

# PHOTOPLAY

## MAGAZINE

The World's  
Leading  
Moving Picture  
Magazine



**Notice to Reader:** When you finish reading this magazine please place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors destined to proceed overseas. NO WRAPPING—NO EXCHANGE. A. S. BICKELSON, Postmaster General.

*August*  
*20 Cents*

*Haskell Coffin*

MABEL NORMAND, Painted by HASKELL COFFIN

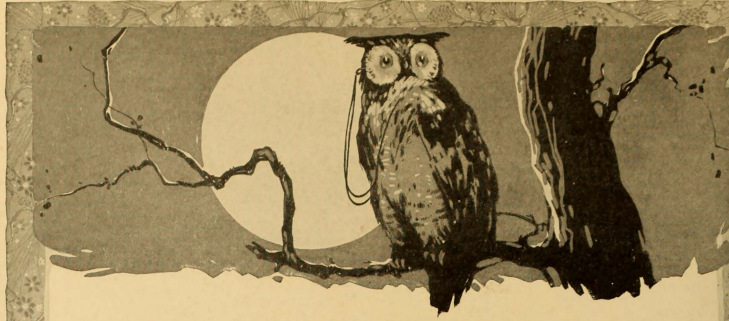
**"Anybody Can Swim!"**

Says Annette Kellermann,  
and she tells how, in this issue

BUY WAR  
SAVINGS  
STAMPS

**"Want To Be a Star?"**

Is your nose straight? Do your eyes  
match? Read about it, anyhow.



# Are You Too Wise to be Natural?

**B**EEN seeing good pictures? Want to be sure you're going to keep on seeing them? Easy.

Both Paramount and Arctcraft trade-marks have come to mean so much to so many millions that the words "photoplays" are almost superfluous.

Paramount and Arctcraft are *that* fine—in stars, in direction and in character.

\* \* \*

Ever wish you could forget all the fol-de-rol of dinner coats and calling cards and that sort of thing? And get a bunch of corn silk and soft-foot it behind that big rock—and light up with Joey, your particular pal? And get sick and everything?

Or, are you too wise to be natural—are you afraid to play hookey from yourself?

You're not? Good enough. Then you've kept your grip on the greatest thing in life.

And the spirit of play, of make-believe, is what lets you go on, day in and out, forgetting those practical, prosaic things that hold your nose to the grindstone.

It's no secret at all—the gate to the great playground.

You'll find it on the screen of the modern motion picture theatre—the theatre that advertises and shows the motion pictures of the American family—Paramount and Arctcraft pictures. Paramount and Arctcraft pictures are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in stars, masterly in direction, superb in mounting and discriminating and authoritative in the literature and drama they visualize.

\* \* \*

You, too, can see and enjoy Paramount and Arctcraft pictures—they are made for you. There is a theatre near you that shows them because *your* kind of people want them.

## Paramount and Arctcraft Motion Pictures



### Three Ways to Know how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Arctcraft Motion Pictures

*one* By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

*two* By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

*three* By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION  
ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CHAS. E. HENNING Treasurer

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"





## "Three times to the cleaners" and you've paid for it all over again

"H AVE you seen Louise's dear little georgette blouse?"

"I admired it and showed her my new crepe de Chine. 'But isn't it wicked,' I said, 'to have to send it to the cleaners?' By the time you have had it cleaned three times, you have paid for it all over again."

"You don't mean to say you send it to the cleaners?" she said.

"Yes!" I answered, "you would not trust crepe de Chine to soap and water, would you?"

"Of course not," she said, "I use Lux."

As a matter of fact, Lux is the most modern form of soap—but it is so different from anything you have ever known

as soap that you think of it as something in a class entirely by itself.

And that is precisely what Lux is. Lux comes in delicate pure flakes which dissolve instantly. You whisk them into a foamy lather, then add cold water. Into the rich, lukewarm suds you drop your most delicate blouse.

Afraid? Not for a second!

*Lux never hurt anything that pure water alone would not injure.*

Let your blouse soak for a few minutes. *Never a bit of rubbing.* Simply

dip your blouse up and down and press the suds again and again through the precious fabric. Every speck of dirt melts away without a bit of injury to a single delicate thread. Your blouse comes out new as the day you bought it.

Every woman who tries Lux wonders how she ever could have rubbed cake soap on anything she valued.

Now she buys the dainty things she loves to have and wears them often. They are not a bit of care or expense to her. She keeps them fresh and new the Lux way with no rubbing.

Get your package of Lux today from your grocer, druggist or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

### Cleanse these things yourself with Lux

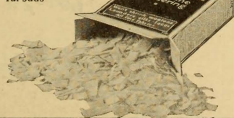
500 Corsets	Sweaters	Washable Sate Shirts
Less Corsets	Blankets	Curtains
Less Collars	Baby's W. clothes	Fine Table Linens
Less Jackets	500 Underwear	Georgette, Crepe de Chine
Washable Suits	500 Stockings	and
Collars and Cuffs	Washable Gowns	Washable Sate Blouses

### Sweaters soft and unshrunk!

"I have a white sweater which has been washed several times with Lux, and it is still white, soft and unshrunk."—Mrs. F. W. B. Pratt, Reading, Penn.

# LUX

Even in hard water  
Lux makes wonder-  
ful suds



### The children's things like new—

"I washed a child's white corduroy coat with Lux, and it looked as good as new. It was very dirty, and I didn't have to rub it at all."—Mrs. F. W. Gordon, Portland, Me.



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# A letter from Charlie Chaplin

*To protect  
the public  
from fraud*



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To My Friends:-

Please look for my signature  
on all posters advertising my new  
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distributed through the First  
National Exhibitors Circuit.

Also look for it on the  
main titles of the Films themselves.

You can tell my new  
Pictures from old ones by  
looking for my signature.  
They are not genuine  
without it.

Yours sincerely

*Charles Chaplin*



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ATTRACTION





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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

# PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

No.

"The National Movie Publication"

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James R. Quirk, Editor

"P-29"

VOL. XIV

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AUGUST, 1918

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From the Pastel Portrait by W. Haskell Coffin

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## Next Month

### The Photoplay League of America—the Great New Movement for Clean Pictures

YOU can't humanize a Hun by talk; it takes bullets. You can't cure a chill with an overcoat; you must correct your physical ailments. Nor will we ever have good pictures, inspiring pictures, *clean* pictures, because of Censorship. Censorship is white-washing a sepulchre. All real picture reform must come from within; it may grow out, but it will never be imposed. And the day of this reconstruction, the hour of the next great forward movement for the screen, is here.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for September will give the first account of this All-American Crusade for the All-American Art. *The Photoplay League of America* is the voice of the nation demanding clean pictures, real stories, human characterizations.

Pictures have become a public utility and this powerful new association of picture patrons is destined to become the mouthpiece of every community in the United States.

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## Next Month

### *Lila Lee, the Girl of the Month*

The girl of the month because:—she is only fourteen years old, has never faced a camera, yet has just been made a star by Paramount. And not a "child" star, either, for she is to play grown-girl parts. The story of a slender genius of womanly emotion found in vaudeville.

### *Charles, Not Charlie Chaplin*

Charlie, behind the camouflage moustache, is the most whimsical thing in the universe; Charles, without the moustache, is a rather poetic artist, melancholy rather than uproarious—altogether a genius, and therefore altogether interesting. Charles, not Charlie, will be with you in September.

### *Stewart, Westerner of the West*

Most of our Western stars were Easterners who assumed their chaps and lariats and sombreros after they grew up. Roy Stewart, the newest planet of the plains, is a *real* Westerner—he grew to his six feet and one hundred and seventy pounds on a diet of cactus and horned toads. His story is in PHOTOPLAY for September.

### *Have a Heart!*

It looks simple from the outside: this business, or art—or whatever you are pleased to call it—of writing stories in shadows and lights. We sit out here in the darkness of our neighborhood house and pick flaws. It comes to be a pastime, a part of our picture pleasure. Did you ever think that, sometimes, the very chaps who built the picture had labored and sweated, yes, and swore, trying to avoid those very flaws. In the September issue Julian Johnson, who has just returned to the editorial chair of PHOTOPLAY after a year's absence, will tell the producers' side of the story. He has been in the front line trenches of the studios and the dugouts of the scenario writers. "Have a heart," he says; so that's what we call his story.

### *Taylor Holmes*

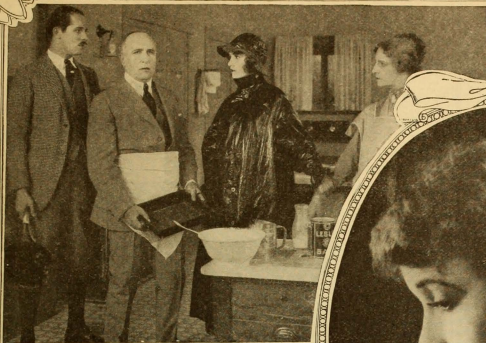
The picture theaters know him as Taylor Holmes of "Efficiency Edgar" and "Ruggles of Red Gap," while to the old-fashioned theaters he is "Bunker Bean." He and his two worlds are delineated interestingly in these pages next month.

## Photoplays Reviewed in Shadow Stage This Issue

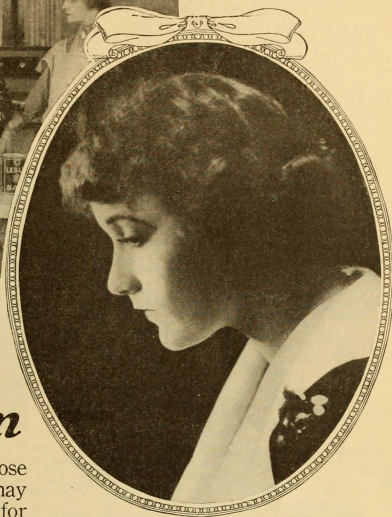
Pay Day.....Metro	Old Wives For New.....Artcraft
Prunella.....Paramount	The Interloper.....World
A Doll's House.....Artcraft	A Red-Headed Cupid.....Triangle
De Luxe Annie.....Select	Who Is To Blame?.....Triangle
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Cyclone Hugdon, D.J.....Metro	A Soul For Sale.....Universal
Tony of Fate.....Metro	The Oldest Law.....World
The Winning of Beatrice.....Metro	The Accidental Honeymoon.....Rapt
Social Briars.....Metro	The Golden Goal.....Vitagraph
Her Terrible Time.....Mutual	The Triumph of the Weak.....Vitagraph
Joan of Plattsburg.....Columbia	Wolves of the Border.....Triangle
High States.....Triangle	Her Decision.....Triangle
Baron, Son of Kazan.....Vitagraph	A Daughter of the West.....Pathé
Missing.....Paramount	True Blue.....Fox
The Mysterious Client.....Pathé	All Woman.....Goldwyn
Fit of the Pirates.....Fox	The Street of Seven Stars.....De Luxe
The Matting of Matilda.....Paramount	The Firebrand.....Fox
Believe Me, Xantippe.....Paramount	Ocella of the Pink Rose.....Graphic
His Own Home Town.....Paramount	Reclaimed.....Harry McKee Webster

"Blue Eyed Mary".....Fox
Vengeance.....World
Men.....U. S. Exhibitor
Confession.....Fox
The Bravest Way.....Paramount
The Man Hunt.....World
Stolen Orders.....Brady
For Sale.....Pathé
More Trouble.....Pathé
A Broadway Scandal.....Bluebird
Lend Me Your Name.....Metro
A Game With Fate.....Vitagraph
Viviette.....Paramount
Love's Conquest.....Paramount
Are High.....Fox
A Square Deal.....Mutual
When Men Betray.....Abramson
The Fair Pretender.....Goldwyn





Constance Talmadge  
in big scene from  
"Up the Road with Sally"  
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*Constance Talmadge*

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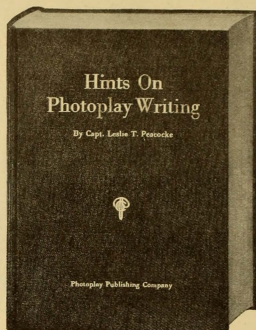
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By Mary Roberts Rinehart

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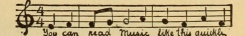
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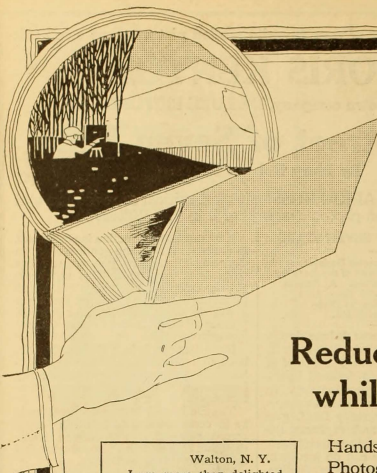
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## *Your skin needs special care in summer*

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

If summer sun and dust have begun to coarsen your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it fine and soft again. For full directions see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

**T**HINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture—irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

### Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

For rousing sallow, sluggish skins, try the famous Woodbury treatment given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





**J**UNE ELVIDGE has one all-absorbing interest in life—clothes. She admits it. "I like my work at the studio because it is just one charming frock after another." Miss Elvidge's good taste is apparent on the screen in World photodramas.

White Studio





Witzel

**L**ONG ago PHOTOPLAY called Charlie Ray "Ince's Wonder Boy. Ray has come through—witness his work in "The Hired Man," "His Own Home Town," and "Playing the Game." He plays baseball, drives his own car, and loves his wife.



***B**IG Bill Farnum is a he-man. Boy fans enjoy his smashes with the villain; girls thrill at his fifth-reel grabs. Unlike his contemporary, Bill Hart, Farnum is an accomplished Romeo. He demonstrates in "Rough and Ready."*

Underwood & Underwood



***I**N "War Brides," there was a boy who held the attention even when Nazimova was on the screen: Richard Barthelmess—and he kept right at it, and now he's a Paramount leading man. Lately seen with Marguerite Clark.*





Lumiere

**W**EBSTER CAMPBELL is co-starring with Corinne Griffith in a Vitagraph photoplay, "New York, or Danger Within," a patriotic hurrah and spy exposé by Robert W. Chambers. Miss Griffith is really Mrs. Webster Campbell.



Evans Studio

**P**HOTOPLAY'S August number would be incomplete without a few close-ups of the accepted surf costumes. Presenting Maude Wayne, a Triangle-Keystone beauty—last word being lily-painting. First glance is deceiving; Miss Wayne is matching the colors of her skirt and hose.



**R**OXANNA MCGOWAN seems to be having a tough time of it regardless of what she might have said when she came out. Whether it's a shark or an alligator we don't know; nor, apparently, does Roxanna.



Evans Studio

**W**OULD you ever have guessed that the girl at the left is called Myrtle? Lind is a fine last name and Myrtle's all right, of course, only—well, one can't help thinking of some really inspired given name for a girl like—like Myrtle. Yes, they're all Triangle-Keystoners.



**A**FTER a year's absence, Anita Stewart returns to the screen in "The 'Mind-the-  
Paint' Girl." Her smile is just as brilliant as if she hadn't lost a case in court  
and participated in an automobile smash-up her very first day "on location."

Underwood & Underwood





*L*ACE and lavender, roses in moonlight, gentle kisses, flower-hung garden walls—these are the things you unconsciously associate with Lillian Gish. But in reality, Lillian, an ingenue in appearance, is a rather suave woman off the screen.

# PHOTOPLAY

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## Diamonds and Paste

**W**HEN a woman buys a gown she does not simply go into the first shop she sees and buy it across the counter. She considers fabrics, colors, designs. And after the gown has been made to her order, if she does not like it or it does not fit, she does not condemn all clothing, and say she will not wear any in future.

When a man decides to pass an evening at the theatre, he does not simply drop in at the first house whose electric lights meet his gaze. He wants to know what play it is, and who wrote the play, and who is starred, and perhaps who produced it. Nor if, after all these precautions he does not like the entertainment, does he say, "All plays are bad. I will not go to the theatre again."

Yet they do it to the movies.

"Let's go to the movies," says Friend Wife, and with Friend Husband she sallies forth. The chances are that, unless they are actual fans, they will go into the picture house nearest their home. If it happens that they see a poor production, or a story which does not interest them, or a star whose nose is not the exact shape they like, they will go home declaring that moving pictures are no good.

It is not the person who can compare intelligently the productions of the various companies, who fulminates against pictures, but the one to whom movies are just movies, coming from he neither knows nor cares where.

The woman who knows there are as many kinds of gowns as there are women who wear them, and the man who is as particular about choosing a play to see, as if it were an automobile, too often lose their sense of the variety of creation when it comes to the movies.

Nor are these the people who are unintelligent in other matters. One of the greatest geniuses of the theatre recently wrote an article in which he made himself ridiculous by drawing the most absurd conclusions from pictures he had seen, when the very nature of his comments proved that he had been seeing the very worst and not the best productions.

The eventual success of pictures with this sort of people depends upon the better class of producers maintaining standards so high, and keeping their names before the public so prominently, that the most casual observers will know that here, as everywhere else, there are diamonds and paste, and that there are some dealers who will not sell paste.



# “Anybody Can

World's most famous swimmer gives  
and tells how exercise transformed her

THERE is just one secret of the art of swimming—confidence. Once the person who wants to swim has banished fear and become confident, swimming is as simple as walking.

Between the aspirant and this confidence there lie several superstitions, or traditions, all of which can easily be abolished. Among these imaginary disabilities are the following:

“My arms and legs are not strong enough” or some similar physical disability.

“The minute I touch the water I sink.”

“I cannot learn to hold my breath under water.”

“Water gets into my eyes and blinds me.”

Every morning I get plaintive letters from people who insist that they can never learn to swim. They take lessons, they tell me and believe that they understand the principles perfectly, but when they get in the water, all they can do is cling to the rope and shriek.

Many of them make fun of their efforts, good-humoredly, but to me the situation is always more pathetic than amusing. It has always seemed to me so unfortunate that anyone who can appreciate the joy of being in the water should be kept out of it by any reason whatever. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot.

Like most difficulties of this kind, the trouble is largely mental. They have a firm obsession

“For the average person, conscientious work in the water from twenty to thirty minutes a day should be sufficient to make a fairly good swimmer in three weeks.”

—what the French call an *idée fixe*—that they cannot get on in the water and this prevents them from making any headway however correct their technical knowledge of strokes may be. Nearly all who “cannot swim” will insist that their arms are too weak or their legs too stiff or that they are suffering from a congenital fear of the water. One man told me mournfully that I could never understand what he must overcome before going in the surf.

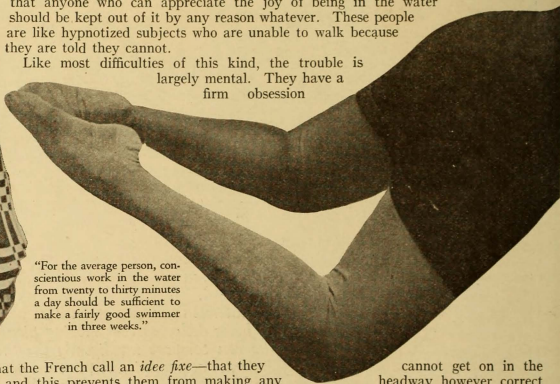
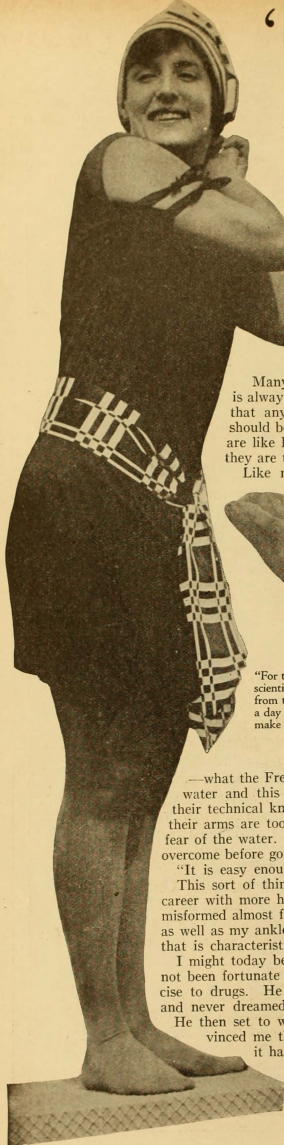
“It is easy enough for you to talk,” he said, resentfully.

This sort of thing always amuses me, for no prospective swimmer could have begun their career with more handicaps than I. As a child I was a cripple. My legs had been painfully misformed almost from babyhood, and I was obliged to wear steel braces which hurt my pride as well as my ankles. Moreover I had that terror of the sea and of all strenuous activities that is characteristic of frail and nervous children.

I might today be in the position of those who look on wistfully at out-door sports, if I had not been fortunate enough to find a doctor who believed in the superiority of corrective exercise to drugs. He began these exercises so gradually that I grew to regard them as games, and never dreamed that I was being lured by inches into the sea-bathing which I hated.

He then set to work to overcome my fear of the sea and through infinite patience, convinced me that it was a jolly if boisterous play-fellow instead of the roaring monster it had always seemed.

I shall never forget my thrill of delight and power when I first realized that I was master of my movements in the water just as on land. Gradually my legs regained normal form and strength, my general health improved and I found that what began as a “corrective exercise” had become an ideal recreation. My enthusiasm increased so rapidly





# Swim"—Says Annette Kellermann

*Photoplay* readers advice on swimming, from child cripple to physical perfection.

Another thing that will inspire confidence is the ability to open your eyes and keep them open under water. This also can be practiced in the tub. Clear water will at first cause a little irritation of the eyelids but this is perfectly harmless and will disappear.

No one can feel entirely at home in the water until he has learned to see as fish do.

Dry land swimming exercises may be very helpful to the aspiring swimmer who lacks familiarity with the water.

These exercises accustom the muscles to the various strokes and train the mind so that the movements become almost mechanical. In his first struggles with the water, the beginner is naturally handicapped by the strange sensations of being in a new element, but if the strokes have become "second nature" on land, he will have just that much less to overcome.

Of course every swimmer has his own set of problems which he must work out by himself. These range from a fear of tidal waves to a loathing for jelly fish and must be met and conquered through the experiments that best fit the individual case. For the average person, conscientious work in the water from twenty to thirty minutes a day should be sufficient to make a fairly good swimmer in three weeks.

I am dealing now only with the practical swimmer. There is a type known as the social swimmer which is out of my sphere entirely. Their method consists in wearing a ruffled bathing suit, a cap trimmed with rubber roses and high-heeled bathing shoes to match. The exercise is taken by sitting on the sand and posing under a parasol. This is a form of out-door sport with which I am not at all familiar and to its devotees I cannot possibly give any advice. But to the man or woman and even to the little child who really wants to swim—to every one in earnest, I

can say with absolute certainty that there are practically no obstacles which perseverance will not overcome.

"It has always seemed unfortunate that anyone who can appreciate the joy of being in the water should be kept out of it for any reason whatever. These people are like hypnotized subjects who are unable to walk because they are told they cannot."

that I ventured to enroll in my first contest. When to the surprise of everyone, including myself, I won the prize, I was well launched on my professional career.

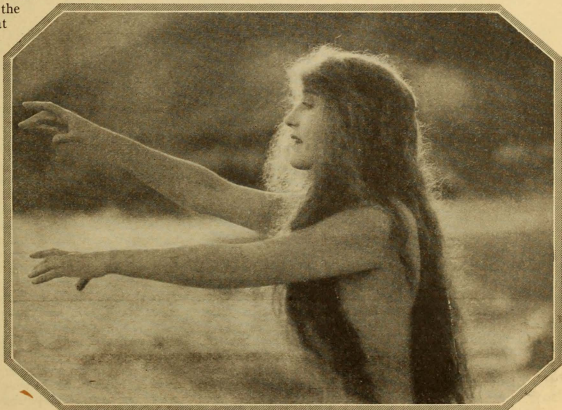
Few people will have all these difficulties to overcome, I think

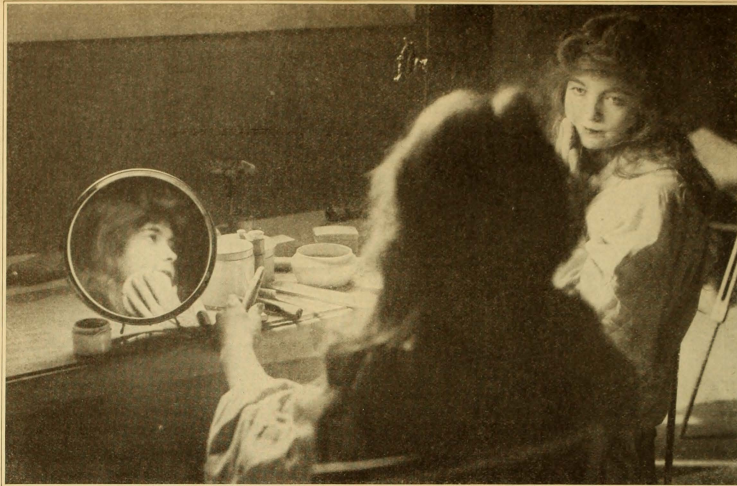
most beginners will find their problems relatively simple. Self-confidence is the first thing to acquire and it takes a surprisingly short time to establish enough faith in yourself to conquer the ocean as well as move mountains.

One of the best means of overcoming fear is to realize how difficult it is to sink. You can prove this to

your own satisfaction by dropping a coin in water that is just a little deeper than your arms can reach. If you increase this depth by degrees so that stooping over to reach the coin with the hand causes the entire disappearance of the body under water, you will find that you are unable to pick it up without the aid of a swimming stroke that will cause you to descend. The human body floats by a small margin, and it is usually the blind movements of a frantic struggle that cause drowning.

Familiarity with the swimmer's habits of breathing will also do much to dispel fear. An unexpected mouthful of salt water will make a beginner believe that he is strangling to death and will upset whatever poise he may have acquired. To prevent this, a few simple experiments in a bath-tub will do wonders. You can easily become accustomed to holding your breath under water by taking a full breath before submerging, and then expelling the air through the nose while submerged.





Dorothy and Lillian in their dressing-room.

# The Real Lillian Gish Vs. The Imaginary

*Preconceived notions are invariably wrong  
—particularly so in the Gish Case.*

By Julian Johnson



MOST people have a preconceived notion of Lillian Gish, just as they have of the Kaiser, business hours on a submarine, a big party in old Rome, summer at the North Pole, what a Chinaman is thinking about, the origin of the American Indian, Theda Bara's private life, Mary Miles Minter's real age, or Mr. Griffith's next picture. Like the Hun philosopher's idea of a camel—he never saw one, but evolved a picture from his inner consciousness—preconceived notions are almost invariably wrong. And never more so than in the Gish case.

There is a growing suspicion that the word "Gish" is an adjective rather than a proper name. In so far as it applies to Lillian. It must be admitted that there is ground for this suspicion.

It has been Lillian Gish's privilege to rise to world-wide celebrity as a *figurante* of innocence, maidenhood and springtime love in the photoplays of D. W. Griffith—and, in one frock or another, out West or back East, down South or over in France, she has never played anything else.

Lace and lavender, roses in moonlight, gentle kisses, old tunes pianissimo, a mystic Rocking Cradle, flower-hung garden walls—these are the things you unconsciously associate with Lillian Gish. Fresh blood on new-fallen snow is a terrible thing to see, much more terrible than

blood on ground. So Mr. Griffith makes Lillian Gish the snowy background for the blood of his battles: rapine coils at her feet, the bat wings of murder flap past her head, the red hands of atrocity and terror reach toward her out of the murk—and never quite touch her.

That's why the picture populace has considered and does consider Lillian a pale, perfumeless lily, off as well as on.

The yardstick on a woman's brain is her sense of humor. Women are naturally a little more flexible than men, they are more facile and more adroit, and when they can give and take a joke they become the real sovereigns of the earth. Of course it is a popular tradition that no ingenue can possibly have a sense of the ridiculous—else she would laugh at herself and automatically go out of the ingenue business. Perhaps because she is one of the greatest professional ingenues in the world, Lillian Gish artfully locks her sense of humor up in her dressing room when called onto the set. In fact, knowing when not to laugh, and never laughing in the wrong place, is laughter's Scottish Rite. So far, Lillian of the lillies has never untied so much as a wan smile—in public—which has not been of the sub-deb order.

But on Serrano avenue in Los Angeles there is another sort of Lillian: an ingenue in appearance, still, but a rather suave and well-poised woman in reality, in spite of



the fact that she is scarcely over the top of twenty years. She is the studious rather than athletic type of girl—she leaves the muscle stuff to the “Little Disturber” in the same household—a girl who despises the shams of society, a girl who is much more at home with Balzac and Thackeray and Dickens and Galsworthy than with Chambers or Owen Johnson, a girl who has just returned from Europe more intensely devoted to America than ever.

To begin with, Lillian Gish is an enthusiast about the war. She is very much of an optimist, and she sees from the chaos of destruction the supreme reorganization of the world.

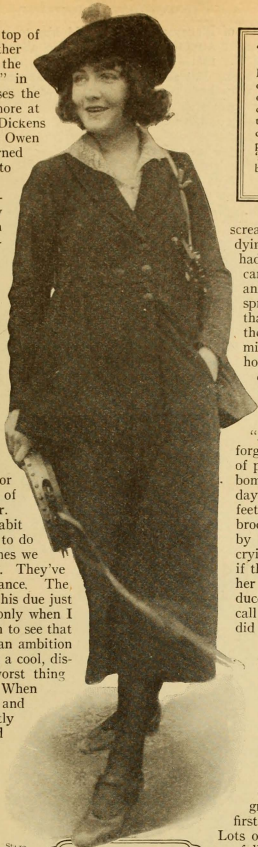
“I think this is a wonderful age to live in!” she declares. “It seems to me the world was going to sleep in selfishness—not a part, but all of it. America was quite sure that its inventions were the most wonderful things of history, England was all tied up in social traditions and class distinctions, and Germany, the supremely selfish thing of the Universe, was headed for a reincarnation of the old Roman Empire.

“When this is all over, the world is going to quit being provincial. We’ll be less citizens of the Loire, or Kent, or California, and we’ll be more citizens of the world. We’ll understand each other.

“You know, we’ve got into a terrible habit over here: we think that the first thing to do to win is to call the Kaiser all the names we can think of—and the rest will be easy. They’ve passed that stage in England and France. The French and English are giving the devil his due just to beat him at his own game! It was only when I had been there quite awhile that I began to see that this spirit of sizing up murderous German ambition and soulless German accomplishment in a cool, dispassionate way was just about the worst thing that could happen to the Germans. When people get angry they lose their heads and call names. When they’re perfectly calm, and patient even in suffering, and just quietly determined to win—then they’re awfully dangerous!”

And Miss Gish has some right to be a war critic, for she has been in the battle line in France, and went through eight air raids in London.

“Almost always,” she declares, “there were warnings—the aircraft guns in the distance, then nearer; finally, the deep, heavy boom of the falling bombs. Only once was our fright very sudden and intensely real. It had been a quiet evening, with no thought of an impending raid. We were living in the Hotel Cecil. Suddenly the biggest noise in the world came from the courtyard and street below. In the tremendous roar of the explosion the whole hotel rocked as though in an earthquake. I was flung from my chair, and in the dark—it is almost a criminal offense to turn on the lights in an air-raided—people rushed about like little ants in a hill you’ve just stepped on. The most dreadful part was the



Top—Dorothy Gish as “The Little Disturber” in “Hearts of the World.” Below—Dorothy herself.

“WHO do you think are the most ideally fitted of all people—according to the British—to become airmen? Not the British officers, nor young French adventurers, nor even American racing drivers. The American cowboys! An airplane does the same thing to your liver, I guess, that a bucking broncho does. Driving anything on a level is no preliminary training, but the fellow who has ‘zoomed up’—as the airmen say—on some bad little horse in Arizona is perfectly broken for the saddle of a scout plane.”

screams and groans of the wounded and dying in the street below, for the bomb had struck a party in carriages. One cannot venture into the street when the anti-aircraft guns are barking, for the spray of shrapnel is even more dangerous than German high explosive—and there they lay, begging for aid, for fifteen full minutes, under our windows! It seems hours. As soon as the guns ceased of course almost everyone in the hotel rushed to them . . . not many were living, then . . . I shall never forget it.

“Another thing, that I wish I could forget, was my visit to the homes of a lot of poor mothers after a school had been bombed by a German squadron at midday, flying at the great height of 18,000 feet. I saw one woman whose little brood of three had all been torn to pieces by German nitroglycerin. She wasn’t crying. She wasn’t saying anything. But if there is a hell I saw it in the depths of her dry, sunken eyes. If I could reproduce that look on the screen they would call me greater than Bernhardt. And if I did I should go insane.”

Mr. Griffith, it seems, was the bane of the party’s existence—he and Billy Bitzer, the cameraman, but Bitzer was not quite as venturesome.

“Bobby Harron was fairly tractable,” says Lillian. “In other words, if there was a lot doing, he’d take us—or get us where we could see, if possible. But Mr. Griffith! He might be at dinner with a general, and if the air-guns began to sound he grabbed his hat like a little kid at the first shouts of a ball-game, and vanished. Lots of times he didn’t come home till the following day! He was always in the street—he actually chased the darned things, as if trying to make them drop a nice sample bomb on him!

One of Mr. Griffith’s peculiar studies for future years was collected in a camouflaged camera-nest near the Opera, in Paris. Here, for an hour or so on a number of days, Bitzer ground steadily and unobserved on the countenances of passers-by: the soldier, the widow, the old man, the Englishman, the bride, the child, the American, the coquette, the poilu’s wife—he has a record of the unconscious war-face of every manner of human being in Paris. Lillian Gish, with Dorothy, started her act-



ing career as a child in the melodramas of Blaney and Al Woods. Later on she attracted Belasco's attention, and played principal fairy—or something like that—in "The Good Little Devil," with Mary Pickford. But she says that she was utterly unsuited to this role—hadn't enough experience for it in any way. Then she went to the Biograph, and under Mr. Griffith's direction, where she has remained ever since.

The sisters Gish—Lillian and Dorothy—have always lived with their mother, Mrs. Mae Gish, yet have not escaped the customary quart and a half of rumors of engagement and impending marriage—little Dorothy being perhaps an especial victim. So far, neither of them has any matrimonial intention in reality.

Serrano avenue, and their home, is not twenty minutes ride from the old Fine Arts studio which has modestly draped the birth of numerous masterpieces. Lillian, in her odd moments of neither working nor reading, is essaying swimming, French and piano. Dorothy—when not hopping about the country in her new enclosed car—is swimming to beat the band.

And Dorothy, being a selfish little sister, clips the end off her sister's interview: "Want to know where the 'Little Disturber' character *really* came from? Well, she was a little cockney girl; she's English, not French at all. Mr. Griffith saw her on the Strand one day, freshness, wig-wag walk and all. He followed her for hours—or rather, we did, and then I thought he was dreadful to make me play her. I couldn't. Besides, I didn't like her. I thought she was crazy! But Mr. Griffith insisted, and then I cried. He insisted some more, and—and I did. And I'm glad, now."

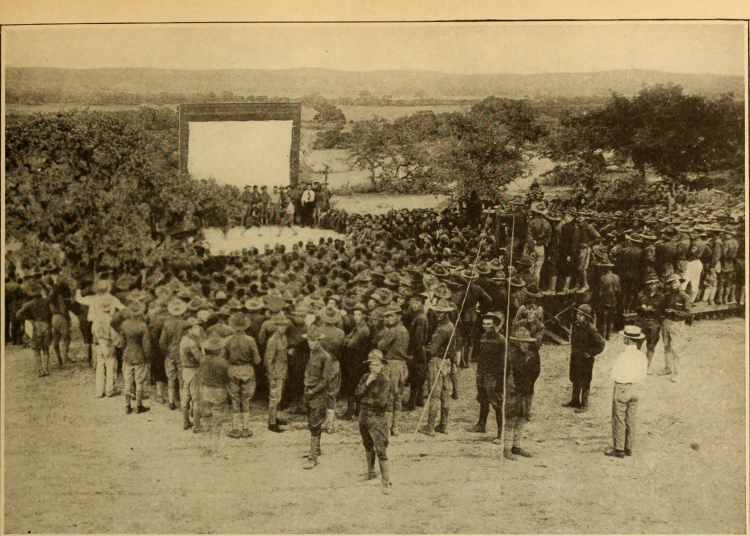
Think you that Lillian brooked or cared for the Little Disturber's interruption? She wound up the party herself after all. "When I'm thirty," she announced, "I'm going back to the stage. I want to play real women—not impossible heroines, or namby-pamby girls. I

should like to play Becky Sharp—just to let you know how I feel about parts!"

Personally, I think Lillian Gish is going to play a lot of very real women before she leaves the screen—if she ever leaves it. She has the capability, the perception, and the intelligence.



Lillian Gish in an amusing scene from the Griffith war-drama, appearing with Ben Alexander, who thus became the greatest boy actor on the screen.



The open-air movie theatres in the camps are put to many uses. Boxing bouts are one of them.

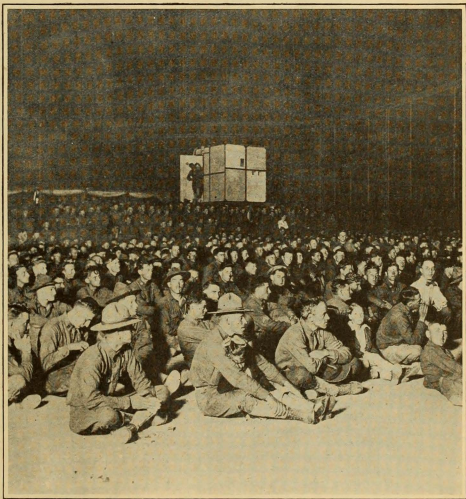
## “Smileage”

YOU never heard of a city of 40,000 population without a picture theatre. Well, the army cantonments are cities with an average population of about 40,000.

Sometimes the picture theatre has walls and a roof. Sometimes there isn't enough room, so on fine nights they set up the apparatus outdoors, Mother Earth furnishing chairs.

One of the advantages enjoyed by the soldiers is that they don't have to pay any war tax. But they do have to pay admission to the shows—five or ten cents. It was to relieve them of this expense that Smileage was invented. Railway mileage books provide the owner with transportation for a certain distance. These Smileage books, which are being widely sold and sent to the soldiers, provide the recipient with a certain number of admissions to picture shows.

The great resources of the National Army provide first class operators, exchange men, and all other members of the profession to conduct first class motion picture entertainment cheaply.



Our soldiers are not the least bit fastidious at the movies. The ground serves just as well for a seat as the orchestra chair even though it is not as comfortable.



# Gloria Glorified

*Proving that hatpins are  
still mighty useful things*

**T**HERE are times when the everyday usual is downright unusual. For instance, there was once upon a time a girl who—

Was born in Chicago (where few come from, but whence all go in time);

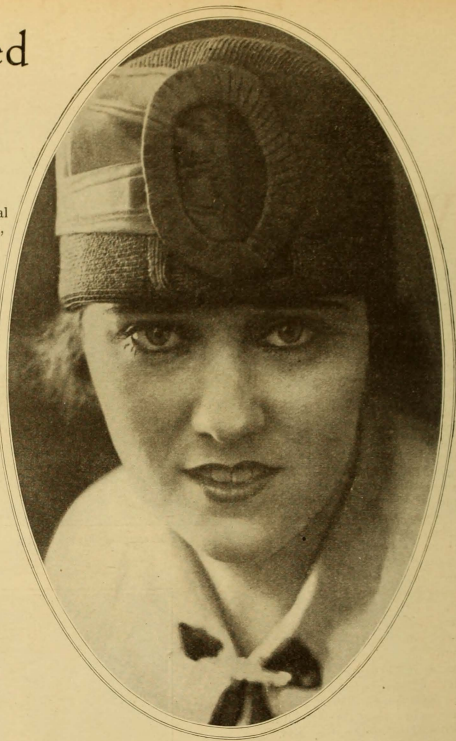
Never even was a wee bit stage-struck;

Aspired to be a portrait painter;

Adored mathematics and Latin;

And regarded acting for the films as the last word in nothing to do.

Her name was—and is—Gloria Swanson, and since then—three years ago when she was sixteen—her views have changed considerably. There's a reason.



In "Society for Sale," with William Desmond, Miss Swanson graduated from light comedy to drama.

One day some friends invited her to visit the Essanay studio in Chicago with them. She was not interested; they insisted. So, to save argument, she went. A director saw her.

"You ought to screen wonderfully," he said, "—if you don't screen terribly."

That aroused her fighting blood. "I wanted to see," she explains, "if it was possible these others had something I didn't have. It was a dare. 'Try me,' I said to him. He told me to report for a mob scene scheduled for the following week. I went and was selected to play a small part. Well—"

That started her on her career: six months with Essanay, a year and a half in Mack Sennett's Keystone light comedies on the West Coast, nearly a year in Triangle comedies, and then—the big jump!

Surprising how things happen; what little things can bring about big things. Here was one on top of the other. Playing in Triangle comedies Miss Swanson started out "on location" one day a few weeks ago. She found she had forgotten her hatpin, and rushed back to the studio for it, almost bumping into Jack Conway, Triangle's feature director, in her haste.

"Wait a minute," called the director. "I've been watching your work, and I'm going to have you cast in a new picture I'm starting on. Want to be?"

"Do I?" fluttered the girl. "Gracious! I'd give my life for the chance."

And so another dramatic star was made.

Simple, isn't it?—when you know how!



# MISSING

*The faith of the wife of a soldier  
that endured the severest tests*

By Jerome Shorey

WHEN Nell and Hester Cookson were left orphans, there was no doubt as to which would be the ruling factor in their existence. Nell was ten years younger than her sister, and pretty. Her prettiness had never been permitted to give her any satisfaction, however. "Never could expect to find any brains inside that doll's head" was one of Hester's daily rebukes. It was not because Hester did not love her sister, but because she felt her responsibility to protect her against the cruelties of life, that she insisted upon this axiom of their relations—that Nell must do nothing without her approval. There might have been, too, something of the involuntary jealousy that one woman cannot help feeling for another to whom nature has been kind.

Also, it is unfair to criticize too severely those upon whom heavy responsibilities are placed, without resources adequate to the situation. The sisters were not destitute, but the little annuity left them was barely sufficient for actual necessities, as necessities are measured by that class which inhabits the border land between the middle class and the aristocracy in England. They had been tenderly nurtured, well educated, taught to know and appreciate the finer things of life—taught everything, in fact, except how to make their own way in the world, and find joy in it as well. It was not merely that the idea of a gentlewoman working was revolting to them—or at least to Hester—but it was bewildering. What could they do? They knew music, but not enough to teach it; and everything else they knew was of about the same practical value—useful for social purposes and little more.

There was an obviously simple solution to the entire problem—anyone could see it at a glance, and Hester seldom allowed a day to pass without reminding Nell of it. This was, of course, that Nell could marry money. Hester did not even state it in the customary diplomatic form—"make a good match." "You must marry money" she said

to Nell, over and over again. Perhaps it was this crude but honest expression of the idea that brought about the first and only revolt in the history of the sisters' lives. Had Hester taken a less desperate view of the situation, and tactfully managed to keep before Nell's attention the various desirable possibilities among the men of their acquaintance, there might have been a different story to tell. But with the cold, calculating manner of a social auditor, she appraised every man they met, maligned their possible virtues, until Nell could hardly endure it.

Even then, the habit of obedience might have broken down her resistance, only for the arrival in Nell's life of a romance which drove out all thought of any course of action incompatible with its demands. It happened quite suddenly, before Hester could take any steps to prevent it from coming to a crisis. The sisters attended a bazaar, given for a war charity. Hester approved of her sister's activities in such matters, because they brought one in touch quite intimately with the "right sort of people." Of course, many undesirables were present as well, but this could not be avoided in war times, so completely were all barriers of caste destroyed. This very leveling was an advantage not to be scorned, for did it not also bring within their reach desirable acquaintances otherwise impossible?



The man's supplication was all for glory, for victory,—the woman's only that he be brought back to her safely.

The acquaintance of Lieut. George Surratt was not, however, such a desirable one, but it was accomplished without Hester's knowledge. The bazaar opened early in the afternoon and continued until late in the evening. Hester employed her time in hunting, deliberately, for the right man for Nell to marry, and so engrossed was she in this quest that she did not notice that her sister was almost constantly in the company of Lieut. Surratt. George's regiment was soon to leave for France. He and Nell were attracted to each other immediately, and the very feeling that they might never meet again had a compelling force in drawing them closer together in a day,

than they might otherwise have come in months. With everything at such high tension, true character dwells close to the surface, and before Nell and George parted that first evening, they knew that they loved each other.

Hester looked askance when the lieutenant called at their home the following day and she began making inquiries. That evening she took Nell to task.

"You must not see this young man again," she said. "He is nobody—a beggar! Why, he has hardly any more money than we ourselves. And he doesn't stand to inherit anything. He is quite impossible. You must drop him."

"It's too late, Hester," Nell replied quietly. "I have promised to marry him."

"Marry him!" Hester exclaimed, aghast. "Never! You shan't, do you hear? You shan't!"

"I have promised to marry him, and I shall—immediately," Nell insisted calmly.

This disobedience was unthinkable. The submissive Nell had never before displayed even the suggestion of such a possibility. Never having encountered the problem before, Hester did not know how to handle it, so she

stormed, scolded and threatened. But the Nell who had found love was a different person from the listless girl who never had questioned her sister's authority simply because nothing had sufficiently mattered. So she remained calm and immovable in her simple declaration.

There was, inevitably, another scene when Lieut. Surratt arrived the next day to take away his betrothed. He might be called any day, and they decided not to postpone the wedding.

"Young man," Hester sneered, "how do you propose to support my sister?"

"We have discussed all that," he replied. "You do not seem to realize that life is somewhat different from what it was a few years ago. There are millions in England today who would regard you as wealthy. I have a little money, and that shall be added to what Nell has. She will be comfortably situated, and need have no fear for the future. She has assured me that she wants nothing more."

"It is not what she expects—it is what she is entitled to that I am talking about. I am here to protect her, and I propose to do so," Hester loftily replied.

"I would like to retain your friendship," the young man answered, "but it is your sister's happiness I am thinking about first. And I do not believe you have the least conception of what is necessary for that happiness. I don't believe you understand her ideals. And since you compel me to do so, I must say it is obvious that you are thinking more of yourself than you are of her."

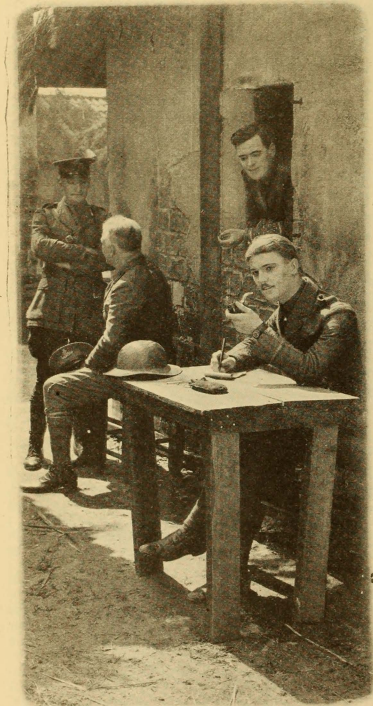
When she could find words to express her rage, Hester ordered her sister's betrothed out of the house, but when he went he was accompanied by Nell. So buoyant is youthful love that not even the shadow of war and George's impending departure, could dim the light of their happiness, much less the querulousness of a disappointed sister who, they assured one another, would eventually recover from her anger. They little knew the depths of vindictiveness in Hester's heart.

Surratt took his bride to a little village in the north of England and there they forgot—or pretended to forget—for a week, that the guns were booming in France. George rented a little cottage, and made all arrangements for his bride to be cared for while he was doing his country's work. So the days passed swiftly, and they learned in the quiet hours of understanding silence, that they had made no mistake, and that the romance which had bloomed so suddenly in their lives was in truth a life mating.

One afternoon the peremptory summons came. The moment before, it had seemed that nothing ever could interrupt their happiness. Nell was at the piano, singing George's favorite song, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid o' Dundee." Her voice was clear and untroubled as that of a lark. As she ended George leaned over and kissed her. "I shall never forget this moment as long as I live," he whispered. "No matter where I may be, I shall always hear you sing that song."

Then the knock on the door and the telegram. He had to leave in the morning. But while, for the first time in her life, Nell faced the prospect of being alone in the world, entirely dependent upon her own strength, there had come to her a new vision of existence which lent her a quiet confidence. She nearly broke down once, as she packed his kit bag—the visual fact that told of his imminent departure,—but she pulled herself together, determined to be a worthy member of that vast army of women who were giving all that was dearest, to free the world from its awful menace. Yet when they knelt together for a little moment of prayer, the man's supplication was all for glory, for victory,—the woman's only that he might be brought back to her safely.

Nell wrote to Hester at once, ignoring their quarrel, simply telling her that George had gone to the front, and inviting her to come and live with her. Hester, realizing that nothing was to be gained by obstinacy, and that she



George's letters from the front were replete with descriptions of life in the little French village, his assurances of victory over the ruthless foe, his hope and confidence in the outcome.



might as well make the best of things, accepted, and a week later joined her sister. She had been beaten once—in the critical battle of her life with Nell, and so there was less of her former spirit of imperious domination. Moreover, she could recognize strength when she encountered it, and realized that Nell was no longer the listless little girl she had always known. So she learned to have her way by more subtle methods, and as Nell had no interest in anything except her husband's welfare, their life together was quite harmonious.

One of the nearest neighbors of the sisters was Sir William Farrell, a young man who, owing to a slight lameness, was unfit for military duty, but who had made splendid reparation to the general cause by establishing upon his estate a hospital and convalescent camp. This was the center of the war charity activities of the vicinity, and the sisters soon met the philanthropist. Hester, always the sycophant, cultivated the acquaintance persistently, and invited Sir William to call at their cottage. He found it a restful place, and as one of his favorite diversions was sketching, he used to escape frequently from his numerous responsibilities and stroll away to some picturesque spot with Nell, for relief from the constant scenes of pain at his hospital.

Hester watched the growth of this friendship with sinister eye. There was no telling what might happen. The fortunes of war were such that any day might bring news of the death of the man whose insult she would never forget. The greater Nell's faith and love, the more Hester chafed against the memory of her defeat. So she lost no opportunity of throwing the two together alone. She might gain her ends with Nell even yet.

But Nell was supremely unconscious of anything that might be in her sister's mind, and whatever may have been Sir William's thoughts, he kept them closely in his own heart. He shared with Nell the joy she had in George's letters from the front, his descriptions of life in the little French village where they were quartered, his assurances of victory over the ruthless foe, his hope and his confidence in the outcome.

"And when it grows quiet," he wrote once, "I can hear you singing 'Bonnie Sweet Bessie' again, and see you as you sat there that last afternoon at the piano. And then I know it will all come back again—it comes to me with all the sure knowledge of my belief in you and in my God."

Then came a day when there was news about George but not from him. He had led his men in an unsuccessful raid upon the enemy's lines, and had not returned. He was listed simply as "missing." He might have been taken prisoner by the Germans, but this was unlikely, as the Germans did not care to take prisoners, or he might be lying out in No Man's Land, dead or mortally wounded.



Sir William believed Nell to be a widow and he could not continue forever to conceal his love for her. At last he found occasion to plead his cause.

Hester slyly persuaded Sir William to break the news to Nell, and he did so with all the gentleness and sympathy he possessed. He did not try to rob her of her slender hope that George might still be alive, and yet he showed her carefully how little chance there was that such might be the case. Yet somehow, she could not believe that George was dead. It was not that she did not recognize the logic of what was told her, but there was an unquenchable feeling that somewhere he still lived. Nor did this feeling pass away with the passing weeks. No news arrived, and there was nothing upon which to base either hope or fear, but still Nell clung to that positive assurance that George would yet return.

For several months, Hester made no open attempt to combat this belief. The memory of her other defeat was too keen to permit her to risk another open encounter where Nell's love was concerned. So she satisfied herself with subtly encouraging Sir William, and noted with satisfaction that Sir William needed but little encouragement. At last she felt that she might risk a suggestion.

"Sir William is very fond of you, my dear," Hester remarked, one morning, with an attempt to be quite casual.

"He has been very kind," Nell replied. "I don't know how I should have got along without his sympathy and understanding."

"You can have much more than his sympathy, if you will accept it," Hester said, insinuatingly.

"What do you mean?"





Little by little the gleam of intelligence returned to his eyes. Nell's voice trembled so she could hardly sing on, but somehow she managed.

"Oh don't be such a silly. The man's in love with you."

"Hester!"

"Well, what of it?"

"If I thought that—oh! But he knows how I feel about George."

"It's time you came to your senses, sister. You surely aren't going to mope all your life over—"

"Hester!" Nell's voice was firm and commanding. "Perhaps you had better never speak of George again, until he returns."

Nell turned from her sister and went out into the garden. Her brain was in a turmoil. Surely Sir William was not thinking what Hester had hinted. Yet it was, of course, possible. She knew that she could give no reason for her absolute confidence that George would return. She knew that, to everyone else, she was a widow. At any rate, she would not precipitate matters, but at least she would be on her guard. So she succeeded in retaining Sir William's friendship without giving him any opening for a declaration of his feelings.

Nearly a year after George had been reported missing there came a letter addressed to Nell, the envelope bearing the mark of a base hospital in France. Nell was not at home at the time, and Hester opened the letter. It was from Dr. How-

son, a friend of the family, who was in charge of the hospital, and it read:

"Without desiring to arouse your hopes too strongly, I still feel that I should tell you there is a patient here who, I believe, may prove to be your husband. He was found wandering about in a village we recaptured, wearing a German uniform. He seemed to be completely deaf and his mind a perfect blank. He was suffering from a complication of ailments, and it was impossible to get any information from him. I met your husband but once, and there is no one here who could identify him. If it is he, however, he has changed terribly, from the suffering he has undergone, and he is still far from being out of danger. If you come, be prepared for a shock."

Hester quickly decided upon her course. There was no use letting Nell know the situation until the facts were established. She would go to France herself, first. So she made an excuse that she wanted to go to London for a few weeks, and left for the hospital.

One glance was sufficient. There was no mistaking George Surratt—Hester remembered his features only too well. But what a different George it was who lay on the cot before her. His hair was white, his cheeks sunken, his eyes dull. He was still in the same stupor in which they had found him. He looked up at Hester without a gleam of recognition. She turned back to Dr. Howson.

"That is not my sister's husband," she said, without a quiver. "I am glad I spared her the false hope."

"Perhaps it is as well," the doctor replied. "The poor fellow hasn't long to live, I fear. We are barely able to keep him alive, but unless his mind can be brought back, it is only a question of days before he must waste away."

So Hester went back home, and said nothing of her journey. She warned Dr. Howson also against mentioning it, on the ground that it could not possibly do more than cause Nell further unhappiness. All this she justified to herself with the excuse that nothing could be done for George, and Nell would be better off to remain ignorant of his misfortunes. Eventually she would be convinced of his death, and then all would be well. In fact, it was now clear that Nell had been right when she insisted that George was alive, and when he died she would also, doubtless, realize this. So Hester concluded to stand aside and watch the drama unfold itself.

Meanwhile the seemingly inexhaustible patience of Sir William Farrell was beginning to show the strain. He believed Nell to be a widow, and he could not continue forever to conceal his love for her. Not all Nell's tact in fending off the issue could keep him silent forever, and at last he found occasion to plead his cause.

The temptation was tremendous. Perhaps she was wrong—only her instincts told her that George still lived. As against that, there were all reasonable arguments. And here was a fine, sympathetic gentleman of the highest type, offering her a life not merely of

(Continued on page 116)

## Missing

**N**ARRATED by permission from the Paramount photoplay, based upon the novel by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, produced with the following cast:

Sir William Farrell.... Thomas Meighan  
Lieut. George Surratt.... Robert Gordon  
Dr. Howson..... Winter Hall  
Nell..... Sylvia Bremer  
Hester..... Ola Humphrey



## Vampire or Ingenue?

*Even Louise Glaum's press agent never learned.  
However, who ever saw a siren in a tam o'shanter?*

By Herbert Howe

**H**OW would you like to be a vampire's p. a.? No, not her pa,—her press agent. You have read in magazines about p. a.'s. They're always referred to with the same delicacy as one uses in speaking of bigamists, burglars, pro-Germans and "cooties." I think the editors are jealous because they don't have the chance to hob-nob with stars. They confer the degree of M. H. (Master of Hyperbole) upon all press agents. Sure, press agents lie. So do the editors. The only difference is the press agent always knows when he's lying and the editor doesn't,—always.

I was a press agent. That doesn't hold now, or I wouldn't say anything about it.

Once I was delegated to introduce a vampire to New York.

Now that's worth suffering the ignominy of being called a p. a., eh?

One bright morning I was informed by an official of the company that Miss Louise Glaum would arrive in New York the next day. She had never visited the city to anyone's knowledge; therefore it was up to some one to introduce her to a few people, preferably those connected with newspapers, so that she would not perish of nostalgia and nonentity. I was to be "Some One." The morning of the peacock lady's arrival I suffered so with nervousness that I had to go to a doctor. He took my pulse and said my heart was beating so far above normal that I ought to be dead. I replied that I soon would be.

I fully expected to see the siren supreme descend from the train wearing a simple boa constrictor and a head-dress of peacock feathers interspersed with javelins. When

I did behold, for the first time, one of those ladies who-do-not-care, it was in the Lounge of the Claridge Hotel. "Miss Glaum," said some one, and there she was.

Not a peacock feather, serpent, cigarette or foreign accent about!

Instead, there was a young girl, about ten years younger than you would expect the vampire to be, wearing a tailored suit, a tam o' shanter hat and a smile. All she needed was a curl and she would have passed as an ingenue. In fact, I never have decided whether Louise Glaum is ingenue or siren.

She has the eyes of a madonna and the mouth of a temptress. Her smile is guilelessly roguish. Her hair is short and curls waggishly. Sometimes in some lights it is a soft, dark brown; at other times in other lights it has a glint of Satanic flame. She's enigmatic because she doesn't try to be. Affectations always make a person apparent. She hasn't any. Half her charm is in her frankness. For instance, I heard her admit these shocking things:

"I was born on a farm in Maryland.

"I made my debut at the age of twelve in a Methodist church. I was made-up,—my eyes pencilled with matches, my cheeks rouged with crushed geranium blossoms. I was a complete failure. I horrified my darling mother and my sisters. I was almost excommunicated from the church. I hope the people who saw me that awful night have forgiven.

"When I played with a stock company on the road I had a trunk that was the despair of the stage carpenter. It was always flying to pieces and spilling my few clothes



over the station platform. Finally it collapsed for the last time and was abandoned even by the patient carpenter. Only the kindness of the leading woman, who offered to put my clothes in her trunk, permitted me to finish the season.

"I used to cook on an alcohol lamp in my room. One night I set the bed on fire and was nearly arrested by the hotel proprietor.

"Then I tried to launder my linen. I purchased an electric iron, which was eternally blowing out fuses in every hotel I visited. For some time I escaped detection by hiding it in the bed clothes and sitting still as a mouse when the search for the offender was on. Finally I was caught. The hotel proprietor was a villain. I should have known some vampire tricks then. But I didn't; I cried."

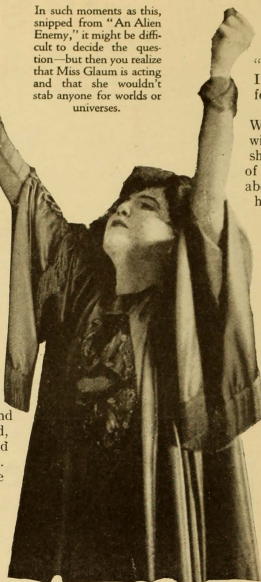
My idea for a vampire's entertainment had been—several cartons of cigarettes, buckets of champagne and manslaughter for excitement. Instead, Louise preferred that funny Italian "red ink," Turkish coffee and subway rides. She had never been on a subway, she declared, and she liked the crowds.

I had been informed that stars seldom keep appointments on time, and vampires never. Miss Glaum did some of the time, but most of the time she was an hour too early or an hour too late. But she always apologized beautifully. This was the stock excuse:

"I met a girl (or gentleman, as the case might be, and usually I imagine it was the latter) who recognized me, and of course I had to be nice to them."

On one occasion she kept a very important caller waiting a half hour,

In such moments as this, snipped from "An Alien Enemy," it might be difficult to decide the question—but then you realize that Miss Glaum is acting and that she wouldn't stab anyone for worlds or universes.



and the person was raging—until she met Miss Glaum. Afterward I learned my star had been chatting with the hotel manicurist. The manicurist said, "She is so nice to every one." I got so I could join in on that chorus in perfect key—"I had to be nice to them."

When our siren finally set out for the West it was only after the studio had wired her no less than three times that she must get back to start production of a new play. She must have arrived about a week late, but I know she squared herself quite easily by saying, "I had to be nice to them."

The last words I heard as she and her cortege of fawcettlers departed from the hotel lobby came from a bell hop.

"Goodbye, Louise," he shouted, "Hope you'll come back soon."

"Goodbye, dear," she replied.

I'd like to know what his tip was, but Louise (I caught the bell hop's familiarity) said she had just "been nice to him."

Never again will I pity her victims. She may kill them, but I know that in so doing she will be nice to them. She may plunge the knife into their hearts, but after so doing, she will see that they die as comfortably as possible.

Louise Glaum does not need an accomplished leading man for her Romeo; indeed, one scarcely notices her opposite, so intent is he on her charming method of love-taking. And so this Louise is not a vampire after all, except upon the screen; and of late her managers have cleverly discovered that the real Louise—perhaps a superb mixture of vampire and ingenue—is much more interesting than any peacock lady however alluring she has been as such. And she was so charming and "ingenueish" in that tam o'shanter!

Louise Glaum does not claim to have Lucille or Duff Gordon green eyed with envy. Her mother is the eager and talented collaborator on matters of dress. Here—curiously—under a mother's watchful eye, evolve the gowns that are supposed to lure men onto the rocks.





# Gas Meter to Megaphone

*"Learn the gas business and then go West" advises Raymond Ditto to the ambitious.*

By E. V. Durling

"I WANT a job."

"What can you do?"

"Anything."

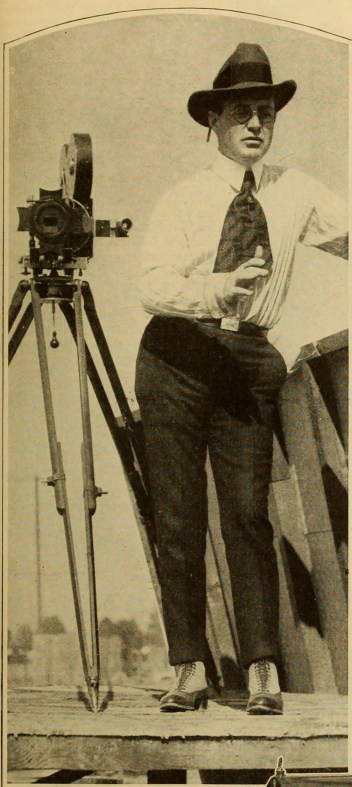
"All right—go into the property room and help carry out that piano for the set on stage two."

So it was that Raymond B. West entered the motion picture business seven years ago. He started as a property boy. He became in turn assistant camera man, camera man, assistant director, and finally director. Strange to say, Mr. West is probably the only motion picture director who started at the very bottom of the ladder and worked his way up to the top. Which is probably why he gets \$750 per week, some \$40,000 a year. And there is no perhaps about it—he gets it every week.

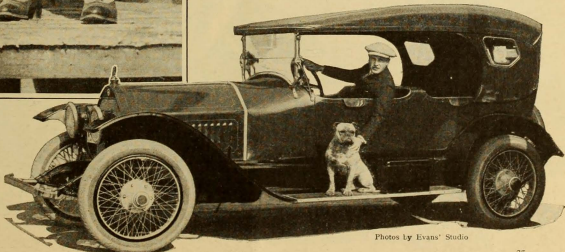
The object of this essay is not to point out the many and varied abilities of Raymond B. West or to comment upon his personal habits. Whether he owns an automobile, plays golf, or beats his wife is neither here nor there. If such are his hobbies so be it. This story is written to assure the young men of the country who are gas collectors, expert accountants in grocery stores, night clerks or those engaged in any of the occupations which will produce after twenty or thirty years of continuous service the magnificent salary of \$25 per week, that there is yet hope. For Raymond B. West, now a director, wearing twenty dollar puttees, was once a collector for a gas company in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

West did not come to Los Angeles to go into the picture business. He came to work for another gas company. While wandering along the main street of the city he encountered a friend from the old home town—a certain Chester Withey who is now a motion picture director of no little fame. At this time "Chet" was an actor, and strange to say he was proud of it. He told West about it and added as a final punch to his tale, "and I'm getting \$75 a week." At once the gas business lost one of the greatest collectors it ever had.

And the next day a solitary figure made its way to the New York M. P. Co. Fred Balshofer, who handles the destinies of Harold Lockwood at the present time, was directing a scene just outside the studio gates. West—for it was indeed our hero—stood gazing open-mouthed upon the actors and wondering what a man would do with seventy-five whole dollars coming in every week. With true cinema courtesy Mr. Balshofer suddenly ceased his work, turned toward Mr. West, and inquired: "What the hell are you doing here?"



As a director Raymond West not only finds life more enjoyable but his friendships have multiplied tremendously. After all, there are not many people wild about gas collectors—or collectors of any denomination for that matter.



Photos by Evans' Studio



Evans' Studio

Successful filmsters have been known to deny that they had families; but you can hardly expect an ex-meter reader to go back on his charming wife and son.

Then followed the lines at the top of this story which serve to introduce the reader to the enterprising ex-collector.

Mr. West's ideas on the subject of a young man's opportunity in the picture business are interesting. He says: "The motion picture magnates are continually character-

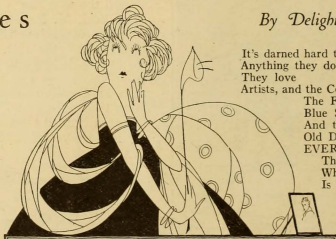
vast branch of the industry known as the exhibitors. I say seek the brains, the energy and the artistry of the country and they will make the plays and players."

There is no doubt about it, Raymond B. West has the right idea, and when it is all over, over there, the young men and the film magnates should get together.

## Ingenues

WHY are Ingenues?  
I laugh at them.

These Pretty Babies  
With curls,  
And Starry Eyes,  
And lips that Pout,  
And—sometimes—Chins.  
Usually they are  
Alone in the World,  
Except for a  
Venerable Relative  
Who hovers Vaguely  
In the Back-ground.  
They are almost always  
Wistful; and they see  
Visions of Broadway  
In every passing cloud.  
They all have  
Imaginations and a Trustful Smile  
To help them along.  
They are always  
Afraid; and you can't help wondering  
Why Grandad never took Summer Boarders  
Before.  
They Dream.  
We know they do—  
For when one Dreams  
One's face is always a Blank—  
Now isn't one's?  
They are so Lovable



By Delight Evans

It's darned hard to find  
Anything they don't Love.  
They love  
Artists, and the Cows and Chickens and  
The Flowers and the  
Blue Sky  
And the Dear  
Old Dinner-Bell—  
EVERYTHING except  
The Hired Boy  
Who, as everyone knows,  
Is Good and True,  
Though Poor.  
Usually  
They go to  
The City;—  
And if it isn't a  
Cruel Landlady

It's the Floor-Walker.  
But The Hired Boy, who has Come to The City  
Because the Country didn't seem the Same  
Without her Checkered Sunbunnit  
To Confuse the Color-scheme,—  
Stumbles in just in time.  
And they Embrace,  
Their Lips meeting in the Long, Long Kiss  
Which is the Heart of the Silent Drama.  
(Thank Heavens it's Silent!)

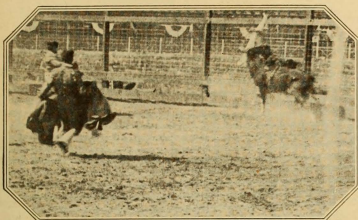
WHY are Ingenues?  
I laugh at them.



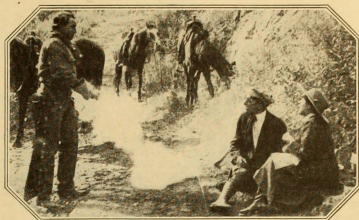
# The Unexpected Happens

By Pat Dowling

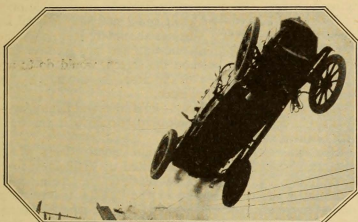
IN CECIL B. DEMILLE'S private compartment of the Lasky Studio vaults, there is a strip of film, now considerably over two reels in length. Whenever things are a bit dull, which isn't often, or there is an especially distinguished visitor to entertain, DeMille brings out this film. He calls it his Chamber of Horrors. Its origin:



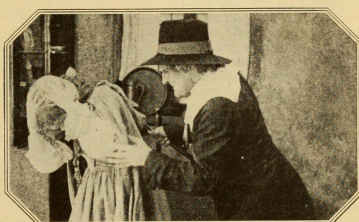
The matadors and toreadors and picadors were all assembled in the arena. These were real bull-fighters from Spain and they had fought in hundreds of more realistic fights than this. They didn't take a movie scene in "Carmen" very seriously. Perhaps they should have. The bull caught one of them on his horns and tossed him thirty feet after galloping around the arena. But it couldn't be a scene so the film went into Cecil B. deMille's private collection.



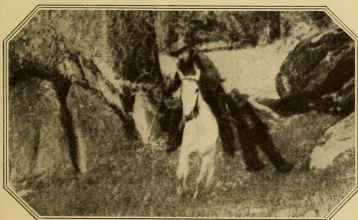
The hero cantered down a mountain road to join the leading woman and the other man. As he arrived, one of the virulent breed of California rattlesnakes popped its head up behind the leading woman and the other man. The hero—Dustin Farnum—shot the rattler before the actors and the cameraman knew what it was all about. This little episode found its way into the picture, showing how dramatic scenes are often made on the spur of the moment.



Now comes the death-defying-dive of an automobile. The heroine was scheduled to drive an automobile over a chasm left vacant by a fallen bridge. A dummy was to double for her. She practised running down the approach to the bridge and stopping just in front of the chasm. Once the car didn't stop and the girl and auto dashed off into space.



A harmless looking but desperate old Pilgrim father was supposed to beat the leading woman over the head with his heavy walking stick. As a matter of fact he intended to "fake" the blow. He didn't "have it in for" the leading woman. But he came just too close to realism—or his hand slipped. The girl was unconscious an hour.



The rider dashed into a glade with a cowboy swinging to the saddle. But he failed to swing. The rear left hoof of the rider's horse caught the cowboy in a rapid flank movement, and broke his leg. The rider dashed on but the cowboy was broke away to nurse his injured member. That wasn't in the script either.



Fannie Ward, about to trip across a rustic bridge for a film scene, caught the heel of her slipper between the logs. She reached for the side railing but it gave way and down went Fannie into the pool below. The tail end of the movie film shows Mr. deMille and the assistant director pulling the star out of the water.





# I Want to be a Film Star

*You do, perhaps—but can you qualify? Here is the real truth about the probabilities of your really succeeding before the camera.*

By Verne Hardin Porter

Drawings by R. F. James

*I know that if ever I got the chance I could make good as a motion-picture actress. I am eighteen; people say I'm beautiful, and I have fluffy hair and nice eyes,—large, too. I've had considerable experience in amateur dramatic productions, taking the leading parts in several, and the critics have always praised me highly. I like tragedy best. I can sing, dance, ride horseback, swim, play tennis and drive an auto. What should I do to get a place as a film actress? Have I a chance?*

Omaha, Nebraska.

MILDRED S.

**Y**ES, you have a chance, but first—

Is your nose perfectly straight?

Your eyes are large, you say, but are they dark?

Have they any casts or defects, is the pupil unusually large, are you just a wee bit cross-eyed, or do you wear glasses at times?

Have your teeth any gold fillings in them that show? Gold, you know, photographs black.

If not (for such fillings would bar you), are your teeth small and regular?

Are your ears small and set close to your head?

Do you bite your fingernails?

Are your neck and shoulders well developed and filled out so that you wear evening-gowns well?

How about your feet and ankles—are they well shaped?

Are you bow-legged or knock-kneed? If you are, how do you think you'd look if you were cast for a short-skirt part?

You say that people tell you that you're beautiful. That is likely to be against you, rather than in your favor. For the first thing the casting-director looks to see is whether you have (1) large, (2) strong, (3) straight features, a good nose, a good profile. An oval face, by the way, photographs best. Occasionally, but not frequently, small features take on a certain piquancy and sauciness on the screen; and if they do, they are valuable. Otherwise, no!

All these questions that I have asked are checked against you by the casting-director to whom you apply. If you pass the appearance test, then is the time to prove whether you have dramatic or comedy ability. You didn't know that, did you?

One day I was standing on one of Paralta's big stages talking to Robert Brunton, production manager, when a young lady dressed in perfect taste and with a face and figure that I'll wager had set many a masculine heart to fluttering, approached. She had run the gantlet of office

boys, secretaries, the casting-director and all, and had come to present her case to the manager.

She wanted to be a motion-picture actress. She seemed to have all of the requirements. She was nineteen and looked, so Mr. Brunton admitted to me after she left, "like a million dollars." She had studied dramatic art in one of the best academies in the country; she had had a year of stage training; she had studied classic dancing; she had poise and personality; she dressed in exquisite taste; her parents were wealthy and, to get a start, she wanted to work for nothing!

And he refused her a place, smilingly, tactfully, but refused withal. Why? Simply because, discernable only to his practiced eye—I myself could not note it until he pointed it out—her nose was not absolutely straight!

"Think what a close-up, showing her face six feet long and four or five feet wide on the screen, would do to accentuate that crooked line of the nose," he explained. "It would spoil her for the audience."

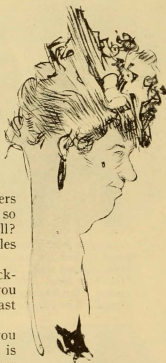
Light eyes of blue and gray—light blue and light gray—frequently appear expressionless, particularly if the light strikes them at a cross slant.

Hair, unless it be of the veriest blond almost white, photographs dark unless it is lighted up artificially from behind. Red hair shows almost black on the screen.

Through the rapid action of the camera toning them down, large features are made to appear small. Seeing Mary Pickford on the screen, you'd never suspect that her face is unusually broad across the eyes and forehead. Nor would you think of Bessie Barriscale, almost svelte by camera treatment, as haunted by ever-near plumpness.

More peculiar still is the fact that the camera plays the trick of fattening up thin faces, making long faces seem shorter and fuller, shortening or elongating noses at its own pleasure (though rarely doing differently with the same nose), beautifying the plain, rendering ugly the beautiful. Some features of this trickery can be explained, others are against all reason.

Why was it that the most beautiful woman I have even seen—the most beautiful, we all agreed, who'd ever stepped foot inside the studio—looked as ugly as sin when we projected a test-strip of her on the





screen? She had all of the requisites: splendid features, eyes, hair, teeth, figure; but for some reason the camera disliked her.

Why was it that the Universal's beauties, one of the fairest from every state in the country, produced not a solitary screen charmer? Why is it that beauties of society and of the speaking-stage usually look so unnecessary on the screen?

We have but one answer to all these questions: No one knows.

For that reason the photographs of this, that and the other aspirant that come piling in to the casting-directors of all of the studios can mean nothing. The "still" camera is a different breed of animal. It has its tricks, but they are not those of its big brother, the movie camera.

That one snapshots well, or appears spectacularly beautiful in sepia at fifty dollars a dozen, doesn't carry the slightest weight with the film camera. It has its own ways that are strange and peculiar.

So, Mildred S., don't waste your photographs on the casting-director.

YOU want to know what you should do to get a place as a film actress. Do

either one of two things—start at the bottom as an "extra" and work up as most of them have, or else get someone whose judgment carries weight in motion-picture circles to recommend you—a director, a theatrical manager, the owner of a string of cinemas, an actor or actress — someone who knows what the films want and who knows and believes in you and your ability.

You'll get little by writing from afar telling how able or beautiful or handsome you are. Thousands of such letters pour in to the studios. Don't write unless you have something specific to offer, such as a broad speaking-stage training—an experience that is, by the way, being looked upon with growing favor by the film producers.

But as to writing to see whether there is an "opening"—don't. Arthur Hoyt, Triangle's casting-director, tossed me a bunch of such letters, come in the morning mail, and out of them I picked a few. Here is a sample:

*I have a four-and-a-half-year-old boy, a bulldog and a fine specimen of Jara monkey who play nicely together. Will you be able to find work for them?*

And:

*My name is \_\_\_\_\_, and I will take Ford Sterling's place either on the stage or screen. I rather prefer the screen. I have written my first play already, which means I am ready to act. I have many good stunts. One is: I button my vest with a button-hook. Another is: I shine my shoes with a manicure brush. They are pretty good, but the best ones follow, so I will have to close up, wishing to hear from you soon with a welcome letter.*

This, from the far east, was the cream of them all:

*Being undersized, I am a young man the age of twenty-two, and would like if possible to get a chance in the moving-picture game. Short and stocky build, about four feet nine inches tall, weighing about one hundred and fifty pounds.*

*Full of life, energy and, without bragging, naturally funny.*

*I have an abnormally large head. The size of my hat ranges between nine and nine and one-half. Have had experience on the stage but have never had any chance to prove my ability as a comedian. My appearance on the street always creates immediate laughter.*



Another, announcing that he is of good family, "would be willing to work for you,"—"would like to ask if you can't accept a position for me,"—and makes it stronger by saying that he is "clean and good." One, a young man of

twenty-four, has "the honor to inform you" that he is greatly interested in motion-picture acting, for which he is studying, taking a course in make-up and gestures.

"I have," he says; "a thorough knowledge of being acquainted with the life of farmers, and higher class of personal characters."

The prize package comes from Milwaukee. "Would you like to try a new player during a vacation next summer?" he asks brightly. "If so, what would you offer be?" And then, as if being in the market for a new suit, he gives his height, bust measure, waist measure, hips, length of "upper limbs," knee, "lower limbs," ankle, upper arm, forearm, wrist measurement, weight, *et cetera*, and details his "ability" as "impersonating, singing, speaking, drawing, painting and violin playing."

"My complexion," states this master of detail, "is light; also my hair, which is light and fluffy when washed, and dark and oily before it is washed."



These, then, are fair samples of the casting-director's mail. Some letters, it is true, give facts vital to the subject—but he can tell only by seeing you and trying you out.

Going back in a roundabout way to your question of what you should do to get a place as a film actress, let's get acquainted with this chap, the casting-director, to whom you will apply for a position, and find out what his duties are.

He, in the new order of things, hires—and fires. He doesn't give a tinker's rap whether you've studied in a school of motion-picture acting. He may look down upon you because you have. He and I know that nine out of ten of them give you less than nothing for your money; that many of them are out-and-out fakes.

That you will "work for nothing to get a start" means two things to him: that you value your services lightly, and that, being financially able to work for nothing, you will not take your work as seriously as though you were dependent upon the position for your support. Furthermore, by working for nothing, you will be taking bread out of the other fellow's mouth.

In his schedule of duties, the casting-director includes the reading of all scenarios written out scene by scene for production and ready to be turned over to the different directors. Each script has its "character sheet" describing each player as to age, dress, station in life, temperament and general characteristics. This helps him, but he must

wade through the entire detail of action of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred and fifty scenes (for a five-reel picture) to become intimately acquainted with his characters so that he can fit his players to them with nicety.

With these needed characters fixed in his mind, he goes over his list of available players to see if any of them will fit. If he has, as some studios have, a large stock company—regular players on weekly salary—oftentimes he goes out of his way to employ them in the different parts; even stretches a point if need be, or changes a characterization. He naturally prefers to use them; he knows what they are capable of and how they will look on the screen, and it is, furthermore, part of his job to keep them working.

But if he can't fit any of his stock players to a part, he "sends out" for some particular player who, to his mind, does fit. He has a list, tabulated and card-indexed, of four or five hundred players upon whom he or any other casting-director can call.

He is always looking for new recruits. He watches the screen to note the work of players employed by other companies. He watches the speaking-stage. He listens readily to a recommendation from someone he thinks should know, and usually investigates. At one studio the casting-director's eye fell upon the telephone girl. He put her in a picture, she photographed beautifully and showed some acting ability, and now she's a regular member of his

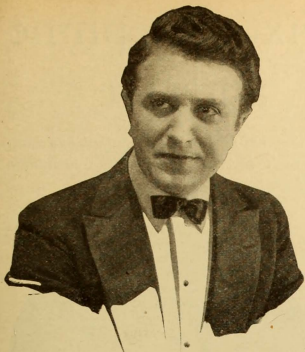
*(Continued on page 114)*

## PITY THE POOR "EXTRAS!"



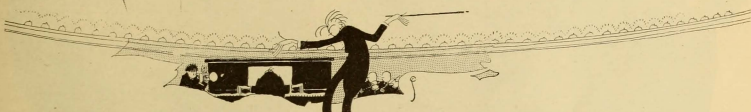
THE slightly bored extra-ladies-and-gentlemen to the rear have been sitting in a warm sun atop a Fifth Avenue motor bus for about an hour now. It's noon and they have been at it since nine that morning—and no sandwiches in sight. The director with his inevitable script is to blame—he's showing Edward Earle and Agnes Ayres how to act on a motor bus; and it's all for a Vitagraph picture, "Sisters of the Golden Circle," from O. Henry's story. Practically the entire picture was filmed on top the bus. Of course the extras get paid for it—but heavens, whatabout!

# ACT I— SCENE I



*When you meet Irving Cummings, you meet an actor and feel like an actress.*

By Alison Smith



**W**HEN you meet Irving Cummings, you (providing you are a "her") feel at once as if the curtain were going up on a first night play in which you are his leading woman. He advances to greet you with a perfect John Drew manner. You unconsciously adopt the airs of your favorite actress. Your surroundings assume the aspect of a stage set. You walk on in the midst of Act I, Scene I—a gilded cafe. A moment later you find yourself seated at a tiny table with rose-colored lights. The orchestra is playing "La Boheme"—off-stage, as it were. You hunt for your cue. My cue was to start the biography of the hero, which in every well-regulated play is given by the maid "discovered" dusting, at the rise of the curtain. Lacking the maid, I induced the hero to give his own biography and learned among other things that:

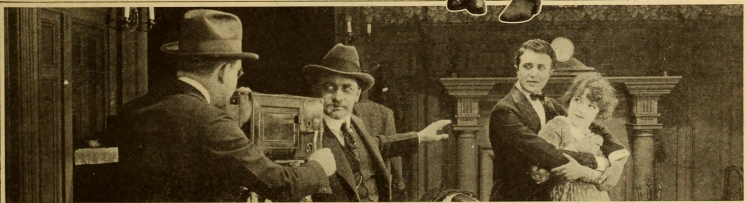
He was born and educated in New York. Unlike many New Yorkers, however, he knows that there are other cities on the map. He learned this from his stock experience and on long tours with such productions as "The Great Divide" with Henry Miller. He left stock for the films because of the larger salary and stayed with them because he considers it the most fascinating work in the world. While he is willing and eager to play anything from bishop to thug, he prefers out-of-door scenarios. He likes the heroes who have a chance to rough it and rescue the heroine from the variety of dangers that haunt the screen wilds. He has played leading man to every pos-

sible type of actress, and this has left him with a marked distaste for vampires and a preference for the sweet-faced ingenue. He proved this by his enthusiasm for Barbara Castleton who is now his leading woman in a series of five-reel features for World. He has flashing black eyes and wavy, hero-like, black hair and a smile that is sometimes boyish and sometimes very, very sophisticated.



All these impressions were woven through a tea which always preserved the illusion of being behind the foot-lights. It gives you the feeling that you are reading your lines well and that you are "ably supported" as the critics say. Mr. Cummings added the final Pinero touch by speaking French to the waiter. Almost I could hear the applause as the curtain fell.

Irving Cummings and little Madge Evans are the best of "pals." Mr. Cummings has a preference for the sweet-faced ingenue, proven below where Director John G. Adolphi is coaching him with Barbara Castleton, his new leading woman.

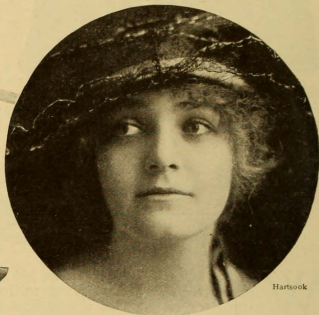




# 'Twixt Josephine and Joe

"Josephine" has dignity and femininity but it certainly can't cover Miss Sedgwick's versatility.

By Jay Cole



Hartsook

Showing Josie in two typically contrasting moods. It's wonderful to be both feminine, and a coach driver!

**R**EALLY, you know, it simply couldn't happen. Why, it's preposterous! It's against all tradition, all precedent. It's one of those biographical notes that are as rare as a blizzard in Los Angeles.

Even if it could be true, no press-agent would permit it to be admitted.

Except that it is true! What's true? Why, that Josie Sedgwick, born in Texas, tomboy from the romper period up, Triangle's star cowgirl leading-woman (except when she's vamping), facetiously referred to at the studio as "the female Bill Hart," and all that—it's true that until two years ago she'd never put her foot in a stirrup or knew the starboard from the port side of a horse.

I know it's true because she told me herself. That's enough for me.

You'll know the full significance of this awful confession when I tell you that ninety-nine per cent of the sweet young things who aspire to become film queens invariably catalogue their qualifications in just this alluring order:

"I can ride horseback, shoot, swim, dance, sing, roll my eyes, drive an auto, row a boat, paddle a canoe, etc., etc."

"Until two years ago, when Romaine Fielding saw me playing in a dramatic sketch at the Orpheum in Galveston, and made a cowgirl comedienne out of me," Miss Josie told me, frankly, "I couldn't do any of these things. The first time I ever really talked to a horse was before a film camera."

All of which was in spite of the fact that down in Galveston twenty-one years ago Josie Sedgwick's par-

ents fondly named her Josephine, which is quite a nice name for a girl-baby, which to all intents and purposes she was. As she grew to spindly-legged, gawky kidhood, they thought better of it and compromised on Jo. Jo was in turn evolved into Joe, because of Josephine's acute tomboyishness, her fondness for male attire and the regularity with which she clipped her blonde

locks with Ma's finger-nail scissors.

Everything indicates that Miss Sedgwick is just arriving from somewhere. And this is her usual way of getting where she's going.

This led to the general assumption among those who didn't know the entries in the family Bible

that little Sedgwick girl was a boy.

Then, in desperation, her mother began casting about for an identifying cognomen. She recognized that her boyishly inclined offspring was in nowise a Josephine.

And she was certain that the name Joe was not quite respectable. So she made it fifty-fifty, so to speak—Josie. And Josie it remains.

At seven she became a stage-child, playing dramatic sketches in vaudeville with the Five Sedgwicks, her father, mother, brother and sister. During those years she took nothing but boy parts, all dramatic.

"While, in reality," she explained, "I am a comedienne."

Each winter she played on the stage; each summer she attended a convent in Galveston, and caught up on her reading, writing and arithmetic. Then, having been inducted into the films as a western

(Continued on page 115)





Mabel Normand's history has been—being ready—as it will ever be.

## Would You Ever Suspect It?

*All the while she was making slapstick, Mabel Normand was reading Strindberg, Ibsen, and Shaw*

*By Randolph Bartlett*

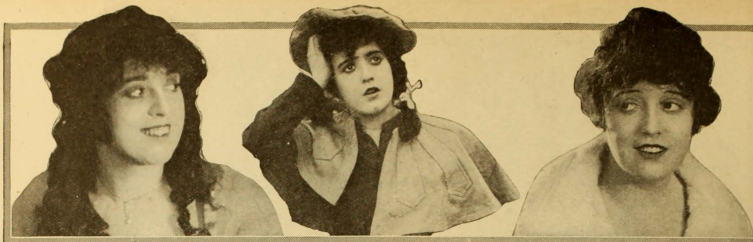
**D**O you rent this apartment furnished?" This was the only important thing I asked Mabel Normand. And this is why I asked it:

When I called, Miss Normand was quite obviously a very busy young person. A parcel had just arrived and she hurriedly tore off the wrappings and brought to light a collection of men's pocket articles bound in pigskin, including a memorandum book, a photograph case, and such odds and ends. She explained that they were for Father Kelly, the chaplain of a contingent of the American Army, just sailing for France. Miss Normand had received word from her brother, at Spartanburg, that Father Kelly

had been very kind to him when he was in the hospital, and would be in New York a day or two before sailing. So Miss Normand was preparing to show her appreciation. This was something that could not wait, so while she went on with her work of doing the things up for Father Kelly, I nosed around the living room.

A big book case in one corner invited inspection. The array of authors was as unusual as it was fascinating. There were Gautier, Strindberg, Turgeneff, Stevenson, Walter Pater, Kipling, Oscar Wilde, Shaw, Ibsen, John Evelyn, J. M. Barrie, Francois Coppée, Bret Harte. Of the superficial best sellers there was not a single sample. Nor was





there to be found in the room a copy of any of the cheap, current fiction magazines. On the piano was a heap of music in which was to be found Rubenstein but not Irving Berlin, Chaminade but not Jerome Kern, Rimsky-Korsakoff but not Von Tilzer, Kohler etudes but no ragtime.

So when she told me that everything in the apartment belonged to her, I knew that we were going to have more important things to talk about than whether she considered the moving picture still in its infancy, and what her favorite role was, and whether she could cry real tears when the director asked her, and so on.

In a recent article in *PHOTOPLAY* it was

observed that the sole secret of enduring success in moving pictures is intelligence. Miss Normand's collection of books has, probably, done little toward making her successful, but they are an index to the possession of that intelligence without which there can be no success. Of course the mere ownership of books may mean nothing except that the owner is an easy prey to salesmen, but when, as with Miss Normand, there is a thorough knowledge of what is contained between the handsome covers, it means a great deal.

Let there be no mistake about this, however—Mabel Normand is no highbrow. To a person whose mind is not virile and active, association with the masters of literature is fraught with peril. But Miss Normand has that active mind. She does not take her reading like a sponge, but like an electric motor. While she was bumping and splashing her pretty self all over the landscape of Southern California and its well known coast line, in the Fatty and Mabel series of comedies, her mind was developing toward something more important. She was not satisfied to go on forever decorating the slapstick classic. The opportunity came, and Miss Normand was ready to be starred in big features. Still she is not satisfied. From farce she has ascended to comedy, but she knows there are higher rungs of the ladder still unclimbed, and when the next opportunity comes again she will be ready.

That has been her history—being ready. Not so many years ago, as the calendar counts time, she was living in Staten Island, just down the bay from New York. She wanted to earn her own living, and it was not long before she found a place as a model for artists. Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg, and other noted illustrators, were among her employers. It is not a highly paid profession, and there were times when she walked all the way from Thirty-first Street to Sixty-seventh to save car fare. For the life of the artist's model is widely misrepresented. There isn't much romance in it.

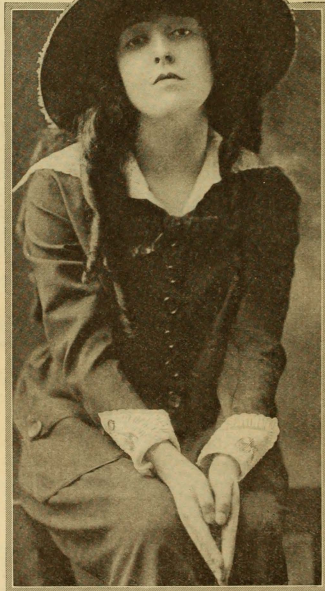
Among Miss Normand's intimate friends of those days were Alice Joyce and Florence Labadie, also artists' models.

The fact became known to them that it was possible to earn five dollars a day working in moving picture studios. As the income of the model averaged three dollars a day when she was so fortunate as to have engagements both morning and afternoon, this sounded like good news. So one day Miss Normand ventured into the Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street, the very cradle of the modern moving picture.

"I'll never forget it," she says of this adventure. "I had been told to be sure to see Mr. Griffith, and somehow or other I found my way up to the floor where they were working. The lights and the confusion bewildered me. The blotchy appearance of everybody's face, caused by the rays from the light batteries, frightened me. I sneaked off into a corner and tried not to be noticed.

"While I was standing there the most beautiful creature I had ever seen came upon the scene. She was a gorgeous blonde—I have no idea who it was—and her golden hair hung clear to the floor like one of the Seven Sutherland Sisters. I knew nothing about makeup and wigs, and I supposed this was all her natural appearance. If

that was what they wanted in the movies I knew there was no chance for me. I wanted to get away before anyone saw me and laughed at me.



This girl reads Gautier, Turgeneff, Pater, Coppee, Wilde—but she is no highbrow. She does not take her reading like a sponge, but like an electric motor.



"As I was going out of the door a man stopped me and asked me if I was looking for anyone. It was Del Henderson. I stammered that I wanted to see Mr. Griffith, though the fact is, that was the last thing I did want. He told me to wait a few minutes. I tried to get away again and Edwin August stopped me. I evaded him and then Frank Powell came along. Somehow or other, in spite of all my efforts, Mr. Griffith saw me and immediately ordered someone to take me down to the wardrobe room and put me in a page's costume. I suppose it's about the only time any person trying to get into the movies actually made an effort not to see Mr. Griffith.

They had a terrific time finding of tights small enough for me. had to twist them into to make them fit. And I was ribbly embarrassed. Yes—I know it doesn't sound like the ordinary idea of an artist's model, but I never had posed with so little clothes. They told me to stand still in a certain part of the scene, and I felt my knees wobbling. My legs felt like sticks of well-cooked spaghetti. At last they started work, and it never seemed to end. I don't remember the name of the picture—all I recall is that the wonderful creature I had seen was a blind sculptress.

"It came six o'clock and I could hear that dear Staten Island ferry calling me, but they wouldn't let me go. I never had been late to dinner, and I knew my mother would be worrying. But they kept us there until nearly ten o'clock. I think they gave me ten dollars for the session, but that was no lure. I never went back. They had told us to come back the next day, but I had no idea that the picture was unfinished, and I didn't want any more."

It was quite a while after this that Miss Normand summoned up courage to try again. The second time she became a member of that company from which came Bobby Harron, Henry Walthall, Mae Marsh, the Gish sisters, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, and all that long list of screen stars who had their start with D. W. Griffith.

When she was making farce comedies with Roscoe Arbuckle, Miss Normand became known among the players as the most fearless girl in pictures, when there were dangerous stunts to be performed. Nobody ever "doubled" for her. With all her slenderness and petite grace, she had the will power to go through with anything she attempted. She couldn't bear to be called a quitter. A typical incident occurred just when she recovered from a long illness that kept her away from work all summer, two years ago.

Just before she was laid up, she had been working on the comedy "Fatty and Mabel Adrift," and it had to remain unfinished until her recovery. At last she felt able to go back to the studio, and started out in her car. As she neared Edendale her nerve began to ooze away.

"I can't do it—I can't," she groaned, and ordered the chauffeur to turn back.

Before she had driven back many blocks, she began to call herself a coward.

"You've got to do it," she kept repeating to herself. "You've got to do it."

So the chauffeur was ordered to turn again toward the studio. Three times she ordered him to drive back home, and as many times her Irish blood rose at the thought of submitting to her fear, until at last she fairly whipped herself to her dressing room—and finished the picture.

Miss Normand's latest presentations, those that draw her away from the slapstick stuff, are "Joan of Plattsburg," in which she plays a modern and American Jeanne d'Arc, and "The Venus Model," in which she essays the title role recalling the good old days when she was so well known

as the diving girl. Her first picture in her new affiliation gave her the luscious part of "Arabella Flynn," an errand girl, in "Dodging a Million." In "The Floor Below," a newspaper story, she was a copy girl, acting as no copy girl ever acted now or then. But no matter what she does—romping through a picture and lifting it out of the commonplace, or reading Strindberg, Shaw, or Ibsen after a hard day's work at the studio, Mabel Normand stands all by herself.



Mabel Normand with Roscoe Arbuckle in an old Fatty-Mabel comedy. When she was making these farce comedies Miss Normand became known as the most fearless girl in pictures.



Wolf, stricken by his own scourge, was dying. "I spread the infantile paralysis germs," he said, thickly. "All for the greater power of Germany!"



### SYNOPSIS

GLOBE-TROTTERS, scientists, investigators—such men compose the Criminology Club, appointed by Chief William J. Flynn to help the U. S. Secret Service in tracking spies of Imperial Germany, waging secret warfare on America. Harrison Grant, the Club president, has secretly installed a dictograph in the Hohenzollern Club, the New York headquarters of the spies.

Though the Lusitania disaster was carried to its cold-blooded success, this dictograph aids Grant in thwarting other holocaustic plots, including a plan to blow up the Ansonia Hotel with 800 naval officers as guests, the torpedoing of the Atlantic Fleet flagship and a wholesale destruction of commodities bound for Europe.

Dixie Mason, a beautiful southern girl working secretly for Chief Flynn, puzzles Grant. He wonders if she is German aide or American.

Grant thwarts a plot to bring on a strike that would stagnate all eastern America, finding its impetus in

sinking of ships, presumably by the longshoremen. Grant succeeds in obtaining the famous "secret portfolio" of Dr. Heinrich Albert, fiscal spy of the German Imperial Government. This portfolio reveals many of the Teuton plot plans.

Slakberg, a spy who succeeds in becoming secretary of an American munitions plant, prepares to have all the shells made to be of German measurement. But Grant discovers the plot.

Dixie Mason, disguised, warns Grant of a Teuton plan to raid Canadian centers, having imported arms in coffin boxes. Here again is the plot thwarted, but Dixie, clothed as a youth, is discovered by Grant, who now realizes she is not a spy, but seeking to save the town of Hopewell menaced when the Germans plot to blow up the guncotton works located near there. They later save the Welland Canal from destruction. Von Papen and Boy-Ed are informed by Bernstorff that America intends deporting them.

# The EAGLE'S EYE

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

From Facts Furnished by WILLIAM J. FLYNN, Recently Retired Chief of U. S. Secret Service  
Compiled by him as the government's chief agent in the defensive secret warfare against the Kaiser's plots and spies in America.

Novelized from the photoplay serial produced by the Whartons.

## CHAPTER XIII THE REIGN OF TERROR

IN the great rooms of the Imperial Germany Embassy at Washington, Capt. Karl Boy-Ed and Capt. Franz von Papen were holding their last conference with Ambassador Bernstorff on American soil. It was several weeks after their failure to dynamite the Welland Canal—a little operation of espionage which had brought about exactly the consequences which Bernstorff had foreseen, the expulsion from America of his two best captains of destruction. The United States had demanded their recall—and the only answer possible had been given—acquiescence.

Von Papen clenched a fist.

"They may send us back, Boy-Ed," he announced, "but our organization will stay!"

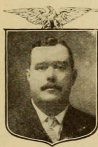
"More than that," answered the dapper Boy-Ed, "it will direct its activities from a little suspected quarter. The Secret Service is not paying much attention to San Francisco right now."

"Correct," answered von Papen, smiling with one corner of his mouth, "and the longer they keep their suspicions away from San Francisco, the better work Consul Franz Bopp will be able to do for Imperial Germany. By the way, I have here a code message of instructions for him. It tells exactly what I want done. I must send it today, so that every arrangement will have been made by the time of our departure."

"And those instructions are?"

"To create a reign of terror from coast to coast immediately after we leave America. It will show these idiotic Yankees a thing or two and—"

Day after day the newspapers told a constantly growing story of horror. Throughout the tenement districts the infantile paralysis epidemic was spreading.



William J. Flynn, recently retired Chief of the U. S. Secret Service, knows probably better than any other American the staggering extent of secret warfare on America by Imperial Germany. What he and his men—the nation's Eagle Eye—have learned is here revealed for the first time.

"Speaking of idiotic Yankees," broke in Bernstorff as he entered the room from a balcony where he and Dr. Heinrich Albert had been watching a military parade, "here is a little roll of film I wish you would take back to Hindenburg." Whereupon he opened what seemed to be a pair of field glasses, displaying them to be a cleverly concealed camera, and took forth a roll of negative. "I know that Hindenburg will be interested to see these tin soldiers that America calls an army."

Thus ended the last conference between the arch spies of Imperial Germany. Bernstorff and Albert were to remain in Washington, von Papen and Boy-Ed to hasten back to New York that they might give their final instructions to Heinrich von Lertz, Madame Augusta Stephan and Baroness Verbecht. Those instructions came the day that von Papen departed, and assembling his spies before him, he said:

"Remember, that this reign of terror is in the hands of Consul Franz Bopp at San Francisco. He will have full charge in the West, von Lertz in the East—with the understanding that Bopp is to send the men here to do the work. When they arrive, aid them all you can. I would like, if possible, to make the destruction of the big gun works at Bethlehem the climax of the affair."

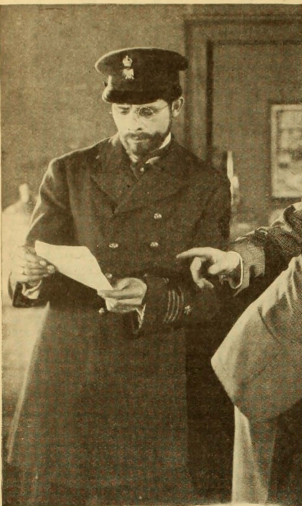
"It shall be done," answered von Lertz.

Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club shadowed von Papen until his departure, noticed his extreme care about his baggage—cabled Falmouth to be sure to make an exhaustive search of the Captain's effects when the boat touched there. As for Boy-Ed—

It was Dixie Mason of the Secret Service who accompanied him on his last trip to his office, persuasive, smiling, ingratiating Dixie, now and then leaning forward







"Von Papen will join us at East Machias," advised Boy-Ed. "Here is a list of every ship that has left New York in the last twenty-four hours. How many torpedoes have you?"

"The world is good," he laughed. "Is it?" she said caustically. "I think otherwise. Have you seen the papers?"

"No—too busy. Why?"

"Von Papen's baggage was searched at Falmouth. They took away his checks and check stubs, all his personal letters and a good many other things that will tell of his activities in this country. I think I know who gave the information that he was carrying this stuff! Look what I found in Madame Stephan's apartment just now!"



to whisper to him that America would be very lonely without him. To the boat she went also—and then to a telephone.

"Let me speak to Harrison Grant," she announced, when central connected her with the Criminology Club. Then—

"This is Dixie. I just said goodbye to Boy-Ed."

"Yes."

"And while I was in his office, I happened to look at his daybook. There was a notation on it mentioning Franz Bopp in San Francisco. I don't know what it means—but I'm going out there to investigate. Watch von Lertz."

"Thanks, Dixie," responded Harrison Grant. "By the way, I wrote Madame Stephan a letter saying that she'd better give up any information that she has or that results will be bad for her."

"Hope it'll work, Harry. Goodby."

"Goodby, honey. Be careful!"

And Dixie Mason faded from New York, to become a shadow among shadows in San Francisco, and to seek to learn the secrets of the numbers of men who constantly hurried to and from Consul Franz Bopp's office.

For, the reign of terror had begun. In Pinole, where thousands of pounds of nitroglycerin exploded entirely by "accident," in Seattle, where a dynamite laden barge lashed the harbor to a foam, in Portland, in Vancouver, and on through the West, strange fires and explosions had become a matter of daily occurrence. And in the East—

"O. K. at Buffalo!" It was a voice over the wire as Heinrich von Lertz listened expectantly, "the whole place burned up." "Good!"

A messenger boy entered. His telegram read:

"O. K. at Wilmington."

But those words meant another fire—and more destruction of life and property. The reign of terror was working out well. Heinrich von Lertz bowed happily at the entrance of Baroness Verbecht.

She produced a letter—bearing the stamp of the Criminology Club and the signature of Harrison Grant. Revenge was strong in Baroness Verbecht's eyes.

"That letter looks like a threat," she began. "It's a code message between them! That's where the tips have been coming from that have enabled the Secret Service to block our game. That's—"

But already the seething von Lertz was out of the office and on the way to see Madame August Stephan. There he flaunted the letter in her face; he refused to listen to her explanations, she stormed at her, he raved at her—and he did that thing which he had sought to prevent. He raised rebellion in the heart of the woman who had been faithful. He at last caused revulsion to take place of absolute fidelity. Then came his voice, raging, storming:

"Remember, Imperial Germany demands obedience—or death!"

Madame Augusta Stephan rose very quietly. She touched a hand to the page of the book she had been reading, "A Tale of Two Cities."

"In that case," she said quietly, "here is your answer:"

Von Lertz strode forward. He read the passage: "It is a far, far better thing I do than I ever have done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have ever known."

"Bah!" he seethed and left the room.

Madame Stephan hurried to the Criminology Club, where Harrison Grant, Cavanaugh, Stewart and Sisson were standing with haggard faces, a group of telegrams in their hands, telling of new assaults against America.

"Hide those telegrams," Grant whispered. Then, to the woman—

"Well? Have you decided?"

"Yes." Madame Stephan smiled. "No need for the concealment of those telegrams, either. I can tell you everything that is in them. What is more, I intend to tell you everything that is about to happen. First of all, there is a countrywide plot for Saturday night.

"I have been accused falsely," she went on. "That is all I care to tell you. Do you care to take my confession?"

Grant bowed, acquiescing.

The next night was Saturday night. In the great gun works at Bethlehem, the night shift was struggling with the great tasks that lay before it. Down in the boiler rooms, the firemen were plying the shovels as they sought to keep the steam at top level. Everywhere was rushing, seething activity. Then suddenly—

A form burst into the boiler room, striking the shovel from the hand of a fireman. The intruder showed the badge of the Secret Service.

"Not another scoopful of coal must go into those boilers until we've examined this coal!" he ordered.

"Why? Because we've just caught a German spy disguised as a woman, throwing bombs made in the shape of coal into the chute. Anyone of them is powerful enough to wreck the whole plant!"

And in twenty other places throughout the country, the same sort of a scene was happening, while in San Francisco—

"They're all in the office now!" said Dixie Mason to the Captain of the police she had assembled for the raid on Franz Bopp's office. "Take every one of them—I'll bring the charge and present the evidence to the district attorney."

The police ran forward. An hour later, the newspapers of the country were receiving the story of the arrest of San Francisco's Imperial German Consul, together with most of his staff and his entire crew of destroyers. As for the woman who had caused the defeat of Imperial Germany's reign of terror—

She lay on the floor of her apartment. Heinrich von Lertz bent above her, a revolver still in his hand. His eyes were feverish. He knelt and stared at her.

"Dead," he said quietly, "dead!"

A sudden flash of memory came over him.

"That book she was reading!" he whispered. "I'll—"

A moment later, the maid entered the room, to run forward hysterically at the sight of the woman on the floor. Von Lertz stopped her.

Ambassador von Bernstorff knew what was going on toward the destruction of American industries. And his information was a splendid chance for someone to make a play on shorts on the market and clean up a young fortune.

"Telephone the coroner," he ordered, "your mistress has just killed herself."

"What?"

"Yes—see—here is a passage in 'A Tale of Two Cities' that she marked just before she shot herself"—and he pointed to it and read it aloud.

And while von Lertz made his explanations, in a dingy old laboratory in a dark tenement street of New York, a bearded, fiendish eyed man was studying a tube of bacteria which he held before him—and gloating over it.

"When the warm weather comes," he mused, "then will Imperial Germany strike with a weapon that is invincible!"

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE INFANTILE PARALYSIS EPIDEMIC

IT was not long after warm weather came that Dixie Mason saw a strange appearing man in the office of Heinrich von Lertz. When she entered the office, she believed that she saw some money pass between the two men—and she was certain that just before she entered, von Lertz had been giving him instructions. But when she asked questions—

"Only an old schoolmate, in financial distress," answered von Lertz to her queries. Dixie glanced at him queerly.

"Heinie," she said quietly, "I don't believe you trust me as much as you once did. Why?"

"That's not true!" Von Lertz raised both hands in protestation. "But this is something with which I am bound to keep secret, except from one other person."

"Does Bernstorff know of it?"

"Not through me."

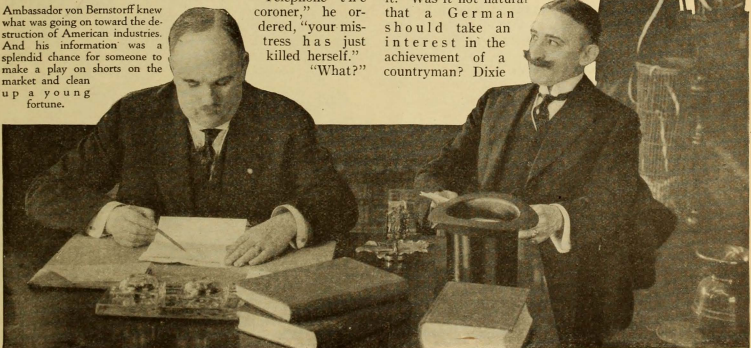
"Or Albert?"

"No—at least, I have not told him."

"Then the one other person must be Baroness Verbecht."

Von Lertz smiled in answer—but gave no answer. Dixie Mason went pointedly to the couch on the far side of the room. There she toyed with a magazine—finally to raise it in sudden interest. Why should von Lertz be reading the Medical Review?

She turned the pages. There was nothing there in the way of notes. Idly she skimmed the pages—at last to come to one dog-eared, —telling of the final isolation of the germ of infantile paralysis by scientists in Berlin and the hopes for a specific that would rid the world of the scourge. Dixie read—then thought nothing of it. Was it not natural that a German should take an interest in the achievement of a countryman? Dixie





rose to go. Heinric von Lertz came forward from his work at his desk.

"I'm sorry—that I can't tell you," he began. "But—really, it's a secret. Today Germany begins a new offensive."

"On the French front?"

"Not this time. Imperial Germany strikes in the dark!"

Nor was Dixie Mason able to gain more. A week later, however, she hastened to the office of Harrison Grant—to find him in the uniform of a sanitary inspector, while the members of his organization were clothed in the white of inspectors also.

"We're working in the interest of humanity," he announced. "I suppose you've seen the stories of the growth of infantile paralysis?"

"Just exactly what I've come to talk to you about," answered Dixie Mason. "I'm afraid that Imperial Germany has had something to do with it. I saw von Lertz paying money to a man I know wouldn't be above the murder of children, and I know that on the same day von Lertz was interested enough in the subject to dog-ear a page of the Medical Review, telling of the isolation of the germ."

Harrison Grant bent forward.

"Have you been able to locate the man?"

"No. I've shadowed von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht persistently, but they always lose me. I know that they go somewhere in the tenement district around Chatham square, but that's all."

Apprehension of the criminal who was spreading the germs of infantile paralysis was difficult just then. Besides, the disease was growing to such an extent that every effort had to be directed against the plague itself. Day after day the papers told a constantly growing story of horror throughout the tenement districts and even in the homes of the rich the epidemic was spreading. Day after day, trains left the city, crowded with fear-ridden mothers removing their children from the surroundings of suffering.

While in the tenement laboratory of Dr. Wolf, once of Berlin, von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht listened to the reports of progress from the livid lips of the bearded old murderer, heard his stories of the spread of the disease and of the causes that led to it.

"And there's no chance of Imperial Germany being blamed!" he announced in his cracked voice. "They won't understand. Why should we kill children? they will ask. They will not know that it is the rule of Imperial Germany to weaken by any means possible, the morals and the strength of any nation that may be a belligerent. And when we have swept the nation clear of children and of many men and many women—what will America be then? A spineless nation—a fightless nation, ready and waiting to be overridden by Imperial Germany. And to think—" he spread his hands in ecstatic joy—"to think that I and my beloved flies have been the cause of it all!"

He almost ran forward to where a large number of small oval screens rested on a table of his laboratory.

"There they are!" he almost screamed, "there are the agents of Imperial Germany. They are the ones who spread the disease for us. See? I spread the culture in there and let them walk in it. Then I release them in the tenement districts. They hurry to the food. Food goes into the mouth. The disease is planted—and Germany is on the way to another victory."

"And look—" he pointed to great rows of bottles—"today Germany begins a new phase of its offensive. Medicine—a cure-all. My men will sell it on the street—"

"Be careful!" Von Lertz strode forward. Wolf grinned evilly.

"It analyzes perfectly harmless," he said in answer. "But when given to a patient suffering from infantile paralysis, it produces certain death."

But the trail of the spreaders of infantile paralysis was

destined to come in another way. The weeks traveled by, to find New York almost in the grip of hysteria. Every edition of the papers brought new deaths. Every hospital was overcrowded. Day by day Wolf went forth on his rounds, to spread more flies, each with its legs covered by the infantile paralysis germ, in the infected districts. Day and night was the Criminology Club working in its efforts to clean up the dirtier districts, making the spreading of the disease more difficult. And toward the close of a day—

"I've been wishing for you!" It was Wolf's assistant who spoke as Baroness Verbecht and Heinric von Lertz came into the laboratory. "Wolf's drinking! He—"

A sound outside the door interrupted. Wolf entered, his eyes bloodshot, his step faltering. He reeled and stumbled, falling against the table which bore the culture tubes of the dread disease. A hand struck one of the brittle tubes of glass. It broke, cutting deep into his flesh. Dully Wolf stared at the blood on his hand.

"I've cut m'self," he announced dully.

"Yes—" the voice of Heinric von Lertz bore fright, "on a culture tube. Quick—we've got to get you to a hospital. You'll be infected."

"Think I will? Not me—I'm immune. I'm—"

But a week later, the strain of Wolf's boasting changed. He was in bed now, a victim of the racking pain he had distributed to thousands. Then von Lertz and Baroness Verbecht watched their agent of death taken away.

"Gather everything into this room in a pile. We've got to burn the evidence!" ordered von Lertz.

An hour later Harrison Grant, passing on his rounds, stepped back quickly as a pile of old bedding, blankets, and glass ponded down in front of

Von Bernstorff asked the privilege of receiving U-53 has just touched at Newport," he in-  
be a great deal of



firemen were dragging the wreckage from a burned tenement. The broken glass of culture tubes claimed his attention. He bent forward—to pick up a burned photograph—and a test tube still bearing the label of the germ of infantile paralysis. Grant went forward to where a storekeeper was mourning over his burned out shop.

"How'd all this happen?" he asked.

"It started in a laboratory upstairs," answered the shopkeeper. "The doctor or whoever he was had just been taken to the general hospital with infantile paralysis and—well, a little after that, the fire broke out."

Harrison Grant hurried for the Criminology Club and Dixie Mason.

"That's the man," she announced after a glance at the photograph.

"Good! Go to the general hospital. Dress as a nurse and arrange to be stationed in his ward. See if you can get a confession."

Three days later, the telephone rang in the Criminology Club. Harrison Grant recognized the voice of Dixie Mason at the other end of the wire.

"Come quick!" she said.

For at the hospital, Dr. Wolf was dying—dying and silent almost to the last.

"I spread the germs," he said thickly.

"Yes, I spread them. It was all for the greater power of Imperial Germany."

"At whose orders?" Grant asked the question. Wolf stared at him. His lips moved slightly—but no words came. The disease spreader was dead. Soon the newspapers told of a betterment in

a few telegrams at the Blank apartment. "The formed, "I think before many hours there will information for me."

the infantile paralysis situation—and credited it to cooler weather!

And while the childhood of America resumed its health and strength, two men turned their faces toward the Western Hemisphere from Imperial Germany. One of them was Capt. Karl Boy-Ed, former naval attache of the Imperial German Embassy at Washington. The other was Capt. Franz von Papen, former military attache—both bound for a neutral southern country that they might direct the activities of a hidden campaign against one of the greatest of American commodities.

## CHAPTER XV

### THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST COTTON

The result of the meeting of von Papen and Boy-Ed in the neutral southern country was not evidenced for some time. Then reports began to come from the cotton districts of the United States that were anything but gratifying. The boll weevil had begun to invade the cotton fields, causing devastation to appear where there should have been acres and acres of white blooms; crops failed mysteriously—ton by ton the production of cotton



was being cut down. And quite coincidentally, a short time before each new outburst of the natural enemies of cotton, a spy left the headquarters of von Papen and Boy-Ed, carrying concealed with him, hundreds of specimens of the destroyers of the commodity.

And perhaps it all would have led to success had Imperial Germany contented itself with the mere destruction of fields, and of growing crops. But Imperial Germany yearned for more than that. Great crops of cotton already had been picked and ginned. On the harbors of New Orleans, Galveston and even New York, thousands of tons of cotton were awaiting shipment to France, to England and to Russia. And Imperial Germany had determined that if this cotton could not be diverted to Germany, then it must go to no one. The result was that Dixie Mason dropped into the Criminology Club one day for a little chat with Harrison Grant—and an exchange of opinions.

"Von Lertz continues



Time after time the harassed Mrs. Blank sought to elude the representative of Imperial Germany's arch murderers, von Bernstorff, but she was blocked.



to get mail and telegrams from Zacatecas," said Dixie as she seated herself. "And also to get a number of secret reports from cotton centers down south. I—"

"And you haven't been able to learn what they mean?" Harrison Grant wagged a finger at her. "I'm afraid that von Lertz is losing some of his Imperial German stupidity." Dixie smiled.

"If I had only von Lertz to work against," was her answer, "things would be different. But there is Baroness Verbecht—it seems she has assumed complete charge since the suicide of Madame Stephan. Personally, I think that that suicide some day will be traced directly to Heinrich von Lertz, but that's another matter just now. The point of everything is that I have made an investigation and have learned that several shipments of cotton from the Harris Compress at Shreveport have been found to be eaten up with acids. I think I know how it's being done. I'm leaving tonight for the South."

"Good girl, Dixie!" Harrison Grant was glad of the opportunity to hold the hand of the little Secret Service operative for a moment, and I know that if there is anything going on, you'll get track of it. I wish that I could go along—but I can't. There's another little matter that is claiming my attention."

"Which is—"

"The wife of a certain broker in New York. For purposes best known to the service, she must be known only as Mrs. Blank, because I believe that she is only a pawn in her husband's hands. At any rate, Bernstorff has become fascinated with her. I have investigated Blank and have found that he is a scheming sort of fellow who would not be above forcing his wife to receive the attentions of another man. Ambassador Bernstorff knows what is going on toward the destruction of American industries. And suppose he should give advance information to someone connected with the stock game. The result would be

a chance for a play on shorts on the market and the cleaning up of a young fortune."

"I see," Dixie rose. "Success, Harry!"

"Success to you, Dixie."

And so, Dixie Mason disappeared from New York, to take her place in the south, to trace the shipments of cotton from the fields to the gin, to aid in the cleaning up of fields affected by the boll weevil, while in the southern country, in constant communication with von Lertz and with Wolf von Igel, Boy-Ed and von Papen directed the activities of hundreds of spies scattered through the cotton districts.

Harrison Grant had been more than busy. Stationed in the shadow of the Ritz-Carlton, he had watched Ambassador Bernstorff more than once signal with the window shade of his room, receive an answering signal from across the street, leave the Ritz-Carlton, enter a blind passageway of the building across the way, get into a freight elevator and be taken aloft to the apartments of Mr. and Mrs. Blank. More than that, he had learned that Blank had invited Bernstorff to a ball at his country estate—and through another broker, Harrison Grant had received an invitation.

The night of the ball the great estate of Blank was ablaze with lights. Mingling with the guests was Harrison Grant, his eyes following the worried, fretted features of Mrs. Blank. Nor was it long until he had been introduced to her and was chatting with her, while Blank glared at her from across the ballroom, and the nervous, irascible Bernstorff saw in him a rival for the affections of the woman he craved.

Mrs. Blank's mind had been a seething cauldron for days now—ever since her brutish husband had confided to her the plan for making her a puppet in a game of fascination. Beaten down for years by his overbearing nature, striving to struggle against him, but failing always, Mrs. Blank was facing the worst maelstrom of her career. And striving as best she could against it, she welcomed the apparent friendship which Harrison Grant extended to her, and the company which he offered—anything for a task imposed upon her by her husband. Time after time, when she sought to elude Blank and the representative of Imperial Germany's arch murderers, she was blocked. But once they met—for a moment, and Harrison Grant took advantage of that moment for a bit of advice he hoped would be heeded.

"Naturally, you know that I am the president of the Criminology Club," he said with little attempt to disguise the meaning of his remark. "We are at present working in the interest of the United States against certain representatives of a foreign country, one of whom is here tonight. The duty of every American citizen is to work against the spies which that country employs here—and should anyone gain any information from them, it should be communicated at once to me. In spite of the fact that it might make money for someone else on the stock market."

"I understand," she answered—and a moment later, Harrison Grant saw that she smiled at Bernstorff.

But while Harrison Grant was playing his game against that of Blank and of Bernstorff, Dixie Mason was more

than busy in the South. She had accomplished the arrest of one of Germany's acid throwers in the big compress at Shreveport, and was busily gaining a confession from him. Nor did the fact that the arrest had been seen and communicated to Wolf von Igel in New York by another of Germany's army of spies, worry her. For, with the search of the prisoner and the finding of papers upon him, Dixie had communicated her facts to the Department of Justice. And while Wolf von Igel strove to gather up the papers of his office and hurry them to the Imperial German Embassy in Washington, the Department of Justice entered to raid that office, seize those papers and again open a hornet's nest of German intrigue. For those papers told practically everything that the United States wanted to know concerning the activities of Wolf von Igel in America.

The papers were taken and Wolf von Igel removed to a safer place while Paul Koenig of the Hamburg American line, hurried to the office of Dr. Albert to communicate the bad news to him.

"That means that someone has learned our cotton secrets," Dr. Albert announced. "Very well. Cotton on the docks of New York must not be loaded on the steamers. Summon von Lertz."

The result was that fire broke forth in the harbors of New York, fire which destroyed bale after bale of cotton, which swept throughout the shipping district, which leaped from dock to ship and from ship to dock; fire in which thousands of bales of cotton crumpled into the smoke of nothingness. The further result was that a telegram was delivered to Bernstorff at the home of Blank, telling of that fire and of its results. Bernstorff did not notice that Blank was staring over his shoulder as he read that telegram. Nor did Bernstorff notice that Blank and Mrs. Blank suddenly disappeared from the maze of frivolity.

Carefully concealed just outside the conservatory, Harrison Grant was watching and listening. Within were Mr. and Mrs. Blank arguing about Bernstorff.

"Can't you understand what it would mean?" Blank was saying. "For instance Bernstorff got a telegram tonight that great cargoes of cotton had been destroyed in the Erie Basin tonight. He knew in advance that they were going to be destroyed. And if I had known it, I could have bought short on cotton, sold tomorrow and made money. You're the one who can get that information. Bernstorff's crazy about you. He'll tell you what you ask him. And you've got to do it. Now promise!"

Grant leaned forward. From within had come the low sound of a woman's voice. And her words were:

"I promise."

Nor could Grant help wondering just to what that promise would lead.

As for Imperial Germany, it was busy in a half a dozen directions at once. The visit of von Papen and Boy-Ed had struck a snag in the arrest of von Igel. Already they were packing their grips and making arrangements to get secretly across the line into the United States, that they might aid in a new blow that Imperial Germany was aiming against America—then escape. And that new blow was to be—

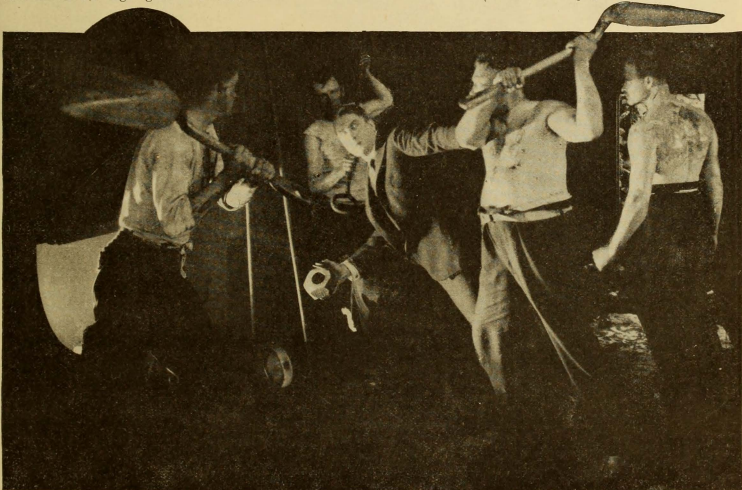
Far out in the Atlantic, the periscope of a U-boat appeared above the waves. And the churning submersible was headed straight for America!

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE RAID OF THE U-53

Separation, a new blow against America—then escape! Such was the plan of Boy-Ed and von Papen as they made their way into America and headed toward the East. But as they did so, the trail of at least one of them was picked up by the Secret Service with the result that when Karl Boy-Ed entered a small grocery store near the wharves of Newport some time later, a young girl watched from the shadows across the street. She was Dixie Mason.

*(Continued on page 100)*

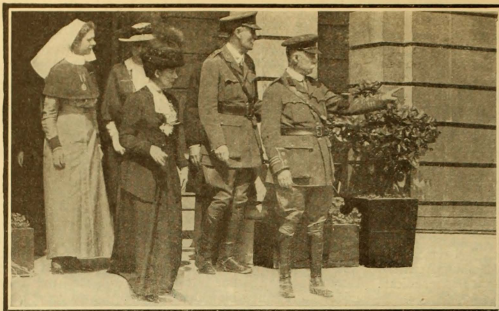


A form burst into the room, striking the shovel from the hands of a fireman. "Not another shovel full of coal must go into these boilers until we've examined this coal," cried Grant. "We've just caught a German spy throwing bombs in the shape of coal into the chute above."



# A Queen

*Few may dictate to nobility. Yet David W. Griffith told the Dowager Queen Alexandra and court ladies how to act before the camera. They were quite submissive too.*



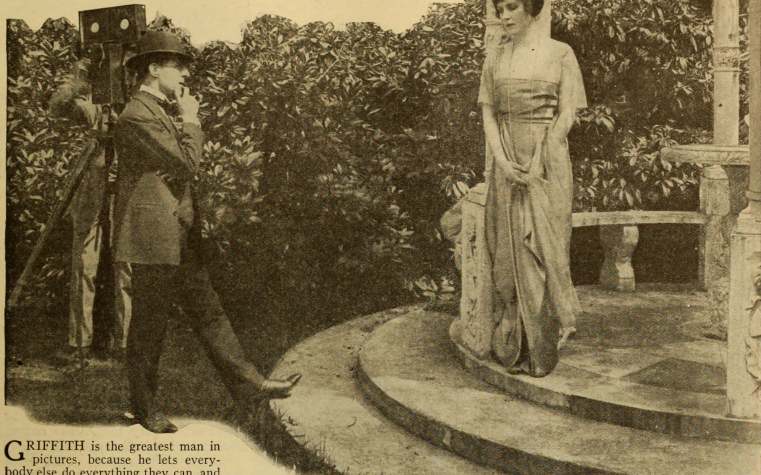
The Dowager Queen Alexandra as she appears in a scene of Mr. Griffith's first Artcraft picture, "The Great Love."



Mr. Griffith instructing Lily Elsie how to play an important scene.

# His Star

With customary partiality to the art before him, Griffith forgot that his actress was Lady Diana Manners, the celebrated English beauty. She was, for the moment, so much "material"—to be moulded into a Griffith actress.



GRIFFITH is the greatest man in pictures, because he lets everybody else do everything they can, and then goes them one better. "Masks and Faces" was produced in England, and it had almost all the stage and screen notables of Great Britain in the cast. What does Griffith do? The most beautiful women of the exclusive court circles act in his picture, "The Great Love." This is the picture recently referred to in PHOTOPLAY, in which Griffith will show the regeneration of British society through its war activities.



A group of English noblewomen as they appear in the picture. At left is Lily Elsie. Then appears Lady Diana Manners and at extreme right Mrs. John Lavery.



An unusual tableaux showing Bettina Stuart-Wortley scrubbing the floor. It's a hospital scene.



# Headin' South!

*Readers will please stand while Jack Holt sings "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine."*

**J**ACK HOLT has a secret.

He isn't really in Southern California to work in pictures—he's down there to get warm.

Jack spent so many years in Alaska driving a dog team over the snow and got so blooming cold that he had to spend the last six years trying to thaw out.

This leading man was born in Winchester, Virginia, the burg to which Sheridan made his celebrated

twenty-

mile dash.

The son

of a min-

ister, Holt

went to the

Virginia Mil-

itary Institute,

developed into a

civil engineer and

then went up to

Alaska as a surveyor.

He switched from sur-

veying to driving the mail

sleds and for many, many moons during the

winter months drove the dog teams from

Valdez to Fairbanks.

Jack would save his wages as a surveyor

until he had enough to go prospecting.

After he spent all of his money hunting

gold he would go back to work again as a

mail driver.

At times during the winter months in

some parts of Alaska, it becomes far from

warm, and it was nothing for young Holt to

come staggering into the Blue Skin Road-

house pretty well frozen up. One time in

the last snow of the year, after they had a

gentle fall of nearly fifty-five feet in Valdez,

and all the snow except the trail had softened

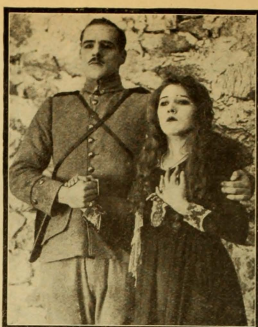
up,—Jack and his dog team with a lot of

tender missives bound for the hardy heroes



Witzel

And here is just Jack, who was lured into the moving picture game by an invitation to jump off a cliff.



Jack Holt with Mary Pickford in "The Little American," one of his first pictures.

As proof of his sojourn in the Far North, Jack produces a cake of genuine Alaskan—the adjectives were supplied by his publicity department—ice.

of Fairbanks fell off the trail and were nearly frozen to death before found. But the mail business became monotonous and as a minstrel company was being organized to play the Alaska camps, Holt joined out as an end man.

Finally his craving for warm weather became so great that Jack left Alaska and came to the States and bought himself a ranch in Oregon.

The ranch went "bluey," as he says, and one day, down in San Francisco, Jack heard of a motion picture company that needed a man to jump off a cliff into the rushing river. Jack took the job and from then on devoted his interest and energy to pictures. He started in with Universal and Lubin and it was while he was with the Universal Company that his work was noticed by the Lasky organization, and it was not long before he was offered a contract. Practically his first production established him as an actor of rare ability. In this role he appeared as the German-American Lieutenant in "The Little American," in support of Mary Pickford.

From a German officer in "The Little American" he was converted into an American Quartermaster in "The Secret Game."

Holt did a number of productions at the Lasky studio and then went over to the other Paramount organization, Thomas H. Ince, to play the lead for Dorothy Dalton. The production was delayed and he was promptly borrowed by Lasky to do "The White Man's Law"

and several others. After doing the Dalton picture he settled down for a little vacation when Clara Kimball Young cornered him for "The Claw." Now he's back with Ince.

# C L O S E - U P S

EDITORIAL EXPRESSION AND TIMELY COMMENT

**The Thrift Stamp—A New Problem.** As these lines are written motion picture theatres in the West are discussing the serious problem which the Thrift Stamp has brought about—primarily, the Thrift Stamp, aided and abetted by Red Cross and Liberty Bond drives. The managers assert that the thrift stamp has destroyed the bigger portion of juvenile patronage, and in some instances menaces the very existence of the theatres themselves, by having eaten up the enduring margin of profit.

This is a problem with two grave sides—also it is a cloud with a nice silver lining.

For the first, the prime consideration of this nation today is not amusement, but winning the war. We have been told, and we believe, that nothing in the way of luxury or pleasure must stand in the way of our armies and the means behind them.

The cloud's silver lining is that any process, governmental or private, which is recognized as having taught thrift and the necessity of saving to the boys and girls of a nation is a good process, and augurs sanity, power, progress and wealth in the ruling generation to come.

It would, indeed, be a national calamity if any general financial disaster should overtake the nation's picture theatres. Indeed, these are the spiritual parks of the soul, just as necessary, now, as material parks for our physical selves. We do not believe that the administration anticipates nor would countenance any such thing at this time, for the movies are America's relaxation, and in these days of tension relaxation was never more vitally necessary.

The answer would appear to be this: if any form of amusement suffers, it will be high-priced amusement. If we have to, we can spare the two-dollar show a whole lot quicker than the ten- and twenty-cent show.

Comparative instances, though, show no such danger impending. The reports of Mr. Hoover, and his aides and successors in Belgium, tell us that no matter how destitute a district, or how utterly dependent on funds from America, a portion of every family's pittance was put aside for the beloved Cinema, and the oppressed Belgians went out of their troubles by going through the screen to other lands.

The theatrical business in London, including pictures as well, flourishes almost as in peace times.

In a modified sense, this is true of Paris—and would be quite true had not the nation been so actually depleted of its artists, creative as well as interpretative.

Come on with Thrift Stamps and Liberty Bonds and honorable buttons of the Red Cross! The only answer now would seem to be careful management, conservation, perhaps fewer shows, here and there—but always better ones!

**Our Old Department.** A year ago PHOTOPLAY used to comment, every month, on the soberly asinine electric signs to be found before apparently first-class city theatres. The signs grew more reasonable, and the department faded. But the nuts are with us again.

Inspect, for instance, this legend, which in large fire-type adorned a playhouse at Fifth street and Broadway, Los Angeles, during the last week in March:

It May be Your Daughter—and Charlie Chaplin.

While at the same time this allurement was displayed with equal prominence on the main street of Hollywood, the Athens of our art:

Shoes that Dance—Amateur Night.

❧

**One Way to Censor.** The censor we still have with us, but as there is more than one way of removing the pelt from a feline, there are more than a few ways—if we can find them—of walking around the obnoxious smoke screen of stupid bigotry.

One way has been found by the Strand theatre in New Orleans. This enterprising institution has an "advisory committee," of fifty citizens, who pass not only upon the pictures, but upon the subtitles. Needless to say, such criticism is constructive rather than destructive, as is the defacing inspection of the professional moral policeman.

The kernel of wheat in the Strand's scheme is that it makes the motion picture a *community interest*, not an occasional peep-show in which the community takes the watch-dog's leavings. When motion pictures become generally a community interest, and a community pride—in other words, when each man feels that the picture is a thing in which he is not only a daily spectator but a responsible participant—when this time comes the public censor will die just as naturally as a little stinkweed hung up over the kitchen stove.

❧

**What He Had Been Playing.** The individual managers of a circuit of theatres in certain small southern cities got together in New York recently. It was their annual convention, and their parliament was extensively harangued by those lesser lamps of Broadway who make a business of cheaply duplicating Broadway successes for the provinces. During the past year the fillums has cut into this nice profit something terrible, Mose!

Among the specially vindictive at this meeting was a two-cylinder producer whom we'll give the name of Ginsberg. Ginsberg doesn't



know much about the movies, but he has a conviction that it ought to be illegal to put a first-class photoplay in the same town with one of his nineteenth editions of Frohman. Ginsberg calls all screen efforts by the general and contemptuous name, "Chaplins." He made "Chaplin" a generality when he found that every theatre on his circuit, or nearly every theatre, as cancelling his worthy dramas in favor of the capers of Charlie.

Yet Ginsberg found one manager who assured him that he had never had a Chaplin in his theatre. He spoke specifically, but Ginsberg, alas, took the answer as a generality. Ginsberg broke up the meeting to introduce him. "Here," he declaimed, "is a gentleman who never had a Chaplin in his house yet makes money—tell the gentlemen why you never play the Chaplins!"

"Well," answered the manager, "I can't—I don't have no open time for 'em, because my folks can't never seem to get enough o' Mary Pickford an' Bill Hart."

¶

**Edison, Hail and Farewell!** The Edison studio and laboratory in the Bronx, New York City, has been sold. In all probability the Edison name on film plays has passed into history.

To many, this will bring a certain poignant regret, for in the days of beginning, Edison upheld the banner of progress with splendid courage and great result. To others, the announcement means nothing at all—to the great majority, it is just an item of news.

Is there a bit of irony—or is it a fine farewell?—in the fact that the final Edison production, "The Unbeliever," is listed among the season's big winners?

To those who observe the march of photoplay events it seems as though film history, like much of the record of human life, moves in a circle. When Edison was in the heyday of its power, motion pictures were ruled by a mighty trust. Then came the humble independents, their unbeatable energy, their progress—and today they are a virtual trust!

What next?

¶

**Your Kind Applause.** "I have never heard an audience in a photoplay theatre clap its hands even when the house was bursting with people," said Vachel Lindsay, in a book published three years ago. We do not now recall whether or not we frequently encountered applause in those ancient times, but certainly one of the most interesting phenomena of today is the almost invariable applause which greets a favorite actor or a pleasing scene. There is more significance in this than the mere knowledge that the audience approves what it sees. The applause makes it more evident than ever that pictures have become real to the spectators. We would not applaud a pretty

picture found in a book or in an art gallery, because its unreality is too obvious. But the moving picture has become a personal thing, its players actual persons. Except for patriotic spectacles, which we applaud for the same reason that we stand when the national anthem is played, this applause would be withheld if we stopped to think about it. We do not stop to think; we do not stop to realize that this thing that has aroused us is only a shadow. Our applause is spontaneous, because the thing we see is just as real as if the actors in person were before us, on the stage. In other words, we no longer look at a picture, we look into it.

¶

**Sunshine or Spotsshine?** The making of moving pictures is now more than ever the monopoly of Southern California, yet the general public—the consumer of motion pictures—knows, and does not know, why.

Most people believe that the film men have convened in California because of its sunshine. This is true, but just why and how it is true the public does not realize.

The great advantage of Southern California is that its reliable weather permits companies to work on "location," and to make plans in advance for such exterior photography, at least three hundred days in the year. This is a factor of prime importance in turning out pictures on schedule, and at anything like endurable costs. Neither exhibitors nor performers' salaries wait upon bad weather.

Of secondary importance to this is the sharp, clear quality of the light itself, and the cheapness of electric power.

Interior photography is becoming more and more a matter of artificial lighting. The difference between sunshine and spotsshine, as far as pliability and calculated effect are concerned, is the difference between a rain and a hose. You can do just what you please with a hose—wet anything, anywhere, any time, as much or as little as you like. Adolph Zukor is authority for the statement that in a year or two, at most, work done in the studios will be done wholly with artificial illumination.

¶

**Another Scold.** Frank Crane, usually a kindly person in his syndicated editorials, has joined the ranks of the scolds. But like many another estimable gentleman who tries to talk about pictures, he seems to know very little about his subject. He saw a bad picture, and with this as a topic, ferociously attacks producers as a whole, demanding, for example:

"Why pay Mary Pickford a billion dollars a year and then get the teamster or the plasterer to write the story for fifty cents?"

The figure of speech was ill chosen. Recent Pickford stories have been from the works of the following teamsters and plasterers: Bret Harte, William J. Locke, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Eleanor Hoyt Brainard.



There was an uncanny quality in this little creature, a spirit of unrest and provocation that ran through her slim body like a flame. She was the embodiment of the music and color about her.

# Maid of the Storm

*A Cinderella who took adventure into her own hands*

By Dale Carroll

**A**RIEL crouched in the sand at the mouth of her cave and watched the gulls as they wheeled out against the stormy November sky. Familiar as the scene was, it never lost its charm for her. All the world about her seemed to share her joy in the approaching storm—the little white-caps in the choppy, slate-colored sea, the long reeds bent by the wind, and even the birds as they circled over the horizon line. One of the gulls especially fascinated Ariel. It seemed larger than the others and gyrated peculiarly high above the others. Its spasmodic movements brought it nearer and nearer to earth—and then Ariel saw that it was no bird at all, but some giant-winged monster struggling to keep its balance. Her face turned skyward, Ariel watched the thing flopping about in the wind. Suddenly it swooped toward her and fell the long distance to the beach, with a great crash.

Ariel rushed to the spot, but not before a group of fishermen had gathered about the mass. Pinned under the wreckage was the long slim figure of a young man. One leg was bent under him and blood was beginning to trickle from his forehead, shadowed by an aviator's cap. Ariel felt a poignant thrill of pity as if one of her beloved pines in the nearby forest had fallen blasted at her feet.

Solemnly she trotted after the little procession that bore the bird-man to the cottage where Andy MacTavish, Ariel's foster-father, had grudgingly offered a shelter. Before the doctor came, Andy's clumsy fingers had cut the aviator's high boot from the broken leg and no one noticed that Ariel had gathered it in her arms and hidden it among her other childish treasures.

"He'll need a rare bit of nursing," the doctor had told them.

Ariel silenced Andy's sour complaints by her faithful promise to give up her long walks and her romps with the fisher-boys and even her games in the cave if they would allow her to nurse the stranger. Andy grunted his consent and the invalid stayed.

Patiently Ariel slaved about the cottage, changing the bandages, preparing his food and soothing him as he tossed and muttered of the strange world in the city beyond the cliffs. Her first reward was the look of recognition and gratitude which he gave her one morning as she brought in the tray with his breakfast.

"Did you fall out of the sky too?" he asked her whimsically.

She smiled rapturously at this first indication that her labors had not been in vain.



"I was here already," she told him. "I'm taking care of you. I'm Ariel."

"Ariel, of course you're Ariel," he answered and then murmured something about "come unto these yellow sands" which she didn't understand. But from that moment, he began to improve and soon he was able to limp from the cottage to her cave where she delightedly shared with him all her treasures.

This was a secret cave which she had named the "Witches' Cauldron" and had told the fisher-boys such blood-curdling tales of its origin that none of them could be bribed to approach it. There, with the birdman seated on a rock and she at his feet on the moss, they spent long lazy afternoons through which he learned her simple history.

She was called Ariel, she told him, because that was the name of the ship which had cast her up on the sands of the Kentish coast where Andy had found her. He had taken her back to his wife because he believed it to be his duty and not from any love of her, as the lonely child soon learned.

"That was when I was a baby," she told him. "I stayed here and played in the cave and grew up. And then you came," she added quaintly.

The stranger was not equally confidential. His name was

They had met at the cave as usual and he had been in an unusually tender mood. He had brought her a gorgeous blue ribbon and a tiny sapphire brooch. "So that you won't forget me when I am gone," he said.

Franklin Shirley, she learned, and he lived in that city of splendor and mystery known to Ariel as London. But as to his past and his plans for the future he remained uncommunicative and preferred to sit on the throne Ariel had made for him and listen to her chatter and watch her dance to the music of the waves.

She loved to invent strange dances for him. She had caught the rhythm of the waves and the wind until she seemed no longer a human child but some elfin incarnation of the storm. Once, after one of these wild dances, Franklin had caught her to him and buried his face in her wind-blown hair.

"Ariel!" he had cried, repeating her name again and again, "you are the loveliest thing I have ever seen."

After this, life had but one meaning for Ariel. They loved each other and she was content. Some day there would be another cottage, just above the Witches' Cauldron, where they would live only for each other. It was joy enough only to wait.

So that, when he casually announced that he must soon be back in London, it was a bolt from the blue. They had met at the cave as usual and he had been in an unusually tender mood. He had brought her a gorgeous blue ribbon which matched her eyes and a tiny sapphire brooch which he pinned on over her gingham frock.

"So that you won't forget me when I am gone," he said lightly.

"Gone!" Ariel's eyes were so blinded with bitter tears that she could hardly see the hand he held out for goodbye. She watched him as he walked away into the sunset and then she stumbled back to the cottage, the forgotten coil of blue ribbon trailing behind her in the sand.

Then followed days of incredible desolation. It was some time before she could go back to the cave, now haunted with bitter sweet memories. One day she forced herself to enter, and in a spirit of defiance, tried the old

### Maid of the Storm

**N**ARRATED by permission, from the Paralta photoplay based upon the story by J. Grubb Alexander and Fred Myton, produced with the following cast:

Ariel.....	Bessie Barriscale
Franklin Shirley.....	George Fisher
Abe Strohmman.....	Herschel Mayall
Andy McTavish.....	Joseph Dowling
Jules Picarde.....	Howard Hickman
Ludwig Strauss.....	Nick Cogley
Elaine Shackelford.....	Lois Wilson



Franklin raised his head and in that one glance, a lifetime of suffering bitterness was lost in perfect understanding.

dance, but her steps faltered and she fell sobbing to the sand. Suddenly she raised herself on one arm and gazed into her reflection in the pool beneath her. In spite of her tear-stained face, the beauty that Franklin had found was clearly there. "You are the loveliest thing," he had said, "that I have ever seen." Why then had he never spoken of the love which was surging within her? If what he said was true, she was lovelier than the women he met at the dinners in London, which she had seen illustrated in the society papers. What had they that she lacked? Even though they were less lovely to look at, they could talk to him in his own language of his own interests. This was called education and she had none of it. She would go to London and break this barrier that separated them, and then be wholly his. A sudden gust of wind answered her cry of resolution and she sprang out of the cave with her arms outstretched to the storm, defying the elements as she defied all the powers allied against her.

That night, a quaintly bundled little figure stole out of the cottage while Andy and his wife slept. Her only burden was the boot which she had hidden since the day when it had been cut from Franklin's wounded leg. Inside was an address, "Josiah Dobbs, 17 Shaftesbury Way," and by this she could trace her lover. For surely, Ariel thought, no boot-maker could forget Franklin if once he had entered the shop.

A kind-hearted peddler gave her a lift in his cart and she reached London in the late afternoon of the next day. She made her way through the tumult of the city avenues to a tiny side-street where she found a shop with "DOBBS" painted in red letters above the door. She knocked timidly and, receiving no answer, opened the door and stood hesitating in the threshold.

Three old men, seated about a work table, looked up simultaneously. The cobbler had been surreptitiously entertaining Ludwig Strauss and Jules Picardé, his two cronies, at a game of cards, without the knowledge or consent of Jean his spouse, who disapproved of both cards and cronies. Their astonished gaze met Ariel standing in



the door, clutching desperately the boot which now seemed her only friend. The sight brought an amazed grunt from the three, which gave the warning to Jean in the other room. As the torrent of her abuse grew nearer and nearer, Ludwig hurried Ariel out of the shop and into his own little garret above the stairs.

"It is better so," he explained. "She is a good cook, that woman, but she has a fiend's tongue. Jules and I have neither cook nor scoldings. You will stay with us and perhaps give us both."

So Ariel stayed. She kept the tiny rooms tidy and amused the two old men with her chatter of her life by the sea. They were both members of an orchestra in an East End theater, and they would go over their music, with Ariel sitting in rapt attention at their feet. Once they broke into a wild strain that was full of the spirit of the storm and the sea. Ariel sprang to her feet and into the steps of the dance that had thrilled Franklin in the cave of the witches. As the last note died and Ariel dropped exhausted to her chair, Jules turned impressively to his old friend.

"It is genius the child has," he said solemnly. "The genius that Strohman is looking for but has not found. He must see her dance. Tomorrow she goes."



The next day, a badly frightened little girl was literally pushed into the office of Strohmman, who made and unmade stars by a nod of his head. As Ariel looked up at his courteous greeting, she saw a powerfully built man with a somewhat heavy face, which seemed oddly expressionless, like a mask. After a few perfunctory questions, he signaled for music and she danced for him, the dance of the winds. When it was over, he dismissed the pianist and beckoned to her to come nearer.

"Sit down," he said, abruptly. "Do you know that you have the spirit of a great artiste?"

Ariel shrugged her slim shoulders. She was beginning to feel that all this clamor about her dancing was a meaningless farce with no bearing on her real purpose in the city.

"You can be a great artiste," the manager repeated. "But you are not interested in your art. You did not come here for that. What are you here for?"

It was the first intelligent interest that Ariel had found in her purpose and she met it with a rush of confidence. She told Strohmman of her love for Franklin and of her burning desire to make herself of his own kind.

"When I am like his own people, then he will know that he loves me," she insisted gravely. "Then we will be married," she finished as a child reciting a well-known lesson.

"I can make you anything you want to be," said Strohmman. "I will present you in one of my own productions and you will be a great dancer, much greater than any women your lover knows. Perhaps then he will marry you as you expect. In return, I am asking only one thing from you,—a promise. You are the sort of girl who keeps promises."

Ariel could only nod.

"I want you to promise," said Strohmman, "that if he—

In the little garret in Soho Ludwig and Jules greeted her with rapture. It was her farewell to the little girl who had once danced in the cave.

this man—your lover—does not marry you after all I have done, that you will then come to me."

At the last words, he leaned over his desk and fixed his gaze on her puzzled face. Ariel was not frightened but still bewildered.

"It is a very foolish promise," she said with child-like contempt. "And it means nothing, for of course we will be married. But if you ask it, I can promise." She held out her hand almost gayly as if it were part of a game.

The opening night of the "Ballet Egyptienne" had packed the huge opera house to its doors. Strohmman's productions were always sure of an enthusiastic reception but "The Scarlet Lotus," it was rumored, represented the very height of the great manager's efforts. Furthermore, it was to introduce a new discovery known to the theatrical world only as Mlle. Ariel. So there was more than the usual stir of expectation as the lights died down and the quivering of the violins opened the first bars of the ballet.

Far up in the gallery were Jules and Ludwig, too excited for speech even with each other. Their minds each held the same memories of a frightened little girl in gingham, clutching a huge boot as she stood at the door of the cobbler's shop.

In a box, further down, a much bored young man formed part of the theater party which had come to investigate the new "discovery." It was Franklin Shirley whose fiancée, Elaine Shakleford, had dragged him to the affair mainly because the man she really loved would also be in the party. So they both played their weary role of devoted couple until the little farce was ended by the rise of the curtain.

As the vivid figure of the little dancer whirled out from the wings, Franklin forgot his boredom. He had endured new varieties of aesthetic dancers until he loathed the species but this was really something new and refreshingly lovely. There was an uncanny quality in this little

creature, a spirit of unrest and provocation that ran through her slim body like a flame.

(Continued on  
page 112)



# Animal Stuff

*How the jungle stars are taught to act for the motion picture camera.*

By Susie Sexton



CONVERTING raw material into motion picture stars, whether it comes on two feet or four, is not essentially different. In fact, directors who place the greatest emphasis upon the qualifying word "raw," say that the advantage is all with the dumb animals of the jungle rather than the dumb humans of the stage.

If the task of fitting the four-footed student for the screen is a hopeless one, viewing the case from the director's standpoint, it is not beyond the range of possibilities to end a particularly trying lesson by slaying the pupil. But the technicalities of the law discourage the slaying of potential motion picture stars of the human family. On the other hand, looking at the situation from the four-footed actor's corner, a particularly trying director may be eliminated from the situation with one blow of the paw, trunk, or tusk. But think how few, of all the human actors who have yearned to slay their directors, ever have succeeded in carrying out the impulse.

Take Leo Brutus, for instance. Brutus, a jungle-bred actor who now earns \$300 a day while working before the camera, has differed with just eight directors. Three of their number now rest beneath neat mounds in various cemeteries, while the other five remained in hospitals long enough to decide that the king of beasts was right—they were in the wrong profession. They yielded to his arguments and went into the drug, grocery, or shoe business. Brutus, the largest lion in captivity, is now the most convincing motion picture villain in the world. He owes his position, among the dark men who are always taking the joy out of life in film dramas, to Michael Schliesser of the Bronx, self-styled naturalist.

If you can once convince a lion, man-eater though he be, that you have beaten him at strategy, he will remain beaten, so far as you are concerned, for all time. It was this simple principle of psychology, not pitchfork and pistol, which Director Schliesser employed when he undertook the training of Brutus as a potential movie star.

Several years under the big top in a circus menagerie had accustomed Brutus to bright lights. So to make the lion completely amenable to discipline before the camera, Mr. Schliesser decided, it would only be necessary at their first meeting to make this terrible Hun change his front as he was preparing for an attack. When Schliesser first entered the lion's cage he grasped the back of a chair, with its legs pointing toward his pupil. Brutus, in the opposite corner, crouched for a leap. Director Schliesser stamped his foot sharply after the manner of Spanish dancers in the fandango, and advanced toward the lion from one side. Taken by surprise, the man-eater recoiled and moved to the other side of the cage. His master stepped into the corner the lion had occupied.

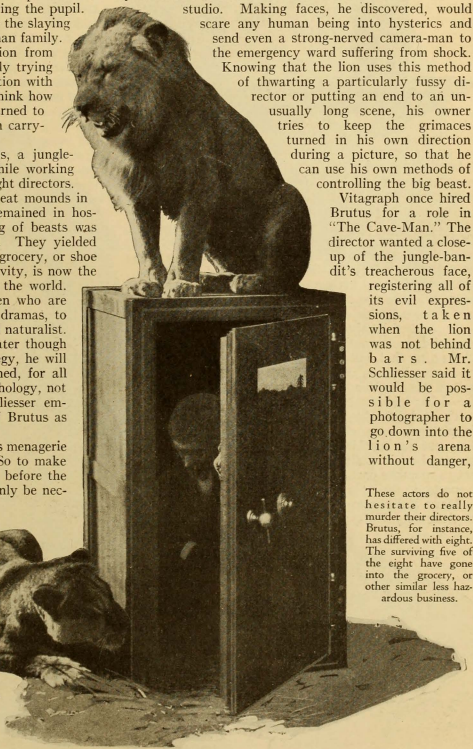
And Brutus, realizing that he had not been able to maintain his front and had been forced into a retreat, when his own purpose had been to cause the intruder to retire in disorder, acknowledged grimly that he had met his master.

Unfortunately, Brutus, whose brain was constructed for jungle use rather than the purposes of civilization, realized instantly the value of his conqueror's theory that an adversary once beaten remains beaten. He determined to try similar tactics on his two-footed co-workers in the studio. Making faces, he discovered, would scare any human being into hysterics and send even a strong-nerved camera-man to the emergency ward suffering from shock.

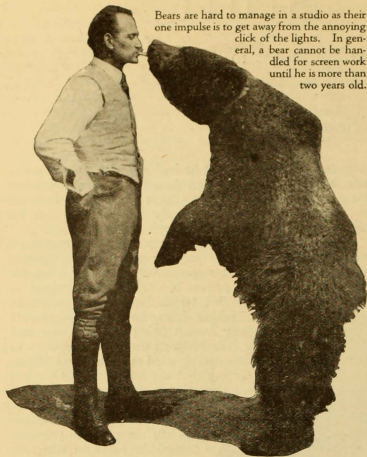
Knowing that the lion uses this method of thwarting a particularly fussy director or putting an end to an unusually long scene, his owner tries to keep the grimaces turned in his own direction during a picture, so that he can use his own methods of controlling the big beast.

Vitagraph once hired Brutus for a role in "The Cave-Man." The director wanted a close-up of the jungle-bandit's treacherous face, registering all of its evil expressions, taken when the lion was not behind bars. Mr. Schliesser said it would be possible for a photographer to go down into the lion's arena without danger,

These actors do not hesitate to really murder their directors. Brutus, for instance, has differed with eight. The surviving five of the eight have gone into the grocery, or other similar less hazardous business.







Bears are hard to manage in a studio as their one impulse is to get away from the annoying click of the lights. In general, a bear cannot be handled for screen work until he is more than two years old.

if he would not give Brutus a single look during the entire proceeding. A freckled, red-haired camera-man volunteered. He was led down to the set where the camera had previously been placed in position for him. But he had cranked out only a few feet of film when he yielded to his curiosity. Noticing suddenly that Brutus was preparing for the spring he reserves for those who have been hypnotized by his horrible faces, Mr. Schliesser glanced quickly at his companion. The camera-man was motionless and his face had blanched so that not a single freckle was visible.

It required highly strategic moves to get man and camera out of reach of the lion's claws after that, but the director had his close-up. In time the photographer regained his freckles and was given a five-dollar raise for bravery.

The real difficulty in using animals in pictures, many directors assert, lies, not in coaching the dumb beasts, but in training human actors who take part in the same scene to do their part.

Mary Fuller once made a picture for Uni-

versal, in which a portion of the story was laid in the African jungle. As a special bit of color the director added a hyena to his cast. It was decided to turn the hyena loose and have it follow a semi-circular course out of the shrubbery to the door of the tent, in which sat the hero in English hunting garb, waiting for a native African servant to bring in the mail. At the door the hyena was to pause for several seconds within focus of the camera.

Coaching the hyena was easy. Raw meat was smeared on the studio floor in a semi-circle leading to the point where the director wanted the hyena to stop. Knowing that the animal's impulse would be to seize the meat and get away from the clicking, blinding lights, the trainer fastened to the floor where the hyena was to pause, a huge horse's shin. The hyena was letter-perfect in his role when the director called "Camera." But not the leading man. Even hardened trainers admit that they pale at sound of the hyena's laugh. It gave this handsome hero an acute attack of nerves.

But the actor was calmed. Lights were turned on once more. Following his prescribed course, the hyena began to crunch the horse's shin while the camera-man cranked furiously. Then it was discovered that no African servant was ready to bring in the mail. The director found his missing actor shaking like a leaf in a far corner of the studio.

"Mah, Gawd, man," yelled the darky in answer to the director's remonstrances, "if that there animal makes that noise on a horse's shin, what you think he do to these yere bare feet o'mine. No, sah, Ah don't go in that picture."

That scene was finally shot with the hyena's keeper made up as an African.

Birds are the most difficult of all creatures to train for a screen production. Yet William F. Reilly, master of properties at the Famous Players Studio, who has been preparing animals for the screen ever since the Edison Studio was no

An owl, the symbol of wisdom, has no sense at all and cannot be trained for motion picture work.

Pauline Frederick's confidante in "Madame Jealousy" had no histrionic ability although he received ten dollars a day.



bigger than a hat-box, was responsible for the successful appearance of fifty or sixty wild pigeons in Marguerite Clark's "Seven Swans." It was necessary to keep the birds in a cage at the studio four weeks before they became accustomed to the unusual lights and noises.

The secret of managing feathered actors lies in accustoming them to a certain kind of food. Mr. Reilly fed his pigeons shelled corn and entered their cage every day so they would not be afraid of human actors when they were ready to join Miss Clark's cast. After a month of actual studio experience the birds were released on the set. And the director found it was an easy matter to make them alight anywhere he wished by sprinkling a little corn on the spot whether it was on the ground or on the head, shoulders, and outstretched finger of his star.

Another example of the reluctance which human stars often feel about appearing with four-footed actors was given during the filming of this picture. Six white rats were hired as extras to wear gold crowns for half a day in one scene. By sprinkling a little food around, the director was able to make the rats romp and enjoy themselves. Any woman will realize, however, that Miss Clark had a nervous forenoon.

Strangely enough, an owl, the symbol of wisdom, really has no brains at all, and cannot be trained for motion picture work. That wise old bird who exhibited such *sang froid* as Pauline Frederick's confidante in "Madame Jealousy," had no histrionic ability, although he received a salary of ten dollars a day. The minute he is brought under Cooper-Hewitts an owl becomes practically senseless. He wags his head knowingly from side to side, of course, but that is only because he cannot look otherwise than wise.

Bears are always hard to manage in a studio as their one impulse is to get away from the annoying click of the lights. In general, a bear cannot be handled at all for screen work until he is more than two years old. Up in the Bronx there is an eighteen-month-old grizzly named Teddy, who will soon appear on the screen in a wrestling bout with Snowy, the beautiful white dog who has played a number of times with Marguerite Clark, and also with Doris Kenyon in "The Hidden Hand." One caress from Teddy would break a strong man's arm, but he permits Snowy to throw him again and again, and to all appearances gets decidedly the worst of it. Snowy is half Russian wolf, half shepherd, and was trained for police work. He and Teddy were raised together, which is one reason, their owner explains, why this Bruin permits such liberties.

Scenes of this kind, such as are frequently seen in the Sennett comedies, require infinite patience. The animals have to be rehearsed daily for a year or longer before they are ready for the camera. A grizzly must be held by a chain for many months before it is safe to let him taste freedom. When they are to be photographed it is also necessary to teach the ani-

mals to keep their act within a limited space. For this reason attendants stand on all sides during rehearsals to keep the four-

footed actors within bounds.

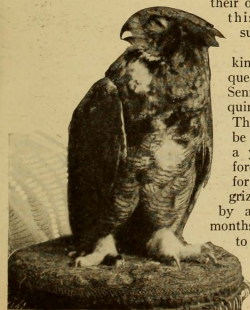
In his California studio Mack Sennett has a menagerie which contains every dumb actor imaginable, even to trained fish. These are added to the Sennett staff in infancy and know nothing but the studio atmosphere.

When Clara Kimball Young went to North Carolina to make the "Heart of the Blue Ridge," she acquired the distinction of being the only actress in pictures who could appear with a wild animal without registering the slightest fear. In one scene she sat munching an apple on the bank of a mountain stream. A grizzly sat beside her and claimed every other bite of the apple. So much did the bear enjoy this scene that he decided to go home with Miss Young and the trainer had great difficulty in making him change his mind. This bear had a wide comedy experience with John Bunny, Flora Finch and Hughey Mack.

Monkeys are the easiest of all animals to train for the screen, although they must be kept constantly within reach of a whip, not for use so much as for psychological effect. Pupeka and Laura are a famous monkey comedy team now in pictures. They were accustomed to studio glare by being put regularly into a darkened room where flash lights, such as photographers use, were exploded at intervals. Laura will register every stage of the joyful emotions if her trainer exhibits a jelly bean over the camera-man's shoulder. Pupeka is ready to play Hamlet as a farce whenever he hears the whispered words "Castor oil." Pupeka did excellent work in Metro's comedy "Her Baby."

Lure of the blue lights appears to be in the blood of some four-footed motion picture stars. Roscoe Arbuckle's famous brindle bull terrier, Luke, cries like a baby if he is not permitted to go before the camera when the lights are turned on. "Fatty" Arbuckle spends all of his spare time between scenes teaching his bull terrier "Luke" new comedy stunts such as walking up and down a second story ladder, furnishing the motor power for a corn meal mill, or steering a speeding locomotive.

Mack Sennett's menagerie in California contains all kinds of dumb animals even to trained fish. And Louise Fazenda helps train them.





# Miss What's-My-Name?

*Proving that a star by any name can be as sweet.*

**S**IXTEEN, tiny and shy; Helen Garrett, by name—a nobody; red-gold hair and golden eyes; merely an "extra girl" out of work, discouraged and sick at heart; and then—

"I'm tired of hearing that experience is a necessity," growled Thomas H. Ince one day while casting over his lists for a leading woman for his Wonder Boy, Charles Ray. "I'll make a bet with anybody that I can turn the veriest novice into a star—a real star, if she's the right sort of novice. . . . Remember that little extra girl, Helen Garrett? Mop of red-gold hair; big eyes—wistful, appealing? Send her to me."

Helen Garrett couldn't believe it at first. Ince had noticed her in the ranks and thought her promising! It sounded like a fairy-tale. But after she had talked to him, she made up her mind she would justify his confidence; and she bent all her energies and talents and good looks to "making good."

Did she? Well—did you see her as Ray's leading woman in "His Mother's Boy," then again in "The Hired Man," and once again in "A Son of the Snows?" But a leading lady whose name never saw the light of day, despite the fact that the exhibitors and their patrons began to ask who she was, a greatly discouraged, little leading lady.

In support of Charles Ray in "His Mother's Boy."



If you're a novice—the right sort of novice—Thos. H. Ince will doubtless cast you into "leads." At least that is how this little extra girl "graduated."

After about four months of namelessness she summoned up courage to ask Bert Lennon, he of the flaming locks who does the Ince literary chores, if Mr. Ince didn't like her work.

"Stands to reason he must," returned Lennon. "He's keeping you working, isn't he?"

"Then why—why does he give Doris Lee all of the advertising and publicity credit for being Mr. Ray's leading-lady—when I'm the leading-lady?" she asked tearfully.

"Holy cats!" exclaimed Lennon. "Didn't you know?"

Whatever it was, she didn't.

"Well, listen," started the wordsmith. "Exhibitors demand short names for players—for the electric signs—see? And—and I reckon I forgot to tell you that I'd changed your name. You've been Doris Lee for four months!"

And now Doris Lee doesn't mind being Doris Lee at all; in fact, she rather likes it. She's had so awfully many letters from screen friends telling how much they like Doris Lee, and she's been only too glad to answer them; and of course it doesn't take so long to write "Sincerely Doris Lee" on a photograph as it would to write "Cordially Helen Garrett." And then, being Charlie Ray's leading woman is a steady job; and Doris has visions of a little California bungalow and a black-and-white striped speedster in the not-too-far distant future. But Miss Lee says in conclusion: "I like my work so well that if they didn't pay me for it I'd do it for nothing." So that's why she's a success on the screen; her heart's right there.



*M*ARGUERITE CLAYTON, lovely truant from the screen, re-appears as leading woman for George M. Cohan in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." Marguerite is a real old-timer, though it's hard to believe; she played with "Broncho Billy" Anderson.





***P**RETTY Peggy Hyland is one of our ablest allies. English and demure, she is popular with picturegoers both here and over there. She ran away from home to go on the stage! Her latest? "Peg of the Pirates," a fantasy of the sea.*



**N**OT content with premier vampire honors, Theda Bara has announced herself as America's greatest emotional actress. She demonstrates her versatility as an East Indian in "The Soul of Buddha" and as "Salome" in "Salome."





**W**INSOME" seems to be the word that best describes Marion Davies. She left the musical comedy stage for the screen, making her celluloid debut in a play from her own pen, "Runaway Romany." Now she's "Cecilia of the Pink Roses."



**T**HROW up a new throne—Lila Lee has arrived! Not yet sixteen, she is the latest Paramount star. Jesse Lasky discovered her in a Gus Edwards vaudeville revue, where she was known as "Cuddles;" and now she is making her first photoplay.





**T**HINGS have come to such a pass in picturedom that we count an evening ill-spent if we can't watch Norma Talmadge sweep through five thousand feet of film. We would not have it otherwise! She is now "De Luxe Annie," a gentle crook.



**M**IRIAM COOPER—the sad-eyed Confederate rose in the photoplay from which we date film history; *The Friendless One* in the Sun Play "Intolerance;" now a forlorn heroine for Fox. She is married to Raoul Walsh, her director.

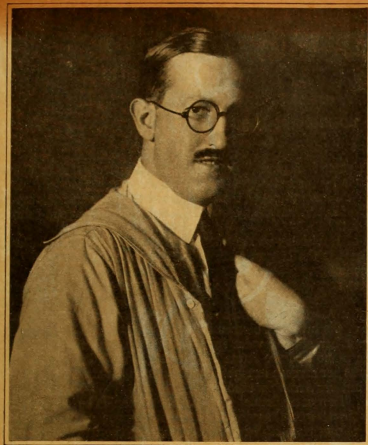


RANCE

DINE



***I**F there is anyone more delightful than Marie Doro, on or off the screen, we want to know about her. Miss Doro is a real person, with a lively sense of humor. Now that she has her own company great things are expected of this unique personality.*



# The Man Who Took The Pictures

"SEE the little birdie, please," ordered Alfred Cheney Johnston in his best professional tones, as he stood by his camera.

"Suppose you look at the little birdie yourself," retorted Anita Stewart, who was posing. Mr. Johnston did.

Miss Stewart took an excellent likeness, although we must admit that Mr. Johnston himself did everything but squeeze the bulb.

There are photographers and photographers—and Alfred Cheney Johnston, to whom we are indebted for the preceding eight pages.

In the last year Mr. Johnston's little studio in New York has become a familiar spot to most of the important stage and screen stars, despite the fact that it is not on Fifth Avenue and is not approached through a marble hallway, nor furnished with tapestries, plush and antiques. It has only one excuse for existence, and this is that in there Mr. Johnston puts into practice his theory that a photograph can have as much character as a painting. In fact, Mr. Johnston originally wanted to be a painter. He studied art, and, with a desire to create something new, began working out sketches in broad effects. However, he came to feel a greater personal appeal in the photographic medium.

## Goldstein, a Keystone Tragedy

ROBERT GOLDSTEIN of Los Angeles, the tailor who soared, has been given a ten-year sentence in the Pacific prison of the Federal Government at McNeill's Island, as a reward for "The Spirit of '76," the figurative wrench he endeavored to throw into the machinery of the British-American alliance. In imposing sentence Judge Benjamin F. Bledsoe said that the case involved the destiny of the nation.

The now-penniless seamster producer also faces a fine of five thousand dollars, and his family troubles have reached the legal stage. Some little affliction like corns or bad teeth is all he needs, now, to make his cup of misery brimfull.

Goldstein is a bumptious ignoramus, more fool than villain, who mistook greedy aggressiveness for talent and business energy. His foot slipped when he tried to insult Uncle Sam as he had already insulted Art. A theatrical costumer, he bought stock in "The Birth of a Nation," made a bit of money, and decided to beat Griffith. He sold some of his own stock, and produced the Spirit aforementioned: a multi-reel whoop of bunk sentiment, fictitious

history, coarse plot and insectivorous acting. Purporting to be a transcript of the war of American liberation, it was a fifty-fifty libel of the Colonies and Mother England.

It was German propaganda, impure and simple. Goldstein knew very well the real source of his backing, and why he was backed.

But mark the patience of the United States! "The Spirit of '76" was actually billed in Chicago, and after it had been shown up for the celluloid snake it was, Goldstein enjoyed an unmolesated year. The country only asked that he quit where he stood. However, the tailor felt that he must give the Kaiser action for his money, and out came the damnable transparency in Los Angeles. Once more Uncle Sam was gentle. At first nothing more serious was contemplated than a liberal censoring.

Seating himself on the powder-barrel, Goldstein lighted his firecrackers: he put the condemned parts back, and endeavored to make a public showing of the picture.

The next day, and thereafter, his address was the County Jail.

## It's Come To This

NOR was this ever thus. Three years ago—again going back into the Pliocene age, filmaciously speaking—you might have seen a little knot of sad-faced men almost any evening at the Lambs Club, the exclusive actors' organization of New York, wagging themselves mournfully.

You would approach and inquire, in tones of funereal depth:

"Who is it now?"

"Hopper!"

"My God!!! And I was talking to him right here, only yesterday. He seemed so well, so strong, so full of the zest of life. You're sure?"

"Sure! It was in the paper, but still we feared it might be so—and it is. Hopper himself has admitted it."

You were staggered, then whipped yourself into the self-torture of learning the ghastly details.

"What's he going to do?" you asked.

"COMEDIES!!!"

"NOT THAT—OH NO—NOT THAT!!!!!"

And so they passed on, one after another,—Willie Collier, Arnold Daly, Tyrone Power, until the club was so deserted because of migration to California, that David Warfield had to be introduced to someone to play pinochle with him. And he has stood steadfast, that Grand Old Man, determined to fight this Thing without fear or compromise. Like Horatius at the bridge, with John Drew at his right hand and William Faversham at his left, they remain, the triumvirate of incorruptibles, magnificent in their splendid isolation.

So there you are. It has come to this, that not only are People One Knows going to the movies, but if one wants to see the Players One Knows, One must go One's Self.



# Texas, the State of

Waco is proud of Texas Guinan, but  
no more so than is the Pacific Coast.

"THE Triangle film plant," droned the imaginative guide to Culver City, "is by far the biggest in the world."

"You'll have to prove that," returned the often-lied-to traveler in celluloid. "That's the standard statement in every sun-canning factory I ever got into."

But the Cerberus of Davisburg was not at all taken aback by this challenge. "Easy enough! Texas is the biggest state in the Union, ain't she? Well, we got Texas in one room."

Which remark, however, was one of the flage sisters; either Camou or Persi; both good girls, and very handy, too. For the Texas he referred to was not the enclosure containing the Alamo, San Antonio and Bill Bailey, but Texas Guinan, a little while ago one of the brightest blossoms in the Wintergarden bouquet.

Miss Guinan put her singing voice in mothballs, her dancing slippers in the piano and the Santa Fe Limited in high last August. It was her seventh or eighth hundredth trip to the Pacific Coast, but her first to a studio.

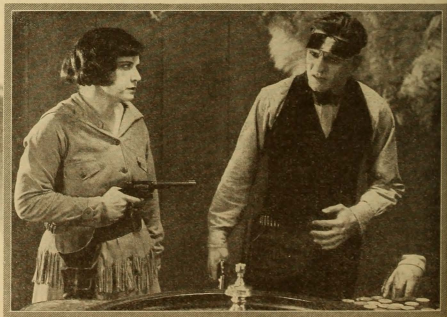
The comedienne felt that she should be immediately thrust into the enduring celluloids—even while they were taking tests of her and teaching her the trick of sunshine makeup—so she purchased a motor and furtively chased different companies about location, hoping to poke her well-known features in as an extra person. But, owing to watchful directors, this was denied her.

But bye and bye the Shut Open Door sort of eased itself ajar, and she found herself doing a corking adventuress in a tableau known as "The Fuel of Life."

Her first starring vehicle, released late in January, was a unique and powerful Western story of renunciation called "The Gunwoman." In this the young lady, whose most serious business on the limited stage had been to remind elderly gentlemen that youthful ideas are immortal, gave colorful delineation to a truly tragic role, blazing with action and surcharged with those deeper emotions which, behind footlights, fall only to our middle-aged actresses of international fame. As this is written Miss Guinan is enacting a role which has the variety and cynical subtlety of Becky Sharp, in a sketch of New York mid-town life known as "The Love Brokers."

So much for the pictures, and the opportunities they offer, as compared with the chances in a place where they hoist a curtain instead of calling "Camera!"

Texas is Texas because she has a right to be Texas. The city



Miss Guinan's first starring vehicle was "The Gun Woman," in which she gave colorful delineation to a truly tragic role. At right she is pictured in this character, supported by Francis McDonald.

# Excitement

By Johnstone Craig

of Waco is permanently swelled up because she was born there. After that she livened up Colorado for a number of years, went East via Chicago and made her stage bow as one of the head pillars in a humble temple of flesh called "The Snow Man." (Interesting archeological note: Franklin Farnum, full of enthusiasm and a sweet tenor voice, was one of her fellow sufferers in this night-blooming-hop-toad of town halls and country hotels.)

However, La Guinan was a chorine just two days. Then she became a sort of principal-ette, so to speak, dropping her spear to carry a promissory note in the music. Two years later she was made a star in "The Kissing Girl." Her recent Wintergarden successes include the stellar roles in "The Passing Show of 1912," "The Whirl of the World," and "The World of Pleasure."

When Texas Guinan is really at home she lives in a period house at 13 West Eighth Street, City of New York. She isn't any more



Strauss-Peyton

Texas is Texas because she has a right to be Texas. The city of Waco is permanently swelled up because she was born there. On the stage Texas starred in "The Kissing Girl" and numerous Wintergarden successes.

"Do you live here?"

asked a friend, on his first visit to the young woman's bewildering drawing-room, "or is this Sing Fat's warehouse?"

Among other things, she has collected quite a number of pieces of gold and silver from the wild tribes of North America. These are known as "coins," and are kept in a bank on Broadway.

There is said to be a man in Sitka and a little girl in Waxahachie that she doesn't know, but otherwise Miss Guinan's acquaintance is what you could expect. Her lunches, at which she seldom refrains from conversation long enough to eat anything, are most frequently taken at the Claridge Hotel, which was once sourly christened "The Guinan business office" by a short,

In "The Love Brokers," in which she co-starred with Alma Rubens, Texas enacted a role that had the variety and cynical subtlety of Becky Sharp. It is a sketch of New York mid-town life.

blonde, disagreeable, feeble old editor, who was born in Boston and who wears spectacles.

She has a number of hobbies besides antiques and their collectors. Among these are lemons, other antiques, swimming, riding, more antiques, the color red, flowers, antiques, anything Galsworthy writes, house parties, motor-ing, gowns and hats—of which she has at least fifty trunks, Russian authors (particularly Dostoevsky), and, finally, antiques.

(Continued on page 117)



afraid of that "thirteen" than Oliver Morosco, who is sure that it's his lucky number. Maison Guinan, as a matter of fact, isn't exactly a period house. It's more of an exclamation point. It is, besides being an exclamatory feature, a depot, a Grand Central Station, for all the antiques in the world and a few from the planets. What the cold-eyed cobra is to the little birds, in India, an antique shop is to—ah, you're wrong!—anyone who happens to be with Miss Guinan when she passes an old-stuff store.



# Grand Crossing Impressions

By  
Delight Evans

Chicago, the Grand Crossing; the transfer-point for players on their flittings from coast to coast.

Chicago, a place where they change trains and, in the sad, mad scramble of luggage and lunch between, run up to see "PHOTOPLAY."

JOHNNANITA.  
Have you Got It?

Everybody  
Says it That Way—

Johnanita.

It Means  
John Emerson  
And Anita Loos.

Anita—  
Who Looks Sixteen,  
And Thinks like Sixty.

John,  
Who Directs.

They  
Collaborate, and  
It's Some Combination.

I  
Was With Anita  
One Whole Day.

I  
Had Lunch with her,  
And

Talked with her—  
That is,  
Anita Talked—

I  
Simply Stared.

Imagine—  
Maybe—  
The Tiniest Girl in the World,

With  
Black black Hair  
That she Twists Up

Under Fascinating Round Hats;  
The Largest Eyes,  
The Smallest Nose,

And  
A Mouth that Looks Always  
As if she'd just Been Kissed.

And Besides,  
You don't Dare  
Talk to her.

Anyway,  
I Didn't.

I was Afraid  
She'd Call my Bluff.  
She Really Talks; but

She Listens, too—

I should Think  
They'd Stay Up Nights

To Think Of

Clever Things  
To Say to her,

Just  
To Hear her Laugh.

Well—

I Guess They Do.

And she Always Does—she'll  
Laugh with You, when all the Time

She Must Know

That she Could Have Said it

Much Better.

Oh yes—

John was There.

I Like John.

John Directs.

Anita—

I Walked Down the Boul Mich  
With Anita Loos; I  
Might Just as Well  
Have Stayed at Home,  
Walk Down the Boul Mich  
With Anita Loos—

They won't Know you're There.  
And all the Time,

I was Loving her to Death,  
You Know

About her Brains.  
You've seen the Pictures

She's Written—  
"American Aristocracy,"

"His Picture in the Papers,"  
"Wild and Woolly"—

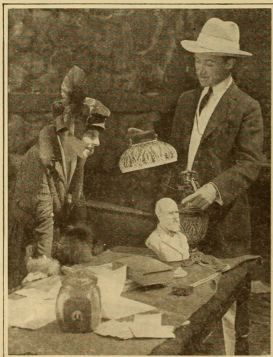
And now

Johnanita

Are Doing

A Story of Camp Life; and  
Sometime they'll do

A College Story.



Stage

Johnanita laugh at everything.

Oh, you'd Love Anita!

She

Was on the Stage

When she was a Littler Kid

Than she is Now.

She Said

She Simply Had to Go On—

But it Cured her—

(Well,

That's What she Said.)

"If I couldn't Write—

I'd Want to Have

Something to Do

With the Stage."

I Think

Some Fillum Stars

Would Worry

If they Thought Anita Loos

Was Going In

For the Close-up and

The Lip-Biting.

Only—

Anita. Wouldn't.

I Wish

She Would.

Can't You

See her on the Screen? She'd—

But

What would we Do

With a Fillum Star

With a Sense of Humor?

Anita Loos

Is the Only Woman I ever Heard of

Who can Laugh at Herself.

Johnanita

Laugh at Everything—they

Laugh at themselves, and

With Each Other.

I asked Anita Loos about it—

"Yes," she said; "We

Laugh at Everything; we

Make our Living

That Way."

Maybe

Some day

Anita Loos

And John Emerson

Will do a Great Big Satire

On the Movies.

In the Meantime—

They're Making

The Whole World

Laugh at themselves.

And

Johnanita

Laugh the Loudest of All.

John

Has a Twinkle in his Eyes

All the time.

And Anita—

Anita is Prettier than Ever

When she Laughs.



# The Shadow Stage

A Department of  
Photoplay Review

By  
Randolph Bartlett

Marguerite Clark has never  
been half so charming as in  
"Prunella."

"PAY DAY" is one of the most important pictures ever produced, because it betrays melodrama. I do not refer to the honestly impossible melodrama of William S. Hart or Harold Lockwood, but to the cheap and cheesy melodrama that sneaks along in the guise of drama of social life—the melodrama of the crime in the back parlor that shrieks the identity of the criminal to all but the characters in the play—the melodrama of the hardworking girl and her amorous employer—the melodrama of eavesdroppers and coincidences—these are hauled out into the full light of the Kliegs and shown for what they are.

"Pay Day" is, possibly, the swan song of the Drews in pictures. They discontinued their brilliant comedies of domestic life because exhibitors did not know that their name in front of a theatre, advertising one thousand feet of laughter, would draw more shillings into the till than the latest horror drama in five reels. This stupidity on the part of the one-horse exhibitor, this horrid and abysmal idiocy, this blindness to his own interests, may cost the world the Drew comedies, those gems of humor, for the laborer is worthy of his hire; and the self-respect of Mr. Sidney Drew would hardly permit him to accept for his fine artistry a smaller remuneration than is paid to the latest simp ingenue.

So it is quite fitting that in retiring, at least for the present, from the screen, Mr. Drew should have made a five-reel picture, which could have been the kind of melodrama the ex-

hibitor thinks is good because it is down to his intelligence, but which any person with a spoonful of brains recognizes as a keen-edged satire on that form of so-called amusement. "Pay Day" has everything. It has the girl who steals from her kind employer for her unworthy sweetheart; it has the marriage for money; it has murder; it has escape from prison; it has the trick of the revolver that wasn't loaded; it has the scientific twist of artificial inoculation of leprosy—all these, ladies and gentlemen, crowded into five tense, terrific, thrilling acts, that will lift you out of your seats with hair-raising episodes, lightning speed incidents, and blood-curdling plots—a heart-throb in every turn of the crank.

At this point Mr. Drew sticks his tongue in his cheek and winks. The hopeless bonehead will take this straight. He has seen it all before, so far as the actual outlines of the story are concerned, and he knows it is thrilling. He will not notice such subtleties as the debonaire villain with a gardenia in the lapel of his overcoat, and another underneath in the lapel of his dinner coat, so that he is never without the badge of his caste. He will not sense the satire in the titles. But there is sufficient enlightenment among picture patrons to discern in this the underlying principle, that melodrama—the sort of melodrama I have mentioned—is essentially funny, and that with a simple twist of the wrist the shockers become shriekers, the thrillers, ticklers.

Not the least amusing phase of this unique pro-



Irene Castle and Warner Oland meet in a clever mystery story, "The Mysterious Client."

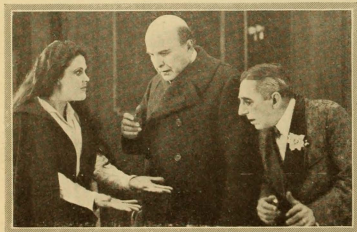




Norma Talmadge, the miniature dynamo, has an ideal role in "De Luxe Annie."



Gloria Hope makes the heroine of "\$5,000 Reward" an interesting person.



In "Pay Day" the Drews laugh at melodrama; it is a five-reel swan song.

duction is a scene showing an argument between Mr. and Mrs. Drew, as to whether or not they shall make this picture, with the intervention by telephone of President R. A. Rowland of Metro, luring Sidney with much gold to embark upon the enterprise.

#### ✕ PRUNELLA—Paramount

"Prunella" comes to the devotees of moving pictures with these questions: "Do you want pictures to stand still or go ahead? Do you want to continue forever watching the unwinding of the tales of commonplace things of life, or do you want to broaden your mental vision? Do you want poetry now and then, or do you insist upon always having prose? Do you want the screen to reflect the highest art of which it is possible, or are you satisfied to hold it down to everyday life?" According as "Prunella" wins the enthusiastic approval of the public, or slips by with just average attention, will these questions be answered. It is a fantasy—a tender little story of an adventure in love by a little girl who has been secluded from life and kept in ignorance of love. It is told with the most delicate art, the characters being picturesque marionettes, Pierrot, Scaramel, Coquette, and many other mummings. Even the scenery is in the spirit of masquerade, consisting of quaint miniatures of houses, trees and gardens. Marguerite Clark, whose entrance into pictures was brought about through Mr. Adolph Zukor's admiration for her work on the stage in this play, has never been half so charming, except perhaps in one or two of her fairy tales. The entire moving picture business and profession owes Mr. Zukor a vote of thanks for having the vision and the courage to put squarely to the public the question of whether or not movies shall remain movies forever, or advance to a point where they can stand on the same high plane as the other fine arts.

#### ✕ A DOLL'S HOUSE—Arcraft

It is impossible for Elsie Ferguson to appear silly enough to give a good impersonation of Nora Helmer in "A Doll's House," a woman who was clever enough to save a large sum out of her housekeeping expenses in a few years, clever enough to sense everyone's motives, clever enough in everything except an understanding of the law of forgery. The play is antiquated, and needs all the complex psychological dialogue of Ibsen to make the story stand up. Yet Elsie Ferguson is so interesting a personality that no picture in which she appears can be entirely dull. The only consistent character in the piece is Krogstad, who should have been made the hero, for did he not, after having been disgraced, so rehabilitate himself that he was able to hold a position in a bank until the supreme ass Thorvald Helmer kicked him out for petty personal reasons? Alexander K. Shannan plays this part better than it has been done in any stage production I have seen.

#### SOCIAL BRIARS—Mutual

A girl dreams of going to the city and making a hit on the stage—and does so. This is the whole story of "Social Briars," which Mary Miles Minter decorates, and Alan Forrest tries to enliven. It is to yawn. And what the title has to do with it, is a mystery.

#### ✕ DE LUXE ANNIE—Select

Norma Talmadge is a miniature human dynamo. In almost any role she imparts a feeling of restless energy. In "De Luxe Annie" she has a story that is ideally suited to her. As a result of a blow, a young woman loses her memory and acquires criminal tendencies, enters into a business partnership with a crook, and is restored to her

proper station only after many adventures. With a less gentlemanly person than Eugene O'Brien playing the part of the crook, there might be a suspicion that all was not well during the lapse of memory, but the crook "comes through clean" at last, and his hand is shaken by Frank Mills, who plays the part of the young woman's husband. It is a lively story, and the acting of both Miss Talmadge and Mr. O'Brien is the best in months.

## THE YELLOW TICKET—Pathe

It was not easy, until seeing the picture, to imagine Fanny Ward in the role of the tragic young Jewess, Anna, in "The Yellow Ticket," but she leaves off her blonde wig (or puts on a black one—who can say which?) and wins her dramatic spurs. A remarkable cast supports the star—Warner Oland, Milton Sills, Anna Lehr, Armand Kalicz, Helene Chadwick. The story, dealing with the curious Russian rules governing "fallen women," and with the ever passionate police officials of that country, is not the sort discussed in family circles, though the disagreeable features are handled with great care and restraint.

## CYCLONE HIGGINS, D. D.—Metro

"Cyclone Higgins, D. D.," is another in the series of hilarious farce melodramas in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are offering the finest entertainment of their long careers. Bushman plays the part of a husky but uncouth minister who brings the gospel to a rough community in the south. He uses the direct method of thrashing those who refuse to accept his ministrations peaceably. It is all delightful, with enough serious plot to lend substance to the fun. Little Ivy Ward's mimicry of the awkward preacher's walk is a scream.

## TOYS OF FATE—Metro

In "Resurrection" Nazimova proved that she is as great an actress on the screen as on the stage. In "Toys of Fate" she proves that "Resurrection" was no accident. She plays the part of a gypsy who is inveigled into a marriage with a wealthy man upon whose estate her father's band is encamped. There is a tense atmosphere of tragedy throughout, and only with the conclusion does the minor strain resolve itself into happier mood. Nazimova's role varies from the carefree pranks of the untamed girl to absolute despair, with moments which would baffle a lesser artist. The story drags, toward a protracted close, with a series of shop-made, mechanical incidents.

## THE WINNING OF BEATRICE—Metro

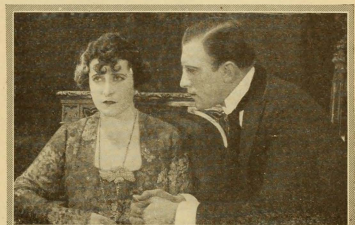
There are two kinds of good pictures—those which blaze new trails by their originality of idea and treatment, and those which follow the familiar paths in a manner so pleasing that to see them is like meeting an old friend. "The Winning of Beatrice" belongs to the latter class. A young woman's father is killed and his enemies make it appear that he committed suicide because of defalcations; the daughter achieves commercial success and finally exposes the plotters. This theme is not new. But May Allison wins to stardom by her convincing manner, giving life to what might have been a dead level role. The presence of Hale Hamilton as her leading man may have inspired her; this actor knows how to be humorous without losing his romantic appeal. It is his screen debut.

## HER TERRIBLE TIME—Mutual

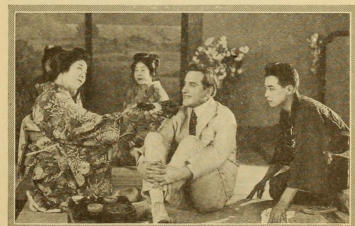
Billie Rhodes is one of the most enchanting of comedienness, because she is pretty as well as amusing, but, even more, because she is furnished with comedy plots which are



Hale Hamilton may have inspired May Allison in "The Winning of Beatrice."



Kitty Gordon is a tormented bride in "The Interloper," a picture that ends happily, however.

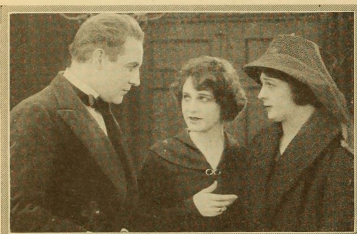


Jack Abbe in "Who Is to Blame" is a deliciously dignified Japanese servant.





Harry Morey gives a genuine picture of an uncouth laborer in "The Golden Goal."



Elsie Ferguson's personality alone redeems "A Doll's House" from dullness.



Roy Stewart is a lovable Red Saunders in "A Red-Headed Cupid."

humanly recognizable. These comedies, such as "Her Terrible Time" and "Her Rustic Romeo," while hardly reaching the fine, satirical point of the Drew ticklers, more nearly approximate that than any other productions now being divulged.

#### JOAN OF PLATTSBURG—Goldwyn

"Joan of Plattsburg" contains one of the master strokes of picture imagination. Joan, a foundling, hears the story of Joan of Arc and is consumed with a desire to be called by her country. Hiding from her persecutors in a cellar, she hears strange sounds and voices, and hastens to tell the news to an officer who has befriended her. It develops that what she heard was a concealed wireless, and the voices of German spies. The parallel is worked out beautifully. Mabel Normand as Joan touches a point of artistry higher than ever before in her career. Even her feet are intelligent. This long delayed production is Goldwyn's best, and one of the best pictures dealing with war conditions in America.

#### HIGH STAKES—Triangle

J. Barney Sherry occupies a unique position—he is the one middle-aged man star with a romantic appeal. He has such vigor and virility that his iron-grey hair only emphasizes his youthfulness. In "High Stakes" he has the most interesting role that has been assigned him in a long time. The story hints at "Raffles" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and then takes an original twist all its own. The cracksmen reforms, and how completely he does so is proved by a finish that would have delighted O. Henry.

#### BAREE, SON OF KAZAN—Vitagraph

Baree, half wolf, half dog, is nearly the star of the picture which bears his name, "Baree, Son of Kazan." He protects his beautiful, halfbreed mistress from a brutal trader, and finally avenges the murder of the girl's father by killing the persecutor. It is taken from James Oliver Curwood's novel, which, in turn, contains a strong suggestion of Jack London's great story, "The Call of the Wild." It is a story of elemental emotions, done with power and beauty. Nell Shipman as the girl of the northern woods, is at her best, except for two braids of hair of unbelievable length, which detract from the effect of a performance otherwise perfect.

#### MISSING—Paramount

"Missing" is the first good picture J. Stuart Blackton has ever made, so far as my range of vision has carried me. It is so far superior to his three pictures from Gilbert Parker's novels that there is no understanding how it was done by the same man. It is a story of women and war, with the theme that rouses the emotions and holds the interest, at the same time establishing firmly the philosophy of the song and smile at home, when the loved ones are fighting. The plot has to do with the schemes of an elder sister who tries to make a young wife believe her husband is dead, urging her to marry a wealthy suitor, and with the faith of the wife and her fidelity to her love. Robert Gordon—Huck Finn a few weeks ago—blossoms out as a juvenile hero. Marcia Manon is charming as the pathetic little wife, and Thomas Meighan forms a striking background.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS CLIENT—Pathe

Here is a picture which is entertaining because it is a real mystery. "The Mysterious Client" is a story which  
(Continued on page 102)

# Cramping His Style

*Herbert Rawlinson says he can't find enough elbow room to be himself in the East, but he had the waiter scared*

By Alison Smith

**I**F a man has dimples, it is impossible to tell whether he is angry or not. So, when Herbert Rawlinson met me with the announcement that he was "tearing mad," I waited to be shown.

He was so angry, he insisted, that we must go somewhere to cool off. We found a tea room on a side street well off Broadway where I could sympathize with his wrongs over *café par-fait* and French pastry. That was easy. He could enlist your sympathies if he were describing an interruption by the police while he was robbing a safe.

This, however, was really righteous indignation. He had been to a pink tea "to please a relative," he said plaintively, and an "anaemic little parlor snake" (description by Mr. Rawlinson) had been running down California. He (the parlor snake) had called Los Angeles a rube town and Santa Barbara a desert station and San Diego the jumping off place. All this before an admiring audience of Eastern women with Mr. Rawlinson fretting and smouldering in the corner.

"I was getting so hot under the collar," he told me, "that I thought I'd better beat it. I kept thinking of what I'd do to him if I got him out on the range. I had one bit of satisfaction before I left," he added grimly. "When he stuck out his flabby little paw, I gave it the real California grip. You know. Like this."

He illustrated and immediately all my sympathies were with the parlor snake.

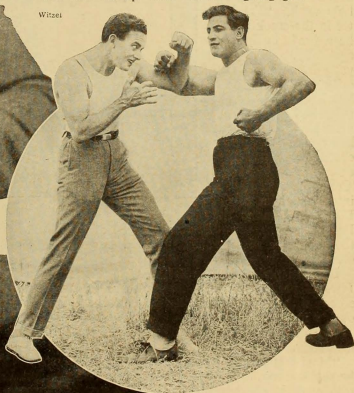
"He'll nurse that mit for some days," said Mr. Rawlinson, sweetly.

As soon as you meet this smiling youth you understand why he must belong to the West and the West to him. The film who's who for once, in its terse style, has the best possible description. "Rawlinson, Herbert," it remarks, "boxing, rowing, swimming, motoring, riding, fencing," and then, out of breath, it adds, "all-round athlete." He strides up Broadway with an air of roaming the plains and his method of crossing the street is simple but blood-curdling. He has rumped, non-skid hair, and direct blue eyes, and a jolly, direct grin. Even his dimples are direct, with no nonsense about them. He talks in gusts and illustrates everything he says with gestures which Western fiction writers describe as "free."

"Free," however, is too mild; they are violently eman-

To repeat—if a man has dimples, it is impossible to tell whether he is angry or not. And evidently that is what the heavyweight—no, it isn't Francis X.—is trying to find out. Perhaps Herb has the "fighting grin."

Witzel





ipated, and a menace to the china and silver. He has a convulsing habit of telling you the most lugubrious tales of woe from his past life, roaring with joy over them until you join hilariously in his glee over the glorious way in which he was stung.

Most of these adventures happened at the French school where he was educated. He gave me vivid, Peter Ibbetson pictures of a puzzled little English boy striving to understand the strange habits of his French classmates. Later he came to America where he promptly ran away with a circus having read, doubtless, that all American boys begin work in that way.

From the big tent, he drifted into a traveling stock company where, he said, "I doubled in brass." This, he explained impatiently at my interruption, is the gentle art of playing a horn in the overture and then ducking behind the scenes to make up as the villain and kidnap the heroine in the second act. All of these hap-hazard experiences gave him valuable training in stage craft and he was managing a company in Los Angeles when Hobart Bosworth discovered him and induced him to go into the pictures.

"In my first picture, I played a monk," he said and then he showed me how he looked as a monk. He might have been more convincing if he had not ended the impersonation with an unholy wink. "I'm better in the crook roles," he admitted, apologetically. "A good yegg drama is my favorite outdoor sport. We had some regular raids in Los Angeles," he added fondly. "I know my way over every roof and fire-escape in the city. 'Come Through' was an interesting film to do. I played Jimmy the Possum, a gentleman crook, foxy but on the level. All the cops were wise and used to help us out, and we had some grand little scraps."

I smiled politely but with the mental reservation that I would prefer not to be the chief raider in any of the scenes with Jimmy the Possum. His heart is too thoroughly in his work.

When I asked him about his plans, he grew serious immediately.

"Most men of my age have only one plan these days," he said soberly. "I am a year beyond draft age, but I'm making every effort to get over there as soon as my respon-

sibilities here are provided for. That thought is back of everything I am doing. I guess it's back of everything most everybody is doing."

For all his loyalty to "the coast" he admits that he is glad to get back to Manhattan, and that Broadway and Fifth Avenue look better than ever to him. It is his first visit for nine years, and he is getting all the thrills of a stranger in New York. Combined with this, is the delight of reunions with old friends like Hobart Bosworth and Ruth Stonehouse.

"I've met some bully new people too," he told me, to take the curse off the parlor snake. "Folks are about the same, regardless of the map. And there are a lot of things in the world beside climate and scenery. Even at that you people back here have the Palisades and Grant's Tomb. But say, do you remember Muir Woods on a Spring day?"

EP

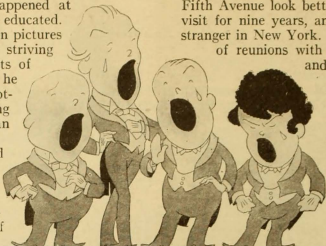
When two Californians get the "do-you-remember" the conversation becomes unintelligible to anyone born east of Tahoe. Ours was a glorious mixture of San Francisco fog and Pasadena sunshine and the color of the Berkeley Hills at sunset. It was fascinating to us but impossible to reproduce to anyone who is not at least a native son by adoption. By the time we had compared notes on our favorite "hikes" and swapped camping stories, we were both weak with laughter, his non-skid hair was waving wildly, the silver and china was all over the place, and a sedate waiter was hovering anxiously over our table. Suddenly, after a blacksmith's bang on the table, Mr. Rawlinson stopped soberly.

The waiter, standing solicitously near, was, I saw, alarmed at the bang. I chuckled inwardly, wondering if many of his patrons emphasized their

thoughts in such a forceful manner.

"I'm not really myself here," Mr. Rawlinson went on. "I feel subdued in the East. I wish you could interview me out West on a bright June morning. We could hop in my car and shoot out to Montecito, a mile a minute along the Santa Barbara track. I can't seem to get up any speed here but oh, lady, lady, how that country makes you feel!"

I gasped. If he was subdued here, what must be his idea of animation? I should dearly love to interview Mr. Rawlinson in California, but it would be from the safe shelter of a British tank, with insurance against shell shock.



## D-v-i-n-g!

**A** LLEGORICAL movies with devils, and owls, and nude extra girls with net angel wings. Anatomical clinics under the guise of historical dramas and sea legends.

Widow-robbing promoters of new picture companies.

Fabulous salaries (with a bare dozen exceptions.) Children who register delight by manifesting symptoms of St. Vitus dance.

"Uplift" photoplays by nasty-minded producers. The hokum about "ran four weeks on Broadway."

Weak-chinned cowboys.

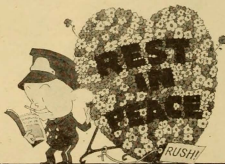
Young club men who go west.

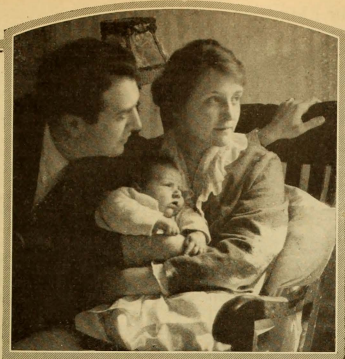
Shriners parades and Coffee Culture in Brazil.

Venerable ingenues.

Imitators (.....) Space for your own pet peeve imitator.

Middle-aged college boys.





# Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion picture people.

By CAL YORK

**SOME TIME** we are going to print a list of leading men who are married and have children but who refuse to be photographed with their families. Irving Cummings will not be among them, for he is shown above, with wife and baby, proving that he is not in the Agonized Archibald class.

**CONWAY TEARLE** has announced his marriage to Adele Rowland, the musical comedy star. Tearle's latest screen appearance is in support of Anita Stewart in "The 'Mind-the-Paint' Girl."

**SUCCUMBING** to tuberculosis, Benjamin C. Chapin, famous for his impersonation of Abraham Lincoln, died at a New York sanitarium. Mr. Chapin became seriously ill on Lincoln's Birthday when he went to the institution where he died. By an odd coincidence, Mr. Chapin's life work, "The Son of Democracy," a series of ten motion pictures depicting the life of the First American, was released on the same day that the actor went to the sanitarium, and he was unable to realize the financial benefits of his work, which to date have totaled nearly half a million dollars. Mr. Chapin was born in Bristolville, Ohio, in 1874. His resemblance to Lincoln caused him to impersonate the emancipator on the stage and later on the screen. It required five years for Mr. Chapin to produce the Lincoln Cycle.

**BILL HART** gave a party! The big Westerner made one of his periodic appearances in evening clothes at the military ball in honor of the officers of his regiment, the 150th California Infantry, or the "Bill Hart Two-Gun Men." Hart loaded a special train with feminine film stars, and from the moment the party stepped from the train at San Diego until it started back to Los Angeles after the ball at the Hotel Coronado, things moved at top speed. The grand march was led by Hart and Mrs. Colonel Farrell, and Colonel Farrell, commander of the 150th, and Katherine McDonald, Hart's leading woman.

**IT** is reported that Laurette Taylor is to appear for Artcraft in "Peg o' My Heart," her greatest success. There was some talk of obtaining this popular story for Anita Stewart, from Oliver Morosco; but J. Hartley Manners, the author, is said to have entered a vigorous protest and declared his rights, also those of his wife, Miss Taylor, who created the part.

**MONROE SALISBURY** in his new picture has pretty Edna Earle for his leading woman. It was Edna's first Western part; and she says, "I had to do

some real horseback riding, and I was rather frightened at first, but I got through whole, so it's all right now."

**FOLLOWING** a complete reorganization, Palalta Pictures Corporation is ready to take up again the making of photoplays. Palalta made its entrance into the industry in March of last year. Eighteen productions have thus far been completed. The studios will continue without let-up under the new executive direction. Robert Brunton will remain as manager of productions.



Edwin L. Hollywood directing Wm. Marion and Beth Hollywood in front of the White House at Washington for the first government propaganda photo-drama. Inasmuch as it is the first picture made directly by the government, Mr. Hollywood was given the use of all government buildings for exteriors and interiors. Many stage and screen stars donated their services.





Voila: Director Oscar Apfel pretending to show Warner Oland how to pretend to frighten Alice Lee, the Chinese actress, who is to pretend she is afraid, for the pretentious World production, "A Mandarin's Gold." Yep—that's the fashionable manicure of a real mandarin.

**WILLIAM D. TAYLOR** and Jesse Lasky were viewing "How Could You, Jean?" Mary Pickford's latest subject, which Taylor directed, when suddenly the operator stopped the film and said he couldn't run it any more. "Why not?" asked the surprised Mr. Lasky. "Because," replied the operator; "the studio's on fire." The fire was a real fire—the loss to the Lasky plant was figured at close to \$100,000.

**TOD BROWNING**, another of those directors who "assisted Griffith," is now with Bluebird directing Ella Hall.

**WELL**, Terry Ramsaye has put it over again. Some time ago, out of his fertile brain, came the idea of a fifteen cent coin. The idea was so good it found favor, not only with motion picture exhibitors, but with many great merchandising institutions. Ramsaye is the publicity inspirer of the Mutual Film Corporation. His head is an idea laboratory. Ramsaye pushed his pet idea so hard that it is now the subject of a bill just introduced in Congress to authorize the fifteen-cent coin.

**AFTER** the premiere of "Hearts of the World" in New York, George M. Cohan said to David W. Griffith: "Mr. Griffith, your play's there. It gets hold of the heart. That's all I can say. Why should a buck and wing dancer like me speak about art?"

**HARRY LEON WILSON**, the humorist, author of "His Majesty Bunker Bean," "Ruggles of Red Gap," the "Ma Pettingill" stories and innumerable others, is disposed to see the funny side of everything in the world, including himself, thus disclosing himself as a rare bird.

Mr. Wilson, who lives in Monterey forty miles from a gin fizz, opened his morning mail to find an invitation from a motion picture studio to submit "strongly dramatic plots, developing consecutive interest, their most important situations and their climaxes" for a number of stars, and offering to lavish one thousand dollars per plot on him—if the plots were acceptable.

Mr. Wilson, be it understood, is one of the highest paid fiction writers in the world, and I am not going past facts when I say that he receives in the neighborhood of two thousand, five hundred

dollars for each short story he turns out, and Heaven only knows how much for serials. Therefore, a thousand dollars per novel-length plot did not excite him. And this was the letter he dictated in reply:

*Let me recall your attention to the very ancient story of the fastidious diner in the cheap restaurant who gives the waiter elaborate specifications for the steak he wants. The waiter, when the diner has finished his long directions, says:*

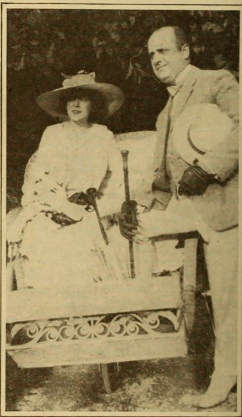
*"Mister, if there was a steak like that in the place, the Boss would eat it himself."*

**THE** newest recommendation for "going into pictures" is, according to the casting director for World: "I am the young lady who holds the record for selling the greatest number of Liberty Bonds in Cordele, Georgia."

**DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS** announces that picture rights have been secured for "He Comes Up Smiling," the play in which the comedian scored his biggest stage hit.

**THE** Chicago studios of the Selig Polyscope Company have been closed, confirming rumors that were current for over a year. It is stated authoritatively that practically all the studio activity will be concentrated in the Pacific Coast studios.

**DOROTHY JARDON**, from the varieties, is soon to appear in pictures, trade-marking herself as "the tigress of the screen."



Klieg eyes, that *bete noir* of all picture players, exiled Mme. Olga Petrova to Palm Beach for two weeks recently. The gentleman who is joining in the pleasures of the enforced vacation is her husband, Dr. John D. Stewart, a prominent surgeon, who fails to qualify for the Only Their Husbands Club by reason of the fact that as a high ranking specialist he is rather noted in certain benighted circles where Mme. Petrova is known principally as Mrs. Stewart.

**LITTLE MARY ANDERSON**, long with Vitagraph, is now engaged as Sessue Hayakawa's ingenue lead for his new company. She will appear in his first picture.

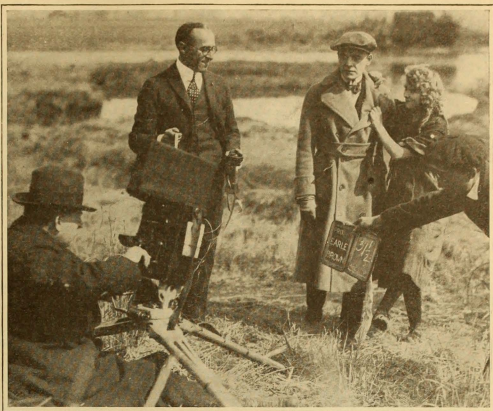
**RUTH ROLAND** and George Chesebro have been engaged to play the leading roles in the new Pathe serial, "Hands Up." The story deals with the traditions and ancient rites of the Incas. It is to be produced on the Pacific Coast under the direction of George Fitzmaurice.

**KAJ GYNT**, the Swedish actress who supported Ethel Barrymore in "The Eternal Mother," returns to Metro in the production of Edith Wharton's novel, "The House of Mirth." Miss Gynt for three years played leading roles at the Royal Dramatic Theater in Stockholm. In Strindberg's celebrated play "Easter" she played the part of Eleanor at a command performance before King Oscar of Sweden. Her motion picture debut was made with the Swedish Film Company.

"**THE WOLF-FACED MAN**" is the name of the new Pathe serial to be released sometime during the summer. The cast includes George Larkin, Ora Carew, Horace Carpenter, and others.

**EMILY STEVENS** has closed her theatrical season and returned to the Metro studio in New York to appear in a screen version of Rachel Crothers' play, "A Man's World," in which she will be directed by Herbert Blaché.

**HUGH THOMPSON**, the leading man who was seen in Fox productions for a long time, has left that organization and will be seen in the near future with Emmy Wehlen in "For Revenue Only," a



There used to be two Earles in the Vitagraph family—director William and actor Edward. "Ann Acushla" was one of director Earle's last pictures for Vitagraph, and here he is shown directing Gladys Leslie and Edward Earle on location. Director Earle is now with World; Edward continues with Vitagraph.

story by Katharine Kavanaugh, who won one of the prizes in PHOTOPLAY's scenario contest.

**JOHN BARRYMORE** has returned to the screen as a Paramount star. This announcement marks a continuation of his career with the Famous Players which was interrupted by his recent stage successes. His first play will be an adaptation by Charles E. Whittaker of Willie Collier's play "On the Quiet." Chester Withey, who was associated for a long time with Griffith, has been engaged to direct the picture.

**IF** Dustin Farnum discovered you and gave you a big part in his new picture, and wanted you to sign a contract to play more big parts, would you turn him down? The girl in this case was hidden away upon a 150,000-acre ranch in Arizona, where Farnum and his company went on location. The girl was pressed into service and astonished everyone by her natural talents. Mr. Farnum tried to prevail upon her to stay in pictures, but without success, as the young woman is happily married and says ranch life appeals to her more than a picture career. So far as we know hers is the only case on record.

**JAY BELASCO** is now a director. He's bossing himself and Ethel Lynne in a Christy comedy.

**FOLLOWING** "Captain Kidd, Jr.," Mary Pickford will make two more productions for Artcraft and then take a good long vacation in the mountains. Mary says she is going to buy a whole mountain and build a house. "And I am going to take a month's vacation and boss the carpenters. No—I won't wear overalls—all the screen ingenues do that; it's old stuff. I'm going to have a costume

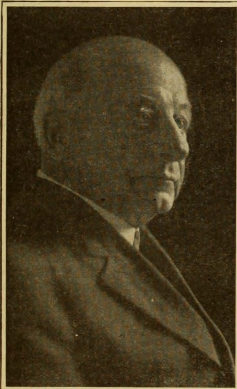


Louise Glaum and Bessie Barriscale talking over the old days when they were together at Culver City in Tom Ince's aggregation. Miss Barriscale has been a Palarta star ever since the inception of the organization; Louise Glaum has completed three pictures and says she's glad she joined.

especially designed for the part. I'll own all the animals I want, too."

**RALPH INCE** has a Tiffany gold wrist-watch with radium numerals on the face, and Ralph is always lifting his sleeve these days to show it off. Before, he vowed he would never, never wear one; but when Olga Petrova presented him with this in appreciation of his work with her, he changed his mind.

(Continued on page 101)



Russell Bassett, the grand old man of the movies, died last month at the age of 72. His career on stage and screen covered half a century, and he appeared with almost every great player of the time. He will perhaps be best remembered for his work with Mary Pickford for Famous Players.



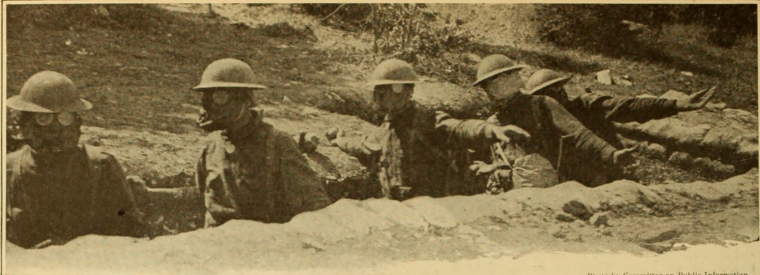


Photo by Committee on Public Information

# Educational Films

A department of service in the application of the motion picture to one of its greatest fields of usefulness

**W**HEN the youngsters of future generations come upon the obese volumes of history marked "1918" and "1919" they will find it recorded that one of the chief forces in marshaling the people behind the men behind the guns was the motion picture.

The screen's greatest educational work at present is being done in patriotism. The United States government is using millions of feet of film to assure Russia and other Kaiser-kidded countries that we are really in the war to the finish. And Uncle Sam has also made many pictures for home consumption—pictures showing the training activities of the army and navy—pictures that add heat to our melting pot and help to swing that ponderous pendulum, public opinion, around where it will come back strong along the right track with a big boost toward winning the war.

In reaching the people through the screen, the community house, next to the theatre, has been the chief rallying point.

What is a community house? Merely a schoolhouse with some common sense,—a schoolhouse for adults as well as children, for social as well as educational purposes,—one used evenings as well as day times, summers as well as winters. The community house is to a mere schoolhouse what an auto roadster is to a baby carriage.

As well as to the theatres, it is into these community

houses that Uncle Sam sends his pictures, to reach the people. Any school can secure these government films upon request to the council of defense of the state in which the school is located.

And in this sort of social work—part entertainment, part education—lies the present chief field of usefulness of the screen in the school. Although the greatest of all "school-ma'ams," the screen is very young and inexperienced in teaching and, not having been invited in, is waiting at the class-room door.

But in the school auditorium how she shines! There she sings and sparkles fiction and fact, romance and reality, travel, industry and news for the benefit of the whole school and the neighborhood as well.

Let's see how these live schools go about it to make use of the screen. Take, for instance, Jud, an earnest little place in North Dakota.

The folks around Jud wanted to get together. They became tired of seeing the school auditorium used only for occasional political meetings and the annual Christmas tree festival. They believed its usefulness should not cease at four o'clock. So they opened their eyes and saw the greatest socializing and

educational force of to-day—the motion picture. Finally the township purchased the electrical plant, for it was a township high school. The patrons of the school held a box social to help pay for the machine. The bal-

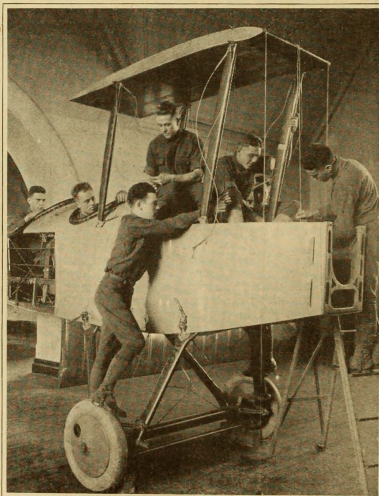


Photo by Committee on Public Information

Uncle Sam himself has gone into the educational moving picture field. His "Pershing's Crusaders," released by the Committee on Public Information, shows what the "Sammies" are doing both at home and "Over There." Panel at top of page shows them in the trenches. Directly above, how our boys are taught the intricacies of the war plane.

## Ask This Department

1. For information concerning motion pictures for all places other than theatres.
2. To find out the films suited to the purposes and programs of any institution or organization.
3. Where and how to get them.
4. For information regarding projectors and equipment for showing pictures. (Send stamped envelope).
5. How to secure a motion picture machine free for your school, church, or club.

Address: Educational Department  
Photoplay Magazine, Chicago

sources of free films as the United States government, the state institutions and the large number of industrial films.

Shows are held every Saturday night. The local band always furnishes the music. And the people are getting together—through muddy roads, blizzards and all. The whole plan is cooperative; the profits go back into better films and added equipment. And the folks around Jud are becoming better and more patriotic citizens.

Jud is typical. There are hundreds of "Juds" enriching the land. The extension division of the North Dakota Agricultural College is reaching the farmers of the state through use of the screen in 450 rural schools. There are thirty "Juds" in Chicago alone.

For another typical experience, let us pick on the little town of Mingo, Ohio. Read the enthusiastic story told by Principal Aughinbaugh of the Mingo schools.

"We have been running a public picture show for the past year. We got our start on borrowed funds with which we bought out a theatre. We soon wiped out the debt, added a second machine and a player-piano to our school auditorium and made many lesser improvements. There are now four other schools in the county following in our footsteps.

"Our first program consisted of "Cinderella," a five reel standard feature, a Burton Holmes travelogue and a cartoon comedy, all secured from a Paramount exchange. Since then we have run a show every Friday night and sometimes twice a week.

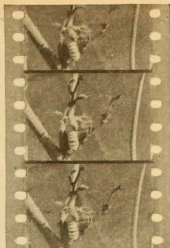
"And not long ago a farm near us changed hands at \$300 per acre which would not have brought half that sum a year ago. The purchaser said he wanted to live in 'a live neighborhood.' The movies are regenerating our rural districts, as well as the cities and towns.

"We do not use junk pictures. And we have gone into the study of projection with the preciseness of the laboratory in op-

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" becomes an even more vivid literary relic when shown "on the screen." Edison has done it with vim, vigor and veracity.

ance was made up by private subscriptions, later repaid from the profits. The search for the right films began. PHOTOPLAY's expert helped them out, furnishing them with films and putting them in touch with such splendid

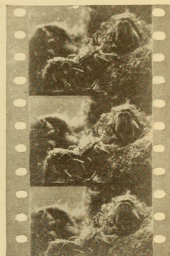
How the lowly caterpillar becomes the gorgeous butterfly is nothing short of a fairy tale when shown in moving pictures.



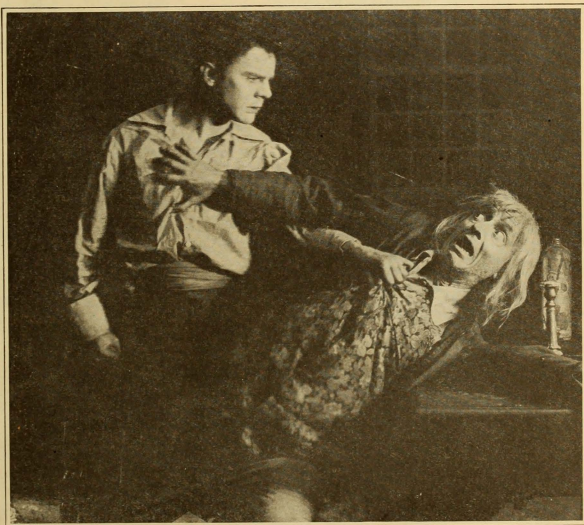
tics and light, and now our projection is better than that of some of our professional brothers. People with theatres nearer come to see the 'Mingo pictures.'

"At times we also use our machines for class work. I cannot see why any school should be without a picture machine, if its pupils and teachers are alive. Our purpose has been to give wholesome recreation and some education at small expense and we have notably accomplished this."

What Mingo has done thousands of other schools can do. And more and more educators are coming to believe, with Rex Beach, that "there is no more direct, effective way of driving home a fact or teaching a truth than through the picture. Words are feeble things compared with it."



"Strange Things of the Sea" is the title of a Curtis Educational showing weird, interesting creatures of the "Land of the Deep Water."





# "Uncle Ca

Harriet Beecher Stowe's anti-slavery classic—perhaps the greatest piece of democracy propaganda ever conceived—has now been done into moving pictures.

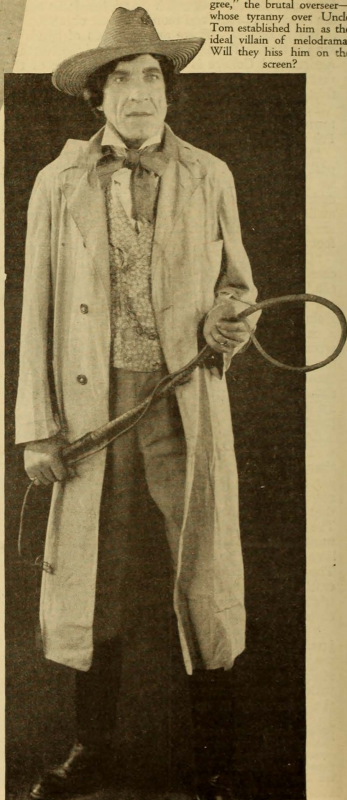
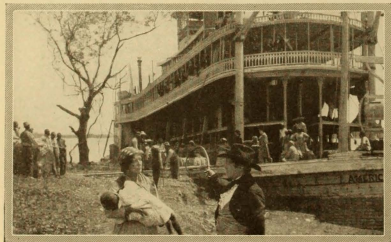
Walter Lewis as "Simon Legree," the brutal overseer—whose tyranny over Uncle Tom established him as the ideal villain of melodrama. Will they hiss him on the screen?

Marguerite Clark as "Topsy," the amusing little pickaninny who "just grewed." You remember "Topsy" is befriended by "Little Eva," who gives her her freedom.

"PROPAGANDA" today is a powerful and familiar word. Mrs. Stowe never used it, perhaps, in connection with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," yet who shall say it was not the purest and most successful propaganda exploited?

Written ten years before the Civil War, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" acquainted the entire world with the futility of slavery, produced a finer appreciation of humanity—a belief in democracy that germinated the ideals for which we are today fighting.

And now, thanks to the camera, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has reached another vehicle of expression. It is astonishing that the enterprising film people never before thought of it as a screen possibility. Paramount sent a company to Louisiana to make "Uncle Tom" on the original site. J. Searle Dawley is in charge of the direction of this classic. Famous Players is starring Marguerite Clark in both roles—"Topsy" and "Little Eva." Read by millions, seen in theatres by as many, a hundred million, perhaps, will see "Uncle Tom" on the screen.



# Tom's bin"



Above, in oval—Marguerite Clark as "Eva St. Clair," the lovely little daughter of a wealthy plantation owner. She meets Uncle Tom—as pictured at left, above—and persuades her father to buy him. St. Clair promises to free Uncle Tom—but neglects to do so; and little Eva dies in the old negro's arms.

Frank Losee as "Uncle Tom," the lovable negro murdered by the oppression of slavery as typified by Simon Legree. Forgotten after Little Eva's death, Uncle Tom is bought by Simon Legree; and when at last they come to set him free, it is too late—Uncle Tom is dead.



Florence Carpenter as "Eliza," the beautiful mulatto. Her escape with her child over the ice, tracked by blood hounds, is a memorable bit of stage history. It is even more thrilling on the screen.



# Dorothy Dal

*The slogan was of the  
othy was sensitive enough*

By John

ONCE upon a time, in the city of Chicago, Dorothy Dalton heard her mother say: "I Will." Dorothy was a mite of a girl at the time but the sound of the official slogan of the city of her birth had a musical ring to her ears and she distinctly liked it, even in her baby way.

This "I Will" was destined to play a very important part in the professional career of the Dalton girl. It manifested itself first, when, after a siege at a private school, D. D. got the idea into her pretty little head that she would like, better than anything else in all the world, to be an actress—a really, truly actress on the speaking stage. At the time motion pictures were not so popular as they now are and she paid less attention to them than she has of late years.

When Miss Dorothy's plan was laid before Pa and Ma Dalton, there was an instantaneous and pronounced parental veto to the scheme.

Then it was that the "I Will" came to the fore.

Dorothy merely informed her parents that she proposed to go on the stage, no matter what anybody—and this sweeping declaration, of course, took in Pa and Ma—had to say about it.

It was simply the "I Will" stuff sprouting in the youthful character.

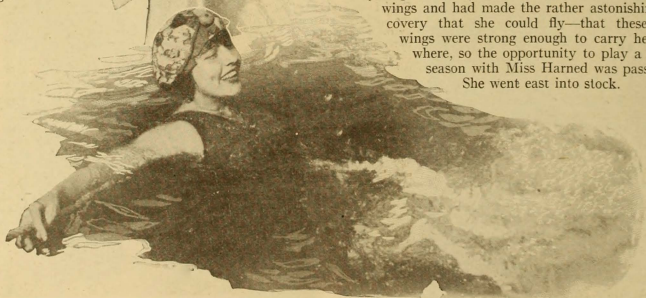
Of course Pa and Ma gave in—gave in gracefully, if not gleefully.

Was Dorothy a success on the stage?

She surely was. At least Virginia Harned, with whom she first played, in a splendid stock company in Chicago, said she was—and then wanted Dorothy to sign her name on the historic dotted line for another season, but the young woman by this time had tried her histrionic wings and had made the rather astonishing discovery that she could fly—that these same wings were strong enough to carry her anywhere, so the opportunity to play a second season with Miss Harned was passed up. She went east into stock.

Evans studio

This face and the will behind it nagged after Tom Ince until he suddenly discovered he was sorry he had been wearing the protective "I Am Blind" sign.



# ton's "I Will"

city of her birth, but Dorothy to take it personally.

H. Blackwood

Five theatrical years did Dorothy play in stock, in vaudeville with her own company and on the "big time," and in New York productions.

Then came an eventful summer when she was the leading actress of the Keith stock company, at Portland, Maine. This Keith organization as a rule only played four matinees a week and it was on one of her "off" afternoons that Dorothy Dalton went to see her first motion picture. It was Billie Burke in the Ince production of "Peggy."

Dorothy was captivated. It was a new phase of acting. She voted in favor of it by the time the first reel was half over. By the time the picture was finished, she had formulated another "I Will." This time it was a determination to become a screen actress—a star, if you please.

The only motion picture Miss Dalton ever had beheld, understand, was this Billie Burke one and it bore the Thomas H. Ince trade mark, therefore, argued the Chicago girl, Ince must be the only manufacturer of motion pictures in the world, and she forthwith sent him a telegram, merely addressing it to Los Angeles. This telegram announced with all the finality of Youth and Inexperience that Dorothy Dalton had made up her mind to go into pictures and that she had chosen Ince as the fortunate producer to procure her services.

The Ince answer was a bit disappointing and disquieting. It was to the effect that he had never heard of an actress by the name of Dorothy Dalton—and besides, he had no place for her.

Now mark the "I Will" character of the Chicago girl.

Was she discouraged? Not so you could notice it. She instantly sent in her resignation to the Keith management and wired to Ince that she was coming to California, to help him make motion pictures.

Three weeks later a dimpled young miss of just about twenty and two years showed up at Inceville. She had Thomas H. pointed out to her and with nary a show of nervousness or any of the kindred ailments, she went up to him and said "Here I am"—just like that!

Ince was compelled to ask for information as to the identity of his girlish visitor, and when he discovered it was the young lady who had wired she was coming all the way from Portland, Maine, he hemmed and hawed a bit before he told her that he was sorry that she had made such a long and tiresome trip but, really, you know . . . same old stall stuff that he had been

handing out to ambitious embryo Pickfords and getting away with it for a good long time, but it didn't seem to hit anywhere in the vicinity of Dorothy Dalton.

She only smiled upon Ince and said she'd be down the next day—perhaps there would be something then.

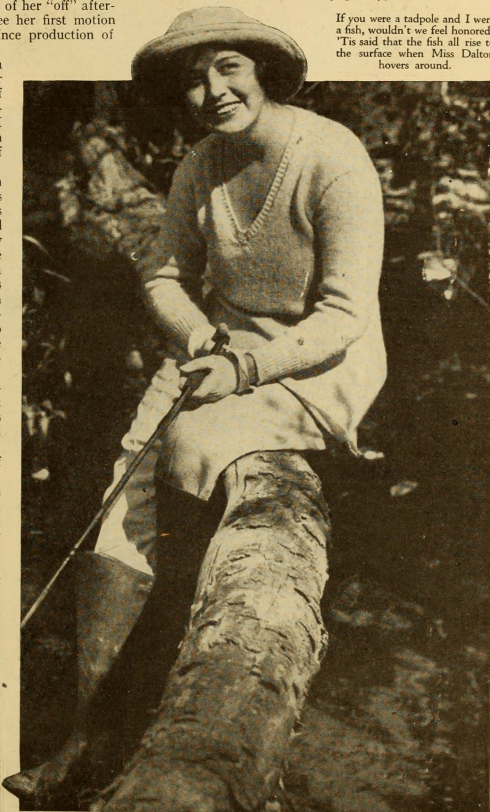
But there wasn't anything for her on the morrow nor for a good many morrows, but this didn't pique the Chicago young stock leading actress a bit. She continued to smile, flash a pair of wonderful dimples and an upper and lower set of dental furniture that apparently were well nigh 100 per cent plus, and then the inevitable happened!

One morning, Ince found an actress missing from his place of business. Sickness, temperament—no matter what the cause—it gave Dorothy Dalton a chance to show what she could do in front of the camera.

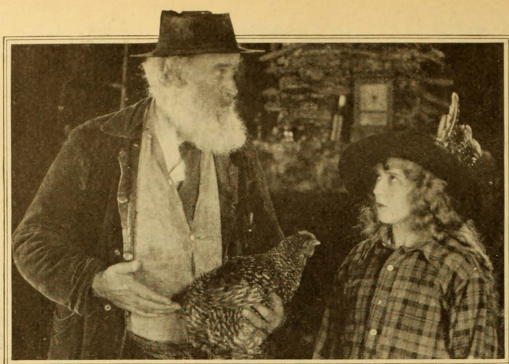
She didn't do a thing but photograph like the proverbial

(Continued on page 117)

If you were a tadpole and I were a fish, wouldn't we feel honored? 'Tis said that the fish all rise to the surface when Miss Dalton hovers around.

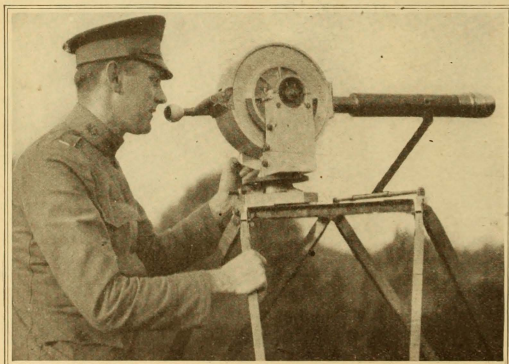
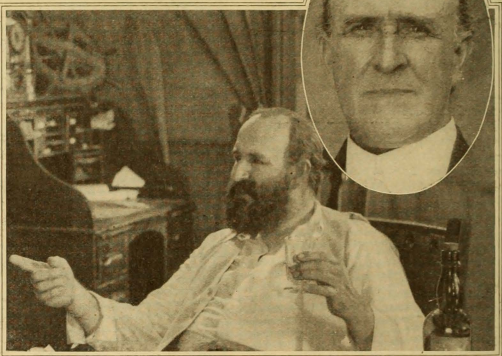






## The Sad Tale of Hildegard

**HILDEGARDE** is from one of the old Plymouth Rock families. There is no doubt that in the Mayflower there were some of her ancestors. But she has the misfortune to be a cripple; one of her limbs is shorter than the other. A limp prevents her ever becoming more than a character actress at best, in pictures. For Hildegard is an actress. Two years she has fought to gain recognition, but until Mary Pickford discovered her on location in "M'Liss," she never had a real chance. Mary took pity on her because of her misfortune and also because of her dramatic ability, and she induced Marshall Neilan to bring her back to play a rather important bit in "M'Liss." The director argued that there was one scene wherein she would be required to run—and this Hildegard could not do. "Then," said Mary, "we'll have a double for that scene, because Hildegard must



Brown & Dawson

have this role." Now that "M'Liss" is completed, Mary says she will adopt Hildegard. "Perhaps she will be most at home in my garden—with the chickens and other pets." And no doubt Mary is right—for Hildegard happens to be a Plymouth Rock hen.

## A Recipe for Whiskers

**WHENEVER** the directors on the Lasky lot want an actor to play a part calling for chin decorations, they give Theodore Roberts a few days' advance notice, and he shows up at the appointed time with a full grown crop. Roberts is now wearing a nine months growth, but not from choice.

"The worst thing about growing a

beard in motion picture work," says Roberts, "is that when you get started they won't let you stop. As soon as you get through one picture and get rid of one director, another grabs you and says, 'Hey, save that beard for me.'"

"A few weeks ago, just after I had finished playing one whiskered part, I started for home and the safety razor. But Mary Pickford stopped me. 'Oh, Mr. Roberts,' she said, 'I want you to play the part of my father in "M'Liss," so please do not shave off your whiskers.'"

And by the way—the white-bearded gentleman holding Hildegard in the picture at upper left is none other than the versatile Mr. Roberts.

## Photographing No Man's Land

**ONE** of the astonishing things in moving pictures is the fact that practically no improvements have been

made in the camera in ten years. This lends interest to a camera invented by Carl Akeley, naturalist, sculptor, and hunter of big game.

It is smaller and lighter, and has a gyroscope stabilizer which enables the operator to use it without a tripod.

The operator can watch the scene being photographed, exactly as it will appear on the film, by the use of an eyepiece that closes to exclude light, when not in use.

The camera can be focused without disturbing the film, by using a cutting device which perforates the celluloid.

A telescope can be attached for long-distance photography.

Mr. Akeley has placed his invention before the American government, and it has been adopted for work in France.

## Blanche Sweet's Double

THE camera says that on the screen she looks enough like Miss Sweet to be Miss Sweet herself.

And that's exactly why and how Claire Anderson got her screen start.

Miss Anderson, having been born back in Detroit some eighteen years ago, found herself out in California three years ago sans funds. She went to a newspaperman friend and told him she had to find work.

"You're good-looking," he said. "We'll try the movies. I know a man who knows a man who has a brother who—" et cetera. And so Miss Anderson came to interview Russell Smith, at Griffith's studio.

"If you only looked like Blanche Sweet!" wailed Smith. "She's left us and there are still some scenes to be taken in her last picture, 'The Escape.' . . . Say! Maybe you do look like her! Let's see."

So they gave her a film try-out, and, by George! she did!

That was her start. Then Mack Sennett made her an offer. She took it. For her first comedy, it was necessary for one of the girls to enter a cage of lions. All but Miss Anderson declined. She went into the cage and got friendly with the lions. That doubled her salary and got her a leading part.

When Triangle began casting around for dramatic talent, it chose Miss Anderson. Her first work was with Alma Rubens in "The Answer." Then she played *Mary Smith* in "The Servant in the House," and last but not least, she was awarded the title role in "Mlle. Paulette."

## Sartorializing with an Expert

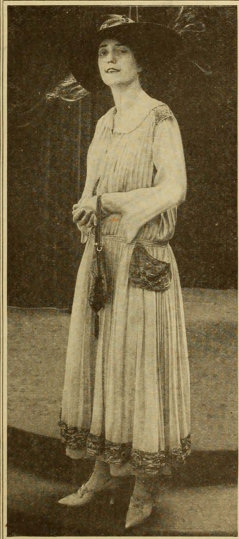
ALPHARETTE HOFFMAN is the costume director of the Famous Players-Lasky studios.

"Tell me," said a Mere Man who had been sent to interview her; "everything in the world about ladies' gowns and—well, things they wear."

Miss Hoffman smiled and said it couldn't be done—that is, she couldn't do it. "There's so much I don't know," she said.

But the Man persisted; and coaxed from her the following factlets:

She goes to New York four times a year on an average and visits all the modistes and de-



signers, and talks to them and absorbs their ideas.

Then later, perhaps, Cecil de Mille will come to her and say, "I want a gown for a girl who must look so-and-so"—that is, she is to represent a certain character or mood or quality.

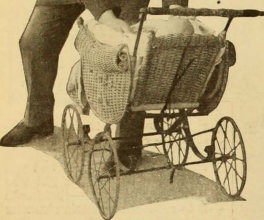
"Then I look at the girl and I think—Oh, I do a lot of thinking. Fast thinking, sometimes, too. And I say to myself—'last month I saw a pale gray with silver brocade—that would exactly express the character; yes, that is it.' Then I call to mind the ideas I have imbibed and design the dress accordingly. There's such a lot of it that is instinct."

"You see a designer of gowns is much like a politician—with her mind sensitive to the pulse of the period. Fashions are affected by conditions and we must feel these conditions and thereby mould the fashions. War—for example. See how it has touched the fashions with militancy. Many costumes are designed a year or more in advance. That is, a designer thinks of a model and puts it away in his brain wardrobe till the occasion for it is ripe—then he brings it forth and astonishes the world. As an example of the lengths to which we go I may say that Mr. deMille is spending something like \$75,000 for the gowns in 'Old Wives for New.'"





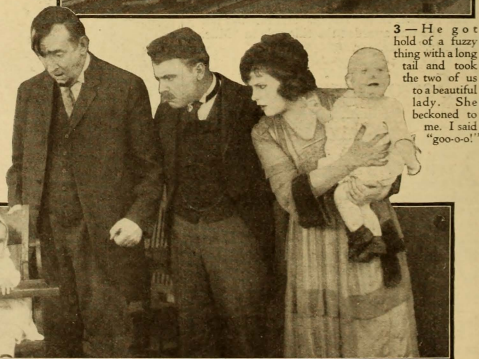
1—They got me out of bed at 7:30 this morning and then foolishly put me right back again. Suddenly I looked up and saw a cow or a lion with the end of the carriage in his mouth, pushing me back and forth. That clicking noise—from the camera—was going on and someone was yelling: "Push it off the scene, Teddy—that's a good dog." Teddy pushed and pushed.



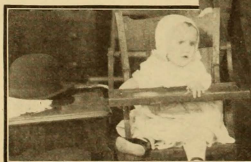
2—While I was discovering my whereabouts, a big loafer stooped over and picked me up as though I was a hot milk bottle. I was scared to death for fear he would drop me. I knew he hadn't carried many like me before.



4—"Here's where you register jealousy, kid," said a voice at the camera. I turned and there, to my great astonishment, saw myself sitting in a high chair. Or, if it wasn't me, it was another me. It had on a cap and it was pretty. I'd hate to be pretty; women make enough fuss over me as it is.



3—He got hold of a fuzzy thing with a long tail and took the two of us to a beautiful lady. She beckoned to me. I said "goo-o-o!"



# Bub's Diary

One eventful day in the life of a movie baby  
— posed by Charlie Murray and other  
Mack Sennett's, to say nothing of the dog.

5—I wanted the lady to hold me but this big loafer showed me the shiny thing that says "hello" and that helped a little. That person in the cap said "Ooogle-gloobah-baaa-a." Insolence! As though I didn't know the line was busy.



6—This loafer must have thought I was cold but I wasn't. Anyway, he got me upstairs but there wasn't any top to it and no bed room and no crib and bottle. I wish my mother hadn't educated me for dramatic work.



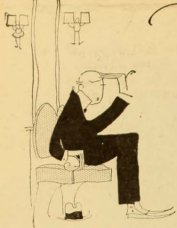
7—At last, someone who knew my anatomy! I like the shiny buttons, but they wouldn't let me play with them. Trouble was coming because the cow or the lion or whatnot, was hanging around again.

8—S'pose this thing had dropped me! "All right, Teddy," someone said. "Into the house. You've found the baby you stole, Teddy. Take it home. Good doggie." Why do they always call me "It?" What sacrifices we stars must make for the screen!

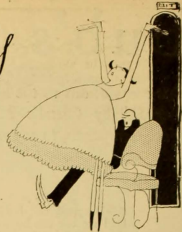




# Why-Do-They Do-It



THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, which was stupid, unlife-like, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.



## It'll Be Warmer for Bill Presently

A SCENE was depicted in "The Kaiser, The Beast of Berlin" that showed, in a heated argument between the kaiser and the captain, in the Royal palace, the breaths of these two blokes. It was very visible upon the screen. Is the kaiser observing "heatless" Mondays?

A CUB REPORTER, Wichita, Kas.

## You Don't Mean Samson, Do You?

SAY! what's the name of that incredibly strong man who played opposite Ethel Clayton in "The Whims of Society"?

When he was trying to burst open the door of her room, to save her from being asphyxiated you could see the whole wall bend.

Ye Gods!! such strength!!

I saw the same impossibility in one of Mary Anderson's pictures. One man was trying to annihilate another, by banging his head against a wall that gave every time his head came in contact with it. Would that every wall would give when I bumped against it.

L. M. F., Peoria, Ill.

## They Need this Prescription in France

IN "La Tosca" Mario, the lover of La Tosca, is tortured by spikes driven into his temples, which leave deep gashes. When he and La Tosca meet at the prison there is not a sign of a scar on Mario's temple. Magic, eh?

R. H. Boise, Idaho.

## Getting Wet Is Believing

IN "The Hillcrest Mystery" the hero leaves for home in a pouring rain. Just before he steps out into the street he puts out his hand to see if it is raining. The fellow must have been blind—not to have seen the downpour.

EDA CORLIN, Chicago.

## Boy, Page Mr. Baedeker

IN a recent Triangle picture the audience was informed by a sub-title that it was about to see the people and country town of "Lillyville;" yet strange to say the name "Florence" was distinctly shown upon the depot roof.

"READ," Meridian, Miss.

## Each Purl a Tear

IN "The Thing We Love," Kathlyn Williams appears to be very proud of a sock she is knitting and anxious to do her bit, still it is very evident to real knitters she does not know the first principle of sock knitting for she is trying to knit it up side down. The sock is apparently finished except the cuff at the top and we see her knitting away at the end which in reality is the beginning of the sock. It isn't being done that way—yet.

L. C., Toledo, Ohio.

## "Oh, Time in Thy Flight!"

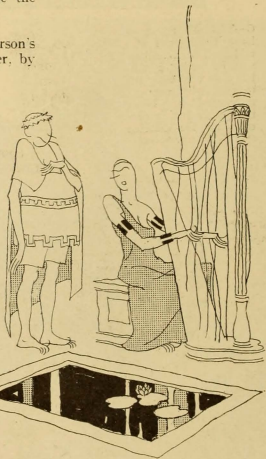
IN "The Cross Bearer," World, the Cardinal enters the Pope's sanctum at twenty minutes past two, and after completing his visit, leaves at ten minutes past.

G. C., N. Y. City.

## Again—Love Is Blind!

IN "Heart's Desire," Marie Doro, as the peasant girl, falls in love with the son of her landlord. She marries him in the end and a "closeup" shows their hands, with the ring on Miss Doro's right hand. Here, and I have always believed it was so in most places, the ring is worn on the fourth finger of the left hand. Is America different?

R. H. ADAMSON, Beverly, West Australia.



## Again—Cleo in Bad\*

WHOEVER wrote the photoplay "Cleopatra," starring Theda Bara, certainly should have studied ancient history. Some of the incidents of the play, such as Caesar leaving Cleo to be crowned king at Rome, are ridiculous, as they are not in accordance with historical facts. In this picture the Priest of Isis in Egypt was represented to be a man with flowing hair and beard, while history tells us that the Priests of Isis were compelled to shave their heads and faces. Which shall we believe?

In one scene, Cleo is seen playing a harp, the strings of which are so loose that the least shaking of the

instrument causes them to vibrate wildly. Now, anybody who has had any experience with harps knows that the strings in such condition would never produce music.

CHAS. BRUMBAUGH, Orange, N. J.

## Referred to Our Puzzle and Farm Editor

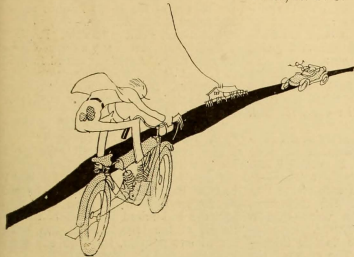
IN "The Land of Promise," Thomas Meighan is shown cultivating cabbage. In the distance we see corn flourishing as it would be in September. That evening Meighan makes the remark to his wife that they have been married six months. Their wedding taking place the 19th of September would make the time he cultivated the cabbage the 19th of March.

GRANT EVANGE, Bangor, Maine.

## Why, Barbara!

IN Theda Bara's "The Forbidden Path," she poses for a painting of the Madonna. Later, when it is unveiled, Barbara Reynolds says "She has a soul of innocence in her eyes." As a matter of fact, the Madonna's eyes are cast downward so that the eyes could not be seen at all.

R. G., N. Y. C.



## Shades of Speed and Benzine!

IN Carlyle Blackwell's picture "Leap to Fame," he slides down a rope off the roof when he sees the girl being kidnapped by the villain below. The slide soils the seat and legs of his light trousers a beautiful black. Blackwell then jumps on a motorcycle and after that rides on horseback to overtake the villains. Here one sees the same trousers perfectly clean.

NELL GROELING, New York City.

## Some Army Tactics

SOME time ago I witnessed the photodrama, "For The Freedom of The World."

Though the hero became a member of the Canadian army all the privates wore the American uniform!

By investigation I have learned that there is no law in the British army whereby an army officer and his wife can be court martialed and sentenced to death for being in each other's company while he is on active duty at the front. There are hundreds of officers' wives from England and Canada serving in the capacity of Red Cross nurses and various other divisions of the service, who often see their husbands, and I have failed to discover any case where there has been a court martial much less a sentence of death for violating what the scenario writer claimed was a law in the British army.

If, in real life, a man shot a woman with the gun the hero of the play used to shoot the heroine, that woman's body would be severed in twain. But we can do anything in the movies!

And too, a spy is not court martialed by the German high officials in Germany any more than the same is court martialed by high officials in this or other countries. The prisoner is court martialed and sentenced by a body of officers and men who are in the vicinity of the outrage, unless there is something unusual in the case, and there was not in the case under discussion.

Also, a prisoner sentenced to death has not the privilege of deciding whether he or she shall be shot blindfolded. That is already decided by the men in charge.

Of course, I'm not complaining—"I am only telling you."

GENEVIEVE MCADAM, Everett, Wash.

## From a Good Housekeeper

IN "Tarzan of the Apes," during one of those heavy tropical rains, a lion runs out in front of the camera and kicked up dust. I'm glad I don't live there.

R. H. HOOPES, Salt Lake City.

## A Long Operation?

IN "Wanted, a Mother," with Madge Evans, we are told that the operation is to take place at ten o'clock. During the operation the huge clock in the room says five minutes to nine and in the next instant it's a quarter to eleven.

EDNA M. A. C., Newark, N. J.

## Mr. Elliott to the Guard House!

WHY do soldiers, playing in motion pictures, salute superior officers when they are without a hat? They defy all military rules, at least Mr. Elliott did in "Joan of Plattsburg."

RUTH NOE, Toronto, Ont.

## In the Suburb Called New York

IN "The House of Glass," Clara Kimball Young returns to the city five years after she had broken her parole. She is afraid to appear on the streets for fear she will be recognized; in fact, she even fears to raise the shades. Doing so, however, after a period of hesitation, she peeks out and we catch a glimpse of a busy street scene in lower Manhattan. Later, we are shown exterior views of her house and find it a two-story brick building with broad terrace, white woodwork—typically suburban in style. There are even a few shrubs planted near the window. This is not the kind of home found in the shopping district of New York City.

CHARLIE DICKINSON, Richmond, Va.

## Two Bombs

IN "Riders of the Night," Metro, Viola Dana wears the most awful looking men's shoes imaginable but she wears them under beautifully clean and darnless white silk stockings. Some combination!

Another thing: Why don't actors and actresses really write the letters which are shown on the screen? Every real fan knows the average handwriting shown on the screen is not in keeping with the player's personality. Are they afraid of writer's cramp or haven't they the time?

MARGARET DENISON, Denver, Colo.

## Perhaps His Head Was Bald

IN "The Crisis," one of the foremost characters in the play, a Southern gentleman, kept his hat on in the house. He even sat at his own dining table with his young daughter while his hat remained upon his head. Did he wait for her to be seated first at table? he did not. Since when have southern gentlemen who are recognized the world over for their politeness to women, their graceful manners and their chivalry, adopted such customs?

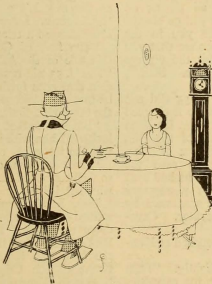
Why, oh why, do northern directors attempt to make southern pictures? The north knows nothing about the south and never will.

"REBEL," Lexington, Ky.

## Chaplin Subtlety

IS there not something fine and splendid in the sight of Chaplin's dog, in "A Dog's Life," caring for the brood of little puppies—the dog being of the masculine sex?

W. R. W., Chicago.





# The Eagle's Eye

(Continued from page 53)

Why was Karl Boy-Ed in Newport? The answer was not long in coming. From the wharves came the sound of whistles and of sirens. Then the news seemed to radiate along the street—the U. 53 had arrived in port, having crossed the ocean ostensibly to pay a visit to America and to—

Dixie knew that it was something more than a simple visit to America. For one thing, it was to pick up Boy-Ed and von Papen. Another was—but that was what Dixie did not know.

But look! A submarine officer in German uniform was entering the grocery store. Dixie watched close, made arrangements with her cab driver for a speedy pursuit the minute he came forth, then waited. The officer was Captain Rose of the U. 53, at that moment paying his respects to Captain Karl Boy-Ed, and listening to the words of the former naval attache to the Imperial German Embassy.

"Everything is all right," Boy-Ed was saying. "Von Papen will join us at East Machias—after we have touched there for supplies. And in the meanwhile, here is a list of every ship that has left New York in the last twenty-four hours, their weight, names and destination. It will be an easy matter to pick them up. Now how many torpedoes are you carrying?"

"Six."  
"That will be enough for our first raid. I have made arrangements for ten more to be supplied us when we touch for von Papen. What arrangements have been made for taking me on board?"

Captain Rose of the U. 53 smiled.  
"When the crew sees us coming, they will open the U boat for a short visit by the spectators who are crowding around it. They naturally will all throng on board. As they do so, we will go aboard also. No one will notice you in the crowd. Then, as soon as we see that you are safe, we will shunt out the visitors and proceed to our business. Simple, isn't it?"

A half hour later, the U. 53 slid out of Newport harbor. And while it churned on its way to the open sea, Harrison Grant stood in the shadow of the Ritz Carlton, watching the window of Mrs. Blank's apartment. He had seen the shade rise and fall. Further, he had seen Bernstorff enter the secret passageway and travel to Mrs. Blank's apartment by means of the freight elevator. Cavanaugh came to his side.

"The Submarine U. 53 touched at Newport," he advised.

"So?" Grant smiled slightly. "Then we can be on the lookout for casualties in the morning. It did not come merely for a visit."

And had he been in the apartment of Mrs. Blank, we would have been certain of his statement. For while Blank listened from behind the portiere, Ambassador Bernstorff asked the privilege of receiving a few telegrams there.

"The U. 53 has just touched at Newport. I think before many hours have passed, there will be a great deal of information for me."

And Blank, with that much informa-

tion, was already hurrying to a telephone that he might make arrangements for a series of short selling on maritime stocks—that he might reap the harvest of Bernstorff's information.

Far out in the open sea, only the periscope of the U. 53 was visible. In the submarine itself, Captain Rose was looking through that periscope and giving orders. He turned sharply:

"I see the Strathdene, a British freighter. Be ready to fire on it!"

"A torpedo?" Boy-Ed asked the question quite casually as he came forward. "Certainly."

Signals sounded in the submarine. Hurdled the engine of destruction was made ready as the U boat maneuvered into place for the firing of its shot. Then—

From a locker at the wide of the tiny main compartment of the submarine, came a sound—then a voice—then a woman as she leaped forward.

"You're not going to do this thing—please!" she begged. The crew of the U. 53 stared at her as though they would stare at a ghost. At last Karl Boy-Ed summoned a smile.

"So it's Heinie von Lertz's little friend, Dixie Mason!" he announced. "The little lady isn't the friend we thought she was. Perhaps she belongs to the Secret Service—"

Captain Rose turned to his men.  
"Hurry with that torpedo!"  
"Stop—in the name of—humanity!" cried Dixie Mason.

"Humanity?" Boy-Ed leered at her. "I don't recognize the name. It must be about time to fire the torpedo, Captain."

The answer of Rose was a signal to the crew. A moment later came the crashing sound of an exploding torpedo as the Strathdene went to its grave in the Atlantic. Later, in New York, Bernstorff showed a telegram to Mrs. Blank.

"The first of Germany's offensive on this side of the Atlantic," he announced. "The U. 53 will remain some time. Every ship that goes forth from New York will be torpedoed before it is ten miles beyond the three mile limit."

"But how is that possible?" Mrs. Blank looked at him with innocent eyes. "Where will the torpedoes come from?"

"From a base on the Maine coast, so well concealed that even I do not know where it is."

Mrs. Blank laughed, then rose. She walked to the window and looked casually down the street. In the shadow of the Ritz Carlton was the figure of the man she had seen there for days—Harrison Grant of the Criminology Club. Still talking to Bernstorff, then apparently giving up the thought of writing, crumpled the paper, and walked to the window again. A minute later, Grant was staring at the paper which had fallen from the window above. It read—

"Submarine base on Maine coast. Take precautions."

Grant turned to Cavanaugh who had come to his side.

"We must notify the navy at once!"  
And while the radio stations were sending the messages to the destroyers and warships, the U. 53 was continuing its

task of destruction. The Stephano, the Bloomersdyk, the Christian Knudson all had been sent to the bottom, while Dixie Mason had been forced to watch the explosion through the periscope and while the officers of the U. 53 laughed at her and railed at her. And now—

"The West Point is in sight. Ready!"  
Again Dixie Mason saw a torpedo being brought forth. Again she leaped forward to protest against this hidden menace of destruction. But again only laughter met her. Dixie turned upon the officers of the U. 53 and Karl Boy-Ed.

"You cowards," she stormed at them, "you thieving, sneaking cowards!"

Her angered eyes caught sight of a heavy wrench, left where a member of the crew had tightened one of the heavy bolts of the engines. She leaped toward it. Before Boy-Ed and Rose could stop her, she had seized the wrench, thrown herself at the torpedo as it was being hauled into position, and with one great blow, smashed the propeller.

"Our last torpedo!" shouted Rose.  
"We've still got the gun!" came the answer of Boy-Ed. "Emerge and shell the ship—quick! Stromberg! Watch this little she devil until we come back."

Already the submarine was rising to the surface. A moment later, Dixie Mason, facing the sullen Stromberg, heard orders from above, then the booming of a three-inch gun. She knew the rest—the West Point was being shelled to its destruction.

Dixie allowed her eyes to rove about the little chamber. A tiny wall desk was before her—merely a shelf attached to the side of the submarine, upon which papers were scattered. Then she closed her eyes, and leaned wearily against the wall, while from without there came again the sound of the gun, shelling the West Point. Stromberg watched her a moment, then turned toward the bolt of the engine, again loosened. Only for a moment—but that moment was enough. For in that time, Dixie had reached the desk, seized the papers which her eyes had selected, glanced at them, then run for the companionway.

"Longitude 66, latitude 44," she murmured, that she might memorize them the better—"call at base situated at longitude 66, latitude 44—"

Up the companionway and out upon the deck. At the gun, one of the crew turned and shouted. But too late. Dixie Mason had run far to the end of the deck of the U. 53, given a great leap and was in the water, swimming with all the strength she could summon.

Shouts from the deck. Shouts and curses and orders. Then an order in a new tone—from Karl Boy-Ed, staring into the distance with a telescope.

"It's a United States destroyer!" he shouted. "Let the girl go! Submerge at once!"

An hour later, Dixie Mason, nearly exhausted, felt herself lifted into a boat by the strong arms of a sailor.

"Get me to land, quick!" she ordered. "I have important information—about a submarine base!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

(Continued from page 87)

**E.** MASON HOPPER of Metro had eight extra men working under him recently, whose combined ages total 560. The oldest is ninety, and he insists upon calling all the others "mere boys." Their picture is "As the Sun Went Down."

**"MUTT,"** the little white dog who co-starred with Charles Chaplin in "A Dog's Life," is dead. Mutt died of a broken heart and self-starvation. Although he had everything to live for, at the studio, the absence of his master, who was touring the country for the Liberty Loan, denied the little mongrel of the one thing he wanted—the loving attention of Charles Chaplin. Chaplin has not yet been told of "Mutt's" passing.

**D. W. GRIFFITH** in Philadelphia consummated a clever publicity move. The local board of censors objected to certain scenes and sub-titles in "Hearts of the World" on the eve of the opening performance. As a great many tickets had already been sold, the management returned the money and gave an undelated exhibition of the picture without charge. The lobby was filled with attacks on the censors and the morning papers ran stories of the affair entirely favorable to the picture; and the decision of the board was appealed before the Common Pleas Court, which ruled, after seeing the film, that it was useful in the fight against Germany and suggested a compromise. Only two scenes were deleted; and "Hearts" is in Philadelphia for a long run.

**THERE** are 2,080 stars in the Pathe service flag. Ferdinand Zecca, the new director general of productions who arrived recently in New York from Paris, says that more than 2,000 French, English and Italian employees of Pathe have served in the ranks of the Allies. More than 80 men have responded to the call to the colors in the United States and the list is rapidly growing.

**CLOSELY** following the statement that the Franklin brothers were to direct Norma Talmadge, came the announcement that C. M. Franklin had enlisted in the National Army. His work will be carried on by his brother Sid Franklin, who has a film under way in the Talmadge studios. This team of directors was responsible for some of Norma Talmadge's earlier successes in the first days of Triangle. Now Sid Franklin has quite a two-man reputation to sustain.

**I**F the sincerest praise is praise from a child, then Emmy Wehlen ought to feel very much flattered. Baby Ivy Ward was working on the Metro studio floor with Emily Stevens between scenes for her own picture. Miss Wehlen was watching the progress of her sister star's new film. Ivy looked wistfully at the glittering fig-

ure, will boss his own wife, Bessie Barriscale, round the Paralta lot; and his first picture is "The Rainbow."

**HAZEL DALY**, perhaps best known as the devoted little "Honey Skinner" of the Essanay Skinner stories with Bryant Washburn, recently learned to swim a perfect breast stroke in two weeks at a Chicago natatorium—an achievement which, according to her swimming instructor, requires three months' hard practice on the part of the average feminine beginner. Miss Daly took the swimming course because her gypsy-girl role in "The Little Rowdy" requires a considerable amount of shady-woodland-pool swimming stuff. She is now with Selig in California.

**ERNEST TRUEN** and Shirley Mason appear in the first John Emerson-Anita Loos production for Paramount. It is a story of camp life, with "Ernie" cast as a soldier and Shirley a secret-service operative.

**PEARL WHITE'S** ambition to do something for the Government may soon be realized, as she is now in Washington, the guest of the War Department.

**W**ITH a sigh, we Underwood this one: Viola Dana previous to her departure from the Coast for New York, auctioned off her famous menagerie, which included a donkey and goldfish.

**A**ND we weep as we record this: Madge Kennedy has beautiful hands, and a certain modeler, impressed, desired to perpetuate them. He could not understand Miss Kennedy's refusal upon hearing that he was a modeler—not in clay, but in soap. She said she couldn't bear to think of being in everybody's wash-tubs.

**B**UT the best of all, dear readers, is this: Beverly Bayne each day receives white violets, from an anonymous admirer.

**MAURICE TOURNEUR** will make a series of motion pictures presenting Mother Goose and other nursery stories, for the Keith Vaudeville Circuit.

**H**OUSE PETERS and Anna Lehr have the leading roles in a new stage rights feature.

**JAMES K. HACKETT** has gone to the Coast to make a feature film. Long, long ago Hackett appeared in a screening of "The Prisoner of Zenda."  
(Continued on page 111)



Yes—it's Bill Hart in a dress suit, dancing with Mrs. Colonel Farrell at the ball given by Hart to the officers of the 159th California Infantry at the Hotel Coronado in San Diego. Mrs. Farrell is the wife of Col. Leonard M. Farrell, commander of the 159th—the "Bill Hart Two-Gun Men," of which Bill is god-father.

ure, dressed for the scene, and two tears rolled down her cheeks. "Nobuddy," she announced to the world in general, "will interduce me to the pretty lady in the blue dress." An assistant director led her to the object of her admiration. "Why, those are real tears," exclaimed Miss Wehlen. "Did you cry them for the scene?" "No," replied the child; "I cried them for you. But now I don't want to cry any more." Then the two actresses had a real heart-to-heart chat.

**H**OWARD HICKMAN is no longer an actor. He's decided to give it all up and try his hand at directing. Hickman



(Continued from page 82)

is so full of inconsistencies that the spectator feels a distinct mental superiority to everyone connected with the production, and then when the end comes realizes that all the flaws he discovered were logical and necessary. This sounds intricate, but it is quite simple, and because it is mysterious, no part of the plot will be revealed here. The scenario, by Roy Somerville, is remarkably clever; the story was by Charles Dazey. The cast is headed by the brilliant trio, Irene Castle, Warner Oland and Milton Sills, who nearly made even "Patria" good. Caesar Gravina, an Italian comedian, is worthy of being starred. This is an opportunity for a producer who wants to turn out comedies that do not rely upon acrobatics for their effect.

## STOLEN ORDERS—Brady

William A. Brady's first production since leaving World is an eight-reel version of the noted melodrama, "Stolen Orders." The original has been transposed into an American plot, bringing all its thrills with it and adding a few more. The general effect is an Ivan shocker superimposed upon a Pathe serial. The acting of Montagu Love, the charm of June Elvidge, the four remarkable fur sets of Kitty Gordon, and the innate nobility of Carlyle Blackwell embellish the action. It is another proof of the fact that five reels suffices for almost any story.

## PEG O' THE PIRATES—Fox

As "Pay Day" satirizes melodrama, "Peg o' the Pirates" burlesques the familiar tale of the Spanish Main and the kidnapped damozel. It would make a wonderful libretto for a musical comedy of the Gilbert and Sullivan sort. How the burly and bewiskered desperadoes step lively to the trickeries of their dainty captive must be seen to be appreciated. It is Peggy Hyland's best work since she came to these shores two years ago. Frank Evans as Captain Bones is a truly terrifying gent.

"The Triumph of the Weak" (Vitagraph)—Alice Joyce as a mother who steals to save her child from starvation, goes to prison, is paroled, marries without telling her husband the truth, and is blackmailed by a former confederate; a sombre but vivid role for Miss Joyce.

"Her Decision" (Triangle)—Gloria Swanson proving her right to stardom in the story of a stenographer who marries her employer to get money to save her sister from disgrace; the only J. Barney Sherry as the employer.

"A Daughter of the West" (Pathe)—a melodrama in which the principal characters are known to their intimates as Daredevil Gordon and Rawhide Pete; "Baby" Marie Osborne and Sambo provide atmosphere.

"Wolves of the Border" (Triangle)—Roy Stewart—is a story of a triangular feud involving neighboring ranchers and a band of outlaws; it is hard to believe there can be so much shooting in the wild west and so little killing. Perhaps this bad marksmanship is what makes the wild west so wild.

"True Blue" (Fox)—an English remittance man unexpectedly falls heir to an earldom, deserts his American wife and young son, and the son grows up hating his father, only to heap the proverbial coals of fire at last; William Farnum as the son; an artificial story with little heart in it, except for the first reel.

"All Woman" (Goldwyn)—Mae Marsh in a very diffuse story of small town politics, dissipation and intrigue; this star has yet to find the director who understands how to make the most of her pathetic winsomeness.

"The Street of Seven Stars" (Le Luxe)—the too common mistake of trying to put everything in a novel into a picture, resulting in chaos; Doris Kenyon, smiling and pretty, but lacking in dramatic force.

"The Firebrand" (Fox)—Virginia Pearson as a Russian princess in a story of the betrayal of Russia by aristocrats; very thrilling.

"Cecilia of the Pink Roses" (Graphic Films)—Marion Davies in a story where hardly anything happens until the fifth of the seven spools; pretty but tiresome.

"Reclaimed" (Harry McRae Webster)—Mabel Julienne Scott, one of the most beautiful and talented of screen actresses in a melodrama so silly that it is almost as funny as the Drews' "Pay Day," though not intentionally so.

"Blue Eyed Mary" (Fox)—A typical bit of June Caprice confectionery, in which a sweet ingenue reconciles a long estranged father and mother, and, of course, marries.

"For Sale" (Pathe)—Gladys Hulette in the oldest movie story in the world—the poor girl who marries her employer in name only to get money for a worthless sweetheart, and finally falls in love with her husband; Miss Hulette doing her best work in her worst story; Creighton Hale as the husband.

"More Trouble" (Pathe)—Frank Keenan as a comedian; a son comes home from college, followed by a flood of debts which he disowns, precipitating a melodrama of high finance; clean, lively.

"A Broadway Scandal" (Bluebird)—Carmel Myers looking a lot like Constance Talmadge in a clean, snappy melodrama which is twice as long as it needs to be.

"Lend Me Your Name" (Metro)—Harold Lockwood playing both of a pair of grown-up twins, and changing places with himself, in a hilarious farce comedy; Bessie Eyton and Pauline Curley as the sweethearts of Lockwood and his other self; a mistaken identity yarn, taken on the gallop, with beautiful backgrounds.

"A Game With Fate" (Vitagraph)—Stalwart Harry Morey and beautiful Betty Blythe in a story you wouldn't believe if I told you; a man bets he can get himself sentenced to death on circumstantial evidence, for a crime that was never committed, and nearly goes to the chair for it.

"Viviette" (Paramount)—Vivian Martin as the storm center between a jealous lover and his more polished brother; intensely emotional, but clean and beautifully done.

"Love's Conquest" (Paramount)—Lina Cavalieri, the beautiful, as a duchess of sixteenth century Athens, who finally succumbs to a noble-hearted though lowly lover, who serves her faithfully at his dire peril; rather ponderously acted.

"Ace High" (Fox)—Tom Mix in a thrilling melodrama of the well known Northwest, saving a child from death in the snow, saving her from a foster father and marrying her.

"A Square Deal" (Mutual)—Margarita Fisher in a light comedy proving something or other about the proper place of a wife being the fireside.

"The Man Hunt" (World)—Ethel Clayton as a gentle cave woman; she swoos and captures a protesting lumberman, who is determined not to fall in love with her. A pleasing picture.

## By Staff Reviewers

### WHEN MEN BETRAY—Ivan Abramson

"When Men Betray" is the reason for censorship. It has an assorted lot of villains who go methodically to work to "betray" every woman in the cast. These affairs range from the wealthy matron and the clubman to the maid and butler, but all are equally tiresome and disgusting. Gail Kane did her best with an absurdly tragic role. It is a picture which should be kept from children and adults both. If it was passed by the National Board of Review, the board may as well go out of existence for all the protection it is to the public.

### BELIEVE ME, XANTIPPE— Paramount

Wallace Reid and Anna Little have made "Believe Me, Xantippe" as engagingly foolish as it was on the stage. The adventures of the inventive young man who commits forgery on a bet that he can elude capture, lend themselves delightfully to screen comedy. The sub-titles make the most of occasions for slang.

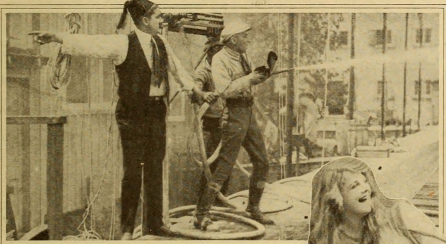
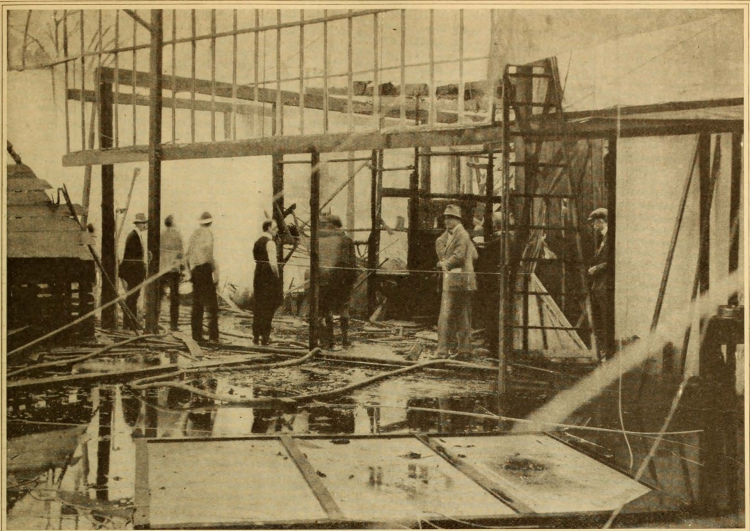
### OLD WIVES FOR NEW—Arcraft

It is extremely difficult to build up a pleasing romance upon a foundation of divorce. Add to this difficulty the displeasing fact that "Old Wives For New"

contains scenes of disgusting debauchery, and you can appreciate the failure of this elaborate, beautiful and well-acted picture. A man of fine instincts, whose wife becomes lazy, slovenly, and horribly fat, falls in love with a woman of his own type, and eventually everyone is happy. There is some power displayed in the telling of the story, but it leaves a nasty taste. The cast is remarkable—Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Florence Vidor, Theodore Roberts, Marcia Manon, Helen Jerome Eddy, Edna Mae Cooper, Gustave Seyffertitz, Tully Marshall. Cecil B. DeMille directed, and seemed to revel in the most immoral episodes.

(Continued on page 104)

# A GREAT FIRE THAT DIED IN INFANCY.



Above—The gentleman in shirt-sleeves is Jesse Lasky; the time is half an hour after the fire started. The fire is now history, and twenty minutes later, actual reconstruction, in the form of temporary shoring for an all-steel frame to supplant the charred and ancient wooden one, will have commenced.

LAST month the tightly-packed Lasky lot, in Hollywood, had a hundred-thousand-dollar fire that was a miracle for not becoming a million-dollar one. It happened in the middle of a busy afternoon, and started in an old wooden building on the north side of the enclosure. It destroyed a storeroom, a quantity of film and is said to have damaged the color processes upon which the Lasky people have been working for many months. But the marvel is that it didn't spread to stages, offices, store-rooms and other buildings. The fire was stopped—by the Hollywood fire department and the whole studio force.

Theodore Roberts and Wanda Hawley seem to think the fire isn't going to amount to much. Mr. Roberts is arrayed as some sort of Oriental monster in "We Can't Have Everything." Above, Tully Marshall plays the hose and Ernest Joy, in the fez, directs.





# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 102)

## HIS OWN HOME TOWN— Paramount

"His Own Home Town" is a drama of the under dog with Charles Ray in this characteristic role. He does not remain the under dog, however, but returns to the town which despised him, cleans up its politics and marries his boyhood sweetheart. Ray is at his best in this wistful picture of misunderstood youth.

## A SOUL FOR SALE—Bluebird

"A Soul For Sale" pictures the struggles of two elderly roués for the possession of a young girl, played by Dorothy Phillips. She is finally rescued by the athletic hero. It is an unsavory theme, developed with crude, melodramatic force.

## THE OLDEST LAW—World

"The Oldest Law" follows the adventures of a young bachelor who engages a pretty country girl to "entertain his men friends" as housekeeper in his establishment, and then is surprised when the world misunderstands his good intentions. The intelligent acting of June Elvidge makes the play entertaining, though not plausible.

## THE INTERLOPER—World

In "The Interloper," Kitty Gordon is a bride who is tormented by the virtues of her husband's first wife. An obliging

friend proves that the wife was not so virtuous after all which make everything all right again. The film owes whatever merit it has to the skillful direction of Oscar Apfel.

## A RED-HEADED CUPID—Triangle

The "Red-Headed Cupid" is Red Saunders himself, who most unselfishly unites his cowboy pal with the pretty girl from the city. Roy Stewart makes a lovable Saunders and the director has brought out all the dry Western humor that made the stories so popular in print.

## THE ACCIDENTAL HONEY- MOON—Raph

"The Accidental Honeymoon" is a frankly frivolous story of a young man and woman, forced to pose as bride and groom. The usual farcical complications, which follow are so naively presented that they are not even questionable. This is largely due to the good taste of Robert Warwick and Elaine Hammerstein, as the honeymooners in name only. The action has caught the atmosphere of the farm in which it is staged—an adorable farm with pigs and everything.

## WHO IS TO BLAME—Triangle

"Who Is To Blame" is a really original treatment of that unoriginal problem—marital infelicity. The husband and

wife are separated by a vampire, who is just about to triumph when she is trapped by the Japanese servant. Jack Abbe plays the servant with all the delicious dignity of the California house-boy, and is worthy of a play written about himself.

## \$5,000 REWARD—Universal

"\$5,000 Reward" is interesting solely because Gloria Hope makes you care so very much about what happens to the little heroine. She frees Franklin Farnum from a murder charge by intriguing a confession from the real criminal. Miss Hope plays the role with far more originality and imagination than the author showed in writing it.

## THE GOLDEN GOAL—Vitaphone

In "The Golden Goal," Harry Morey is a burly longshoreman whose life is nearly ruined by a scheming society woman and entirely redeemed by a noble stenographer. Morey gives a genuine and powerful picture of the lovable, uncouth laborer and his clumsy struggles to get out of his class. Florence Deshon is his Delilah.

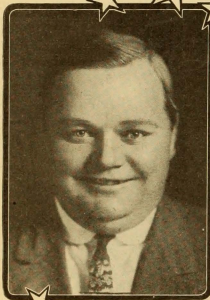
## THE FAIR PRETENDER—Goldwyn

"The Fair Pretender" is a pleasant variation of the "Green Stockings" plot with Madge Kennedy as the self-made

(Concluded on page 117)

## Stars of the Screen and Their Stars in the Sky

By Ellen Woods



Witzel

Nativity of Roscoe Arbuckle, Born March 24th.

**MR. ARBUCKLE** was born to fame, honor, and the power to rule over others. If newspapers, billboards, or moving pictures were not invented, he would get before the public in some other way. He would make a splendid leader in

war, as well as a good actor. If he has more power for serious drama than comedies, but, if left to his own choice, the product of his brain would be clean and pure. The law of attraction, or cause and effect, should draw Mr. Arbuckle close to the salt water, where he would have the best luck financially. He was sick with throat trouble in February and will have another attack in July. He has so many good qualities that I have not the space here to enumerate them, but I will mention that he will always be inventing ways to make more money. He is saving but generous, and loves to give dinners to friends. Should live in a corner house, if possible facing the west, or should have a corner room facing the west. Among the things he should avoid are Socialism and electricity, and he should expect no money or property from the dead. However, indications are that in 1920 he will be a "bloated millionaire."

Nativity of Miss Beverly Bayne, Born Nov. 22nd. (Hour Not Given.)

**MISS BAYNE** has six planets in fixed signs, indicating that once she gets her mind made up, it generally stays up, and the only way to make her change her opinions is through kindness. (I can only read from the positions

and aspects of the planets at birth, on account of not having the hour.) From the position of the little lady of Love, namely Venus in Capricorn, I would advise Miss Bayne to guard her worldly goods, that is, not to trust anyone to do the investing of her money or they will pick the wrong thing to invest in. Marriage will be delayed, or, if married young, the husband will be interested in commanding her money or estate and there will be a difference in age. I would advise celibacy while on the earth this time. The position of the mental planet Mercury in Sagittarius gives her ambition, a just and very independent and often rebellious nature, with some tendency towards rashness or impulse. She has the power to read human nature very well. She is very magnetic, with the power to attract both sexes. She is capable of extra hard work, but cannot lose sleep. She longs for pure affection.



White



Bessie Love, one of motion pictures' most delightful stars, says: "The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured."

Jessie Reed, who was "Beauty" in "Sinbad," the Winter Garden Show which played in New York, says: "I scarcely knew my nails when I had finished manicuring them with Cutex, they looked so well-groomed."

When you see how well Cutex makes your nails look, you will never go back to the cutting method

Apply a little Cutex Nail White under the nails. It removes all discolorations

Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. Grows your nails a transparent, lasting polish

## Why you must not cut the cuticle

Manicure your nails without cutting.  
See how much lovelier they *can* look!

**I**N manicuring your nails don't cut or trim the cuticle. When you cut the cuticle, it grows tough and ragged. It breaks and forms hangnails. All around the base of the nail little cracks open upon the tender, sensitive skin underneath—the appearance of your whole hand is ruined!

Knowing the need for a safe and efficient cuticle remover, a specialist worked out the formula for Cutex. Cutex has taken the place of the ruinous knife and scissors. It is absolutely harmless. It will quickly remove surplus cuticle without cutting, leaving the skin at the

base of the nail firm and smooth.

### How to manicure without cutting

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick. Both cotton and orange stick come in the Cutex package. Dip the stick into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse off the dead surplus skin with clear water.

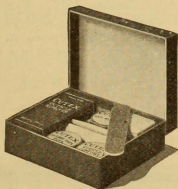
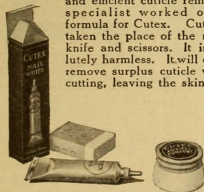
If your skin has the tendency to become dry, rub a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort—a mild, soothing cream—around the base of your nails when you go to bed. Have your first Cutex manicure today. Notice how short a time it takes and what a well-groomed appearance your nails have.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If your store hasn't what you want, order direct.

### Let us send you this complete manicure set

Mail the coupon today with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a complete Individual Manicure Set, enough for at least six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 708, 114 West 17th Street, N. Y. City.

If you live in Canada, send 25c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 723, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.



This individual Manicure Set is complete. It contains enough of each Cutex product to give you at least six manicures. Send fifteen cents for it today.

MAIL THE COUPON WITH 15c TODAY

### NORTHAM WARREN

Dept. 708, 114 West 17th St., N. Y. City.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



# To the People of Germany they said:



## Jedes Deutschen Pflicht

ist es —

nur deutsche Erzeugnisse zu verwenden  
und dadurch die deutsche Industrie zu unterstützen.  
Deshalb verwendet für eure photographischen Zwecke  
nur deutsche Kameras, deutsche Platten und Filme,  
deutsche Papiere! Wer die Erzeugnisse der feindlichen  
Industrie kauft, stärkt die Wirtschaftskraft unserer Feinde

### Deutsche, merkt euch

für alle Zeiten, daß mit eurer Unterstützung die ameri-  
kanisch-englische Kodak-Gesellschaft schon vor dem  
Kriege mit Amerika rund 50 Millionen Mark auf  
die Kriegsanleihen unserer Feinde zeichnen konnte!

**Es gibt keine deutschen „Kodaks“**  
„Kodak“ als Sammelname für photographische Er-  
zeugnisse ist falsch und bezeichnet nur die Fabrikate  
der Eastman-Kodak-Company. Wer von einem  
„Kodak“ spricht und nur allgemein eine photographische  
Kamera meint, bedenkt nicht, daß er mit der Weiter-  
verbreitung dieses Wortes die deutsche Industrie  
zugunsten der amerikanisch-englischen schädigt.

**Verband Deutscher  
Amateurphotographen-Vereine.**

Berlin-Steiglis, im Oktober 1917  
Deinet Straße 12

Reuepunkt in allen Liebhaberphotographen - Angelegenheiten wird  
bereitschwillig erteilt.

The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.

# -If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!

*A translation of the circular in full is as follows:*

"It is the duty of every German to use only German products and to patronize thereby German industry. Therefore, use for photographic purposes only German cameras, German Dry Plates and German papers. Whoever purchases the products of enemy industries strengthens the economic power of our enemies.

"Germans! Remember for all times to come that with the aid of your patronage the American-English Kodak Co. subscribed before the war with the United States, the round sum of 50,000,000 marks of war loans of our enemies!

"There are no German 'Kodaks'. ('Kodak' as a collective noun for photographic products is misleading and indicates only the products of the Eastman Kodak Co.) Whoever speaks of a 'Kodak' and means thereby only a photographic camera, does not bear in mind that with the spreading of this word, he does harm to the German industry in favor of the American-English."

*If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!*

**EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY**  
Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*



# Mabel Normand

—tells  
a new way  
to use  
**Carnation  
Milk**



*For Picnic  
Sandwiches  
and  
Dainty  
Desserts*

**M**ABEL NORMAND, the Goldwyn star, likes to make things to eat. She has created something mighty good this time. She takes some cream cheese—such as you get at your grocer's—and blends it with Carnation Milk as directed in her recipe herewith. On a lettuce leaf sandwich as the "filling," or with bar le duc currant jam, or preserves of any kind—Well, you can take her word for it that it's worth tasting. See how she looks after the first bite of her sandwich.

You can buy Carnation Milk at your grocer's. Order a few cans now, and use it in your cooking, with your coffee, to make desserts—in short, for every milk use in your home. It is just cows' milk, pure and fresh, evaporated to the consistency of cream and sterilized to maintain its purity and wholesomeness. It "stays sweet" until opened, and for several days thereafter—even if you keep it in a cool, dry place without ice. It is the wasteless milk supply, and that means a lot in these days of thrift.

## Mabel Normand's Cheese Whip

Take a brick of cream cheese; slowly work into it several tablespoonfuls of Carnation Milk, undiluted. When the cheese has taken up all the Carnation Milk it will hold, add a couple more tablespoonfuls and whip the mixture with a fork until it is light and fluffy. Spread it on sandwiches or serve it with preserves and toast or wafers.

## Delicious Cream Pie

1 cup Carnation Milk, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoonfuls flour, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful butter, 1 teaspoonful vanilla. Put Carnation Milk and boiling water in double boiler, mix flour with a little water, and add to hot milk and water. Cook 5 minutes; beat sugar and yolks of eggs together; then add to milk and cook 5 minutes more. Add butter and vanilla. Have pie crust baked; add filling. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and put on top of pie. Set in oven to brown.

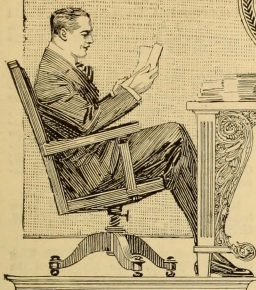
## Book of Recipes Free

We will gladly mail to any reader of Photoplay a copy of "The Story of Carnation Milk"—our famous book of practical recipes. Write for it now.

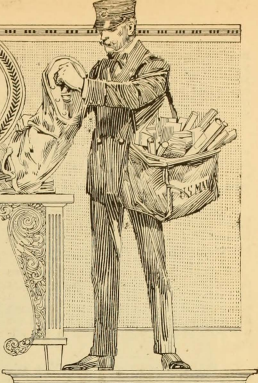
**Carnation Milk Products Company**  
884 Stuart Building      Seattle, Washington

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

# QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS



**YOU** do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario, writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.



**J. C., EPHRAIM, UTAH.**—Your service to the U. S. Government comes before everything else. Therefore, an actor under contract to a company who is called in the draft cannot wait until his contract with the film company is fulfilled, but must go immediately upon getting his notice. The film companies contract is void when the government needs you.

**E. M. C., MONTREAL, CAN.**—Geraldine Farrar is thirty-six. Her eyes are blue-gray and her hair is black. Address her at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She—that is a likeness of her—appeared on the cover of the December, 1915, PHOTOPLAY.

**HART ENTHUSIAST, NEW YORK CITY.**—Harold Goodwin played opposite Bessie Love in "The Sawdust Ring" and also the part of David Bryce in "The Silent Man." You say that "The Answer Man makes me think of that hard funny candy we used to adore so much because it lasted so long." Say whadayamean? Or can it was that we are implying we're "sweet as lasses candy."

**E. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—"The Blue Bird" has been filmed and is now being shown to the public. It's a Paramount picture and probably has reached Indianapolis by this time. Bobby Connolly is nine; Leland Benham, eleven; Ernest Butterworth, Jr., eleven, and Frank Butterworth, twelve. You may write to us whenever the spirit moves you. That's the kind of a guy we are.

**M. S., SAN DIEGO, CAL.**—Josephine Whittell (Mrs. Robert Warwick) and Lois Wilson had the feminine leads in "Alimony." The former was the designing divorcee and the latter the young wife. It is a First National Exhibitors' Circuit production.

**JUSTA FORD, PITTSFIELD, MASS.**—"Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp" was filmed in the west. The desert scenes were really made in the desert. Alice Joyce was born on the first day of October. That was Vernon Steele in "Fields of Honor" with Mae Marsh.

**IRISH, DETROIT, MICH.**—June Elvidge was born in 1893. Mollie King, five years after that. June is more than likely to send you the photo you so much want to have. She is at the World studio in Fort Lee, N. J.

**B. V. T., HABANA, CUBA.**—Antonio Moreno is single. Pathe studio is his address and he's thirty.

**H. E. D., BRYN MAWR, PA.**—Leah Baird was Olga in "Neptune's Daughter." Walter McGrail, Jack Hollis in "The Resurrection of Jack Hollis." No record of a Maisie Campbell production. Did you know that your friend, Ollie Kirkby was recently married to George Larkin? Santa Ana, which can be reached from Los Angeles by trolley, motor or steam car, was their Gretna Green.

## I WONDER WHY?

Bad men always die—in the movies.  
Pretty girl-crooks always marry young attorneys—in the movies.

Rich young men always Go West—in the movies.

Little orphans—if they have bright curly hair and large dark eyes—always get themselves adopted—in the movies.

Tall melancholy westerners always come from out of the desert—in the movies.

Young manicurists always have rich uncles—in the movies.

Men from thirty to fifty are always wicked—or uninteresting—in the movies.

Callow youth is always glorified—in the movies.

Wall Street daddies always neglect their daughters—in the movies.

Farmers always have flunvers and farmers' wives always wear sunbonnets—in the movies.

**C. S., ST. LOUIS, MO.**—Why the grudge against Gladys Brockwell? You either have been misinformed or else are the possessor of too great an imagination. Miss Brockwell's hair is not a crown of temporary, but of permanent glory. We'll speak to Mary Pickford about having you write all her scripts. She'll undoubtedly be de-lighted. Vivian Martin's age is a profound secret. No one knows and it won't tell.

**E. M., ELMHURST, CAL.**—Address Owen Moore at the Los Angeles Athletic Club; Wallace Reid, Camp Lewis, Washington, and Mahlon Hamilton at the Pathe studio. Billie Burke is thirty-one.

**M. A., BINGHAM, UTAH.**—Bessie and Montague Love are not related. In fact Love has only come after Bessie since her screen career began. She was originally known as Bessie Horton, but D. W. Griffith thought the name Love suited her ever so much better, so Bessie Love she became. There's the entire story.

**J. U. C. P., GALVESTON, TEXAS.**—Dear J. U. C. P.: Your shower of curses arrived intact. Surely you won't care to have such as we answer your questions. Therefore we're not agonna.

SOMEWHERE IN HARTFORD, HARTFORD, CONN.—Louise Glaum has been married. Mabel Normand has been one of our particular flavorettes ever since the Biograph days, so we agree with you.

**NIFTY, SOUTH BEND, IND.**—Well, now tell you just how we feel about the matter. Jack Pickford's away to war and he's a awfully nice guy and he probably wouldn't care if Olive sent you a photo. Address Miss Thomas at the Triangle studios. Some lucky dawg we say your brother is to have sawn and shaken Olive's lily white hand. We had a cousin wunce who was the sister-in-law of a man who *knew* a girl that looked like Olive. It's an unforeseen pleasure to serve you, Nifty.

**H. T., KALIKI, HONOLULU.**—Blanche Sweet is returning shortly via Select and you'll probably hear a lot about her in PHOTOPLAY. You saw the Blanche Sweet story in the April number, did you not? Margarita Fisher (she has dropped the "c" and made it just plain fish) is with American company. Ask her for a photo. We bet she'll tell you about the cast of the picture you want to know about in which she appeared.

**V. S., PARKERSBURG, W. VA.**—You must look at the PHOTOPLAY in a different way each month if you've seen Marguerite Clark's and Mary Pickford's addresses given in a dozen different ways. The business address of the former is care of Famous Players studio and of Mary, Artcraft studio, Hollywood.



**INQUISITIVE, FARMINGTON, MO.**—If you used the plot originated by someone else you would have the deuce of a time selling your script to any company. A not much credit due you if you use the idea of another. Lottie Pickford isn't on the stage. She makes pictures occasionally.

**D. M., SOO, ONT.**—Douglas Fairbanks is with Artcraft; Francis X. Bushman with eastern Metro, and Harold Lockwood with western Metro. Mary Miles Minter and William Russell at the American studio.

**F. S., OSKALOOSA, IOWA.**—Address George Walsh at the eastern Fox studios. Even though he has a secretary we believe he, himself, would write to you.

**M. D., CENTRAL CITY, NEB.**—Permit us to decide which is your favorite department in PHOTOPLAY if you are having such a difficult time in choosing. Don't you think it's the Answer Department? Bessie Love will send you a photo. Pathe is her address.

**G. E. S., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.**—You ask, "What are the requirements of a person to become a movie star?" Any color eyes; Grecian nose; curly hair that long grows; pearly teeth; natural pose; sunny smile; lots of clothes. That all. June Elvidge is single. Carlyle Blackwell and his wife are separated.

**H. N., INCASVILLE, CONN.**—The octopus in "The Shielding Shadow" was faked.

**BLONDY BROWN, ALBANY, N. Y.**—Eugene O'Brien is thirty and he isn't married and we believe he might like you because you live in Albany and he likes Albany. But then shucks, Eugene might not like you any more for living in Albany than he would if you were Arabella Pklnskl of Zion City. You can't tell about these actor folk.

**A. T. and S. M., NATCHITOCHES, LA.**—Henry Walthall is not divorced—yet. Thomas Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring. Frances is a sister of Blanche and Julie Ring. We couldn't possibly tell the opinions of Thomas Meighan and Henry Walthall but we like "picture show fiends" and we're glad you're they.

**O. B., SCHOFIELD BARRACKS, H. F.**—Send your letter on to Miss Minter at the American studio in Santa Barbara, Cal.

**B. L. M., BALTIMORE.**—Mighty glad you are such a staunch PHOTOPLAY-er. Gee whiz, there is a bunch in league with you and present indications point to "more to come."

**J. K. K., NEW CASTLE, PA.**—Can't see how those advertisers are to be made to not call all their pictures the "biggest and best." You see that is what advertising is for. They think their goods is the best and it's their duty to make you think so, too.

**G. L., CALGARY, ALTA.**—We don't ever tell why we have a mystery surrounding us. We don't know. Nobudda noes. Your great fondness for Answer Men, Property men and coal men leads us to believe that the charms of some baggage man will get you yet. The property man is the one who takes charge of all the properties of a studio and must have the properties in the right place at the right time. For instance, telephone on the left hand side of the table; pencil on desk, pen on desk, ink on desk, letter on desk. All gotten and placed in the correct place by the property man. Get us? It's about as clear as the Chicago river.

**BLACKIE, NELSON, B. C.**—Mary Pickford on page 15 of the April PHOTOPLAY. No more "sub-deb" stories scheduled for the present for Marguerite Clark. You heard that Billie Burke is forty-five. Just a little mistake. Billie Burke will be forty-five in fourteen years. Enjoyed the poem.

**J. M. W., MADISON, WIS.**—No kinship between Ralph and Frank Morgan. Blanche Sweet is returning via Select. That is she has a company of her own releasing through Select.

**L. V., NEWTON CENTER, MASS.**—Address Niles Welch at the Somerset Hotel, New York City. You just slip a quarter into the envelope of the letter and ask for a photo and we think Niles will "come across." Address Bessie Love at the Pathe west coast studio and Mary Miles Minter at the American Co.

## THE NEED

*God give us men! A time like this demands*

*Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;*

*Men whom the lust of office does not kill;*

*Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;*

*Men who possess opinions and a will;*

*Men who have honor, and who will not lie;*

*Men who can stand before a demagogue*

*And scorn his treacherous flatteries without blinking;*

*Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog*

*In public duty and in private thinking.*

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

**H. M. L., LYNN, MASS.**—Cleo Ridgely Horne is busy taking care of the Horne Twins, Jimmie, Jr., and June Jassamine. Didn't you see the pictures of the Horne family in the May PHOTOPLAY? May Allison is being featured by Metro. Mahlon Hamilton is with Pathe. Maybe we are slow in giving you the information you want, but we believe in that old adage that one answer in the magazine is worth two unanswered questions.

**WATCH MY STEP, LINCOLN, NEB.**—The eight little Bushmans happen to only be five in number. The picture you speak of was filmed at Bushmanor. The yeas are right in the Lockwood marriage question.

**G. R., MANCHESTER, N. H.**—Now you write that real nice letter to Robert Gordon that you told us about and we bet he'll "come across" with a photo and a letter. His address is Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Just as soon as Anita Stewart decides to "stay put" we'll try to get that interview for you. Drop in again.

**GRAPEVINE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK.**—The Fairbanks Twins were last in the Follies. Oh yes, that was quite some little time after they posed for the Goldust advertisement. A picture of Billie Burke and her baby in the June issue. Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron.

**F. R., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—Constance Talmadge was the Mountain Girl in "Intolerance." Miss Talmadge is nineteen and

her address is in care of Select, Hollywood, Cal. Dorothy Dalton was born in 1893. Alatia Marton is twenty-three and Ruth Clifford is eighteen.

**LOCKWOOD FAN, PORTLAND, ORE.**—Harold Lockwood has been married about ten years. The maiden name of his wife is not known to us. He has a son.

**LORENA, KANSAS CITY, MO.**—Far be it from us to tell you whether you should go to see "Cleopatra" or anything else. The cast for it is: *Cleopatra*, Theda Bara; *Caesar*, Fritz Leiber; *Antony*, Thurston Hall; *Pharon*, Albert Roscoe; *Charmian*, Dorothy Drake; *Irral*, Dell Duncan; *Octavia*, Genevieve Blinn; *Venditius*, Herschall Mayall; *Octavius*, Henri de Vries; *Kephren*, Art Acord.

**HARRY, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.**—We know better than to call you English. D. W. Griffith has a brother.

**T. C., MARKED TREE, ARK.**—Mollie King played *Philippa* in "The Mystery of the Double Cross." Yep, she's quite some gel.

**J. S., NEW YORK CITY.**—William S. Hart, that's his name. He is forty-three and isn't married. However, have you heard the latest? They do say he's engaged and she lives in Butte, Mont. Mighty glad that you derive so much fun out of this department.

**J. C., SPOKANE, WASH.**—Priscilla Dean is 21 and not married. Harry Carter was born in 1879 and is now at Universal City. He has brown hair and blue eyes and was on the musical comedy stage, having been projected onto the screen when the company in which he was playing was stranded in Los Angeles.

**A. E. U., FREMONT, NEB.**—Enjoyed your knitting article very much. We immediately sent for a pair of needles and a hank of yarn and we're playing them daily and hourly. Any spare minute when we're not answering questions we knit,—two purl two and drop two.

**G. S., JR., NEW YORK CITY.**—"Over There" with Charles Richman has been released and shown in New York. Anna Nilsson is the blonde-blue-eyed girl you have reference to. You were in a mob scene of that picture and are anxious to see yourself as others see you? Well, watch out that you're not disappointed.

**J. B., CORPUS CHRISTIE, TEXAS.**—Olga Petrova lives in New York. You are using green ink because that is the favorite color of Mme. Petrova and she uses green ink too? Well, well, and how ink has gone up too—especially green ink. That was Mahlon Hamilton with Olga Petrova in "Exile." Two or three pictures made by her own company are now on the market.

**A. C., CHICAGO, ILL.**—We're glad you're glad to know us. And we believe you when you say you are twelve and in the seventh grade, even though you say no one else takes your word for it. Write Norma Talmadge at her own studio; Anita Stewart at Vitagraph and Olive Thomas, Triangle.

**J. A. N., NEW YORK CITY.**—You'll outgrow your mad desire to become a motion picture actor. Would you bumble it to look at us now that when we were seventeen or thereabouts we wanted to be a Big League baseball player? But jiminy crickets, if we were seventeen now we'd want more than anything else to be a Sammy.

(Continued on page 118)

## Plays and Players

(Concluded from page 101)

THE scarf that Eileen Percy sent to her soldier boy has been received and acknowledged. Eileen's photo now adorns Private Gould's home-made shelf in the barracks; and she is "Queen of the Intelligence Section." Gould said his pals joshed him somewhat at first, but afterwards congratulated him. And the postscript to a long letter filled with entertaining descriptions of "our boys'" life in France is as follows: "It might interest you to know that some of the boys insist on calling me 'Eileen.'"

CAPTAIN ROBERT WARWICK has returned to New York after spending four months "over there." He expects to be here three or four weeks on a special mission for the General's Staff. Captain Warwick received his commission at Plattsburg last November and was assigned to the Intelligence Bureau on General Pershing's staff.

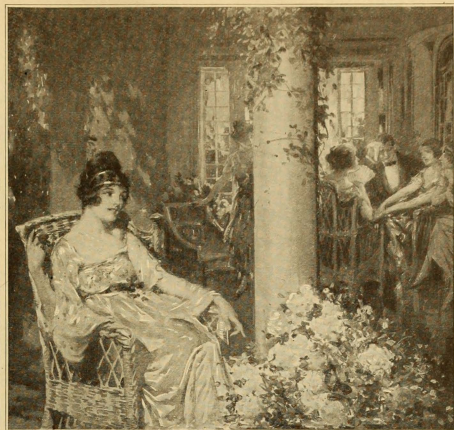
FLORA FINCH, remembered as the famous co-star of the late John Bunny, is again to come before the public. This time she is not to be glimpsed from the silver sheet, but is to appear on the vaudeville stage in a farce burlesque.

LOUISE HUFF is a very recent addition to the stars of the World Film Company. Miss Huff has just left Paramount, where she has made a number of pictures with Jack Pickford.

HENRY WALTHALL is again with Griffith. This announcement is one of the biggest we've made in a long time. For Henry Walthall did his greatest work under David Griffith—as "The Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," in "The Avenging Conscience," and other photoplays. Walthall's contract with Paralta was cancelled by mutual consent; and the actor is now at work on one of the Artcraft pictures to be made by Mr. Griffith.

RUSSELL BASSETT'S long career ended last month. The old actor died at the age of seventy-two at his home in New York after fifty years in make-up, the last five or six of which were spent before the moving picture camera. Bassett's last screen work was done for Paramount. Surviving are a wife and son, Albert Antonio Bassett.

CORP. S. RANKIN DREW was shot down in an aerial combat in May. His machine fell after a battle fought well inside the German lines. It is believed that he was only slightly wounded and that he is now being held prisoner. Before enlisting in the French aviation corps in 1917 Corp. Drew was associated with Vitagraph, both as actor and director. Some of his important screen appearances were in "The Hunted Woman," "The Vital Question" and "The Girl Philippa." He is a nephew of John Drew and the only son of Sidney Drew.



## Are you still sweet and dainty hours after your bath?



No amount of fastidiousness can give you the exquisite dainty feeling that Odorono does.

BE as exquisite all day as you are the moment you step from your bath. Odorono—a delicate toilet water formulated by a physician—corrects entirely the unnatural perspiration under your arms or on your feet—that spoils your frocks and stockings—that is so embarrassing.

Use Odorono tonight—wherever perspiration troubles you—under your arms, on the feet, hands, forehead. The directions are so simple, it is so easy to use, that you are delighted at its magic help. One application will keep the skin absolutely dry and odorless for three days! Never again need you wear any protection for your dresses. Daily baths affect it not at all.

Dr. Allyn endorses Odorono

"We do not believe that any harm can come from stopping the excretion of perspiration in limited areas, such as under the arms, feet, forehead, etc. Experimental and practical tests show that ODO-RONO is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed, and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

LEWIS B. ALLYN, Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass.

At all toilet counters in the United States and Canada, 50c and \$1.00. Trial size, 30c. By mail postpaid if your dealer hasn't it. Address The Odorono Co., 511 Blair Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Arthur Sales Co., 29 Colborne St., Toronto, Ont.

Write for our booklet, "The Appealing Charm of Daintiness"—to know more about perspiration and how to relieve it. Suggest to the men in your family that they write for "The Assurance of Perfect Grooming."



# ODO-RONO

The toilet water for excessive perspiration





**I Earned \$2200 IN FOUR MONTHS**

**THIS is Richard A. Oldham.** He earned \$2200.00 in four months with a Haywood Tire Repairing outfit. For 20 years he was telegraph operator on the Illinois Central Railway. He is now 58 years old. He answered my advertisement—quit his job—bought a plant and opened a business. He just wrote me "I have made more in eight months than 2½ years as operator." There are now 500 stations where tire repairing is neglected.

**I Must Have 500 Men To Fill These Positions**

I have a Big interesting Book to send you. It tells all about tires—gives inside figures and profits. Send for it! What Oldham and others are doing You can do. \$2500.00 to \$4,000.00 per year is conservative. Like Mr. Oldham—One machine will start you. Then open a shop. You can see business all around you. Put out a Haywood Sign and business will come to you. Now get started. Send for the Big Book and start making money.

**M. HAYWOOD, Pres.**  
**Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.**  
 850 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.



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 We can teach you **DRAWING** in your own home during spare time.

Our 18 years of successful teaching prove our ability.

10 Courses in Commercial and Illustrative Drawing Endorsed by high art authorities.

Students trained by members of our Faculty are filling high-salaried positions. **Artist's Output FREE** to Enrolled Students.

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**Cash's Woven Names**  
 Prevent loss at the laundry. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.

YOUR FULL NAME	6 doz.....\$ 1.50	\$1.00
NAME FOR 12 doz.....	1 doz.....1.25	1.50
Sample of our work sent free.		

**J. & J. CASH, Ltd.**  
 7 N. Chestnut St., So. Norwalk, Conn.

**THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SECURE A SATIN SKIN**

**APPLY SATIN SKIN CREAM, THEN SATIN SKIN POWDER.**



**Print** Your Cards Circulars Book, Labels, Programs, Tickets With an Excelsior Press. Increases receipts, cuts expenses. Easy to use, printed rules. Boy does good work. Small outfit, easy for use. It will pay you. Will last for years. Write factory for catalog of presses, type, outfit, samples. It will pay you.

**EXCELSIOR** THE PRESS CO. D-43, Meriden, Conn.

# Maid of the Storm

(Continued from page 62)

She was the embodiment of the music and color about her. The dance mounted to feverish intensity until, in a sudden burst of sound, it ended and the curtain fell only to part again and again to the clamor of an excited audience surprised out of its usual first night tolerance.

After the tumult had died, Franklin sought out the party which had gathered in Strohmman's luxurious apartments for a triumphant dinner to the new star. He was seated next to the young guest of honor and he could not help but notice that he held her attention almost to the neglect of the other members of the party. Something in the curve of her cheek, in a wistful look in her eyes, recalled fleeting memories, a sudden recollection of "old unhappy far-off things," which piqued his imagination without giving it any definite form. There was nothing vague about the attraction the young dancer had for him, however, and before he left he had exacted an invitation from Ariel for tea the next day.

Ariel's triumph had returned to ashes at Franklin's failure to recognize her. She spent a sleepless night torn by the memories that his presence had aroused in her. In the morning Strohmman insisted upon a drive, and as soon as they were seated in the limousine, he handed her a paper folded at the society notes. It was a flattering reference to the engagement between Elaine Shackelford and Franklin Shirley, "both well known in the younger set." Ariel handed back the paper without a word.

When Franklin arrived for tea, she had no doubt about her power over him. However blank his recollection of the past might be, the present held him beyond all power of resistance. Ariel knew that the situation swung on an intonation of her voice or the pressure of her hand at parting. Because of the conflict of desires, she kept the poise of a mere acquaintance and let him go with no token that she too felt the affinity between them.

With the morning came sanity and renewed courage. To her surprise, the maid brought her a card bearing the name of Mrs. Whitney Shackelford, and admitted a gentle old lady in black with a fragrance of lavender about her. She had heard of Ariel through Mr. Franklin Shirley, she said, and had seen her dance that night. For a while they spoke only of Ariel's work and of the great dancers of the past. But on leaving, the little old lady drew Ariel's face down to hers.

"Your face is so sweet, my dear," she said softly. "You never could wantonly hurt anything. I am glad I have seen you. My little girl's happiness is safe in your hands."

After she had gone, Ariel threw herself at full length on the *chaise longue* and gave herself up to bitter memories. She was trapped. Her only chance for sanity was to recognize this and cease struggling for happiness. Franklin had forgotten the past and his present belonged to another woman.

In a delirium of pain, she staggered to the telephone. By the time she had given Strohmman's number, however, her nerves

were under control. His voice came over the wire, eager, answering. To his frantic questions she had only one answer.

"You win," she told him laconically, and dropped the telephone even before she could hear his response.

On her way to Strohmman's apartment she ordered her chauffeur to drive into the little garret in Soho where Ludwig and Jules greeted her with rapture. Franklin had been there that very morning, she learned, and they had told him the story of her first arrival, and shown him the boot by which she had hoped to trace him. He knew the truth now, but it hardly mattered, she thought. She kissed the two old musicians, her eyes wet. It was her farewell also to the little girl who had once danced to the winds in the cave.

Meanwhile, Franklin Shirley had been dashing aimlessly about the City, half stunned by the memories that now came rushing back in an overwhelming flood. He now knew that she was the Ariel of the cave and of the most elusive and exquisite experience that had ever become part of his life.

After insistent attempts to see her at her apartment he finally managed to seek out Ariel's personal maid whom he found in tears. He persuaded the half-hysterical girl to tell him that her mistress had left after midnight for Strohmman's rooms. He pacified the girl with plausible assurances, but inwardly he was seething with suppressed fury. Outside he hurled himself into a passing taxi and gave Strohmman's address. An outraged man-servant tried to stop him at the door, but he pushed the man aside and stalked into the living room where Ariel stood silently beside her manager who looked suddenly very old and weary.

Franklin stood for a moment with his back against the door. Then he slowly raised his right hand and as Strohmman looked up he faced the muzzle of a revolver. Ariel gave one startled movement and then the three stood motionless. It was Strohmman who broke the silence with a short laugh.

"Put up your gun my friend," he said dryly. "We are three fools, but you two are lovers and that is your prerogative. As for me, I have no such excuse, so I will proceed to be sensible. And the sensible thing as I see it, is to leave you together." He went out still smiling.

Ariel's eyes had never left Franklin's face. The defiance in her expression had faded to tenderness at the sight of his evident agony.

She went over to him and gently took the pistol from his hand. Clenched in his other hand was a crumpled bit of paper which she smoothed out and read. It was a telegram announcing the elopement of Elaine with the man she had always loved. She added that she was very happy.

Franklin raised his head and met Ariel's rapturous eyes. In that one glance a lifetime of suffering bitterness was lost in perfect understanding. Outside, the storm broke in heavy gusts against the windows, but the two lovers stood locked in each other's arms oblivious of the storm-world far beneath them.

## STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (s) indicates a studio; in some cases both are at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago; Santa Barbara, Cal. (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP., 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 510 W. 54th St., New York City (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Hollywood, Cal. (s).

BALBOA AMUSEMENT PRODUCING CO., Long Beach, Cal. (s).

BRENON, HERBERT, PROD., 509 Fifth Avenue, New York City; Hudson Heights, N. J. (s).

CHRISTIAN FILM CORP., Sunset Blvd. and Gower St., Los Angeles, Cal.

EDISON, THOMAS, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago. (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 128 W. 56th St., New York City. (s).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GOLDWIN FILM CORP., 16 E. 42nd St., New York City; Ft. Lee, N. J. (s).

KOBLESKY FILM STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles.

THOMAS INC. STUDIO, Culver City, Cal.

KEYSTONE FILM CO., Culver City, Cal.

KLEINE, GEORGE, 166 N. State St., Chicago.

LASKY FEATURE PLAY CO., 485 Fifth Ave., New York City; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City; 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); 1025 Lillian Way, Los Angeles, Cal.

MOBOSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City; 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORP., Consumers Bldg., Chicago.

PARALTA PLAY INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City; 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, INC., 25 W. 45th St., New York City; ASTRA FILM CORP., 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. (s); ROLIN FILM CO., 605 California Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. (s); PARALTA STUDIO, 5300 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

PETROVA PICTURE COMPANY, 230 W. 38th St., N. Y. C.

ROTHACKER FILM MFG. Co., 1339 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill. (s).

SELECT PICTURES CORP., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SILKO POLSKO, Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

SELZNICK, LEWIS J., ENTERPRISES INC., 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

TALMADGE, CONSTANCE, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.

TALMADGE, NORMA, 729 Seventh Ave., N. Y. C.; 318 East 48th St., N. Y. C. (s).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (s).

TRIANGLE COMPANY, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Culver City, Cal. (s).

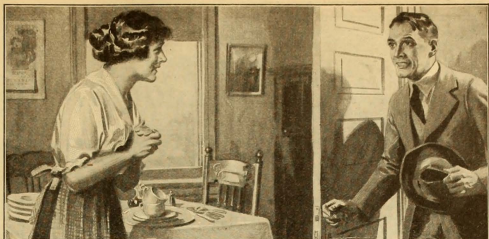
UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.; Coytesville, N. J. (s).

VITAPHAR COMPANY OF AMERICA, E. 15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hollywood, Cal.

VOGUE COMEDY CO., Gower St. and Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y.

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).



## "I Got the Job!"

"I'm to be Manager of my Department starting Monday. The boss said he had been watching all the men. When he found I had been studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools he knew I had the right stuff in me—that I was bound to make good. Now we can move over to that house on Oakland Avenue and you can have a maid and take things easy. I tell you, Nell, taking that course with the I. C. S. was the best thing I ever did."

Spare-time study with the I. C. S. is winning promotions for thousands of men and bringing happiness to thousands of homes all over the world. In offices, shops, stores, mines, mills and on railroads, I. C. S. trained men are stepping up to big jobs, over the heads of older men, past those whose only qualification is long service.

Get busy right now and put yourself in line for promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the I. C. S., just as nearly two million men have done in the last twenty-five years, just as more than 100,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

### TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS BOX 6487, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring            | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer         | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telephone Work             | <input type="checkbox"/> Sign Painter            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER        | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman       |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman       | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING            |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practices     | <input type="checkbox"/> Cartooning              |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL ENGINEER             | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER        | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law          |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Ship Draftsman             | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT                  | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder     | <input type="checkbox"/> MATHEMATICS             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman    | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder           | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer        | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILE OPERATING    |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FLETCHING AND HEATING      | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing          |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker         | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation              |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Dresser or Supt.   | <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST                    | <input type="checkbox"/> French                  |
|   | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising         |
|   | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian                 |

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Present \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## "I Would Not Part with it for \$10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it. Conserve your body and life first.

### The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure.

Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

**Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense.**

Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders; develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures, constipation. Comfortable and easy to wear.

#### Keep Yourself Fit

Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

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BEAUTY specialists recommend DEL-A-TONE for quick, safe and sure removal of hair from arms, neck or face. At druggists; or mailed to your address for \$1.00.

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## A Big Money Maker

This handsome machine draws the trade—and makes money fast. Every street corner, theater, lobby, picture show, park, amusement resort, etc., right in your own town offers big money-making possibilities.

A Bartholomew Pop-Corn and Peanut Machine displays pop-corn and peanuts so temptingly in the sanitary display case that people are impelled to buy. Customers constantly come back for more. You make over 20% profit on every sale.

### Write for Low Prices and Easy Payment Plan

Our Free Book describes the complete line of Bartholomew Pop-Corn and Peanut Machines for store and street use—sold on easy payments. Write for this free book now—before you forget.

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# What One Dollar Will Bring You

More than a thousand pictures of photoplayers and illustrations of their work and pastime.

Scores of interesting articles about the people you see on the screen.

Splendidly written short stories, some of which you will see acted at your moving picture theater.

The *truth*, and nothing but the *truth*, about motion pictures, the stars, and the industry.

You have read this issue of Photoplay so there is no necessity for telling you that it is one of the most superbly illustrated, the best written and the most attractively printed magazine published today—and alone in its field of motion pictures.

*Slip a dollar bill in an  
envelope addressed to*

## PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Dept. 7-N, 350 North Clark St. CHICAGO

*and receive the September issue  
and five issues thereafter.*

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Gentlemen: I enclose herewith \$1.00 for which you will kindly enter my subscription for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for six months, effective with the September, 1918, issue.

Send to.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

## I Want to be a Film Actor

(Continued from page 40)

stock company. Another found the distinctive type for which he had been searching for months, in the drug section of a department store.

These players are for what are called "bits"—small parts: maids, butlers and man-servants, nurses, waitresses, and all of the many minor characters that through the action of the plot circulate around the principals.

You'd be mighty lucky if you got such a part first-off. There are a hundred applicants for every one of them, applicants with training and experience.

If you start as most of them have, little Mary not excepted, you will first face the camera as an "extra."

In the old days the extras trudged from one studio to another looking for work by the day. Several hundred usually were registered at each studio, and when a casting-director wanted a mob he would send out a flock of telephone calls for them. But this was not often, and one must live. Some found that by keeping in close touch with the studios, they kept themselves well forward in the casting-director's memory. Thus developed the system of "making the rounds."

With the systematizing of the film industry there has come into existence in Los Angeles a film players' exchange, used by virtually all of the studios as a general employment agency for extras. This exchange started with the names of two thousand extras on its lists; in a few weeks this number grew to five thousand. Now the exchange is making an effort to cut this list to about one thousand three hundred, including only people of known experience and ability,—at three dollars a day!

Under this system the casting-director bothers himself little with the details of getting extra people for his pictures. He calls up the exchange and, like ordering sugar from your grocer, he says, "Send me ten eighteen-year-old girls with ball-room costumes," or "I want eight ditch-diggers," or "Get me a bunch of old men and women to make atmosphere in a poorhouse scene." And, lo and behold, they come trailing in at the appointed time, wrapped and delivered as ordered.

Not all of these five thousand aspire to film stardom. Some of them are girls and boys living at home, or married women picking up a few extra dollars. Some of them are old men and women too broken in body and spirit for the everyday working world. But at least half of them are ambitious to make their mark in the films, to make the pictures their life work.

They are starting right. Most of them have applied for stock positions and have been refused. They are sticking doggedly. They know that as extras they will be seen on the screen. Who knows but what the camera will pick them out from the crowd as its particular favorite? Who knows but what some director will see in them some special, success-bringing ability? Who knows?—why, it happens almost every day!

On the screen you sometimes see an

## I Want to be a Film Actor

(Concluded)

extra grimacing, gesturing, moving about in or around and in front of the principals. Usually he or she is doing it against the director's orders, but doing it deliberately—to attract attention. In the argot of the films, that is known as "mugging." And if there is anything in the world that stirs a star to temperamental hysteria, it is to see a semi-closeup of herself on the screen with an extra's contorted, just-see-how-nice-I-look face showing blandly over her shoulder.

And for an extra to win the reward of a closeup, though it may be but a bare flash of three or four feet of film—three or four seconds in the showing—that's a near approach to heaven on earth!

My hat is off to the extras. More power to them, and more success. They're fighting their fight bravely. I wish all of them could win.

THERE are, as you see, two ways to "get in." One is what is known as having an angel—someone to recommend you and to get you a hearing. The other is to start at the bottom and work up.

Mary Pickford started out as an extra when she applied to Griffith back in the old Biograph days. Theda Bara was one; Anita Stewart, even with a brother-in-law as director, worked at first in mob scenes.

The list is too long to re-iterate. With the exception of those who have come from the legitimate stage, it includes virtually all of our present-day film stars.

Film producers are searching frantically for new types and new personalities. But they must be shown. So don't you be like the rooster who thought the sun had risen to hear him crow.

## 'Twixt Josephine and Joe

(Concluded from page 42)

type, she has played nothing but western pictures with the single exception of "The Maternal Spark" in which she took the part of a denatured vampire.

Though we're rather used to hearing that Miss So-and-so is beloved by all who work with her, I'm going to say it again about Miss Josie. She's always armed with a smile and a "Hello!" She's always happy. She hasn't any temperament, and if she has she doesn't exercise it openly. And she has whole regiments of nerve.

"She's not like most most of them," her director, Cliff Smith, said. "I don't have to ask her to do thrillers; I have to ask her not to."

She sauntered back to us while we were talking.

"How would it be," she asked me, "to get a photograph of me being thrown from a bucking horse?"

I had my mouth open to croak, "Splendid!" when Cliff Smith poked me in the ribs with his elbow. "For the love of Pete, don't let her do it," he hissed in my ear. A crowd of cowboys, all of them her ardent admirers, gathered around her. "Aw, let's don't, Josie," they pleaded. "You just gotta quit breakin' that collar-bone uv yourn."

*I am free*

*You may be*

TRADE **NONSPI** MARK

(An Antiseptic Liquid)

### ENDED! Women's Chief Annoyance!

What a relief: No excessive armpit moisture—no odor—no stained clothing if—you use NONSPI.

### NONSPI Ends Excessive Perspiration Under the Arms and Destroys All Odor

A pure antiseptic liquid, a formulation which consists in its entirety of beneficial ingredients. An old reliable, proven remedy that will not fail no matter how excessively you perspire under the arms. It rids one of the need of dress shields; it enables you to wear the thinnest of gowns without artificial protection—in a word it keeps the armpits fresh and dry perpetually.

NONSPI has been in use for years—is recommended by millions of women and indorsed by leading chemists and physicians. One bottle will convince YOU that it is a friend no woman can afford to be without.

50c (several months' supply) of toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct. Or, send us 4c for testing sample and what medical authorities say about the harmfulness of excessive armpit perspiration.

The Nonspi Company, 2618 Walnut Street, Kansas City, Mo.

## JAP ROSE TALCUM POWDER

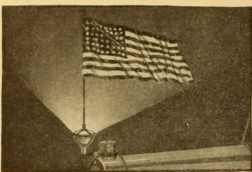
### For Baby's Tender Skin

This pure rose scented Powder is best. Soothing, Antiseptic and Absorbent. Physicians recommend it.

**Trial Offer** Send 20c for an attractive Week-End Package containing four JAP ROSE miniatures consisting of one each of Talcum Powder, Soap, Cold Cream and Toilet Water.

JAMES S. KIRK & CO., 664 E. Austin Ave., Chicago, Ill.





## THE LIBERTY LIGHT

Shows Your Colors Day and Night

The beautiful silk flag is illuminated by means of a miniature headlight under the flag standard, the flag standard, up and protected from rain and dirt by a glass cover. The Liberty Light appeals to every patriotic motorist who is proud of the appearance of his car, as it is the handsomest, most practical, and most effective auto accessory obtainable. It illuminates your flag and motor-meter and serves as an engine trouble light. Easily and quickly attached and connected.

Price, \$2.00 Sent Postpaid Service flag free, if requested on orders before August 1st.

DALLWIG DISTRIBUTING CO.  
133 - WEST - WASHINGTON - STREET - CHICAGO  
Dept. "C" Attractive discounts to dealers. (4)

**Send for MINIATURE BOTTLE 20¢**

**You Have Never Seen Anything Like This Before**

The most concentrated and exquisite perfume ever made. Produced without alcohol. A single drop best. Bottle like miniature with long thin stopper. Rose or Lilac. 15¢ or 20¢ or 25¢ or 30¢ or 35¢ or 40¢ or 45¢ or 50¢ or 55¢ or 60¢ or 65¢ or 70¢ or 75¢ or 80¢ or 85¢ or 90¢ or 95¢ or 1.00. Send 10¢ silver or stamps for miniature bottle.

**Rieger's Flower Drops**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
PERFUME & TOILET WATER

The above also comes in less concentrated usual perfume form at \$1.25, 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00, 13.00, 14.00, 15.00, 16.00, 17.00, 18.00, 19.00, 20.00, 21.00, 22.00, 23.00, 24.00, 25.00, 26.00, 27.00, 28.00, 29.00, 30.00, 31.00, 32.00, 33.00, 34.00, 35.00, 36.00, 37.00, 38.00, 39.00, 40.00, 41.00, 42.00, 43.00, 44.00, 45.00, 46.00, 47.00, 48.00, 49.00, 50.00, 51.00, 52.00, 53.00, 54.00, 55.00, 56.00, 57.00, 58.00, 59.00, 60.00, 61.00, 62.00, 63.00, 64.00, 65.00, 66.00, 67.00, 68.00, 69.00, 70.00, 71.00, 72.00, 73.00, 74.00, 75.00, 76.00, 77.00, 78.00, 79.00, 80.00, 81.00, 82.00, 83.00, 84.00, 85.00, 86.00, 87.00, 88.00, 89.00, 90.00, 91.00, 92.00, 93.00, 94.00, 95.00, 96.00, 97.00, 98.00, 99.00, 1.00, 1.01, 1.02, 1.03, 1.04, 1.05, 1.06, 1.07, 1.08, 1.09, 1.10, 1.11, 1.12, 1.13, 1.14, 1.15, 1.16, 1.17, 1.18, 1.19, 1.20, 1.21, 1.22, 1.23, 1.24, 1.25, 1.26, 1.27, 1.28, 1.29, 1.30, 1.31, 1.32, 1.33, 1.34, 1.35, 1.36, 1.37, 1.38, 1.39, 1.40, 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## Texas, the State of Excitement

(Concluded from page 77)

In California she lives in a bungalow by the sea, but she is saving her pennies for a country place on Long Island.

She is a very unusual musical comedy product, this young woman who talks Galsworthy, Ren Wolf, Bernard Shaw and Sime Silverman, all in a sentence, and she has great dramatic possibilities on the screen—possibilities which Dr. Davis is rapidly turning to practical use. Her fear is of getting fat, her hope is to see Jake Shubert directing a motion picture, her faith is in today, for you never can tell what the condition of the money-market is going to be tomorrow.

Her pictures, strewn around here, rather speak for themselves, except that they don't say that she has eyes like an Egyptian sky and brown hair.

"What do you think I ought to say?" she asked her approaching interviewer.

"Nothing," answered the interviewer, "for my space is used up, and if you start you'll talk all night."

## Dorothy Dalton's "I Will"

(Concluded from page 93)

million dollars, and in fact she quite ran away with the honors of the picture.

Then and there the name of Dorothy Dalton was placed upon the Thomas H. Ince pay roll—and there it has remained until this day, even in the face of offer after offer at a salary that often made the young screen star blink and ponder.

"The Flame of the Yukon" represents the apogee of the Dorothy Dalton screen popularity, although it by no means reflects the actress in her best and most artistic moments. Still, it's the screen product that makes people who meet her for the first time open their eyes a bit wider as they exclaim: "Oh, yes—I saw you, in 'The Flame of the Yukon.'"

## The Shadow Stage

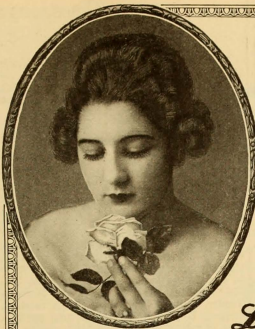
(Concluded from page 104)

widow who invents a "late" husband. Her mythical spouse comes to life and causes much embarrassment. It is a gay little story, particularly adapted to Miss Kennedy's talent for spontaneous comedy.

"The Bravest Way" (Paramount)—Sessue Hayakawa in a role more domestic and less exotic than usual,—a Japanese gardener who sacrifices love to loyalty but eventually is rewarded.

"Vengeance" (World)—Montagu Love as a Swami who trails an idol's jeweled eye through five reels of mystic melodrama; Barbara Castleton's first World film but her role only demonstrates her ability to wear garden frocks charmingly.

"Confession" (Fox)—Sid Franklin puts new thrills into old melodrama; the murderer, the man-hunt, the last-moment-pardon made absorbing through skillful direction; Jewel Carmen, charmingly plaintive as usual.



## Bring Out That Hidden CHARM, BEAUTY, AND EXPRESSION

Nothing will add so much to one's attractiveness as long, thick, silky eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows that are really natural. They give the eyes a fascinating charm that is envied by all.

If your eyebrows and lashes are short, thin and uneven, you can greatly assist nature in increasing the length and thickness by simply applying a little

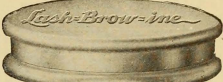
## Lash-Brow-Ine

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## Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 110)

**J. M. K., IRONWOOD, MICH.**—Wallie Reid's address is the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. Never saw Marguerite Clark drink, smoke or chew, so don't believe she makes a practice of it.

**MARION, ROCHESTER, N. Y.**—We are able to tell you how old Heeza Star is. How many times he has been married. How many small Stars there are. Where they live. What they eat. The size of their shoes. The names of their car. Their favorite color. The list of Heeza's plays and everything else about the Star and Picture families. But up to date we have been unable to figure out why so many men and women wish to become movie actors and actresses. Charlie Ray's wife is living. His address is in care of the Ince studio, Hollywood, Cal. No record of the whereabouts of Norman Trevor. Roland Bottomley is not married. "Hands Up," a serial, is the next production in which Ruth Roland is to make her appearance.

**A JERSEY CHICKEN, WEST NEW YORK, N. Y.**—Paul Panzer is coming back to the screen after an absence of a year. He's appearing in a new production, the title to be announced shortly. That explains his crossing the Weehawken, W. S. ferry from Jersey.

**THE THISTLE, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.**—Don't know whether Mr. Ford received your letter or not. If he did you will have an answer to it, we know.

**JE VOIS SAVOIR, HALLOWTON, MONT.**—William Scott was *The Stag* in "The Devil's Wheel." Anita Stewart is back in pictures. Her first new Vitaphone production is to be "The Mind-the-Paint Girl." Wallace MacDonald was *The Harmony Lad* in "The Shoes That Danced." He isn't married. Hugh Thompson played with Theda Bara in "The Forbidden Path."

**E. M., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.**—Mrs. and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks are separated. There has been no announcement to the effect that Mary Pickford and Owen Moore had parted.

**O. J., NEW YORK CITY.**—You'll have to write to the Lasky company and ask them the price of the "stills" from the pictures you mention. We haven't any idea of the cost. Address June Elvidge at the World studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

**BONITA GOMEZ BLOOD, BONES CANON, COLO.**—Well, you never can tell who we may be in disguise, but we'll assure you right here and now so that your fears will cease, we are not a Bolshevik or a Hun. Quite careless of your principal to preserve you. Or did you say can? Address Jack Mulhall, Jack Pickford and Elliott Dexter at the Lasky studio, Hollywood. And William Desmond at the Triangle studio. Billie Burke at the eastern Lasky studio. Enid Bennett and Charles Ray at the Thomas Ince studio; Vivian Martin, Morosco, and Mary Miles Minter, American. You'll have to write to Miss Bara yourself and ask her for a photo.

**P. D., MUSKEGON, MICH.**—Now dearie, the young man you adored so much playing in "A Self Made Widow" is John Bowers. We advise you not to trifle with him, for he was just recently married. The other very handsome one opposite Alia Joyce is Walter McGrail. You're right about us being Jazzie, but Juggie—no. Herbert Rawlinson is married to Roberta Arnold.

**A. C., HONEY GROVE, TEXAS.**—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883. Haven't heard that his father is living in Texas. Mr. Fairbanks has a secretary.

**PATTIE, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.**—Haven't heard of the marriage of Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance. Billie Burke is going back on the stage next season. Creighton Hale is with the Pathe company. "The House of Hate" is the late Pearl White picture and Antonio Moreno is being co-starred with Miss White in that serial. One of the late Polly Frederick's production is "Fedora." Geraldine Farrar is to play for Goldwyn this summer. Pauline Frederick is a Goldwyn star now too. "Women and the War" is to be the next big Griffith picture to follow "Hearts of the World." Pauline Frederick was educated in Boston. Henry Walthall is again appearing under the direction of D. W. Griffith. Elsie Ferguson's eyes are blue and her hair is brown.

**PEARL'S PAL, N. Y.**—Pearl White is again appearing in a serial. Better tell Pearl White about the makeup yourself. Have never seen the handwriting of your favorite star. Ever hear of Hooverizing on paper?

**R. V., GUELPH, ONT.**—There are classes of all sorts and descriptions for women doing war work in the U. S. Believe the Red Cross nurses are the only ones being sent over at the present time. All the actresses you mention send out their photos and answer letters.

**M. S., DENVER, COLO.**—Lew Cody was born in Waterville, Maine. He's played in too many pictures to mention them all, but some of them are: "The Mating," "The Cycle of Fate," "Mickey," "The Bride's Silence," "Southern Pride," "A Game of Wits," "A Branded Soul," "The Straw Collar," etc.

**MADAME BUTTERFLY, CHICAGO, ILL.**—Art kidding us, Madame Butterfly? We live in Chicago, you know.

**M. L., LOWELL, MASS.**—Henry Hull may do a picture or two when he completes his engagement in "The Man Who Came Back." "Rich Man, Poor Man" and "Prunella" are two late Marguerite Clark pictures.

**A GIRL OF FIFTEEN, DETROIT, MICH.**—Mollie King is appearing in vaudeville. Anita Stewart is back in pictures. Her first release is to be "The Mind-the-Paint Girl."

**P. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.**—Mae Marsh is twenty-three; Alia Lake doesn't give her age; Sessue Hayakawa was born in 1880; and Billie Rhodes in 1897. The birthday of Tom Forman is February 22; Constance Talmadge, April 10; Richard Barthelmess, May 9; Robert Harron, April 12, and Billie Rhodes, August 15.

**BLUE GRASS BILL, LEXINGTON, KY.**—Well suh, we'll try that creepin' into the editor's office and askin' for those pictures as you suggest just as soon as we get rid of the rheumatism. We've got a very artistic editor and if we didn't creep picturesquely he might not pay any attention to us. Cecil de Mille is married.

**E. & L., NELSON, NEW ZEALAND.**—Roberta Arnold (Mrs. Herbert Rawlinson) is a tall slender brunette. Very few people liked the colored drawings. No cast of "Arizona." Be sure and write again, E. & L.

## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

K. T., KEOKUK, IOWA.—Jack Holt is with Lasky. He's played with Mary Pickford and Sessue Hayakawa and Margaret Illingworth and he's very popular. That all? Oh yes, his address is Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. John Bowers is with the World Film Corp. He was divorced from Beulah Poynter and recently married a non-professional. You'll be able to see Mr. Bowers in World pictures for the next one hundred and four weeks. In April he signed a contract to appear in World pictures for two more years. Because you asked us not to we won't say we're glad you like us, but we are glad anyway.

E. L. Y., EVANSVILLE, IND.—We've never noticed any particular likeness between Wallace Reid and Marguerite Clark unless possibly their eyelashes slant in the same way. In that case you may resemble both of them. Marion and Madeline Fairbanks are on the legitimate stage. Kathryn Williams was born in Butte, Mont., the village made famous by copper and Mary MacLane. Miss Williams doesn't give the year of her birth, but after viewing "The Whispering Chorus" it doesn't seem possible that the event took place more than twenty-three or four years ago, though records show that she's probably about thirty-seven or eight. Believe she would write to you.

F. D., WEST FORT WILLIAM, ONT.—You want to get fat like Roscoe Arbuckle? This said he eats three square meals and a couple of extras each day. The story about Roscoe becoming intoxicated each hour is not true. It can't be did, even in the "movies." We know.

R. H. B., EVANSVILLE, IND.—There is really no reason why you should hesitate to write Mr. Lockwood and Mr. Blackwell for their photos in evening dress, inclosing twenty-five cents to each. We know of no other way for you to get them. Thank you for the pleasant wishes.

ELMA, SHANGHAI, CHINA.—Pleased to learn we would be liked so well "down under." Bessie Love was born in Texas about eighteen years ago. Pearl White is of Italian and Irish descent.

M. M., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—Sorry, but we haven't received the late measurements of the stars you are curious about. Both Olga Petrova and Pearl White have green eyes.

MARY ANDERSON FAN, PENSACOLA, FLA.—How tall is Mary Anderson? Why she isn't a-tall. She's four feet, ten inches short. Pearl White has Pearl-y White teeth.

V. O., CANOTERIE, QUEBEC.—Harold Lockwood has a son and a wife. She's not a professional. Vivian Martin is married to William Jefferson. Triangle studio, Culver City, Cal., is the address of William Desmond.

HELEN H., MONROE, LA.—Helen, you'll have to speak to Mr. Goldwyn and Mrs. Paramount and Miss Universal and all the other members of the film families and ask them why they don't put in settings to suit you. It must be too exasperating for words to have all the settings too cold. Accept our deepest sympathy and our hopes that you'll see 'em warm up.

A. V., CHICAGO.—There isn't any lucky one so far as Eugene O'Brien is concerned, so you have a chance.



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## Questions and Answers

(Continued)

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DOROTHEA, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.—Wallace Reid was born in New York in 1891. He's six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five and he has brown hair and blue eyes and Delight Evans interviewed him and we asked her what kind of a voice he had so that we could tell you the truth and she said it was just right, so it's O. K. to call him the man with the just-right voice.

BILLIE, SPRINGVALE, MAINE.—Florence Labadie died of injuries received in an automobile accident. Vera Sisson played opposite Harold Lockwood in "The Hidden Spring."

JAZZ BAND FIEND, MALVERN, ARK.—Mary Pickford, Nell Craig, Ruth Stonehouse, Bessie Barriscale, Norma Talmadge and Vivian Martin are the ones in the list you give who are married. Fred Wright, the director, is the husband of Miss Craig.

GRACE DARMOND BOOSTER, WILKESBARE, PA.—Florence Vidor and Jack Holt both appeared with Sessue Hayakawa in "The Honor of His House." That trio played together for quite some time. Mr. Hayakawa has his own company now and neither Miss Vidor nor Mr. Holt are scheduled in any of his new releases.

H. J. L., DETROIT, MICH.—It would be impossible to go over every scene of "Hearts of the World" and tell you just which ones were filmed abroad and which were not. This is very confidential. We couldn't tell at times which were the actual battle scenes and which were "staged." Can you imagine that?

JACK, HASTINGS, NEB.—You're in rather hard luck. Proposing by letter to Mary Miles Minter and Mae Marsh both in one month and being refused by the two of them. Cheer up and remember it's a queer road that doesn't branch out, and you'll be getting a movin' picture actor-ess yet.

IMA NUT, TORONTO, CAN.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1887. Irving Cummings in New York City one year later. Don't mind us. If you don't want to believe your favorites are married it's your privilege not to believe so.

LEWIS, CANUCK, FOREVER, WINNIPEG, CAN.—Harry Ham was born in Napanee, Ont. You shot the question, we answered.

H. R., STAUNTON, ILL.—Mary Miles Minter is sixteen. American studio is her address. Address Jane Caprice at Fox. She's nineteen. Mary Pickford's address is the Artcraft studios, and she's twenty-five and admits it. Pearl White is twenty-nine and she's with Pathe. Dorothy Phillips receives communications at Universal City and she's twenty-six. George Walsh is as old as Dorothy Phillips and he's with Fox. Franklyn Farnum is with Universal and he's thirty-five. Francis Bushman is with Metro and he says he was born in 1885.

WORRIER, BOSTON, MASS.—You say you are a fan and want to know if you may depend upon the Answer Man to give you "dope" about your favorites. To which we reply in poetic meter: Come right along, oh photoplay fan. We'll give you all the facts we can.

INQUISITIVE, CANTON, OHIO.—Anita Loos and Anthony Kelly are known as screen writers.

TRIB, MT. HAWTHORN, WEST AUSTRALIA.—Marguerite Clark's address is Famous

Players studio. Well, from your writing we should imagine you would make a very good screen actor, but from your signature we know that you never will be one. Consult a handwriting expert.

TILLIE, TOPEKA, KAN.—Go to New Yawk and become a star, Tillie, if you have made your final decision, but remember Tillie, remember that we won't show any partiality, so far as you are concerned. We'll answer the Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark questions just the same, though they probably won't be coming in as thickly as the ones about you.

H. Y. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—We have seen your college paper, "The Punch Bowl", and liked it. Thank you for offering to send it to us.

C. F., LANSING, MICH.—Mary Pickford, Bessie Love, Grace Darmond, Vivian Martin, Louise Huff and June Caprice are blondes. Thomas Meighan and William Russell have dark hair.

L. P. I., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Viola Dana in "Breakers Ahead." She played in "Blue Jeans", too. "Blue Jeans" and "The Blue Bird" were not the same picture.

L. R. U., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Address Harold Lockwood at the Metro studio, Hollywood; Viola Dana, Metro, New York; Jewel Carmen, Fox, Hollywood; Virginia Pearson, Fox, Fort Lee, N. J.; Earle Williams at the western Vitaphone studio, and Anita Stewart at the Brooklyn studio of Vitaphone.

R. B., WARSAW, N. Y.—Say, young fellow, look at our studio directory appearing in each issue of Photoplay and you'll find a whole list of reliable film companies given with their addresses. What more can you ask?

LA LORELLE, SALISBURY, MD.—Violet Horner played the part of Zarrah, Hal de Forest of the Sultan, and William Shay of Prince Omar in "The Daughter of the Gods." Douglas McLean's communications are sent to 135 W. 79th St., New York City. Quite sure he'll "come across" with the photo. Douglas Fairbanks is five feet, ten inches tall; Harold Lockwood, five feet, eleven; Dustin Farnum, six feet, and Wallace Reid, six feet. Douglas Fairbanks played in "The Mystery of the Leaping Fish." Marjorie Wilson and Gladys Brockwell played with Doug in "Double Trouble."

CARIEL COLONEL, STANTON, NEB.—Haven't the maiden name of Mrs. Harold Lockwood. Pathe studio is where Pearl White is located. Violet Mercereau is at the Monterey Hotel in New York. Creighton Hale is at Pathe, Warren Kerrigan, Paralta. Why do movie actresses wear curls? Might better ask: Why do movie actors and actresses wear curls? That's a stumper! Olive Thomas is with Triangle at Culver City.

B. B., UTICA, N. Y.—We reckon you all will find a photo of Conway Tearle in the art section of the January, 1917, PHOTOPLAY.

T. D., EAST LOGAN, UTAH.—The X between the Francis and Bushman means Xavier. Write to Wallie Reid at the Lasky studio, Hollywood, Cal. The rumor of his being at Camp Lewis was false. The scenario is the outline or synopsis of the play. Anyway, that's what Noah tells us. Your writing indicates that you have a great desire to possess a motorcycle. In time your desire will be fulfilled.

## Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

L. M., TEXARKANA, ARK.—Harry Morey is a star. He has been co-starred with Alice Joyce. He hasn't any special leading lady. You just ask him for a photo and specify that you'd like one without that eternal fag, Virginia Rappae was the orful vampire in "Paradise Garden." William Hinckley died in March. Naomi Childers last played on the legitimate stage with H. B. Warner in "Among Those Present." Winifred Allen is now Mrs. Lawrence Sperry. Harry Morey and Alice Joyce are with Vitagraph. Marguerite Clark with Famous Players. Bessie Love played the Bride of Cana in "Intolerance."

EDNA, LOCKWOOD ADMIRER, PITTSBURG, PA.—Honestly have you seen all those three film stars? Some people are the luckiest. We'd be glad to send you a photo if we were Harold Lockwood, so perhaps Harold being Harold will be glad to do likewise.

HELEN & DOROTHY, JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Tom Moore is married to Alice Joyce. Address Mr. Moore at the Goldwyn studios. June Caprice is nineteen. She is single. Madge Kennedy is married. She doesn't give her age.

WATTLE BLOSSOM, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—Write to Mary Pickford at the Artcraft studio, Hollywood, Cal., and ask her if she received the gift you sent to New York. Mary Pickford is far from being like India rubber and her height remains stationary even though you have seen it given several different ways. She's about four feet, eleven. The question of our national flower has never been settled, but the golden rod is supposed to be it. We're in the best of health, thank you.

D. W., TULSA, OKLA.—Theda Bara was born in 1890. She's single. Her hair and eyes are dark brown. Bayside, L. I. is the address of Maurice Costello. Mr. Costello's eyes are blue-gray and his hair is brown. Both Lillian Walker and Edith Storey are unmarried. Flora Finch was last with Pathe. Florence Turner is now living in England. Olga Petrova's husband is a surgeon. Mahlon Hamilton is no longer the leading man for Olga Petrova. He's with the Pathe company and he doesn't say whether he's married or single.

BEAUSAJOUR, ASCOT, AUSTRALIA—Quite sure Photo Play Scardon will be glad to write to

his native countryman. Mr. Scardon was born in Australia in 1878. He appeared on the stage in Australia for twelve years. His screen career started with the Reliance-Majestic company about five years back. He has been with Vitagraph for some time.

PEGGY, PITMAN, N. J.—The Mary Pickford picture, "The Teacher and the Bully," is not a new production. In fact it is very old and was recently reissued. Might say it was produced about eight or nine years ago, which is ancient history in the film world. Vivian Martin is living in Hollywood. She was born near Grand Rapids, Mich. Won't tell how long ago. She's been in pictures for more than two years. Harris Ford was the "handsome young man" in "The Sunset Trail." If Haskell Coffin ever did a sketch of us he isn't aware of it and neither are we.

R. H., NORFOLK, VA.—"The Firefly of France" is a late Wallace Reid picture. Mr. Reid has blue eyes and blonde brown hair and is six feet tall and weighs about one hundred and eighty something or other and he dresses just like a real hero and he parts his hair in the middle sometimes and sometimes he doesn't. He wears a wrist watch and he smokes a pipe and he's just as nice off the screen as he is on and he is married to Dorothy Davenport and he has a young son William Wallace Reid, Jr., who is going to grow up to be just like his father and he has a car and a house and he lives in Hollywood and he's popular and—oh well, you know all about him now and you just keep on having him for your favorite. He's all right.

E. C. M., NEWCASTLE, IND.—Douglas Fairbanks has appeared in more than fifty-seven varieties of pictures. "Wild and Woolly" wasn't intended to be ripped up in that fashion and the jumpiness of it was undoubtedly due to the age of the film when shown to you. See?

I. S., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—There may be a commercial studio or two in Denver, but no well known company is located there. Chicago studios are perhaps nearer Minneapolis than any others, but there is practically no work being done in the Chicago studios now. Generally a synopsis of the story is all that is needed for a scenario. There is no set number of scenes to a reel.

## Answers to June Puzzles

First Prize, \$10.00—Miss Myrtle Norton, 60 Bainbridge Street, Malden, Mass. Second Prize, \$5.00—Kenneth R. Walter, 180 North Fulton Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y. Third Prize, \$3.00—Mrs. C. E. Learned, Box 351, Clayton, N. Y. Fourth Prize, \$2.00—Mrs. Frederic Wellman, 1940 East 72nd Place, Chicago, Ill.

Winners of the \$1.00 Prizes—Miss F. J. Van Benthuyzen, 551 W. 178th Street, New York City, Miss Helen Linn, 2511 Ames Avenue, Omaha, Neb., Marshall Diefel, 141 W. Concord Street, Boston, Mass., William Reynolds, 1338 King Street W., Toronto, Canada, Chas. J. Cunningham, 1713 N. Madison Avenue, Peoria, Ill., C. L. Hindbaugh, 2963 Talbott Ave., Indianapolis, Ind., Lieut. S. W. McArthur, M. R. C. Base Hospital, 14 Camp Custer, Mich., Miss Helen Wagner, 661 Meldrum Ave., Detroit, Mich., Aldred Aurich, Box 306, Sacramento, Calif., Joseph Joseph, East Aurora, New York.

### Correct Answers

- |                     |                  |                     |
|---------------------|------------------|---------------------|
| 1—Harry Morey       | 4—Mae Murray     | 7—Harold Lockwood   |
| 2—Henry B. Walthall | 5—June Caprice   | 8—Pauline Frederick |
| 3—Walker Whiteside  | 6—Julian Eltinge | 9—Taylor Holmes     |

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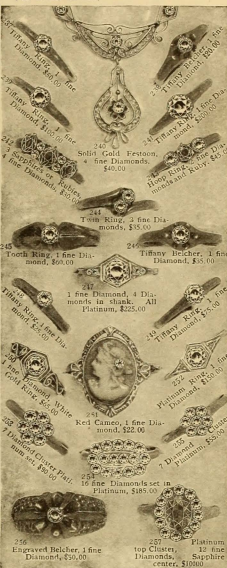


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\* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

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