The Colorful and Romantic Story of William V. Taylor's Life

MOVIE WEEKLY
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10¢

Mack Sennett Beauty
Stork Hovers over Bill Hart's Home
Mary’s Trials

For some peculiar crook in the makeup of “us mortals,” we gaze curiously, and Yet quite impersonally, at the troubles of others. When, however, these troubles are attached to a favorite celebrity, our interest quickens twofold.

Mary Pickford and her trials attract us. She represents the champion trial-sufferer among the motion picture contingent. Two trials of long and enduring standing bob up continually to agitate the otherwise peaceful rush of producing and starring in big specials.

The one we have in mind at this writing, especially, is the Mrs. Cora Wilkening suit, charging that back in 1916, or thereabouts, she, an agent, was instrumental in having Adolph Zukor, President of Famous Players - Lasky Corporation, raise Mary’s salary to the million dollar a year mark. In compensation for her services, charges Mrs. Wilkening, she demanded the regular agent fee of ten per cent of Mary’s salary at the time the raise became effective. But the demand has never been met.

Mary denies Mrs. Wilkening had anything at all to do with her raise. So does her mother, Mrs. Pickford, who has been her business manager since Mary was a wee bit of a stage actress earning eight dollars a week.

Mrs. Wilkening, finding the two adamant, marched into a lawyer’s office and with her legal commandeering, fired her first lawsuit gun back in 1918 for the money she claims is due her for agent’s services rendered.

Mary stoutly denied the charge, then, as she does today, and the two go to court every year or so to fight the battle to another decision. Neither permits a decision against herself to stand unchallenged. Therefore, one new trial of the old one follows another.

Mary fights the principal of the thing. She has lost $108,000 twofold and probably even more from the expense of court totals and the loss of holding up production on her pictures. But to give in to a woman the rights are absolutely without cause for demanding $108,000 would be next to making a dupe of herself for the agent’s purposes.

The agent, Mrs. Wilkening, on the other hand, believes herself to be in the right, so she stubbornly sticks to the cause. Mary and Doug are now back in Hollywood, where Doug is working on his latest production, “Robin Hood,” and Mary begins work soon on “The Story of a Country.” Mary is all broken up over the strain of the trial that has just ended. So she will rest up a bit before going in for strenuous work.

It’s pretty hard sledding for Mary to look forward to first a trial in New York of the Wilkening suit and then a trial in Reno, Nevada— for that ancient suit charging that her divorce from Owen Moore was void. Here, again, Mary is up against it, for the State Attorney of Nevada, who conducts warfare against Mary, is bent on making Mary suffer for her happiness in being divorced from Owen and Married to Doug. Well, life seems to be just one darn trial after another for Mary.

Circumstances have lined up against her for stormy legal sessions and under the strain, Mary’s health is waging a valiant fight for supremacy.

Mary Pickford is a great artist. She is a splendid executive. She works from eight to sixteen hours a day in the studio, planning, acting, supervising everything little detail. It is a big job for a woman.

All her health reserve is called upon to buoy her up for the terrific amount of work she has set herself to accomplish. Figure out for yourself, then. If there are to be pestering trials that are dug up again and again simply because those on the losing end lack good sportsmanship and Mary’s work is interrupted by legal worries and tribulations—well, after all, Mary is only human.

We wonder what our readers think of these heckling trials of Mary’s.

WE CALL ATTENTION TO...

Again, we call our readers’ attention to that remarkable story now running in “Movie Weekly,” “The Colorful and Romantic Story of William D. Taylor’s Life.” This is the one authoritative account of this individual’s adventurous life. The Editor feels that readers of “Movie Weekly” want to know the truth about Mr. Taylor. The writer was a personal friend of the slain director. Write and tell us what you think of this unusual story.
The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor’s Remarkable Life

by Truman B. Handy

For a week Taylor entertained his father with the lore of the theatre; had him meet a number of the leading actors in London at that time—and conclusively proved that he was neither already married to an actress nor had any intention of being married to anyone “in the profession.”

Admittedly, Maj. Tanner liked the life behind the scenes. He even went so far as to say that he could understand how his son happened to like it. Yet, in the next breath, he begged William to leave the footlights, to return to the quiet, paternal acres near Mallow—to “settle down and make a man of himself.”

The young actor did not wish to oppose his father when he saw that there were tears in the elder man’s eyes, but at the same time, his fascination for the stage had grown into a love for it. It was the turning point of his career. He begged his father’s indulgence for the time being—until Hawtrey, at least, could rehearse another man in his part, but Maj. Tanner remained obdurate—parentally unreasonable—and spoke glowingly about the family honor and all that.

Such talk failed to convince Taylor, and he spoke of going on tour with the Hawtrey company.

“Leave the stage—for your mother’s sake,” at length pleaded the father. “Since she heard the news that you are playing in the theatre she is heartbroken. She can think of nothing else, and the worry is injuring her health.”

This reference to his mother moved the young actor where other arguments had failed. With sadness in his heart he handed in his resignation to Hawtrey and departed from London with his father.

The quietude of the old peat-bogs, the lazy, unprogressive life of the Mallow citizenry palled on Taylor soon after he returned to the homestead estate. He became restless and hinted that he was going to depart again for distant parts.

There was constant fear in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners that their son would again play on the hated stage. Letters to Taylor from Hawtrey and other actors confirmed their suspicions that his theatrical desires were by no means dead.

News had reached England that a colony for remittance men—the impecunious sons of leading families—had been successfully established in America at Harper, Kansas. Maj. Tanner invested in acreage there, and offered it to his son.

There was a reason, however, why young Taylor did not then want to leave Mallow for America. It was unexpressed by him at that time—but when his father discovered it he became all the more determined that his son should do nothing unconventional to blot the family escutcheon.
As far as the father of William D. Taylor was concerned, everything stood in readiness for the departure of his son from the Deane-Tanner homestead at Mallow, Ireland, to America and the remittance men’s colony at Harper, Kansas. But Major Deane-Tanner had not reckoned with the will and desires of the son who had so singularly "distinguished" himself on the stage. No, nor had he considered that, possibly, Taylor might be in love.

The girl that was, the second wonder of the story to any military officer when his son refused to accept evacuation orders from him. In those days, as in the later hours of his life, Taylor considered himself to be no one. During the time that he lived separate from his family in his caretaker’s but he saw little of his relatives during his stay, and in any case, it didn’t necessarily mean that he completely isolated himself entirely from the rest of the world, nor that he would prohibit himself the society of the gentler sex.

On the other hand, he turned romantic eyes in the direction of one of Mallow’s "younger set," the daughter of a family of townpeople whose obscurity naturally precluded the possibility of their association with the aristocratic members of the Deane-Tanners.

For generations old-time feudal spirit reigned in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners. In fact, some of Taylor’s uncles had been known to have fought heroically for the hand and honor of some fair maiden, and, while Taylor belonged to a later and more modern generation, he was none the less chivalrous.

When he returned to Mallow from his short sojourn on the stage with Hawtrey there was naturally a certain amount of discussion among his "adventure" rampant among the townpeople, and several feminine hearts commenced to beat faster, and various traps were set to ensnare the attentions of the handsome young actor.

On a pilgrimage into town there occurred the meeting that was destined to leave its deep impress on young Taylor’s heart. Its circumstances were quite unconventional—yet quite as harmless as other circumstances of his life. And they proved conclusively that Sir Walter Raleigh’s w.k. galantry toward the fair Elizabeth was none the more gallant than Taylor’s exploit with a humble village girl.

One lazy afternoon, when the sun hung heavy over Ireland and the odor of the peat bogs filled the air, Taylor set out from his hut for a walk in the town. He was often to be found there, and, as is frequently the case with authors, had to come to a stumbling-block in the construction of its plot. His heroine was in danger! Her hero knew it and had started to help her—but Taylor, the author, could think of no way in which to get the young woman out of the difficulty, and his mind was reaching into practically every possible cavern of thought. He was in a brown study, a mental complex, and his steps toward town were mechanical, absent-minded.

Suddenly, however, he perceived that he was crossing a stream through which he would have to wade to continue his journey. And, unconsciously enough, he removed his brogans and socks, and proceeded to step into the cool water. He had hardly entered it when he observed, a few feet ahead of him, a pretty girl marooned mid-stream in a cart one of whose wheels had broken. She was frightened herself and yet trying to calm her equally-frightened mule, and, between the antics of the mule and the broken cartwheel, she was having considerable difficulty in keeping the conveyance from tipping her bodily over.

In a flash Taylor quickly realized the situation, and making a dash to the side of the cart, lifted the young lady bodily from it and carried her in his arms across the stream.

His heroism had its impress. Also it be known that the collem was traditionally pretty; and that after a while she had fallen in love with the village she had cast a romantic spell over him.

From then on, through days and weeks the romance flourished and grew. Taylor spoke of marriage, but his words were not taken seriously. All through the spring and summer the two remained devoted sweethearts until then in his early twenties, spoke to the girl of taking her to Canada and of there making his fortune.

The romance he kept secret from his parents for he knew the attitude they would take toward a member of their family who would consort with one of the peasantry. But, to Taylor, the village girl represented his ideal, and, furthermore, at heart he was a democrat.

To get money with which to marry and take his bride safely to Canada he resolved once again to try enlistment in the British army. This latter fact he told his father, who arranged for him to be sent to the recruiting station at Sandhurst. Both the physical and mental tests were then extremely rigid and for some reason he again failed to pass.

While he was away at the army school, his father got wind of his romance. It infuriated him beyond words and he made a resolve to break it up. His first step was to visit the girl and her family and to forbid her to see Taylor again. The second step was to go to see his son at Sandhurst.

But before he could get to the recruiting school, Taylor, disconsolate, dejected, returned to Mallow with the news that he had failed to pass the examination. With his father already in a surly mood his homecoming was unfortunate. Maj. Tanner met him with a scowl, and mocked him for his weakness.

"You are dishonorable in love," he railed, "a disgrace to your family and all that, but you aren’t man enough to get into His Majesty’s service. You couldn’t be a man—and yet you are a Deane-Tanner!"

The insinuation stung Taylor. He could see, from the attitude of his family, that he was in disgrace among them. Even his mother’s deference had changed, and he felt that he was merely being tolerated.

He determined to seek consolation in his sweethearts’ words and he managed to see her. But where he got her, however, he found that her family had moved and left no whereabouts—and he later learned that his mother had had him and paid them to move to another village many miles distant.

His spirit broken, his honor as a man impugned, Taylor returned to his home. Maj. Tanner was still irreconcilable and hinted that it would be better, perhaps, if William were to take up his residence in London—out of sight of his mother and sisters.

It was impossible for Taylor to again live amongst his former friends with a stigma upon him, however. Not that he was necessarily ostracized from his family—his father’s wish that he become a remittance man was not rescinded, but the solution of the "problem," rather than an actual banishment of his son—but Taylor felt, nevertheless, that it would be to his advantage of his father’s former offer to send him to the newly-founded colony in America.

His father refused again never again to return to the heart of his family, nor, in fact, would he permit his family to bid him adieu at the sailing of his boat from Liverpool.

Other sons of British families were en route to America with him. Two of the chaps and him together from the heart. They were looking in mind a certain formula of ideals relative to what he would do in Kansas.

The idea of being a farmer—of filling his own soil—from the first was somewhat odious to Taylor. He had been reared a gentleman, and, while a democrat in spirit, the prospect of manual labor as a means of livelihood did not appeal strongly to him.

One of his shipboard acquaintances intended seeking his fortune in New York, being of the opinion that America’s streets were paved with dollars, easy for the picking. He urged Taylor to consider investing.

"When I first came to America," the late director once told me, "I fully believed that everywhere we would see Indians, baseball players and multitudinous profits. It was, therefore, a shock to me when I first discovered New York to be as busy a place as London—also when I realized that an English pound bought far less articles than at home."

In New York he lived in a small boarding house that housed a group of actors. Gradually he came to know them.

"We used to eat at the same table," he said, "where everyone had to reach and struggle for food. The second step was to pay a little for a little chance of getting anything to eat. It was a case of the survival of the fittest and I soon got that I could grab equally as well as my table companions."

All because of a plate of potatoes he "fell in" with the humblest girl of the troupe who had come in late to dinner one evening, and when he sat at the table he found that all he could get to eat would be dessert. In his calm, courteous manner, he invited them to the theatre to watch the company from the wings.

One evening he was visiting, when it was discovered that the stage ‘heavy’ had been taken ill.

"He’s in the hospital," he explained. "It had, it happened, been reading the play only the night before. When consternation reigned among the generally heavy-handed audience, they looked in vain for the performance were ruined, he offered his services. They were accepted and he went on that evening. Part of the time it was pantomime from 2 to 5—" but he managed to get through the performance creditably, with the result that the show’s manager offered him a permanent berth with the company, which was scheduled to go on tour through the provinces.

This offer, however, he did not accept. He was offered a salary which, in the late 90’s, it was impossible as a living wage. It was indeed fortunate for Taylor that he did not understand the situation nor would he have accepted it, and the performance were ruined, he offered his services. They were accepted and he went on that evening. Part of the time it was pantomime from 2 to 5—" but he managed to get through the performance creditably, with the result that the show’s manager offered him a permanent berth with the company, which was scheduled to go on tour through the provinces.

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Instead, Taylor started for Kansas. When he got there he was hopelessly disappointed in the Englishmen’s colony at Harper. The town itself was a mass of ramshackle houses. A number of the remittance men—all well-born and well-bred, but incapable of actually supporting themselves by their own productive energy. All were discouraged and longed to get back to Britain, but Taylor did not permit this fully to discourage him.

His acreage, bought for him by his father, was unimproved. He ordered lumber and started the work of building himself a house. When he had finished it he came to the garden and there he lived for many nights. Many nights he went to his bed with

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Mary Pickford was directed by William Taylor service. You couldn’t be a man—and yet you are a Deane-Tanner!"

(Continued on page 29)
The Stork hovers over Bill Hart's home

A Happy Couple and a Beautiful Home Life
By Grace Kingsley

It's all just like a Bill Hart Wild West romance, after Bill has repented of his badman deeds, hung his guns on the wall, and gone off and married the heroine!

In short, it's a very happy, beautiful home, that of William S. Hart and his wife—who used to be Winifred Westover—out in the Beverly Hills of California.

And now, as the finishing touch to their joy, the stork is expected!

It isn't to be for some time yet, however, this coming of the bird that promises so much happiness to the Hart home. But already Mrs. Hart and Bill's faithful and loving sister Mary are laying in a supply of wonderful little garments—fluffy, soft little garments that women love so much.

Bill Hart is probably about the happiest man in the world! He has always loved children, he is deeply devoted to his girl wife, and you may be sure that she is being protected from every chill blast as tenderly as though she were a queen expecting an heir.

The Harts spend a good deal of time at Hart's ranch. Here Winifred and Bill walk about the orchards and fields and pastures, hand in hand, or motor through the nearby hills. Both love the country and are happier out there than anywhere else in the world, they say. Pinto Ben, Bill's old horse, is pastured out there, and the notional old creatures has taken a grand fancy to Bill's bride. Winifred sometimes mounts him and goes for a short ride, with Bill on a more spirited animal beside her.

Sister Mary is taking a special pride in fitting up a beautiful nursery in the Hart house, with all the comforts of home that a baby might naturally expect from such parents as a Harts' baby's are.

Now perhaps the first time in his life Bill Hart is forgetful of the old tragedy of his life—the time the sister, just two years younger than himself, to whom he was deeply devoted, passed away. That was many years ago, but he fairly worshipped the girl, who was a delicate spiritual sort of little creature.

"Bill never got over her loss," Sister Mary told me once.

Mrs. Hart has been entertaining her old Hollywood friends of late, and a few weeks ago developed a great desire to return to the screen. Her husband doesn't wish her to do so, ever, and now, of course, it isn't likely that she will.

Some day Bill and his wife are expecting to take a trip to Europe. But the arrival of an heir will put the trip off for a couple of years at least, because neither Hart nor Winifred is the sort of person to leave the baby's care to strangers.

The Hart home is the scene of many delightful social affairs of an informal nature. These two genuine souls care deeply for all their old friends—so Winifred's girlhood friends and Bill's old associates frequently drop in for dinner or for an evening's chat.

The house is a picturesque one inside and out. It is built against the hills, and there is a suggestion of hominess and warmth and friendliness that is exactly like Hart and his sister.

Inside, the Hart home is furnished throughout with skins, Indian rugs, Indian pottery, baskets, curious, bright-colored Indian clothing, and with pictures by famous Indian painters, including Frederick Remington and others almost as well-known. There is a picturesque den, cosily fitted with Indian rugs, blankets, skins, pipes, paintings, which is Hart's own. Even Winifred doesn't venture in when Bill is piling his old Indian pipe and going over his business affairs.

In the meantime, he's a very happy Bill, as, indeed, he deserves to be.
An Intimate Story of the Gish

"We were rather late in joining the Biograph company," Lillian explained. "Biograph was reaching the end of its career and we played in a few of the productions there. Then Mary was engaged by Belasco to play opposite Ernest Truex in 'The Good Little Devil' and I was engaged to play one of the fairies. I stayed with Mary until the spring, when I found the climate did not agree with me and we decided to go to the Coast to play in Mr. Griffith's Triangle stock company.

"But before I go on with that part of the story, I must tell you that neither Doug nor Mary have grown up a bit since those days. When Mary's picturization of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' opened in New York recently Doug was along, of course. We all went over to the theatre together before the performance to look things over," Lillian narrated. "Doug always acts like a twelve-year-old boy, and he got impatient with waiting, so he went down in the orchestra and amused himself by vaulting over the orchestra seats. Doug is the typical American, enthusiastic, boyish, and happy at all times. His greatest amusement is a circus parade and I think his idea of heaven is to ride on an elephant with the brass band just behind him."

Soon after Lillian's trip west, all paths led to the first of the spectacular productions which Mr. Griffith has made, the famous "Birth of a Nation." But Lillian had another long path to tread before she attained even this success, a success, which, by the way, she depreciates.

"It was too big a part for me," she said. "I didn't know enough about acting. Of more importance to me was my work with Triangle. I photographed well and was fairly sure of myself as an actress, so whenever a new director broke in I was given to him. I played in the first productions of such well-known directors as Del Henderson, Eddie Dillon, William Christy Cabanne, and others I can't even remember at this moment. But this was splendid experience for me. These directors were anxious to make a good impression with their first picture. They didn't care a bit about me; and I was left to make the most of myself. Then Triangle began to lose its hold, and when 'The Birth of a Nation' was started, Mr. Griffith gave me a part in it. When I look at it now, I am always ashamed of my acting. I just didn't know any better. None of us girls, Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper or myself, knew much about picture acting at that time, and whatever we did was the result of Mr. Griffith's direction."

EDITORIAL NOTE: This is the second installment of the interesting story of the Gish Girls' careers. You will recall that the last article concluded with Dorothy and Lillian meeting Mary Pickford and the rest of the Pickford family. Don't miss this most fascinating story, which, for the first time in any publication, appears in "Movie Weekly."

PART II

RECOLLECTIONS of their childhood days with the Pickford-Smiths, and stories of the good times they had when they all lived together in a house on Thirty-Seventh Street made Lillian and Dorothy Gish recall other incidents about Mary Pickford, and how, through her, they became movie actresses. "Getting into the movies was not a very intricate business a dozen years ago," Lillian continued. The Gishes and the Pickfords were then moving about New York, living uptown on the west side for a time, until the Gishes went on the road again, leaving Mary, Lottie and Jack in New York. It was during one of these tours that Dorothy fell ill, the engagement was cancelled, and the family came north. When they reached New York, they found that Mary Pickford was playing in the movies.

"What on earth can she see in the movies?" we asked each other," said Dorothy. "We went to the studio to see her and to find out what it was all about. She was playing in one of the Biograph productions with D. W. Griffith and she introduced us to him. He asked us to play an extra role in one of his productions, and that was the way we began."
Girls' Triumphant Careers

"Do you know, you never realize how you become an actress," Dorothy remarked.

"That's just what I said when I spoke Sunday at the church in Washington Heights," said Lillian.

"Lillian spoke beautifully," Mrs. Klatch commented, her face beaming with pride.

"Yes, Lillian is getting to be a wonderful speaker," Dorothy added.

The minister asked me to speak. He told me that he was having difficulty in getting the young people to come to church and thought that perhaps I could help him a little. Wherever we have been, mamma always sent us to Sunday School and church when she could. So I told the congregation what part the church had played in my life. I couldn't very well tell them they ought to go to Sunday School and church, for no doubt most of them do, but I could tell them about my own church associations.

"And that reminds me of what happened when we tried out 'Orphans of the Storm' in Hartford before the New York opening. It was just about the time of the Taylor murder and while the newspapers were telling these horrible stories about movie people, we were being escorted through a crowd by a big minister who went between us, one of us on each side of him.

"Then I received a letter not long ago from our old pastor from home. He is now in a New England town and he asked us if we wouldn't appear personally at a church benefit. It seems they needed the money badly, and we would have gone in person, if it had not been for another engagement which we could not break. So I sent him instead a print of 'Way Down East' and the church raised that night as much money as it had during the entire year, doubling, in other words, its collections.

"But, returning to why we became actresses, just as I told those church folks the other night, we grew up and when we grew up we found we knew how to do nothing except acting, and so we became actresses. People always speak of the glamour of the stage and all that, but I fail to see any glamour about it. And I suppose people also wonder why anyone should choose such a strange career as that of an actress. As a matter of fact, we never chose to become actresses. It just happened to us."

"I wish I could speak as well as you can," Dorothy told her sister. "I am studying voice now, and hope some day to go on stage, but although my present teacher has succeeded in putting me at ease when I sing, before him, I still can't get up on my feet the way Lillian does and make a connected speech. That night down in Pittsburgh."

"Oh," Lillian laughed modestly, "as a matter of fact, I was frightened out of my wits that night. You know, the Westinghouse company invited me to speak over the radiophone when we were attending the opening of 'Orphans of the Storm' in Pittsburgh. First I was told that we would be speaking to people all over the country, that there would be a hundred thousand in the audience. That would be enough to scare anyone, but they made me wait while some politicians got up and read from manuscripts. Then they took me into a little room, where the temperature was about 95, and made me speak into the transmitter. I had no idea what I was going to say."

"But it was a wonderful little speech," Dorothy enthusiastically explained. "Lillian told about how pictures are made and she built up her little talk to a thrilling climax. I certainly wish I could talk like that."

"Well, I don't want to get the reputation of being a speech-making woman," Lillian laughed. "I had an opportunity last year of speaking before a Chautauqua in New York State, where there were to be eighteen thousand in the audience. And Harvard University has asked me to deliver a lecture on how motion pictures are made. But I think Mr. Griffith is the man who knows more about that than anyone else, so I am going to suggest that he makes the lecture instead of me. Besides, I want to stay at home part of the time, anyhow, and am trying to avoid as many trips out of town as possible.

"But to get back to the old days. I stayed out on the Coast making pictures, while Mr. Griffith got the ideas producing 'Intolerance.' He had the germ of the modern story first, and the rest just grew. Do you know that he made the modern story of 'Intolerance,' the part that later was cut up and released as 'The Mother and the Law,' four times? He used the same cast in each version. He wasn't satisfied with the first and second attempts, and then he got the idea of the Babylonian episode, he found more faults with the modern story and made it once more. Finally, when he had finished re-takes, he decided that the photography of the modern story was too old-fashioned, so he made it for a fourth time. He had no script, everything was in his own head. It is simply wonderful when you think of one man retaining in his own brain all the ideas and details of such a tremendous production as 'Intolerance.'"

"My part in 'Intolerance' was too slight to be noticed. The cradle-rocking scene in which I appeared was made in two hours one day. The others worked two years on the picture. The Los Angeles reviewers liked that shot, however, and (Continued on page 18)"
Charlie Chaplin's Find—
Edna Purviance, Graduate to Star

By Carlyle Robinson

The new star cleans a car just as good as any wash-rackee,
but the sad-eyed Bill, who is one of the pensioned canines
from "A Dog's Life," seems inclined to interrupt her work.

Edna Purviance on the studio lot.

TWENTY-THREE years ago, in a beautiful little place called Paradise Valley, Nevada, a girl baby first saw the light of day and about a week later the happy parents had the child christened Edna Olga Purviance.

Statistics of the State of Nevada at that time showed that not more than seven thousand of the entire population of the whole state had been born there and that Paradise Valley could not boast of more than twelve births. So with all of this information, the arrival of Edna Olga was some event.

A few years later the Purviance family was called to Lovelock, another small community in the Nevada state and as was the custom, the Chamber of Commerce acted as a reception committee and the brass band hailed the new arrivals as they steered from the train.

Edna was at the time just finishing the cutting of her teeth. The neighbors watched the progress of Edna year in and year out, until she at last blossomed forth into youth. At that time she was one of the chief attractions of Lovelock because she seemed more clever than the ordinary child and accomplishments as an elocutionist, piano player and singer always drew her the headline space on the church program at every entertainment in the parish.

At last Edna outgrew the form of education they provided in Lovelock and the first thing that was known she was speeding eastward and then the local papers carried headlines about her entrance into Vasaar.

Having finished with the learning that she sought, Edna returned to her home and set the town "dippy" with the polish of her manners and the new cut of her clothes caused much envy among the neighbors.

Then when Edna was almost eighteen years of age she took a little trip to San Francisco, the distance being just far enough for an over-night train ride, for the purpose of bolstering up her wardrobe, the main mission being a new Easter hat.

About the third night of her stay in San Francisco she happened along at a social function held in the ballroom of the St. Francis hotel. She had not been there long when three-quarters of the gathering made a dash for one corner of the ballroom and Edna wondered what it was all about.

Her curiosity was soon satisfied when one of those well-posted characters informed her that the great Charlie Chaplin had arrived and that he was going to lead the grand march.

Well, when it came time for the grand march it seems that Charlie was casting his eye about for a companion to walk in step with him when he suddenly saw a beautiful blonde young lady seated in a corner in a sort of lonesome attitude.

Anyhow this beautiful blonde young lady was the same and none other than the girl baby that awakened the statisticians of Paradise Valley some twenty-odd years ago.

Now, Charlie Chaplin always enjoyed good eyesight. So when his two optics were focussed on Edna he at once realized that he would be positively unable to lead that grand march with anyone other than the beautiful blonde and he lost no time being properly introduced and soon the famous comedian and the young lady from Nevada were in deep conversation.

The next day Edna appeared at the Chaplin studios at Niles, Cal., and a few hours later she began her career before the camera. Ever since that time—and that is six years ago—Miss Purviance has held down the leading position among the members of the supporting company for Charlie. In all she has appeared in twenty-six pictures.

Then one day she was given even a greater opportunity to show her worth when Chaplin decided to make a picture called "The Kid." Edna had a bigger part to play and it called for some emotional work and she performed in such a manner as to cause glowing criticisms to be published about her.

Following all of this, thousands of letters started to pour into her mail bag from admirers everywhere who asked her to play in a picture where she would have a big part.

Motion picture producers started tempting Edna with contracts with all sorts of financial inducements included, but she still remained the leading woman for Charlie.

Charlie declared that Edna was indispensable to him just at the time, but hinted that it would not be long before she would undoubtedly star in her own productions.

So now comes the announcement by the Chaplin Studios, Inc., that Miss Edna Purviance has been graduated as leading woman for Charlie Chaplin and that there has been inaugurated the Edna Purviance Company.

Miss Purviance is now giving her attention to her wardrobe again, not for Easter hats, but for a whole car-load of classy things that she is going to doll herself up in when she starts out with her first starring production.

A star is being prepared for her and a director is about to be engaged and supporting members are being selected for the Edna Purviance Company and within a short time activities will be under way for the new star.

All of the Edna Purviance productions will be made right at the Charlie Chaplin plant in Hollywood, so even as a star Edna will be at home in the studio she knows so well.

So after all it is not such a bad thing to be born in a place like Paradise Valley and the State of Nevada can produce things just as valuable as gold.
WHERE DO YOU MEET YOUR SWEETHEART?

CERTAIN trying-places have good and bad influences on your love affairs. If you feel uneasy in meeting your lover at a deep, sluggish river—you can trust your instinct, and take it as a warning of ill omen. Avoid making appointments there in future.

It is said that to meet on a high road, or a broad, crowded thoroughfare, is unlucky.

Where four ways meet is always an unlucky spot, and one to be shunned, especially at night. A lane should be avoided if scentless wild roses or dog violets grow in its hedges.

In most instances woods are lucky to lovers, but poplar trees should be avoided, and deep hollows or ravines where trees grow very thinly are not lucky.

Ponds or canals or slowly-flowing streams had better be avoided. It is a widespread belief that stagnant or sluggish water attracts sorrows, and these will especially affect people after night-fall.

Swiftly flowing water, such as a rapid stream or a waterfall, is supposed to inspire all who linger near it with a longing to travel and to see the world.

Bridges are said to be connected with tears and disappointments, though they lead to happy endings. No one can say how this superstition arose, but it is extremely ancient.

The edge of a steep precipice or the top of a flight of steep steps is not considered a fortunate place at which to linger, as poverty will come to those who wait there long. If you have made the appointment for such a spot you should both be redeemers, then all will be well.

Sand, or a stretch of sandy shore, is rather a good place to meet, for most things, but it may be taken as a sign that one of the two lovers will have to go away for a time.

The top of a hill is the best place for lovers' meetings, especially if no trees are near and the hill looks out on open country. All superstitions declare this is a spot for good luck.

WHEN YOU WRITE A LOVE LETTER

Be sure not to use any colored ink or pencil which may be unlucky to yourself or your sweetheart. It has been said that green or red ink is unlucky in every case, but that is not so. If green or red is the lucky color of the one to whom the letter is written, all will be well.

When your letter is written, sealed and addressed, if it should drop to the ground you may expect a disappointment concerning something mentioned in what you have written.

Never post a love letter on Christmas Day, the 1st of September, or February 29th. The 8th or the 17th of the month are also given as unlucky dates sometimes, but they will be all right if 8 is your lucky number or that of your sweetheart.

Never cross a letter—that is, first write a page full in the ordinary way, and then turn it to start writing along the margin.

If 2 or 3 is your lucky number it is better to put that number of stamps on your love letters.
A Fiery Romance of Love
by Montanee Perry

FIRST INSTALMENT

On the other side of the shrubbery was a wide, smooth stretch of grass, and bordering that a walk. Doris walked straight across the grass and paused when she came to the road. There were two benches there. One faced east, straight toward the sun; the other looked westward into cool, shady vistas. But the second bench was occupied—as the best benches in the park have a way of being—by a man.

Doris looked at the man speculatively. He was young, and he had on a blue serge suit, and a striped shirt and tan shoes. His black tie was knotted nicely, and his hair was as thick and soft as a girl's. He was laughing, and he looked very good at it—Stetson probably. He had hair that was a little too thick, and a rather coarse face, and his hands were a little coarse, and he was worried about something. All in all, he looked like a man.

Doris sat down on the bench. She came out of his brown study and glanced toward him. Then his eyes grew wider and bluer, which was the only time she noticed them when she looked toward Doris. His lips fell apart, as if his speech would come tumbling out, then he remembered and closed them again so firmly and nicely that one could almost see the smile go out of him. She smiled. At first he was too surprised to speak, and her soft laugh made a little pink blush to his cheeks. Then he asked if he could smoke.

"Not in the least. It doesn't hurt my eyes at all to look your way!"

"That's nice of you. It makes me feel so welcome! I can stay," consulting a ridiculous little watch set in a band of silver, "just twenty-four minutes more.

"Twenty-four minutes! Think of that! now! What shall we do with them? What's important enough to talk about? It makes my head whirl to think of it—and while it whirls a minute has gone!"

"Of course the only really important things in life are always amusing!"

"What do you mean? I haven't any! So suppose you tell me what you are worrying about."

"About you, of course," said Doris calmly.

"Why of course?" bristled the man.

"Because I feel you are a woman," said Doris calmly.

"Men do not worry about themselves exclusively. Many a man worries about a woman!"

"No. Only about his relation to her or her attitude toward him," declared Doris. But here we are wasting time trying to be epigrammatic, and you haven't shared your secret sorrow with me.

"No, it isn't. Or at least it wasn't! It's a job—or the lack of one, rather."

"Job?"

"Yes, you know, still on this park bench a nice, kind job will come hunting you and cozen you away with it," said Doris severely. "I am not thinking of leaving the park, but I am leaving it, nonplussed."

"You?" His eyes took her in amusedly. She was all brown and nape rose—a very decorative little silhouette, with her hair and her eyes, and the rose was her cheek's, her thin, crisp frowk, covered with the tiniest ruffles from throat to him, and the long-stemmed Killarnays held her. Beside the body was a little book for transatlantic and the tips of her little white slippers and rested there. They were kid, smooth and spotless. They had never had to walk to the park, nor come in the subway, thought. Somewhere, back of that shrubbery from whence she had come, waited a car or a mother or a companion, or even a nursemaid. The immortal Juliet had a nurse.

"When love comes knocking at my heart, Tap! Tap!"

I tell you folks have got to get down to producing the things the world needs!"

"You sound like a Herbert Hoover leaflet," she laughed. "And you make me feel very frivolous and useless. As if I ought to run home and make a loaf of bread or something the world needs.

"The world needs beauty," she said. She had risen and he stood beside her, his blue eyes holding a little-boy wistfulness. "I feel better, now," he said, "after thinking of lovely, lovely things. And you've been a patient listener. Thank you!

"Good luck," she said, giving him a cool little hand. "And when you find that woman sort of job. Then you'll marry a lady and have a lot of cave-children and they'll grow up and desert the cave for a Greenwich Village, but your cavemen will still have Gofrey, ky. C., veeman. No, you mustn't walk with me, please. I have to run—and I'd be scolded."

I understand. Once more the wistfulness looked out of his blue eyes. "Well, (Continued on page 26)"
VI. Keep A Diary!

I'm going to chat about my hobbies this time, because I think it is a valuable hobby.

I'm going to urge you to do something which your mothers probably have already urged you to do. I suppose all of us have been presented with diaries when we were young. They are the inevitable Christmas or birthday gift. We usually start out well with them and wish that more space had been allotted to each day, as we have to much to say. But why is it that so much space had been allotted when every day is just like the one preceding? And finally, along about the second month, we give it up.

Yet there must be value in diary-keeping, otherwise the darned books wouldn't have been invented and parents wouldn't be urging them upon their young. A young scenario writer of my acquaintance always was toting a diary with her. And nearly every time I met her she would jot down something in her little book.

"Now what are you writing?" I would demand.

"Oh, just jotting down what you said," she would reply. "You pulled a good line, and I may want to use it for a sub-title or something."

That gave me an idea. If a scenario writer can get ideas from everybody and everything, why not an actress?

Then, too, I read a great deal, and I like to remember what I read. In fact, I have a special contempt for people who can't remember what they read. It shows a lack of appreciation or concentration. And you need both if you are to be an artist or an educated human being.

When I go to see one of my pictures I take note of what gets over and what fails to get the proper effect. Like a writer who reads his own work after it is printed in order to get a clear, fresh perspective on its value, a star needs to see her picture in a theatre in order to gauge its effect.

Since the memory is the treasury of the mind you should stock it well whether you are to be a motion picture actress or a good housewife. One of the best memory aids in the world is the notebook.

In speaking of a diary I do not mean the sort that foolish school girls keep and into which they pour their transient heart-burnings. A diary may be so impersonal that all may read it without learning anything concerning the keeper's private affairs.

It is a waste of time to keep one of those in which you say, "Went to lunch today with Sally, met Joe, got a crutch, crazy a sennyt and hat, going to copy it, etc., etc., etc." That's nonsense. But it is worth while setting down observations of books, plays, clothes, paintings, music and incidents that furnish you with ideas. A notebook is a means of self-expression. It disciplines the mind in formulating thought into concise and definite ideas.

An excellent model for a writer is Chekov's notebook, into which the great Russian writer poured random impressions, phrases that occurred to him as vivid, experiences that suggested stories or motif ideas for pictures. They often decide to go into pictures because it looks easier than working! They think that all one needs to do is make pretty faces and dress fashionably. I wonder why the girls who drift about Hollywood for a year or two and then disappear or find the easy way of livelihood which they erroneously supposed that the movie offered, don't achieve success.

I know a young man who came out here some time ago and broke in almost immediately. He had no standards and he was so determined not to be a type that the producer preferred him to actors of experience.

"He has breeding," said the director. "He doesn't have to act as a gentleman; he is a gentleman."

Often standards are rapidly giving way to new. The pretty face has been tried and found wanting. More and more is culture required, at least an education that embraces an understanding of people. Of a young girl who flashed for a moment into prominence and then disappeared, I heard a director remark:

"Yes, she is a beauty—but what a dumbbell!"

I don't pretend to claim that an actress must know scientific and algebraic formulas or other subjects I have not heard of. But, I only say that she must have an alert, comprehending mind that can grasp the information which she requires and adapt it to her work.

Furthmore, a girl who is proficient in a number of things has advantages in the event that she does not find herself suited to screen work.

I know a very charming young girl who appeared to have screen talent. She played a part in "Nights and Dons" as an art student, but did not photograph as well as had been expected. She might have struggled on and played more or less regularly in minor parts, but she very soon saw her own shortcomings and decided that her métier was not acting. She decided to write. She set about an intensive study of scenario writing and finally obtained thirty dollars a week. Two years later she was receiving two hundred a week. I'm sure she derives far more satisfaction out of being a successful scenarist than she would have derived from being a mediocre actress.

Keeping a diary is only a means of disciplining the eye and the mind. If each night you sit down and record the most interesting events of the day, you will soon find that you are observing interesting things more closely and that you are retaining ideas and impressions more accurately.

At college a girl always carries a notebook to lectures. Why not carry a notebook, then, when you are attending the school of life? I do not mean that you must go out scribbling on a pad as though you were a sanitation inspector; just keep one at home and use it as a confessional at night. You may want to make some notes about Hollywood conditions, of which I shall chat in the next instalment.

SECRETS OF THE MOVIES

Those Queer Lookers

IX

Those queer looking people in the movies don't just happen. The director doesn't walk out into the street and say to a bunch of people, "You're going to stand in a picture." No. Instead they are all hand-picked.

Characters are being picked more and more for type. If a scene is laid on the desert a call is sent to an employment agency. The agency has listed with it hundreds of would-be actors of every class and description, from Swedes to Texas giants. On a card is filed their name, description, age, experience, nationality, specialties and so on, while in folders are their pictures, sometimes 'straight' and sometimes in makeup.

The agency goes over its list, telephones the people that seem to fit in and then sends word to the picture company that it will have forty Bedouins on the lot at nine o'clock in the morning. The casting director combs the bunch, the assistant director goes over them again and finally the director himself makes the final selections. Many of them are real Bedouins, for around a studio city live thousands of people from all parts of the world, from Eskimos to South Sea Islanders, ready to look to a camera in the eye. They are all "camera broke," so that when they are dying they will not up and rubber into the "box."

The scene is shot, however, in a thousand Bedouins. The ten or twelve real ones are put in front, while people of other strange races and moods are dressed up to be them. Finally the crowd is tapered off with ordinary everyday supers in makeup. When the camera is trained on one of the real Egyptians with an unusual face the audience thinks that he was just accidentally picked out, when as a matter of fact that closeup had been planned from the first. An Indian, or Patagonian, or Zulu with an unusual face can make a good living off it.
In my last week's article, I spoke at length on the subject of personal efficiency and normal weight. I mentioned several methods of securing bodily freedom and assuring yourself of a good night's rest, leading up to an all-round system of physical culture that will build one up to normal weight, especially as proven by the experience of the United States Army.

If you are devitalized and much emaciated, the exercises to be employed will be of a different type than those practised for the purpose of losing weight.

Reducing weight requires plenty of "endurance" exercise, particularly of the fast, light variety such as will consume or "burn up" fatty tissue.

On the other hand, the thin person usually lacks energy and cannot afford to expend much. He must conserve it. Therefore the ideal form of exercise to overcome emaciation is one that builds muscular tissue with the least expenditure of energy. One should improve the circulation and secure the general physiological benefits of exercise without exhausting herself. The ideal form of exercise for this purpose is the practice of stretching.

Stretching movements give one flexibility when applied to the torso. They stretch and bend the spine.
BEAUTY PAGES

They wake up the vital organs. They stretch, twist and massage the internal organs and generally give one most of the physiological benefits of exercise, everything except endurance.

We suggest the following as “stretching exercises,” a few times each morning—not half-heartedly, but vigorously:

Clasp the hands behind the head, then bend backwards. Raise arms straight up, then lower. Raise the right arm up and bend to the side; repeat with left arm. Swing arms backward, then lower at sides. Legs spread, bend low, keeping the knees straight. Swing arms backward and raise left leg; repeat with right.

Next in importance, in gaining necessary weight, is food. A milk diet is excellent, but for those in business who may not find the exclusive milk diet convenient or possible, the use of milk in addition to ordinary foods is recommended. If you can use from two or three quarts of milk or buttermilk a day in addition to your regular meals, it will give you such a supply of nutrition that you simply cannot help but gain in weight and vitality.

The answer to this question of weight is that you can gain normal weight usually in a few months if you remember that it is not merely a question of food, but a question of establishing that condition of bodily vigor and health that will enable you first to relish and then to digest and assimilate your food.
The Thrilling Story of Agnes the Telephone Girl

A tragic moment in learning how to 'plug in.' Agnes Clykes, our fair heroine, will conquer yet.

Behold our plucky heroine getting ready to 'plug in' a couple of Movie stars.

Along comes Bebe Daniels after Wallie has told her about his phone experience and she goes about getting Agnes with villainous men.

Lordy, lordy just look at Wallie after the daring Agnes has told him what she thinks of him for cussing her because she gave him the wrong number five times.

And just take a slant at Walter Hays' agonized face. Oh, Agnes how could you.

But ~

Agnes looks 'em all. She gets her graduation papers, then returns to the Lasky Studio to play the operator in Deeds' latest.
Rambling Through the Studios in the East
With Dorothea B. Herzog

H. B. Warner in New York

THAT tense, handsome hero of melodrama, H. B. Warner, has returned to New York to resume his stage work after an absence of some four years in the most thrilling realms of picture "melters." Warner recently closed a ten weeks' run as the star in Cosmo Hamilton's sex play, "Danger," and is now waiting for just the right kind of play before resuming his stage work.

So arranged to see Warner at his manager's, Carl Carlton's, office. The appointment was for four-thirty. Having a wonted habit of arriving on time, Ye Rambler entered the elevator exactly on the minute. Much to our amaze, H. B. entered at the same time. We eyed him covetously. A strange kind of a star, ruminated we—the very idea of his being on time! We followed him to the offices. The w. k. press agent was not around, so we introduced ourselves. The delight of being on time was mutual. A good basis to begin on.

He's Awfully Happily Married

You may be interested to know that Warner is awfully happily married to a girl who was once an actress, but abandoned the hittronic art for the noble art of motherhood. Whereupon, H. B. brought forth his watch, opened a small locket hanging on its chain and proudly showed us a picture of his thirteen month old boy and five year girl. The boy already has that humorous air that is such an outstanding characteristic in his father. Which may be imagination on our part, but we refuse to admit it. The girl is a jolly little one who promises to be a star some day in her own right. And his wife has about the most infectious smile we ever hope to see.

Enjoyed Pictures

"And how did you enjoy your picture work?" we fired.

Warner smiled—and when he smiles, his deep blue eyes soften to a lawh and his mouth responds in a companionable sort of way.

"If enjoyed the work," he decided. "But I won't" in answer to our next question. "I won't return to pictures until I get the right kind of offer. I went into them quite by accident," he explained.

"I was touring the country in a play which finally landed in Los Angeles. Thomas Ince came to see me after the performance and said he would like me to play in one of his pictures. Which I did. Then I played in several more and was eventually signed by Robertson-Cole. When that contract was up, I came back to New York, and here I am."

The Right Kind of Play

Warner believes that the play of the minute is the melodrama, with plenty of "melter" in it.

There's an old-timer running on Broadway now, called "Bull Dog Drummond." Warner was offered the title role, but declined it. It has been offered to him since, but each time he has refused it. Despite this, however, we judge from what he told us that he will not open again in other than a melodrama.

He confesses that "Danger" was not the play for him, but it read, he said, much better in manuscript form than it did at rehearsals. It was something of a surprise to him that it ran ten weeks on Broadway. "It ran just ten weeks longer than I thought it would," he smiled.

The Cursed Phone

At this minute the phone rang. Business of making an immediate appointment and hanging up. "That's my wife," he explained. "I'm going to help her buy some hats." And then in that whimsical, humorous way of his, he quite said: "I usually call my wife, Mother."

George Fitzmaurice in action.
Arthur Miller is behind the camera.

Which gives you a deep insight into the fine, clean, virile character that is H. B. Warner's.

Welcome Back to Fitzmaurice

FRESH from several months of active picture production in London and on the Continent, George Fitzmaurice, featured Paramount director, returns to New York and to Hollywood where he begins work immediately on another special.

We rambled over to Famous Players' New York office to see Fitzmaurice before he left for an indefinite stay on the Coast. It occurred to us that perhaps our "rambler fans" would be interested in how pictures are made on the other side and what is really like, when a director is far, far from home.

"Our business methods are different from those on the other side," said Director Fitzmaurice with an expressive shrug. All of which explains a great deal. "We snap things up, over here. They take plenty of time on the other side.

Shooting in Italy

"I went to Italy to complete my last picture, 'The Man From Home,'" he continued, "and expected to stay there only four weeks at the beginning of it. But if my wife (Ouida Bergere, the clever writer who adapts his specials for the screen), had not been with me, I may have been there yet! "In the first place, we arrived in Rome after that city had seven months of sunny weather. Of course, as soon as we were ready to work, it commenced to rain. And it didn't stop for weeks."

Vesuvius Washed Good

Fitzmaurice said it rained so hard and so steadily that Vesuvius, Italy's champion lava shooter, was rid of a goodly supply of lava.

"The streets," recounted Director Fitz, "were covered with some fourteen feet of lava. In some places it was piled as high as the second story windows of houses. The people were kept busy making the streets traversable."

The German and the Villa

SOMETIMES," he narrated, "it is difficult for American producers to get the necessary cooperation from the local officials to take pictures in the selected locales. I was fortunate in having several friends in Rome who were of invaluable assistance to me. I wanted to take some scenes at former Kaiser Wilhelm's beautiful villa, chucked Fitzmaurice, as the story came to him in all its humorous detail. "I received written permission from the Minister of Fine Arts, but when we arrived at the villa, the German in charge flatly refused to permit us to enter.

"I reported the situation to the Minister, who countered by making another appointment the next day at the villa. "Well, we were there at the designated hour. To my amazement, there was a group of cavalrymen waiting for us. We went in. The German was bundled out with all his belongings and I shot my scenes amidst beautiful surroundings. I was happy; the Italians were happy, for was not the German exiled? Perhaps they had been biding their time for just such a situation to arise, before using force to evoke the German."

Ouida Bergere—

Director

Ouida Bergere proved her directorial ability anew when she came to her husband-director's assistance by directing Carole Lombard, her husband Arthur Miller and several players in numerous scenes while Fitzmaurice was busy taking other scenes in another part of the country. In this way, the work was most of the lull in the rainy weather.

"But," Fitzmaurice confessed, "it is good to be home again." And again that expressive shrug.
Bucking into the Movies

The Gish Girls' Triumphant Careers

(Continued from page 7)

told Mr. Griffith so, with the result that he used it, and I should not now be credited for that little. Dorothy was just on the fringe of the picture.

"The camera was an experience which I shall never forget and which was worse than any other in my life. Mr. Griffith wanted to make a war picture and the British and French Governments were careful to see that they were in the midst of a recruiting campaign and needed propaganda.

"Mr. Griffith came to me and asked me if I would be willing to play the leading role. I didn't know whether I could carry it, for, as you know, the French soldiers, "The Birth of a Nation" dealt with the Cameron family; 'Intolerance' dealt with four different groups, but 'Hearts of the World' was about a girl.

"We talked over the situation and decided to go to Europe with Mr. Griffith. We were over there six months, part of the time in London and part of the time in France behind the lines, along Compiegne. The worst part of our experience was in London. Our hotel was next to the shell room and when the Air Defense was located. The adjacent building was the center of London's protection against Zeppelin raids. The Germans had the air-raid alarms, and whenever the Germans came flying over London or the anti-aircraft guns would go off and rock our building as well.

"There was a time when the blackest part of our war was in London. The streets were filled with horribly wounded men and it was cold and raining, muddy, even to walk down the streets and see those poor, mutilated soldiers. Air raids were frequent. Bombing of our hotel was not infrequent. We were on the scene half an hour after the explosion. We saw the poor mothers searching for their children, their hysteria and terrible grief, and we learned what motherhood is all about.

"Then we went to France.

"The best part of our experience was that we saw the glory and the closeness and the hurt of the war. We have seen most of it. We have seen the closing scenes of all the battles.

"When I first entered the picture, I had the idea it would be a rather serious thing, but I have found that it is not. It is not even a hard experience. We have made some very interesting pictures, which have interested me. I have found that the camera is not only a means of communication, but also a means of expression. I have found that it is a means of escape, and a means of expression.

"I have found that the camera is a means of escape, and a means of expression. I have found that it is a means of escape, and a means of expression.
GOODNESS, but that Oriental I gave my order to certainly has a face like a hot-water bag!

While the Ingenue rustled cosily among the silken cushions in the Oriental tea-garden, and handed me a handle-less cup of tea.

"What about the movies?" I asked. "Working?"

"Goodness, yes! Things are picking up like everything. I suppose those tiresome men back in Wall Street have decided to capitalize the companies, or whatever it is they do. Perfectly poisonous of them, holding out, I think, don't you? When so many of us need limousines and things!"

"Which reminds me that some perfectly lamb person has started King Vidor going again. I'm so glad! He's just commenced work with Florence Vidor, his wife, in a new picture. Dear me, they are the most monotonously angelic couple in the film colony! Not a breath about either of them even. Both are such hard workers, I suppose is maybe one reason.

"Ever hear how they came to California? Well, they came in a Ford! Yes, sir, all the way. I think Henry Ford ought to know about that. Maybe he'd give 'em something—a couple of Fords, perhaps. They used to buy vegetables and meat, and camp out along the way. They got into a bad storm up in the Nevada mountains, and had to camp in the school house. Another time their Ford got stuck at the foot of a mountain and they had to push it to the top. But it's a regular ad for the Ford that they could push it isn't it—one way you look at it?"

"Speaking of the mountains reminds me. Ruth Roland is up at Truckee with her company, and everyone of them except herself is sick with the flu. It's awful in those little cabins where they live, they say, and Ruthie is acting as nurse.

"Here, water, a little hot water! They think we can just drink the demon tea as strong as prohibition whiskey, don't they?"

Irma paused to sip her tea to see if it was of the right strength and sweetness, and went on:

"What luck some girls do have with their husbands! Take Billie Rhodes, now. Poor Mr. Parsons passed away, but like a lamb person he left her a lot of money. I don't know whether she still has it or not. She was married a second time, but now she's divorced, and is going back to work in pictures. She was never a wild success, but maybe all her sufferings have made her a better actress, the way they say, but dear me, who wants to have a poisonous time just for that, when you can be an ingenue, if having good teeth and hair, and never have any troubles at all.

"How vampires have decreased in value, haven't they? And they don't come with tiger skins any more, either. Take 'A Fool There Was,' for instance, which Fox is going to make over again. The office was just crowded with vampires, the other day when I went over there. You could get any kind of plain or fancy vamp you wanted at a reasonable rate. Fox took a long time to decide. Finally they selected Estelle Taylor. Which reminds me:

"George Walsh and Seena Owen aren't divorced after all, though they haven't lived together for four years, and everyone thought that they were, and that George was going to marry Estelle. Now he says that Miss Taylor is just his leading lady, that's all.

"I'm just as glad as I can be about Alice Lake. She's so clever! When Metro slowed down, she had an invitation from Dorothy Wallace, who used to be a great friend of Roscoe Arbuckle's, but who has gone to Honolulu, to visit her there. But Alice decided she must stick to her profession while she's young, so she stayed in Los Angeles. She has just been signed by Eddie Carewe to play a lead in his picture.

"Everybody is wondering and wondering what Mary Miles Minter is going to do. Her contract is up in June, with Reelart, and they do say that Miss Minter expects to leave. She has been feeling terrible, of course, over the death of William D. Taylor, and it seems likely that she may not work any more at all under her contract. She was given two months' vacation just before the murder, but heaven knows she never expected to spend it in mourning for a dear friend! But such is life, as the pollywog said when he turned into a leaping frog.

"Who gave you that the latest star? Bull Montana! Bull is going to be starred in two-reel comedies. Of course I don't exactly know him socially, but now that he's a star I think one might cultivate him, don't you?"

"Oh, the funniest bit of news! Marjorie Daw and Johnny Harron are at ours! The reason is because Marjorie has been all taken up lately with Dana Todd. Dana toed used to be ever so attentive to Elinor Glyn, you know, but I hear that Marjorie has taken him away from her. Elinor just can't see a man over thirty, you know.

"And Helen Ferguson is all at outs with the high brows! It's very funny. You know Helen is such a nice girl. She can't stand these people who talk as if they had adenoid both inside their noses and higher up in their heads. She got among a bunch of them the other evening. They were all talking in excited tones about a new book called 'The Career of an Egg.' 'Oh,' exclaimed Helen in wide-eyed innocence, 'I suppose that must be a sequel to White's Cook Book—a Thousand Ways to Cook an Egg!' They all looked at her in astonishment. Then they got her. And nobody spoke to her for the rest of the evening, but they veered off into a discussion of 'If Winter Comes.'"

"Poor Eddie. He couldn't go down to the train to see Miss McAvoy when she came home from New York to Hollywood! In fact, talk about the irony of fate—that was Eddie's second name! You know he adores Miss McAvoy, and the only reason they aren't engaged—isn't it? I don't say I told you—'cause Eddie is so honorable he doesn't feel he has a right to be until he becomes a star, too—where was I? Oh yes, the irony-of-fate stuff! Just as Miss McAvoy was alighting from the train at 2.45 p.m., at that very second, Eddie was winging Agnes Ayres.

"Going so soon? Well, I think I'll go, too. Have to go and look for some new clothes for Aggie. Who's Aggie? Why, she's the girl I play in my next picture. So long! You're a perfect pet lamb person to listen to me so long!

"And Irma, the Ingenue, glode out to her limousine and rolled away, waving good-bye to me.
In spite of all my protests, I still get letters every day asking for answers in the next issue. Pity the poor old Colonel getting at least two hundred letters a week to be answered. I have to try not to do it when they're not room for more than thirty. If you're in a hurry, I'm always glad to send you a prompt reply by mail; if you must see your answer in the magazine, remember that it takes a month at least, probably two.

TUBY—Get ready to think, you warn me. Now really, that isn't a bit flattering. Do you imagine that I have to stand on my head or go through some elaborate performance before I can think? Yes, Dick Hassrick is a very pretty child. His parents are not in the movies to my knowledge. Wallace Reid's hobby is swimming and making noises on musical instruments. I have a neighbor who does that, too, but I hope Wallie can really play. The little girl who travelled with Doug and Mary is Mary Rupp, Lottie Pickford's daughter, named after her famous aunt.

L. F.—Rodolph again? Well, it's all in my day's work, I suppose. His hobbies are horseback riding and dancing. He has been in movies about four years; he will next appear in "Beyond the Rocks."

BETTY—If you wrote to constance woodridge, her secretary would probably answer your letter. Connie has to take time off to eat and sleep. Connie Blake is five feet two; her age—ah ha, now that's the guessing. She is in the George Wally, Betty Blythe is five feet eight, and Clara Kimball Young is two inches shorter. The latter's address is 1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles. Yes, Bebe is still in movies; she and Rodolph and May McAvoy are to make a picture together, "Blood and Sand."

RED HEAD—Ah, I do love red hair. But I hope yours is natural. Bertram Grassby played the villain in "A Man's Conscience." Maurice Prevost lives at 451 S. Hancock, Los Angeles. The only address John Wayne gives is Route No. 1417 N. Western Ave., Hollywood.

CURLY—If it's your hair that's curly, I suppose all the girls envy you. Eddie H.強生 opposed Ruth Roland in "The Avenging Arrow." Eddie Polo has not announced his next serial.

ANXIOUS TO KNOW—Are you the same "Anxious to Know" that wrote me last week? And the worst of it is, you'll have to stay anxious, as I don't know what Tyrone Power has been doing since "Dream Street" not where you can reach him just now.

BLUE EYED SUSAN AND SWEET SIXTEEN—What are you trying to do, have me guess the answers to your contest? No fair girls!

M. L.—Ah ha, I see you like pink statenionery! Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlson Way, Hollywood. He has a daughter, Thomasina, six weeks old. His hobbies are riding and hunting. He is now at work on "Free Range Rangeman." 

EDITH MAE—And you want me to get Wallace Reid to come to Detroit. If I told him where to go, he'd probably tell me where to go, and I might not want to go there. He has blond hair and blue eyes. Richard Dix has brown hair and brown eyes. Send to Richard Dix at Godwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. I suppose you saw Rodolph's picture of you in the March 4th issue; we probably be in soon. We also published it last June 11th.

CANADIAN MAID—Sorry to keep you waiting so long, but I answer letters, "first come, first served."

DEARIE—Yes, my dreams are happy, thank you; in them no one asks me if Rodolph is really good-looking; I am not a rich Miss McVicker. 157147 gives his age. June Elvidge was on the stage for awhile, but now she is back in movies and will be seen in "Beyond the Rocks," in which Gloria and Rodolph are the stars. Don't know much about Louise Lorraine; she is not yet at the Universal Studio, Universal City.

G. E. DUNLAP—No, G. E., the boy in "Exit the Vamp" is not Ethel Clayton's son, but Mickey Moore. Ethel is going to take a look at Europe, now that her Lasky contract has expired.

MABEL—You are modest, Mabel. I'm wondering if you ask too much. You ought to see some of the lists of questions I get. Bebe Daniels and Gloria can both reach at the Lasky Studio, 1320 Vine St., Hollywood. Neither gives her home address.

A BROKEN-HEARTED FAN—Do try not to take things so seriously. If everybody who wants to get into the movies broke his heart over it, there'd be no one left to laugh at Charlie Chaplin. Charlie Chaplin and Eddie Polo were born in San Francisco, of Italian parents. Art Acord doesn't know where you can write him, unless they would forward his letters to the Universal Studio at Universal City.

HELEN TALMAGE—You asked me for a lot of addresses, so I'll give you one—yours. Will you exchange information by letter?

SUNSHINE SMILES—What a lovely story she's read on a cloudy day. You bet I rest at night when I go to bed, if the man next door doesn't play his saxophone too late. Theda Bara is going to make movies again; aren't you glad? She has made one since "The Lure of Amazons." Mary Pickford is 28. William S. Hart is between forty and fifty. Nobody knows exactly. Rodolph is Italian and Eddie Polo was born in Frisco of Italian parents. The birthday of Charlie Chaplin is the 16th of March. Kaufman, Jean Acker is a brunette with hazel eyes and Gloria Swanson has almost-black hair and blue eyes.

P. D. O. HARRIGAN—So you are the same Larry Semen that saw Lilla Semen's taste in selecting Lucille Carlyle as his leading lady. He will think you so, because she is to be his leading lady for life. Yes, really, she is the picture of a "Mae." What appeared in "Movie Weekly": I'm sorry I have no personal description of the Maxine. Announcement of the winners of the Head and Shoulder Contest in the issue of February 4th.

FRANKIE—"If it's me," you say (ungrammatically, Frankie). The Chinaman in "Dream Street" was played by Earle Williams. George Bellamy was the leading lady in "The Call of the North."

ROSEMARY—I appreciate your thoughtfulness in telling me to take my time; some of my readers are not so considerate. Harold Lloyd lives at 369 S. Hoover St., Los Angeles, and Charles Ray's address is 1425 Fleming St., Los Angeles. Livin Martin is now playing at the Nora Barnes Theatre, 44th St., New York, where you can write her. Hallam Cooley played opposite Doris May in "The Foolish One" over Viola Dana is three years older than Shirley. No, I don't think Charlie Chaplin has to worry over any rivalry. Write me again sometime.

FRENCHY—Are you really? Yes, Charlie Chaplin is still making pictures; his next one will be "Pay Day"—but I suppose all his movies mean every day for him. Write him at 1416 La Brea Ave., Los Angeles. Yes, I'm afraid his secretary answers his mail; Charlie has to have some time to sleep, you know. Jack Mulhall lives at 5857 Harold Way, Hollywood. He was the leading man in "Molly-O."

E. T. NORRIS—Hope Hampton is quite a popular star, with her own company, releasing pictures through First National. Address them at 1440 Broadway, New York City. Her latest pictures are "Star Dust" and "The Little Lady." 

MAE JUNE—Of course I won't let you look in vain for your answer, unless you looked too soon. Yes, Belle Bennett was in several pictures during 1918-19. One of them was "The Mayor of Fibbert." Ann Pennington was on the screen for a short while, I believe.

MOHÉA—the Wallie Reeds only have one child, Bill, who is four. I believe Dorothy Davenport is a brunette. No, the stork doesn't include Pickford in his plans.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP—I see you've been reading Dickens! Ben Wilson is a producer now and Neva Gerber is starting some of his productions. Grace Cunard is making two reeels. I haven't heard of Kathleen Clifford lately. I don't agree with you about Doug and Maxine, they are still among my favorites.

K. LANAGAN—Gail Kane has not been making pictures lately; she is on the stage. I don't know what Airline Pretty has been doing since she appeared in "Life." I think you are mistaken in saying that Maxine Elliot played in some of Mae Marsh's pictures. Maxine is a bigger star than Mae is.
His Acting Seemed Real

JAMES KIRKWOOD always knew that Jose Ruben was a good actor, and now he is surer of it than ever. The only trouble is, Jose is a little too good.

Suspected of his wife's murder in the story, "The Man From Horsehead," Jose is demented with fear and grief, throws himself on the protection of James Kirkwood, in the title role. Jose's acting is nothing if not thorough, and Kirkwood almost wondered whether Ruben didn't have a real life grudge against him.

After the scene was over, Kirkwood quietly approached Director George Fitzmaurice, and asked if he wanted a retake.

"Because if you do," he said casually, "we'll have to adjourn for repairs. Ruben has torn every button off my coat and nearly fractured my knee-cap. And I need a little time to get into the proper frame of mind."

He gave me a shake-up that I began to think I'd done the murder myself.

No Peroxide Needed

At the Paramount West Coast studio they had a blonde day not long ago. First came Dorothy Dalton wearing a blonde wig for her part in "The Woman That Walked Alone." Then her was Wanda Hawley, a decided blonde. As she was ready for "The Ordeal," her golden hair appeared on the lot. Edna Murphy, with her pale tresses, was present also for her part in the same picture.

"Well," said one of the cameramen, "I couldn't sell peroxide to any of this crowd. They don't need it."

An Inspiration From Volstead

Allan Meyers is one man who has a good word to say for Volstead. For the Volstead law gave Allan an idea. Mr. Meyers, you see, makes his living by distributing advertising leaflets among apartment houses and homes.

Now he has a new method of making his wares dramatic. He waits until he is in a conspicuous place where lots of people are loitering about. Then he begins to look about cautiously and take hasty but stealthy steps.

Suddenly it's about. Meyers halts.

"Open that suitcase," demands a plain-clothes man.

"Let's see if you've got the goods in it," says Meyers. He appeals to the crowd. As the people surge closer to see the excitement, the suitcase is opened. Out flutter innumerable heralds for "Orphans of the Storm."

An Argument for Bobbed Hair

Mlle. Andreu Peyre, the French aviatrix who is playing a society girl in Reginald Denny's "The Leather Pushers" was observed in close study of the newspaper.

Suddenly she jumped up as if a great thought had struck her.

"Monsieur Deny," she exclaimed, "it say in the paper how a lady is combing her hair when she reach back and break her neck. Where is the nearest coiffeuse, Monsieur? My hair shall be Robert what you call 'bobbed.'"

Pipe This:

"Keep this for me," said Mrs. Frank Borzage to his wife. She helped him a dainty handkerchief, all perfumed and lacy, to put in his pocket.

Hubby carelessly dropped the handkerchief into his pocket—just the one in which was his tobacco. An hour later he decided to have a smoke.

"Huh," said the woman beside him, sniffing suspiciously, "don't tell me you smoke a perfumed pipe?"

A Homely Adage

H. M. Walker, who wrote the sub-titles for Snub Pollard's comedy, "Light Showers," had a lot of fun putting his wits to work. The caption for one scene was this:

"Call the real estate agent; I want to see if he remembers his relatives, the Junto brothers."

Passing a house one night, Mr. Walker heard someone singing "Home Sweet Home." That gave him an idea for a sub-title, so he reached for his little notebook and wrote:

"If ever so many windows, there's no place like home."

The Last Word in Adventure

Ruth Roland always used to love the water, but for awhile during the making of "The Timber Queen," Ruth felt she didn't care if she never saw water again.

"During the past few months," she explained, "I've been buried into most of the rivers and lakes, and even into the good old Pacific. If I'm to be drowned any more in this picture, there is nothing left but for them to find a location in some old good roomy sewer."

Can You Beat It?

After a strenuous evening doing scenes with three ferocious lions, Ruth Roland arrived home tired but happy. Her luck was wonderful; in all her dangerous stunts, she never received even a scratch.

So thinking, she started to bed and—almost broke her darling big toe when she stumbled over her bathroom rug.

A Dumb Story

Fergie Dempster is telling a good one these days.

"If a fire started in a deaf and dumb asylum at night, how would you awaken the inmates?" she asks all her friends. Of course none of them knows the answer—at least not the first time.

"Just ring a dummy!" says Helen.

Soot, Mon!

Doris Deane appeared with some makeup that wasn't on the schedule. She discovered one day that old man Jack Frost had put one over on her mother and herself by cutting loose among their orange trees. So together they went out and retrieved the lighting of dozens of amudgel pots to save the crop.

"Good heavens, what have you done to yourself?" one of her friends asked her as she came home, noting her soot-covered face.

"I'm playing man in the minstrel show," said Doris with a grin.

A Horse On You

Human triplets have been used in pictures and male and female twins by the score. But "Val of Paradise," Bebe's and Jack Holt's new co-starring picture, claims the distinction of using the first twinnies ever seen in any production. And that is some distinction, considering that there is only one set of twins in 100,000 horses. And these horses are honest- as such may sound like a fish story, but it isn't. It's a horse story.

A. M. T.
A Philanthropic Bank Burglar

by John W. Grey

SECOND INSTALMENT

SYNOPSIS

Jack Kennard, a great athlete and a graduate of the Yale school of Chemistry, utilizes his knowledge of chemistry to make a newCruise explosive with which he proposes to burglarize the bank. His friend, Henry Hartley the noted neuropsychologist, who is interested in reclaiming criminals by scientific methods. On his way home from his laboratory one night he rescues a crook from a policeman in Central Park. He makes a pal of the crook and finds that he and others plan the robbery of the Arlington National Bank in Philadelphia. Kennard, in the uniform of Captain of Police, visits the president of the bank and makes arrangements with him for to be admitted to the bank that night with his pal of "Jimmy," so that they can make the capture of the supposed burglar.

"Yes, sir."
"Ever play cards while they are in here?"
"No, sir."
"Does it ever happen that two of my men come in here together?"
"Yes, sir," the watchman replied."
"Which two?" Blackley asked him.
"Johnson and Williams," he answered.
"And don't Williams ever take a nap while he is here?"
"No, sir, he just smokes his pipe for a few moments, then leaves."
"And you say that none of my officers on this beat ever come in the bank until after midnight. That is correct?"
"That is correct," the watchman replied.
"Well, I'll be damned!" murmured Jimmy to himself. In all his years as a crook he had never been up against a proposition like this and while Blackley was carrying on the conversation with the bank watchman he was paralyzed with suspense. Visions of failure, cops and prisons were fitting across his mind. Then on the other hand he found himself thinking of the bundle of "dough" he would have if the job were pulled off successfully. The thoughts of the "dough" served to dispel all ideas of prisons, cops and failure and his poise returned automatically."

"I'm just a dope racket," he thought.

Blackley, on the other hand, was as calm and as self-contained as could be. His talk with the watchman convinced him beyond doubt that all was well, that his coming to the bank with one man instead of two had aroused no suspicion. He had also obtained some very valuable information relative to the cops coming in after midnight. He was now able to organize a plan to meet that condition which might have resulted disastrous. He had both him and Jimmy if he hadn't drawn it out of the watchman. His conversation with Kelly was interrupted by the bank clock striking eleven o'clock.

"I've got to make my rounds now, Captain," he said, as he turned to leave.

"We'll have to work quick, Jimmy. We've got to open this vault and safe before midnight. We've got to get out of here before those cops come knocking on the door or we're going to be in a jam. Let's get this fellow right now and stick him up."

"All right," replied Jimmy rather nervously."

"Let's go."

They went looking for the watchman and found him in the directors' room at the rear of the bank.

"Up with your hands quick and not a word!" said Blackley.

"Get 'em up, get 'em up," cut in Jimmy.

He did not put his hand up immediately. He was dazed, panic-stricken. Jimmy grabbed him and took his gun and keys away from him. He finally put up his hands and muttered:"

"By God, bank burglars!"

Doubt, fear and consternation were written all over his face that had turned white. His eyes rolled and his lips quivered. He acted like a man who didn't understand, he probably was trying to reconcile the idea of bank burglars with Blackley's uniform of a police captain, and it was not until Jimmy began to tie his hands and his feet together that he dawned on him with perfect clearness that "Captain Worthington" and his friend Detective Donahue were bank burglars, and then he simply said:

"Well, I'll be damned!"
"Shut up! Shut up!" exclaimed Jimly as he stuck a gag in his mouth.

They carried him down to the director’s room into the office of the president, which was ten or fifteen feet to the left of the vault and could not be seen from the street. Blackey, however, had a key and everything was regularly situated and could be reached in the event of a robbery. He now locked the door and as it was not yet time for the vault to be closed, all the clerks were still at work, the fuses were still burning, and the security of the vault was not endangered by the presence of the company immediately dispatched men to the bank to investigate.

"Get the gap out of his mouth, quick!" said Blackey.

"Untie his feet, but keep his hands tied!" ordered Jimly. "Send him back to the vault as soon as possible. The posts are at and see that every post is rung. Hurry!"

"After the robbery he was going to the president’s desk that showed where the posts were located, five of them, one in the president’s office, in the direction of the vault and one in the lobby in the front of the house.

Blackey pulled off his coat, adjusted his drill in the brace and began to drill the vault door combination lock with the largest drill he had. In fifteen minutes he had almost completed the job.

"Put the gag back in his mouth, Jimly, and tie up his feet!"

"I got y’ old timer, replied Jimly as he laid the bound and gagged watchman on the floor.

Jimly sat on a stool with admiring eyes as he worked on the vault door. He was fascinated and said to himself, "It’s just too bad I’m not able to dig into these V’s and petes, V’s in the vernacular of the underworld means vaults; petes, sales.

Blackey, a small man, inserted the fuse and cap in the drilled hole, struck a match, lighted the fuse and then stepped away from the door to await the explosion.

Jimly had never heard an explosion and he was wondering all the time what the sound would be like. It could not be heard, he thought, and the workman was laying the fuse to the door and the lock box on the inside. Suddenly the fuse was over and the whole room was filled with a light that was so intense that it made it almost impossible to see. The key that was thrown on the floor did not succeed in getting the six of the seven other keys off the "kister" until they had made eleven explosions on it.

"Just one more shot, Jimly, and it will all be over." said Blackey.

"Let’s give it to er’ quick, replied Jimly, "and get out of here. I’m sick as a dog.”

Blackey, too, was very sick. The fumes from the explosion made him weak, and he was able only to hold up his head, but he kept going.

The bank clock ticked the midnight hour as he got the key up and shot it at the last shot.

"Well, remarked Jimly, "twelve bells; dat means I’ve got to do stutt with dat guy’s clock again.

"I’ll be stuttin’ on him agin, said Blackey.

Jimly, without mentioning the name of the bank, said, "I’m taking this chart of the location of the posts. Remember, if you should miss one, that the burglar alarm system will be in operation. If I get y’! I won’t miss y’en. I’ll get ’em all.

Within a moment after Jimly had left, the telephone man arrived in the office where the watchman lay on the floor.

"Well," murmured Blackey, "what’s this mean, I wonder.

He made no attempt to answer it, he didn’t know what to do, had no idea of who it might be. Jimly heaved the key to the last person at the bank, and the watchman’s rounds and hurried to Blackey, nervous and uncertain.

"Who do y’ think it is, Blackey?"

"I don’t know," replied Blackey, "but there isn’t any one else here until I touch this office for the last shot.

He ran back to the vault, lighted the fuse, closed the door and stepped outside. The explosion followed instantly, a dull, muffled-like sound. He opened the door and looked inside, the last sheeting of the "kister" was lying on the floor, the automatic time locker was a wreck. For a moment his mind went back to the dinner at the Waldorf and he thought of what his friend, the banker Biddle, had said to him. He closed the door and returned to the ringing phone.

"Going to answer this?" Jimly asked him.

"Yes, replied Blackey quickly.

"What’s de idea?"

"Never mind, damn it!" exclaimed Blackey determinedly, "do as I say.

Jimly lost no time in getting out the gap over the face of the watchman who was still standing there and黑ie him to instantly. He soon had the time-locking "pete" ready for the bank, but by the time he got there, Blackey touched off the fuse, closed the "skeleton doors" and stepped outside to await the explosion.

With the key in his hand and the outside vault door closed the explosion could hardly be heard out of the vault, but when they pulled both doors open and dashed to the bank, they could see that the fuses from the explosion were still burning.

Three sheetings had been blasted off on the first shot, and the second vault door closed the explosion could hardly be heard out of the vault, but when they pulled both doors open and dashed to the bank, they could see that the fuses from the explosion were still burning. Blackey applied another one in a hole that had been made in one sheet pulling away from another one, a rivet had been broken off or there was a crack of some kind into which the "juice" could be put on a little piece of cotton.

He was certainly working fast, too fast in fact, because before he and Jimly could get out of the vault door the combination lock had closed and one of the sheetings came flying off the door, hit Jimly on the legs and knocked him flat on the vault floor, from which he was frightened than hurt. He scrambled to his feet quickly and said:

"Not so fast, not so slow, Blackey. I don’t want to have a lookout putting up his hands. If I can’t get out of this dump before the ‘shots’ go off!

Blackey laughed at him and exclaimed:

"Don’t mind me, Jimly. I’m just going to the presidency.

The fourth ‘shot’ removed the last sheeting on the door and just as they were preparing to set off another one, Blackey walked to a dingy room, in the corner, and in the company of another room, and called, "I—"

Before he could go any further Blackey pushed the latter door, stepped inside with one hand and covered the receiver with the other one while he whispered to Jimly:

"President Barker calling me, get that gag back in his mouth, quick.

"Hello, Mr. Barker," said Blackey.

"You interrupted him."

"I’m going to give something to know something?

"Yes, yes," replied Blackey rather excitedly, "I am. Did you get en?"

"Yes, replied Blackey, "we got about twenty minutes ago. My men have just finished putting the handcuffs on the bank and me.

"By God! that’s fine work, Captain. Fine work. How many of them did you capture?"

"I haven’t seen any yet, Captain, anybody hurt, any shots fired.

"No shooting," answered Blackey, "only one of them offered any resistance and we had to use the black ‘shots’ to get him.

"Yes, yes, replied Blackey, "let’s get out of here.

"We’ve been caught unawares," said Blackey. "We’ve been telephoned as soon as they got on the inside of the bank.

"Great work, great work, Captain, the bank is indebted to you for life.

"Are you coming down to the bank?"

"Right away, Captain, answered Blackey.

"How long will it take you to get here?" Blackey inquired.

"Oh—about thirty or forty minutes."

"All right sir, good-bye," replied Blackey as he hung up the phone.

"Wat de hell did y’ ask him to come down for?"

"I’m taking these fellows over to the station right now. I’m just tired pulling the ‘shot’ off, and I want to get down to the bank tonight and meet me at the station in the morning at nine-thirty."

"Very good, Captain."

"All right, thanks," answered Blackey. "See you in the morning, good night.

"Good night, Captain.

"That’s better, Jimmy," said Blackey as he hung up the phone.


"Blackey, let’s pack up this money and get out of here.

They hurried to the vault and started to pack the bills into strong boxes in the strong rooms in the directors’ room. There was approximately two hundred and twenty thousand dollars in paper money of all denominations, gold, and gold and silver, and of which they didn’t take because it was too heavy. Jimly found a hand bag in the president’s office into which he put the large box that was in the door and then went over to the watchman to make sure that no one had found the bag and that there was no possibility of his working himself loose. They said good-bye to him and started for the door.

Blackey unlocked the safe as he did so, almost instantly he heard voices on the street.

"What’s that?" asked Jimly.

Blackey opened the door slightly and peeked out.

"What’s that?" exclaimed Jimly.

"Cops!" exclaimed Jimly. "Cops!"

"What are we going to do?"


Suddenly the door swung open and the two uniformed policemen stepped inside the bank.
Hints to Scenario Writers
by Frederic Palmer

Szenario Note: Our readers are invited to write us their suggestions, which may be of interest to their contemporaries. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

THE "PICTURE ANGLE"

Possibly the greatest difficulty that the beginning writer of photoplays encounters is the necessity of expressing his story in terms of action. For that matter, the experienced fiction writer, as well, upon turning to the field of screen drama, is generally puzzled by this rigid requirement.

It is, however, a lesson that every photoplay writer must learn, and the sooner the better. Fine writing, beautiful descriptions, clever witticisms—excepting as they may tend to build up characterization—are thrown away in the writing of photo-dramas. Only that which can be transferred to celluloid through the eye of the camera will find its way to the screen; and where, then, excepting for a few brief sub-titles, do the poetic rhapsodies over the sinking sun, the lengthy accounts of the star's eyes, the detailed description of the thoughts that surge through the handsome hero's mind come in?

I am not, however, one of those machine-like, studio-hardened persons, who would abolish everything but a bare skeleton of the action plot. That would be as fatal to the screen writer's story as to that of a page of a novel. Writing and characterization must be worked into a photoplay to give it life and an appeal to the readers—who are only human beings, after all—and the bare plot with its short, inarticulate, undeveloped action would be unable to impress itself forcibly enough upon the editor's brain. But practice and study will inculcate in the mind of the scenario writer the subtle ability to "put over" what is known in the studios as "picture stuff," without wasting words and without effort to useless length.

The picture angle comes natural to many writers. Others must acquire it. Many noted fiction authors have written their novels from the picture rather than vice versa. They possessed a peculiar quality, and, almost unconsciously, had written their books and stories from the screenpoint of view. They were inclined to select "picture words"—words that, in themselves, convey a picture to the mind of the reader. Other authors, equally as well-known, have been able to sell picture rights only when their novels, or other works, have been so well-known that it throws the whole part of the studio—form an advertising standpoint—to buy the name, and to build a real screen story around the plot.

The person who approaches the motion pictures with the idea of a photoplay writer, whether he is the scenario editor, who is trained to think only in pictures, and to whom "fine writing," as a rule, is an utter bore, since it does not aid him in selecting photoplays that will succeed on the screen, but, rather, tends only to confuse him and to distract his mind from whatever picture value the story might have.

As an illustration of the "picture angle," as opposed to the narrative style of fiction, let us consider the following simple situation. John Smith's "at home" might easily find on the center-table a note from his presumably faithful wife, in which she informs him that she has left him for another man.

The writer of narrative fiction would probably describe the ensuing events somewhat as follows:

"As he read the letter the truth slowly dawned upon him. Into his numbed mind gradually crept a feeling of self-pity. Desolation seized upon him and for the first time in many a long day, the sense of desolation left him. New thoughts surged through his brain, like seething fire. Some new flame snapped within him. From that moment, John Smith wasted no time. He found the man, and there was no time for him to consider his motives. For he had determined that his rival must die."

You will observe that, although John Smith's state of mind is admirably described, there is nothing in the description that could be transferred to celluloid by a cameraman.

But let us place the same incident into terms of action:

"For a moment or two he stared at the letter; utter desolation crept over him. He sank into a chair, and buried his head in his hands. Then, with sudden determination, he crushed the miserable in his powerful hand, set his jaw, and arose to his feet. From a drawer in the table he took a revolver, examined it carefully, placed it in his overcoat pocket, and strode toward the door."

The foregoing, of course, are merely crude illustrations of the point in discussion; but they may aid the puzzled photoplay writer in discerning the vital difference between the two forms of expression.

VISITING THE STUDIOS

Without doubt a large percentage of scenario writers believe that their inability to visit the big studios and to watch the actual filming of motion pictures from the beginning to the end is a matter of course, could be farther from the truth. Many of the great authors who were responsible for some of the best of our studio's continuous story writing "on the ground," were utterly confused for several weeks by their glimpse into filmland and, instead of being an aid to them, that part of their process was making to them a detriment.

The technique of filming, cutting, and assembling a motion picture is one of the most complicated and intricate problems facing directors. They do not go from set to set, or from location to location, filming their story exactly on its initial conception. Largely for financial reasons, they group all scenes occurring in a certain set, or location, and "shoot" them at one time. The outsider, observing the director's technique, the story being pictured, would wonder at the apparent lack of sequence in the procedure; and, unless possessed of supernatural imagination, he would prefer no aid in plot development therefrom.

It is far better for the writer to remain away from the studios as much as possible, in proper sequence, and invested with the atmosphere that titles and art-work give to any film. And, where watching the filming of scenes in a studio would probably cramp his imagination, the sincere photoplaywright will find inspiration in the finished drama.

Questions and Answers

(Q.) Why is retrospective objectionable.—M. H. L.

(A.) It is of no use to write about a character in the past and then attempt to tell it through the retrospective of a character. The effect produced by the latter method is less effective than the former. They are not so well connected, forward, keeping the various threads parallel. The audience is more interested to see the action as it transpires than to work through conversation long after it has occurred.

(Q.) Does the realm of "politics" offer good subject matter—J. G. P.

(A.) Unfortunately, plays dealing with politics are frequently unsuccessful. This type of story is very hard to write from the screen writer's point of view. The difficulty seems to be that material of this nature is "dry" to the average spectator because he knows so little about politics. A great deal of explanation is necessary to make the action clear to the uninstructed. There is no reason, however, why the writer should not write a background interesting political concern. If you build a sound, dramatic story, keeping the characterization real and human, a political motif may be used effectively. Moreover, the conflict that arises between the statesmen of a country is fundamentally human, entertaining, and significant. Everything depends upon the way in which it is presented.

(Q.) Is there any market for the story with a foreign background?—M. D. O.

(A.) Such a story will, on the whole, sell just as readily as one laid in America, providing the two stories are equally strong. But the foreign market is secondary concern with most producers. They demand primarily that the story possess dramatic virility and novel development. Of course the producer who is financially limited would probably prefer the American story, as being simpler and less expensive to produce. But a foreign story, with a foreign setting, will easily find a market.

(Q.) Should much time be devoted to the delineation of the minor characters?—J. N. S.

(A.) If a character is worth introducing at all, he or she is worth developing to the fullest extent. Of course, there is no necessity for going into minute details. But keep all of your characters real and human. The minor characters are the lifeblood of the story. If you use only those characters that are essential in the working out of the plot, you will be able to tell your story without them. Keep the attention of the spectator centered upon the principals, of course; but without the motives of the minor characters blend in logically and interestingly.

(Q.) Is spiritualism a good subject for the screen play.—S. J. P.

(A.) While dealing with spiritualism are very costly and difficult to produce, as you do not doubt realize, and it may be of more importance to the producer than the writer, unless they possess the maximum amount of dramatic virility, as well as a novel treatment.

(Q.) May quotations be included in the detailed script.—L. Ch.

(A.) It is better to use only those quotations which are absolutely essential in telling the story. Long descriptions of the screen action toward the audience, each one of which is, you know, the primary requisite. If the speech of any character directly furthers the story, use it. Otherwise, omit it.

(Q.) Why is the necessity for "optimism" stressed so much as a requirement for the screen play?—L. H. P.

(A.) The American audience likes pictures of "real life," life as we all know it. There is much more danger in emphasizing the sor- did, than in over-emphasizing the cheerful. Give the spectator a bit of joyous optimism in the imagination that will lift him out of the dull monotony of everyday life. Art deals primarily in beauty, you know. Beauty is sometimes considered the aim of all art. The American audience appreciates beauty, and this is an indication of health and sanity.

(Q.) Is there any demand for the idealistic love story?—I. S.

(A.) There is not only a demand, but a vital need for idealistic love stories. If you build a really dramatic plot on such a theme, there is no reason why it would not appeal to producers.

(Q.) May the subject of "Life Hereafter" be treated on the screen?—J. H. P.

(A.) The few attempts that have been made to deal effectively with this subject have been failures, both artistically and commercially. The time is hardly ripe for such radical departures. Producers are wary of pictures that take a stand against the audience. They are afraid of im- sistently prefer realism. There are, of course, a few isolated exceptions. If you have really dramatic ma- terials, you can assume that the audience, prejudice against it might be overcome.

(Q.) Why are so many stories dealing with "Pagan- lism" appearing?—P. G.

(A.) Such stories, often possess certain photographie, "atmosphere" features that count for much in the screen story. There is no reason to suppose, however, that this should continue to be one of the predominating trends in production.
FORTUNES ARE GOING BEGGING

Photoplay producers ready to pay big sums for stories but can't get them. One big corporation offers a novel test which is open to anyone without charge. Send for the Van Loan Questionnaire and test yourself in your own home.

A SHORT time ago a Montana housewife received a handsome check for a motion picture scenario. Six months before she had never had the remotest idea of writing for the screen. She did not seek the opportunity. It was thrust on her. She was literally hunted out by a photoplay corporation which is combing the country for men and women with story-telling ability.

This single incident gives some idea of the desperate situation of the motion picture companies. With millions of capital to work with, with magnificent mechanical equipment, the industry is in danger of complete paralysis because the public demands better stories—and the number of people who can write those stories are only a handful. It is no longer a case of inviting new writers; the motion picture industry is literally reaching out in every direction. It offers to every intelligent man and woman—to you—the home test which revealed unsuspected talent in this Montana housewife. And it has a fortune to give you if you succeed.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, is responsible for the invention of the novel questionnaire which has uncovered hidden photodramatists in all walks of life. With Malcolm McLean, formerly professor of short-story writing at Northwestern University, he hit upon the happy idea of adapting the tests which were used in the United States Army, and applying them to this search for story-telling ability.

The results have been phenomenal. In the recent J. Parker Read, Jr., competition all three prizes, amounting to $5,000, were awarded to students of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which is conducting this search by means of the Van Loan Questionnaire.

The experiment has gone far enough to prove conclusively (1) that many people who do not at all suspect their ability can write scenarios; and that (2) this free questionnaire does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

These are the leaders behind the search for screen-writing talent. They form the Advisory Council of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

THOMAS H. INCE
Thos. H. Ince Studios

FRANK E. WOODS
Chief Supervising Director Famous Players - Lasky Corp.

Rex Ingram
Director of “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.”

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN
Author and Producer

ALLAN DWAN
Allan Dwan Productions.

LOIS WEBER
Lois Weber Productions.

ROB WAGNER
Author and Screen Authority

JAMES R. QUIRK
Editor and Publisher Photoplay Magazine

An evening with this novel device for self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because Scores of Screen Stories are needed by producers.

Scores of good stories could be sold at once, if they were available. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays to producers. Its Educational Department was organized for one purpose and one only—to develop screen writers whose stories it can sell.

Look over the list of leaders in the motion picture industry who form its advisory council. These leaders realize (1) that the future of the screen drama is absolutely dependent upon the discovery and training of new writers. They realize (2) that writing ability and story-telling ability are two entirely different gifts. Only a few can write; many can tell a story, and, with training, can tell it in scenario form. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is finding these story-tellers in homes and offices all over the land.

You are invited to try: clip the coupon.

The whole purpose of this advertisement is to invite readers of “Movie Weekly” to take the Van Loan Questionnaire test. If you have read this page up to this point, your interest is sufficient to warrant addressing the invitation to you directly. In all sincerity, and with the interests of the motion picture industry at heart, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation extends you its cordial invitation to try. Who can tell what the reward may be in your case?

For your convenience the coupon is printed on this page. The questionnaire is free and your request for it incurs no obligation on your part.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Department of Education, V. 3, 124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your Course and Service.

NAME

ADDRESS
A Fiery Romance of Love

(Continued from page 10)

good-bye and thank you again. Miss—Miss— I'll be happy to bring her hair down to her little slippers again. "Miss Rose Girl," he finished.

He turned toward the abiding little watch and she whipped and ran lightly across the smooth green space, "Well, that was interesting, wasn't it?" she replied. "The best things Doris Dalrymple did was run her. They managed some way to make it work into every picture. After all, she was the only little good-bye before the thick leaves swallowed her. The man sank down on the bench again.

[End of excerpt]

The Triumph of Love

Or

"THE BUSINESS OF LIFE" SHOULD JACQUELINE NEVER ABANDON HER BUSINESS CAREER FOR LOVE

By ROBERT W. CAMBERS

This story is one of the most vividly evocative pieces of writing that master love-craftsmen of romance, Robert W. Chambers, has ever written.

"Suddenly, under all her delicate, youthful beauty, there seemed to be a hint of hidden strength, the self-confidence of capability—oddly at variance with her allure of lovely femininity..."

At the very end of the road, there was a sign that said, "Movie Weekly," and then a bell. "She was silent now, and he knew she was fighting for the self-control that was always threatened when Doris allowed his thoughts to go back to the little brown house on the New England hillside. Twenty-five years ago she had become there. In those last four years she had lived there. She had only to shut her eyes to see it all. A weatherbeaten house it was, with a smokestack sloping roof and a red chimney that leaned a little to one side. A tangle of honeysuckle vine, a hedge of barberries, a screen of plain running through it. A big walnut tree sat under a hedge..."

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"Doris smiled. "You're so young, I suppose. If my family could see me...""
"The Younger Set"

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

IT was from one of the nurses, Miss Casson, and shorter than usual:

"Miss Bond is in physical perfect health, but yesterday we noted a rather startling change in her mental condition. There were, during the last two days, marked emotional changes. Once, too, she seemed completely astonished when I brought her a doll, and asked me: 'Is there a child here? Or is it for a charity bazaar?'

"Later I found her writing a letter at my desk. She left it uncompleted when she went to drive a mere scrap. I thought it best to enclose it, which I do, herewith.

"The enclosure opened:

"'Thil, dear, thou have been very ill I know you are my own husband. All the rest was only a child's dream, I fancy.'

"And that was all—only this scrap, firmly written in the easy flowing hand he knew so well. He stowed it in his pocket, and then resumed Miss Casson's letter:

"'A man stopped our sleigh yesterday, asking if we had not seen his wife, Mr. Ruthven, but worried, and replied that any communication for Mrs. Ruthven could be sent to me.

"That evening two men—gentlemen apparently—came to the house and asked for me. I went down to receive them. One was a Dr. Mallison, the other said his name was Thomas B. Hallam, but gave no business card.

"'I was told that they had come without your knowledge and authority,' I refused to discuss Mrs. Ruthven's health, but he went on to the alphabet of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a postilion to which he knew was a lie—her pretense of mental prostration, her disappearances, and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn-party.'

"'Dr. Wesson says there is no danger of her doing any harm with it, but wants us to secure it at the first opportunity.'

"He turned the last page; on the other side was merely the formula of leave-taking and Miss Casson's signature.

"For a while he stood in the centre of the room, head bent, narrowing eyes fixed; then he folded the letter, pocketed it, and walked to the table where a directory lay.

"He found the name, Hallam, very easily—Thomas B. Hallam, lawyer, junior in the firm of Spencer, Boyd & Hallam. They were attorneys for Jack Ruthven; he knew that.

"Mallison he also found—Dr. James Mallison, who, it appeared, conducted some sort of private asylum on Long Island.

"And when he had found what he wanted, he went to the telephone and rang up Mr. Ruthven, but the servant who answered the telephone informed him that Mr. Ruthven was not in town.

"So, clearing up the receiver and sat down, thoughtful, grim, the trace of a scowl crossing across his narrowing gray eyes.

"Of the abject cowardice of Ruthven he had been so completely tiring that he had never discounted any interference from him. Yet, now, the man was apparently preparing for some sort of interference. What did he want? he asked himself, and, under what pretense. He was determined to permit him to seek a divorce on the grounds of his wife's infirmity. What was the man after?

"The man was after his divorce, that was what it all meant. His first check on the long trail came with the stupifying news of Gerald's runaway marriage to the young girl he was lying his own plans for. And, at first, the news staggered him, leaving him apparently no immediate incentive for securing his freedom.

"But reflecting the situation and context, he realized that it had lost him not have lost he been free to shoulder aside the young fellow who had so shamefully and so recklessly had passed that particular chance. But he'd never again allow himself to be caught in a position where such a chance could pass him by because he was not legally free to which he the effort to seize it.

"Fear in his soul had kept him from blazoning his wife's infirmity to the world as cause for an action against her; but he remembered Neergard's impudent cruise with her on the Aiebbara, and he had temporarily settled on that as a means to extort revenue, not interesting such an action should ever come to trial. And then he learned that Neergard had gone to pieces. That was the second check.

"Ruthven was young and ruthless. But Ruthven needed a lever. He meant to put the ocean between himself and Selwyn before commencing any suit—whatever ground he might choose for entering such a suit. He required capital on which to live abroad during the proceedings, if that could be legally arranged. And meanwhile, preliminary to any plan of campaign, he desired to know where his wife was and what might be her actual physical and mental condition.

"But Ruthven was totally unprepared for the report brought him by a private agency to the effect that Mrs. Ruthven was apparently in perfect health, and that they had a very decided wish of servants; that she might be seen driving a perfectly appointed Cossack sleigh any day with a postilion to which he knew was a lie—her pretense of mental prostration, her disappearances, and I expect to secure it the next time she takes a fancy to have all her dolls out for a 'lawn-party.'

"'They got the wrong man,' which she said to me, that she seemed to be perfectly sane, healthy in body and mind, comfortable, happy, and enjoying life under the protection of a certain Captain Selwyn, who paid all her bills and, at certain times, was seen entering or leaving her house at Edgewater.

"Excited, incredulous, but hoping for the worst, Ruthven had pressed on to his attorney, and had brought him the facts; he had taken the law into his own hands, and had followed up all leads, but found nothing of interest.

"'It is just as you like,' he said. 'If you'd rather come back on this train, come aboard. I'll leave the station this afternoon without chance of running into him and starting the whole mess boiling.'

"'Captain Selwyn in town?' asked Ruthven, reddening.

"'Yes; an agency man telephoned me that he's just back from Sandy Hook.'

"The train had just cleared out of the station Ruthven hesitated, then stepped away from the passing car with a significant parting nod to Hallam. As the train, gathering momentum, swept past him, he stared about at the snow-covered station, the guard, the few people congregated there.

"'Another train at four, isn't there?' he asked an official.

"'Four-thirty, express. Yes, sir.'

"'What's the train's name?' asked an atronatone. Ruthven motioned him to follow, leading the way to the edge of the platform.

"'I don't want to drive to the village. What have you got there, a sleigh?'

"It was the usual Long Island depot-wagon, on runners instead of wheels.

"'Do you know the Willow Villa?' demanded Ruthven.

"'Willer Viller, sir? Yes, sir. Step right this way.'

"'Wait!' snapped Ruthven. 'I asked you if you knew it; I didn't say I wanted to go there.'

"Ruthven had started for the depot-wagon, but he started at the little dapper, smooth-shaven man, who eyed him in return, coolly insolent, lighting a cigar.

"'I don't want to go to the Willow Villa,' said Ruthven; 'I want you to drive me past it.'

"'Sir?'

"'Paul it. And then turn around and drive back here. Is that plain?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"Ruthven got into the closed body of the vehicle, rubbed the frost from the windows, and pecked out. The hackman, unblithching his lank horse, climbed to the seat, gathered the reins, and the vehicle started to the clanging accompaniment of a single barded cow-bell.

"The melancholy clamour of the bell annoyed little Mr. Ruthven; he was horribly cold, too, even in his fur coat. Also the musty smell of the ancient vehicle annoyed him as he sat, half turned around, peering out of the rear window into the white tree-lined road.

"There was nothing to see but the snowy road flanked by trees and stark hedges; nothing but the flat expanse of white on either side, broken here and there by patches of thin woodlands or by some old-time farmhouse with its slab shingles painted white and its shutters and square roof.

"'What a God-forsaken place,' muttered little Mr. Ruthven with a hard grimace. "If she's happy in this, then of course there's no doubt she's some sort of a lunatic."

"He looked out again, furtively, thinking of what the agency had reported to him. How was it possible for any human creature to live in such a waste and be happy and healthy and gay, as they told him his wife was. What could a human being do to kill the horror of such silent, deathly white isolation. Drive about in it in a Cossack sleigh, as they said she did. How was he to get inside?

"The driver pulled up short, then began to turn his horse. Ruthven squinted out of the window but saw no sign of a villa. Then he rapped sharply on the forehead of the artist to descend, come around, and open the door.

"When the man appeared Ruthven demanded why he had stopped the vehicle, pointing it, as it turned out, to a wooded hill to the west, explained that the Willow Villa stood there.

"Ruthven got out of the covered wagon and dug his gloved hands deeper into his fur-lined pockets. For a while he stood in the snow, stolid, thoughtful, puffing his cigar. A half-contemplative curiosity..."
possessed him to see his wife once more before he discarded her; see what she looked like, whether she appeared normal and in possession of the small amount of sense he credited her with.

Besides, here was a safe chance to see her. Selwyn was in New York, and the absolute certainty of his personal safety provided a slight but tolerable element of safety from the latente tyranny in his meagre soul.

Perhaps it was possible to understand the legal requirements of the matter, and whether or not it was necessary for him personally to see this place where Selwyn married her in the light of his own crime. He would be obliged to come here again with far less certainty of his safety, with a roof of private business or of personal perplicity. For the summer, then, he could calm himself and declare to Eleanor Elloroli— not one of which he ever sent. But the formality of his handwriting was not hurried and by the time they read it, Selwyn was silence as profound as the stillness in her soul. But deep into her young heart something new had been born, finally, to the children of her melting heart, on one on the other in the sensitive curve of suspense; and her told, they were devoured, seemed tremen-

quently instinct with the exquisite tension busing body and soul in breathless accord as they waited in unison.

To the end of March the special service battleship, travelling at first, was testing Chasole in the vicinity of the Southern rendezvous. Both main and secondary batteries were em-

ployed in this task. On the 23rd, a battleflag for a nearly a month.

In April the armored ships left the Southern drill ground and began to move northward. A destroyer took Selwyn across to the great fortress inside the Vir-

ginian Capes and left him there. Setting his stay there was almost constant firing; later he continued north-

ward as far as Washington; but it was not until June that Gallant's protégé was satisfied.

"Government satisfied. Appropriation certain next session," he wrote to his wife. "The very idea of General Austin, in his house, which was now dismantled for the summer, telephoned Nina at Silverside that he had been fired. They had been making utter without any thought of their own. His house uptown the table, his presence. In his rooms too, he was in the house's nature, so I know. After this I shall certainly make no end of a fuss if they don't let me dine with them. Besides, I insist on being a child.

"Of course I do." "I quite as entertaining to you as older girls, Boots, dear?"

"For more entertaining," said that young man pragmatically. "I'm just dead tired of being always with every guest you bring; there'll be donings-to-morrow if you do. Selwyn is shaking her hand, you know. Boots, I don't die of overeating. And I'll take your nasty old medicine—truly I will, Boots, if you don't give me more of it."

The younger Craig maiden also appeared to be bent upon self-destruction; and Boots's eyes opened wider in the course of the feast. They were almost blotted in the end by what appeared to be silvery ivy in embroinv for sustenance to maintain a small emergency ward upstairs above the nape of her slim white neck, and cheeks like pink fire, sat between Boots and a vacant chair reserved for her tardy father.

For Nina had waited so long as she dared; then Boots had been summoned to take in Drina and the youthful Craig girl; and as, there to have been six at a table, at that particular table sat Boots decorously facing Elleen, with the two children on either hand and two in the middle.

A jolly informality made up for Austin's shortcomings: Grazing on his wife's curiosity from the Misner twins and the Innis girls and Evelyn Cardwell—all her intimates. And the younger Craig girl was there too, to make a good deal of force—gay, noisy, unembarrassed young people who were neither younger or gayer than the young matrons on their hostess.

As for Gladys, it was difficult to think of her as married; and if Gladys, who looked all of one as old: I know I do. After this I shall certainly make no end of a fuss if they don't let me dine with them. Besides, I insist on being a child.

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The younger Craig maiden also appeared to be bent upon self-destruction; and Boots's eyes opened wider in the course of the feast. They were almost blotted in the end by what appeared to be silvery ivy in embrov ery for sustenance to maintain a small emergency ward upstairs above the nape of her slim white neck, and cheeks like pink fire, sat between Boots and a vacant chair reserved for her tardy father.

As for Gladys, it was difficult to think of her as married; and if Gladys, who looked all of one as old: I know I do. After this I shall certainly make no end of a fuss if they don't let me dine with them. Besides, I insist on being a child.

"Of course I do."

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The Colorful Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Life

(Continued from page 4)

blistered hands and aching, tired muscles—but after several weeks, the garden was finally planted and Taylor settled down to note its growth.

The extensive knowledge that he had of literature, of art, of culture in general, stood him in good stead. He found that he could augment his allowance from home by making speeches and delivering lectures, and finally he began to enjoy the society of the Harperites, meager as it was.

Just as he was on the verge of harvesting his first season's crop, however, something happened which came as a decided set-back. He had already arranged for the disposal of the greater portion of his garden produce and would shortly make a delivery. Came a drought, however, and he was forced to sit by—together with other unfortunate farmers—and watch his produce shrivel and dry, but he took the matter philosophically and started in once again to replant his acreage. Other Englishmen, his neighbors, were becoming discouraged. Several returned to their native hearths. Others drifted away and were not heard of again.

Perhaps, in his heart, Taylor wished that he, likewise, could leave Harper never to return, but his bank account was small and he determined not to write home for more money. He was sowing his crop and waiting to harvest it, not knowing whether or not his slender finances would pull him through until the harvest time. He looked as if they would not, and he was beginning to worry.

His entire life has been marked, it seems, by the hand of Fate. Whenever he did not apparently know where to turn for help it would invariably come. And, when he needed it most during those dreary days in Kansas, it was on his way to him.

But again it was the stage, and although he did not realize the fact, he was destined again to return to the boards, for, in the amny Davenport company there was a vacant berth which his talents fitted Taylor to fill.

(Continued next week)
HOW TO GET RID OF MOLES
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A FEW SMILES
Suppose Charlie Chaplin had been knighted, as threatened. The director would have to say, "Sir Charles, would you mind having that custard pie?"

Is there anything in the world wetter than a movie rain?

What if the nations disarm? We still have Bill Hart.

Buster Keaton is known as the comedian who never smiles. Even before he was married, he never smiled.

The people of Los Angeles say that when Cecil B. De Mille named his new picture, "Foot's Paradise," he had San Francisco in mind.

"There are facts you may want to know for sure and one of them is whether or not I live up to my own prescription. I do and I'm easy!
I have kept myself happy and well through keeping my physical department in first class order. If that had been left to take care of itself I would surely have fallen by the wayside in other departments. Once we sit down in security the world seems to hand us things we do not need.
Fresh air is my intoxicant—and it keeps me in high spirits. My system doesn't crave artificial stimulation because my daily exercise circulates the blood sufficiently. Then, too, I always keep busy. That's the real elixir—activity."

from Mr. Fairbanks book "Laugh and Live."

There are only a few geniuses in the motion picture business and Fairbanks is one of them. He is, too, the embodiment of physical perfection, and it is with pleasure that we quote his own words on the subject of keeping fit.

Fairbanks' opinion is a part of physical culture doctrine—a doctrine that we hope you will help spread and observe during

NATIONAL PHYSICAL CULTURE WEEK
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MR. EDWIN E. ZOTY, Executive Chairman.
National Physical Culture Week Campaign.
119 W. 40th Street, New York City.

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MAN!
Are You 100% Alive!

Or are you satisfied to drift along half dead—half alive—always getting on the nerves of those with whom you associate—overlooking half of the beautiful things around you—ashamed to acknowledge that you are a miserable failure—a physical and mental wreck? Then you are indeed only 50% man—a man to be looked down on—despised—discarded.

But perhaps you don’t know that you can be restored—that your flagging powers can be revived—that you can “come back.”

To you I say—cheer up and confide in me. I will show you how you can measure up to 100% manhood and make your life worth while.

Don’t Be a Chronic Weakling

You haven’t been well for a long time. You have been dragging along half sick—miserable—complaining—always a little under the weather. You have been wasting your time and money with drugs, dope and materials opposed to natural law and common sense. You are not better—you are worse and are headed straight for hopeless, useless invalidism. You must stop now—look the facts squarely in the face and decide what your future is to be. Is it up to you whether you will drag along as you are—a physical weakling—or if you will banish your ailments and be a healthy, worthwhile, vigorous man—a real 100% man.

Restore Your Pep and Power

When you admit that you have physical defects, you have taken the first step towards the accomplishment of real manhood; but you must not stop there. You must see to it that you are completely instructed and directed by one who can prove by his own physical fitness that he is able to really give you the health, strength and desire you want. You must go to a man who practices what he preaches. I am that man, as thousands of my pupils have voluntarily testified. I built up my own body and won the world’s record as the finest specimen of physical and health attainment. These are the same principles I want to apply to you. I don’t care what has caused your present unfitness—I don’t care how often other methods have failed, you will find my methods entirely different and resultful. I will rebuild and restore you. I will give you the power, vitality that every real man must have. I will make a real man of you—a 100% man. I will accomplish this in Nature’s own way, no drugs or dope. I can give you the most practical, sensible instructions scientifically applied without the use of fads or fancy methods or expensive apparatus. I guarantee that I will accomplish all I undertake with

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