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CLASSIC

AUGUST

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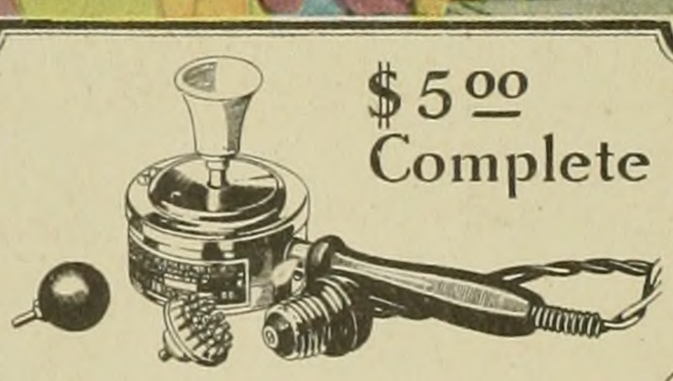


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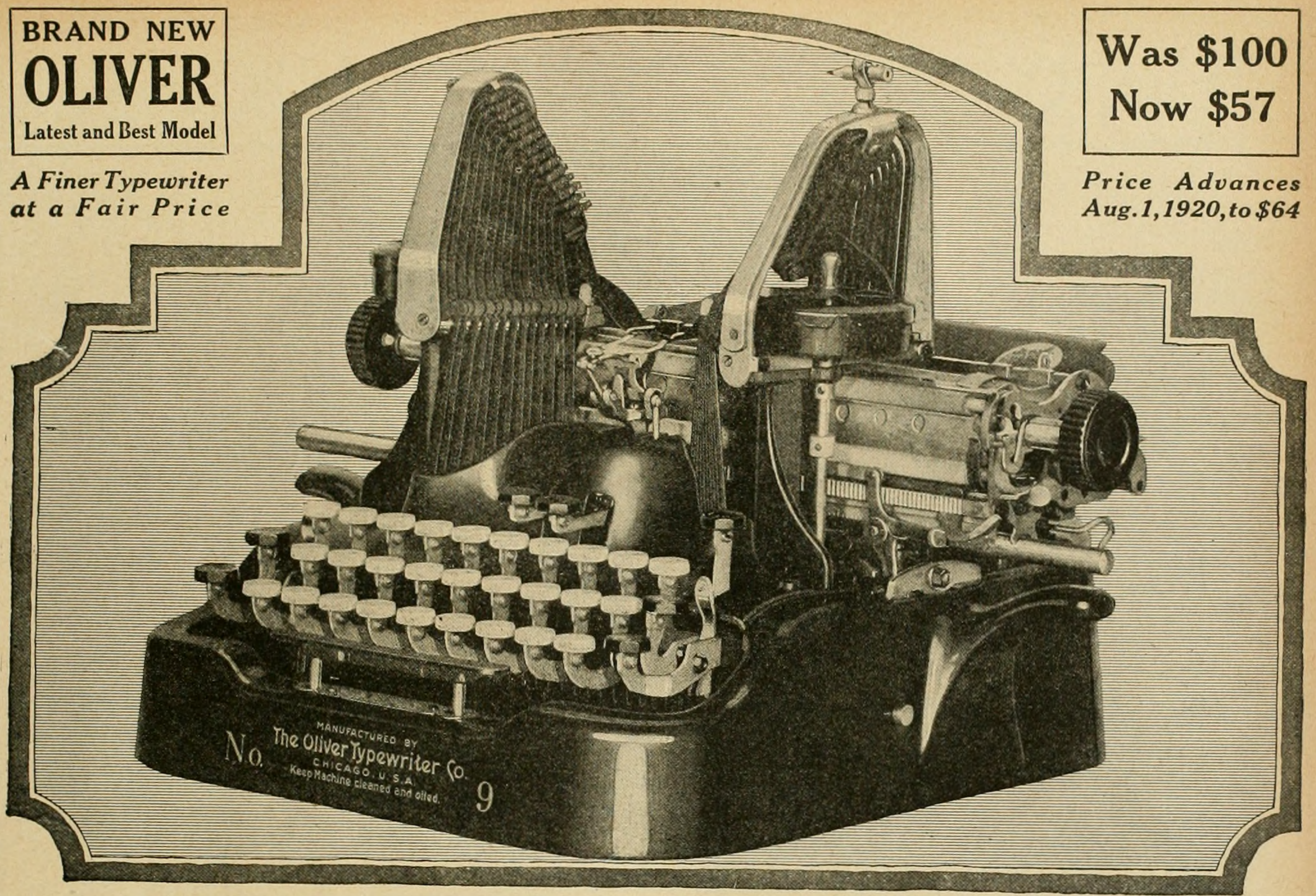
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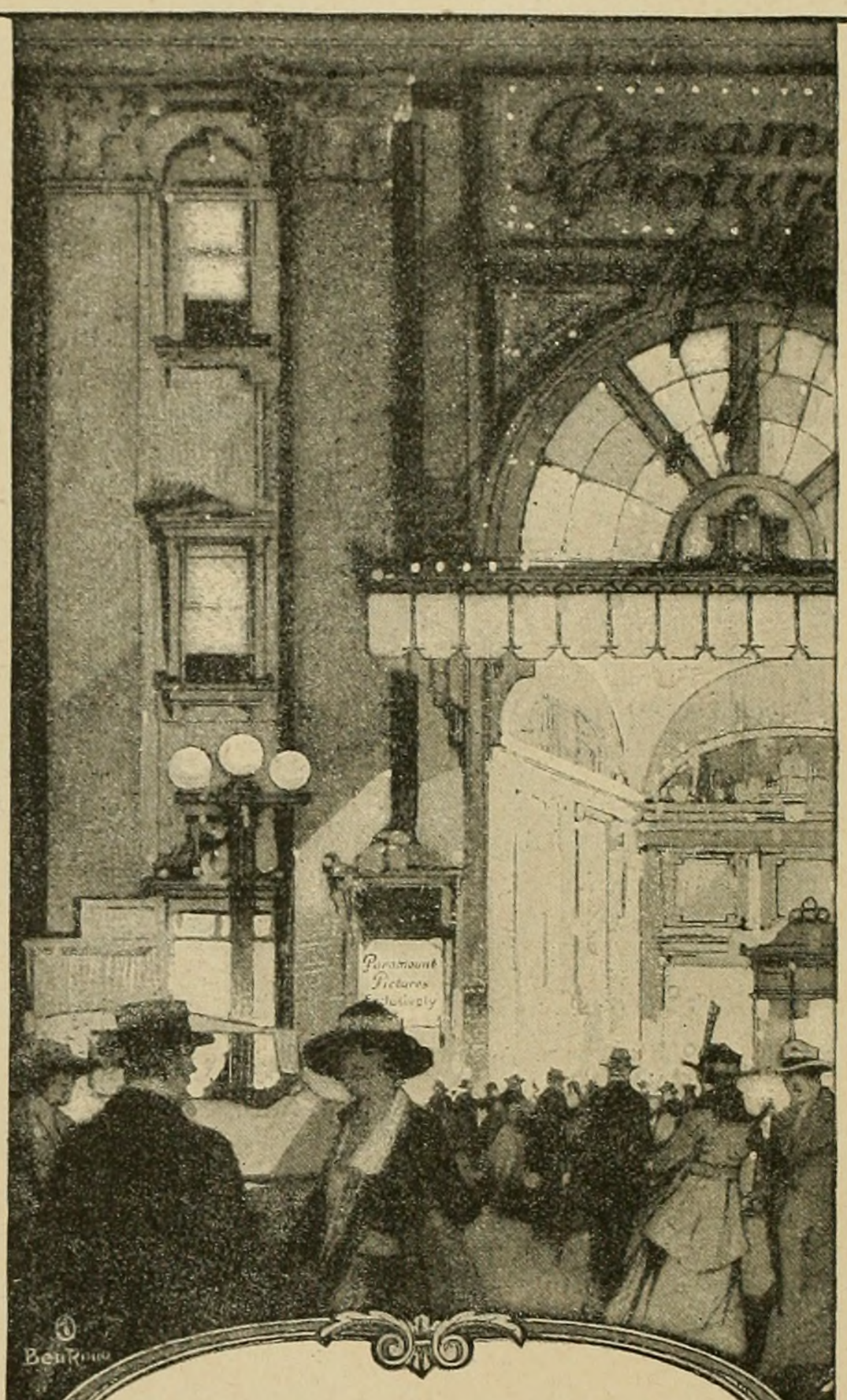
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Shadowland *for* August

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Its purpose and object in the world is to bring beauty to every household which it reaches. It believes wholeheartedly in the development of beauty, and the cultivation of all art. It feels that there is far too little appreciation of beauty in this humdrum, prosaic world.

Therefore, it announces with much pleasure that the August issue is the best yet. Louis Raymond Reid reviews the past theatrical season in a whimsical, satirical article which will delight the reader.

There is a playlet of reincarnation by Katherine Metcalf Roof; "The Reflections of a Gentle Cynic," by Lisa Ysaye Tarleau; a review of current fiction by the always-welcome Heywood Broun, and other articles by Benjamin De Casseres, Frederick James Smith, and others too numerous to mention.

You will remember the literature; you will want to frame the lovely photographs; you will not, we assure you, forget the August issue of SHADOWLAND in a hurry!

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

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Vol. X AUGUST, 1920 No. 6

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

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

The most recent astronomical discovery to be observed on the silversheet is the blonde Wanda Hawley, who now shines with serene starry rays on the Realart banner.

When Miss Hawley first came to New York it was to sing and play accompaniments, but, not long ago she lost her voice thru some throat trouble and turned her attention to the screen. Her unusual characterizations in Cecil de Mille's "Old Wives for New," and "We Cant Have Everything," as well as other photoplays, will long be remembered by all film-goers.

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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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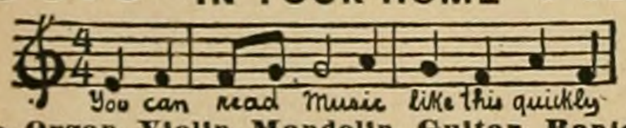
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(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.

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 seventies. Genuinely delightful. Finely played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

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.

Cohan's.—"The Hottentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Ann Andrews lends pleasant assistance. Full of laughs.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce.

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.

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.

Garrick.—"Jane Clegg." St. John Ervine's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running here all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

Greenwich Village. — "Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins' well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult rôle.

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.

Knickerbocker. — "Shavings." Pleasant if conventional dramatization of Joseph C. Lincoln's Cape Cod story. Harry Beresford gives a finely drawn characterization.

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. Here, too, are the most beautiful girls in all New York.

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.

Shubert 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.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON

"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.

"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.

"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.

"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.

"Mamma's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human species, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

(Continued on page 8)

The Fame and Fortune Contest Speeds Ahead!

Some time ago we announced that there would be produced in conjunction with the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which was being held by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, and SHADOWLAND, a five-reel feature drama entitled "LOVE'S REDEMPTION."

This announcement has aroused the greatest interest among our readers and all those who contemplate entering the contest. The feature, a strong play of dramatic force, is now well under way, and the main scenes have already been filmed. Those appearing in the cast are as follows:

Edwin Markham, Hudson Maxim, Dr. Nichols.

Blanche McGarity, Anetha Getwell, Dorian Romero, Lynne Berry, Katherine Bassett, Wm. Talmadge, Arthur Tuthill, Cecile Edwards, Wm. Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Panish, Joseph Murtaugh, Dorothy Taylor, Effie Lawrence Palmer, Bunty Manly, Alfred Rigali.

Erminie Gagnon, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, Wm. White, Clarence Linton, Sophie De Leske, Mrs. J. A. Gagnon, Norbert Hammer, Mr. McCabe, Doris Doree, Mrs. F. Mayer, Colonel Hervey, George Costa, Titus Cello, Mrs. Dale, Marion Dale, The Schwinn Twins, Ruth Higgins, Marjorie Longbotham.

IT'S A SURE WINNER

said the spectators who watched the first showing of some of the scenes in the projection-room.

The Final Honor Roll Members and the Winners

of the contest will have ample opportunity to prove whether or not they can act in this picture, for the scenes in which they appear will be filmed as soon as possible after the judges have named them.

All photographs mailed up to and including the date of August 1st, 1920, will be entered in the contest. Send in your photograph at once.

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, *pre-paid with sufficient postage,* to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

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.....

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(*Continued from page 6*)

"My Golden Girl."—A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

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

"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.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

THE NEWS MEN

By Walter E. Mair

We turn a cool, collected crank
Where foemen flee the furious Yank;
We scale the Himalayan peaks to snap a bunch of flowers.
Or, perching on a biplane's tail,
We photograph the Airline Mail;
Then nonchalantly spiral down to "pan" old Gotham's towers.

It may be up in Saskatoon
We point our guns to shoot the moon,
Or in some Panamanian cove we coax the gentle shark.
We leap athwart some skipper's neck
And focus on his vessel's wreck,
Then right-about to catch a glimpse of spooners in the park.

We plumb the deep and dreary mines
And risk extensive trespass fines
To spot a locomotive spinning sparks from every wheel.
Perhaps we hie to gloomy glade
Where lurk mosquitos in the shade,
To get artistic studies of the Great Brazilian Eel!

We frame a strip of Mandalay,
Then take a little fly-away
To where at sunrise ululates the Turkish muezzin.
Fingers in ears, we say amen!
Then hasten forth to crank again
A crew of Senegambians getting full o' niggergin.

Nay, friend, no gang for angel choirs
Are we: *we shine around big fires!*
And yet I have a notion, should you mount the golden stair,
You'd find a nosy movie guy
Evading Peter's watchful eye,
In hopes that yet some Newport dame might find admittance there.

The Popular Popularity Contest

The Popularity Contest is still arousing universal interest. No part of the world is absent in representation. Votes are pouring in—hundreds of them—every day. Mary Pickford still leads the women with a large majority of votes. Wallace Reid heads the men with a not-so-large majority. Others are coming forward so rapidly that it is hard to make any predictions concerning the next report. If you have not already sent in votes for your favorite player, there is still time in which to do so. All rules and regulations, together with a description of the useful and beautiful prizes are presented on another page, and here are the last-minute results of the contest at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford, 49,600; Norma Talmadge, 29,851; Pearl White, 20,161; Mme. Nazimova, 11,748; Constance Talmadge, 6,907; Bebe Daniels, 4,748; Viola Dana, 3,555; Elsie Ferguson, 3,417; Lillian Gish, 2,801; Mary Miles Minter, 2,412; Theda Bara, 2,249; Dorothy Gish, 2,154; Ruth Roland, 2,017; Olive Thomas, 1,759; Shirley Mason, 1,519; Anita Stewart, 1,506; Marguerite Clark, 1,451; May Allison, 1,412; Ethel Clayton, 1,359; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,206; Dorothy Dalton, 1,114; Gloria Swanson, 1,106; Irene Castle, 1,017; Marion Davies, 916; Pauline Frederick, 861; Geraldine Farrar, 854; Alice Joyce, 816; Ann Little, 747; Alice Lake, 712; Mae Murray, 701; Olga Petrova, 656; Margarita Fisher, 617; Katherine MacDonald, 604; Marie Prevost, 597; Alice Brady, 558; Priscilla Dean, 552; Wanda Hawley, 519; Edith Johnson, 512; Blanche Sweet, 506; June Caprice, 461; Madge Kennedy, 458; Vivian Martin, 452; Kathlyn Williams, 446; Dolores Cassinelli, 421; Doris May, 416; Marie Walcamp, 408; Winifred Westover, 404; Juanita Hansen, 361; Betty Compson, 357; Billie Burke, 334; Violet Heming, 317; Doris Kenyon, 306; Gladys Leslie, 271; Jane Novak, 265; Dorothy Phillips, 254; Clara K. Young, 250; Mildred Davis, 231; Jean Paige, 211; Enid Bennett, 175; Louise Glaum, 167; Lila Lee, 167; Mae Marsh, 159; Eva Novak, 156; Fannie Ward, 154; Constance Binney, 144; Virginia Lee Corbin, 138; Betty Blythe, 131; Marjorie Daw, 127; Mary Garden, 124; Corinne Griffith, 123; Mildred Harris, 116; Peggy Hyland, 114; Louise Lovely, 109; Mildred Reardon, 104; Mary Thurman, 104.

While the men players are vastly in the minority in the number of votes cast, yet the leaders are steadily holding their own:

Wallace Reid, 19,954; William S. Hart, 16,321; Richard Barthelmess, 14,556; Douglas Fairbanks, 9,664; Eugene O'Brien, 4,823; William Farnum, 3,914; Charles Ray, 3,461; J. Warren Kerrigan, 2,807; Tom Mix, 2,702; Charles Chaplin, 1,958; Douglas MacLean, 1,654; Thomas Meighan, 1,362; Rodney La Rocque, 1,358; Tom Moore, 1,346; William Duncan, 1,256; Kenneth Harlan, 1,116; Jack Pickford, 1,057; John Barrymore, 1,014; Ralph Graves, 1,009;

Bert Lytell, 1,005; Antonio Moreno, 1,002; William Russell, 996; Earle Williams, 917; George Walsh, 864; Harry Northrup, 807; Harrison Ford, 801; Lloyd Hughes, 759; Lewis Stone, 755; Robert Harron, 703; Marshall Neilan, 656; Louis Bennison, 612; Elliott Dexter, 609; Eddie Lyons, 561; Harold Lloyd, 503; Tom Forman, 459; Eddie Polo, 458; Henry G. Sell, 456; Lon Chaney, 421; Bryant Washburn, 412; Wesley Barry, 368; Theodore Roberts, 359; Robert Warwick, 356; George Fawcett, 331; Webster Campbell, 319; Robert Gordon, 311; Monroe Salisbury, 307; Monty Blue, 271; Harry Carey, 264; Emery Johnson, 260; Owen Moore, 260; Joe Ryan, 257; Milton Sills, 255; Francis X. Bushman, 229; Lew Cody, 221; David Powell, 216; Will Rogers, 212; Ben Turpin, 208; Creighton Hale, 176; Raymond Hatton, 169; Frank Keenan, 156; Charles Meredith, 152; Lee Moran, 152; Sunshine Sammy, 151; Conway Tearle, 150; "Fatty" Arbuckle, 121; Francis Ford, 118; Sessue Hayakawa, 116; Thurston Hall, 114; Percy Marmont, 111.

OUR OCCUPATION

By Wright Field

Home is a curious place these days;
  We only meet and speak at meals,
Or when we go *en masse* to see
  Some thrilling thing in seven reels.
Pa at the office, Ma at home,
  Forget their work or let it go,
Absorbed in the great national game
  Of "writing a scenario!"

Sister no longer pouts and flirts
  And puts on airs to tantalize
The youth who used to waste good ink
  In writing sonnets to her eyes;
I'll say she doesn't—for she sits
  In solemn silence with her beau,
Both bent above a lengthy script;
  They're writing a scenario!

Brother, up in the barn-loft hid,
  All smeared with ink and stern of brow,
Hurls out long adjectives and spurts
  Of romance to the frightened cow.
He's trying out his fav'rite scenes:
  All het up with creative glow,
For Doug, perhaps, or else for Bill,
  He's writing a scenario!

'Tis not the Bible brings that glow
  To Grandma's cheek that once was pale;
She's reading now a book about
  "The Way to Write a Movie Tale."
Grandpa, his checkers pushed aside,
  Devotes himself to row on row
Of stilted, carefully chosen words—
  He's writing a scenario!

The chauffeur now forgets the gas
  And leaves the radiator dry:
Cook puts wash-powder in the bread
  And saleratus in the pie.
They've small regard for present jobs
  With small fortunes beck'ning—no,
They scorn to think of humbler things
  Than writing a scenario!

And so they go about all day
  With lofty brow and solemn mien,
Each figuring how his name will look
  When thrown upon the silver screen.
* * * * * * * * * *
But shucks! Why fool with rhymes like this?
  For what to me is rhythmic flow?
"Fade-outs" and "irises" for me,
  I'm writing a scenario!



The Woman They Stoned

Two years before she had run away to join a traveling circus.

Now with an angry crowd at her back—driven out of her house—she beat upon her father's door, calling for help. The old man—part of his narrow and bitter village—he too cursed her—and then the greater forces that we cannot understand—put forth a giant relentless hand. Father — and daughter — heartless crowd—all were—but why tell a story better told by

O. HENRY

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He finds romance everywhere—around the corner—in the department store—in the shop—in the gutter—in the street car. He laughs when he preaches, and preaches when he laughs. He sees what no one else sees—but he sees what we have all subconsciously seen and makes us wonder why we never thought of it before.

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There are not enough of these sets to sell in our usual way, so we have decided that, to the first few hundred who send the enclosed coupon, we will give—**entirely free of charge**—one of these sets.

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It brings the whole twelve volumes of O. Henry, and the 8 volumes of E. Phillips Oppenheim FREE. If both are not more than anything we can say of them, send them back at our expense. Otherwise 50 cents a week pays for the O. Henry—and the E. Phillips Oppenheim Stories are FREE. Send the coupon today. Remember, we have only a few hundred sets of E. Phillips Oppenheim left—just a remnant of a huge edition. The time to send for them is now—as you look at the coupon. Write in your name and address, tear it off and send it without obligation or expense.

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IS your skin exceptionally hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure; do they constantly irritate and roughen its delicate texture?

You can correct this extreme sensitiveness. Every night use the following treatment:

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Special treatments for each different type of skin are given in the famous booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. 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, and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

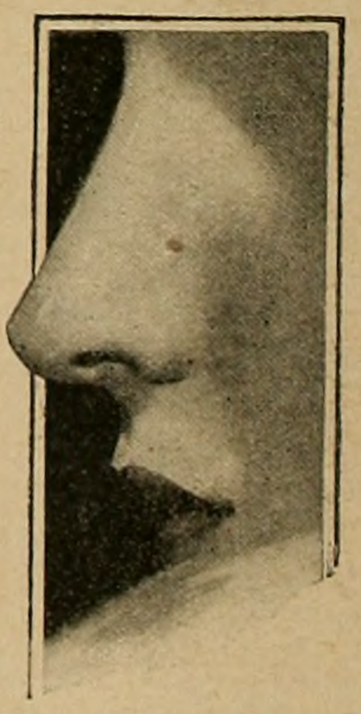
A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's facial preparations, containing *your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.*

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Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

PEARL WHITE

World-famous Fox film star.



Photograph by Evans, L. A.

ANNA Q. NILSSON

When she was a little girl in school, Anna Q. Nilsson often "cut" class to see her film favorites. Now she has gone back to prove to her girlhood friends in Sweden that sometimes dreams do come true.



Photograph by Hoover Art Co.

ANN MAY

To be a leading lady in the celluloid world at the age of nineteen is something to wonder at; but to be the leading lady for Charles Ray convinces one that Ann May has walked off with the golden wheel of good fortune intact.



Photograph by Apeda.

HARRISON FORD

Harrison Ford has weathered many celluloid storms, and judging from the popularity he enjoys, it is no wonder he looks as if he were singing out on the quarter-deck (or whatever you call it), "All's Well!"



Photograph by Northland Studios.

ELLIOTT DEXTER

One of the most popular of the screen stars, threatened with the appellation of "Matinée Idol," the career of Elliott Dexter was broken into by a severe illness a year ago. Now that he has quite recovered and returned to the screen, his faithful admirers eagerly await the release of Cecil de Mille's "Something to Think About," in which Mr. Dexter stars.

The Letters of Mary



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

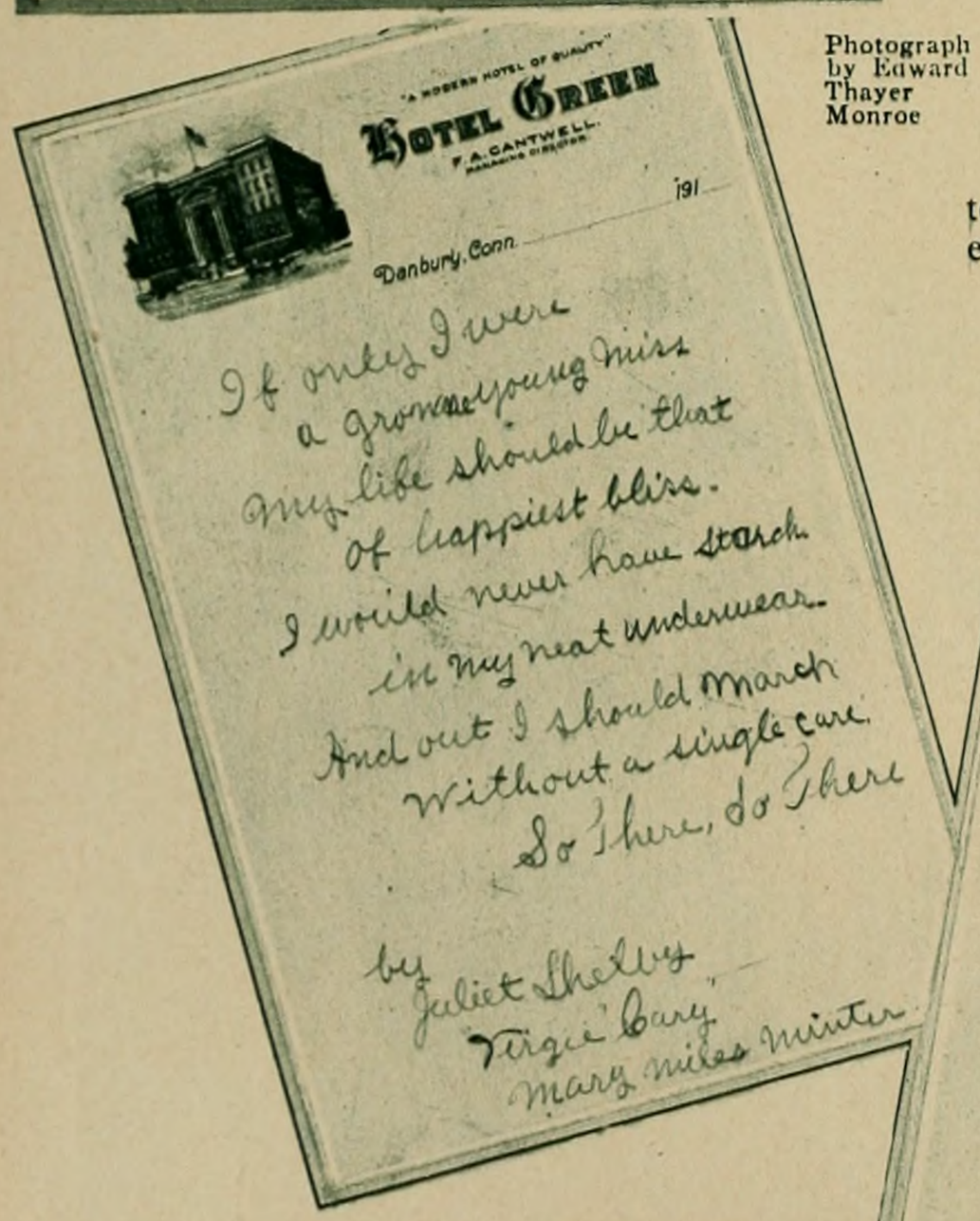
It isn't every well-known, golden-curled motion picture star who can lay claim to any great literary distinction. Of course, there is no set reason why an actress of remarkable histrionic ability shouldn't possess the great and glorious gift of literature—but just the same, it isn't being done—not often, anyway.

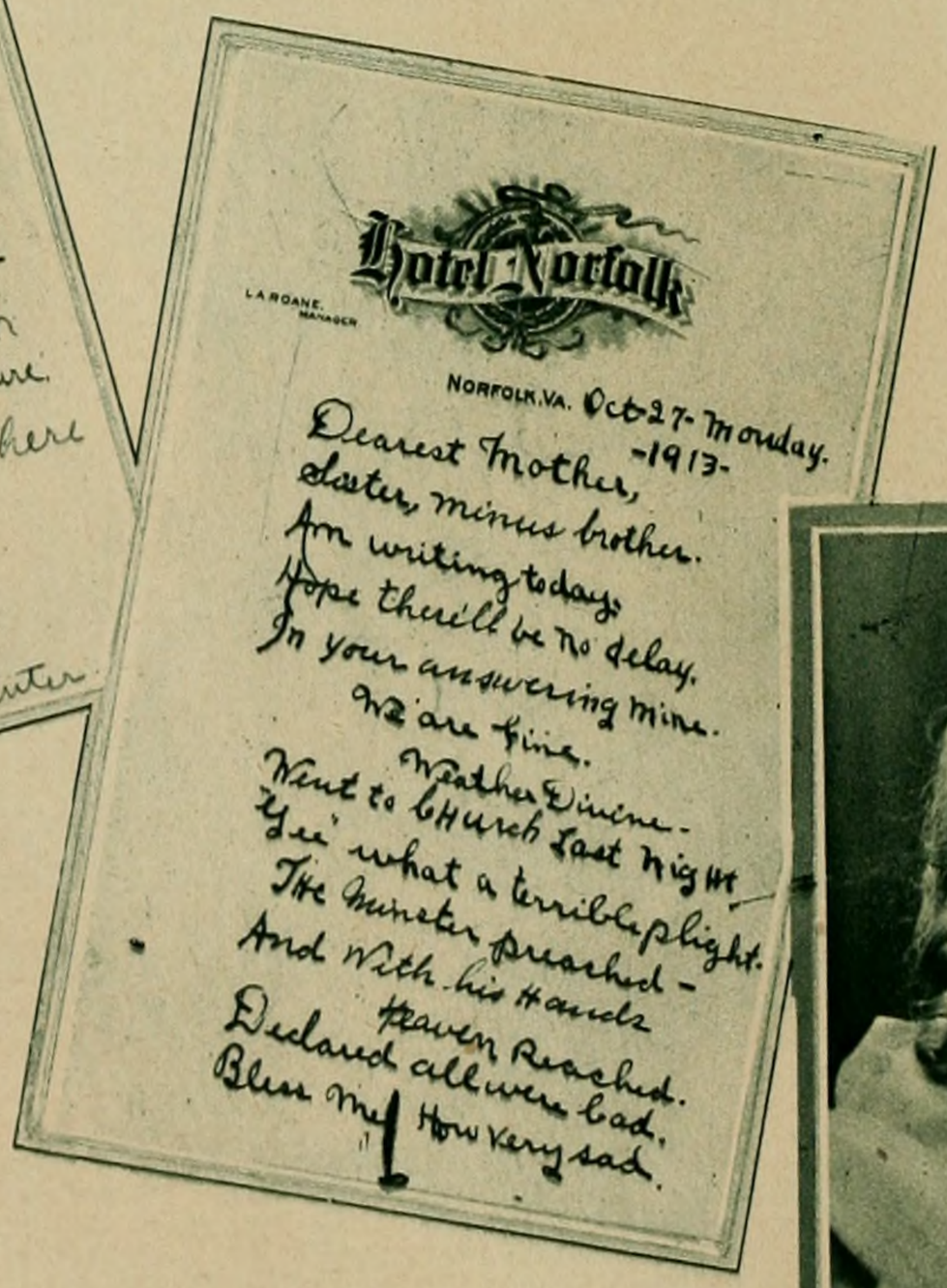
However, be that as it may, Mary Miles Minter, the eighteen-year-old screen wonder, is the golden (haired) exception in this case. Not content with winning the plaudits of an admiring public who watched her dramatic powers with awe, at the hoary age of eight, Miss Minter, while touring the country in "The Littlest Rebel," convinced her fond parents, and those of her friends who were privileged to enjoy her intimate secrets, that she possessed unusual literary ability. Her poems and her correspondence with her fond mother have been carefully preserved, evidently owing to unusual foresight.

Being a very imaginative young lady, her thoughts naturally were expressed thru the trusty form of poetry, and judging from the prolific results, she never labored under the handicap suffered by the immortal Tennyson—"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," etc. She was observant and quickly formed her own opinions on the various important phases of existence. Most of these opinions were so terrific in their static dignity that few, if any, dared question them.

She spent most of her time traveling from one place to another—touring in "The Littlest Rebel"—and gathering vivid impressions of railway stations, dusty coaches, bad hotels and her theatrical companions. All thru this period she had as an inseparable companion a tiny dog whose name was "Tad," and as he is very often mentioned in her writings, we gather that probably all her viewpoints of life were poured into his innocent ears before they were written. She kept up a daily correspondence with her mother, and it is in this correspondence that we have discovered another Daisy Ashford.

She was evidently a very versatile young person. While she was undergoing all the hardships of theatrical life, (about which you will hear more later), she decided that one name was entirely insufficient to express her individuality. So she assumed three, changing them whenever the fancy suited her, (not to mention the numerous pet names with which various members of the company and her friends labeled her). Her real name was Juliet Shelby—she decided upon the more unusual one of Virginia Houston Cary, and eventually, growing somewhat weary of this, she took unto herself the more euphonious one of Mary





Photograph by Rockwood



We are greatly elated over our newest literary find, Mary Miles Minter. At the age of eight she displayed an understanding of the problems of life, equalled only by the knowledge revealed in "The Young Visiters"—that book of revelations of the past year. Above, a recent portrait of Miss Minter, and, below, as she looked at the age of six

By B. F. WILSON

Miles Minter. The latter turned out to be the favorite, for she has adopted it for good.

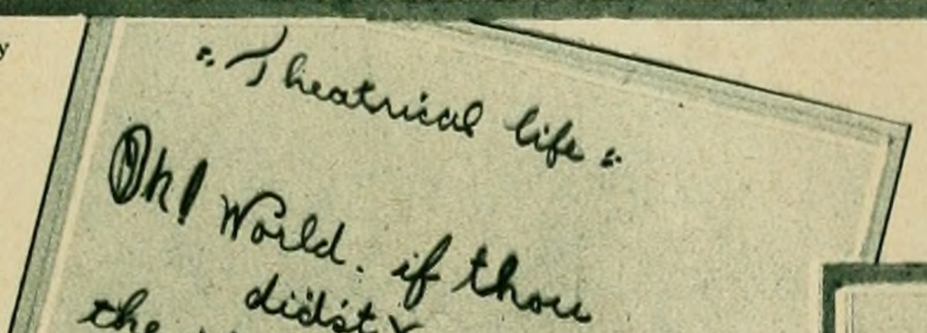
Probably at the time she wrote so bountifully, Mary Miles Minter did not realize the powerful influence which the writings of the very young would have upon future literature. We are quite certain that her prophetic soul revealed no vision of Daisy Ashford. We might add that it was fortunate for all concerned that no one else foresaw the arrival of "The Young Visiters." Prefaced by a photograph of a smug-faced child who seemed to be saying, "After all, who was Will Shakespeare, anyway?" this small, innocent-looking volume dropped like a bomb upon the conservative head of literature, and, upsetting all past dignity and tradition, started a hilarious controversy between two nations which almost bordered upon the slapstick.

It became the chief topic of conversation in the subways, on the street, at dinner, in the clubs and even in the sacred precincts of the church. Between prayers, there could be heard the familiar stage whisper, "Dont you really think that Barrie wrote 'The Young Visiters'?" You were innocently introduced to a perfect stranger —before you had uttered the usual inane lie of being pleased to meet—the stranger would rudely interrupt you by eagerly inquiring, "I say, have you read 'The Young Visiters'?" And so it went, developing into an international joke, a playful dig in

(*Continued on page 72*)



Photograph by Witzel, L. A.





Photograph by Voorhees & Voe



We call the attention of our readers to the facsimile letters reproduced on these pages—and advise that each of them should be carefully perused. Above, Miss Minter in one of her lovely poses; below, left, at the age of three, and, below, right, as she appeared in "The Littlest Rebel" at eight



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

The Baby-Talk Lady

Louise Huff is a bonbon bit of femininity who just isn't. She has very decided views upon life in general. She believes in reincarnation. "It is such a consistent, logical belief," she says. "Can you believe that the mind and personality of a Lincoln is lost to humanity? I believe that we go on developing spiritually with each existence"

If reincarnation be a truth, then we can well imagine Louise Huff as a fair royalist in the cavalier days of Merry England, as a Huguenot maid of the bloody years of the de Medici in Paris or a quaint little Evangeline of old Arcadia. For she is demure, with a touch of devil-may-care twinkling in her eyes—a bonbon bit of femininity who just isn't.

Of course, there is no tangible reason for connecting Miss Huff with the rather pleasant theory of reincarnation, except Miss Huff herself. She believes, and believes quite thoroly, in reincarnation.

Miss Huff admitted to us that she had never confessed it before. One's inner religious beliefs are perilous things to talk about. "Yet it is such a consistent, logical belief," she confided. "Can you believe that the mind and personality of a Lincoln is lost to humanity? No, I believe that we go on, developing spiritually with each existence.

"One does not admit one's real religious beliefs offhand for fear of being misunderstood. I dont believe I have talked about them even to my relatives, which, of course, is not odd, since you confide less in relatives than in any one else. A prophet in his own land, you know." And Miss Huff smiled.

"I need my religious theory to sustain me," she went on. "Without religion I could not face the every-day things. Where would I obtain poise, resistance and new hopes?" Miss Huff paused. "I hope I will not be misunderstood. With so much interest in things psychic today, perhaps we are on the threshold of genuine spiritual discoveries. I do not mean the ouija board fever, but the investigations of men like Sir Oliver Lodge.

"Let me make a confession about Sir Oliver. I was walking along Fifth Avenue with a girl friend when we saw him pass in a carriage. I dont quite know how we had the courage, but we spoke to him. It seemed just the thing to do. He bowed in response in the most courtly fashion.

"Later that very day we saw him walking meditatively thru the crowded Hotel Biltmore lobby and we hurried to overtake him. Do you know, he remembered us? He was very dear

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

and kind and took us aside to answer all our questions. We talked for an hour. I never hope to meet such a tremendous mind again. With men like Sir Oliver Lodge believing in proof of so-called psychic phenomena, I am sure we shall pull aside the curtain of the infinite."

Do not draw an inaccurate picture of Miss Huff. She is not in the least eccentric. A very human little person she is, with a very evenly balanced view of life. Perhaps you conceive her as fluffily feminine, as ribboned and becurled. Actually she has a sweet and fragile sort of sincerity.

Miss Huff can and does use her mind. She has very decided views upon things. These are not the quickly acquired ideas of others, but come of actual experience. For Miss Huff—youthful as she appears and is—has had her share of dreaming and redreaming. But from it all she has built anew. Her little girl, Mary Louise, has grown to interesting childhood. And Miss Huff but recently married again.

Now, marriages are things not to be mentioned in interviews with young and fluffy stars. But Miss Huff's marriage is so vitally a part of her, of her development and her theory of life, that we cannot neatly side-step its importance.

Miss Huff's views upon marriage are brief and to the point. "There is nothing more dangerous than the early marriage," she maintains. "What can be expected of a partnership hastily entered into when the co-partners lack all perspective of life, all knowledge of what it may bring them and all breadth of judgment? One develops, the other does not and—divorce."

Miss Huff admitted she believes in love. But she would not define it. "Unless it is the power to want another for his imperfections as well as his perfections," she ventured. "A perfect marriage?" she repeated. "I doubt its existence. Successful marriage is a matter of marital adjustments and concessions. Possibly of relinquished dreams and hopes."

We talked of the screen. Here, too, Miss Huff is frank in her beliefs. "Brains are not an essential," she theorizes. "You know filmdom from the inside and you know the percentage of

(*Continued on page 74*)

"The screen frequently creates a personality that may actually not exist," says Miss Huff. "Sometimes this is accidental, sometimes deliberate. The films have created a certain sugary personality for me, giving me the mental status of Booth Tarkington's 'baby-talk lady' in his Billy Baxter stories"

A Little Bit of Bohemia



Photograph by Evans

THERE are people who have been made believers in the "iron hand of Fate" by their misfortunes They look at life from dull, tired eyes, convinced that, for them, life can hold nothing but failure, regardless of how hard they try.

And then, again, there are people, fatalists, too, who so firmly believe that the future holds nothing but success for them that they absolutely refuse to take their misfortunes seriously. To this class belong the true Bohemians.

They trust the future so implicitly that they spend every penny they get as fast as they get it. Sometimes they cant spend it fast enough to suit themselves, so they give it away.

They dontgivadarn!

They live for today, joyously permitting the past and the future to stay where the past and the future belong. It is with just such a group as this that Teddy Sampson spends her time. She is a Bohemian from Bohemiaville—which doesn't always mean Greenwich Village! On the contrary, in this case it means a bungalow court on Wilcox Avenue in Hollywood, and all around are fresh air and beautiful new houses and the most conventional of lawns and flowers and modern conveniences.

It is only in the arrangement of the houses that this court fails to be conventional. Instead of being placed in parallel rows facing each other, as is usual,



Teddy Sampson and Rosemary Theby live together in California. Their home is a veritable bit of Bohemia, the center of a jolly crowd of young movie folk, including Viola Dana and Anna Q. Nilsson. Below is a cozy corner glimpse of Miss Sampson and Miss Theby

Photograph by Evans

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

they form a triangle with the apex on a little hill. It is in this bungalow, the highest of the bunch, that Teddy Sampson and her chum, Rosemary Theby, keep house together. And such a jolly house! Always the center of a laughing, kidding group of very young people who are famous all over the world and are confidently looking forward to becoming more famous.

In the beginning, this was going to be a nice, quiet interview alone with Teddy Sampson in her little home . . . and it was quiet . . . very much more quiet than usual. Teddy Sampson said so. Only Viola Dana dropped in and Lieut. Ormer Locklear, the famous young aviator who jumps from one plane to another in midair and does other daredevil stunts that make those watching him gasp and exclaim, "He's as crazy as they make 'em!" and Anna Q. Nilsson and Jack Dillon, the director, and Mrs. Dillon. And when it was all over, I had a long talk with Rosemary Theby, who drove me to the Christy studio in her car. As for the bohemianism, that was only suggested by a tone of light-hearted irresponsibility.

I arrived at a quarter of one, to find Teddy Sampson quite by herself, which is really a matter for record. Pat Dowling, of the Christy studio, who had also been asked for lunch, had 'phoned that he couldn't come and Miss Theby had gone to the Garson studio on the trail of a particularly good part. So we made ourselves comfortable and, I suppose because the day was particularly beautiful, talked about Christmas, which had been particularly beautiful, too.

"I dont think that I have ever, in all my life, spent a more perfect day than I spent last Christmas," Teddy Sampson said. "It was perfect in every way! I didn't get a single unwanted present. This"—exhibiting her jeweled cigaret-holder—"from Lottie Pickford. And a vanity case from Rosemary Theby, and a dozen pairs of gloves from Viola Dana and a diamond-studded wrist-watch and a necklace of real pearls . . . the last, especially, something I have wanted all my life." (There were other presents she showed me too numerous to mention.)

"And now," she went on, "I am going to have a month's vacation to spend with my people in New York."

Teddy Sampson is a native of New York; one of a family of eight, all living. Her four brothers made enviable records in the army. The youngest, Revere Sampson, entered the French Foreign Legion in 1914 and has returned with the *Croix de Guerre* and two palm-leaves.

"Yes, I certainly am proud of my brothers!" she said.

She was the only member of her family to choose the theater as a profession. Her first appearance was in vaudeville with Gus Edwards when she was twelve years old. She met with no opposition from her people.

"My father did not believe in parents trying to live their children's lives for them," she said. "He always let us do very much as we wanted to, only helping where he could." It was D. W. Griffith who introduced her to the screen.

"And it was Mr. Griffith who introduced me to my husband," she remarked, leading the way to the dining-room. (She had decided that we had better not wait for Miss Theby any longer.) It was while we were enjoying a pineapple salad that she told me the story of the romance. She is, you know Mrs. Ford Sterling.

"I was at the Alexandria with Mr. Griffith and a party," she said, "when Ford Sterling came in. He was at that time at his height, and accustomed to being treated

(*Continued on page 73*)



Teddy Sampson made her first stage appearance in a Gus Edwards vaudeville act at the age of twelve. D. W. Griffith introduced her to the screen

"Some Boy, That Frenchman!"

By
ETHEL ROSEMAN



"If he can love like he can fight"—
and dodge interviewers—
"Oh—o—oh—oh!"

* * * * * * * *

"Get Carpentier," said the Big Chief. "He speaks nothing but French, but, of course, that wont make any difference to you."

It would, but it didn't.

"What do you know about him?" I queried the Robertson-Cole publicity department between frantic efforts to establish 'phone connection with the Carpentier apartment at the Biltmore. I figured that if I had a handy vest-pocket edition of the fighter's life, I might be able to understand his answers to my questions.

"About Georges?" the department asked.

"Have it your own way," I answered.

"He's some boy, that Frenchman!" the department chorused. "Good-looking kid, too. Wait until you see the women fall for him."

"More history and less prophecy," I suggested, politely.

"He was born—say, who took the matches off my desk? Why dont you buy a box of your own?—in Lens, France, twenty-six years ago. When he was eight years old, he attracted the attention of Francois DesCamps, former lightweight champion of France, at that time physical instructor of the Lens gymnasium. Before many weeks had passed, the little blond Georges was his prize pupil. DesCamps handed down to the little boxer all his science and experience gained from many years in the ring. When the boy was thirteen, père Carpentier—did you get the 'père'? Pretty good for an Irishman. Yes?—decided it was time Georges started to work in the mines, which were the chief source of the Lens industry.

" 'How much will your son earn?' DesCamps inquired.

" 'Two francs a day,' replied père.

" 'I will pay it,' volunteered DesCamps, 'if you will give me complete control of the boy.'

" 'Agreed,' said père and mère, so Georges entered with enthusiasm into training for the career in which DesCamps felt confident he would succeed—What's the matter? Cant you get suite 120 at the Biltmore? Dont answer? Try again—At fourteen he had his first professional fight with an opponent seven years his senior."

"Of course, he won?"

"Surest thing you know. He pulled down two hundred and fifty bucks, too. It was more money than his parents had ever seen together in one crowd and they decided that as a career picker DesCamps was all to the good.

(Continued on page 77)



Photo copyright by Lumière

Even in this age when thrills are as plentiful as blackberries in summer, the day that Georges Carpentier stepped on American soil, a shout of welcome went up that was heard from one end of the country to the other. Below, in a happy mood occasioned by the bride on his arm (taken in Paris just after the wedding), and, lower right, with Faire Binney in "The Wonder-Man"



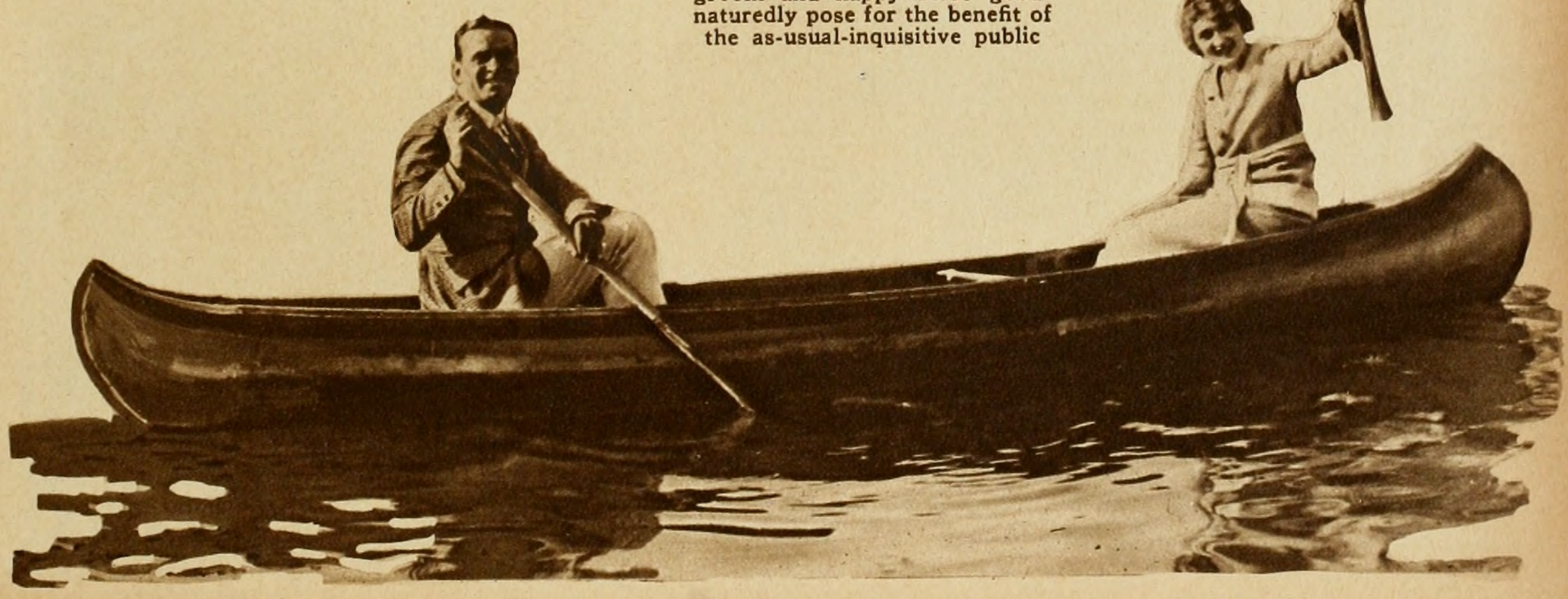


"All Mankind Love a Lover!"





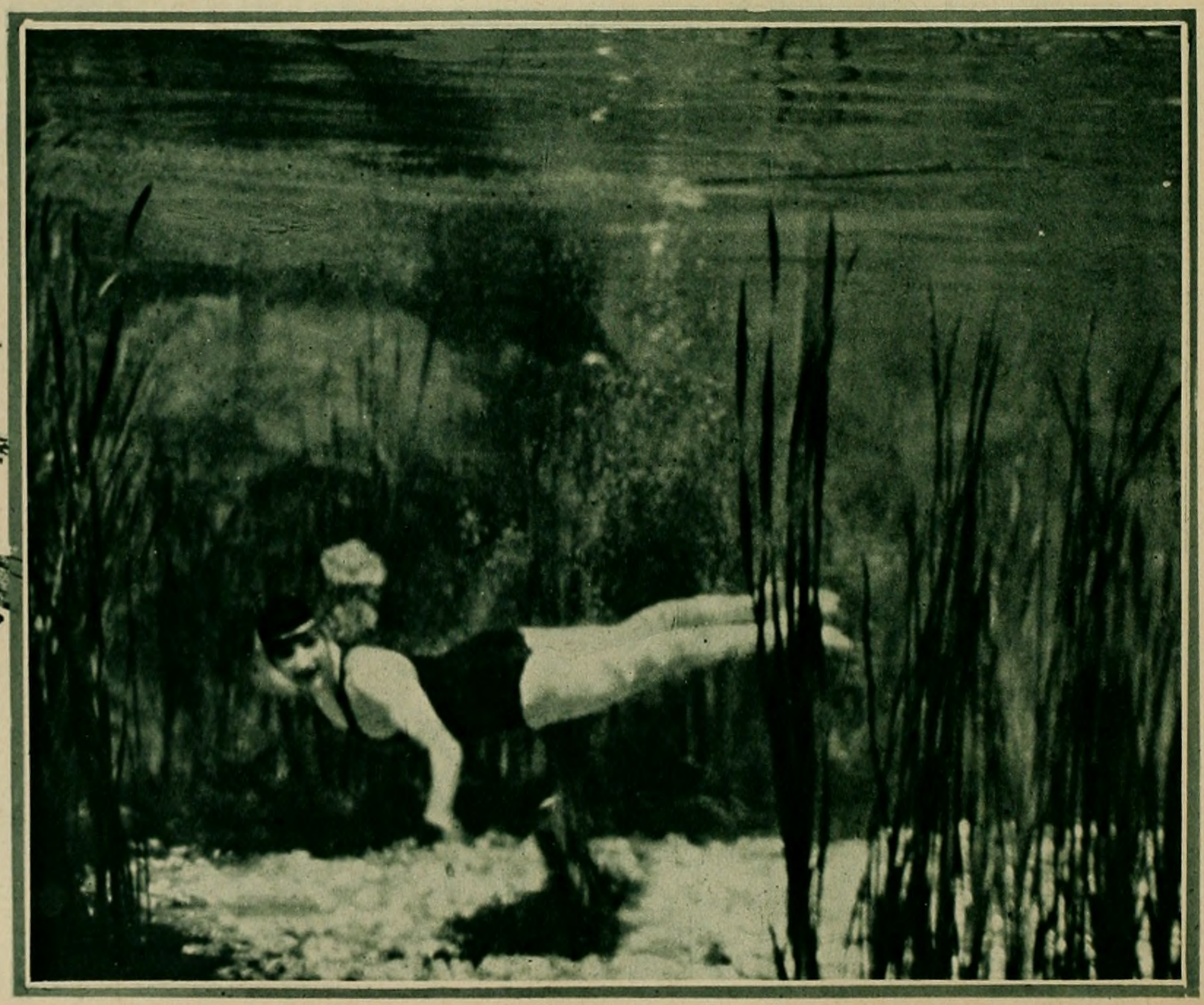
Strikes may come and governments may go—but the event which has caused more interest the whole world round than any other thing recently is the wedding of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The lucky groom and happy bride good-naturedly pose for the benefit of the as-usual-inquisitive public





These sub-sea pictures of Annette Kellermann were secured from a submarine diving bell, thru which the motion picture scenes were also "shot"





Annette Kellermann on the beach and below the surface of the sea

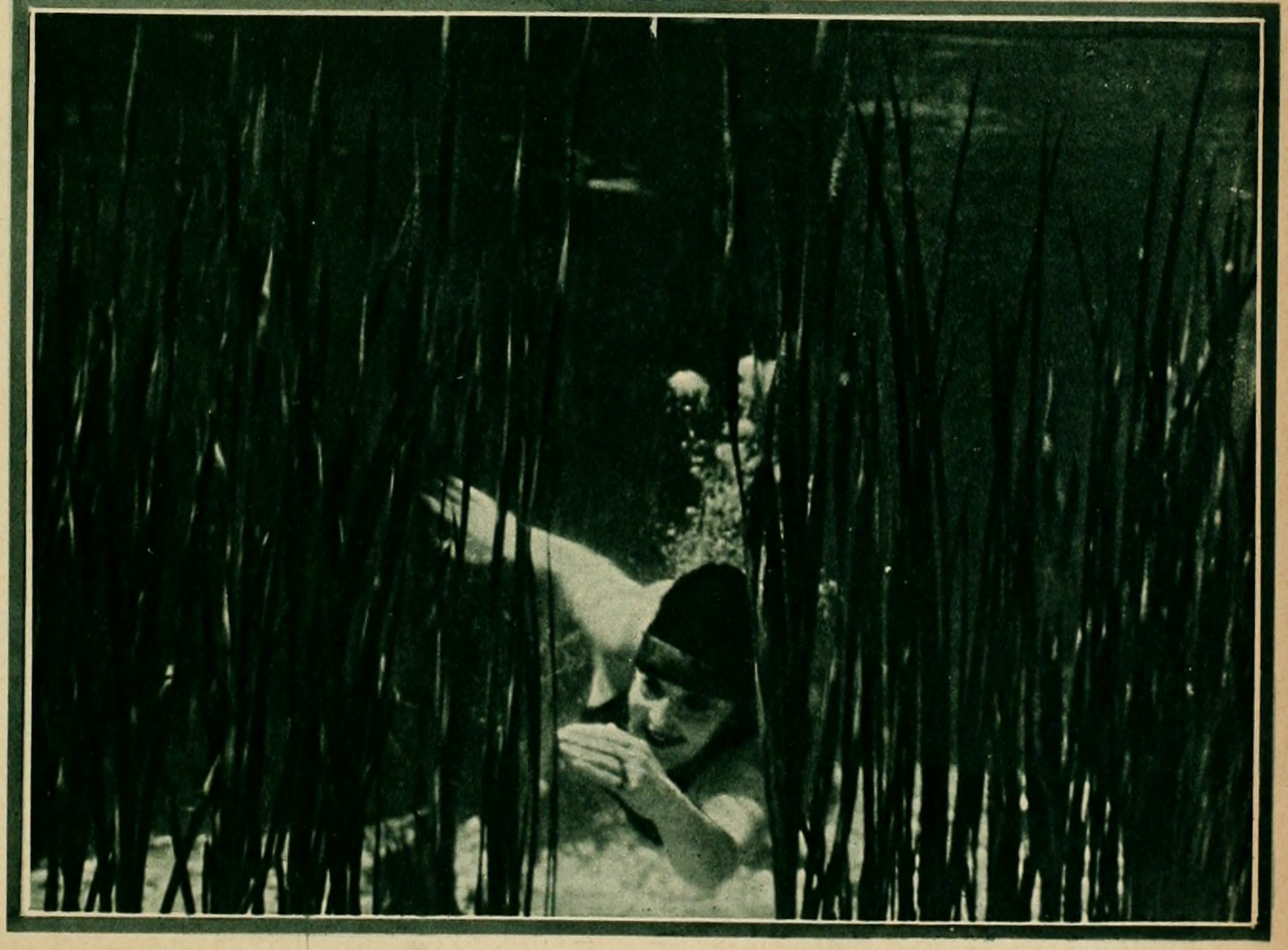
Invading Davy Jones' Locker

Some of the first dramatic action pictures ever taken on the ocean floor





A remarkable picture is just above, showing Miss Kellermann approaching the surface. The sunlight rippling upon the water is shown as it appears from beneath



These scenes, taken on the sea floor, will appear in the Sol Lesser production, "What Women Love"

The Low-Brow Playwright Speaks

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH



Bayard Veiller believes the day of the screen author is dawning. No longer will he be shackled by the star and the director. But he does not think the thought picture will ever come in America. "Here," he says, "the theater is a thing of amusement and not of education. But, of course, I am a very low-brow person. To me the ideal motion picture play is one possessing a measure of beauty and speed with a consistently told story"

BAYARD VEILLER, the playwright who now heads the Metro scenario staff, is an out-and-out materialist. He has no "illusions," as he terms them, regarding art as applied to the drama or motion pictures. Indeed, he declares that the function of the stage and screen is to entertain and not to educate. But he qualifies all his statements by describing himself frankly as a "low-brow."

Mr. Veiller interestingly compares playwriting and photoplaywriting. "The screen offers a far wider scope, but its technique is more tricky. This is because there is no set way of doing things, no real technique of tradition. In writing for the footlights you know just what you can and cannot do. Seemingly there is nothing you cannot do in the films.

"Whether you write books, plays or scenarios, you must understand the same foundation, which is arousing and holding your audience's interest. That is why experienced writers or dramatists must necessarily make the best scenarists. They know the basic principles.

"Today the technique of the screen is more and more aping the stage. John Emerson and Anita Loos continue to increase the amount of dialog in their stories for Constance Talmadge *via* subtitles. This is necessary to present light comedy on the screen. The pictures must literally illustrate the text.

"Cecil de Mille uses a vast amount of titles to tell his sex themes. It is the only way to express thought — and these dramas are discussions of marital relations. You cannot debate in pantomime. Griffith has always tended towards the poetic caption."

We asked Mr. Veiller regarding future developments. "The technique trend tomorrow? I dont know enough about pictures to tell. I was really grabbed by my trousers and thrown into the game without having seen more than twelve pictures in my life.

(*Continued on page* 80)



Miss Hobbs

By FAITH SERVICE

Told in story form from the Wanda Hawley-Realart Photoplay

Miss Hobbs had bobbed hair and was a vegetarian. She had theories, fads and a passionate philosophy, which dealt, principally, with the total eclipse of the male sex in, at least, the Hobbsian sphere. "Man," she was wont to say to her two, friends first, disciples later, "man is a deterrent. We *must*, for our better evolution, dispense with man."

She would then relate horrible incidents in which man had served as instruments of some sort of torture. To the initiate the incidents would have savored of having been learned by rote, but the satellites would not so have abjured Miss Hobbs, whom they held in reverence and esteem.

Miss Hobbs was, indeed, estimable.

The opulent legacy left her by an opulent aunt may, and may not, have had something to do with her estimability. Who can say? Too, it may have conduced to the furtherance, the successful furtherance, of her theories.

It takes a legacy (and an opulent one) to have acreage on which to disport one's unclad limbs, far from the saddening crowd, in the dewy hours of the dawning. It takes a legacy to pluck hothouse grapes from under sunglinted glass and crush them beneath disdainful lips the while reviling the ways of man upon said dewy grass. It takes a very opulent legacy indeed to lure a wife away from a husband, a sweetheart from her love. Yet all these things Miss Hobbs did—and more.

She had an estate. She called it, probably, New Thought, or something grave and purposeful. It was her boast that she never did a *thing* without a purpose. She would disdain to. The estate was a very beautiful one, and had a little lake, and a sudden brook, and a bit of idyllic woodland and all the requirements for a faddist and two satellites to try out expensive theories.

She had two friends. One was called Beulah Hackett, a timid soul who had been married some three years to a "brute." Miss Hobbs thus indignantly named him. That he deserved the appellation I leave to you. He abjured bobbed hair—in his wife. He sneered at Greenwich Village, free verse, the new poets and all things pertaining and appertaining. He made rather conspicuous fun of Miss Hobbs, her horn-rimmed spectacles, her breakfasts of graham crackers and well water; all, indeed, save her legacy. He told her, supreme insult, that she might be "attractive to some man if she'd cut the comedy." For that last Miss Hobbs never forgave the lesser creature. As a sort of neat

MISS HOBBS

Fictionized from the scenario by Eleanor Harris from the play by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by Realart. Directed by Donald Crisp, starring Wanda Hawley. The cast:

Miss Hobbs	Wanda Hawley
Wolff Kingsearl	Harrison Ford
Beulah Hackett	Helen Jerome Eddy
Percy Hackett	Jack Mulhall
George Jessop	Walter Hiers
Millicent Forey	Julianne Johnston
Alice Joy	Emily Chichester
Mrs. Kingsearl	Frances Raymond

retaliation she was later able to persuade Beulah not to waste her precious, purposeful years with the "brute," but to come to New Thought with her, there to live repletely in the state of beautiful, natural self-sufficiency, which is every *thinking* woman's birthright and heritage. Miss Hobbs had conviction. She was able to spread it. She caught Beulah just after the "brute" had spoken his mind on a woman smoking Russian cigarets in the company of other "unsexed beings" and the rest was easy—Beulah packed her bag and baggage, left a note on the pincushion and betook herself to the acreage of Miss Hobbs', there to discard domesticity, clothing, and reactionism at one, and almost, the same time.

Shortly thereafter, Miss Hobbs converted the second satellite. This was Millicent, a frail thing, and very much in love with one George Jessop, with whom she contemplated matrimony. Millicent was one with a plastic mind. She listened and learned from everyone with whom she came into even momentary contact. Invariably, when in Rome, she did as the Romans did.

Miss Hobbs was aware of this. She had always had a liking for Millicent, who had a mind of sorts when away from the sickening proximity of George Jessop. Now and then she had hinted to Millicent that she was committing a sort of personal hara-kiri in entering into the modern slavery of marriage. "A bondage, my dear," Miss Hobbs would say, thru smoke rings; "a bondage that irks as all bondage does. Very well indeed for the *hoi polloi*, very well indeed. But for thinking women, for self-sufficient women . . . never. A pity! So far no good." Then Miss Hobbs conceived the notion of inviting Millicent for a night at New Thought. Of course she wouldn't have said so, in so many words, but she had a sneaking notion that it would please Millicent's soul to display her really comely limbs in the dew at the dawning hour. Millicent would hardly be able to resist that.

Nor was she.

She spent the night at New Thought, during the waning hours of which Miss Hobbs and the thoroly converted Beulah reviled man and the fetters, extolled the new woman, scoffed at marriage, groaned over the yoke. In the morning they consumed hothouse grapes clad in a few yards of gauze and much dew. Millicent was enchanted. She had never, she knew, looked so charming or *felt* so charming. To be sure, she wished George Jessop could have been witness of her triumphal limbs, but then, she had heard so much of self-sufficiency that she mocked at herself for a poor thing at the very thought. No doubt she would get used to the absence of George Jessop and, like Narcissus, be content with self-worship in the mirror of the sudden brook. She said something of the kind to Miss Hobbs, who heartily concurred. Said Miss Hobbs: "The last need of woman for her lesser complement, man, will be dispensed with when woman comes to recognize the fact that she can worship her own beauty much more adequately than can man. Why not?" Miss Hobbs always ended her introspective philosophizings with a tense "Why not?" to which there seemed to be no other answer than an affirmative. It was so in this case. After all, what more could George Jessop say of Millicent than Millicent, with the aid of the brook and no clothing, could say of herself. Then, too, self-praise could be so eminently satisfactory and unfailing. This was the ultimate argument in favor of a manless state. Millicent collapsed and allowed Miss Hobbs to send George Jessop word that Millicent had decided upon a celibate career. It is another story to tell, of the receipt of this intelligence by George



Shortly thereafter, Miss Hobbs converted the second satellite. This was Millicent, a frail thing, and very much in love with one George Jessop, with whom she contemplated matrimony. Millicent was of a plastic mind, and invariably when in Rome, she did as the Romans did



Jessop. That is, the immediate receipt. The upshot was an indignation meeting between George Jessop and the deposed "brute"—he who had dared greatly enough to revile the sacred matter of bobbed hair and platonic friendship and bare-foot dancing.

"She's stolen my wife," said the brute.

"She's stolen my sweetheart," said George J.

"Damn her!" they unisoned.

Then, after a pause, "What'll we do?"

Much frantic smoke, then the brute, "What about Wolff Kingsearl?"

George J. livened up. "Wolff always knows what to do about women," he agreed, with some hope.

"Still, Miss Hobbs . . ."

Yes, they agreed, Miss Hobbs was different. Damned if she was a woman at all. Damned if they knew *what* she was. They'd never seen her—but they could imagine. Angular female, with horned glasses and a huge stride. Also, a stentorian voice, no doubt. Oh, they could *see* Miss Hobbs. Her trouble, they knew, was not contempt of man, but *lack* of man. A little kiss, a moonlight stroll or two . . . Miss Hobbs would not be Miss Hobbs . . .

Appealed to, Wolff Kingsearl agreed that a man was doubtless the remedy to apply to Miss Hobbs. He had never, he said, known it to fail. Still, where to find a man was the question. The bereft husband, bearing no possible resemblance, in his meek forlornness, to a brute, and the eager lover, joined forces and bet Wolff that no man, however versed in the fairer sex, could even so much as kiss Miss Hobbs after a month's effort. They thought to apply pin-pricks and spurs to the hitherto unassailed prowess of Wolff. The prowess remained unassailed. Wolff admitted the probable efficacy of the prescribed treatment, but hinted at a svelte blonde temporarily occupying the field of his activities . . . was awfully sorry . . . hoped they succeed . . . but Miss Hobbs . . . rather acidulous, wasn't it . . . rather frigid zone . . .?

Two days later Miss Hobbs found it necessary to call at

It takes a legacy (and an opulent one) to lure a wife away from a husband, a sweetheart from her lover. Yet all this Miss Hobbs did . . . and more on her estate which she probably called New Thought

the home of the brute for Beulah's more personal belongings. In keeping with his habitual tactics the creature had dared to retain several of her most prized possessions. Beulah was timid and knew the potency of the brute. Miss Hobbs volunteered.

Wolff Kingsearl happened to be at the house awaiting the lorn return of the brute. Miss Hobbs, seeing him, told him, haughtily, that she was the maid of Miss Hobbs, but Wolff, being versed in feminine tactics, knew that he was gazing upon Miss Hobbs. Knew it, and longed to gaze indefinitely. Knew it, and felt, suddenly, that he could not have his fill of gazing. His heart beat to suffocation and his palms were moist. Miss Hobbs . . . If he had not felt unaccountably serious he could have shrieked . . . He'd let Miss Hobbs steal his wife any day, he thought, and half a dozen sweethearts . . . Even the svelte blonde faded away from the active field and it was, again, and this time, rather definitely, without a tenant.

For, be it said, Miss Hobbs was rounded and fair. Her hair was a baby gold and escaped "in tendrils," as the novelists would say. Her eyes were blue, May-time blue, and implored —at times. Her mouth—but I cannot say what I mean about her mouth. She had a voice—oh, you know——

Wild thoughts, like wild geese, wove patterns in Wolff Kingsearl's mind.

What to do? Here he had gone and fallen in love! Really in love. And with Miss Hobbs, to whom man was *not*. *What to do?* Caveman tactics she would resent, repudiate. They would disgust her more effete mentality. Her philosophy, seeing clearly, would know them for what they were and cast them forth into a sea of oblivion. At which thought Wolff Kingsearl shuddered. Sentimentality she would laugh at. He thought he could hear that laughter—like the tinkling of thin ice. *What to do?* Where to appeal? In the next



In the morning they consumed hothouse grapes clad in a few yards of gauze and much dew. Millicent was enchanted. She had never, she knew, looked so charming, or felt so charming

room he could hear Miss Hobbs packing. Packing Beulah's things. She was doing it very definitely, very efficiently. Of course, she *would*. It occurred to Wolff, with a pang of wonder, that she was, whatever her theories, efficiency, definiteness, a woman. She was that, inescapably. And women were primarily the mothers of men. That was sound reasoning. Appeal to the mother, the mother-pity, in the most theoretical breast and you've struck the richest vein in the component make-up of the other sex. If there *were* no pity—but Miss Hobbs did not have those eyes, that mouth, that voice, those hands for nothing . . .

Wolff had one talent. He could play a piano. He could play a piano and make it speak for him. He had done it before on many memorable occasions, and always successfully. There had been the specific instance of the little Lalita—but that is another, and a different sort of story . . . He tried it now. He played Chopin. He *could*. He played, and as

(*Continued on page 70*)



There was a little silence then the mummer over the keys replied, rather feebly, "I have heart trouble . . . rather badly. I . . . I'm a piano tuner —by profession"

Mermaid Marjorie

Exclusive Pictures Taken for the Classic by Abbe



Marjorie Daw, the piquant little Marshall Neilan player, was caught on the edge of the Pacific by Mr. Abbe. How can the sad sea waves be sad—with Marjorie in view?



The stretch of the vast Pacific, the glistening sands, a Japanese umbrella, the sleepy roar of the waves —and Marjorie. Could one ask for more on a summer day?

La Bella Sevilla



SIGHTSEERS from all over the globe knew her—the Spanish dancer at the San Diego Exposition. Daughter of one of the oldest and most distinguished Spanish families resident in California, Beatrice Dominguez, the girl whose eyes sparkled like Burgundy, whose graceful interpretation of the folk-songs charmed thousands, has come to stay in motion pictures.

But it was not without a struggle. Her relatives wished Beatrice to become a doctor or lawyer; there had been no player-folk or dancers of professional tendencies in a long line of ancestry. Frank Dominguez, nationally known as a criminal lawyer of Los Angeles, and whom the girl calls quaintly "my second uncle," since he is grand-uncle to her, would gladly have seen her enter the law.

Dancing was in the blood of her race. Mrs. Dominguez, born in old Sevilla, never had a dancing lesson in her life—she simply danced—danced her way into the heart of a lad in the old country who brought her to California and the life of the great ranchos which covered thousands of acres. Beatrice learnt to dance from her mother, and from her, too, she inherited the priceless mantillas, combs, jewelry and embroidered shawls which she wears.

"You see," said Miss Dominguez, "Spanish dances are all symbolical. One cannot buy the music for them; it is given from one to another. One has visitors—they dance, sing, play the guitar—I say to them, 'Oh, how beautiful is that melody, how I like it!' They say to me, 'You may copy the music if you wish.' In that way, I have about thirty dances. My mother arranges the dances—always she has danced! Myself, I was educated in Sacred Heart Convent for five years—my three older sisters who have married well and who have never worked," (this with an air of conscious pride), "spent most of their lives there. My younger sister has been in a few



Beatrice Dominguez was known to sightseers from all over the globe for her dancing at the San Diego Exposition. There she appeared as La Bella Sevilla. She comes of an old Castilian family residing in sunny California for a generation

By
FRITZI REMONT

pictures, but she does not like the life. I would not have her work at anything else—and since she is company for my mother, she does not work at all.

"We were born in San Bernardino, where it is much more Spanish than in Los Angeles now. I dislike the great, bustling crowds on the streets here, so unlike the old town of Los Angeles, or the Spanish section of San Diego, as my mother describes them."

"How did you happen to take the name of 'La Bella Sevilla'?" You should hear Miss Dominguez pronounce that "La Baya Sayveeah" in faultless Castilian. She apologized for her pronunciation, since so much Spanish is spoken in her home that she has quite as much accent as a newly arrived Sevillan señorita.

"It was to do my mother's birthplace honor," she replied quickly. "The name proved a detriment when I used it for registration at the studios. I did not realize that at the time. Always—after I left San Diego, and had danced at the Mission Inn in Riverside—I wished to act. I called at some studios and did not say that I was the première dancer of Balboa Park. I simply registered as 'La Bella Sevilla.' Mr. O. H. Davis, who was a vice-president of the Exposition, was appointed general manager of Universal. One day, when I called there, he suggested that I use my own name, because directors were rather afraid to employ a dancer because they reasoned that she could not act. I was baptized 'Beatriz,' but at the studios they have turned that into the American 'Beatrice.'"



Miss Dominguez was born in San Bernardino. It was after the San Diego Exposition that she tried motion pictures. Her unusual Castilian beauty has attracted wide attention

Señorita Dominguez is true to racial type—social but aloof, proud yet gracious, always distinguished by that graceful dignity which one associates with her race.

Miss Dominguez has just finished sittings—or should one say "standings"?—for pictures depicting prehistoric cave-dwellers' habits. Since her work precluded leaving the Angel City, Beatrice posed at the studio. Later, thru double photography, Zion Canyon, Utah, backgrounds were printed in. Hundreds of photographs had been submitted showing models who wished to have the honor of a showing for the New York Art Exhibition; this country was combed from coast to coast before La Bella Sevilla was chosen. A startling photograph of the little dancer is called "The Kill," presenting a cave-woman with one foot firmly planted on the head of a wildcat she has just dispatched with a bone club.

Very beautiful is this young señorita. Remarkable eyebrows, wide at the nose, tapering off to delicately sharpened points, give individuality to her face. A large, generous mouth shaped to a Cupid's bow gives a coquettish air. Eyes with the velvet depths of black pansies change with every emotion. Beatrice's hands are fascinating—photographers are always featuring those beautifully tapered fingers. She wears an odd ring nearly one hundred and ten

(*Continued on page* 66)

His Happy Rôle



Photograph by Northland Studio

"WOULD you believe that he used to play dope fiends and heavy villains?" asked Mrs. Bryant Washburn, nodding at the film star whose rompings with Sonny had sent us into gales of laughter.

"Never!" I exclaimed, emphatically. "He couldn't, not with his merry smiles."

"That was before he was married, so perhaps he didn't have so many nor—such radiant ones," she replied, mischievously.

"We did have some funny old stills of me in those days," began Mr. Washburn, having deposited his happy son on the front veranda. "Once," he added, with a sly wink at his wife, "I had a nice, untidy study where I could lay my hands on everything I wanted——"

"Until one day I was seized with a desperate cleaning streak," she interrupted, "and since then neither of us has been able to find a thing. Now, just to show you what a dutiful wife I am, I'll try to find those pictures."

For a moment after she left us, Mr. Washburn and I smiled at each other as we listened to the click of the little French heels flying down the wide hall, keeping time with the gay, lilting tune she hummed.

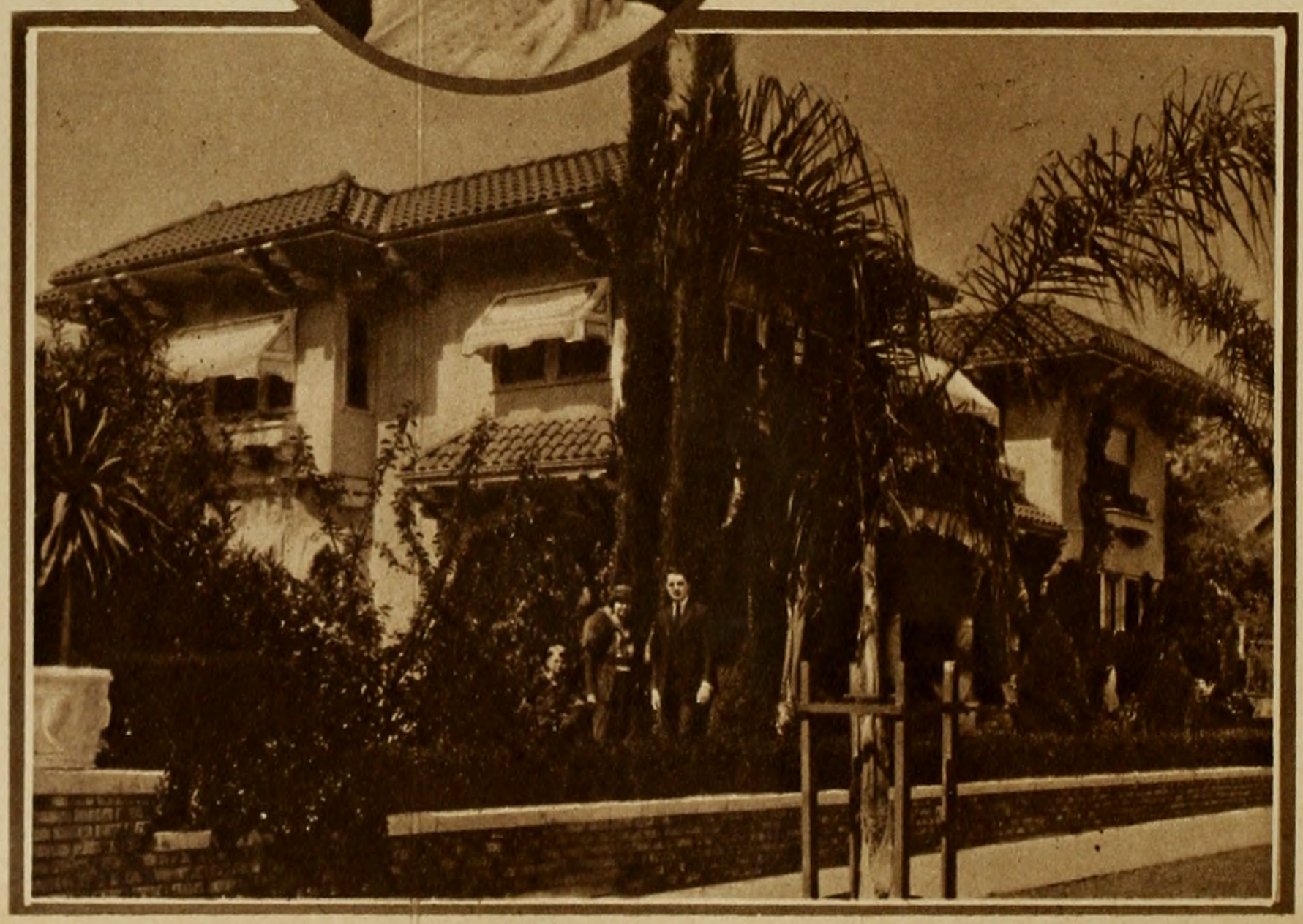
It doesn't take very long to discover the two big interests in Bryant Washburn's life—his home and his work. When he is not at the Lasky studio, making those merry farcical comedies which we all so much enjoy, he is at his home a few blocks distant, with his pretty wife, the adorable four-year-old Sonny, whose real name is Franklin Bryant Washburn IV, and the new baby, named for Mr. Washburn's great-uncle, Dwight Ludlow Moody, the famous evangelist.

"You can imagine, with the religious strain so prominent in the family, that I received little encouragement in my desire for a stage career," said Mr. Washburn. "After leaving school, you know, I grew up in Chicago. I dubbed around at a lot of things, even sold insurance, but my heart wasn't in the work. One day my chance came. I put on a dress suit and became head usher in a local theater, and I felt that I was on my way.



Bryant Washburn has emerged from the matinée idol of recent years into a popular comedian. Above, a recent photograph of Mr. Washburn; center, a happy glimpse of Mrs. Washburn and the new arrival at the Washburn domicile; and, below, the domicile itself in California

"Not long after this I met George Fawcett, and he asked me if I would like a small part in his play, 'The Great John



By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



Photograph by Northland Studio

Once upon a time he used to be a cinema villain—and because of his influence over the feminine contingent thruout the country, a philanthropic director turned him into the hero of the play. Above, another portrait of Mr. Washburn; center, capping a flowery tribute to his wife with a bouquet of words; and, below, the happy family out riding with Sonny as driver

Ganton.' Would I? *Well!* You should have seen me prancing onto the stage all dressed up in sport flannels, carrying a tennis racket—at last an actor! The thrills this brought me meant much more than the dollar I received for each performance."

At the end of the season, Mr. Washburn joined a stock company and later went to New York. After a few ups and downs, mostly the latter, and being broke, he signed with Essanay to make pictures, more as a means of getting back to Chicago than as a step upward in his career. This was ten years ago, and he has been in motion pictures ever since—seven years with Essanay, a short period with Pathé and the remainder of the time as a Paramount-Artcraft star.

Mrs. Washburn came flitting back to the drawing-room with the stills, and for half an hour we laughed over the pictures of Bryant, slim and terribly serious, in fearful make-up and grotesque costumes.

"The first time I ever saw him," began Mrs. Washburn, with her characteristic impetuosity, "was at a neighborhood movie, and I kept saying to a girl friend, 'Can he be a real Italian?' Not long after this I went over to Essanay as an 'extra' and Bryant was the first one I saw. Of course, I recognized him, and how I feasted my eyes, for he looked good to me, even if he did wear a green coat and an awful tie. I shall never forget that tie." And she sighed tragically.

"Do you remember how skinny you were? No double chins then," she added, saucily.

"Never mind; when I get fat I'll do nice old men rôles," Bryant retorted. "I was making forty-five a week," he went on, cheerfully, "when we met, and with an unexpected raise of ten dollars we decided we could be married. Every one predicted this would hopelessly ruin my career and I was urged to at least keep it quiet. This didn't suit me. I wanted the world to know I had won Mabel and I was determined to be married and publicly, too. On the contrary, I believe it helped my popularity from the first. You would be surprised to know how many romantic girls write that they are glad I acknowledge my marriage and how they enjoy hearing about the family.

"It is the dear old ladies, tho, that are my special pride, for they write wonderful letters, saying I remind them of their sons or the sons they might have had, and it tickles me to pieces.

"I often wonder if any one realizes how much these fan letters help and encourage us who are working before the camera, for it is

(*Continued on page* 68)

A Daughter of Neptune



Photograph
by Evans, L. A.

IRENE RICH lifted herself out of the surf long enough to shout, "Isn't it *great!* Wish I could go on swimming forever and ever. Here is where one forgets all worry and trouble," and, with a gay laugh, she plunged into a huge breaker and was lost in the mass of green-and-white spray.

An hour earlier; Irene had said, "It's between pictures and I have a whole day to myself. Let's go down to the ocean for a swim."

"Let's," I responded, "and we can interview en route."

Quickly preparing a little picnic lunch, and gathering together our bathing-suits, we were soon motoring westward in her comfy sedan.

It was a gorgeous morning. Blue sky, bluer ocean, with its dazzling white-crested waves, the exhilarating salt air, all made one glad just to be alive.

We found ar exclusive stretcl of beach, with only sea-gulls as spectators, and here we splashed and rode breakers, while Irene, in the rôle of a water nymph, furnished a little exhibition of marvelous skill as she swam far out into the ocean with firm, clean strokes.

"I have always known how to swim—cant remember when I didn't," she told me, raising her voice above the ocean's roar. "It was while living in Honolulu, however, that I became so expert. Why, I almost lived in the water. It is wonderful over there. Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian who has won so many honors in the Stockholm Olympic games, taught me to ride the surf boards. That is absolutely the most fascinating thing in the world, with its breathless sensations, for you seem to go a mile a minute; of course, you do go as fast as the waves, and, oh, it is thrilling!"



Blanche Ring, the well-known theatrical star, gave Irene a letter of introduction to the Lasky studio two years ago—and on the strength of it she got a part as the nurse in "Stella Maris." The part was a tiny one — that is, when you looked again, Irene was gone. Now look where she is! Above, a photographic study of Miss Rich, and, right, as a water nymph on California sands

By MARY KEANE

Miss Rich has been steadily advancing in motion pictures, and has recently won distinct applause for her splendid work as leading woman in Will Rogers' late successes. She is pretty, of that sweet, wholesome feminine type that is so appealing. She is slender, graceful and magnetic, with an active mind in close touch with the vital currents of the life of today.

Resting on the sand in the warm sunshine, she told me of the steps that have marked the way, so far, in her career.

"I have always acted, mentally—do you know what I mean? Whenever I saw a play I found myself submerged in the rôle I particularly admired, following it thru all the scenes, so you see, I am now only making a reality of my dream-acting." And Miss Rich laughed lightly. Too bad the camera cannot catch that silvery laugh.

"Several years ago," she continued, "I became acquainted with Blanche Ring, and I told her of my ambition to get into motion pictures. She's a darling, you know, always doing things for people, so she gave me a letter to the production manager at the Lasky studio, and he, in turn, introduced me to the casting director, who put me in 'Stella Maris' as a nurse. Really, it was just atmosphere, for I could see myself only between blinks when the picture was shown. I was happy, tho, for it was a beginning. That was two years ago last November, so I feel I have made some progress."



Photograph below by Evans



Photograph by Evans



Irene in two equally successful rôles; center, as a mermaid, while in lower left and upper right she improves the art of her costumier

After "Stella Maris" there followed a series of pictures in which Irene played wee bits, sometimes very wee indeed. Then, one fine day, it really happened—she made the jump from extra to leading woman. Dustin Farnum was the star, and that in itself was good luck, for think of being even the screen beloved of "Dusty" and the heroine of his thrilling Western dramas.

After this, things moved rapidly; she played opposite to Frank Keenan in "Todd of His Times," and made several pictures with William Farnum, Earle Williams, Gladys Brockwell and Louise Glaum.

"All this was such splendid experience," went on Miss Rich, "and after playing in a couple of Goldwyn films, I signed with them for two years, and it is a very happy association. I made three plays with Will Rogers as his leading woman—'Water, Water, Everywhere,' 'The Strange Boarder' and 'Jes" Call Me Jim.' I was sorry that I didn't fit the type for his new picture, for he is so wonderful to work with. They dont make men like him very often. All his pictures are clean and wholesome—he positively couldn't play any other. In 'Jes' Call Me Jim' there is a beautiful theme, and Mr. Rogers is just himself. I hope there will be others like it. His wife is just as sincere and *real* as he and they are about the happiest couple I have ever seen. There are four cunning

(*Continued on page* 69)



The Human Ray

Charles Ray is the most popular portrayer of American adolescent youth—with all of its shy, awkward appeal, its tenderness and whimsicality—on the screen. Right, Charles gazes up at the skeleton framework of his new studio being built at Hollywood. Top, left, Charles still leans on his father for support. Center, going over a scenario with Rob Wagner of S. E. P. fame, and below, "Whiskers" waits patiently while his master pays close attention to his eighteen-year-old continuity writer, Isobel Johnson





"Yes or No"

Told in story form from the Norma Talmadge–First National Photoplay

By
OLGA SHAW

FATE works so obscurely, so irrelevantly, say some of the modernistic philosophies, that it makes little, if any, difference which way one takes when one comes to a turning of the road: the destinations being identically the same. Now and then, there are individual cases disproving—for instance, I am minded of Margaret Vane and Minnie Berry. Analogous, poles apart, one when life pressed upon her saying yes, the other saying no.

Margaret was a type, a rather commonplace type, if one might term a person with the outer seeming of an exotic commonplace. She was much like an extravagant rose, fragrant and beautiful, but to be had in great varieties. The essence of her being was possessed of similarity. Her life was made up, principally, of money and what money can buy: of balls and teas and men and the admiration of men; of indifferent, anemic novels, sex plays and vaguely picturesque charities. She never took off her glove when it became necessary for her to shake hands with life. She didn't know anything about contact. She didn't dream, either, because dreaming is, of all things, the most real. She just frittered, and if the frittering palled upon her, as it necessarily and frequently did, she took it out on the person nearest at hand, petulantly imagining that it was the fault of that person. The person happened to be Donald Vane, her husband.

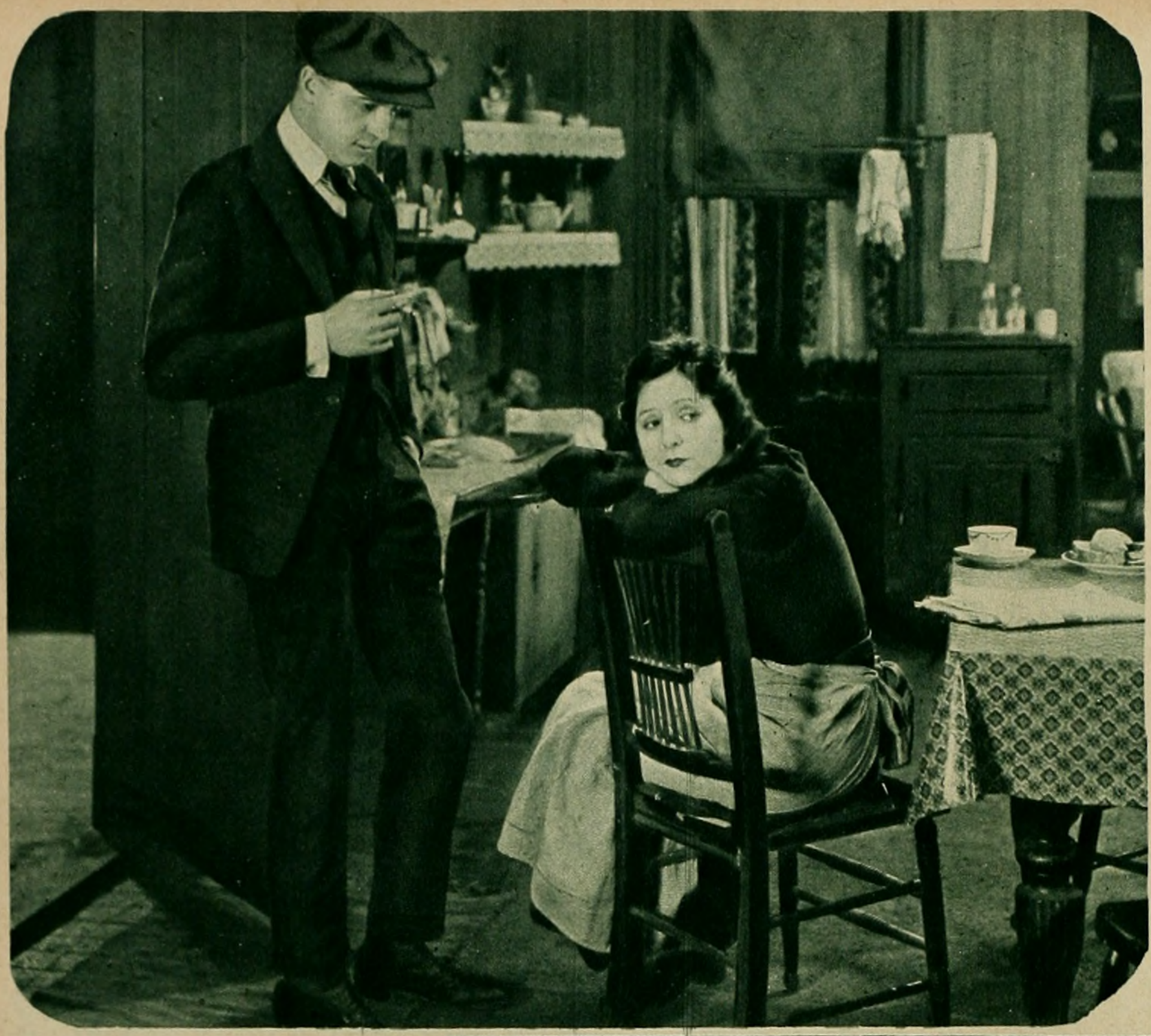
With the perfect inconsequentiality of the human emotion, Donald Vane loved the hothouse rose he had married. He loved her beauty and he *did* dream and he injected his own dreams into her, subcutaneously, and they sufficed him. He thought it quite reasonable that she should sleep half the day, dance half the night, flirt the few waking hours she spent, adorn her sumptuous person in the ultra-fruit of the mills and looms and charge it up to him. To make the payment of the charges possible he toiled night and day, and when it became no longer possible for him to supply these things with the toil of his brain and brawn he supplied them with his nerve forces. In the course of time his physician told him that he had gone past a limit. "You're on thin ice," he said; "you'd better tell your wife and ask her to curtail and both of you live more simply . . . the pace that kills, my lad . . ."

Donald Vane shook his head. His physician noted, with a fatherly pang, that there was grey showing in the bright gold. "I dont want to worry her," he said; "I *especially* dont want to worry her. She—she has such a good time. It's what I work for."

Donald worked harder than ever. Margaret frittered harder than ever. And when she had time to think about it, she lamented the fact that she was a "neglected wife," that her husband gave his all to his work, and took a certain doleful pleasure in the evidently greater appreciation of other men. "Donald," she decided, "was always rather



Donald Vane loved the hothouse rose he had married. He loved her beauty and thought it quite reasonable that she should sleep half the day, dance half the night, flirt the few waking hours she spent



ball. It was to be a brilliant affair, with the young and popular Vanes at something of their ascendency. At the very last moment Donald telephoned that he would be delayed at the office — imperative work—and could not be present.

Margaret had been white with fury. She had told him over the wire, the most venomous things she could think of. He had, she said, disgraced her, humiliated her, made her a laughing-stock. An affair like the ball, and her husband missing — "at the office" — flimsy, absurd excuse!

Donald had been patient, exasperatingly patient. The fact of the matter was, he had had that day another warning from his physician

At first it was just like a breath of salt air, that and nothing more, to have Ted come in with his laughter, his hint of outside things, the tales he told, the things he did

dense, rather uninteresting. He is just a machine with no finer sensibilities."

Even when he died she did not suspect that his sensibilities had killed him.

She thought it was failure of the heart. That was, his physician decided, the kindest thing to call it. He thought of some lines of Kipling's:

"Maybe they used him too much at the start,
Maybe Fate's weight cloths are breaking his heart."

His death followed, almost immediately, the huge ball given by Margaret. She had really worried herself to death over that



Things had been so hard, the children ailing actually sick, not enough good milk, not enough to pay the doctor's bill, the rent behind, coal going up, Minnie herself with a back-ache, and almost discouraged

to avoid excitement at any cost, that if he wished to continue treading the mill of his domestic expenditures he must be apart, undisturbed, without noise or commotion. That the ball might be painlessly paid for, as it were, Donald remained away.

Putting up the receiver he had thought, a little wearily, that the excitement of Margaret's injustice was almost worse than the excitement of the ball would have been . . .

It was on the night of the ball that the affair with Paul Derreck began in good earnest. Paul was an old suitor of Margaret's. He was, incidentally, an old hand at an old game. When Margaret, sore to fury over Donald's imagined neglect of her, poured forth her woes she found Derreck an almost tender listener. His sympathy was as suave as oil, as gentle as silk, as unassuming as a mother's. He said that he "understood." He spoke of a rare spirit. He spoke of loneliness, of lives like ships, passing one another, unhailed . . . the pity of it . . . he spoke of contacts, of might-have-beens . . . he called Margaret "little girl" and "beautiful child." He left her with a craving for more of his talk, for his reassurances.

What she craved she had made a habit of getting. She saw more and more of Paul Derreck. The small, warm comforting of his understanding kindled and grew into a flame. And so, when he asked her to give up everything and come away with him, to another land, another life, she had no stamina of refusal.

She said "Yes."

The same night she told Donald of her decision. "I cant stand your neglect," she explained; "you neither appreciate me nor understand me. I am going away with Paul."

That same night, also, Donald Vane died.



She said "No!" Then she said it again, "No, No, No!" She was struggling in his arms, still crying "No!" when Jack came in—and finished the struggle by all but finishing Ted

Minnie Berry was also a commonplace type, at least to the outward eye. She was a sort of ragged sailor by the wayside, getting along with the sun when it shone, with the rain when it fell, with the winds when they blew—and they customarily did. She gave little fragrance, and the beauty she had been dowered with rarely shone forth from suds and steam and the fumes of dreary cooking. Yet within there was an essential aroma.

Ever since she could remember, life had been more or less the same for Minnie. Her mother had had many children and, with each one, increasingly bad health. The burdens had thereupon fallen to Minnie, and she, being Minnie, had accepted them. After awhile some of them married, some got jobs, her mother died, her father lived on in a sort of protoplasmic state, and then Jack Berry had come along. There had been a brief period of illusion, spent, mostly, in the movies or at Coney Island. Then marriage. A further and briefer period of illusion, and then the children, drudgery, poverty, the same reiterated thing which had composed the whole of her existence. The illusion, had, perforce, to be put away. There was too much work for very much dreaming. Which was well, for, unlike Margaret Vane, the chances were great that Minnie Berry would have dreamed. But now and then, in brief, snatched intervals, her youth and the prerogatives of her youth would raise their stunted heads and put forth faint, feeble cries for the sustenance of sun and air and recognition. Color and poesy and promise had been so dwarfed, so brief.

It was, therefore, not impossible to understand the temptation that Ted Leach began to possess for the work-worn woman, who was still hardly more than a girl.

Ted was a chauffeur who boarded with the Berrys, with the record of a more or less reckless life. Attractive, particularly to Minnie, chained to her endless toil, her endless worries, her endless disappointments and setbacks. First, it was just like a breath of salt air, that and nothing more, to have Ted come in with his laughter, his hint of outside things, the tales he told, the things he did. Then, it grew more personal. Minnie, unheedful of the meaning, began to put away the wash-tub before it should be time for Ted to return at night. The one period of idleness in her day would be the fifteen minutes of attention she gave Ted when he came in. With Jack, her husband, it was dull and different. Jack never seemed to want to talk to her—never seemed to care to tell her anything, or, in fact, to have anything to tell. He didn't find her good fun any more. She knew this, but didn't resent



Derreck, with the contempt he invariably showed for melodrama or the loss of poise, wrenched the thing out of her hand, and then handed it back, telling her to kill herself if she wished to kill anyone

it, acutely—there wasn't time nor strength. Ted was anxious about her, too. This gave her a sort of thrill, altho she didn't label it as such. It had been a long time since anybody cared whether she were tired, whether she wanted to go out, brought her, now and then, a magazine or a flower or a few candies. Ted did all these things. After awhile Ted seemed to the girl a sort of glowing bar of light across the drabness of her days, the meanness of her worries and the fears for herself, for Jack, for her children. He was something to turn to when other things pressed too heavily.

He encouraged her about Jack, too, about his inventions. Said he would make good, sure as fate! He was awfully nice and kind about everything. Best of all, it made Minnie know that she was still young, still attractive, that everything glamorous and wonderful need not be over. Somehow, she grew to need the stimulus of it, even tho she never swerved in her innermost heart from Jack, from the children she worshipped and brooded over.

He had been boarding with them for nearly six months before the real temptation came. Things had been so hard, the children ailing, actually sick, not enough good milk, not enough to pay the doctor's bill, the rent behind, coal going up; Minnie herself was backachy and almost discouraged, Jack toiling stupidly, it seemed now, stupidly and endlessly, at the invention that never "invented."

If it hadn't been for Ted—Minnie grew to shudder at the mere idea of losing Ted. The touch of his hand had grown to be the thing that made her day a day.

One of the days Ted came to her and told her that all the past six months had been a game he had played because he loved her, couldn't bear to see her working so, killin' herself, it was; he wanted her to quit the whole business, to come away with him. He could make money, he always had been able to, he would, for her. She could have things . . . pretty things . . . sleep, too, rest and books and auto rides, everything she had been going without. He had to say it . . . he had to have her . . . he . . . He came over to her and held out his arms. His eyes were ablaze and his voice shook. Drabness took hold of Minnie's soul; drabness and this other thing, this pulse-shaking, shameful thing . . . shameful, yes . . . he didn't love her . . . not soberly . . . not in a way that counted . . . Jack, working, the children, the children . . . she would go on, because she must, she must . . .

She said, "No!" Then she said it again, "No, No, *No!*" She was struggling in his arms, still crying "No!" when Jack came in and finished the struggle by all but finishing Ted.

Twelve months. Margaret Vane living alone, in her country home, very much alone. People have a habit of dropping off, after the manner of leaves when the summer of contentment is fled. Margaret found that the many guests she had entertained had been entertained by her very much more for the sake of Donald than for the sake of her own society. Nor did they take kindly to Paul Derreck.

Paul had not married her. For a time after Donald's death he had played the rôle of very ardent lover. Whenever she had, tentatively, suggested marriage he had professed surprise at her eagerness as "bad taste." "So soon," he had said. She had replied that she didn't see that it made any difference—their union was so, in fact. He had been vague. He had kept on being vague. His ardor still persisted—after a fashion. It was a fashion that brought the brand of shame to Margaret's face. She knew now what manner of love the man was offering her.

After awhile she grew desperate. Donald—dead. Loyal, hard-working, honest Donald, who had married, protected her, spun a cocoon of fine silk about her, revered her. And Paul—

"YES OR NO"

Fictionized from the scenario adapted from the play by Arthur Goodrich. Directed by R. William Neill. Produced by Jos. Schenck. Released by First National, starring Norma Talmadge. The cast:

Margaret Vane	Norma Talmadge
Donald Vane	Frederick Burton
Paul Derreck	Lowell Sherman
Doctor Malloy	Lionel Adams
Minnie Berry	Norma Talmadge
Jack Berry	Rockcliffe Fellowes
Ted Leach	Gladden James
Emma Martin	Natalie Talmadge
Tom Martin	Edward S. Brophy
Horace Hooker	Dudley Clements

for whom she felt this insistent, deathly passion that gnawed at her, with redness and remorse, and would not let her be.

She had few resources. For all her super-sophistication, Margaret, like most unthinking, unintrospective souls, was a primitive. She had only a limited measure of retaliation.

She had never been unhappy before. She simply could not accept unhappiness, either philosophically or otherwise. A year after Donald's death she asked Paul Derreck, bluntly, what he intended to do. "I have all but lost caste everywhere," she told him; "my husband *died* because of this. *I* am heart-broken, and I am desperate. I advise you to think this thing over."

Derreck gave his light laugh. "There is nothing whatever to think, Margaret," he said; "I intend doing—*nothing*. Really, now, *why should I?*"

The newspapers bore varied accounts of the final tragedy, but the facts of the case were that Margaret, growing hysterical, produced a revolver and threatened to shoot if he did not reconsider and right her miserable state by marrying her. Derreck, with the contempt he invariably showed for melodrama or the loss of poise, wrenched the thing out of her hand and then handed it back, telling her to kill herself if she wished to kill anyone.

She did.

She must have lain in that darkening room for a long while after he had left. She must have thought, and for the first bitter time, strange, pitiable thoughts. Perhaps she prayed, to Donald, to God, to Heaven, to the lover who had left her, before she put the bullet thru her brain. Who knows—who knows?

Margaret, when life pressed upon her, had said *"Yes."*

Twelve months. Minnie Berry and Jack and the children in a little cottage, a sort of semi-bungalow, unpretentious but thoroly comfortable, in the woody part of New Jersey. After the apparently ceaseless efforts the washing machine had turned out successfully and there was a steady sum coming in from its wise commercialization. The children, healthy and happy, going to school, flowers growing, hope reborn, love, guarded, still burning upon the tended hearth . . .

Minnie, when life had pressed upon her, had said *"No."*

The bruise on their lives which there might have been, had the dint of poverty equalled the dent of Minnie's morale, was passed over as an obscuring spot might pass over the sun. Minnie looked back on it now, and shuddered to think that the day could ever have been drab enough for her to pause on such a brink. The children . . . Jack . . . this peace . . . this well-earned peace . . . !

She had never, she felt, been taught to *meet* things. She had just been a haphazard person, drawing on peradventurous resources for her courage to do or dare. She had it . . . or she did not have it. With the children it would be different . . . she, by reason of her moments of temptation, would make it different. There would be no game of blindman's buff for them to play . . .



The children, healthy and happy, going to school, flowers growing, hope reborn, love, guarded, still burning upon the tended hearth

The Screen Year in Review



An infinitely interesting year it has been, one vibrant with fine promises for the future. True, the twelve months possessed their disappointments, but, upon the whole, the production average has been well sustained.

The weakness of the American cinema still remains manifestly the same; *i.e.*, a lack of literary discernment and story discrimination. Most of the stuff produced in this country is absolutely banal.

The photoplay is developing its technique slowly and painfully. Here and there may be detected indications of the film drama of tomorrow; vital, human, close to life and far from the average melodramatic screen entertainment of today.

As for direction, the American average is high—in point of treatment and studio workmanship. But, while the average is uniformly high, the men who can vivify a story into silversheet fire can easily be numbered upon the fingers of one's hands.

Before we digress further, let us name our selection of the ten best photoplays of the film year ending July 1, 1920:

1. "The Miracle Man."
2. "The Gay Old Dog."
3. "Pollyanna."
4. "Why Change Your Wife?"
5. "On With the Dance."
6. "Male and Female."
7. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
8. "23½ Hours' Leave."
9. "Humoresque."
10. Mrs. Drew's "AfterThirty" stories.

A second list would consist of:

1. "Romance."
2. "Blind Husbands."
3. "The Right of Way."
4. "The Devil's Passkey."
5. "The Idol Dancer."
6. Harold Lloyd's comedies.
7. "Jubilo."
8. "Behind the Door."
9. "Scratch My Back."
10. "The Six Best Cellars."

Our biggest disappointment of the year lies in the fact that David Wark Griffith has contributed nothing material to the screen during the twelve months. For the first time in three years he fails to head our list of best photoplays. Just now, when the photoplay needs a courageous leader more than ever before, he has failed to follow his epic of Limehouse, "Broken Blossoms," with anything worthy of himself. "The Idol Dancer," a trite chase melodrama of the tropics, came nearest in points of poetry and beauty, but it fell a thousand miles short. Griffith had his biggest theme in "The Great Question," dealing with the psychic problem of the existence of future life, but he lost his subject in a maze of stale melodrama. "Scarlet Days" belonged to the old Biograph period of Southwest romantic melodrama.

Actually the most important development of the year has been the splitting of the screen world into two factions: independents and—but what shall we term the others? Without question, Wall Street interests are bringing the bigger producing organizations together in what may develop into a gigantic combine, controlling the film theaters of America, or possibly the world. There are indications everywhere of this movement. While this has been under way, the photoplay world has seen a steady breaking away of the bigger forces and the



Photo by Abbe

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

formation of independent organizations. This has manifested itself in the United Artists, the Associated Producers, etc. It is very clear that business interests cannot easily tie the hands of artistic development on the silversheet.

But to return to our selection. But six were original stories written for the screen and eleven were photoplays in which there were no stars.

Here let us register another disappointment. King Vidor, who, since he produced "The Turn in the Road," last year, seems to us the most promising single force in films, did not repeat himself. Yet we have not lost faith in this young crusader for the close-to-the-soil drama.

Cecil de Mille continued along his luxurious primrose path of sex and divorce. There is no questioning the popularity of this director, whose eye is that of the theater and not of the sympathetic observer of life. Lavish and picturesque is his style, but the human note of tomorrow is not there. Then, too, De Mille is running rife in boudoir negligée. His dramas are as intimate as a department store window.

The one directorial surprise of the year was Erich von Stroheim, heretofore a player of Teutonic scoundrels in war thrillers. Von Stroheim put over a flashing—if soulless—thing in "Blind Husbands" and then duplicated it with another study in passionate intrigue, "The Devil's Passkey." Von Stroheim brings a new, Continental and uncannily cynical viewpoint to our screen, hence his sudden success. His is the eye of the Viennese boulevardier who adventures in romance, the Parisian connoisseur in love. He possesses surprising directorial dexterity, technically second only to Griffith. The soul of life itself is alone lacking, for his characters still fall short of the breath of reality.



Here we turn naturally to Mrs. Sidney Drew, who worked with Hobart Henley upon "The Gay Old Dog," that wellnigh perfect visualization of Edna Ferber's story. Mrs. Drew also produced a number of the "After Thirty" stories of Julian Street. These are all marked with a rare human note, a fine insight into life and a splendid ability to reflect it upon the screen. Mr. Henley's work upon "The Gay Old Dog" alone would justify careful observation of his future progress. Here let us draw attention to the fact that "The Gay Old Dog" is not rated as a financial success and that destructive conclusions regarding motion picture audiences have been drawn from it. To which we answer that "The Gay Old Dog" was released thru a channel familiar with the handling of melodramatic serial thrillers and the like. It failed for this reason and none other. We stand firm in our belief that audiences want the best—if they can get it.

It is rather late to comment upon George Loane Tucker, whose "The Miracle Man" holds first place in the screen year. If Tucker does nothing else, he has contributed much to the photoplay's progress. We judge him as possessing a fine sense of the drama, a welcome disregard of non-essentials and a remarkable ability to make players act. Many months have passed and we still await his next production.

George Fitzmaurice, master of screen light and shade, is coming along with splendid strides. He is at the very top of our directorial leaders. Frank Borzage leaped into attention with his "Humoresque," which, if long-drawn-out and tiresome at times, had a promising human touch.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Photo by Abbe

Bill Hart's Dream Home

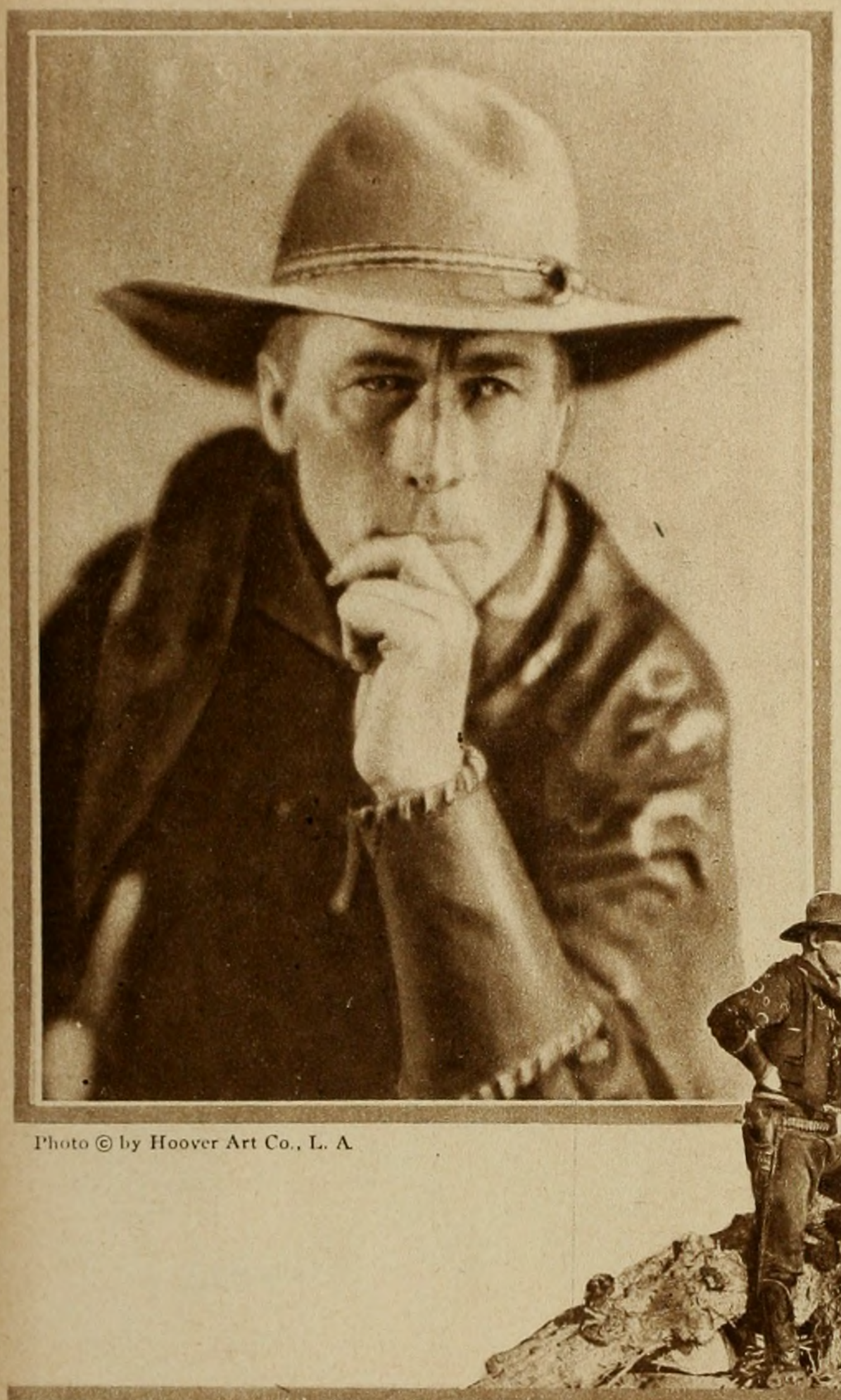


Photo © by Hoover Art Co., L. A.



As we talked, the gay cretonne curtains swayed in the soft breeze, heavy with the fragrance from orchards across the road. To the north, the lengthening shadows were beginning to touch the Hollywood mountains, and over the whole scene brooded the peace and quiet of the late afternoon.

"These twenty-eight pages contain all the action for a picture," remarked William Hart, flipping the closely written pages he held in his hand. "This makes the fourth original scenario I have written since July, 'The Toll Gate' being the first to be filmed. I had that story in my mind for many months before I had the time to make it. I believe a story written especially for the screen starts out with fifty per cent. in its favor. The technique of plot-building is different in novels and pictures, tho many authors have not yet recognized this fact. In writing a book you begin immediately to work away from screen requirements. I enjoy building and working up my stories, but I'll admit that it requires hard work on my part and I dig at it many hours before getting results.

"Genius? Nonsense! There is no such thing. That is the most abused word in the whole language. People who accomplish things *grind* for them. That is all the genius there is—the determination to *stick* until you succeed.' and the great exponent of Western screen drama flashed one of his rare but hearty smiles across the room at me.

Mr. Hart's study in his little green studio among the Hollywood orchards is crammed with treasures dear to his heart. With boyish enthusiasm he showed me his splendid collection of firearms, explaining the intricate workings of guns and rifles. There are several rare horsehair lariats decorating the walls, while saddles, chaps and many Indian curios, gifts from the star's devoted primitive friends, fill the room.

Putting the treasures back into their places, Mr. Hart remarked, wistfully, "Seems a great pity to me that the three most romantic and picturesque elements of this great country—the Indian, the hardy frontiersman, the buffalo—must give way to the march of civilization. I am wondering if the exchange pays."

Watching his sensitive face as he spoke, I think I came nearer comprehending the love he bears his West than ever before.

It is always interesting to consider the influences that have combined to make a man what he is. The case of William Hart presents an especially alluring study, for tho the tall, lean figure and keen features are familiar to a million picture fans thruout the world, the man himself is little known. This is perhaps due to a pronounced natural reserve,

"There have been three vital influences in my life," says William Hart. "My father . . . the West . . . and the Sioux Indians." And it is perhaps the development of these three influences which make the romance of Bill Hart so thoroly convincing

By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

and yet once included among his acquaintances, the charm and warmth of his winning nature is irresistible. The somber eyes, with their hint of a ceaseless search of ideals, when illuminated with a cordial smile, invites the sincere homage that is showered upon him.

With this thought in mind, as we resumed our seats by the open windows, I asked the question, "What have been the vital influences in your life?"

"There have been three," came the quick reply, "my father, the West and the Sioux Indians. My mother was just—*mother*, that says it all; I worshipped her!"

"Suppose you had been reared in a small pastoral English village"—his father was English—"instead of the Dakota prairies, what do you suppose you would have been today?"

"So different—so vastly different that the two of us would not have a single thought in common. There is no question that environment is a powerful force," answered Mr. Hart. "Fate seemed to play with me, for it afforded the two elements necessary for me to produce the kind of pictures I want. First, there was the thoro knowledge of the West, gleaned during those impressionable years of youth. Then came sixteen years of active stage training under the greatest theatrical directors of the day. So I feel I came to the screen fully equipped for my work, and I am always grateful to the public who have believed in the West as I know it and am trying to present it."

"How about the new home?" I asked, presently, for he and his sister, Mary, have recently moved into a pretty little English cottage. "Your sister told me that when she inquired how you wanted your bedroom furnished, you replied, 'An iron bed, an Indian rug, that's all!'"

"Sure, what else do I need?" and Mr. Hart laughed, jovially. "For the love of Mike, what does a man want with a lot of fussy things lying around? To tell you the truth, I never feel comfortable in lavish surroundings. Mind you, tho, that isn't a *real* home; it is merely an abiding-place for Mary and me until my dream comes true. Want me to tell you about that?"

Lighting a fresh cigar and leaning back in his chair, Mr. Hart proceeded to reveal his secret dreams for the future.

"I was fifteen when we left Dakota. Tho I was a big hulk of a lad, I remember how I clung to my father's hand—there was a wonderful bond of affection between us—and as the train pulled out, I asked, 'Dad, when are we coming back?' and he replied, 'Only God knows, son.'

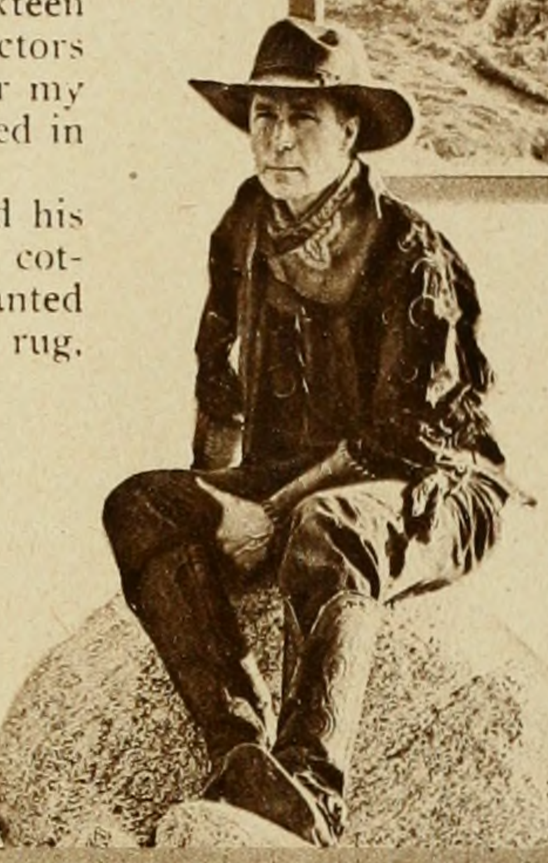
"You see, I was leaving the only home I had ever known and, in my little-boy heart, the only home I wanted. Well, I'm a man now, but my heart hasn't changed. Always, *always*, my big desire has been to come back—to build the home I have dreamed about—here in the West.

"Now, with that wish ever in my mind and knowing that I am soon to leave motion pictures, I am constantly forming plans and building air castles as to just what that home shall be—oh, it is great fun.

"It is, of course, to be a ranch out in the big open, far removed from railroads and civilization. I want to transform some great desert waste and give it water—watch the soil become fertile—watch the trees grow. I want to see green pastures take the place of cactus and sagebush, and I want to see herds of cattle

(*Continued on page* 83)





Thru his portrayal of rugged frontier life, Mr. Hart has kept before the public, a picture of the great West which may be viewed as historical; he has been for a great many years now a connecting link between the traditionally separated East and West



The Turning Point



Photograph by Goldensky



Photo by Dickerson



Photo by Empire Studio

Do you remember, when you were a kid, the intense excitement of the games you used to play? Do you remember an especially thrilling game in which one of the crowd hid in a secret hiding-place, and the object of the game was to discover this place, and as you drew nearer and nearer to it, some one would call out, "You're getting warmer!" The contestants are beginning to feel that way now.

This copy of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will not reach your hands until the fifteenth day of July. On the first day of August, the Fame and Fortune Contest, which has been a unique feature in the history of our three magazines, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, will come to a close, and as shortly after August first as possible, the winners of the contest will be announced. Once again we will be starting off on the road to success the fortunate contestants who have justly won their place as contest winners.

Between July fifteenth and August first lies a span of some fifteen days, in which space of time, if you have not already done so, ample opportunity is given for you to go to your photographer and have some pictures made and sent in to us. All photographs mailed before and on August first will be accepted as entries in the contest.

This will be your last notification from the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. In our next number, (the September issue), while it will be impossible to announce the winners, owing to the great amount of work involved in the final selection from the thousands of photographs, nevertheless, we shall publish several pictures of some of the leading contestants.

We ask your immediate cooperation. If you have considered entering the contest, if you have thought over it, hesitated, decided to do so, and then hesitated again, we urge your quick response to this the last call for photographs, for any photograph mailed after August first will not be entered in the contest.

We are quite sure that at this writing most of our readers have seen the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which we produced last year, and in which the winners and final honor roll members of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest appeared. This picture was especially constructed for the purpose of giving

Top, Hilda B. Crawford, Philadelphia, Penna.; center, Dallas Huntley, Des Moines, Iowa; below, George Sheldon Smith, Hollywood, Calif.

The Closing of the Fame and Fortune Contest Draws Near

direct and immediate opportunity to the contestants to prove their acting ability. It created so much interest, however, that it was turned over to the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, and it has been released in practically every State thruout the country. If you have not already seen this picture, get your exhibitor to communicate with the above company, and it will be shown at your home town theater.

This two-reel feature will give you some idea of what we are going to do for the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. We have already started production on a *five-reel* drama in which the winners and honor roll members of this year's contest will appear.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of the picture, and the story is a strong, gripping one, dealing with the shadows and high lights of life. People of world-wide notability will appear in it; two of them being Edwin Markham, the beloved veteran poet, of international fame, and Hudson Maxim, the great inventor.

Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, two of the winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, have been cast for strong parts in the picture, and some of the others who have also been assigned rôles are Dorian Romero, Edward Chalmers, Erminie Gagnon, William Castro, Seymoure Panish, Alfred Rigali, the Schwinn twins, Mrs. F. Mayer, Titus Cello, Clarence W. Linton, Lynne M. Berry, Dorothy L. Taylor, Arthur W. Tuthill, Joseph F. Murtaugh, Wm. R. Talmadge and Ruth Higgins.

Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate 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.





Photograph by Apeda

Top, Ella Guerite Maxwell, New York City; center, Madeleine M. Glass, Toronto, Canada; and, below, Jean Selkird, New York City



Photo by Evans, L. A.

We feel assured that this feature will be unique and unusual in every respect, and there will be no expense spared. The direction will be of the best, and the play is a strong drama with a very unusual plot which will hold the attention all the way thru. And the greatest attraction it can have for our readers is that it is being produced especially for them and will number many of them in the cast.

We are, not without reason, proud of our list of judges who will decide the winners. These will include such world-famous personages as Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

This month's honor roll is as follows:

From 2103 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., comes a photograph of the very-easily-regarded Hilda B. Crawford. Miss Crawford has chestnut-brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion.

Dallas Huntley hails from 25 Maury Street, Des Moines, Iowa. She

(*Continued on page 79*)



Photograph by Ira D. Schwarz



Photo by
Ira D. Schwarz



Photograph by White

Summer Behind the Footlights

Above is a dramatic scene from "Martinique," the picturesque tragedy of the West Indies, with Helen Blair and Josephine Victor. At the upper right appear Eva LaGallienne and Sidney Blackmer in the charming comedy of New York in the early '70's, "Not So Long Ago." At the right are two of the prettiest "Florodora" sextette girls, Dana Sykes and Fay Evelyn

High Lowe!

By GLADYS HALL



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

You would like Edmund Lowe. He is the good-fellow sort, with a genial smile and a genial hand-shake and a most hospitable dressing-room, in personal welcome and in point of refreshment, liquidacious and otherwise.

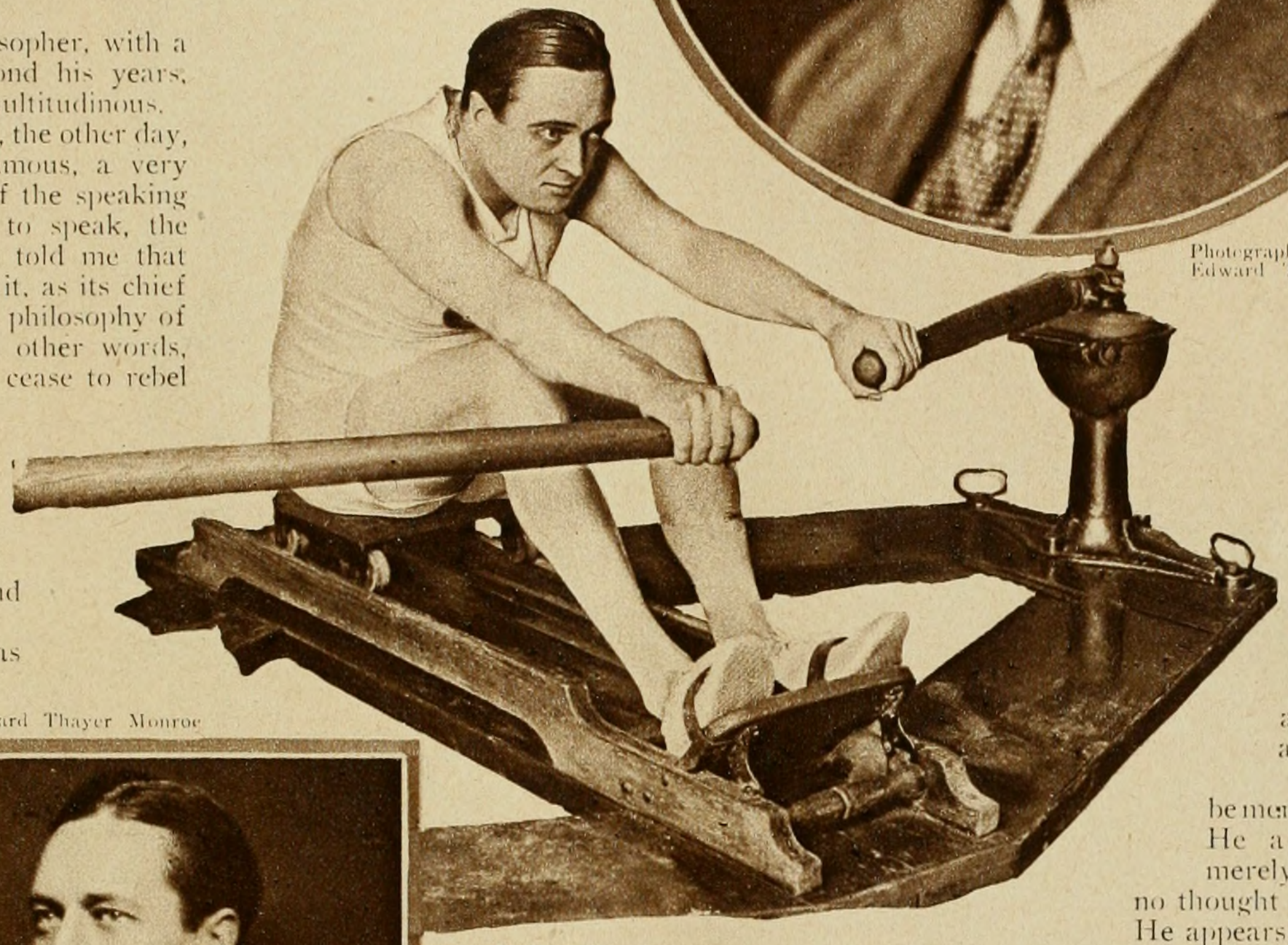
He is obviously in love with life, too, which is always pleasant and more or less inspirational. He's in love with work, in love with love, rather chummy, so to speak, with the world in general.

But—there are other, more profound, less easily taken-account-of reasons for liking Mr. Lowe. To begin with:

He is a philosopher, with a philosophy beyond his years, which are not multitudinous.

I was talking, the other day, with a very famous, a very popular actor of the speaking stage, past, so to speak, the first flush. He told me that age brings with it, as its chief compensation, a philosophy of acceptance. In other words, after youth we cease to rebel against the "sorry state of things." We fold our hands, compose our features and learn to smile.

Mr. Lowe has a philosophy of acceptance *now*. He appears to be merely fun-making. He appears to be merely working, with no thought of the morrow. He appears to be in and of today, sufficient unto itself. He is doing, has done and will do considerable thinking. He has a clear and reasonable mental equipment. He is not subject to illusions, still less delusions. In the vernacular, he knows what he is doing.



Photograph by Stagg



Photograph by Edward Thayer Monroe

Edmund Lowe has a philosophy of acceptance which embraces comedy as well as tragedy, age as well as youth, the movies as well as the stage, wigs, Confucius—and interviewers. He has been as successful on the screen as he has on the stage; his work with Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young, Olive Tell and others giving him quite a following among movie fans

We spoke of old age. I imagined it would hold terrors for this man so vividly young. "Dont you dread it?" I asked. "Dont you *hate* it?" I felt sort of surgical, sort of vivisectional, as I put the questions.

"Why hate it or dread it?" he asked, with calm. "*It comes.* We all know that. We cant do anything about it, one way or the other. Why not accept it gracefully, make the most of it, as we should make the most of this, live it in its own way, with its own peculiar flavors, even as we live youth. *Why* rebel? Waste of energy."

"What shall *you* do," I persisted, "when age comes—and 'all this' is out of the picture?"

"I shall step out, too," he said, "from the foreground to the background. I shall do it, I hope, without undue fuss and flurry. I shall give myself in the meantime, tho, a great deal to relive, a great deal to remember. I wont want to be participating—Nature takes care of that. But I shall want to be remembering, vividly, happily, fully. I shall not want

(*Continued on page 76*)

Overalls Capture the Sennett Studio

Special photographs taken for The Classic by Abbe



The overall movement has hit the famous sea-going beauty battalion of the Mack Sennett beaches. Herewith Irene Tyner, a new Sennett find, reveals just how she intends to meet the H. C. of L. What chance, we ask, has the H. C. of L. against opposition like this?





Marooned Hearts

Told in story form from the Selznick photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL



MARION AINSWORTH was, in the flesh, precisely what society reporters mean when they write the words, "one of the season's buds." Very charming flesh it was, too, pink and sweetly curved, and like warm soft velvet—so one suspected—to the touch. Any one of a dozen eligibles would have been at her tiny, three-double-A slippers—if it hadn't been for Paul Carrington.

"*On dit*," hinted the gossip sheets. "Lucky girl!" sighed the other débutantes, still worried with the necessity of getting engaged their first season. "She might have done better," grumbled the dozen, seeking confirmation from their mirrors. "How did that little featherhead ever attract a serious young surgeon like Paul?" marveled the dowagers, shaking dubious grey marcels.

Even Mrs. Ainsworth took the whole affair for granted and absolutely threw her, so Marion bewailed, at Dr. Carrington's sleek, dark, well-shaped head. And yet—the proposal was still forthcoming! Of course, Marion was not in any doubts about Paul's feeling toward her, being able to read the unwritten language of eyes, hands that trembled as they touched her in the dance, tho they were steady enough in the operating room, but still it remained a fact that the momentous words were still to be said and heard. It was, she decided, apparently addressing a bright-green grasshopper sitting on the golf-bag beside her, simply too ridiculous for anything and provoking, too.

"He would have—have—well, he *would* have in another moment when we were sitting in the conservatory at the Nutleys' dinner-dance last Friday," she told the grasshopper, plaintively, "and then, right in the middle of the most interesting part, that old message had to come from the hospital! And he forgot *what he was saying!* I must say"—the red lips pouted pettishly—"it's hard to have one's only proposal interrupted by—p-pills! Oh, dear! I wish Paul was a banker or a broker or something *pleasant*—or I wouldn't mind having him be a doctor if he'd have an office on Park Avenue, all French grey and silver, with a pretty, starchy nurse in uniform to open the door—not too pretty, of course——"

The moving flecks of red and white across the course meant the guests of Mrs. Ainsworth's house party strolling houseward across the links; the far sounds of merriment, Marion decided, sensitively, meant that they were laughing at her unmanned plight. She felt quite dangerous at the thought of the golden afternoon already beginning to fade into the limbo of the might-have-been with none of its hopes realized because some dirty little newsboy had been inconsiderate enough to break his leg or some totally uninteresting clerk's wife had taken this opportunity to have a baby.

"When I marry Paul," she declared, so vindictively that the startled grasshopper fell headlong off the golf-bags into the clover, "I shall see that he doesn't neglect me for his nasty old patients, but—*till* I'm married, I dont see what I'm going to do——"

In the dusty distance the blunt nose of a Rolls-Royce roadster had appeared. Marion sprang to her feet, angry with herself for the absurd thrill of joy that shot thru her at the nearness of him. According to the rules of the game that a woman is supposed to follow, she should not let the man she wants suspect her heart, but keep him, rather, guessing until the final surrender. "He's coming!" cried her heart. "What else matters? We are above the need of rules, he and I. There is no trickery about our love!"



Paul Carrington caught her as she fell. "God, why did you let this woman come here?" he groaned; "hasn't she done me harm enough already?" But, hate her as he did he was a doctor first of all

A discreet cough at her elbow warned her that there *were* other people in the world, unfortunately. The butler bowed. 'I beg your pardon, Miss Ainsworth; I thought that possibly Dr. Carrington had arrived. A telephone message has just come for him."

Marion felt her joy punctured by the swift stab of suspicion. "Give me the message, Parker." She read the slip of paper he handed her, with tightening throat, cast a swift glance at the approaching car and made her decision. "I will give it to Dr. Carrington, Parker—you need not wait. And you may say to whoever was 'phoning that the message has been delivered."

"I dont care!" she justified herself, as she crumpled the paper into her pocket and turned to meet the car, "I need him worse than anybody else! There are plenty of surgeons who can perform operations, but there's only one surgeon who can propose to me!"

Another moment and all thought of the troublesome bit of paper in the sweater pocket was swallowed up in the high tide of joy that washed over her spirit with the clasp of Paul Carrington's strong, slender hands, the glance of his grey eyes.

"I thought," she laughed, a trifle breathlessly, as they turned back to the car, "that perhaps you didn't care especially for tea. And in that case I might be induced to show you our view. You'd have to see it sometime, anyway. Mamma is very proud of the view and always drags our guests up the mountain to see it, quite as tho she were directly responsible for it."

"I am afraid," Dr. Carrington smiled down at her, "I am very much afraid that I shant see—the view. But I'd love to have you show it to me."

The top of the mountain was quite deserted, save for chattering squirrels and birds, querulous over the trespass into their ancient domain. The pine trees' breath was like incense poured from some swinging censer, and before them the world and the fulness thereof. And there, without interruption, the words Marion had longed for were said, and answered satisfactorily in the way they should be answered, his lips, awed yet eager, pressed upon her lips, quivering and shy.

Afterward they sat long in silence, looking away at the valley, gilded with the late afternoon light, seeing the world with new eyes, as those just born might see it. "And to think," Paul said presently, with a great sigh of content, "to think that I almost missed this. There's a very bad case I've been watching"—he felt her repugnance—"dont worry, dear! I'm not going to bring the poor fellow into our afternoon, only—if he'd had a degree more temperature this morning I'd have had to have stayed and operated."

Marion moved uneasily. It seemed to her that she could feel the weight of the bit of paper in her pocket. "I believe," she accused him, "that you care more about your work than you do about—me."

He answered gravely, tenderly, but he did not, as she had wanted him to—deny. "My work *is* me, Marion, the best part of me, the worthiest. It's as much a part of me as my hands or my eyes. If you care for me, you must care for my profession and not be jealous of it." His eyes rested on the bright head, the wistful beauty of her, and he grew all lover. And so the afternoon slipped away.

A merry group on the terrace of Woodwold hailed the late comers with significant strains of "Here Comes the Bride," rendered upon Bobby Shannon's ukulele. Mrs. Ainsworth, exquisite, a composite tribute to her maid, her modiste and corsetiere, moved to meet them and read confession in their

faces. A mother feels hardly less triumph than her daughter at such a moment. It is in a subtle way, a delicate compliment to *her* to love her child. She took Paul's hands in hers, kist him on the forehead and drew Marion to her side. "Friends," she smiled, "I am delighted that you should be the first to share our happiness."

"I beg your pardon, doctor, but this telegram came an hour ago, sir."

Paul took it indifferently, but his face changed as he read its brief message. "Have waited an hour since I telephoned. If you do not arrive by five, I must operate myself. Patient sinking fast. Do not understand your delay, since servant explicitly said 'phone message had been delivered."

Face stern, the doctor whirled upon the waiting Parker. "What did you mean by saying you delivered a telephone message to me? Some terrible blunder has been made and a man's life may be the price of it."

The butler forgot discretion for a panicky instant. There was that in Paul Carrington's face that would not be lied to. "Miss—Miss Ainsworth—she said for me to say it had been delivered," he stammered in the appalled silence. "I gave the message to her—I saw her read it——"

"Parker!" Mrs. Ainsworth spoke sharply, conscious of her daughter's white silence. "Go into the house at once!"

"Yes, madam," bowed the wretched man, and went, leaving utter rout behind. None of these well-bred men and women had been trained for such a crisis. It simply appalled them, depriving them of the power to move away, or even to avert their eyes from the two most vitally concerned.

"Marion," Paul Carrington said, the tinkle of ice in his tone, "is that true? Did you take a message for me—and keep it from me, a message asking me to return to town and perform an operation?"

She made an effort at nonchalance, even laughing in a high-pitched fashion. "Certainly! There are plenty of surgeons who can look after the patients for one afternoon. It's absurd for you to make a slave of yourself this way—I thought you needed a holiday and so I gave you one. That's all."

"All!" echoed the man, heavily, "*all!*" He turned abruptly and, without a backward glance, strode down the steps to his car, leaped

He turned his eyes resolutely away from the sight of her, clad in a woven garment of reeds, and drifting light as the foam on the beach—and he saw her always before him



"How strong you are," marveled the woman soul. "I was fighting for you," answered the man. He held out his arms and unquestioningly she went into them

"A doctor is nothing more or less than a slave," finally said Mrs. Ainsworth, smiling with stiff lips. "Poor, dear Paul lets his patients tyrannize over him shamefully." She took her daughter's arm gaily, but with a sharp pinch of warning. "I do believe it's getting hotter, if that's possible. Shant we go in and have a little music? If Señor Russini would be so obliging to us."

In the grim purlieus of the hospital operating room an hour later, Paul Carrington, dusty, dishevelled, grey of face under his grime, faced the jury of his peers, the old Dr. Matthews, who had believed in him and his future, the two young interns who had admired, envied and secretly been jealous of his success. All three wore the white aprons and rubber gloves of their recent task, and there were angry stains on the senior surgeon's gown. A nurse, who had been clearing away the instruments, gave a quick look at the four grim faces and discreetly disappeared.

"Well, Carrington," Dr. Matthews said slowly, "you're a trifle—late. The patient waited for you rather longer than he should have waited, and"—he met the young man's imploring eyes mercilessly—"he died under ether. It was a pity that we interrupted your game of bridge, after all."

"Dont!" Paul begged hoarsely. He sank down upon a chair, not from volition, but because he could not hold himself upright, and sat, staring down at his working hands.

"They told us you got our telephone." The younger intern did not attempt to conceal his scorn. "Perhaps you would care to explain? Or were your society friends more interesting than an intestinal tumor?"

It was incredible that they

(Continued on page 87)

MAROONED HEARTS

Scenario by Lewis Allen Browne. Produced by Selznick Pictures. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast:

Marion Ainsworth	Zena Keefe
Dr. Paul Carrington	Conway Tearle
Mrs. Ainsworth	Ida Darling
Peter Harkins	Tom Blake
Cyrus Carter	Eric Mayne
Dr. Matthews	George Backus

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

CONFESSION

We always go to see Alla Nazimova with the same old anticipation and we always come away with the same old disappointment. Mme. Nazimova has the rare ability to suggest a rare ability.

We detest rural dramas with overdrawn country folk. Because we were raised in the country and realize they aren't overdrawn.

We would walk miles to see Charlie Ray in anything and the same distance to see Marie Prevost in—er—anything.

We adore Jane Novak on the screen, but flappers catch our eye in real life. On the other hand, we cant stand flappers in the films.

We refuse to consider Mary Pickford except in terms of superlatives.

We know May Allison has a sense of humor, even if she is a dazzling blonde.

We wish we could understand the popularity of Priscilla Dean.

Bebe Daniels entertains us mightily on the silversheet, but we would put our bank roll—such as it is—in our inner waistcoat pocket if we met a Bebe Daniels in real life. And we'd hasten to accelerate our locomotion, too.

Harold Lloyd, Charles Murray and Ben Turpin are our favorite comedians, but we will come to blows with anyone who intimates Charlie Chaplin isn't funny.

We are strong for delicate, subtle comedy theoretically, but we have a secret failing for Mack Sennett and his bathing squad.

Everybody worships the dramatic beauty of Katherine MacDonald, but we have an unadulterated admiration for Harriet Hammond.

We will sit thru anything Elsie Ferguson does on the screen and revel in it.

We know that Gloria Swanson would probably be arrested in real life if she dressed as she does in the De Mille pictures, but we refuse to admit it. Gloria is the kind of person we'd rob a bank for.

We're sick of seeing celluloid life revolve around sixteen-year-old cuties. Yet we swear by Marjorie Daw.

These days, if a movie producer puts over a screen hit, he becomes a master; if he puts over two hits, he is a genius, and if—— But nobody has.

Judging from Cecil de Mille's recent opus, "Why Change Your Wife?" the biggest motive in modern life is negligée. And love?—it's a mere matter of discriminating purchases.

Speaking of Cecil de Mille, somebody has just gone him one better by producing "Why Change Your Mother-in-law?"

TELL IT WITH TOBACCO

1 fat man + 1 big cigar = 1 politician.
1 chaise longue + 1 cigaret = 1 vampire.
1 cowboy + 1 bag of Bull Durham = 1 Bill Hart.
1 character actor + 1 cigar butt = 1 Theodore Roberts.
1 set of whiskers + 1 corn-cob pipe = 1 rural drama.
1 dapper gent + 1 cigaret in an amber holder = 1 Lew Cody.
1 derby + 1 tensely gripped cigar = 1 detective.
Etc., etc.

Griffith does believe in realism. Hasn't he just added (Mary) Hay to his cast of "'Way Down East"?

BIG DRAMATIC MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Mae Bush in her Ivory soap moments of "The Devil's Passkey."

Mack Sennett is going to produce a stage revue built around his famous bathing girls. We hereby apply for seats for the première, be it in Los Angeles or New York.

(*Continued on page 95*)



Courtesy L-Ko Comedies

FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

By BARBARA HOLLIS

When Life's great curtain call shall sound,
When at the play's last page,
I hope that Time may find me still
An actor on its stage.

And, be my lot a humble one,
Perchance a servant's part,
I hope I'll still be acting it
With all my mind and heart.

So, when the Prompter gives my cue
With solemn voice intense,
God grant I need not answer Him
From out the audience.

A New Twinkler



All photos by Abbe

AGNES AYRES was wearing a cunning little frock of pink-and-white gingham—a glorified gingham, softer and lovelier than silk, a big, droopy hat and white, round-toed pumps, and she looked exactly what she is, a wholesome girl.

We found a seat near a big palm, and the fragrance of orange-blossoms and roses filled the air, while the morning sun shone warm and soft.

"This is about the first moment of leisure I have had in five weeks," laughed Miss Ayres, "and I feel like a kitten. I like to sit and blink at the sun, thinking how good the world is to me.

"I've been so busy getting to where I am that really I have not thought much about the steps that brought me here," Miss Ayres told me, quite seriously. "Only an impelling desire to accomplish something really worth while in pictures has ever urged me on.

"Funny," she continued, "how we get started on our careers. Both father and mother were always interested in amateur theatricals, and at one time mother, who gave promise of being a second Maggie Mitchell, slipped away from home and, going to Cairo, Illinois, was about to join a theatrical company when her mother promptly took her home and that ended her career. Perhaps that broken girlish dream has made her more lenient in letting me try my wings. She has always been so wonderful, standing right back of me in everything, and such a comfort. You see, I'm a real mother's girl."

Miss Ayres declares that she had never given the stage any special thought until one fateful day when she visited the Essanay studio—the family lived in Chicago—and a director asked if she didn't want to be in a picture. This sounded like such a lark that she answered yes, and the next minute Agnes Ayres became a part of a mob scene in a Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne film.

So this is the way it all began. She photographed so well that they immediately gave her a place in the studio stock company, and all that summer she played tiny bits in the George Ade comedies which were being filmed. By this time, she confesses, she had the "bug," and when New York, the great Mecca, beckoned, she responded. There she went with the Mutual Film Company, making five pictures with Marjorie Rambeau and one with Nance O'Neil under Frank Powell's direction. Then came Vitagraph and the O. Henry stories.

It was as the original O. Henry girl that Miss Ayres first won recognition, and in the twenty-five pictures she made she succeeded in giving the characters that real and very human touch, with the spirited gaiety or quiet pathos with which the author had invested them.

For two years she free-lanced and early in the winter came to Hollywood to head the cast for the Famous Players-Lasky production of "Held by the Enemy."

It was during this time that Mr. Kaufman became interested in



Agnes Ayres, with her classic beauty and distinctive feminine charm, is the latest twinkler to have registered, for she is to be starred under the management of Albert A. Kaufman



By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM



her ability and screen possibilities, signing her as his second star, the Allan Holubar-Dorothy Phillips combination being already under his wing.

"A new studio is being built for us over on Sunset Boulevard," Miss Ayres told me, enthusiastically, "and I am to have my own company and, oh, everything is going to be wonderful. I am doing a picture for Marshall Neilan before making the first one for Agnes Ayres, and I'm thoroly enjoying it. Micky is great to work with, for his good humor and lively spirits keep things humming and he will sacrifice anything for a good laugh.

"In this picture I play the rôle of a girl who owns a newspaper, and we took some night scenes at the Los Angeles *Examiner* last week. It was quite thrilling—those great presses—they seemed to be alive."

A mocking-bird poised on a palm nearby was practicing some new trills, and we listened to the sweet notes while we enjoyed the beauty of the scene before us.

"It is all so glorious here, how I love it!" Miss Ayres spoke softly, lest we frighten Mr. Mocker. "Of course, I am fond of New York; I had my first chance there and, too, it means theaters. I do miss them, yet here I am really *living*. You see, I have been shut up in hotels and apartments for so long that it is positively heavenly to be living in a vine-covered bungalow in the midst of a rose-garden. I had a great time finding just what I wanted, for I was busier than ten little bees about then, learning to drive my car and working hard at the studio. Now that mother is here, all my worries are over."



Miss Ayres first won recognition as the original O. Henry girl, giving to the characters of the twenty-five pictures she made, that real and very human touch with which the author had invested them



Hugging her devoted companion, a lively toy Boston terrier, "Skooks," with his fine markings and button tail, the star declared that he had never lived a real dog's life before—*now* he has a whole big garden in which to bury choice bones.

"We have accumulated a lot of live stock," remarked Miss Ayres, between "Skook's" playful barks. "There are twelve rabbits, seven chickens, with six eggs each evening for me to find—it's the *best* fun! Then there are two Persian kittens only a few months old and a mamma cat we call 'Macushla.'

"There was a time when I thought emotional and dramatic rôles were my forte." She had again settled down to the demands of an interview. "But I am beginning to prefer comedy dramas. They are so interesting and it requires much skill and finesse to steer such a play safely along. I like to study my story, visualize the scenes and then plan my costumes. So much, oh, so very much depends upon the clothes, for there is no doubt of their psychological effect both upon the actors and the audience.

"I remember once while working on an O. Henry story, the girl was poor, and I insisted on wearing an old pair of shoes all run down

(*Continued on page* 71)

From Shorthand to Stardom

By ETHEL ROSEMON



Photograph by Ira L. Hill Studio

Not so long ago Estelle Taylor, the new Fox luminary, was attending a secretarial school in Wilmington, Del. A nervous breakdown caused her to turn to acting

THE war did it. If there had been no war, there would have been no Liberty Bonds and Estelle Taylor would now be teaching Wilmington's young how to act.

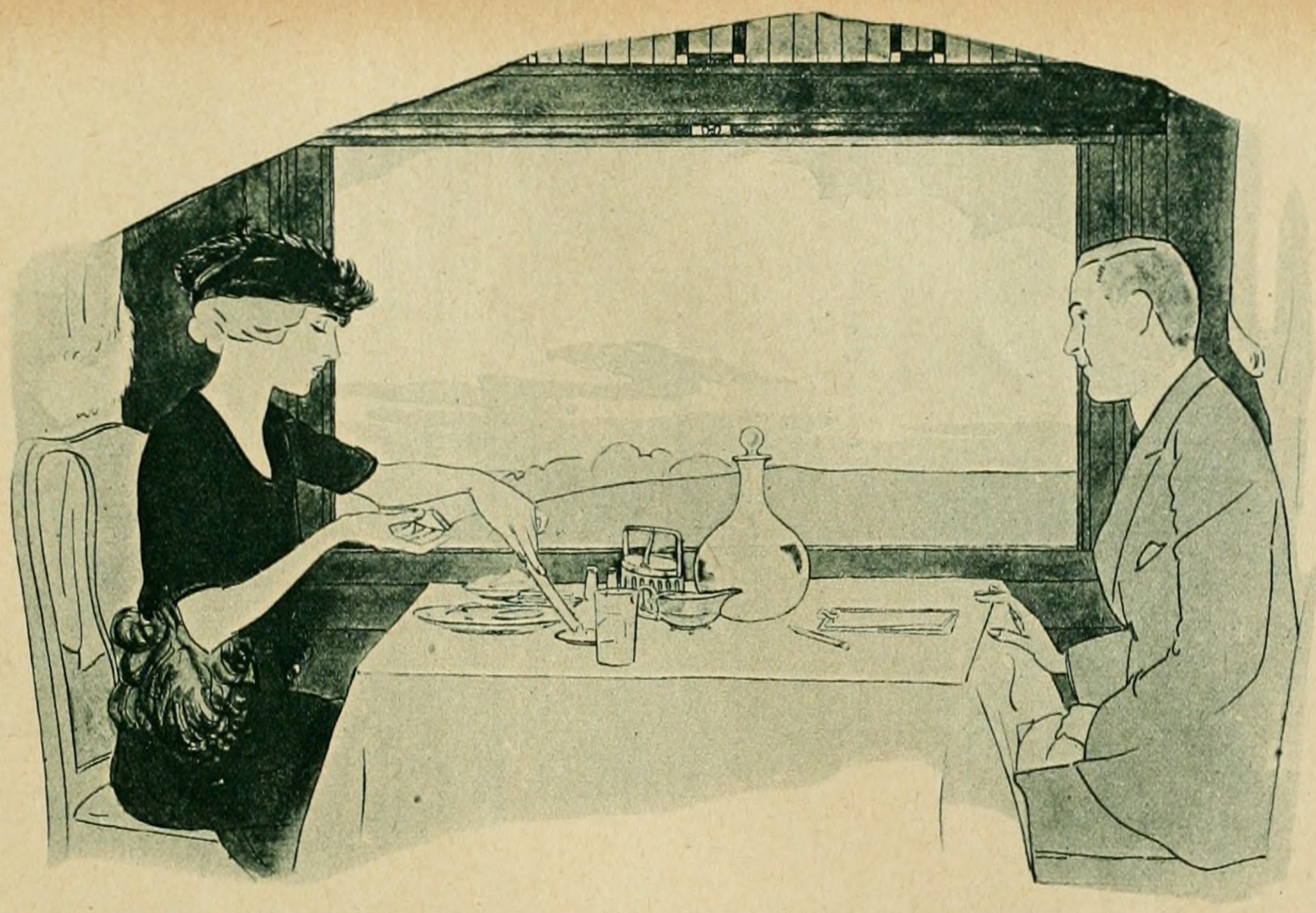
The new star sat in the new dressing-room of Mr. Fox's new studio over on Tenth Avenue and discussed this new experience, this ascension to stardom. It's a long step from a secretarial school in Wilmington, Delaware, to a featured player with a large picture corporation, especially when one has to walk the ties of a Methodist ancestry, but Estelle took it like a trained athlete. The exercise has left her natural and unspoiled and in possession of the good sense that promises to keep her that way until the final reel of the picture.

"It's queer how a person plans and dreams for years and years about the thing she wants to do most in the whole world, sees not the slightest chance of ever having the opportunity and then something that looks like a big evil turns the knob and says 'Walk in,'" she began, thoughtfully. "There was that nervous breakdown. Now, if you've ever had one you realize that you dont put a 'Welcome' on the door-mat for it. I was attending a secretarial school, studying all the tantalizing dots and dashes and the funny little curlicues when it came my way. I wasn't very cheerful at the interruption. I was anxious to master the art of making a long conversation short and get thru. I had a goal, a secret one, that lay miles and miles beyond being some nice man's nice secretary, and I was impatient of the delay in my progress toward it.

"However, when the physician and the family began to discuss the necessity of a change of surroundings and occupation, I saw the reason for my 'temporarily discontinued' career. I began to speak—timidly at first, but more boldly as time went on—of the restorative qualities of a course at a dramatic school. I was very fond of children, and thru that my parents saw a solution of the problem. They would send me to a dramatic school in New York and when I had completed the course I could hang out my shingle and transfer my learning to the neighbors' children. That was the picture that painted itself upon the family vision. A far different landscape was hanging in my own private gallery, but the only thing that really mattered was that I was to have an opportunity to prepare for the work I was born loving.

"It was smooth sailing while I was at the school, for my checks came regularly. Instead of returning home with the shingle under my arm on finishing the course, I announced my

(*Continued on page 75*)



Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

IT is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. Some people do so unconsciously. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with very little effort. A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, is all that is necessary.



But it must be the *right kind* of care. Many of the most neglected looking nails are really not neglected; they are badly manicured. The cuticle is ragged and overgrown because it has been cut. The more you cut the cuticle the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

With a bit of cotton wrapped about an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

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908

Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY





Top, Our Mary proves that there is more than one kind of courage in the world by deliberately obliterating as much as is possible of her natural facial beauty. Evidently she believes her rôle as "The Duchess of Suds" should be a realistic one, to say the least. Center, Viola Dana is said to be very much interested in aviation and its exploiters. Below, King Vidor and Mrs. Vidor out on location for "The Jack-Knife Man," Vidor's latest release, now nearing completion



LOS ANGELES, CAL., (*Special*)—Olga Petrova's opening at the Orpheum vaudeville house here was not as auspicious as perhaps it might have been, because nearly half of the film colony has either been away on location or in New York, Australia, France and other parts of the world.

The Orpheum's first-night lacked a number of the picture stars who generally occupy the bald-headed rows on that eventful evening. In a second-tier box I noticed Thomas Holding and his wife, while Carter de Haven, Al Christie and Teddy Sampson sat in the pit. Petrova's dressing-room was banked with flowers sent her by film players.

Can you possibly imagine a picture colony minus nearly one-half of its picture celebrities? It's a paradox, but decidedly the case here. Blame it all on spring fever. Hollywood is practically deserted. The emigration is only temporary, however, because the stars all have contracts calling for their work in the West.

One Sunday morning a whole trainload left the Santa Fé station for New York. All the screen-famous were domiciled in one car. There were Bert Lytell and his wife; Gloria Swanson's husband, Herbert K. Somborn; Clara Kimball Young; Harry Garson; Jack Dillon, the director; and June Mathis, Metro's scenarioist-in-chief. Preceding them by a week was Sessue Hayakawa, who left Los Angeles to arrange final details for his new company. But Sessue felt the need of hurrying back to attend to details relative to the building of his new $300,000 studio.

That one-time matinée idol of the films, Wilfred Lucas, and his wife Bess Meredith, left some time ago to join a company in Australia. They will be abroad a year. Which reminds me that Arthur Shirley, remembered as the hero of "The Fall of a Nation," has also gone to the antipodes to organize his own company. And William Duncan is about to hie himself and company to South America to make a serial, while Anna Q. Nilsson has been packing her trunks preparatory to sailing for her native Sweden. Tsuru Aoki is in Japan, but is expected back shortly. Rosemary Theby has been in New York now for weeks. Antonio Moreno and his company have been in the Northwest, serialing, while Hobart Bosworth and his company have been "shooting" scenes for "Bucko McAlister" in the Santa Cruz Islands and around San Francisco Bay for the past month. Mabel Normand's company was in the northern California metropolis, too, for a number of weeks, doing scenes for "Rosa Alvaro," while Will Rogers and his troupe have been in Arizona.

And Universal City has been practically depopulated, with producing companies scattered all over California "on location." Edith Roberts, doing a South Sea Island story called "Marama," was at Monterey; Harry Carey has been at Victorville, near Death Valley, for a yarn to be known as "Fighting Job"; Frank Mayo has been at Big Bear Lake; Art Acord has been in the Yosemite, while Jacques Jaccard, producing a series of Northwest Mounted Police stories featuring Virginia Faire and Leonard Clapham, has been away in a far-distant canyon for weeks. And, to make things more intricate, Priscilla Dean has been finding life these days just one personal appearance after another with her film, "The Virgin of Stamboul." San Francisco saw her. So did San Diego and Santa Barbara.

With the building of his new studio, King W. Vidor has developed most staggering plans. For a month now he has been negotiating the purchase of a flock of famed stories, among them Clare Kummer's

(*Continued on page 82*)



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?*

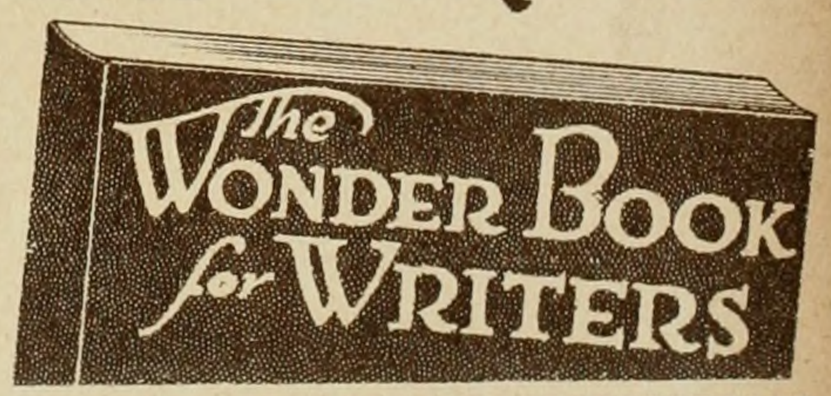
LISTEN! A wonderful *FREE* book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called *"The Wonder Book for Writers,"* shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, 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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A Coleen From Chicago





Coleen Moore hails from Chicago, despite her Irish cognomen. Aside from being in Christie comedies she has already done considerable dramatic work. Below she is demonstrating her athletic prowess to her brother, Clive





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A. S. Hinds



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Cooling, soothing, healing.—A few fragrant drops applied gently will protect the delicate skin from sunburn, windburn and unclean dust. It will keep the skin naturally soft under all conditions. Keep the Hands attractive with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream and Hinds Cre-mis Soap.

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Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites are selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from Laboratory

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La Bella Sevilla

(*Continued from page* 33)

years old, a circlet carrying a dark topaz. This heirloom has been inherited from a great-grandmother, and each girl of the family wears it until she marries. When Beatrice Dominguez changes her surname, this ring will go to her younger sister, and then to the oldest daughter of her oldest sister.

"Yes," she smiled in answer to a query anent her precious heirlooms, "my comb and mantilla," (oh, how she slurs mahnteeya, with that swift upward sweep of luscious black eyes, like California cherries, and quite as if she were viewing her own headdress critically!), "are from my mother's mother. My shawls are from Spain also; one is aged one hundred and eight, the other seventy years. I like best that picture taken of me at the Universal studio, for they have such a clever photographer, so patient he is in posing one.

"The background for my favorite picture was beautiful. Everywhere flowers were painted, and deep cerise silk cushions were there to be nestled in. I wore my handsome shawl of white with red flowers and colored leaves, and the coral beads from my mother's family—and oh, yes, the gay fan from Sevilla. It was so bright, that picture, I wish it could be seen in colors."

The sparkling vitality of this girl immediately impresses one. I well remember how crowds watched her dancing at San Diego, how they pelted her with flowers and gifts, for of all the quartet she was undoubted queen. She has received so many letters since that time, for the tourists did not forget La Bella Sevilla after leaving the coast.

We spoke of her career, a quite modest one so far, Beatrice thinks. She did "The Moon Riders" and a serial with Art Acord, until that lively young man broke one leg in three places and held up production for the past three months. Mildred Moore was compelled to bleach her hair to play opposite Miss Dominguez, since a wig would have been unfeasible for serial work, where rough-riding and hard stunts are the rule.

"Do you indulge in sports, Miss Dominguez?"

"Oh, yes; I swim, ride, shoot—anything but drive a car. My mother is afraid I am too excitable and enthusiastic and that I might have an accident—so we have a chauffeur."

Now, isn't that a bit of old Spain in itself? Imagine riding a horse down all sorts of rocky canyons, over rough roads, fording stony rivers—and then balking at the modern innovation, the motor-car!

One evening, the audience at the Superba Theater, Los Angeles, was charmed to see Beatrice Dominguez dance before the film presentation. She does a great deal of charity dancing and took part in the "League of Nations" entertainment at Whittier, California.

"I wish they had cast you as Lasca," I murmured. She is the very incarnation of that wild, jealous, ardent creation of John Boyle O'Reilly.

"Almost I was cast for the part. The director wanted me, and the management agreed, but then it was found that I was a trifle too tall, so it fell thru. I was so eager for the part. I wish so much to do Carmen some day, too.

"You see, Americans try to play the part of a Spanish girl, and they *slouch*—is that what you call it? They drop the shoulders and sink in the chin. No Spanish girl ever does that. She is very proud, her head is held far back, her shoulders are very straight even when she dances, never does she stoop forward or bend carelessly. She has carriage—you know what I mean?"

"Coquetry isn't really intentional with Spanish people, is it? It seems spontaneous." When one has lived in a city of Spanish inhabitants for eight years, it is quite patent that the desire to please the opposite sex and pride of family, coupled with self-respect, are responsible for the arts and wiles of the attractive señoritas.

"Sometimes at the studio they say to me, 'Beatrice, again you vamp!' Bah, how I detest that—so vulgar a word. Never do I wish to hear it applied to me. I shake my head—and then they say to me, 'Well, perhaps not consciously, but you cant help vamping.' They think that if one's eyes dance and the mouth smiles, and one is happy—it must be vamping. Spanish people do not think of that.

"Why, even to her death, my mother's mother had that attractiveness. She lived to be one hundred and two years old.

"Yes, and the father of my mother lived to be almost one hundred and five years old, enjoying life with us until the last. He simply fell asleep," she concluded.

"Have you been playing chiefly Spanish parts?"

"Really, the first time I appeared before the camera was when Douglas Fairbanks came to the Exposition and filmed 'The Americano.' You remember, the Spanish dancers were featured in that? Then I had my picture taken with Mr. Fairbanks many times—he is so funny, that Mr. Fairbanks. Dont you love him? I do." Miss Dominguez is delightfully direct, and yet she is subtle, elusive, so that one finds it difficult not to stare at her changing expression.

I was spared the task of making a confession. She went on, gaily, "I wish I could do 'The Bird of Paradise'—at the studio Mr. Howard is trying to arrange for that; he wants so much to have me play Luana.

"Once I played opposite handsome Wally Reid, too, in 'Les' Than Kin,'" came the softly slurred title. "Now I have been in 'The Beach Comber,' and I love that part very much. It will be released soon. I played a good rôle with Mr. Salisbury—he is so big and kind, I enjoy so much to work with him.

"I am glad that I was not advertised and pushed into the front rank suddenly —like some of the young girls who have failed. It is not well to become a star that way. I should not like to play ingénues or straight leads. I think I have been most fortunate in being cast for character parts, for heavies with strong emotional parts. That is real training in acting. When my time comes as a star, I shall have had much experience, and then I shall not be afraid; I shall only know that it is a time to work harder than ever to deserve success."

Perhaps the most delightful thing about this beauty of Seville is her lack of vanity. She is very critical and, like most analysts, does not spare herself, but carefully dissects her motives, studies her appearance and strives constantly for improvement. There is not the slightest danger of self-satisfaction in this girl of twenty-one, who is accepted in the best society of Los Angeles, who is a belle in Spanish circles here, and who is unusually talented, well-educated and well-bred. Perhaps it is the convent training which has given her the remarkable poise and self-control which so oddly contrast with her exuberant spirits and emotionality.

Outside of studio life, she spends her time with mother and sister, and, like many other actresses, has early shouldered the responsibility of earning a living for her family. Spanish people are notably hospitable, and in the early days of the Pueblo poor relations from every section of the country were welcome at a rancho. The Dominguez family has inherited this love of entertaining, and their home is always open to visitors. So while La Bella Sevilla no longer dances for a living, she delights her guests with the old songs and dances, with the playing of guitar and ukulele, in a modern bungalow.

BITS OF BLUE

By La Touche Hancock

Down among the heather
Harebells bloom between;
Thru the cloudy weather
Azure breaks are seen.
Listen then, ye weary,
Learn life's lesson true,
Not a day so dreary
But has "bits of blue!"

For the runner failing
In the race of life,
For the soldier paling
In its weary strife,
Better are the chances,
Brighter is the view,
If some loved one's glances
Lend their "bits of blue!"

Every word of healing
Spoken to the sad,
Every kindly feeling
For the heart that's sad,
Help to others given,
Friendship ever true—
These are gleams from heaven,
Little "bits of blue!"



A woman's charm

See how white teeth enhance it

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Countless women have found a way to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them everywhere. A new method of teeth cleaning is now widely employed, and anyone who watches can see the results of it.

This is to ask that you test it. Watch the results for ten days, then judge for yourself if you need it.

The tooth wrecker

Millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now traced to film. To that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

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

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now a new method

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

A new tooth paste has been perfected to meet every modern requirement. The name is Pepsodent. And this film combatant is embodied in it.

Sent to all who ask

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. Thus millions have already proved it. If you have not, write for that tube today.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent. They argue for themselves, and a book we send explains all reasons for them.

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 teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between the old ways and the new. Do this now, for it is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 395

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Dept. 639, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family



His Happy Rôle

(*Continued from page* 35)

the only applause we receive, the only way we have of knowing just what people like or do not like. The best publicity a motion picture actor can have is his work, for it is the public who make stars, and you cant fool them; they know what they want and insist on having it too."

Remembering that Mr. Washburn's popularity has outlived many of his early contemporaries, it must be that his wholesome methods have pleased the public who, after all, may not be as fickle as sometimes rated, but as this star says, they merely know what they want.

"How did you happen to turn to comedy?" I asked, glancing at those funny stills.

"It is really Mabel's fault," and Mr. Washburn smiled at his wife. "She had selected several of my best stories and when she found 'Skinner's Dress Suit,' we were both wild about it. Essanay couldn't see it. I had not specialized on comedy and they were afraid to try one. We were so sure it was the right thing, however, that I finally guaranteed the cost of production. Well, we made it, and it went over."

"Oh, isn't he modest!" cried Mrs. Washburn. "Why, it went with a *bang!* Made him a star, too, and I was so proud."

"There is nothing like a good laugh," observed Bryant.

Glancing thru the open window, I saw Sonny and his chum, Bob White, who is George Beban's small son, playing on the lawn. "Does he enjoy your pictures?" I asked, nodding toward the child.

"Oh, yes, tho he's not always as appreciative as he might be," chuckled the father. "Last week we took him to see one of my recent films and, after watching several scenes, he remarked, in a loud, penetrating whisper, 'All right now let's have *Mutt and Jeff.*'"

The Washburn home is unusual, its artistic decorations and furnishings bearing the unmistakable touch of true home lovers.

"Buying furniture is Bryant's hobby," teased Mabel. "Even in the first years of our marriage every time we managed to get a few hundred dollars ahead, Bryant would see a *wonderful* piece of furniture or a *gem* of a rare book, and away would go our savings. He hasn't outgrown the habit, either, for he just found that chair," nodding toward a lovely quaint thing of the Italian Renaissance with cushions of gorgeous tapestry, "and that lamp," pointing to a stunning floor lamp of wrought-iron in exquisite design.

"Why should I?" replied the star, his eyes lingering on his treasures with the appraising joy of the true connoisseur. "Building a home is our principal delight, this is where we *live*, this is where I gain inspiration for my work."

A Daughter of Neptune

(*Continued from page 37*)

kiddies, too. Little Jimmy was in 'The Strange Boarder' and 'Jes' Call Me Jim,' and he is so like his father that it is really funny."

There is no foolish temperament about Irene Rich. She is just a normal girl, giving her best to the work and hoping some day, when she is ready for it, that her *big* chance will come.

"I like to play good, womanly characters," she confided, "and perhaps in this way I can help the world a little; motion pictures are such a tremendous force in molding thought."

Irene was born in Buffalo, New York, and was educated at St. Margaret's Seminary. Not one of all the family connections had ever been on the stage. "I'm just an odd chip," she laughed. "My desire never became definitely formulated; it all seemed to belong to another existence, until I finally made my break. We all work better under pressure, we must have a big incentive to drive us on so that we do not count the disappointments.

"I went to a fortune-teller the other day with some friends, and she told me that I would reach the heights in my work and then—I would give it all up. Can you imagine anything so silly? Why, I'll never give it up. I hope some day to go on the stage and—oh, I have so many ambitions," and the sweet voice trailed away wistfully.

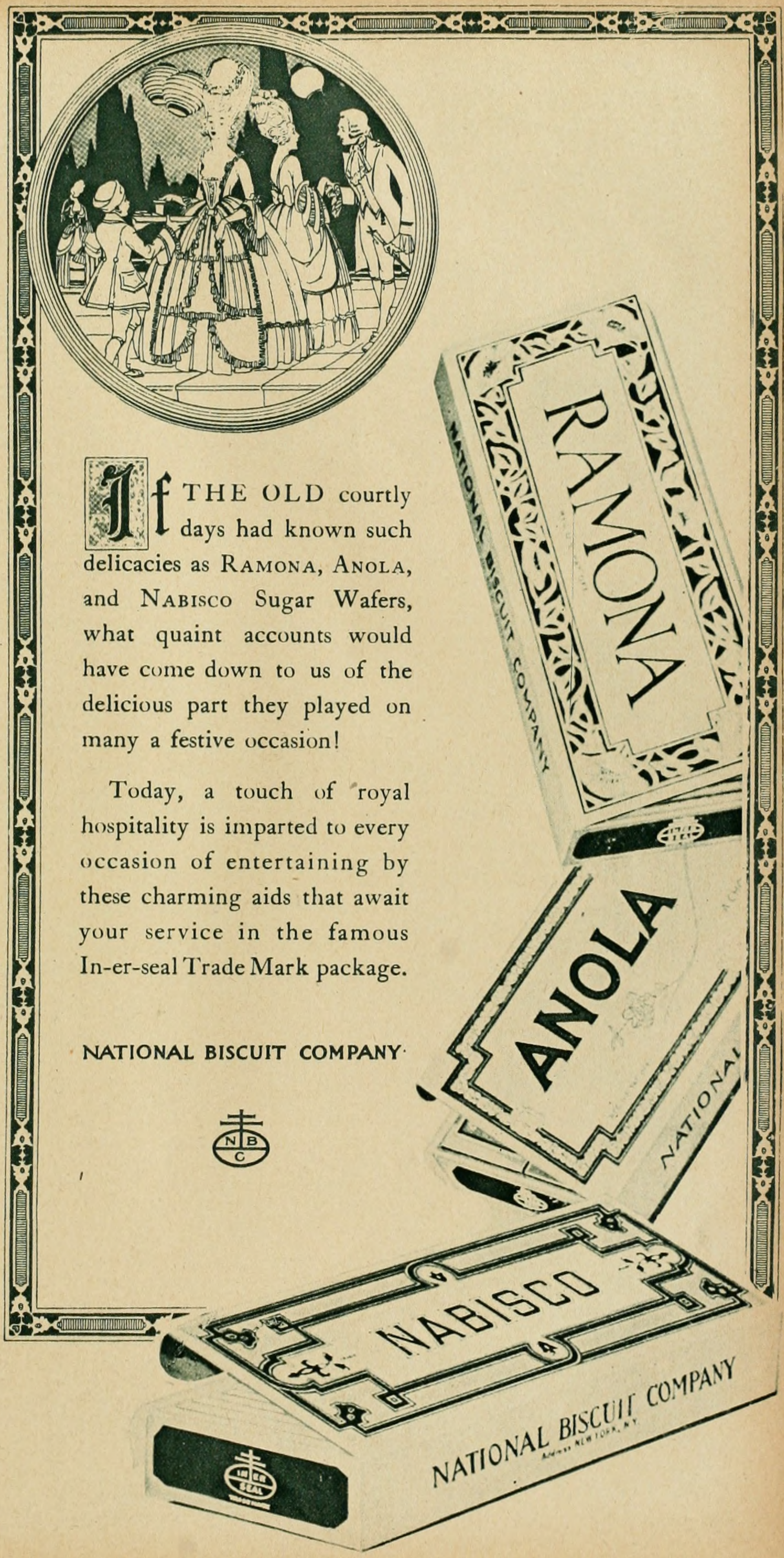
Watching the blue ocean blend into the bluer sky, Miss Rich told me about the pretty bungalow in Hollywood which she has just bought.

"Mother is with me and we're very happy. She's so wonderful, my very best pal. We have developed a marvelous teamwork with my fan mail. She addresses the envelopes and I autograph each picture. It is such fun to receive letters from all over the world and brings me so much encouragement. Sometimes it seems too funny for words to think that I, Irene Rich, am of enough importance in motion pictures to be receiving letters!" And again came the little laugh, with a whimsical note this time.

"We're very quiet, mother and I," she went on. "My greatest pleasure comes with my work and my flowers. Oh, my roses are beautiful, so sturdy and gorgeous. Most of them are red—I adore red roses. If I hadn't gone into this work I believe I would have been a landscape gardener. It would be interesting to make bare ground bloom into lovely gardens.

"That is one of the fascinations about motion pictures. Studying my rôle, which at first is just a lifeless written script, and then building it into a real woman with a heart and a soul.

"It's been a heavenly day," finally sighed Irene contentedly, as we turned for a farewell look at the ocean before starting on the return trip to the city. "Who wouldn't be happy just to be alive and working and hoping in such a wonderful old world!"





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Miss Hobbs

(*Continued from page 30*)

he had suspected, perhaps hoped, Miss Hobbs listened. She listened, first, because she was surprised, a weakness she would have theoretically admitted. She listened, secondly, because she loved music, good music, Chopin above *all* music. She listened for quite ten minutes—ten minutes in which odd little breakages occurred in her cardiac region, and then there was a sudden, discordant, terrific crash as of heavy hands falling loppily upon the keys. There was nothing else for Miss Hobbs to do. She burst in upon the renderer of Chopin to find his great length, his huge, almost shameless frame, sprawled across the keyboard.

Miss Hobbs was, she hoped, humanitarian. It was a weakness, she used to preach, to assume poses. She was definitely humanitarian even when that humanitarianism was called upon in behalf of man. She made an inadequate attempt to shake the recumbent shoulder.

"What is the matter with you?" she asked; then, quite apart from her own volition, impulsively, "detestably" she would have said, she added, *"Who are you?"*

There was a little silence; then the mummer over the keys replied, rather feebly, "I have heart trouble—rather badly. I—I'm a piano tuner—by profession."

Miss Hobbs looked at him with some asperity. "Isn't it curious," she enunciated clearly, "for a—piano tuner, however estimable, to play Chopin—like *that*."

The mummer, his hand still clutched to his heart, shook his head, wearily. "I dont know that it is," he said; "even a piano tuner may be the tomb of dead hopes. I am. Once, before my—my affliction overcame me, I had a dream. It was to be a concert pianist. Ah, I dreamed rarely—then. But my heart—my heart—" Overcome, the would-be concertist swooned again, and this time it necessitated Miss Hobbs' holding the manly frame to her breast until such time as she could ease him to the floor, get water, otherwise, and rather tenderly, revive him. She was surprised, again, at the little waves of sensation that kept recurring and receding within her. What was it? She would have to take several hours for meditation and reflection when she should have reached the sane precinct of New Thought again. It was as she had always known—man was a deterrent. She *should* be packing—but heart trouble—after all, man is a fellow creature, even tho so inferior a one.

It was still more surprising to Miss Hobbs to find that, Beulah's things neatly packed, returning to New Thought did not hold out so inviting a charm as heretofore. This disturbing—Chopin, reflected Miss Hobbs, firmly donning the horned rims, had always had power to upset her. She must be more careful. She detested feminine reactions to masculine advances.

Before she left, still clinging to her rôle of Miss Hobbs' maid, she had promised the "piano tuner" to "walk out" with him on the following Thursday. She did this, she convinced herself, in the interest of *materia medica*. She must not tell the satellites. There were some abstract interests in which even they might not share. Doubless, the "piano tuner" would be one of them.

The "piano tuner," watching the rounded figure down the street, chuckled, drew forth his note-book, chuckled again and inscribed therein, "Bet Percy Hackett and George Jessop a dinner for three that *I kiss Miss Hobbs within a month.*"

The day before the Thursday outing, Miss Hobbs received a rather wobbly note informing her that the piano tuner was "very low" and he had to go to the beach for the good of his fast failing health. If he might dare to hope that she . . . He spoke of the resuscitating effect her presence would have upon an otherwise doomed man. Miss Hobbs was, above all, a humanitarian. She went to the beach. She took a heart specialist with her, and Wolff Kingsearl nearly had a literal case when the eminent man entered with Miss Hobbs. It was only by dint of the most strenuous maneuvering and because the specialist happened to be, also, a sentimentalist that the day was saved and the eminent specialist departed with a fat chuckle and a fatter check from the well-lined Kingsearl pocket.

Later in the day, just when things were going most swimmingly and Miss Hobbs' humanitarianism was rising more and more rapidly to the fore of her other theories, there arrived upon the arcadian scene Wolff Kingsearl's mother and little Miss Alice Joy, the young lady selected by aforesaid mother as a satisfactory and amenable daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Kingsearl had never heard anything that she cared to hear about Miss Hobbs. She was, she had heard tell, a "strongminded woman," and Mrs. Kingsearl being nothing of the sort, the idea of being brought into daily contact, not to say combat, with such an exponent of their joint sex did not appeal to her. When Wolff endeavored to make her understand the little game he was playing, and which he had induced the specialist to be party to, he found his mother adamant. She had Miss Joy with her, and she had *some* strength of mind. She told "Miss Hobbs' maid" that she had no idea why her son was masquerading in such an idiotic fashion. He had always been, to her way of thinking, eccentric, but a piano tuner—*really* . . .

Miss Hobbs thought the same. "Really . . ." Wolff Kingsearl—millionaire, sportsman, clubman and much discussed man about town! Why had he played this game? What was his idea? In the

ourse of the day Miss Hobbs discov-red a note-book in the sand, where hey had been sitting, and in the note-ook the inscription, "Bet Percy Hack-t, etc., etc., *et al.* . . ."

Miss Hobbs, did, then, a most soul-lestroying, theory-destroying thing. She ept. She sobbed. She literally *cried,* uge, bewildered baby-blue-eyed *tears.* t got so bad she had to retreat to the arthermost corner of the suddenly un-lamored beach to have it out. There, till sobbing, bobbed hair awry, horn pectacles discarded, Wolff Kingsearl ound her. He took her in his arms. Struggling thru her hazy brain came the asping thought that she couldn't help t—she was so weak. He kist her. "I new I couldn't unless you *wanted* me o, darling," he told her, between many f 'em: "of *course* I knew that. And I idn't know *you,* you see. I thought—h, but what does it matter what I hought—then? Before I knew you? I adn't begun to think—then. Or feel.)r live—or *love.*" He kist her again, nd felt two arms twined about him, wo lips crush back upon his own. He ave a little, hilarious laugh, "Oh, Miss lobbs . . . *Miss Hobbs,*" he said.

The satellites returned the next day o the bed and board of man

A New Twinkler

(*Continued from page 59*)

t the heels. The director laughed at me, aying that my feet would not show, but hat wasn't the point with me. Those old hoes helped me build up that character.)ne's whole mental attitude may be in-luenced by one's shoes, and the way the air is arranged and the style of the rocks."

Warming to the subject upon which he admits she is a "crank," Miss Ayres ontinued. "When a girl goes to a city o become a stenographer after living all er life on a farm, it is certain that her dea of 'style' will be totally different rom the girl who has been reared in the ity, who may be working at the next lesk, while both girls' ideas change as hey climb the social scale. To show heir advance, clothes must be reckoned vith as a mighty influence in indicating heir worldly growth. It is all so inter-sting, isn't it?" and this newly made star beamed with eager enthusiasm.

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"Then, some day, I hope for an op-portunity to go on the stage. I should ike to be a second Mrs. Fiske—what girl wouldn't?" and Agnes Ayres laughed at her own dreams.

After all, stars are propelled by subtle forces, so perhaps it is dreams that are their guiding powers. Who knows?

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The Letters of Mary

(*Continued from page* 17)

the ribs—a snowball hurled with the perfect aim of a child at the silk top-hats of Uncle Sam and John Bull.

All this resulted in a new factor which presented itself in every respectable household. It began to dawn upon the public that truly it was a wise parent who knew his own child. After the weary passage of two-score years, man had accumulated a small store of knowledge at the cost of much sad experience. Along comes a child of seven or eight and calmly lays before him a more thoro knowledge of life—and its issues. We gasp for breath!

Mary Miles Minter, in a letter to her mother, written while she was looking forward to her eighth birthday, writes the following poem, presenting her viewpoint on religion:

"Went to Church last Night,
Gee! What a terrible Plight.
The minster Preached—
And with his Hands heaven Reached.
Declared all were bad—
Bless me! How Very sad!"

Volumes have been written about the stage, but to us it seems that there is absolutely nothing left to be told after reading what Miss Minter had to say about it when she was seven, in her poem, "Theatrical Life."

She seemed to come to conclusions very quickly, and having grasped the knowledge that certain factors made up the mystery called life, she calmly proceeded to take them for granted and in a matter-of-fact way included them in her daily existence. All this tended to a certain aplomb which somehow almost overcomes one. You stand awed before the iconoclastic manner in which she treats the emotions. Her poem, "Reminding, or a Chinese Puzzle," will serve to convince you that you, with your grey hair, have gotten no further with the solution of life:

REMINDING
or
A CHINESE PUZZLE

Life reminds me of a Chinese puzzle
And if you dont look sharp
You'll get into a muzzle.
It will grip you, and bind you
And often remind you,
That Temptations are many
Good things, scarcely any.
But what right has a man,
To grab all he can,
And then not content,
But on more greed he is bent.
Till he is full to the brin
With his folly and sin.
And Thus, the Hand of Fate proclaims—
Too Late—too late.

There is no denying the fact that if motion pictures had not happened along at this time, Mary Miles Minter might have developed into one of the shining lights of literature. We feel sure of it. However, there is an old saying that—er—er—murder will out—and we have a sneaking hope that some day when the golden hair is tired of being curled and the Klieg lights have lost their purple fascination, Mary Miles Minter will again take up the pen—and perhaps another Mr. Salteena will be created.



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A Little Bit of Bohemia

(Continued from page 21)

very, very respectfully. He was blasé, up-stage, I thought, and I was even more cocky and independent than I am now. When we were introduced he asked me to come over to the studio and see him. I had heard that he wanted a leading woman, but I told him indifferently that I would when I could find the time. Of course, when I got home I told my chum all about it" (she was living with a sister of Mrs. Marshall Neilan), "and she was wildly excited. But I didn't go until three days later.

"He continued to act in a rather aloof way, as tho he felt himself superior. Towards the last of our conversation, he asked me if I would go to dinner with him the next evening. I said, 'All right,' as I had nothing else to do, but that perhaps he had better call me on the 'phone in the morning and make sure. He looked absolutely stunned. 'In other words,' he remarked, 'you wont go with me if you find something else to do that you like better,' and I answered, 'Naturally!'"

But they became firm friends. He would call for her every morning and take her to her studio, the Reliance-Majestic, and take her home evenings. Each found that the other possessed a keen sense of humor and that there were a great many things at which they could laugh together. They were married at a little church in San Diego, where they had gone with a crowd of film people to see the opening of the exposition.

Chops were just being brought on when we heard a prodigious honking, followed by a joyous cowboy yell—E-e-e-e!—and Rosemary Theby burst into the room. She rushed over to her chum and hugged her. "I've got it!" she said. "The dandiest part! In 'Michael and His Lost Angels' with Conway Tearle;" she added that she was going to get a certain very tiny, very expensive wrist-watch that she had been wanting for some time. She had pulled off her hat and joined us at table, but she was too excited about her new part to think of anything else, even eating. After luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Dillon dropped in.

"By the way," said Mrs. Dillon, "is it true that Viola Dana is married to Ormer Locklear?"

"No!" the chums exclaimed together, and Teddy added, "It's only a press story."

It was at this psychological moment that many "feetsteps" were heard on the front porch.

"Who is there?" called Teddy.

"Mr. and Mrs. Locklear," came the answer, and the announcement was greeted with a storm of laughter.

It was not only "Mr. and Mrs. Locklear" who entered, but Anna Q. Nilsson as well. For a while the conversation turned on a little bit of everything. Miss Nilsson had to be congratulated by everybody on the exquisite work she did as Ruth in "The Luck of the Irish." Viola Dana told of how, that morning, she had called Maxwell Karger on the telephone and, when the girl in his office



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asked who was calling, had said "Mrs. Locklear" . . .

"They really are crazy over each other, aren't they?" some one whispered.

Still laughing, the crowd left to go to the field with Lieutenant Locklear and watch him take chances with his life that would make most people shudder to even think of. Fatalists—the right kind of fatalists—all of them, believing, with the fatalism of the young and successful, that what is to be, will be, and that it will be good.

I almost forgot to say that Teddy Sampson does not diet. On the contrary, she eats anything she likes and because she likes it, drinks milk with every meal and only weighs a hundred and nine pounds. Another thing, when two beautiful women have been chums for five years, you generally expect to find that one is a blonde and the other a brunette. In this case both are brunettes, and they get along together very nicely. Teddy Sampson is now making Supreme Comedies at the Christy studio. Some of her late pictures are "Her Novel Idea," "Room 222," "A Four-Cylinder Frame-Up," "Her Nearly Husband," "The Little Wife," "Our Honeymoon's Happy" and "Good-Night, Judge."

The Baby-Talk Lady

(*Continued from page* 19)

thinking done. That is not intended as a personal inference about any one. Of course, there are very real people in picturedom who do very real thinking—and lots of them. But it is a truth that the screen frequently creates a personality that may actually not exist. Sometimes this is accidental, sometimes deliberate.

"The other day a feminine interviewer dropped in to see me and she was genuinely surprised to find me, as she expressed it, a business-like tailor-made girl, when she had expected to discover me curled up fluffily upon a chaise longue with a box of candy. The films have created a certain sugary personality for me, giving me the mental status of Booth Tarkington's 'baby-talk lady' in his Billy Baxter stories."

We frankly admitted the injustice.

"I do not definitely know just what sort of rôles are mapped out for me," she went on, discussing her new Selznick starring contract. "I would like to do the sincere, close-to-life sort of drama, but I rather think I am to do piquant and frothy, Connie Talmadge sort of comedy. You see, it fits my cinema personality—and one must live up to one's film self."

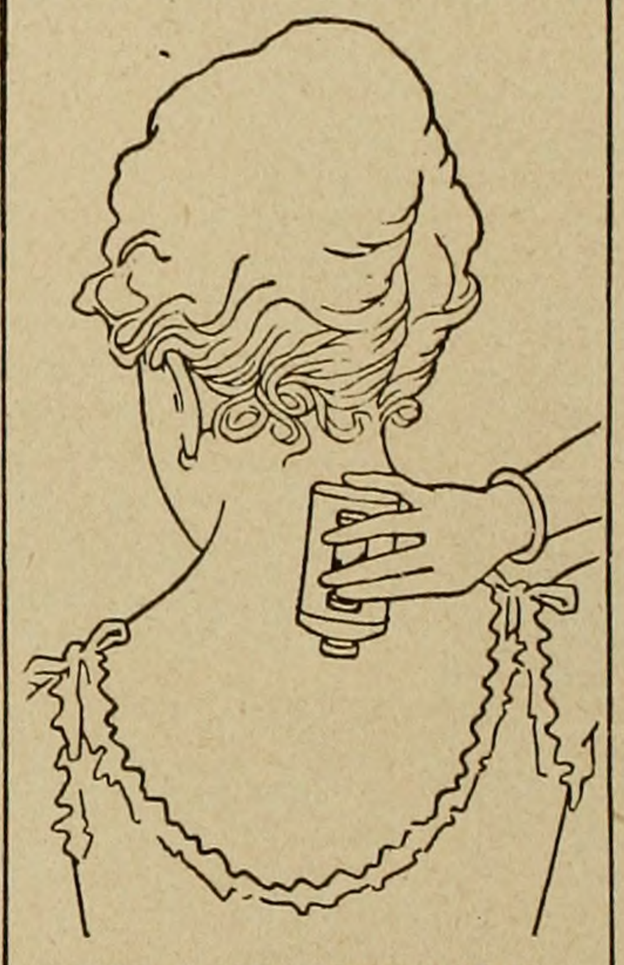
I NEVER HAD

By Betty Earle

I never had a friend like you
With all your loveliness,
And when you smile so trustingly
And all your face is close to me,
I hardly know what I should do—
Keep silent or confess.

Confessing love's a little queer
And sort o' strange, I guess.
One should not love a friend so dear
For all her loveliness;
But when you put your arm about
And swift my heart turns inside out—
I hardly know what I should do—
I never had a friend like you.

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From Shorthand to Stardom

(*Continued from page* 60)

intention of going on the stage if the managers would let me. Then I found my supply was cut off suddenly but efficiently. Now, of course, managers may admire ambition and that sort of thing, but they are slow to discover star stuff in a wan, starving actress, so it was 'Good-by, Liberty Bonds,' or 'Good-by, Career.' The bonds were an accumulation of birthday and Christmas gifts, and I hated to part with them, but I did, one by one. I couldn't take my time about finding an engagement, either, for Liberty Bonds, even the best intentioned ones, wont hold out forever. It was a race between the bonds and me—and I won," she concluded with a smile of triumph.

Her first engagement was with "Come On, Charlie," and Charlie came on for sixteen weeks. Then some one suggested pictures and Miss Taylor started the rounds of the studios. Her début on the screen was as a double for one of the Paramount stars. This was followed shortly by engagements with the World and Vitagraph and leads in "The Star Rover" and "The Return of Tarzan," and finally the step that was the turning point in her career, her selection to support William Farnum in "The Adventurer."

"Mr. Farnum gave me so many valuable suggestions and really brought me to Mr. Fox's notice," Miss Taylor said. "I feel that I owe this opportunity to him."

Next came the lead in "When New York Sleeps," in which she was working when I called upon her.

Of course, Washington's Birthday, Fourth of July and even Christmas come to Wilmington, Delaware, just as they do to other communities, but any one will tell you that the really big day of the year is when a Fox release brings Estelle to town. Then every seat in the theater is filled with a proud audience that boasts in no low whisper:

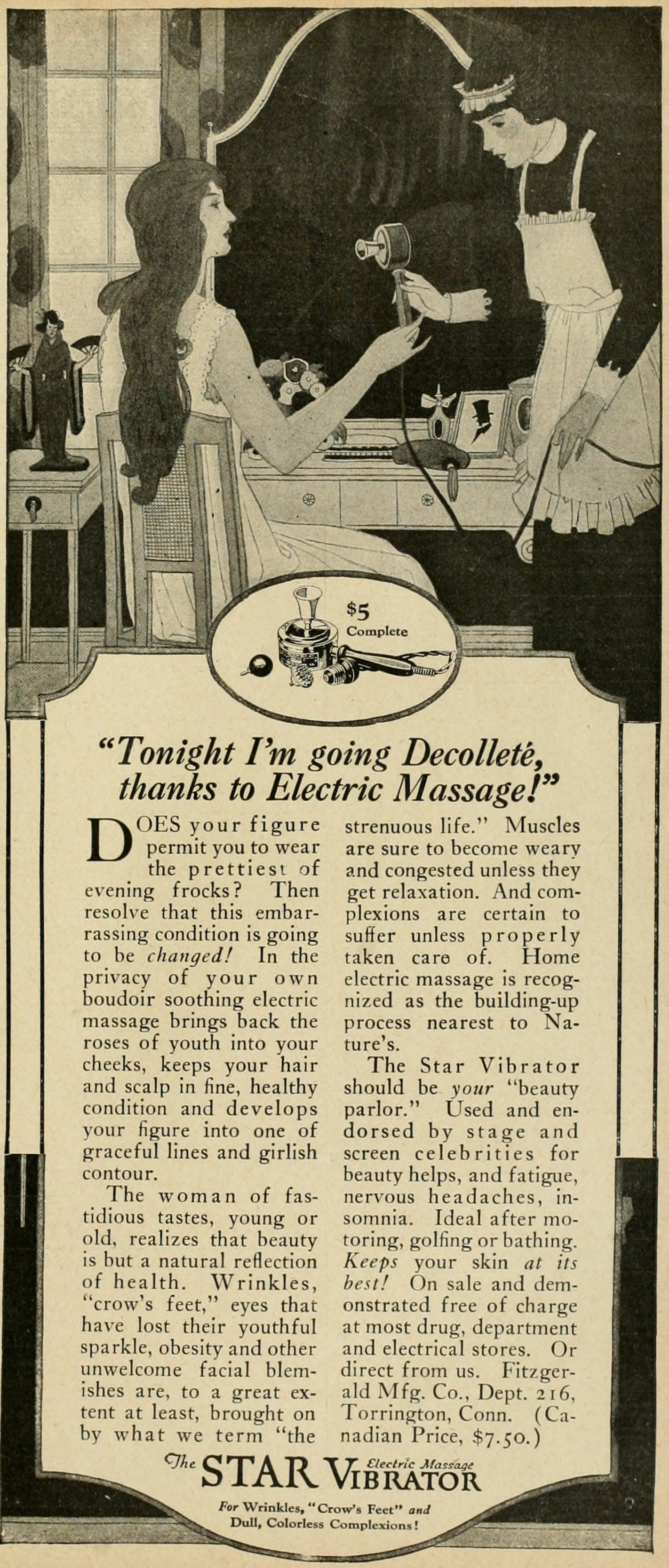
"I knew her when—"

MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA

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ROCHESTER.—You must have the eyes of Argus to see so many virtues in this department. William Farnum is playing in "The Orphan." Your three favorites among the men are Eugene O'Brien, Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Meighan, and among the girls, Norma and Constance Talmadge and Viola Dana. You choose well. Elaine Hammerstein remains with Selznick for seven more years.

IRISH.—Thank you, Irish. William Duncan played in "Smashing Barriers." Darrell Foss will play opposite May Allison in "Held in Trust," Metro. That's it. The eternal exclamation for man is, "I!" The eternal interrogatory for woman is, "He?" Write me again.



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High Lowe

(*Continued from page* 51)

undone things, lost opportunities, work or play foregone. I shall have a farm, I hope, the wide country about me. It will be a mild sort of fun. Why not?"

I said that I couldn't imagine it.

He said, "Why bother to? It comes. Take it easily. Bring on the next!"

I asked him, he seemed so serene, whether he was self-confident.

"Sufficiently so," he said; "too much is bad. Worse than too little."

"Isn't it indispensable," I inquired, "in your work? I always thought so."

"Too much is bad," he reiterated; "immediately we become self-confident to any set degree we cease to grow. We know it all. Our work stands still because we become rigid. We cannot be taught. We cannot absorb, and that is fatal. A great many in this profession and in others would still be lighting the skies if they had not become too much inflated in their own esteem . . . and blah! Self-confidence does not make for work. And work is the ingredient of success."

I asked him whether he liked his rôle in "The Son-Daughter."

I found that he did—for two reasons, chiefly; the wigs and Confucius. He had, it seemed, studied both. He evinced a great admiration for Confucius. If it had been a week-end instead of an hour's interview, I might have come away a Confucianist professed. Only lack of time and setting circumscribed the outpouring of the Confucian doctrine.

The wigs—the wigs he wears as the young prince in "The Son-Daughter"—were more easily explained, being visible. He handled them with reverent hands, showing how even the pseudo forehead is attached so that the blending may be super-perfect. He took a deep and loving pride in those wigs.

A day or so later I saw Mr. Lowe at a musical comedy. He was having a ripping sort of time. I thought of Confucius and the philosophy of acceptance, and smiled—corroboratively. He has, I reasoned further, the very fullest sense of the philosophy of acceptance—it embraces comedy as well as tragedy, age as well as youth, the movies as well as the stage, wigs, Confucius, good sherry and interviewers!

MEMORIALS

By Charlotte Becker

The songs men make today shall reach
  Eyes which they do not dream of yet,
And with sweet, haunting music teach
  Souls yet unborn life's alphabet.

Tho creeds may totter, grave beliefs,
  Like withered blossoms, fall away;
Tho beauties fade to ancient griefs
  And prophets change from day to day:

Tho wars may scourge the nation's marts
  And kings and kingdoms rise and fall,
Sheltered within a myriad hearts
  A lyric shall outlast them all.

"Some Boy, That Frenchman!"

(*Continued from page 22*)

Georges kept on fighting and winning until he became champion at every weight, from paper to heavy. As soon as he began to earn real money, he started to invest a large part of it in educating himself. When you talk to him you'll find out what an intelligent chap he is—Carpentier gone out for the day?—Gee, but that's luck for you! Come over to the studio tonight. They're going to stage a fight. No women allowed, but, then, you dont count."

"Thanks," I replied, as I took my departure.

If you want to get all the men together in one place, advertise a fight. Uncle Sam tried it and Robertson-Cole followed suit. When I arrived at Fort Lee that night, I found the huge Solax studio packed to the doors. Men suspended themselves from the roof, draped themselves over neighboring church steeples and supported themselves upon telegraph poles and telephone wires. Carpentier, the European champion, was to fight, and the dream fighters for miles around assembled for the event. Of course, it was only a moving picture bout in which Director Adolfi took pains to explain that the villain would be victorious for a few rounds and then Virtue, in the form of the hero, would triumph, and, whoof, we would see how champions really do it.

After a few moments' waiting, Carpentier entered the ring, and the great audience, from roof to telephone wires, stood on its feet and cheered. He was not my preconceived picture of a fighter as he stood there bowing his thanks. He was not the stage and screen idea of a Frenchman, either. Had he applied for an engagement in that rôle, many directors I know would have shaken their heads and exclaimed:

"Not the type, not the type! Nothing like it."

He is blond, decidedly so, with hair that seems to find no inducement to stray from the straight and narrow, with blue eyes, a very blue blue—so the publicity department informed me. I could not distinguish spots of color from my particular beam. When he removed his bathrobe and stood there in his fighting togs, an exclamation of envy and admiration went up from that assembly of men. Translated, it meant, "Some boy, that Frenchman!" In another instant, Director Adolfi blew the whistle and Georges started to fight. As the former had predicted, his opponent, Herbert Barratt, knocked him out in the first few rounds.

"Ah, this fight's fixed," a newcomer to my beam murmured in disgust.

Thru it all the champion was like a young race-horse straining to keep himself within bounds, longing for the signal to start in earnest. The wild feints he thrust at the air came thick and fast, and when it was Virtue's turn to triumph he made short work of the villain.

"Hang around," the publicity department advised, noting the adeptness with which I had clung to my beam. "Maybe you can catch him before he leaves."

So I hung, this time around the champion's dressing-room door. I saw stars of the ring pass over the threshold, and still I continued to hang. A few æons later a blond boy in a grey business suit appeared. I made a wild dash in his direction.

"Come, Georgette," the blond boy called, as I clutched the air.

I turned just in time to see an answering smile in the eyes of pretty Georgette Carpentier, who had come to this country, a bride, just a few weeks before, and, lo, the Carpentier family had disappeared somewhere in Fort Lee.

"Gus Wilson, his trainer, says you may talk to him at nine o'clock tomorrow morning at the Biltmore," the publicity department whispered in my ear.

We were there on the dot, the department and I.

"Tell me about Carpentier and the war," I suggested, while we were waiting for suite 120 to answer.

"He was in it for four years," the department answered. "He was fulfilling some fight contracts in England when it broke out. He hurried back to France and entered the air service. Of course, he started doing stunts immediately. He didn't win his medals, tho, as quickly as some chaps. The commander wanted to be sure there would be no room for an accusation of partiality to the young aviator, the favorite of France. One day he, the commander, was watching a fight away up in the sky between a French plane and two German planes.

"'When that fighter comes down—whoever he is,' he said, indicating the distant dot, 'we'll decorate him.'

"When the French plane landed he found that the dot was none other than Georges Carpentier.

"For about a year Georges was on sick leave and acted as physical instructor to the men in back of the lines.

"Word from suite 120. Mr. Carpentier will be sleeping until ten o'clock, then he must go out immediately. Otherwise, he would gladly see you. If you will return at six this evening——"

At six I was again at the Biltmore, armed with a letter from Robertson-Cole to prove that I had no designs upon the young fighter's life or upon the Biltmore's silverware. This time I succeeded in invading suite 120. From my position in the tiny outer reception-room I heard sport topics passed back and forth by male voices in the adjoining apartment. Presently Trainer Wilson and Manager DesCamps indicated that they were at my service. In the other room I could discern, "as thru a glass, darkly," young Georges reading the fight news. I threw a question into the air. It landed somewhere in the suite. Mr. Wilson caught it and translated it to Mr. DesCamps. He listened and then smiled. I waited. I tried again—the same result.

(*Continued on page 79*)



THE CELLULOID CRITIC'S SELECTION OF THE TEN BEST PHOTOPLAYS

1. "Cabiria."
2. "Judith of Bethulia."
3. "The Birth of a Nation."
4. "Intolerance."
5. "Broken Blossoms."
6. "The Miracle Man."
7. "The Gay Old Dog."
8. "Shoulder Arms."
9. "Revelation."
10. "Pollyanna."

(*Not in order of importance*)

THE CELLULOID CRITIC'S SELECTION OF THE TEN BEST BITS OF SCREEN ACTING

1. Henry Walthall in "The Birth of a Nation."
2. Mae Marsh in "The Birth of a Nation."
3. Nazimova in "Revelation."
4. Lillian Gish in "Broken Blossoms."
5. Richard Barthelmess in "Broken Blossoms."
6. Charlie Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms."
7. Dorothy Gish in "Hearts of the World."
8. Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."
9. Betty Compson in "The Miracle Man."
10. Mary Pickford in "Stella Maris."

The Screen Year in Review

(*Continued from page* 45)

The season's histrionic level has been singularly high. First of all, we place Betty Compson's superb playing of the greedy and sensuous Rose of "The Miracle Man," the underworld girl whose spirit finally awakens. Here was a vibrant and human portrayal worthy of the highest praise. Mary Pickford's dear and touching Pollyanna wrung our hearts. Shall we ever forget the moment when she steps from her wheel-chair and walks?

There were other admirable performances. John Cumberland's lonely and sacrificing Jimmy Dodd in "The Gay Old Dog" was splendid in its subtlety. Charles Ray invested a half-dozen inconsequential plays with life thru his matchless sincerity. Bert Lytell was excellent as the arch-cynic, Charles Steel, in "The Right of Way." John Barrymore contributed a flashing and haunting performance in the ghoulish "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Then, too, we might mention several of Thomas Meighan's characterizations. Striking, also, were Vera Gordon's lovable Jewish mother in "Humoresque"; poor little Clarine Seymour's piquant half-caste girl, rife with the love of life, in "The Idol Dancer"; Mae Murray's butterfly Russian in "On With the Dance'; Mae Busch's playing of the grisette in "The Devil's Passkey"; Myrtle Stedman's sincere Cherry Mellotte in "The Silver Horde"; Noah Beery's well-thought-out characterization of "The Sea Wolf"; Lon Chaney's remarkable character work in "The Miracle Man" and "Victory"; Gibson Gowland's primitive French-Canadian in "The Right of Way" and Lewis Stone's dual playing in "The River's End." Also we would add Hedda Hopper's playing in "The Man Who Lost Himself."

Probably the biggest individual advance of the year—at least in the item of popularity—was registered by Harold Lloyd, whose farces have hit a high average. Lloyd is rapidly overtaking Chaplin. Wallie Reid has been growing steadily in favor, now that he is devoting himself entirely to swift-moving comedy. Charles Ray has lifted himself to the acting leadership of the drama, this in the face of fearful vehicles. Richard Barthelmess is fast developing along the lines of romanticism—and he is now a star. Thomas Meighan made steady progress all year.

Of the feminine contingent, Clarine Seymour seemed most promising, just when death entered the field. Wanda Hawley, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and one or two other promising younger folk of the previous year already have their names in stellar electric lights. Constance Binney, to our way of thinking, bids fair to achieve limitless popularity if she guides her celluloid career carefully.

Here a few words about the cinema leaders are in order. Mary Pickford did her finest work since "Stella Maris" with "Pollyanna." Douglas Fairbanks is still young America's idol. Charles Chaplin did nothing in particular all year. Here is comic genius going to waste. Please, Mr. Chaplin, do something about Charlie! William S. Hart is still the reforming bad man. His nearest above-the-average vehicle was "Wagon Tracks," at least atmospheric of frontier days.

Norma Talmadge has had one namby-pamby character after another all year. Right now she should be at the zenith of her career. We repeat our words of last year with added emphasis. Miss Talmadge needs real dramatic material or—How long can she maintain her present popularity if she persists in milk-and-water vehicles? Nazimova has done nothing distinctive all year. Here is an instance of temperament running wild. We have well-nigh given up hope of ever seeing another "Revelation."

Now for specific comments upon the various releasing organizations:

Famous Players-Lasky still easily maintain far and away the best average in general workmanship. The once so popular Marguerite Clark seems to be voluntarily dropping from sight, having deliberately chosen retirement. Elsie Ferguson, sometimes lacking stories and other times failing to have sympathetic direction, has gone backward rather than ahead. Her best vehicle was "The Witness for the Defence," well done by George Fitzmaurice. Charlie Ray was steadily handed inane scripts, but he triumphed thru his own unique ability. Wallie Reid is at last getting the right sort of stuff. Dorothy Gish's bright and boisterous comedy methods did a lot to overcome fearful material. Dorothy Dalton continues her way thru hectic emotionalism, minus her old clinging appeal. Ethel Clayton is still the victim of the scenario department. Robert Warwick, no longer a F. P.-L. star, apparently failed to "get over." Violet Heming as yet has not established herself at all definitely. Bryant Washburn suddenly began to get good stories just before he left the fold. Another "Six Best Cellars" would have lifted him to the forefront of comedians. Mrs. Irene Castle still appears now and then.

Enid Bennett has somewhat improved, but at no time has she electrified in anything. The Maurice Tourneur productions have been interesting series of photographically beautiful tableaux — and nothing more. "Treasure Island" was his best, "Victory" his worst. The last completely missed the spirit of Conrad. Douglas MacLean got away in a flying start with "23½ Hours Leave" and hasn't equalled it since.

Metro—Every effort seems to have been made to put over Bert Lytell, who at first seemed rather light for the big material entrusted to him. But he justified their faith with "The Right of Way" and did very well with "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Metro believes it has a real find in Alice Lake. So far we pronounce her competent—and nothing more. Metro started the year by seeming on the verge of doing interesting things, but, with the entrance of new capital, the trend is now frankly towards melodrama. We certainly wish they would give better opportunities to May Allison. Viola Dana continues about the same. We have already commented anent Nazimova.

Selznick—A youthful battery of stars appearing in passable stories directed by less passable directors. Our chief interest in the forthcoming year centers in William Faversham's work under the direction of Hobart Henley and in what Louise Huff may do. The stolidly piquant Olive Thomas is apparently the most popular of the Selznick constellation, altho the powers-that-be there seem to expect big things of Elaine Hammerstein. We doubt it. Eugene O'Brien—my! my! Owen Moore—we like him better than we did last year.

First National—Of Norma we have spoken. Constance Talmadge continues along the line of thin-ice comedies, to which she lends a sparkle and verve.

(*Continued on page* 88)

"Some Boy, That Frenchman!"

(*Continued from page 77*)

Finally, I plunged desperately into the details furnished by the department. I repeated the story of the champion instructor's paying the boy's daily wages to Père Carpentier, only to learn that there was some mistake, that the latter had always cooperated in the boy's training. Another good human interest touch switched onto a busy line.

"Ask him about his bride, Madame Carpentier," I pleaded. "How, when and where did he meet her? Was it a childhood or a wartime romance? Was she——?"

But my "French in Twenty Lessons" was already repeating my question.

"He says he would rather not discuss his private life," was the answer.

"No, no, gentlemen; I appreciate the honor, but I really cant accept Mr. Carpentier's *croix de guerre* or his military medal. Yes, yes, I shall be delighted to drop in at the Carpentier Villa, Lens, France, for lunch some morning the Big Chief can spare me from the office."

With that I cast another lingering look at the blond back of George's blond head and exited with the other members of the chorus, smiling.

The Turning Point

(*Continued from page 49*)

has brown hair and grey eyes, while her complexion is fair.

Good-looking enough to cause a flutter among the feminine contestants is George Sheldon Smith, of 5612 Fountain Avenue, Hollywood, California. George has had some stock experience and has played small bits in pictures. He has black hair, brown eyes and olive complexion.

Ella Guerite Maxwell, of 22 E. 48th Street, New York City, is a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, with black hair, blue eyes and very fair complexion.

Madeleine M. Glass, Box 532, Toronto, Canada, has had a small amount of stock and film experience. She is a very pretty blonde with dark-blue eyes.

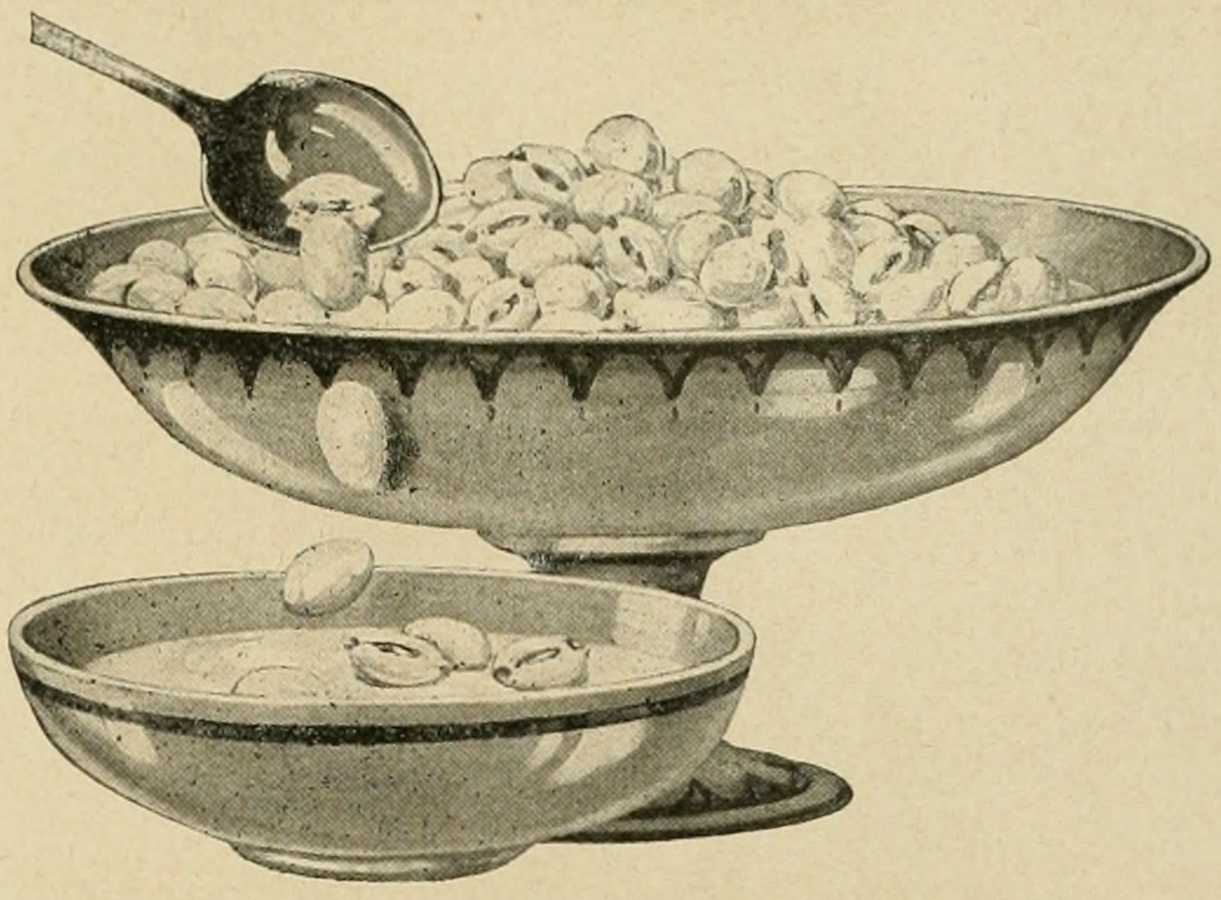
A Swedish beauty now living at 50 Cathedral Place, New York City, is Jean Selkird. Miss Selkird has had some vaudeville experience. Her hair is a natural golden blonde, her eyes are dark blue and her complexion is fair.

THE MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA

ELIZABETH R., WASH.—You ask if Olga Petrova ever played on the screen with Richard Barthelmess. They both appeared in the opening scene of "A Dream of Fair Women." That's all. Madame Petrova is expected back in pictures. We hope she comes back.

CANADIAN ADMIRER.—You say you like the CLASSIC better than the MAGAZINE because we have had Blanche Sweet, Grace Cunard and Mabel Normand on the cover. You want Grace Cunard back in a serial. She is playing in a two-reel western. Remember how she could ride a horse? So you think Chaplin ought to change his make-up now. I dont know. Easter Walters was Hilda in "The Tiger's Trail."

ROSE S. BREMERTON.—You are right, my mistake. I stand corrected. Thanks for all the good things you say about me.



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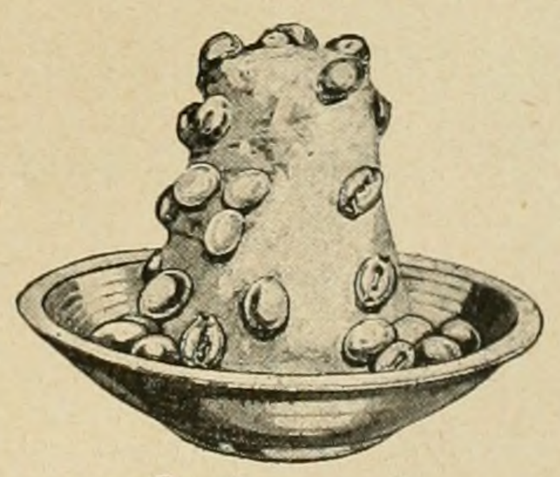
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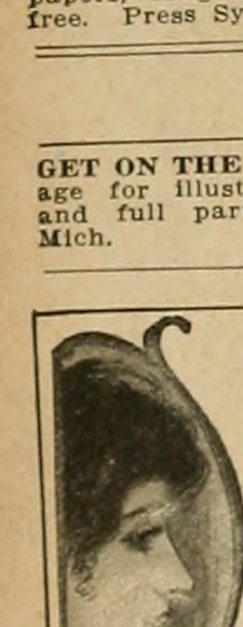
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The Low-Brow Playwright Speaks

(*Continued from page* 26)

I did not know a continuity from a fishing-pole.

"I foresee the steady lessening of the director's importance and the steady ascendency of the author. Of course, these writers must learn the technical details of scenario building. It will not be necessary for him to work out a complete continuity, but he should be able to take the finished script and point out every weakness.

"The successful dramatist can quickly master this. What director except the two or three leaders, perhaps—knows more of audience psychology than James Forbes or Winchell Smith. The technique of laughter, for instance, is just the same on the screen, depending upon the sudden turn from grave to gay, or the funnily developed situation.

"Stage farces do not adapt to the films for the reason that they are too fast. The screen demands a simple story without involved characters. On the other hand, the success of a footlight farce depends upon swift movement, the ramifications of plot and clever dialog or characterization. The most valuable stage laugh comes from a quirk of character.

"In the films there seems to be no time to develop characterization. Just as in a rapidly moving stage melodrama, there is no time for sidelights, character phrasing or tricks of manner.

"To my way of thinking, one of the two greatest weaknesses of the present-day photoplay is the lack of clearness of characterization. No one seems to have thought it necessary. Of course, the brevity of a photoplay makes this difficult. But it is becoming steadily more necessary. The plays that live on the screen are the ones possessing clear-cut characterizations.

"You know the fundamental question that the scenarist must ask himself is the same that the playwright puts to himself, 'Will they believe it?' Both of them must lay their story foundations so that the audience will travel with the characters, feeling their emotions and reactions. Then the audience will believe. The only way to achieve this is by clearly drawn characterizations, so human that folk out front will say, 'Why, I know him!'

"The other great weakness of the 1920 photoplay is the slowing up of the story thru close-ups and unnecessary shots. The close-up should be used rarely—only to accent. I know the close-up is the safeguard of the incompetent director, for the cutting man can use it to bridge over all sorts of slips and gaps. I also know that stars 'demand' close-ups. But stars are not so awfully important in the films nowadays and they are steadily growing less important. I know a lot of players will resent that statement, but I believe it."

Mr. Veiller does not think that the thought picture will ever be popular. "Where is the audience for the thought

drama in our spoken theater? I honestly believe a good play has very small chance of success in America. The success this season and last of such plays as 'Abraham Lincoln,' 'John Ferguson' and 'Jane Clegg' I attribute to the American reaction against the conventional stage piece. Americans are not mentally suited for the propaganda or slow-moving psychoanalysis stage drama. It is possible abroad—in older countries—but here the theater is a thing of amusement and not of education. If our playgoers complain, they have but themselves to blame. Today there is plainly no definite place for the intellectual drama in this country. Some excellent plays have succeeded in New York. But what happens when they start out from the metropolis? 'John Ferguson' wilted away after a couple of weeks in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

"No, I am sure the theater is just an amusement for Americans. I believe the same thing is absolutely true of the screen. But, of course, I am a very low-brow person. To me the ideal motion picture play—or spoken drama—is one possessing a measure of beauty and speed with a consistently told story."

Mr. Veiller discussed the widely expressed fear that the screen is gripping the stage and sapping its vitality, thru the fact that stage producers are now only presenting plays which they can sell to the screen. This, they reason, will turn the stage into a sort of foundry for melodramas adaptable to the films. Mr. Veiller disposes of this fear briefly.

"There is no question that the average stage producer can now operate without a single possibility of loss entering into his calculations," he says. "If a play fails on Broadway, he can sell it to the screen for at least the amount he lost upon it in footlight form. On the other hand, if it succeeds, he can sell it for a high price, even as much as $100,000.

"But, remember, if stage producers present only plays of a certain movie mold, they will quickly court failure on the spoken stage. No sane-minded manager is going to do that. He will produce the thing that will succeed behind the footlights, knowing that the films will take it for a high price and adapt it anyway."

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"Love, love,"
The dove
Did coo—
We two!

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All fled,
Seems dead
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And grey.
"Grief, grief,"
Each leaf
Doth sigh,
As I
Lie prone,
Alone!

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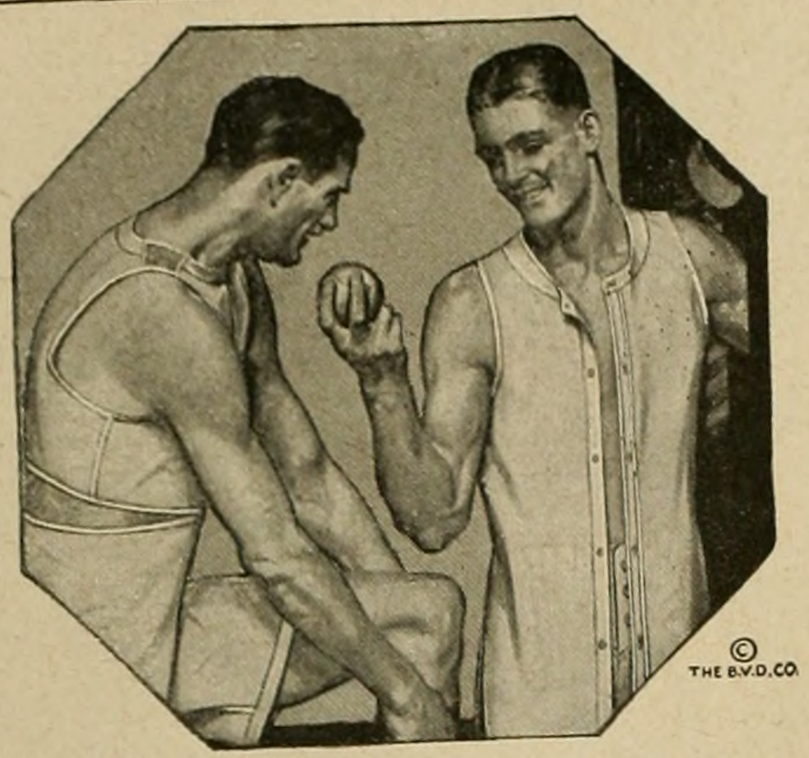
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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(*Continued from page 62*)

play, "A Successful Calamity." In addition, he has loaned his wife, Florence Vidor, to Thomas H. Ince to play opposite Lewis Stone in "Beau Revel." And there have been persistent rumors that Vidor is to do that high-speed comedy of Winchell Smith and John Golden, "Turn to the Right." Which, considering that Vidor has pledged himself to manufacture only four film dramas a year, is bound to keep him more or less actively engaged.

Another famous stage success that has been photo-ized is "The New Henrietta," and William H. Crane was selected by Metro as the logical star. The famous actor is now wed to picture-making and has finished a second production, called "The Saphead." And, by the way, May Allison's first appearance on the screen was in the Famous Players production of "David Harum" with Mr. Crane. Now she's a first-magnitude star and Mr. Crane is working on the same lot with her. You simply ought to see them eating lunch together in the studio caféteria!

But what has created more public interest perhaps than anything else happening lately in the film colony was the contest conducted by Thomas H. Ince in conjunction with a local newspaper. The idea, as worked out, was to secure new types for the Ince pictures—to have readers of the daily appear at the studio for screen tests. Ten persons were selected. Ince has said that he will give them the fateful opportunity before the camera. Whether or not they make stars remains to be seen, but the entire scheme occupied so much space in the newspaper that even blasé, movie-saturated Los Angeles sat up and took notice.

And speaking of Ince reminds me that the co-star team of Douglas MacLean and Doris May have split professionally. MacLean is now starring in his own right, and I haven't been able to find out what Miss May is going to do. At any rate, Mac's initial starring vehicle is a yarn to be known as "The Yancona Yollies," which has something to do with barnyards, country life and fancy chickens.

And Maurice Tourneur has a new leading lady—Barbara Bedford. Miss Bedford is a delightful, wholesome sort of girl, who looks so much like Priscilla Dean that she is continually being mistaken for "The Virgin of Stamboul" heroine. Whereby hangs a tale. For months she was an "extra" on the Universal lot. She wandered over to the Tourneur set to watch the exotic Frenchman direct. He liked her intelligent looks, made a screen test of her, signed her for three years and now the publicity man is working overtime to get her picture into the papers. Such is the leap to stardom—and such, may I add, is the good fortune of but one of about every twenty thousand screen honor aspirants.

The Motion Picture Magazine

Every person thruout the country, who is at all interested in the movies, will rejoice over the September issue of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

It exceeds each previous issue in a great many respects. It has a larger number of interesting stories; it carries the most beautiful photographs of the stars ever published; it furnishes a news interest about the players that will delight the reader,—in short, it will mark an epoch in its own interesting history.

You will laugh over the funny interview that Gladys Hall had with Connie Talmadge not so long ago.

You will be thrilled at the intimate biography which Ethel Roseman writes of William Farnum.

You will admire the new photographs, and become very interested in the history of Marion Davies as written by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

James Fredericks has interviewed Hobart Henley, the director who now stands in the foremost rank of directors.

The popular vampire, Louise Glaum, has been interviewed by Betsy Bruce.

The novelizations are of the best pictures of the month; the photographs are the most artistic that can be obtained.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Bill Hart's Dream Home

(*Continued from page* 47)

contentedly grazing over those pastures.

"Being practical, I am making an exhaustive study of irrigation as the means to the end of realizing all this. I love Dakota, the land of my boyhood, but the long, cruel winters cause so much suffering among the cattle, I couldn't stand that, so I am turning my eyes toward the Southwest. Here the one difficulty is lack of water, but irrigation solves that."

"And it must be cattle?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, absolutely; that is part of the big 'dream.' There is just one drawback to that business, tho," and the serious eyes looked squarely into mine. "I know very well that when I have watched a herd of cattle grow until they have become splendid specimens of beef—that I will never be able to part with them—to think of having them killed," and the big-hearted man laughed a little ruefully.

"Seriously, will you ever be able to give up motion pictures?" My question was prompted by a glance around the little study, which bore silent witness to the many triumphs of this film idol who has blazed an artistic trail by establishing a true type of Western character. He has portrayed the rugged life of a dramatic period of the country's development which is now fast disappearing, and thereby causing his pictures, those splendid pictorial studies, to be viewed in the light of historical episodes.

"Absolutely," and Mr. Hart's reply was emphatic. "Not that I do not appreciate them; in fact, that is the very reason I am giving them up. When a man has put every ounce of energy, every thought center into his work for over twenty years, you must realize that he cannot keep it up forever—I'm going to quit while the quitting is good. This is not alone for my own benefit, but for the very thing I try to represent—the virile West. If I were to let up in my efforts, that which has been my life work would suffer, and I know nature too well not to know that it will demand a price.

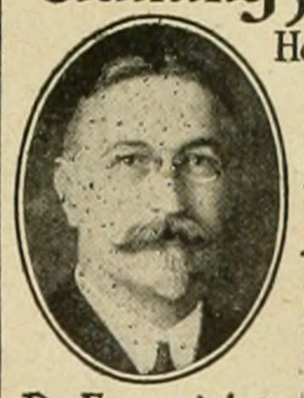
"There will be many interests to fill my time. Probably Sister Mary and I shall both write. She is such a very wonderful woman. Her well-trained mind has the keenest sense of dramatic values. I have always considered her my best critic, confident that she really *knew*. We're great pals, too," and he beamed upon the portrait above his desk.

So William Hart is cheerfully planning a future—with his dream ranch—a desert waste reclaimed thru irrigation—his *real* home—his herds of cattle—and his pen!

THE MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA

VIOLET FEATHERS.—You have a wrong idea of me. Words are but shadows, and one cannot tell whether a man is black or white from his shadow. The Answer Man you refer to is not an old man at all, but a young lady. I would not thus give away on her if her department was not deliberately copied after mine. Oh yes, I am living in my hall room as peaceful as ever. These rent profiteers cant touch me. Billie Burke will play in "A School for Scandal" next season on the stage.

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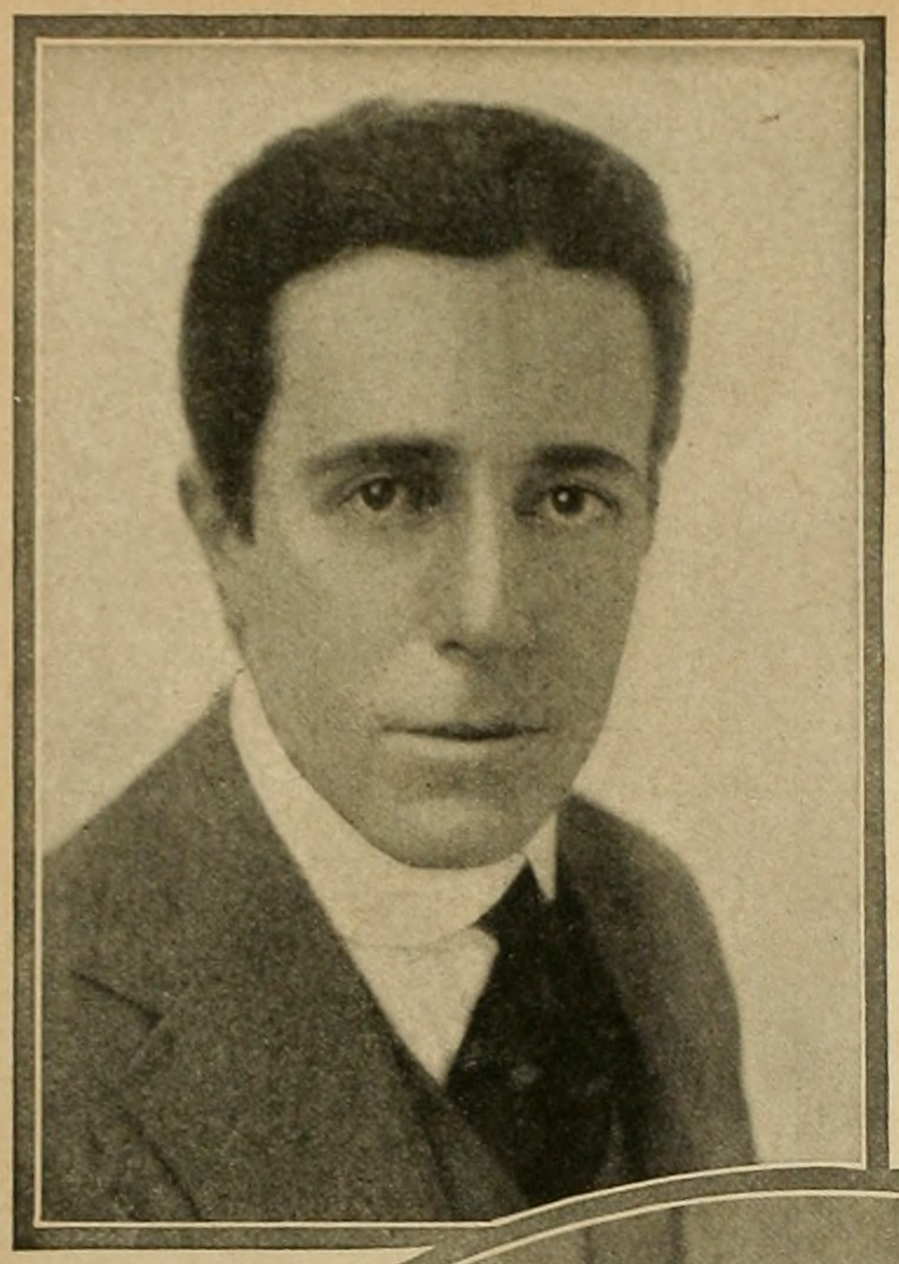
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Chet Withey: Builder of Romance

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tic searchings of the Chatham, is heard to observe plaintively that she had 'phoned Mr. Withey at Mamaroneck *eight* times that very day. She hadn't been able to reach him any one of the eight times, but then . . . Responsively, the patient interviewer with the Christian martyr air is heard to reply that she might have expected this sort of thing from a *star* . . . but from a *director* . . . She concludes, with a sigh, that she supposed he has temperament. The P. A. remarks that she never would have *thought* it, he has always *acted* so normal . . . but then . . .

At about nine-thirty, rather limp, the P. A. and the interviewer drift into the dining-room. Disconsolately, they order scallops, the while the P. A., with grim intent, supplies the interviewer with some sort of article by Director Withey on the dignity of the films. Between scallops, the interviewer perused the dignified article on the subject of dignity. And between reiterated trips to the 'phone booth the wild-eyed P. A. supplied fragmentary bits of informative knowledge anent Mr. Withey.

"At present," she said, "he is directing 'Romance,' with Doris Keane. He is most enthusiastic

(*Continued on page* 86)



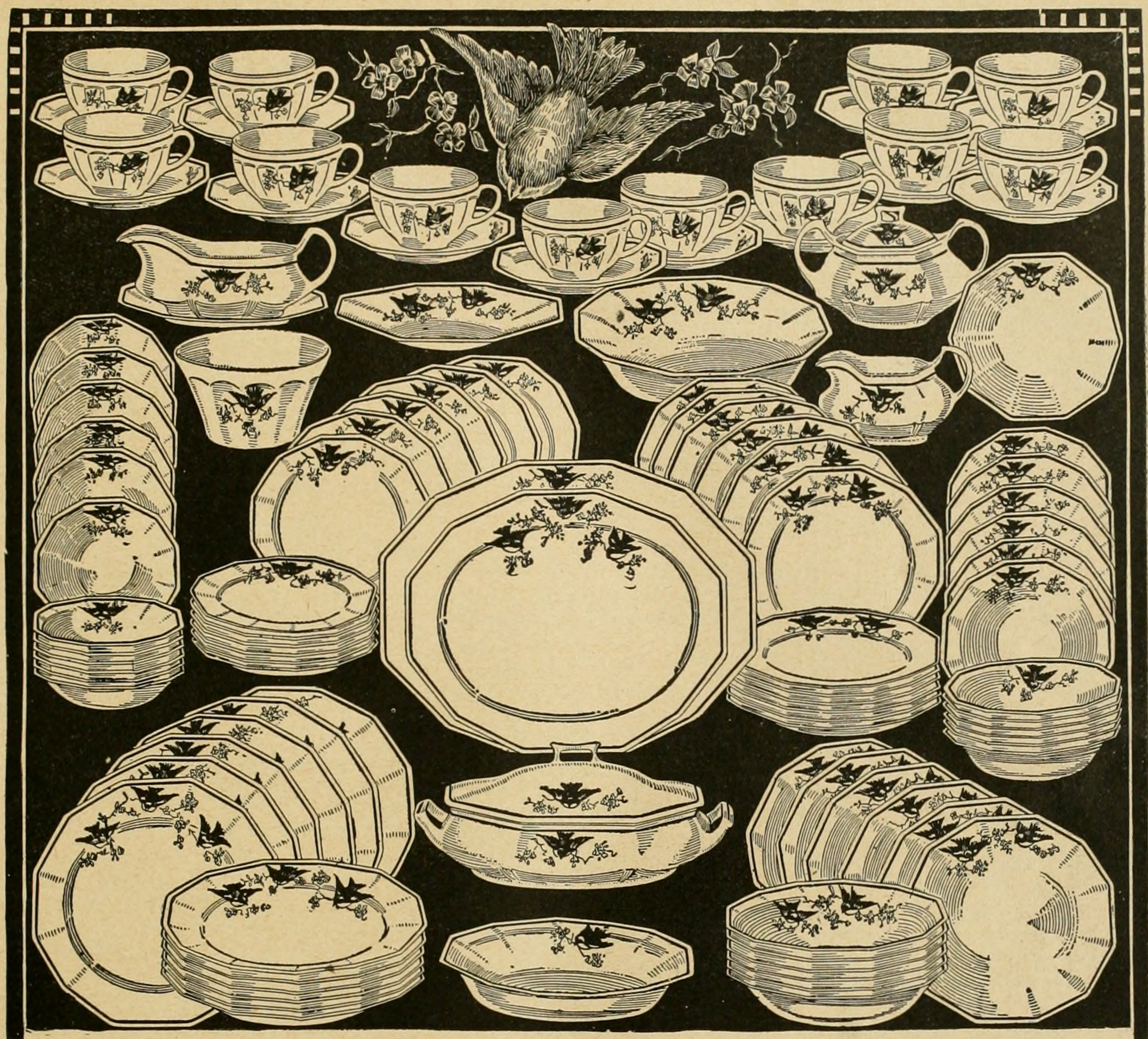
Chet Withey began his career as an actor, usually playing villains, then he began to write photoplays and play in them. He did this for two years at the Griffith studio in Hollywood, and there his loyalty and real ability came to the fore, and direction was the inevitable next step. Above, Mr. Withey, himself. Center, directing Doris Keane in "Romance," and, below, going over the script with Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle in "She Loves and Lies"



We hesitated for some time as to whether the following had best be narrated to a gaping and incredulous public in the form of a one-act play, a treatise, a diary, a lamentation or a psalm. In any of these directions there were possibilities apparent.

The time was eight-thirty of a mild evening in early April. The place was the lobby of the Hotel Chatham, and the characters participating, or *supposed* to be participating, were a wild-eyed P. A., an interviewer with a patient smile and the general attitude of I-am-used-to-this-sort-of-thing, and a young and rising director conspicuous by his absence.

The wild-eyed P. A., in between fran-



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Look the facts in the face—take stock of yourself—and then take steps to get rid of the Old Man of the Sea who is slowly but surely forcing you into the discard. You can do it, **if you will only realize your condition AND ACT.**

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..Deformity (describe)	..Weaknesses	

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

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

Chet Withey, Builder of Romance

(*Continued from page* 84)

over this and over Miss Keane. He began, you know, as an actor, usually playing villains, but once, he tells this with great pride, playing the rôle of a Father Superior of the Franciscan Order. Then he began to write photoplays and play in them. He did this for two years at the Griffith Hollywood studio, and there his loyalty and his real ability came to the fore, as such things do, and direction was the inevitable next step."

The phrase "next step" then suggested the 'phone booth again to the P. A., and when she returned it was with a beatified countenance to inform me that she had "got" him and that he would be right over. "He has an apartment in town, you see," she explained, "besides his home in Westchester. It's only around the corner. He'll be here at once."

What with the record just partially supplied me and the dignified article, *et al.*, I expected a reverend person with many theories and *much* demeanor . . . Well . . . !

Before the arrival, however, (which, by the way, was *not* "at once"), I gleaned the further arresting knowledge that Mr. Withey co-authored with Roy Summerville in writing "The Devil's Needle," featuring Norma Talmadge and Tully Marshall; that he directed "The Old Folks at Home," starring Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree; also "On the Quiet," with John Barrymore, and "She Loves and Lies," another Norma Talmadge release. "He just keeps rising," supplied, informatively, the persistent P. A.

"Yes," assented the fortified interviewer.

It seems that he *does* keep rising.

He had just arisen from bed.

"I suppose I should have a story ready," observed Mr. Withey, with a touch of sardonicism, subsiding into the vacant chair and ordering beef and salad and coffee with considerable gusto; "I suppose I should be ready with the glib recital of the woes of a director, the many appointments, the endless details accounting for my delay. I know that I owe an apology. I make one. However, I am naturally veracious, and I am bound to state that I fell asleep and was getting along quite nicely when Miss Livingstone here called me up."

(Sickly smile from Miss Livingstone.)

"Or you might have put it down to temperament," I suggested; "that covers a multitude of things."

"But I *have* none," objected Mr. Withey, rumpling his rather belligerent-looking shock of hair; "I have none. I was just asleep." He added, "I still am."

"Promising field for an interview," I said, hopefully.

"Not at all," he remarked, agreeably. "We'll just *sit* tonight. Interview some other time." Hence, I, too, being veracious, feel bound to remark that this is *not* Mr. Chet Withey's idea of an interview.

However, being conscientious, and having come all the way from far Long Island for the express purpose of the interview, I was not to be wholly gainsaid. Still, it was difficult, with a humorously ironical person, fresh from a profound slumber, eating a young and healthy meal, wholly undisturbed. I bethought me of the dignity of the "fillum," as expounded by himself. Here, I thought, is a line.

"What," I suggested, hopefully, "would you suggest to further uplift the dignity of the screen?"

"My resignation," he said, promptly.

Later on, going to the Long Island station in Mr. Withey's car, there was a word or two exchanged.

We had been talking about the recent attack on the screen by George Jean Nathan in a current issue of *Smart Set.* Said Mr. Withey, with the vein of light sardonicism that flicks without cutting thruout his entire talk, "Of course, Mr. Nathan is bigger than the whole of the motion picture industry. This being the case, why not agree with him and let it go at that?"

Speaking in a graver tone, he said, "Part of the attack is quite doubtless true. There is the trite saying about the good and the bad in all things. The screen is too tremendous to escape its share of dross. However, the worst thing in the world is destructive criticism. To my mind, there is no such thing. If criticism *is* destructive, then it is *not* criticism. We cannot tear down unless we can build up a better, a different thing, in replacement."

I asked him if he felt the worth-whileness of the thing he was doing.

He said, "Absolutely. More, it is the *only* thing I could do. I feel with the pictures something like what an architect, or one of a group of architects, must feel with some tremendous building. We can only do our little part, day by day, week by week, the best and the finest we know how. Then we, in our turn, must give way to another shift of workers to carry on our yet unfinished task. One man can only be a part of so gigantic an enterprise, an art, but each man, in his appointed place, can give his uttermost, as he sees it. That is what I am trying to do."

If it had not been for the sardonicism, the nicely tempered humor, the semi-mocking, semi-kindly touch of comprehension, I would have been moved to remark what a *worthy* young man . . . I felt that that would not quite apply . . . still, on the other hand, what *would* . . . so many things. I felt that to Mr. Withey no one attribute could be appended with conclusion. Like and *with* life he keeps growing and growing and will not stay labeled . . . obviously, this will have to be a case of a series of consecutive talks that we may keep apace.

Marooned Hearts

(*Continued from page* 56)

should believe that he deliberately shirked his duty for a moment's pleasure. Anger that they should dare to believe such a thing of him prompted his reply. "No! I have nothing to say." And then he remembered Marion, Marion's wretched selfishness—and the fact that Marion must be protected from her own act. Quixotic? Yes, but Paul Carrington was not the man to hide behind a woman's skirts. And so he sat silent until all but the old doctor who had loved him had gone.

"Paul! I cant believe it of you! You dont realize what this means!"

"I realize, all right." The young surgeon thrust his thumbs down in a significant gesture. "I'm done for—here. I shall go away, as far away as a ship will carry me"—his grey face quivered with ghastly mirth—"where society will no longer tempt me. To the Jarvis Islands, probably, where I shall go on with my experiments on gland tissues—I shall simply disappear—alone."

An orderly stood hesitant in the doorway. "Beg pardon, Dr. Carrington, but Miss Ainsworth is calling you. She says it's very important."

With a hard look in his grey eyes that gave them the gleam of one of the steel knives in the case, Paul Carrington replied, "Tell the lady that I am occupied," he spoke deliberately; "tell her that I expect to be occupied whenever she calls."

The world's memory is short—luckily, for most of us. A day's wonder, a night's gossiping, and it turns to some other, fresher happening. It wishes only the very latest thing in broken hearts. At the end of a twelvemonth only a few people so much as remembered that there had been a promising young surgeon named Carrington, whose career had been untimely ruined by an unfortunate scandal.

Dr. Matthews was one of those who remembered. Sometimes, as he bent over a particularly desperate operation, the thought would flash to his brain of the slender, steel-strong fingers that had dropped their tools so recklessly. "But there was more to it than we knew," he insisted stubbornly, when other doctors sneered at the "Society Sawbones," "and he'll redeem himself yet—if he's still alive."

If he was still alive! It was this thought that beat at Marion Ainsworth's brain like pounding fists, and made her look, as her dear friends whispered among themselves, positively haggard. "If she doesn't marry soon, she will not be able to make a decent match," they murmured, "but I think her mother will be able to land Bob Carter."

It was wholly due to the silent, incessant pressure of Mrs. Ainsworth's will, with its hurtful impact on her bruised spirit, that Marion finally consented to become engaged to young Carter, a pleasantly wealthy, averagely personable

(*Continued on page* 91)



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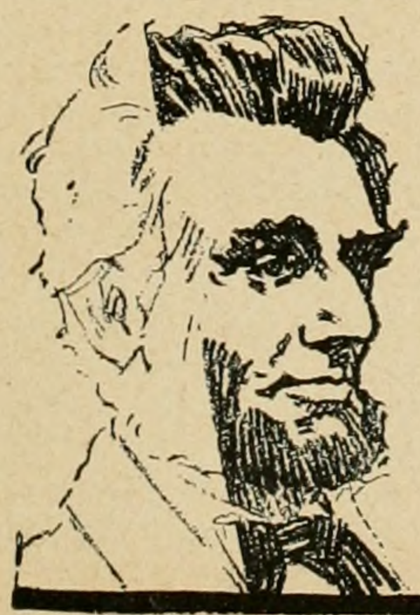
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The Screen Year in Review

(*Continued from page 78*)

She's doing nicely, thank you. Anita Stewart seems to slip more and more with each production. Micky Neilan's productions fluctuated, from the well-sustained Arctic Circle melodrama, "The River's End," to the awful farce, "Please Dont Marry." We have commented elsewhere upon other First National stars and productions.

Goldwyn—Radical changes are going on here. Of all the "eminent author" stuff emanating from these studios, we like the Rex Beach productions best. Gerry Farrar and Pauline Frederick have ceased to be Goldwyners. Tom Moore, Madge Kennedy and Mabel Normand continue uneventfully. Jack Pickford is spending money lavishly but without particular effect. Goldwyn is wasting Will Rogers in conventional melodramas. Give him a chance, as in "Jubilo," and watch him burn up the road. Going back to the trio we just mentioned, Tom Moore is slightly bettering his average of 1919. Miss Normand is retrograding. The early "Edgar" short juvenile comedies of Booth Tarkington's promise something delightful.

Vitagraph—Wont somebody do something about stories and directors there? Vitagraph apparently refuses to believe that the photoplay has advanced since 1915. Alice Joyce and Corinne Griffith continue to be wasted in features and Tony Moreno, the most picturesque of all male film stars, is buried in serials. They allowed the promising Gladys Leslie to depart after manhandling her career. Earle Williams and Harry Morey are still present. Vitagraph certainly needs a far-seeing and vigorous directorial hand to lead it out of its cobwebby retreat.

Pathé—Serials seem to be the *piece de resistance* here as before. We pass on hastily, for our endurance balks at serials. The best things on the Pathé program have been the Harold Lloyd farces and Mrs. Drew's comedies, vastly dissimilar, but each admirable in its individual field. We have spoken anent "The Gay Old Dog." Blanche Sweet is waning.

Fox—We hear that changes are under way here and that the trend will be away from melodrama. Pearl White's first Fox features have not yet been released. Shake-ups have been regular events until apparently only a star or two remain.

Robertson-Cole — This organization seems to be handicapped by various things, including a difficulty in getting into the leading theaters. Sessue Hayakawa is easily its ablest star.

Cosmopolitan—All interest is centered in Marion Davies. Which makes us realize just how difficult—or shall we say impossible?—it is to manufacture a star. Alma Rubens has had little opportunity thus far.

Universal—Erich Von Stroheim's productions are the biggest factors by all odds. The one other big "U" production, "The Virgin of Stamboul," will make lots of money, but it is inconsequential from a literary or directorial standpoint. We fail to see Priscilla Dean. Of the numerous other "U" stars we cannot talk authoritatively.

United—The stellar fever seems to be breaking up the Griffith family. Lillian Gish is going a-starring. Bobbie Harron and Dick Barthelmess are becoming stars. Who will be the Griffith players of the coming year? Other United stars and productions are mentioned elsewhere.

Hodkinson—As presented in "Sex" and other vehicles, Louise Glaum is not the seductive siren of Triangle days. Doris Kenyon is pretty and pleasant to look upon. J. Warren Kerrigan is quite the same, altho practically minus popular interest.

Realart—We are betting on Constance Binney. Mary Miles Minter is doing her best, but she will never approach Mary Pickford. That's definite. Alice Brady is a plugger. Allan Dwan's productions have been workmanlike, but not meteoric anywhere.

Many screen stars seem to have been absent most of the year. Theda Bara has been devoting herself to stage work. So has Alice Brady. Dorothy Phillips has done nothing since leaving Universal. Mae Marsh is back before the Cooper-Hewitts, but her first vehicle is yet to be released. The same refers to Bessie Love.

We pause to consider film farce. We have been noting our enthusiasm regarding Harold Lloyd. "Fatty" Arbuckle has been improving. The Sennett comedies continue along their own way. Charles Murray stirs our risibilities as possibly no else does. And there's no two ways of looking at Ben Turpin's natural comedy. The Christie comedies are ambitious but purposeless. And William Fox's Sunshine comedies—ye gods! Words fail us!

The Celluloid Critic
The Month's Photoplays in Review

By Frederick James Smith

"Romance," (United Artists), Chet Withey's screen adaptation of Edward Sheldon's drama, appealed to us strongly. To our way of thinking, Mr. Sheldon penned one of the most noteworthy love plays of the last two or three decades when he wrote this vibrant story of Rita Cavallini, the gay little opera diva, and Tom Armstrong, the young rector of St. Giles in New York's picturesque sixties.

We can understand where "Romance" may fail to completely capture or hold the average audience. Mr. Withey and the scenarist, Will Hastings, lacking physical action, have played too much upon the one string of passionate emotionalism. It is possible to do this behind the footlights, where dialog vivifies and personalities lend variety and color. A great film director might well be able to plumb the emotional and mental depths—but Mr. Withey is not yet a great director. Frequently in "Romance" he slips into the obviously theatric. But let us give him credit for facing unusual difficulties in making "Romance."

To our way of thinking, the screen version of Mr. Sheldon's drama succeeds because of the basic strength of the story—the vivisection of human passion with an uncannily searching and sympathetic eye. We admit that the celluloid "Romance" stirred us and held us, despite its film limitations. Yet we did miss the superb Sheldon dialog.

As, for instance, the diva's pagan definition of love: "I tell you what love is! Love is de 'unger for anoder's flesh—a deep-down t'irst to dreenk anoder's blood—Love is a beast dat feed all t'ru de night an' vhen de morning come—Love dies!"

And again: "Yesterday—it is a dream ve 'ave forget. Tomorrow—jus' de 'ope of some great 'appiness—some joy dat never come! Before, behin', all clouds an' stars an' shadow—nodings, nodings is real—only de leetle meenute dat we call today!"

We tremendously admire Doris Keane's performance as Cavallini. She has been extremely well handled photographically, via soft focus, careful posing and so on. The diva—this "gleaming little hummingbird," with her bewitching mannerisms and her infinite charm—is a superb rôle, and Miss Keane makes her live on the silversheet almost as effectively as she has been doing for some years on the stage. We neither liked nor disliked Basil Sydney's playing of the impassioned Tom Armstrong, but we found Norman Trevor's portrayal of the worldly and understanding Cornelius Van Tuyl to be most praiseworthy.

How we regret that Griffith did not make "Romance"!

Erich Von Stroheim has duplicated his adroitly built story of intrigue in the Alps, "Blind Husbands," with another screen story study in intrigue, this time in picturesque Paris at lilac-time. Mr. Von Stroheim calls his newest contribution "The Devil's Passkey," (Universal).

The present tale, written by the Baroness de Meyer and the director himself, revolves around the extravagant wife of a moderately well-to-do American playwright residing in Paris. The woman falls into the meshes of a fashionable dressmaker, one Renee Malot, who lives upon the weaknesses of her sex. When the bills reach huge proportions, Mme. Malot suggests an interesting American, an army captain, as the solution of the financial difficulties. The modiste, it seems, maintains a *de luxe* suite of rooms where such difficulties are adjusted. However, nothing wrong ensues, altho the story gets into a Parisian scandal weekly and—here is the dramatic twist—the playwriting husband hits upon it as a promising plot. His play scores, while all Paris laughs at his innocent use of scandal about his own wife. The whole thing narrowly misses tragedy

(*Continued on page 96*)

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Wallace Reid	Norma Talmadge	Madge Kennedy
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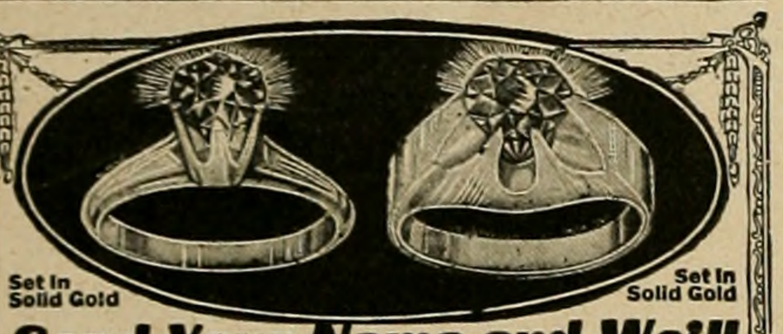
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Gossip of the Eastern Studios

"The Griffith studio family seems to be breaking up," began the Gossip, as he leaned back in his porch chair and studied the summer moon; "Lillian Gish is to be starred by the Frohman Amusement Corporation at $4,500 a week, Bobbie Harron is already at work upon his first star production, to be released thru Metro, and Dick Barthelmess becomes a star, too, as soon as he finishes work in ''Way Down East.'"

"That always comes with development and progress," sighed the Philosopher, studying the glow of his cigar.

"Of course, they will all keep on working under the Griffith eye, making their pictures at the Mamaroneck studios, but the old ensemble will be gone," went on the Gossip. "Harron is now working with Chet Withey as director. Meanwhile, Griffith seems to have a find in little Mary Hay, who succeeded to poor 'Cutie Beautiful's' rôle in ''Way Down East.' Miss Hay was in the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic, but she has given up that work to devote her entire time to the films. They do say, you know, that Miss Hay and Barthelmess are to be married in the autumn."

The Philosopher smiled.

"Griffith is hard at work on ''Way Down East,'" rambled on the Gossip. "It is said that it will cost him around $750,000 before he finishes. Only the other day he used his biggest set since the Babylonian scenes of 'Intolerance.' It was a huge reproduction of a smart ballroom. And he has two almost complete villages built, one on Long Island and the other on the Mamaroneck property. They tell me that Creighton Hale plays a comedy character in ''Way Down East' and that he is going to make a big hit."

"Players take surprising turns under Griffith's direction," remarked the Philosopher.

"Griffith has just bought back the production originally called 'Black Beach' from First National for $400,000," the Gossip went on. "They say he is going to use it as part of his repertoire at a New York theater in the fall. It will be called 'The Gamest Girl.' They say that Carol Dempster makes a remarkable hit in it, so great that members of the First National call her the biggest find in five years."

"Speaking of family dissolutions," remarked the Philosopher, "what about the division of the De Mille organization?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the Gossip. "Bebe Daniels is now a Realart star and is being billed as 'the good little bad girl.' They're going to present her in a series of baby vampire rôles. Gloria Swanson has just signed as a Famous Players-Lasky star, and her salary has jumped from around $600 to something like $1,250. And Thomas Meighan, of course, is already a-starring."

"One thing really touched me," said the Philosopher, "and that is the way people have welcomed Doug and Mary on their honeymoon. I'm mighty glad."

"Great, wasn't it?" smiled the Gossip. "All the way across country, people in every village, town and city turned out to welcome them. Maybe their stay in New York at the Ritz wasn't one round of royal welcomes. Why, their appearances on the streets were the signals for veritable riots. Police reserves had to be called out to get them out of Wall Street one day and, when they went to the theater, the audiences stopped watching the play."

"It must have touched their hearts," said the Philosopher, softly. "Surely they deserve happiness. Think of all they have done for others on the screen!"

"I see that Theda Bara has gone to Europe for a rest," went on the Gossip. "They say she's to have a new play when she returns and New York will see her again next fall behind the footlights. This trip is her first real rest. Her sister is making the trip with her.

"Speaking of trips abroad," continued the Gossip, "reminds me that Mamma Talmadge and Natalie Talmadge are now on the other side, and they say that Norma and Constance are going over, along with Dorothy Gish. Maybe they're going to do a picture or two over there, who knows? I hear that Norma may revive 'The Garden of Allah' very soon on the screen. You remember that it was done a long time ago. Anyway, the revival is being talked about."

"I would like to see Norma Talmadge in a big drama," sighed the Philosopher. "She surely needs better material."

"It's hard to get, tho, these days," laughed the Gossip. "Look at the way they're all frantically searching. King Vidor's father and manager, Charles Vidor, was in New York for weeks recently looking for stories. They do say that King Vidor may do Winchell Smith's 'Turn to the Right.'"

The Philosopher's interest was aroused. "Vidor is the most promising director on the screen," he said. "You interest me very much, for no one could do 'Turn to the Right' better than he."

"Micky Neilan has been in New York," the Gossip ran on. "Bert Lytell is here. Going to do a stage play this fall, besides keeping up his screen work. Madge Kennedy is going to return, at least temporarily, to the footlights. You, of course, have heard that Al H. Woods, who presented Miss Bara on the stage, made an offer to Bill Hart, which was rejected. Bill is going to retire from acting, they say."

"Personally, I cant think of anything more interesting than the return to New York of S. L. Rothapfel," interrupted the Philosopher. "There is a man to whom the whole industry owes a great deal—and who isn't half appreciated by

(*Continued on page* 95)

youth who had two passions in life—his yacht and Marion. And the next society heard was of a trip to Japan on the *Sea Gull*, with its owner, his fiancée and her mother aboard.

Meanwhile, "It's been one year exactly," wrote Paul Carrington in his diary, sitting in his palm-thatched hut and looking out over the shimmering blue fields of the Pacific, "and I have not seen a human face in all that time. My experiments are progressing so well that another three years ought to complete them, and successfully, please God. If they shall save a single human life, it will be my atonement——"

The pen fell from his fingers, he leaned forward with a roaring in his ears not of the surf. "It's—not true, of course," he whispered; "she's a thousand miles away, playing golf in imported tweeds——"

The girl in the doorway leaned heavily against the lintel. The thing she wore had been a silk crêpe evening gown once, but now hung about her in sodden wisps, leaving her arms and bosom bare. Her hair was dark with sea-water, and she was laughing softly, senselessly. "He thought—that I was more afraid—of the ocean than of—him, the sailor with the pockmarked face"—she shuddered, as at some memory, incredibly vile—"and the other boats were gone—so I was drowned . . ."

Paul Carrington caught her as she fell. "God, why did You let this woman come here?" he groaned. "Hasn't she done me harm enough already?" But, hate her as he did, he was a doctor first of all. When Marion Ainsworth opened her eyes, it was to see the face she had dreamed of so often bending above her, but she had never dreamed that his eyes could be so mercilessly cruel. She tried to rise.

"I—did not pick my route, Paul." Her lips quivered in a painful smile. "The yacht—was wrecked. One of the sailors took me in a boat. We lost the others, and"—a burning blush swept her whiteness a moment—"I had to choose between that man—and the sea, so I jumped overboard. I suppose the tide swept me ashore here, but—I'll go now——"

He laughed harshly. "Go? Where? We're marooned here together, you and I. My steam yacht broke from its moorings, six months ago, in a tropic storm. We may be picked up at any time, or we may spend our lives on this island."

They looked at one another long. Her lips quivered into speech. "You—have never forgiven me, Paul?"

"I do not forgive easily," the man answered briefly. "Make no mistake. I shall build you a hut close enough to mine for your protection, and I shall draw a line upon the ground between. That line shall separate our lives as tho it were an ocean lying between us. You have destroyed my life once. I came here to piece the broken bits together, and—you shall not destroy it again."

In the long weeks that followed she saw no sign of relenting. He built her, as he had promised, a hut, and, as he had promised, he drew a line between their worlds. On the one side he worked silently over his retorts and glass slides, apparently not seeing her, never speaking; his face a grim, grey mask hiding his thoughts from her wistful, seeking gaze. If she could have known them, they might have gone far toward easing the pain that lay always under her heart. Frivolous she had been, thoughtless and selfish, but she had loved this man, and now that she had lost him she was like one who, having lost life, still remains forlornly alive.

And he? The glass slides under his fingers were meaningless now. He still thought that he hated her and raved against her in his diary, yet her slim loveliness would not let him be. He dreamed, tossing on his restless bed, of the cool softness of her lips. He turned his eyes resolutely away from the sight of her, clad in a woven garment of reeds and drifting, light as sea-foam on the beach—and he saw her always before him.

What the end might have been there is no guessing, but the sailor with the pockmarked face played god of the machine. For days he had hidden like a wild beast in the jungle growth, watching, with hot eyes of desire, the white wonder of Marion's body dipping, morning and evening, in a sheltered pocket of the sea. Since his boat had drifted ashore and landed him marvelously near the woman he had craved, he had been waiting for his moment, and presently he thought that it had come. But he had not reckoned on Paul.

In the white glare of the tropic noontide the two men fought, while the woman watched breathlessly, as it was in the beginning. The sand beneath their laboring feet was trodden red when at last Carrington flung the other at full length on the beach, and stood above him, bruised, bleeding, exultant. "Get to your boat," he told the cringing creature at his feet, contemptuously, "and steer away from this island. If you try to crawl back here I'll kill you! You'll probably drown, but I warn you that's better than what I would do to you!"

The sailor did not try to rise. He squirmed away on his stomach, an abject thing of fear, like a monstrous black slug, leaving two for whom, strangely, the world was changed. The past had slipped from them like discarded garments and their naked souls stood face to face.

"How strong you are!" marveled the woman soul.

"I was fighting for you," answered the man. He held out his arms, and unquestioningly she went into them, and the world followed time into the limbo of things that were not, and there were only themselves under the sky, themselves and the murmurous mother sea.

(*Continued on page 95*)

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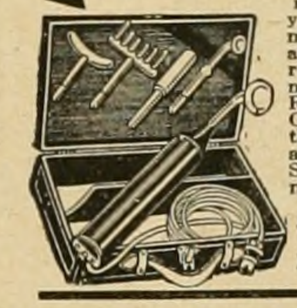
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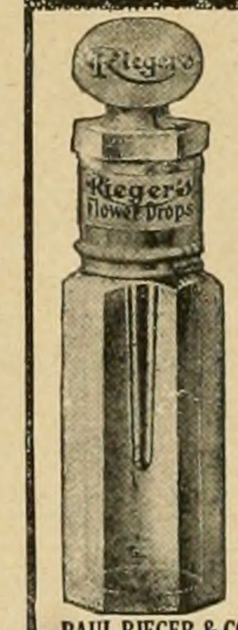
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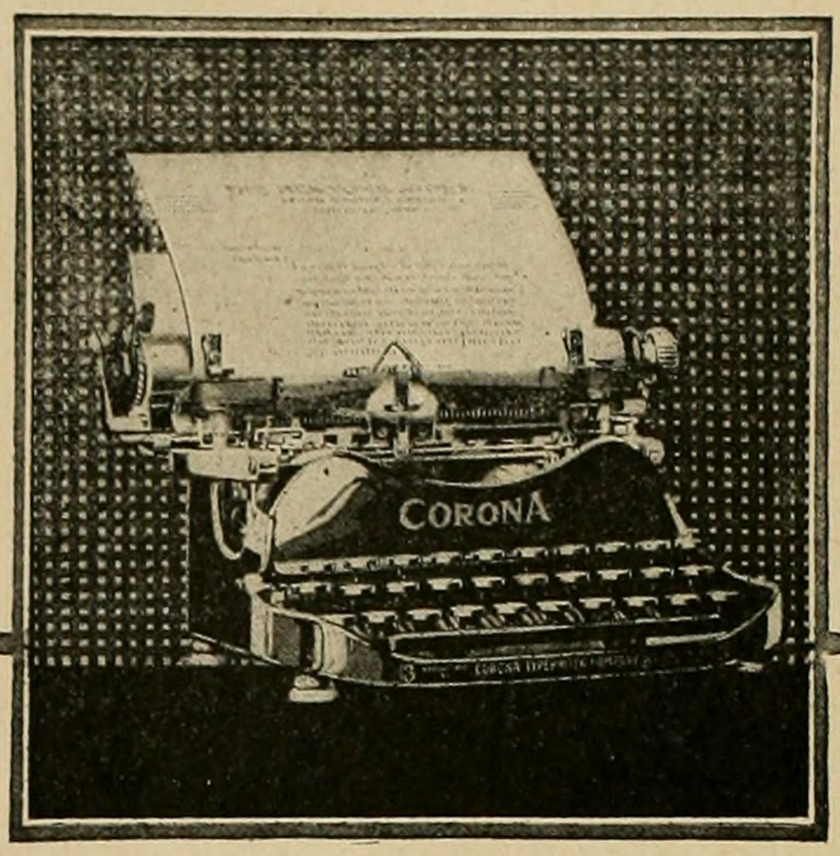
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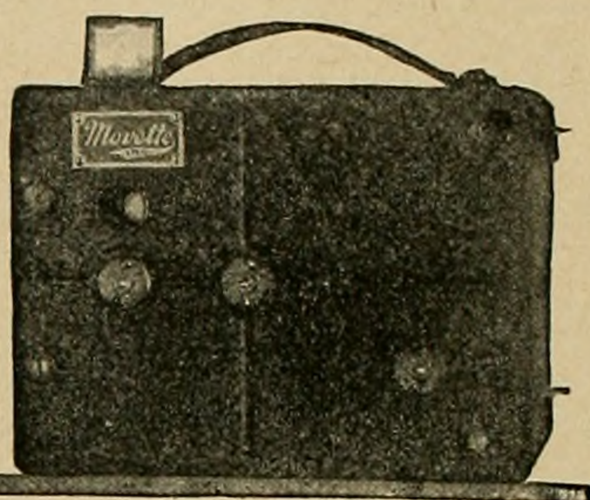
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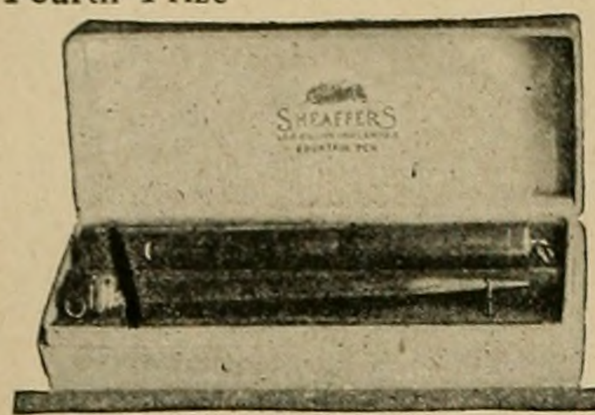
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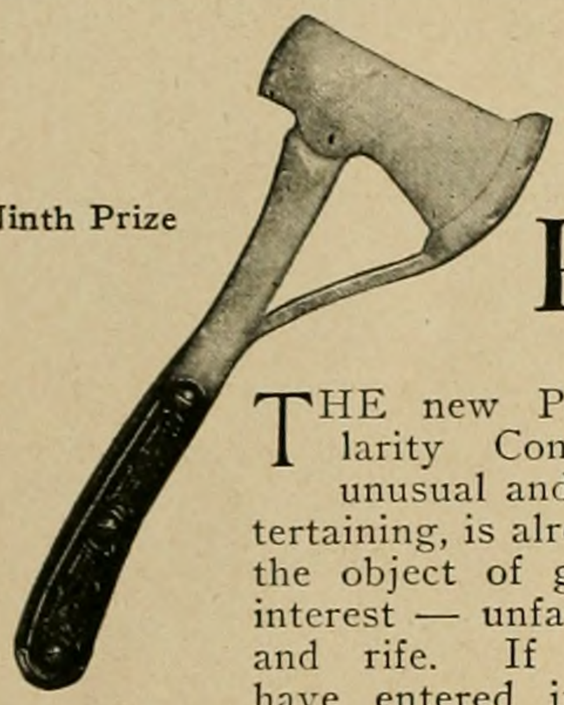
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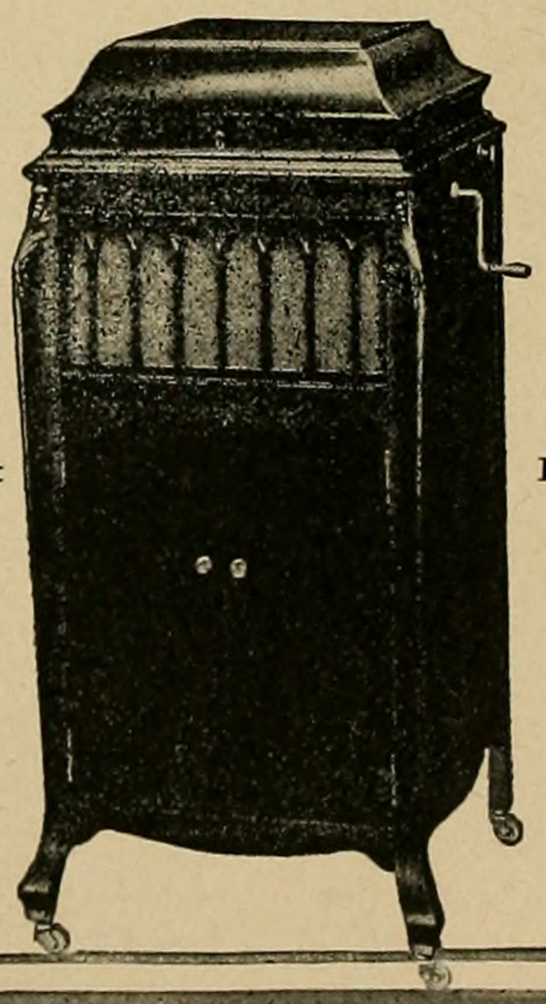
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Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures —pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can 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.

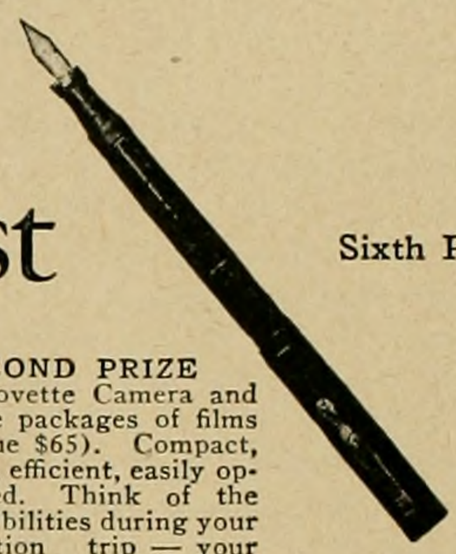
EIGHTH PRIZE

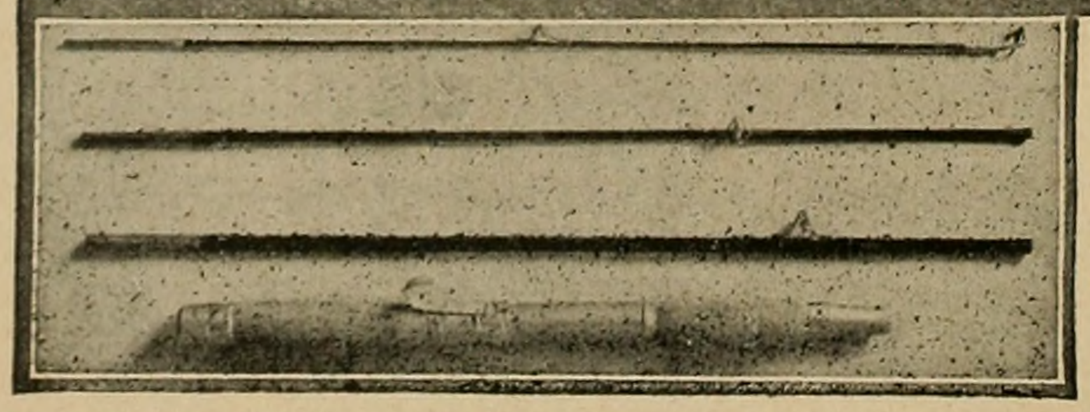
Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.

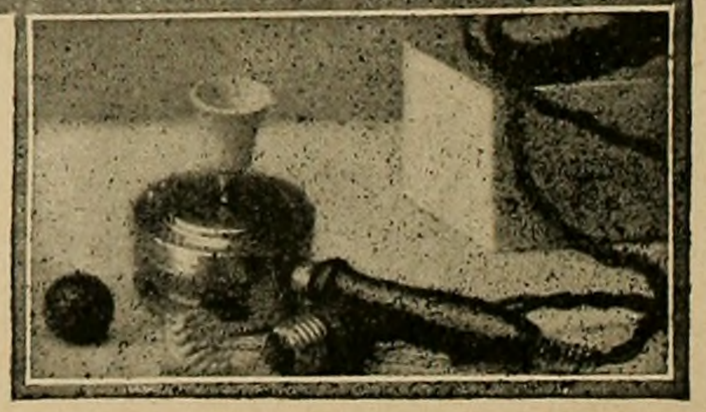
Sixth Prize





Fifth Prize

Seventh and Eighth Prizes



Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

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

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ..... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ..... votes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

State.....

Country.....

(Dated).....

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.



National Bob

Youth and Fashion is everything—that's why I am wearing the latest National Bob. It's *too* lovely for words with its soft, wavy hair falling teasingly over the combs that slip so easily through my hair. Everyone thinks the Bob's my very own—*it matches so perfectly and I never sacrificed a hair.* I use invisible pins to attach the ends and it's on and off in a jiffy. My picture shows the Bob charm. How did I get it? **I sent a strand of my hair with $10.00** and it was promptly sent—Postpaid. I'm as happy as a child with a new toy and I never looked so well. You'll like it too.

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Six toilet preparations to save or improve your complexion. Costs you now only $1.50. *The next packet will be* $5.00.

EVERY woman wants a nice healthy skin and youthful appearance; both are easy to acquire or to keep if you apply as directed the Nourishing Alveta skin food and delicate soothing cold creams used exclusively by the highest class private and professional trade. The packet contains a book giving full instructions.

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takes precedent over other requisites by reason of their long established use among a most exclusive clientele.

A Jar Alveta—Nourishing tissue building skin food.
A Jar Alveta—Antiseptic Cold Cream.
A Box Alveta—Pure Toilet Powder removes perspiration and odor.
A Box Alveta—Bath Powder stimulates and purifies the skin.
A Box—Delicately tinted face powder and puff.
A Box French Rouge—

$1.50 Introductory Price Packet Offer

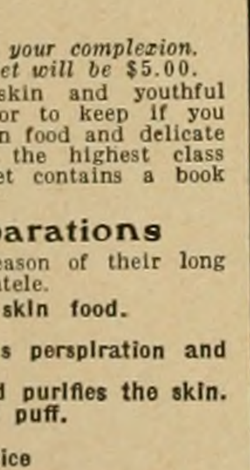
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Gray and White $2.00 per dozen. **SICO CO.,** 133-9 East 16th St. New York, N. Y.

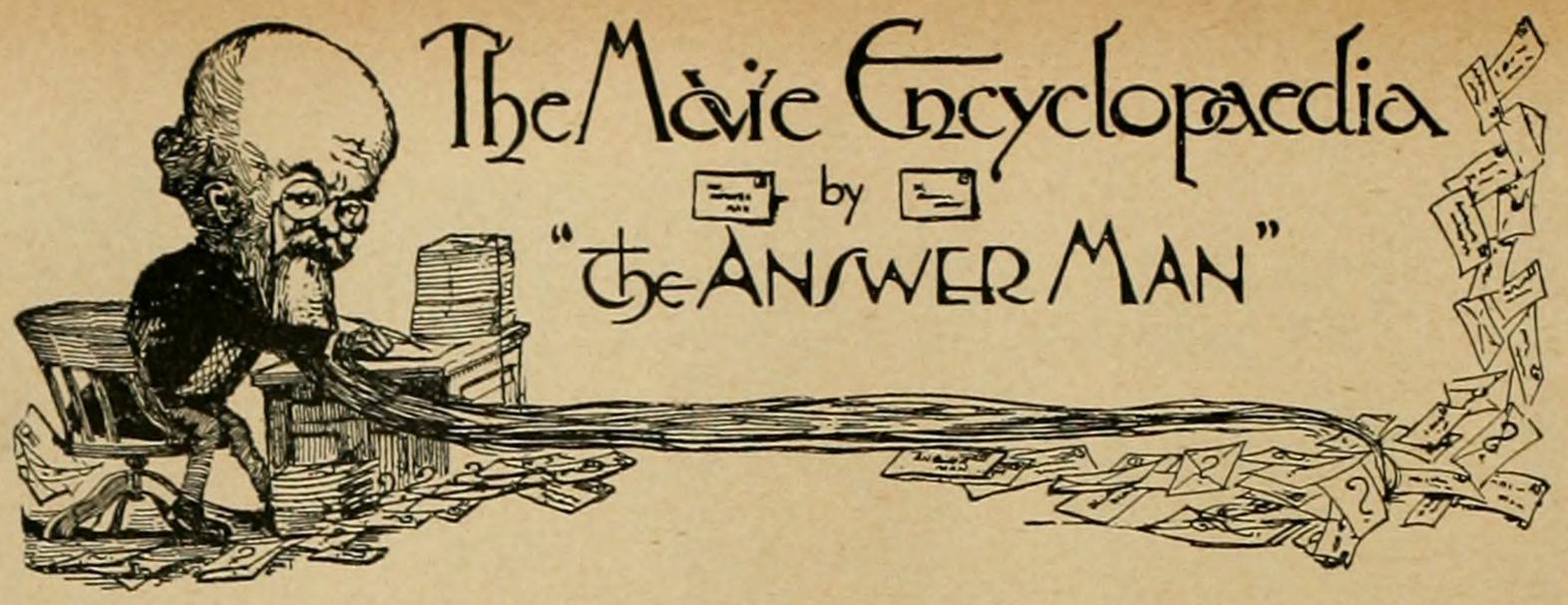


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Brings out their full beauty; harmless; will not run. Colors: Black, Brown. At dealers or mailed, 75c.

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

DAVID L.—Thanks, chappie, for the fee. Viola Dana's husband passed away recently. They both changed their name, but they are sisters. Write him at Los Angeles. Yes, life is half spent before we know what it is. It is a hard nut to crack and very few of us get out of it alive.

H. L. M.—Dont forget that theatrical life is fantastic and unreal. Elsie Ferguson is playing in "Sacred and Profane Love" at the Morosco Theater, New York City. Alice Joyce with Eastern Vitagraph, Brooklyn, and George Walsh with Fox, New York City. June Caprice is about 21; Lila Lee, 17; Lillian Gish, 24, and Dorothy Gish, 22. All old ladies, you see.

JOE B., BAY CITY.—No, m' dear, I do not do up my hair in curl papers as Lord Byron did. Look me over up above and tell me—do you see any hair? You want to see Elliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson play together. I'll try and arrange it. Yes, Priscilla Dean is married. No, no, Madlaine Traverse is not Peggy Hyland's sister. Oh, you're welcome.

A LOYAL FAN.—That's the way to be. Beware of love at first sight—always take a second look. Why, Corinne Griffith is in "The Garter Girl." Oh, for a clasp of that garter—it would look so handsome in my collection of curios. E. K. Lincoln in "The Inner Voice," American Cinema. Niles Welch is with Western Vitagraph. So you like Elliott Dexter and Norma Talmadge, and Charles Ray and Wallace Reid next. No, they take a substitute and not a real house.

HALF PAST SIXTEEN.—The DeHavens can be reached at Paramount, 481 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Surely I want you to write me again. Enjoyed your letter a lot.

BEA VO.—Yes, I was there and was glad to see the Brooklyn Dodgers win. A pitch in time saved the nine. Thanks for the verse. Does it run fluently by you? Dustin Farnum in "The Big Happiness."

URA COOTIE.—How do you make that out? Harrison Ford? I will tell you all about him some rainy afternoon. You tell me to always wear my rubbers when it rains so as not to get the flu. I need some one like you to look after me.

DUDE.—Whom the gods love—die young. I am 79, so you know what that means. There was an interview with Gloria Swanson in the February, 1919, CLASSIC. Charles Ray in "Ramsey Milholland," a Booth Tarkington story. Yes, Bill Farnum in "The Big Happiness." You say you dont believe that a crow lives 100 years. Why dont you buy one and find out?

URA PEACH.—No, night does not bring out the stars; it simply brings us out of our light-produced blindness so that we can see them. Very few of the studios allow visitors. Gladys Brockwell in "A Sister to Salome." Arline Pretty with Selznick in "The Valley of Doubt." Oh, I dont mind answering a few questions. Write me again.

JUST JUNE.—I have mailed your letter.

JEAN S.—So you have deserted Earle Williams for Eugene O'Brien. Oh, fickle jade! 'Twas ever thus. The heart of a woman is like the moon, ever changing, but there is always a man in it. You can reach Ethel Clayton at Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Her last picture was "The Lady in Love." You want to see an interview with Wanda Hawley and Tom Moore.

IDEALIST.—Your clever letter received. You must write me again.

BETTY, ADELAIDE.—Well, Betty, most girls want nothing but husbands, but when they get them they want everything. Send International Coupons, valued at five cents each. See above for Elsie Ferguson. Mary Miles Minter, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, I agree with you, but make love while the moon shines.

MARION.—Why didn't you sign your name?

GLORIOUS DIVINE TALMADGE.—You refer to "Pals First" and Rubye de Remer played with him. So you liked Monroe Salisbury in "The Eyes of the World." It's rather a tedious job, but since you ask me how to rid your pet dog of his fleas, here goes, again. Fill your bathtub with boiling water; immerse the pet dog, being careful that only the end of his tail protrudes above the water. The fleas will crawl out on his caudal appendage to keep from drowning, and you may take your time in capturing them one at a time. What will happen to the pet dog? That's *his* look-out. He probably will drown, but you have succeeded in relieving him of his little playmates.

EDITH C. S.—Yes, Mahlon Hamilton is at Hampton Studios, Los Angeles.

U. R. A. J.—Elsie Ferguson was born in New York in 1883. She is Mrs. Thomas B. Clarke. Hope you win your bet. No, I cannot prevent thoughts coming any more than I could keep birds from flying over my head, but I try to prevent their building nests in my beard.

ROSALIND R.—Nothing is ever so good as it seemed beforehand that it was going to be—or, anticipation is greater than realization—provided you have a good imagination. Dont you find it so? Eugene O'Brien at Selznick, 729 7th Avenue, New York. Ethel Clayton in "The City Sparrow." Do I drink? Yes, buttermilk. What else is a feller to do?

BETTY R., PITTSBURG.—So you say Nazimova is about 41 years old. You're trying to bribe me to find out whether I am a male or a female. I'm wise to you. Certainly you may come and see me in my cage. It is more blessed to call than to receive.

RED ROSE.—You here again? Now, it isn't up to me to tell you whom to vote for. The most scientific way is to put them all in a hat and pick out one. You are more apt to get answered in the CLASSIC than you are in the MAGAZINE. I know, but a very masculine woman is liable to usurp most of the masculinity of the husband and leave him effeminate. Shirley Mason is playing in "His Harvest." Yes, Cleo Ridgely has returned to the screen to play in Lew Cody's "The Mischief Man." Come again.

CUPIE.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers, also a list of corresponding clubs.

Double Exposures

(*Continued from page* 57)

THE BIG EVENTS OF THE CINEMA YEAR

1. Mae Murray's—er—pedal extremities in "On With the Dance."
2. Eugene O'Brien's left eyebrow in "The Perfect Lover."
3. Betty Compson's bath-tub in "The Miracle Man."
4. Bebe Daniels and her victrola in "Why Change Your Wife?"
5. Gloria Swanson's morning plunge in "Male and Female."
6. Constance Talmadge's depiction of Annette Kellermann in "Two Weeks."

"Women!" reads an advertisement anent "The Devil's Passkey." "What does Von Stroheim know about women? Too much—the women think. That's why they love him and hate him—and pack the house to the fire limits." It's sure the day of the he-vampire.

OUR POLITICAL CHOICE

We dont care particularly who gets elected this year, as long as it isn't a Democrat. But we are very particular about the next cabinet. Here's our idea:

Secretary of State—Charlie Murray
Secretary of the Navy—Mack Sennett
Secretary of Agriculture—Charles Ray
Postmaster-General—Lew Cody
Attorney-General—Ben Turpin*
Secretary of the Interior—Fatty Arbuckle
Secretary of the Treasury—Mamma Pickford
Secretary of Commerce—Lewis J. Selznick
Secretary of Labor—Will Rogers
Secretary of War—Bull Montana

*He could see both sides of every legal question.

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

(*Continued from page* 90)

the industry, it seems to me. Yet, when the Capitol Theater failed to get over in a big way, they have to call him back to New York to save it. And, in one night, he turned the biggest movie house in the world into a success. Interesting, isn't it?"

"You bet," responded the Gossip. "Why, Rothapfel originated the present de luxe way of showing photoplays. He's done more for the motion picture than any half-dozen producers, except Griffith."

"True," said the Philosopher. "But you know the old proverb about the lack of appreciation in one's own land!"

Marooned Hearts

(*Continued from page* 91)

Afterward they spoke brokenly . . .

"You have forgiven?" "Yes!—Have *you* forgiven *me?*"—"I was wrong"——"And I!"—"I love you, I always have, always shall"—"Kiss me again——"

"If we should stay here always, would it matter—now?" he asked her, and she answered, head on his breast, dreamily, "It would not matter—so long as it were together——"



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Only for ladies who end corns

Dainty shoes are only for those who end corns.

The way is simple, quick and easy, and is sure. Millions of people employ it.

Apply Blue-jay, the liquid or the plaster. That touch will stop the pain.

Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

Then why does anybody suffer corns?

Just because they don't know. They pare corns and keep them. Or they pad them. Or they use a treatment harsh and ineffective.

Blue-jay is scientific. This world-famed laboratory created it.

Year after year, it is keeping millions entirely free from corns.

Perhaps half the corns that start are now ended by it.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay. Learn tonight how much it means to you.

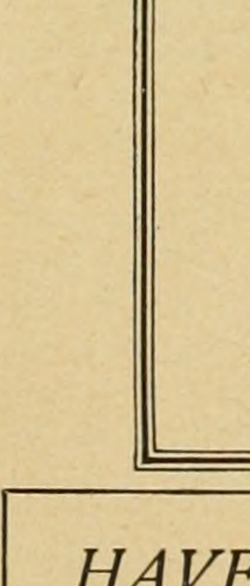
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HAVE YOU
Read that announcement on page seven of this issue?

SAVE YOUR BODY

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First



"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"

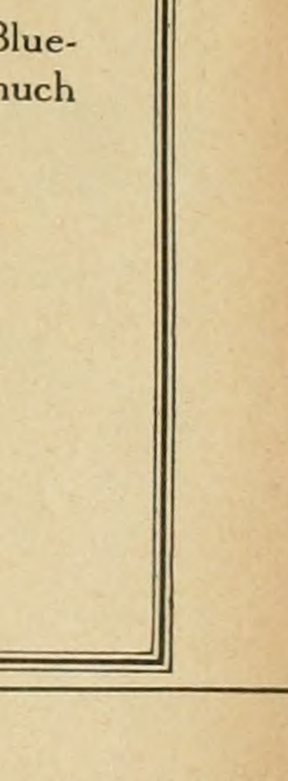
So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm" says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

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Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, neruousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear. KEEP YOURSELF FIT. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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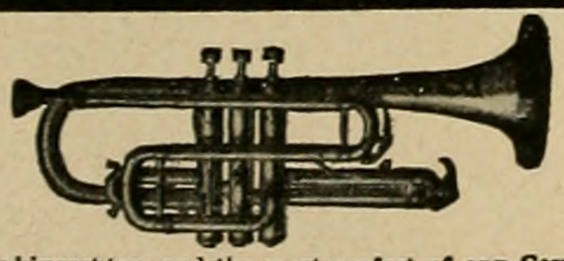
This Book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes or in band; how to transpose cello parts and things you would like to know. Unrivalled for home entertainment, school, church and lodge. In big demand for orchestra dance music. Most beautiful tone of all wind instruments. You can learn to

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YOU TRY
Writing the words for a song
I'LL WRITE THE MUSIC

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

AUTHOR OF "I'M TYING THE LEAVES SO THEY WON'T COME DOWN"-"DON'T FORGET OLD DIXIELAND" AND OTHERS.
1562 GAIETY THEATRE BLD. NEW YORK

The Celluloid Critic

(*Continued from page* 88)

when the dramatist learns the truth, but he comes in time to realize that he loves—and needs—his butterfly wife despite everything.

Mr. Von Stroheim presents his story with a Continental observation of men and manners, a dexterous camera sense and the same directorial skilfulness that lifted "Blind Husbands" into the unusual. As yet, Mr. Von Stroheim's characters—in the main—do not have the breath of life. Just one character of "The Devil's Passkey" really lives. It is the *cocotte,* Odero, realized with fine Parisian verve and piquancy by Mae Bush. Her Odero is as French as *La Vie Parisienne.* Sam de Grasse and Una Trevelyn are adequate as the American husband and wife, Clyde Fillmore is the army officer who wavers humanly between the good and the bad, and Maud George is Mme. Malot. The Paris atmosphere is admirably attained and maintained.

Rabelaisian in its humor is "Scratch My Back," (Goldwyn), written and adapted for the screen by Rupert Hughes. The hero is a rich young chap who always does what he wants to. Obeying that impulse, he leans over at the opera and scratches the décolleté back of a young woman who is too polite to do it herself. Forthwith his adventures begin, for the object of his unique attention not only does not resent it, but selects him to save her from the machinations of a blackmailer. Just to show his originality, Mr. Hughes has the hero enter and leave a bachelor. The story itself is not particularly humorous, but it is very shrewdly adapted to the screen and possesses delightful subtitles, captions which "kid" the action without hurting the story. The result is something new in film technique—a sort of after-dinner story told with dry celluloid humor. T. Roy Barnes, a former "nut" comedian in the varieties, stands out of "Scratch My Back" like a house afire. You'll hear more on the screen of this Barnes, or we miss our guess.

William Faversham is making his return to the screen in "The Man Who Lost Himself," (Selznick). This story of a British nobleman and a penniless American who look exactly alike, suggests "The Masquerader." The Englishman is in the grip of creditors and blackmailers, and he commits suicide secretly, leaving the American in his place. The newcomer solves all the difficulties—except the earl's wife. Love enters here and— But why tell the dénouement? "The Man Who Lost Himself" held our interest very well. Mr. Faversham does distinguished work, too distinguished, perhaps, to suggest a down-and-out American suddenly thrust into an earl's shoes. He touched the rôle here and there with a deft comic hand, which leads us to speculate upon Mr. Faversham's film possibilities in high comedy. Hedda Hopper contributes a genuinely fine performance as the wife, a well-bred, worldly and understanding woman. At last a heroine who possesses something aloft besides curls! George D. Baker's direction is very workmanlike.

"The Sea Wolf," (Paramount), as revived with Noah Beery in Hobart Bosworth's original rôle of Jack London's caveman of the North Pacific, struck us as being 'way above the average. If you are not familiar with London's virile and tragic tale of "Wolf" Larsen, seal-hunting schooner skipper, you should be. Here is an unusual novel of the primitive in man in combat with the mind.

We want to congratulate Mr. Beery upon his performance as the Sea Wolf. A mighty good bit of work it is, carefully and skilfully shaded. Mabel Juliene Scott and Tom Forman are satisfactory as the two scions of the rich stranded aboard "Wolf's" hell-ship.

Olive Thomas is more interesting in "The Flapper," (Selznick), Frances Marion's boarding-school opus, than in any vehicle we have yet observed her. Miss Marion endeavors to hit a feminine "Seventeen," satirizing girlish adolescence as Booth Tarkington did with callow boyhood. The trouble here is that the picture is entirely too long for its story and, again, that the director mistakes burlesque for satire. The tale frequently becomes preposterous. The crook element, for instance, is dragged in by the ears and does not ring true. The plot? The kid romance of two young people in adjoining boarding and military schools. Rather weak.

Will Rogers' latest, "Jes' Call Me Jim," (Goldwyn), is quite fearful. Here Rogers is made to fit a trite old melodrama, with the result that his human and humorous qualities are engulfed. Thru a conspiracy, an inventor is kept in a wretched asylum cell. How he is rescued and restored to health by Jim, (played by Rogers), forms the theme, such as it is. We like Irene Rich as the girl of the drama. The director, Clarence Badger, gives no credit for an audience's imagination. And, judging from the eternal flashbacks, he thinks they cannot remember, either.

"The Silver Horde," (Goldwyn), based upon Rex Beach's romance of the salmon industry in Alaska, sounds a healthy outdoor note. We are quite sure it will interest you. "The Silver Horde" concerns the efforts of the salmon-canning trust to get possession of a certain valuable river property at any cost. But the plotters are foiled and, when the silver salmon horde sweep up the Kalvik River, the fighters win their battle. Myrtle Stedman stands out of "The Silver Horde" thru her splendid performance as Cherry Melotte, Rex Beach's fascinating heroine of the Northland. Betty Blythe is effectively present, too. Frank Lloyd's direction is praiseworthy.

Anita Stewart did not at all interest us in "The Yellow Typhoon," (First National), based upon Harold MacGrath's romance of twin sisters, one brunette and fearfully good, the other blonde

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and—well—! Miss Stewart plays them both, the golden-haired adventuress, Bertha, alias "The Yellow Typhoon," and the dark-tressed Hilda, who serves Uncle Sam in the secret service. Miss Stewart cannot remotely suggest MacGrath's siren of the lonely spots. As for the story, it is the veriest piffle.

Bryant Washburn has another amusing comedy in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," (Paramount), nowhere near as good as "The Six Best Cellars," but possessing its laughs. Adapted from the well-known stage farce, it revolves around the efforts of a young husband to explain his all-night absence from home. He has been innocently locked up on a department store roof with a feminine customer—but he doesn't dare own up to this. All sorts of complications result, of course. Wanda Hawley is an excellent foil as the wife.

Breezy and entertaining is "The Dancin' Fool," (Paramount), in which the redoubtable Wallie Reid plays a jug salesman by day and a cabaret dancer by night. No doubt you read the story in a recent issue of THE CLASSIC. Bebe Daniels lends colorful aid as Junie Budd, 'Ves' Tibble's dancing partner. Reid isn't always spontaneous in this comedy, for, in the early scenes, he is required to play a homespun lad from the hinterlands. If there is one thing Reid cant do—it's this. The hay-seed atmosphere here exists only in the "B'gosh!" subtitles.

As a screen story, Zane Grey's "Riders of the Dawn," (Hodkinson), based upon his "Desert of Wheat," is a bit out of the beaten track. It deals with the wheat farmers of the Middle West, the so-called destructive machinations of the I. W. W., (altho they are at no time called by name), and the ultimate triumph of a returned soldier-farmer over the evil element. Roy Stewart is the stalwart hero. A passable photoplay.

We looked forward with unusual interest to seeing Louise Glaum in her latest, "Sex," (Hodkinson). "As ye siren, so shall ye reap," seems to be the thesis, for the vamp, played by Miss Glaum, wins a married man away from his happy home. But, when a rich youth appears on the horizon, she tosses her married-and-about-to-be-divorced admirer aside. She herself marries and, lo and behold, another adventuress lures him off. Thus is the ex-siren paid off in her own wiles. Married life, according to "Sex" and the De Mille dramas, seems to be just one darned vampire after another. Which we rather doubt. "Sex," by the way, paints a picture of New York night life such as it is supposed to be and isn't, a maze of mad parties, with chorines dancing upon tables, youthful millionaires drinking — whisper — champagne from slippers, etc.

'Sex" may cause a gasp or two in the provinces, but it is really pretty dull screen fare.

"A Modern Salome," (Metro), with one Hope Hampton, comes pretty near meeting our idea of the worst picture of the celluloid year.

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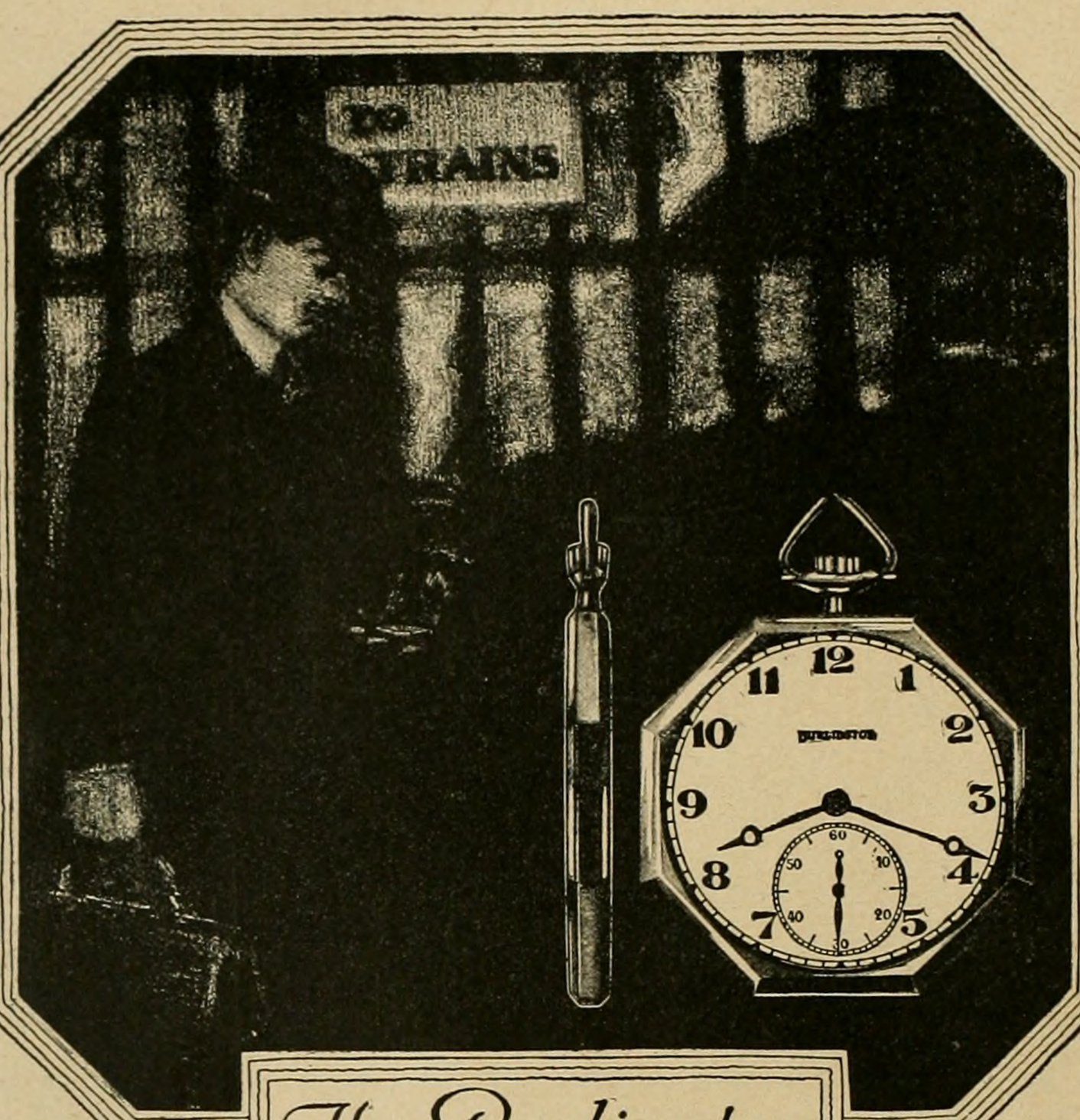
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