MOVIE WEEKLY
March 4th 1922 10¢

The Tempestuous Romance of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy
What is Hollywood Really Like? A Closeup Focused by Betty Compson

Mack Sennett Bathing Girl
Movie Weekly's Stand on the Taylor Case

The tragic death of William D. Taylor, well-known Paramount director, a cultured, studious, and evidently quiet-living man, has shocked the motion picture colony and the general public.

The attitude of the picture folks is that of deep sorrow for the loss of one they esteemed. There is a bitter seriousness in the protest of the producing executives against the sweeping condemnation that is expressed via the newspapers. Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-President of Famous Players-Lasky; Samuel Goldwyn, President of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and others, have banded together to get to the bottom of Taylor’s death. No expense will be spared to prosecute the guilty one. No expense will be spared to right the entire picture colony—which, unfortunately, has been branded by this second disaster within so short a span of time—in the eyes of the public.

“Movie Weekly” takes the stand of non-partizanism. Motion pictures and everyone in them are our friends. The public is our friend.

The public surely wants to know about Mr. Taylor and what is going on out West. These repurportorial details can be read in the papers from day to day.

It therefore ill behooves a weekly magazine to poach on newspaper ground. What “Movie Weekly” is going to do is to publish the life story of William D. Taylor.

We have authorized a well-known writer to gather this material for us and within the course of a few issues it will be run in from three to four installments.

“Movie Weekly” will not cast opprobrium on the motion picture players, or upon the picture colony. If there is to be anything said, it let come from the authorities. We are, therefore, expecting soon such a series from people well-known in the industry. This will give you the real truth of Hollywood by those who know and are fearless enough to say what they know.

Out in Los Angeles, the Times, a local paper, rises to say: “Among the film people one can see delightful, romantic, wholesome domesticity on the one hand, or an amazing effrontery in free love on the other. There was one little lady at a hotel whose ideas were distinctly interesting. A frightful crash was heard at midnight and it appeared an irate husband had forcibly removed another man from her room via the window route.”

Everyone admits that there is this cancerous eaten side of the film colony. But why rail at it? Wipe it out. That’s what is going to be done at Hollywood. The Taylor tragedy, following in the footsteps of the Arbuckle case, has aroused the ire of every home-loving Hollywoodite that suffers in the sin shadow cast by such cases.

The whole trouble seems to be that the public has been fed up with eulogistic stories about the stars, and, judging from the sundry letters that come into this office, many fans actually believe them to be “little tin gods.” They aren’t. But, on the other hand, they aren’t a black and thoroughly demoralized set.

At this writing, the Taylor mystery is unsolved. Much speculation is heard on all sides. We refuse to indulge in this pastime. William D. Taylor’s life has been one of adventure and romance, and it will all be told in a vivid and dramatic style in his story as we will publish it in “Movie Weekly.”

We ask our readers not to turn radically against Hollywood and the motion picture people there. Keep your head during this crisis and don’t say anything against any man or woman that will shame you when the Taylor mystery is finally solved.

We reiterate. Our stand in this case is that of a non-partizan. What is yours? Write and tell us. We are interested.

A NOVELTY-BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

Is there such a thing as novelty in pictures? There is.

Beginning next week we run a series of articles entitled “Norma Talmadge—Fortune Teller.”

Norma will tell you some very interesting things about causes and effects that are founded on superstition. Are you superstitious by any chance?

If you are, you will be tremendously interested in what Norma has to say.

Even if you are not, you will be interested, for the series is written in a way that will interest all.
The Tempestuous Romance of Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy — The charming story of their courtship and marriage

at last Jack Gilbert and Leatrice Joy are married! They've been engaged goodness knows how long—so long that people began to think they never would really marry. You know how it is with those long engagements. The romance seems to wear off.

But not so with Jack and Leatrice. Romance was as rosy for them on the day of their wedding as on that first day out at the Goldwyn studio—But to begin at the beginning.

It was first at the home of friends that the two met. Jack Gilbert was a womanizer, and he liked blondes—until he met Leatrice. It must have been love at first sight on his part, and as for Leatrice, she acknowledges that she always thought him a captivating youth.

However, Miss Joy is a sensible little girl. Besides, Gilbert was married, though separated from his wife for some time when he met Miss Joy. Miss Joy is a straightforward girl, who decides what to do and does it, let the chips fall where they may.

So the relationship was merely a very nice, fine friendship, with many mutual tastes. They went about a little together, to friends' homes, once in a great while to the theatre, sometimes to a cafe to dance.

Miss Joy is a talented artist. In fact, she intended making her living by her brush at one time, hoping to go to Paris. But the war broke out, and she didn't go. Jack was very fond of works of art, and whenever the two heard there was a rare painting on view anywhere, they always rushed together to see it.

Both, too, are musicians, which makes another bond between the pair.

So the friendship went on for two years or more, with each finding a great and pure joy in each other's society. Miss Joy is an intellectual girl. She doesn't care at all for the life of the cafes, except in as much as she can study types there; she loves to study and read good books. And while Jack occasionally likes a ripping good time, he infinitely prefers companionship with Miss Joy.

"She's a wonderful girl," he told me last summer, when I learned of their engagement.

A very natural remark, of course—but then it happens this time to be true. It was while she was playing "Bunny," at the Goldwyn studio, that the two came to know each other well. Jack Gilbert was playing a part down there. They used often to lunch together and discuss pictures and other impersonal subjects. But the leaven of their natural attraction for each other was working all the time. Gilbert at the time was an ambitious young actor who wanted to be a director. He got his wish recently with Fox, but has since gone back to acting.

"Yes, I am a man of my own," Miss Joy told Jack when he made known his love. "But I'm not a bit in a hurry. You see, there's my career."

"I won't interfere with your career," answered Jack. "I'm anxious for one myself. Let's get together on the day of. Why not start our careers together?"

All this was after Jack had obtained his divorce.

But some cloud came between them—a foolish quarrel. Jack is a very jealous young man, and the clever and vivacious Miss Joy has many admirers. But Jack was even jealous of them, though. But Jack has a quick temper, and perhaps she teased him a little. At any rate, there was a breaking off of the engagement which lasted many weeks. Occasionally they met by accident, and each looked the other way.

But finally Jack decided that life was just too dull without Leatrice, and he wrote her. She didn't answer; but one day they jostled into each other at a cafe. Both looked surprised. Both blushed. Then they—laughed!

And laughter is the best thing in the world to bring people together again. It does all the cobwebs out of people's brains, and clears the air between them; it is the best thing in the world to dispel the misgivings of cherished grievances.

They said: "Hello!" quite as if they had seen each other yesterday.

Jack called on Leatrice. Leatrice said: "Oh, all right, she'd sing a song for Jack." She sang one she used to sing in the old days. And—

Oh, well, you know as well as I do what music does to people's emotions, especially sentimental music, and this song, as I understand, was a sentimental song.

After that they went together a few weeks, and then decided to wed.

But nothing prosaic for them! They travelled down to Tia Juana, in Mexico, which seems to be fast becoming the Gretta Green of picture actors. Here, according to the odd formula of the Mexicans, which takes about a day to go through with, they were married.

The actual ceremony before the Mexican justice of the peace is very short; but the preliminaries are soul wearying. There is a physical examination of a sort, and a visit to the doctor; and the couple must sign a statement that they are not related. The marriage contract must be signed by two witnesses, and then the register is filled out. It all takes about an hour.

The pair spent a short honeymoon in San Diego—a few days, I believe, and then came home to Los Angeles. Leatrice is now working with Thomas Meighan in a picture at the Lasky studio, and Jack is starring in a Fox feature.

They live in a lovely little bungalow in Laurel Canyon, and are as happy as they deserve to be, and that's just as happy as anybody could be in this world.

They are planning to build a home of their own. Miss Joy is getting ready to play the lead with Cecil de Mille in Alice Duer Miller's story, "Manslaughter," and to the end that she may thoroughly understand the psychology and reaction of a woman of gentle birth who has committed manslaughter, she is studying all the psychological novels and all the people who in any way resemble the heroine of the story.

All of which shows that, even if she is now Mrs. Jack Gilbert, she is not one whit less ambitious than of old.

Grace Kingsley.
What is Hollywood

An Intimate Closeup of the Picture Colony
Focused by BETTY COMPSON

EDITOR'S NOTE: The title of this article is a question that seems to be uppermost in the minds of picture fans. It occurred to us that Betty Compson, the author of "MATRIMONY IS A CAREER," which appeared in an earlier issue of "Movie Weekly," was especially suited to answer this national question. And so she writes this answer, exclusively to "Movie Weekly." If our readers wish to ask any questions in turn, we are confident Miss Compson will be happy to answer them.

YOU have seen stories about Hollywood in the papers of your town or city; you may be sure that every other city is reading them, too. Many of these stories take an unfriendly tone. Vague reference is made to "Hollywood parties," allowing the inference to be made that disgusting orgies are a usual thing here; veiled slurs are cast upon the hotels, the studios, the homes of Hollywood. It is time something was done to bring the truth to light, and I am frankly and sincerely eager to do my bit toward that end.

Even for readers who have never been here, I don't need to write about the physical features of the lovely place—its hills, green or brown in Summer or Winter, its palm-bordered walks and rose-grown gardens, its boulevards and bungalows, the smallest with its roomy ward, rising from busy Hollywood Boulevard to the quiet and peace of the lower hill-tops.

At a baseball game, we always stand up for the seventh inning. Well, in this, the seventh year of my life in Hollywood, I am going to stand up—for my home town, and for my friends who live here!

To begin with, we of the screen are not different from other people. While I was doing "The Miracle Man," mother and I lived in a bungalow on one of those Hollywood hill-tops, from which we had a wonderful view across the valley to the snow-capped San Bernardino mountains. I was so busy at work every day, and often at night, that none of my neighbors even knew I was in motion pictures until "Bill," my Spitz terrier, got into a fight with another dog down the street one day when mother was downtown. The owner of the other dog insisted upon talking with me.

Mary Miles Minter isn't a law-breaker in this case. She's sittin' on her own sign that protects the property she has just purchased to build a bungalow upon.

May McAvoy, who believes in everyone havin' his!

There are those who claim Wallie is about as "wild cat-ey" as they come, but here he is taking orders from his youthful son, Bill.

Conrad Nagel, church man and leading man.
immediately, so my maid called me at the studio. Until then, I think, there had been an idea about the neighborhood that I was a trained nurse!

But this story isn't to be about myself. It is to be about Hollywood and the people you know through the screen, the folks who live here. I want to repeat just a scrap of conversation I heard the other morning. Mary Miles Minter met Constance Binney, in makeup and costume, just inside the studio gate.

"Good morning, Constance," called Mary, "what are you 'a' this morning?"

"Oh," laughed Constance, "you see me today 'a' little Edna, just about toelope to New Jersey."

What Mary replied—that "she hoped he was nice, to make up for New Jersey"—isn't the point. The point is that you always, or practically always, see your stars and players "a" in their screen character, while I see them, between scenes and after studio hours, "a". That is the way I should like to show them to you. And I have no hesitation in saying that nine out of every ten of them would be very glad to have you see them, in their homes and at their recreation, just as their very intimates see and know them. The screen players, with very few exceptions, have nothing to conceal.

Of course, that is at the heart of the whole outcry against Hollywood. Among the people who have achieved prominence as the screen there are—because they are a perfectly representative group of good citizens—a few who lack restraint, who cannot stand prosperity, and fall into excesses. The trouble is that when one of these excesses gets into trouble, at once he or she is given notoriety exactly proportionate to the friendly publicity which has preceded it.

When a popular idol commits a real or alleged offense against good taste, the talk from his high estate—his studio, is frequently exceeds his former popularity. "The higher they are, the harder they fall," is a simple truth of human nature, and constitutes one of the penalties of screen fame or any other kind. In other words, the public wants its idols to be human, and yet is disappointed in them when it finds out that they are so.

But to get back to the Hollywooders and the Holly-would-be's and discuss another phase of the NO, addressing myself directly to you, gentle reader, as a representative of our collective "boss"' the "interested public." There is on your part a tendency, unfortunate at times, to confuse the player with the part played. Particularly is this true if a star has played in a series of similar parts, or in a certain type of role in which, perhaps, she first won the public's heart.

An illustration of this point is my good friend, Bebe Daniels. You have been used to seeing her in Tomboy roles—sometimes a bit daring. "The Good Little Bad Girl," they called her. She is familiar to you as the worldly-wise flapper, looking for a new thrill. In a recent picture, she dressed in boy's clothes and went off at night with another youngster, to a cock-fight attended chiefly by men of the sort that goes to cock-fights. It is a capital entertainment, as filmed, but however much of a shock it may be to you, I must tell you that it isn't Bebe Daniels.

To particularize, Bebe lives in a charming home (not in Hollywood, as it happens), with a charming mother and a quaint old grandmother like a picture in a book, and she seems perfectly happy under their care and chaperonage. Of course, she goes out, when she isn't working, and has her kind of a good time, but there's no doubt that many a present-day "post-deb" would regard the social life led by Bebe Daniels and many other of the younger stars as "slow and stupid!"

The willingness of the layman to identify the actress with the part she plays is interesting. "Dress up now; wouldn't the reigning "vamp" in the days when we had vamps have lost out by letting you know that instead of inhabiting an apartment in which through drifting clouds of incense, one occasionally caught glimpses of velour hangings, satin-draped couches and tiger-skin rugs, she really lived in a tiny green-and-white bungalow with a devoted husband and the two loveliest children in the world? Conversely, does not the prize ingenuous, the impersonator of sweet and sometimes sugary heroines, take a fall in your esteem when she gets into the divorce courts? Mind, I'm not saying that you should think less of her, but we both know that you do.

Now, make your own application of my argument to Hollywood, where most of the screen players live. Consider, for instance, Wanda Hawley, who thinks so much of the town that she recently built a beautiful home on one of its heights, where she lives with her husband. Parenthetically, I'd read some of the

(Continued on page 22)
Success of Favorite Movie Stars

By William Leslie French

Esther's Note: This is the second article of the two-part series that explains the success of favorite movie stars in their handwriting by one of the most notable of handwriting experts. If there are any questions pertaining to this series that our readers care to ask, just send them in and they will receive immediate consideration. We are planning a “surprise handwriting” article which will run in either next week’s, or the week following, issue of “Movie Weekly.” Look for it.

Fame has many fans. To be famous signifies the recognition of some sort of success achieved. And no surer fashion of determining the essential elements which make for high popular acclaim can be found than that which an individual exhibits in handwriting. It is the intimate link between the nerve-action of the hand and the mind. So when you regard the signatures of screen stars, you are looking squarely at the high or low lights switched on by the electrical currents of their personalities. The steady glow holds your attention. The power underneath you feel even if you do not know the cause. For this reason, if for no other, there is a wide demand for the personally-written signatures of men and women prominent in this expression of the drama. Likewise, upon the signature, every writer unconsciously places great stress in using certain strokes that declare the prominent traits. Handwriting is the natural private gesture of each person’s whole makeup, and you will see that it only requires the eye and the mind working together to form a fair judgment.

Constance Talmadge

So in the minute and a half when Constance Talmadge was writing her name, she unconsciously put herself on record as a woman whose physical exuberance and love of action, health, trend of mind and energy, furnish her with considerable balance and poise. Her brain is alive with ideas, notions, warmed and flushed by a happy way of looking at life, temperamentally cheerful and laughter-loving. Still no amount of detailed work robs her of the pleasure of doing everything with a finished gesture. She will say to any adverse criticism, “Well, I’ve done my best. Do you want more than that, for Heaven’s sake?” Which shows that she enjoys using her wits and a bit of henna-toned temper. But only occasionally. In her comings and goings among her associates she moves calmly, easily, with even a half-indifferent air. Her capitals reach upwards as if to grasp some bigger thing upon which to lay the impress of her whole self. Here is her pride, her belief in a sunlit future. She is reliable. Loyal—but a bit distrustful. She really admits few into intimate companionship. Her affections are potent, but her humorous eye would seize the amusing side of anyone who tried to be serious in a motor car. “Stop, look, listen,” oh ye of the opposite sex! And she uses her brains always. Thus she is human enough to hold any material advantage as a cemented flight of stairs upon which she intends to tread steadily in aiming for the best in creative work.

Rodolph Valentino

In the same healthy atmosphere travels R. Valentino, whose even, well-poised fist moves ambitiously upwards, gesturing with his rather flamboyant capitalis, exclamatory of his intense vitality and the conscious belief in himself. Each carefully-connected stroke invites you to look into his active mind, teeming with an intense desire to make good. In each curve lurks a laugh. In the straight base-line, strengthened by the long, under-scoring sweep, he assures you frankly that he has a great deal of nerve and will never be satisfied until you meet him frequently. That bold hook on the end of his
Explained in Their Handwriting

"4" shows his grit, his clinching hold on every detail in order to produce in a versatile manner with artistic finesse. The way he gathers his letters together—a clutch—denotes his practical side. Once attempt to worst him by any ill-treatment and his whole temperament will arise with an adequate come-back. It would surprise you, as he is tactful and pleasing in manner. By nature vitally strong, he is the type who will meet flame with flame and enter into the gaiety of living. Yet, pressure being even, he understands the art of self-dominance. By this his advance along the stellar way can be measured by the height of his signature. Very high.

Gloria Swanson

"No possible probable shadow of doubt, no possible doubt whatever," that the immensely virile swing, well-balanced style with curve linear capitals shown by Gloria Swanson gives evidence that she possesses a vigorous personality. She is able to adapt herself to any new conception or situation, exhibiting a stage-power constant and vigorous. That lofty looped "i" combined with the long-curved pen-gait, tells of a frank, straightforward person who has a rapid speech, positive and clean-cut, while her fondness for rhythm and melody would be apparent in every pose, every gesture. A great love of beauty, music, and the wide open spaces causes her to think and act in the terms of nature and action. Still, having a dual personality, there is a luxurious appreciation of everything that can be offered in the way of enjoyment. An existence which winds and curves through the purities of light and even excitement, has an allure for her. So she gains in experience and responsiveness, being able to interpret them in her own fashion.

Actually emotion is one dominant keynote, the emotion which holds her through her picturesque vision. There is never any relaxation when she views ahead of her—big achievement. That long extended outward final ending is a positive emphatic exclamatory that she is tireless to attain her goals.

Tom Meighan

An excellent letter of introduction is the signature of Thomas Meighan, whose slightly vertical script, firm pressure throughout, and perfect connecting strokes denote his active intelligence, self-control and assurance, in all emergencies. He has the determination to put things through despite any obstacles. He brings his positive bold extending stroke below the line in a masterly fashion, indicating his power of maintaining his point of view without yielding. Still, his rounded even flow reveals his disposition to be considerate and generally agreeable. Not liable to go out of his way to antagonize anyone, even though independence of character is markedly stated. His is the practical vision which enables him to plan and execute, for he has executive ability, tried or untried. Those who know him realize his personal reserves, his tendency to be close-mouthed concerning his private affairs. There is a sharp wit, even caustic at times. But this is not a high light of his general character. In the performance of any special assignment, his reliability and responsibility would be patent. The large, though simple style inscribed, taken with his high, well-constructed capital "M," enforces his tenacity of purpose, his aims.

Buck Jones

"There, I guess that will do," is the remark Buck Jones lets forth in a haphazard fashion, when he dashed off his name. The rapid, forceful slant upwards to the right photographs clearly his optimistic, buoyant nature. He holds one definite idea in his mind—to get there by every possible effort. The fairly heavy pressure reinforced by

with constant pride. A stable personality.

Barbara Castleton

The upright, easy-swinging script of Barbara Castleton, with the large appearance of her letter-formations, are a revelation of a clear, active mind and an adaptable and friendly attitude. No matter in what position she might find herself, she has the wit to extricate herself. Kindly and full of reserved power, she enters into the spirit of affairs readily, easily. No perpetual chip on her shoulder! When she barred her "4" with the little clutch at the end and the blunted form of her finals, she answers in a semi-joyful fashion, "Oh, I am able to take care of myself all right. I can keep my end up.'

(Continued on page 30)
Shooting Baby Peggy for Little Miss Mischief

Baby Peggy, the two-year-old star who has just been signed to a new long-term contract by Julius Stern to star in Century Comedies.

HER MOTION PICTURE MAMA AND DADDY TELL HER LITTLE MISS MISCHIEF she is going to have a little baby brother. Whereupon Peggy looks grieved and protests in vain she doesn't want any old baby brother.

So she decided to run away from home. An old junk-man steals her and makes her busy junk for him. Peggy stuffs a cat, puts it on fences at night and meows fit to kill. Then folks throw shoes and hats and every old thing at her. These she collects to sell for junk. Simple?

But of course, Peggy wouldn't be a junk-seller for long. So she is soon found and returned home. Where W.B. — find her, making a man-o'-war out of an otherwise staid butler, and insipid as she is concerned, planning to live happily ever after, in spite of baby brothers.
The Dramatic Loves of the Barrymores

PART II—(Conclusion)

THERE are two Jack Barrymores. One is the movie star of "Jekyll and Hyde," "The Lotus Eater," and "Sherlock Holmes"; the stage star of "The Jest," "Redemption," and "Richard III." The other is the younger brother of Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, the happy-go-lucky, artistic Bohemian youth.

Perhaps the strangest manifestation of the Barrymore genius has been the flowering of the talent of Jack during the last decade. Jack Barrymore was known to all the world when he was still nothing more than a child. He was keenly regarded as a possible successor to his father in the hearts of the theatre-going public. But as the years passed, as he grew into his late twenties without accomplishment, the world said that Jack's was another case of possible attainment being spoiled by too favorable circumstances.

Moreover, no one ever supposed that Jack Barrymore would become a really great actor. He was thrust into the business of acting merely because he was a Barrymore. He started life as an artist. His weird drawings, suggestive somewhat of the decadent French school, received publicity because they were done by a Barrymore. He was just another of those long-haired Bohemians who, of late, have crowded into Greenwich Village in New York.

Moreover—handsome, gay, irresistible—he lived like any other citizen of Bohemia. He didn't care what happened to him. Unimportant roles in unimportant plays came to him occasionally. He had his steady Ethel. There was no need to watch over him; his sterling sister, Ethel, to care for him; he possessed the prestige of being a Barrymore and he lived as he pleased. There are stories of a Barrymore-Drew family council and of a decision to find a play that would suit John and make an actor of him, force him into winning his way on the stage. And it is probable that John Barrymore was actually forced into it.

Jack Barrymore's career on the stage did not actually begin until several years later. His first important parts were seen in a farce, "Glad of It," when he was a youngster, but they were not until he made a hit in "The Fortune Hunter," that his real place as a star were foreseen. Meantime, he had been the debonair man about town.

The world was interested in Jack Barrymore. At various times his engagement to numerous women of the stage had been rumored. Among these were Bonnie Maguin, Vivian Blackburn, Lotta Faust and Grace Lane. It remained for the beautiful Katherine Harris to captivate and win him.

At the time her engagement was announced, her father was separated from her mother. Mr. Harris was spending that summer, the summer of 1910, in Europe. He was notified of his daughter's engagement by cable, and immediately made it an issue between himself and his wife. He gave out interviews in which he stated that the marriage would never be consummated, that he would hurry to the States himself, to prevent it.

But when he finally did arrive, he admitted to the reporters who had hurried to interrogate him that he was powerless. His daughter was her own mistress. And so he remained idle by while the marriage was consummated and Katherine Harris became Mrs. John Barrymore.

A year later the flood of recrimination between Mr. and Mrs. Harris burst and a divorce suit was begun. The youthful daughter and son-in-law of the contesting parties to the suit, naturally favored Mrs. Barrymore, and it was

LIONEL BARRYMORE, WHO HAS BEEN "HAPPILY MARRIED FOR YEARS TO ZORAH BANKS, POPULARLY KNOWN AS "WELL-DOING DOMESTIC SMITH"...

LIONEL BARRYMORE's separation from his wife, Zorah, was a matter of public notice. His wife was one of the well-known actresses of the day.

MRS. ALEX DRATT, THE FIRST MRS. JACK BARRYMORE

Mrs. Alex Dratt was the first Mrs. Jack Barrymore. She was a popular actress of the early days of the theatre.

"Our life was very happy," she said. "But we had our share of hard times. We worked hard, and we lived in poverty."
THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Captain Selwyn, retired, returns from the Philippi
can War, determined to enjoy his remaining years
in society, while many of his friends have forgotten him.
He finds solace in the love of his sister’s children.
Her sister sings the praises of Eileen, her husband’s
beautiful ward.

Selwyn gives Eileen’s brother a check which Gerald
unthinkingly makes over to Selwyn’s divorced wife.
Selwyn no longer desired Eileen. Sometimes he
feared that he was really tired; for he seemed in-
clined to lounge on the veranda, satisfied as long as
he was alone. But, when Selwyn moved, he got up and followed.

So subdued, so listless, so gentle in manner
and speech. He had become a child! One wonders in his
temporary absence, wondered whether the boy were
perfectly well—which voiced the general doubt
litherto unexpressed.

There was trouble somewhere, stress of doubt,
power of apprehension, the gravity of immaturity
half realizing its own ineptitude. And on the
hour, when he knew his friend was being
Edgerton Lawn and come down to Silverside for the
purpose of witnessing some experiments with the
new smokeless explosive, Chaste, for the develop-
ment which Selwyn had been experimenting.

Young Lawn came by the first train; Gerald
wired that he would be the following train.
He did arrive, unusually pallid, almost haggard;
and Selwyn, who met him at the station and drove
him to the Red Rossiet, ventured at last to give
the boy a chance.

But Gerald remained utterly unresponsive—
stoically so—and the other instantly relinquished the
hope of ascertaining that he could shift the
conversation at once to the object and reason of
Gerald’s coming, and gaily expressing his belief
that the experiments with the smokeless explosive
would figure heavily in the world’s list of commer-
cially valuable explosives.

It was early in August that Selwyn had come to
the conclusion that his Chaste was likely to prove
a commercial success. And now, in September, his
experiments had advanced so far that he had ven-
tured to the great lawn, which with characteristic modesty that he was not
yet prepared to guarantee the explosive.

At about noon, guests arrived before the cottage
in a solemn file, halted, and did not appear over-
anxious to enter the laboratory on Storm Head.
This was due partly to their usual indifference when
they did enter, and seated themselves in a nervous
circle in the largest room of the cottage. Here their
turn for them; and then they all trooped solemnly
up the little chasm, and were aware of it, and they eyed it with
respect.

First of all Selwyn laid a cubic crystal on an
anvil, and struck it sharply and repeatedly with
a hammer. Austin’s thin hair rose, and Edgerton
Lawn swelled with nothing in several times; but nobody
went to heaven, and the little cube merely crumpled
into a flaky pink powder.

Then Selwyn took three cubes, dropped them
into boiling milk; they melted all at once, twisted them
into a waxy taper, placed it in a candle-stick, and
set fire to it. The taper burned with a flaring brilli-
tancy but without odour.

Then Selwyn placed several cubes in a mortar,
pounded them to powder with an iron pestle and
mortar; a few drops of water were needed to
cover the point of a penknife, placed a few grains
in several paper cartridges. Two wads followed
the charge, then a half shot of flour, a wad, and then the crimping.

The guests stepped gratefully outside; Selwyn,
using a light fowling-piece, made pattern after pat-
tern on paper. The next two weeks no word was received
from him at Silverside.

Late in August, however, he wrote a rather colour-
less letter to Selwyn, saying that he was tired and
would be down for the week-end.
How to Get Into the Movies

by Mabel Normand

III. IS BEAUTY ESSENTIAL?

YES. Beauty is essential to a girl's success in pictures.

But what is beauty?

You may have it and not know it. Or you may think you have it and be the only one to appreciate it.

There is beauty in being kind and sweet and coy about the subject of beauty. A girl who has a lovely face certainly has far more chance of getting a leading part than another girl who has not.

But a girl does not have to be a Venus.

In my opinion Venus would never have had a look in. Perhaps she might play mother roles.

We used to consider Lilian Russell and Maxine Elliot as the ideals of feminine pulchritude. They were the standards by which we measured ourselves several years ago.

The screen, however, has established a new type—the slight, petite, small-featured girl.

She may not know it, but the camera enlarges frightfully.

A woman of medium size appears large on the screen. A large woman appears gauche.

Furthermore, as I have already said, the small woman can play a greater variety of parts, particularly if she has youth.

Yet if we consider the beauties of all time we will find that they all were celebrated for something besides the regular features, nice eyes and pretty teeth. Everyone knows that the personal charm and character of Lilian Russell are what give distinction to her beauty. Without these great assets she might never have been considered the queen of the fair.

There are very few screen beauties who are perfect from the artist's standpoint, although a great many have served as artists' models.

But most of them have some distinguishing feature of beauty—and know how to feature this feature.

An actress with lovely eyes may make you forget an ugly mouth or nose by calling attention to those eyes through the use of makeup.

There is scarcely a girl who can not be transformed by a coiffure. You must learn the style of hair dress which becomes you most and stick to it.

Study yourself with the idea of discovering your most attractive feature—eyes, hair, nose, mouth, throat, figure. Then do the best you can to play up this gift.

The modern day accessories of the toilet and the scientific knowledge on beauty subjects, a girl should be able to improve herself fifty per cent in a few months.

No one is tricked by makeup—unless the make-up is so clever that it is scarcely makeup.

Expressions also should be studied. An ugly expression may destroy an otherwise beautiful effect; a beautiful expression may so illumine an ugly face as to make it beautiful.

In studying your expressions and cultivating the right sort, be careful to avoid affectations.

In my opinion affectation nullifies all claim for beauty.

Have you ever seen an affected self-conscious man? Did you think him handsome?

Do you suppose, then, that men—or other women—would consider you beautiful if you had affections and plainly showed that you thought yourself incomparable?

Beauty may be developed physically, mentally and scientifically.

You may develop clear complexion, lustrous eyes, healthy condition of the hair and symmetry of physique by exercise; walking, golfing, swimming, dancing, riding horseback, playing tennis. My favorite exercise is swimming; next to that, dancing. I believe that both forms of exercise are particularly good for the body. They increase flexibility, develop symmetry and grace, impart to an assemblage of four thousand people almost two thousand miles away. If such miracles are possible, why not others? They are.

Tinting penetrating makeup and proves incontrovertibly that Brinson's nails perfectly manicured. And the screen has made us keener of eye in observing people. Most of us can determine rather quickly the sort of human being a person is by the play of expression on the face. If we do not like those expressions it doesn't matter how much regular the features may be or how exquisite the coloring; there is no attraction to hold the eye.

If you believe you have certain features which are of photographic value and have decided to go into pictures, be sure to make the most of your appearance when you call on the casting director. He is the court of first decision—and sometimes last.

Don't try to vamp him. Don't try to act at all. All acting must be done before you ever go in. I mean you must have cultivated your appearance and your expression so that you need not think about yourself when you ask for a job.

Above all, don't weigh yourself with makeup. If you have a naturally beautiful complexion leave it alone. You will be notable in comparison to the many painted-and-powdered girls whom the director sees every day. Dress in good taste and let that become you. No intelligent, observing girl of today needs to be told that simplicity is the secret of smart dress. Care as to detail is important—trim shoes and stockings, a neat bonnet, and a polished face. A sincere and genuine appeal might win over any girl will have attraction if not downright beauty. If, in addition, she has the manners that become her and the smile that indicates charm and humor—well, the chances are she will be asked her name and telephone number—and will receive a call the next time the casting director wants "extras."

Beauty and personality are complementary. One aids the other. Sometimes we call a girl beautiful, whereas she would wear plain and not for the charm which she radiates. Again, a beautiful face plus an amiable manner gives a girl the reputation for personality that she might not have if the beauty were absent.

After all, it is individuality rather than prettiness that establishes a person. You recognize Beauty. What is different? It is Gloria's uplifted nose, because it is distinctive; Nazimova's eyes because they are unlike any other pair of lenses. Because personality is the very life of beauty.

I consider it more important. Personality cannot be manufactured but, like beauty, it can be developed to some extent. Next week I'm going to talk about it.

If you have any questions to ask about these articles, write to Mabel Normand, care of "Movie Weekly."

—EDITOR

SECRETS of the MOVIES  • When People Thought It Was a Trick

THE first motion picture show was a failure. The first exhibition of motion pictures where admission was charged was at the Winter Garden Theater in Atlanta, Ga., in August, 1895. The inventor took his machine to Atlanta with his heart singing high and came away with it in the dumps. The show was set up along the Midway and a barker was put outside to attract an audience. He sang songs and told stories vieing with a gatherer around him, when he would branch off to the wonders inside. There was no such expression as "motion pictures." He had to sell them that if they would pay their quarter they could see pictures on the wall of the people moving about—only the people were not there. The crowd laughed and passed on—it wasn't going to be bunked.

Day after day went by; the show was a failure.

The inventor was running it on a shoestring—and the string was getting pretty well worn in a couple of places. So he decided to give one day's admission free of charge as leaven to the dough. He did—and the people thought it was another of those shadowgraph tricks! Lots of them fellers could make a rabbit wink and flop his ears with nothing but their hands tied up in a string. No, sir, they wouldn't get no quarter out of them.

Then a fire caught in the Negro plantation, and the inventor had to pack up and run out of the picture show. In an hour it was in ruins. The inventor picked up the charred and blackened picture machine and walked back to Washington—down in the mouth and penniless. He then got back his old job as clerk in one of the government offices and again put on his paper cuffs. The first show had been a sorry failure.
B E R N A R R
MACFADDEN'S
Beauty Pages

DID you ever pause to consider that your life consists of days, one piled on top of the other? And each day consists of hours, twenty-four of them? Are you among those who work sixteen or more hours a day? Or is it the more congenial union scale of eight hours? But no matter quibbling. The question is: What do you do with the time not actually spent in working?

It is easy to fill these hours with energy. Likewise it is easy to fill them with listlessness or lack of ambition. It is as easy to fill them with beauty and happiness as with ugliness and gloom.

And it is because all of these hours count in the making of your health, in the building of your life and your personality. No girl, especially if she works, can find the necessary time to do any great amount of exercise. Therefore, it behooves her to pay serious attention to various kinds of exercise that, combined in a limited period, will make up to her what she actually needs.

Stand in front of a long mirror—preferably in tights or a gym suit. Keep your eye on the girl you see there. Make her keep her balance as she squats and rises. In the next turn, stand squarely back to back with her, then twist far around first to one side and then to the other until you can look her squarely in the eye.

Eddie Roland
and Robin Girls
Pathé
Then try a side-bending exercise, making her stretch the opposite arm up and over as far as possible, making it a real bend. Alternate from side to side. Standing with your back to the mirror, see if you can bend slowly backward until you can look into the eyes of that girl there. You can do it—if not now, soon, by practice.

Now, standing with your back to the mirror, feet apart, bend far forward until you can look straight back between your legs into the eyes of the girl in the mirror. Next, show the girl in the mirror how to sit upon the floor, grasp firmly the sides of a chair and then first raise the hips as high as possible, then lower the body until you are almost seated on the floor. Repeat this several times.

Can you do the "old-fashioned dip?" The way to do it is to lay flat before the mirror, slowly straighten your arms as your body rises and falls, muscles taut—no knee bending or sagging of the chest. Take a look at this girl in the mirror to see she's doing this exercise right.

I wonder how many of my motion picture friends can go through these exercises. Have you ever tried them?

Grace Darmond

Sennett Comedies
CHARLIE CHAPLIN DENIES HE’S ENGAGED

Hollywood News “Hot from the Griddle” Per Grace Kingsley

Together Again

O

nce more Wallace Reid and Bebe Daniels are to be co-starred. It’s the first time since they played together in “Sick-A-Bed.”

Everybody was pleased with them in this picture, and they liked them too in “The Affairs of Anatol,” but in the latter Wally had to distribute his devotion so much that no lady got a lion’s share.

Lloyd Happy To Be Home

Harold Lloyd has come home to Los Angeles from New York. The comedian was greeted by his mother and father and his brother, Gaylord Lloyd. The first question he asked was, “Where’s the baby?”

The baby is Gaylord Harold Lloyd, and he was born just before Christmas, to Harold’s brother and Har o l d ’ s brother’s wife. That younger certainly was wise in his choice of a birth day, inasmuch as Lloyd at once made out a big check as a Christmas present and placed it on the tree which he insisted on having for the baby.

The comedian brought with him from New York a brand new shiny contract with Pathé, which provides for the happy combination of more money and less work on Lloyd’s part. Than which, of course, nothing could be sweeter far as he is concerned.

Director vs. Plumber

Helen Ferguson just loves to tell the following story to any director of hers who chances to give evidence of being a bit upstage. It’s about the two little Jewish youngsters who played in “Hungry Hearts” with her, and who have become her special proteges.

While apparently no Jewish youngsters has a right to the name Billy, then one has it. He was telling Miss Ferguson his desires in life.

“When I grow up, I’m going to be a gentleman,” he said, “and I ain’t going to swear nor nothin’.”

“What else are you going to be?” asked Miss Ferguson.

“I’m going to be a great big director,” Billy said.

“But suppose they won’t let you be a director.”

“Well, then, I’m going to be a plumber!”

And speaking of Miss Ferguson, whispers are again afoot that William Russell, Fox star, and Miss Ferguson have made up, and that they are going to be married. Certain it is that the young lady driver Bill’s all the time, and in Hollywood that’s a certain sign.

Can It Be...?

Dancing around with Constance Talmadge these days is no less a person than Maurice, the dancer. It’s a nice little family party, composed of Norma Talmadge, Constance, Mamma Talmadge, always called “Peggy,” Maurice and Leonora Hughes, Maurice’s partner, which gathers at the Ambassador Cooconut Grove these long winter evenings.

Before Constance was married she used to dance with Maurice a great deal. Then Mr. Pialoglu was lucky enough to win Miss Con stance’s heart, and they were married. But now Miss Talmadge has stated that she meant to get a divorce, and so, being separated from her husband, it’s not to be wondered at if she whiles away some other time some hours by dancing. And with whom more naturally should she dance than with her old friend Maurice?

Alimony—Thy Name Is Rudolph

So, after all, Rudolph Valentino is going to have to pay alimony to his former wife, Jean Acker, from whom he was recently divorced. The amount is the modest sum of $175 a month, on which Miss Acker admits she can live. Miss Acker has recently been very ill, and the physicians attending her say that she will not be able to return to the screen for six months or a year. So the judge who granted the divorce decided that she should have money from Va len tino to support her until she was able to go to work.

Thomas Meighan likes the dog, but apparently Will Rogers does not.

She is quite destitute, and being still in a weak condition, she would find it hard sledding were her former husband not to provide for her.

Charlie Ray in Limelight

J ust as we had decided that Charlie Ray was going to stick to First National for the rest of his life, here he ups and signs up with United Artists!

His contract is a long term one, and under its provisions he will be given every opportunity to do just the things in pictures that he has long desired to do. So we'll all be watching him.

Westward Ho!

At last Alice Brady has been wheeled into coming to the Pacific Coast. She has always stuck to her little old New York, but now Jesse Lasky has succeeded in persuading her to come West. She is to appear in a number of Paramount mount features this winter at the Lasky studios in Hollywood.

Elise Ferguson, too, is scheduled to come West within a few weeks. The names of her pictures aren’t yet announced. Miss Ferguson has a perfectly good banker husband back in New York, and so she isn’t particularly anxious to leave home, but when her words, all must needs answer.

A Denial From Charlie

Poor old Charlie Chaplin! He’s kept so awfully busy these days—denying rumors of his intended marriage. Now it’s Mrs. Clara Sherman, sculptress, who made his statue out in California, to whom he is reported engaged. But he strenuously denies the implication.

“Naturally we are friends,” says Charlie, “but I’m sure neither of us thought of marriage. Mrs. Franklin is a wonderful woman, however, and I’m sure any man might be proud of her.”

Will Bebe...?

Jack Dempsey has just bought himself a comfortable, big, handsome home in Los Angeles, just whether he intends to wed or not isn’t known. Rumor connected his name with that of Bebe Daniels, but Miss Daniels denies the report and so does Jack. Also Bebe’s mamma.


There’s another little bird flitting around whispering that if Chet Franklin has his way that Bebe will become Mrs. Franklin.

Chet has been directing Bebe in her Realart pictures, and she is very much pleased at his work. She denies she is going to marry him, though admitting they are very congenial friends. She goes about with him to dances and theatres and he calls on her at home.

“Soup” Pollard Says:

On Friday, January 13th, Harry Pollard signed a long term contract with Hal Roach for the production of comedies.

“Isn’t you super stitious demands somebody of Harry.

“Only about one number and one thing,” answered Harry.

“What’s that?”

“Three square meals a day.”

Who Can She Be?

The explanation has just been forthcoming of why Thomas Meighan and a certain well-known Lasky star aren’t speaking these days.

It happened this way. Mr. Meighan always has his father and cousin playing on his set in dramatic scenes. The star, who has only a photog rap h, sent word asking Mr. Meighan if he would loan her his camera, and she wished to cry during the making of a certain scene, and couldn’t do it to a phonograph. It seemed so commercial, a phonograph, she exclaimed. “And I just must cry,” she said, “so send me a piece that’ll bring tears.”

Meighan sent his orchestra. But also he sent something else. It was wrapped in a piece of paper, and as Meighan explains, "was something that’s guaranteed to bring tears."

It certainly would. The "piece" was a piece of onion!
Rambling Through the Studios in the East
W ith Dorothea B. Herzog

May McAvoy “Terribly” Superstitious

VERN GORDON's "Em All"

V E R A  GORDON, that provocateur of mirth and good cheer, seems to know everybody in the Cosmopolitan Studio, from the door-man to the director-general. We happened to lope out to the studio while she was making "The Girl Without a Shadow," Frank Borzage production, with Dore Davidson, Miriam Battista, and others.

Mrs. Gordon was “sitting” in a scene. By “sitting in,” we mean that a closeup was being taken of the right lead, young Buster Calfier. In order to have Buster right in the spirit of the action, Director Borzage had Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Davidson sitting outside the camera range carrying on a regular conversation with the irritated young man.

Mrs. Gordon’s sense of humor got the best of her. She was right ahead talking, but she turned to wink at us and carry on a regular pantomime comedy sketch for our benefit. After it was “fini,” a prop man happened to pass. Mrs. Gordon stopped him.

“Why, Ben!” she exclaimed, a smile of real pleasure spreading over her face. “How are you? I haven’t seen you since you had ‘Klieg eyes’ when we were making ‘Humoresque.’"

And Ben, whose eyes were now in tip top condition, grinned his pleasure and answered in detail before walking along with the smile that wouldn’t come off shining through the grime of his dusky face.

May McAvoy On Way Home

Little May McAvoy, who first started the motion picture fans to buzz with enthusiasm by her superb interpretation of Grizel in John S. Robertson’s production of Barrie’s “Sentimental Tommy,” came on to New York with her mother for a flying trip. While here, we succeeded in cornering her for a scant thirty minutes in the lobby of the Hotel Algonquin.

May McAvoy should really be nicknamed “Petite.” She’s so adorably slim and—well, petite—but that we hereby editorially baptize her with the name.

"Do you know," she said, “that I’ve made seven pictures in ten months and a half? Yes, I became a Realart star last February and went immediately to the Coast. In March I started work on my first picture and there was no rest till the day before New Year’s."

"We believe," cautiously, "that the job of Editor is a mere trifle next to that of star." "Petite" looked her indecision. She has a way of looking at that is peculiarly and attractively her own. Those big, blue eyes sustain your gaze with grave calmness, shying from probing too deeply, but inviting the thought that prompted the words.

A Superstitious Star

Miss McAvoy admits to being superstitious. This, confessed with a serious candor that charmed. “If I spill salt,” she shuddered daintily, “it means a fight, sure, unless I throw a speck over my left shoulder.

And I’m scared to death of black cats and walking under ladders and breaking mirrors and Friday the thirteenth and so many other things. I can’t think of them all at once.

"It’s quite proper for the Irish to be superstitious," she defended herself with a rebellious colleen toss of her head and a snap to the large, lucid, blue eyes.

In the Future

Miss McAvoy says that she is going to play in Famous Players special productions until April, when she will become a full-fledged Paramount star. This means no more “five-reel simplicity” pictures, but pictures that will give her the scope to demonstrate the depth of the ability that is hers—a Grizel role, in other words.

No Engagement Announcement

And by the way, we asked May if there was any truth to these widespread and persistent

Bill and Dusty Great Fishers

B I L L and his brother, “Dusty” Farnum, who have always been the greatest of pals, both in their work and their sports, have been on some momentous fishing cruises together. Bill was telling about the time he suffered from a stricture in the vicinity of his lungs. The doctor prescribed absolute rest for him. Whereupon he and “Dusty” went out to fish near Catalina.

Bill had a line with him, but he didn’t throw it out. “Dusty” and the boating men had their lines out.

“Hey, Bill,” called Dusty, “put your line out fifty or sixty feet and then one of us will be sure to catch anything that’s biting.”

Bill readily agreed. And within ten minutes, his line was the first to jerk convulsively. He grabbed it. And the fight with the fish began. He fought that fish from ten-thirty in the morning until six-thirty in the afternoon—eight hours of hard tussling. And Bill wouldn’t let Dusty or the boatman help him.

It wouldn’t be according to law,” he gasped, fighting the eight hundred or thousand pounder struggling at the end of his line.

“And the worst of it was,” chortled Bill indignantly, “I didn’t land him. I did better than that, though. The fight with the fish snapped the stricture in my shoulder and did more for me than weeks of rest would have.”

About Dusty

Mary Hay, in private life Mrs. Dick Barthelmess and a young chap named O’Connell, “Dusty” never works if there is good fishing or good hunting. Dusty has a lovely home; he has enough “wherewithal” to keep him comfortable for the remainder of his life, and he isn’t a wild enthusiast for work except when there’s nothing else to do. This explains why Dusty is seen so rarely on the screen. He’s tied to a contract with Fox, but it doesn’t keep him prisoner—makes the fishing and hunting are good!
Blanche Reilley of St. Louis notes that in "Her Social Value," Katherine McDonald is seen wearing gong stockings before starting up the stairway. When she gets to the top she has on blue pajamas. Apparently she changed the stockings on the way up!

**Pests You've Met At The Movies**

"Take my time!" "Don't hurry!"

"If you're in a hurry, you better hurry!"

"Timex to make every city a Dublin city"

He stiff who takes only a couple of hours to find his two bits—oyez—you've met him—oyez!!

Send in your favorite movie pest to "movie pests" @ Movie Weekly—39 W. 40th St.

**Josh Beck—By Heck**

Oh, a letter from Chester—y'know when he sold his wheat, he took Josh down T' see little old New York.

Reckon it's Josh's fust trip outside o' this here keounty.

Here's what he sez—"I took Josh t' see the 'Capitol' which is the biggest theatre in the city—"

And after we got inside I arsked Josh whar 'bouts he wanted t' sit and Josh he said gwan—you can't sit down here.

There ain't no such place—I'll wake up in a minute—Heh, heh, heh.

**Questions Answered**

A. Sharp, Hadenwuck, Ill.

Q. Is Valentino a muscled man of note?

A. Yes, at the early age of two he was seen playing on the floor.

Updike Archaeology, New Zealand--Pash. Who is the most popular movie actor today?

Pash. A. That is hard to say as your letter is not dated.

Tony, the barber, Seventh Ave., N.Y.C.

Q. Any chance for me in the movies?

E. A. Yes, they are looking for close shaves.
Environ's Note: In the "Movie Weekly" of January 28th, we ran a letter—rather stern and uppish, to say the least, from an individual signing himself, "One Who Knows Pictures," which asked our readers, in a postscript to this communication, to write and tell us their unbiased opinion of the letter.

The following excerpts from letters received from our readers are characteristic of the hundreds that came in to us.

Ernest R. Wild, of Los Angeles, Cal., says:
"I do not think that your bright little paper is correctly named as 'harmy-pamby,' as I consider you have classified as inconspicuous and dull the picture industry of the Film World. However, I heartily agree with "One Who Knows Pictures" when he says: 'Give us some of the stories of the uphill grind in bucking the movies.' By all means let us have something different from the awful sickly gush served up by most of the picture magazines. Oh, those interviews with stars! Thank heaven, you do not go in for that stuff much. . . . I say to you, Mr. Editor, if you will sound this warning note, you will undoubtedly be the means of saving countless thousands of innocent girls from at least a life of hardship, not to speak of anything worse."

In Protest
Miss Annie A. Smith, of Portland, Maine, is not so sanguine about the effect to be gained by words of warning: "By all means give us the truth on the condition of the industry: not only on the unseemly side that surrounds the screen struck girl, but on many other conditions that interest the fan. Suppose 'Movie Weekly' published something every week about the fallen movie aspirant, would it make any difference? I think not! The daily fall of these tales, but the aspirants go right on their way."

"Reformers—Bah!"
Mrs. M. Lorenza Stevens, of Venice, Cal., a near neighbor of the world-famous hothed of the cinema, has an interesting slant: "And now that old scare about 'Hollywood,' says Mrs. Stevens, 'soul-selling and girls being led astray and all that tommyrot. Fiddletickles! . . . reformers, bah! They would better reform their own evil minds, clean out the rot within, and then they won't see so much madness in other people, because after all, they are only seeing the reflection of their own evil thoughts . . . . There are Charlie Ray and Conrad Nagel, both devoted to their wives and their art. There's King Bagby, a man of sterling character, who is indeed all that his name implies. There's Bill Hart, who is just the noble man we'd expect him to be. And so I could go on naming our friends, the demented drama who are indeed all that we could ask any man or woman to be."

When I first made the acquaintance of 'Movie Weekly' and I haven't missed a copy since. I'm for 'Movie Weekly' first, last and all the time. I do not find it dull, flat, void of sense nor intelligence, lifeless or wavering, and I've never thought the editor was crazy. . . . If I was a man I'd take off my hat to Mr. Editor, and extend my hand to you across this page in hearty congratulations."

"Did You Ever See It This Way?" Robert Phipps, Bristol, Tennessee, says: "It is absolutely nothing to the public what means the stars take to get their names in electric lights and I am sure most of the fans in the country will agree with me. If they are true fans they will not want to hear of their favorites going to such wild parties and so on. If such things are printed about them, what will happen? They will all lose interest in their careers and their faces will be gone. Then where will we go for entertainment?"

A Staunch Friend
Walter J. Mosey, Dixon, Illinois, Editor of the 'Rutland Clock,' says: "'Movie Weekly' is the finest motion picture magazine I have ever read. The Editor is a person of all fairness, and this alone, should be sufficient proof that the readers of her publication get a square deal . . . . The motion picture industry is giving the world the best that is in it. Just because some small seed was sown in the motion picture world that gave root, and the world who makes the entire industry should classed OUT OF THE flower garden, is it? . . . Evenside, 'One Who Knows Pictures,' you do not believe in all that you say, or you would not fight against yourself by reading 'Movie Weekly.' I think, down in your heart, you know as well as I that motion pictures are a betterment for this old world of ours . . . ."

A Scoffer
Yet a communication comes from a cameraman for the Cinematographers and Motion Picture Craftsmen, Canada, in W. Toronto (Ont.) head-quarters: "I have just read the letter of 'One Who Knows Pictures' and I'm for that letter strong. I have often wondered how long the motion pictures may live, and could feed the public the bunk before they got wise. Don't sit on the lid. Take off the cover and give the picture fan the truth. . . . After ten years behind the camera I could supply some very plain facts and so could others. Why not get busy, Mr. Editor? Yours for a clean-up."

A Plea for Mildness
Jack W. Carney, Boise, Idaho, writes us a first-rate letter on this subject: "'One Who Knows Pictures' does, I think, know them to a certain extent. But I'll say this much on behalf of 'Movie Weekly': If the editor will please write in favor of the general public—that is, know something of them myself, having been connected with a Northwest Theatre Company for quite a lengthy period. I am a little afraid he has been too sarcastic and discouraging to would-be movie star, although what they need is what he asked for. A little more understanding, like him from the shoulder stuff. In brief, the truth . . . ."

Environ's Note: In the January 21st issue of "Movie Weekly" we ran pictures from Vitagraph's and Paramount's productions of 'The Little Minster' and asked our readers to compare the two and tell us what they thought of them. The consensus of opinion of our readers is that Alice Calhoun was more fitting cast for Babble than was Betty Compson. The following are representative of the many letters we received.

A Prophecy
Harold Le Roy, 86 East Eleventh Street, Newport, Kentucky, is all for Miss Calhoun: "She is the most promising young star of the silver screen. The work of a famous artist. The Vitagraph version is a wonderful translation to the screen of Barrie's Scotch story, a production version is a charming tale, but . . . Betty Compson is not suited to her role as is Alice Calhoun. I think that Sir James Barrie had the very picture of a girl like Alice Calhoun in mind when he wrote the tale of her love for the 'Little Minister.' In a year or so, Alice Calhoun will be the showman's best bet and the idol of the motion picture fans."

Now a Favorite
Miss E. Mary Raymond, Brooklyn, N. Y., thinks Vitagraph's version of the Barrie play the best. Alice Calhoun possesses wonderful beauty and intelligence, and from now on she is my big favorite. Mr. Morison is very fine as Gavin, the "Little Minister."

Alice Is Beautiful
Miss Cora M. Frink, Batavia, N. Y., writes: "Betty Compson is just pretty. I think 'chiec' expresses everything in her case, while Alice Calhoun is beautiful. She has all the exuberance and charm of youth and added to that a dignity and grace of manner which I think will carry her far in her profession."

To the Point
Dick Durand, Kankakee, Illinois, says: "I am neither a Frederick James Smith, nor a Herbert Howe, but perhaps my criticism may interest the readers of 'Movie Weekly.' Miss Calhoun was ideally cast, while Miss Compson was miscast. Miss Compson is a thoroughly 1922 girl, hence she should not play roles such as Lady Babbie. I do not by any means wish to give the impression that I think Miss Compson is not a good actress. She is. Her portrayal in 'The Miracle Man' proves that . . . . In 'The Little Minister' Miss Compson, as a gypsy, acts the part; as a lady, she looks and acts every bit of it. She is natural, talented, youthful, and always a lady."

Just Thankful
Miss Edna Barry, Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "It is one of the best Vitagraph pictures ever made, and, thank heaven, they are giving Alice Calhoun the stories she is so deserving of, for, mind you, she has beauty and brains, and is natural at all times. James Morrison was splendid as 'The Little Minister.'"

From "The Girls"
Some high school girls in Schenectady, N. Y., have written us a nice composite letter. Pearl B. says: "I admire Alice Calhoun very much. She has personality, charm, and individuality. I think Alice Calhoun is prettiest, charm and a good actress personified," says Miss Williams. "She's great," says Alice Jordan. "That's all. She's great," is a tribute from M. S.

Four Times!
Miss Helen W. Browne, Brooklyn, is another Vitagraph admirer to pay a discerning tribute to the Vitagraph star. "I loved Vitagraph's 'Little Minister' for its simplicity and loneliness. The story of Miss Calhoun, as a delightful little girl, is a delightfully clever actress and her lady Babbie a work of art. One would think the part entirely written for her. She is wonderfully beautiful and most natural, and brings much refinement to the screen. James Morrison was an ideal 'Little Minister.' He was so sincere I could never fancy anyone else as Gavin. I have seen Vitagraph's production four times and could see it as many more."

More Praise
Charles Tuck, Salisbury, North Carolina, considers the Vitagraph version more carefully produced and intelligently cast. "Miss Calhoun deserves a lot of credit for her acting in the role," says Mr. Tuck. "The whole story has been sensational success for the new beautiful lady of the screen; while Miss Alice Taylor, of Brooklyn, rises to elucidate. "Since seeing 'The Little Minister,' I would walk a mile to see Miss Calhoun. She is real and oh! how real the others are! They ought to take lessons from Alice Calhoun on how to be natural on the screen."
It has come to my knowledge that some of the fans who want pictures of their favorites write to the studio over there, and I was asked to tell you not to do so. If I say that Gloria Swanson’s address is Larry, Shubert, Hollywood, it doesn’t mean that you should write to Paramount for her picture. If you do you won’t get it. The idea is to write to the stars themselves for their autographs. And of course, don’t forget the quarters. Mary Pickford gives all the money that she receives in this way to charity, but all the stars can’t afford to do that.

PEGGY (ONE OF MY MANY ADMIRERS)—Oh, Peggy, those joyous boys! I know how to have admirers. Really, I’m as proud and happy and little a movie actor could be. Rodolph’s picture will be found by turning to the center of the magazine, a few pages west. Agnes Ayres’ picture was published last August 27th. You haven’t been a “Constant Reader,” have you, Peggy?

MISS MAY BIRD—A May Bird in March—How charming! Your question about Rodolph’s picture is answered in the paragraph just above this. Your next question is: “Over the Hill.” I’m sorry, but I don’t know his personal address. Write him at the Fox Hollywood Studio. He has just completed “Extra.” Extra will find Elaine in a New York studio. I suppose you think that “extra” means extra good. Kenneth Harlan’s address is Louise Street, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. And Betty Compson doesn’t give her personal address either.

VIRO RALENTO—Why do you wonder what I look like when my picture is there before you so that all who run may see it—see it and run, as they prefer? Thanks for the information you gave me. Now I will give you some. Gloria is three, Harrison Ford, thirty-seven; Bert Lytell, thirty-one; and Alice Terry, twenty-five.

YEUX BLEUS—For those of my readers who don’t know French, that means Blue Eyes. You suggest dropping a letter to your favorite French talent, but I’m never so flatterend before! Yes, Mickey Moore is a cute youngster; he lives at 1739 Vine St., Hollywood. Lois Wilson doesn’t give her home address. Pola Negri isn’t married yet; I believe, though she has been. Watch for her in “The Loyal Woman,” she has one of the finest arrangements. I don’t leave you. I have Miss Varga in the picture. Virginia Dwyer is handsome. She has been in a New York production, and there is always a waiting list.

C. F.—The man who gave Wanda Hawley all the jewels in “The Affairs of Anatol” was Theodore Roberts.

DELORES M.—Ah, her Spanish! Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn. She has light hair and brown eyes. Katherine MacDonald is a blonde with blue eyes; she is five feet eight and weighs 130. Sorry, I have no information about Elsie Wallace Reid played with D. W. Griffith in early days, but I have her in “The Birth of a Nation.”

BILLY—I haven’t the home addresses of either Anita Stewart or Elsie Wallace. Reid can be reached at the United States, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles. She is beautiful. Anita’s address is Louise B. Mayer Prod., 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Write to them for further information.

AMBROSE—The information you wish about Viola Dana is all given in Bill Hodges’ answer on this page. You would doubtless send you her photograph. A person with no stage or screen experience has some slight chance of getting into the movies—say one chance in ten thousand.

RUDIE—So the other Answer Man told you Olga Petrova was born in Liverpool? Well, I agree with you; she was born in Warsaw, Poland. I give the same answer. Yes, Rudie, come again, but it’s wise the rules for me to give your address to other fans who might want to correspond with you, or vice versa. It’s no use to you, nor to me, unless your clubs or studios are businesses in themselves and “Movie Weekly” would have to buy us your address. Write to them, in care of the United States, 5341 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles.

BILL O’HODGES—What a nice polite letter, Bill. Shake! Viola Dana’s real name is Viola Flugrach. Yes, she is Shirley Mason’s sister. She is the widow of John Collins. Her address is 7070 Franklin Ave., Los Angeles. Tom Mix is married to Virginia Forde and lives at 8841 Carlton Way, Hollywood. No trouble at all.

A MOVIE FAN—But all my correspondents are the same. Elaine Hammerstein is still single. She was born in Philadelphia twenty-four years ago. “Noah Perry” do you mean Noah Berry? That’s the only Noah that has a thing about a barn. The one who built an ark. He is six feet one and weighs two hundred and sixty-six. Terrible! Is he? Mahlon Hamilton is six feet and weighs 185.

CONNIE—Since your two favor- ites are “The Little One” and “All About Eve,” I suppose you’re interested in knowing that she is to play opposite him in a new picture, “Blood and Sand.” May McAvoy is also to be in the picture. Connie hasn’t a thing about a barn, but I suppose you know that stars send their pictures to fans for a quarter apiece.

LEN A LACOMBE—Sorry, Len, but I couldn’t publish your answer any sooner, as there were too many others ahead of you. Douglas Fairbanks has never, to my knowledge, played in a picture called “The Westward Ho!”.

KANDY KID-—Are you keeping a Birthday Book, that I hope you know all those ages? Ruth Roland was born in 1894; J. Philip Johnson is twenty-eight; Eileen Percy is Mrs. Ulrich Busch. She is five feet tall; she does not give her age. Edith Johnson is twenty-eight and William Duncan is in his early thirties.

J. MAYO—I suppose you know by now that Rodolph was born in Castellana, Italy, in 1895. Yes, the Lafayette Corp., did his training in German studios in Yonkers, now the Whitman Bennett Studios. I do not know if he ever studied in Hollywood, though he was educated in France.

JANIE—Neither of Harold Lloyd’s bands is a deformed.

CRIS-CROSS—You might get a picture of Harry M. ‘Connecticut Yankee’ from him at Universal Studio, Universal City; or if he hasn’t one, perhaps the Fox Film Corporation in Hollywood would send you some. Harry is working for Universal now, making a serial of “Robinson Crusoe.”

DOLLY D.—Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland. James Kirkwood was on the stage for eighteen years before joining the movies. He has played with practically every company that makes pictures. Yes, Louis Dwan played with J. Philip Johnson is twenty-eight; Eileen Percy is Mrs. Ulrich Busch. She is five feet tall; she does not give her age. Edith Johnson is twenty-eight and William Duncan is in his early thirties.

BARBARA—Thanks for the praises from the magazine. I showed your letter to the Editor, the Art Editor and everybody, including the man who sweeps the floor. I have no personal address for Katherine Spen- cer, I write her in care of Robertson-Cole, 780 W 800 St., Hollywood. Donald MacDonald was the villain in “Her Face Value.” Wanda Hawley was the star, not Katherine MacDonald. Since you mention Gladys Brockwell, I wonder what has become of her; I haven’t heard of her in a long time.

AL A RLY—More pink writing paper! My office is full of it. Al Jennings is making his own pictures now, released through the Capital Company. Francis Ford has been a director for some years now at the Vitagraph. “Shorty” Hamilton is being made by a company that has just been established. You’re certainly faithful to your old favorites, aren’t you? Yes, Larry Semmes and Lucille Carthy are really engaged.

MRS. E. J. RODGERS—Robert Agnew was Norma Talmadge’s lead- role in “The Bartered Bride.” He was the lover in the picture, and Harrison Ford was the poet.

DOT—Positively no, Dot. Norma has not seen “The Little One” and “All About Eve” was not yet playing in New York when this went to press. Mary Pickford is twenty-nine.
A Reel Crowd

When a real reel mob is needed for a motion picture in Hollywood, it is quite expensive. Count up yourself—extras at five or even more. When you’ve done that, you may find there is nothing left. For the whole scene was swarming with every man, woman, and child living in Carmona, and all their visiting relatives. If twenty-five thousand in all.

And,” said Cameron Roy Overbaugh, in desperation, “I think I’ll have to climb a tree to take those shots. There isn’t room here to set up my camera.”

Fat Man—Fat Pocketbook

Walter Hiers has a question he wants answered. When pretty girls go into a restaurant, where do they go from there? “For never in my life,” says Walter, “I have seen a girl go from the restaurant. They go only one way, and that’s in. And what’s more, they always arrive as an hour and a half later.”

Hungry All Over

E. Mason Hopper, the Goldwyn director, could get a job as chef any time. He has had lots of practice. When he was directing “Hungry Hearts,” he had to cook so many canvas-back ducks for Bryant Washburn that he began to wonder whether he was Bryant’s director or his cook.

If At First You Don’t Succeed—

Richard Dix has lots of determination—and an ambition. The ambition is to raise a mustache, and the determination is necessary to do so. For just as fast as Richard gets a good little start, he is cast for another role in which the mustache is barred. He has just shaved it off for the ninth time. But Richard is so determined, he’ll probably grow one yet.

For The Freak Museum

When Ralph Block, associate scenario editor for Goldwyn, steps out of his own (though there is no immediate chance of his doing this), he has his first rare specimen all ready for it—a man who never wrote a scenario. If there is another such man in the world he might make himself known to Ralph—but he’ll have to have proof.

Competition for Wall Street

Down in Wall Street, some of these rich brokers who are popularly supposed to be all-powerful, couldn’t understand why so many of their stenographers came in late every day for a week. Even the all-powerful capitalists had no influence over them. And no wonder—for look at the competition they had!

The fact was that Richard Barhlemens and his company were making a picture up in Westchester County (in case you don’t know, that is where many New York commuters live). And all the girls thought the most important thing in their lives was to watch their favorite make pictures. As for their jobs—well, what were jobs in comparison to seeing Dick?

Jacqueline Logan has captured somebody’s heart

So Inspiration Pictures Company has been receiving letters of late from New York business men, urging that the next time they make pictures, they go outside the thirty mile limit—or whatever the commuting limit is. Otherwise they’ll be responsible for adding to the unemployment situation.

A “Follies” Beauty

Imagine Will Rogers in tight! But if you have been “sobbing for Rome,” you don’t have to imagine him so; you have seen him. And what’s more, they were very becoming, weren’t they? When he came on the Goldwyn lot in that costume, there was some excitement. “Look at the pretty legs,” someone sung out. “Sure” answered Rogers, “how do you suppose I kept my job in the ‘Follies’ all these years?”

For Those Who Read Recipes

Jacqueline Logan says that her recipe for keeping slim is riding a bicycle, but just the same, it has been noticed that her recipe for getting anywhere is still riding in an automobile.

Even As Adam

Frank Hayes, the comedian in Benjamin B. Hampton’s “Wildfire,” had a terrible accident. And he is going to petition Luther Burbank to fix up a spineless variety of cactus. Frank went in swimming and somebody “swiped” his clothes—a cruelly careless thing to do! So Frank clothed himself in twigs in regular back-to-nature style, and made some sandals out of the Calliforinas cactus. He thought he was safe in doing so because the cactus had been de-natured for use in the picture; but its nature proved to be too vicious for cures, and Hayes felt just as if he had on a pair of shoes with nails in them.

He looked very clever when he re-joined his company on location. “You can call me Theda,” he told them, “because I am so Bara. As one must expect things like that from a comedian, the company left him.

Some Baby!

Babe London, also in the cast of “Wildfire,” is as fat as Frank Hayes is thin. So she and Frank, when cut on location with the company, helped out the food situation just like the well-known Jack Swiat and his wife. For one of them must eat to grow fat and the other must eat to grow thin—their figures being their fortunes.

“Whoever called you ‘Babe London’ made a mistake,” said one of the cast to the fat lady.

She bit. “How’s that?” she inquired.

“Your should have called ‘Baby Grand,’” was the answer.

He Was Desperate

Whenever a certain comedy type is wanted at the Fox studio in New York, a particular man is sent for. This was the case when he was preparing to make “Footfalls,” and asked Casting Director James Ryan to look him up. A few hours later, he walked into the office.

Are you doing anything?” Ryan asked him.

“Not a darn thing,” was the prompt reply. “And say—if I don’t get something pretty soon I guess I’ll have to take the veal.”

Another Ford Joke

Mary Carr was working on some new scenes at the New York Fox studio, when Jack Ford, who directs Shirley Mason, walked on the set. His directing instinct was so strong within him that he couldn’t resist making suggestions, and he proved to be a pretty useful person to have around.

“I think,” remarked Mrs. Carr, “that this picture is going to turn into a Ford-Carr production.”

A Bent Camel

“I resigns,” said a colored extra in “The Queen of Sheba,” to J. Gordon Edwards, the director. He showed unmistakable signs of sea-sickness. “Can’t get me on no more camels!”

“Come, come, George,” said Director Edwards, “don’t turn me down now; I need you.”

“Well, sah, you give me a fresh camel to ride, then.”

“A fresh camel?” asked the Director, puzzled.

“Yeah,” said the actor, “the one with the camel’s back was worn down—tain’ no wonder he rides rough.”

A. M. T.
Tragedy and the Photoplay

PERIODICALLY there arises from the ranks of American literary converses, a prophet in his wilderness, who predicts dire things for "the movies" unless the producers hasti- tally discard the happy ending and turn their attention to "tragedy, generally," they say, "is the only true form of drama. Every human being eventually goes down to the grave in sorrow. No couple can live happily forever after, for the aches and pains simply did. Give us realism! Give us life!"

I venture to state that if these sanctimonies were forced to live in the environment that they advocate, they would soon seek refuge in suicide from the maddening thoughts that constant repetition of the unpleasant truths of life would stir up within their minds.

Admittedly, we all must die; we all must suffer. But why, in a world so surrounded with trials and tribulations, do we not all remember, from time to time, to remind us, of these morbid facts? A far-sighted Divine Power realized that the earth would be made a paradise on earth, indeed, but it was not to stay that way; for there was some way-out—some mental exit, through which humans could go to find surcease from the labors here. Accordingly, he placed them in the bosom of the birth of the divine instinct of Hope. He painted the rainbow across the sky. He caused roseate dawn to follow the blackest part of the night; Spring to follow Winter. Even when men approach death itself, in most instances, they grasp for something or other, a promise of future exist- ence, on a higher plane.

Why, then, disturb the pleasant dreams of mankind? Why go gloomily about, and bring along the faint, uncertain, and feeble lig- hts which are all that keep the Ship of State from going to the bottom?" Why call it Art, when a producer seeks to draw back the curtain from the brutal, morbid side of our earthly existence, and brand, with an attempted to cater to optimism and the finer things as inartistic?

Producers are men of money, even if they are not always philosophers. They have long since learned that the vast majority go to the theatre to dream—to get away from unpleasant truths, and to glean vicariously some semblance of peace from what they see, some help in lessening the tense strain of the daily struggle for food, shelter and happiness. They have discovered that the uplifting play will show them a profit, and that the unpleasant play—even though highly acclaimed by the critics—will draw heavily upon their bank balances.

This should be the final answer to those who insist that the photoplay should reflect the un- pleasant side of life. The public does not want that sort of motion pictures, as has been proved repeatedly. The public wishes to dream on, and the wise photo-dramatist will let them dream.

What Is An "Idea" Worth?

WHERE one to stand at the elbow of a busy scenario editor, while he is opening his monthly letter to the "Movie Weekly" and reading the large number of letters he receives in which occur the words, "Here is a big idea, a novel idea on which you could build a whole story." The writer invariably adds, of course, that a substantial check, in payment for the aforementioned idea, would be forthcoming.

As a matter of fact, the scenario editor does not want ideas—at least "in the nude." He wants them, of course, when they are dressed up and ready for use; when they have been carefully motivated and grouped into situations that may be placed into continuity for the director's use. But the bare thought—the solitary, scintillating. original and inspirational fragment, as you may imagine, is the only true form of drama. Every human being is eventually going to the grave in sorrow. No couple can live happily ever after, for the aches and pains simply did. Give us realism! Give us life!

In which thrilling events occur so rapidly as to keep the audience entertained, by means of the action, the actors, and the dialogue, the novel ideas or the trite "Idea"? It is sufficient to award a moderate and, while a theme would do to the value of any picture, many of them hold the attention of the audience merely by the swift rush of exciting action.

Question: Exactly what is meant by the term "stellar role" or "a star role" story?

Answer: When a play is written which centralizes the major portion of the action around one character, it is known as a "stellar role" or "star role" story.

Question: What is meant by the term "superfeature"?

Answer: The appellation "superfeature" applies to pictures which run from eight to fourteen reels in length, and which cost from a thousand to a million dollars to produce. "Intolerance," "Theo- dora" and "Cobraia" were known as "superfeatures."" "Cobraia" was the "superfeature" story.

Answer: A "feature" picture might be classed as forming the middle ground between an ordinary pro- gram release and an "superfeature." It is perhaps to be a picture with an excellent cast, expensive set- tings, and produced through the efforts of high-class directors, photographers, and scenario writers. "The Affairs of Anatol," "Drazaeli," "The Great Moment," etc., are examples. The producer is interested, of course, in any good idea, but he is more interested in the way the author works out his own story. Accordingly, the next time that you, the photo- play writer, conceives a big idea, don't jot it down in a brief idea and rush it off to your favorite producer. You should go to pieces, rebuild it, insert the proper characterization, motivation, suspense. Then write your final synopsis as care- fully as you can. If you have done your work well, you may be certain that your "big idea" is going to appear on the screen.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question: What is the difference between a "great moment" and a "climax"--H. J. K. Answer: A "great moment" on the average contains three or four major crises and from nine to twelve minor crises. Anyone of these major crises might be termed a "great moment" in the play. The greatest moment in the play would, of course, be the climax.

Question: I do not feel that drama can be made out of the "commonplace," do you think it can?

Answer: This depends largely upon your definition of the word "commonplace." A day-to-day story of everyday life have some made of the greatest suc- cesses of the screen. Characters of our own world have to be more appealing than the "lords and ladies" who once aroused the imaginations of the cin- ema-going public. The idea is novel, but this may take form in the treatment of a familiar and hackneyed theme, as well as in the develop- ment of an unusual novel idea.

Question: It is necessary to have crime in a photo- play, in order to have action—Q. A. Answer: Many crime offerings indicate emphatically that it is not necessary to have crime as a motif in order to have a "great moment" or "great moment" in the story. There is to be drama. Someone with whom the audience can identify must be put in a position to have a definite objective, in opposition to the efforts of an- other, with whom the audience may sympathize to try to accomplish. The situation will be put under the strain of the struggle, the winning or losing of the goal excited interest and human can make it, the better.

Question: Should every photoplay have a theme?

Answer: Practically every picture has a theme, the only exception being purely adventures melodrama.
FIGHTING THE KING OF CROOKS

In Which A Modest, Undaunting Detective Comes From Chicago And Surprises New York

By JOHN R. CORYELL

He heard the sound of departing automobiles, and he closed the door.

"All right, Jimmy! Now look here! I'm playing a dangerous game, and I want you to go yourself. Why, you're just as safe as you came up. Be at the office as usual."

"Nuttin' doin'," answered Jimmy with fierce obstinacy. "I'm goin' ter stick. Yuh can't lose me."

"But, Jimmy, this is no place for a boy. Now you take a heart!" wailed Jimmy softly. "I kin take care o' meself. Say! where 'ud yuh be if I left you alone?"

"All right, Jimmy! But if anything happened to you I'd never forgive myself. Hit's Hit! He's comin' up, and ten to one he'll come in here for a last look. Stand there."

He pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.

"I pushed Jimmy back against the wall, felt for the bed and snatched the counterpane off of it, and then stood back of where the door would open, and watched the door, moving softly and cautiously. They encountered no difficulties in getting out of the silent house, and might with the man about to trouble Burchard.

Burchard placed his prisoner on the grass, murmuring an ironical apology for doing so. "Thank you, Jimmy," he said, and went to the garage and tried the door, and found it was rolled back by pressing the button by the side of the door, and then the Chief walked in.

The door closed over his head, the door was closed by a push of Burchard's foot, and the struggle was over.

The Chief was a powerful man, but Burchard was easily his master, and it was not many minutes before the former was lying on the floor being choked into submission.
Page Twenty-four

when I substitute brackets for those unpleasant cords. You see I know about them, having had them on."

He not only changed the cords for handcuffs, but he procured a cloth, fine, pliable rope and retied the legs and readjusted the gag so that it would be just as effective but less uncomfortable. Finally he secured him to the couch in such a way that he couldn't roll off it.

"Now that you are provided for," Burchard said, "I'll go round up the others. Don't be annoyed if I am a little late in getting back. Come Jimmy!"

A

N I sought him he wasn't no detective," Jimmy said to himself as he followed Burchard out to the car.

Burchard drove first to the garage where he had hired his car earlier in the evening. "Is Bob Beskin here?" he inquired.

"Yes, he's on night service."

"The man in charge went to the door of the office and called," Bob I come here to see you when you were expecting me and I want you to come to my office.

"I want Bob to go with me," Burchard said. "I have my own car out here, but I want him to drive; I insist on having him with me.

Jimmy went inside and asked for Mr. Maltbie. The clerk at the desk looked them over doubtfully, but Burchard noting the look, said curtly: "Call him up and say the Chief employed a man with him. He'll understand."

Maltbie had only just gone to bed, but the mystery message was delivered over the telephone and hastily told the clerk to send his visitor up, and the trembling, much too alert to dress a dressing gown and went.

He opened the door himself, his man having gone to his own room.

At the sight of Burchard, with his two odd companions he turned ghastly pale and tottered back.

"Unexpected visitor," Burchard said. "Sit down! You two sit down, too. You all ought to be surprised and obeyed. Maltbie from shyness inability to speak."

Word Burchard drew over a chair and sat down facing them. "I'm a little bit of a talk and I've got you up."

"Maltbie moistened his lips with his tongue, his eyes shining and his voice groaned: "Yes."

"I'm not going to promise you anything, Maltbie, excepting this: if you tell all you know and give me all the help you can I'll use all my influence to get you a light sentence."

"I may as well tell you that I already have Prince Haskins, and that the others are right where I can get them when I want them."

In fact you'll all be under lock and key before day-light. Going to talk?"

"You've got me over. What do you want to know?"

"He was an abject wretch, and really acted as if glad the suspense was over. It was this that Burchard had expected from Maltbie correctly from the first.

"Who helped you rob the bank?"

"The cashier of the bank," Burchard asked. "The cashier of the bank?"

"Prince Haskins, Tom Overman and Sam—Lefty" Burchard said.

"Prince Haskins, Tom Overman and Sam—Lefty?"

"Prince Haskins, Tom Overman and Sam—Lefty and their friends." Burchard looked around to note how his two companions were taking the revelation. Eyes and ears were wide open. He smiled, sure they would remember every word.

"What did you do with Wilcox?"

"He was a man who would keep him near by if he did anything."

"I don't know. I don't know."

"I only know they share it; it's in that safe."

"How much was your share?"

"Twentv thousand."

"Get it, and have your clothes on."

Then as Maltbie dropped and covered his face with his hands, "How much money is the girl worth?"

"I don't know exactly; millions."

"What's her uncle's name?"

"Burchard shut up, for he saw that the chief was about to take out his wallet."

"How about Prince Haskins?"

"He's a man with a man, and I don't know where he is—dropped out of sight."

"I've got him placed," Burchard said, "but don't bother about him. Do you know Lola Leslie, sergeant?"

That didn't worry the sergeant. "Prince Haskins' side partner; but we've never seen him, so I don't any thing on her."

"I've got it," Burchard said quietly. "Round her up. This Maltbie will spill everything."

"Say" said the sergeant in a puzzled tone, "I didn't think you asked her.

"I wasn't. My job is to find Wilcox and clear him. To do that I had to get the real crooks. I've cleared Wilcox. Now I've got him stowed away somewhere if they haven't killed him. I think he's alive, I'm going to get him; so if you don't mind 'll get along now.

The sergeant held out his hand. "Burchard, you're all right! You'll get the credit for this; the old man will see to it."

Burchard hesitated for a moment. "Listen sergeant! there isn't any need to do anything, I don't think you have any part in this. You know I've done it and that's enough for me. I've got another job to do it after which I'll bring me credit enough. Better let the department get the credit for this. It will look better in the papers; and it'll make the police more efficient.

"Right you are, Burchard," exclaimed the sergeant, gripping the other man's hand. "Some day I hope to tell you how I did it, eh?"

Burchard smiled and walked away.

He had made friends at headquarters, and his name was worth a great deal to him. Besides was less concerned about the bank robbery than about Wilcox and about the consequences of the整个 case.

He had not yet found Wilcox and to clear up the case was quite sure that neither of them would reveal it to him. Either might tell it later when they found themselves in the meshes of the law, but in the meantime any Wilcox all right, but I've still thing might happen to Burchard. He was a dangerous witness, he knew them, and if, as was likely, he was in the hands of men of the game, nothing was so probable as that he would be cut out of the way.

The car drove away from the Seventeenth Street. He had to ring the bell of the Bowerly apartment for a long time before the front room was opened and Mrs. Bowerly thrust her head out and demanded to know who he was and what he wanted.

I am Burchard, Mrs. Bowerly, and I wish to speak to you about something very important," he answered.

"What do you want?" she demanded sharply. "Why don't you leave?"

"It's a matter of life and death," he answered. "Please let me come up."

"Mrs. Bowerly closed the door and something of the utmost seriousness must be the matter, for she took her head in and presently he heard the click that told him the door could be pushed open.

Mrs. Bowerly and Hattie, clad in hastily donned wrappers, were in the parlor. When Mrs. Bowerly showed her annoyance, but Hattie was trembling with eagerness. It was the latter who spoke.

"You have learned something about Peter?" she queried at once.

"Yes, I have learned that he is innocent and I have discovered and arrested the real criminals. Now I want to find him; and that is why I am here."

"Do you think we know Peter?"

"No, but you may know the address of Harwood. That is something.

"Do you think he knows?" gasped Hattie.

"He knows a great deal I want to know, for he is in with the bank robbers. That is he is one of the gang."

(Continued on page 31)
THE LOVE OF A TIGER CAT

Beautiful of Face and Figure, Mentally a Sharp, Creative Genius—the Girl of the Story Rises from Farm Lass to Movie Queen

Viola Glade, human tiger cat, is sent with a letter to Royal Merton. Viola overheard Merton and her "grandmother," with whom the latter was planning to go to New York. Before the "grandmother" left, she made the girl identify herself, and then Viola, with Isobel Merton checks his declaration of love. Viola is seized by a keeper of an insane asylum, and is taken to Merton's asylum. She escapes on the way to the manor, and wanders into the grounds of a large private estate. Viola discovers two men who plan to rob, and perhaps murder another colonel. By quick and brazen action, the girl rescues the man from the murderer. Afterward, she tells her story to the Colonel Granton, who has a son that is a college student in love with Viola's papers. Merton, the colonel's stepson, reads his tales, and the girl is taken to another sanatorium.

The madhouse doctor's face grew black as midnight. Slowly he drew from his pocket a blood-soaked knife. He planned to use in binding Viola. She shuddered at the awful fate in store for her. Then her woman's wit and her splendid ability as an actress, the ability that in after days had exposed the hearts of all sorts of an area of movie fans, came to her rescue and she flashed him a smile from those perfect lips.

"That way you can't use a girl, force?" she pouted, looking so adorable and delightful that the doctor was completely deceived.

"Heaven! how lovely you are," he cried. "No wonder Dale Vernon is almost mad for love of you." The name stung her even in that moment of horror as she repeated it.

"Dale Vernon!"

"Oh," the fellow cried with a leer, "you will have to tell me who he is. And besides belonging to me forever, your old lover is engaged to marry Isobel Merton. He asked her to marry him."

"How do you know that?" she demanded, deeply interested, yet all the while imperceptibly changing her position and drawing nearer to where the twain lay.

"One of the servants told me so." The colonel's daring plan had succeeded, and he was talking for the first time with a truly casual sense of what passed between them, so intent was she on his purpose.

"Is Colonel Granston really dead?"

"Dead? He's married, my dear."

"Why was I brought here?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"None of your business. But here above I suppose there is no harm in telling you. The doctors have certified that you are insane, and this is an asylum. That is easier for me. I don't have to grow nervous to the peace and comfort of Merton just as your mother was before you. He now thinks you dead."

"Is my mother dead?"

"Yes; long ago. But come, my little beauty, I am about to taste the nectar of those red lips of yours."

The words of Viola, now low in a yard of her feet. She swallowed a lump that rose to her throat, and said huskily:

"I am ready."

"Our family is happy, and now you are ready."

His face aflush with passion he sprang toward her off his guard. She looked like a panther about to spring with a swift movement threw it over her head.

He darted back with a loud cry of alarm and anger, but only snatched her, followed her, and darted under the hand that was stretched out to hold her back.

With her strength and agility that bewildered him, she glibed back of him, and with a movement of her hand wound the coils around his neck. He now began to struggle fiercely, and she knew that her fate must be decided within less than half a minute.

With all her strength she drew the coils around his neck; and so quickly had she worked, that but one eye, he escaped him, though he was thrashing himself about in a wild attempt to free himself.

She clung to the cords, and maintained her place close to him, in spite of all he did; and presently he began to gasp and totter, and finally dropped on his knees, limp and almost lifeless. She then bound him, and left his ankles and knees were bound firmly together.

She could see by his convulsive movements that he was breathing hard; but she only snatched her handkerchief from her pocket, turned him on his back, and thrust the wadded linens into his mouth. Then she used his own handkerchief to blind his eyes.

"Now you are in my power," she said; "and through you I shall gain my freedom."

Her wild life still went on with the steady tread through all the unequal struggle, and now prevented her from giving way, as she might have been forgiven for doing.

Searching the pockeets of the doctor, she found a pocket-knife, the blade of which was sharp as a lancet. She opened the largest blade, and then undid the bandage that was tied over the prisoner's mouth.

"I am an order from you without my permission," she said, and "I will bury this blade in your throat."

He gazed at her in silence, his eyes blazing with the combined hate and fear that threatened in her hand, and was afraid that if he were there was flame in her hazel eyes that told him she was deadly earnest.

The Escape

A CRY of terror escaped from the lips of the colonel, but Viola, with flashing eyes, following him, the knife gleaming in the light of the lamp.

"Silence!" she cried imperiously. "I shall not hold you by force."

She opened the largest blade and then undid the bandage that was tied over the prisoner's mouth.

He seemed to be placid, almost calm, as he gazed at her in silence, his eyes blazing with the combined hate and fear that threatened in her hand, and was afraid that if he were there was flame in her hazel eyes that told him she was deadly earnest.

"If you value your life you will," she responded, curtly. "I will tell you all you know about Royal Merton and myself."

"I know very little," he whimpered. "He robbed you of your fortune, and she a broken heart."

"The scoundrel!" she panted. "Go on!"

He looked at her, and then said, "I don't know what else to do."

"Listen to me," she said impressively. "I'll not ask you any more questions for I shall find out the rest all in good time. I am going to free your limbs from the chains."

He fell back and said, "Are you sure?"

"You think to play me some trick; but I swear to you that at the first suspicion of foul play I will drive this blade down your throat, and never again will I be a menace to human society or to the peace and comfort of Merton just as your mother was before you. He now thinks you dead."

"Is my mother dead?"

"Yes; long ago. But come, my little beauty, I am about to taste the nectar of those red lips of yours."

"I am going to free your legs but keep your arms bound," she said. "You will make a signal for the men to open the door, after that as do I bid you, always carry me in your arms, or I will make of this knife blade is at your throat, ready to take a nose dive."

"I'll do as you say," he whimpered, at the same time placing his hand under her head, and vowing a terrible vengeance on her.

She freed his legs and made him rise to his feet. He whispered a signal the men to come in!" she commanded.

He went to the door, Viola close beside him, the signal to those two men under her ear, causing him to tremble as with ague.

"You will stick it into me if you are not careful," he whimpered.

"I will stick it into you if you are not careful," she answered grimly. "Give the signal and then step quickly back. When the men come in, warn them to keep away from you and go to the other end of the room. Remember I shall kill you the moment danger threatens me."

He turned on their way that evidenced an understanding between him and his men. He had hardly gained the place indicated by the girl when the door was opened. At the sight of Viola, standing by the side of their master, a shining blade at his throat, they uttered a cry and would have leaped toward her, but for an agonized command to halt from the doctor.

"For God's sake, keep back! Don't come near the room! Don't come near her!"

The men stared in bewildered fear, obeyed his commands. Viola kept her eyes upon them, the point of the blade penetrated the skin, and her eyes fixed with anger in steady front of them. They stepped toward her herself, and swung the door to with a bang. With trembling hand she felt for the bolt, touched it, and shot it into place. The men hurled themselves against the door; but it was too late. Viola shot the remaining bolts, and the men were securely caged.

The day was one dazed while this was going on, though there was a moment when, by a dash he might have escaped.

"Are there any more men in the house?"

"I don't know," she answered calmly.

"One man down-stairs on the lower floor," he answered curtly.

"Lead me to the door."

He led the way down to the main hall, and directed Viola how to open the great door. She made him point of the blade this time, and now held his arm with one hand, and kept the blade at his neck with the other, though he begged her to remember that she might stumble in the darkness and stab him unintentionally.

"I won't stumble if you don't," she answered meaningly, "but walking as I am, I shall be sure to stumble if you make any mistake."

When she heard the great iron gate close behind her at last she breathed a sigh of relief at her deliverance. How ever the forced the doctor to accompany her for at least a quarter of a mile, then she gropped around in the darkness for a tree and lifted him—so she could tell that he might remain there until daylight, or call for help if he chose.

"Do I Love Him"

HOW strange the whirring of time. A bride in the prime of youth, and a good-looking fellow, a bird in one hour, and in the next a prisoner in an insane asylum; now a petted darling, with a noble head of hair; now an outcast, a lonely wanderer in the dark and dismal night.

She sped on mechanically with her thoughts busy on these matters; her tears flowing freely. "I'll go back home," she murmured. "The colonel's lawyer will know what to do. I want the guilty ones punished and I shall do it."

In the dark she came close to a building, then she recognized it.
Viola gazed in silence—Isobel sat at the piano playing and singing; Dale by her side.

while she listened for Vernon’s response. She saw a look of utter misery take possession of his face, saw his hands clinch as if he would conquer his emotion. "Mr. Merton," he said, huskily, after a pause, "it was no passing fancy that drew me to that beautiful girl. I loved her from the first moment I saw her."

"Is it necessary to speak of that folly?" he asked curtly.

"Yes," cried Dale, his grey eyes flashing, "it is necessary; for the love I bore for her abides still in my heart."

"And you tell me this in the same moment you ask me for the hand of my daughter?" cried Merton angrily.

"Yes; I would not wed your daughter without telling you," was the response. "Some day I hope to overcome this passion. But whether I do or not, I shall, with my senses, at least, despise the girl who won my love and threw it aside to sell herself to a rich old man."

Vernon drew back with a gasp of pain. His tone, more than his words, cut her like a knife.

Merton gave a laugh ofalyzed. "How could you have expected anything else. She was low born, low bred, and had nothing but her beauty. No doubt you could have bought it without the formality of a wedding you had not a richer and more foolish rival."

"Stop, stop! you must not speak so of her."

"Pah! why mine matters? Let her go!"

"Too much for me," Vernon said, slowly, "that she sold herself to that old man. I scorn and despise her; and it must be that some day I can tear her image from my heart."

Merton laughed hoarsely.

"I make the mistake, you can get over it and have it a second time. I will trust Isobel to you. Take her and you will learn to love her, for she loves you no more.

"Thank you, sir," Vernon bowed his head and turned away. There was none of the glod alacrity of the lover in his manner.

He turned with bent head and heavy heart and went out of the room, his thoughts all on her who stood within sound of his voice, unable to speak, unable to move.

The door closed on him and the girl who had stood, turned to stone, suddenly came to life. She ran forward oblivious of Merton and her sweet voice rang out.

"Oh, Dale, Dale, my love! my life! come back! I am here!"

But Merton leaped on her and pressed his hand over her mouth to stifle the words she would utter to call back the man she loved.

"Curse you!" he cried, his face grew with fear. "I thought you were dead. You should have strangled you at your birth. But one more is nothing new."

Viola wrenched her self free from his palsied grasp. His hand went slowly toward his hip-pocket, drew out a revolver, out, without betraying the fact to the boy.

She retreated from him and gathered up the precious documents with one sweep of her right hand. His face was ghastly, his eyes burning like living coals, and his lips compressed till there was but a hard, straight line between them.

"You intend to give those papers to, your lawyer I suppose."

"Oh, how can you do it?" she replied firmly.

She was playing for time to get to the window and then dash away to safety. She had reached it and was about to dart into the room when there came a knock at the door of the library and Royal Merton started up with a cry of terror, but he sank back in his chair almost as fast as he had risen and threw a newspaper over the documents that lay before him, and called out:

"Come in."

Vernon entered. Viola almost cried out as she caught sight of the beloved face.

"I trust you will pardon me for a few minutes, Mr. Merton," he said gravely, and even sadly, as it seemed to Viola.

"Certainly Dale."

"You can guess why I come to you at this hour. It is to ask your sanction to Isobel’s marriage to me."

"I suspected so, Dale; and I am free to say that I am rejoiced that you two have settled your differences and come together again."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Mr. Merton. I should so readily forgive myself for what has passed, and I feel sure that you will say to you what I have also told Isobel."

"Surely there is no need of explanations, my dear boy. I know how young men will sometimes let a pretty face steal away their senses."

Why a Studio Mirror Is Labelled "Glass"

Labelling a mirror "Glass" seems to be a waste of time—seems to be, unless you know the ways of the studio. Had you been in the studio while Frank Borzage was directing "The Good Provider" for Cosmopolitan Productions, you could have seen for yourself a tall mirror so placarded, and you probably would have wondered why.

A studio with several settings is generally pretty much of a maze. Doors that apparently lead out to an exit merely open into another setting. A palatial dining-room may adjoin a hovel, a witch's den may be on the other side of a court-room. Unless one knows perfectly the ins and outs of a motion picture studio there is a strong likelihood of losing one's way in the tangle of walls, windows, doors, furniture, lamps, cables and other paraphernalia.

The mirror mentioned above adorned a modiste's shop built right next to a cabinet setting in "The Good Provider." The flood of light shed upon the cabinet scene during the photographing of the action there made the modiste's shop dark by comparison. A visitor or a player hurrying into the modiste's establishment might have taken the mirror, set in the wall, as a way out of the studio, and in order to avoid a crash and possible injuries, the studio manager had a large sheet of paper pasted on the glass conspicuously identifying it.

"The Good Provider" was written by Fannie Hurst and adapted to the screen by John Lynch. In the cast are: Doris Davidson, Vera Gordon, Miriam Battista, William (Buster) Collier, Jr., Vivien Leigh, John Roche, Ora Jones, Edward Phillips and others.
What Is Hollywood Really Like?

(Continued from page 5)

articles written about the place, one might suppose that there wasn't a husband in all Hollywood.

During the recent depression, the city of Los Angeles, which includes Hollywood, has been widely advertised as the one "whispering into receptive ears that Hollywood appears on the moral map of the country. But, over against this, sensation-seekers and busybodies have been whispering into receptive ears that Hollywood is the "moral spot". Unfortunately, because it reacts against them, too, residents of other sections of Los Angeles have been pleased to jape at Hollywood, meaning only to have their little jokes, but this alleged "humor" has been misinterpreted by serious-minded journalists and tall-faced reformers, who are trying to bring it the basis of true but injurious statements. However promulgated, and by whom, the popular fable about Hollywood is a base falsehood.

Look at Mary Miles Minter—you won't find it hard on the eyes. Mary is a very brainy and discerning girl, as evidence of which appears the fact that she has invested heavily in Hollywood real estate. I know that she would not have taken this step, nor would her well-informed family have concurred in it, and in the erection here of their beautiful, permanent home, if they regarded Hollywood as anything less than one hundred per cent, morally, socially and economically.

Let me point out to you another picture: Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel standing by the big bulletin board at the Lasky studio, in close and constant conversation. Yes, they are married! Mr. Nagel is married, but it's perfectly evident to the muckraker mind that he is "dancing" Miss Wilson for some evening and so on. She takes out her notebook and writes a line, undoubtedly the telephone number of Mr. Nagel's favorite boot-legger! Oh, that such things be—and Miss Wilson looks like such a nice girl! Something ought to be done about it!

Now draw close enough to join in the talk. Is there quick lifting of heads, guilty looks and sudden change of the subject? There is not, for Miss Wilson and Mr. Nagel, who play together in many Paramount pictures, are discussing similar phases of their respective church work. Miss Wilson teaches a Sunday School class, in a Hollywood church, every week. And Mr. Nagel is an usher in the beautiful Christian Science Church of Hollywood.

Do you know who lives in Hollywood? May McAvoy! May, who started out to be a school teacher, and who is still a little like one. May McAvoy, with her big appealing eyes, through which one can look right into her soul. She lives in Hollywood, and if it is true that a little shall leave the whole lump, then the sweetness and light of personality alone would be enough, in time, to turn Hollywood to the right—if it needed turning.

Priscilla Dean, pretty and pensive, with never a breath of criticism to dim the shining shield of her domesticity with Hubby Wheeler Oakman. (And so I could go on and on, and soon infringe upon the scope of the Hollywood directory.)

Perhaps you would like to know about the girl who has not yet won success, who receives a small salary, and might be subject to temptation. For her there is the Studio Club, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., of which you have read; advisory committees of the women's clubs, and various cooperative enterprises.

For the ill-advised or headstrong girl who starts for Hollywood with only enough money to buy a ticket, without any particular talent or training, or any assurance of finding work, the best possible thing is being done by the community and the studios. Propaganda is constantly being published warning girls not to embark upon such a foolhardy errand. Only those who will not see this must have their chance and not be warned, which I have read in many places and forms, and to which I heartily subscribe.

Yes, we have hotels in Hollywood. They are just like the hotels in Florida or any other Southern resort: palms out in the yard, and palms in the lobby. The guest list of several of the Hollywood hotels contain more great names, in literature, drama and the plastic arts, than they would bear if Hollywood did not happen to be the moving picture capital, but they contain no more food for scandal. Not so much. Because most of the people who live there are very busy indeed. They are learning about pictures during working hours, and the rest of the time they are hunting houses.

Shall I tell you about the splendid schools and churches, the Woman's Club and other clubs of Hollywood, and their social and artistic activities in their handsome buildings? Shall I repeat what I have been told by the satisfied and loyal Hollywood tradespeople of their dealings with customers who are "in the pictures"? No, there is neither space nor necessity.

I leave it in your hands and hearts. What we have passed through has been a peculiar, long-distance manifestation of the mob spirit, with Hollywood and its people as the victims—but this will pass, and common sense will prevail.

—Betty Compson.

The Popular High School Girl Contest

When the representative of the firm of public accountants who are making the final check on votes received in the POPULAR HIGH SCHOOL GIRL CONTEST saw the stack of votes sent in, particularly those that reached us during the last two weeks of the contest period, he almost had to be revived.

However, he gritted his teeth, sharpened his pencil and went at it.

We will let you know what the verdict is as soon as he gives it.

Watch the columns of "Movie Weekly."
MOPE WEEKLY

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT LOVE

“THE YOUNGER SET”

(Continued from page 10)

“Spera mirae,” retorted Selwyn, laughing; but there remained the obstinate squareness of jaw, and his amused eyes were clearer, more intense. Young Lawn looked at them and the hope in him flickered; Austin looked, and smiled; but he and all turned away to retrace their steps across the moors in the direction of Silverside. Lansing lightly hooked his arm into Selwyn’s; and Gerald, who had not thought of the other side, turned over and over in his mind the proposition offered him—the spectre of a modulation to the man to whom money appeared to be the last consideration in a plain matter of business. Also he turned over other matters in his mind, and moved over to the stage, walking beside him with grave eyes bent on the ground.

The matter of business arrangements apparently ended then and there; Lawn’s company sent several men to the beach and Yolo and he attacked, like the Government, which had not replied to his brief tentative announcement that Chausie could be conditionally examined, tested, and considered. So the matter remained in abeyance, and Selwyn employed two extra men and continued storage tanks and experimented with rifled and smooth-bore tubes, watchfully unaccustomed by the necessity of inventing a solvent to neutralize possible corrosion after a propellant charge had been exploded. Everybody in the vicinity had heard about his experiments; everybody pretended to be interested, but few were sincere; and of the sincere few were unlikey interested—his sister, Eileen, Ureña, and Lansing—and maybe one or two others.

However, the younger set, now predominant from Wyoming to Wonder Head, made up parties to visit Selwyn’s cottage, which had become known as the Chausie, and Selwyn naturally exploded a pinch or two of the stuff in their presence, for their amusement, and never tried to conceal the sovereign antediluvian or boredom. In fact, he behaved so awkwardly and interspersed interruptions that he won the hearts of the younger set, who presentely came to the unanimous conclusion that there was little air in the circle. And they sniffed it in his speech, and declared him “adorable but inarticulate.” It was one of the Dresden-china twins, Dorothy Minster, and she, in turn, ventured the innocent opinion that Selwyn was misunderstood by most people—a statement that she herself understood. And she smiled to herself when she made this observation, as though she didn’t belong in the surf; and Eileen, hearing the remark, smiled to herself, too. But she felt the slightest bit uncomfortable when that animated brunette Glady Orchil, climbing up dripping on to the anchored float beyond the breakers, frankly confessed that the tinge of mystery enveloping Selwyn’s career made him not only adorable, but agreeably “unfathomable”; and that she meant to experiment with him at every opportunity.

Sheila Minster, seated on the raft’s edge, swinging her legs, and when she swung them out, she seemed to look at the beach, the surf, and Selwyn. “He’s nice,” she said, “a fellow who goes to the beach, and just talks with you—like an insufferable undergraduate; and he is so much of a man—such a real man—that I like him,” she added, rather self-consciously, but quite sure he likes me, because he said so.”

“Why must you like him?” said Glady Orchil, “because he has a sense of humor and stands straight. I like a sense of humor and—good shoulders. He’s an enigma; and I like a man who stands straight. I’d like to go to sea with him.”

Sheila Minster liked him, too; “He’s such a regular boy at times,” she explained; “I do love to see him without his hat bouncing along beside me—and not talking every minute when you don’t wish to talk. Friends,” she added—“true friends are most eloquent in their mutual silence. Ahem!”

Eileen Erroll, standing near on the pitching raft, listened intently, but curiously enough said nothing either in praise or blame.

“He is exactly the right age,” insisted Gladys—as though somebody had said he was not—the age when a man is most interesting.”

The Minster twins twiddled their legs and looked sentimentally at the ocean. They were a pair of pink and white little things with china-blue eyes and the fairest of hair, and they were very impressionable; and when they thought of Selwyn they list the uncomfortable things at the Atlantic Ocean.

One man, often the least suitable, is usually the unanimous choice of the younger set, where, in the disconcerting summit time, the youthful congregates in little groups, in little cliques.

Their choice they expressed frankly and innocently; they admitted cheerfully that Selwyn was their ideal. But that gentleman remained totally unconscious that he had been set up by them on the shores of the summer sea.

In leisure moments he often came down to the bathing bench at the hour made fashionable: he conducted himself amably with dower and chaperon, with portly father and nimble brother, with the late debutantes of the younger set and the younger matrons, individually, collectively, impartially.

He and Gerald usually challenged the rollers in a sponson canoe when Gerald was there for the week-end; or, when Lansing came down, the two took long swims seaward or cruised about in Gerald’s dory, clad in their swimming-suits; and Selwyn’s youth became renewed in a manner almost ridiculous, so that the fine lines which had threatened the corners of his mouth and eyes disappeared, and the clear sun tan of the tropics, which had never wholly faded, came back over a smooth skin as clear as a boy’s, though not as smoothly rounded. His hair, too, cropped and grew lighter under the burning sun, which revealed, at the temples, the slightest hint of silver. And this deepened the fascination of the younger set, and as soon as the ideal they had set up upon the sands of Silver- side.

Gladys was still eloquent on the subject, lying flat on the raft where all were now gathered in a wet row, indulging in sunshine and the two minutes of gossip that followed. 

“It is partly his hair,” she said gravely, “that makes him so distinguished in his appearance—just that touch of gold at the crown and looking at you, you scarcely know whether it’s really beginning to turn a little silvery. No, it is only a lighter color at the temples. How insipid is a mere boy after such a man as Captain Selwyn? I have dreamed of such a man—several times.”

In this life’s cruise a good sailor always answers a friendly hail.

The Minster twins gazed soulfully at the Atlantic; Eileen Erroll bit her underlip and stood up suddenly.

“Come on,” she said; joined her hands, and skipped away, peaked, and plunged. One after another the others followed and, rising to the surface, struck out for the beach.

On the sunlit sands dozens of young people were hurrying tennis-balls at each other. Above the beach, under the long pavilion, the carousers chatted. Motors, beach-carts, and victorias were still arriving to discharge gaily dressed women, whose faces were early—and up and down the inclined wooden walk leading from the bathing-pavilion to the sands, a constant file of laughter, and laughter, and laughter—of laughing salutation, some already retiring to the showers after a brief scene on the sands. They were well down to the shore, eager for the first frosty and aromatic embrace of the surf rolling in under a cloudless sky of blue.

As Eileen Erroll emerged from the surf and was cadiing shoreward through the scething shallows, she caught sight of Selwyn sailing on the white breakers toward the water, and halted, knee-deep, smillingly expectant, certain that he had been watching her.

Gladys Orchil, passing her, saw Selwyn at the same moment, and her clear ringing salute and slender arm were cut off in the air. Captain Selwyn and Eileen were off together, swimming toward the sponson canoe—which Gerald had just launched with the assistance of Sandron Craig and Scott Jains.

For a moment Eileen stood there, motionless. Knee-high in the flat ebb and blushed, drooping at her stockinged feet as though to draw her seaward with the others. Yet yesterday she would have gone, without a thought, to join the others; but yesterday she was not Eileen. It seemed to her, as she started forward, that the thing dissipation had suddenly come into the world; sometimes extremely ferocious, but indefinitely—and just as she was about to draw her backward in the depths of her unquiet thoughts.

Somebody threw a tearless glance at her; she caught it and buried it in her handkerchief for a few minutes the white, felt-covered balls flew back and forth, from-shirted figures, eager hands. A man who had been standing and who, when no balls came her way; she turned and disappeared into the foot of a dune and seated herself cross-legged on the sea-washed sand.

She watched the ball players, sometimes the ball players, sometimes the people who passed or halted to greet her. But she invited nobody to remain, and nobody ventured to, not even several very young girls who had acquired only the rudiments of social sense. For there was a sweet but distant voice—a song, a promise, and a certain reserved precipitation in her acknowledgment of salutations. And these kept the world-bound, the world-bound, along the edge of that invisible barrier set between her and the world with her absent-mindings, her beautiful eyes fixed so steadily on a distant white spot—the sponson canoe where Gladys and Selwyn sat, their hands clasped in the sun.

How far away they were.

Gerald was with them.

Curious that Selwyn had never been watching for him, knee-deep, that evening that he had seen Gladys instead. True, Gladys had called to him; that evening that she had not.

That was true; and lately—for the “Call”—or perhaps because that morning had been a trifle less insipid: her impulse in greeting Selwyn—

Selwyn—was not enough. After all, a man whoPrototype is off a man with parallel type-

unconscious why should a girl love a man when she—unless—unless—

Perplexed, her grave eyes fixed on the sea, where now the white canoe pitched the glass dropped both hands to the sand—those once wonderfully white hands, now creamed with sun tan; and her arms, too, were tanned from shoulder to finger-tip. Then she straightened her
Help Us to Edit
MOVIE WEEKLY
$15 in PRIZES
For the Best Constructive Criticism
We want every one of our readers to join our editorial staff, but not without remuneration. We offer you prizes for the best criticisms. These criticisms will be collected and published. Tell us what you think of each feature and each fiction story herein. Write and give us your suggestions and opinions. We will give you prizes as follows:

1—Tell us the articles you like best, and state your reason.
2—Tell us the articles you do not like, and state your reason.
3—Tell us how you think the magazine could be improved.
4—If there are any typographical, grammatical or other errors appearing in the reading or advertising columns, call our attention to them.

To enable us to easily rate your criticisms, give every article in the order of merit, which we term an interest-holding percentage.

HOW TO RATE ARTICLES
Instead of saying that an article is poor, bad, fair, good, etc., give it an interest-holding percentage, based on the following table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Poor equals</th>
<th>Fair equals</th>
<th>Good equals</th>
<th>Very good equals</th>
<th>Superlative good equals</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>$5</td>
<td>$5</td>
<td>$10</td>
<td>$25</td>
<td>$50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The prizes will be divided as follows:

$8 for the best letter.
$5 for the second best letter.
$3 for the next best letter.

Your letter must be mailed during the week of March 11th, or in other words, the week immediately following publication.

Reduce Your Ankles
Bring back the charm of your youth by wearing the
BRING BACK ANKLE ANKLES.
Reg. $50.00, now $39.95. Supplies limited. Order with your letter, or send $4.00 in stamps and receive a pair of ankle supports. Payable by check, money order or airmail. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SMOOTH LEGS SUPPORTED PROPERLY!

Bridgeport, Conn.
270, 272, 274

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots
There's no longer any need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Oatline—double strength—guarantees a perfect repression.

Simply get an ounce of Oatline—double strength—from your druggist, and take it in the morning, and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, and that the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce was needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

For the double strength Oatline, as it is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Uncle Philip pretty soon somebody will ask him first and you'll be too late. As soon as I saw Boots I knew that I wanted him, and I told you so. He said that he was very glad I had spoken, because he was expecting a proposal by wireless from the young Sultana-elect of Leyte. Now, I was with him and he didn't want me to have him. "I can't have him. It's better to be in time, you see," he said.

Eileen nodded. "For the double strength Oatline, as it is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Uncle Philip pretty soon somebody will ask him first and you'll be too late. As soon as I saw Boots I knew that I wanted him, and I told you so. He said that he was very glad I had spoken, because he was expecting a proposal by wireless from the young Sultana-elect of Leyte. Now, I was with him and he didn't want me to have him. "I can't have him. It's better to be in time, you see," he said.

Eileen nodded. "For the double strength Oatline, as it is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Uncle Philip pretty soon somebody will ask him first and you'll be too late. As soon as I saw Boots I knew that I wanted him, and I told you so. He said that he was very glad I had spoken, because he was expecting a proposal by wireless from the young Sultana-elect of Leyte. Now, I was with him and he didn't want me to have him. "I can't have him. It's better to be in time, you see," he said.

Eileen nodded. "For the double strength Oatline, as it is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Uncle Philip pretty soon somebody will ask him first and you'll be too late. As soon as I saw Boots I knew that I wanted him, and I told you so. He said that he was very glad I had spoken, because he was expecting a proposal by wireless from the young Sultana-elect of Leyte. Now, I was with him and he didn't want me to have him. "I can't have him. It's better to be in time, you see," he said.

Eileen nodded. "For the double strength Oatline, as it is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Uncle Philip pretty soon somebody will ask him first and you'll be too late. As soon as I saw Boots I knew that I wanted him, and I told you so. He said that he was very glad I had spoken, because he was expecting a proposal by wireless from the young Sultana-elect of Leyte. Now, I was with him and he didn't want me to have him. "I can't have him. It's better to be in time, you see," he said.

Eileen nodded. "For the double strength Oatline, as it is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Uncle Philip pretty soon somebody will ask him first and you'll be too late. As soon as I saw Boots I knew that I wanted him, and I told you so. He said that he was very glad I had spoken, because he was expecting a proposal by wireless from the young Sultana-elect of Leyte. Now, I was with him and he didn't want me to have him. "I can't have him. It's better to be in time, you see," he said.
Handwriting of Stars

(Continued from page 7)

the long, sweeping, curved stroke of his "J" is the semaphore flashing physical activity, great endurance, recklessness and courage, in all lines of endeavor. Let anyone dare list to take any risk and he will never hesitate. Socially he is a good mixer with a frank, open nature. But even at that he has a curious fashion at keeping his own counsel.

Doris Kenyon

Dash, fire, gaiety, cheerfulness and a tremendous desire to become a thorough workman in the line of artistic endeavor, are the leading traits of Doris Kenyon. She dashes across the page with an exaltation of spirit, exulting, as she is persistent a will and unflagging energy as the elongated "f" crossings shout aloud. Just try to interfere with this writer's fertile ideas or actions, and you will retire from her location post-haste. Like a barbed-wire fence, her sharpened style, erect and strengthens her convictions and opinions. There is a steady devotion to her friends, and oddly enough she does not care a rap if there are people who do not like her. A belief that she will attain her end anyhow and independently! Colorful is her script and shaded—a revelation of high ability to reflect emotion and feeling in any situation, professional or otherwise. She does love appreciation and praise. It is the sald of her existence. She has initiative and courage. Impulsive? Yes, indeed.

Jack Holt

The distinctive form and character portrayed by Jack Holt, is original in himself, and from deep down the strokes, indicate a personality strongly prominent in his ability to attract attention. A writer of fine form, having a brain, in which functions keenly, and a mind alert to grasp all opportunities. The power in his positively shaded pressure reflects his decisive trend to get things. After his initial shock of spring, he rushes into an activity at a quick breath—reflection and a certain canny fashion of visualizing his ideas or mental pictures so that they fill that term of accomplishment. He has a sense of values, an excellent analytical method of dissecting each bit of work and then supplying a finished touch to his own interpretation.

Mary Pickford

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?" is a quotation which expresses one side of the character of Mary Pickford, for in her writing there is a striking stroke in her signature. Carefully-formed vertical letters, she is consistent that her own ideas and rights shall, at least, be given every consideration. Sensitive pride always serves to her rescue—pride in creating artistic things, in finished workmanship. She senses the value of new ideas intuitively and holds them with a grip. Each word is curved with a delicately deliberate movement, upstanding on a pedestal, as it were, she will yield gracefully when she feels that she has to. And never otherwise. In personal and intimate affairs she would never know when she was beaten. Her original capital "I" is an invitation to regard her fairly and squarely, a person who really knows what she is about—

Doug Fairbanks

"I don't care a damn" is the characteristic offhand expression of thought as shown by the holograph written by Douglas Fairbanks. His intellect works with intensity, reinforced by his dominant control and club-like formations descending below his lines with little curls. A combination of reserved force, en-
durance, daring and wit. You cannot tease this writer. Note his very low small letters pointed at the top with frequent stopping points in his words. Shrewd to the nth degree! Penetration and the ability to scheme and plan are his. He executes with a certain kind of domination which he assumes is all right.

Still the plume is worn in many combined strokes, curves abounding throughout, signify his genial temperament. But, Lord, how very cross he can be occasionally! He is a happy alliance of thrift and extravagance. Although he is dashingly exuberant, with it is a susceptible nature—one, sensitive! But he does not show this openly. Conspicuous consumption, animating some tenor, while his impulses propel him naturally to take all kinds of chances just for the devilment of it. Each exclamation and cry of joy and open letter reveals to strive his varied kinds of imagination and intellectual fertility. Actually he is no where near as light and glib as people may delight to believe. His success is due to an electric current which is turned on everlastingness. His individuality drives him to do and work for definite ends—vigorously.

In this group of pen-personalities, the reader will observe how each individual expresses the interior force which bears each one to some particular goal. To some particular niche largely self-constructed! So from the widely varied types as far as writing is concerned, it is possible to compare the writing of others with the above and then glean whether actual screen star elements are present. And if so, stop and reflect. And if not so—why, it is up to you!

WILLIAM LESLIE FRENCH.

The Dramatic Loves of the Barrymores (Continued from page 9)

Michael Strange is a young woman, eight years younger than the still youthful Jack Barrymore. Moreover, she is a familiar name, by the noted French artist, Paul Helleu, as the most beautiful woman in the United States. As if to crown their happiness, the Barrymore couple produced with their new marriage a relative, Ethel, the briefly successful play, "Clair de Lune," written by Michael Strange, with Jack Barrymore supplying the music and designing the settings and costumes. Ethel Barrymore interpreted the leading feminine role. This overture opened on Broadway shortly after opening, but short time on Broadway, despite the drawing power of the names associated with it.

Later in the year a baby was born to the couple. In the meantime, Jack Barrymore went on with his motion picture work. He made "The Lotus Eater," in New York and Florida. He followed it by "Knockback." This winter for the first time came reports that his second marriage was proceeding no more successfully than his first. Certainly, the advantages which it enjoyed in the artistic associations of the couple.

The present difficulty, it is said, is due to too much art rather than too much passion. Mrs. Barrymore's trip to Bermuda this winter with her mother has done nothing to set aside these rumors, which grew in volume as she continued absent, though their new son. Whether the arrangement providing for two establishments will be permanent is unknown at the present time.

It is interesting in this connection to note that Leonard Thomas has remarried. The former Katherine Harris has also found a new mate, Alexander D. C. Pratt, society man and millionaire.

Such are the outstanding features of the loves of John Barrymore. Perhaps some day a brilliant writer who is conversant with all of the details, will write in the form of a novel the story of this remarkable family, leaders through three generations of the American stage, and daringly capable of living lives which are quite as romantically interesting as those of any of the stage and screen characters they so ably portray.

LEWIS F. LEVINSON.

Fighting the King of Crooks

(Continued from page 24)

"What?" cried Mrs. Bowerby. "You talk like a fool, or worse."

"Mother, you have his add—ad you must give it to Mr. Burchard," Hattie said firmly.

"I will do nothing of the sort. What this man says is no business of mine. Harwood is known to my people. A bank robber, indeed!"

"If you are your people, but are you sure they were not forefathers? Have you done anything to verify them?"

"He returned triumphantly. "I have written to them about him, and have had their answers. So you see!"

"He is cleverer than I thought," said Burchard; "but he is a second-rank just the same, and has had a great deal of practice with his family. He came to me to inveigle your daughter into a marriage for the sake of his fortune."

Mrs. Bowerby laughed scornfully. "My daughter has no money excepting a few hundred dollars; and for all I know you have now that are a fool if you are not a knave; and you will get out of here or further with the life of Peter Wilcox. Get out!"

She pointed threateningly to the door.

"You are mistaken about your daughter not being rich, Mrs. Bowerby." The detective answered quietly. "Neither you nor she knows anything about it, but Harwood knows all about it; and it was to get Peter Wilcox out of his way to fake his robbery was laid at his door."

"Hattie stared at him as if she, too, began to have doubts of him. Mrs. Bowerby looked at him disdainfully. "Money and not know it?" she sneered.

"That's likely, isn't it?"

"It is true; your daughter is a great heiress. Her father's uncle left her the money as near as I can make out. When I have seen Harwood I shall know all about it. Disbelieve me if you like, but you will be doubly your daughter a great injury if you don't give me Harwood's address. Suppose I am wrong, what harm can it do to let him know?"

"I won't be a party to having him disturbed at this hour; it's bad enough to have waked up ourselves with your story."

"Listen to me, Mrs. Bowerby," Burchard said with impressing sternness. "I left him not long ago in the company of the man bank, and also in the company of that Lola Leslie with whom Wilcox's house has been burned. I assured him then that he was sure of marrying your daughter because he had you on his side. One of the robbers has already confessed to me that after the marriage your daughter's huge fortune was to be divided among them. Furthermore the life of Peter Wilcox may depend on my seeing this man Harwood."

Mrs. Bowerby was shaken. "It seems incredible," she murmured.

"Have you any reason besides your dislike for me for not giving him his address?" Burchard demanded sternly.

"Mother!" cried Hattie fiercely. "Give him the address at once! If every word he utters if you have no right to withhold the address. If Mr. Harwood were the best man in the world—and I am far from saying I would not marry him—love Peter with all my heart and soul; and if by your refusal you are to speak to you again. Give him the address, I tell you!"

Started, perhaps frightened by her daughter's unexpected fierceness, Mrs. Bowerby meekly gave the address.

Hattie put her hand on Burchard's arm. "Are you sure of the things you have said?"

"Perfectly sure."

"And you can find Peter? He—he is alive?"

"Yes, he is. I think he is alive; but I must be quick or he may not be. He is in danger."

"Go! go then!" she said, urging him toward the door. "But you must not be seen as soon as possible. I shall not sleep until I know."

"It will take me some time," he answered reassuringly. "You won't have to wait for you, so you must be patient; but some time during the morning I will bring you news of him."

HARWOOD lived in a hotel on Seventh Avenue not far from Times Square.

"Is this the clerk, Hattie, you, the clerk called up in accordance with the detective's promising; and then turned to the latter. He says to go right up. From the gentleman seven hundred and nine."

Harwood opened the door with an expression on his face appropriate to the reception of the chief. At the sight of the detective he who thought to be in Harwood's house, he was almost convinced it was the man in the cabinet. He backed away without a word.

(Concluded next week)
Win $5000

Bank-Guarantee

State Bank of Philadelphia

E. J. Reefer

This will acknowledge your deposit of cash in this bank which we will hold as a guarantee that the prizes awarded by the judges to the winners of your puzzle contest will be paid.

It is understood that the Canners of this bank will serve as one of the judges of this puzzle contest as a guarantee that E. J. Reefer will award these prizes.

Yours very truly,
E. G. SEABROOK
President

How many objects in this picture begin with "S"?

Open to Everybody

Send us a list of all objects beginning with "S" (saw, spoon, etc.) you can find on this picture. Largest and nearest correct list wins 1st Prize. 104 other cash prizes.

Costs Nothing to Try!

While this contest is for the purpose of introducing Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you do not have to purchase any to win a prize. Even if you do not order a single package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, if you are awarded First Prize, you win $50.00.

Win the $5,000 Prize!

If you order one $1.00 package of Reefer's Yeast Tablets, you can win $75 as First Prize. If you order two $1.00 packages, and your list is awarded First Prize, you win $5,000.00. 104 other generous prizes. See the prize list. Of course you will want to qualify for the biggest prizes.

Reefar's Yeast Tablets

Embark all three necessary vitamins. Baker's yeast has only one. Agree with most delicate stomachs. Taste good. Help to build up vitality, strength, endurance, induce youthful, natural complexion. A food. Has the elements that point your body to derive proper nourishment from the food you eat. Send today for Reefer's Yeast Tablets and qualify also for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5,000— which do you want?

Win a Great Big Puzzle Picture FREE on Request!

105 Prizes

Winning answers will receive prizes as follows:

A Great Big Picture

1st prize $50
2nd prize $35
3rd prize $25
4th prize $25
5th prize $25
6th to 10th prizes each $2
11th to 105th prizes each 10

OBSERVE THESE RULES:

1. The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., or any of his distributors.

2. Your name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner.

3. You must use only one side of paper. You may use only one sheet of paper for each answer.

4. No duplicate entries will be counted.

5. You may use only one sheet of paper for each answer.

6. Any word or words which are made up of two or more complete English words cannot be used.

7. The same spelling of a word will be counted only once even though it is used for different articles or objects, or parts of them. Each article or object can be given only one prize.

8. No more than one prize will be given to any one household. No prize will be awarded to more than one member of any household.

9. If a contestant sends more than one list under the same name, an assumed name, or any word or words which are made up of two or more complete English words, one list will be used. Only one prize will be given to any one household.

10. The contest is open to every man, woman, girl or boy living in America, except employees or relatives of employees of E. J. Reefer, 9th and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., or any of his distributors.

11. All answers must be received no later than April 14th, 1922.

12. The decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of each other and having no connection with E. J. Reefer. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest.

13. Participation in the contest carries with it the acceptance of the decisions of the judges as final and conclusive.

14. All answers will receive full consideration whether or not "Reefar's Yeast Tablets" is purchased. At the close of the contest, all lists will be graded, and the names of the prize winners will be announced and the list of words will be sent upon request to any participant who submits a stamped, addressed envelope.

Copyright 1922, by E. J. Reefer

Start NOW—Win All You Can!

Get Your List in early. Send in your order for Reefer's Yeast Tablets at the same time. Remember, an order for five packages qualifies you for the $500 prize. Get started now.

E. J. Reefer

Dept. A, 9th and Spruce Sts.