1906 and was leading man at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles for six years. It was in 1907 that he married Margaret Langham, and she retired from the stage, never to return to it again. Her death occurred three years ago while Stone was at Plattsburg, training to "do his bit" in the world war. Some of Stone's best-known stage parts were in such plays as "The Bird of Paradise," with Laurette Taylor; "The Misleading Lady," "Inside the Lines," and, more recently, "Where Poppies Bloom," with Marjorie Rambeau.

His first picture, made with Thomas H. Ince, was "Honor's Altar." Others are: "The Havoc" and "According to the Code," for Essanay; "Man's Desire" and "The Man of Bronze," from stories which he wrote himself; "The River's End," for Marshall Neilan; "Held by the Enemy," for Lasky, and Goldwyn's "Milestones."

Little Sister, Huh!

(*Continued from page 53*)

when her mother journeyed West to be with Jane, who had been playing in pictures for some time. On graduating, Eva joined her family in Los Angeles, and the day following her arrival was engaged as an extra by the Lois Weber company at Universal for the production "Shoes." She had gone to the studio to visit Jane, who was playing in the "Graft" serial, and the fascination of it all prompted her to register at the employment desk.

She "suped" for some time. Finally she became an ingénue in L-KO comedies, where she supplied the requisite feminine pulchritude for nearly two years. Then, one day, she visited the Vitagraph plant and met Tom Mix, who was also paying a call on Larry Semon. Tom liked her looks and engaged her for the lead opposite him in "The Daredevil," "The Feud," "The Speed Maniac" and "One-Quarter Apache."

House Peters about this time was returning to the screen at the Garson studio, to appear in "Silk Husbands and Calico Wives." Eva was cast opposite him. And finally in a rôle opposite Hart.

Strangely enough, Eva has never had any great difficulties in making strides of progress on the screen. The hardest thing for her to do, she remarks, was learning to do the comedy walk—that little tripping, snappy perambulation indigenous to the custard-pie cuties of the black-and-blue drama. And now, since she's doing legitimate dramatic stuff, she's had to unlearn it for the stately, gownly stride of the tragedy queen.

"Oh, Eve," implored sister Jane, "dont get a dramatic walk! It's worse than a comedy wobble."

But, just the same, Miss Novak, the younger, has gone into the serious stuff for keeps. Temperamentally she's been created for the emotional line. Physically—well, she should just be merely seen by Florenz Ziegfeld. She's overflowing with that concomitant known as "pep," in her mode of doing things, of speech, in her very piquancy and her incisive, keen wit.

She's a unique person. She has a striking personality all her own, and a naïvely unaffected manner of expressing it. Little sister—huh!

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE SCREEN WORLD

By Vara M. Jones

Charlie Chaplin's walk.
Theda Bara's eyes.
Douglas Fairbanks' agility.
Mary Pickford's salary.
Bill Parson's smile.
Billy West's nerve.
"Fatty" Arbuckle's waist measure.

Bashful Bobbie

(*Continued from page* 17)

Any one who could have such an effect on the hardened door guardian must be unusual. And Griffith was right—for the unknown was little Mary Pickford.

Another story relates the way Mary Pickford brought the Gishes to the studio.

Lillian and Dorothy stood outside the office railing while Mary introduced them to Griffith. "Better think this over, Mary," smiled the director, "when they're on *that* side of the fence you needn't worry—once they're on *this* side things may be different."

Whereat little Mary looked Griffith in the eye and said: "I'm not afraid of any one on either side of that fence!"

But to return to Harron himself. Bobbie has an odd sense of humor—a sort of quiet appreciation. Most of all, however, he hates formality. "Hey, Griff," is the way he launches his remarks to the man who stands at the forefront of the photoplay. Neither does Harron talk pro and con about the art of the screen. "Oh, this making of motion pictures," he remarks, when the word Art is drawn into the conversation. He hates to be noticed in public. "Dont know what to do with my hands when people begin to look at me," he explains, laconically.

Imagine calling Bobbie Mr. Robert Harron!

When some one commented that Bobbie would be the last person in a crowd to be judged an actor, he sighed with genuine relief and said:

"Thank God!"

THE NAMBY-PAMBY OF A NUT: DENTISTS

By E. P. Pitzer

Dentists were brought into the world to fill a long-felt want and other cavities at so much per cav.

A dentist always feels happiest when he is down in the mouth and it does not matter whose mouth he is down.

They are generally single, for, while they can alter the face, they hate to face the altar.

Dentists always like to hear a false-set o voice.

Their favorite card game is "bridge."

They hate hypocrisy and admire an open countenance. The longer it is open the better they like it.

A dentist always likes to look you in the face and then charge you for it.

To put gold caps on teeth is his crowning glory and it angers him a bit when he knows that no charge can be made for capping the climax.

It is a well-known fact that dentistry has been practiced for many decayeds.

A dentist can stop the ache in your tooth even tho it takes nerve to do it. But it is your nerve generally.

They make good farmers, for they like to be surrounded by achers.

He is observing and detects the false of others immediately.

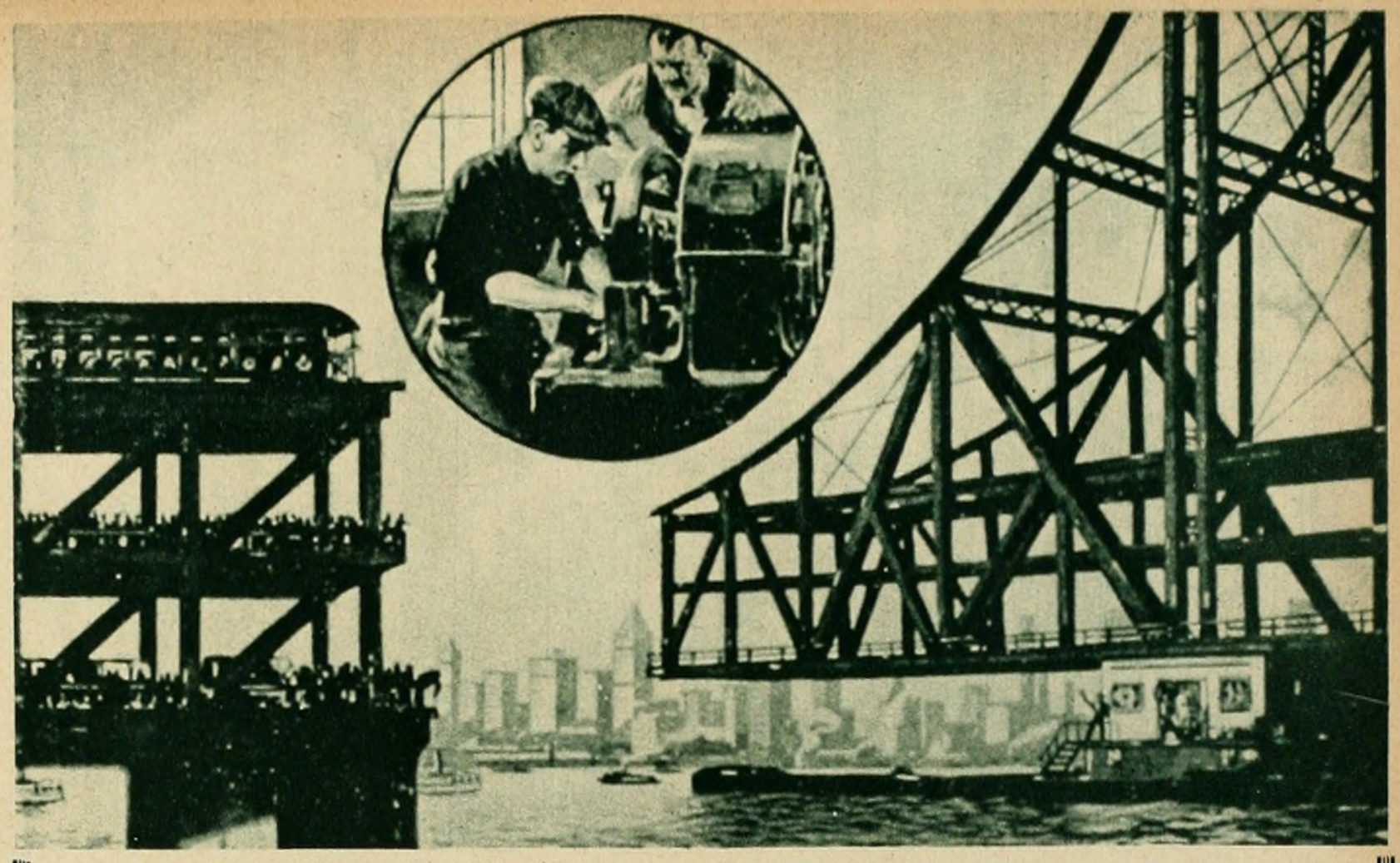
Dentists, as a rule, do not like college boys who are good at giving their respective college yells—they prefer poor rooters.

They are generally of good extraction.

A dentist's parlor can properly be referred to as a drawing-room.

While most professions help the world generally, a dentist is always a drawback.

Most men in order to become successful need "push." A dentist needs "pull."



Scenes from the Universal Feature Film "Heads Win!"

"Heads Win!"

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Machine Shop Practice	Cartooning
Toolmaker	BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
Gas Engine Operating	Private Secretary
CIVIL ENGINEER	BOOKKEEPER
Surveying and Mapping	Stenographer and Typist
MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER	Cert. Public Accountant
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Marine Engineer	Railway Accountant
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ARCHITECT	GOOD ENGLISH
Contractor and Builder	Teacher
Architectural Draftsman	Common School Subjects
Concrete Builder	Mathematics
Structural Engineer	CIVIL SERVICE
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Katherine MacDonald, A.B.

(*Continued from page* 23)

In the one she is now making, "The Guests of Hercules," she depicts a convent-bred girl of France, whose fortunes lead her to the hectic halls of Monte Carlo, where adventure, sorrow and guile waylay her, with love triumphant in the end.

"And what do you think!" she demanded, enthusiastically. "The Prince of Monaco sent me a special invitation to bring my company over there and film the story in the halls of Monte Carlo itself, which, they tell me, have never been photographed!"

"And you are going, of course?" I urged, catching her enthusiasm and almost falling out of my chair in my eagerness.

"Oh, no; I cant. It would be too horribly expensive. Mother was crazy about the trip, and I think she got her things all packed in the expectation that I'd decide to go at the last minute. I'd have to take her along, you know—I'd spend every cent I have over the gambling tables if I didn't have her to hold me down—but then, I'm not going," she finished with a sigh. "We took the Monte Carlo scenes at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, and we inveigled all the guests into working in the picture. And they were wonderful!" she said, with conviction. "Many of them worked all night long, for several nights in succession—and they made it so much more realistic than it would have been with five-dollar-a-day extras."

A studio potentate of some sort paused beside us and asked Miss MacDonald what she desired for luncheon.

"Tea and a tooth-brush," she replied promptly. "I lost mine this morning," she added, to me, in explanation of her remarkable order.

Luncheon time reminded me that food as well as art had a place in Nature's plan.

"Would you mind telling me," I said, hesitatingly, as I rose to leave, "what kind of cold cream you use?"

She laughed again, unfeignedly, but I paused, breathless, ready to jealously treasure forever the recipe of Katherine's beauty.

"I know I *ought* to say some kind of imported cold cream," she answered, a trifle regretfully, "but if you want the truth——"

In my excitement, I could feel my heart throbbing loudly—so loudly, in fact, that I was afraid I wouldn't be able to hear the glorious secret.

I did! Indeed, yes! I leaned close. She leaned close.

"Well, then," she confided, "I scrub my face and shampoo my hair with Life Buoy tar soap—it costs five cents a cake—and it was first recommended to me as fine for bathing dogs!"

So, gentle reader, I went out and bought a case of Life Buoy at five cents per tar cake. Of course, I haven't the natural scenery to work on that Katherine MacDonald, A.B., has, but still—you never can tell. I'm hoping for the best.

Mildred, Descendant of William

(*Continued from page 62*)

To be perfectly frank, it was because I was offered thirty-five dollars a week to do child parts. At first my family was shocked, being Quakers, you know, but they finally let me do a picture for Mutual, called 'Little Miss Innocence. I was *so* disappointed when I went to see it, because I was so *ugly!* I give you my word, I almost cried!

"All the actors treated me just like a child . . . and, of course, I was," she smiled, (it seemed to me she should have said "am" instead of "was"), "and I had a wonderful time. I played with William Stowell, Bryant Washburn, Robert Gordon and Antrim Short. Mother always went with me to the studio and curled my hair, and every one teased me by saying 'thee' and 'thou' to me.

"The other girls at the studio laugh at me because I take such care of my health," she went on, with youthful seriousness. "I always go to bed early, because I know that nothing in the world spoils your looks quicker than late hours. When I have a caller I 'shoo' him out by eleven o'clock, (imagine, if you can, a six-foot Romeo being forcibly ejected by a diminutive Juliet of barely five feet), because I value my complexion more than I do anything else."

"What do you do when you're not working at the studio?" I inquired.

"Why, I sew."

"Not really!" we interrupted, incredulously.

"Yes, I dressed dozens of dolls for the orphans' Christmas tree this year. You know Harold Lloyd was injured about two months ago by a hand-grenade which he thought was harmless, so we haven't been able to do a thing until he is better. It's given me a nice long vacation, tho, and that's how I happened to have time to dress the dolls. Harold will be able to go to work in about two weeks, tho, so then it will be all work.

"I ride horseback, too," she continued, with naïve pride, "so I'm just tickled to death that our next picture is going to be a Western. And I play golf and study French," she added, as we complimented her versatility.

"I certainly dont believe in giving up your education just because you dont have time to go to school, do you?"

We agreed with her, but it would be hard to disagree with this magnetic young person on any point.

"But when do you find time to study?" we ventured.

"Oh, I take my books to the studio and study between scenes." (Think of trying to conjugate French verbs in the midst of the noise and bustle of a film studio!) "But that's not any worse," she added, "than trying to study with Jack in the room hurdling chairs à la Doug Fairbanks."

Jack, her small brother, was at that moment leading a parade across the lawn, composed of himself as Harold Lloyd and two playmates made up as Charlie Chaplin and "Fatty" Arbuckle.

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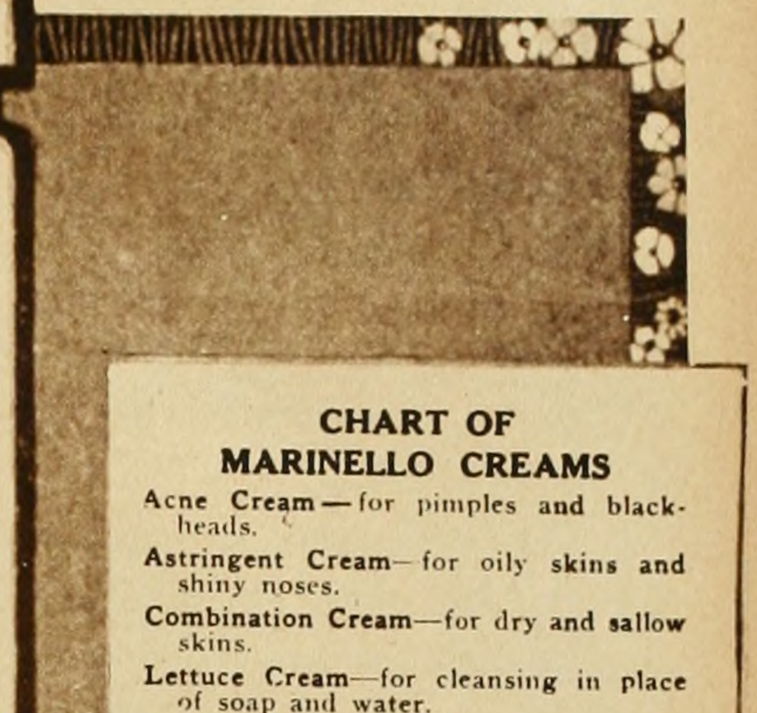


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For Boys and Girls Also

"Jackie nearly embarrasses me to death when we go to see one of my pictures," she continued. "He gets so worked up over seeing me on the screen that he shouts so everybody can hear, 'Mother, what's sister goin' to do next?'"

"How do you make yourself cry before the camera?" we asked, hoping to learn some of the little secrets of the screen.

"Oh, that's the best thing I do," she laughed. "Just let them play some soft music on a violin, and they have to get a bucket to catch my tears. One day I sobbed so long and so hard that the camera-man got worried. I guess he thought there'd been a death in my family, or at least that I'd lost my job, because he patted me on the back and said, 'Little girl, what are you crying for?' I said, 'Nothing,' and kept right on crying. He looked at me with his face a blank, as if to say, 'Well, women are certainly Chinese puzzles.'

"Of course, it's not always easy to do what they tell you," Mildred continued. "One time I was made to walk on the edge of a roof after the director had threatened and coaxed me for about an hour. I screamed, 'I wont, I wont!' all the time I was doing it."

"Do you ever want to go on the legitimate stage?" we asked.

"No," she answered, emphatically, "unless I get too old and wrinkled to play in pictures. Then," she said, "I'll make my living dancing on the 'legit.'"

"But dont you think if you were too old for pictures, you'd also be too old to dance?" we remonstrated.

"No, indeed; I'm keeping up my dancing now for that very reason," she assured me. Imagine a nineteen-year-old slip of a girl keeping "limbered up" against approaching old age!

When we left, she walked to the front gate with us, with her arm linked in ours. Standing on the front walk was little brother's brand new one-man-power automobile in bright blue splendor, where it had been abandoned for the more interesting diversion of a Chaplin-Lloyd-Arbuckle parade. Mildred pointed to it laughingly. "Our new Stutz," she said. "Want to go for a ride?"

"Git away from our machine!" shouted young Jack, peremptorily calling the parade to a sudden halt in order to look after his property interests, and mistaking our mild interest for covetousness. "Nobody can ride in it but me and Charlie and 'Fatty'!"

You see, a film star's little brother is no different from yours and mine. And far be it from us to try to crowd "Fatty" out of any seat, so we declined with thanks and left Mildred scolding Jackie for his rudeness, just like any big sister, and not a bit like a film star—or a descendant of William Penn.

THE WILDEST WEST

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page* 50)

matinée idol with the old Broncho company? He's back again in pictures, supporting Enid Bennett in "The Incubus." Tom happened to be the first actor who ever donned evening attire for Thomas H. Ince. He hesitates in describing the detail of that eventful day, but he *does* say that his appearance in the spick-and-span regalia caused no little consternation among the free-and-easy Western "types" which infested Inceville when cowboy and Indian thrillers were the big gag of the day and when soup-and-fish was looked upon as too élite and exclusive to ever make a hit on the screen!

And, speaking of Ince, one recalls that a coterie of New York chorus girls in William Rock's vaudeville revue which played at the Orpheum quite took the Ince studio by storm. Rock, Frances White's late partner, is an Angeleno, quite a friend of Thomas H.'s. The girls were stunning, and even the feminine stars paid considerable attention to their clothes. After wandering about the studio for some time, two of the girls became confused and could not find their party. Seeing them standing helplessly near a "set," a stage-hand volunteered the information that Rock and the rest of his entourage were just over there behind a bank of Cooper Hewitts.

Both choristers stood unimpressed, and at length, one, turning to the stage-hand, remarked, haughtily:

"Speak plainer, please. We're stage ladies and cawnt understawnd yer furrin' lingo."

That good-looking younger brother of Anita Stewart, George, is making rapid strides to stardom, having been cast to play opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Old Dad." George has only been out here a few months, but already has played important parts with both William Russell and Mary Miles Minter. His "pal" at this writing is "Buster" Collier, son of the famed Willie, who has come to Los Angeles on a vacation. George is working on a "set" adjoining his sister's at the studio. Anita is filming Kathleen Norris' magazine story, "Harriet and the Piper," which includes one of the most famous casts ever assembled in a picture. Ward Crane, remembered as the vile villain of "The Luck of the Irish," is the professional devastator of virtue again, while Charles Richman is the leading man and Irving Cummings figures prominently. And Myrtle Steadman plays a vampire.

And, at the same studio, House Peters and Jane Novak are co-stars in an Alaskan tale by Curwood which Edwin Carewe is producing. Really, these Alaskan dramas made in sunny California are extraordinary. They get the snow effect by sprinkling the stage with a concoction which smells like mothballs and nearly depopulates the studio, while the sledge-dogs, which actually hailed from the

(*Continued on page* 87)

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Strongfortism is the Science of Living Life as NATURE meant it to be lived; of taking advantage in the utmost degree of the marvelous recuperative powers she has implanted in the human organism and letting her work the cure of any ills. Nature's way is the only safe, sane, sure way of getting back lost health and strength. Her laws operate for every individual alike, **and never fail.** Those laws, those methods, I have incorporated in the system of Strongfortism and applied them with unvarying success to my pupils in every part of the world. What NATURE, through the practice of Strongfortism, has done for others, she will do for YOU, if you will only give her half a chance. There isn't the slightest doubt about it.

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..Catarrh	..Short Wind	..Failing Hair
..Asthma	..Flat Feet	..Gastritis
..Hay Fever	..Stomach Disorders	..Heartweakness
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..Headache	..Biliousness	..Skin Disorders
..Thinness	..Torpid Liver	..Despondency
..Rupture	..Indigestion	..Round Shoulders
..Lumbago	..Nervousness	..Lung Troubles
..Neuritis	..Poor Memory	..Increased Height
..Neuralgia	..Rheumatism	..Stoop Shoulders
..Flat Chest	..Bad Habits	..Muscular Development
..Deformity (describe)	..Weaknesses	

NAME .....

AGE..... OCCUPATION.....

STREET .....

CITY..... STATE.....

A Dreamer of Dreams

(*Continued from page 47*)

wouldn't take a chance of their being laid up, even if they wanted to take the chance themselves, which very frequently they did not. He quit doubling when he was given his first part in support of Jackie Saunders. He went from Balboa to Al Christie and then became a "free-lance." He has been married for three years and has an eighteen-months-old baby girl.

"Is her hair curly?" I asked.

"Not as much so as we could wish. Her mother has beautiful hair—auburn—the baby is blonde.

"One thing I am thankful for," he said, "is that I cant imagine myself being handed a part which would be entirely outside my experience in life. I've done a little bit of every kind of work. I've been in fairly comfortable circumstances and I've been very badly up against it." His worst experience of this kind was during the influenza epidemic only a year ago.

"I was free-lancing then," he said, "and, like most actors, I used to spend everything I made as fast as I could make it. Then along came the influenza and closed all the studios. I didn't let my wife know how badly off we were. I simply suggested that she visit her mother while I spend several weeks in Los Angeles looking for some sort of engagement. Of course, there were no engagements to be had anywhere. I began to pawn things. The last to go was my dress-suit. I remember thinking, as I came out of that pawnshop, that if I did get an engagement I wouldn't have anything to wear. But the studios remained closed and I lived for three weeks on oatmeal mush without any sugar or milk to make it more palatable."

But there's no more oatmeal mush ahead of Landis.

BALLADE OF INDIFFERENCE

By Charlotte Becker

Tho Phyllis changed grave moods to gay,
And Phœbe's smile made sorrow flee,
Tho Amaryllis' eyes of grey
And laughing mouth were good to see;
Tho Chloe dimpled merrily,
And Dolly's glances once were dear,
They left my fickle heart-strings free—
What matter smiles of yesteryear?

Tho once when Gladys said me nay,
I sighed an hour at her decree;
Tho Sybil scorned my wish to stay
And gave no heed unto my plea;
Tho sometimes Julia held the key
That bared my heart to hope and fear,
For these I write no elegy—
What matter woes of yesteryear?

Tho Audrey in her blithesome way
Would quip and jest with roguish glee,
And Alice made the dullest day
Glow bright with wit and jollity,
Tho Jocelyn paid hourly fee
In cleverness that I might hear,
Tho all were charming, I agree—
What matter words of yesteryear?

Dearest, you know I'd rather be
Discussing bread and kisses here—
Where other maids mean naught to me—
What matter loves of yesteryear?



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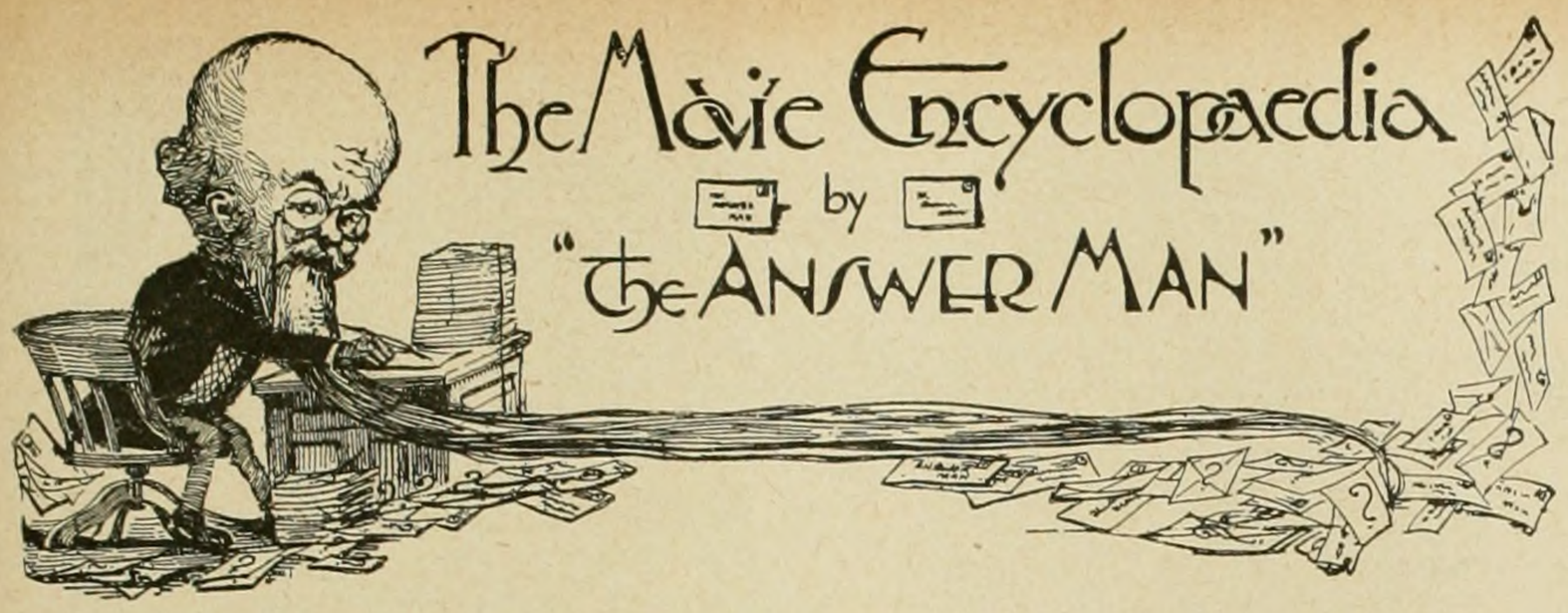
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The Movie Encyclopaedia by "the ANSWER MAN"

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JUST AGNES.—Why dont you have some good pictures taken and send them in to the Fame and Fortune Contest? There's no use talking to you, because persons in love generally resolve first and reason afterwards. Margaret Shelby is playing opposite her sister in "Jenny Be Good."

MAYOVE S.—Why speak of the North Pole this nice weather? Robert E. Peary, then a commander in the U. S. Navy, reached the North Pole on April 6, 1909. He survived the Arctic winters, but he could not survive ours. The U. S. Government raised him to Rear-Admiral. Is Conway Tearle married? Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Yes, to Adele Rowland.

PEARL WHITE'S DOUBLE.—Yes, sure, come in any time. You say you would be willing to hide in an ashcan just to get a peep at Robert Leonard. Very well, you have my permission, but you'll have to ask Mae Murray. Yes, May Allison in "The Walk-Offs."

B. E. H.—No, Lewis J. Cody's name is not pronounced like a fish. Both at Los Angeles, Cal. I think they would. By all means enclose the quarter. You say you have named your pet kitten "Tony Lew," after Tony Moreno and Lew Cody. I'm sure the two gentlemen will feel highly honored. You dont like Tony in serials. Neither do I. He should be vamping in star dramas.

J. T. B.—Figure it out for yourself. According to "Elliott on Usury," one cent, loaned Jan. 1, A.D. 1, drawing interest at six per cent., compounded annually, on Jan. 1, 1895, would amount to $8,497,840,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000. It would take 610,070,000,000,000,000 spheres of gold the size of our earth to pay the debt.

RED ROSE.—Good morning! Leave all cares behind, ye who enter here. Monte Blue is in Los Angeles now.

TOODLES.—I'm listening! Yes, and one half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives—until it comes out in the divorce courts. Dot Gish is up at Mamaroneck, N. Y. It would take up too much room to print the cast of "Hearts of the World." Send a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send it to you. Mary Pickford's hair is real, and I might add, her own.

FAGGATY ANN.—So you think I am a pretty good old scout. No, not *old* scout, for in spite of my 79 winters, I am still a Boy Scout. Oh, I still have my eye teeth and my wisdom teeth, and several others. King Vidor played in "The Turn in the Road" and "The Family Honor." He also produced "The Other Half" and he is now producing "The Jack Knife Man."

LITTLE BROWN-EYED VAMP.—Once and for all, everybody join in the chorus, Richard Barthelmess is not married. You say you have "wonderful limbs and a beautiful form" in a bathing suit. Page Mack Sennett. J. Stuart Blackton produced "The House of the Tolling Bell."

F. F., MILWAUKEE.—A once famous city. From two to five years. Al St. John in "Trouble." He's always in trouble. Mary Miles Minter in "Jenny Be Good." "The More Excellent Way" is an old Vitagraph, but just being released with Anita Stewart.

HELEN A.—Yes, so long as our hearts possess desires, our minds will foster delusions. Harry Morey was in North Carolina. Blanche Sweet in "Leona Goes a-Hunting." Robert Ellis is directing. Couldn't give you that cast here. Takes up too much room.

ALCIDE, VANCOUVER.—Yes, send it in. Mary Pickford and Harold Goodwin played in "Heart of the Hills." Universal produced "The Devil's Passkey." Please, please, do not compare my energy with that of Niagara Falls, nor with perpetual motion. They both started before I did and will not finish till centuries after I am done.

LOONEY.—Write it in English. Reminds me of Garibaldi, Italy's famous patriot, who once wrote a novel which was published in six languages, but never paid in any. Yes, Mary Miles Minter in "Nurse Marjorie." The expression "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is from Don Quixote. I'm sure she will write you.

MOVIE FAN.—You have Norma Talmadge's correct address. Be patient. She is a very busy little lady. Constance Binney, Realart Pictures, 469 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C. Bessie Love played in "The Midlanders."

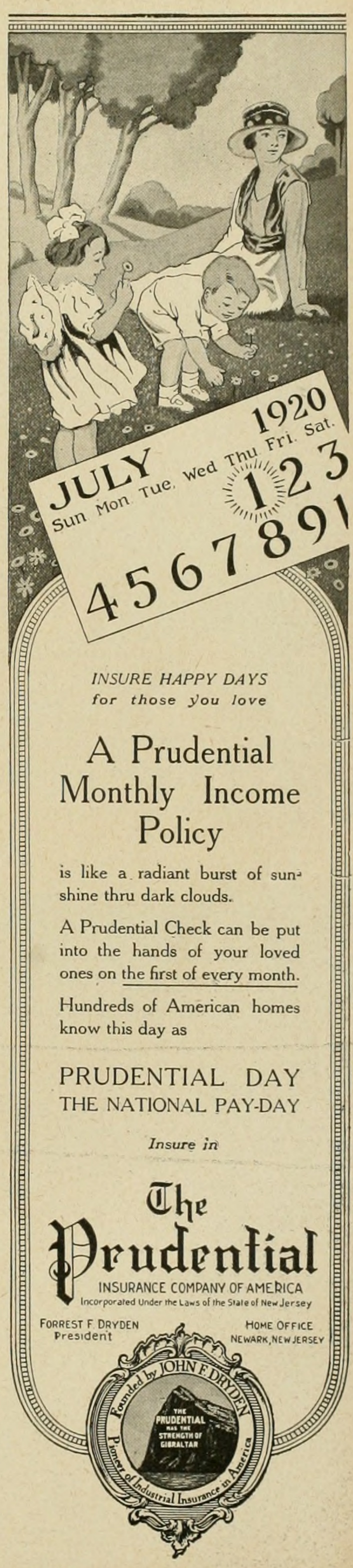
LARGE.—Thanks for the fee, old chappie! Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin are not Jewish. Neither is Martha Mansfield, but Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld and Mr. Joseph Schenck are. But what difference does it make? Sure write again. Pleasant company is always accepted.

HUGH M. B., WILDSVILLE.—Little late, but the best I could do. You can reach Irene Castle, Fort Lee, N. J. A little advice I had given to me some 70 years ago: Whenever you make an "improvement" in any direction, look out that you do not sacrifice more than it is worth, in some other matter.

JACK HOLT'S FAN.—Yes, it is true that Clarine Seymour died on April 25th at the Misericordia Hospital, New York City, following an operation for intestinal trouble. You will remember her in "The Idol Dancer" and on the cover of March CLASSIC. You want to see more of Jack Holt. Ruth Roland is still on the coast, but is expected East this summer.

KAKI.—Do you know, Kaki, you are a wise little guy? He who learns what is good and embraces it, and what is bad and avoids it, is as wise as Socrates who said it, and that's you, my lad. Yes, Adele Rowland, now playing in "Irene" on Broadway, is Conway Tearle's last wife. Walter McGrail is not married. Dont believe all you hear. Constance Talmadge isn't married at this writing, and is not likely to be at the next.

MISS CURIOSITY.—You see our story is written from the scenario, and very often the director changes the scenes and the scenario is never corrected to conform to the scenes. William Faversham is playing in "The Man Who Lost Himself." Alice Lake is with Western Metro, Los Angeles, Cal. Howard Ralston was Jimmie.



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The Shamrock Girl

By FRITZI REMONT

LIKE a shuttle, weaving in and out, the fate line of Thelma Percy caused her earlier years to be spent in Ireland and America. Ireland, the birthplace of their mother, was the strongest attraction Eileen and Thelma knew. Mrs. Percy and the children were quite as well known in Dublin as New York, for the winters spent in the latter, hard at work, and the summers given over to flying trips to Erin's Isle, won them many friends in both cities.

The Percy children really never had a childhood like other kiddies, at least so Thelma relates.

"One day, mother was riding in a street-car in New York, with Eileen sitting beside her and holding me on her lap, when a gentleman moved across and begged mother to let Eileen pose for him, as he was a great artist. The next day found my sister at the studio, with mother and me looking on. And so it went on for



Thelma Percy, just turned sixteen, has been on the stage ever since she could barely walk. She is a Universal favorite, and is bending all her energy toward successful screen portrayals



weeks and weeks, until the time when I was barely able to lisp and trot about, when a New York theatrical manager called at the atelier and saw us. He told mother we should be stage children—and the outcome of that interview was that we both went on the stage. We really never had time for play like other children, for I soon began to pose also, and at night we were back of the footlights.

"Our lives weren't eventful; our schooling was greatly inter-

rupted; we learnt as we could, with mother to teach and hear our lessons. I'm sorry we missed school—I often look regretfully at the girls in Hollywood, so carefree, going to high school or some finishing academy!"

Little Thelma Percy, just turned sixteen, sweet-faced, wistful — with her strong personality, the independence of her Irish forebears and the courage which one always associates with her race, looked at me very soberly. We were chatting in a quiet little office at the Universal, while from without came the sounds of neighing nags, cussing cowboys and dozens of laughing extras.

"I wouldn't regret that—you have traveled so much that you have learnt much more than most girls of your age. Reading will do the rest, dont you think so?" I comforted the ambitious little soul.

"That is what mother always said. She told us to keep our eyes open, to study people, to remember what we saw at the art galleries and museums, and to make good use of every moment spent on trains or steamers. I really am in motion pictures just to please mother, for I love the stage life best of all.

"Mother passed away four years ago. She used to pray always that I could get into pictures so that I might not have to travel about alone after she was gone. Eileen had no difficulty in getting in, but you see, I was at the age when I had outgrown childhood and was unable to take little girl parts longer, for I had grown terribly *fat!* Could anything be worse than a fat little girl of twelve?

"So after mother left us, and I was thirteen, my guardian put me into a private school back East, and I studied hard to catch up with other girls. Then, a year ago, I came here to live with Eileen, and I just simply *walked* into pictures. Mother's prayers must have made the way easy for me—I dont think mothers forget their children no matter where they are, do you?"

"And you played leads from the start, didn't you?"

"Yes, I guess it was the lucky shamrock that I always carry in my little locket which must have brought me so much good fortune—a lovely home with Eileen, new parents, the dearest little French bulldog, and all the new friends in California. Eileen's mother- and father-in-law have simply adopted me—I'm their baby, they say. We didn't have time for play when we were young, but we are all making up for it now. Eileen's home is so jolly and lively," she finished.

"But your pictures look so much older than you, how do you manage that?"

"Oh, I've tried out make-ups over and over again. The directors would suggest something, or one of the players here, and I've changed a number of times. I think in all my photographs I look at least twenty now, for I changed my hairdressing to give me a grown-up air."

We had been talking about moods, for sundry girls strolled in to share our gos-



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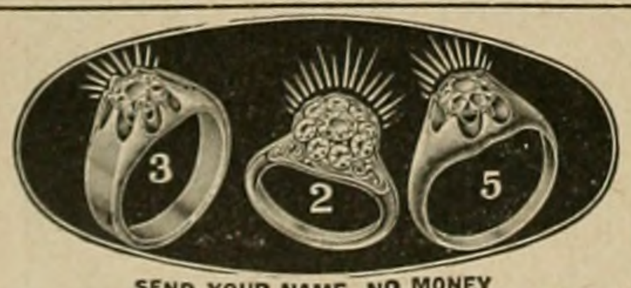


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siping hour. Several of them confessed to enjoying deep-dyed indigo spells. There were some who loved to irrigate the midnight pillow, others who thought it silly to weep, and so quite a discussion followed.

Thelma Percy listened interestedly. One of her charms is the sympathetic manner in which she shares one's confidences and admissions. When every one had added a personal bit, Miss Percy said, in her sweet contralto voice:

"When I am very happy, I am very quiet. When I am happiest, I cry. There is something very solemn about true happiness, I think."

We all stopped, amazed. I dont think any one had ever pigeonholed bliss in quite so original a fashion.

"Then when you are really sad, do you laugh?" It was a chorus of minds with but a single thought focused on what promised to be a contradictory mood.

"I may not laugh, but I smile. I dont like them to know when I am hurt," confessed the blonde beauty who had beguiled Sessue Hayakawa in the very first photodrama she attempted.

And the queer part of it is, that her courage doesn't extend to stunt acting. They are careful of the Shamrock Girl on the "U" lot; no daredevil riding feats or hard plunges are her share of the work. She swims, drives, plays tennis and enjoys long walks with her little dog, but she's not charmed with horsebacking.

Thelma's days are full of duties. She is not the sort of girl who would shirk any responsibility. The years of work, from the time she had her third birthday cake, have given her a serious trend of thought. At the end of each day she waits for the rushes of her picture; at night she visits motion pictures or the theater. She is studying plot construction, make-up—and most of all—*Norma Talmadge*. She even goes to old runs of Norma's plays, and has enthroned that popular star as her model actress and the screen's highest art exponent.

"The bystanders on the 'U' lot are a great help to me," broke in Thelma. "They dont bother us—oh, no. But sometimes they say things so worth while. The other day an older woman spoke to a young girl with her, and pointing to me, probably thinking I was not within earshot, said, 'How much better that little girl would look if she pushed her hair off her face.'

"I had never thought of that, but at the end of the day I tried out her idea and found she was right. In following scenes I wore my hair off the forehead, and everybody said that it looked so much improved. I think impartial observers are very helpful to the photoplayer. I'm often in receipt of very valuable advice from the fans. I dont like serials much, but they say that one becomes well known by appearing weekly, and I do know my fan letters are coming in stronger daily. I would like to do legitimate comedy."

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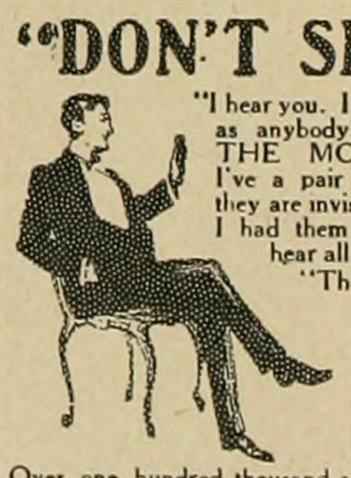
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Perhaps you are so situated that you are unable to answer the Call—you can only feel it tugging at your heart-strings. To you, SHADOWLAND, The Magazine Beautiful, comes like the magic carpet of the old fairy-tale. It transports you wheresoever you wish to go. You float on the White Sail of Imagery into unknown ports, haunting in their colorful romance, their vividness. It places the world in your hands, your fingers on the pulse of the world of Art, of Literature, of Drama, of Fashion.

We are quite proud of our August number of SHADOWLAND, The Magazine Beautiful, for it is replete with our best literary and artistic efforts. Among them a clever, whimsical review on current books by the inimitable Heywood Broun.

There is a beautiful playlet of reincarnation by Katherine Metcalf Roof.

The much discussed Theater Guild is brought before you in an interesting fashion by the pen of Frederick James Smith, and among the other articles of unusual interest are the "Reflections of a Gentle Cynic," by Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, and a humorous review of the theater season by Louis Raymond Reid.

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

I had been listening to Miss Percy's voice with pleasure. It's the deep, resonant contralto which one often hears in older women of the stage.

"Dont you sing, Miss Percy?"

"I sang and danced for years on the stage, but now it's just a case of singing when I have time. I want to study voice culture in a few years; as long as I'm only sixteen, I might as well let it develop a bit more, dont you think so?"

Well . . . I think a girl who has worked hard from three to sixteen ought to be free to enjoy youth, dancing, frolics . . . and if Thelma Percy is bending all her energies toward successful screen portrayals, her evenings should be work-free.

But some day, I hope she'll study singing, for she is as sure to return to the speaking stage or light opera as there are stars in a cinema heaven!

Yet the dear colleen doesn't know just how talented she is.

So the career of Thelma Percy from sixteen to twenty will be an interesting psychological study, without doubt.

IN A MOTION PICTURE SHOW

By TED OLSON

A face like yours smiled to me from the screen
One poignant, fleeting moment, and was gone.
I sank down in the seat, and all unseen
The picture changed; a new reel flickered on.

I bowed my head unheeding; thru my tears
The dim gates of the past swung wide apart;
Out of the reek and dust of lonely years
I caught your memory back into my heart.

I had forgotten you. With how much pain
I had built up a wall to bar you out;
Swearing that never could you come again
To drug my life with bitterness and doubt.

And I had won—was free—until that face
Came smiling in, laughed the gates open wide,
And brought you back, in all your old-time grace.
Your song, your youth, your beauty—and your pride.

The pride that broke my heart. And from the screen
That face like yours smiled down at me again,
And suddenly my tired heart was clean—
Purged of its weight of bitterness and pain.

After the weary years of wasted grief
So good it was to think again of you,
I banished doubt, caught back the old belief,
Forgave you, dear, and pledged my love anew.

The last reel flickered past and died. "Good-night"
Flared large upon the screen. I stumbled forth.
The rain was done; the streets were pools of light;
Between the clouds one star laughed in the north.

And in that star your smile . . . Oh, movie maid,
So much like her whom I may never see,
God grant that some day it may be repaid—
The gift you gave—dreams, and a memory.

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The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

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You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

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Marguerite Clark	Francis X. Bushman	Alice Joyce
Douglas Fairbanks	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin
Charlie Chaplin	William Farnum	Pauline Frederick
William S. Hart	Charles Ray	Billie Burke
Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
Pearl White	Constance Talmadge	Elsie Ferguson
Anita Stewart	Mary Miles Minter	Tom Moore

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Players of Yesteryear

(*Continued from page* 20)

had worked for so earnestly, and the fifteen and twenty dollars per week the star players had valued so highly. A little girl, with a mass of golden curls and eager little face reflecting each passing thought, stood in line and held out her hand for her envelope containing her weekly salary of fifteen dollars. The pride and joy on the little face was delightful to behold. A check flashed across the screen. It was the little girl's weekly salary of today, and the face of the director grew slightly pale!

How young they all had been in those days! How full of the joy of life! Obstacles were overthrown before they had really put in an appearance, and nothing had been too difficult to accomplish; with a company of one player and three directors, they were wont to produce anywhere from four to six pictures a week, and such pictures! With the audacity of youth, rushing in where angels feared to tread, they would blithely start about presenting before the public more or less authentic presentations of such plays as "Romeo and Juliet," "Rip Van Winkle," "Pickwick Papers," "Vanity Fair," "The Christian," "Thomas à Becket," "Abraham's Sacrifice," not to mention "The Love of John Ruskin" or "How Washington Crossed the Delaware," "Cardinal Wolsey" and "The Spanish Revolt of 1836." Nothing was beyond their reach! And how really greatly they had acted! Florence Turner, the first leading woman of any company, creating a sensation when her name appeared in conjunction with the name of the play, as hitherto no actor or actress had ever been mentioned by any of the film companies. And the dashing Maurice Costello, the first of the matinée idols and the most popular man in all Christendom, his homage coming from all parts of the world. And then there was the older group, the pioneer players of the silversheet, consisting of Mrs. Mary Maurice, known as the "Sweet old lady of the screen," and Van Dyke Brooke, William Shea and Charles Kent and many others who had grown to be dim shadows in the obliterating passage of time.

Many of these beloved comrades of youth's golden hours had died; many others had grown old and were scattered about the four corners of the earth. Some had disappeared completely; and some, the youngest members of the group, had now come into their own, and were world-famous.

A timid knock sounded on the door, and as a tired man stirs in his sleep, mutely protesting against disturbance, the wanderer on the Road of Memory came reluctantly back from his journey. A sigh slowly fell from his lips. He thought not upon the glory and wonder of his recent achievements, but as he rose to answer the knock and to enter again the world of realities, a suspicious brightness appeared in his eye, and his heart yearned over the gay phantom of Youth now vanishing around the Corner of the Past.

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The Last Interview

(*Continued from page* 51)

Christie forces and secured her chance with Mr. Griffith.

Miss Seymour was a firm believer in luck. "I was going down to San Diego on a motor trip with friends on the very day Mr. Griffith sent for me. In fact, I was just getting into the car when the message came. I asked my friends to drive by the Griffith studios, telling them it would only take a few minutes to see Mr. Griffith. Then, to my amazement, he signed me on the spot and had me get into make-up for my first scene. So I went out and told my friends." That is how Miss Seymour came to play in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Luck again asserted itself when Mr. Griffith was filming "Scarlet Days." The rôle of the little Mexican was not in the original story at all. Mr. Griffith noted Miss Seymour standing close by, watching some of the scenes, and he said, "Do you want to play a bit in this picture?" Miss Seymour jumped at the chance, and the comedy scene, in which the fiery little native girl bumps her head against that of the goat, was devised. The episode proved so amusing that Mr. Griffith elaborated the rôle until it became the best remembered character in the photoplay.

Miss Seymour remained unaffected and girlish thru her first taste of success. Never will we forget how she said: "I want to go on working and learning for a long time yet. Then if I am worth it, I hope for stardom—like all the rest."

It wasn't to be. Yet film fans are going to keep a place in their heart of hearts for "Cutie Beautiful," who gave her all to the screen. How much that might have been we can only guess. We do know that she had won a place unique upon the silversheet.

Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 54)

enter the ship via the grand stairway?

Do directors always introduce a New York scene with a glimpse of the metropolitan sky-line?

And where do producers find the wildly hilarious cabarets they show in their New York night-life dramas?

Gosh, we hope the overall movement doesn't hit the Mack Sennett studios!

The various magazines are selecting the prettiest girls of the screen. Here's our own particular nomination:

Harriet Hammond of the Sennett forces.

BIG MOMENTS

Bebe Daniels in "The Dancin' Fool."

Producers aren't satisfied to release the classics these days under the titles the original authors selected. Here's the

(*Continued on page* 95)

Wanted: Screen Faces for the Movies

Hundreds of All Types Needed. You May Have Perfect Screen-Features



For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for you to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live, we get your photograph before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your service." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors." P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Mollie King.

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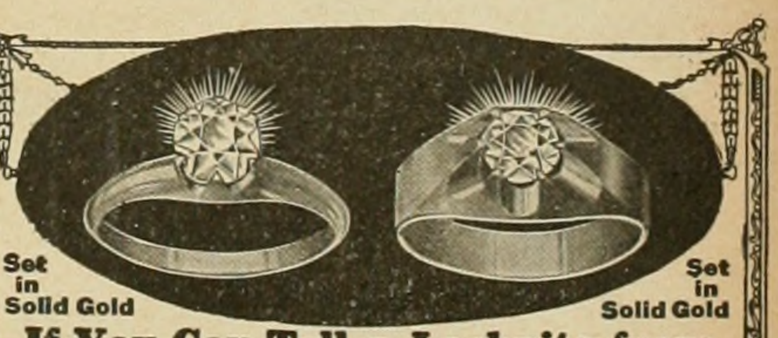
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"From Within---Without"

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

CHARLES MILLER slumped his big form down on the leather couch in the Realart projection room and inquired, politely, if he could smoke. He also apologized for the immense smoked glasses he was wearing and for his general appearance of all-in-ness.

"Have been working steadily thirty-six hours, cutting film," he said, "and I got mad about something this morning which always makes me sick. No, it's not temperament, it's temper—just as it is when the furnace man gets mad because clinkers clog up his grates. I was not brought up to believe in temperament. It's 'The Law of the Yukon' I'm cutting, you know. My first Mayflower production for Realart."

"And what do you think of it as far as you have gone?"







Charles Miller has been "in harness" all his life. After many years in stock, he played under the management of Charles Frohman, Charles Harris, David Belasco and others. He was a very popular matinée idol at one time, and will long be remembered for his portrayal of the hero in "The Great Divide." Center, Mr. Miller and June Elvidge in an off moment up at Port Henry—while filming "The Law of the Yukon"

"Sick and tired of it. Wish I had never to hear of it again," and then he relaxed, and his face became as the face of a mother who broods over a troublesome and best loved child. Weariness forgotten, the big voice and dominant personality that made him one of the best-known characters of the speaking stage visualized for me the making of "The Law of the Yukon."

"Talk about the 'frozen North.' It was right there at Port Henry, N. Y., where we created our 'Alaskan village'; and while the blizzards worked suffering and financial loss in various

(*Continued on page* 92)

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FILMS FOR SALE: One million feet, all makes, lengths and varieties, $4.00 per reel and up. Send for list. Feature Film Company, Loeb Arcade, Minneapolis.

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THE WAY TO GET A GOVERNMENT JOB IS through the Washington Civil Service School. We prepare you and you get a position or we guarantee to refund your money. Write to Earl Hopkins, president, Washington, D. C., for book RJ 2088, telling about government positions with lifetime employment, short hours, sure pay, regular vacations.

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YOU WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG. We write the music, publish and secure a copyright. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 141, Chicago, Ill.

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PATENTS. Write for Free Illustrated Guide Book. Send model or sketch for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 621 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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WRITE PHOTOPLAYS; $50 to $300 each for beginners. Make your spare time profitable. Our free plan is yours for the asking; write for it today. Los Angeles Photoplay Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

WRITERS! Have you a song-poem, story, photoplay to sell? Submit MSS. now. Music Sales Co., 42, St. Louis.

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DO YOU WANT YOUR SONG POEMS ACCEPTED? Send your poems today for best offer, immediate publication and free examination. Song writing booklet on request. Authors & Composers Service Co., Suite 525, 1431 Broadway, New York.

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance on a royalty basis. Mr. Leo Friedman, THE COMPOSER TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, is our leading composer. Among his well-known hits are such songs as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland" and "When I Dream of Old Erin." Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Company, Dept. 324, 920 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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Reel Realities

De luxe motion picture theaters continue to be built thruout America. Each offers its feature photoplay, its symphony orchestra, its program of smaller pictures and its incidental musical interludes. The method of better class motion picture presentation has been standardized.

So it will continue for the present. But we foresee screen theaters devoted to various kind of cinema entertainment, just as various kinds of theatrical entertainment have their differentiated audiences. There will be the smaller motion picture theater devoted to the thought photoplay, the larger house given over to the presentation of the film melodrama, possibly a home for screen comedy. One will know just the type of entertainment one is to see before one enters a theater. All this is still a fantastic bit of imagination, for the photoplay making is merely an industry—yet.

Photoplay producers are beginning to discover the advisability of aping the stage in reviving successful film plays. By *reviving* we do not mean merely re-releasing revised dramas with new captions.

Companies are purchasing screen plays from other concerns and presenting them in new form with new players. Some day we shall perhaps see "The Birth of a Nation" with a brand new cast, "The Miracle Man" re-done and "Broken Blossoms" reproduced. And, like theater old-timers, we will probably seize our cane, hobble to our feet and declare loudly that the new versions are not nearly so good as the originals—that the palmy days of the films have passed.

The theory that a screen star's average of popularity runs five years is stupid reasoning. There is no reason why players cannot grow old retaining the favor of their fans. Why not?

The photoplay is too young to point to any specific instances. Pioneers of cinema acting are still in their 'teens. Boys like Bobbie Harron can talk of the very first days of the photoplay from first-hand experiences.

The point is made that many favorites have flashed upon the screen, enjoyed their brief favor and disappeared. But there have been real reasons for each disappearance. Some of these favorites deliberately retired, some dissipated their abilities and some—let's whisper this—had no ability.

For centuries stage players have grown old while retaining their place in the affections of audiences. There are hundreds of instances. Why cannot motion picture stars do the same thing? Just as Ethel Barrymore played ingénues comparatively recently and is now portraying mature women of the world, so will Mary Pickford's art graduate and mellow. Thirty years from now Miss Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Ray should be as popular as they are today—if they wish to be. Their rôles will be different, that's all.

Speaking of acting, the histrionic level is far in advance of ten years ago. Remember when a merely handsome hero was accepted, when any sort of fil-lem cutie passed for feminine genius? The manikin-doll days have gone.

To be sure, movie producers still seize upon every bit of feminine charm and masculine ability that asserts itself above the cinema surface. Witness the quick stardom just accorded Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley. But the ultimate fate of a star rests with the audience. More than mere photographic appeal is necessary. Fans demand acting ability these days.

The organization of motion picture publicity men—the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers—has launched a movement to interest the newspapers of the country in the publication of screen news. They reason—and reason very logically—that newspapers devote page after page to sporting gossip when, at the most, but 75 per cent. of the masculine readers are actively interested in these columns. On the other hand, most newspapers publish absolutely nothing in the way of cinema information, altho 98 per cent. of both masculine and feminine readers go to see pictures and are actively interested. Why?

It is because newspaper proprietors and editors do not comprehend the need and the demand. But it will come.

The frenzied era of the star has just ended. By this we do not mean that stars will cease to be. We do mean that the photoplay does not revolve around them as formerly.

The era of the director is here. It will probably go to the extreme of the previous star period.

The era of the author is dawning, indeed, if it has not already reached its high noon. Producers are paying up to $150,000 for stories. Thirty thousand is but an average screen price for a stage play or novel.

After these periods exhaust themselves and stars, directors and authors have retired to wealth and rest, we hope for the dawn of another era: that of the audience.

We are heartily wearied of hearing producers, stars, directors and scenarioists talking loudly and confidently of what the public wants. Too long the exhibitor has been a stone wall blocking the public on every side. The exhibitor must improve and he must take his audience into his confidence; the present powers-that-be in the film world must cease to think that the photoplay depends wholly upon them individually; and the audience must have an active voice—or we fear for the photoplay of, say, 1925.

The Motion Picture Magazine *for* August

Will supply the urgent need of a companion for the long afternoons of summer—

For the idle, languorous moments of intense heat—

For the daily siesta—

The hot nights—

For any of the periods of time in which the body is resting while the mind is wide-awake and keenly alert.

Every reader of this issue will be delighted with the interview which Adele Whitely Fletcher had with Alice Brady not so long ago. Alice has confided to Miss Fletcher her innermost thoughts upon certain interesting phases of life.

There have been so many demands for an interview with Monroe Salisbury that we had to wire our Elizabeth Peltret to see him at once. She did!

Jerome Lachenbrach has written an unusual article on the association and influence of music on the silversheet.

The gloriously vivid Doris Keane, heroine of "Romance," has been interviewed by Gladys Hall.

And the latest follower in the footsteps of the irresistible *Anatol,* Eric von Stroheim, has been pinned down to a series of unique confessions by James Fredericks.

It goes without saying that the novelizations will be the best to be had—and the photographs likewise.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page* 75)

region of the Yukon, puff and pant in the noonday sun and occasionally have to be cooled off in an ice-box.

Anita Stewart, on the completion of her next picture, is going to vacation for three months. Probably she'll journey to Palm Beach, Fla., for a rest, ending up in New York at dressmakers' establishments.

All the Metro stars got a thrill the other day when the daughter of a real ex-President visited them. She was Helen Taft, daughter of the famous Bill, who is herself president of Bryn Mawr College. She came in an effort to raise an endowment fund for her university and was royally entertained during her stay here. May Allison conducted her on a Cook's tour thru the studio, while Viola Dana hurriedly picked a bunch of daisies—Bryn Mawr's flower—and presented it to Miss Taft. It was Miss Taft's first glimpse of a picture studio.

It pays to be vamped! At least, it paid Rosemary Theby $250 for one day's experience with Lew Cody. There was a difficult part in the Cody story, "The Butterfly Man," which called for an experienced leading lady. Miss Theby had journeyed to the studio to see a friend. Cody was wondering whom he could get for the "ruination" experience and Rosemary said she'd play the part—which she did at the rate of $50 a kiss.

The widely read story, "The Jackknife Man," by Ellis Parker Butler, has been filmed by King Vidor.

Page a profiteer! Louise Glaum has driven 'em so successfully away from Culver City that there isn't one to be found. Reason? Overalls! By the simple expedient of making the matter of attire a civic function, Miss Glaum has thrown a bombshell into the profiteer ranks. In fact, she threw a bombshell into the community in general when she appeared at luncheon one day clad in overalls. Chief in her support of the mode were James Kirkwood, her leading man; Wesley Ruggles, her director; Joseph Kilgour, and even J. Parker Read, Jr., producer of the Glaum plays. It started quite a fad, and now Mabel Normand asserts that she's gonna wear overalls, too.

Cecil B. de Mille has given us "Something to Think About"—a new picture, different from anything he has ever done before—and also a chance, once again, to view Elliott Dexter. Dexter has been ill and off the screen for more than a year. Nobody seemed to forget him, however, for his "fan" mail deluged the studio continually at the rate of 2,000 letters a week. In the new De Mille picture no one would ever know that Elliott has been an invalid. He's as handsome as ever and the screen love he makes to Gloria Swanson is quite as ardent as of yore.

Everybody is either just going to make a trip to Europe or has just returned from Europe. Anna Q. Nilsson will bid

(*Continued on page* 96)

A Beautiful Complexion

and a soft, smooth, colorful skin can easily be had by: keeping the pores thoroughly clean and open, keeping the skin tissue well nourished and soft, keeping the skin protected from the hot sun and winds.



LADY LOVE
(delicately scented)

Face Powder Toilet Soap Cold Cream

has always been the choice of particular women for many years because they know that the "Lady Love" preparations--with their delightful fragrance--used exclusively and faithfully in youth and later years has been largely responsible for their clear, fresh, satin-like skin.



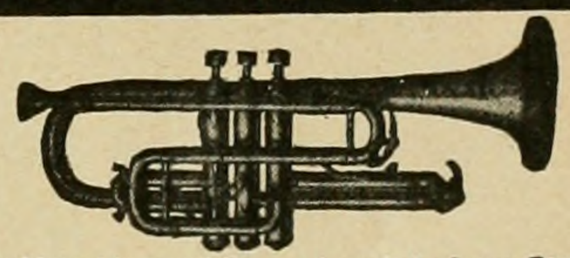
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Motor-Cycle Mabel



One of Mabel Normand's pet hobbies is motor-cycling and she spends all her spare time away from the Goldwyn studios upon her trusty Indian



Stunts mean nothing in Miss Normand's life. Isn't she a graduate of film farce, where one took one's life in one's hand—as it were—every day in the week?



"The continuity of this machine is all wrong," mutters Miss Normand. "Let's give it a close-up. . . . Here's where I fade out to the book of instructions!"



Those Pretty Teeth

No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them

This is How Millions Now Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of people have found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. This is to urge that you accept a ten-day test. See how it changes your teeth, then decide about it by the visible results.

They fight film

Modern research shows that the cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So brushing has left much of it intact. And night and day, on countless teeth, it may do a ceaseless damage.

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

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So few escape the troubles caused by film.

The way to end it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this new-day tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.

To make it known quickly to the millions who need it, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Based on pepsin

The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

It complies with all modern requirements. So in three great ways this dentifrice surpasses all the former methods. Now every family should at once find out how much this method means.

You can see them everywhere

This new method is used on millions of teeth now. Wherever you look you see the results of it. You see glistening teeth—teeth you envy, probably. And you know they are well cared for.

You can learn the way, without cost, by a simple ten-day test. And we urge you to make it now. There are few things more important.



The results are quick and apparent

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. The facts will be a revelation to you. Decide by those results then between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combining two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

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Dept. 572, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

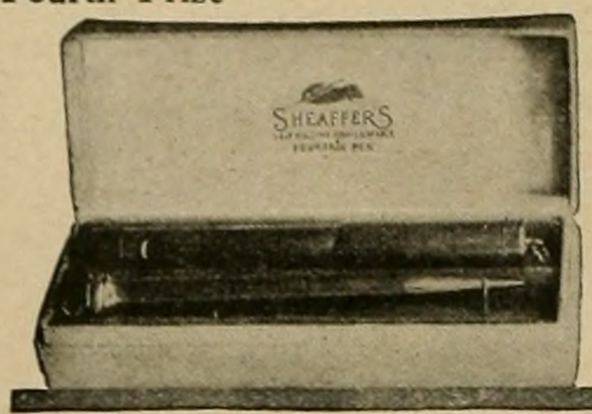
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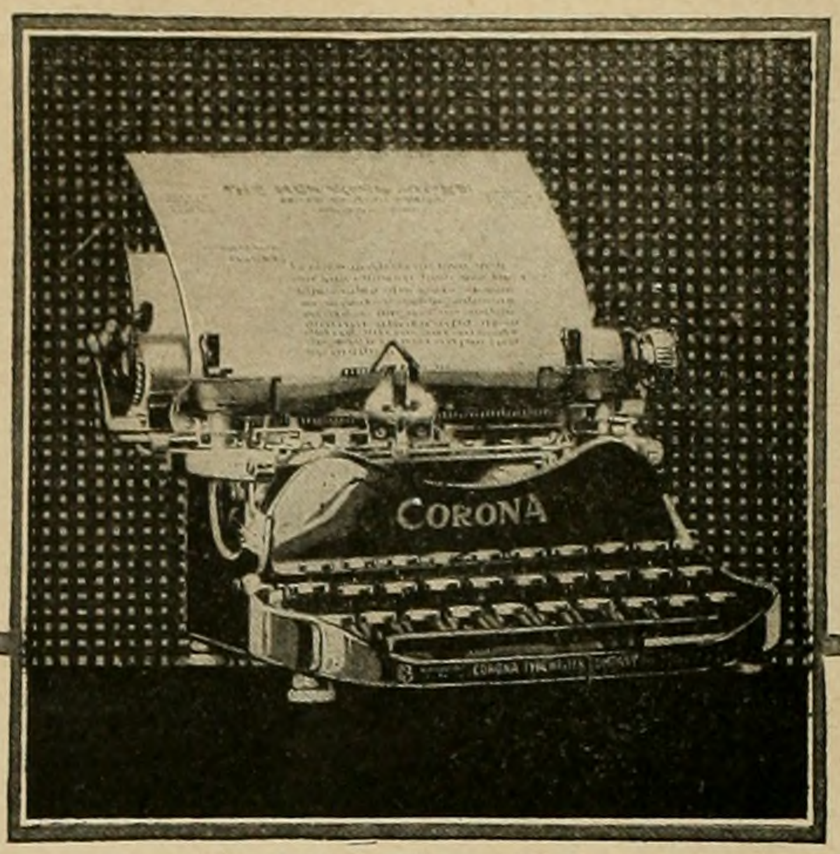
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ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

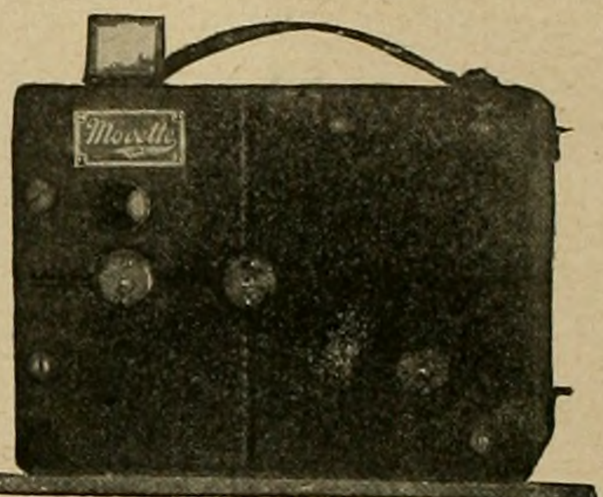
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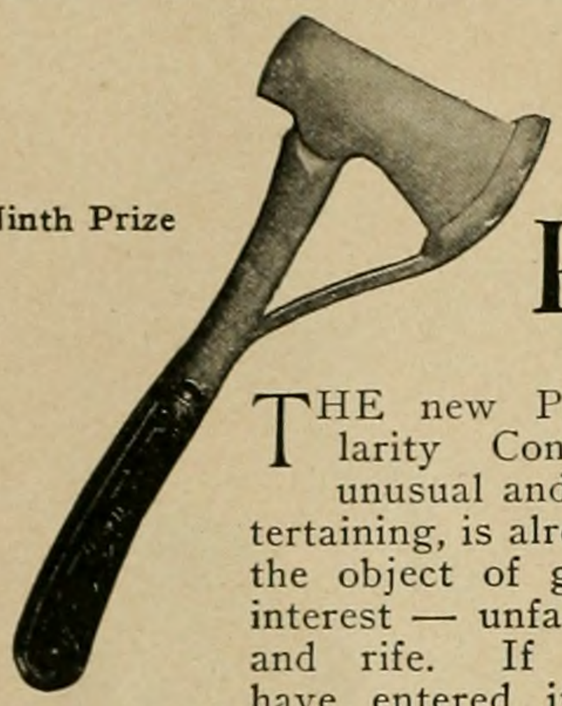
Third Prize



Second Prize



Ninth Prize



Popularity Contest Awards

Sixth Prize



THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

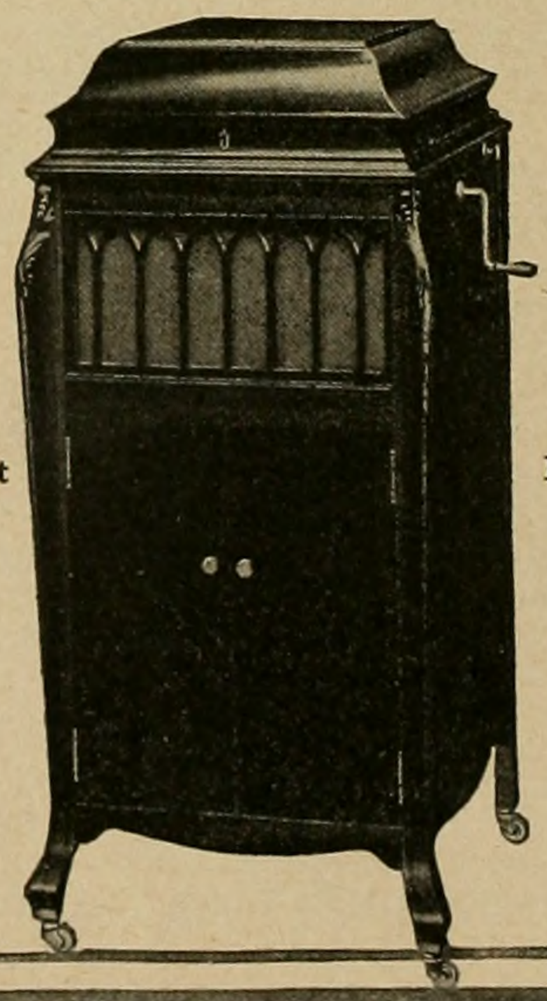
Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so *now*. Dont lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

FIRST PRIZE

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

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First Prize



SECOND PRIZE

Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE

Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE

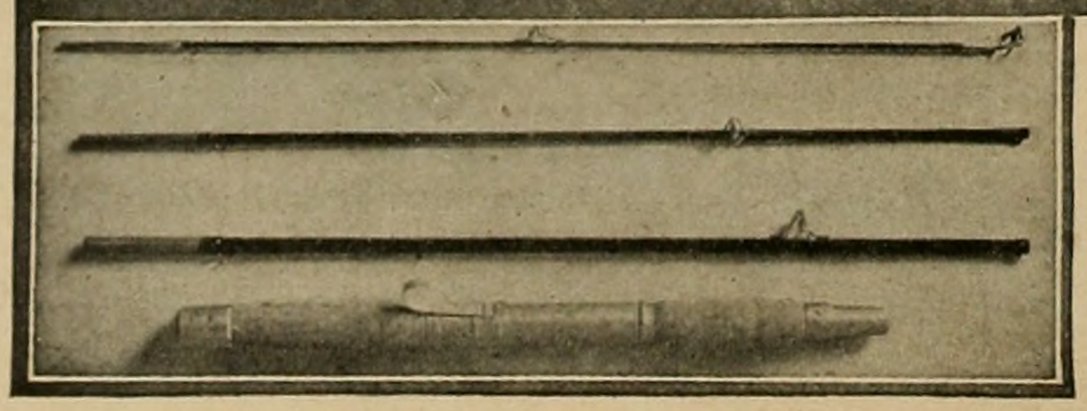
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE

Same as Seventh Prize.

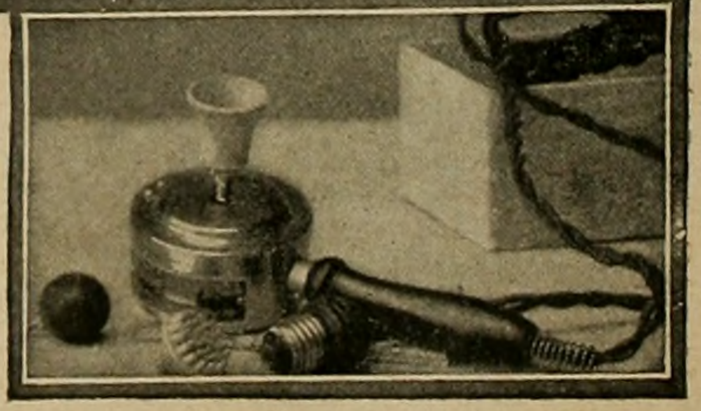
NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.



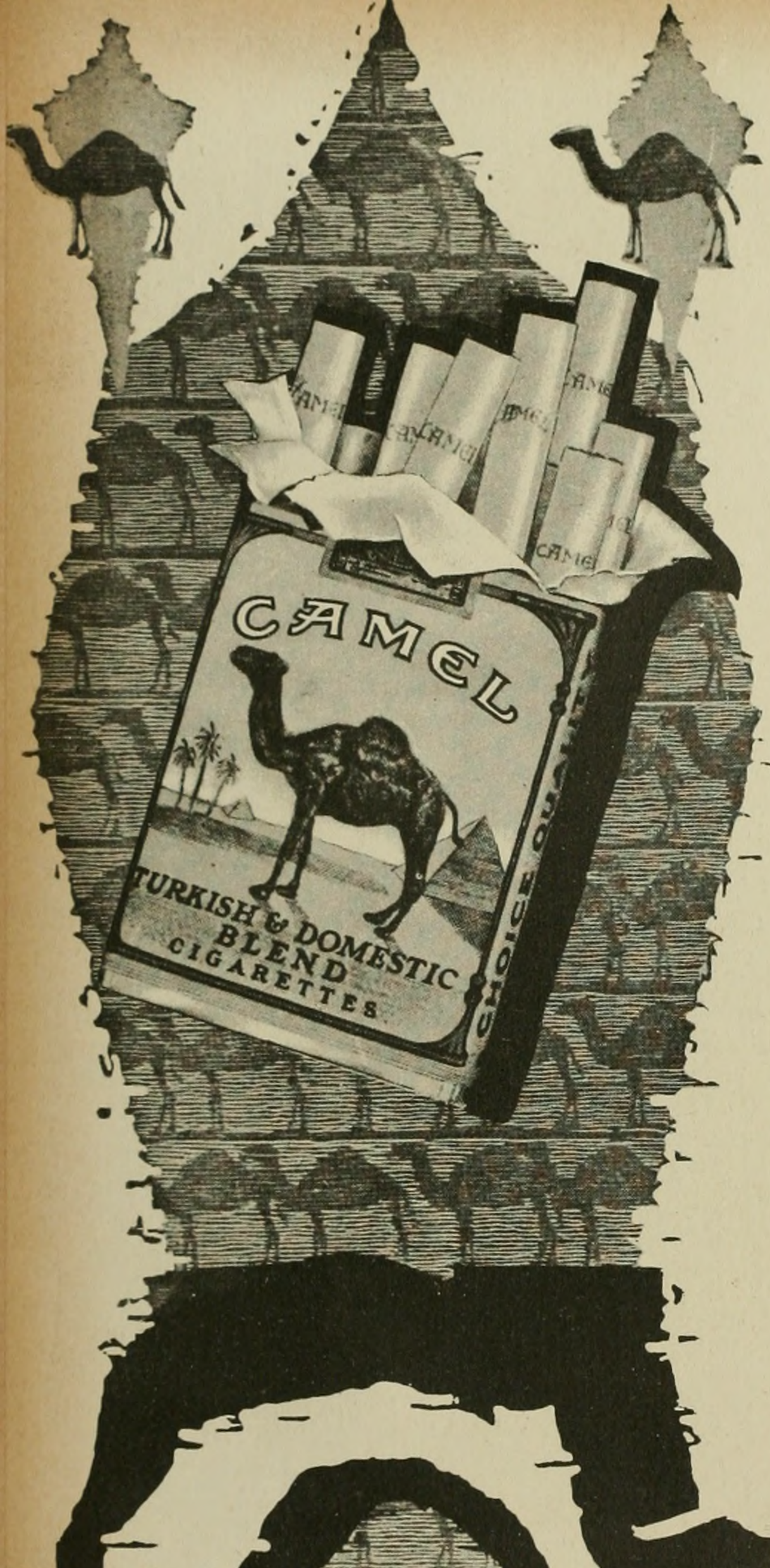
Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes





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WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do **you** think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide awake and well informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.

2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

December	1919 ballot
January	1920 ballot
February	1920 ballot
March	1920 ballot
April	1920 ballot
May	1920 ballot
June	1920 ballot
July	1920 ballot
August	1920 ballot
September	1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.

4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.

5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for SHADOWLAND every month, and the same for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and yet again the same for CLASSIC. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

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I consider ..... the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

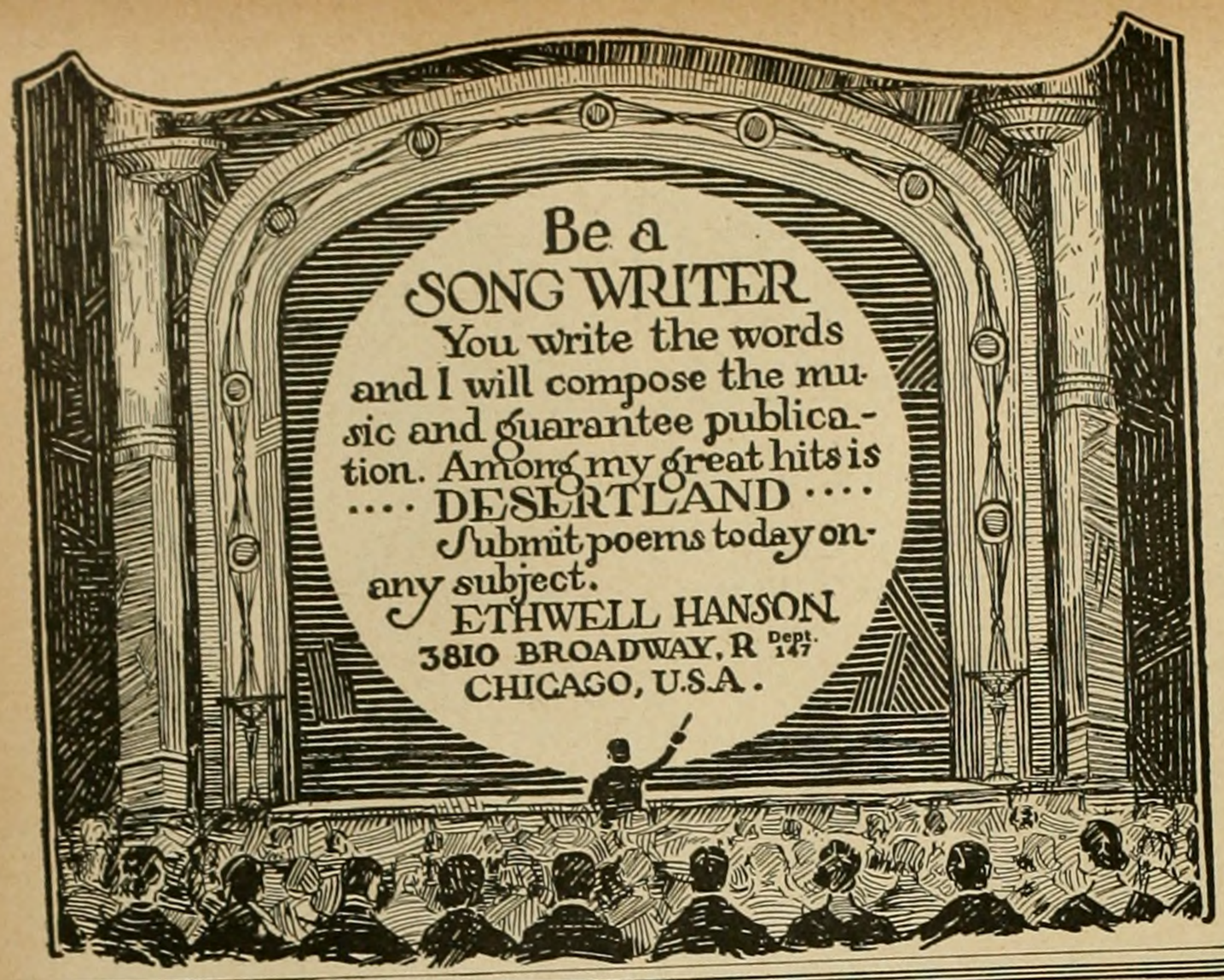
Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
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City.....
State.....
Country.....
(Dated).....

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Editor-in-Chief of

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"From Within—Without"!

(*Continued from page* 84)

cities they were certainly of incalculable value to us in obtaining the Yukon effects we wanted for our picture. We left orders to be called when a storm broke at night and every one would tumble out with enthusiasm, and what wonderful shots of driving storms we did get! Our village was snowed under at one time and we had considerable trouble with the lights. We were up there three months—seventy of us, most of the time in Port Henry's solitary hotel. It is usually a fact that such an experience tries the nerves to the breaking point. But we didn't have a bit of trouble. We were just a big happy family and got along much better than most families!

"And the townspeople—they were more interested in us than we were in ourselves. They entertained us in their homes and clubs. They extended us every assistance and coöperation and when we left, the Chamber of Commerce sent us a letter telling us how pleasant an experience it had been to have us there. I found many types among the natives, too, for the extras I needed in the picture. I used them in the court-room scenes and in the many dance-hall scenes. They made exactly the right atmosphere, and they didn't act all over the place either!

"The story, you know, is based for a theme on those lines of Robert W. Service's immortal poem:—

"This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive;
That surely the weak shall perish, and only the fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairful, crippled and palsied and slain,
This is the Will of the Yukon—Lord, how she makes it plain!"

"It's a powerful story," said Charles Miller, reflectively, "and, thanks to our wonderful camera men and the coöperation of our splendid company, I dont think anything just like it has ever been caught for the camera before."

Charles Miller has been "in harness," as he expresses it, all his life. He began his career in stock, continuing for many years, playing every rôle from comedy and character parts to leads, and was (altho he did not tell me) one of the popular matinée idols of his day. After his stock experience, he played under the management of Charles Frohman, Charles Harris, David Belasco and other big managers. He is singularly reticent about speaking of his success on the speaking stage, but did admit that "The Great Divide," in which he was starred, was his favorite of all the plays in which he appeared. Following his acting experience he became a stage director of note, having directed many of our best-known stage artists.

Five years ago, he entered the motion picture field. The first year he acted in pictures, playing a part in "Civilization" and one or two other pictures. "Not that I wanted to be a screen actor," he said, "I wanted to direct; but how could I direct pictures until I had first acted in them?"

"Are you one who thinks that previous stage experience is necessary in order to do your best work for the camera —both in acting and directing?"

"That is a broad question," he smiled. "There are directors who have made a success of pictures who never directed a stage play. Generally speaking, I will say that to succeed on the screen, one should have stage experience—whether acting or directing. Not that this experience is vital, but the artist of the speaking stage has poise, self-confidence and brings to the screen the art and understanding bred of an intimate knowledge of the technique of acting. Of course, there are a number of successful screen stars who never were on the stage —but they had a great deal to learn and a harder road to travel to success than their brethren who stepped from the stage to the screen. And it's the same with directing. There are directors who have made a success of pictures who never directed a stage play. But—usually, it has been a pictorial success rather than a dramatic success.

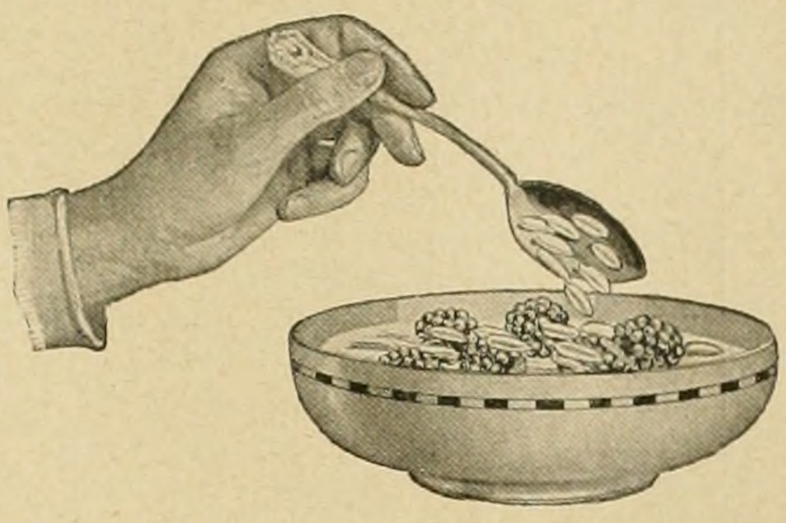
"Theories? No—I have none. You know how it is with bringing up a family. Before you have any, you have all kinds of theories. But after you get one, you just worry along as best you can and the theories—well, you find out how little *theory* amounts to. It's doing that counts. There is one thing, tho, that has gone with me since I went into the theatrical business. It's the one thought I have worked with: 'From *within, without.*' If it's in, it will come out—do you see? When I was on the stage, I had always that thought in mind and tried to work out of myself what was within. In directing, I do the same. And if I can get no response from the actor, I know there is nothing within.

"That is why I am so insistent upon rehearsals. On the speaking stage, the carefully trained and modulated voice has more to do with success than many, not in the profession, realize. But in pictures the voice is out of it and that's where art comes in. The expression of one's face, the eyes, the smile, the use of the hands, one's very walk before the camera must be studied for effect. There are no sound effects, nothing off stage to help along the action. The artist must put it over. And there's such temptation to overact! And so, I rehearse my players over and over, making them speak regular lines too—until they forget they are 'acting' and go thru the scene naturally. My people always know the story thoroly and I encourage them to use their intelligence and make any suggestions that may occur to them as we go along. I never follow a story in cut-and-dried fashion—it's the little bits of spontaneity that add heart interest and often make a corking picture out of a mediocre story.

"Motion pictures have such infinite possibilities. They are going to do what the stage *might* do but *cant* do—they

(*Continued on page* 95)

June Mornings



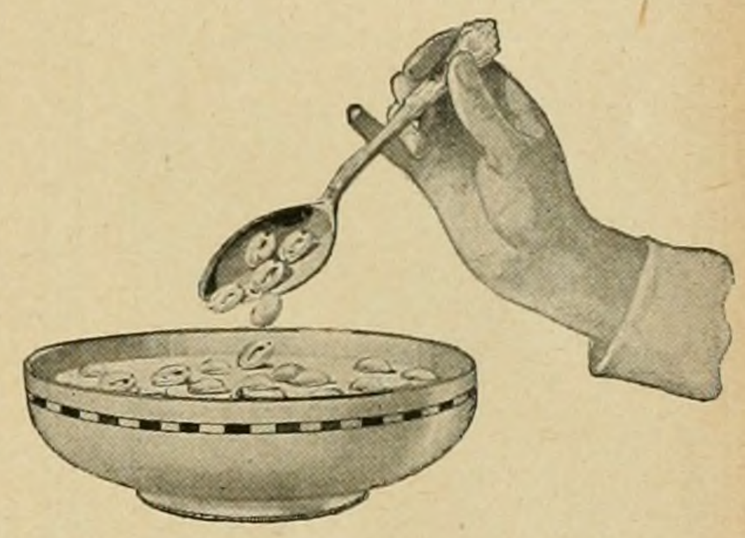
Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

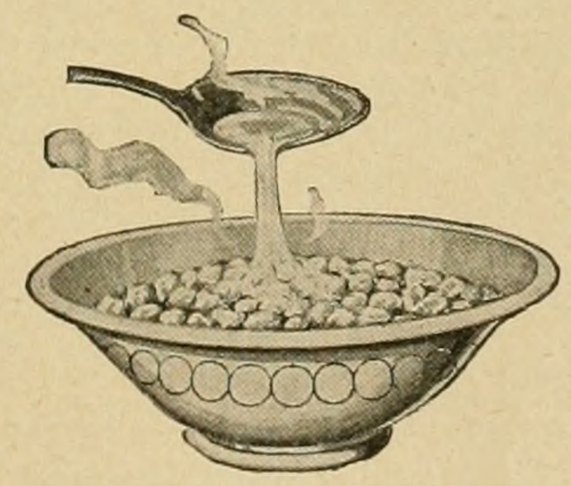
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914 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 138 Chicago, Ill.

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 49)

couple to keep their marriage a secret from an irascible father, anxious friends and all sorts of other human "complications." Nobody stands out in the farce. Matt Moore and Marjorie Daw play the newly married couple.

If we may judge by the early "Edgar" stories of Booth Tarkington, these short Goldwyn releases are going to be genuinely delightful. "Edgar's Hamlet," for instance, is a decidedly amusing presentation of the youthful Edgar's efforts to produce the Bard's tragedy in the family barn. Tarkington knows youth and enough of Tarkington gets to the screen in these film stories to lift them into the unusual. E. Mason Hopper is directing them very competently.

"A Fool and His Money," (Selznick), is based upon a George Barr McCutcheon romance—one of those things that are a thousand miles from real life. A successful American novelist buys an Austrian castle and forthwith discovers a persecuted American girl living in a deserted wing of the structure. Certain mild adventures launch themselves at once. Eugene O'Brien's whimsical left eyebrow is just as whimsical as ever in this cinema effort. Rubye de Remer is much better as the heroine, to our unsophisticated way of thinking. By adroit camera work, Robert Ellis attains some effects of seemingly limitless baronial castle halls.

Norma Talmadge's most recent vehicle, "The Woman Gives," (First National), is no better or no worse than her recent vehicles. Indeed, they are all bloodless. We understand that an imperial ukase in the Talmadge fold requires highly emotional rôles, stories in which the heroine is absolutely untarnished in thought and action. No wonder Miss Talmadge's vehicles are weak dramas. How can one be emotional about nothing? In "The Woman Gives" she plays a sweet, guileless art model who loves and is beloved by a struggling painter. She chances the loss of this love—the young chap is very jealous—in order to befriend and help a genius who has slipped to the depths thru his wife's infidelity. Then she returns to the man of her heart and to happiness.

The story reveals no signs of life anywhere. Miss Talmadge photographs as charmingly as ever—but that is about all one can say. There is no plot development and no characterization anywhere. Neither Edmund Lowe nor John Halliday awaken any interest as the lover and the derelict genius.

Nazimova is always vivid enough to lend a certain interest to any screen play. Thus "The Heart of a Child," (Metro), has a measure of appeal. But the whole thing will be quickly forgotten. She plays a little cockney gutter child of the London slums who attracts the eye and love of an English nobleman. Thru his aid she attains stage success and eventually marries her benefactor. The old Cinderella tale is still popular, isn't it?

We are still waiting for Nazimova to equal her unforgettable "Revelation." We can easily understand why she has not. She needs a strong restraining hand—a producer or director with courage and will enough to apply her genius in the right sort of stories. At present she is running rampant.

Geraldine Farrar, being a most popular operatic Carmen, must needs go on playing fiery Spanish cigaret girls in the films. In "The Woman and the Puppet," (Goldwyn), she flirts with a conceited fop who is adulated by less desirous señoritas, taunts him and snaps her fingers in his face until, enraged, he develops into a caveman. Then he slaps her face—and no mild slaps are they—until the tears come. After which she willingly gives him her lips. We must admit that the audience which observed "The Woman and the Puppet" with us laughed outright at Lou-Tellegen as the lover. It has no sympathy for the sickly sentimentalist who was willing to literally—as well as figuratively—kiss the señorita's feet. To our mind, "The Woman and the Puppet" is weak screen stuff.

Scenarioists seem to be fascinated by the idea that the ocean bottom is studded with treasure as a result of U-boat activities in the recent war. "Below the Surface" and "Terror Island," (both Paramounts), revolve around the identical idea.

The first concerns the machinations of a scoundrel and his paramour, who plot to win over a daring young diver that they may use him to recover some of this lost treasure. The diver retains his faith in the adventuress even after her mysterious death in a steamship disaster. But, after he looks thru a porthole of the sunken vessel and sees the woman dead in the arms of the villain, he realizes all, and after the proper period of brain fever, comes back to the village maid who has loved him all along. She is a young woman who was foolish enough to pin her faith in pies rather than rouge.

We call "Below the Surface" unpleasant stuff. That is, unpleasant without any real reason for existing; *i.e.*, pointing a cinema moral.

"Terror Island" exploits Houdini. It is a five-reel drama done with that deep insight into life displayed by a constructor of serial thrills. In other words, it is a series of palpably absurd incidents intended to be ultra-startling. It isn't.

Bert Lytell does not equal his splendid work in "The Right of Way" with his portrayal of the reformed safe opener in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," (Metro). Of course, you remember the stage Valentine, whose nerves were attuned so sensitively that he could open any safe by sandpapering his fingertips and running them over the vault knobs. Lytell, who is steadily advancing, makes a highly likable Jimmy and Vola Vale is a pleasant

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enough reason for the reformation. Wilton Taylor is excellent as the hard-boiled detective who finally relents. Why the prison stripes of ten or so years ago when the feminine styles are plainly of 1920?

We admit rather liking Irene Castle in "The Amateur Wife," (Paramount). This we attribute to Miss Castle, for the theme is that ancient one of the unappreciated wife who blossoms forth from an ugly duckling into a swan and awakens her hubby's slumbering affections. Some sordid melodrama has been dragged in to brace up the trite tale. Mrs. Castle isn't emotionally compelling, but she lends a certain pleasant personality to a part of the proceedings. Whether or not you like "The Amateur Wife" will depend upon whether or not you like the star. W. T. Carleton is the husband. We detect a certain Dick Barthelmess quality in Arthur Rankin, who appears briefly in a fearful rôle.

"My Lady's Garter," (Paramount), a Maurice Tourneur production of the late Jacques Futrelle's mystery story, long held awaiting release, is unreal stuff, with a hero who appears for nearly five reels to be a master crook but who develops to be a great detective. The detectives in this affair are as dense as the heavy-footed gentry who have been trailing the eminent Mr. Nicky Arnstein, Esq.

"From Within—Without"

(*Continued from page* 93)

are going to teach the great masses of people. They are going to bring the best of everything within reach of these people. That's why I'm glad that so many of our great stage artists are coming to the screen. And the screen is becoming our greatest educational factor. Strange, isn't it?" he mused, "when we remember that in some communities only a few years ago picture houses were not considered respectable. And now, the very churches are installing projection machines and giving over one or more services a week for the showing of motion pictures—and they are installed in our colleges for the purpose of teaching different subjects—great, isn't it, and a glorious monument to the determination and courage of the few men who saw the vision and followed it?"

Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 83)

way we'd rename 'em:

"Peter Pan"—"Up in Peter's Tree."

"Othello"—"The Black Barrier."

"Romeo and Juliet"—"Passion."

"Vanity Fair"—"The Lady of Lure."

"As You Like It"—"The Forest Virgin."

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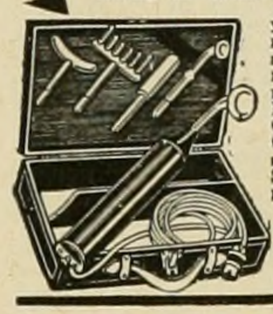
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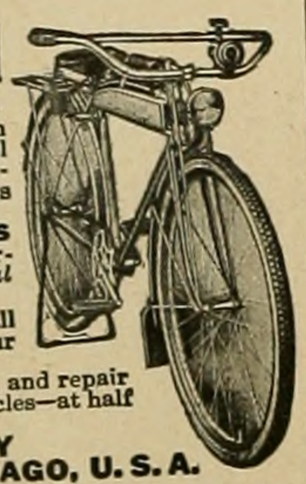
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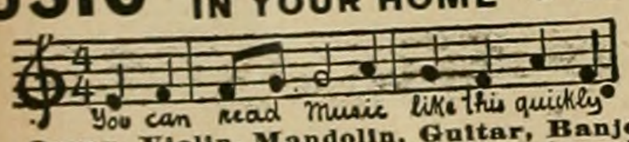
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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page 87*)

us farewell for several months when she leaves New York in June for her native Sweden. Miss Nilsson has not seen her parents in nearly a dozen years, due to the war and everything, and, as soon as she finishes playing opposite Hobart Bosworth in "Bucko McAlister," she's going to skip to New York. When Anna Q. came to America she did so with the intention of becoming a school-teacher. But Fate, however, cast her as Penrhyn Stanlaws' model, and an offer of forty dollars a week persuaded her to join a company of Kalem players. In Sweden she'll be considerably fêted, inasmuch as she is the only one of her countrywomen who has ever registered a decided success on the English "speaking" stage or screen, and while abroad she will make two pictures at a reputed salary of $40,000 a production.

And a letter received from piquant Tsuru Aoki informs me that she is sojourning happily in her native Japan. She left Los Angeles immediately after completing her Universal contract. Sessue Hayakawa, her husband, was to have accompanied her, but a new contract interfered and Miss Aoki left, accompanied only by her maid. She stopped off for a week in Honolulu, enjoyed its attractions and at length proceeded to Yokohama, her home. Her uncle there, Iso Kawikami, is a theatrical producer. He tried to induce Miss Aoki to sign with his company, but she declined, inasmuch as she is to be back in Hollywood by October to start work under a new, fat contract.

Pauline Frederick has left Goldwyn. She has definitely broken into the field of the independent producers, even selecting her own stories and directing herself.

There is a move on foot in Hollywood to start a tennis club exclusively for motion picture celebrities. It is being made by Shirley Mason, who is a tennis enthusiast herself, and who has offered the spacious courts at her new home to the charter members of the organization. These include Viola Dana, her sister, Bernard Durning, Ward Crane, Alice Lake, Anna Q. Nilsson, Buster Keaton, (who, by the way, is Metro's new comedy star), Rex Ingraham and Lottie Pickford. Shirley's plan is eventually to have the film folk erect a handsome club-house in Hollywood and restrict its guest privileges exclusively to those "in the profession"—sort of place, you know, where the film famous can go without being stared at.

A premonition that her former fiancé, who had been reported killed in the war, would return to her, came true recently when Sylvia Breamer greeted Lieut. F. C. Lewis, of the army intelligence corps, upon his arrival in Los Angeles. The officer was gassed in action and believed killed. Not long ago Miss Breamer had a dream which told her he would come back to her. Three weeks later he appeared. Miss Breamer journeyed West to play the title rôle in "Athalie," and, having finished, is working in a picture for Mayflower.

Priscilla Dean got arrested shortly after the new no-auto-parking ordinance went into effect in town. Under the new law it seems that you cant park your car in the downtown district more than two minutes. Priscilla went into a theater to see herself in "The Virgin of Stamboul," and when she went to start her car she found it tagged. No, it wasn't a surprise to her, inasmuch as it was prearranged by her press agent for a front-page newspaper story.

And the marriages! Of course, now that Mrs. Mary Preston Dean, mother of the sparkling Priscilla, has announced it formally, the marriage of Miss Dean to Wheeler Oakman, her leading man in "The Virgin of Stamboul," has ceased to be an item of local gossip. But Priscilla isn't by any means the only film star to commit matrimony. Betty Blythe suddenly issued invitations to her wedding to Paul Scardon, who has been brought West by Goldwyn to direct the Arnold Bennett photoplay, "Milestones." The wedding was solemnized quietly at the Church of the Angels in Garvanza, with less than a hundred close friends of the bride and groom being present. Miss Blythe, since she came to Los Angeles to assume the lead in "The Silver Horde," has been one of the reigning favorites at the studios. She only recently finished the lead opposite Lew Cody in "The Mischief Man" and at present writing is starring in "Nomads of the North," another James Oliver Curwood story, for First National Exhibitors' Circuit. She has, in addition, signed a contract with Fox to play the title rôle in a spectacular production of "The Queen of Sheba." Her marriage, she asserts, will in no way tend toward her retirement from the screen.

Another marriage which surprised everybody was that of Jack Perrin, Universal serial star, and petite Josephine Hill, for some time a comedy star with the "U" and later the little wife in Metro's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

Easterners are journeying West to work before the camera. Wyndham Standing and his wife are nicely domiciled at an Ocean Park hotel, while Raymond McKee has journeyed from New York to again play opposite Shirley Mason at Fox. McKee played Shirley's lead several years ago in a series of her early pictures at Edison and the meeting of the two on the lot was something like the reunion of brother and sister.

Monroe Salisbury, that prime emotional star, who severed connections some time ago with Universal, is back on the screen as the star of his own productions. His company is working at Brunton's on a spectacular magazine story which Metro wanted to produce, but didn't, and Salisbury has stated to me that he intends giving every member of his cast quite as much opportunity in the story as he himself will have.



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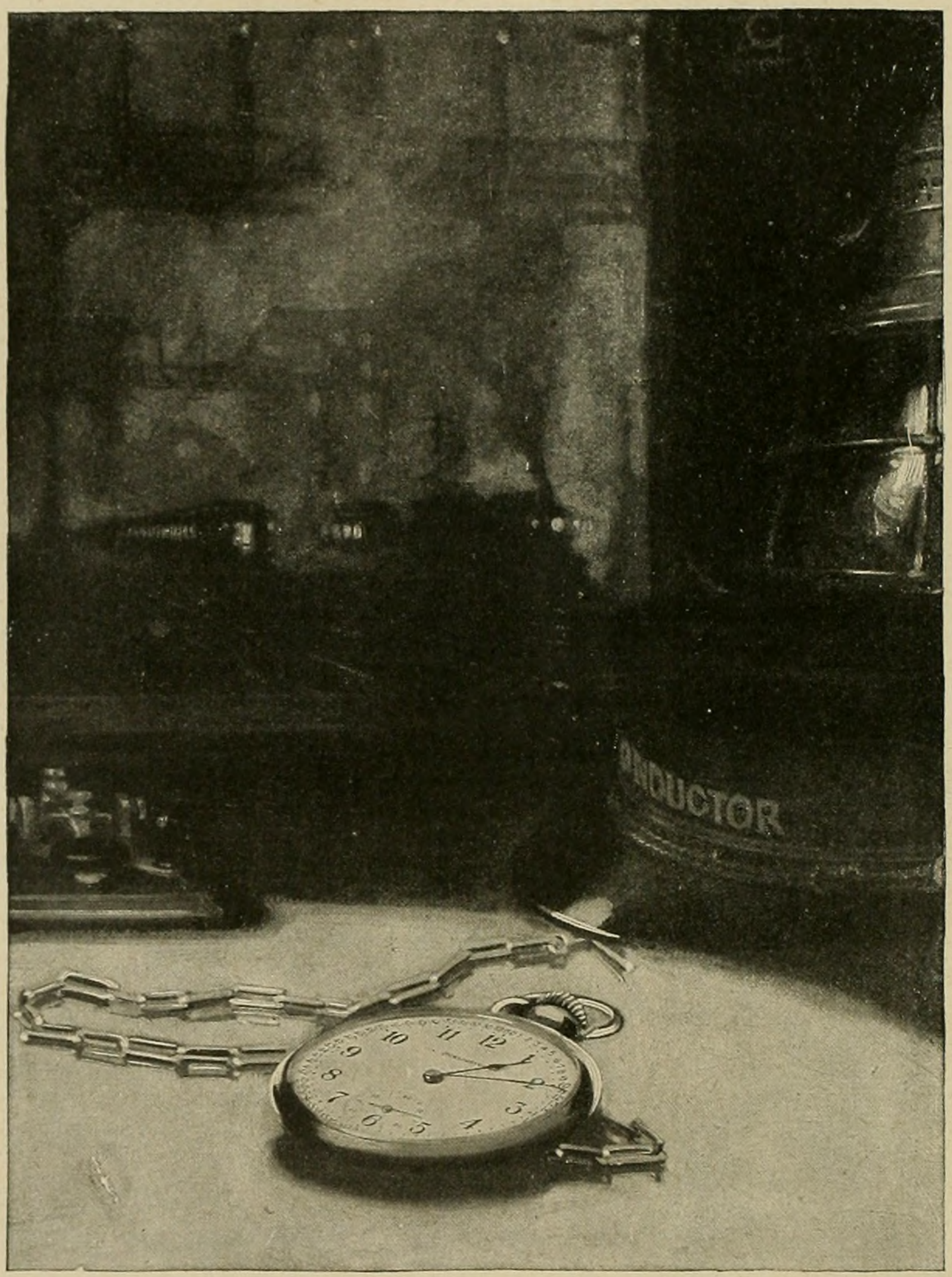
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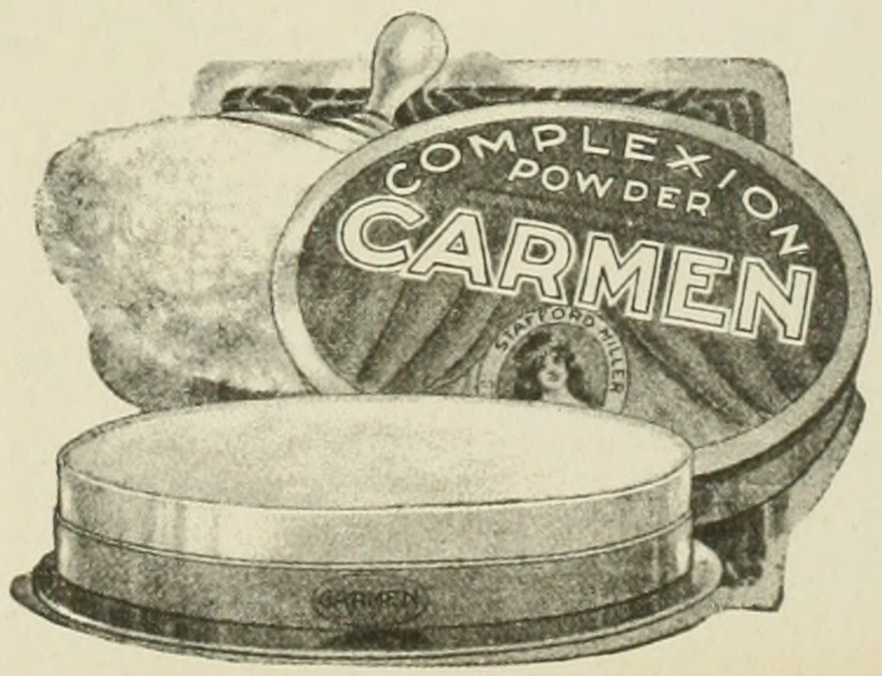
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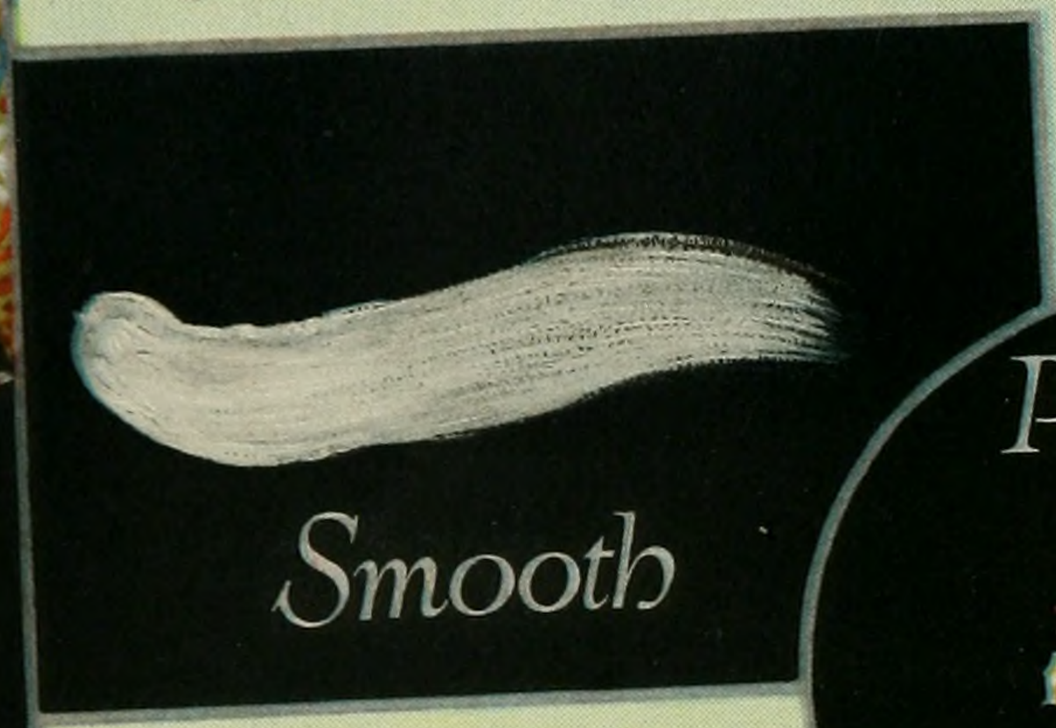
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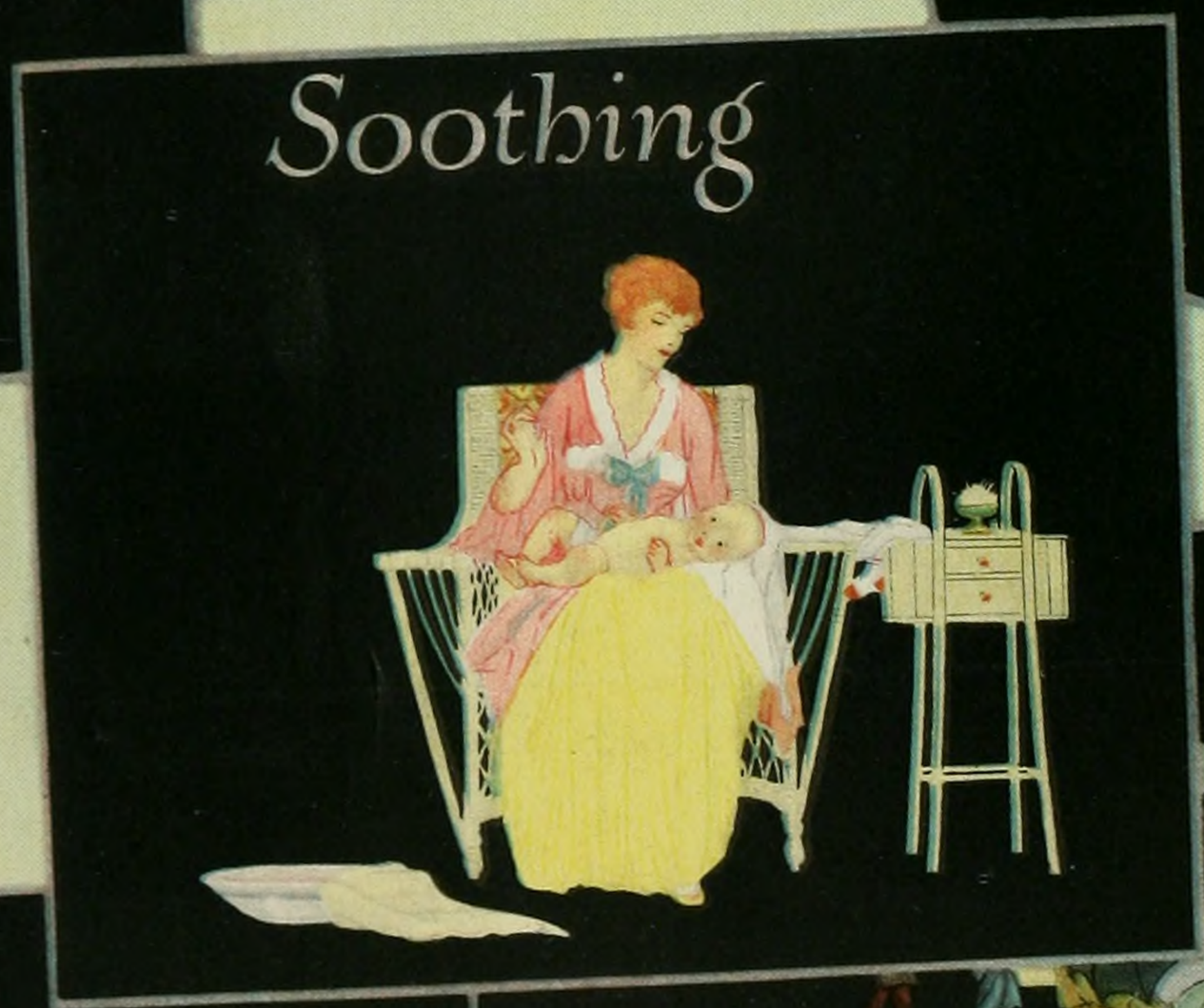
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