



Class PN1993

Book .P35

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

Scanned from the collections of The Library of Congress



Packard Campus
for Audio Visual Conservation
www.loc.gov/avconservation

Motion Picture and Television Reading Room
www.loc.gov/rr/mopic

Recorded Sound Reference Center
www.loc.gov/rr/record

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

MAY 1917

15 CENTS



Mrs. Vernon Castle.

© HILL N.Y.

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

PN1993
P35

Announcement Extraordinary!

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL has undoubtedly achieved the most sensational and remarkable success ever credited to modern journalism by becoming within one short year America's foremost motion picture magazine—from every standpoint.

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY RESULT! *The Photo-Play Journal* is going to increase its superiority beginning with the June number, which will be on sale at all news-stands on May 20th. Simultaneously the quality of this magazine, typographical, pictorial and literary, will be actually improved despite the fact that hundreds of critics declare it to be the acme of perfection now.

THE PRICE of this great American magazine, which takes the initiative in really possessing a heart, soul and character, will be only slightly increased. The new price beginning with June number will be TWENTY CENTS per copy and yearly subscriptions will be accepted at the rate of \$2.00.

MORE QUALITY—All for the Sake of Giving YOU a Wonder Magazine!

AS YOU KNOW, *The Photo-Play Journal* is the only so-called class periodical in the motion picture field. From its inception it has been to the photoplay fans what *The Ladies' Home Journal* is to the women and what *The Theatre Magazine* is to the theatre-goers. *The Photo-Play Journal* is in no sense of the word a trade publication, it being designed to interest the hosts of photoplayers as well as those who seldom attend "the movies." At the same time it is of equal interest to all those connected with the moving picture industry. It strives to be the highest authority on all topics pertaining to the subject to which it is devoted. How well it succeeds in this purpose is eloquently demonstrated in the fact that it is the fastest-growing magazine in the world today.

WATCH THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL more closely than ever now. It will interest you more and more.

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

20 Cents per Copy—\$2.00 per Year

LAND TITLE BUILDING :: :: PHILADELPHIA, PA.



The Editor's Personal Page

DO you realize that the United States is by far the greatest motion-picture-film producer in the world? This country's annual output is estimated at 1,000,000,000 feet of film worth \$40,000,000 and there is a consistently steady increase in the manufacture of this entertainment-providing commodity. The extensiveness of the moving picture industry is an excellent barometer by which to judge and appreciate the vast precedence which has been attained by grand, incomparable America in other lines of business and it should inspire a thrill of pride in the heart of every loyal patriot. Moreover, every photoplay-goer should be constantly aware of the fact that when he or she is witnessing the photoplays made in the U. S. A., he or she is enjoying the happy privilege of seeing the best there is in this wonderful art. The most caustic critic cannot justly assail the American screen in general nor do we know of a single one who has ventured so much. Praise instead of criticism has the upper hand, because the plane occupied by the shadow stage is so exalted, so firmly fixed in its American superiority that even the habitual fault-finder cannot maintain a tenable congruity and denounce it. When one pauses to ponder on the high quality which prevails in such a near-infinite preponderance of effort at film-making, admiration leaps out of all bounds in its heartfelt genuineness. All hail a billion feet of pictorial celluloid as the unmistakable sign of unsurpassable American triumph in the indispensable cause of diversion!

INDISCRIMINATE and narrow-minded straight-laced doctrines when applied to the photoplay art have a tendency to devitalize it. There has been too much heterogeneous agitating against pictures in general and not enough of the concentrated effort to eliminate the few objectionable ones which have sprung into existence occasionally in the past. Blatant reformers have assumed the attitude of telling the film producers and exhibitors how to run their business by designating an impossible moral code which they insist shall be followed soberly and even somberly. Daily newspapers are constantly printing sermons, special articles and interviews assailing the moving picture theater just for the sake of pleasing the authors of the denunciations. This is obviously an injustice to the industry. However, of course, no one would gainsay the advantages of having a free press and no one desires to exert an undue influence to exclude the enemies of wholesome amusement from mediums for voicing their sentiments. Nevertheless, it does seem there has been more than a surfeit of calumny heaped upon the greatest and most beneficial of all diversions—the wonderful and incomparable moving picture—and it certainly strikes us as germane to beseech people to contribute towards obviating the bane of too much adverse criticism by writing defensive and augmentative letters to their favorite newspapers and asking that these be published. There must be a potential counteracting force generated over the length and the breadth of the land in order to remove the last shackle which prevents the

development of this marvelous industry from reaching the truly super-wonderful. Whatever may be obnoxious in future photoplays will be removed by the process of public demand without the aid of silly muck-rackers, and the happiness the screen affords to the vast majority is too important to have it lessened one whit by a few petty obstructionists, who think more of having their own obstinate way than they do about promoting the common welfare.

"IF you will force yourself to smile up to ten o'clock in the morning, you will automatically smile all day," declares Douglas Fairbanks, the idol of many thousands of photoplay fans and who is, by the way, the champion exponent of the smile. Indeed, he will have fulfilled a useful mission if he can convince the sober of mien that there is nothing nugatory in a smile and that, on the contrary, it is a habit from which munificent blessings flow to all mankind. The man who can persuade all the world to smile will succeed in writing his name indelibly in posterity and there are few men in any walk of life who can wield a wider influence in the work of arousing human pleasantries than Douglas Fairbanks. The best proof of the pudding is the fact that numerous other moving picture actors are emulating him by doing their utmost to spread smiles all through their characterizations, and, in turn, if you will observe audiences, you will note just how infectious the smiling is, because invariably when there is an abundance of smiles pictured on the screen, the big majority of those witnessing the picture will be found smiling. The ultimate effect of this tendency is obvious. It chases away frowns, the wilful assassins of good cheer—it precludes the possibility of melancholy people being preyed on incessantly by their woes, actual or imaginary. By all means, the propagation of the smile should be encouraged and a vote of thanks is due Douglas Fairbanks for his share in the beneficial work, for in these times of bitter strife, when amicable relations seem more unstable than ever before in the history of the world, there is heartening uplift in even seeing one smile and there is genuine pleasure, unalloyed, in partaking of a smile one's self. Here's to it—we of this tempestuous generation—a smile in spite of all our misfortunes!

WRITE to the editor! Tell him about yourself, tell him what you think about motion pictures, tell him what you think of his efforts! But, by all means, write to him! Become a personal friend of the man who edits the magazine you like. He's a regular human being, who is always glad to add new friends to his list, and many a strong friendship has been established by correspondence. Do read this magazine from cover to cover carefully and study it, then tell me what you think of the various features. Make suggestions. Be frank and honest in your criticism or praise. Above all, please bear in mind that ye editor aspires to be personally acquainted with his every reader, and as the only feasible way to accomplish this is by letter, YOU write.



GRACE CUNARD
UNIVERSAL



Cranewickbur



E. K. LINCOLN
MUTUAL



MARY GARDEN
GOLDWYN



PAULINE FREDERICK
FAMOUS PLAYERS



DELBERT E. DAVENPORT, Editor

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1	FILMS WILL HELP MUSIC OF THE FUTURE	21
GRACE CUNARD. (Full-page portrait.)	2	GISH SISTERS AND COMPANY. (Illustrated.) <i>By Marjorie Wright</i>	22
CRANE WILBUR. (Full-page portrait.) Autographed....	3	THE AUTHOR'S DAY IN MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION....	23
E. K. LINCOLN. (Full-page portrait.)	4	THE SILENT TREND. <i>By Bert D. Essex</i>	24
MARY GARDEN. (Full-page portrait.)	5	EDITORIAL	27
PAULINE FREDERICK. (Full-page portrait.)	6	A SMALL TOWN GIRL. (A short story. Illustrated.) <i>By Grace Ade</i>	28
CONTENTS. (Illustrated.)	7	DUSTIN FARNUM AT PLAY. <i>By Tom Field</i>	31
FOUR CHARMING QUEENS OF THE PHOTOPLAY—DOROTHY DALTON, CARMEL MYERS, ETHEL CLAYTON AND MARGARET ANGLIN. (Portraits.)	8	ANN MURDOCK OF THE STAGE AND SCREEN. (Illustrated.) <i>By Terry Ramsaye</i>	32
THE WILDCAT. (A short story. Illustrated.) <i>By Charlemagne Parry</i>	9	MAN'S FOLLY. <i>By E. H. Scagrove</i>	33
CURIOUS AMBITIONS OF STAGE FOLK. (Illustrated.)	12	A BRIGHT LITTLE RAE. (Illustrated.) <i>By H. H. Van Loan</i>	34
POPULARIZING SCIENCE. (Illustrated.) <i>By Felix J. Koch</i> ..	13	THE PASSION TO RULE. (A novel. Illustrated.) <i>By Delbert E. Davenport</i>	36
ON THE TRAIL OF THE HURDY-GURDY MAN. <i>By Frank Snow</i>	14	SCREEN STORIES. <i>By Jack Winn</i>	38
AN EXAMPLE OF HOW THE CAMERA SHOWS YOU INTRICATE NATURE. (Illustrated.)	14	THIS MONTH'S SUGGESTION—"When the Tide Came In." <i>By Mrs. C. B. Fulmer</i>	39
BURNING UP THE BOULEVARD. (Illustrated.)	15	WELCOME BOUQUETS FROM FRIENDS OF OURS	40
THE BOTTLE IMP. (A short story. Illustrated.) <i>By Harold P. Quicksall</i> . Adapted from the story of Robert Louis Stevenson	16	WHY IS YOUR FAVORITE YOUR FAVORITE. (The interesting voice of photoplay fans.)	41
JUST LIKE THREE PEAS IN A POD. (Illustrated).	19	INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS	42
TRAILING DYNAMIC DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS. (Illustrated.) <i>By Bennie Zeidman</i>	20	MARY TAKES LESSONS IN AVIATION. (Illustrated.)	42
		LAST LAUGH	48

MRS. VERNON CASTLE

(OUR FAIR LADY ON THE COVER)

Known internationally as one of the best-dressed women in America, Mrs. Vernon Castle has now established herself as one of the most popular photoplayers in this great land of the free. She had long enjoyed a truly remarkable reputation as an exponent of the most elite ballroom dancing, having been with her husband, the enviable rage of New York for several seasons. When her husband joined the British Aviation Corps and went to the European battle-front to help fight the Central Allies, Mrs. Castle abandoned dancing

and went into pictures. In the stellar and title role of "Patria," a splendid serial in which thrill abounds, she has scored a distinct success, displaying considerable histrionic ability. Mrs. Castle is an expert swimmer, a daring horsewoman and a lover of all outdoor sports. She is a fearless, self-reliant woman, as she has just shown by braving the submarines, shot and shell to visit her husband "somewhere in France," from which center of danger she returned quite recently. She will soon appear in another big feature picture.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LAVERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

THOMAS B. NAYLOR, President and General Manager
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street, New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
[\$2.00 IN CANADA \$2.50 FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY 15 CENTS]

Entered as second-class matter, April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879 :: Copyright, 1917, by LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO.



DOROTHY DALTON



CARMEL MYERS



MARGARET ANGLIN



ETHEL CLAYTON

FOUR CHARMING QUEENS OF THE PHOTOPLAY

THE WILDCAT

By CHARLEMAGNE PARRY

DESPITE the languid June morning the clatter of a bustling activity pervaded the Carewe garage. The sharp crash of steel against steel, the occasional dropping of tools, and the constant shifting of machinery suggested, however, that the mechanic whose only visible being was two roughly trousered legs sticking from beneath the automobile was proceeding with the "more haste less speed" of the meddler rather than the smooth accuracy of the skilled mechanic.

The worker exhibited no lack of confidence whatever. There was another terrific blow with the hammer, and a rainfall of steel as though some finely adjusted appliance had been smashed into a thousand pieces. And then came a gasp from the young man attired in the garb of a chauffeur, who cautiously stuck his head through the garage door.

"Every time you monkey with that engine it takes me a week to get it together again, Miss Bethesda," was the half-angry, half-apologetic plea of the chauffeur.

The prostrate girl, being wriggled out from the depths of the motor, sat erect, and blazed her anger from eyes almost as black as the long streaks of grease which made her adorable, almost childish beauty, irresistible. Bethesda wasted no time in words. From the floor she snatched a wrench twice the size of her slender arm and started in pursuit of the man who dared to question her knowledge of motor construction.

From bitter experience the young man knew she was quite equal to using it, so as he skirted the Carewe lawn he was alert for the most convenient tree. In a trice he was in its upper branches. Bethesda followed, but less expert in this first accomplishment of man she halted to consider a new plan of campaign before she attempted to follow her prey into the swaying upper branches. Hesitation was not part of Bethesda's nature, however, so she was soon on the ground again. Drawing the big wrench over her shoulder she issued her ultimatum:

"Come down, you fresh piece of cheese, or I'll throw this at your head."

Without waiting for a reply she hurled the wrench through the air as though to kill the man. Her aim was bad, however, and as the wrench slowly soared past the chauffeur's head he reached out and caught it. Bethesda's chagrin was at its height, as a result of this thwarting of her designs on the young man, when Roger Carewe, who had from the piazza witnessed every stage of the contest, decided it had reached a stage which required action on his part. His round and hearty laugh, as big and wholesome as his personal appearance, was the signal for endless recriminations and explanations from both Bethesda and the chauffeur. Grasping his daughter by the shoulders, however, he lifted her from the ground with a gesture of endearment. The treed chauffeur cautiously slid to the ground, rolling up his sleeves as he moved in the direction of the garage, and smiling with a sort of rueful anticipation, as he

heard the indulgent father tell his spitfire daughter that Claude St. Clair was coming to see her that afternoon.

"Who said he was?" Bethesda snapped.

"He told me himself," her parent reported, "as I passed his father's office on the way home."

"You tell that little fortune-hunting shrimp he's got to wait until 'deer' season opens before I'll listen to him propose again," was the sharp rejoinder.

Something of the gleeful anticipation which lingered on the chauffeur's lips was evident in the face of Roger Carewe when he playfully replied:

"Your mother won't receive Claude that way," he said, as he returned to the big house and the seclusion of his den leaving Bethesda, with a puzzling look, going in the direction of her boudoir.

* * * * *

Roger Carewe spoke with the wisdom of experience when he said that Bethesda's mother would not speak rudely of Claude St. Claire. At that very moment Mathilda Carewe was lounging lazily, if not guiltily, in the drawing-room, cigarette between lips and book in lap. By way of further diversion she was abusing one of her many maids for having attempted to play Beethoven's "Pastorale" Symphony on the phonograph when such "good" music as the "Temptation Rag" was to be found in her ample record library. Between times Mrs. Carewe glanced out of the window. The maid had just started the phonograph upon the merry strains of the rag-time air, when such a glance brought Mrs. Carewe to her feet with a command to stop the instrument.

A handsome limousine had drawn up in front of the Carewe home, and from it stepped Claude, a foppish leader among dress-suit boys. Mathilda hastily disposed of the cigarette, sent for Bethesda, deposited herself in a conspicuous chair

in a posture of studied ease, and awaited Claude's entry as she read a book upside down!

The first formalities of polite conversation had hardly been passed between Mathilda and Claude before the atmosphere was sharpened considerably by the entrance of Bethesda. Then came the deluge. The girl rushed immediately to the phonograph and started anew the lurid strains of "Temptation." The next moment she was in Claude's arms doing a one-step about the room. Mathilda protested in vain. She stopped the phonograph but still the dance went on wildly. In desperation she pretended to faint. Claude immediately rushed to her side while Bethesda, free as the air, turned gaily toward the street.

Once there the always active mind of the young woman evolved an idea for a new prank out of the mere sight of a passing rag man. He was a young negro, this rag-picker, with his very broad smile which became all the more conspicuous as Bethesda beckoned for him to approach. Few words were necessary. With a bank note in his hand he went into the Carewe garden to add one more link in Claude's chain of misery. Bethesda rejoined the now completely recovered Mathilda and her suitor in the drawing-room.

Simulating the innocence of a child she sweetly asked Claude if he would walk down by the pond in her garden, and he, hope rising anew, accepted graciously. Bethesda was cruelly direct in the execution of her plot. She led the young man, attired in his fine afternoon coat and spotless linen, directly past the bushes in which the negro was concealed, to the very edge of the pond.

"Oh, look at the goldfish," said the seductive minx, as she leaned far over the edge of the pool. The unsuspecting Claude leaned still further. There was a quick rustle of the bushes and the next second Claude was splashing about in the water



When Bethesda drank her soup, Hunt gazed at her knowingly



"I've been tamed," the girl told her father

in the most undignified fashion, while Bethesda stood on the banks clapping her hands and jumping about in a spasm of delight.

Bethesda picked up her little Pomeranian, silent witness of the whole absurd proceeding, and ran light-heartedly away, while her mother issued panic-stricken from the house to minister to the needs of Claude.

* * * * *

Bethesda thought little of this adventure. It was but one episode in a life full of overflowing with such incidents. She was simply determined to thwart her mother's plans to make her marry, and particularly she was determined not to marry Claude St. Clair, with his monic and simpering manners.

But the day came when she was compelled to think more seriously of marriage. The St. Clair incident was almost forgotten in the Carewe household when Bethesda, hurrying through the hall one day, overheard a conversation between her father and mother.

"Certainly it is a great blow to you," said her father, "but it is equally great to me. I cannot right now tell how long I will be able to last. But one thing is certain. We must, somehow or other, induce Bethesda to marry, and marry well while we are still able to live in our present style and convince our friends that my financial position is absolutely assured."

Bethesda rushed into the room. "I don't care about money or anything else," she burst out. "I'm not going to marry anybody, and you can't trick me into it. So there! If it's only money you want, I'll be a war nurse or run a jitney. But marry? Nit!"

In a terrible passion the girl rushed from the room to her boudoir. She seized a splendid vase on the table and threw it against the wall. The whole collection of decorative pieces on the mantel of the room

she swept into the fireplace. She tore the silk cover from the bed and pulled the mattress with it. Then, wrapping herself in all these clothes, she threw herself on the floor and sobbed bitterly.

Meanwhile her father was weeping equally bitter tears in the drawing-room down stairs. Finally he rose to his feet, laid a comforting hand on the downcast Mathilda, and then followed Bethesda to her room. When he saw the havoc and the girl sobbing on the floor, he quietly withdrew and went to his office.

Once there he closed the door to all visitors. Then closeted with his private secretary went over the disastrous list of his liabilities again and put against it his meager assets. Finally he arose with his course decided.

"Wire Mortimer Hunt," was his instruction, "that I cannot meet his notes, but that I will give him my entire interest in the rich Taft mines in lieu thereof."

And as the secretary left the room he feebly turned his numbed senses again to the mass of papers on his desk.

* * * * *

It so happened that Carewe had decided more wisely than he knew. When Mortimer Hunt, the young mining engineer, received the telegram, he read it with thoughtful brow. He remembered Carewe though Carewe had forgotten him. He had reason to. Carewe had made his immense fortune possible. He had given Hunt his first thousand dollars.

Naturally big-hearted, he had been bred in the hard school of the frontier, where life is violent, and acquired the reputation of being a two-fisted man of iron. But as he stood by the open shaft of his mine that morning and read the telegram, the details of that early incident came back with compelling vividness. In a few hours he was in New York, and the following day faced Carewe in his office.

"Mr. Carewe, your holdings in the Taft mines," he said, "are worth far more than my notes against you. As you say, I would be justified in taking the proposition as you offer it, but I refuse to do it. You have forgotten that you gave me my first opportunity in my chosen profession. I am now going to return your generosity with coin of the same kind. I am worth millions, and I am here to see that you suffer no loss in your present troubles."

The astounded Carewe was still gasping in his desk chair when the office door opened and in rushed Bethesda. She didn't deign the visitor a single glance. Put-



She begged them to not hang young Hunt

ting her hand on her father's shoulder, she asked appealingly for money.

"There's a poor woman in my motor, and I want to take her to the hospital and her children to the day nursery."

Hunt was an interested spectator to the scene. For him it had present beauties and fond recollections. Once again he recalled that first visit to Carewe and his ears stung again as he recollected how Bethesda.

be a wife-hunter after all," said he. And the two men put their heads together.

* * * * *

The next afternoon Bethesda, properly attired and in her most polite mood, stepped into her limousine for a brief outing. The suburbs of the city had been left far behind when she spied an old man lying in the gutter. Bethesda stopped the car and

revolver at the head of Bethesda, ordered her to "change cars." Honestly frightened, she obeyed. The old man was carried into the other machine and under directions from the masked invader the party spun rapidly toward the mountains.

That was a trying ride for Bethesda. Without a word from her abductors she was carried to a log cabin far up in the mountain passes. Once there the machine disappeared, and alone with the masked kidnapper and the old man, she was ordered to "get supper in a jiffy." An hour passed, and still she struggled in the kitchen. It took her another half hour to get enough courage to announce that supper—her best effort—was ready. When the masked man entered he was no longer masked. To her consternation she faced Mortimer Hunt. Her cry of surprise brought no reply from him, however; he merely examined the supper. Then, without a word, he threw everything she had prepared on the floor.

For the first time in her life Bethesda went to bed that night supperless and in terror. Right outside her door was the old man, now she believed, hopelessly intoxicated. Walking heavily on the board floor downstairs was Hunt, the wreckage of the primitive furnishings right where it had fallen after his fifth towering rage and verbal attack upon her. It was a sleepless night, and morning only brought new terrors.

Bethesda was in the throes of preparing breakfast when she saw, coming toward the cabin, a group of roughly dressed men trailing a rope. Hunt hurried into the room, apparently panic-stricken.

"They're after me," he said, "but they won't get me," and he drew an enormous revolver.

The contest was short but sharp. Hunt was overpowered without firing a shot. Bethesda, cringing in a corner of the room, was a now thoroughly tamed and frightened

(Continued on page 44)



"I'm not going to marry anyone and you can't trick me into it"

then a mite of a girl, had bombarded him with beans from a blow-pipe.

When Carewe had supplied the needed banknotes and Bethesda had brushed out of the room like a spring breeze, the two men looked at each other. They had a single thought, but as men are wont to do, they counted without the woman.

* * * * *

Dinner was served at the Carewe residence and Hunt, as the guest of a grateful family, was becoming embarrassed at the empty chair at his left. Bethesda had not appeared. Carewe himself began to see visions of a runaway daughter. Mathilda was obviously disturbed. But their fears were groundless. Running away was no part of Bethesda's plan.

In a moment she appeared—and such an entrance! Her hair hung loosely about her shoulders. She was gowned like a girl of twelve years. She went immediately to Hunt and pulled his nose. Then standing off, she "pulled" her chewing-gum in the fashion of the plebeian school girl. She put her fingers on Hunt's expansive evening dress shirt, and otherwise tried to give that overwhelmed but smiling gentleman the impression that she was singularly ill bred.

He was not impressed, however, with any emotion except the courage and determination of this young woman. Crumpled in his hand was a note from her courageous maid. It read: "She's trying to disgust you so you won't want to marry her." So he was patient and understanding throughout the dinner hour when Bethesda drank the soup.

When the storm had passed, so to speak, Hunt sought Carewe in the library.

"She has started this game of acting, will you give me permission to finish it? I may

leaped to the man's side. He was unconscious. With the aid of the chauffeur, she carried him to the car. The chauffeur leaped again to the wheel, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he reported "engine difficulties" to his youthful mistress.

While he was bent over the engine another machine drew up alongside the car. A masked man stepped out and, pointing a



Claude was a leader among the dress-suit boys

Curious Ambitions of Stage Folk



URIOUS ambitions flourish nowhere else as they do among stage folk—actors and actresses, singers and dancers whose one duty, it is to entertain and constantly make believe. It may be the environments that lead so many artists of the screen and the theater to aspire strangely, for the atmosphere in which they live is entirely different from that prevailing in the completely foreign commercial or business fields. Primarily, the stage performer is made a dreamer by force of habit—few of them are ever accredited with being practical. However, insofar as their ambitions for the future are concerned, they are in no way abstract, as a quite general rule, but on the contrary, you will find a majority of them working to a given end that would reflect credit on any man or woman of any occupation. Nevertheless it is accepted as a truism that all successful entertainers do not have practical business notions uppermost in their mind for the time being. It is obvious that they could not concentrate their minds on their art if they emulated the jaded business man who carries his business worries with him wherever he goes. In view of the fact that many film folk have extensive business interests such as would worry anyone and still do not permit of the least bit of interference from any source in the expounding of their art, they must be praised for accomplishing the difficult task of maintaining poise under conditions which would cause the average person to wobble lamentably.

One of the most curious ambitions is that of Zoe Barnett, the ingenue prima donna. She wants to accumulate a million dollars for the purpose of establishing a colony in California exclusively for the benefit of the poor people who are given no opportunity to escape living and dying in the squalor of the East Side tenement district of New York.

"It would require all of a million dollars to establish and maintain a colony sufficiently large to accommodate the hundreds of men, women and children who are powerless to ever extricate themselves from a life-long misery in that terrible district," Miss Barnett says. "And, as my only means of earning that much money lies in stage work, I do sincerely aspire to some day acquire that much of a fortune for that one purpose. I have been investigating my savings for several years in stocks in the hopes that I would thereby make possible the accumulating of so much money."

Miss Barnett was reared in California, and she considers it a great pity that New York's most destitute residents are obliged to live and die without ever knowing what real sunshine and real fresh air is like.

Douglas Fairbanks, one of the most popular stars in all Filmdom, cherishes as his chief ambition to become America's foremost ranch-owner. He is after a deed to about one-half of the state of Wyoming.

"I'm a fanatic on the close-to-nature doctrine, because I figure it gives a human being a mental and moral house-cleaning to live in the wild outdoors occasionally," Mr. Fairbanks says.

Of course this champion exponent of the

strenuous life is not in the least discouraged with acting before the moving-picture camera. How could he be when the salary check keeps getting fatter all the time!

Olga Petrova's greatest ambition in life is to always have more work to do than she can accomplish.

"If I can just succeed in keeping busy up to the last hour of my existence on this globe I'll be happy," she says.

One of the most extraordinary of ambitions is possessed by Kathlyn Williams, who wants to buy and maintain a ranch in California where she could make happy all the poor stray dogs, cats and worn-out horses.

"And some day I'm going to realize my ambition too," she says. "It is a shame how little attention mortals pay to dumb animals, and I seek to eliminate this shame if possible."

William S. Hart expresses his all-controlling ambition in exactly ten well-chosen words, viz.: "I'd rather be just an actor than occupy a throne." With the recent experiences of Czar Nick of Russia fresh in

the memory, it is in order to felicitate with Hart.

Just to impress it upon the world at large that good photoplay material is scarce, and that American literary geniuses are either laggard or unable to cope with the heavy demand, Fannie Ward frankly divulges as her guiding aspiration to possess a trunkful of good scenarios and to have Cecil DeMille to direct them. This is not such a trivial ambition either despite the fact that there are something like ten million people writing "for the picture" constantly but not often successfully.

Olga Petrova has as one of her ambitions to assist in supplying the shortage in scenarios, and so she is writing them. However, outside of histrionic aspiration she is most interested in designing, and she devotes a lot of her spare time to this art.

George Beban has many curious ambitions, but there is no hobby or fad which could take the place of his son with him, and he plans on making the boy president of the United States one of these fine days about forty years hence.

Here Is George Beban's Greatest Ambition



The Morosco-Paramount star is warning his son against eating bananas or spaghetti for fear he will develop his naturally inherited bent for Italian character acting, at which Beban himself has no peer. Like all parental admonitions, this one seems to be falling on deaf ears

POPULARIZING SCIENCE

Unique Field of the Motion Picture is
Interesting the Layman in Things Scientific

By FELIX J. KOCH

UST' what may all come of it is, of course, impossible of prophecy. Suffice it to say, on the one hand, the public—the great mass of populace—is receiving, half-unconsciously an education such as the world at no other time offered it, and, on the other hand, the scientist is receiving a stimulus, a fresh urge to zeal, thanks to universal public appreciation, such as he, too, has never known before!

Probably you have not quite thought of it in that light, but, latterly, all the big English-speaking world over—rich folk, poor folk, the great middle classes—have been evincing an interest in things scientific which they themselves will credit squarely to the "movies." The motion-picture houses are taking cognizance and demanding pictures in accordance and the great producers are going to their wits' ends to produce new phases along lines agreeable to the same.

For a nickel or a dime at most now you may see the heights of mountains and take the costly ride to top these; you may travel to the bottoms of deep, famous mines; you may ride through the Tropics; sledge it across the frozen Lone Lands; see cities from balloons or otherwise; or learn of unsuspected wonders right at home.

Out of all of which there is being born, even unto the very lowly, a tremendous interest in science.

Down in the tenement districts of Cincinnati not so long since an audience sat spell-bound watching a group of flowers in the unfolding; at another play-house an untutored audience sat as rooted at some deep-sea photographs.

Popularizing science in fact seems to have become the great mission of the motion picture these days, and it is engaged in this errand of worth to all peoples and classes.

Greater surprise still and the more agreeable withal of course, is the price folks are willing to pay to see pictures of this purely scientific, educational sort. Thus, in Cincinnati, not so long since, fifty cents a seat



The Iceberg

crowded the hall of a leading auditorium to witness the famous Mawson Antarctic photographs.

Just what pictures such as these will bring squarely home to a lay audience—what quickening of interest in such faraway things as the Poles it may give—and how, while it may not start any *one* given viewer to organizing an Antarctic expedition of his own forthwith—it *does* pave the way for opening the purse-strings when expeditions for such ends are to be organized—is best to be illustrated by the pictures.

It was away back in 1911 Dr. Mawson made his weary sail, with the crew of sixty-six, thirty-three of whom were actual sci-

entists. He had been a scientific expert for the Shackleton expedition to the Pole. There had been certain questions anent the antipodes which the Royal Geographic Society wished to have settled—so Mawson was to set sail and, in the end, was to discover a great stretch of land which had changed the map of the world. Right at this point, Friend Reader, stop and ask your cultured neighbor how many continents there are to this earth. See if he will remember to recall this one down there at the Pole.

Wonderful seas of the frozen South! Was there anything *could* live in those icy waters?
(Continued on page 44)



The Gulls



The Seal

ON THE TRAIL OF THE HURDY-GURDY MAN

Grinding Out Music on the Streets Brings in a Golden Harvest and Makes Possible an Early Return to Their Native Land to Live in Opulent Retirement

By FRANK SNOW



Do you pity the hurdy-gurdy man? Don't, for he is surprisingly prosperous. A man who went the rounds with a son of Sunny Italy learned, to his infinite surprise that the business of grinding out music on the streets pays handsomely.

Not only does the hurdy-gurdy yield lucrative profits, but it makes possible a triumphant return to the Old Country, where the dispenser of "canned" music can live in opulent retirement.

One hurdy-gurdy man gathered enough money in small coins in three years to wed

a rich wine merchant's only daughter. The dance craze has enriched the hurdy-gurdy man, and now many of them average \$14.25 per day, which insures a profit of \$1000 a year.

Pity the hurdy-gurdy man? Not much!

The occasion for a grand expose of the handsome profits possible in the hurdy-gurdy business came recently when a prominent director, in filming a new photoplay, sought the services of a hurdy-gurdy man and discovered, to his surprise, that the valiant son of Italy would not accept an offer of \$10.00 a day for his services. This obdurate attitude on the part of the street musician inspired me to go the

rounds with one of his gentry to determine for myself just how much coin of the realm there is in this "profession."

And, believe me, a day's journey over the trail of a hurdy-gurdy man is replete with surprises to the uninitiated and, primarily, teaches one that there is money in the business of grinding out music on the streets for the delectation of the hoi-polloi. Moreover, a perfectly loyal American citizen is brought to realize that his native land is a rich field for Italians who elect to forsake their Sunny Italy only long enough to amass something of a fortune, that they may return and bask in comparative opulence. About the only requisites to accomplishing this is to invest in a steerage ticket that insures passage to America, then rent a hurdy-gurdy by the day and lay aside all of the kind of pride that forbids a form of alms-asking. The prevalent penchant for "tipping," for which Americans of every class are famous, will do the rest, and the desired result comes as a matter of course, perseverance and some self-denial.

My friend John admitted all of this to me, but not until I had squandered quite a few coins on him in my efforts to curry his favor. This same John, who was my sole companion for one whole day, finally became confidential and related how his brother Antonio had won the hand of a wealthy wine merchant's daughter as a reward for the success he achieved as a hurdy-gurdy man in Philadelphia during his three years' sojourn.

We were only starting our day's concert in Arch street near Nineteenth after a tiresome pilgrimage from the hurdy-gurdy headquarters, which I felt inspired to call the Hurdy-Gurdy Garage after taking note of the fact that there were some hundreds of these street pianos stored there. The inspiring little coins had not started to flit our way with great frequency as yet, and so I took advantage of the psychological moment to make a show of liberality, that I might ingratiate myself with John. I did, and it cost a grand total of 30 cents, doled out in bits of 10 cents each in rapid succession.

"Why you go with me and pay so often?" he asked then, being unable to hold his curiosity in check any longer.

"I want to find out whether or not this business pays; and if it does, I think I shall rent a hurdy-gurdy myself," I responded. Whereupon John looked askance, of course, but I hastened to whet his loquacity. "Why are you in this business?"

"To mak-a da mon," he quickly admitted with the famous continental shrug of his broad shoulders.

"But whoever made you believe there was money in this business?" I asked.

"My brud, he made t'ree tousin dollars for t'ree years here, and then he got his rich sweetheart for a wife."

Figure that out if you enjoy a bit of amazement as you go about your meanderings on this mundane sphere. Three thousand dollars in three years—\$1000 a year, a fraction more than \$83.33 per month for turning the crank of a hurdy-gurdy in sections of a great city where hurdy-gurdy fans dwell! And all

An Example of How the Camera Shows You Intricate Nature—Note the Bark on the Tree



An unusual photographic effect from a scene in the Universal drama "The Strange Caller" with George Pearce in the leading role

BURNING UP THE BOULEVARD

of this is profit, mind you. Explicitly, John's brother took in \$3000 and enough more to live on for the whole three years, and besides, the additional sum necessary to pay the rental of the hurdy-gurdy he used. Yes, siree, it certainly beats working "on the section," and so far as the pauper Italians are concerned, hurdy-gurdying is the life.

"My brud is back in Italy and—"

"He should worry." I could not resist the temptation of finishing the sentence, so impressed was I with the profits accruing from this line of business the Italians have so completely monopolized without coming in contact with the Sherman anti-trust law.

"No, he no worry no more," was the innocent rejoinder.

Asked how long he had been over in this country emulating the example set by his successful brother, John declared he arrived two years ago and planned on returning to his natal domicile late next fall.

"But, great Scott!" I exclaimed in surprise, "you haven't accumulated anything like \$3000 so soon, have you?"

John would only shrug his shoulders and insist he would go back and travel as fast a pace as his brother.

"Then you'll marry your rich sweetheart, too, eh?" I queried.

"No, I bring my wife with me; she runs fine big-a fruit stand here now," he replied.

"And of course the fruit stand doubles your profits," I suggested.

"It's a good business," John admitted with some reluctance and eyeing me incredulously, adding: "But why you want to know so much?"

"I told you once, but I will add that it is now my intention to also go into the fruit business and quit wasting my time."

This remark of mine only seemed to puzzle John, but just then we heard a merry little jingle and a dime lay at our feet. John forgot all things else in his avidity to annex the coin and bow his thanks to a woman who stood in a window on the second floor of an apartment building. And have you any idea what that woman got for her dime? Ten more tunes—showing beyond a doubt that John wanted to give value received. As the day progressed I noted that generally he played five selections when only a nickel came his way, and it became obvious that he estimated each tune worth a penny.

"Any children?" I asked in the course of the rendition of the ten aforesaid tunes.

"Two."

"Are they here?"

"Yes, both work-a da nights in hat factory."

More income, as you will readily perceive. No wonder John is able to win success more expeditiously than his brother; but in the end he can scarcely hope to surpass his kin, because a rich wine merchant's daughter is some catch.

During my entire trip with John I kept a strict record of all the things we did. For instance, at the close of the day, which was 10 o'clock at night, after having started at exactly 5.45 o'clock in the morning, John had played 1197 selections from a repertoire of six popular songs. For all this music he received \$14.25, about three-fifths of which came in nickels, which, he says, is always the most popular amount donated at one time by contributors. We made 149 stops, playing an average of about eight selections each stop. We got our biggest donation of the day from the third floor of a rather unsightly tenement house in Nineteenth street, a quarter and two dimes coming from one window at brief in-



Margarita Fischer, beautiful Mutual star, taking a spin in her racer with her English bull, "Peter The Great" and Joe Harris, character man of the company. Isn't Peter a gentle looking little fellow tho?

tervals, the larger coin coming first. In the more select sections in which we serenaded the most of the donations came from children.

We ventured on Broad street near the City Hall, but we proved to be the proverbial "flivver" as a first-class Broad street attraction, and ten carefully tendered musical numbers netted us nothing. Undismayed, John tried another Broad street engagement a block further uptown, and a cop chased us away after the second selection because a horse in passing became unmanageable. The Hurdy-Gurdy Man was grinding out "He Had to Get Out and Get Under" at the time, and so there may have been sufficient reason for the horse becoming nervous and annoyed. A trip to the vicinity of Fifteenth and Green streets netted us 15 cents, presented by two nicely dressed little girls who danced with evident pleasure on the sidewalk until a governess yanked them into a rather palatial apartment house.

We zigzagged across town up to Erie avenue. An hour's engagement along this avenue, where most of the population seems to be children still below their teens, developed the fact that the tango craze has not entirely vanished, for we were constantly surrounded by children of all nationalities during this hour, and they were all doing a dance that crudely resembled the tango. And it was a tango—the hurdy-gurdy tango, if you please. The sidewalk, crowded though it was, afforded a splendid "floor" on which to execute the gyrations, and honestly, I never saw keener enjoyment derived from doing the light fantastic than those kiddies seemed to have while dancing to the strains of the street piano. Little crowds of these juvenile lovers of dancing followed us for blocks, and there was one couple—a boy and a girl each about 12 years

old—who stayed with us nearly a whole hour, traversing about fifteen blocks, and they danced every dance. Moreover, the boy donated twice, a nickel each time. No doubt the gallant youngster had denied himself some candy in order to thus show his best girl a good time.

In the course of the day we passed or overtook eleven other hurdy-gurdy men, and never once was there a salutation exchanged. A little questioning convinced me that professional jealousy obtains in the ranks of the hurdy-gurdy men as pronouncedly as it does among grand opera singers.

"Why don't you ever speak to other hurdy-gurdymen?" I asked of John.

The only answer I got was a disgusted grunt.

"Don't you like any of them?"

Another grunt.

"Is it business jealousy?" I persisted.

"They keep-a da mon they get, maybe I could-a got it," was John's final elucidation.

"And, anyway, the other fellows don't play a hurdy-gurdy as good as you. Is that it, John?"

Another grunt; but I was justified in implying that this one was decidedly an affirmative grunt, for John did think he could grind out tunes about as good as the next one.

As the shadows of night commenced to fall and the glare of electric lights greeted us everywhere, it suddenly dawned on me that I had not eaten a bite since a wee sma' hour that morning. Simultaneously, I was brought to the realization that John had not partaken of any foodstuff.

"When do we eat?" I inquired.

"My spaghetti will be ready when I get-a to da home," he replied.

"But you don't go all day without eating, do you?"

(Continued on page 44)

THE BOTTLE IMP

by

HAROLD P. QUICKSALL

From the photoplay by Charles Maigne. Adapted from the story by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

When I think on the happy days
I spent wi' you, my dearie;
And now what lands between us lie,
How can I be but eerie!

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
As ye were wae and weary!
It was na sae ye glinted by
When I was wi' my dearie.



UT on the silent spaces of Kamalo Harbor this quaintly wistful plaint of a lonely soul was wafted in the sombre crooning manner of Hawaiian folk music. To the simple fisherman's soul of Lopaka, there were no incongruities in the thing. The Scotch verses, filled with a crude strength strange to Pacific shores, he had learned that day from an American tourist who had given him gold for a brief sail on the bay and for pointing the most direct course to the city. He had supplied his own melody, as shifting and ethereal as his own disrupted mental state. And in the extraordinary mating of the east and west he found consolation for the loss of his Kokua, though the "happy days" he had spent with her were only hours distant, and only a few hundred yards not "lands," lay between them.

He stopped singing. Those few hours before he had met the American were rehearsed in his mind. He saw again the moments of his parting, and he fairly writhed with the recollection of their tensity. He saw her father rush into the garden where Kokua and he had spent their happiest hours, safe from intrusion. The memory of the angry glint of the parent's eyes made his own eyes widen in the darkness. There was a moment of fiery denunciation, a heated reply, a sad exchange of glances with Kokua, the impossible condition laid down by the father, and now here he was, hope of marrying the royal Kokua fast sinking in his breast.

"You may never marry my daughter, or even see her again," the father had said "until you approach our doors with two feather cloaks of royalty."

His purpose was evident. With the craft which had made him a great man among the natives, he perceived that to one of Lopaka's temperament this condition was equivalent to death. It was inevitable that he would some day, despite responsibilities, ties, and affections, either end his life out of sheer misery, or risk the penalty of death which in his land awaited the plebeian who dared to touch the feather cloak. And so he sat in silence.

* * * * *

It was well toward dawn before Lopaka rose from the sand, stretched his stiffened limbs, and moved slowly toward his hut. It was his habit to take the longest route

from his favorite place of meditation to his hut, because it led past the home of Kokua and, at some distance, almost under her very window.

As he approached the dwelling of Kokua his gaze sought the particular window he had marked as her own with hungry eagerness. On this occasion, however, the full moon necessitated a little care. The guards which always protected the members of the royal family from intrusion might easily espy him.

Experience had taught him many tricks, however, and it was accordingly a comparatively easy matter to gain the spot on the beach from which he knew he could examine the entire south side of the building without endangering himself in the least. Once there, his first glance upward froze him with fear. Contrary to all regulations, a light was burning brightly in Kokua's room!

Sensing disaster of some sort he unconsciously forgot himself and the danger of his surroundings and moved directly toward the house. He was within a hundred feet of the window, and in the blackest of the shadows when he stumbled in the darkness and fell prostrate beside what seemed very like the body of a man. He reached out in the darkness. His hand clasped on other

hands, cold, and bound. He reached for the man's face and removed the gag from his mouth.

"Who are you?" he asked, but there was no answer. He shook the man but still received no reply.

Then he thought of that strange and inexplicable light. Without lingering further he turned again toward the window, this time with the utmost wariness. Twenty-five feet and he heard the sound of voices just ahead. Then he saw two figures standing silently in the darkness directly beneath the wing in which Kokua's room was located. He was now on the very border of the protecting row of trees. To investigate further he must leave his shelter. But he had seen enough to realize that the house was under attack by someone who had been skilful enough to elude the guards, and that his Kokua might be in danger.

Quickly and silently he approached, and his worst suspicions were confirmed. The two men were standing at the foot of a ladder which lead directly to the window of Kokua's room. Coming down the ladder within a dozen steps of the bottom was a burly figure carrying on his shoulder the cloaked and fragile form of an unconscious woman.

Lopaka never stopped his silent advance. With a single blow he felled the nearest man at the ladder. The next instant he had thrown himself upon the man's comrade. No blows were struck here. Lopaka seized the man by the throat and bore him to the ground. But before he could choke the man into unconsciousness or extricate himself from his grasp, the figure on the ladder had alighted and was hastening toward the beach.

Lopaka rushed in pursuit. He had a supreme advantage. He was familiar with every tree, bush, and hillock in the garden. Immediately he decided that the abductor planned to make his escape across the harbor and he took the most direct course to the beach. It was a shrewd guess. As he approached the beach the moonlight revealed the big form of the man leaning over a boat in which the woman already reclined. In a moment Lopaka was upon him. Back and forth in the surf they struggled.

Lopaka recognized the man immediately as Rollins, a tramp sailor whose public appraisements of the personal charms of Kokua had brought them into conflict once before. He knew he was Rollins's master. So did Rollins. Gradually the man bent before Lopaka. After a few moments he collapsed utterly. In his anxiety over Kokua, Lopaka left Rollins lying in the surf and rushed immediately to the boat. She had not revived from the effects of the ether Rollins had administered, so Lopaka lifted her from the boat and carried her back



Kokua was charmingly graceful



The pre-nuptial festivities took many forms

to the dwelling, which was now astir with attendants aroused by the sounds of the conflict.

The first man Lopaka met was the father of Kokua. In his anxiety he rushed to his side.

"She's unconscious," he wailed. "She won't waken."

The father snatched the prostrate girl from his arms.

"Sir, I have not yet learned what has happened here, but from you I want neither explanation nor assistance." With that he turned and hurried into the house. A group of servants followed bearing the unconscious guard. Another group, arriving at the beach in time to see Rollins hurrying away uninjured, started in pursuit. And Lopaka, fired by a new spirit as a result of the adventure, continued his journey, this time with brisk purposeful step, toward home.

* * * *

Three hours sleep made Lopaka a new man. High resolve was evident in the erect head and quick confident stride with which he stepped through the door of his lowly hut and turned into the most direct trail to the top of Devil's mountain. Two hours at that pace brought him to the big crater of the dead volcano traditionally named as the haunt of the birds of rich plumage from which the feathered cloaks of royalty were made.

Without loss of time Lopaka set snares all about the top of the mountain. Every known device for capturing the birds he planned to exercise. He was not discouraged, during the first hours of his labor, at the fact that he had seen no birds answering the description of those which were to bring him either happiness or death. But when nightfall came and there were still no signs, he was glad to meet an aged priest. He explained the failure of his search, and, being kindly met, the source of all his troubles.

"No, young man," said the priest, "there is no bird on this barren mountain that can help you win your sweetheart. You have been sorely misled. But come to my side. I can help you."

Lopaka was struck not only by the great age of the father, but by the many signs of his apparant physical weakness. He sat on the ground before the rock against which the priest had propped his feeble form. The priest drew from the deep soiled folds of his cloak a bottle, cream white, with a long neck and a broad, flat body.

"Look on this," he said. "It is the only bottle of its kind in the world, and it is at once a source of great joy and even greater misery. Observe the leap of a flame inside. That is the spirit of my brother, Kono, confined there by the machinations of the devil.

"The man who owns this bottle may have anything he wishes for the mere asking. Kono will get it for him. But he who takes it cannot part with it except by sale, and each successive owner must sell it for a smaller figure than the preceding one. There is one more disadvantage. The man who dies with the bottle still in his possession will go straight to the eternal torments of hell. My brother can only be freed when some owner of the bottle dies. Then he will return to the volcano, it will become active, and his power will cease. I am old and about to die. My brother can only be liberated by the entrance of the bottle, with all its joys and ills, into the world. I can do no better than start it on its fateful voyage through you."

As the old man put the bottle into his hands, rose, and tottered off in the direction of the crater, Lopaka stood wonder struck. He looked long at the peculiarly shaped piece of glass.

The blood surged to his head. He was incredulous. The priest had said it would not break. He threw it against the rock

with terrific force. It bounded back into his arms like a rubber ball.

"I will test it further," thought Lopaka. He placed it on the ground and walked away down the mountain side. When he had gone fifty feet he looked back. The bottle was still there. He went a little further and again made sure it was still in place. Then he walked rapidly for fifteen minutes. Something tapped his arm. He looked down and saw the long neck of the bottle stick out of his coat pocket.

"It is true!" he shouted to the trees and the flowers. And down to his hut he rushed at breakneck speed. Once there he wished for a wonderful new house, servants, riches, jewels, and social position. Overnight his humble home was transformed into a palace. Riches were in his vaults, jewels and fine raiment on his person.

Vast crowds, hearing of the magical palace, came from the city nearby to view it. Thousands of persons lingered about the doors of the most wonderful palace for hours. They called for him. He went out. They were his guests. He had wine poured for them and set great banquet boards. The festivities were at their height when silence settled upon the crowd and a broad lane was opened through the joyful adults and the romping children right up to the main entrance of the palace. Lopaka was summoned just in time to find ascending the steps of his wonderful new home, his beloved Kokua and her father.

"Lopaka," said the patrician, "I have come to express my pleasure at your conduct yesterday morning, and to give my permission to your marriage to my daughter."

The beautiful Kokua was in Lopaka's arms.

"You know how happy that makes me," she whispered, "but tell me all that has happened."

Reassurances came thick and fast from the lips of Lopaka. Then he escorted his wife to be into the palace. The happiness of the little fisher boy had become ecstatic. He felt that his cup was more than full. But immediately there began to stir in the back of his mind the terrible menace which always lay in the way of the owner of the bottle. Living in a land of quick and sudden death, therefore, he felt obliged for



Lopaka seeks the bottle

his own sake as well as the girl who was to be his wife, to rid himself of the bottle immediately.

As soon as possible he left the company of his guests and seeking out his friend Makale, showed him the bottle, revealed its marvellous powers, proved them by many strange and wonderful feats, and offered to sell the imp to Makale for a moderate sum.

"There is just one thing more," said Makale, "I would like to see this imp of Satan."

"The aged priest said nothing to me about that," replied Lopaka, "but I presume there is no harm in it."

They laughed, not knowing that idle curiosity was leading them toward disaster.

"How shall I do it?" laughed Lopaka.

"Summon the agent of his Satanic majesty to come forth in royal panoply," said Makale. "Do that and I'll immediately buy the bottle."

"Come forth, Imp," cried Lopaka, in mock heroics.

A terrific crash brought them to their feet. There was no fire, nor smoke, nor any visible cause for the noise. But as they looked at the bottle an unsightly creature like a lizard rose from its neck for an instant, and then glided back. They looked at it in horror.

"I fear, Lopaka," said Makale, "that I would not take this creature had I not given my word, as much as I want a little fishing schooner."

Lopaka tried to laugh the matter off in their original mocking manner, but a vague fear gripped his heart as he returned to the happy company of his guests.

* * * * *

As three, four and five days passed and no new cause for trepidation arose the strange terror which had overcome Lopaka at first sight of the Imp began to depart. On the sixth day the parent and relations of Kokua came to his palace to make final arrangements for the marriage of the fisherman and the royal maid on the morrow. A ceremony of unprecedented grandeur was planned. And the celebration was to be consummated with a great feast for the people in the gardens of the palace. After the last detail had been arranged, the guests bidden godspeed, the final farewell said with Kokua, Lopaka returned to his chamber in the palace with a light heart. As he ascended the broad marble staircases, his Chinese servant heard him singing an exultant love song, not the strange hybrid of his recent moonlight meditations, but a lovely song of the Pacific. The Chinese listened as his master wandered from chamber to chamber. Then when he reached the great marble bath the song suddenly stopped.

The servant called to his master, asking if he were ill. A quick reply of "No," came down the staircase and the servant went happily about his work—but not the master.

* * * * *

As a matter of fact, Lopaka's dreams of life-long happiness had received another shock. Never in his life had he been so happy as when he entered his marble shower that night, and never so sad as when he came out of it. When he went in he had all that this life could give him; when he came out he had less than nothing. He had contracted the leprosy.

Lopaka was miserable because he was a righteous man. He knew well that he might go for years without his illness being discovered. Many others were doing it—it was probably from one of these that he had contracted the disease, for he hadn't been near the leper colony on the other side of the island since early childhood. But his great love for Kokua precluded all thought of such a subterfuge and reduced his life to barren and insignificant waste.

His thoughts turned to the wonderful palace, now a horrid memory of joys which might have been. Then the Bottle Imp came to his mind, and with it his first hope. Why not? Surely Makale would have the bottle yet. He would wish for a complete cure, and then sell it immediately. There was yet hope.

of hell, but as he wound his way to the top of the cliff he had visions of the bottle in the sea chest of some rough seaman now many leagues out on the Pacific.

While Lopaka hesitated before the house, ruminating in this style, there issued from the door the stark and hideous figure of Rollins, the drunken sailor. At the first sight of him, Lopaka was startled. He thought he had left him to die in the surf near Kokua's home. But surprise gave way to gratification when he saw the man step to the very edge of the cliff, where he doubtless thought he would be alone, and draw from his pocket the much-sought bottle of the Imp. He placed it on the ground and then knelt before it after the manner of the Oriental making supplications. Lopaka approached silently. Then he heard three



When his gay guests had departed Lopaka sought consolation in solitude

Lopaka wasted no time. In the middle of the night he rushed to the house of Makale. Truly the bottle had been there before him. Instead of an humble hut, very similar to his own first home, here was a neat cottage, a spot of brightness among its humble neighbors. But Makale had no good word for him.

"I wished for this and my schooner," he retorted, "and then sold the bottle to Talino. Tomorrow I sail, in order to forget that Imp."

To the home of Talino, Lopaka rushed. And from him to another, and another and many others. Everywhere where the signs of brilliant sudden wealth which the Imp always left in his course, but no signs of the bottle. And all the time the selling price was getting lower!

Lopaka's pursuit of the bottle had taken him to the crudest resort on the island, a rough sailor's boarding house on a cliff overlooking the sea. Black despair was rising slowly through his soul. For love of Kokua he was willing to buy the bottle at the lowest figure and accept the tortures

words which brought him to his feet with fire in his eyes.

"Bring me Kokua, bring me Kokua," was the burden of Rollins's plea to the Imp.

Lopaka did not hesitate a moment. He knew too well the power of the Imp. He knew, too, that unless he acted quickly all its devilish resources would be turned against him. He rushed at Rollins, pushed him off the cliff into the sea. The force of the impact was so great, however, that Lopaka himself lost his balance on the very edge of the cliff and tumbled over the edge after Rollins. They struck the water almost simultaneously, but Lopaka being a good swimmer and knowing precisely what he was doing, came almost immediately to the surface. In a moment the shaggy head of Rollins cut through the water, and Lopaka was upon it. Rollins struggled with Lopaka's death grip while the bottle, now entirely forgotten, bobbed about on the waves nearby.

Rollins was no match for the sturdy Lopaka, so the struggle was soon over. As Lopaka withdrew his cold and chilled fing-



There were many pets in the gorgeous palace

ers from the deathly face of the sailor and turned toward the bottle, it vanished into thin air.

Completely bewildered Lopaka made his way slowly to the shore and then to the top of the cliff. What had become of the bottle Imp? Was Kokua still in danger from this second attempt at abduction on the part of

Rollins? These and many other questions were disturbing him when running across the clearing toward him he saw Kokua.

"You sent for me!" she panted as he reached her side.

"No, I didn't," was his reply, as he folded her in his arms, "but I needed you."

At this moment the dim light of the morn-

ing was filled with a ghastly red, and a throat-burning smoke was wafted toward them. Lopaka looked up.

"The volcano is burning," he shouted as the occupants of the inn thrust their heads from windows and doors. "The power of the Imp is destroyed."

Lava poured over the edge of the volcano in great broad streams. Cinders began to fall about like a hard clanking snow, and smoke made the rising sun dark. But Lopaka and Kokua walked arm in arm along the beach toward the wonderful palace created by the Imp. As they approached, the volcano raged more and more fiercely.

"Look!" cried Lopaka, and as Kokua looked in the direction of his pointed finger she saw, where his great palace had stood for the last few days, only the little hut beside which they had first met and made love. The beautiful garden had disappeared. Only the slope of the virgin beach remained. And at the water's edge was the old boat which Lopaka once used—it seemed a long time ago—for fishing.

She turned to Lopaka and drew his arms more closely about her. With her head sunk on his breast she whispered again the brief tale of her love.

And even as she clung to them she saw the rich damp garments which draped his stalwart form change magically to fisherman's rags and her own bright gown faded to similarly modest colors and coarse texture.

As the volcano flamed higher and higher still, it revealed them still standing arm in arm, with radiant faces, in the very shadow of the humble hut.

From the photoplay produced by Jesse L. Lasky, starring Sessue Hayakawa. Adapted from the story by Robert Louis Stevenson.

JUST LIKE THREE PEAS IN A POD



NUMBER ONE



NUMBER TWO



NUMBER THREE

Triplets? Nope. Moreover, they are not brothers. They are no kin at all. It is simply a pictorial demonstration of the fact that some people have "double-doubles," for each of the above trio of photoplayers hails from a different clan. Number One is Tom Forman, the handsome, young Lasky leading man, who has so often distinguished himself in supporting Blanche Sweet. Number Two is Henry King, who is almost King of Balboa Studios and who directs the histrionic career of Baby Marie Osborne, better known as Little Mary Sunshine. Number Three is William D. Taylor, one of the vast army of William Fox stars.

TRAILING DYNAMIC DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

By BENNIE ZEIDMAN

YOU will have to get a pair of stilts, if you want to see Mr. Fairbanks," the flippant office boy advised the writer. "Doug's working up on that high roof today, and, hully gee, wait until you see him jump to the ground. That guy is some athlete. I'll bet my three a week that he would make Jess Willard look like Marshall P. Wilder in a six-round fight."

At this moment, the office boy attracted by a crisp dollar bill placed in his hand, invited me into the open-air studio; and sailing through the air came Douglas Fairbanks, the human aeroplane.

John Emerson, his director, rushed up to our smiling star and patted him on the back. "That's great Doug, the picture needs just such a thrill."

"If you think it necessary, I'll do the same stunt over again," said Fairbanks to the camera man, who seemed slightly puzzled, as he looked through the finder of the camera, to confirm if his set-up was correct.

"No, thanks, you were in the lines of the camera all during the scene," replied Victor Fleming, who has photographed almost all of the Fairbanks productions.

The effect of Fairbank's personality and athletic ability on the studio bunch seemed very pronounced. Groups of three and four in turn congratulated him on his aeroplanic stunt, and when he evidenced his gratitude in the form of a smile, it was a case of "follow the leader."

I corralled the dynamic screen star just as he was about to depart from the studio.

"Hop in the machine, kind scribe; I am on my way home, where we can have a friendly chat, between sips of lemonade or something stronger, if you indulge," he invited.

And gracefully I seated myself in Fairbanks' automobile. Doug issued orders to Buddy, his African-in-complexion chauffeur, "not to spare the gasoline."



He's a splendid love-maker



Douglas Fairbanks is a modest and polite fellow

We talked about the stage and the screen. "You know, if I were just starting in the profession, and could have the preference between the stage and the screen, I would pick the film. You can't do any real stunts on the stage on account of being limited for space, but working outdoors, one can do most anything. Understand me correctly, I enjoy speaking-stage work, and have a myriad of friends that are now engaged in plays, but somehow or other, the cinema gets into your blood, and I imagine if I should leave the screen, it will have the same effect on me as a New Yorker away from home. That feeling of, 'Oh, if I could only return for a day.'

"Yes, later I expect to appear in a stage production, providing I can find an exceptional play, something new. This is an age for specialties. The public wants something new, as well as elementary. It seems that in film circles at the present time, almost everyone is striving for elaboration. I think instead it should be elimination. It is the simple things in life that are the greatest success. Look at the success of 'The Boomerang,' which is a favorable evidence of stage progress along elementary lines. To me 'The Boomerang' is the pinnacle of dramatic art—a splendid idea—simple development. What is the result? A big New York success.

"In films I think the day will come when

they will eliminate big effects and elaborate emotional acting—and instead, give the public human stories. The players will act on the screen as they really do in life. By that I mean that we will have screen repose, and the lengths of the stories will be consistent with the development of the plot. The film industry is in a somewhat serious condition. We must develop with the progress of time. We must develop people now in the profession who live, eat and sleep films; who, when visualizing a situation, will discount its dialogue possibilities and see this same situation from an absolutely screen perspective. Some day there will be a screen language, which, of course, will be a radical departure from present motion pictures.

"Pardon me a minute while I water the grapevines; they haven't been touched since yesterday." (You know Douglas Fairbanks is an expert gardener of the first class.)

So saying, Doug with a hose in one hand, climbed to the top of the arbor, and like a veteran, proceeded to sprinkle the developed wine fruit.

"If I ever play a 'blackface' on the screen, I intend using the juice of some of these grapes for makeup," he declared. "It should be as effective on the face as it would be on a canvas."

Throwing the hose aside he descended to the ground.

"Now for an afternoon nap," as he climbed up to the top of another arbor, and adapted himself to the rather uncomfortable sleeping quarters. "You don't mind if I change to my Japanese costume; I feel rather overdressed," and he rushed into the house, I closely on his trail. Unconsciously I looked into a wall mirror, and discovered a broad grin on my face. I was already



And he loves his dog

inoculated with the Fairbanks spirit-smile despite any contrary conditions.

Buddy, his chauffeur, came into the room dressed in a white coat, and endeavored to entertain me with some rag-time music, in accordance with instructions from "the boss."

Doug, a few minutes later, quietly slid into the room, and seated himself on top of the piano.

"You know, if people will force themselves to smile up until ten o'clock in the morning, they will automatically continue to smile the rest of the day," he remarked.

Matzu, the "Madame Butterfly" housekeeper, then asked Mr. Fairbanks what he would like for lunch.

"Why, I guess some cactus would go great this time of the day," he said. "I rather enjoy the ticklish sensation caused by cactus thorns," and Matzu smilingly made her exit.

And it was real cactus she placed on the table. I turned my back for a second, and then discovered that a portion of the cactus had already disappeared. I didn't think at the moment to look beneath the table for same, or in the yard, the table being located directly in front of a window.

"Wouldn't it be great if some day we could travel around the world and find the real scenery our various scenarios require." Doug continued. "For instance, instead of building a South American street, really travel there and film your story. And then perhaps, if you have a Parisian story, go to Paris. It is only a matter of time when this will be possible. I expect to go to Wyoming in the Spring, when the Westerners hold their annual roundup, and do another picture like

"The Good Bad Man. In this new Western play I hope to 'bulldog' a steer and ride a real bucking broncho."

I understand that Doug has been practicing

known cowboy, who has performed for the royal families, showed me several new tricks," he explained. "Throwing a double knot seems to be the most difficult trick of all."

And in a deep bass-like voice he said, "I'm so gosh darned tuff in Western clothes that I could bite a railroad spike in two without spotting the enamel on my teeth."

Buddy then butted in.

"Mr. Fairbanks, Mr. Harry Hamm is on the 'phone, and wants to know if you will come to the Athletic Club for a game of handball."

Doug apologetically looked at me. I accepted my "cue" like a gentleman, and made a polite exit as Doug rushed upstairs to fall into a business suit.

When I was turning the corner of the street, I saw Doug vaulting the hedge fence, headed for the front seat in his automobile, and I then faded out of the picture.

My final opinion now is that this unique star has discovered a fountain of perpetual youth all his own. After all else is said, he is a real boy, not just part of the time, but every minute of his life. His proclivity for never permitting worry to cross his door-mat and the persistency with which he smiles in the face of everything convinces me that he will never seem old if he lives to the age of a hundred years. His whole mental attitude is too opposed to all the fallacious and useless

habit of being excessively serious. Therefore, three cheers for Doug!

It can be appropriately added that said Doug is getting the cheers too. He has attained a popularity not to be surpassed.



The famous Fairbanks' smile

ing twirling a rope for months, and that now he can throw a lariat as dexterously as Al. Jennings, in the latter's youthful days.

"Fred Stone originally taught me how to handle a rope, and Jim Kidd, the well-

FILMS WILL HELP MUSIC OF THE FUTURE

Nowadays, music is used to help the films. Soon, says Virginia Pearson, the Fox star, films will be used to help the music.

Miss Pearson prefaces what she thinks the new lines of development will be, with this query:

"What do you do with your eyes when you're at a concert?" she inquires.

"Do you fix them on the solo player or the orchestra leader, or do you let them wander restlessly and inquisitively over the audience?"

"I believe that in the future you'll be looking at moving pictures while you listen to the music, and the screen will illustrate exactly the idea that the composer is trying to impress.

"A year or so ago," Miss Pearson continued, "the compositions of a noted Russian musician were given in New York with certain light effects which enhanced

the music's value. At the strident parts, a red glare was cast on the screen before the audience, and the softer strains were accompanied by blue.

"Through all the gradations of sound, the gradations of color were used, and the mood of the audience was keyed to the right pitch by these stimuli on two senses—the ear and the eye.

"I believe that it is only a matter of time before composers will use the motion picture to accompany their work, instead of the empty color effects. Moonlight sonatas could be accompanied by pictures of the moon, and landscapes soft under its rays; a woodland dance of the nymphs could illustrate a bacchanale; every piece of music which is intended to arouse a certain mood in hearer, could be accurately interspersed on the screen.

"An indirect effect of this use of the

films would be the greater popularization of good music. People who today would tire of the really great, tomorrow would be willing to listen for hours.

"In that way they would become familiar with the best compositions, and it is only a step from familiarity to understanding, and thence to love."

This is all interesting in view of the fact that it has always been considered that music helps the film more than vice versa. The day does not seem far distant when we will have a close resemblance to a musical comedy in motion pictures, and, real song hits will probably be as frequently introduced in photoplay houses as in any other place of amusement. Special and original scores are already being written for the so-called super-features, and this is a step in the direction of materially helping music, increasing its vogue tremendously.

GISH SISTERS & COMPANY

The Company Being Their Very Helpful Mother

By MARJORIE WRIGHT



TRIO that means much to Triangle—Lillian and Dorothy Gish and their mother! Not only does this one-family constellation of stars mean much to Triangle, but it contributes much toward the perpetuity of the happiness of thousands of photoplay fans throughout film-dom. At the beautiful Ruth St. Denis home in Los Angeles this interesting little family lives the lives of cultured gentlewomen, devoting themselves to their profession and bringing to it the highest artistic endeavor. The result is that the Gish girls, though young in years, have long since become established as prime favorites.

Lillian Gish is more of a student and a dreamer, being given to secluding herself while she thinks out her part and costumes it according to her own lines. She is of a delicate, almost ethereal style of beauty.

Dorothy Gish, the younger, is an outdoors girl, full of life and high spirits, she going in for all outdoor sports in which she excels. Both girls are devoted to their mother, and are her constant companions. To Mrs. Gish is due the credit of the successful artistic careers of her daughters, as she has personally instructed them since they were tiny girls.

It is good to know that that old superstition about only one really brilliant member of a family appearing in the same generation, is not true. Lillian and Dorothy Gish disprove it. Ever since they began work for the Triangle programme, they have been stars of equal magnitude.

One of the most interesting facts about these two sisters, who have won so many admirers throughout the nation, is that off the screen they are precisely like any other sweet American girls untouched by fame.



A Gish as a newsboy



Dorothy and Lillian Gish as they are today

That, however, is where their resemblance to each other ceases. Temperamentally they are as unlike as any two respectable persons could be.

Lillian is a girl of the old-fashioned kind. She loves sewing and cooking, and can undertake general housekeeping if necessary, which, of course, it never will be. Dorothy is a woman of the future. Joyously impractical, her imagination is just one riot of poetic fancy. Dorothy is at once the delight and distraction of her sweet-faced mother and sister. All three are great chums; and their evenings together, after work at the studio has been completed for the day, are sacred to them. One would no sooner think of breaking into that charmed circle than—than in walking on the grass when the sign says not to.

Dorothy began her dramatic career at the age of four—she is not yet out of her teens—playing little Willie in "East Lynne." She often has regretted in late seasons that she made so many persons cry through her portrayal of that famous role. After "East Lynne," she appeared chiefly in melodrama, but presently she entered a school in Virginia, remaining there five years. Then she was engaged by D. W. Griffith, who took her with him through several motion picture companies to the Triangle programme. She has been seen there in "Old Heidelberg," "Jordan is a Hard Road," "Betty of Graystone," "Little Meena's Romance" and "Susan Rocks the Boat."

Lillian Gish, the elder sister, made her debut when only six years old, in a melodrama called "The Little Red Schoolhouse." She then became a pupil in a Springfield dancing school, and her next engagement was as one of the fairy dancers with Sarah Bernhardt, who then was making one of her American tours. After two seasons with Mme. Bernhardt, Lillian went to New York to finish her dancing lessons.

There she renewed her old acquaintance with Mary Pickford and went with her to visit a picture studio. There she was seen by D. W. Griffith, who was attracted by her natural poise and expression, and he placed her under contract at once. Since joining Triangle, she has appeared in "The Lily and

the Rose," "Daphne and the Pirate," "Sold for Marriage" and "An Innocent Magdalene."

This Miss Gish has two hobbies—collecting rare old books, mainly on ancient history, and playing golf. She is a keen student of literature, and she can discuss in a manner most interesting the masterpieces of all ages. She always arranges her affairs each week so systematically as to permit of a certain number of hours to be devoted exclusively to reading. Needless to add, there are thousands of fine volumes in her library, and she prizes every one of them to the highest degree.

She plays the piano delightfully and displays enough aptitude to make one wonder why she has never thought of achieving fame as a pianist. However, her sole idea in playing the piano is to add credibly to the entertainment in her own family circle.

Meanwhile Dorothy Gish has hobbies too. She loves motoring and drives her own car dexterously, and 'tis said often precariously in her zeal to have excitement. She is likewise an expert horsewoman, and she is ruled by an extreme kindness towards all dumb animals. When it comes to aquatic sports, she is immensely capable and she can stand a good endurance test in swimming at any time.

"We love our mother and our art, and we never worry," Dorothy says. "I am sure as long as anyone remains in this sort of attitude happiness will be a permanent consort."

"And I think the motion picture has been



Dorothy age eight, and Lillian age nine

the cause of our greatest joy in life just as it has served the same purpose with thousands of other people," Lillian supplements.

"My girls believe in rather a close corporation so far as family life is concerned, but they do derive unlimited pleasure from the realization that they are helping to lighten the burdens of humanity by their artistry on the screen," Mrs. Gish chimes in pleasantly.

Needless to add, there are thousands of ardent photoplay fans who swear by the Gish sisters, and they will all no doubt be glad to learn that mother counts for so much. Indeed, mankind always likes to have mother exert her potential and beneficial influence over the affairs of mankind. It is all in accordance with our most exalted ideals.

Finally, the future of the Gish sisters is replete with possibilities of greater accomplishments than their noteworthy past has brought and throughout their careers—while you are watching their delightful performances on the screen—just always remember that everything they do, both professionally and in private life, is more under the direction of their mother than under any picture director.

"To mother we owe everything, and her instruction is the supreme court with us," Dorothy explains.

"And if either of us do good work in portraying characters, please give the full credit to mother," Lillian adds.

All hail the successful firm of Gish Sisters & Company!

And, remember, photoplay fans, while you are watching these girls perform on the screen, you are seeing the results of a mother's set ambition.

THE AUTHOR'S DAY IN MOTION PICTURE PRODUCTION

A striking example of how the author is coming into his own in the motion picture business is the experience of William H. Clifford, one of the most successful of the dramatic writers who has turned to writing for the screen. Clifford, who has been known throughout the theatrical world as the King of the Sketch Writers, now occupies the unique position in the photoplay field of the first author to work under an arrangement whereby he shares equally with the star of the company in the profits from production. "This is the author's day," declares Clifford, "and my present arrangement is only the forerunner of many other examples of motion picture making in which the author will receive his just share of the profits."

Clifford began writing for the screen when authors were being paid only twenty-

five dollars for scripts. He was the first of the screen dramatists ever to receive as much as five hundred dollars for a single screen story. When he left the Famous Players to take up his present work—that of writing and supervising the direction of the Shorty Hamilton pictures for the Mutual program—he seemed, to his friends in the business, to be taking what they termed an "awful chance."

But Clifford, realizing the possibilities for the screen author in an arrangement whereby the author held an interest in the company, willingly took up the work, and declares that the profits which will come to him through the undertaking will outmeasure by far those which he earned while writing stories for a fixed price.

"We are only seeing the beginning," says Clifford, "of the high prices which will be

paid to writers for the screen. The time is coming when the stars and the directors will not be the only ones to be paid a large share of the profits accruing from the making of pictures.

"Directors must be relegated to second place, and the butchering of scenarios must cease. When competent authors are engaged in the building of photoplays, they can write their stories with detailed direction, and if the director who handles the pictures deviates from the script to follow his own ideas, gathered perhaps when he was clerking in a store or running a restaurant or shifting scenery, that director should be fired. I do not mean to intimate that most directors are incompetent, but merely that the author knows better than anyone else what should be included in the story."

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

THE tendency to permit the war spirit of the hour to influence stories manifests itself in "The Dark Road," a late Ince feature, in which Dorothy Dalton is starred. In this photoplay we are given a vivid insight on the machinations of a veritable war-time vampire. Obviously this species must be more dangerous than the kind that operates under peaceful conditions. As this story goes, a beautiful but fiendish woman devotes her time to alluring recruits away from their posts of duty and assisting foreign spies while her own husband is at the front fighting. There is a tremendous dramatic scene when finally the husband returns to murder his wife. She cowers near a huge picture of Cleopatra, which she has always associated with herself, and when her infuriated spouse hurls his dagger into the picture, the wife falls dead as a result of the severe shock. There are remarkably fine settings on an old English estate, and there is a most artistic characterization of a perfidious heroine on the part of Miss Dalton, and these outstanding qualities, together with the thrilling "punch" in the death scene, make this picture quite out of the ordinary. If you enjoy getting excited to a worry-forgetting degree, see "The Dark Road."

WHAT would writers of fiction do without the law to furnish them with ideas for plots? Many a homily would be utterly deficient without a legal phase to give it that twist which inspires mental acrobatics such as divert the thought from the monotony of it. Indeed, the law oftentimes serves as the marline which makes a compact bundle of the threads of fictitious gyrations. Few refractory villains, who fulfill the mission of upsetting things so there may be the chance to weave a tale in the readjusting required of the heroic, could ever be interesting if it were not for the instinctive realization of every witness to his machinations that there is a law that'll get him if he doesn't watch out. It is the chance he takes in his rash attempts to run the gauntlet of the statutes that causes people to sit up and take notice. Now, no one realizes the value of the law in story-building more than photoplaywrights and moving-picture producers, as is proven in the fact that there is always a plentitude of "law films" on the market. Moreover, there is a permanent tendency to use that significant word, *law*, in many of the titles. For instance, there is current at the present time at least a dozen feature films under titles of which this word is a part. Among the more notable of these are: "The Law of Compensation," in which Norma Talmadge is starred; "The Law That Failed," featuring Alma Hanlon and Edward Ellis; "The Law of the North," with Bessie Eyton and George Fawcett in the stellar roles; and "God's Law and Man's," which has Viola Dana as the star. Every one of these picture plays contains a radically different

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

There were \$10,000,000 worth of motion picture film exported from this country in the year 1916, in spite of submarines and other martial menaces to trade. This represents 41 miles of film, and it shows the tremendous growth of the industry. During the same period there was \$1,000,000 worth of foreign film imported into this country. The balance is so overwhelmingly in favor of the American producer that it is conservative and safe to predict a continuation of at least a forty per cent. lead after the restoration of peace.

The tightening up processes by which belligerent nations are intensifying their various blockades is having the effect of curtailing ambitious projects of motion picture producers who seek "locations" in out-of-the-way places. An example of this detrimental tendency, a prominent company was forced to abandon its plan of sending a troupe to Calcutta to make an important picture of East Indian life, because England will not allow foreigners to enter India without special permission, which is next to impossible to secure.

The evolution by which will come the greater motion picture is working with reassuring rapidity. It is an era of unrest, upheaval and transformation for most all civilization, and the film industry has not escaped unscathed, but it is all an upturning, which is a certain precursor of exalted triumph. There is a solidifying, a welding together of the heretofore incompatible elements, and the beneficial upshot will be an industry founded on a Gibraltar of impregnable strength.

There is a tardiness on the part of some producers to relegate morbid plays, but the inclination of the public to seek rejuvenating diversion is certain to drive the few laggards to eliminate features in which murders, suicides and hectic situations are exploited promiscuously. This is no time to be annoyed by such grewsome reminders which are actually being enacted all around the globe.

The tendency to make the screen the agency through which to arouse patriotism is truly glorious. It is a service which makes the art a direct and potential aid to the country we all love so dearly. It proves the men who guide the industry to be red-blooded, two-fisted patriots of the first class.

theory on life's battle as based on law. "The Law of the North" probably contains the best idea of any here mentioned, although it verges onto the trite in having a series of scenes in the snow-bound north-scenes which are very similar to those in several other recent photoplays of the frigid regions. The story deals with a love affair at a trading post, where the son of an English lord endeavors to win the favor of the daughter of the commander of the

mounted while carrying on an affair with a half-breed. The girl's affections are divided between two men. One of these slays the half-breed and attempts to throw the blame onto his rival, but the girl learns the truth, and the law of the north takes its course. In "The Law That Failed" an effort is made to show an alleged inconsistency of the law which will find a man guilty of murder and yet fail to convict him if the body of his victim cannot be found. In this case the murderer is acquitted on such a technicality and thus the cause of Justice suffered. But a tragic climax is adroitly staged to avert spreading the idea that men can murder and escape punishment, because conscience enters into it and the murderer kills himself.

"THE Pulse of Life" is a sensational drama, but it is too gloomy. Now, above all other times, the trend in photoplays should be towards lifting the worries of sanguinary combat from the minds of people. Plays in which the darker aspects of life are exploited will not contribute towards this commendable purpose. Bright and light dramas, in which romance and comedy are undisturbed by extreme villainy, will turn the trick and will prove a public benefit. Therefore, in the very nature of things as brought about by the unsettled era in which we live and which undoubtedly makes every mind abnormal, it behooves the producers to devote their whole energies to eliminating the sordid tales for the nonce at least. The story of "The Pulse of Life" begins delightfully with a series of strikingly picturesque coast scenes, but the action is soon transferred to the underworld in which an Italian fishergirl encounters many ominous difficulties and passes through some unusual adventures. She had been led astray as many a girl has been before both in reality and in fiction—by a designing man who preys on the unsophisticated love of a woman. However, she is ultimately rescued by a regular hero. Gypsy Harte's portrayal of the character of the Italian girl is a clever piece of acting, and her performance is the big feature of the play, which, by the way, is a Bluebird film of the usual high standard in photography and direction.

IT seems there is to always be infinite stories anent studio life and the striking part of it is, author after author manages to get some new and novel little deviation from the hackneyed. George W. Gunn has succeeded admirably in developing something of an unusual story in a familiar and time-honored atmosphere in the recent Metro release, entitled "The Power of Decision," in which Frances Nelson is starred to a distinct advantage in the role of Margot, an artist's model. As the story goes, one Wood Harding, an illustrator, first sees Margot at a sale of the effects of a poor, old artist who had befriended her. When the

auctioneer mocked at the old man's best work, Margot mounted the platform and with tears in her eyes tells those present how kind the artist had been to her, whereupon Harding purchased the picture and presented it to the girl. From that time on she posed only for Harding, and the two fell in love. Harding had a wife from whom he was separated, but he married Margot without revealing this fact. They were living happily in a little studio apartment when the first Mrs. Harding returned and threatened to have her husband arrested for bigamy. To save the man she loved Margot denied that she had gone through a legal marriage ceremony. In an attempt to forget her woes, Margot went to a distant city and posed for Mrs. Hall, a miniature artist, who later introduced her to Austin Bland, a novelist, who fell in love with her. She told him frankly that she had already given all the love she possessed to another man, and with this thoroughly understood she married him. Bland wrote a novel entitled "The Power of Decision." Its central theme was that "Every mortal has within himself the God-given power of decision." By his own decision each man must act for himself in every crisis. The publishers of this novel engaged Wood Harding to illustrate it. Bland insisted that his wife pose as the heroine and Harding came to visit the Bland home. Neither Margot nor Harding gave any sign of recognition upon meeting, but the latter took full advantage of his opportunity to exert his old spell over the girl he truly loved. Gordon, a butler, saw Harding attempt to embrace Margot, and later when she discovered him trying to open a safe, the quick-witted butler prevented her from calling the police by threatening to expose her to Bland, who soon afterwards learned the truth through Mrs. Harding. In his sorrow Bland decided to accept an offer of his publishers to go to accompany an Arctic explorer to write a series of special articles. In the meantime Harding had been urging Margot to go away with him. She cannot reach a decision. She promised to signal him by switching the library lights on and off when she had made up her mind. Bland left his home in his car for the railroad station, but the machine broke down and he missed his train. Returning, he saw Harding across the street from his home, watching the library windows and then the lights flashed off and on. Bland hastened into his home and confronted Margot, who told him she had been tempted to elope with Harding, but had finally come to a realization of her love for her husband and had summoned Harding to tell him so. Bland did not believe her. The curtains at the French window move and Bland fired directly at them. A man fell enveloped in the curtains. Margot urged her husband to escape, saying she would take the blame of killing the man. Tearing the draperies aside Bland found he had shot Gordon, the butler, who had come to rob. Harding had hurried away upon hearing the shot. Margot pleaded earnestly for her husband's confidence, and finally made him realize that like his heroine in his novel she had chosen the right road at last and had exercised her God-given power of decision. A wealth of information on life of the introspective sort is presented in a masterly way.

ALTHOUGH charming Fannie Ward scored her first big screen triumph in the powerful drama, "The Cheat," she made her reputation on the stage as a comedienne. Now she proves she can duplicate her comedy achievements before a camera. This pleasing revelation comes in "The School for Husbands," her latest release, and which almost answers the moot question: How would you manage a husband? One of the unusual scenes in this production shows the modern craze for things Hawaiian. During the course of the picture a big ball is given in which all the guests wear the lais of Hawaii, and as the big surprise, curtains are drawn back at the end of the ball-room disclosing a Hawaiian village, orchestra and two hula-hula dancers in front of the campfire. These dancers, by the way, are native Kanackas, and were especially secured for this particular feature. The story of "The School for Husbands" has to do with Betty Manners, the wife of John Manners. John is a frivolous young broker who loves to gamble on the races and who devotes a good portion of his time to enjoying himself right royally. His young wife, feeling that she must economize, goes around in most unbecoming and inexpensive clothes. John becomes infatuated with another woman and loses his money in the stock exchange just as his wife discovers that she is an heiress to a vast fortune. Realizing that she is losing her husband by her plain dress and "stay-at-home" manner, she starts out to win him back by surpassing most all other women in point of attire and lavish social indulgence. How she succeeds in her purpose constitutes the title of the story—it is truly "The School for Husbands," and, as ever, Fannie Ward is great.

FOR the first time George Beban, the justly celebrated character actor, appears on the screen in the role of a Frenchman. The photoplay in which he makes this departure from his usual Italian characterization is entitled "The Bond Between," and he wrote it himself, doing a splendid job. This is another picture which gives us a peep at life in the Bohemian art colony of New York. Mr. Beban is seen as Papa Duval, who, by his meagre earnings as a teacher of the piano, was educating his son as an art student in Paris when the outbreak of the European war took the young man back to his New York home, and he unconsciously acts as an agent for a band of art crooks. A girl detective was put on the trail. She discovered that Duval's son had unwittingly smuggled into this country a valuable painting which was concealed under a mediocre water-color sketch. Complications ensue and keep you constantly interested up to the very finish when all ends well. Above all, "The Bond Between" establishes Mr. Beban as a genuinely versatile star.

GENEVIEVE HAMPER, one of Stage-land's talented stars, has the leading role in the new William Fox release entitled "Tangled Lives," and her performance before the camera is distinguished, she giving a splendid demonstration of the fact that extensive experience before the footlights aids an artist wonderfully in the silent drama. The hosts of photoplay-goers who are fast becoming attached to Miss

Hamper will find that in "Tangled Lives" she surpasses the notable characterizations she drew in "The Blindness of Devotion" and "The Unfaithful Wife." Miss Hamper had wide experience in Shakespearean drama as leading lady for Robert Mantell, and it would seem she would be the ideal star for several picturized versions of the masterpieces of the Bard of Avon.

"SWEETHEART of the Doomed," as produced by the Ince-Triangle with Louise Glau in the principal role, is really a cyclonic chapter from the life of a siren whose contrition God rewarded in her hour of need. This rather extraordinary photoplay narrates the heart-throbs of Honore Zonlay, a French adventuress, who, nursing a bitter hatred of all mankind for the treachery dealt to her in her youth, lives to make all men pay. How she herself pays and later repents, only later to rejoice, forms the smashing climax of the tale. Miss Glau in her character-building takes advantage of all her unusual opportunities. Cold and sinister in the beginning she undergoes an engrossing transition, as the story progresses, to the soul-wrung martyr, expiating her past. Although the theme is anything but cheering, it serves the laudable purpose of entertaining while it drives home an object lesson well worth knowing and mastering. "Sweetheart of the Doomed" is one of the genuinely meritorious picture plays of the year.

"MAYBLOSSOM" is a five-reel drama in which novelty abounds. In the first place it is a photographic wonder, the scenes being in natural color and beautiful for the most part. The best work in this tinting is done in the exterior scenes. "Mayblossom" is worth seeing for this coloring alone, but there is an excellent story besides. It concerns a girl who yields to the persuasive powers of a man and marries him. When this man falls in love with another woman he destroys the evidence of his marriage so that it technically leaves him free. His second wife is more than a match for him, and she makes him more miserable than he could make her. Retribution comes to him when he perishes in a fire started while he is intoxicated. Meanwhile, his first wife, believing him dead long before, had married her old lover. Sticking closely to the course of congruity the author permits her to find the happiness she deserves.

WHENEVER we see a comedy-drama which gives us equal chance to smile and think seriously, and when that comedy-drama is enriched by a true-to-life romance, then we want to literally shout the praises we feel for all those responsible for providing it. "The Spirit of Romance" in which Vivian Martin is featured is one of those delectable, little stories in which the troubles of the characters come and go, leaving everyone to an invulnerable happiness. Humor and pathos are so well blended in this play that a person is kept incessantly gripped in its power, and this affords unalloyed pleasure. As the plot runs, a crusty old millionaire, who is beset with hallucinations that everyone is contriving to deprive him of his money, devises a scheme whereby he pretends to die and leaves his for-

tune to a poor, little girl who is working in an antique shop. Instead of dying, however, he hides himself in a secret room in his immense mansion and through the eyes of a portrait he is enabled to watch the events in the entire household. His little heiress conducts herself with admirable charity to all, and she not only wins his admiration but makes him remorseful because his mental contrasting of her manner of life with his own hard-hearted methods attinges his conscience. He wants to atone for wrongs he has meted out without consideration in his past mad chase of gold. He comes back to "life" at a masked ball to the astonishment of the guests, and he is "a new man" in all the term implies. He is full of the spirit of romance at last, and no one with that spirit can possibly be crusty.

THE motion picture is the boon of war-torn Europe today. Screen fare is just about the only stimulant on the amusement menu over there. The reduction of train service everywhere and the monopolizing of the railroads by the armies make impractical the touring of theatrical companies, and moreover there are few actors who are not on the battle front. The expeditious manner in which films can be shipped from city to city gives the shadow art the lead and attendance at all motion-picture theaters is large. Most of the pictures being exhibited are American-made. Winfield Sheehan, general manager of the Fox Film Corporation of New York, recently returned from a trip through Europe, and he declares he found the photoplay to be the chief form of amusement in every city he visited. He says that most of the larger theaters in Great Britain have abandoned their regular bookings with traveling companies, and are filling in their time with feature films. In France the business is not quite so good as in England, because of the necessity of utilizing electricity in the manufacture of munitions. The French picture houses are permitted to open only three nights a week. The photoplay fans of the various English and continental cities have seen more of the screen accomplishments of the United States during the war than they ever did in peace times, and the tendency of the great influx of these pictures seems certain to establish a permanent demand which will give American photoplays a wider vogue than American stage plays ever attained in foreign climes.

CONSCIENTIOUS artists like criticism. "I have never read an adverse comment on my work that hasn't hurt my feelings, but if the criticism was constructive and instructive as well as adverse I always managed to get some good out of it," remarks Cleo Madison, a well-known favorite. To this she adds that consistently favorable notices are apt to make an artist careless. We are happy to say there is a very marked tendency among exponents of the Thespian art in general to take the same view of this proposition, and precisely what it will eventually mean to the people who pay their money to see moving pictures is, they will have the pleasure of noting better interpretations. Like the wise Solomon, actors and actresses are profiting by the observations of others, and instead of taking in-

sult, they are taking heed, the net result being they are wiser men and women for their chosen profession. No proclivity could possibly be more promising or reassuring. The spirit of it should certainly tend to increase the justice which actuates critics. The reviewer who has heretofore assailed and poked fun just because he has an outlet for his uncalled-for trash should either move himself entirely or else he should move into the sphere of those conscientious authorities who are striving with an earnest zeal to uplift the photoplay art by offering well-tempered and useful suggestions to those to whom a most important part of the development is intrusted—the artists.

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

"The Tides of Barnegat," F. Hopkinson Smith's famous novel, has found its way to the shadow stage, through the enterprise of Jesse L. Lasky, and it affords impressive evidence that there is no let-up in the penchant for picturing literary masterpieces which have already shown their mettle. Blanche Sweet, Elliot Dexter and Tom Forman, a trio of popular favorites, are in the cast. This picture is a gem.

As ever motion pictures serve in live up-to-the-minute propaganda for big problems confronting humanity. Now comes a new Selig feature entitled "What Shall Take My Life?" an argument against capital punishment, which is unquestionably a relic of barbarism, and which should therefore be summarily abolished. The screen is doing its share to sound the death knell of the death penalty.

It is being contended that the high cost of living is forcing many people to abandon patronizing the motion picture houses. This may be true in some sections of some cities, but most of the big houses throughout the country are rounding out their most prosperous season just now.

WE are told by the Holy Writ that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Therefore Mary H. O'Connor took a high ground when she wrote "Cheerful Givers," a story dealing happily with the blessedness of giving. As a photoplay "Cheerful Givers" proves to be a real treat. Bessie Love's winsome artistry in the role of Judy, a joy-infusing heroine, is another treat, and the Fine Arts Kiddies, who are very much in the picture, provide a third treat. Appropriately enough the scenes are laid in an orphanage, and the story is woven around Judy's efforts to be a cheerful giver to especially three homeless children who were adopted by Rev. John Deady, Judy's father, in spite of his near-poverty. Rev. Deady had been moved to thus share his mite with the needy because the capacity of the orphanage was not sufficient to care for more children as a result of the heartlessness of Mrs. Harriett Gray, a millionaire financier, who, foreseeing a panic in the money market and a possibility of adding to her wealth by usurious interest, called in her loan to the institution. When Mrs. Gray heard of the inconvenience her action had caused, she wrote Rev. Deady a letter offering to take one—just one—of these children into her home, and she stipulated it

must be a boy. Judy conceived the idea of disguising herself as a boy and going into the wealthy woman's home due to the fact that the latter had, in her letter, signified her intention of paying the adopted one a regular wage. It was Judy's plan to get this money and send it to her father to support the orphans. She promptly executed the scheme, and upon arriving in the Gray home in the owner's absence she was "discovered" at once by Horace, Mrs. Gray's son. However, he was a good sport and did not reveal his knowledge of the deception, permitting Judy to think she had fooled him. But soon afterwards Mrs. Gray determined the little stranger's sex, but she decided to keep her when she chanced to overhear the girl lecture Horace roundly for loafing around her so much. Mrs. Gray felt that Horace deserved such a scolding, and she admired Judy for giving it to him. Ultimately Horace and Judy fell in love with each other, and after Fate had skirted them dangerously around the circle of illicit operations in the form of a robbery of which neither was guilty, they reach the goal of their ambition. Mrs. Gray had decided Horace possessed the right to select his own wife and, in fact, after a long conference with Parson Deady she decided that about the only thing she insisted upon having her own way about was to convert her big house into a home for all the stray children she could find. She had learned several lessons from Judy, the Parson and the children, and became the most cheerful giver of them all. This is an inspiring and wholesome photoplay which will appeal to all children as well as the kiddies grown up.

AFTER an absence of more than a year, Hazel Dawn returns to the screen in the new Brennon-Selznick feature, "The Lone Wolf," by Louis Joseph Vance. Miss Dawn has been with her first love—musical comedy—all this time, and she has been missed by the photoplay fans, for she is truly one of the most pleasing personalities that has ever flitted across the shadow stage, and she will always enjoy an undying fame for her splendid interpretation of the title role in "The Feud Girl." In "The Lone Wolf" she is seen as a young woman, who, while in the pay of the police, pretends to be an accomplice of a coterie of powerful criminals. She is called upon to get evidence against another mysterious crook, who has gained for himself the title of "The Lone Wolf," because he always works by himself in his bold preying upon rich people. Love complicates conditions, but in this case it adds materially to the fascination. Miss Dawn registers admirably every emotion, every tell-tale facial expression, and she gives a superb performance. She is so good that it is to be hoped she will devote her talented energies to the photoplay art more regularly in the future.

THERE seems to be no end to the variety of roles which Pauline Frederick can play faultlessly. Now we have her as a self-sacrificing mother in her latest starring vehicle, "Sleeping Fires," which has just been released. From the heartless Sapho to this sympathetic matronly role is quite a stretch of versatility, but Miss Frederick spans it with absolute histrionic ease. The

(Continued on page 47)

EDITORIAL

SPRING—THE PICTURE SUPREME

O life, as doubtful now as e'er!
We chase the rainbows more and more
And find 'tis vain to flout despair.
Wild Hope remains, but in a lair.

We do the best a mortal can:
We work, we save, we give and take;
We try the optimistic plan;
No honest rule do we forsake.

We linger long in atmosphere
Pervaded by the Holy Writ,
And, ah, the sermons we do hear!
When one is good two-score misfit!

But, thanks, in spite of all of this
Inspired are we to gaily sing
Transforming woe into a bliss,
And all because 'tis jolly spring.

Verily, when Nature dons her raiment of such splendid opalescence and such *democratic*, all-for-all opulence, we who wend our weary way on this mundane sphere are treated to a radiant glory too engrossing, too cheer-infusing to yield obsequiously to even the indomitable will of Discouragement. We are seeing the picture supreme—Nature's own picture which is convincing of the fact that this world is a wonderful place to be in after all. Mendacious delusions imposed by unscrupulous fellows cease to perturb the mentality while one is contemplating the tranquil but impressive beauties which abound in the great outdoors when the red robins sing their blithesome songs. 'Tis the era for basking in recreative sunshine almost without surcease, and forgetting the fatuities which invariably infest humdrum existence. 'Tis the opportune time to relegate to the background the pusillanimous incongruities of those who cruelly disconcert us. Indeed, the picture Nature presents in the springtime is the most notable feature of all.

From the tiny, insignificant flower to the mammoth tree of superb foliage emanates that mystic influence which compels an admiration conducive to optimism. Few are they who could resist the inspiring force. None there be who cannot be benefited thereby.

THE GREATER PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

A bright and sturdy youth once upon a time decided it was not enough to be at the head of his class, and he geared his energies into a higher speed. He had ideas and he had ambitions—not *one* ambition. As was inevitable he forged ahead. His assiduous application to laudable effort was quite beyond the fickle trickiness of Fate. He was an individual of destiny of his own volition and by his own determination. That youth became a great college professor. Then he became a greater President of the United States. He is the man all loyal Americans are exhorting their fellows to support in the present extraordinary crisis. *THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL* is a youth in the family of

magazines and it is sturdy. It is not content to be in a class to itself. It seeks to increase its upward momentum in order to realize an impelling ambition to be a veritable record-breaker. Already it has set some new high standards and has been branded as great, but this is not enough. *THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL WILL BECOME GREATER AT ONCE*. The June number will be epochal of this. It will be a vast improvement in every particular. There are many who will deem this impossible, for there are many who regard this periodical as the acme of perfection now, but, just the same, you are going to have a *greater* *PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL*, beginning with the very next issue. The price per copy will hereafter be twenty cents instead of fifteen cents, and, when you see the incomparable June number you will be glad. Like the bright and sturdy youth this magazine with its heart, soul and character aspires to the supreme preferment by virtue of self-reliant merit. The longest stride towards this goal will be taken in the June number. Don't miss a hit!

THE SUN- SHINE ON THE SCREEN

This world of ours has come to a gurgitation as dangerous as it is fallacious. Incontrovertible evidence we have of wilful men perpetrating unpardonable inhumanity to man and these men control the affairs of certain great nations. Every wakeful minute we are beset with the worry of having a welkin filled with blazing sparks hovering close to our very heads. We read of millions of untimely deaths now without a tremor. Four years ago we experienced a qualm when we heard of a dozen killed in a railroad wreck. So much disaster has occurred since hostilities began in Europe that all mankind has been forced into an abnormal state of mind. The wildest catastrophes of all fiction have become chimerical in the contrasting with actual events. Everything in the world's affairs today is doleful. No one can depend on remaining *hors de combat*. At no other time was the world so lugubrious, so engrossed in utter resignation to dire eventualities. But, fortunately, there is no night too dark to defy the occasional beacon light, the iridescent hope which flashes across black clouds as if gleeful in the expose of their heartless motive. The screen upon which is projected the edifying, cheer-infusing, worry-killing photoplay is a leading beacon light in this sunless age. True there is a slight flicker occasionally because a bit of the sordid is allowed to creep in, but, in the main, the stories unfolded by the animated pictures tend to make people forget for the moment the terrible maelstrom which engulfs us all. Let us therefore be abundantly thankful for the unswerving faithfulness to duty of those responsible for our cinema entertainment.

A SMALL TOWN GIRL

By GRACE ADE



LITTLE Rock was a typical American village. The very atmosphere of the community was extremely rural and the small populace was supremely unsophisticated in all the term implies. In this tiny hamlet dwelled June, a pretty, dark-haired, brown-eyed country girl, who had begun early in life to dream of conquering a big city by either her singing or her dancing. Forsooth she was regaling herself in an imaginative reverie of this sort when her mother summoned her to her duties of "doing the chores." June's parents were poor, hard-working people who eked out a scanty existence by tilling the soil, and neither father nor the mother even thought of ever having an opportunity of improving their financial condition. They were accustomed to their manner of life, and were resigned to their fate without being exactly discontented.

It was on the occasion of one of her frequent visits to the village store that June chanced to meet Ralph Motley, a flashily-attired New York drummer, who was making his annual trip to Little Rock. June met Motley in spite of both Hiram Lemuel Vance, a young bumpkin who indulged in a terrible passion for the demure maiden, and, Silas Quigg, the champion hayseed Romeo of the burg.

Motley was not the kind of a chap to be easily thwarted by the ardent and persistent attentions of a rival and hence he boldly projected himself into the wooing, finally succeeding in monopolizing the charmed girl by dint of his superior loquacity.

"Listen, girlie, this is no place for a little peach like you," Motley whispered to her. "You should go to New York, where you'll find your level."

"Oh I would be so glad to go there," the guileless June replied thoroughly entranced. "Are you from New York?"

"Sure, and believe me, you don't know what life is unless you're in New York," the drummer told her.

By this time June's admiration for the stranger knew no bounds. She felt he was the first real man who had ever paid any attention to her. But Hiram was not thinking in the same channel, and he deliberately shoved the drummer aside and engaged the girl's whole attention himself. Hiram was obviously and unmistakably displeased by Motley's conduct, and as a matter of fact, the young swain was fairly "boiling over" with angry jealousy of the most pronounced type. With a dogged determination he gave the drummer little further opportunity to make advances.

But that night there was a dance given in the village and Ralph Motley, quite undismayed, invited himself and attended, his one purpose being to see more of the winsome June, who had informed him of her intentions of attending. There he discovered Hiram attired in an outlandish, out-of-date dress suit, a garment the young man valued about as much as a woman would a Coronation dress just before she was to be presented at court. The dance waxed merry after the fashion of the kind who were present, a fiddler constituting the entire

orchestra and with lemonade flowing freely as the chief drink of the occasion. June wore her best Sunday dress, which while plain and cheap, actually added to her natural beauty. She did not attempt to hide the keen pleasure she felt over the attentions paid her by Motley. In fact, she never paid less attention to Hiram in her life. She really neglected him entirely after the first few minutes of the festivities. Indeed, Hiram was so disheartened that he finally kept out of the dance hall and devoted a full hour to chewing the cud of bitter reflection. It did not require much study on his part to realize that the "city fellow" totally eclipsed him because he knew more about things and peremptorily he decided to go to New York himself to overcome his provincialism and to carve his way to success.

A while later Hiram achieved his set purpose of getting June away from her city suitor and to a secluded spot.



Ready to conquer the big city

"I've made up my mind to go out in the big world and make something out of myself, June, all for your sake," Hiram told her.

"Goody, I think that'll be fine," she replied enthusiastically. "I don't want to live all my life in this dinky place."

Instantly her old love for Hiram returned, and she permitted him to take a sly little kiss, a kiss which restored the previously forlorn young man to the realm of hope.

Not many minutes later, and while the dance was progressing, a fire broke out in the kitchen of an adjacent house, and as most of the men present were members of the Volunteer Fire Department, the entertainment was abruptly broken up. Hiram was among the most faithful of the fire-fighters, and the prospect of being kept busy for some time led to his hurrying June to her home.

Around the midnight hour, June was still wide awake. She had seated herself in her bed and was eagerly looking over the pic-

torial sections of various New York papers. Her paramount ambition in life so controlled her that it was next to impossible for her to induce herself to ever go to sleep, as she wanted to spend all her time dreaming of the big city and of the time when she would reside there triumphantly.

It was a wee sma' hour of the morning before June fell to sleep, and she was still dreaming her fondest dreams when rudely awakened by her mother, who urged her to "hurry about her morning work." June was a bit disgruntled over being summoned so suddenly, but she managed to do her chores and had just sat down at the breakfast table when the rural postman arrived with a letter from New York. Her mother opened it and discovered it to be from a sister whom she had not seen for years. The letter contained the request that she go to New York and help care for her child. The father had been seriously injured in some construction work, and it was necessary for the wife to take him away from the city to regain his health. It was impossible to take the child along.

June's mother was in favor of going at once, but her father chimed in with objections, declaring he needed her at home to assist him in the work.

"Why can't I go to New York and help," June suggested with avidity as she quickly realized an opportunity she had long wished for had presented itself.

The parents considered this for a moment, and after some deliberation they decided it would be the most feasible plan. The instant they agreed June rushed up to her attic and happily rushed the task of packing her available belongings. She hummed merry, little tunes to herself as she hastily packed and dreamed of the happiness she was to find in the metropolis. She pictured herself riding in fine limousines and being entertained by fashionable people. She concluded her day of distinguished victory had surely come now. She dreamed of having a whole retinue of servants at her beck and call. She felt sure life was going to be just one joy after another henceforth.

On the very next day she arrived at the Pennsylvania Railway Station in New York. Her entire "bank-roll" consisted of about five dollars in nickels, dimes and quarters, all wrapped securely in a red bandana handkerchief and consequently very inconvenient for spending purposes. When she passed out into a driveway several taxicab drivers solicited her to patronize them, but she was attracted by a closed hack, driven by a negro. This was more her idea of rural grandeur. She approached the negro and he very gallantly reached out his hand to help the girl into the vehicle and she, mistaking his attention, shook hands with him cordially. This, of course, excited the obstreperous mirth of all those present and June was perplexed.

The negro became dubious as to June's financial responsibility, and made inquiries, whereupon she carefully unwrapped the bandana handkerchief and displayed her treasure. He was then satisfied, and, when



June was glad to forsake the dinky town

June presented a card containing her aunt's address, he noted it was on First Avenue.

"It'll cost you all jes' two dollahs and a half," the negro informed her.

June laboriously counted out the amount. The driver pocketed it as he stepped into the hack with the luggage, whereupon the small change dropped through his pocket onto the floor of the vehicle, and the fellow was unaware of his loss.

June settled herself in the hack and the negro drove away, lambasting his old horse unmercifully in an effort to accomplish the impossible, namely, to make the animal hurry. June was not long in discovering the coins in the bottom of the hack, and she took possession of them without having the slightest semblance of an idea that it had been her own money. She had always dreamed that New York was a city in which the streets were paved with gold, and she innocently concluded that she had come across some of the wealth very early.

The frequent beatings the negro gave the old horse at last aroused the ire of the girl, and she ordered him to desist his cruelty. When he failed to obey her as promptly as she deemed proper, June climbed out on the seat with the driver and grabbed the lines and whip, proceeding to drive the horse herself.

"Fo' de lan's sake, chile, you am sure peculiah," the negro expostulated in surprise.

"Well, I'm goin' to show you how to treat a horse," she declared.

The negro blinked his eyes many times as he watched the country girl drive quite as expertly as any seasoned New York driver.

It was nearly an hour later that they arrived in a dirty street in the slum district, and the negro directed the girl to a dilapidated tenement house.

"Dis am it, lady," the negro announced as he took the reins and stopped the horse.

"This?" June exclaimed in utter amazement.

"Yes ma'm, dis am de address what's on de card," the negro insisted.

"Well, this ain't no palace at all," the girl murmured in bitter disappointment.

"It am far from de palaces too, lady," the negro replied.

June had only alighted on the sidewalk when a gang of rowdy boys gathered around her.

"Pipe de hayseed," one of them yelled.

June instinctively felt the necessity of getting away from this motley crowd of curiosity-seekers, and she rushed into the dingy hall of the tenement house. She could scarcely believe she was in New York. This house in no way resembled the palaces of her wild dreams. She did not even know there were any such dirty buildings in her Dream City. Completely discouraged June located the apartment of her aunt, Mrs. Brown, whom she found in the midst of a big washing. Little Jane, her daughter, was playing on the rough floor with very much soiled dolls and this filled June's soul with dread. She had never known there could be such a sordid atmosphere as prevailed in this lowly home of the big city. Mrs. Brown and Jane were instantly delighted to have June with them. Unceremoniously the child pawed at the girl who was now aghast and sorely depressed by the congestion, the sunlessness of the room.

"We have a lovely place here, my dear," Mrs. Brown said as she led June into an adjoining bedroom. "This is a southern exposure."

June gazed out of the small back window, and all she could see was red-flannel underwear hanging on clothes-lines.

"So this is New York," June whispered huskily as she sank into a chair, the very personification of despair and sad disillusion-

ment. "And to think I left Little Rock for a dirty hole like this," she added a moment later as she realized herself to be dumb-founded.

The next day Mrs. Brown took her invalid husband to the country. June promptly became little mother to Jane. In the meantime Hiram Lemuel Vance had established himself in New York. He had secured a position at ten dollars a week in the real estate office of Marsh and Company, a concern which handled the collections of a great deal of tenement property. He was struggling along with an over-abundance of loneliness. He had written June, but she had departed the day after he did, and she had not gotten the letter.

Living in the same house with June were "Dandy Dick" Elmont and his "girl," Lilly and Bill Forbes, another crook of the black-jack variety who handled the "lead pipe" while Elmont used his brains. Lilly had planted herself in the home of John Hammond, a wealthy man whose hobby was well known to be the collection of precious stones.

Eavesdropping in his home, Lilly heard Hammond making arrangements to give a small dinner party to exhibit the great diamond he had recently purchased from the Duke of Bourne. Lilly hurriedly visited Elmont and apprised him of this fact. The three crooks immediately held a conference and discussed ways and means of "lifting" this big gem. After hours of thought Dick conceived a novel idea, and the gang promptly set about to execute it.

On the following day little Jane was playing in front of the flat with some urchins of the neighborhood despite June's explicit orders that she was not to do so. Upstairs June was scrubbing a window, removing dirt which had been accumulating for months. For the nonce she was too busy to "mind the kids."

Fatefully enough, Hiram Lemuel Vance, now plunged in the darkest caverns of melancholy because of the protracted absence of communication from June, happened to saunter down the street at that moment. He had just turned into the street when a tiny ball from a peashooter with which Jane was playing, hit him in the eye. Angered by the painful sting, Hiram grabbed Jane and severely reprimanded her. June, working



The drummer from the city made a hit with her

on a window above, was attracted by Hiram's excited voice, and she recognized him. Overjoyed the girl rushed downstairs and overtook Hiram just as he was leaving the locality.

"Meeting you is the first wonderful thing that's happened since I came to New York," June declared as she embraced Hiram with childish glee.

"You can bet your life it relieves my mind, June, 'cause I was about to go crazy on account of you not answering my letter," Hiram replied.

"But I never got the letter," she averred.

"Then I think a lot more of you than I ever did," he announced as he gave a sigh of relief.

June took Hiram to the Brown flat after introducing him to Jane, and the happy reunion was characterized by much innocent love-making and merry reminiscences of times bygone.

The following evening John Hammond gave his select dinner party. The crooks were prepared to perpetrate their illicit scheme. Dick, the leader of the gang, was stationed on the outside of a window to the mansion watching. Bill, his confederate, was inside the basement waiting. Lilly was hiding outside the portieres leading to the grand dining-room, also waiting. When Hammond exhibited his wonderful diamond to his guests, Lilly entered the room with a fake telegram. Dick, observing this move through the window, tossed a pebble into the basement as a signal to Bill, who quickly turned off the big light switch, plunging the whole house in pitch darkness. Lilly snatched the diamond from the table and threw it out the window. Dick recovered it, and in the darkness and confusion Lilly and Bill made their escape from the house, reaching their waiting automobile and making their getaway from the neighborhood.

The minute the lights were turned on again, Hammond's butler notified the police of the daring theft, and the task of apprehending the robbers was started immediately.

About this time June was putting little Jane to bed. Hiram was seated in the small living-room awaiting the re-appearance of June. When the latter finally returned the couple fell to love-making as had always been their wont and little Jane arose from her bed and surprised the young couple by walking in on them just at a moment when they were locked in each other's arms. Of course both felt exceedingly ashamed, and June experienced difficulty in persuading the child to accompany her back to her bed.

At this instant the crooks entered the house with their latest haul. Upon reaching their flat they discussed places to hide the magnificent jewel, which they all admired to such an extent as to make them unwary in their comment or the pitch of their voices. It was finally decided to hide the diamond in the heel of one of Lilly's shoes. The task of removing her heel and digging out a hole large enough to hold the stone was extremely difficult, and the completed job betrayed crude workmanship born of inexperience in such tinkering. When the job was completed the shoe was thrown in a closet in a pile of discarded footwear.

The newspapers the next morning were filled with glowing accounts of the daring robbery, and also contained the announcement of a munificent reward being offered for the return of the stone and the capture

of the criminals. This news came under June's observation, and she was deeply interested.

"Oh, if we could only find them," she told Hiram, who had stopped in on his way to work.

"Gosh, gal, it'd take a regular detective to find out anything about any crook that was slick enough to do a trick like that," he replied.

Nevertheless June could not get the subject off of her mind. She was controlled by a peculiar impulse that she could aid the law. The fact that the police were baffled did not seem to discourage her in the least. Yet, she had not the slightest idea of how to go about trailing thieves.

A few nights later the crooks stole out of their flat for the first time to reconnoiter with the view of determining the possibilities of disposing of the diamond at one of the nearby "fences." As they left, they were seen by a plain-clothes man stationed in the neighborhood for the purpose of watching, and no sooner had they gone than he entered the tenement house. He was doubtful about the flat occupied by these crooks, and pretended to be a gas man; he gleaned from June the desired information. He broke into the flat and made a hasty search of the contents of the rooms. In investigating the closet he kicked out of his way the slipper which contained the diamond, but he overlooked it. He was in the midst of his search when the crooks returned, and he slipped upstairs and watched them as they entered their flat. Then he left the house.

The following morning while June was preparing breakfast she discovered she had no butter. She went upstairs determined to borrow some from her neighbors and little Jane followed her. June was emboldened to ask Lilly for some butter. Dick and Bill were present at the time, but when Lilly

gave a signal they got out of the room. Lilly had decided that June, on account of her youth and innocence, would make a good confederate for department-store work. Hence she took June into her bed-room, which was quite nicely furnished, and cleverly sought to interest her by placing some rouge and powder on her face, thus enhancing her good looks considerably. Before she gave the unsophisticated country girl a chance to leave, Lilly had exerted her every effort to win her confidence, and she had succeeded fairly well, for, by the time she reached her own abode, June felt herself envious of the former.

Now, as oftentimes happens, doubt and distrust existed among these crooks. There was some intention on the part of the men to separate from the woman, in order to realize the proceeds of the stone themselves. They realized the police were after Lilly, but that they were unsuspected. Hence they awaited an opportunity to doublecross the woman and to leave her in the lurch.

It was just at dusk that June downstairs was preparing a dinner of state pending the arrival of Hiram. The stove proved contrary, and June shoveled ashes from it and putting them in a bucket, commissioned Jane to carry them downstairs. The little one obeyed. Meanwhile Dick and Bill, upstairs, were taking a few drinks with Lilly in an effort to get the latter intoxicated. They had plotted to get away from her on that very night. While the crooks were thus engaged a little pet dog belonging to Lilly was playing with the slipper containing the diamond. The animal carried the slipper to the window, jumping up on the window-seat and in frisking around dropped it down into an areaway just as Jane entered it. Eagerly the child picked up the slipper, and she hurried upstairs with it. June joined her in admiring it. She



June was in full charge of the Brown home



Lilly had beautified June with paint and powder

had just slipped it on her foot when Hiram arrived and while the couple chatted, Dick and Bill, deciding they had Lilly sufficiently intoxicated, made preparations to flee with the diamond. They were amazed to find the slipper containing it missing. They promptly confronted the woman and accused her of double-crossing them. She denied it vehemently and a vicious altercation ensued.

Meanwhile little Jane had put the priceless slipper on her foot and was entertaining Hiram while June continued to prepare the meal. Hiram did not take Jane seri-

ously, and he took the slipper away from her, being on the verge of spanking the child in a spirit of fun when June, attracted by the noise they were making, entered the room and snatched the slipper away from Hiram. A friendly tussel ensued between the two for possession of the slipper, but Jane finally grabbed it.

"Oh, look at the pretty glass marble," Jane exclaimed as she extracted the diamond from the now torn heel of the slipper. Hiram and June were petrified.

"The great diamond," they both exclaimed.

Hiram lost little time in getting out of the building to notify the police, and June in a state of high excitement, proceeded nervously to finish her cooking. Jane had followed him downstairs deeply mystified by his sudden departure. Lilly a moment later crept out of her flat and downstairs, where she found Jane.

"Did you see anything of my slipper?" she asked the child.

Child-like Jane told her all about it, as the woman's attitude, which was half-drunken, frightened her. Lilly rushed up to June's flat and assumed a suave manner in confronting her.

"The child tells me you have my slipper," she said.

June was confused. She did not know what to say. She stammered and consumed time, detaining Lilly long enough to give Dick and Bill time to sneak downstairs. They were attracted by the women's voices. They entered June's flat and upon learning of Lilly's mission there, joined her in questioning the much-bewildered girl. Their argument turned to a forceful one. They were threatening her within a twinkling. Just at the crucial moment Hiram returned with the police. The crooks were silently choking June. A desperate battle followed immediately upon the entrance of Hiram and the police, but the crooks were subdued and made prisoners. Hiram and June had insured themselves of collecting a handsome reward, which would mean everything to their future happiness.

"Gosh all hemlock, June, who'd a-thought we'd ever be such slickers?" Hiram asked.

"All I can say is I'm glad I came to be little mother to the child here, because it paved the way to happy days for you and me," she replied.

Then she submitted to an embrace and a kiss, and the couple turned to planning a joyous wedding the minute they collected their reward for aiding the cause of justice.

From the photoplay produced by William Fox, starring June Caprice.

DUSTIN FARNUM AT PLAY

By TOM FIELD

To meet Dustin Farnum, the popular film idol, at his farm at Bucksport, Me., is like making the acquaintance of a great big boy amidst his shining toys. Surrounded by his cows, pigs, chickens, horses and dogs at his rural home, where he spends all his idle moments away from the studio, or busily engaged pitching hay in the fields, or polishing up his big touring car or tinkering around his speed boat in the bay, he is as happy as any youngster on Christmas morn.

Always having been a lover of outdoor sports, "Dusty," as he is familiarly nicknamed by thousands of his admirers, spends the greater part of his time under the open sky. Motor boating occupies a great portion of his spare time, and his 150-horsepower speed boat is one of his most beloved "toys." The racer, which he has named "The Virginian," is 6 feet 4½ inches beam and 30 feet and 2 inches long. Nothing affords the film star more pleasure than to don old clothes, and with a paint brush or monkey wrench in hand prepare his speed demon for a race, the many trophies he proudly displays readily indicating that his untiring efforts in this direction do not go

unrewarded. The boat has peculiar lines, somewhat resembling a flatiron, and, as related by Mr. Farnum, presents a shape very much like a craft which he built from driftwood in his boyhood days. In this old sailboat, also a "flatiron" affair, he cruised around the same waters in which he now breaks records with his racer. For a sail he secured a bed-sheet from his mother, and for a steering device he used the wheel of a toy cart. Although the steering arrangement took up all the space allotted for passengers, and compelled him to steer on his knees, the apparatus worked nicely and had all the boys jealous.

Another pet "toy" which "Dusty" proudly possesses is a big motor car, in which he toured all through the present European war zone, just prior to the beginning of the war, taking pictures for the book, "The Lightning Conductor." This powerful car has made him widely known as a speed king of great daring, but, despite this fact, he has never had an accident while at the wheel.

Animals occupy a big spot in the heart of the popular film star. Two of his most

valuable pets are Romeo and Juliet, a pair of prize pigs, to which he will never fail to introduce a visitor. They are immense porkers and receive as gentle treatment at the hands of "Dusty" as a babe from its mother. No one is allowed to feed or take care of them excepting the boss himself, and when he is away this honor is entrusted to his head man. A pair of trotting horses and a riding horse also receive their due share of attention, and their master is as proud of them as he is of his pigs. Horses always were very much in evidence in the life of the actor, both on and off the stage, and many are his adventures with wild beasts while in the saddle. Rabbits, dogs and even snakes, are included in this big boy's family and all seem to know and appreciate their kind master.

Back on the farm, in the house in which he was born, a structure that has passed its eightieth year of existence, Dustin Farnum hies himself whenever the opportunity presents. Here he plays in a clean, whole-hearted manner, which fits him for the strenuous work which will follow before the grinding camera.

Ann Murdock of the Stage and Screen

By TERRY RAMSAYE



ANN MURDOCK, the Mutual star, was the last of the Frohman stars to be launched by Mr. Frohman before he went down on the Lusitania.

Seldom in the history of the drama has a young woman been raised so rapidly from obscurity to eminence as was Ann Murdock under the magic direction of Frohman. The great manager was a Prince Charming to whom all wonderful things were possible from the creation of living plays to the raising of new stars to decorate his glittering firmament.

Miss Murdock was born in New York City and spent the greater part of her early life at Port Washington. She had no fancy for the stage in her early life, and frankly confesses that she went on the boards because she wanted nicer frocks than she had so far been able to get, and thought the stage would furnish her a superior wardrobe.

Visiting New York Miss Murdock went one day to the office of Henry B. Harris, seeking a position. As she sat waiting among a score of applicants, Harris emerged from his private room. He caught sight of the Titian beauty sitting there in a crowd of ordinaries and at once singled her out though without appearing at the moment to have noticed her.

A few moments later, in some mysterious fashion, Miss Murdock, who had not so



Ann Murdock. Does she look like another famous star? Guess!



She is not darning socks for soldiers; she is knitting a muffler for herself

far even sent in her card, was summoned to the sanctum sanctorum. Fifteen minutes later she had been given a small part in "The Lion and the Mouse." But no sooner had Harris seen Ann in action than he withdrew her from "The Lion and the Mouse" company and put her in a new production that he was bringing out in New York.

At the end of the season, Miss Murdock made up her mind to get under Frohman's management if possible, so she went to the Empire Theater to make an application and there met William Gillette who was busy with one of his numerous revivals of "Secret Service." The moment Gillette set eyes on Ann Murdock he made up his mind to put her in the part of the Southern girl, and they talked that over, but later on Gillette declared his intention of writing a part especially for Ann.

"Electricity" was the play in which a part was written especially for the young actress, but it failed and Miss Murdock was offered a part in "A Pair of Sixes," in which she played a whole season in New York very successfully.

One night Mr. Frohman saw the farce and thought so well of Miss Murdock's acting that he sent for her the next day and offered her an engagement, making one of those contracts that lasted until the end of his days for he said to her:

"You are with me for life."

That was Frohman's way of telling his people that without the formality of contracts they were to look to him each season for employment.

From that time on Mr. Frohman took an earnest interest in Miss Murdock's career. He saw in her as he had seen in only a few of his women stars an opportunity to create a new and distinct type.

Just about this time the great manager became interested in a new French play which he called "The Beautiful Adventure," and he did a daring but characteristically Frohman thing. He believed implicitly in Miss Murdock's talents, believing that the part of the ingenious young girl in this play was ideally suited to Miss Murdock's temperament and personality. So in conjunction with Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Charles Cherry, he featured her in the cast. Miss Murdock's characterization amply justified Frohman's confidence, but the play failed in New York and on the road. Mr. Frohman wrote to Miss Murdock:

"I am afraid our little play is too gentle for the west. Come back—I have something else for you."

Mr. Frohman then put Miss Murdock in Porter Emerson Browne's "A Girl of Today," which had its first presentation in Washington. Mr. Frohman was in Washington when the play opened and when Ann Murdock and her mother arrived from New York Frohman met them at the station with a car. As they passed the National Theater Miss Murdock burst into tears, for when they turned the corner she saw for the first time in her life a blazing electric sign, "Charles Frohman presents Ann Murdock in 'A Girl of Today.'"

That was the first intimation given to Ann that she had been made a star. In this episode Frohman repeated what he had done in the case of Ethel Barrymore years before.

There are to be many of the stage plays presented by the genius who guided the early years of Miss Murdock's career, which will be given to the motion picture public by the Mutual Film Corporation, with Miss Murdock's aid, in the future. "The Outcast," and "Her Sister" are two of the first.

Now that she has established herself firmly as a screen star, Miss Murdock has joined the movement to elevate the art. She is determined to be useful.



One of Miss Murdock's latest and best poses

MAN'S FOLLY By E. H. SEAGRAVE

I was "A Gentleman of Leisure" until "Officer 666" gave me "Three Weeks" and "One Day" in the "House of a Thousand Candles" for "Rolling Stones" on "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," but as I was "The Man of the Hour" and was "Within the Law" and had "The Yellow Ticket" "Bought and Paid For," they didn't put me "On Trial," but let me go "Back Home" to "East Lynne," where I lived on "The Third Floor Back."

I met a "Couple of Girls" whose father had "A Pair of Sixes" so there was a "Full House," but I did not mind for "The Dummy" was there with "Daddy Long Legs," who was relating the "Story of the Rosary" to "Madame X," who had "Freckles," but

I was as bad as "Get Rich Wallingford," and as I had "Experience" and "Ready Money," I said, "Excuse Me," and went to "Arizona," where I met "The Girl of the Golden West," who thought I was a "Gentleman from Mississippi," but upon learning that I was "Alias Jimmy Valentine," turned me over to the "Virginian" who knew I was the "Fortune Hunter," and "His Great Triumph" was to give me "The Whip" until I looked like the "Outcast" after spending "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," but unfortunately "Along Came Ruth" with "Quincy Adams" who looked like "The Count of Monte Cristo" and found me worse than "Damaged Goods," so invited me to go "Way Down East" with them to "Shore

Acres" where the chickens had "Fine Feathers," but I refused them and took "The Easiest Way" to "Texas," where I saw "Salomy Jane" "Nearly Married," but the "Blindness of Virtue" prompted me to look in the "Old Homestead" where I saw "Twin Beds."

Just then "In Walked Jimmy" and the "Dawn of a Tomorrow" found me "Convict 999" with "David Harum" on one side of me and "Checkers" on the other. I decided to make my getaway, and one night when all was still and the "Northern Lights" were shining bright I escaped "Under Fire," and the next day found me once again out in "The Blue Paradise" "Under Southern Skies" on "The Road to Happiness."

A BRIGHT LITTLE RAE

By H. H. VAN LOAN



ANYONE, no matter how large or small they may be, who can learn how to dance, contract the whooping-cough and change their name three times, all in one week, must be somewhat versatile.

So, when I decided to interview Zoe Rae, I expected to see a wonderful little institution. I was not disappointed. For this charming "Universal Baby" is just about the biggest little girl and the smallest big girl I ever met. She's the cutest and the littlest in pictures. Some people, who say they have known her a long time, declare she

was born beautiful, and that she's been living up to it all along the way. But, it doesn't seem hardly fair to speak of her thus, for Zoe hasn't been doing anything very long: she hasn't been with us long enough. Any individual who has only recently skipped over the five-year line can't be spoken of historically.

However, it is true that Zoe has had quite a theatrical career up to the present. She started early, by being carried on in her mother's arms. She must have decided right then and there that she would become an actress, for she was carried on until she



Any individual who has recently skipped over the five-year line can't be spoken of historically



Zoe is a real baby once she leaves the studio behind her

could creep. And then she crept into pictures, and when she could walk little parts were given to her. Now, at the age of five, she is a full-fledged star! I question if there is another child actress who can boast such a success, and it is doubtful if any other moving-picture star has risen to fame so young.

When Zoe entered Universal City she was Zoe Bech. But her director didn't like that name and requested her parents to think up a better one. So the next day, when they brought her to the studio in the big film city, she appeared as Zoe Du Rae. That was worse. She must have a name that would be short and one that could be easily remembered.

"All right," said her mother, "we'll call her Zoe Rae."

And that's how Zoe Rae came into the moving picture world.

Now that she had her name, the next important step for her was to learn how to dance. Every little girl, in pictures, should know something about dancing, for most big people associate sweet little children with fairies, and fairies always dance. So she was trotted to one of the best instructors in Los Angeles. She was making excellent progress, when one day, just to show how versatile she could be, this little girl went out somewhere and collected some whooping-cough. But with the wonderful care of a very loving mother, she recovered a couple of days later. However, her advent into pictures was quite an event, for she experienced the excitement of changing her name, learning to dance and contracting the whooping-cough all in the limited time of one week.

The big people connected with the industry will tell you that "star" is a grand word to hitch onto the name of any actor, much less

a little girl of five years. But this little actress of whom I write dominates every picture in which she appears so completely that it is necessary for the producer to place her name before the title of the production.

Children are fascinating in pictures. A photograph of a child is always interesting and commands our attention and respect immediately. It must be, because it takes us back. Therefore, an animated picture of a little tot is certain to win our admiration at any time. Their capacity for "making believe," when it is given free play by a sympathetic director, results in charmingly unself-conscious effects. A murmur of pleasure runs through the audience when a child player has a "bit" in a photoplay, which is akin to the delight which spectators are certain to voice on the appearance of a beautiful and intelligent dog on the screen. Both are so completely absorbed in what they are doing.

But when the little face of Zoe Rae began to be recognized by Universal



Her mother is her greatest playmate

audiences, they found something different from the "Make-believe" of the usual child actor. Here was a real phenomenon—a finished actress, a mistress of stage technique, who displayed a command of emotional power which was nothing less than uncanny for her age or any age, for that matter. It was unnecessary for her to resort to the tricks by which most child prodigies make themselves younger than they are. Zoe Rae couldn't well look younger and be able to navigate at all.

She is a real miniature Bernhardt, whose mother devotes her whole time to the little precocity, watches her with

the most loving care, and keeps her from turning into that little horror—the typical stage child. Zoe is a real baby once she leaves the studio behind. She plays with her dolls, she runs and shouts and tumbles about the lawn with her pet puppy, she has doll's tea parties and plays house like any other baby.

One plaything she possesses which is rather unusual for a five-year-old, and that is an automobile. There are not many children who can truthfully say that they have earned a machine by their own efforts, but Zoe has been the proud proprietor of a car for several months. She recently took a trip with her mother and father, in which she drove her own machine more than five hundred miles—another record for such a tiny creature.

Her mother has always taught her to smile, and told her it was the best thing for her own little disposition; that it made her always cheerful and sweet to others and that in the long run it would win her more friends than anything in the world. Furthermore, she must never, under any circumstances, let her little mouth drop at the corners, as they might grow that way and then she could never hope to have her little winning smile again.

One day Zoe was called upon to go through several difficult scenes where she must pout and be angry for some length of time, so she asked a few moments' absence of the director to talk the weighty subject over in detail with her mother, confessor and coach.

"Well, mother, you've always said that I must always smile and be happy, but when it interferes with my business, what am I to do?"

A moment later she appeared again, radiant, with a special dispensation to pout whenever the script required it.

"How do you manage to cry whenever the director tells you to?" I asked her as she emerged from a very sorrowful scene.

"Why don't you know?" she inquired in surprise that the feat should be considered anything to make a fuss about. "I ask for a mirror, and then I look into it just as sadly as I can, and when I see how sorry the little girl in the glass looks I can't help crying."

Among other feature productions in which Zoe Rae has appeared to great advantage was "The Bugler of Algiers," in which she had the cunning little part of a French peasant. In one scene she had to

(Continued on page 44)



Children are very fascinating in pictures

The Passion to Rule

by
Delbert E. Davenport
 Author of "War Twins"
 "Bessie Bossiecat," "A
 Tray of Ashes," etc.
 Illustrated by
J. F. Doriot

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS—The Honorable Herbert Force, a wealthy New York lawyer, had been appeasing his hungry passion to rule by domineering over his beautiful wife, Debora, and, in his zeal to "boss" her every minute of her life, he overstepped many bounds and was often cruel. For a long time she endured his practice of the theory that woman should be subservient to man, but always secretly she resented his attitude and manner. It smote Debora to the heart because their only child, Jimmie, three years old, evinced a strong partiality for his father and she was further disheartened because her help-mate denied her right to ever correct the child. Finally, one day, while taking a horseback ride in a park, her stirrup broke, causing her to fall and slightly sprain her ankle, and also causing Wesley Martine, a handsome, young broker of wealth and fine manners, to come to her assistance. He immediately took a fancy to Debora and showered such gentleness and such tender solicitude upon her that when she paused to contrast his chivalrous treatment with the unmerciful domination of her husband, she fell to longing for a change of companions. At first she did not tell Martine that she was married. She met him by clandestine appointment two weeks later and a powerful mutual love sprang up between the couple. A subsequent reprimand administered to her by Herbert Force over her unexplained absence from her home led to her quitting the place peremptorily. She was controlled by the wild idea that she must rule somebody or something and that an uncharted island of untold wealth known as the Isle of Iona, of which she had read in the newspapers, would be the ideal place for her to go and conquer, inasmuch as it was inhabited by 50,000 people who were ruled by an ignorant, despotic Spaniard. She sought Wesley Martine and told him of her desire to migrate to the Isle of Iona. Then followed her suit for divorce, which had as its disappointing climax the flat refusal of the Court to grant her a decree. Martine, in his chagrin of this unexpected setback, conceived the idea that if he and Debora could lead a successful expedition on the Isle of Iona and could establish themselves as the rulers supreme, they could make their own laws and thus have a divorce granted. Neither would countenance invoking the common law. They were determined to realize their love with a clear conscience. So it happened that Martine provisioned his fine steam yacht for a warlike campaign. He engaged Franklin Graham, sixty years old, and a former United States army captain, to command one hundred stalwart men of military experience, and with this small but efficient army and plenty of munitions, he and Debora sailed away from New York properly chaperoned, and with their hearts set on ruling it made no difference how hazardous their efforts might be. But as the American shores faded into the mists, Debora for the first time became dubious as to the righteousness of her rash act. Was it right to abandon her own little son thus? Had she been too severe in her judgment of Herbert Force? She had all but fainted when she heard Wesley Martine mutter, "Time alone will tell," as he gazed sadly landwards.

(SECOND INSTALLMENT)

CHAPTER III



It was just one month later that Wesley Martine and Debora Force got their first glimpse of the Isle of Iona. The sun had mounted the azure sky of the early tropical spring when land was sighted. Within an hour the staunch yacht had reached a position from which it was possible to discern the wild beauties of nature abounding everywhere on that lone sentinel seemingly in the very vortex of an endless expanse of tempestuous waters. Mammoth trees and verdant masses of indescribably dense vegetation seemed to monopolize all the space. Vari-colored flowers could be distinguished because of their hugeness and their tendency to flourish in spreading clus-

ters. The only unsightly thing visible was a row of low dove buildings which lined the edge of a small bay. These were crude structures and at once betrayed the low aspirations of the people inhabiting the place.

"What a shame that such a marvelous land should be disgraced by such untidy huts as those," Debora remarked as she gazed intently through her glasses.

"Perhaps it is a wise ruler this country needs most of all, and I have supreme confidence in your ability to be that wise ruler," Wesley replied in an ingratiatingly complimentary tone of voice.

"Such a wise ruler I might be with your aid, my dear," Debora reciprocated as she gave her consort a grateful smile.

Then came the task of landing. With considerable difficulty the pilot succeeded in bringing the yacht alongside a small dock which, fortunately, extended far out in the bay. By this time a group of some twenty swarthy-skinned men had assembled on the dock and they were regarding the vessel with suspicious curiosity. A small but ugly-looking battery of old-fashioned Spanish cannon loomed up in the background and there was an alarming activity among the dozen or more men who had charge of this fortification. The reception the natives were giving was not sufficiently demonstrative to be reassuring and Franklin Graham, ever alert and analytical from his own military viewpoint, was the first to sense the danger which lurked in the immediate future unless diplomatic strategy was pressed into service.

"We are peaceful friends," he shouted down at the men on the dock as he drew his sword and extended it as if to present it in surrender.

At first this did not seem like the act of a brave soldier, but when it became apparent that it was readily understood by those uncouth, dangerous men, his quick wit was not to be flouted.

"It is sometimes better to avoid a fight until you have a chance to know who and how many you are to fight," Graham observed quietly upon noting the inquiring glances of Wesley and Debora.

Then the attention of all was arrested by an extremely tall and husky man, whose complexion was that of a mulatto, but whose unshorn, black hair and beard were long and straight. He was scantily attired, but he carried two large army pistols in his cartridge-laden belt. He shambled to the dock's edge, and, folding his arms nonchalantly, stared up at those on deck as if defiantly ready to hear their case. Graham moved forward, gazing down on the man with a forced smile. Then he produced several gold coins from his pocket and, after displaying them, he jingled them. The cupidity of the native was at once aroused, and he promptly extended his hand to receive the gold treasure. Without the slightest hesitation Graham dropped the coins into his hands, whereupon Wesley and Debora, discerning the wisdom of the bribe, joined their astute military aide in further currying the favor of the port commander. By thus ingratiating themselves they were

able to make an early landing with their limousine and with two heavily-armed soldiers as escort, the trio started for a brief tour of the adjacent territory.

A veritable wild paradise was this Isle of Iona. Everywhere there was a wonderful growth of tropical vegetation, fruit of the most tempting beauty abounding in great variety. Miles and miles of remarkably fine coral aroused the admiration of both Wesley and Debora and they discovered that pure mica was among the most common mineral resources.

For a full hour this interested party of Americans explored and when they had returned to their yacht, Debora's ecstasy had reached its zenith.

"To develop and rule a wonderful land like this is precisely my ambition," she announced.

"Then let's try it," Wesley replied with enthusiasm.

"I'm at your command, but we must guard our tongues and do our planning in the privacy of our staterooms," Graham cautioned.

The next two hours were devoted to gleaning facts concerning the island. Graham could speak and understand enough Spanish to learn from the tall port commander that all Iona was ruled by one Chief Gioconda, who had a penchant for killing immigrants who dared to essay instilling any ideas of modern civilization into the minds of the natives.

"Evidently this chap Gioconda maintains his supreme power here by keeping his subjects deep in the mire of ignorance," Wesley observed.

"Which probably makes him a formidable foe," Graham amended.

"And then we will have some excitement worth while?" Debora asked in happy anticipation, for she had by now found adventure a charming conqueror of disturbing memories.

"My dear madam, I'm confident we will have a real scrap on our hands the minute this Gioconda realizes our set purpose to invade his domain, but I'm ready and our men are brave and efficient," Graham declared.

"Good!" Debora and Wesley exclaimed simultaneously.

The very next morning they were given their first opportunity to view Chief Gioconda on close range, for he boldly visited their yacht in person, surrounded by his staff of fellows of bandit appearance. Gioconda was plainly a Spanish despot. His gruff, domineering manner was that of a man who ruled with an iron hand. He was a big, brawny, bronze-skinned man about forty years of age. His jet-black beard was short and pointed at the chin. His eyes were small and black; their gaze was piercing. A first glance at him convinced one of his cruel nature and his hard heart. He would stop at no atrocity. The few of his subjects, who were gathered around him, feared and worshipped him obviously because it would not be safe to deny him abject deference. He possessed sufficient cunning to invoke religious fanaticism to help cement his political supremacy and

when nothing else would suffice to make the impression he desired, he murdered ruthlessly. He was not therefore an ignorant man, but he knew little of the outside world and he cared less. His attire was picturesque, his royal robes of European splendor being offset by a predominance of the garb of a Moor. Instead of a crown, he wore a turban of somewhat massive proportions. He was heavily armed with revolvers and daggers, which he kept in plain view. His general manner was tyrannical, blustering and high-tempered. He was unmistakably a bad man to have as an enemy.

Franklin Graham regarded Gioconda with grave concern, but Wesley Martine shared Debora's inclination to be daring.

"Will you sell me some of your island?" Wesley ventured through an interpreter.

"What for?" Gioconda demanded in thundering tones.

"To develop it," Wesley replied without hesitating.

"No, never!" Gioconda fairly yelled. "I want none of your schemes here."

"But we have come to stay," Wesley announced firmly.

"No, you're going at once after we have taken what we want from your ship," was the now angered chief's ultimatum, which he followed by issuing an order which sent

menced an alarming activity among his cohorts.

"A nasty mix-up is inevitable and you must leave everything to me," Graham told Wesley and Debora after they had gotten safely into a stateroom.

"Then let us strike first, for we can conquer this tribe in a jiffy and we shall rule supreme," was the stirring proclamation issued by the emboldened Debora, who assumed a commanding attitude, which convinced both men that the directing genius of the hour was a woman.

"Her orders are final, captain," Wesley announced.

"I shall obey her most diligently," Graham agreed as he saluted respectfully. "Command me, madam."

"Whip 'em before they can know what hit 'em," was the command he got, and he promptly proceeded to do just that.

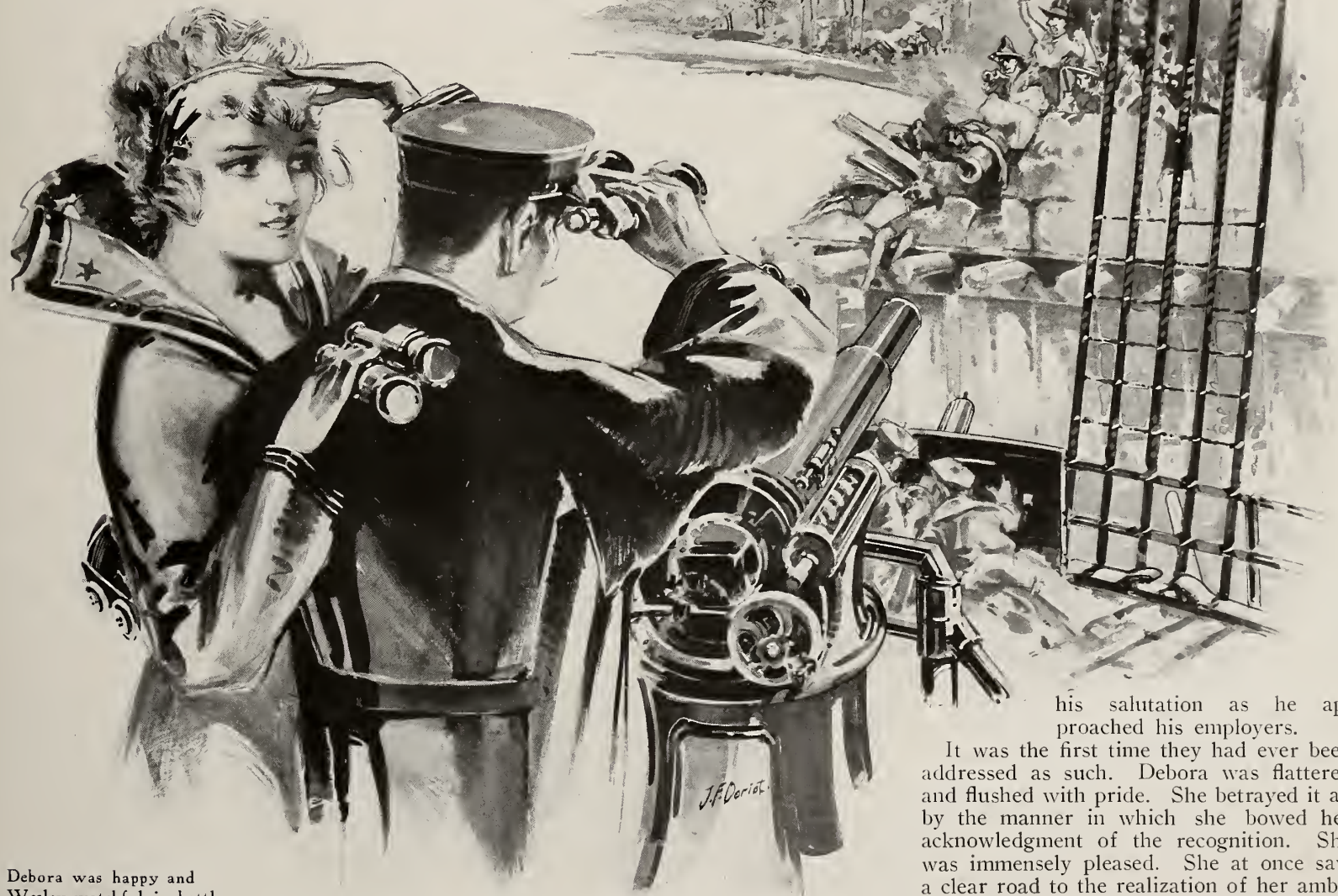
Graham's first strategy was to speedily move the yacht away from the dock. Simultaneously he ordered the decks cleared and lined up his machine-gun brigade, and the minute he saw Gioconda and his braves making ready for an attack, he yelled his fateful order:

"It's a declaration of war! Beat them to the first shot! Fire!" Instantly his men poured a fusillade of

shots into the menacing hosts ashore, and when several of the natives fell, the remaining defenders became panic-stricken and made a disorderly retreat, led by the amazed Gioconda.

Adroitly taking quick advantage of their initial victory, Captain Graham ordered the yacht back at the dock again and within five minutes he had led his men ashore. After a brief skirmish he had captured the dock and the entire town. Modern machine guns in the hands of brave experts were too much for an enemy that had never contended with more than ordinary old-style firearms. Most of the populace fled from the town, but a few remained and surrendered. The work of stationing his men so as to insure adequate defense against a counter-attack was now easy, and, when he returned to the thrilled Wesley and Debora on the yacht, he was smiling triumphantly.

"Your Majesties," was



Debora was happy and Wesley watchful in battle

two of his attendants scurrying away. "I want your gold and I'll have it," he continued, turning fiercely on Wesley. "If you persist in staying, I'll have your liver, too."

This precipitated two impromptu councils of war. Graham cut short the parleying by urging Wesley and Debora aboard the yacht with him. Gioconda withdrew from the dock swiftly and after he had delivered a harangue to his staff, there com-

shots into the menacing hosts ashore, and when several of the natives fell, the remaining defenders became panic-stricken and made a disorderly retreat, led by the amazed Gioconda.

Adroitly taking quick advantage of their initial victory, Captain Graham ordered the yacht back at the dock again and within five minutes he had led his men ashore. After a brief skirmish he had captured the

his salutation as he approached his employers.

It was the first time they had ever been addressed as such. Debora was flattered and flushed with pride. She betrayed it all by the manner in which she bowed her acknowledgment of the recognition. She was immensely pleased. She at once saw a clear road to the realization of her ambition to rule. She readily assumed a regal air. She was really queenly—charmingly so, and no man could be so ungallant as to ignore the natural grace with which she *seemed* to be at her best when loyal subjects were figuratively kneeling at her throne. She had as a nucleus for a kingdom two such loyal subjects. One was Wesley Martine, who loved her sincerely and admiringly, and who was actuated by a determi-

(Continued on page 45)

IN THE KITCHEN OF LIFE

**BESSIE EY-
TON** is an expert in the science of frying chicken.

Now we know where we can go to get a variety in diet, because we can "cook our own goose" and we personally know something about "roasting" a "chicken."

JOHN W. NOBLE is one of the directors corralled by the new Goldwyn Pictures concern.

John can be depended on to acquit himself Nobly.

BEN TURPIN, of Vogue-Mutual comedy fame, leads the choir in a Los Angeles church on Sundays.

So this is why he faces the camera so well on week-days!

STUART HOLMES is considered by many critics to be the best villain in motion pictures, and he has played the parts of bad men so long that he has become a past-master in the art of making people hate him for his artistry.

In short, Holmes is good when he's bad.

THEDA BARA has just acknowledged that she is married—to her art.

Thus she realizes a munificent "alimony" without a divorce.

BOBBY DUNN speaks four different languages—

"Sure Mike," "A Tall One," "Bet Yer Life" and "I'll Take the Same."

BEATRIZ MICHELENA is editing a book pertaining to the history of motion pictures.

Wonder if she'll cut out the cut-ins self-appointed history-makers persist in cramming into such books with the ardent aid of press agents?

MOLLIE KING, who is starring in the Pathe serial entitled "Mystery of the Double Cross," is supplying fifty deserving families on New York's East Side with bread and milk every day, and she says she will continue this charity as long as high prices prevail.

Which means forever, no doubt.

WILLIAM STOWELL, the favorite of many a film fan, is affectionately called Bill the Big by his numerous admirers.

He is, indeed, an exception to the rule in these days of merciless High Cost of Living—big bills are universally unpopular.

SCREEN STORIES WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY BY JACK WINN

IN THE PARLOR OF LIFE

A WELL- known moving picture actor admits he is awaiting an answer to his proposal of marriage to a rich girl.

Presumably the

case is being considered by the Committee on Foreign Relations—the girl's parents.

SIDNEY DREW recently received a check for several hundred dollars from England, and he says it's all Greek to him.

Still, on the face of it, Sidney, it seems more like English good fortune.

MAXINE ELLIOTT has purchased thirty-one new gowns for the first motion picture in which she will star.

If gowns can put a photoplay over, this one will go over 31 times.

ONE of the sad news notes of the month is that the pet dog belonging to Harry Dunkin, the Essanay comedian, is dead.

Here's to being appropriate by placing a wreath of dog-fennel on the grave of the departed canine.

HARRY WILLIAMS had his head shaved the other day and his wife "bald" him something awful, according to reports.

Still, that's better than being snatched bald-headed.

GEORGE FISHER, who plays opposite Mary Miles Minter in Mutual photoplays, was born in Milwaukee.

Perchance he's the "bear" (not beer) that made Milwaukee famous, and nobody knows it!

CRANE WILBUR says he can stand almost anything, but when people tell him how pretty he is he wants "to haul off" and let 'em have it.

The funny part of it is, if he hauled off he would be too far away to hit.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has probably donated more real money to the British war fund than any other actor.

But, then, he gets more salary than the others. Therefore it's just another Chaplin walk-over.

"EXERCISE daily, eat regularly and don't worry and you'll be a regular American," advises William Desmond of the Ince-Triangle forces.

Nevertheless, many a regular American exercises twice daily, eats most irregularly and worries over even such a mere trifle as "how to get a thin dime for a flop." Verily, advice doesn't go a long way with a fellow who is short.

EMMY WEHLEN, the charming, little Metro star, attributes much of her vitality and constant good spirits to the fact that she is taking electric light baths.

We see—with limitations, of course.

SINCE Viola Dana announced her firm stand against vivisection, the children of her neighborhood have been sending her the unwanted kittens born in the vicinity, to be sure of their well-being and continued existence.

Viola must have a lot of catty neighbors.

ONE of the favorite pastimes of Ethel Barrymore is collecting portraits and pictures of various members of the Drew and Barrymore families.

Wonder if she has a picture of Sidney Drew "on his ear" after that exciting auto ride with Speed King Devlin.

COOKING has always been Vivian Martin's greatest delight.

But this doesn't mean she cares for "stews."

THOMAS MEIGHAN has joined the home defense movement which has been started among New York theatrical folk. He says he thinks New York is worth saving from enemy invasion.

We agree with him. By all means, save the corner of Forty-second and Broadway, which is the one and only home of so many actors.

S'NO use. Howard Hickman, the Ince actor, has again grown his moustache.

Ticklish business this if he has any aspirations among the ladies.

CLEO MADISON'S press agent announces she is "deep in scenarios."

Of course she couldn't be deep in 'em if they were shallow ones. Therefore we expect some great Madison features soon.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, the genial Universal leading man, is one of the most enthusiastic followers of things pugilistic. He says he loves a good scrap—

When others are doing the fighting, of course.

GAIL KANE is starring in "As Man Made Her."

And thus the woman refutes a title by making herself—popular.

THIS MONTH'S PHOTO-PLAY SUGGESTION

NOTE: Each month one or more short stories will be given their first publication in this department for the consideration of photoplay producers as well as the entertainment of our readers. All writers, amateur or professional, having stories of merit which they wish to get before producers to an advantage are welcome to this agency, and in case their material is accepted by any producer, they will be given the entire amount the latter might pay. The chief purpose of this unique plan is to help worthy writers who are without literary reputation as yet.

WHEN THE TIDE CAME IN

By MRS. C. B. FULMER



LARICE EVANS, a beautiful girl, has two suitors. One, Howard Lawrence, is a fine young man, upright and honorable; the other, Albert Blake, is a ne'er-do-well, with a pronounced "yellow streak" running through his character. Clarice loves Howard dearly, and cannot stand Albert, to whom she has taken the greatest dislike. Albert, however, pesters the girl with his attentions.

Finally Clarice and Howard are married secretly, owing to the objections of certain members of the girl's family, who favor Albert's suit. The young couple spend their honeymoon at the cottage of Clarice's old nurse, who is now a fisherman's wife.

The two spend a happy few days by the seaside. At length Howard is obliged to return to New York. He writes their New York address on a card, hands it to his young wife, and then, kissing her good-bye, hurries away to catch the train. On the way back to the house Clarice is unfortunate enough to drop the card. She looks everywhere, but cannot find it.

Now, it so happens that Albert Blake has got wind of the secret marriage, and has taken a run down to the little seaside village to learn the truth if possible. He finds the card that Clarice has dropped, and a villainous plot comes into his vile brain. He writes Howard to the New York address, tells him that Clarice and he are now on the best of terms, that an understanding has been arrived at between them, and that Clarice has given him Howard's address so that he might break the truth to him.

When Howard receives this letter from Albert, he can scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses. Then he slowly grasps what he thinks is the truth. The shock nearly kills him. He is stricken with brain fever, and his life hangs by a thread for many weary days and weeks.

Albert Blake knows all this, and has an obituary notice inserted in the New York papers that Howard is dead. This notice he shows to Clarice, who believes the news is true, and mourns her husband with a silent suffering that is pathetic to behold. One day she sits at her window in the fisherman's home, making baby clothes. Suddenly she sees a mocking face peering in at the window. Filled with alarm, she screams, and the fisherwife hurries in to see what is the matter. Clarice tells the kind-hearted woman the whole truth, and the woman tries to comfort her.

When Clarice is taken ill, the fisherwife has her conveyed to a hospital, where a baby girl is born. Clarice calls her "Ardene." The fisherwife offers to care for the little one, when Clarice is well enough to bring her to the cottage. Clarice is grateful, and one day, when she is well enough to leave the hospital, she starts out with the baby in a basket. She has to make her way along the seashore, among

CAST:

Clarice Evans, a beautiful girl, who secretly marries Howard Lawrence.

Albert Blake, a "rotter" and a villain.

Joel MacCraig, a fisherman.

Mary MacCraig, his wife.

Peter Merriweather, lighthouse-keeper.

Mrs. Farnsworth, a wealthy old lady, who befriends Clarice, and leaves her her fortune.

Ardene, the little daughter of Clarice and Howard Lawrence.

Howard Lawrence, an upright and honorable man, who marries Clarice secretly.

Fishermen, Police, Villagers at the Seaside, Nurses and Doctors in the Hospital, Mrs. Farnsworth's Maid, etc.

the rocks and boulders, as there is no other way. The fisherwife has told her that Blake has been hovering about the house, and, as she is afraid he may do her some harm, she tells Clarice to leave the baby in a little nook in the rocks, known to them both, and the fisherwife will come and get the baby, and Clarice can follow out her original intention of going back to New York and looking for employment.

Clarice leaves the baby in the spot mentioned, and turns to retrace her steps to the hospital, when she meets Blake face to face. He has seen and followed her. While he stands and talks to her, telling her what he will do for her if she only comes away from that place with him, the tide has risen and surrounded the basket.

The fisherwife has sprained her ankle and cannot go to the nook in the rocks to get the baby immediately. In the meantime Clarice scorns Blake and returns to the hospital. Blake goes to the shore, with the intention of kidnapping the child, and is surprised and somewhat gratified to see the basket floating away out on the water, too far for him to go after it. Then he hits upon a scheme.

Next day Clarice hurries to the fisherman's cottage to see her baby, and is frantic when the fisherwife tells her that she went to the place mentioned, but there was no baby there. Then Clarice hurries to the shore, and is filled with an agony of fear and remorse to think that she left the little one even for a moment. While she is walking up and down the sands like a mad thing, Blake appears, looks at her sternly, and accuses her of having murdered her baby. Blake tells her that he will keep her secret on one condition, and that is that she marry him at once. In terror, and half crazed with suffering, Clarice promises to do his bidding. They agree to meet at that same spot the following morning.

That night Clarice meets a kind-hearted lady, and tells her all her troubles. The result is that the lady, Mrs. Farnsworth, offers the girl a comfortable home with her in New York.

Clarice gladly accepts. Late that night she slips down to the rendezvous on the shore, leaves her coat and hat on the rocks. Two hours later Clarice and Mrs. Farnsworth are on the train on their way to New York.

Blake comes down to the trysting place early the next morning. He is filled with triumph, fully believing that his time for revenge has come. He is filled with horror when he finds Clarice's hat and coat, and fully believes that the girl has committed suicide. He fears that he may in some manner be connected with the tragedy, and flees to New York for safety.

By a strange freak of Providence Howard Lawrence recovers his good health, but he is a different man. He is filled with an inutterable sadness, and looks out upon life almost with horror. He receives an invitation from the lighthouse-keeper, near where he and Clarice once lived at the fisherman's cottage, and gladly accepts. As he rows towards the lighthouse, he sees the basket, containing the baby, floating near him, and rescues the child. He wonders who could have abandoned such a sweet baby. He determines to adopt the little one, and takes her to the lighthouse-keeper's dwelling. After that there are but two things in this world that interest Howard. One is the sweet little girl lying in a brand new crib in the prettiest little room in the lighthouse cottage, and the other is the new book he is writing, which he has decided to name "When the Tide Came In."

One day Howard and his little charge, now two years old, are walking on the sands. They meet the fisherwife, with whom Howard and Clarice once lived. The woman is filled with surprise and joy, and immediately tells Howard how Clarice has suffered, and of the persecution of Blake. She ends with telling him of the sudden disappearance of the two almost on the same day, and that she has heard nothing of them since. The fisherwife, moreover, tells Howard, much to the latter's joy, that the little girl, whom he has adopted, is his own daughter.

Then Howard, with a new hope born within him, takes his little daughter, and hastens back to New York, where he begins a systematic search for his wife. Howard's books have proved a great success, and now bring fabulous sums to their author. One of his very first acts is to purchase a beautiful home for the darling wife, whom he is convinced is alive, and whom he is determined to find at all costs.

Clarice and Mrs. Farnsworth live in a luxurious home. The girl has apparently everything that heart desires. But there is one grief that is always uppermost in her mind—the death of her dear husband. Since Blake told her that Howard was dead, she has scarcely ever smiled.

One day Mrs. Farnsworth is stricken with a fatal illness. The maid rushes in to Clarice's room and cries out that her mistress is dying.

The doctor is called, but the old lady never rallies, and passes away. When the estate is being wound up it is discovered that Mrs. Farnsworth has left everything to Clarice, and the girl now finds herself a wealthy woman.

Wealth does not spoil Clarice, however, for she not only expends vast sums for charity, but also becomes a nurse in a hospital, as she dislikes an idle existence. It happens that little Ardene is brought to this hospital very ill. Howard comes one day to see her. Clarice sees Howard, and a great longing follows her feeling of wonder and amazement. She has long ago surmised that everything that Blake told her was lies. And this was his greatest lie of all. But, somehow, her pride will not let her disclose herself. Howard does get a glimpse of her, but Clarice escapes by the back entrance of the hospital, and he can-

not find the woman who so greatly resembles his lost wife.

Later Blake comes to Clarice with a demand for money. He vows that, if she does not give it to him, he will tell the authorities that she murdered her baby. As Clarice has not recognized Ardene in the sick little girl at the hospital, he believes he will have a comparatively easy job in extracting money from the child's own mother. Clarice is filled with terror at his threats, and finally, in order to shut him up, gives him a diamond ring with her initials engraved on the inside. Then, fearing Blake may even go further, she hastens back to the fisherfolk by the sea, and there learns of her husband and little daughter's visit to the place.

Albert Blake waits outside the hospital for Howard to come out, believing that he can

extract money from him as well as his wife. He accosts Howard and tells him that Clarice is a murderess, having cast her baby adrift on the ocean to drown, and shows him the ring that Clarice has given him. Howard knows the man is lying, and knocks him down in a fury at the aspersions cast upon the woman he loves. Then he calls the police, and Blake is taken into custody as a blackmailer. Just then, a crowd having collected, a beautiful woman in nurse's uniform, pushes her way through the throng, and discloses herself to her husband. It is Clarice. Howard is filled with joy, and the two hurry back to the hospital, where, Howard tells her, little Ardene is waiting for them both. There is a pretty scene beside the bed of the sick child in the hospital, and a sweet scene of reconciliation and reunion is enacted as the picture fades.

Welcome Bouquets from Friends of Ours

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL is constantly receiving letters of praise by the score, and to show a due appreciation, a few of them will be published in each issue. Here are some of the latest ones:

FROM HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

I am reading THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL from month to month, and I am more pleasurably impressed with each succeeding issue of the magazine. Permit me to say that I am deeply gratified to watch the continued success of THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, not only in its excellent mechanical make-up, but also in the character of the material which you are printing, which is, of course, always of the very best.

The public, I believe, is coming to appreciate moving picture material which is written with the same high class standards which characterize the magazines dealing with the theater and general literature.

With all good wishes for the continued successful efforts of the Journal, I am, yours very truly, HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

FROM A DAINTY STAR.

I think your magazine is splendid and I enjoy reading it very, very much. I enclose my check for a year's subscription, which I believe will best tell you what I think of your publication.—MARY MILES MINTER, Santa Barbara, Cal.

FROM DUSTIN FARNUM.

I am very glad indeed to subscribe to your Journal. I consider THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL one of the best and most dignified of its kind. It is printed on excellent paper, the large type makes it easy to read, and your articles are all interesting. I notice your "cuts" are especially good, and that, of course, is a personal pleasure. Wishing your Journal continued success, I remain, DUSTIN FARNUM, Fox Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

FROM A GEORGIAN.

I consider THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL the best of all, and it beats all other magazines on illustrations and everything. Accept my congratulations.—NICK J. FLESSAR, 508 Mulberry street, Macon, Ga.

FROM NEW JERSEY.

I wish to congratulate you on your lovely magazine, which I consider the most beautiful and wonderful periodical on earth. I just can't praise you high enough.—EBBA GURTONSON, 224 Ballentine Parkway, Newark, N. J.

FROM A CANADIAN COMPOSER.

I find THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL superior to all other motion picture magazines. Your illustrations are real gems and your stories are masterly. It is a magazine of perfection.—ROSEMARY MOOR DANDURAND, 1469 South Hubert street, Montreal, Canada.

FROM THE BUCKEYE STATE.

I am very much interested in your JOURNAL, since I discovered the December number at a newsstand where I deal. I like your beautiful motto, "A Big American Magazine with a Heart, a Soul, and a Character;" it makes the book seem human. It is a wonderful motto to live up to, and I think you succeed in doing so. Your comments are very logical, and always ring true. Please accept my sincere congratulations on your anniversary, and I wish you "many happy returns of the day."—MARY ELIZABETH SCHWARTZ, 1180 West Sixth street, Cleveland, Ohio.

FROM A BUSINESS MAN.

Permit me to tender my sincere congratulations on the April issue of THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. I have access to most of the motion picture publications, and one can's help but notice how there has been a gradual decrease in quality of paper used, half-tones and printing. In direct contrast, your publication has increased. Your last issue seems well-nigh perfect. I feel qualified to offer this criticism, having been associated with the printing business for a number of years. My best wishes for your success.—H. O. WOODARD, Mgr. Erie County Telephone Company, Waterford, Pa.

FROM THE HEART OF MARYLAND.

The PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL is my favorite magazine. I think your April number is perfectly superb.—FRANCES E. KEMP, 322 South Potomac street, Hagerstown, Md.

FROM AN EDITOR.

I have circumnavigated the world several times and will take another trip around the motion picture world through your "Big American Magazine with a Heart, a Soul and a Character."

The covers are as beautiful as Clara Kimball Young, Pauline Frederick and Mollie King.

It is a favorite, like Mary Pickford. Delicate as Anita Stewart. Dignified as Maxine Elliott. With stories as deep as Theda Bara. Voluminous as Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle. "The Last Laugh Page" funnier than Charlie Chaplin.

It is as full of life as "Doug" Fairbanks. "Pep" like that of William S. Hart. As much of a favorite as the late John Bunny.

I hope its life will be as long as De Wolf Hopper. —JAMES H. BIRCH, JR., Editor "The Log," Burlington, N. J.

FROM ILLINOIS.

I have your anniversary number before me and wish to say it is the best magazine of any character I have ever read. Aside from the contents, which are excellent, the paper and the print are the best I have seen used in any

magazine. The photographs in the front are excellent.

A steady booster for THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. H. D. ELY, 414 Greenleaf street, Evans-ton, Ill.

FROM VIRGINIA.

While in your city a day or two ago I happened to purchase a copy of your magazine. I don't believe that person lives that likes the motion picture more than I do, so very naturally I like good M. P. magazines. Yours is certainly a neat looking book—unusually clear pictures, better paper, better printing, more artistically arranged.

I like your style of personal stories of players and you seem to do things thoroughly. It makes one feel the particular one you are writing about is really a personal friend you know so much about her or him.

Wishing you the success you deserve for your effort to be the leader in your field, I am PERCY HATTON, Melfa, Va.

FROM CHICAGO.

I must write you a few lines of sincere congratulations on your truly great magazine. Some time ago I discontinued reading and perusing publications covering the picture world for the reason that they all seemed the same to me month after month with nothing in any of them to incite one's interest. That was before I got hold of a PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL recently. Now after buying it for the last three months I must admit that it is different; in fact, it is so different that I have one each month at my office and the Mrs. insists on having one at home also. That's the worst I can say for THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL.—ARTHUR H. KOEHUE, 945 Circle avenue, Forest Park, Ill.

FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

I take this time to congratulate you for publishing such a fine magazine. Last October a friend of mine, knowing my love for the "movies," sent me a copy of THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. I fell in love with it at once, and considered it better than even the "Theatre Magazine." Last week, to my joy, I saw the long desired magazine in a drug store in Haverhill. You can imagine my next step and so here it is by me now and I am thoroughly carried away with it. Wishing you success, MISS MADELINE DOWNES, 167 Main street, Haverhill, Mass.

Don't Forget!

Now is the time to save 50 Cents by subscribing for The Photo-Play Journal. Fill out coupon on Page 46 and mail it today.

WHY IS YOUR FAVORITE YOUR FAVORITE?

"The Photo-Play Journal will pay \$5 for the best answer of 75 words or less to this question. The sum of \$3 will be paid to the second best, and \$1 will be paid to each of the next two best. If you have a favorite among the many motion picture artists, write why. Write on one side of the paper.

FOR MARY PICKFORD

In my opinion Miss Pickford can justly be classed as the most perfect actress on the photo stage. Her face and figure are calculated to give immediate satisfaction to a critical audience.

Her ability to portray character by even the slightest motion of the body or hands; or by the slightest act of facial expression, or the suggestion of a smile, is what makes her the queen of the motion picture stage.—Miss Willie Mae McClure, Care of Kerens Hotel, Kerens, Texas.

The ever gentle, sincere, unselfish, clever little actress, who with her girlish charm, and beauty makes her adorable in every civilized country. She also is a very charitable little person that can be found, for which the whole world loves her. There is none other so popular of all screen favorites as petite Mary Pickford. I consider her the best of all movie stars.—Mrs. W. von Rosenberg, 123 East 31st St., corner of Duval St., Austin, Tex.

I love Mary Pickford because she is the dearest, sweetest and greatest of them all. Little Mary has not only beauty, but brains; and everybody knows it because she is child, sweetheart, and friend of the whole world, therefore no one can ever take her place in our hearts.—Eva Dumont, 230 Flint St., Fall River, Mass.

Mary Pickford, my motion-picture queen, is without a doubt the sweetest and most adorable little actress on the screen. Her actions are so childlike, especially in "Less Than the Dust." She portrays simplicity itself. I only hope when I grow to be a young lady that I shall be half as charming, and that all the boys will love me as they do little Mary.—Eugenie E. Hana, age 10 years, 2722 Avenue G, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Why is my favorite my favorite?
With me and everyone she's made a hit.
Her brilliant eyes like meteors glare
When up she lifts her brow at you to stare.
When sorrow in her saintly face appears,
The jolliest kid can't help but shed his tears;
And when she wears that happy, winning smile,
Both young and old cheer up for many a while.
Brightest among the stars of the cinema world
Shines "America's Sweetheart," Mary Pickford.
—Marcelino Moreno, 611 Walnut St., Chattanooga, Tenn.

TO MARY PICKFORD

As sweet as flowering clover fields,
Late drenched with rain;
As joyous as a winsome child
That knows not pain,
You banish care and recreate
Our youth again.

Beyond the dreams of ancient kings
Your power extends;
A world-wide empire to its queen
Allegiance lends;
Yet this great loyalty on naught
Save love depends.

'Twas not your studied artifice
That won renown,
But qualities that move as well
Both sage and clown:
With face and heart madonna-like
You need no crown.

As sweet as flowering clover fields,
Late drenched with rain,
Enshrined within unnumbered hearts
Shall you remain,
In memories the shafts of time
Assault in vain.
—J. V. McGovern, 4901 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Illinois.

FOR OLGA PETROVA

I consider Mme. Petrova the most wonderful, as well as the most beautiful, of the screen artists. Unlike these ingenue plays her pictures

have some depth to them. Then, too, Petrova is so versatile—one moment taking the part of an innocent gypsy dancer and the next that of a great society leader. And whatever the part she always takes it to perfection. She is so stately and refined. One can easily imagine her in a royal court taking her place among persons of royal blood. I am inclined to dispute the old adage:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.

For when the world sees tears rise in her great, dark eyes I am sure it feels like weeping too. To me she is absolutely perfect—from the top of her queenly head to the tips of her dainty toes.—Miss Julia Clagett, 505 Potomac St., Hagerstown, Md.

Olga Petrova is my favorite star. In my estimation she is superior to all other stars. The reason she is my favorite is because she is very modest in nearly all her plays and there is

Contest Announcement

The contest, "Why is Your Favorite Your Favorite?" will close at noon on Monday, June 11, 1917, and all those wishing to enter must have their letters in the office of "The Photo-Play Journal" on or before that date. The winners will be announced in the July number, and their letters will be re-published if they have already been published in previous issues. The staff of this magazine has been overwhelmed by the thousands of entries which have been made thus far. It is utterly impossible to publish them all. However, there still remains plenty of opportunity for YOU to step in and achieve victory. Do not be modest, and do not procrastinate. Read the brief rules, abide by them and get busy. Send your letters direct to the editor. Remember, cleverness and originality count.

always a moral and a lesson to be learned. I think she is the best emotional actress there is. Hoping this letter meets with your approval. Wishing the Photo-Play Journal the very best success.—Mrs. J. W. Hewitt, 191 Augusta St., Ottawa, Canada.

FOR ELLA HALL

After attendance of the movies for over two years, I will pick little Ella Hall, the quick, vivacious little queen of sunshine, as my favorite of favorites. Always overflowing with life, she wants to show everybody the silver lining to their cloud, dispelling all gloom and despondency. Give her the part of a boy, girl, young or aged woman, and she enters into the part with all her vim, playing it with a depth of feeling due that particular role, making one wish to know and talk with her.—C. G. McClintock, 314 North Fifth Street, Neodesha, Kansas.

FOR MAE MARSH

In my opinion there is no one like Miss Mae Marsh. If you have seen "Intolerance," you probably will agree with me. She may not be as beautiful as one C. K. Young; she may not be as "cute" as "Little Mary," and she may not be able to "vamp" a la Bara; but there is such an appealing look in her honest Irish eyes that one can not help being attracted by it.—Gordon Cook, 4433 Racine Ave., Chicago.

FOR FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

I consider Francis X. Bushman the best of all male players: Because he seems to live the part he is playing. In other words, "He is right there." He doesn't try to do too much at once like most of them. He is a man you have to love, you can't help it. That's why he is my favorite.—Josephine Pucci, 739 Cherry St., Kansas City, Mo.

My favorite is Francis X. Bushman. First I will mention his skill and strength, next his great sympathetic way and, last but not least, he is always present in the time of need. He doesn't only give his presence but as I have just mentioned he also exercises that great skill and sympathy which is the most important thing in the play.—Marie E. Nicholson, 513 North St., San Antonio, Texas.

Mr. Bushman is my favorite motion-picture player because he has never appeared in an unclean play. He acts his parts strongly and artistically, and is always at his ease. A Southern gentleman, and one of my closest friends without a trace of egotism or selfishness in all his correspondence with me. His manly strength proves that clean living is worth while. His acting on the screen helps to make this world a fit place to live in—George T. Word, St. Elmo Station, Chattanooga, Tenn.

FOR JUNE CAPRICE

I consider June Caprice the best of all movie stars, because she is quick, and mischievous, and also very pretty. She has one art in which she expresses, and that is to act so free, and easily. Her tastes in dress are considered in a class very high.—Marjorie Renigeo, 606 W. Green St., Marshall, Mich.

FOR HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Here is a young man of fine histrionic ability and one possessing artistic dignity to an unusual degree. In doing "stunts" he has no equal. He sits his horse and rides so well that horse and rider appear as one. When swimming makes Mr. Big Fish look to his laurels, and in an old-time fisticuff is a veritable son of Mars! An Adonis, yet is without conceit or affectation. Lockwood first! Me for him every time!—Mrs. Annie Peatross Laughlon, 111 N. Harvie St., Richmond, Va.

FOR WILLIAM FARNUM

I went to a show the other night
And saw a man I like.
He doesn't need a
Press agent
To tell people silly tales to
Make him popular
Because he is there
With the real ability.
And he always draws a crowd.
Being a woman
I like him because of
His smile,
The sweetness of his way with
Little children,
And the weight of his fist.
His name
Is William Farnum.

—E. D. Young, Norwalk, Ohio.

FOR PAULINE FREDERICK

To me Pauline Frederick is the most wonderful of all stars because she is so truly an artist. Her parts are not acted, but lived. When she suffers, her audience suffers also; her smile makes them happy. There is no part she could not portray perfectly from Queen Regent of Hell to Archangel of Virtue.—Elizabeth Murphy, 22 Putnam Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

(Continued on page 43)

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Lou-Tellegen, who has been starring in Lasky-Paramount productions, has forsaken the screen and is now a director for Lasky. This is not a new work for him, however, as he directed Sarah Bernhardt when the great French tragedienne made her debut on the screen in 1912 in "Queen Elizabeth."

*

Jay Belasco, the Caulfield-Mutual juvenile lead, comes of sound dramatic stock. His grandfather was David James, one of the most famous comedians on the English stage, and his father, David James, Jr., was also an excellent comedian. Jay started his career as a child, and was in vaudeville and stock before he was attracted by the pictures.

*

Pauline Frederick owns a fine Stutz car and a country home at Mountain Lake, New Jersey.

*

Maurice Tourneur, who directed Mary Pickford in the film adaptation of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," has just been engaged by Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company to direct Mme. Olga Petrova's first appearance on the Paramount Program. Mr. Tourneur, who came from France two years ago, has directed other stars of great magnitude, among whom may be mentioned Clara Kimball Young and Wilton Lackaye in "Trilby," Robert Warwick in "The Man of the Hour" and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and Emma Dunn in "Mother."

*

Marin Sais, heroine of the Kalem series, "The American Girl," has given us something new! She has an "Incubator Farm." She has taken a twelve-acre ranch at Glendale as a means of gradually providing stock for her big Utah holdings. The start is quite modest, one sheep, three horses, a goat and lots of poultry. In due time these will be added to and gradually shipped to the Mormon State, and the "Incubator Farm" will go on hatching new broods of animals and birds (fancy broods of animals!), which will in time make the big ranch a profitable and engaging venture.

*

Romaine Fielding, who achieved his place in the photoplay run while with the old Lubin company, is now on the directorial staff of the World Film Corporation. The first of his World pictures is "The Wit of a Woman," and his second effort is "The Crimson Dove," in which Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge are starred.

*

Mabel Taliaferro, star in Metro wonderplays, frequently receives letters from students and college professors, consulting her on matters pertaining to Irish literature and the Celtic Renaissance. Miss Taliaferro's acquaintance with Lady Gregory, William Butler Yeats and other present-day literary lights of Ireland gives her a first-hand knowledge of artistic affairs not yet recorded in books.

*

A boudoir costume which combines a heavily embroidered Chinese jacket or tunic with dainty Turkish trousers has been adopted by Evelyn Brent, one of Metro's youngest and prettiest featured players. The costume has both beauty and utility, and by substitution of different materials can be made to fit any temperature or climate.

Kathlyn Williams, the Morosco star, is quite a well-known authoress, and her name is enrolled as a member of the Authors' League of America. Among other things she wrote "The Last Dance," "The Strange Case of Talmal Lind," "Thy Will Be Done" and "Bride of Baldoon." Miss Williams is devoting much of her leisure time to some articles on the earlier days of the photoplay and some psychological scenarios. She claims that a really good photoplay cannot be written in a hurry, but calls for as much care and thought as a magazine story.

*

Edward Jobson, Balboa's hefty character man, has presented Norman Manning, the studio business manager, with a hat-rack made of baby elk horns, in token of his living through a recent lodge initiation. The Long Beach police force was called on to assist putting the novice over, and he languished in jail for several hours, incommunicado.

Winnifred Greenwood, a new Balboa leading woman, is credited with possessing three distinct personalities, by her director, Burton George. It is not uncommon for a person to be "two-sided"; but Miss Greenwood goes this one better. Without her make-up, Miss Greenwood is herself. Made-up, she becomes another person; and, when photographed, she doesn't resemble either one of the other personalities. The chameleon has nothing on the Balboa lead!

*

Wigney Percyval, with Valeska Suratt's company of Fox players, was with the late Wilson Barrett for fifteen years.

*

Harold Lloyd, better known as "Lonesome Luke" in the Pathe comedies of the name, is only twenty-two years old. He has never tasted a drop of liquor or smoked in his life, which goes to prove that a man may be an actor and yet lead an exemplary life.

MARY TAKES LESSONS IN AVIATION



Mary Pickford has a new hobby—acrobatics. Perhaps she is preparing to serve her country—at any rate she is taking lessons in aviation and from none other than Glen Martin the noted flyer. This photo shows the star of the screen and the star of the air

WHY IS YOUR FAVORITE YOUR FAVORITE?

(Continued from page 41)

FOR GRACE CUNARD

I am delighted at the opportunity to proclaim my favorite, Grace Cunard. Why I like her so well I can hardly explain in adequate terms, but perhaps it is the attraction of her charming and romantic personality and her irresistible appeal. Unlike any other player I know, I like her even better every time I see her. She is so perfectly natural and does not simply pose and look nice, like so many do. She acts, and does it well and refreshingly. She is beautiful, graceful, clever, generous, romantic, spirited, intensely interesting and entertaining. In short, she is the acme of perfection.—Florence Crate, 31 Woodbine Beach, Toronto, Canada.

FOR THEDA BARA

The screen has its queen in emotional art, Kipling's "Fool There Was" gave her a start, Her slanting eyes, her hair, her gowns, Have helped to give her screen renown, To her parts and her art she has been true, Yet hate is the only homage due a vampire, What satisfaction can there be, In being so despised as she, A symbol of vice in every heart Is the price she paid to the Muse called art.—Donna Crissinger, 428 W. Center St., Marion Ohio.

FOR PAULINE FREDERICK

Pauline Frederick is my favorite actress because she can act. I like her because she is not simply an expressionless doll, but a woman of rare beauty and charm, coupled with marvelous acting ability—a combination seldom found. Her characters are convincing and true to life, and it is she who has set the standard for acting dual roles that no one else has reached. Miss Frederick has very appropriately been called "Frederick the Great."—Dorothy Ross Harper, 634 W. Cliveden Avenue, Germantown, Pa.

FOR MARGUERITE CLARK

In my estimation, Marguerite Clark is the most wonderful of motion picture stars. She is so dainty, and her cute smile and actions alone, could win anyone over. I think she is as competent as any of them and especially surpasses any I have seen in child acting; and I have seen everyone of the leading stars in the motion picture world.—Anna M. Stokes, 6129 Chancellor St., W. Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR MARY MILES MINTER

My favorite of the movies is Mary Miles Minter. She certainly deserves the title which was given her as "Charming Little Mary." Another thing which she possesses is action, and action is one thing that is necessary on the screen. I have seen several stars, but do not find any to equal Mary Miles Minter.—Edward H. Monath, 1520 Garfield Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

FOR PEARL WHITE

I consider Pearl White the best and loveliest of all moving picture actresses because of her sincerity and lovely eyes, she puts so much expression into them, and it seems as if she almost speaks with them. But most of all her dare devil acting is what I admire as well as many other people do, and her gracefulness is another one of her many charms.—Miss Helen Tarbox, Summit Street, Woodland, Maine.

FOR DOROTHY GISH

I think dainty little Dorothy Gish the best. She seems to be made for any part. She always fits in. She is the right little girl in the right little place, or big place as it may be. Her charming little ways make you say: "Isn't she a darling!" She is, that's why I like her best.—Emma Miller, 616 Independence Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

FOR DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

"Doug" Fairbanks, to my mind, surpasses all other stars. Not only do we appreciate and value his ability as an actor, but we are drawn to him by his cheerful American boyishness. His ever-present smile and his ability to turn the merest detail into clean-cut appreciable humor make of him a real benefactor to the heterogeneous myriads of his audiences. Surely an artist of the comedy drama who can cause an entire audience to laugh itself into tears (without resorting to "slap-stick"), is deserving of a place in this "column of preferences."—Carlos A. May, 797 President St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR WILLIAM S. HART

Wm. S. Hart, the best male character on the screen today, not handsome, as is the asset of most male leads, but one whose portrayal as a man, a real man, cannot be duplicated. His trend this way is so strong you feel just like the character he is portraying, he is something out of the ordinary and he has you with him all the time. Ever see him when he wasn't interesting?—Max G. Lubnow, Patton, Box 32, California.

FOR DUSTIN FARNUM

Dustin Farnum, in my mind, is the one and only actor, when it comes to the question of acting. Every motion he makes, every character he portrays, are done so naturally that he wins the hearts of the audience immediately. His smile can never be surpassed by anyone for radiating happiness and sincerity. And above all, he gives you the impression that his whole heart is in his work, and that he is the same wonderful dusty in real life as he is on the screen.—Mary Mackey, 20 Kent St., Brookline, Mass.

FOR NAZIMOVA

Who has seen Nazimova in "War Brides" and does not love that plain but emotional little woman? Who has not wept when she, overflowing with emotion, could not weep? I love Nazimova of "War Brides!" I love the tears she shed. I love those expressive lips that have said so much, and yet spoken so little. Ah, what a wonderful message they brought to the world.—Abraham Silverstein, 403 Main St., Ansonia, Conn.

FOR BESSIE BARRISCALE

Bessie Barriscale is my favorite because she is the most versatile of screen actresses. She takes both light and heavy parts equally well. Illustrative of this, take "Plain Jane," "A Corner in Colleens," "The Cup of Life," and "Home." Her acting is sincere—the kind that holds you. I prefer a person who acts well to one who "gets over" because of beauty and a pleasing personality alone. That is the reason Bessie Barriscale is my favorite.—R. R. Ricketts, Jr., 5633 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR HENRY WALTHALL

I consider Henry Walthall the greatest actor on the screen today, because his personality is entirely lost in the character he portrays. He lives the part. He is exceedingly versatile—recall how he loved his "Little Colonel" in "The Birth of a Nation," and how we shuddered over his interpretation of the degenerate in "Ghosts." His work is vital, never negative, and always intellectual.—Mrs. J. B. Ricketts, 5633 Kenwood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE

My star's a little lady—
I'll let you guess her name—
A little dimpled sweetheart,
Who sets all hearts aflame!

She's such a wondrous lady—
Tho she little knows her fame—
That the golden light of heaven
Has been given her for a name.

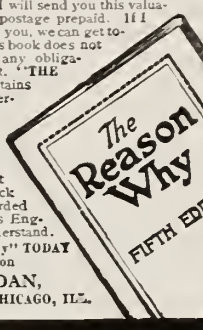
She's just a dear, sweet baby,
Yet, I dare to here proclaim,
She's the brightest ray of Sunshine
In the "Movie" Hall of Fame!

—Dr. W. Robert Pike, 313 West Third St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Don't Invest in Anything
UNTIL YOU HAVE READ
"The Reason Why"

"If promoters and brokers have such good propositions with such large money-making possibilities, why do they offer them to the public?"
"Why don't they go to the banks and big capitalists?"
"Why don't they put in their own money and make the profits themselves?"

I have just completed the fifth edition of my book entitled "THE REASON WHY," which answers these questions fully and completely. I want investors to read this book before deciding upon an investment. I will send you this valuable book absolutely free, postage prepaid. If I can be of further service to you, we can get together on that later, but this book does not cost you a cent, nor incur any obligation or liability on your part. "THE REASON WHY" also contains much information of an interesting nature that will prove of great value to anyone having funds to invest, whether the amount is large or small. This book is not written in technical stock market language. It is worded in plain, everyday business English that any one can understand. Send for "The Reason Why" TODAY —It is FREE to you
W. M. SHERIDAN,
1152 Security Building, CHICAGO, ILL.




3 1/3 c a Day

now buys a dazzling Lachnite Gem. Their brilliance is eternal—they stand fire and acid tests and cut glass like diamonds. If you can tell a Lachnite from a diamond, send it back. 10 days free trial. Set in solid gold. The newest designs.

Write for Big Jewelry Book. Your name and address is enough. No obligations whatsoever. Write today—now.

HAROLD LACHMAN COMPANY
12 N. Michigan Avenue, Dept. 1854 Chicago, Ill.



10 Days Free Trial


Play on the violin of your choice—and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.

WURLITZER *U. S. Govt.*

The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—Farny, Baader, Glier, Heberlein, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc.

Write Today for Special Circular. No obligations. Get full details of our offer direct to you. Write today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1853
S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



FREE

Fine Tone

\$20 UKULELE MANDOLIN, VIOLIN, GITAR OR CORNET

We have a wonderful new system of teaching music by mail. To first pupils in each locality, we'll give a \$20 superb Violin, Mandolin, Ukulele, Guitar or Cornet absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only expense. We guarantee to make you a player or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write at once—no obligation.

SINGERLAND SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept 191, Chicago, Ill.



\$500 Reward

will be paid to anyone who can permanently destroy the brilliancy and sparkle of RAJAH™ in Diamonds without destroying the stone. Their Brilliancy is eternal. RAJAH is the king of jewels.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
BEAUTIFUL COLORED CATALOG FREE!
WRITE FOR IT. You will be delighted at the exquisite RAJAH™ in Diamond Rings. Just send your name and address on a postal. You will be under no obligations to buy RAJAH™ in Diamonds are absolutely guaranteed to keep their brilliancy and sparkle forever. Their brilliancy is eternal. Easy monthly payments if desired. One year to pay.

KRAUTH & REED
159 N. State St. Dept. 138 Chicago, Ill.



WRITE TO THE EDITOR OF
The PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL
AND BECOME ACQUAINTED

MOTION PICTURE POSITIONS THROUGHOUT the U. S. AND CANADA. Managers, Assistants, Ticket Sellers and Takers, Head Ushers and Ushers, Machine Operators and Assistants, Pianists and Organists, etc. Also studio work. Either sex. Experience not essential. Send ten cents (stamps or coin) for list and details. THE CENTRAL MOTION PICTURE EXCHANGE (Box G136), Chicago, Ill.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The only treatment which will remove permanently all Superfluous Hair from the face, neck, arms or any part of the body, leaving no mark or blemish on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustic or powders used. **Originator, sole owner and used exclusively by me.**

Write for Further Information

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

Suite 70-72-73

1112-1114 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

Established 22 Years



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Ask your druggist for Dr. Ruppert's **MI-RITA** Gray Hair Rejuvenator (not a dye). Vegetable Hair Tonic (promote growth of Hair). Skin Food and Tissue Builder. Face Powder and Rouge. Astringent and Whitening Lotion (for closing large pores and prevent wrinkles). If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name.



Lillian Walker Perfume and TOILET WATER

As attractive and pleasing as its namesake. Pronounced by thousands who have used it to be the most wonderful and dainty odor ever produced. We will send you 50c worth (1/4 oz.) to try on receipt of 25c. Fullsize bottle of Toilet Water only 75c.

This perfume is made by the manufacturers of the justly celebrated

"MELOROSE"

Face Powder, Cold Cream, Rouge

Endorsed by thousands of women of note.

FREE Sample of "MELOROSE" Face Powder and Beauty Cream sent with each order.

WILLARD WHITE COMPANY, Perfumers
328 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THIN, UNDEVELOPED NERVOUS WOMEN

The most noted stars of the American stage join the thousands of other women of note, including Mme. De La Vie and other high authorities on health and beauty, in recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Galega Tablets and the famous "Melorose" Toilet Articles.

Willard White Co.'s

Vaucaire Galega Tablets

contain the genuine imported Galega. They round out shrunken, shallow parts, develop and make the bust firm. If you are undeveloped, THIN, careworn, nervous or rundown, take a box of these tablets and note their wonderful effects. \$1 box (three weeks' treatment). Six boxes, \$5. Sent by mail prepaid, or from druggists and department stores.

CAUTION—Imitations and worthless nostrums are being offered. Get only the original, genuine, distributed by Willard White Co., Chicago. Beware of substitutes.

FREE—Send 2c stamp for sample of Melorose Cream, Melorose Face Powder, also booklet.

Write to Willard White Co.
328 Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

THE WILDCAT

(Continued from page 11)

witness of the obvious preparations to hang Hunt from a nearby tree. The leader of the gang stepped out.

"You may know before you die," he said, "that we are respectable residents of the nearest village. We know how you kidnapped this girl, and it is our purpose to mete out justice in our own way, here and now. String him up, boys!"

Bethesda screamed. All eyes turned in her direction.

"Don't hang him, oh, please don't hang him; I'm sure he is a good man," she cried, throwing herself on the floor before the leader, her slight form shaken with sobs.

There was surprise on the man's face.

"Why, we're doing it because he kidnapped you. We thought you wanted us to do it. What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't, please don't," was her only answer.

"This man must not be left at large," said the leader in a gruff voice, which, had Bethesda been less agitated, would have betrayed his mock-heroic manner. "The only condition under which we will spare his life is that you shall make yourself responsible for his keeping by marrying him."

"I will! I will!" sobbed Bethesda.

Slowly the gang made its exit.

Five minutes later a motor stopped before the door of the cabin and the voice of Carewe was heard outside in excited tones.

"This is the place. Surround it," was his command.

Carewe himself rushed into the room to find Bethesda in the arms of Hunt.

* * * * *

"It's all right now," Hunt said smilingly.

"I see it is," Carewe replied. "My little daughter does not seem to be so much like a wildcat any more."

"No, dad, I've been tamed and now I'm in love," Bethesda confessed.

From the Horkheimer production by H. O. Stechlan, starring Jackie Saunders.

POPULARIZING SCIENCE

(Continued from page 13)

Almost as in reply to your mental question motion pictures show the devices for dredging for the animal-life that exists full three miles below the surface of the Polar sea. Hundreds and thousands of seals live in arctic waters absolutely unafraid of man. To how many of us would be given it to see and study a seal in its native habitat? And yet, the movie camera gives everyone this opportunity.

Again, there are the penguins. Shackleton once related how when he first went to the far South the penguins had come down to inspect him, disappeared and came the next day with more who left in due course and, the day after, brought more and more until he could see more than a million penguins, assembled as in one great folk-moot. You might take this story with a grain of salt, but now you can see such a conclave of penguins on the screen! The queer little fellows, say three-and-a-half feet tall, stand up on their two feet and give every sign

of most advanced instinctive intelligence while being filmed.

There are arrays of animals not a one of which can be found in a single zoo of the world. Motion pictures show these, and thus do much to popularize science.

A BRIGHT LITTLE RAE

(Continued from page 35)

cry bitterly when her brother was called to war.

"And of course when your brother goes off to the war, perhaps to be killed, you will feel awfully sorry, and you will hold onto him and cry," her director posted her.

Zoe's lips began to tremble, and her eyes to fill with tears.

"Oh, don't cry now, it's not time yet," said the director.

"I can't help it," said the tiny actress, with her fists in her eyes, "you've got me all worked up over it, and the tears just won't stay back. If you don't hurry and take the scene my grease paint will be ruined."

Any actress who possesses such a fine quality of emotion is certain of success. And it's just because Zoe has it that she has made such wonderful strides.

But Zoe is just a little different from most girls of her own age.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE HURDY-GURDY MAN

(Continued from page 15)

"Every-da day," was the terse response.

Then John explained that he ate twice a day, once at about 4 o'clock in the morning and again at about 11 o'clock at night.

Despite the uncomfortable hunger that I felt, I determined to be a regular Roman fellow by doing as Romans do while in Rome, or, more aptly, while roaming. So without a particle of anything to eat I wandered on, until shortly after 10 o'clock that night we arrived at our starting point—The Hurdy-Gurdy Garage. There and then I beheld my friend John sump his day's collection of coins into his old slouch hat, and I assure you it is no exaggeration when I say the day's output half-filled that hat. I judge there was something like a pint of coins.

"How much did we get today?" I asked, feigning great geniality.

The answer was a very negative grunt, and John proceeded to separate the pennies from the nickels and the silver, placing the pennies in a pocket to themselves with a carefulness akin to reverence. But I was not to be frustrated, for I had only to add up the entries I had made as the donations came in to learn that \$14.25 had been gathered up on the trail of the Hurdy-Gurdy Man that day, and in view of the fact that a daily average of that much money means a profit of about \$1000 per year, it was with no great stretch of imagination that I pictured this Italian invader as master of all he surveyed on a large farm in Sunny Italy a year hence. So far as he is concerned, it is only a matter of continuing to turn the crank of another man's hurdy-gurdy long enough to give the champion tippers of the world—we generous Americans—ample opportunity to dig the coins out of our jeans more out of force of habit than out of any love for generally discordant and always harsh tunes.

THE PASSION TO RULE

(Continued from page 37)

nation to do all in his power to bring her the happiness she sought so desperately. The other one was Captain Franklin Graham, who had an inborn sense of fidelity to any cause he espoused and who realized fully that whole cause now was embodied in this beautiful, young woman.

"It is perfectly grand to score such a grand victory so early in the conquest, but we must encompass the complete defeat of our enemies, and I place you, Captain Graham, in supreme command of our gallant army of invasion," Debora said, arising faultlessly to the occasion which obviously called for leadership.

"Your army shall proceed at once to place you on a glorious throne by force of arms," Graham responded, saluting again.

CHAPTER IV

At the end of a week's strenuous military campaigning came the crucial battle before the island's capitol—its largest city and its most fortified stronghold. Chief Gioconda had assembled his whole army of five thousand warriors to make a final effort to annihilate the unterrified invader. By this time Captain Graham had succeeded in recruiting an army nearly one thousand strong from among those natives who were glad to have an opportunity to get revenge on Gioconda for his past mistreatment. These volunteers under the direction of the hundred adroit American soldiers constituted a worthy fighting machine. Though a force much smaller than the enemy, it had the advantage of brains and generalship and superior equipment. Nevertheless, the arrival of the crisis found Captain Graham extremely worried. He realized fully the disadvantage of fighting in strange territory. He knew Gioconda was crafty and treacherous, and he felt sure this meant the grave probability of a trap being set. It was all a question of being able to discover any such plan soon enough to avoid it or else dire disaster would come.

In the lull which followed a sanguinary battle this extremely cautious Graham traversed every foot of the line his troops held, and he changed the positions of his few pieces of light field artillery a dozen

times before he was satisfied. He ordered his machine-gun squad to a point a hundred feet in front of his infantry line. Then he lapsed into profound study.

"It is important that they be ably directed and yet what good can they accomplish if the artillery to the rear is without proper direction," he muttered to himself.

At this very instant Wesley Martine joined him.

"Anything wrong, Captain?" he asked.

"Yes, we need two cool-headed generals," Graham replied soberly.

"Well, you're one of them," Wesley declared cordially. "And I will try to be the second one."

"Good; you stick with the artillery and see to it that the boys keep dropping shells just back of the enemy's first attacking line and thus start a panic among the reserves, and we will take care of the rest with the machine guns," Graham replied.

Thus it was a part of his strategy to force the offensive onto Gioconda and his army, knowing what the withering fire of the machine guns would accomplish.

Graham had reckoned well. When Gioconda ventured out of the city to dislodge the besiegers, he started hostilities with a wild cavalry attack. His infantry trailed along behind painfully, slowly and irregularly. The cavalymen were armed with long lances. The infantrymen were armed with out-of-date rifles.

Graham, stationed in the midst of his machine-gun battery, permitted the cavalymen to reach a point not more than three hundred feet away before he opened fire. At the same instant he signaled Martine to start his artillery in action. The quick result was the onrushing horses were stampeded simultaneously with the infantry, many yards in the rear. The machine guns took good care of the first line and the shells from the artillery converted the advance of the Gioconda foot-sore soldiers into a frantic retreat. Horses and horsemen fell by the dozen, and those fortunate enough to

After the Movies Two Eyes For a Lifetime

Murine is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores.

Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them.

YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!
Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail.
Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.

The PATRIA



The Fashion Hit of the Season

HERE is the newest Spring Hat. It is called The PATRIA and is the latest product of the master designer. For a limited time you can get it direct from the maker at a remarkably low price. You actually save half.

JUST TWO PROFITS—Yours AND OURS—NO MIDDLEMAN'S. The PATRIA is made of Poplin silk with tiny rows of straw embroidered on the crown and upper brim. The facing is of flexible straw in contrasting colors, with fitted satin lining to match. The following color combinations are carried in stock: Citron top, Delft blue facing; White top, Kelly green

facing; White top, Pink facing; Kelly green top, Gold facing; Pink top, Delft blue facing; Old Rose top, Delft blue facing. **Special \$2.95**

Write Today. Enclose \$2.95 (check or money order) and we'll send this remarkable hat value today, fully prepaid. Money refunded if you are not absolutely satisfied. Free style book upon request.

WHY NOT ORDER TODAY?

S. R. S. HATS, 803 Powers Bldg., Chicago

PHOTOTYPE ENGRAVING COMPANY

High Grade Engravings in One or More Colors

147-51 North 10th Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Why Pay Full Prices for Diamonds

HERE you can get diamonds at 40 to 50 per cent lower than market prices, proved by customers' letters. Diamonds which originally sold at full prices. The exact qualities for which full prices are paid today. Any new mounting you prefer. Encased in a handsome gift box.

Diamond Banking

For over sixty years we have been in the business of diamond banking—lending money on high grade diamonds, watches, and other jewelry. When the money we lend is not repaid, we must sell the diamonds.

Look

Here are a few of the bargains in our latest bulletin.

The stylish hexagon shape dinner ring. Synthetic sapphire surrounded by full cut genuine diamonds, in new platinum top fancy cluster ring. Try to match at \$55. Unpaid Loan **\$28.00**

Size and quality in this bargain of dazzling brilliancy, 1 1/4-3-16 kt. diamond, high degree of perfection, blue-white, perfect cut. Remounted into latest style tooth ring for gentleman. Guaranteed Loan \$195. Try to match at twice our Unpaid Loan **\$238.00**

Loan Price..... **\$238.00**

At least Half Price. Railroad watch, 19 jewel, adjusted full size B. W. Raymond (Elgin) in genuine 20-year gold filled case. Guaranteed to pass railroad inspection. Try to match at \$40. Unpaid Loan **\$17.90**

Price..... **\$17.90**

Sent on Approval!

We will be glad to send you, prepaid, on approval and without obligations, any of our bargains for FREE EXAMINATION. See them for yourself—and examine them before you decide to buy.

To Make Quick Sales

We Offer Astonishing

Bargains! We save you

40 to 50%.

Hundreds of customers' letters testify that they have made this saving. Write for our bulletin today.

Guaranteed Cash Loans

Diamonds bought here are like insurance policies. You know what you can borrow before you buy—see our Cash Back Guarantees.

Send the Coupon!

Hundreds of special bargains listed in this new bulletin. Write for it today. Not just one quality of diamonds, but all qualities are shown in this remarkable bulletin. Your name and address on the coupon is enough, but write NOW.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons

Only Opp. Post Office

5926 DeRoy Building

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Reference by permission:

Farmers' Deposit Nat. Bank, Allegheny Nat. Bank, any Pittsburgh Daily Newspaper.

Name.....

Address.....

Jos.

DeRoy & Sons

5926 DeRoy Bldg.,

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gentlemen:—Please

send me, absolutely

free and prepaid, your

new Bargain Bulletin of

diamonds, watches and

other jewelry. It is distinctly

understood that I assume

no obligation of any kind.

Now Prepare Yourself for the Greatest Magazine You Ever Saw

The JUNE Number

of the Big American Magazine with a Heart,
a Soul and a Character—

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

which will be on sale at all news-stands on
May 20, 1917.

This will be the first number to be sold at the new
price of *20 Cents Per Copy*, and it will be so vastly
superior in quality that you will marvel at it.

Among the Scores of Delightful Features

YOU WILL FIND a dozen superfine portraits which you can
frame and prize—

YOU WILL BE ELATED over "The Famous Douglas Fair-
banks' Smile"—a wonderful four-color picture of the engaging
hero of many photoplays—

YOU WILL BE DEEPLY INTERESTED in the third in-
stallment of Delbert E. Davenport's great novel of love and
adventure, "The Passion to Rule"—

YOU WILL BE RIGHT ROYALLY ENTERTAINED by an intimate
story on the mysticisms of exploitation, "The Horn-tooting Clan"—

YOU WILL REGALE YOURSELF in a wealth of brisk, new, up-to-the-very-
minute fiction, including five original short stories of the type that makes you glad
you can read—

AND BY ALL MEANS, never miss "The Silent Trend"—the masterly Review
of Reviews and Story of Stories Bert D. Essex writes so entertainingly for every
number of this magazine *exclusively*—

DOZENS OF CORKING STORIES about the photoplayers you admire,
together with scores of handsome illustrations. All the diverting departments and
plenty of wit and humor will make the forthcoming JUNE NUMBER memorable.

SAVE 50 CENTS NOW!

REMEMBER! *The Photo-Play
Journal*, beginning with June
issue, will be 20c per copy, at
all news-stands, and subscrip-
tion price \$2.00 per year.

We have prepared the coupon here
for your convenience. *The Photo-Play
Journal* will accept subscriptions at the
old rate of \$1.50 per year until May 19.

Don't fail to take ad-
vantage of this offer!

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL,
Subscription Department,
Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

..... 1917.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosed find \$1.50 for which
enter my subscription to *The Photo-Play Journal*
for one year, beginning with the June number, 1917.

Name

St. & No.

City

State

survive the assault turned sharply around
and ran away at breakneck speed.

"Now advance, everybody, quickly but
calmly," Graham yelled.

Thereupon the entire expeditionary force
moved forward with clock-like precision.

Debora overtook her army in time to
advance with it. She wore the uniform of
a nurse and on her arm was a Red Cross.
She was in her limousine, now decorated
with a huge Red Cross. This was the one
ambulance of her army, and she had just
returned from a merciful trip to the yacht,
to which she had taken five wounded sol-
diers, who were left in the care of the ship's
physician.

"Dash on to victory, my brave soldiers!"
she yelled.

"Obey her Highness the Queen, my fel-
lows," was Graham's command upon hear-
ing Debora's voice.

This seemed to fill every man with the
true fighting spirit and the unbeatable deter-
mination so essential in a conflict. It was
all for a beautiful lady! They must accom-
plish their purpose for her! Wesley Mar-
tine, most of all, was inspired. He felt that
he could die happily for Debora if that
would bring her what she desired.

No wonder then that army never paused
until it had reached the capital city. No
wonder then that it captured its objective
within an hour. Every man fought like a
cool-headed demon. Captain Graham and
Wesley Martine directed the organization
with almost superhuman indefatigability
and intelligent military ability. Graham and
his command swept everything before them
and reached the centre of the city. Martine
and his men gave chase to a terror-stricken
mob of native fighters, who sought to flee
intact with Gioconda, whose capture was
imperative to safeguard the immediate
future against daring bandit depredations.

Graham and his men experienced little
difficulty in capturing the capitol building,
an unattractive, dirty-white, two-story
building situated in the centre of an ill-kept
park. Almost at the same moment Mar-
tine, single-handed, came into contact and
desperate personal combat with the raging
Gioconda. The soldiers of both sides were
engaged in a hand-to-hand battle. Martine
discovered Gioconda as he was mounting a
horse to make his escape. Fearlessly the
young American pounced upon the man,
dragging him off of his horse. Gioconda
fought like a maddened beast at bay. Mar-
tine fought the clever, cool-headed battle
of a regular American. The result was he
subdued his foe just as Debora, in her
machine, arrived on the scene. Into the
car Martine hurled the dazed Gioconda.

"You're wonderful," Debora told Mar-
tine. "I love you more than ever, because
you have shown by your mettle that you are
entitled to rule someone. You are so un-
like a Herbert Force."

"But you shall rule even above me."

"No, we shall share equally of any reward
which may result from our conquest," she
insisted.

"In name, perhaps, but I am at your feet,
my dear, for you are more wonderful than
I am, and the height of my ambition is to
be instrumental in making you happy with
all you wish for at your command," he
replied with pleasing firmness.

And it was with this sort of compatability
that Wesley and Debora started what was
to be a thrilling sojourn in this strange
Isle of Iona.

(To be continued in the June number.)

SPECIAL

Dress Patterns cut from any sketch picture or fashion book. Also cut to individual measurements. They come all pinned, stamped and trimmings marked so you can get an exact idea of how garment will look when complete. Write for prices. TILLIE CROSS, 17 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL., Dept. A.

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop

ROOM 1035 MARSHALL FIELD ANNEX BLDG.
25 E. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.
Superior Work Lowest Prices
Send for Price List

Send Me Your Hair!

I will make your old hair new at little cost, or take your cast-off switches, combings, and so forth, as part payment on new, high-class hair goods. Write for special prices NOW.

Miss Dunham 120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.



Big Money in Aviation

SEND the coupon below at once. Find out about the big opportunities that are awaiting you in this newest industry. The day of aviation is here! It is no longer a spectacle or a stunt—it is a business! Fame, fortune is awaiting those who are the pioneers in this new field. Get in early. Become an aviation expert. Opportunity is awaiting you. \$50 to \$250 a week. And independence with the rapid expansion of the industry.

Everywhere aviation experts are in demand. Government and private enterprises are taking up aviation seriously. They need men who know.

Now—Learn at Home!

Yes, you may learn the science of aviation right in your own home and in your spare time. No longer need you sacrifice the time and money of years of practical experience on the flying field. Send the coupon and find out how we have condensed into a short course, all the knowledge which is necessary to equip you to take your place as an expert in the principles of aviation. We'll tell you just how you can save years of time and much money. We'll show you how you can gain this knowledge in your spare time, at home, without interfering with your regular work.

A Partial List of subjects in our course:
Elementary Principles; History; Nomenclature; Motor Development; Stream Line Shapes; Aerofoil Curves; Controls (Types and Operation); Dynamics of the Air; Balance; Inherent and Automatic Stability; Propeller and Wing Design; Performance Calculations; Principles of Construction; Stresses; Materials.

Famous Authority Teaches You Personally

Glenn Muffly, the famous aeronautical engineer, co-designer of the first rotary airplane engine now universally used, supervises the instruction of those who take our course. As a student you have the privilege of free consultation at all times with this famous authority.

Send Coupon

—Free Information

No matter in what business you are now engaged, if you are mechanically inclined, or interested in aviation, you should at least find out, now, about this great course. Learn the opportunities that are opening every day for scientifically trained men and get particulars of this course which revolutionizes the training of aviation experts. We are making a special introductory offer now. Write for free information while this offer lasts.

National Aero Institute
Dept. 1855
Morton Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

National Aero Institute
Dept. 1855, Morton Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me absolutely free and prepaid, full particulars of your course in aviation and details of your special limited offer.

Name.....

Address.....

THE SILENT TREND

(Continued from page 26)

story unfolded in "Sleeping Fires" concerns Zelma Bryce, a woman of high mentality and very obvious refinement. Her very life is consecrated to her little son. Her husband, attracted by a woman of an entirely different disposition, is doing everything in his power to force Mrs. Bryce to secure a divorce. He uses the boy as a pawn, and when the beloved offspring is about to be taken away from the mother, her efforts to retain him become frantic and Miss Frederick gives a remarkable view of a natural dramatic frenzy which would be expected of any mother under similar circumstances.

THE lengths to which producers of modern photoplays go to provide correct atmosphere is illustrated in "The Woman Who Dared," in which Beatriz Michelena is starred. The scenes of this rather pretentious seven-part drama are laid in Rome and Paris, but nevertheless the picture was taken in the good old U. S. A. This necessitated building settings which conformed with undiminishing fidelity to selected scenes in the two European cities. An instance of the remarkable success attained in gaining this end is to be found in an elaborate railroad coach, which was built in accordance with the European design. The happy result of all this ingenuity brought into service so deftly is that we have foreign scenes as good or better than the real thing, and the unbeatable proclivity for maintaining perfection of details is a source of unlimited pleasure.

EUGENE WALTER'S play, "The Easiest Way," has reached the screen at last, and with Clara Kimball Young in the principal role it proves to be a quite satisfactory picture. Miss Young gives a far better performance in this piece than she did in "The Price She Paid," which was a woefully defective and uninteresting play. "The Easiest Way," as a photoplay, is enriched by the numerous details which were impossible in a stage production, and the story is brought to a more logical conclusion than it was in its original form.

"GOD'S Man," George Bronson Howard's famous novel of New York's Broadway and night life, has been picturized, and will no doubt prove to be one of the most sensational screen successes of the season. The Frohman Amusement Company is responsible for this extraordinary attraction, which is in nine parts, and which has H. B. Warner for its star. "God's Man" is an engrossing story, replete with vital interest and inside information on how the denizens of the Great White Way dally with Fate. It is one of those cinema masterpieces which everyone should see.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c. for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting Illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

Film Information Bureau, Sta. E, Jackson, Mich.

WRINKLES

Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (a Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy cibus quickly vanish. SANS-RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLETON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P., Chicago, Ill.



One Touch Polishes Your Nails for a Week!

Wonderful! No bluffing. Just a touch on each nail beautifies instantaneously with a rosy red lustre that lasts a whole week. Soap and water don't affect it. Wash dishes, dust, etc.—your nails stay nicely polished. To further introduce Mrs. Graham's Instantaneous Nail Polish, a full size 50c. six months' bottle will be sent prepaid for only 25c. to those who order within 15 days. Mail 25 cents, coin or stamps, today.

GERVAISE GRAHAM, 53 W. Illinois St., Chicago

Send Me Your Hair

I will make your old hair new at little cost, or take your cast-off switches, combings, etc., as part payment on new, high class hair goods, toilet articles, perfumes, ostrich feathers, corsets, etc. Get something you need for something you are not using. Write for liberal offer and free Beauty Book. Your combings made into switches, \$1.50. Mail your hair today. ANNA AYERS, Dept. 267, AGENTS 220 S. State St., Chicago. WANTED



Wrinkles Removed By New Secret Method

Wonderful results! Wrinkles and age lines banished. Yes, this new secret method works marvels. You should learn about it right now. Learn how it makes the skin as smooth, clear and beautiful as the famous complexions of the Japanese women. (You know how soft, satiny and lovely their skins are.) No matter how long you may have suffered from these blemishes, no matter what you have tried, get the information we will gladly send about the Princess Tokio treatment. Get the Princess Tokio Beauty Book. It is free. It tells you how to have the perfect skin beauty that all women long for. Yours for the coupon. Send now.



No Massage. No Plasters. No Masks. No Rollers. No Exercise.

None of these. But a simple, easy treatment you use in the privacy of your room. Only a few minutes required. The skin made flawless, fresh, young looking. Used and recommended by society leaders and prominent actresses everywhere.

Guaranteed

Our legal, binding money back guarantee goes with each treatment. If the Princess Tokio treatment should fail in your case, taken according to our plain, simple directions, your money will be willingly and cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Edna Hunter
Famous "Movie" Star, says of the Princess Tokio Treatment:

"After a hard day I just apply Princess Tokio and every trace of fatigue, strain and roughness vanishes like magic. I gave it to a friend whose face was becoming wrinkled and she says it wiped the wrinkles off in no time. I wish you all the success you so richly deserve."

FREE Princess Tokio Beauty Book

The whole story of the Princess Tokio treatment told. The wonders it accomplishes. How complexions, once "hopeless," have been restored to youthful beauty. How years have been taken off women's looks. All this valuable, private information is given in this book now ready for distribution. Get your copy now. (Sent in plain, sealed envelope.) Learn the secret of a perfect skin. Learn how the American woman can rival the complexion charms of the Japanese. No cost. No obligation whatever upon you. It is free.



Send Coupon NOW!

Just sign and mail the coupon. That is all. It will bring you the Princess Tokio Beauty Book by return mail. Every woman ought to have it. We want you to have it. Don't put off sending. Put the coupon in the mail right now.

Princess Tokio Co.
Dept. 545
Federal Life Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Princess Tokio Co.
Federal Life Bldg.
Dept. 545 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free and without obligation on my part Princess Tokio Beauty Book in plain sealed envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

THE LAST LAUGH

Too Much Iris.

"What's the matter?" Charles Dudley, veteran of the Balboa studio, asked a new member recently, as he was frowning over his script. "Can't make out what this 'Iris' is," came the reply from the novice. "They told me I was to play the leading part in this picture; and here it's 'Iris in' and 'Iris out,' every other scene."

"Most 'Iris out,' isn't it?" Dudley rejoined, holding his sides.

For those not camera-wise, it is explained that by means of an "Iris" attached to the cinematographic lens a picture is made to fade in or fade out.

He Was Something Else.

Charles Clary, who is in the new George Walsh subject for Fox Film Corporation, is as quick on repartee as Frenchmen are traditionally supposed to be.

Recently Mr. Clary played Appius Claudius in the William Farnum production of "Virginius," given for the Children's Hospital in Los Angeles. It was a cold night, and the thin garments of the Roman tyrant afforded little comfort against the weather.

An old woman from a resident stock company saw Mr. Clary shivering in the wings.

"Are you Appius Claudius?" she asked, approaching him.

"No, madame," Mr. Clary replied. "I'm unhappy as 'ell."

Help!

On the return trip from Jacksonville, where George M. Cohan appeared in his initial exterior scenes for "Broadway Jones," the forthcoming Arcraft release, the train came to a halt outside of Charleston. After about an hour's wait George M. left the car to investigate and, upon returning, informed Mrs. Cohan that the car had lost its evening paper. Thinking that perhaps the long delay and accompanying excitement had affected her husband, Mrs. Cohan carefully inquired for further particulars, whereupon George M. repeated: "One of the cars lost its evening paper—its journal." "Help!" cried Mrs. George as she sank back in the berth.

And That's the Way It Sounds.

Motorman (yelling at pedestrian he has just nearly run over)—"Hey! Why don't you watch where you're going?"

Pedestrian—"What's the matter? Are you sore because you didn't kill me?"

Sarcasm a la Pill.

Walking into a drug store the other day, Robert Carson, who plays the arduous role of Detective Rodman Sears in "The Great Secret," Metro's wonder serial in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are co-stars, asked for three quinine capsules.

The drug clerk brought them and asked absent-mindedly, "Shall I put them in a box?"

"No," replied Carson, "just give them to me and I'll roll them home."

He'll Have to Resign to It.

"Now that Briggs is married I hear he's going to resign."

"Resign to his fate, I suppose."

About, No Doubt.

"What's all this war about?"

"As near as I can make out, it's about begun."

But They'd Loaf Just the Same.

"You know I've thought of something that would be a great boon to humanity."

"What is it?"

"Find a way to force all the loafers to go to work in bakeries."

Getting His Number.

Credit Clerk—"What is your full name, please."

Credit Seeker—"Is it necessary that I give my full name?"

Credit Clerk—"Absolutely. That is the first thing we always ask. Then we get your number."

A T(r)ip for Savers.

Soon to the country you can go,
Or out to the beach or mountains;
But if the charges you'd keep low,
Stay home with the soda fountains.

Burning a Listener's Ears.

Vexed Young Woman—"Oh, Central, some man is on my line."

Phone Operator—"It's a pity you can't yank him out and see what the poor fish looks like."

His Brand.

Gone mad has a man they call Bandit,
And he slays until none can stand it;
The folks wild with fear call him a bad steer,
But it takes a bullet to brand it.

"What was that tenderfoot tryin' to sell you?" asked Broncho Bob. "Dante's Inferno," replied Three-Fingered Sam. "I told him I didn't see how Dante had any business stakin' a claim on what Crimson Gulch was liable to produce gratis and abundant any minute."—Washington Star.

The Sister—"If your girl's father never spoke to you, how do you know he dislikes you?"

The Brother—"He used sign language with a cane and I had hard work dodging his gestures."—Boston Globe.

A man from "up State" had gone to a theatre in New York. In an interval between the acts he turned to the metropolitan who had the seat next to him.

"Where do all them troopers come from?" he inquired.

"I don't think I understand," said the city dweller.

"I mean them actors up yonder on the stage," explained the man from afar. "Was they brought on specially for this show or do they live here?"

"I believe most of them live here in town," said the New Yorker.

"Well, they do purty blamed well for home talent," said the stranger.

My Beauty Exercises



will make you look Younger and more Beautiful than all the external treatments you might use for a lifetime. No massage, electricity, vibration, astringents, plasters, straps, filling or surgery—nothing artificial—Just Nature's Way.

Results come soon and are permanent. My system makes muddy, sallow skins clear, and the complexion as fresh as in girlhood; firms the flesh and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, removing the wrinkles they cause. The too thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in. No one too old or too young to benefit.

My system makes double chins disappear quickly, and leaves the flesh firm after the superfluous fat is worked away.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my facial exercises will freshen your complexion and give it a most exquisite coloring for a whole evening.

What My Pupils Write!

"Words cannot express how thankful I am for the wonderful benefits received from your exercises."

"I am just entering my third week of practice and I can notice some very pleasing results. My cheeks are rounding out, lines fading and flesh not so flabby or withered looking."

"It has been about four weeks since I began the work in the face and my entire expression has changed. I would not take \$50 for the benefit I have so far received. My husband is so pleased at my youthful appearance!"

Write today for my new FREE booklet, Facial Beauty Culture.

If you will tell me what improvements you would like, I can write you more helpfully. Your letter will be held in strictest confidence.

KATHRYN MURRAY

Suite M-25, Garland Building CHICAGO
The First Woman to Teach Scientific Facial Exercise

Motion Picture Producing Co.

Parties interested in producing MOTION PICTURES, address:

KIMBALL BASFORD - Wrights, California

AZ-I-EN-ZA

Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1903—No. 41488

"The Medicinal Cream"

For Pimples and the Complexion

Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address. E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES, LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer you such values and such terms.

SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. H-106, Chicago

You Can Have Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes

They give charm, expression, loveliness to the face, adding wonderfully to your beauty and attractiveness. Society women and actresses get them by using

Lash-Brow-Ine

It promotes in a natural manner the growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, making them thick, long and silky, giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes. A guaranteed pure and harmless preparation. Two sizes—25c and 50c. Send coin and we'll mail LASH-BROW-INE and our FREE Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain sealed cover.

Beware of Worthless Imitations—Genuine LASH-BROW-INE sold only by

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4008-40 Indiana Avenue, Chicago

Become a Cosmetician

Own a money-making business or command a high salaried position. We can help you. There is a nation-wide need for Marinello Beauty Shops and Marinello operators. Millions of Dollars are Spent for Beauty Treatments

Never has woman been offered such a grand opportunity. We will teach you all about successfully conducting a Beauty Shop and every branch of Beauty Culture. We guarantee graduates a good paying position or you can start in business for yourself. Write now for free particulars and proof of the prosperity awaiting you.

MARINELLO CO., Dept. 110, Mallers Bldg., Chicago

Special Introductory Offer!—



THE new 21-Jewel Burlington—just out—distributed now for the first time—and on an astounding offer. The superb new model far surpasses everything of the past. 21 jewels, adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism. New thin design—and all the newest ideas in gold strata cases to choose from. Send coupon today for full particulars.

And—we will send you this master watch without a cent down. it, after examination, you decide to buy it—you pay *only* the rock-bottom price—the same price that even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

\$ 2.50
A Month!

Just think of it! \$2.50 a month—less than 10 cents a day will pay, at the rock-bottom price, for the New 21-Jewel Burlington—the master watch. This perfect time-pieces will be sent direct to you, without a cent deposit so that you can see and examine it for yourself. When you hold it in your hand you will realize what a gigantic value it is—and you will know how the Burlington brought the highest watch value within the reach of all.

**21
Jewels**

- adjusted to positions
- adjusted to temperature
- adjusted to isochronism
- adjusted to the second

Runs almost 2 days in one winding.

On an Iron-clad guarantee.

Newest

up-to-date ideas in gold strata cases—the master products of the goldsmith's art are illustrated in colors in our new Watch Book. All yours to choose from. Write for the new watch book now.

Catalog Now Off the Press

Write today for our new catalog. Read about this gigantic watch value. Learn about watch movements and how you can judge a good watch. See, too, handsome illustrations in full color of the newest fashions in watch cases. The watch book is free. Just send the coupon.

Burlington Watch Co. 19th St. & Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 1855 Chicago

Burlington Watch Co.
19th St. & Marshall Blvd.
Dept. 1855 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligation, and prepaid), your free book on watches, with full explanation of your cash or \$2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name.....

Address.....



Free—Six Big Issues of INVESTING FOR PROFIT

*If you will simply send me your name.
Special Introductory FREE Offer. Six fine
Monthly Issues—each worth \$10 to \$100 to you.*

How much do you know about the Science of Investment? Do you know the Real Earning Power of your money? What is the difference between the Rental Power and Earning Power of your money? Do you know how \$100 grows into \$2200?

Why you should get **Investing for Profit**: Only one man in a thousand knows the difference between the **rental** power and the **earning** power of his money. Few men know the underlying principles of incorporation. Not one wage earner in 10,000 knows how to invest his savings for profit, so he accepts a paltry 2% or 3% from his bank, while this same bank often earns from 10% to 30% or more on **his money**—or he does not know the science of investing and loses his all.

Russell Sage said: "There is a common fallacy that, while for legal advice we go to lawyers, and for medical advice we go to physicians, and for the construction of a great work, to engineers—financing is everybody's business. As a matter of fact, *it is the most profound and complicated of them all.*"

So let me give you just a glimpse of the valuable investment information you will get in my six big issues, "The Little Schoolmaster of the Science of Investment," a guide to money-making:

- | | |
|---|---|
| The Science of Investment. | Capital Is Looking for a Job. |
| The Root and Branch of the Investment Tree. | The REAL Earning Power of Your Money. |
| How to Judge a Business Enterprise. | Investment Securities Are Not Investment Opportunities. |
| Where New Capital Put Into a Corporation Really Goes. | The Actual Possibilities of Intelligent Investment. |
| "Watering"—Its Significance. | The Capitalization of Genius and of Opportunity. |
| Idle Money vs. Active Money. | |

Wait till you see a good thing—but don't wait till every one sees it. You will then be too late. Never was a time more auspicious for a public campaign of education on the logic of true investment. A revolution

in the financial world is now going on—to the profit of the small investor.

You are now face to face with your opportunity—if you have the courage to enter the open gate to the road of fortune.

I believe you will find much interest in reading my six issues of **Investing for Profit**. From cover to cover it contains the fundamental principles of investment it has taken a lifetime to gather—from my own experience and from every available authoritative original source of information.

If You Can Save \$5.00 a Month or More

Don't invest a dollar in anything anywhere until you have read my wonderful magazine. **Investing for Profit** is for the man who intends to invest any money, however small, or who can save \$5 or more per month, but who has not as yet learned the art of investing for profit. Learn how \$100 grows into \$2200.

Use This Coupon for the Six Issues and Financial Advice FREE

If you know how to invest your savings—if you know all about the proposition in which you are about to invest your hard-earned savings—you need no advice. But if you don't, if there is a single doubt or misgiving in your mind—I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries you may make, or furnish any information I can regarding the art of saving and making money through wise investment.

So sign and mail the coupon now. Get "**Investing for Profit**" **FREE** for six months. Ask me to put you on my mailing list for Free Financial Advice. Don't put this off. It means too much to you now and in the future. Sign and mail this coupon at once.

H. L. BARBER, Publisher

Mail this now

H. L. BARBER, Publisher
417-18 A W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago
Please send me FREE "Investing for Profit" for six months. Put me on your mailing list for Free Advice on Investments.

Name

Address

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

JUNE 1917

20 CENTS



The Famous
Fairbanks Smile

© APEDA N.Y.

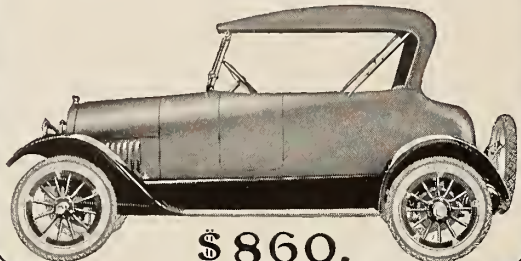
THE MAGAZINE WITH A HEART, SOUL AND CHARACTER

WHEN YOU TRAVEL
RIDE IN A—

Pullman

Four
Passenger Roadster

A roomy car for four passengers—divided front seats with lots of space in the rear, wonderful riding ease, typical Pullman pulling power—the smartest model offered in its class for 1917.



\$ 860.
F.O.B. Factory

A DOZEN
REASONS WHY

114 inch wheel base.
50½ inch full cantilever rear springs.
Four cylinder, L-head motor, 32 h. p. by actual brake test.
Two-unit starting and lighting equipment.
Stromberg carburetor, new type float feed.
Genuine full floating rear axle.
Thermo-siphon cooling system.
Equalized brakes with Raybestos brake lining.
Seventeen gallon gas tank in rear, Carter vacuum feed.
Genuine honeycomb radiator—extra large tank.
31 x 4 inch, red wall, Firestone non-skid tires on all four wheels.
True stream line, custom-made body, Pullman green and black, with real leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions.

Five
Passenger
Touring
\$ 860.
F.O.B. Factory

DON'T buy the picture. Efficient buying means comparative buying. Purchase your car that way. For your own protection compare the "dozen reasons why" on this page with the specifications of any car on the market selling under \$2000.

Then 'phone the dealer in your town and have him show you just what we mean by Pullman performance—what the wonderful Pullman motor can do in the way of hill climbing, what perfect carburetion and ignition mean in the shape of consistent pulling ability. The proof of the Pullman is in its performance.

Get behind the steering wheel of any Pullman Four yourself. Feel the luxury of the big, roomy body, with its ample leg space, genuine leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions. Feel the comfort of riding over 50½ inch full cantilever springs—generally offered only in high priced cars.

Add to this certainty of performance the greatest collection of standardized, expensive accessories ever furnished a car in the eight hundred dollar class, and you have the utmost value possible.

The finish of every Pullman model is superb, made perfect by eleven operations of sand blasting, coating, painting and varnishing. The lines are the latest and smartest, the hit of the big national shows this year. Fourteen years' experience stands behind the Pullman warranty, vouched for by thousands of satisfied owners.

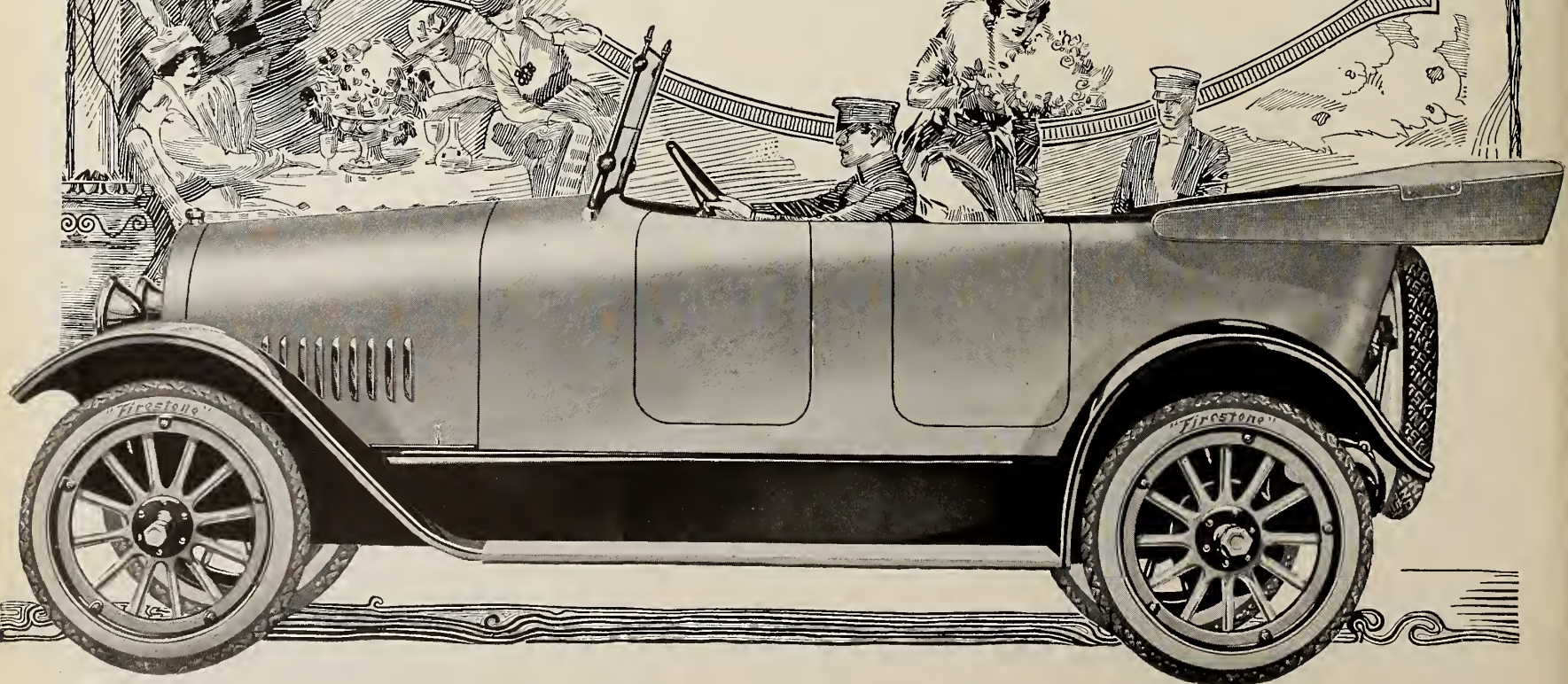
Write for our literature.

Five Passenger Four . . . \$860 Convertible Sedan De Luxe . . \$1275
Four Passenger Roadster . . 860 With C-H Magnetic Gear Shift 1400

Pullman Motor Car Corporation

YORK, PA.

Established 1903





The Editor's Personal Page

WAR is upon us. We—you and I—have everything, our all, at stake. Our beloved country—this grand, incomparable United States of America—has been forced into a terrible storm which it long sought to check, and which it has always wanted to avoid. But the cause of humanity looms up and civilization is endangered. We—you and I—cannot ignore the righteous cause of humanity, nor can we permit the ruthless crushing of civilization. God granting, the power of our military and naval forces will serve as the world's salvation. Verily, no nation ever entered a conflict with a cleaner record or a more exalted and admirable purpose. We—you and I—have ample reason to be proud of the stand our government has taken. It was made inevitable by cruel Fate acting through a cabal of maddened, irresponsible despots who seem to flout sneeringly every principle which enters into enduring and joy-infusing peace. However, the die is cast, and so be it. A condition of most momentous consequence now confronts us, and we—you and I—must not shirk our personal duties. One way or another we must help our country in its crisis. We owe it to our flag to not become distressed. Instead we owe an unlimited activity together with plenty of unselfish succor. In order to divert our minds from channels which produce melancholia only we—you and I—should take full advantage of the relief motion pictures offer. We should have more of the entertainment projected on the screen for the recreation it brings to our minds and for the highly desirable preparation such amusement affords for those about to unleash their energies to aid in the herculean task of defending the rights which are sacred—the rights of you and I.

EXECRABLE as it is sanguinary, hostilities offer the only feasible panacea for the political and social ills which infest a large portion of the world today. Had motion pictures been in existence, and had they been devoted to judicious propaganda against the deep-rooted causes of human confliction fifty years ago, there would now be universal peace no doubt. This assertion is ventured primarily because of the fact that motion pictures can reach and impress more people than any other medium of enlightenment. It certainly is not very reasonable to presume to gainsay the omnipotent influence a fifty-year photoplay campaign would wield if its augumentative force was concentrated on the subject: How to preserve the tranquil brotherhood of mankind. If the general text of this definite and prolonged campaign had contained the same high moral doctrines President Woodrow Wilson enunciates and espouses so courageously, and if these sentiments could have been continuously presented to all the peoples of the earth, every first-class nation would be a democratic republic or the equivalent thereto by now. When this happy condition obtains throughout the realm of civilization and small cliques of men of so-called royal blood can no longer plunge millions of human beings into war without even consulting them about it, then there will be an invulnerable barrier

against designing intrigue born of unsavory ambition, and there will be everlasting peace for all. When all the governed have an equal voice in the government, there will be practically no provocation for drawing swords, because all any race desires is a place in the sun and a chance to be progressively happy in its own native land. How efficiently motion pictures could have pointed out the way to this! How easily and bloodlessly they could have led the campaign of diplomatic reasoning which would have resulted in revolutions such as Russia has experienced after five centuries of untold misery! It is certain the Republic of Germany would never have committed the outrages of which the Monarchy of Germany is guilty. And now let those unimpeachably patriotic men who guide the course of the photoplay art start an irresistible pictorial battle now to contribute to the work of bringing the war to a successful conclusion and to instill in the minds of their countless patrons the idea that the co-operation of every American is essential to the achieving of the victory which will bring glorious sunshine of freedom to all.

YOU may count it as one of our hobbies, if you will, to exhort those who are inclined to be charitable to extend their good work of alleviating sufferings by adding a few dimes to their contributions to unfortunates in order to make it possible for them to see an occasional moving-picture show. It is amazing when we contemplate the number of people right in this United States of America who are too poor to afford paying the admission price to even a nickelodeon, especially when we take into consideration that we have been blessed with unprecedented prosperity for several years. Nevertheless there are many thousands of men, women and children who are denied the pleasure afforded by the screen because they need every penny they can scrape together to keep body and soul together. The average man and woman would never miss twenty-five cents a week, and still this trivial amount would enable a whole poverty-stricken family to see one motion picture a week. The treat would lighten their burdens materially, and it would cost you so little. Indeed, it would be a fine thing if all the people in comfortable circumstances would join hands in a nation-wide movement to thus provide diversion for the needy. Why not start this praise-worthy work in your neighborhood by setting the good example of the good fellow who is not afraid to take the initiative? Seek out the weary and the unlucky and surprise them with an invitation to be your guests at "the movies" and you will discover that somehow you feel better for your thoughtfulness.

THE friendship of fellow-beings is indispensable to success and contentment. When one is at odds with everyone, life loses most of its charm, and the friendless has little opportunity to accomplish anything. Our realization of this innately fills us with unbounded gratitude for the friendliness which has been so generously showered upon us. Thank you, all.



VIRGINIA PEARSON

FOX



MARGARITA FISCHER

MUTUAL



OLIVE THOMAS

TRIANGLE-INCE



EDNA HUNTER
MUTUAL



ETHEL RITCHIE

BALBOA



JANE COWL
GOLDWYN



MARGARET LANDIS

BALBOA

©ClB398889



Vol. 2

No. 2

CONTENTS

JUNE 1917

DELBERT E. DAVENPORT, Editor

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1	THE SILENT TREND. <i>By Bert D. Essex</i>	27
VIRGINIA PEARSON. (Full-page portrait)	2	JOE MOORE. (Full-page portrait)	30
MARGARITA FISCHER. (Full-page portrait)	3	EDITORIAL	31
OLIVE THOMAS. (Full-page portrait)	4	"THE BEAUTIFUL LIE." (A story adapted from the poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Illustrated)	32
EDNA HUNTER. (Full-page portrait)	5	HARRY S. NORTHRUP EXPLAINS A SLICE OF REALISM	34
ETHEL RITCHIE. (Full-page portrait)	6	SIXTEEN IS FATTY ARBUCKLE'S LUCKY NUMBER	34
JANE COWL. (Full-page portrait)	7	BEN L. TAGGART, YOUNGEST BOER WAR VETERAN	34
MARGARET LANDIS. (Full-page portrait)	8	THE HORN-TOOTING CLAN, OR THE MYSTERIES OF EXPLOITA- TION EXPLAINED. (Illustrated)	35
CONTENTS. (Illustrated)	9	LUCKY IS THE HORSE WITH SO MUCH SENSE. (Illustration)	36
FOUR CHARMING QUEENS OF SCREENLAND. (Portraits of Francelia Billington, Constance Talmadge, Lottie Bris- coe and Edna Purviance)	10	INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS.....	37
"THE BELLE OF THE SEASON." (A Story. <i>By Janet Priest.</i> Illustrated)	11	NO MORE LUNCH HOURS FOR GEORGE M. (Illustration)....	37
A STUDY OF THE HIGH COST OF LIVING LEADS TO A "MODEL FOOD REGIME." <i>By Mabel Taliaferro</i>	14	THIS MONTH'S SUGGESTION—THROUGH LIFE ETERNAL—A PHOTOPLAY. <i>By Jack Stewart</i>	38
LITTLE JANE LEE DOING "HER BIT" FOR UNCLE SAM. (Illus- trated)	14	A PHOTOPLAY IN THE MAKING. (Poem.) <i>By Luella C.</i> <i>McMahon</i>	38
WAR AND THE DANCE—THEY ARE ALLIES. <i>By Viola Dana.</i> (Illustrated)	15	THE SECRET OF THE CZAR'S FADE-OUT IS REVEALED. <i>By</i> <i>Albert Massour</i>	39
UNCONQUERED. (A story from the photoplay starring Fannie Ward. Illustrated)	17	SCREEN STORIES	40
WATCHFUL WAITING IS VINDICATED	19	WHY IS YOUR FAVORITE YOUR FAVORITE?.....	41
HAROLD LOCKWOOD. (An intimate story about a popular star. <i>By Richard Willis.</i> Illustrated)	20	"WHEN LOVE IS BLIND." (A Story. <i>By Agnes Johnston.</i> Illustrated)	42
HEAVIEST WOMAN IN MOTION PICTURES SAYS "IT PAYS TO BE FAT"	21	LOVE LETTERS OF LEE LOY TSANTI. <i>By Charles A. Dell</i>	44
"THE CANDY GIRL." (A story. <i>By Philip Lonergan.</i> Illus- trated)	22	LAUGH AND LIVE—DOUGLAS FAIRBANK'S MOTTO—REACHES BOOK FORM. (Illustrated)	47
OH, THE CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE ART OF MAKE-UP. (Illustration)	23	THE ONE PARTICULAR QUALITY WHICH MAKES SOME STARS POPULAR	48
PICTURES AND CLOTHES—A COSTLY COMBINATION OF INTER- EST TO MILADY AND HE WHO PAYS THE BILLS AS WELL. <i>By Jerome Beatty.</i> (Illustrated)	24	POINTS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE PLAYERS.....	50
"THE PASSION TO RULE." (A novel. <i>By Delbert E.</i> <i>Davenport</i>)	26	WHAT DOES SHAKESPEARE SAY ABOUT WAR? <i>By Frederick</i> <i>Warde</i>	51
		THE MOVIE BUG. (Poem) <i>By Melvin W. Gamble</i>	51
		HAVE YOU HEARD THAT?.....	54
		HENRIK IBSEN ON THE SCREEN	55
		THE LAST LAUGH	56

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

(OUR SMILING HERO ON THE COVER)

Few men live who can equal Douglas Fairbanks in the art of smiling. He is the champion long-distance smiler of the universe. Not at all incidentally he is one of the most popular photoplay stars who ever shone in the firmament of human endeavor. Everybody knows the dynamic Doug, and an introduction is superfluous. He is now with Artcraft Pictures, and he is a bigger success in his every picture. He has entered the field of authorship recently, being the writer of a unique and most worthy book entitled "Laugh and Live."

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

THOMAS B. NAYLOR, President and General Manager
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street, New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
\$2.50 IN CANADA \$3.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY, 20 CENTS]



FRANCELIA BILLINGTON



CONSTANCE TALMADGE



LOTTIE BRISCOE



EDNA PURVIANCE

FOUR CHARMING QUEENS OF SCREENLAND

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON

By JANET PRIEST



"Before he could drink the toast angry murmurings were heard outside"



HE little boy approached the great editor, his father.

"Daddy, there's a mistake in your paper."

"What is it, Jimmy?"

"Why, this headline on the front page says there is a little baby just born worth a billion dollars. That should be a million dollars, shouldn't it?"

The great editor smiled at his little son's earnestness. "No, Jimmy, the proof-reader didn't make a mistake this time. This little baby just born is worth a whole billion of dollars."

"But how can she ever spend it when she grows up?"

"She never can, Jimmy."

"And what about all the other little babies, who are very poor, daddy?"

"A great many of them will remain very poor, Jimmy."

The boy thought deeply for a moment, and then spoke with the air of one who makes a great discovery. "Father, it isn't right."

But the great editor was busy. "No, my son, it isn't right, but neither you nor I can do anything about it. Now run along and play."

But the child brooded over this and other things that happened in this very strange world, and he never could be made to see why some should have so much and others so little. And all his resentment was centered in little Geraldine Keen, the "billion dollar baby."

The little girl grew up entirely unconscious of the blind hate for which her great

wealth made her the target. Sunshine gleamed in her hair, as well as in her nature, and a smile shone in her blue eyes, even when there was none on her lips. Love and good-will filled "Jerry" Keen's heart. From her earliest childhood she was always trying to do something for others less fortunate than herself.

When a poor little girl on the street dropped her doll one day, breaking its head to bits, Jerry ran to her and thrust her own doll in her arms.

"Take my Alice," she said to the weeping child. "I love her, but I have other dollies at home." But the nurse, indignant that her charge should even speak to a strange child, hastily snatched the doll away and took little Geraldine home.

The whole world seemed to be especially designed for the purpose of making this one child happy, or was it she that made the rest of the world shine by her own sunny nature? Any other girl would almost certainly have been spoiled, but Jerry remained sweet and lovable. As her parents died while she was still a baby, she was sent away to be educated, and the great house rang with her laughter only at vacation times, when she was made much of by her guardian, Clifton Brophy. She was the one bit of tenderness in the life of this hard-headed man of business, who guarded her interests as if they were his own.

James Alden grew to stalwart young manhood. Instead of becoming reconciled to the world's injustices, he grew more intolerant of them, and with high resolve determined to do whatever lay in his power

to right the wrongs around him. There were times when his ideas interfered seriously with the policies of the Argus, his father's paper, and then John Alden let his son feel the weight of his displeasure. The climax came when young Alden made a public speech, reported in a rival paper, inimical to the interests of the Argus.

Father and son faced each other the next morning, both angered to white heat.

"My patience is exhausted," said John Alden. "You've got to stop this sort of thing."

"But it's all true, father. I didn't say a thing I can't prove," protested James.

"Ideals are all well enough," answered the editor, ignoring his statement, "but not when they interfere with your bread and butter. These are critical times. Stop making these socialistic speeches, or you and I will have to part!"

"Perhaps it would be better, father," said James with quiet dignity. "Since I cannot subscribe to your principles, I have no right to accept your bounty any longer. I shall earn my own living, and work for the oppressed in my own way."

"You have no right to drag the name of Alden in the dust," stormed his father.

"Very well. Since you feel that way about it, I will take my grandmother's name. That's plenty good enough for me."

So it was as James Warren that the young man went out like another David, to battle with the Goliath of special privilege, of corruption in high places, and to do what his hands could find to do in order to benefit the poor and needy.



The strikers needed no second call to revile the rich man

The new settlement house was his special charge. Every evening found him there, organizing and teaching classes, and making the homeless feel that here, at last, was a corner of earth where their rights were second to none. "The poor man's friend" was the title they bestowed on James Warren, and it was no insincere campaign cry, raised for the moment for the securing of votes, but the genuine tribute of loving hearts.

Home from school came "Jerry" Keen, glad to be free from the restraint of a bookish atmosphere, and glad to be alive. Here was the richest and most elaborate "coming-out party" the city had ever seen, and the newspapers were filled with accounts of the festivities given in her honor. James Warren clenched his fists as he read of the money spent at her debut. "All that for roses, cakes and wines," he said. "Enough to support my poor people for a year!" And his resentment against Geraldine Keen was stronger than ever.

But Jerry, unconscious of all this, remained a happy-hearted girl, revelling quite frankly in all the fun and frolics planned for her. Except in a vague way she had no realization of misery, for she had been kept carefully away from all evidences of it. But one day, when a young friend was driving her home in his automobile, after an afternoon of golf at the country club, the car was obliged to make a detour on account of some repairs on the road, and their way lay straight past the great mills that were the principal source of Jerry's income. Near the mills were the tenement homes of those who worked in them. Never before had Jerry seen such squalor. Never before had she seen such ill-nourished children, such hopeless-looking mothers, such dirt and such desolation.

"Oh, why don't these people clean up and look like something?" cried Jerry.

"They can't," her companion told her. "They're too poor, and there isn't a gleam of hope in their lives. If the men were properly paid for their work—" The

speaker stopped suddenly, remembering to whom he was talking.

"But why aren't they properly paid?" asked Jerry. "Who owns these mills?"

The young man was obliged to answer, "You do."

Jerry was silent during the rest of the ride. When she reached her home her first act was to telephone Clifton Brophy to come to see her.

"Guardy, I want you to raise the wages of the men in the mills," she said.

He was astounded. "The mills? What do you know about the mills?"

"A great deal. I drove by them today, and the people looked terrible. I don't want such dirty unhappy people around my property. It is my property, isn't it?"

"Yes, but you haven't control of it yet."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that you are not yet of age, and until you are I shall take the same careful pains to guard your interests that I have always done. It has been a matter of pride with me to take as good care of your money as your father could have done if he had lived. I have built up your fortunes year after year, making good investments and getting rid of bad ones, until now you are the richest girl in

the world. But you wouldn't be if you should give in to the demands of these strikers."

"Strikers, guardy?"

"Yes, your workers have struck. The town is in the grip of one of the biggest labor struggles it has ever known. To give in now, to raise wages at this psychological moment, would mean defeat not only to ourselves, but to every factory and mill owner in the State. Most assuredly I shall not raise wages now!"

Jerry knew that it would be useless to plead. Her guardian's statement was true. She would not be of age for several months to come, and in the meantime, had absolutely no power over her own property. But she was determined to know more about these unfortunate people. Putting on some simple clothes belonging to Mary, her maid, she went on a tour of investigation among the homes of the workingmen. To this delicate girl, reared in the most fastidious way, the scenes of poverty were appalling. She came away in tears, anxious to do something to alleviate the suffering she saw on all hands. She had no power to raise the wages, but she was absolute mistress over her own very generous allowance, and made large gifts of money to the poorest families.

In talking with her maid, she found that the new settlement house was gradually making a change in the thoughts of the working people. It added joy and cheer to their barren lives, making a sort of oasis in the desert of their monotonous existence. Jerry decided to see this institution, which was actually doing some of the things she vaguely felt should be done.

As she approached the building, her refined manner and dainty charm attracted the attention of a worthless roustabout named Johnson. Here was the prettiest girl that had ever walked up that dingy



"If the men were properly paid for their work—"

street, and he determined to make her acquaintance without further delay.

"Hello, girlie," he said, "Are you goin' my way?"

"Why—why, I don't know you," stammered Jerry, wondering whether the workers habitually became acquainted in this unceremonious way.

But she was sure that his next actions were considered proper by no stratum of society, for he grabbed her roughly by the arm, and attempted to kiss her. "Here, don't be stand-offish!" he said. "You're too pretty to belong to anyone but me."

Her scream brought hurrying feet, and in a moment Johnson lay sprawling, and cursing at the youth who stood above him. "I'll pay you for this, Warren," he said, "You and your settlement house."

"Oh, it was the settlement house I came to see," said the girl. And Warren led her away to see it. The clean, cool rooms, tastefully furnished, the reading room, the bowling alley and the gymnasium, all fascinated her.

"Oh, how much good this ought to do," she exclaimed.

Warren smiled delightedly at her enthusiasm. "Yes, I think we are accomplishing something," he said, "and I hope we shall accomplish a great deal more."

"Oh, I wish I could help," said Jerry.

"Why can't you?"

Before she left it was decided that Jerry should come two or three evenings a week to teach folk dancing to the young people and act as hostess at the social hour for the older members. Jerry had never been so happy in her life. She gave an assumed name when he enrolled her on the list of instructors, and went away leaving him in ignorance as to her real identity. And on her part, she never guessed that this young workingman with the honest eyes, James Warren, was the son of her father's old friend, John Alden, editor and owner of the Argus.

Days of dreaming, and evenings of service, followed for happy little Geraldine Keen. In addition to being the richest girl in the world, she was now the happiest girl in the world, for the bond between herself and Warren grew, the bond of comradeship, which was slowly and miraculously becoming a bond of love. But they had no time to think of love. There was double work to do at the settlement house, since the mills and factories were shut down, and in their idleness the people flocked to Warren and his helpers to be amused and instructed. No word of all this did Jerry speak at home. She felt as though she were leading a magic life, a life strangely compact of dreams and reality. Never before had she looked prettier. Even her gruff old guardian noticed it, and one night when he was her guest at dinner he raised a brimming glass to propose a toast to "Society's reigning beauty, the belle of the season." Before he could drink the toast angry murmurings were heard outside, threats and imprecations that died away in the distance as the police hustled some men away from the stately mansion.

"Strikers again," he grumbled. "They're becoming desperate. But I haven't met one of their demands, and I won't." He drained his glass.

He remained so very late that Jerry was obliged to plead a headache, in order to slip away and go as usual to the settlement house. Sending for her soon after, and discovering her absence, he called up a de-



"The richest girl in the world is going to marry the poor man's friend"

tective agency in alarm, fearing that some harm might have come to the girl. And harm was on its way, in the person of Johnson, the drunken roustabout, who had become more and more enamored of the girl's pale loveliness.

But just as Johnson was about to enter the settlement house in search of her, Brophy's automobile drove up, and the girl, fearing that her guardian would put an end to all her good deeds, slipped away by means of a rear door.

Brophy, however, was not to get away so easily. Johnson, finding the girl gone, was in an ugly mood, and recognizing Brophy as a rich man, allied with the interests of the mill-owners, incensed the bystanders against him. As his wrath grew, he ran into a nearby saloon, where dozens of the strikers were gathered together, and called on them to come and revile the rich man. They needed no second bidding.

Out they rushed pell-mell, others joining them as they ran. Sticks and stones were picked up on the way, with which to assail the rich man, the detective and the chauffeur he had brought with him. All three men sustained injuries before they were able to get away from that pitiless fire of missiles.

The anger of the strikers was next turned against the settlement house. "Why was he coming here?" asked Johnson, the ring-leader. "What did he want here? Perhaps it's his money that's paying for all this nonsense, to keep our minds away from getting our just dues!"

"Let's wreck the settlement house," was the cry, and the mob swept in, muddying the clean floors and overturning the furniture. Warren, who had rushed to the aid of Brophy, tried to stem the tide. He tried to reason with them, but they could not listen to reason. Sober sense was restored only when a flying missile felled Warren, and they saw the man whom they had all acclaimed as the poor man's friend lying at their feet. Tenderly they carried him themselves to the hospital to receive

proper treatment, their hearts full of love and gratitude to this young man who had cast his lot with theirs.

Next day Jerry came of age. Never had a birthday brought her so much excitement, so much of real interest. And the excitement was not greatest when Brophy, with a formal little speech, lay down the reins of government he had handled so faithfully. It was when she was able to send for Stedman, the labor leader, and after listening to the grievances of the strikers and weighing them carefully, she could make an amicable adjustment of them which included an increase of pay for all faithful workers. A new feeling of friendship was established between employer and employed, and the Keen mills entered upon a new era in their history.

The happiness of her workers assured, Jerry hurried to the hospital to see Warren. Fearing his old prejudice against Geraldine Keen, she did not yet dare to tell him the glorious truth about the strike, but the effect of it shone in her face, and his own became transfigured when he saw her.

"Jerry! my shining angel," he whispered. "You are mine, aren't you, dear?" He reached toward her with hands that implored, giving the lie to the confidence expressed in his words.

But she came docilely within his grasp, like the dutiful wife she was one day to be. "Yours, James," she said, "and shall be till I die."

But hospital nurses do not permit long visits, even between newly engaged persons, and soon Jerry had gone without having confessed her identity. Unfortunately, the evening papers were not so reticent. When Jerry's maid came to dress her for dinner she handed her a newspaper, from the front page of which her own photograph gazed at her, topped by flaming headlines telling how she had settled the great strike in the Keen mills.

Jerry's first thought was of James. She knew well what a blow it would be to him

(Continued on page 54)

A Study of the High Cost of Living Leads to a "Model Food Regime"

By MABEL TALIAFERRO

Probably more than any other star, Mabel Taliaferro, who plays the part of the "poor girl" in Metro productions, has taken an active interest in the high cost of living. In an effort to solve this problem, the motion-picture favorite has made a study of how to prepare dishes at a small cost that are appetizing, and also why the prices were higher and to whom the profits go. In her discussion of the problem, Miss Taliaferro deals with the cost of producer, the middleman and finally the burden of the consumer.

In studying the question as to "what to eat and live within one's income," Miss Taliaferro made the rounds of the charitable institutions and saw for herself how the cost is lessened by the proper means of cooking. She declares that the present conditions should have lessened and not made the prices higher. She has also given her views as to what those in better circumstances can afford to eat during a week's schedule of meals. Following is her story.



IHAVE studied the high cost of living proposition for the past several weeks, and for the life of me I cannot see one good reason why prices were boosted so high. It is the same old story to my way of thinking whereby the rich will be made richer and the poor will be poorer.

For the past few weeks, when potatoes and onions were boosted sky high, I was among the army that did without them. It was not because I could not afford to purchase them, but I believe that the best way of reducing the high cost of living is to eliminate from our tables the perishable food-stuffs. Then the trusts will have to reduce the prices or allow the goods to rot.

In the case of potatoes, can anyone tell me why the prices were boosted? From what I know of conditions, I believe the prices should have been lowered. According to the reports of the farmers in all parts of the country, the potato crops this year was by far the best and most productive in many years. I have a friend who has a large farm in southern New Jersey. Before he sold his crop of potatoes last fall, he owed \$7,500 on his farm house. After the sale of his crop the mortgage was burned, and he had a nest egg in the bank. How did he do it?

It is like all other things, money makes money. Last summer a wealthy New York merchant went from farm to farm, looked over the potato crop and then gambled as to the actual price of the tuber. He bought the potatoes in the earth and soon had a corner on the market.

The largeness and quality of this year's potato crop is only one reason why the cost should have been lessened. In the second place, Canada has been shipping carloads of the apples of the earth to this country. Why was this done? In the sight of the thousands who are starving in Europe, Canada chose to send their potato crop to this country in lieu of their sister countries in Europe, all because the price in this country was much higher. Is this a fair proposition?

Onions are in the same class. There is no reason why the price should be boosted. In the case of fresh eggs, I can see why a rise should be granted, as more eggs are used at this season of the year and the eggs are more scarce. Milk, butter, cheese, and

canned goods have also been raised, and the same old cry, "the war," is given as an excuse.

Cooking is just as much of an art as acting. One who can cook is a blessing to the world. Mothers of large families know the method because they have been forced to keep within the purse limits of their husbands. The children of today are just as strong and healthy as those of generations ago. This reason is simple for at last the American housewife has learned to use foods that will keep and nourish.

An economical house manager can have a large roast of potted beef for a Sunday dinner, and can, if she knows how, have tasty dishes for the ensuing two days without a bit of waste. From the Sunday dinner when the meat is served hot, the evening meal can be prepared.

Another thing to remember is the benefit to be derived from a plate of old-fashioned home-made soup. There is nothing I enjoy more. Stews are the best of eating, and are nourishing and lasting.

You can easily tell the working girl who rushes to a restaurant during her lunch hour and has pies, cakes or cookies, with a cup of coffee or tea, in lieu of a bowl of stew or soup.

I do not care how hard I work, I will always find time to have three good meals a day. By "good," I mean substantial and to the best of my ability have my nourishment at regular times. This is an important factor.

It is a great pleasure for me to go into my kitchen and prepare my own luncheon or supervise a dinner. It is not necessary to

(Continued on page 52)

LITTLE JANE LEE DOING "HER BIT" FOR UNCLE SAM



The popular little Fox Starlet, only four years old, is bringing many men to make Uncle Sam's army by distributing recruiting literature. She may be seen daily in Bryant Park, 42nd Street and 6th Avenue, New York City, helping the recruiting service. Her Khaki uniform is an exact reproduction of that worn by a second lieutenant of U. S. Infantry

War and the Dance—They are Allies

By VIOLA DANA

HISTORY teaches us that dancing has been allied with war for ages and ages. On the eve of the battle of Waterloo, a great dance was taking place. What is true of the past may be applied to the present.

War talk fills the air. Men and women are preparing for the worst. In spite of all these preparations, the rich and the poor are dancing. It is a craze, just as it has been before every period of warfare.

If my study of dancing has taught me anything, then I predict that this summer people in all walks of life will enjoy the most beneficial pastime. Dancing to me spells art. I have been with it from the time I was scarcely able to walk, and now it is with me even in my dreams.

I use it every day for my work in the motion picture world, and again it aids me when I am tired and trains me to keep in perfect physical condition.

Primitive man expressed love and hatred, fealty and jealousy, desire and achievement in terms of the dance. It is on a plane with words, paint and music as a means of expression. Let me watch a couple dance for several minutes and it is easy to tell what they are and what care they have taken of themselves.

When I say that dancing is allied with war, I might recall the expression, "Indian War Dance." Impending trouble among the first settlers of our country was shown in the antics of the dance, while the opposite meaning was given by other solemn ritual of the tribe handed down in terms of the dance.

Egyptian carvings of six thousand years ago record the use of the dance in religious ritual. Plato, deeply impressed by these hierarchical ballets, finds that their evolutions symbolized the movements of the stars. Modern deduction carries the astronomical themes still further: the central altar is believed to have

represented the sun: the movements about it, the movements of the celestial bodies.

Apis, the sacred black bull, was honored in life by dances of adoration and in death by ballets of mourning. Throughout the passages of the Bible we are told of the dancing of the saints and of the joyous times enjoyed by the angels in this favorite pleasure of the old and new world.

Numerous Biblical allusions show that dancing was held in very high respect among early leaders of thought. "Praise the Lord—praise him with timbrel and the dance" is commanded. With dancing the Maccabees celebrated the supremely solemn event; the restoration of the temple. To honor the slayer of Goliath, the women came forth from all the large cities of Israel "singing and dancing, with tabrets, with joy and with instruments of music."

Priestesses performed the sacred numbers, the origin of which tradition attributes to the Olympian Gods: eccentric comedy teams enlivened the streets of Athens: gilded youth held dancing an elegant accomplishment.

Philosophers taught it to pupils for effect on body and mind; it was a means of giving soldiers courage, agility and health. To the development of this form of pastime, were turned the Greek ideals of beauty which in their turn undoubtedly received a mighty and constant uplift from the beauty of dancing from harmonized movements of healthful and clean bodies and minds.

Technique has evolved new things since the days of ancient Greece: scenery, music and costume have created effects undreamed of in the early times.

Down the lane of time and custom we come until we reach the present writing. Although the modes of dancing have

changed, the meaning has not deviated one bit. By this, I mean that the same gracefulness that accompanied this form of amusement centuries and centuries ago can be seen and is seen in the proper dancing of the day.

It makes no difference to me whether we are in Spain, England, America, Japan, China or Australia, the different steps have the very same meaning. In other words our innermost thoughts are displayed on the dancing floor by the grace and manner of our acting.

One of the very first things to learn in the art of dancing is the placing of the feet. This, above all, depicts the real standing of the individual. When the music peals forth and we sway from side to side with or without partners, we should remember that the persons gathered outside of the gliding arena have their eyes focused on our pedal extremities.

Next to our feet, our hands are the most important. If the hand is seen gliding from one part of the body to another, trying to keep the time of the feet then the artistic side of the pleasure is swept away. It is

very important when dancing with a partner to keep the hand where first placed. This alone shows concentration of mind and muscle.

Any dance may be made sug-



Viola Dana in swan pose

gestive or offensive. So can walking. But that is no reflection on the intrinsic value of either dancing or walking. The measure of the beauty or character of the dance is to be found in the movements which, by common acceptance, that dance prescribes.

Very soon we see persons who are intimate friends just glide with the rhythm of the music. This looks beautiful, but let us break up the combination and we spoil the beauty of the dance. This proves that the dancers are not real artists, but are accustomed to one another's steps. A good dancer who understands the various positions and understands the music can exchange one partner after another, and there will be no interruption of the beauty and grace of the art.

For an actress who intends to become a shining light along Broadway either in the silent or spoken drama, dancing is not only essential but a necessity. In tense moments of a production, one holding a very small part can upset the best part of the story by walking across the stage at a wrong time and not in keeping with the time of the play. If she be a dancer she knows just how to swing her body and the arms and feet will work in unison and harmony and smoothness of character will result.

To me dancing is more of a necessity in the silent drama than on the speaking stage. For in the latter, words carry charm and deflect the actions of the body a trifle. On the other hand, the story as placed on the screen is told vividly by the actions of the body.

At the present time there is no one who is being starred on the spoken or silent stage that has not had a varied career in dancing. To show the great advantage for poise as gained by the dance, all one has to do is to go to the opera and watch for the smoothness of character of the artists. Those who are at home on the stage and who at no time carry themselves out of the eye of the public by a false gesture or move, will tend to show that they are dancers and have learned their acting from that glorious pastime.

Dancing is not a gift, it is gained by days of study and hours of practice. Those who claim that they can learn to dance in six or ten lessons are really fooling themselves. They may learn the general principles of the dance, but the character that goes with it must be learned by books and constant effort.

The present vogue of dancing is sometimes characterized as a fad. As a matter of fact it is nothing more than a resumption of a normal exercise. It is not extraordinary that people should wish to dance every day. It was extraordinary that there should have been a period of about sixty years in which persons did not want to dance every day.

Occidental history recalls few periods when the dance, natural as speech and exalting as music, underwent such neglect as it suffered during the latter half of the nineteenth century.

With the "turkey trot," came out of the West the "bunny hug," the "grizzly bear," and dances of similar names reminiscent of the zoo. They treated Europe to a mixture of amusement and irritation, but were not destined to long life on either side of the Atlantic. While North America "turkey trotted," the Argentine tango was delighting and scandalizing Paris. These have been all



Viola Dana showing the proper manner of standing on toes while barefooted

but eliminated, and the old-fashioned dances with grace and cleverness are once again in vogue.

As for me I am very glad these fads and fancies of classes and masses have been all but stamped out. Its spoils the originality of the dance. They are pretty when danced by experts, but as the amateurs try their experience in them, they border on the foolish.

This idea is best seen on some of the floors at Coney Island on a summer night. There we see a young girl virtually pulled around by her partner. Her head is buried under his chin and sometimes under his shoulder. Others have the right position but hold on to one another as if they expected something dreadful to occur. A great secret in modern dancing is to leave space between the partners, so that the feet move freely without the bumping of the knees.

One of the best ideas to advance the school children of the country was the example set by the New York Board of Education in having dancing teachers in the schools. Statistics prove that during the past year, there has been less illness in the schools of the largest city in the country than ever before, and I believe the course of dancing has had much to do with this. It is exercise that is not too strenuous but a developing movement that trains every part of the body in unison.

In the summer I take great delight in visiting the various playgrounds, and many are the good times I have had by joining in with the kiddies' pastime. Dancing in the open is more beneficial than in other places. In Europe the children are taught to dance on skates, and it is an everyday winter event there to see a group of children going through their graceful stunts on skates.

Like other sports, there is just as much danger in too much dancing as there is in lack of exercise. One of the greatest evils in the country is the dancing match where couples dance against time and drop to the floor exhausted. This leaves the heart in a very weak condition and saps the vitality.

A great many young girls have told me that they catch colds if they engage in dancing to any great extent. I can dance hour after hour and become overheated but take good care that I do not sit in places where the air rushes through.

Another good thing to remember is to throw a light shawl over the back after the dance. Don't use fans, and before retiring after a strenuous night of dancing, take a bath, and when you awake you will be refreshed, and the danger of catching cold is greatly lessened.

For the business man dancing is the proper means of recreation and light exercise; for the man or woman who wants to reduce, dancing is the best remedy; for the growing boy and girl it is ideal.

UNCONQUERED

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Peter Jackson, a mother who loves her child... *Fannie Ward*
 Peter Jackson, husband, who also loves his child, *Hobart Bosworth*
 Richard Darcier, a writer *Jack Dean*
 Billy Jackson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson..... *Billy Jacobs*
 Jake, a half-crazed Florida negro..... *Tully Marshall*
 Mrs. Lanning, a discreet society widow..... *Mabel Van Buren*

PETER Jackson was one of those typical American millionaires who reposed implicit faith in the power of his money. He truly loved his only child, Billy, whose five years of life had been composed of too much ease and luxury for his own good. The indulgent father evinced his fondness for his offspring by constantly showering upon him toys and other costly presents. His wife, Helen, an ideal mother who idolized her child, was made most unhappy as she realized that the lad was being weaned away from her by her husband's blatant generosity. She had only love to give, and she gave it freely, but it seemed the material things lavished by the father impressed Billy more than her love did.

Jackson neglected his wife woefully, and he spent much of his time in the company of Mrs. Lanning, a discreet society widow, who had designs on the millionaire's money. Not only did this man of the world neglect his wife without pity, but he took keen delight in torturing her by opposing the toys which his money could buy against her love. He was triumphant in the seeming preference his son manifested for him.

"That boy was meant for me, and not for you," he once told Helen, and thereby he crushed her very heart so

completely that she could not make retort for her emotions.

A disheartening climax in the woman's life tragedy came when, while preparing to

take his family to their country home in Florida, Jackson commanded her to call on Mrs. Lanning, and invite her south for a visit.

"No, never," she cried.

"Then you don't go," the hard-hearted husband retorted.

"But, Billy—he—he should go," she protested.

"He shall go with me alone," was the unpleasant reply.

"You mean I must either humiliate myself by inviting a woman I detest or stay in this big lonesome house alone?" she asked.

"Absolutely. Unless you show good fellowship enough to ask Mrs. Lanning to be our guest, you stay here alone."

Jackson was so firmly obdurate that Helen knew no entreaty of hers would shake him from his set purpose. She pondered momentarily. Her mental anguish was too much to permit of clear thinking. She could not bear the thought of being separated from little Billy. He was everything in the world she really cherished. She must be with him at any cost, and thus it came about that she consented to call on Mrs. Lanning in abject obedience to her low-principled spouse.

Mrs. Lanning received the confused Helen with gushing affection.

"It is so sweet of you to come and see me," she said.



Two views in one of Fannie Ward



Helen was humiliated to have her hated rival as her husband's guest

"I—I—only came to ask you to be our guest in Florida," Helen stammered as she blushed her humility.

"Oh thank you, dear, I shall be so happy to be with you," accepted Mrs. Lanning immensely amused at her visitor's predicament, which she understood perfectly.

And, as if to heap on a burdensome good measure of merciless discomfort, she forced a farewell kiss, which palled Helen in its repulsiveness.

About this time Richard Darcier, a writer interested excessively in his work and oblivious to his surroundings, was hustled off to Florida by his physician, who owned a shack there in charge of Jake, a half-crazed negro. Darcier had so persistently neglected his health that his physical breakdown came suddenly.

He had little more than become settled in his Florida shack when his peace was shattered by Billy, whose father's country home adjoined the property occupied by the author. Billy immediately fostered a great fondness for Darcier, who at first did not reciprocate in the least because of his deadly fear of children. However, it was not long before the man lost this apprehensiveness and then he became closely attached to the amiable little fellow. Inevitably it was through this friendship that Mrs. Jackson became acquainted with Darcier.

A few days later, Negro Jake had unintentionally offended the Voodoo Queen, and she had left a "hoodoo" on his doorstep in the form of a wax image of him with a pin stuck through its stomach. Jake promptly developed a severe if imaginary stomach-ache. The Voodoo then summoned Jake to a Voodoo meeting, and during the grotesque ceremonies announced that someone had insulted the Voodoo and must bring a sacrifice. To Jake's ill-balanced mind this meant a human sacrifice, and he impulsively selected Billy as his victim. The ensuing day Jake got his opportunity to appease his insane thirst for the blood by which he hoped to rehabilitate his standing with the Voodoo.

He found Billy playing alone and with uncurbed fiendishness he attacked him. By sheer good fortune Richard Darcier happened to be strolling along at that instant, and he intervened for the helpless youth just in time to receive in his shoulder the blade of the knife which Jake intended for Billy's heart. Despite his painful wound Darcier succeeded in overpowering Jake, later turning him over to the authorities who committed him to an asylum.

In the meantime the affair between Jackson and Mrs. Lanning had progressed to the point where the latter was sufficiently em-

boldened to suggest to her foolish admirer that if he loved her so much he should secure a divorce from Helen and wed her. Billy, returning home from his exciting experience, entered the room while Jackson and Mrs. Lanning were discussing the matter of divorce. Inspired by the fallacious idea that his son had come to him only to be away from his mother, Jackson peremptorily took advantage of the situation by seeking out his wife and offering a million dollars for a decree and the custody of the boy.

"No, no; how could you even think of such a thing," Helen screamed frantically.

"Because I don't love you and you don't love me; and, further, because Billy prefers his daddy to you," he replied coldly.

"No; a thousand times no; I won't give up my darling son, my own, little precious Billy," the grief-stricken woman insisted.

Jackson realized the futility of persuasion under the circumstances and cut short the conference. Instead of openly bullying his wife into agreeing to his terms, he framed up a plan to drive her to Richard Darcier. With Mrs. Lanning he deliberately allowed the distracted Helen to overhear them talking about leaving for Europe with Billy. Half-crazed with fear the latter kidnapped her son and took him to Darcier's shack. She had just arrived and had hurled herself disconsolately into the author's arms when Jackson, feigning uncontrollable rage, broke into the place accompanied by his chauffeur whom he had pressed into service as a witness.

"So this is the kind of a woman I have for a wife and for a mother to my beloved boy," Jackson exclaimed angrily.

"Please, oh please, be reasonable," the now thoroughly confused woman pleaded.

"Reasonable after seeing you in the arms of another man? What do you think I am—a hopeless idiot?"

"Frankly, I must interpose the opinion that you are just that," Darcier put in boldly at this juncture as he confronted Jackson defiantly.



He offered her a million dollars for a divorce and the boy

"So, the clandestine lover dares to speak up," Jackson retorted slurringly.

"Yes, and if necessary, he'll fight up too." Darcier replied, now completely aroused.

But Jackson had not launched upon his crusade to fight. He had accomplished his motive without that. Hence he made an early exit maintaining his surly indignation to the last.

Three months later a Florida court granted Jackson an absolute divorce and the custody of the child. Helen lingered in Florida to be near that child, the one prize of all she wished to retain for herself. The more she brooded over her bitter fate, the more desperate she became. 'Twas little wonder, therefore, that she finally gave into her natural impulse by kidnapping Billy for a second time. Frantically she hurried him to a remote cave some two miles from the Jackson home. There she considered her next step. How *could* she make sure of keeping her little son despite the law? She pondered for a prolonged period, and the boy became hungry.

"All right, my dear, you stay right here and keep just awfully quiet, and I'll go and get you something to eat," she told the lad.

Forthwith she ran at top speed to Richard Darcier's shack. She had just reached her destination when startling events began to occur with amazing rapidity. Jackson had received the news of the kidnapping while in the midst of the ceremonies attending his marriage to Mrs. Lanning. He immediately suspected that Darcier was in the plot, and he hastened to the shack. Helen saw him approaching and started back for the cave, bidding Darcier to follow her as soon as he could. Jackson entered the shack and he and Darcier were ready to fly at each other's throats when a constable arrived to announce that Negro Jake had escaped from the asylum and was running amuck through the community. This meant nothing to Jackson, but Richard Darcier, knowing of Billy's danger, made a hasty break for the cave. Jackson stopped him. Darcier explained the impending danger. Thereupon both men began a mad race for the cave.

As they started on their journey, Jake discovered the child.

"Now da good Voodoo is gwine to be fixed up," Jake muttered wildly as he whetted his knife.

Billy gazed on fascinated. At last when the negro advanced upon him, the terrorized lad shrank back against the wall of the cave. Then his little hand happened to feel in his pocket a toy soldier. He yanked it out. It was very stiff and straight. He, too, must be a soldier. So Billy awaited his end very stiff and straight like the soldier. The maddened negro raised his knife. At that instant Helen entered the cave. The dismay and dread which swept over her as a result of the alarming situation her gaze encompassed succumbed quickly to frantic action. She pounced upon the negro. He easily flung her back against the wall. Within a twinkling the black demon had seized Billy.

"Now, Lord, heah's yo' sacrifice," Jake moaned as he raised his eyes to heaven.

"Stop" Helen cried.

The negro's eyes strayed to her. In desperation she was struggling for a solution to the problem of how to save her son. She hit upon an idea.

"Your God does not want a baby," she cried. "He wants a woman—a white woman."



Darcier was sincere in his desire to help Helen

So saying she spread her arms far apart. This attracted the negro's attention, but he was not sure of the substitution.

"Yes, yes," Helen cried as she pulled at the neck of her dress, baring her white throat.

The negro's eyes glistened. He began to think she *was* the proper sacrifice. Noting this change in his mental attitude, Helen tore her dress farther apart, baring her bosom. The negro loosened his grip of the child and turned upon the woman.

"Yo' all am right, and I'se gwine to give yo' all foh de sacrifice," he announced as he grinned savagely.

The next instant he had raised his knife high in the air. Simultaneously he grasped Helen by the throat to make sure his prey would not escape. Helen felt her consciousness ebb away, and resorted to wild prayer. Then the truly miraculous happened. Jack-

son and Darcier rushed breathlessly into the cave. Helen fainted, but ere she regained her senses the two rescuers had overpowered Jake.

Darcier was the first to turn his attention to Helen, Jackson going to Billy after making sure the negro would be harmless in his state of coma for the nonce. Billy was genuinely happy to be with his father. The little fellow embraced his parent gleefully. Jackson was about to leave the cave with the boy when Helen confronted him in silent pleading. Jackson wavered. Finally he was brought to a full realization of what it meant to Helen to lose forever her one pride and joy—the manly little Billy. He reflected deeply and seriously. He met his former wife's entreating gaze squarely, studiously. Then he spoke the words which sealed this woman's fate for future happiness.

"Tell mother you are hers to keep," he told Billy.

Helen, hardly able to believe her ears, took Billy from his father's arms. Jackson solemnly departed, whereupon Helen sank to her knees and joyously fell to mothering the little fellow.

Presently she rewarded the patient and watchful Darcier by looking up at him and giving him a smile of love. He was standing by her in her most desperate moments. He was her hero.

"Oh, Richard, dear, I love my Billy—and you," she murmured.

Eagerly the man of the hour in the life of the woman who had passed through one of life's maelstroms sank to his knees and gathered into his arms not only that woman, but her son, his adopted son.

The future was at last replete with bright prospects of happiness for all, and another woman was unconquered by domestic adversities.

Verily, there is hope for all who retain the spirit which successfully resists defeat.

Fictionized by the Editor from the Lasky-Paramount photoplay written by Beatrice DeMille and Leighton Osmun, starring Fannie Ward.

Watchful Waiting is Vindicated

Marie Adell, a seventeen-year-old Wadleigh high school girl, who as Olive Denison, has one of the most important roles in "The Purchase Price," puts "stick-to-it-iveness" ahead of luck, and believes that the only way to get anything is to go after it and to keep going after it until it is landed.

One day, the actress who had been selected to take the part Miss Adell wanted became seriously ill. Director Collins turned to his assistant, Albert Kelly.

"Do you know some one we can get right away?" he asked.

"I've phoned all I know, and they are busy," Kelly replied.

"Go down to the entrance and see if little Miss Stick-it-out is there," Collins suggested, and Kelly knew whom he meant.

Miss Adell was there. Into the studio she rushed, and in twenty minutes she was in the scene.

Miss Adell is a native of Elkhart, Ind.

She prepared for the concert stage, but before taking that up decided on the motion picture art as a vocation.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD

A Regular Fellow Blessed with Perennial Boyishness

By RICHARD WILLIS



HE embodiment of aggressive, volatile, hopeful youth: that is Harold Lockwood. He was throwing a baseball with Lester Cincio as catcher when I tried to get him away for a little chat. He is *some* pitcher, too, believe me, and all went well until he missed a return catch and the ball went within a fraction of an inch of the camera—a thousand-dollar camera at that, with some extra fixings invented by Cameraman Tony Gaudio, which added two hundred more to its value. Then it was that Fred Balshofer, manager and impresario extraordinary to the Yorke-Metro forces, took a hand. He took it verbally.

"Look here, you two *kids*, if you are not more careful I will, er—well, I'll keep you both working late," he said.

If Harold Lockwood has ever been caught still (excepting when a still has been taken of him), the event should have been carefully recorded. I do not believe he ever *was* still for more than a few moments at a time. He is forever like the average precocious small boy—looking around to see what he shall do next.

We went to the edge of the stage and talked a while. He lit a cigarette, and I will swear that he let it go out and relit it ten or twelve times.

"We had a bully time," he said, referring to a recent journey in search of snow for photoplay. "Traveling suits me down to the ground. First we went north and found lots of rain and fog, went to several places for it, too; then we tried Camp Baldy, where there was snow all right but not nearly enough of it. We wanted it up to our necks, so we went on to Pine Crest and we got it—got almost too much of it. By the time we started back the snow was too soft for the use of snow-shoes, and we had to clear a track for quite a long distance and, although the girls got pretty tired, they showed lots of pluck, and with some help from the men-folks we finally reached our automobiles, but the blamed things were of no use; the radiators were frozen and we had to get hired machines to get back to Los Angeles, reaching here about four in the morning. Cold? Oooo—, betcher it was cold."

It is not easy to get Lockwood off the subject of the photoplay, for he is genuinely in love with everything pertaining to his art and, boyish as he may be, he takes his work most seriously and nothing delights him more than the letters he receives, which tell him what a marvellous improvement he has made in his acting the last two years. He thinks a lot more of such praise than being told he is good looking, and will he please send a photograph. He gets lots of those letters, too.

Discussing his earlier days, he ventured the following: "I was born in Brooklyn, but the folks moved to New York before I knew how to find my way about the city across the bridge, and I went to school over on the Jersey side, so you can see I was pretty impartial. No, I cannot say I did much in the learning way, but I was a good pitcher; did a lot of swimming and sunning

and was quite a jumper. I have never given up my love for athletics, and that is why I am so constantly on the move; it keeps me in splendid condition and, believe me, it is necessary if one wants to get ahead in this game. Helping to keep the bright lights burning will not get you anything, while lots of sleep and oodles of exercise will."

Harold told me that he had always wanted to go on the stage, but his people tried to dissuade him. His father was a trainer of horses, and Harold was utilized as a trier-out of speedy nags. He liked it well enough for a time, but the longing for the footlights would not down.

"I used to practice singing and dancing steps on every possible occasion, and one old trainer used to ask me, 'What are you dancing your fool head off for?' I tried out several managers, but could not get a hearing until I finally struck the manager of a somewhat obscure musical comedy company, and after I showed him some original steps and he allowed me to show

him how well I could not sing, he put me in the chorus. Talk about happiness! I felt that I was made for all time. I soon got disillusioned, for I was a nobody for a long period, but I persevered and finally got so that I would get small parts. I pulled down fifteen dollars a week about this time."

From this beginning Harold secured engagements with other musical comedy shows, always ascending, and he finally played under the management of the Shuberts and Frohman. From that to stock and then the inevitable vaudeville, touring with a sketch called "Mephisto" with E. H. Hoyt.

About this time the pictures attracted his attention and unlike many other artists, he did not deem acting for the movies a "come down." The variety of the work appealed to him from the first, and he could not but be aware that his appearance and good looks were just what the managers wanted.

"I have always liked the picture game,"



Harold Lockwood is proud of his trusty auto



"At the gate to his estate"

Mrs. Ricketts, Gertrude Claire, Henry Otto and many others. Then came my engagement at Inceville, and after that I went to Selig, where I played leads for one and one-half years. After the Selig engagement I joined Edwin S. Porter again, this time to play opposite Mary Pickford with the Famous Players. I still get letters from fans which call attention to my acting in 'Tess of the Storm Country,' and 'Hearts Adrift' and quite a number of Australians tell me that 'Tess' is the most popular picture which has ever been shown in the Antipodes. I acted a number of features for the Famous Players, including 'Such a Little Queen,' 'Wild Flower' and 'The Crucible' with Marguerite Clark, 'David Harum,' 'Jim the Penman,' and 'Are you a Mason?'"

Lockwood next appeared under contract with the American Company, and it was here that May Allison first played opposite him. Harold did more "stunts" while with the Santa Barbara concern than he ever did before or has done since. He has some vivid remembrances of one or two happenings there under the direction of Thomas Ricketts with whom he acted in the old Nestor days.

"About the nearest call I ever had was in 'The End of the Road.' In this there were some flood scenes, and I had to rescue Bill Ephe, the heavy, while fighting the torrent. Fortunately things went off all right, but it was a close shave for both of us. They released several million gallons of water a considerable distance from the spot in which we were to be caught in the flood, and by the time the water reached us it was about eight feet deep. The torrent swept us down with it in a twinkling. I managed to get hold of Ephe just in time for the camera to catch it, but we were both half drowned by the time we got to the bank. On another occasion I was supposed to catch hold of a hanging branch as my horse passed beneath and to drop to the ground. The horse went a bit too fast for me to grab the limb, and I was swept off, much to the advantage of the effect required, but to much disadvant-

age to my backbone, which ached for days afterwards."

The subject of this chat left the American to join hands with Fred Balshofer, and the Yorke Company and has been starring with that company ever since. During his term with the Metro concern he has been seen in some highly successful features, including "Mister 44," "Big Tremaine," "The Promise," "Pidgin Island," and his latest release is Robert W. Chambers' "Hidden Children."

Harold has brown hair and his blue eyes are about as mischievous as they well could be. He dresses correctly, and loves to drive as well as to change his automobiles frequently. He thinks he is a good driver, but some of his friends aver he is somewhat wanting in his judgment of speed laws, but, anyhow, he has the best of times when spinning along the country roads. For that matter, he has the best of times most of the time, as he refuses to worry, and is content to do his level best to retain the high position he has achieved and to possess the friendship of the thousands who follow his happenings.



He's much "at home" at home

he said. "Playing one-night stands and learning three or four parts a week and trying to remember a lot of others, never did appeal to me very much, although I liked the longer engagements and the applause—say, that is the one thing that one really misses, I believe.

"The first company I joined was the 'Rex' and Edwin S. Porter was my director; my next engagement was with the Nestor, run by David Horsley. My, how we have scattered since that happy time when we had one little stage down where Al Christie is now, and a little old roadhouse for dressing-rooms and everything else.

"Let me see, there was Russell Bassett, Dorothy Davenport, Sydney Ayres, George Field, Lee Morgan, Donald Macdonald,

HEAVIEST WOMAN IN MOTION PICTURES SAYS: "IT PAYS TO BE FAT"

The problem of growing fat gracefully or to act gracefully while growing fat is a two-horned dilemma when viewed from either angle. Doctors and citizens who are thin, as well as those who have acquired too much adipose tissue, have reviewed the question of fat from various standpoints, and arrived at vastly different conclusions.

Enter now an authority on this matter, who has given much study and played the game of taking off flesh and putting it on, according to all the rules. She is Miss Anita Brown, the heaviest actress in the movies, who has been selected to play a number of roles in Metro productions, and has just finished a part in Director William Christy Cabanne's new picture, "Cyclone Higgins, D. D." in which Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are co-stars.

Miss Brown is twenty-one years old, five feet seven and a half inches in height, and tips the scales at 280 pounds. She is a fountain of good humor, and is never heard to exclaim: "Oh that this too solid flesh

would but melt." She believes that some women are fat from choice.

"Not because they eat more," commented Miss Brown, "but they eat more heartily. They relish their food, and besides they love the foods that are tabooed for stout folk, such as pastry, etc. And yet some stout women will do anything to lose a few pounds of flesh. They will go through a whole system of gymnastics—a most exhausting program—and then deliberately fill up on fat-producing food.

"A woman who has a tendency to get fat has got to be on the watch constantly. Odd to say in my individual case I do not feel a bit uncomfortable. And, too, my avoirdupois has been a profitable asset to me, and has won me roles in a great many screen plays. If I should start taking off flesh I am afraid I would lose my value as a type for the photoplay—which reminds me that I made my first appearance in a motion picture in this very studio—I refer to the Metro-Quality. I had written a scenario and brought it down to the then director.

He read it through and accepted it on condition that I would play the part of a janitress. I did, and since then have made my fat pay me well.

"I wish to tell the fat woman one thing—keep away from all anti-fat remedies. They are failures. Some one has properly called them 'fads for fats.' I have long ago stopped worrying about my weight, and would advise other heavyweights to do the same. I am called the fattest woman in motion pictures, and if 'laugh and grow fat' be a truism, I expect to increase rather than diminish."

Miss Brown is a great lover of animals, and believes that fat people have better success in training them than those who are thinner and nervous. On her last trip to Panama she brought back a number of pets, which she keeps in her home at New Haven, Conn. Miss Brown has only one fad which seems incongruous in the light of her size. She is an expert cook and spends much of her spare time inventing new dishes.

THE CANDY GIRL

By PHILIP LONERGAN

NEVER since her skill as a maker of sweets became known in the little country town where she lived, Nell was called "the candy girl" by the youngsters who eagerly devoured the candy. "Candy" indicates "sweetness," and that pleasant trait was one of the chief characteristics of the sunny-hearted girl.

"I like to see people happy," she often said. "Everyone should be happy, and I think they will, for if they will keep the corners of their mouths turned up, they can't help smiling, and then everything will turn out all right."

Nell lived with her aunt and her little

CAST:
 Nell (The Candy Girl)....*Gladys Hulette*
 Nell's little sister.....*Helen Badgley*
 Jack Monroe*William Parke, Jr.*
 Jack Monroe's Father.....*J. H. Gilmour*
 George Wingate*Thomas A. Curran*
 Simon Skinner*William Bowers*
 Simon Skinner's wife.....*Carey Hastings*
 Officer Quinn*Justus D. Barnes*

him with suspicion, believing that he had lost his mind.

As the weeks passed two men came into Nell's life, one a musician and the other,

delighted his soul, but failed to cheer the hearts of his auditors, while Jack Monroe, hoping to win her favor, tried for the first time in his life to "make good." The musician was nearing middle age, Jack Monroe was young; the old adage was exemplified again. "Youth called to youth, and love responded!" Nell married Jack Monroe and was taken to his home, her happy heart little dreaming of the trial that was in store for her.

Jack's father had always opposed his marriage, and no one except his son had known the reason, but when he was introduced to Nell as his new daughter-in-law, he told her the secret. For several years the boy had been addicted to drugs, and all efforts to cure him had failed. Stunned by this revelation Nell listened silently until the millionaire offered to secure an annulment of the marriage, then she gently refused the offer, saying to Jack: "We'll wage this fight together, and we'll win, smiling."

And during the long weeks that followed she sought to save her husband's life. Many times her optimism vanished, but only for a moment, for only cowards are pessimists, and she was no coward. Finally, she took Jack to her old country home, where fresh air seemed to improve him. Little by little less of the drug was given to him, but she was never sure that the cravings would not return threefold. Under the doctor's orders she administered the drug to her husband, hoping that each day would be the last; awaiting the time when the shackles of the terrible habit would be broken forever.

"I could never lose this battle, nor could I lose my cheerfulness while I'm struggling so desperately for the victory that promises eternal happiness to him," the courageous girl kept telling herself.

And she abided by her own doctrine. She was incessantly as blithesome as a spring bird. When came the most discouraging setbacks she smiled confidently, and she refused to recognize a reverse as such.



The candy girl laughed when others frowned

sister Marie on a small farm, where the aunt raised chickens, realizing enough from their sale to support the little family of three. But times grew hard, and the little farm ceased to pay. Then Nell, mindful of the many praises her candy had received, resolved to seek her fortune in New York.

"We're going to New York," she announced calmly to her astounded and protesting aunt, "and I'm going to make candy for everyone, and we're going to be rich."

As she had long ruled her little family, the following week found Nell, her little sister and her aunt established in New York, the proud possessors of a little store not far from the Great White Way, a tempting assortment of candy displayed in the little shop window. Their first customer was the policeman on the beat, who bore the reputation of being a very fierce, grouchy officer, but before the sunshine of Nell's smiles and the flavor of her candy, his sullenness became transformed into geniality. Again and again he risked causing his roundsman's displeasure by stealing into the store for a bag of candy and a little chat with Nell.

Simon Skinner, Nell's landlord, whose disposition was "beastly" to say the least, also succumbed to Nell's kindly influence, and therefore was so genial to his very meek wife that for many days she viewed

Jack Monroe, the idle son of a millionaire. Nell aided the musician on the road to success by inducing him to play cheerful music instead of the doleful compositions which



She was the life of all the village social affairs



"I like to see people happy," Nell said

She was determined to foil cruel Fate with her sunny disposition. Did she ever pause to bewail her lot for one moment? Ah no—gloriously no. She considered it lucky she was in the fight for Jack's sake. Everything was for him and nothing was reserved for herself. Oh what a gay world this would be if everyone held such a viewpoint—if every human being would maintain good humor and happy, unbeatable hope in the face of every event which tended to

induce despondency and the bitterness of thought. If we could all be "as sweet as the candy girl" we would be promoting a cause of such vast importance that the face of the earth would soon be rid of its sordid spots.

Every one is familiar with the story of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and Jack Monroe, when the craving for the drug mastered him was as unlike his usual likeable nature as Mr. Hyde was unlike the respected Dr.

Jekyll. And so it transpired one day when he was alone with Nell that the craving asserted itself, and he demanded more of the drug. Mindful of the doctor's orders, Nell refused to give it to him. A struggle ensued, he dashed her to the floor, secured the hypodermic needle and prepared to plunge it into his arm. But he did not do it. It was a moaning little figure on the floor which stopped him, the figure of Nell. The craving of the drug was small, but his love for his wife, and the realization that he might perhaps have killed her was stronger. Dashing the hypodermic to the floor he rushed to her aid. When the doctor arrived all desire for the drug had left the anxious husband, but when the physician pronounced Nell out of danger the fear was still with Jack. Would the dread habit return? He asked the physician this question in fear and trembling, but the latter laughed as he said: "You are cured *now*. For a week that hypodermic has contained nothing but water. I was going to tell you the truth tomorrow, but you might as well know now. Your mind told you that you needed it, while as a matter of fact you don't crave it any more than I do."

So once more Nell delighted in living, and once more the country children cried out "Nell is making fudge," and ran happily to the little country cottage, but their time of joy was short, for soon Nell returned to the city with the husband whom she had saved. There really is no use to wish them happiness, for Nell sought it so constantly that it just naturally came to her, and while it may go away for awhile it always came back.

Perhaps if we all keep the corners of our mouths turned up and smile and see the good traits of people instead of the bad ones we will be just as happy ourselves.

From the Thanhouser photoplay starring Gladys Hulette.

OH, THE CHANGES WROUGHT BY THE ART OF MAKE-UP!



GLADYS BROCKWELL AS SHE IS (In the center) AND AS SHE MAKES HERSELF UP TO BE (In the four surrounding pictures)

Pictures and Clothes --- A Costly Combination of Interest to Milady

---And He Who Pays the Bills As Well

By JEROME BEATTY



It is all on record. This is no tale of fiction. For the first time, probably, a motion picture producer has given out an absolutely true statement regarding the cost and extent of the wardrobe purchased by the company for one of its stars.

The facts presented herewith came out when McClure Pictures asked for bids upon the wardrobe of Shirley Mason, one of the stars of Seven Deadly Sins. The list was given to costumers who make a business of buying slightly worn gowns, and in that way it reached the public.

Shirley Mason is a star who has only recently gained the heights to which all motion picture actresses aspire, aye, it's more true to say, to which all young women aspire. For what girl wouldn't like to be a movie satellite like Shirley Mason?

When McClure Pictures signed its seven stars for Seven Deadly Sins, Shirley Mason

was chosen to play the little girl who is tempted by the seven sins, one after the other. Shirley's own wardrobe was a large one. But in a series of this kind it would never do to wear the same gown on more than one occasion. So McClure Pictures agreed to pay

for all the gowns and shoes and cloaks and hats and stockings and waists and suits that her directors thought she ought to have.



And Russian style of peacock blue cloth trimmed with fur and given distinction by the huge button pockets. Muff to match. Cossack hat



Her aeroplane costume of leather

The result was that when Seven Deadly Sins was completed an inventory showed that \$8,349.75 worth of apparel had been bought for Shirley Mason in this one series. Most of the costumes had been worn only once and were as good as new. Some had been worn in staging accidents or fights and were utterly useless.

None of them could be used in pictures again, for a motion-picture fan is a canny person, and notices immediately and promptly gives vent to expressions of disapproval if a star seems to have a limited wardrobe. Therefore, when Miss Mason appears in the next McClure series, she will

have an entirely new and expensive outfit.

Her Seven Deadly Sins costumes have been sold for less than one fourth of the \$8,000 that they cost. That \$8,000, of course, did not cover the clothes that Shirley owned before she began making Seven Deadly Sins, nor the dozens of gowns and coats that were rented for her. Nor did it include the wardrobes of Ann Murdock, Holbrook Blinn, Nance O'Neil, H. B. Warner, Charlotte Walker or George Le Guere, the other six stars.

Other motion-picture producers have advertised that their stars bought \$50,000 or \$500,000 (what is a cipher among friends?) worth of gowns for one play. Which nobody believed, for no producer would or could pay out that much for costumes for one picture. But here's a statement that can be proved.

McClure Pictures sent out the detailed list of Shirley Mason's clothes, bought especially for Seven Deadly Sins. These represent about half of all that she wore in the picture. And it is safe to say that very few motion-picture stars ever had nearly as long a list for one production as is shown here.

The inventory proves that McClure Pictures purchased for Miss Mason seven evening gowns, fifteen afternoon gowns,



Shirley Mason wearing Watteau dress of blue silk with Pompadour design of roses. Draped in Watteau shepherdess style over silver lace underskirt

twenty-three hats, twelve waists, twenty pairs of shoes, seven negliges, three evening wraps and five street coats. Also a number of accessories, such as parasols, bags, gloves, stockings, furs, and so forth.

This wardrobe, of course, was added to Miss Mason's own extensive list of costumes that were her personal property and bought out of her own salary.

Here is the list complete, just as it was sent to costume buyers, asking for bids:

Seven evening gowns, six street dresses, fifteen afternoon gowns, twenty-two hats, twelve waists, twenty-one pairs of shoes, seven negliges, three evening wraps, four street coats, twenty-two miscellaneous articles which included muffs, parasols, gloves, stockings and fans.

This is one of the many cases proving that the screen is the medium by which people are given opportunities to view feminine raiment and sartorial achievements they would never see otherwise. Indeed, the movies offer a complete education in fashions, and they are not only up-to-the-minute but oftentimes considerably in advance. Many of the women stars design their own gowns for the various parts they play, and frequently they start new fads which attain a nation-wide vogue directly as a result of being flashed on the screen in the thousands of community picture houses. It is said that Fannie Ward and Olga Petrova, both of whom possess a strong fondness for designing, have been responsible for some of the most popular styles. On this score it may be added that Miss Mason has contributed quite some ideas which modistes have accepted with avidity.

Curiously enough, some of the most prominent and best-paid stars do not find it necessary to expend any fabulous sums in "dressing the line of parts they play." Mary Pickford, for instance, often portrays a character whose whole wardrobe throughout the story did not cost much more than a twenty-dollar bill. In "Rags" she appeared almost constantly in rags, and rags were not as expensive as they are now, and even today you can buy a lot of rags for twenty dollars. Miss Pickford was not put to any noticeable expense in dressing "Tess of the Storm Country," "Poor Little Peppina," or "Hulda From Holland." Like Little Mary,



Miss Mason wearing Spring green evening gown (reproducing the color of the apple leaf when it is beginning to sprout) trimmed with silver lace



Girlish afternoon frock of flowered taffeta. The taffeta is cream yellow with clusters of roses in Pompadour design

the petite Marguerite Clark seldom finds it necessary to make much pecuniary outlay for her wardrobe.

Quite the other extreme is Valeska Suratt, who, in pictures, is a veritable walking fashion shop. She purchases clothes with a lavish hand, and she thinks little of spending \$500 for a single dress, and she wears many costing much more than that. She is keen on novelties of attire, and her extraordinary creations make audiences gasp. Right here is a tip—Miss Suratt sits up late at night, and she burns a lot of midnight oil figuring out new gowns with which to amaze the public.

Mrs. Vernon Castle is one of the best-dressed women in America. Her striking asset is, she knows how to wear clothes. Her knowledge of dancing has perfected her grace to such a high degree that her very walk, her every movement, accentuates the beauty of the clothes she wears so becomingly. Mrs. Castle never limits herself whatsoever in her expenditure for attire. She al-

ways wears the best regardless of cost, and she is to be given credit for introducing several novelties which milady everywhere has embraced.

Pauline Frederick dresses exceedingly well. She too has the happy faculty of knowing how to "move about" to show off her dresses to the best advantage. It was once said that Miss Frederick wears \$25,000 worth of costumes every year of picture work. It is easy to imagine how a countless lot of heads of families would like to foot that annual bill.

A shining example of what expense, and yea, what hazards stars will go to for the sake of appearing in garb of superlative excellence, is given in the case of Mary Garden, the grand opera diva who has been enlisted in the Goldwyn ranks to display herself before the moving-picture camera in photoplays written especially for her. Miss Garden braved the German u-boat campaign, going right through the blockaded waters, just to get to Paris so she could annex the finest gowns obtainable for her forthcoming camera posing. Explicitly she has invested a fortune in clothes in order to do her bit towards giving the photoplay fans only the best.

But, getting back to Miss Mason again,
(Continued on page 52)

The Passion to Rule

By
Delbert E. Davenport
Author of "War Twins"
"Bessie Bossiecat," "A
Tray of Ashes," etc.

(THIRD INSTALLMENT)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS—The Honorable Herbert Force, a wealthy New York lawyer, had been appeasing his hungry passion to rule by domineering over his beautiful wife, Debora, and, in his zeal to "boss" her every minute of her life, he overstepped many bounds and was often cruel. For a long time she endured his practice of the theory that woman should be subservient to man, but always secretly she resented his attitude and manner. It smote Debora to the heart because their only child, Jimmie, three years old, craved a strong partiality for his father, and she was further disheartened because her help-mate denied her right to ever correct the child. Finally, one day, while taking a horseback ride in a park, her stirrup brake, causing her to fall and slightly sprain her ankle, and also causing Wesley Martine, a handsome young broker of wealth and fine manners, to come to her assistance. He immediately took a fancy to Debora and showered such gentleness and such tender solicitude upon her that when she paused to contrast his chivalrous treatment with the unmerciful domination of her husband, she fell to longing for a change of companions. At first she did not tell Martine that she was married. She met him by clandestine appointment two weeks later and a powerful mutual love sprung up between the couple. A subsequent reprimanding administered to her by Herbert Force over her unexplained absence from her home led to her quitting the place preemptorily. She was controlled by the wild idea that she must rule somebody or something, and that an uncharted island of untold wealth, known as the Isle of Iona, of which she had read in the newspapers, would be the ideal place for her to go and conquer, inasmuch as it was inhabited by 50,000 people who were ruled by an ignorant, despotic Spaniard. She sought Wesley Martine and told him of her desire to migrate to the Isle of Iona. Then followed her suit for divorce, which had as its disappointing climax the flat refusal of the Court to grant her a decree. Martine, in his chagrin of this unexpected setback, conceived the idea that if he and Debora could lead a successful expedition on the Isle of Iona and could establish themselves as the rulers supreme, they could make their own laws and thus have a divorce granted. Neither would countenance invoking the common law. They were determined to realize their love with a clear conscience. So it happened that Martine provisioned his fine steam yacht for a warlike campaign. He engaged Franklin Graham, sixty years old, and a former United States Army captain, to command one hundred stalwart men of military experience, and with this small but efficient army and plenty of munitions, he and Debora sailed away from New York properly chaperoned, and with their hearts set on ruling it made no difference how hazardous their efforts might be. But as the American shores faded into the mists, Debora for the first time became dubious as to the righteousness of her rash act. Was it right to abandon her own little son thus? Had she been too severe in her judgment of Herbert Force? She had all but fainted when she heard Wesley Martine mutter, "Time alone will tell," as he gazed sadly landwards.

One month later this party of adventurers landed on the Isle of Iona, which they found to be a wild, undeveloped paradise of tropical grandeur. It was inhabited for the most part by wretched people of Latin and negro bloods. Not many hours after arriving they encountered Chief Gioconda, the ruler of the island, an ugly looking customer, who resembled both an Arab and a Mexican bandit in appearance and manner. He disdainfully rejected Martine's proposition of buying a portion of the island and later ordered the entire expedition to be gone. Debora was determined to stay and conquer the man. Captain Graham lost no time in obeying her hostile orders when Martine announced her word to be law. A battle ensued, and the vast superiority of the fighting equipment of the Americans, together with their superior knowledge of how to wage warfare, resulted in the quick routing of the natives and the port city was captured. After he had chased away Gioconda and his armed cohorts and had taken full possession of the whole town, Graham addressed Debora and Martine as "Your Majesties," which was significant of his intention of installing them as the absolute rulers of Iona. After a week of strenuous military campaigning, during which Graham enlisted the services of many of the natives, and thus trebled the size of his army, the crucial battle came before the capitol of the island. After much desperate fighting, of the most spectacular sort, the American invaders captured their objective, and Martine, singlehanded, made Gioconda his prisoner after a furious rough-and-tumble battle. "You're wonderful," Debora told Martine after he had accomplished his daring feat and after complete victory had come, "and I love you more than ever, because you have shown by your mettle that you are entitled to rule someone. You are so unlike a Herbert Force." It was with this sort of compatibility that this remarkable couple started what was to be a thrilling sojourn on the Isle of Iona.



WHEN a while later Debora and Martine with a detachment of soldiers, under the command of Graham, conducted a search through the ramshackle old capitol building, they found five women in cruel bondage. This had been Gioconda's harem. One of these women was a North American Indian of some beauty. She spoke fairly good English. She betrayed the sufferings she had endured not only in the broken tone of her voice, but in the lines of her face, which was drawn.

"My name Nadina," she said in introducing herself after she had been released from the heavy chains which held her. "I was stole from Florida and been heap bad Gioconda's slave ever since."

"Poor child," Debora murmured soothingly as she placed her arm around the girl's shoulders. "Gioconda can no longer mistreat you."

"Him dead?" the girl asked anxiously.

"No, he is our prisoner and we shall rule this land with the true American spirit of justice and freedom," Debora told her.

Thereupon Nadina's face brightened. Hope of happiness appeared on the horizon for her at last. Her first and natural impulse was to show her gratitude. Then she sought to impress her eagerness to be loyal in whatever service she could perform. She was the first subject to bow happily to the new regime and to take a voluntary vow of allegiance.

"This poor girl's attitude toward your majesties impresses me with the advisability of losing no time in proclaiming yourselves as rulers to the populace," Graham suggested, after stationing a soldier to guard the room and taking the lead towards the stairway which would take them to the lower floor.

"As our minister of war, we charge you with the task of arranging for the proper ceremonies which are to attend the momentous event," Martine replied, and then glanced at Debora for her approbation.

"I am sure it is wise to hasten such action and I join King Wesley in placing unlimited confidence in our gallant minister of war, who has our every assurance of the highest honors and rewards for his indispensable services," Debora said.

"I thank you for the gracious honor you confer upon me and I pledge my most earnest co-operation in your every laudable undertaking," Graham replied, as he saluted.

It was just one week later that a brilliant public coronation took place. Under the efficient direction of War Minister Franklin Graham, a truly striking ceremony attended his reading of the proclamation from an elevated and gorgeously decorated pavilion on the plaza of the capitol grounds. Picturesque in the extreme was the scene, in which participated fully five thousand men, women and children, attired in the gaudy native clothes, of which mammoth verdant leaves and vari-colored flowers formed a goodly portion. The populace was unanimously happy and all were vociferous in their frequent cheering. Curiously enough, they seemed to love the beautiful

American queen and her handsome consort from the inception. Instinctively the vast assemblage seemed to realize the advent of these finely groomed Caucasians meant the dawn of a new era of joy. Precious few of those natives had ever cared for Gioconda, but every heart had for years fluttered in abject fear at even the mention of his name, for he had ruled with an iron hand and without mercy. He had murdered his dangerous opponents. He had reigned lawlessly. Now every indication was that the days of terror were to be superceded by days of peace and security. The very manner, the radiant smiles, the solicitous bows of Debora Force and Wesley Martine seemed to convince all of this. Festivity was rampant in the air because the new rulers encouraged it.

"All kneel in respectful homage to your majesties, King Wesley and Queen Debora, and may God bless and protect us all," Graham commanded as a fitting conclusion to his proclamation, and thereupon every human being present knelt.

Thus did the Isle of Iona begin life under the administration of a couple who had been brought into the same sphere by Fate and who had been kept there by Love. Thus ripened the first fruits of the passion to rule, that irresistible desire which Herbert Force's penchant for domineering had instilled in the long discontented Debora.

CHAPTER V.

During the first year of their reign, King Wesley and Queen Debora assembled a regularly constituted parliament composed of the best men of brains on the island together with several of their own American soldiers who had won their spurs, and one of the first official acts of that parliament was the establishment of a law and a court by which Debora could secure a divorce from Herbert Force in contravention to the edicts of a United States court. It was made the law of the Isle of Iona, and therefore it was legal according to all theory of jurisprudence, so far as its unfortunate creators could see in their extremity. Upon recording the action, Martine and Debora designated a period of thirty days, during which they were to enjoy the customary courtship. They took particular pains to keep their entire affair, their past woes and embarrassing predicament a secret from their subjects. Forsooth, they managed their whole affair so efficiently that when the formal marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Thomas Jules, whom they had brought from America with them as their spiritual adviser, not a human being knew of it excepting themselves and Franklin Graham, the one witness. Thus it came about that their subjects never knew but what they had been man and wife for years prior to their arrival on the Isle of Iona.

"It is a relief to me to be able to say to myself honestly that we went to the limit in safe-guarding our honor, my dear," Martine whispered to Debora after the wedding ceremony.

"Yes, we have done all in our power to be decent in spite of Herbert Force and in

(Continued on page 49)

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

IT is to chortle a bit. A snicker is a tonic for the nerves. It behooves us all to avail ourselves of every possible opportunity to smile. A laugh is positively fattening. Now what are we driving at? (Pardon the vernacular of the street.) But, what are we driving at? Well, we have become imbued with the idea that the photoplay fans need more picture comedies than they are getting. We feel there should be more occasion for laughter now than ever, and we do not believe the producers are quite meeting the demands of the tense times in this regard. In looking over the entire list of releases of five or more reels of the last month we find the feature in which laugh-inspiring comedy is dominant to be a veritable rarity. We think it should be the reverse. The serious subject should be the exception to the rule. It is especially noticeable that when producers select past stage successes for filming, they almost invariably choose heavy drama or heavier melodrama, giving comedies and farces an inexplicable go-by. Why not an absolute surfeit of farcial five-reelers now when a hundred million people need causes for mirth?

Talk about a food shortage. Was there ever a time in the world's history that we were so short of reality causes to make merry? War has deprived us of most every normal source of joy, and now we say the screen can be the agency by which a large part of the laugh deficit can be made up if only the producers will let comedy and farce predominate in their features large and small. There should be a plethora of worry-chasers until peace is restored, and so long as we must endure the tedium of continual unprecedented world tragedies of the most heart-rending sort, let us go so far as to importune the photoplay magnates to provide us with pictures which will give our obtunded risibilities some exercise. This will go a long way towards exterminating the lachrymose ruminations which sanguinary

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

Many big motion picture incomes are likely to be called upon to bear a heavy burden in the form of war taxes, and so far there is no visible inclination on the part of any to shirk the patriotic duty confronting them. Among those who will be obliged to contribute most to Uncle Sam's war chest are: Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, William S. Hart, Francis X. Bushman, Roscoe Arbuckle, Max Linder, Clara Kimball Young, Henry B. Walthall, D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, Thomas H. Ince and George M. Cohan. All of these celebrities seem certain to pay dearly for the lofty and worthy cause of democracy.

The tendency of censors to eliminate moving pictures which dwell upon subjects which should be discussed only privately in the home is worthy of earnest support. Recently several delicate sex photodramas have been suppressed. Let all producers note which direction the straws are blowing and devote their energies to creating film fare absolutely free from the taint of suspicion or doubtful character.

The open booking plan whereby all possibility of "tyranny" will be nullified has been given new and powerful impetus by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, which announces that on August 5th it will join in this notable movement to completely unshackle the film business by adopting the booking system which justly gives the exhibitor the privilege of assembling programs he knows his particular patrons want. Every semblance of autocracy seems doomed to succumb to democracy not only in governments, but in business, and it is one of the most promising trends of all times.

Edgar Lewis' production of "The Bar Sinister," with a cast minus featured players, seems destined to mete out a deathblow to the inflated salaries of some stars, because he demonstrates the fact that a photo-drama success can be scored without the aid of a favorite player. It is simply further proof that, after all, the play's the thing. Verily, even Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks would suffer if they appeared in many bad plays. The greatest genius cannot force a hopelessly bad issue.

Illinois has defeated censorship of theatres and motion pictures and has thus stifled in a creditable manner the silly clamor of a few indiscriminate reformers for ruinous interference with wholesome entertainment.

It is true that many film actresses have depended too much on their beauty and neglected to study, but a scrutinizing study of the work of a vast majority of the gentle players in photoplay features of the past month convinces one that the penchant for using brains in lieu of beauty is growing encouragingly.

Patriotic ardor is rampant throughout the ranks of photoplayers. Even the women have fallen into line by organizing home defense leagues in order to be prepared for all eventualities. Viola Dana heads one of these organizations.

Uncle Sam's recruiting is being tremendously aided by late films dealing directly on subjects which inspire men to rally around the flag. "The Spirit of '76" is a notable contribution to this cause. This timely feature arouses great enthusiasm in the American heart and should be seen by every loyal citizen of this greatest nation. "The Birth of Patriotism" is another out-and-out booster for recruiting.

Two recent George Broadhurst stage successes have reached the screen almost simultaneously. These are "Today" and "The Law of the Land." The accepted practice nowadays is to pieturize every play which pleased when presented before the footlights. Thus is sounded the almost final death knell of dramatic stoek.

The prevailing conditions and the consensus of opinion indicate that the war will have little or no detrimental effect on the motion picture business in this country. People are more prone to have diverting relief in times of stress than at any other time, and the screen provides this relief in copious quantities.

Theda Bara as "Cleopatra," the siren of Egypt, proves to be one of the striking achievements of the hour. It is by far the best characterization this queen of vampires has ever given before the camera.

strife inspire, and we will all be benefited if we see little to arouse our emotions on the screen. We have too much blood and thunder in real life to be especially helped by getting more of it via the reel, which now above all times should flash the festive and the blithesome and the downright funny phases of life. Undoubtedly we would all rather watch the buffoonery of a charlatan than to witness the abominable machinations of a villain, even if that villain be Fate. Prithee — oh prithee — enterprising producers, give these sentiments a thought. Help us get all the fun possible out of this darkened life which has been forced upon us. Give us comedies and farces to the excessive limit. How many photoplay-goers agree with me on this? Write and let's see.

THE operation of the motion picture business in all its branches is becoming more and more happily coordinate. Lewis J. Selznick's abolition of release dates is a step in the direction of giving the exhibitors a chance to use their judgment, for hereafter they can show a Selznick feature whenever they please. Heretofore they have been obliged to respect the date he set. It is obvious this is a sensible innovation, because the theater manager knows the conditions in his communities and is best able to decide the favorable time for presenting any certain picture. It all graduates into giving the photoplay fans what they want when they want it, because through a local manager (if he be empowered with the decisive voice) they can signify their desires and dislikes, neither of which the far-away and busy producer has the time to study and know. Selznick's new arrangement is to place all new releases at the disposal of exhibitors the minute they are completed, and it is entirely discretionary with the latter as to when these are to be the attractions at their respective houses. Needless to add, the wise exhibitor will present each

feature when he *knows* there is a demand for it, and patrons of the shadow art are never reluctant to make known their preferences. Therefore the Selznick plan should be a poignant opening wedge in the momentous matter of giving the people a real voice in the running of the business which they themselves have built up by virtue of their avidity for being entertained cheaply but efficiently.

MUSIC is becoming more closely allied to motion pictures every day. Special scores for special films are universal now. It is an ambition to *play* atmosphere into the photoplay that actuates the enterprising producers in this. It is identical to putting a beautiful dress on an attractive woman—it accentuates the general charm. The very sympathetic relation which exists between music and dramatic action is well established. A striking demonstration of this fact is furnished in the case of most any successful stage drama which is invariably intensified by the fitting music the orchestra plays between the acts and which paves the way for the histrionic events to follow. Fred J. Balshofer, of the Yorke-Metro Company, has gone a step further in the matter of using music for all it is worth by employing a studio violinist to play continuously and appropriately while the various scenes are being filmed. The musician supplies inspiration for the player. By varying the type of playing at the word of the director, the music is always kept in perfect harmony with the particular kind of stage action which is going on. This unique plan for keying up the portrayals of the characters in "The Hidden Spring" seems to have had a most discernible effect, because from Harold Lockwood, the star, down to the artist playing the smallest bit, there is an inspired realism, and the shading of characterization is drawn down to fine lines making for finesse and extraordinary naturalness. Ere long we will all realize fully that music is indispensable to moving pictures both while in the making and while in the exhibiting.

THE photoplay art has always veered a course which extended to the furthestmost regions of august mentality, and by sheer dint of its potential influence for the general weal it has enlisted the services of many distinguished men of brains, who have cheerfully augmented the forcefulness of the benefits disseminated. A glowing example of how the screen is enriched by the worthwhile efforts of men, who ordinarily would not be expected to evince such a keen interest in an amusement, is given in "The Saint's Adventure," a photodrama of true merit, which was written by Willis Brown, a former judge and a nationally known figure in sociological and child-uptift work. Judge Brown is the author of several works along these lines, and these are used as text-books in public schools. Evidently his turning to scenario-writing is a recognition of the opportunity the cinema diversion affords those who have messages to present to large numbers of people. It is pre-eminently a trend to encourage, because motion pictures are strengthened by such messages from such useful geniuses. Essanay produced "The Saint's Adventure," and Henry B. Walthall, one of the most remarkably capable expon-

ents of the drama who ever appeared before the camera, portrays the stellar role in a manner which compels unlimited admiration. He is ably supported by Mary Charleson, who is rapidly developing into one of the best leading women in pictures. In this latest release Miss Charleson proves her artistic stability by maintaining the enviable reputation she attained as the star of "Satan's Private Door," a sterling photoplay which elicited praise throughout the country.

SEENA OWEN divides honors with a very well told story in the Triangle-Fine Arts feature, entitled "Madame Bo-Peep," in which abounds about all the ingredients which can be pressed into service in fiction. As the story runs Octavia is a thoughtless young society girl with limited means. She refuses to take any of her suitors seriously, but there is one, Teddy Westlake, that she might have consented to marry but for a quarrel over her light heartedness. Another elderly suitor, supposed to be wealthy, Colonel Beaupree, seized the opportunity to offer Teddy a position on his sheep ranch in the West. After Teddy's departure Octavia marries Col. Beaupree, and he dies while on his honeymoon. When his affairs are settled, it is discovered that a western sheep ranch is all the property he possessed. Octavia decides to go to live on the ranch, and notifies the superintendent of her coming. Teddy Westlake's position as superintendent of the ranch is unknown to Octavia, and he does not know that Colonel Beaupree was owner of the ranch. Both are surprised when Octavia arrives, and he refuses to be any more to her than the boss of her ranch, although she would like to make him her old friend. It is discovered that even the ranch did not belong to Colonel Beaupree, but this fact is kept from Octavia by Teddy, who buys the ranch with the intention of presenting it to Mme. Bo-peep, as she is called by the ranch hands. The foreman of the ranch, Jose Alvarez, takes a wild notion to marry the widow, and Juanita, a Mexican girl, is in love with Teddy. Between them they scheme to have Octavia and her superintendent quarrel, and Teddy is ordered to leave the ranch. Then Juanita, to get Octavia out of the way, tells her that the ranch belongs to Westlake. Octavia immediately prepares to leave, and Alvarez attempts to prevent this, but she is rescued from the foreman's hands and overtaken by Teddy in a thrilling episode as she is about to leave for the East.

"THE Man Who Made Good" is indeed a picture with a definite purpose containing a strong theme which should prove no little inspiration to young men and women who find it difficult to make headway in the world. It is the story of the young man who goes from the small town to New York with the idea of becoming a captain of industry. He meets a near-country girl who has also cast her lot in the big city with visions of a stupendous success. A series of adventures and romances follows in the wake of trials and tribulations such as all aspirants must survive if they are to make an impression in New York. The whole thing eventuates in success to the extent that the young man makes good to an extent sufficient to enable him to demand \$100

a week for his services in the mercantile business. He scores a further triumph over a formidable rival for the hand of the country girl of his heart and of his same mind, namely, to make good. Both do make good, and it all makes for a good photoplay. The tendency to give the screen stories of this nature is deserving of unstinted encouragement, because such revelations of the possibility of achievement by honest, legitimate methods surely helps many a human being on the verge of giving up the battle. Definite purpose should be synonymous to motion pictures.

THERE is quite a lot of story unfolded in the alliterative-titled photoplay, "Wild Winship's Widow," in which Dorothy Dalton gives us a finished interpretation of a rather eccentric character in said widow. Catherine Winship, the widow, young and pretty, with everything worth while in the world in her possession, has erected the memory of her husband into a sort of religion. She worships at the shrine of the dear departed, and finds a solemn joy in so doing. The late Webb Winship, her husband, and one of the old Winship family, was not worthy of all this adoration. In fact, he was a particularly worthless specimen of humanity. Catherine did not know this, and her relatives carefully concealed all the facts; and so, when Webb broke his neck as a sequel to a drunken debauch three weeks after the wedding, the widow retired from the world to spend her days in worshipping at the shrine of his memory. This attitude on the part of Catherine was extremely irritating to Morley Morgan, who is in wealth and position her ideal mate, and who has loved her from childhood. Morgan has remained single for Catherine's sake, but his suit seems hopeless, as the widow can not bring herself to think of anyone as a successor to her departed hero. Catherine's aunt, Miss Minerva Winship, who is a trained diplomat in these matters, is anxious that her niece should start life afresh with a real man, and advises Morley to assume an air of indifference and try to arouse a feeling of jealousy. Morley, taking the aunt's advice, reorganizes his plan of campaign. He affects an air of indifference which puzzles Catherine, who has always regarded him as her devoted slave, and just at the time the change takes place, Catherine makes a surprising discovery. In looking through some of the papers left by her lamented husband, she chanced across a packet of scented billet-doux which cannot be explained away, and her idol is shattered beyond repair. She at once discards her widow's weeds, arrays herself in the latest fashions, and starts in pursuit of the revolted slave, Morley, winning him easily.

"THE Millionaire Vagrant," in which good-looking Charles Crane stars with considerable cleverness is an unlikely adventure, but it is exceedingly interesting nevertheless. Very rich men like Steven DuPeyster, the leading character in this photoplay, cannot reasonably be expected to tire of luxury so easily as to voluntarily live in squalor on six dollars a week just for the fun of it when there is obviously no fun to be derived from such experiences as the notion entails. However, the Steven of this story does it, and he forsakes the realm of

plenty with reckless abandon only to suffer with other poor devils the pangs of want and—ah yes—to meet one Ruth Vail who is devoting her life to helping the unfortunate. Ruth is eventually arrested on a frame-up. The subsequent trial develops a scandal of old standing which costs the judge his seat on the bench. DuPeyster finally returns to his place in society with new ideas of the submerged and helpless, and, with the aid of Ruth, who shares his fortunes, devotes his life to the betterment of social conditions. J. G. Hawks, the author of this photoplay, adroitly added a semblance of consistency to his plot by prefacing his main narrative with a discussion in which DuPeyster takes a view opposite to several of his club friends who cling to the idea that every man is a potential thief, and that it is only the absence of temptation and pressure of want that keeps the few rich from taking their places in the dock with the unfortunate poor. DuPeyster resorts to the six-dollar-a-week life to disprove this theory, but when he encounters the necessity of having money with which to hire a lawyer to defend Ruth, he avails himself of a human pawn to rob his own home to get the indispensable wherewith. Thus an effort is made to establish as an incontrovertible fact that every mortal will steal—or at least will engineer a theft. However, it is to be greatly feared this idea must still remain a moot question. "The Millionaire Vagrant" does not convince one, but it is a diverting picture just the same.

FOR the first time Kathlyn Williams and Theodore Roberts appear together on the screen in the Jesse L. Lasky feature, "The Cost of Hatred," the cast of which is further made notable by the presence of Tom Forman, Horace B. Carpenter, Jack W. Johnston and Charles Ogle. "The Cost of Hatred," as a photoplay, has several unusual features to commend itself to the erudite fans, but foremost among the outstanding "differences" is a remarkable view of one of the largest cactus fields in Mexico. Another truly extraordinary feature is the masterly characterization that Mr. Roberts draws. The story of "The Cost of Hatred" has to do with Sarita and Justus Graves. The latter is a stern, harsh man, who, upon seeing his wife, Elsie, in the arms of Robert Amory, shoots him and flees with his little daughter, Sarita, to Mexico. The lover recovers and marries Elsie, and his son by a former marriage is offered a position in the diplomatic corps. On the way to Mexico City, young Ned Amory is left behind in a Mexican settlement, is robbed and thrown into jail. Graves finds him and learns he is the son of the man who stole his wife. So great is his hatred that he induces the Mexican government to sell him Ned practically as his slave, and he subjects him to the utmost cruelty, arousing the pity of Sarita, who has now grown into a beautiful, young woman. Soon afterwards Ned and Sarita fall in love and flee, leaving Justus Graves childless and alone as the cost of his hatred. 'Tis an exceedingly thrilling drama with a moral which goes straight home and makes one think of the proverb, "Love thy neighbor." It is well that the screen is being put to such beneficial use in these days of excessive hatreds, and a pictorial lesson is more attractive than an essay.

ANOTHER one of Stageland's foremost comediennes proves it is just as easy to be genuinely funny before a motion-picture camera without an audience to give encouragement by laughing. This time it is no lesser a leading light than Marie Cahill. Already she has shone forth brightly in two Mutual two-reel comedies, "Gladys' Day Dreams" and "When Betty Bets," and now she bobs up serenely though amusingly in a third of the series called "Patsy's Partner." The sole purpose of Miss Cahill in this trio of pictorial animations is to exercise her powers to be risible, and she succeeds wholesomely. Miss Cahill performs a commendable service in contributing refreshing mirth to the screen fare of today. May she continue to thus assist the great American public to forget the worries of the martial hour!

"THE Danger Trail," the Selig feature, seems destined to remain memorable for a very prolonged period for the thrilling hand-to-hand battle Henry B. Warner and W. Lawson Butt stage in the course of the

IS IT TRUE—

- That Allison was born in May?*
- That Clara is Young?*
- That Alan lives in a Forrest?*
- That Henry is descended from a King?*
- That Edith told a Story?*
- That though solvent, he is still Owen Moore?*
- That Kate has her Price?*
- That Henry did what he didn't Otto?*
- That Rhea drives a Mitchell?*
- That Harry likes Ham?*
- That Carl likes Black well?*
- That Lillian is a good Walker?*

action, which takes place in a picturesque section of the Canadian Northwest. Herein lies another truly desperate if determined attempt to outdo the famous "scrap" which made "The Spoilers" a veritable sensation, and, with all due candor, it must be adjudged a near-success at least. Most everybody possesses sporting blood enough to relish seeing a mutually brave fight between two stalwart men.

QUAINT and whimsical touches abound in "Heart's Desire," the eighth and latest photoplay in which Marie Doro is starring. At the outset we must take cognizance of the fact that Miss Doro vastly improves her "camera artistry" in this feature. She has not always been exactly perfect in her delineation of characters in the silent drama. Somehow she has acted as though she missed the direct sympathy of an audience. Moreover, she has not always been fortunate in getting good parts to play. However, in "Heart's Desire" she has and does about everything required of a real star, and the net result is a very satisfactory motion picture. Miss Doro is seen as the dainty, little Fleurette, who most resembles the flowers of the little island on which she lives. The coming of the new proprietor to the little island brings distress and misery to many of Fleurette's friends, but she herself continues her smiling way through life, bringing happiness wherever

she goes. Even when everything seems tumbling about her ears, the new proprietor demanding more rent, her pet cow killed and other worries piling ahead, she keeps up her courage, and it is not long before she is trying to pass some of her happiness along to the grouchy old proprietor by taking him a little rose bush from her garden—"Heart's Desire," as it was known to the islanders. The proprietor, thinking her a burglar, shoots at her and wounds her arm, causing much anxiety to his young nephew, Paul, a physician who takes charge of the girl. Her recovery progresses rapidly until Helene, former fiancée of Paul, who had jilted him for his lack of money, comes to visit the charming old place. Helene, in a reckless fit of jealousy, tells the younger girl that she and Paul are still engaged, to the great dismay of Fleurette, who is just beginning to realize her love for Paul and to understand the unspoken messages which he, half laughingly, had placed in his flowers to her. She leaves the house, however, and the way she comes back to it just in time to save the lives of Paul and his uncle from the furious crowd of villagers who were revolting at oppression, makes a thrilling climax.

"SKINNER'S Dress Suit" was a capital photoplay triumph because it made people laugh heartily and with good cause. Now comes a sequel called "Skinner's Bubble," which has been scattering as many rays of sunshine as its predecessor. The Skinners, as portrayed by Bryant Washburn and Hazel Daly, are an ingratiatingly foolish, young couple of typical Americans whose idea of living soars above their means, resulting in many genuinely funny complications. The bubble in "Skinner's Bubble," follows his success in becoming a member of the firm for which he works. Deeming the time propitious to develop into a Napoleon of big business he moves with his wife, Honey, from the country town to the city. They establish an elaborate home in an apartment house engaging a retinue of servants. Soon bankruptcy approaches with alarming rapidity, but Skinner persists in keeping up his bluff. The adoring Honey has been regaling herself in a lot of amusingly boastful loquacity about her husband's brilliant "successes," and this reaches the ear of his former partner who is deceived into thinking he erred in losing such a capable associate. Skinner plays his part to a laughable finish by actually accepting his old partner's offer reluctantly when down in his heart he is tickled silly over the prospect this offers of escaping ruin. The screen should see more of Skinner's diverting vicissitudes.

A PICTURE of strong appeal is "Little Miss Nobody," in which Violet Mersereau appears as a modern Cinderella. There is not so much to commend in the story, but Miss Mersereau's pleasing artistry transcends all else. She starts her career as an orphaned girl who had been reared in a lumber camp by an uncouth barkeeper. She is later a charming, little society belle. The praiseworthy ways by which this cute Miss Nobody develops into Lady Somebody wins her the lasting sympathy of everybody, which makes for a body of good reasons why this picture should be seen.



JOE MOORE

EDITORIAL

VACILLATION! The poisonous dregs in the cup of human activity. 'Tis worse for the querulous condition it creates in the mentality. It mollifies promising energy—it converts it into a baneful lethargy. Therefore vacillation should have no place in the sun of photoplay endeavor. It is for this reason *The Photo-Play Journal* urges keen, legitimate competition so earnestly, and it is for this reason it hopes to see the failure of all efforts to form combinations which would stifle the amicable battle of wits for supremacy in the art. A certain amount of coalition is indispensable, and no one would be so foolish as to deny the necessity for a solidifying process wielding a general effect to make the whole business sufficiently formidable to resist any and all tendencies of time to tear down and wear down. But we oppose any movement which has as its actuation the cornering of the film market. The success of a mere handful of men in gaining undisputed control, and if they were thereby relieved of the worry of competition, being thus enabled to sit down and count the profits as they poured in as a natural course of events, there would be vacillation of the most pronounced and the most detrimental type. We are happy to state the spirit of patriotism is radiating so magnificently nowadays that most of the avarice which formerly menaced the moving-picture business has disappeared, and the leaders who govern its destiny are, with very slight exception, big, broad-minded, far-seeing men of high scruples and purposes. The final outcome will be the perpetuity of the popularity of the shadow stage, and it will be mainly because there will be a total absence of the wavering and stagnation born of luxurious ease, such as a freedom from the caring for competitors would create most ruinously.

PERFUNCTORY producing has practically disappeared from the sphere of motion pictures. Almost every photoplay of this day is a work of art, in which abounds the last word in finesse. True, some are much superior to others. But, considering the monthly output as a whole, there is a preponderance of undefiled merit. Deleterious influences have been eradicated by the enlistment of genius to supplant the spirit which mercenary men of big business and small principle had injected into the art for self-aggrandizement. Now comes war, and it may seem to presage dire disaster to the industry, but a careful survey of the facts in the case and a comprehensive observation of what has happened to the screen in other belligerent countries as a result of three years of the most frightful hostilities is adequately convincing of the existence of a prospect for actual betterment instead of retrogression. It is no small hillock to surmount, nor is there to be any ease in accomplishment, but nevertheless while the world is undergoing widespread revolution the various lines of business in the world will go through a metamorphosis and the motion-picture business is, significantly very much in the world. Like democracy, the film will emerge from this raging holocaust mightier than ever before, and moreover, you will find that

there will be better photoplays during the era of bitter strife. Every sign indicates an unbroken prosperity for this form of entertainment too, because it is just as ideal in its power for affording relaxation as ever, and the demand for such relaxation is being tremendously increased by the tense times. It all redounds in great credit to those who are responsible for the development of the screen. They have admirably fulfilled a mission of rare value to mankind—they have aided materially in providing the means for lightening burdens when burdens are most cumbersome. Long live the photoplay! May it survive the war to revive the interest of all the world in permanent, happy and just peace.

*Yes, we know there's a lot of woe,
And we regret it,
But let's go to the picture show
And forget it.*

TIME was—and not so very long ago—when the word *burlesque* as applied to theatrical entertainment, meant everything that was objectionable, vicious and unwholesome. Burlesque was shunned by most of the decent people, but taste improved gradually, and astute members of the theatrical profession recognized twenty years ago that real burlesque, which in essence is humorous travesty on current events and human foibles, has its definite place in the realm of pastime, and it exerts a real appeal to those who enjoy an evening of very light amusement. The famous combination of Weber & Fields was among the first to grasp this truth, and these clever exponents of irresistible comedy coined the love of the American public for clean diversion of the liberal sort into great wealth while the ordinary burlesque catered, as its tawdry advertising boasted, "to men only." But it remained for the captains of the good and worthy ship, Photoplay, to turn burlesque to universally useful and beneficial account. Charlie Chaplin has been for a long time the premier burlesque comedian of the age, and he attained his vogue before the moving picture camera. Since his advent into the game there has come scores and scores of comedians who depend absolutely upon extreme comedy tactics to arouse laughter, and although much of this effort has bordered on the slap-stick, there has been a precisely correct restraint which kept the fun-making within the pale of delectable propriety. Right at this particular time the more uproarious the mirth is, the better it is for all. Men, women and children can unblushingly derive pleasure out of moving picture burlesque and they have no cause for worrying over seeing a chorus of vulgarly attired women dance out, as they often do, in so-called musical burlesque theaters. This makes a difference which places the screen in the front rank as the best solution to the problem of travesty par excellence. The immense popularity enjoyed by burlesque film is a pleasing proof of the undying love for exaggerated humor, which, after all, is great sport. And there is no possible objection to this form of amusement so long as decency governs it.

THE BEAUTIFUL LIE

ADAPTED FROM THE POEM BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

YOU'LL do as I say!" Mortimer Grierson brought his fist down upon the library table. "You'll get some man to say he is a preacher and read the marriage service over the girl and myself. Little fool, with her big eyes and her backwoods ideas—she wants to be married! Well, I won't be tied down by marriage. Do you understand, Howard?"

The great architect's nephew fingered nervously at a loose button on his coat. "Seems a beastly sort of trick, uncle, don't you think?"

"A beastly trick! Since when have you turned reformer? What about that check to which you forged my name? I didn't hand you over to the police then, but it is not too late now! Well,—where's your minister? Surely you have plenty of disreputable friends who would be glad to be respectable, if only for an hour!"

Trapped, the victim of his own indiscretion, Howard Hayes could only acquiesce in his uncle's cowardly scheme. But, his weak nature taking refuge in subterfuge, Howard had planned his revenge.

A few words from a pious-looking man in churchly robes, and the great architect was apparently united in marriage to little Louise Joyce, his stenographer, whose beauty had maddened him. Grierson, however, knew his own failings from long experience, and took good care that the madness of the moment should not prove a millstone around his neck for the future. So the cruel farce of the mock marriage was staged.

And little Louise, with her "big eyes and her backwoods ideas," never suspected for a moment the trick that had been played upon her. In the handsome little apart-

ment in which Grierson placed her, she shone like a jewel in its proper setting. Forgotten were the trials she had endured in her struggle for existence since leaving her village home, where her mother had slaved and stitched away at other people's finery to give her an education, and dulled, if not forgotten, was the pang of sorrow she felt when her mother died and left her alone to face the world with nothing but her education and her beauty. And her beauty, alas! had always been more of a hindrance than a help.

But now she was married! Safely settled in her own home! And if not happy, she was at least contented, with this strange man of sudden, violent moods who was her husband.

She had few friends in this great, strange city, so when her husband's nephew, Howard Hayes, formed the habit of dropping in for a chat and a smoke, she had not the heart to discourage his visits. She sympathized with his friendlessness.

The time came, as Grierson had known that it would, when he tired of Louise, and then Howard's habit of making her an afternoon call fitted in admirably with his plans. Grierson returned from his club one night slightly intoxicated. A half-burned cigarette that Howard had left lay in an ash-tray.

"Whom have you been entertaining, my dear?" he sneered.

"Why, Howard, of course—your nephew," said Louise in surprise.

"That story will do as well as another," said Grierson.

Louise gasped. "You cannot mean that you don't believe me?"

"That's exactly what I do mean. How do I know how many men you receive here



She secured work as an artist's model

when I am away? Well, the time has come to put a stop to it." He strode toward the door.

"Why, what in the world do you mean, Mortimer?" she followed, putting a detaining hand on his coat-sleeve.

"Simply that I have finished with you, my dear," he said with exaggerated patience. "Fortunately, I foresaw your interest in other men, and did not tie myself legally. That marriage was a farce! I am free, and so are you. I wish you a very good evening!"

He walked nonchalantly out of the door, leaving her stunned and speechless. But in a moment she had regained her faculties, and snatching up her hat and coat, rushed after him, just as he was about to step into a taxicab.

"You can't mean it!" she cried. "You can't have done this terrible thing!"

She clung to him pitifully, but he brushed her aside, and called a passing policeman.

"Officer, this woman is annoying me! See that she does not follow!" He closed the cab door with a bang, and was gone.

Gazing with tearful eyes at the disappearing automobile, Louise scarcely realized that the officer had her by the arm and was walking her along the street.

"Why, where are you taking me?" she asked, when she came to her senses.

"To the best place for the likes of you, my beauty! To the station house, for accosting a strange man! You're pretty young to be playing that game!"

Horrified beyond expression, Louise could only follow where he led. She felt as though she were in some uncanny dream, and momentarily expected to wake up and find herself safe at home. But there was no such happy awakening. Instead she was thrust in among thieves, and the hardened harridans of the street, and placed for the night in the same cell with a yellow-haired creature who seemed all too familiar with the ways of the place.

"Mary's my name," said the bedraggled creature. "What's yours?"



The little stenographer with her big eyes and her backwoods ideas



The insight of the young man pierced through her cold exterior

Louise could not answer. The horror of being addressed familiarly by such a person overcame the girl.

"Oh, I see," said the woman. "It's your first time here. It's pretty tough when you're first found out."

Indignation brought the explanation to Louise's lips. "There was nothing to find out. I've been arrested for speaking to my own husband on the street. Anyway, I supposed he was my husband."

Then the whole pitiful story came out. "Oh, I don't care what becomes of me now," sobbed Louise, when she had finished.

"That's right, cry!" said Mary. "It'll do you good. But you do care! That's the trouble. You care too much. I did, too, once. They got me first on a false accusation, just as they have you. And I cared so much that I went lower and lower, until I don't believe God Almighty Himself cared what happened to me. I'm done for. It doesn't matter what happens to me any more, but you're different. There's no need for you to spoil your whole life by caring too much. Treat men as they've treated you! Pay them back for the way they've treated me and other women. Get everything you can out of them, and give back—nothing! Make them love you, and when they're wild with love—laugh at them! That's the way they have treated you and me and countless other women! Stop crying. Stop caring. And just make them pay!"

Discharged next morning as a "first offender," Louise carried away Mary's advice in her thoughts, and it became her guiding principle. As her appearance had been a drawback to her in the world of business, she made it an asset in the world of art, securing work as an artist's model. The regularity of her features, and the careless indifference with which she assumed any pose or expression desired by the painters, caused her to be much in demand. Her coldness was a challenge to men. It baffled them, and therefore fascinated them.

They showered presents upon her, hoping sometimes for favors in return, sometimes only watching for a smile or a spontaneous expression of good will. It never came. She accepted everything, and gave nothing. With her inscrutable, Mona Lisa smile she saw men fall in love with her, and then turned her beautiful shoulders away in disdain. She became known as the "ice maiden."

"Who is this ice maiden you fellows are all raving over?" asked young Paul Vivian, recently returned from triumphs in Paris ateliers. "I must see this marvel."

"Well, if you see her you'll paint her—and you'll be another victim to her cold charms," said his friend Roget.

The prediction was fulfilled. No sooner had Paul seen Louise than he became ambitious to paint her as the "ice maiden" herself. And the insight of the young man pierced through the cold exterior and penetrated to the very depths the warmheartedness of the girl herself.

In spite of herself, in spite of Mary's warning, repeated over and over to herself to

steel her heart against him, Louise fell irrevocably in love with the young artist. As the bond between them grew, and the admiration of the artist became merged in the devotion of the lover, Louise tried to tell him of the tragic events of her past life, but could not bring herself to do so. She could not bear to drag into the consciousness of this high-minded youth the sordid knowledge she had learned in a bitter school, fearing to lower forever his lofty ideals of womanhood. As she gloried in the mere realization of loving and being loved, time itself seemed to stand still. But fate brought her house of dreams crashing about her head.

Mortimer Grierson came one day to see how the work of his protege was progressing, for it was he, always keenly interested in the arts, who had paid for the young man's studies abroad. Louise, having finished her posing for the afternoon, was in the next room, cloaked and hatted, about to take her departure. Paul hurried to show his benefactor his new picture, hoping for praise for his work and admiration of the subject.

Grierson stood transfixed before the painting of "The Ice Maiden." The past seemed to smite him, and he hastened to strike back.

"I approve of your work," he said, "but not of your model."

As Louise stood hidden behind the portieres, her heart seemed to stop beating.

"What do you mean," asked Paul. "Don't you think she's beautiful?"

"Of course she is beautiful. That is the reason why I installed her as mistress in an apartment where I refuse to have anything but beauty. But I tired of her, as a man always does of a toy. After this, let the professional models do your posing." He strode out, and Paul rushed to where Louise stood with drooping head.

"Tell me it isn't true, dear," he said. "Let me follow him and knock him down, for the cowardly liar he is!"

But Louise stood with downcast eyes. She had decided upon her course, and she would carry it out, at whatever cost to herself. To protect the youth she loved from the dust that had besmirched her skirts,—that was her uppermost and only thought.

"It is true. Paul. It is all true," she



He made the advances that forced her to leave even this humble employment

answered so softly as scarcely to be heard.

"Louise! Do you mean to tell me that you have lived under that man's roof, unmarried?"

Not one saving word about the miserable mockery of the pretended marriage, not one word about her belief that she had been a lawfully wedded wife! Instead, Louise Joyce told the beautiful lie.

"Yes!" Her drooping head drooped still lower.

Paul seemed stunned, immovable, and the broken-hearted girl crept quietly out and away.

After a time, realizing that in spite of her confession he could never tear from his heart love of this girl, in whose inherent purity he had implicit belief, he went in search of her. But Louise did not return home. Instead, she buried herself in an obscure corner of the great city. She no longer haunted the artists' studios, but took the work nearest at hand, obtaining employment in an overcrowded, poorly ventilated sweatshop. Day by day she became pale and listless. It was then that the foreman, thinking to follow up an advantage, made the advances that forced her to leave even this humble employment. Wandering dejectedly, scarcely knowing where her next meal was coming from, she was found by Mary the woman of the streets. Mary, who had given her of her own dearly-bought wisdom, and now shared with her, her dearly-bought bread. Perhaps another would

have scorned the aid freely given by this human derelict, but Louise felt that Mary was an angel in disguise, who had come to her when Heaven itself had almost seemed to fail her.

Searching for Louise, Paul found Howard. "Say, you know Grierson," said Howard with an utterance thickened by drink. "Well, we've got a good chance to get some money out of him. He thought he had fooled that girl with a mock marriage. Well, I fooled him, because it wasn't a mock marriage. He's married as tight as a real parson can make him. I guess he'd like to have his swell friends know he married his stenographer, wouldn't he? That's where we come in. If he treats us right, nobody need know it! Neat little game, isn't it?"

Paul heard the news white-faced. "Have you any proof of this?"

"Proof? Of course I've got proof! Little Howard was too wise to turn the trick without getting proof. Here's the proof!" He waved a marriage certificate in the air. "See? Names of the contracting parties, name of a real sky-pilot, names of witnesses, everything. Trust little Howard for that!"

"Give me that certificate!" Paul snatched the paper out of the amazed man's grasp and rushed away, his one thought being to face the architect with it, and demand his recognition of Louise as his wife in the eyes of the whole world.

But when he reached Grierson's resi-

dence his anger was disarmed. The architect lay dying. An automobile accident had brought on an attack of heart failure, and going into a nearby church to rest, he had heard scathing denunciation of men of his ways. The words of the clergyman had awakened his sleeping conscience, and as the shadow of death lay over him the man was eager to make any amends in his power. "You could not have brought me more welcome news," he said to Paul. "I am glad that fate prevented me from doing Louise an irreparable injury."

His last conscious act was to make over the bulk of his property to the girl he had so cruelly wronged, and arrange for the future of both Paul and Howard. The search for Louise was continued. It was the faithful Mary who answered a veiled advertisement in a newspaper, which asked for information as to her whereabouts, and it was Mary who arranged the meeting between Paul and Louise.

Words are inadequate to describe the beauty of that meeting. Paul could only feast his eyes in quiet thankfulness upon this noble girl, who for his sake had gone down into the dark places of earth. For his sake she had told the beautiful lie. And now, with the glorious future before them, together they began the life of the beautiful truth.

Fictionized from Metro's wonderplay, with Frances Nelson as star.

Harry S. Northrup Explains a Slice of Realism

When Harry S. Northrup, leading "villain" for Ethel Barrymore in "The Greatest Power," stepped out on the studio floor for his first day's work in the pictures, Edwin Carewe, complimented him on a small scar that adorned his cheek.

"That's a good make-up, Harry," Carewe said. "It makes you look more villainous."

"Make-up, nothing!" was Northrup's indignant answer. "It's the real goods; I cover it up generally, but this time I decided to 'keep it in the act,' as it fitted this part so well. It is a direct result of my fondness for chili con carne.

"I acquired it when I was living on my olive ranch near San Diego, Cal. The south line of the ranch is just a mile from the Mexican border, on which is a little town called Tia Juana. One night I was returning from Don Ybarro's horse ranch at Ensenada, Mexico, with a new saddle-horse I had bought, and stopped off at Tia Juana for a dish of chili. I ordered a large bowl in the little adobe restaurant, and was just sitting down to eat it when out of the corner of my eye I saw a suspicious flash.

"Instinctively I ducked my head, and just missed having a Mexican knife sunk in my face. As it was, it merely cut my right cheek open, and flying past, embedded itself in the mud wall beyond. If I had ducked a second later there would have been no Northrup here to play a villain.

"Why did the Mexican throw the knife? Oh, just a little case of mistaken identity. He thought I was some other American against whom he had a grudge. The error cost him two years at hard labor. What did I do? I ordered another bowl of chili con carne, and believe me, I enjoyed it immensely."

Sixteen is Fatty Arbuckle's Lucky Number

Ever since his arrival in the world—a world which has been made so happy by his existence—when the stork's scales registered his weight as sixteen pounds Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle's number has been sixteen. These figures are inextricably entwined with his thread of life, and so many momentous things have occurred on the sixteenth that the screen comedian has become more than superstitious about the symbol. It is a religion with him now.

Not only did he weigh sixteen pounds when he first saw the light of day, but he was born on the sixteenth day of March, 1886. He has been sixteen years in the theatrical profession, and was married to Minta Durfee on the sixteenth of the month.

Negotiations for his present business affiliations with Joseph M. Schenk were begun on the sixteenth of last December, consummated on the sixteenth of January, and the contracts formally signed on the sixteenth of February. On March sixteenth he left Los Angeles on his triumphant journey across the continent to begin work in New York on his first Paramount comedy, "The Butcher Boy."

Originally the intention was to release "The Butcher Boy" on the sixteenth of April, but exchange conditions necessitated the date being set back one week. But even in this instance the number sixteen could not be sidetracked for there are sixteen people in the company appearing with him in "The Butcher Boy," and there were 116 prints made of this first Paramount-Arbuckle comedy. Further evidence of his association with the figure sixteen is provided by the fact that he is a member of sixteen clubs and he has sixteen hours a week to devote to them all.

Ben L. Taggart, Youngest Boer War Veteran

Speaking of soldiers, as nine-tenths of the world is doing at present, Ben L. Taggart, has seen and done more real fighting than most men in filmdom.

Taggart is thirty-one years old, and qualifies as the youngest, or certainly one of the most youthful of all Boer War veterans. He spent a year and nine months in South Africa, serving under the famous general, Sir Redvers M. Buller.

He fought in a dozen battles and was with Buller when he marched to relieve Sir George White at Ladysmith.

Taggart distinguished himself so notably on the field of glory that he was selected as one of the special guard of honor which flanked the late King Edward VII during his coronation.

He was born in Ottawa, Canada, and was graduated from the Collegiate High School.

Following the cessation of hostilities in South Africa, Taggart went to Montreal and studied medicine in McGill University.

Upon leaving McGill, he forgot his pills and powders long enough to accept a position as superintendent of the Railway Mail Service. Then he entered stagemod via a Seattle stock company. His first part was that of a Chinese, with a short que—and two lines much shorter. He continued in stock work throughout all the large cities of the United States, and after several successful seasons became a member of "The Prince of India" company, of which William Farnum was the star.

In 1911 he left the footlights for the motion picture studio lights, and allied himself with the Selig forces. He was in "The Tale of the North," "Brown of Harvard," and many other photoplays, and had leads with Irene Fenwick for Kleine.

THE HORN-TOOTING CLAN

or

THE MYSTERIES OF EXPLOITATION EXPOSED

It was in a fantastical dream, but there were beheld wonders, which investigation proved are being duplicated in actual life daily. There came in this dream a mighty army of smart-looking men and women. They were called press agents by some and directors of publicity by others, but they were all doing the same thing, namely, literally whetting the public's appetite. Some were resorting to out-and-out cajolery; others were pressing into service inherent cleverness. All of them were banging away on typewriters. It seemed they had been mobilized for review a la military and the clicking typewriters were their engines of war, their weapons for campaigning.

"Is this war or what?" the Inner Self asked in some surprise and no little consternation.

'Tis what, 'tis what,
'Tis what they call public'ty,
'Tis not, 'tis not,
'Tis not all a myst'ry.

And this was sung out in whatever tone is diametrically opposite to *sotto voce*,—sung out in the keys of typewriters. But forthwith a point of issue arose, because there seemed to be plenty of mystery pervading that strange atmosphere. One deep voice was heard to exclaim excitedly, "I'll knock 'em dead with this." Certainly that sounded like the tom-toms of martial conflict. "When this hits Stevadore in the eye he'll go blind with envy," was another declaration which mounted the zephyrs to inspire apprehension. The first thought was of a new and terrible kind of gas with which to overpower the fighting hordes opposing. Another fellow, quite debonair and nattily attired, was scanning the pages of a newspaper for the 'steenth time. There was an expression of grim disappointment conscript all over his clean-shaven visage. "This is hell," he muttered bitterly. That *is* just what war is! Surely the Inner Self's original deduction was correct.

But then came the departure from the soothing arms of Morpheus—the Inner Self woke up and right away he knew the knock-'em-dead stuff was an outburst of press agent enthusiasm over the prospect of getting printed a corking story on a star photoplayer and the hit-'em-in-the-eye remark

was an outpouring of professional jealousy directed at a rival publicity-getter who had been getting too much of it while the reference to the lower regions came from a scribe who had expected to find his carefully written yarn in the paper, but didn't. All mystery had absconded.

In order that the uninitiated may not labor under any misconception, the species press agent should be defined. Accordingly, here goes—press agents are men—some-

summate cleverness displayed in the art of exploitation. As a shining example of the brilliant ideas the gentry execute so deftly, let us cite the case of A. Toxen Worm, the general press representative for the Messrs. Shubert. He has done most everything in the line of horn-tooting for the attractions he has been charged with getting in the lime-light.

One of his prize stunts of a few years ago was to have the entire street in front of the hotel at which the woman star of his show was living all covered with a soft bark for the sole purpose of causing the newspapers to ask why. Then he told them his star was an exceedingly nervous artist whose morning slumber had been so seriously disturbed by the noisy traffic on the asphalt pavement that he was obliged to thus deaden the sound. This was so unusual, so unique, that every newspaper devoted all kinds of space to telling about it. Candidly it was this newspaper space Mr. Worm wanted more than the elimination of the noise. This is what you may call resourceful exploitation. To further impress the purposes of press agents, let's recall the well-known actress who actually took baths in milk ostensibly to improve her complexion, but really because her press agent decided the scheme would be given wide attention by the papers. The idea was adroit, and it worked like a charm.

Now it so happens that the publicity promoters who are engaged in extolling the virtues of moving pictures and the photoplayers form an exceptionally interesting battalion of true geniuses. One of these—a most brilliant fellow—is Dick Willis, who mastered the "science" of writing poetry just to attract attention to the people whom he seeks to make and keep famous. At the present time he represents a large number of actors and actresses who work for various film concerns. His poetic campaign helps them all needless to add. Forsooth he is immortalizing their talents with the aid of the Muses. An amusing incident occurred recently to him. He wrote a series of rhymed interviews, poking fun at the artists. They went all over the world and were printed in London, England. A New York trade paper printed some of them taken from a London print, and expressed surprise that a Johnny Bull paper could be guilty of such a knowledge of



Even when Silas E. Snyder has his picture taken he has Balboa on his mind and on other things

times it's a woman—who write ninety percent. of the amusement news of the world. They are expert at "planting" by which you are not to infer that they know anything about agriculture. They "plant" stories in the public print, and these stories grow on the public to an extent pecuniary and honorary to the subjects of the stories. Somewhat in a husbandry way press agents plough through the sanctums of editors without impunity. Press agents and editors, by the way, are on a par, but neither will admit it.

Nevertheless, there is no limit to the con-



Carl Robinson



Bennie Zeidman



Kenneth O'Hara



Adele Fletcher



Dick Willis



Pete Schmid

the players and the fun. The English journal in question had failed to give Willis credit for authorship, but the photoplayers about whom he wrote got the desired publicity on both sides of the Atlantic, and the joke on the American publication was twofold, because Willis was born in London, which does not detract one iota from his ability to write humor of the most approved style.

The extremes to which publicity directors go to inspire the editors to exert themselves in behalf of the movie stars is demonstrated in the case of Terry Ramsaye of the Mutual Film Corporation. Mr. Ramsaye is the man who purposely lost a package of checks totaling \$350,000, just to get the newspapers excited. The checks belonged to Charlie Chaplin, and their loss brought it forcibly to the attention of people that he was a mighty well-paid star. Of course the checks were found. It might have been arranged previously to find them, but while they were lost stories were being printed all over the country, and the object of exploitation was being right well accomplished. But Mr. Ramsaye did not "put this across" without paying. One of the reporters who interviewed him about the lost checks got confused and stated in his story that Mr. Ramsaye was personally paying Chaplin's princely salary. For weeks thereafter bond salesmen, automobile agents, insurance men, real estate salesmen, promoters of all kinds, testimonial-seekers and representatives of most every charitable institution from the Belgian orphans to the Home for Cross-eyed Hens that Can't Peck Where they Scratch besieged the erudite press agent in veritable hordes. "It was harder work convincing those guys I was broke than it was to build Eiffel Tower," Ramsaye says now, since the calm is restored.

Pete Grid Schmid, whose name sounds like a funny monologue, and who looks like a good comedian, and who gets his share, together with somebody else's share of publicity for Artcraft Pictures, specializing in extolling Mary Pickford, George M. Cohan and Douglas Fairbanks, once swiped a fine automobile, by mistake of course, expressly to make the police reporters of New York vie with each other on the good story. Pete took particular care to "select" Miss Pickford's car. He got into jail and everything, suffering all sorts of humiliation, but it created a mild sensation.

Working in this same channel of thought Bennie Zeidman, who is the personal press representative of Douglas Fairbanks, once startled the Los Angeles papers by announcing that Mr. Fairbanks was in jail on a sensational charge. He got his report in late enough to preclude the possibility of much investigation, and one sheet ran a full column on its front page. When the hoax developed and the police department evinced signs of being provoked, it was explained that Bennie had been the victim of a practical joke, but no doubt to this day those newspaper editors believe *they* were the victims of an enterprising spacegrabber.

Kenneth O'Hara, who was for some time publicity manager for Thomas H. Ince, once took advantage of an exhibitors' ball to gain some creditable special mention for Frank Keenan. He arranged with two different stunningly beautiful women to be Mr. Keenan's partner in the grand march. The mix-up created a scene which delayed the starting of the march one hour, and this delay, interlinked with Keenan's name, was

the feature of all the news stories written about the affair.

Women press agents are never asleep on the job. In fact, one of the best of all theatrical press agents is a very charming young woman, May Dowling, who for several years has blazed the way efficiently ahead of various Shubert attractions. Another woman is among the leaders in motion picture "screaming." She is Adele W. Fletcher, of the Vitagraph Company. Miss Fletcher writes more interviews than all of her stars collectively could think of, and she always has her interviewed one say something interesting. She used to even autograph photographs for her stars, but she had to desist her activities in this line because some of the recipients of the photos got writing experts on the job.

Now we come to affable Silas E. Snyder, publicity director for Balboa and booster extraordinary of the virtue of California sunshine. Mr. Snyder is called Si by everyone, and he is a first-class newspaper man, who works with incessant zeal without a sigh. He once punched a rough moun-

taineer in the nose for slapping a red-headed, freckle-faced girl. Si didn't perform this act of bravery with any idea of gaining notoriety for himself, but when the newspaper reporters heard of the encounter and sought a story, the wide-awake exploiter turned the incident to a good, business-like purpose by declaring there was a mistake. "It was the Balboa leading man—that remarkable matinee idol—who did in real life what he does in pictures so often," Si enlightened. And then Balboa's leading man got some publicity which ingratiated him with all. So even Si's ability to punch 'em in the nose for humanity goes for Balboa's good.

In conclusion it must be said that "getting publicity" is a combination of an art and a business. Carl Robinson, another well-known exploiter of moving pictures and the stars thereof, undoubtedly has the right idea when he declares it to be more of a job than a position, especially in these times when there is such an abundance of news to crowd out "features." Mr. Robinson is happily a press agent who realizes his privations.

Lucky is the Horse With So Much Sense



Here we have with us Seena Owen, the Triangle star, and a docile friend of hers. Envy the horse and note the smile of contentment on Miss Owen's charming face

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Mary Charleson, Essanay's little screen star, has fourteen close relatives fighting for England. Miss Charleson was born in Ireland. She is now looking forward to a big family reunion on the battlefields of France, for, if opportunity presents itself, she intends crossing the waters as a Red Cross nurse with the American army.

An innovation in the Triangle program for the week of May 20th is the release of two five-reel subjects simultaneously. Dorothy Dalton is presented as a star in a social study "Unfaithful," written by Lambert Hillier. The other half of the program, and of equal importance, is William Desmond, starring in an adaptation of W. Carey Wonderly's "One Week," a comedy entitled "The Marriage Bubble." This is entirely in the nature of an experiment to test the attitude of the public.

Mother of Harry Corson Clarke, the well-known comedian, and grandmother of Fred Jones, a popular Metro player, Mrs. Adele Clarke, seventy-five years young, appears in "The Purchase Price," directed by John H. Collins. Mrs. Clarke is said to be the only great-grandmother acting in motion pictures.

Arthur Rosson, who is directing Jack Devreaux and Winifred Allen at Yonkers Triangle studio confesses that he began his business career as bus boy at one of the Vanderbilt weddings in Newport. That Rosson does not forget his old friends is evinced by the fact that whenever he needs a distinguished looking butler in his pictures, he sends for his first employer Walter Bussell, who for many years was caterer in extraordinary to the 400 of New York and Newport.

Robert Elliot, Powell-Mutual player, used to be one of our leading seed and pamphlet distributors. Mr. Elliot for a time was secretary to a Cincinnati congressman.

Charles Clary, who plays the part of a plotter against the United States in "The Honor System," is a great-great-grandson of Benjamin Stoddart, first Secretary of Navy.

Eugenie Besserer, who plays leading parts for the Selig Company, is acknowledged as one of the cleverest actresses appearing on the screen today. Before she appeared in motion pictures, Miss Besserer was a dramatic star. Her most recent work was the part of "Lady Rens" in "The Garden of Allah," and the wife of the attorney in the anti-capital punishment drama, "Who Shall Take My Life?" Miss Besserer's recreations are cooking, fencing and working in her vegetable garden.

June Daye, the "other woman" in William Fox's "The Derelict," has the distinction of beginning her stage career by playing a male role. When just a tot she was cupid in a production of "Ben Hur."

Ben L. Taggart, who plays opposite Valeska Suratt in the William Fox production. "She," has a Queen's medal for bravery. He won it in the Boer War. It was presented to him by the late Queen Victoria.

In answer to a request from a Kansas youth as to "what a fellow must possess to make him an actor in the movies," Jay Belasco, the "Strand" comedies leading comedian, answered as follows: "An actor should possess a nose, a mouth, a pair of ears, some hair, two eyes, two legs, two arms, some smiles and ditto tears. Some clothes, some paint and powder too, some salary, some gall. A little talent on the side, a little luck—that's all."

Mack Sennett employs 680 people of all crafts, in making Keystone comedies.

Jay Belasco, who is co-starring with pretty Billie Rhodes in Mutual comedies, attended the Bedford Grammar School in England and made his mark as a football player and swimmer. Jay thinks that every comedy actor should have a knowledge of football—there is so much in common between the two occupations.

Mary Garden, one of grand opera's ablest and greatest celebrities, who has just entered upon an exclusive contract with Goldwyn Pictures, was born in Aberdeen, Scotland. She is the daughter of Robert Davidson and Mary Joyce Garden. Her father came to America with his family in 1881, settling first in Montreal and later in Chicago and Milwaukee. He was interested in the bicycle business and engaged in the selling of an internationally famous make of car in New York City.

Smith's Center, Kansas, proudly claims the distinction of being the birthplace of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, which fact may explain why the rotund comedian has been referred to by film reviewers as a "cyclone of comedy" or a "tornado of laughter," due homage thus being paid to his native state's most popular outdoor sport. A creation of such environment it would appear that "Fatty" comes honestly by his whirlwind comedy methods.

No More Lunch "Hours" for George M.



Now that George M. Cohan has become a regular screen star he no longer believes in the "Out For Lunch" idea nor does he find it possible to take a lunch "hour." A glass of milk and a chicken sandwich between scenes satisfies the Arcraft film star. Judging from "Broadway Jones" his initial photoplay, he will prove one of the greatest of screen stars.

THIS MONTH'S PHOTO-PLAY SUGGESTION

Note: Each month one or more short stories will be given their first publication in this department for the consideration of photoplay producers as well as the entertainment of our readers. All writers, amateur or professional, having stories of merit which they wish to get before producers to an advantage are welcome to this agency, and in case their material is accepted by any producer, they will be given the entire amount the latter might pay. The chief purpose of this unique plan is to help worthy writers who are without literary reputation as yet.

THROUGH LIFE ETERNAL

By JACK STEWART

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Phrona Dryden, the girl.
Professor Dryden, her uncle.
Lynn Manning, the man.
Phillip Manning, his father.
Mrs. Manning, his mother.
Jackson, foreman of expedition.
Philopoea, the Grecian girl (same as Phrona).
Endymion, her lover (same as Lynn).

Clerk and messenger boy in village telegraph office; wireless operator and butler at Manning home; Grecian king and court attendants; Lynn's workmen.



LYNN MANNING, a young American of wealthy parentage, has graduated from college. He is intensely interested in archaeology and organizes an expedition to explore the ruins of ancient Greece.

While visiting the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, shortly before his departure for Greece, he meets Phrona Dryden, a beautiful girl, with her uncle, Professor Dryden, a retired professor of archaeology.

Lynn renders a service in recovering Phrona's pocketbook, and becomes well acquainted with the girl and her uncle. During the few days spent in Washington together he woos and wins her promise to marry him, in the typical up-to-date style of an enthusiastic suitor.

On the night of her promise, and after telling her uncle of it, the uncle entertains them in the exuberance of his spirits, with the strange story of an ancient script of which he is the proud possessor, giving an account of the burial of Philopoea, the most beautiful girl of Arcadia—B. C. 253.

Philopoea, the professor says, was regarded as the embodiment of all feminine beauty, and as such was, by king's decree, held in high honor and under strict guardianship, to serve as a model for their greatest sculptors.

At the age of twenty Philopoea was betrayed by Endymion, a young, comely and rich court attaché. The king in his rage had Endymion executed, confiscated his estate and then, unknown to Philopoea and to preserve her youthful beauty, had her veins inoculated with a secret serum which would bring eternal sleep, without disintegration, so long as she lay in her sacred shroud.

The professor's script gives a description of the place of burial on Endymion's estate:

In ancient ruins, buried in her shrine,
Wrapped in the sacred shroud her form
divine,
Sleeps Philopoea.

On mountain side, where greets the rising sun
The flowered fields of fair Endymion
Her tomb shall be.

There, on that picturesque hillside of ancient Greece lay the honored daughter of a splendid race, guarded day and night that her beauty might be preserved through future generations, until the great catastrophe which crumbled their city to dust and laid their fields beneath a mountain of earth and stone.

During the recital Phrona has been deeply moved, and at last faints dead away. The physician, hastily called, does not succeed in reviving her for several hours, but when finally

she regains consciousness it is with a strange story of having gone through the very experiences of the Grecian girl.

Lynn and the professor marvel at her enhanced beauty and the light of love and divinity that shines from her eyes and seems to gather like a halo around her head.

Late that night, after Lynn has left them and Phrona has retired, the professor sits for hours with his mind engrossed in the Grecian story, and with a peculiar wonder in his expression. "Transmigration of souls?" he muses, "why not—even the earthly traits are passed from generation to generation." Softly he steals to Phrona's bedside in the moonlight in an attitude of worshipful love and admiration, as she sleeps with a smile on her beautiful face.

Lynn persuades Professor Dryden and Phrona to visit his parents, at their summer home in the White Mountains of New Hampshire with him, to try to remain there and await the result of his expedition to Greece. He has a large wireless plant erected on the place and

equipped with the latest and most powerful mechanism which will radiate the wonderful spark half way around the globe. He proposes to erect a similar station on the highest elevation near the scene of his operations in Greece. Thus he can keep in constant touch with the folks at home, and especially with his sweetheart.

The expedition sails, after a love scene between Phrona and Lynn on the mountain, the wireless plant in the background. Phrona is apprehensive and Lynn has great difficulty in persuading her to be reconciled to his departure.

Lynn gives Phrona a copy of the secret code he has prepared for the transmission of their personal messages.

After Lynn's departure Phrona and Lynn's mother become somewhat estranged through jealousy on the part of Mrs. Manning, and a misunderstanding of their relationship due to her forming hasty conclusions. She resents the hold Phrona has secured on Lynn in so short a time, and her feelings are aroused, especially by Phrona's possession of the secret code book. Mrs. Manning makes up for her rather weak character by her devotion to Lynn and her husband—she is a woman in whom the intense mother-love warps her good judgment. Her usual kindness and sympathy can be quickly restored and her passing fancies swept away by a crisis, as will be seen later.

Mrs. Manning clandestinely visits Phrona's room to look for the code book. Phrona surprises her by an unexpected return, and is grieved over Mrs. Manning's action and attitude. Phrona insists that she and her uncle take quarters in the village hotel, but she readily gets Mr. Manning's consent to their visiting the wireless station to communicate with Lynn. Mr. Manning is passively on Phrona's side all through the misunderstanding, first because of Lynn's interest in her but later his admiration grows as he witnesses her loyalty to Lynn and her great consideration for Mrs. Manning and himself.

Mr. Manning and the professor have also found a hobby in common on the Country Club golf course. Phrona has also intrenched herself in the good graces of Mr. Manning by her proficiency at the game.

Some weeks pass, Lynn reaches the scene of his labors, establishes camp, and finally sends a cablegram that on the morrow he will have his wireless apparatus ready for the test. Mr. Manning slips down to the village, giving the welcome news to Phrona and her uncle. They haunt the wireless station the next day, tolerated by Mrs. Manning to the secret amusement of Mr. Manning. At last a faint spark results, followed by an interval of undecipherable flashes, at last ending in perfect communication. Lynn's first message is "Love to all," then in the cipher to Phrona he says "Am thinking of you always, wife to be."

Phrona offers to show the translation to Mrs. Manning, but that good lady's pride is hurt and she leaves. Phrona, grieved beyond expression, sends the message, "Love to you, Lynn, success and speedy return," then sorrowfully goes back to the village and writes Mrs. Manning a letter (sending it by messenger) offering to relinquish Lynn since the attachment is causing her such evident concern. She says she will not visit the wireless station again, if that is Mrs. Manning's final desire. She says "My own mother, and father as well, died when I was a little girl, and so, dear Mrs. Manning, I can fully appreciate the priceless value of a mother's love. Believe me when I say that I cannot allow myself to be the means of altering in any way that sacred relationship that should ever and always exist between you and your only son."

A Photoplay—In the Making

Golden sunset—happy lovers and the spring's celestial breath.

And, now—the villain enters—but, oh fudge! that's worked to death!

Let it be a country fireside—with the husband colder grown.

And the loving wife, unhappy, oh I pass that with a moan.

I have it now! A mining camp! No woman on the place!

Now!—that old gag would soon come back—'twould be a deep disgrace.

Then how about a railroad scene (where danger-raging roams?)

But I can't find a single stunt not done by Helen Holmes.

Well then—a famous teuderloin—a girl—a gentle reed—

The noble lover enters—But, oh pshaw! that's gone to seed!

Why not a college campus—a romance and a flight!

A marriage—pa's discovery—his anger—Ah goodnight!

I'll try a wealthy damsel, stolen from mama in youth—

And the broken-hearted parents searching for their darling Ruth.

But, a ruse like that's so ancient that it simply wouldn't hold.

For the heaping of another on its back, so bent and old.

So, I turn me to the maiden, fickle, wealthy, insincere,

And the downfall of her scheming and the—Mercy, dear! Oh dear!

That's been killed—I'll have a vampire with her cruel relentless art—

And her wrecks of human nature falling round her—Ah, depart!

That's a punk idea, moth-eaten—borrowed from another's lore—

Is there nothing left to write on—all these that's have come before

From the brains of wiser masters—and the photoplays, I'd weave

Are dead and buried long since and their going, we sadly grieve.

And now—I stop to ponder—on my dreams—so plain and rare,

A photoplay's no easier stunt—Who said it was. Ah—bah!

—LUELLA C. McMAHON.

Meanwhile Lynn is frantically sending Phrona code messages asking why she does not send more than her first brief answer. Mr. Manning phones to her, but finds from the professor that Phrona has gone for a walk in the country. Mr. Manning in desperation sits down in the wireless station, starts writing innumerable messages of explanation to Lynn, gives one to the operator to send, then snatches it back, rereads it, destroys it, rumples his hair, sheds his coat and vest and gives every evidence of doing hard work. Whimsically he complains, "Drat it, I could answer the boy better if I knew what this blessed code stuff says." He studies the last several received and says, "I'll bet 'soup' means 'love.' He's dishing up 'soup' enough in these to feed the army." Finally he sends one reading, "Take care of yourself, Lynn, for your father's sake and stick to the job," and signs it "Phrona."

Phrona, however, realizing Lynn's state of mind, files a message in the village telegraph office that makes the cadaverous clerk and the seedy messenger boy run to the door and watch her as long as she is in sight. Then they look at each other in horror. The message, after much labored effort in computation on the part of the cadaverous clerk, with the messenger boy sharpening pencils as fast as he can to keep up with broken points, has cost Phrona \$42.63, but she sorrowfully tells her uncle that it's worth \$4263 and then some, to ease Lynn's feelings and her own. Her uncle, in a pathetic effort to hearten Phrona, sends down for an elaborate dinner to be served in their rooms, and eats heartily, though Phrona has all she can do to take part. To please her uncle, however, she struggles nobly, but after leaving him collapses on her bed in a paroxysm of grief, spending a sleepless night. The morning sun peeping through her window finds a hollow-eyed young lady, not at all the happy girl that waved good-bye to Lynn from the station platform.

Next day Mr. Manning comes down with a message, part of which reads, "Have unearthed ruins of elaborate temple. Few hours work and a shot will let us in. Love. Phrona use code. Plain English too common."

Phrona says sadly but archly to Mr. Manning, "Have you been impersonating me by wireless?" He answers, "Yes, child. What else could I do? If I hadn't Lynn would be on his way home now." Phrona says, "Oh God, I wish that he were!" Mr. Manning nods gloomily as if to say, "Me too."

In Mr. Manning's absence the wireless operator is phoning to the house that he has just received an important message, but cannot leave the instrument as more is coming. Mrs. Manning hurries down to get it. Lynn's assistant wires, "Blast opened tomb. Lynn entered, was caught by fall of rock and imprisoned. Full force working to release. Expect to have him out by tomorrow."

Here show the blasting. Lynn, incautiously eager, rushes forward to the opening, enters before Jackson can warn him of the slipping hillside, and is shut in by a tremendous fall of earth and rock. Just at this point a lazy Greek approaches Jackson with Phrona's belated message by cablegram. In the excitement of the moment Jackson takes it and stuffs it in his pocket where it is forgotten.

Mrs. Manning is beside herself, and frantically has the chauffeur drive her to village seeking her husband. She needs but this blow to restore her to a sane attitude in the situation. She finds Mr. Manning, Phrona and the professor at the hotel. She delivers the message to her husband and surrenders herself to Phrona's comforting. An affecting scene between the two, following which all go back to Manning home in the auto.

They spend a sleepless night at the wireless station. About midnight Phrona suddenly collapses, and all efforts to revive her fail. She lies in a coma, heart and lungs barely performing their duties. They remove her to her bedroom where the professor, Mrs. Manning and the village physician alternately attend her, while Mr. Manning tramps in and out, up and down, smoking like a steam engine in his agitation.

Meanwhile strange things are happening in the distant sarcophagus.

After his first fright is over, Lynn hastily calculates the fall of rock, the number of men available to dig him out, his air supply, etc., and decides philosophically, in spite of his more or less injured condition, that he has but to face an imprisonment of twenty-four to thirty hours. He is dishevelled, bleeding from a wound in the head, but otherwise thoroughly alive to the enjoyment of a strange adventure.

He gives eager and amazed attention to an object lying on an ornately carved stone table or pedestal. Here, in an attitude of perfect repose, is the figure of a woman. Even under its covering of intricate Grecian-designed fabric, it is evident that this was no ordinary mortal. Hers is a figure of singular beauty.

It is easy to see that the figure is that of a woman of wonderfully beautiful mold. Lynn's curiosity impels him to remove the cloth from the face, and he starts back in astonishment at the girl's likeness to Phrona.

Lynn then reverently turns back more of the cloth, and it seems to him, in the dim light, that Philopoea's eyelids flutter, her mouth quivers, she awakes and sits up, and Lynn promptly swoons and topples over on the floor.

Then show cut-ins of scenes between Philopoea and Endymion, ending in a stirring love scene on a mountain crest overlooking the sea. Philopoea declares that love is the greatest thing in the world—the motive of life itself—the supreme of the Gods—enduring through life eternal.

She says in conclusion: "There—over western sea—will I go, and thou, Endymion, will go too. Thy sensibility is not as mine—thine eyes show doubt, but doubt me not in heart, beloved. There—there—shall we meet and be again as one—through life eternal." Fade out.

Lynn revives as the workers cast aside the last of the barrier, rush in and raise him. He looks in an agony of wondering alarm at the shrouded figure. He presses his forehead. They carry him out into the open air.

As Lynn revives in the Grecian tomb, so also does Phrona, over in New Hampshire, much to the watcher's relief. With the dawn comes a message: "Rescued—safe—fine as a fiddle—don't worry. Phrona, you are my love for life eternal. Leave for home next week with greatest specimens ever found."

But, under their light in the wireless station, Lynn and his foreman decide that night to seal the tomb, cover it with stone and leave its presence unknown to the authorities.

"There are some things, Jackson, too sacred to trifle with, even in the name of science," says Lynn. As Lynn maintains an absorbed pose for a minute Jackson says behind his hand to his companion worker in the background, "He says it was a girl—looked to ME like a mummy, but it was *some* mummy."

Final scene a month later, reunited in the good old U. S. A., Lynn, Phrona and mother with heads together. Mr. Manning and professor behind. Mr. Manning says, "Say Lynn, doesn't 'soup' mean 'love'—honest now?"

Just then the butler comes to the door and appeals to them to come to dinner, "The soup will be getting cold, sir," he says. They all laugh and Phrona breathes to Lynn the magic words: "Through life eternal."

The Secret of the Czar's Fade-out is Revealed

By ALBERT MASSOUR

The revolution in Russia is not the direct outcome of the war in Europe. It is merely the inevitable working out of the law of Cause and Effect. It is history repeating itself.

In the early days of your United States a courageous band of men got together and drew up a Declaration of Independence. They wanted to see their country ruled for and by the people.

The same thing happened in my country back in 1820, and it now is bearing fruit. I will give a short resume of the situation. In 1800 Czar Paul was the ruler of Russia. Conditions were terrible. No one was safe. A condition of slavery existed in the working classes.

Men of brains who realized how their country was being ground by one-man power, laid plans to get rid of the Czar. The leaders of this band were Panen and Palenen. They brought about the death of the Czar, and Alexander succeeded him. Alexander was very liberal in the first part of his reign. The radicals—those men who can be compared only to your American patriots of colonial days—wanted a Constitution for Russia.

Alexander would not give it to them. His argument was that "the people were

not ready for it." He did liberate the peasant slaves—only to put them back into bondage again. Could it be expected that any sensible minded people would countenance these conditions?

The Liberals began organizing secret societies. General Orlov was at the head of the first of those, which was formed in 1820 and had at its head such famous men as Glonka, the writer and aristocrat, Tolstoy, Prince Dolgoroukev, Turganev, Ivan Shipov. The secret declaration drawn up by these men was like your own Declaration of Independence.

Pestel eventually became the real leader of this organization and the idea of its members was to bring about a Republican form of Government in Russia. They met secretly, in their homes or at the fairs held in different parts of the country. To be found out as a member of the secret society meant torture or death. Yet if you consider the men who were at the head of it, you can readily understand why a "bloodless revolution" just has taken place in Russia.

These men were thinkers—men with imaginations and brains—who saw in the future a great and free Russia, and who risked everything for their ideals. All honor to them.

Meantime the "court obliques" in Russia were going along in their self-satisfied way. They thought they knew what the people wanted, how the people live. They refused to see the "handwriting on the wall."

The leaders of the secret organization were arrested on all sides, sent to Siberia or executed. But good leaders always were left behind.

In 1823 a revolutionary movement similar in every respect to the present one was planned. The leaders of the secret organization planned to arrest the Czar and his advisers in the city of Bohruisk, capture the fortress there, win over the army and then march upon Moscow and St. Petersburg. The Czar did not go to Bohruisk as had been expected, and thus was halted a move which might have resulted as successfully as the present one.

Much has been said about the European war being responsible for the revolution. The war was not responsible; it merely helped things along. There are many people of German descent in Russia. Naturally their sympathies are with their Fatherland, next to the country in which they live. The pure slav is for Russia first, last and all the time.

SOME SOBER JUDGMENT

HERE'S an actual excerpt from a review which appeared in a small-city daily newspaper: "This motion picture is a hit. The star had a big, strong roll."

Well, that's better than accusing said star of having a bun on.

MARY MILES MINTER'S press agent claims she has never been kissed.

Not even sunkist and living all the while in California?

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON has an ostrich for a pet.

So the war is going to have a hard time preventing her from having feathers for her hats.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN goes to church on Sunday.

We've always admitted that Charlie is funny.

HELEN HOLMES, who braves real train wrecks for the sake of injecting thrillers into the pictures in which she appears so often, is afraid of mice.

Hand it to the mice, boys—they can sure get the feminine goat.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS contends that a hearty laugh is just as essential upon arising in the morning as brushing the teeth.

But many people neglect to brush their teeth. Moral: Many people neglect too many things.

ANN MURDOCK says parrots always make her furious because they can talk faster than she can.

This doesn't sound woman-like at all. We'll bet a cookie it's a canard framed up by a press agent.

PADDY McQuire, the comedian, says he has to change his personality so often that when he gets up in the morning it takes him about five minutes to figure out who he really is.

We've heard of this same thing happening as a result of changing drinks too frequently the night before.

A FITTING definition of realism is hard work. For instance, Henry B. Walthall blistered his hands in chopping down trees while portraying a character for a photoplay, and Max Linder deliberately fell out of a third-story window for the same purpose.

Find a business that's a cinch and you're doing more than the fellow who discovered the North Pole.

SCREEN STORIES WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY

BY JACK WINN

CHICKENS AND CHICKENS

ED LAWRIE, the rotund fun maker, claims he deserted the chicken business to go on the musical comedy stage.

There is a slight incongruity dis-

cernible on the horizon—chickens abound on the musical comedy stage. Therefore, was there so much desertion on his part after all?

HOUDINI, the handcuff king who has broken out of everything imaginable excepting a contract, has been lured into the picture field under the banner of Williamson Brothers, producers of underwater photoplays.

Explicitly, it is Houdini's ability to break out of things that has enabled him to break into the movies. It's an even break.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR, the Morosco director, announces that he is both busy and happy.

A happy business is this.

GRACE CUNARD has just gained four pounds in weight as a result of taking a vacation.

The more you let work wait the more you add to weight if your larder will stand the wait.

FANNIE WARD never tires of buying new clothes, and she devotes more time to fittings at her dressmaker's than any other star.

But she has plenty of would-be rivals. Most all women would never tire of spending all their time at dressmakers if they could afford it.

MARGARET JOSLIN, whose 200 pounds of bone and muscle has been seen in motion-picture comedies for some years, in private life is known as Mrs. Harry Todd. Together she and her husband appear in Pathe's "Luke" comedies, and together they live in harmony. It is rumored that a jar has never disturbed the marital happiness. Perhaps there's a reason. Harry Todd only weighs about 100 pounds.

Evidently Harry is a very sane man.

ACCORDING to the actual record fifty men have married Theda Bara and regretted it—in pictures.

It's a great record in pictures. In actual life it would be like the mobilization of an army.

"I THINK I would be a good Red Cross nurse," ventures Edna Purviance.

Brave girl. Just for thinking that she could be shot—providing, of course, she let the thought take her to the firing-line.

MARY MARTIN, the Fox actress who writes poetry during her leisure moments, once wrote an ode to a daisy. The daisy died.

Could any poetry be so murderous or so murdered?

NOT all Parrotts are birds.

Charlie Parrott, the Fox star, is a good actor nevertheless.

IF you want to arouse Jackie Saunders' temper, all you have to do is tease an animal.

Now, you brute!

HE'S a Triangle actor, and his name stands for fondness.

Don Likes.

THE Great Secret," the Metro serial, is to be exhibited in Japan, Dutch East Indies, India and the Philippines.

So it won't be such a great secret long.

PATRICK CALHOUN, the Essanay player, denies that he is Swedish.

We'll bet he's not Spanish either, and we'll also bet that he knows more about a certain Cork than the fellow who called Ireland Great Britain's best bottle.

CHICAGO'S weather is like a woman's mind—as changeable as the wind, according to Marguerite Clayton.

Coming from a woman this constitutes a veritable confession that there is something zephyr-like in the feminine dome. However, gallantry demands the qualification that it is not as bad as Chicago weather.

A NEBRASKAN with the monicker of Jonathan Q. Ire recently tried to break into the movies by proposing marriage to a star who happens to be the proud possessor of one spouse already.

Postmortem postscript posthaste: Somebody got madder than Ire! Later bulletin: Oh how the hubby did fight while he was so angry at Ire!

THE leading woman in "The Haunted Pajamas"—

But what's the use of continuing? Pajamas on a woman—leading or following—invariably possess a certain haunting quality especially when you are privileged to merely imagine what they look like.

WHY IS YOUR FAVORITE YOUR FAVORITE?

The Photo-Play Journal will pay \$5 for the best answer of 75 words or less to this question. The sum of \$3 will be paid to the second best, and \$1 will be paid to each of the next two best. If you have a favorite among the many motion picture artists, write why. Entries received until noon, June 11th. Winners announced in July.

FOR MARY PICKFORD

Mary Pickford is my favorite. She is queen of them all. Every play she is in is worth seeing. She is a dear from head to foot. Her golden curls, tiny feet, saucy pouts, happy smiles, sad tears and her wee, tip-tilted nose have won more hearts than any other actress in the world. There are many dainty players, but none who will ever take the place of dear little Mary Pickford.—Lavina E. Wisse, 5 Donlon St., Rochester, N. Y.

I think Mary Pickford is the best actress because she can be beautiful in rags or silk, while other actresses look well only in good clothes, besides she takes every part so well. I am sure Theda Bara would not look beautiful in the role that Mary took in "Hulda from Holland," but I think Mary would make just as good a vampire as Theda. Also, Mary takes great pains to please the public.—Mildred Mathison, care of Hotel Savoy, N. Yakima, Wash.

I imagine it is Mary Pickford's marvelous charm of personality that makes her my prime favorite. She, however, adds to nature's gifts a sincere and skillful artistry wrought by faithful labor. Her pure and delightful comedy gives me most pleasure, for though her unforced pathos brings a tear, in this sad world I consider it a greater feat to arouse innocent merriment. Long may she continue to beguile the world's weary heart with her sparkling comedy, her sweet winsomeness and her beautiful art.—Atlas B. Stephens, Charlottesville, Va.

America's Sweetheart, namely Mary Pickford, is my favorite motion-picture actress. Her sweet child-like face, framed in those curls of burnished gold, with its pensive, wistful eyes and her sweet adorable, rather sad little smile, is enough to capture the heart of the biggest "grouch" on earth. As for expressing my love for her in words, "It can't be done." I just have to hold my breath and think.—Margaret Stewart, 1321 Clayton St., Denver, Colo.

My favorite is Mary Pickford, the queen of the movies. She will always be in my mind as the best. I think she is the darlingest creature of them all. She has always the same sweet face and the same tender smile. I can imagine her as nothing else but a lovable child, and I am sure she is the same sweet Mary off the screen as on.—Norma Tilly, 368 Monroe St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

My favorite is Mary Pickford, for she is loved by all who know her, for her charm, her refinement, and her beauty. Everyone has a film acquaintance with her. There isn't any actress, to my mind, who can be so fascinating. She is known as one of the aristocrats of the stage. Just imagine she was once a poor girl and now she has her beautiful estate, her cars and every luxury money can buy. These traits, I think, make her the leading actress.—Mattie Dean, Denton, Maryland.

It is no use trying to argue on the beauty or popularity of any screen artist when Mary Pickford's name is mentioned. Mary Pickford, peerless queen of the pictures—none can resist her. With her wealth of golden curls, her sweet face, her great beauty and her talented acting, she is loved by all. Always lovable, and never disappointing, she has captured the hearts of old and young. A truer actress could not be found. She's the "dream girl" of the public.—Florence Mangel, 3330 N. 22nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mary Pickford is my favorite of a host of wonderful screen stars because she visualizes a type of sweet womanhood that lives as an ideal in the hearts of millions of American people. Her influence is for good. Her characters appeal to the best in one's nature, and to see her is to experience a mental bath. Little children love her.—S. A. Cousley, 411 W. 4th St., Pittsburg, Kansas.

My favorite is our golden-haired queen, whose quick sympathy and ready compassion has endeared her to all ages and peoples. Her face is

inspiring, ideal, gentle and beautiful. A face that has not great strength and character would suffer from the softening influence of her curls. Her acting is amazingly vigorous; style, finish, genius in every performance. Nature fashioned Mary Pickford from a new mold—one never used before, or never to be used again.—Mary E. Schwartz, 1180 W. 6th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR MARGUERITE CLARK

Marguerite Clark is my favorite. She never fails to win her audience because of her charming youthfulness. Her mischievousness and little "show-off" ways only serve to make her more lovable. Nor is she merely a charmer. Her cleverness is always apparent, and I consider her the most natural and winsome little actress on the screen.—Marjorie Pegley, 442 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A great many people rave about Mary Pickford, but I think Marguerite Clark out-Pickfords Mary in a great many ways. Her screen personality and charming winsome smile would drive dull care away from any troubled mind. She possesses an elfish grace and spirit that overcomes all obstacles. We go to see photoplays to banish our worldly cares; watching her vivacious actions on the screen are captivated, which I must say makes her a par-excellent entertainer.—Edmund Stevens, 94 Alpine St., Newark, N. J.

In my estimation, Marguerite Clark is the most interesting of all screen stars. She is the daintiest, cutest, and by far the most beautiful, besides having completely mastered the art of youthful mischief and grave sincerity combined. She is just a tiny slip of a brown-eyed girl, who, by her captivating manner, charm, and beauty, has won for herself great fame and nation-wide success.—Mina Alexander, 168 Kent St., Ottawa, Canada.

The exquisite little Marguerite Clark is my favorite. In my opinion she far surpasses them all. She is possessed with an abundance of talent, grace, and charm; all of which are essential to being a thorough actress. She is also just as beautiful and vivacious as anyone else. Altogether, she is the most delightful one to be seen on the flickering screen.—James L. Russ, care of Exchange Hotel, Birmingham, Ala.

FOR MAE MARSH

Mae Marsh is my favorite actress, and I believe the best on the screen. No other motion-picture actress can play such a varied assortment of roles with the exquisite artistry displayed by Mae Marsh. She is not a one-part actress, as she is equally at home in comedy or tragedy, and I believe her chief charm lies in the fact that she is sincere, and always a real human being.—Ruth Wright Whitney, 3258 Polk St., Chicago, Ill.

Mae Marsh is to me the wonder in the screen world of today. Does she depend on beauty curls or cute ways? No! She throws herself into her part so thoroughly that all else is forgotten. There has never been anything in moving pictures that could come up to her interpretation of the "little sister" in "The Birth of a Nation." The fact that Griffith thought her worth while is enough.—Lena T. Haywood, 374 Lotowa Ave., Paterson, N. J.

FOR HENRY B. WALTHALL

Before I saw Henry B. Walthall I had no favorite, but on seeing him, he was chosen. He seems to charm me; that is a dangerous and direct word to use, but I can say no other. He is so manly, stately and dignified. He impersonates every role so well, and his portrayal of character roles has yet to be surpassed. His make-up is always perfect owing to his own carefulness and amount of talent. Another reason I admire him is because of his resemblance to Poe. He is my favorite poet and his second (in appearance) is my favorite player.—Thelma J. Quigley, 360 Gramatan Ave., Mt. Vernon, New York.

I consider Mr. Walthall the greatest emotional actor on the screen. He has such a good, clean-cut, honest face that you cannot help admiring him. Those who saw him in Ibsen's "Ghosts" can readily appreciate his talent. I met him personally soon after seeing the "Birth of a Nation," and my fondest hopes were realized. He is certainly a wonder.—Hawley Dely, 414 Greenleaf St., Evanston, Ill.

A great artist rarely constitutes a favorite, yet mine is Henry B. Walthall, for his wonderful emotional ability, subtle expression and most pleasing personality. I have seen him in a great variety of roles, and he is wholly enrapt in the character he portrays, which makes each one distinct and unforgettable. For naturalness and realism he stands alone, and he reaches the place where the "heart-throbs" live. It is difficult to realize he is but acting. Therefore, my last cent to see the genius Walthall play.—John J. Schweda, 1096 1st St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Great acting is depicting a character, so true to life that the audience observe, not the actor, but the character portrayed. Mr. Henry B. Walthall is a great actor. He is therefore my favorite. As an Essanay star, this versatile actor has shown himself to be a master of film technique, of make-up and of character. I compare his acting to great masterpieces of painting, the more studied, the better the artistic grace appears.—Aldis C. Bartlett, Pierre, So. Dakota, care of Bijou Blk.

FOR MADAME PETROVA

Petrova is my favorite screen artist, and I think she is not only a good actress, but a fine, as well as beautiful, woman. She possesses a wonderful charm of manner and a great personality. Her friends say she has a wonderful character, and it plainly shows in her work. She truly lives her parts and holds her audience from the first reel to the last.—Bernice Corrick, 119 W. 5th St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

Mme. Petrova is my favorite because she has physical beauty, histrionic ability and that rarest of all possessions, "common sense." Those lovely dark eyes seem to look right through you. She makes everything so real that one forgets it is only a photoplay. One always comes away with the feeling that their time was not wasted. When Mme. Petrova was made, they turned out but one model, and then broke the mold.—Florence Traver, 422 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City, N. Y.

Mme. Petrova occupies first place in my list of screen favorites because of her dramatic art—the wonderful emotion she displays, her versatility, her wonderful form, her exquisite gowns and her appealing eyes. This wonderfully gifted actress far surpasses any other in America. Her fame has been won by her art, and not by having her name and portrait posted over the entire country in magazines and on calendars. Not only is Petrova gifted as a screen artist, but she is a talented singer and poetess. The plays in which Petrova appears are worth while, especially those which she writes herself. They always leave a deep impression with those who see them. Other stars may be good, but none can hold a candle to Petrova.—Jane E. Little, 401 Girlinger Ave., Hagerstown, Maryland.

FOR GRACE CUNARD

Few times have I seen Grace Cunard, but I idolized her the first time I saw her. Her personality draws one to her whilst her smile seems to radiate all around. She was very appropriately described in a limerick by Hattie Clark, Stromsburg, Neb., in the "Motion Picture Magazine."

A clever young lady is Grace,
Whose very remarkable face
Can look sweet or sad,
Or happy or mad
In one short minute of space!

—Miss Winnie Bowyer, Garden Street, Gananoque, Ontario, Canada.

(Continued on page 48)

WHEN LOVE IS BLIND

By AGNES C. JOHNSTON



LITTLE Eleanor had only a "memory" mother. Her father had been broken-hearted when his wife died, and now he cared for nothing but his art. He thought of nothing but the picture he was painting, and in spite of his rapidly failing health, he worked night and day to finish it. It was to be his masterpiece.

His little daughter, while rummaging through an old chest one day, was delighted to find in an old torn veil, a sweet-scented handkerchief and a pair of limp white gloves, the haunting memory of the sweet mother, who had cared for her. Eleanor took the glove over to her father, who sat working at his easel. He took it up absent-mindedly and then as it settled into his hand, the familiar touch of it smote him to the heart. He thrust it from him and frowned at the child angrily.

Still determined to please him, Eleanor crawled under his easel and with a broken piece of charcoal she sketched a little picture of a horse on some paper. It was not until he saw this drawing and realized the genius this crude baby's touch displayed that the father took an interest in his daughter. She had inherited his talent. He would give her lessons.

But the lessons did not continue long. Mrs. Meggs, the janitress of the studios who "bossed" her tenants right royally, noticed the artist's failing health and called in a doctor. The doctor told the artist there was only one chance. He must go away for a vacation.

Fearing he might not even live long enough to finish his masterpiece the artist took the doctor's advice and left Eleanor in the care of kindly Mrs. Meggs, and thereafter the little girl played alone with her dolls in Mrs. Megg's basement room. One day two weeks later the janitress came downstairs to find Eleanor curled up on the couch with a one-eyed doll and two Teddy-bears. She asked her why she was going to bed so early.

"Isn't it bedtime?" Eleanor asked.

"Why no, dear," Mrs. Meggs replied.

"But it's so dark!" the child persisted.

A broad streak of sunshine lay across the wistful little face and startled Mrs. Meggs, who examined her eyes carefully. Eleanor did not even blink in the sunshine. Mrs. Meggs hurried her to a doctor, who could give them no hope. A film—a cataract was growing over the blue eyes. There was no hope of saving the child's sight. She would be blind, perhaps for years. When she was older, when the cataract had fully formed, then perhaps an operation might give her back her eyes, but until then she must live in darkness.

Mrs. Meggs could not bear to tell the sad news to the father when he returned. In fact, he gave her no opportunity, for he was already telling her his own news; that his vacation had not benefited him and now he would not even be able to finish his picture. He went sadly into his old studio, where so many hopes and dreams had been born. There was his picture, still only a

faint promise of what it might be. But there, sitting on the stairway that led to the skylight was little Eleanor, who had inherited his talent. He took the child up in his arms, a great happiness coming to him. She had talent, she would finish and give to the world the work he must leave incomplete. He would spend the short time of life left to him in instructing her. He took up the pad and pencil and began the first lesson. But she seemed strangely stupid. Her pencil sprawled aimlessly over the paper, and in a fury of impatience he shook her and scolded her and told her that she could follow him, if she would only try. Mrs. Meggs, who stood outside the door, trying to get up courage enough to go in and tell him, could stand it no longer. And when he heard the truth he sank down entirely disheartened. There was nothing in the world to live for now.

Soon little Eleanor had only a "memory" father. But it was a poignant memory she retained—the one luminous thing in her darkness. Her father had dedicated his art to her. Some day she must paint. Somehow she must get her eyes back again so she could see to carry out this ambition. The inspired words of the man, burned in her memory, the words he had spoken before he knew she was blind.

"To you I leave my art little Eleanor," he had said. "May you have the 'seeing eye' of the artist that brings happiness and sorrow too, but inspiration!"

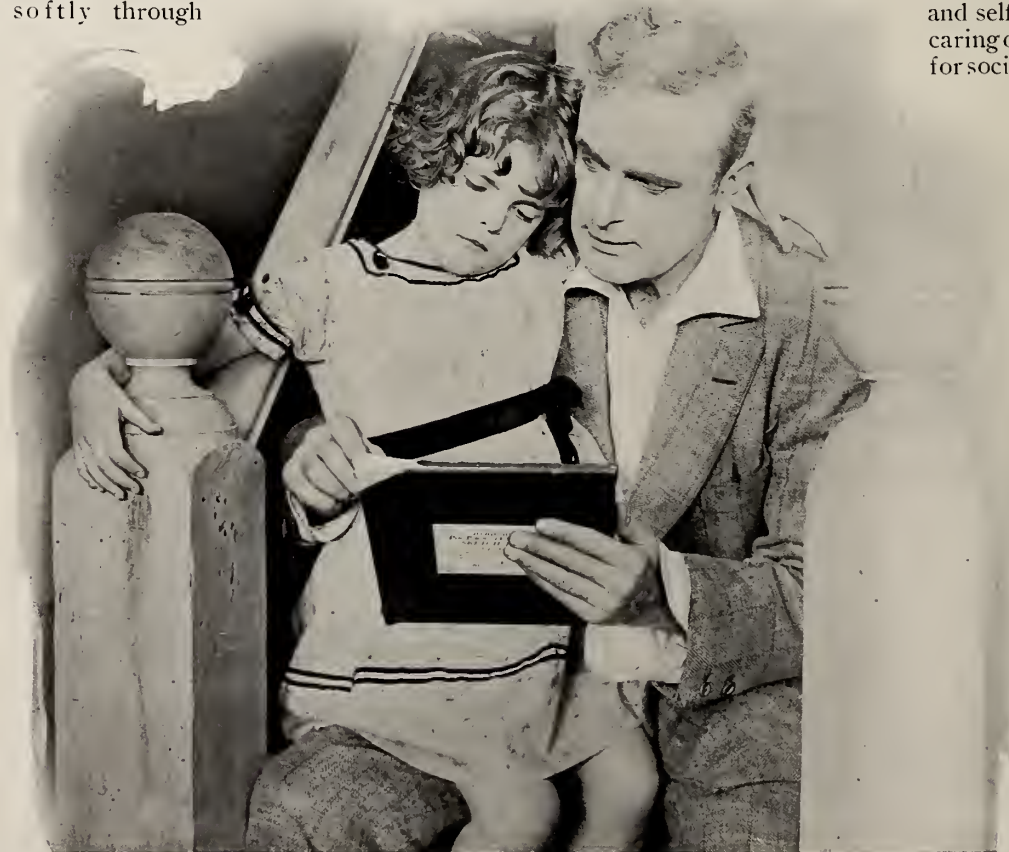
And as she grew up she could not forget those words. The ambition which controlled her very being caused her to frequent and loiter in "the art district." The people of the studios noted the strange little figure, who stole softly through

the halls listening hungrily for snatches of conversation about pictures. A pathetic wistfulness seemed to envelop her, and this made the good-hearted Bohemians pity her. But she was so queer. There was something so hopeless about her that none tried to help her until at last one day a man came, who brought her light. One day she felt her way along the hall with a radiant smile on her face and pausing in the floor of sunshine to feel its gracious warmth on her cheeks and shoulders, she heard music, and it seemed like a new hope of the dawning of happier things.

She made her way to the studio where Burton Lester was playing the piano with that same irresponsible gayety which characterized everything he did. A man of wealth, who played at art, he was Eleanor's only friend and he soon learned to enjoy amusing "the child" as he called the adopted daughter of his janitress. Eleanor longed to see his paintings and he delighted in describing them to her—not as they were, but as he would have had them. Now they went up to the top of the "magic stairway" which they called the stairs that lead to his skylight window. He told her of the "beautiful world" that his window overlooked, reveling in his descriptions of broad sunny streets and of the gorgeously dressed laughing children and princesses. And she little guessed that the real scene was ugly and sordid, a composite of gaunt factory buildings and dark dirty streets. Burton never cared to face the facts of life anyway.

It was moral cowardice which made him afraid to tell Ruth Porter the truth. She misunderstood his offer to help her financially for a proposal. So he married her.

Ruth, vain and selfish, caring only for society,



Little Eleanor inherited her father's talent for drawing

was not congenial in the least, and then his indifference hurt her cruelly. He realized too late how much kinder it would have been to tell her the truth in the first place.

PART II

Years passed by drearily for Eleanor. Mrs. Meggs had died and left the girl tragically alone just at the age when she needed motherly

the world and the love of the man who meant everything in the world to her. She chose the latter.

The operation was performed on her eyes and Burton took her away to his hunting lodge in the mountains. There she found happiness and nothing to mar it but the tremulous impatience for the time when the bandage would be taken off her eyes, when she would be able to see

anything disagreeable, anyone unhappy. It jarred on his sensitive, beauty-loving nature. When the butler, taking advantage of the unconventionality of the house, made advances to the demure little maid, Burton angrily discharged the butler. And disturbed by the little maid's hysterical sobbing he patted her comfortingly on the shoulder.

Eleanor had just had her bandages removed, and she came from an inner room to "look for" Burton. Trembling with joy she hurried forward as she heard his voice in the dining-room. But at the door she paused aghast. He stood there with his arm about the maid, talking to her in the same pitying, caressing way he had often talked to Eleanor.

Little dreaming that his actions might be misconstrued Burton came back into the room and smiled happily as he saw Eleanor and noticed that the bandages were off. He hurried to Eleanor's side, but her face was solemn, and she put out her hands to feel his face, to be quite sure it was he. Convinced of this it seemed her heart was broken. She felt she could never trust Burton again, and she pretended that she did not care for him, that she was only "buying" her eyes.

The old specialist overheard the conversation and was amazed. He had thought Burton's kindness to the girl was merely an act of charity, incited by pity which an artist would naturally feel for a person whose talent was rendered useless by blindness. Furious, the old man denounced Burton, and realizing what he had done, what a moral coward he was, Burton stood ashamed.

In her room a while later Eleanor was getting ready to go back to the city. It seemed there was nothing left for her in life. And then came the memory of her father's legacy: "May you have the seeing eye of the artist that brings sorrow, but inspiration!" and a strange new peace and hope rose in her heart as she followed the doctor out of the bungalow.

(Continued on page 46)

guidance and advice most. She had developed into a beautiful young woman, one who could have charmed most any man if it were not that she was totally blind and therefore practically helpless. Burton Lester was the only friend she had left in the world. He was the only one who displayed any proclivity to worry over her welfare. Even he had oftentimes failed to visit her for days at a time. On one occasion, when he returned to his deserted studio after an absence of a whole week, he found the girl huddled at the top of the stairway listening to the rain beating against the skylight. She was a forlorn little figure to contemplate, but in all her dejection she was stunningly beautiful. There was an expression of brave patience on her attractive face, and when she greeted the man with a wonderfully radiant smile, he realized for the first time that he loved her, but he was afraid to tell her of his helplessness—he could not bear to confess that he was married.

It was not many days afterward that Eleanor learned the cruel truth from Mrs. Burton Lester herself. Overwhelmed by fear and unhappiness, the poor, sightless girl felt sure that life was devoid of hope, for she loved Lester whole heartedly.

Then came the news that she might regain her sight by a delicate operation which Burton offered to pay for. She told him that she knew of his wife. Remorseful, he begged for forgiveness, telling her of his great love for her, and promising that if he could not give her his name, he would at least give her happiness. She must choose between being left entirely alone in

the man who was all the world to her, and the world that she had hitherto seen through his eyes. But when the time came her eyes were opened in more ways than one. What she saw in the bungalow Burton was entirely blameless of, but to Eleanor it meant everything. Burton couldn't bear to see



Nothing mattered but love



"The child is blind!"

LOVE LETTERS OF LEE LOY TSANTI

Strange Story of How a Near-Heathen Was Won to the Cause of Reform by His First Sight of an American Girl and How He is Now Striving to Uplift Darkest China with the Aid of the Motion Picture Art

By CHARLES A. DELL



LEE Loy Tsanti, who, to most of the human beings on this mundane sphere, is a total unknown, has just inaugurated a far-reaching educational campaign with the aid of thousands of feet of American-made film which he acquired during a prolonged visit in Uncle Sam's domain, and therein lies a tale more subtle than the ordinary. Lee Loy Tsanti is a most remarkable patriot who learned how to be patriotic in America and who has embraced the motion picture as the most effectual medium for promoting the cause of modernism. Hence we find him a leading exhibitor throughout darkest China.

Another honor belonging to this young soldier of fortune of the Far East is, he has written more love letters and delivered fewer of them than any other Mongolian so far as records show. This fact is more worthy of note because he has never been guilty of sending any of these letters to the objects of his sentimental outbursts, nor has he spoiled a good story by destroying the evidence of his having loved and doted often.

During his six years' sojourn in the United States, Lee Loy Tsanti mastered a splendid education, learned the motion picture business, studied the art of advertising, worked as a reporter in Chicago, and lastly filled his pocket with New York tips while working as "head waiter" in a leading Mandarin restaurant. Prior to his going to New York, the young Chinaman roamed all over the United States, a victim to wanderlust in all the term implies, but his apparently aimless travels were intended to be of some avail, for he was always gleaning information and improving his time, and as a result there are plenty of his countrymen here who will tell you that Lee Loy will surely get his name conscript in the world's history book in bold-faced letters of brilliant hue.

"He's a great boy," is the comment invariably elicited in that section of New York commonly known as Chinatown when Lee's name is mentioned, and many of his admirers are convinced that he will be elected president of China some of these days.

It may be that these admirers are prejudiced as a result of having read some of the so-called "great boy's" most soulful epistles of love, which for some inexplicable reason the young man takes great pride in exhibiting. Undoubtedly the following effort addressed to an American girl to whom it was never sent would create a feeling of wholesome respect for Lee's good judgment and keen perception of just how far mad infatuation should be allowed to go:

MY DEAREST AMERICAN LOVE. It is very wrong, but I love you desperately. You, a proud American girl, would be worried if you knew a Chinese boy of humble Coolie parentage loved you, and since I do truly love you, I will prove it to myself at least by never letting you know it that you may be saved the possible depression you might experience over what you would regard as an uncanny affection in which lurked dangers and sorrows. I shall write letters to you just the

same and shall read them myself, keep them and prize them because they are addressed to you. Meanwhile I gain contentment from being assured that I am not causing you any annoyance. I must admit, dearest one of beauty my eyes have feasted on, that I adore you more than ever when I pause to reflect how far superior you are to me. I am glad you are so fortunate, for I am quite lowly though I am determined to rise above the mire of poverty and obscurity. Always though, dear, I shall feel that the great inspiration that pushes me forward is the result of my having seen you just once. Yet I know I am a fool. I won't be melancholy. I won't be madly infatuated. I'll forge ahead and always—yes always—secretly love you whom I never expect to see again though you tread the paths so near me. Forever my love is yours—forever you will never know it. LEE LOY TSANTI.

What a Chinaman thought when he first beheld an American girl

Excerpts from the diary by Lee Loy Tsanti, the Americanized Chinaman now in Hong Kong promoting motion pictures for the edification of his race, show that when as an ignorant Coolie boy he first gazed upon an American girl he thought:

"She was a queen of some strange tribe of white Coolies from over a beautiful sea that kisses the land of ideality and Utopian bliss.

"I thought she looked more beautiful when she didn't smile. There was more of charity in her serious facial expressions. When she smiled I thought she was amused at the sight of me.

"I thought at once that any man would have a hard time to drive her around like a slave. I thought something exciting would happen if my father and brothers would undertake to punish her as I've seen them punish my mother and sisters.

"I thought that first American girl was good to look upon as the solution to the problem of ending the slavery of the weaker sex.

"I thought many other things about her, but above all was the supreme thought of respect."

As all-consuming as this sort of love must be, it does not seem to so engross Lee Loy as to entice him to wade into the whirlpool of despair from which so often emerges the poor human being bent on self-destruction. Lee even stoutly denies that he has any troubles, and so he smiles and whistles as he works and plans to achieve.

Unlike the usual Chinaman, Lee Loy has temper, courage and pugnacity. Just like an American he is sometimes angered to that extent which leads to fistic encounter. On one occasion he resented the taunting of a big, burly, East Side rowdy, and displayed a thorough knowledge of the manly art of self-defense by giving the fellow a sound thrashing, whereupon the vanquished one assembled his pals and they later attacked the Chinaman en masse. The result was, two Caucasians and one Chinaman had to be taken to the hospital for repairs, which wasn't a bad break for the Chink. He made an intelligent speech in court the next morning and the judge dismissed the case against him, but fined all the other white men involved.

Lee Loy has had as his boon companion throughout his American invasion a thick notebook which is really a diary containing countless observations neatly jotted down in handwriting that would reflect credit upon an expert penman. Lee is very proud of this book, and displays it on the slightest provocation. He is just egotist enough to know that he has penned some corking good thoughts, and to have the desire to parade his intellect. And, it is undoubtedly exactly that kind of egotism which is indispensable in the accomplishment of any great work nowadays, for, is there any man doing things worth while who is meek and lowly and who slinks away from the praise of his fellow-men like a whipped cur? Needless to add Lee Loy has none of the proclivities of a whipped cur. He is too resolved on whipping paganism and all enemies to advanced ideas and new thought.

One of the first notes this rising genius of the Orient wrote after becoming somewhat familiar with conditions in the United States shows his wonderful conception of things as they are, and as they ought to be. Here is the note taken from his notebook verbatim without any editing:

"It seems more than passing strange to me that in this country the people of my race have permitted themselves to so live as to inspire the American people to look upon my country as the land of laundrymen and chop suey dispensers, when as a matter of fact, China is today predominated by a progressive element of democracy which means that a nation long down-trodden by her own volition may yet come into its very own. The strange part of it to me is that Chinamen who are wise enough to come to the land of promise do not make their presence felt by becoming the kind of citizens who help to make the United States the great nation that it is instead of making no attempt to take part in her affairs as other foreigners do after they once become settled here. My investigations have convinced me that there is a small percentage of Chinese who horde up small fortunes and then return to China to live the remainder of their lives. The consensus of opinion is that all of my countrymen do this, but it is not true. Therefore the wonder grows as to why my people in no way seek the plaudits of these grand people among whom they permanently cast their lots, but are content to remain inert to the patriotism they should foster for a country that gives them the opportunity to rise above the squalor of a turbulent country across the seas."

There is sense to this, and coming from a full-blooded Chinaman whose heart and soul are still with his native land, it should cause some of those disinterested habitues of American Chinatown to take notice to the extent of at least striving to make the pendulum of popularity swing in their direction just once for an innovation if for no other reason.

But Lee Loy's account of meeting a beautiful American girl, who was the first of

her race and sex he had ever seen, is delightful romance where the above note is a dry essay succinctly stated. Here is an excerpt from the story of that meeting as narrated by the literary Chinaman:

"Up in the province where I was reared, white women seldom ventured. I wanted to see one, and I had to go to Hong Kong to realize my ambition. I was 21 years old and full of determination to go forward. I felt to meet and know an American girl would help me greatly and so I put forth the successful effort. Well, I can hardly describe my impressions. She was a rather tall, slender girl with golden hair and lively blue eyes. She was not one of great wealth though a tourist for pleasure. I first set eyes upon her as she stood in front of a shop admiring some antiques. She had a male escort, also an American. But it was too great a treat for me to be intimidated by the mere presence of a protector. Moreover, I had no designs other than to study a real American girl and see just how different she was from the women of my own nationality. The first thing that I discovered was an air of independence that impressed me as being simply immense. Not this fair-complexioned girl would be any man's lowly slave in act and fact. That was obvious. It was likewise a most pleasing innovation to me, for I had been accustomed to see men regard woman as rather superfluous. I was glad to know that she was not so considered the world over. And I resolved that I would do my utmost to help unshackle our women, to acquaint them with at least enough of this suffrage proposition to teach them that they were meant to help the world and not merely the men who happen to be in their small sphere.

"But that American girl. How heartily did she laugh when her companion said something to her. That was new to me also. I have seen Chinese women severely punished by cruel fathers or husbands or other

male kinsmen for laughing even lightly. The injustice of it had always been repulsive to me, and so, unguardedly, when this American girl laughed I laughed, too, and right loudly. Her male companion stood not more than ten feet from me, and he turned his gaze towards me inquiringly. Upon noting that I was undoubtedly giving his fair consort my attention while thus laughing, he scowled just a trifle and set his jaws in a manner as to impress me with the fact that he would protect the girl from insults at all hazards. That made me very happy, for that is the kind of a man that I admire—strong, manly men. But it was time for me to apologize for my inadvertent rudeness inasmuch as the American was assuming a more resentful attitude toward me. But I could not speak English and so I attempted the only Esperanto I knew then by making a low bow and doffing my straw.

"Then I walked straightway down the street in the direction I was inclined to believe the American couple would take. I posted myself where I might get a farewell glance at that which I regarded as a joy-infusing and most beautiful curio—the American girl. Presently I was rewarded, for the couple walked leisurely past me without taking notice of me. (I had half secreted myself behind a screen which shows that I must have had an inherent respect for an American man's ability to care for a lady escort.)

"Well, the last view of the first American girl I ever saw was a climax of pleasures unalloyed and exquisite in the extreme to me, for I had my first opportunity of perceiving that greatest of admirable qualities of American womankind. This girl paused in front of an old woman who was leaning heavily and painfully upon a bamboo staff. There was appeal beautiful, command irresistible and charity unbounded in the expression of that American girl's face as she turned to her companion and said a few words. The response was as meritorious and impressive, for the man immediately produced some coins from his pocket and placed them in the outstretched hand of the poor, old Chinese woman.

"It was grand, it was inspiring, it was great, and, best of all, it started me cheering for Americanism and urging that the same spirit be instilled in the minds and hearts of all my countrymen in a praiseworthy effort to bring about a new era for China. I knew from that moment that the more Americanized China became the greater she would become as a nation and the happier her people would eventually become. Certainly the American girl and her charming girlisms had won me to a cause for which I am now struggling as best I can."

There could be no one thing a Chinaman could do to ingratiate himself with proud Americans which would accomplish the purpose any quicker than to praise American girls. This may account for the popularity Lee Loy enjoyed everywhere he went in this domain.

And gazing into the future, what might this Chinaman extraordinary accomplish? Surely the unique motion picture campaign he is promoting will be a success and should prove a medium of far-reaching influence, which through Lee Loy would be so dominated by American ideas and ideals, it is indeed highly probable that one long step towards Americanizing China might be taken in the course of this one man's career.

GREASE AND DIRT SPOTS



Don't worry about that soiled gown. Wilson's cleaner will remove that spot from your clothes. Wilson's cleaner is a scientifically compounded preparation, and will not injure the most delicate fabric. Send us 25c and we will send you a large bottle of this marvelous cleaner. If you find it unsatisfactory we will return your money.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Chicago, Ill.

In a Class by Itself!

This is what they all say of

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

Compare it with any other motion picture magazine published and see if you don't agree with the majority of critics.

Watch for the July Number

It goes on sale on June 20th and it will be found to surpass any previous number, even this superb June number you now have in your hands.

UNIQUE NEW FEATURES AND SUPERFINE PICTURES GALORE "ALWAYS A BETTER MAGAZINE"

If you want to play safe and be assured of getting PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL promptly without fail, you should subscribe by the year direct to our Main Office.

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL
LAND TITLE BUILDING PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MI-RITA Superfluous Hair Remover

The only treatment which will remove permanently all **Superfluous Hair** from the face, neck, arms or any part of the body, leaving no mark or blemish on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustic or powders used. **Originator, sole owner** and used exclusively by me.

Dr. Margaret Ruppert

1112-1114 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia

Suite 70-72-73 Phone, Walnut 7021
Established 22 Years

MOLES, WARTS AND ALL SKIN BLEMISHES REMOVED

Ask your druggist for DR. RUPPERT'S

MI-RITA Gray Hair Rejuvenator (not a dye) Vegetable Hair Tonic (Promote growth of hair)

Skin Food and Tissue Builder

Face Powder and Rouge

Astringent and Whitening Lotion

(For closing large pores and preventing wrinkles)



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

If your druggist cannot supply you send us his name

WHEN LOVE IS BLIND

(Continued from page 43)

PART III

Five years later, she found herself a famous artist. Her picture, "La Malheureuse"—a masterpiece which seemed to embody all her tragic disappointment in the world—caused a sensation in the artistic world. It brought her the friendship of Frank Norton and his little sister, Vera. Frank Norton's outlook on life was very narrow. He did not see the other fellow's side of things. However, touched by his respectful devotion and realizing the pleasure that the companionship with him and Vera would bring, Eleanor consented, when he asked her to marry him. But she stipulated that the engagement should be kept a secret until later. She wanted to tell him of Burton, but it was almost unbearable because Frank was so strange and rather bigoted in his views, and it seemed his object in life was to see that Vera did not associate with anyone whose character he did not approve.

Burton had long since gone away to learn courage. He had been fighting in the trenches "Somewhere in Europe," and out there so near to death, he came to a keener realization of what life and love meant. When he was recovering from a wound in the army hospital, a letter came announcing that his wife had divorced him. He determined to devote himself to the happiness of the one woman he had ever cared for—Eleanor. He returned and sought out the old specialist, who, realizing that the dreamy poetic boy had become a man at last, gave him the address of Eleanor.

Eleanor would not see him, but after some manipulating, Burton managed to get an invitation to a house-party to which she and Frank and little Vera were invited. Vera had gone out ahead of her brother, much against his wishes, but she couldn't bear to miss a day of the festivities and Eleanor had spoken for her. An acquaintance sprang up between Vera and Burton when she lost her dog, Caesar—a little black poodle, and he found it for her. In a few days, Vera had become very friendly with the "hero" who had rescued Caesar, and she confided her great secret to him—that her brother was engaged to Eleanor Grayson, the artist. She did not notice that the man started and a hard, strange look came into his eyes.

Eleanor arrived with Frank and some other guests just in time for the Friday evening dance. Vera was eager to introduce her new friend to her brother. Burton told her that he had the honor of knowing Miss Grayson—long ago. Then came the meeting. Eleanor's past loomed up before her and her love for Burton flamed up again when he asked her to marry him. But still she would not forgive.

Burton, who had learned a good deal of Frank's character from the narrow guardianship he kept over his little sister, feared for Eleanor's happiness. He determined that Eleanor should run no risk again, and asked her if she had told her fiance everything. Eleanor threw back her head proudly and said she would tell him. She was not afraid. His love was broad and noble enough to understand and forgive. But Frank could not even understand, and

when Eleanor finished her confession, she saw the sneer on his face, and then as little Vera came running into the room, Frank put out his hand and stopped her before she reached Eleanor's side.

"I find I was not as careful as I should have been about the people you associate with," he said, and took her from the room.

Burton was heartbroken over the sorrow he caused Eleanor.

"Forgive me," he pleaded. "If as in the old days I made you see with my eyes, I thought only of your future happiness."

Eleanor said nothing, but left the room, in a sort of daze. Dreading to meet anyone who might read her tragedy in her face she went out on the balcony into the cool night air. As she stood there she heard voices and she started forward. The soft, plaintive murmur—that was Vera and then the strong deep voice that answered—Burton, but what was he saying?

"I've ordered the car for two o'clock. We can get to the roadhouse in half an hour and it will be easy to get back before anyone is awake."

What did it mean? A cold fear smote Eleanor's heart and the last remnant of hope that Burton was worthy of her love fled. She would at least save Frank's sister from a fate like her own.

She hurried out into the hall and came face to face with Frank, but not a flicker of recognition came into his face. He shook off her arm and bowing abruptly left her before she had a chance to speak. She determined to let things take their own course. Perhaps when the man who had scorned her so saw his little sister in the same position—but no, she could not countenance such a thing. She was dressed to take the early morning train to town, and when she heard the hum of Burton's motor outside and the rustle of Vera's skirts in the hall, she hurried out.

Vera was struggling with the catch on

the front door when Eleanor reached her and stopped her.

"You don't know what you are doing," Eleanor cried, taking her arm.

But they were interrupted by the entrance of Burton, who regarded Eleanor's angry eyes with astonishment. In a moment he had explained. It was only a harmless little escapade. Vera had gone to a roadhouse cabaret earlier in the afternoon with some of the young people. The clasp of her necklace broke and she left it with the clerk and forgot it. She knew her brother would be furious when he heard of the cabaret and asked her "hero" to go back with her for the necklace after the others had retired.

Eleanor turned to Burton as the truth dawned upon her. Vera had scurried up to bed, realizing that she wasn't exactly needed at that moment.

"Don't you know you are the only woman in the world for me?" Burton whispered.

Then—crash, bang! Vera, in her excitement, had knocked over a large vase at the top of the stairs. The whole household was aroused and they came rushing into the hall to find Burton and Eleanor at the door. Eleanor took Burton's hand and turned to the surprised guests.

"We were going to be romantic and elope," she said with a smile, "but now that you have discovered us, we'll invite you to the wedding."

Burton, hardly believing he heard aright, looked into the happy eyes of Eleanor and knew that he had heard his answer.

From the photoplay produced by Thanhouser, starring Florence La Badie.

\$ 10 Days Free Trial

Play on the violin of your choice—and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.

Rare Old Violin Circular Vires **WURLITZER** *the* **We supply**
no years of instrument making **U. S. Govt.**

The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—Farny, Bader, Giler, Heberlein, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc. Write Today for Special Circular. No obligations. Get full details of our offer direct to you. Write today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1853
 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



Here's the Only "Secret" of Beauty and "Personal Charm"

It's Health. Vigorous health! You can't look well and feel poorly. You can't possess attractiveness of beauty when vitality is at low ebb. Health is the foundation of beauty of face and figure.

THE VIOLETTA

Violet Ray instrument builds up health—saturates the entire system with new life. Forces ozone into the blood—enriches it. Through vibration of light it massages every tissue atom. Soothes the nerves. Assists nature in restoring natural health.

The amazing results it affects are quickly reflected in greater beauty—firmer flesh—clearer skin—keener mind—increased capacity for work and greater appreciation of pleasure—a more forceful personality.

The most perfect and efficient type of Violet Ray device ever designed. Has been employed with tremendous success by scores of doctors, scientists and beauty specialists. It is the one really successful electrical treatment. A delight to use. There are no shocks. The only thing you feel is a pleasing, soothing, invigorating sensation. And it's really wonderful how rapidly it builds up the muscles—restores the nerves—puts the spring of snap and "go" into lagging steps and flushes the cheeks with the glow of youthful vigor. Especially effective in treatment of skin affections—scalp diseases—rheumatism—lumbago—neuritis—catarrh—deafness—constipation—headaches—general debility—etc.

Send at once for free particulars. Don't try to put on an imitation of natural beauty and health—have the real thing. Our free booklets show how. Send for them today.

BLEADON-DUNN CO.

Department T-1 208 N. Fifth Avenue
CHICAGO, ILL.



“LAUGH AND LIVE”

—Douglas Fairbanks' Motto—Reaches Book Form for the General Inspiration

Douglas Fairbanks is such a generous fellow that he could not possibly be himself unless he divided his cheer-infusing philosophy with the rest of the world. As proof of this he has actually turned author, and he has written a book called “Laugh and Live.” He has indeed accomplished what George Ade, the noted humorist, would call “a glad surprise,” because this book of his is sure to wield a wide influence in relieving the monotony which these tempestuous times force upon all the people all the time. Mr. Fairbanks is indefatigable, or otherwise he

upon the hazardous voyage of life. However, there is plenty to interest all persons of both sexes, old and young, because after all everybody needs the sort of optimism this king of optimists promulgates so efficiently. He gives his readers something tangible to cling to, something practical to go by, something practical to “come back” with—and he sets the pace himself. Probably no one human being ever received as many letters asking for a recipe for happiness as has Douglas Fairbanks, and his book is an adequate answer.

If you will only read “Laugh and Live,” you will find an abundance of reasons for forsaking life’s darker corridors. This book reads like fiction, but it is true, and it convinces anyone as being the whole truth. The style is breezy and the predominating thoughts are exalted. One of the outstanding features is the total absence of preaching and egotism. It is all more like the talk of a widely experienced comrade back from a voyage.

Just to give you an idea as to what was the actuating purpose in Mr. Fairbanks’ mind when he wrote “Laugh and Live,” the following is taken from the first page in the book:

WHISTLE AND HOE—SING AS WE GO

There is one thing in this good old world that is positively sure—happiness is for all who strive to be happy—and those who laugh are happy.

Everybody is eligible—you—me—the other fellow.

Happiness is fundamentally a state of mind—not a state of body.

And mind controls.

Indeed, it is possible to stand with one foot on the inevitable “banana peel” of life with both eyes peering into the Great Beyond, and still be happy, comfortable, and serene—if we will even so much as smile.

It’s all a state of mind, I tell you—and I’m sure of what I say. That’s why I have taken up my fountain pen. I want to talk to my friends—you hosts of people who have written to me for my recipe. In moving pictures all I can do is act my part and grin for you. What I say is



Douglas Fairbanks passing his smile to the Captain

would never be able to write such a book, as he is an exceedingly busy star of the pictures, and not only is he kept jumping by the pressure of his contracts but he liberally interpolates a lot of extra jumps, a la athletic to add a zest to his striking acting. It is said he decided to wax merry as an author after discovering that he had fifteen minutes to spare each day. He could not bear to be idle for even such a brief period.

If there ever was a man qualified to expatiate along the lines of cheerfulness, it is the hero of that master film play, “The Habit of Happiness,” which was just the ideal vehicle to bring out his great talent, and needless to add, he has been projecting this happy talent constantly more impressively in his every subsequent play. Douglas Fairbanks lives the life of a thoroughly happy man. He is well-educated, well-bred, and he possesses a tremendous energy of mind and body. In this regard he is like Theodore Roosevelt, excepting he is not in politics.

“Laugh and Live” is a book which every photoplay fan should read. It is clean, wholesome, and bubbles over with good humor. He tells his story delightfully, and he points out what is necessary in the way of preparedness to meet life’s vicissitudes. This is just the book for all our boys and young men who are just embarking

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop
 ROOM 1035 MARSHALL FIELD ANNEX BLDG.
 25 E. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.
Superior Work Lowest Prices
Send for Price List

AZ-I-EN-ZA

Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1903—No. 41488
“The Medicinal Cream”
For Pimples and the Complexion
 Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address.
E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



“EYES THAT THRILL”

Bring out that hidden Charm, Beauty and Expression
 This popular preparation is unequalled for eyebrows and eyelashes. Something new. Unlike any other preparation now sold. Absolutely harmless. Marvelously assists nature in growing long, satin-like, smart eyelashes and eyebrows. Easily applied. Satisfaction assured or money refunded.

Price 25c box by mail (stamps or coin)

LASHTONE

FREE 100 Photoplayers, such as Dustin Farnum, Bud Duncan, Hamilton, Maud Fealey, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, Francis X. Bushman, Elsie Janis, Earl Williams, Mary Pickford, Bryant Washburn, Mary Fuller, etc., printed on beautiful paper. A treat for all sending 25c. for one box Lashtone. Sold only by
R. E. LASHTONE CO., 3700 Lyndale Street, Chicago, Ill.

a matter of your own inference, but with my pen I have a means of getting around the “silent drama” which prevents us from organizing a “close-up” with one another.

IF you could have your face powder made to order it would be like

Tetlow's Pussywillow Face Powder

because that is the result of sixty-eight years of knowing what sort of face powder women want, and making it for them.

Every quality which long experience has shown is necessary or pleasing in a face powder you will find in Pussywillow. It stays on until you want it off, it improves the appearance, it is soothing and fragrant.

If your complexion requires a special shade you can choose any of the five tints, white, flesh, pink, cream or brunette. In which Pussywillow comes. 50 cents the box

Trial portion free or a miniature box, 10 cents.

HENRY TETLOW CO.
Makers of Pussywillow Dry Shampoo
1001 A. Cherry Street Philadelphia, Pa.



WHY IS YOUR FAVORITE YOUR FAVORITE?

(Continued from page 41)

FOR THEDA BARA

There are many picture stars of great fame from which to choose, but for me there is only one—Theda Bara. I consider Miss Bara the greatest soul-thrilling star in the moving picture world. Oh, those eyes! They seem to sift into the depth of your soul. Eyes that tell you everything without words—sometimes of sorrow, when they bring tears to your eyes—the next moment of hatred, that the strongest of us quail under. If Cleopatra had the personality and eyes like Theda Bara, then why wonder at Mark Antony's downfall?—Joseph L. Ball, Moon-Run, Pa.

I consider Theda Bara has the most beautiful yet sad face of any emotional actress on the screen. The lessons she teaches in each play, I've seen the expressions, the quickness of sorrows, without uttering any words are beyond all understanding to us. I think she is in a class to herself that cannot or has no near competitors.—Joyce L. Rucker, No. 5 Phipp's Court, Salt Lake City, Utah.

FOR MARY MILES MINTER

Here's to the sweetest girl in pictures! May success be always with her! Ah, dear, misty-eyed, sad-lipped dreamer! In your eyes I see the heart of a true girl-woman. And what do I see in your eyes, saucy, glad-lipped glorious little creature, with that halo of misty, golden curls? I see the reflection of the merriest, most girlishly natural heart a girl can have! Oh, I love you, Mary Miles Minter.—Alice V. Mauly, 3218 Penn Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn.

My favorite is Mary Miles Minter, because I think she is the sweetest and most charming little star on the screen today. Miss Minter's youthful charm is very captivating with the cutest and most bewitching smile in the world. The personality of Miss Minter is simply wonderful, and never fails to hold what it has once won. I consider Miss Minter a very fine actor; her productions have done me a wonderful lot of good, therefore I think her the greatest and most charming little star on the screen today.—Oscar Conley Pickett, Lock Box 117, Greensburg, Ind.

FOR WILLIAM S. HART

William S. Hart is my favorite because of his wonderful dramatic passes which make everyone admire him. In other words, his looks are just what the dramatic plays needs. His last representations, "Truthful Tuliver," and "The Gun Fighter," were the best ones ever screened in picture houses, and they caused great astonishment among everyone. That is why I recognize him as the best dramatic actor, and my favorite.—Nick J. Flessas, 508 Mulberry St., Macon, Georgia.

FOR PAULINE FREDERICK

I consider Pauline Frederick the brightest of all the stars. There is a certain fascination about her that one cannot resist, no matter what part she plays. Nothing is too difficult for her to master, and she acts with a charm and vivacity that is all her own. She has lovely expressive eyes and beautiful hair, and her clothes are perfection. I chose her as my favorite when I saw her first picture, "The Eternal City," and I have never been disappointed in my choice. She is to me the "Queen of Screenland."—Charlotte Singer, 356 Lincoln Ave., Rutherford, N. J.



Size 5x7

R. K. STANBURY, Dept. P. C., Flatiron Building, New York City
Send two-cent stamp for folder with list of players.

THE STARS' BEST PICTURES

Your selection of the following and 90 others:
Theda Bara Max Linder
Douglas Fairbanks Mary Pickford
Valentine Grant Anita Stewart
Louise Huff Henry Walthall
Mollie King Bryant Washburn

Two for 10c, six for 25c, eighteen for 50c.

The "One Particular Quality" Which Makes Some Stars Popular

By DICK WILLIS

(Not entered in this contest.)

- Charles Ray—his appeal.
- Anita Stewart—her delightful freshness.
- Helen Holmes—her easy daring.
- Bessie Barriscale—her naturalness.
- Margarita Fischer—her sparkling vivacity.
- Charlie Chaplin—his seriousness. (Think this over.)
- Grace Cunard—her abandon.
- Cleo Madison—sympathetic appeal.
- Herbert Rawlinson—his smile.
- Douglas Fairbanks—his spontaneity.
- Marin Sais—her frankness.
- Monroe Salisbury—his polish.
- Myrtle Stedman—her womanliness.
- Kathlyn Williams—her dominance.
- William Farnum—his manliness.
- Warren Kerrigan—his engaging personality.
- Mary Pickford—her wistfulness.
- Mary Miles Minter—her innocence.

FOR ANITA STEWART

Here's to Anita Stewart!
Star of the silent art,
Though many another twinkles,
She is from them all apart.

As we gaze at the beautiful Venus,
So fair in the sky of night,
So we love to gaze at Anita
In her realm of artistic light.

Her work is the brand marked "Sterling."
With never a flaw to be seen,
And sincerity always the keynote,
Be she maiden, matron or queen.

To the fairest one, and the dearest,
Anita of world renown,
We tender with all devotion
Filmland's scepter and crown.

Anita Stewart is the greatest of all actresses and my favorite, because of her wonderful emotional abilities. She does not resort to grimacing or gesturing, but expresses emotion with her face and eyes in a manner which is irresistible. She veritably lives her parts. She fascinates us and makes us want to see her again. Besides, she has youth and beauty, two important factors in moving pictures.—Ben Kartman, 1840 S. Kedzie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

FOR MRS. VERNON CASTLE

Mrs. Vernon Castle is my favorite because she is wonderful in all sports. I love to see the beautiful clothes she wears, and think she is so at ease before the camera. I am going to Patria, and we all look forward to Tuesday evening, because we see the winsome, graceful Mrs. Castle, who is one of the queens of the movies, as well as the greatest dancer in America.—Elizabeth Bungenstock, 511 North Main St., Carrollton, Md.



Ruth Travers

Read What Ruth Travers Says:

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, Chicago.

Gentlemen—I have used your LASH-BROW-INE and found it to be perfectly wonderful in promoting the growth of eyebrows and lashes. It has proven to be all you claim. I shall gladly recommend it to all my friends. RUTH TRAVERS.

You too, can have luxuriant eyebrows and long sweeping lashes by applying

Lash-Brow-ine

nightly. Thousands of society women and actresses have used this harmless and guaranteed preparation, to add charm to their eyes and beauty to the face.

LASH-BROW-INE, which has passed the famous Westfield standard of Professor Allyn, nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and lashes, making them thick, long and silky, thus giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes.

Sold in two sizes, 25 cents and 50 cents.

Send coin for size you wish and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE and our Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain, sealed cover.

Avoid disappointment with worthless substitutes. Use Genuine Lash-Brow-ine only.

Maybell Laboratories
4008-64 Indiana Ave., CHICAGO



Delivered TO YOU FREE

Your choice of 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "RANGER" bicycles, shown in full color in the big new Free Catalog. We pay all the freight charges from Chicago to your town.

30 Days Free Trial allowed on the bicycle you select, actual riding test in your own town for a full month. Do not buy until you get our great new trial offer and low Factory-Direct-To-Rider terms and prices.

TIRES LAMPS, HORNS, pedals, single wheels and repair parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices. No one else can offer you such values and such terms.

SEND NO MONEY but write today for the big new Catalog. It's free.
MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. H-106, Chicago

Diamonds

2000 ILLUSTRATIONS

Send Today for your Catalog

This Handsome 116-Page Catalog contains over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. All the new, popular styles are shown—gorgeously beautiful Diamonds, artistic solid gold and platinum mountings—exquisite things—at prices to suit any purse. Select anything desired, either for personal wear or for a gift, then ask us to send it for your examination, all charges prepaid by us.

You See and Examine the Article Right in Your Own Hands

If you like it, pay one-fifth of price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Send for Catalog today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., National Credit Jewelers
Dept. A 354 100 to 108 N. State St., CHICAGO, ILL.
(Established 1858) Store in CHICAGO: PITTSBURGH: ST. LOUIS: OMAHA

ON CREDIT

This Is the Ring She Wants

The Loftis "Perfection" Diamond Ring is our great special. Only fine, high-grade Diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy, are used. Skilfully set in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 14k solid gold six-prong ring mounting. Our large Catalog shows

Wonderful Values at \$25, \$40, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$125

EASY CREDIT TERMS

Our prices on guaranteed Watches are lowest. All the new models are shown in Catalog. Any one you select will be sent for your examination, charges prepaid.

BARGAIN SPECIAL

DIAMONDS HEARNS

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

THE PASSION TO RULE

(Continued from page 26)

spite of a love which would have wrecked our lives had we permitted it to be crushed," she replied.

"Ah, that love shall never be crushed now," he replied. "We shall so rule—"

"Zealously we shall rule to attain the pinnacle of happiness," she interrupted enthusiastically.

Then followed an embrace and a kiss which proved the mutual fealty by which this couple of destiny seemed irrevocably bound, and it was with this spirit they set about to develop their new domain industrially, economically, socially and politically. At the end of the first year of their administration the capital city, which they had named New Hope, possessed an active, ambitious population of twenty thousand souls. Numerous factory smoke-stacks gave evidence of manufacturing progress and the newly built retail district was constantly filled with energetic tradespeople, while the residence districts were being rapidly converted into modern zones, in which clean, healthy and happy life was just as widespread as squalor had been rampant before. Adjacent to the city limits of New Hope was a mining district, where there were several highly developed properties, including the Isle of Iona Government-owned Mica Company. The people were as a unit in their contentment. Everything was moving forward with an encouraging rapidity and the condition of every one was being constantly improved.

Only two months after a national celebration in commemoration of the first year of the new reign an heiress to the throne was born. She was immediately christened

Princess Berenice, and the news of her advent into the world was received with happy acclaim by the entire populace. The happiness of the Queen Mother Debora and the father, King Wesley, was indeed immeasurable. All the future seemed to be brightened now more than ever and the welfare of a beautiful baby to inspire them on to greater deeds in ruling that she might find a worth-while heritage awaiting her in her maturity.

"God bless our wonderful little family," Wesley Martine prayed as he knelt beside the bed which held his all, the Queen and infant princess.

"We shall trust in Him, my dear, and we shall always strive to deserve His blessing," Debora replied most solemnly as her mind reverted to the disheartening days which took her through the ordeals of court action only to meet bitter disappointment in her hope of being liberated from obdurate convention.

Fortune seemed prone to smile upon the royal family from the inception, because when Princess Berenice was only one week old a notable event occurred—gold was discovered, and the opening of a new era of prosperity was recognized by all. It was due to the manifestation of the powers to locate hidden minerals that enabled Nadina, the Indian girl, to mark two spots on a hillside near New Hope, where prospecting revealed the presence of rich deposits of this valuable metal. It was Nadina's eagerness to show her gratitude to her rescuers that she had worked zealously to accomplish this purpose after once chancing to overhear King Wesley remark that gold was the one missing requisite to making the empire secure. Her discovery removed the greatest worry from the minds of the rulers, and this earnest benefactress was suitably rewarded by being given a high position socially in the royal court. Little time was lost in developing the gold field, and it required less time to make every one realize that the island was much richer than anyone had estimated, even in their wildest calculations.

Ten years flew by swiftly, and Debora's passion for ruling was abundantly realized. She was the central and commanding figure at every court function, and she ruled her own family too, Wesley Martine gallantly bowing to her will in all affairs and particularly in the rearing of their pretty daughter Berenice. The conditions in Debora's life were now all diametrically opposite to those obtained when she had lived as the wife of the domineering and heartless Herbert Force. The contrast was obviously pleasing to Debora, for she was extremely happy, and it was noted by all that her comely face was seldom without a radiant smile. In reality, she had become so enrapt in her joyous successes that she rarely ever thought of the chagrined Gioconda, who still languished in prison, but who despite all of his sufferings persisted in nourishing an ambition and a determination to get revenge. The fact that he was barred from the outside world by overwhelming odds of steel and stone and a heavy guard did not tend to dismay him in the least. Day in and day out he sat morosely on his bunk or he paced the hard cement floor of his cell with fierce energy, always with his embittered mind set on the one subject—how to ultimately thwart those who had brought him to his downfall. There could be no doubt in the mind of any observer of this man that he still constituted



Country Club Genuine Formoso Panama

The best INDESTRUCTO summer outing and travelling hat

Special \$1.95



The Fashion Hit of the Season

It is called the PATRIA and is the latest product of the master designer. For a limited time you can get it direct from the maker at a remarkably low price. You actually save half.

JUST TWO PROFITS—YOURS AND OURS—NO MIDDLEMAN'S. The PATRIA is made of poplin silk with tiny rows of straw embroidered on the crown and upper brim. The facing is of flexible straw in contrasting colors, with fitted satin lining to match. The following color combinations are carried in stock. Citron top, Delft blue facing; white top, Kelly green facing; white top, pink facing; Kelly green top, gold facing; pink top, Delft blue facing; old rose top, Delft blue facing.

Special \$2.95

S. R. S. HATS,
803 Powers Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find \$..... for which you may send me prepaid COUNTRY CLUB PATRIA, color

It is understood that my money will be refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

Name

Address



THIS IS
THE MAN WHO
SET THE
WORLD
TO LAUGHING
AND
KEPT HIMSELF
HAPPY
AND WELL

Douglas Fairbanks

HIS NEW BOOK

"Laugh and Live"

is a series of forceful—manly—happy talks, full of wonderful inspiration for wives—husbands—sons and daughters. 18 intimate pictures. Now selling at all bookstores.

\$1.00 net

BRITTON

PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

P.S.—Annie Fellows Johnston's "Georgina of the Rainbows" is still selling among the best of the best sellers.

a menace regardless of his apparent helplessness. The thought of what he might do if he ever regained freedom was enough to make one shudder. His face was a study in hopeful savagery. The very atmosphere about him seemed to tell that he would have to be reckoned with again. How, it would be difficult to anticipate. But Gioconda still lived while Debora triumphed and basked in the sunshine of ever-growing joys, and the passion to rule was as all-impelling with the former despot as it was with his charming American opponent. No one could but regret to note how unmindful Debora was of Gioconda, and it was her own welfare which caused the worry. History has too often revealed the fact that the exiled enemy has frequently been able to disturb the peace his long incapacity has made possible. Curiously enough, every soldier who had ever served as part of the guard over Gioconda was convinced that there was grave probability of serious trouble emanating from that desolate cell.

"Our Queen would be better assured if she had ordered this man's execution long ago," was the common sentiment of those who came in contact with Gioconda.

(To be continued in our July number.)

Send Me Your Hair

I will make your old hair new at little cost, or take your cast-off switches, combings, etc., as part payment on new, high class hair goods, toilet articles, perfumes, ostrich feathers, corsets, etc. **Get something you need for something you are not using.** Write for liberal offer and free Beauty Book. Your combings made into switches, \$1.50. Mail your hair today. ANNA AYERS, Dept. 272, AGENTS 220 S. State St., Chicago. WANTED



Points of Interest About the Players

Henry Hallam, formerly a favorite tenor in light opera, has been engaged to support Viola Dana in Metro-Columbia productions, and who appears in East Indian parts in "God's Law and Man's," and "Lady Barnacle." Mr. Hallam was born in London. He came to America in 1886. His first American appearance was at the Casino Theater, New York, in the all-star cast of "Erminie," with Francis Wilson and Pauline Hall, in which he sang the tenor role of Eugene. He was in Casino productions for five years. Later he appeared with Lillian Russell in "The Mountebanks" and "Giroffe Giroffa," sang the role of Fritz in "The Grand Duchess," and for five years was a leading member of the Boston Opera Company.

Sidney Drew has discovered the tallest girl now appearing in motion pictures. She is Miss Wilma Wild, nineteen years of age, who is six feet two inches tall and tips the beam at 265 pounds. Miss Wild is playing the part of a cook with Mr. and Mrs. Drew in the one-act comedy "Mr. Parker, Hero." Mr. Drew first saw Miss Wild when she was bathing off Rockaway last summer.

From card boy to director extends the interesting career of Harry Franklin, who has been assisting Edwin Carewe in the direction of photoplays ever since that expert joined Metro. Franklin used to put out the cards announcing the acts at the old Pope's Theater in his home

city, St. Louis. When "The Stowaway" was produced, the ingenue, who was playing the leading part wore Franklin's clothes. The boy watched the actress carefully, because he wanted to be sure she did not tear the clothes. One day she was sick and unable to appear, and as Franklin knew all the lines from watching her act in his clothes, he filled the part. After seven years' experience with the same manager (Col. Hopkins) young Franklin engaged a company of his own, first playing repertoire and later playing "Faust." Then he appeared in such productions as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and "The Thief."

For the first time in her career Bessie Bariscale has written a photoplay, and what is more it has taken her over six months to accomplish the task. She says it would have been done long ago if it had not been for Howard Hickman, who criticised it unmercifully every time she read portions of it to him. She owns, however, that the muck-raking methods of Mr. Husband helped make a script of which she is somewhat proud.

3 1/3 c a Day

now buys a dazzling Lachnite Gem. Their brilliance is eternal—they stand fire and acid tests and cut glass like diamonds. If you can tell a Lachnite from a diamond, send it back. 10 days' free trial. Set in solid gold. The newest designs.

Write for Big Jewelry Book Your name and address is enough. No obligations whatever. Write today—now.

HAROLD LACHMAN COMPANY
12 N. Michigan Avenue, Dept. 1854 Chicago, Ill.



DON'T YOU LIKE My Eyelashes and Eyebrows?

You can have the same



A Hair Food

applied once each day, will absolutely produce thick and long eyebrows and eyelashes.

Easy to apply—sure in results. **Lashneen** is an **Oriental formula**. One box is all you will need. At your druggists or mailed on receipt of 25c coin and two cents postage, or Canadian money order.

Over 40,000 boxes of **Lashneen** used successfully during last year.

The Original—Beware of Imitations

LASHNEEN COMPANY (Department P.) Philadelphia

What Does Shakespeare Say About War? By FREDERICK WARDE

Unquestionably the soul of Shakespeare was imbued with martial ardor, and he fully realized the horrors as well as the glory of war, but it was war between men and not contests of science. The ideal warrior of medieval warfare is to be found in the character of the young King Henry V in the historical play of that name. He fully realizes the responsibilities of plunging his country and people into a war. He describes all the horrors and consequences of war, he personally leads his men in the battle, offering a prayer to God beforehand and voicing his thanks to God—and God alone—on its victorious conclusion. He is the ideal king, soldier and man, and the words the poet has given him are as applicable today as they were on the night and day that preceded the battle of Agincourt.

What does Shakespeare say of war? He never gave a "what I think of war" interview, but one finds numerous expressions of sentiment in his works. For instance:

The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their swords
In such a just and charitable war.

—KING JOHN, Act 2, Scene 1.

Peace ascend to heaven,
Whiles we, God's wrathful agent, do correct,
Their proud contempt that beat his peace to heaven.

—KING JOHN, Act 2, Scene 1.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war.

—HENRY V., Act 2, Scene 2.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility,
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger.

—HENRY V., Act 3, Scene 1.

To ease your country of distressful war
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace.

—FIRST HENRY VI., Act 5, Scene 4.

Sound all the lofty instruments of war.
And by that music let us all embrace.

—FIRST HENRY IV., Act 5, Scene 2.

These present wars shall find I love my country.

—CYMBELINE, Act 4, Scene 3.

Have with you boys.
If in your country's wars you chance to die,
That is my bed, too, lads, and there I'll lie.

—CYMBELINE, Act 4, Scene 4.

THE MOVIE BUG

The movie bug's been buzzin'
For twenty years or more;
He does not stop because of wealth—
He gets both rich and poor.

Just once he gets his bill in you
You may as well give up,
For once he gets you started
You cannot get enough.

Soon an evening at home
Is a thing of the past,
For one by one he gets us
And we join the monstrous mass.

Every night around the corner,
Hie we, one and all—
We would rather see a movie
Than go to fair or ball.

The war? It could not stop him,
He goes on just the same.
Why all the guns they've been shooting
Didn't even make him lame.

So on and on his ceaseless round
He goes both day and night.
When he gets you, just give right in,
It is no use to fight.

—BY MELVIN W. GAMBLE.

It seems like a Severe Test



In Comparison it is a slight one
Bundhar Wilton
RUGS and CARPETS
Are "Durable as Iron"

Moving picture houses throughout the country in their desire to cover their floors with a resilient, noiseless, long-wearing and beautiful floor fabric when the outlay was possible, have invariably chosen one of these marvelous colorings from the hundreds of patterns available.

The constant grind of the feet of thronging thousands exerts a severer strain than these pigmy weights!

Twenty-two great railroad systems on their trains and in their terminals, hotels and offices, have tested Bundhar Wilton over a period of twenty-five years. Their continued patronage proclaims that the floor coverings

"Like old friends wear well, and look well as long as they wear."

They are good for the home

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

If you are unacquainted with the name of your nearest dealer, we will gladly furnish it.



HARDWICK & MAGEE Co.
Wilton Specialists
Factories & General Offices
PHILADELPHIA



Please mention "The Photo-Play Journal"

A Study of the High Cost of Living Leads to a "Model Food Regime"

(Continued from page 14)

have an elaborately furnished kitchen to get results. Pots and pans do not make the art of cooking a real art. It is the woman or man behind the cooking that makes the goods.

There is as much nutriment in fruits as there is in the heavier foods. Baked apples, unsweetened, with the addition of a little butter substitute or oil may be used with a small portion of meat, as vegetables. So may unsweetened fried, broiled, or roasted slices of apples. Apples and rice make an excellent combination, and these can be purchased at a low price. Apple dumplings with a good sauce make a good luncheon menu.

Bananas and oranges are usually eaten raw, and in this form they are as valuable as in any other, but it is a pity that baked and fried bananas are not better known. Rice can be used to good advantage.

It is unfair to the young girl not to teach her the art of cooking. In the olden times it was regular routine for the rich and the poor to go into a kitchen several times per week, and learn how to cook. It is a big advantage to all concerned, and when marriage comes, a girl will find that cooking is a very big asset.

Fish is one of the best of dishes. It can be purchased at a reasonable price. History teaches that the best of strength can be procured from the creatures of the water. Take, for instance, the habitants of Islands where meat is almost unknown. Even an athlete taking his meals at a training table is given a plentiful supply of fish.

For those in a comfortable position,

cereals are about the best of breakfast foods. Oatmeal, which is cheap, can be used to very good advantage. A cup of tea, coffee or cocoa with fruit and the meal is complete.

For luncheon soups and stews are of the best. Here coffee and tea should not be used. Bread and butter or substitutes can be used.

For the evening meal, boiled, broiled, baked or fried meats can be used. Chopped beef can be moulded in many forms, and is beneficial and easily digested. Rice or fried hominy can be used as vegetables, and fruits are always considered good desserts.

The foods one uses should be varied as much as possible. Macaroni baked with milk and cheese is wholesome and within reach of the average family. It is one of my weekly dishes, and I find the following recipe one of the best:

- 1/2 cup of macaroni
- 1/8 to 1/4 cup of grated cheese.
- 1/4 cup or less of butter
- Salt and pepper
- Small tumbler of milk

Cook the macaroni, broken into pieces, in boiling water until tender. Drain and then rinse in cold water. Grease a baking dish and then place the macaroni into the pan. Cover the macaroni with the grated cheese and milk and bake until the cheese is melted.

My idea of a model, low-priced food regime is as follows:

Breakfast: For this meal very little is required. The less you eat in the morning the healthier you will be. Toast and coffee is a plenty for indoor workers who get little exercise. For those who require heavy foods, oatmeal with bread and codfish balls and coffee make an economical repast. Fruits can be taken for the morning meal.

Luncheon: Salads, baked beans, biscuits, fruits, with milk or tea or cocoa, make a very good luncheon. Meats should be avoided if possible.

Dinner: For this meal soup and roasts should be used. Potatoes with a salad, bread and butter, coffee, tea or milk with a light dessert, such as rice or bread pudding complete the final meal of the day.

PICTURES and CLOTHES

(Continued from page 25)

it is proper to give due cognizance to the fact that her heart and soul is ever in her art and she considers her personal appearance as a great, indispensable aid to her art.

"To good clothes we all oftentimes owe most everything," she says. "I have seen some really unsatisfactory actresses score triumphs because of the good taste with which they wore gowns of lavish design and execution. I do not say that clothes absolutely 'make' the actress, but they do help a good deal in many cases."

In conclusion there should be a word of encouragement said for the average family man of today—even this day of soaring prices—you don't know what clothes bills look like until you have looked squarely into the face of one incurred by the movie actress. It is almost unbelievable, and it is certainly incalculable how much money is actually spent annually for the wearing apparel you see pictured on the screen. It would entail too much gasping to figure it out to dollars and cents, but let it suffice to say that even a millionaire would face ruination if he undertook the burden unassisted.



"Supremely Individual"

BROWETTE

A popular product for promoting the growth of fine silken-like eyebrows and eyelashes. Absolutely harmless. Pleasant, easy and delightful to use. Applied as directed should prove very beneficial. Accept only the original and genuine Browette.

FREE 100 Photoplayers, such as Dustin Farnum, Bud Duncun, Hamilton, Maud Fealey, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, Francis X. Bushman, Elsie Janis, Earl Williams, Mary Pickford, Bryant Washburn, Mary Fuller, etc., printed on beautiful paper. A treat for all sending 25c. for one box Browette. Sold only by

BROWETTE CO., 2234A. N. Lawndale Ave., Chicago



Lillian Walker Perfume and TOILET WATER

As attractive and pleasing as its namesake. Pronounced by thousands who have used it to be the most wonderful and dainty odor ever produced. We will send you 50c worth (1/4 oz.) to try on receipt of 25c. Fullsize bottle of Toilet Water only 75c.

This perfume is made by the manufacturers of the justly celebrated

"MELOROSE"

Face Powder, Cold Cream, Rouge

Endorsed by thousands of women of note.

FREE Sample of "MELOROSE" Face Powder and Beauty Cream sent with each order.

WILLARD WHITE COMPANY, Perfumers
328 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THIN, UNDEVELOPED NERVOUS WOMEN

The most noted stars of the American stage join the thousands of other women of note, including Mme. De La Vie and other high authorities on health and beauty, in recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Galega Tablets and the famous "Melorose" Toilet Articles.

Willard White Co.'s

Vaucaire Galega Tablets

contain the genuine imported Galega. They round out shrunken, shallow parts, develop and make the bust firm. If you are undeveloped, THIN, careworn, nervous or rundown, take a box of these tablets and note their wonderful effects. \$1 box (three weeks' treatment). Six boxes, \$5. Sent by mail prepaid, or from druggists and department stores.

CAUTION—Imitations and worthless nostrums are being offered. Get only the original, genuine, distributed by Willard White Co., Chicago. Beware of substitutes.

FREE—Send 2c stamp for sample of Melorose Cream, Melorose Face Powder, also booklet.

Write to Willard White Co.
328 Madison St. Chicago, Ill.



One Touch Polishes Your Nails for a Week!

Wonderful! No bluffing. Just a touch on each nail beautifies instantaneously with a rosy red lustre that lasts a whole week. Soap and water don't affect it. Wash dishes, dust, etc.—your nails stay nicely polished. To further introduce Mrs. Graham's Instantaneous Nail Polish, a full size 50c. six months' bottle will be sent prepaid for only 25c. to those who order within 15 days. Mail 25 cents. coin or stamps, today.

GERVAISE GRAHAM, 53 W. Illinois St., Chicago

\$500 Reward

will be paid to anyone who can permanently destroy the brilliancy and sparkle of RAJAH im. Diamonds without destroying the stone. Their Brilliancy is eternal. Rajah is the king of jewels.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL
BEAUTIFUL COLORED CATALOG FREE!

WRITE FOR IT. You will be delighted at the exquisite Rajah im. Diamond Rings. Just send your name and address on a postal. You will be under no obligations to buy. Rajah im. Diamonds are absolutely guaranteed to keep their brilliancy and sparkle forever. Their brilliancy is eternal. Easy monthly payments if desired. One year to pay.

KRAUTH & REED
159 N. State St. Dept. 138 Chicago, Ill.

A Startling Art Innovation

*“Oil Tone” Paintings of Photoplayers,
the greatest advance in art for a century*

THE FAMOUS PICTURES CORPORATION has recently perfected a process of *actually reproducing IN OIL* any kind of an oil painting, with such perfect fidelity as to render the original painting and its reproduction indistinguishable.

The Famous Pictures Corporation desires to announce the forthcoming production of a series of pictures in oil of the celebrated photoplayers in various sizes and at a price within the reach of the masses.

The mechanical production of oil paintings has been solved by the undersigned in the perfection of its now world famous “Oil Tone” Picture process.

To the producers, exhibitors, players and the general public the undersigned will be glad to furnish further detailed information.

The assertion that our pictures are *indistinguishable from hand-painted pictures*, and therefore really of great artistic merit ought to enlist the interest of all lovers of pictures. Not only do we manufacture oil paintings of photoplayers, but have reproduced in oil the world’s greatest masterpieces, in various sizes and subjects and at a price within the reach of all, thus revolutionizing the picture industry.

THE PREMIER PICTURE

The Greatest Art Triumph of the Age!

“Oil Tone” PAINTINGS

At a Price Now Available for Commercial Purposes. Hand Finished.

Reproductions in Oil of the World’s Greatest Photoplayers

Masterpieces for the Millions

“Oil Tone” Paintings are revolutionizing the picture business. This process of reproduction is not to be confused with its attempted imitations. “Oil Tones” are exact hand-finished reproductions in oil of the original paintings, showing the artist’s touch, the irregularities of the paint on the canvas, even the cracks and lines in the original canvas, the varying thickness of paint, the brush marks, etc.

These pictures are puzzling the art experts and are almost indistinguishable from the originals even under a magnifying glass.

These “wonder pictures” have startled the world of art and attract the admiration of everybody. All other forms of reproduction are only *partial* reproductions. “Oil Tone” Paintings are the first and only *complete* and *faithful* reproductions IN OIL and are suitable for the most sumptuous surroundings.

Our subjects include not only an immense selection of reproductions of Classical, Historical, Genre, Sacred and Mythological Art, Landscapes, Animal Subjects, Marine and Head Studies, but also portraits of celebrities, including Photoplayers, Authors, Poets, Musicians, Statesmen, Rulers, etc.

Something Descriptive of “Oil Tone” Paintings

The GENUINE “Oil Tone” Paintings are real oil paintings, but made mechanically, enabling us to manufacture them at a cost available for publicity purposes. They are such faithful reproductions as to deceive even art critics, and everybody wants them. They are made under the personal direction of some of the best art critics of both continents.

They represent the highest point of perfection yet attained in the mechanical production of colored pictures.

No kind of a picture equals them except their costly originals. They supplant the cheap paintings and place within the reach of all, paintings that can be appropriately hung in a palace.

They are as appropriate for a palace as for a cottage.

Pictures are supplied in various sizes, framed and unframed. Cost is little more than for an ordinary high class print. We can reproduce any painting in any quantity at a very low price. All users of pictures and others interested in the latest and best in art reproductions in colour write us. Samples, 50 cents each. Catalog on request Agents wanted.

We will entertain propositions to grant the exclusive on any one or more of the noted photoplayers.

FAMOUS PICTURES CORPORATION

20 East Jackson Boulevard

“Masterpieces for the Millions”

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON

(Continued from page 13)

to learn the truth in this brutal manner. She rushed to the hospital, but James had already gone. Deeply wounded to find that by some strange perversion of fate his life-long aversion had become the woman he loved, the woman who had promised to be his wife, he had gone without a word deaf to the warnings of the physician and nurses.

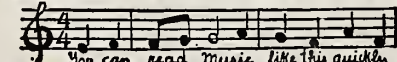
Long and tenderly Jerry sought him. She even confided her problem to Clifton Brophy, her former guardian. He knew James Warren of the settlement house was James Alden, son of her father's old friend, but it was not until the great editor lay on his deathbed, having willed all his property to the son he had driven from his door, that James was discovered. He emerged from his hiding place to find waiting for him, life and work, and Jerry of the shining eyes.

"You can't refuse to speak to me now," she said, with a humorous little smile. "You're almost as rich as I am. Isn't it a joke?"

He caught her mood. "Yes," he answered. "It is a joke, but it's a bigger joke that the richest girl in the world, the 'billion dollar baby,' refuses to be the belle of the season. She's going to be a Lady Bountiful, and marry the 'poor man's friend.'"

From the Metro Wonderplay, starring Frances Nelson. Adapted from Ella Wheeler Wilcox's poem.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE



You can read music like this quickly in your home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. American School of Music, 79 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

Don't Invest in Anything

UNTIL YOU HAVE READ

"The Reason Why"

"If promoters and brokers have such good propositions with such large money-making possibilities, why do they offer them to the public?"
 "Why don't they go to the banks and big capitalists?"
 "Why don't they put in their own money and make the profits themselves?"

I have just completed the fifth edition of my book entitled "THE REASON WHY," which answers these questions fully and completely. I want investors to read this book before deciding upon an investment. I will send you this valuable book absolutely free, postage prepaid. If I can be of further service to you, we can get together on that later, but this book does not cost you a cent, nor incur any obligation or liability on your part. "THE REASON WHY" also contains much information of an interesting nature that will prove of great value to anyone having funds to invest, whether the amount is large or small. This book is not written in technical stock market language. It is worded in plain, everyday business English that any one can understand. Send for "The Reason Why" TODAY - It is FREE to you

W. M. SHERIDAN,
 1152 Security Building, CHICAGO, ILL.



Patriotism and the Photoplay

will abound in the forthcoming
July Number
 of the Big Magazine With a Heart,
 Soul and Character

The Photo-Play Journal

It will be a powerful recruit in Uncle Sam's Army of loyal fighting and enlightening periodicals.

You will want to keep the July Number—it will be that remarkable in its contents and appearance.

It will be filled with very special articles of momentous interest, and there will be fiction of the very minute. As usual it will excel in SUPERFINE PICTURES YOU CAN FRAME. Get a copy of the July Number by all means.

20c a Copy :: \$2.00 a Year

THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL
 LAND TITLE BUILDING :: PHILADELPHIA



Your Old Hair

Can be made into puffs, switches at a very small expense. I will make your old hair look like new. I also carry a complete line of toilet goods. Write for my price list.

LULU DUNHAM
 120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE MORNING DRINK OF

FRUIT-VIGOR

RICH in PURE
 UPBUILDING
 SALTS of FRUIT

NO NEED FOR
 PHYSIC PILLS,
 OILS, ENEMAS.

1 Jar \$1
 4 Jars \$3.50.

KEEPS STOMACH and BOWELS
 IN FINE HEALTHY CONDITION.

Write for Circular

STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 584 Security Bldg., Chicago

This Book FREE

Photoplay Ideas Bring \$25 to \$200

You can cash in your "happy thoughts" and earn big money right in your own home in spare time. No previous experience necessary. Our easy home course turns out more successful scenario writers than all other schools together. Write now and get by return mail FREE Book, valuable information, Special Price and Prize Offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 T, Chicago



Anti-kamnia

AK

-FOR HEADACHES, NEURALGIA, GRIPPE AND ALL NERVE PAINS-

Ask for A-K Tabs TABLETS

Various Headaches

"It is necessary in order to treat headaches properly to understand the causes which produce the affection," says Dr. J. W. Ray of Blockton, Alabama. Continuing, he says: "Physicians cannot even begin the treatment of a disease without knowing what causes give rise to it, and we must remember that headache is to be treated according to the same rule. We must not only be particular to give a remedy intended to counteract the cause which produces the headache, but we must also give a remedy to relieve the pain until the cause of the trouble has been removed. To answer this purpose Anti-kamnia Tablets will be found a most convenient and satisfactory remedy. One tablet every one to three hours gives comfort and rest in most severe cases of headache, neuralgia and particularly the headaches of women.

FOR SICK-HEADACHE

If a patient is subject to regular attacks of sick-headache, he should take two A-K Tablets when he feels the least sign of an oncoming attack. These tablets are prompt in action, and can be depended upon to produce relief in a very few minutes. Such patients should always be instructed to keep their bowels open.

Influenza or LaGrippe

It is quite refreshing these days to read of a clearly defined treatment for Influenza or LaGrippe. In an article in the "Lancet-Clinic," Dr. James Bell of New York City, says he is convinced that too much medication is both unnecessary and injurious.

When called to a case of LaGrippe, the patient is usually seen when the fever is present, as the chill which occasionally ushers in the disease has generally passed away. Dr. Bell then orders that the bowels be opened freely with salts, citrate of magnesia or other laxative. For the high fever, severe headache, pain and general soreness, one Anti-kamnia Tablet every two hours is quickly followed by complete relief.

A Remedy for Pain

"The efficiency of any drug," says Dr. C. P. Robbins, "is known to us by the results we obtain from its use. One of the principal symptoms of all diseases is pain, and this is what the patient most often applies to us for, i. e., something to relieve his pain. If we can arrest this promptly, the patient is most liable to trust in us for the other remedies which will effect a permanent cure. One remedy which I have used largely in my practice is Anti-kamnia Tablets. Many and varied are their uses. I have put them to the test on many occasions, and have never been disappointed. I found them especially valuable for headaches of malarial origin, where quinine was being taken. They appear to prevent the bad after-effects of the quinine. Anti-kamnia Tablets are also excellent for the headaches from improper digestion; also for headaches of the neuralgic origin, and especially for women subject to pains at certain times. One or two Anti-kamnia Tablets every two or three hours give prompt relief."

Acute Rheumatism

In the hands of one observer we find that a certain drug has been used with the utmost satisfaction; others have found the same remedy to be a great disappointment. All physicians however agree that every method of treatment is aided by the administration of some remedy to relieve the pain and quiet the nervous system, and Dr. W. S. Schultze expresses the opinion of thousands of practitioners when he says that Anti-kamnia Tablets should be given preference over all other remedies for relief of the pain in all forms of rheumatism. They are also unsurpassed for headaches, neuralgia and all pain.

Indigestion-Dyspepsia

Are you distressed after eating? Do you have nausea when riding in the cars, or on the train or boat? Take one A-K Tablet and get relief.

When to Take Anti-Kamnia Tablets

As a Pain Reliever—In headache, migraine, coryza, la grippe and its after-effects.

As an Anodyne or Sedative—In indigestion, gastralgia, dyspepsia, hysteria, insomnia, car-sickness, sea-sickness, worry and sight-seer's fatigue.

As an Antipyretic—In intermittent, puerperal and malarial fevers, bronchitis, pleurisy, etc.

As an Anti-Neuralgic—In acute or chronic neuralgia, facial neuralgia, earache, toothache and pains of sciatica.

As an Anti-Rheumatic—For the pain in acute or chronic rheumatism and gout.

All genuine Anti-kamnia Tablets bear the AK monogram. At all druggists in any quantity or in 10c and 25c packages. Ask for A-K Tablets and insist on getting them.

Ibsen on the Screen

The name of Henrik Ibsen has, up to the last year, meant very little to the average American. To most people, outside of the scholar, it has been a name only. Their knowledge of this great Norwegian poet and dramatist went no further than knowing who he was. His writings, which have been such a valuable addition to the literature of the century, have been read by few, and his plays enacted upon the American stage have been seen and enjoyed by a smaller number.

This deplorable condition of having the writings of many of the greatest litterateurs of the age closed to a majority of the people is one which has existed too long. The large number of people who do not care to read these writings is appalling.

To a certain extent the works of these famous authors have been popularized through their presentation upon the American stage, and many who found no enjoyment in the perusal of the printed page thoroughly appreciated the dramatic productions. There is the further prohibition very often in this case, however, of the admission price to the theater making it out of the question for many to attend these performances who desire to do so.

It has, therefore, devolved upon the producers of motion pictures to further popularize the works of these eminent writers by putting them into a form which all can enjoy and all comprehend, by adapting them to the screen. Through the medium of the screen the people are becoming familiar with and educated to appreciate the worth-while works of literature. So the people to whom the name of Henrik Ibsen meant nothing a short time ago, have come to the point of asking for more of this author's cynical, satirical depictions of human responsibility under modern social conditions.

Ibsen is by far the most original of modern writers for the stage and his plays, dealing as they do with all phases of human responsibility under a variety of social conditions, present to the people the problems of life in which they are personally interested. His modern life dramas rather than his historical plays are the works by which Ibsen is best known to the world at large. In these plays the setting only is Norwegian, the lesson they convey is of world-wide extension. Ibsen did not pose as a moral teacher, but as an imaginative investigator. He claimed that he was not required to suggest a remedy for the diseases of society, but only to diagnose them. He was a poet of protest against social sophistry and unerringly indicated danger-spots in modern life.

To the literature of the screen so far have been contributed only three of Ibsen's plays—"Peer Gynt," which is an analysis of the human soul and is often styled the Scandinavian Faust; "The Pillars of Society," an attack upon hypocrisy as exemplified in the principal personages in the small town; and "Ghosts," the theme of which deals with the consequences of hereditary vices.

The screen adaptations of this famous playwright are not going to stop here, however, for on May 7 the Mutual Film Corporation will release another of Ibsen's plays which will be a most welcome addition to the film library—"Hedda Gabler."

"Hedda Gabler" contains a satirical shaft aimed at the woman of the undomestic selfish type. In this production Mutual will repeat on the screen not only the famous story of Ibsen, but also the stage success of the dramatic production for Nance O'Neil, who portrayed the role of "Hedda" on the stage will also appear in the title role in the screen version.

SPECIAL

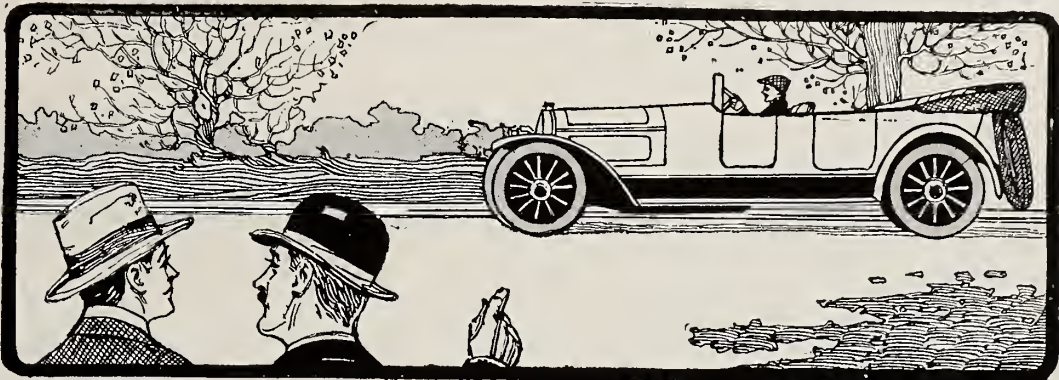
Dress Patterns cut from any sketch picture or fashion book. Also cut to individual measurements. They come all pinned, stamped and trimmings marked so you can get an exact idea of how garment will look when complete. Write for prices. TULLIE CROSS, 17 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL., Dept. A.

Become a Cosmetician

Own a money-making business or command a high-salaried position. We can help you. There is a nation-wide need for Marinello Beauty Shops and Marinello operators. Millions of Dollars are Spent for Beauty Treatments

Never has woman been offered such a grand opportunity. We will teach you all about successfully conducting a Beauty Shop and every branch of Beauty Culture. We guarantee graduates a good paying position or you can start in business for yourself. Write now for free particulars and proof of the prosperity awaiting you.

MARINELLO CO., Dept. 210, Mallery Bldg., Chicago



"A Year Ago He Had Nothing"

A year ago he was a "nobody," toiling in an obscure position, eking out a scant living and envying the "lucky" fellow in the automobile. His life was the same old thing, day after day—a dull, drab monotony. Today what a change! He is a power in his business, has a host of influential friends, belongs to exclusive clubs and loves life with a fervor! How did he do it? The same as men YOU know—men who had no special talents or education to speak of, but who "got there" nevertheless. The secret is **personality**—a forceful, winning personality—the ability to attract, impress, convince, and command! We all have the necessary qualities inherent in some degree. Some of us cultivate these qualities, others of us do not. Thus, some of us hang back, while others go forward. You ambitious men who believe in your inborn forces and ability—you will be glad to know that there have been evolved wonderful new methods by which you can bring out the conqueror within you!

- Note!** In this space we can give only a few of the subjects covered in this startling work. Get the books on 5 days' free trial and see everything for yourself.
- How to develop Mental and Moral Courage
 - How to overcome Shyness and Fear
 - How to Assert Yourself in Business, Social and Family Life
 - How to bring out your hidden forces
 - How to have Self-confidence, poise and "presence"
 - How to Make Others Believe in You
 - How to Make Yourself liked by others
 - How to Win Powerful friends
 - How to Influence Others
 - How to Stop Worry
 - How to Master Habit
 - How to Develop a Magnetic Voice
 - How to Renew Nerve Force
 - How to Develop Moral and Physical Power
 - How to Be the Master Man on all Occasions

"Culture of Personality"

Secrets Compiled in Two Amazing Books

The famous "Culture of Personality" Course of Prof. Theron Q. Dumont, the great French Authority and Psychologist, now in book form. All the secrets discovered by this eminent student of Man and all the laws and principles he has formulated for the development of a winning personality are now within the reach of every ambitious person, young and old. Get these fascinating books on our 5-day free trial offer. See what a new man they will make of you. See how you can take the bride off your powers—throw off the fetters of timidity that have held you back and step forth into the light of achievement and success. See how you can make people like you. How you can impress them, convince them, move them, compel them, and sway their minds. For the lessons alone on "how to make yourself liked" a young American gave the Author TEN TIMES HIS PRICE. The very same instructions are repeated in these books. Books of such distinct and peculiar interest and fascination were never before published. Nothing like them—nothing to compare with them.



WRINKLES

Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (a Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy chin quickly vanish. SANS-RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLE TON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P., Chicago, Ill.

After the Movies

Two Eyes For a Lifetime

Murine is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eye-lids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them.

YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!

Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.

Send No Money Just the Coupon

You don't have to send a penny. You don't obligate yourself to keep the books. Just fill out and mail the coupon and we will send both books on five days' free trial. Read the wonderful lessons, the astonishing revelations for 5 days; then if you are not more than delighted with the results, if you do not feel that the books are worth many times their price to you, just mail them back to us and you won't owe us a cent for anything. If you decide to keep them, remit the special price of \$3 for both volumes. Words can't describe the wonderful effect of the secrets made known in these books. You have to feel it for yourself. Mail the coupon today—NOW! This offer may never be made here again.

Adams Publishing Co.
1853 Morton Bldg. CHICAGO, ILL.

Just This Coupon

Adams Pub. Co. 1853 Morton Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: Please send me the two books of Prof. Dumont's great Course in "Culture of Personality" on 5 days' free trial. I agree to remit \$3 or return the books to you in 5 days.

Name.....
Address.....

THE LAST LAUGH

Of Course He Meant "Eligible."

Philip Lonerger, the scenario writer, and Wayne Arey, leading man, both of the Than-houser forces, were in a colloquy in which Mr. Lonerger was urging the other to join the Elks. "I'm afraid I'm not Elkable," said Mr. Arey, and Mr. Lonerger went to his office and chewed up a sheaf of script.

A Hint.

Stage Manager—"My dear, I wish you would wear a different gown in the second act."
Rita Ravenyelp—"But that is the latest style, and I paid \$200 for it."

Stage Manager—"That may be true, but when your husband says, 'Woman, you are hiding something from me,' the audience can't figure out what he means."—Passing Show.

Fib or Live Alone!

"They can say what they like about following the example set by George Washington, and always tell the truth," remarked Paddy McQuire, Mutual-Vogue comedian, "but if we did, very few families would be living together."

A Grievous Error.

In Louisville they tell a story of a politician who always carried a special brand of cigars in his pocket while campaigning in the rural districts.

On one occasion when two friends of this politician met one of them said:

"Well, old Banks is ill in bed, I hear."

"Yes," said the other, "I understand he smoked a cigar from the wrong pocket."

It's How You Look.

Young Wife—"Sir, can you look me in the eye and think me immodest?"

Young Husband—"Of course not; when I look you in the eye I miss the length of your skirts."

Grandmothers Galore Evermore.

"You look happy."

"Why shouldn't I? The baseball season is on and I've just as many grandmothers as I had a year ago."

A Literary Cuss.

Miss Bostonia—"I hear you are a lover of books, Mr. Rapid. How nice to have a literary taste! Which are your favorite books?"

Mr. Roland Rapid—"Oh, pocketbooks and check books."

Speaking of 4'd Wheezes.

A friend of Stuart Holmes who lives considerably below the Mason-Dixon line came over to William Fox's Fort Lee studios last week to watch the noted villain act. The friend told Holmes proudly that he had become the possessor of an automobile several months back and that he had gone on a tour of the South and West with it.

"You know, Holmes," he said, "travel changes your whole perspective. Now, take Texas, for instance. Big State, mighty big State! I rode and rode and rode, yet the second day I was in Texas, the third I was in Texas, the fourth I was still in Texas, and it was late on the fifth before I got out of Texas!"

"Why did you buy that kind of a car?" queried the notably heartless villain.

Who says there's no new 4'd-car wheeze?

Geraldine Fools Him.

Mrs. Jack Glavey, whose husband is scenario editor of Fox Film comedies, possesses several canary birds. With the coming of spring, Mrs. Jack has been expecting one of the birds to diminish the high cost of living by laying fresh eggs. But, until a few days ago, there was no result.

Then Jack, on his way home from work, passed a candy store which displayed candy eggs in its windows. Jack bought a shiny pink one, slipped it into his house, and placed it in the bird cage. Needless to say, Mrs. Jack was in ecstasy when she found it there that night, and Jack refused to explain his joke.

Next morning, before Glavey had opened his eyes, Mrs. Jack came running. There was a second egg in Geraldine's cage, she announced breathlessly.

Jack hastily got up. He looked for himself, and discovered that his wife had spoken truth. So, for fear of turning the joke on himself, Jack has not to this date confessed that he was only fooling when he furnished the inspiration for that egg.

They Wanted Sunshine, Not "Moonshine."

Virginia Pearson's company of Fox Players became rather glum when they struck a spell of cloudy weather while making "Royal Romance" in the mountains at Hendersonville, N. C. Someone suggested that a little "moonshine" would go very good.

"Moonshine, nothing!" exclaimed Director James Vincent. "What we want is a little sunshine."

Rattling Skeletons.

Paul Everton and Robert Elliott recently were endeavoring to have a little fun with Frank Russell regarding the length of time that excellent character actor has been on the boards. Said Everton to Elliott, "Why, Bob, I remember when Frank Russell was the white horse in 'Mazepa.'"

Then Russell spoke. "And I remember you fellows when you were the original cakes of ice in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

And there was silence.

A Mistake Easy to Make.

The Diner—"What do you mean by putting that soiled plate before me?"

The Servitor—"That's not a soiled plate. That's the half portion beef stew you ordered."

Mistaken in the "Address."

Guy—"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"

Jane—"I thought he lived at the White House."—Ohio Sun Dial.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c. for our Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting. Illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

Film Information Bureau, Sta. E. Jackson, Mich.

PHOTOTYPE ENGRAVING COMPANY

High Grade Engravings in One or More Colors

147-51 North 10th Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TELL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

Wrinkles Gone!

New Wonderful Way—Charm of Youth Restored

Wonderful results! Wrinkles and age lines banished. Yes, this new secret method works marvels. You should learn about it right now. Learn how it makes the skin as smooth, clear and beautiful as the famous complexions of the Japanese women. (You know how soft, satiny and lovely their skins are.) No matter how long you may have suffered from these blemishes, no matter what you have tried, get the information we will gladly send about the Princess Tokio treatment. Get the Princess Tokio Beauty Book. It is free. It tells you how to have the perfect skin beauty that all women long for. Yours for the coupon.



Just a Few Days And All Your Wrinkles Gone

No Massage. No Plasters. No Masks. No Rollers. No Exercise. A simple, easy treatment you use in the privacy of your room. Only a few minutes required. The skin made flawless, fresh, young looking. Used and recommended by society leaders and prominent actresses everywhere.

Guaranteed

Our legal, binding money back guarantee goes with each treatment. If the Princess Tokio treatment should fail in your case, taken according to our plain, simple directions, your money will be willingly and cheerfully refunded upon demand.

EDNA HUNTER Famous "Movie" Star, Says of the Princess Tokio Treatment:

"After a hard day I just apply Princess Tokio and every trace of fatigue, strain and roughness vanishes like magic. I gave it to a friend whose face was becoming wrinkled and she says it wiped the wrinkles off in no time. I wish you all the success you so richly deserve."

If you have Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, Blemishes, etc., the Princess Tokio Treatment will remove them as if by magic.

Princess Tokio Beauty Book Sent Free

The whole story of the Princess Tokio treatment told. The wonders it accomplishes. How complexions, once "hopeless," have been restored to youthful beauty. How years have been taken off women's looks. All this valuable, private information is given in this book now ready for distribution. Get your copy now. (Sent in plain, sealed envelope.) Learn the secret of a perfect skin. Learn how the American woman can rival the complexion charms of the Japanese. No cost. No obligation whatever upon you. It is free.



Send Coupon NOW!

Just sign and mail the coupon. That is all. It will bring you the Princess Tokio Beauty Book by return mail. Every woman ought to have it. We want you to have it. Don't put off sending. Put the coupon in the mail right now.

Princess Tokio Co. Dept. 645 Federal Life Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free and without obligation on my part Princess Tokio Beauty Book in plain sealed envelope.

Name.....
Address.....

Faces Made Young



I will tell the secret of a youthful face to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. I will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can take the look of age from her countenance. I want every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect to know about my

Beauty Exercises

which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up ugly hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. I will show how five minutes daily with my simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

I offer the exercises at my risk. Write for my Free Book (sent in plain sealed envelope). It will tell you just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.

Kathryn Murray, Suite 646 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



THE difference between Quaker Tires and railroad tickets is that the tickets will not take you beyond the distance specified, while Quaker Tires, though adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, deliver thousands of excess miles. Records of 9000, 11,000 and 13,000 miles come to us from enthusiastic users everywhere. On request you will be sent fac-similes of the following and many other letters:

"My last two Quakers were destroyed when my garage burned recently. Both of these tires had made 11,227 miles and were in good condition at the time of the fire."

"In regard to service on a pair of 33x4 Quaker Tires, which I purchased from you in the early part of last July, beg to advise that these casings have gone seven thousand (7000) miles to date and show but very little wear."

"We have placed Quaker Tires among our best customers and of the different sizes up to and including 36 x 4½ we have casings that have been driven 4000 to 8000 miles and they are still giving service. We might say that none are completely worn out."

"We have just taken off a 37 x 5 Quaker casing which has been run 14,080 miles. Aside from tread being cut and torn, casing is in good condition."

"A customer has driven a set of 33 x 4 Quaker Tires on a five-passenger car over 12,000 miles."

In records such as those quoted is found the reason why there was not a single Quaker Tire left in our factory on the last day of March; why dealers' orders could not be filled;

why consumer demand could not be satisfied. And all that despite the fact that the Quaker plant was running to the limit of its increased capacity.

But, now, you can get Quaker Tires from any of our dealers because of a further increase in manufacturing facilities.

Put *one* Quaker to the test against any three other makes of tires. Then you will surely equip all four wheels of your car with Quakers.

If there is no dealer near you send direct to the Factory Sales Department. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

Quaker City Rubber Co.

Factories—Philadelphia
 CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St.
 PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St.
 NEW YORK 53 Murray St.
 Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves, Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.



FREE for Six Months My Magazine—

“INVESTING for PROFIT”

If you will send me your name and address, I will mail you this wonderful magazine **ABSOLUTELY FREE FOR SIX MONTHS**—Special Trial Introductory Offer. Each copy is worth \$10.00 to \$100.00 to you.

Wait till you see, it is a good thing, but don't wait till every one sees it—you will then be too late. One good investment is worth a lifetime of labor.

How Small Investors Have Made Large Fortunes

You know and I know that small investors have made large fortunes—men who, guided by judgment and courage, have placed their funds direct into creative enterprises at their inception and thus reaped **full benefit** of the earning power of money. Today opportunity on bended knee is entreating the small investor to accept her favors—and those who heed the insistent call are achieving fortunes.

My magazine explains the rules by which small investors have made wise and profitable investments—how \$100 grows into \$2200—the actual possibility of intelligent investment.

Learn the REAL EARNING POWER of Your Money

The real earning power of your money is not the paltry 3 to 5 per cent. paid by banks or by corporations that have their future **behind** instead of in **front** of them. “Investing for Profit” reveals the enormous profits financiers make and shows how one can make the same profit—it demonstrates the real earning power of your money—the knowledge that financiers hide from the masses—it explains **HOW** small investors are making big fortunes and **WHY** they are made.

This and other valuable financial information is yours—it is free six months for the asking.

How to Determine the Value of Different Investments

There are thousands of salaried people today who have a small sum laid aside or who can invest a small amount each month—but who realize that they do not know how to determine the value of the different classes of investments that are offered to them daily. This condition has created a demand for a publication

or institution whose express object is to help direct and guide the small investor. “Investing for Profit” is the result of a pressing need, and should be worth tens—perhaps thousands—of dollars to you.

If You Can Save \$5.00 a Month or More

“Investing for Profit” is for the man who intends to invest any money, however small, or who can save \$5 or more per month—but who has not yet learned the art of investing for profit. Read what Russell Sage, one of the most successful financiers of his day, said in regard to investments:

“There is a common fallacy that, while for legal advice we go to lawyers, and for medical advice we go to physicians, and for the construction of a great work to engineers—financing is everybody's business. As a matter of fact, it is the most profound and complicated of them all.”

Don't invest a dollar in anything anywhere until you have at least read one copy of my really wonderful magazine.

Mail Coupon Today for FREE Financial Advice and Magazine

There are absolutely no strings to my Six Months' Free-Trial introductory offer. I will do exactly what I say. If you will send me your name and address on the attached coupon I will send you absolutely without charge, for six months, my magazine—“Investing for Profit.” Then you are to decide whether or not you care to continue to subscribe and want free advice on financial matters. Surely this is a fair, square, liberal offer—so sign and mail the coupon now—before you turn this page.

H. L. BARBER

20 West Jackson Boulevard, CHICAGO

Mail this now

H. L. BARBER, Publisher
20 (aa) Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me absolutely Free of Charge “Investing for Profit” for six months and record my name for free advice.

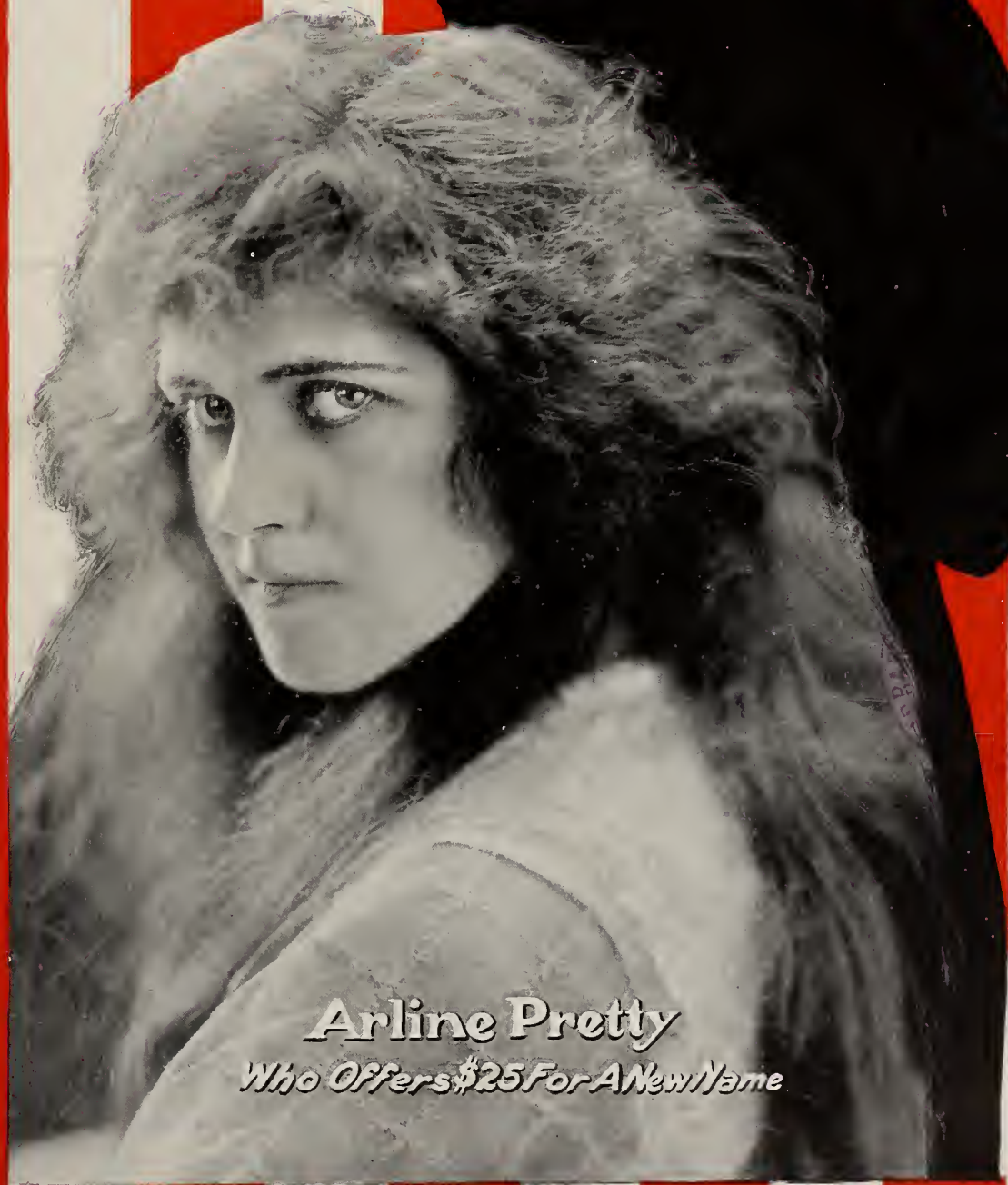
Name

Street..... City.....

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

July 1917

20 Cents



*Arline Pretty
Who Offers \$25 For A New Name*

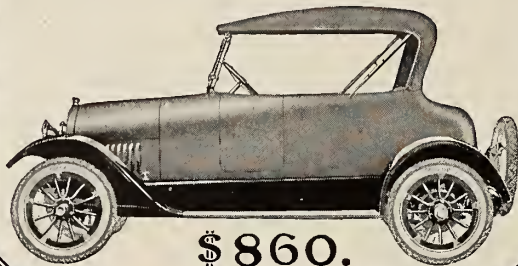
The Magazine With A Heart, Soul and Character

**WHEN YOU TRAVEL
RIDE IN A -**

Pullman

**Four
Passenger Roadster**

A roomy car for four passengers—divided front seats with lots of space in the rear, wonderful riding ease, typical Pullman pulling power—the smartest model offered in its class for 1917.



\$ 860.
F.O.B. Factory

**A DOZEN
REASONS WHY**

114 inch wheel base.
50½ inch full cantilever rear springs.
Four cylinder, L-head motor, 32 h. p. by actual brake test.
Two-unit starting and lighting equipment.
Stromberg carburetor, new type float feed.
Genuine full floating rear axle.
Thermo-siphon cooling system.
Equalized brakes with Raybestos brake lining.
Seventeen gallon gas tank in rear, Carter vacuum feed.
Genuine honeycomb radiator extra large tank.
31 x 4 inch, red wall, Firestone non-skid tires on all four wheels.
True stream line, custom-made body, Pullman green and black, with real leather plated upholstery and extra deep cushions.

**Five
Passenger
Touring
\$ 860.**
F.O.B. Factory

DON'T buy the picture. Efficient buying means comparative buying. Purchase your car that way. For your own protection compare the "dozen reasons why" on this page with the specifications of any car on the market selling under \$2000.

Then 'phone the dealer in your town and have him show you just what we mean by Pullman performance—what the wonderful Pullman motor can do in the way of hill climbing, what perfect carburetion and ignition mean in the shape of consistent pulling ability. The proof of the Pullman is in its performance.

Get behind the steering wheel of any Pullman Four yourself. Feel the luxury of the big, roomy body, with its ample leg space, genuine leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions. Feel the comfort of riding over 50½ inch full cantilever springs—generally offered only in high priced cars.

Add to this certainty of performance the greatest collection of standardized, expensive accessories ever furnished a car in the eight hundred dollar class, and you have the utmost value possible.

The finish of every Pullman model is superb, made perfect by eleven operations of sand blasting, coating, painting and varnishing. The lines are the latest and smartest, the hit of the big national shows this year. Fourteen years' experience stands behind the Pullman warranty, vouched for by thousands of satisfied owners.

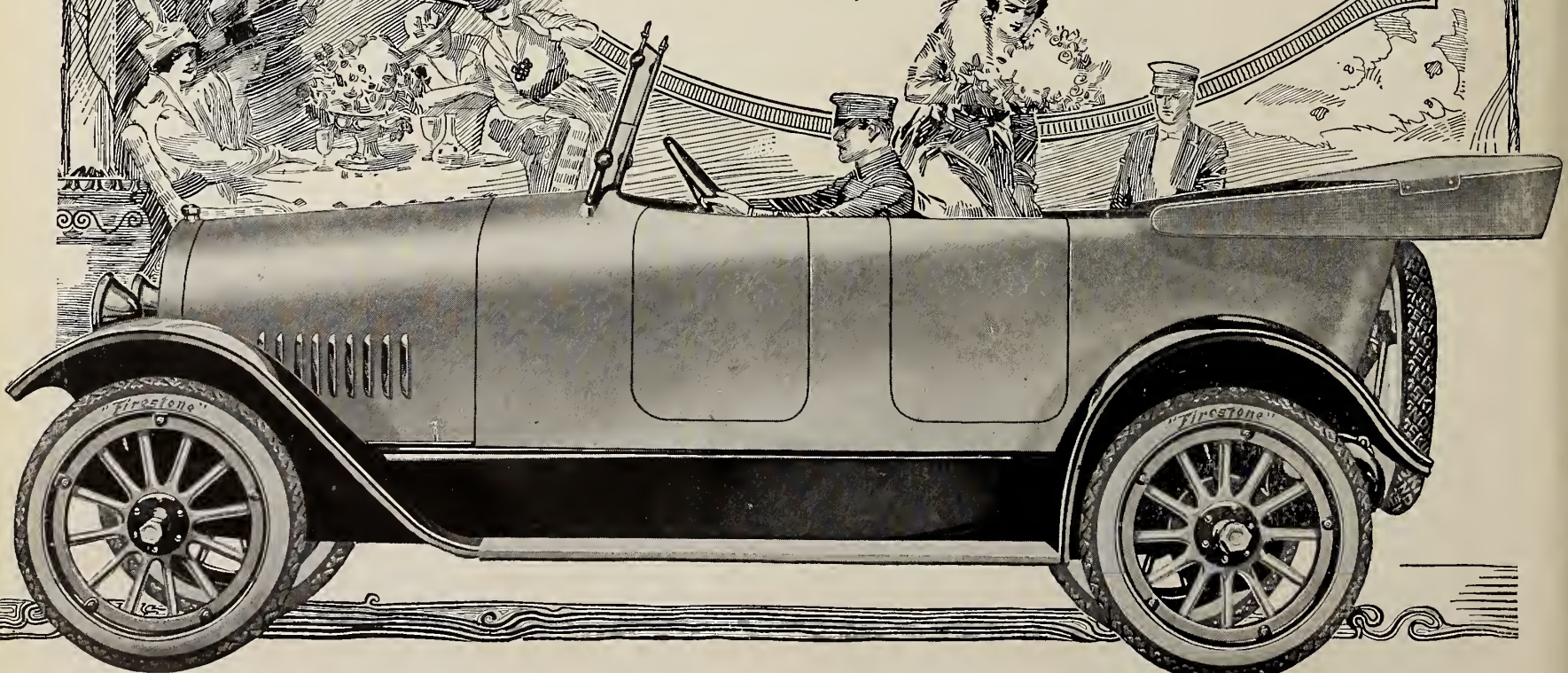
Write for our literature.

Five Passenger Four . . . \$860 Convertible Sedan De Luxe . . \$1275
Four Passenger Roadster . . 860 With C-H Magnetic Gear Shift 1400

Pullman Motor Car Corporation

YORK, PA.

Established 1903





The Editor's Personal Page

LET'S THUS SET FORTH JULY 4th—

F cuts its figure in Financing;
O conveys Output's might,
U leads the Undaunted in advancing;
R brings us square with Right;
T stands for Triumph, our specialty;
H means: Heroes rule the land of the free.

O spurs us Onward most prodigiously,
F gives us our Faith most religiously.

J makes for Justice unbeatable;
U is for Union grand;
L means Loyalty unseatable;
Y —stay true to Yankee land!

NUMEROUS unusual letters find their way to an editor's desk. One, most unusual, lays before me as I write this. It was written by a full-blood Sioux Indian, who has had the advantage of a college education. He rejoices over the wonderful development of the motion-picture industry, and looks to it for the power requisite to saving the cause of civilization. "The triumph of the United States arms and the subsequent flooding of the whole world with American-made peace propaganda film, pointing out the way to keep democracy, supreme over autoeracy, are the two essentials to the preservation of civilization," he writes. "Therefore, let us urge the photoplay producers to start their part of the work now by making pictures which set forth most comprehensively the various differences between the two ideals of government and show why the democratic idea of the people, for the people, by the people, should predominate universally." Our Indian friend has hit upon a feasible scheme, which might indeed lead to getting some fetching pictorial argument before the people in Germany even before the cessation of the present hostilities. The German Socialists might welcome some moving pictures which would bring recruits to their struggling minority and American ingenuity might find the way to get the precious films into their hands. Undoubtedly motion pictures could act as a potential agitator of democracy in the very hot-bed of autocracy, and, happily in this case, it might lead to a revolution which would obliterate the iron-hand domineering of despots who rule by virtue of tradition and not by the consent of the governed. Verily, our Indian correspondent is quite within the bounds of plausibility when he cites two essentials to universal peace. The propaganda film could maintain the democracy which the United States arms will establish with the aid of our gallant allies. The idea has impressed us so deeply that we have persuaded Bert D. Essex, author of "The Silent Trend," which appears regularly in "Photo-Play Journal," to write the kind of stories he deems wise for a series of photoplays candidly devised to sway the thought of especially subjects of absolute monarchies to the democratic side of the world's most momentous question so strongly as to demolish every

royal house which persists in oppressing the people. These stories will be published in this magazine in the August number, and it is within the pale of modesty to promise a feature quite extraordinary.

SPEAKING of life's forward march, everyone has a perfect right to be left, but lo what a lop-sided idea! An acquaintance of ours who resents exhortation against his habit of dodging responsibility is the inspiration for this. He says if he worries not, no one else should. Reference to the uncertainty of his future, due to his apathy, brought forth these words. Now we're fretting more over his career than we are over the price of our food. That's how personal a personal editor can get sometimes. The purpose in mentioning all this here is to essay instilling the idea of concern over achievement in the minds of our readers. If there ever was a time when every man, woman and child should strive to be absolutely useful, that time is this year of our Lord 1917. It is the ideal moment for the total elimination of the slightest semblance of the mark of the slacker. No one who wilfully permits himself to be left can be at all right in such a crisis as envelops us today. A public calamity would follow a general tendency of "letting the other fellow do the work." No one can afford to be satisfied. Even though you can only raise a bushel of potatoes, you must do something to help the great cause which is so vital to us all. Ponder! And if you discover your back is turned on responsibility, right about face! Then, forward march! And remember all the marchers need not be in the army.

MANY photoplay fans are urging us to exert our supreme efforts to induce film producers to enrich the screen with more comedy and farce. It seems the demand for a surcease of dramas with even the slightest trace of the sordid is rapidly becoming universal. Therefore, we are glad to advise all that the immediate plans of most of the leading producers take into consideration the desires of the people, and an abundance of laugh-provoking photoplays will be with us soon. Already some of Charles Hoyt's amusing comedies have been revived and have found their way to the screen, and several farce successes of the past are being prepared for picturization. Meanwhile companies which have always specialized in fun-inspiring film are redoubling their energies to materially increase their outputs. Ere long it will be to laugh most every minute you are in a moving picture theatre if present indications ring true. Be it ever until the war is over at least.

IF you have an idea by which you think you could improve the photoplay art, write me about it. Devise something new in either technique or story, and you will be embraced as a genius. Know ye all that "Photo-Play Journal" strives to constantly help all to their goal. It is your opportunity.



MAY ALLISON
METRO



MARY PICKFORD
ARTCRAFT



ELSIE FERGUSON
ARTCRAFT



JULIAN BEAUBIEN

BALBOA



VERNON STEELE
GOLDWYN



MARGERY WILSON
TRIANGLE-INCE



SHIRLEY MASON

McCLURE

Table of Contents



JULY
1917



Photo-Play Journal



Volume II
No. 3

Edited by DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1	MASH NOTES. (A poem) <i>By Dick Willis</i>	30
MAY ALLISON. (Full-page portrait)	2	THE MAELSTROM. (A short story. Illustrated). <i>By Stephen Scott</i>	31
MARY PICKFORD. (Full-page portrait).....	3	THE SILENT TREND. (A composite review of photoplay achievements) <i>By Bert D. Essex</i> . 33	
ELSIE FERGUSON. (Full-page portrait).....	4	A PSALM OF THE STRAW HAT. (Verse)	35
JULIAN BEAUBIEN. (Full-page portrait).....	5	EDITORIAL	36
VERNON STEELE. (Full-page portrait).....	6	INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS. 37	
MARGERY WILSON. (Full-page portrait).....	7	"DOUG" AND INDIAN IDA. (Illustration).....	37
SHIRLEY MASON. (Novelty portrait).....	8	GEORGE PERIOLAT—A MASTER OF MAKE-UP. (Illustrated) <i>By Dick Willis</i>	38
CONTENTS. (Illustrated)	9	A SON O' THE STARS. <i>By Delight Evans</i>	39
FOUR FAVORITE PHOTOPLAYERS—ALL A-SMILE. (Jay Belasco, Clara Williams, Viola Vale and Herbert Rawlinson)	10	STAR TO DISCARD REAL NAME AND \$25 WILL BE GIVEN FOR A NEW REEL ONE. (Illustrated) <i>By George T. Pardy</i>	40
THE EVER GROWING, GLOWING SPIRIT OF THE HOUR. (Illustrated)	11	THE FALSE FRIEND. (A short story. Illustrated) <i>By Marjorie Wright</i>	42
THE LONE WOLF. (Novelization of the latest Herbert Brenon Photoplay. Illustrated)....	13	SCREEN STORIES. <i>By Jack Winn</i>	44
SOME SPLASH SEASON SOLILOQUIZING. (Illus- trated)	16	A FABLE OF AN ART ON THE TABLE AND OFF. <i>By</i> <i>Philip Francis Nowlan</i>	45
INTREPID QUEEN OF THE RAIL CITES SOME CURI- OUS SUPERSTITIONS OF RAILROAD MEN. (Illus- trated)	18	PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. (Poem) <i>By Cora Fulmer</i> 45	
HER EXCELLENCY, THE GOVERNOR. (A short story. Illustrated). <i>By Grace Ade</i>	19	THIS MONTH'S SUGGESTION. TRUE TO HERSELF. <i>By Priscilla Schultis</i>	46
MISS PETER PAN, SCREEN STAR WHO REFUSES TO GROW UP, IS BESSIE LOVE. (Illustrated)....	21	PHOTOPLAY STARS I HAVE DIRECTED. <i>By Robert</i> <i>G. Vignola</i>	47
FILM ARTISTS UP-TO-DATE. <i>By Marin Sais</i>	22	HERO OF SCREENLAND VISITS COWLAND	47
A ROADSIDE IMPRESARIO. (A short story. Illus- trated) <i>By Herbert Mooney</i>	23	FICTION WRITERS DUE TO COME INTO OWN ...	48
WHAT THEY WERE BEFORE THEY BECAME WHAT THEY ARE	24	INCIDENTAL MUSIC. (Verse)	48
IN THE CASE OF PERSONALITY VERSUS BEAUTY THE FORMER WINS. (Illustrated)	25	IN THESE WAR TIMES	48
A REEL BATTLE IS PERILOUSLY SIMILAR TO A REAL ONE. (Illustrated) <i>By Fred Schaefer</i>	26	FRANK CURRIER, MEMBER OF FAMILY NOTED FOR BRAVERY	50
WINNERS IN THE WHY-IS-YOUR-FAVORITE-YOUR FAVORITE CONTEST	28	ALLEN HOLUBAR—THREE IN ONE. <i>By Carl</i> <i>Stearns Clancy</i>	52
"THE PASSION TO RULE." (A novel) <i>By Delbert</i> <i>E. Davenport</i>	29	TO DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES. (Poem)	53
		SMILE, GOL DURN YE, SMILE	53
		THE LAST LAUGH	57

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

THOMAS B. NAYLOR, President and General Manager
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street, New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
[\$2.50 IN CANADA \$3.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY, 20 CENTS]

Entered as second-class matter, April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1917, by LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO.



JAY BELASCO



CLARA WILLIAMS



VIOLA VALE



HERBERT RAWLINSON

FOUR FAVORITE PHOTOPLAYERS—ALL A-SMILE

THE GLOWING, GROWING SPIRIT OF THE HOUR



A man of mighty physical power and exalted mortality stood in the dark night battling with a terrific elemental upheaval. Despite his strength and his courage he was no match for the devastating opposition he encountered. But he weathered the storm nevertheless, and it was because of his undying allegiance to the Spirit Sublime—the ruler supreme for more than a hundred and two-score years of his native land, the home of the free and the brave—the ardent defenders of Old Glory.

A woman who had devoted her life to the peaceful pursuits of upbuilding a modest home for her help-mate and their children stood nearby in that same dark night and when the cruel, unrelenting wind buffeted and bruised the man, she braved the same foe and ministered gently to the injured. She, too, was actuated by the Spirit Sublime which kept her fortitude intact.

A child was also in that dark night of indescribable terrors. No disconcerting wails came from this source however, for the child had inherited the Spirit Sublime from worthy progenitors, and, instinctively realizing the responsibility of it all even at a tender age, the immature one energetically struggled to lend succor by shouting sharp warnings to an elder in need.

Sex or age was not pressed into service as a pretext for shifting the work of the battle. Three souls unafraid united to vie with each other in meeting the emergencies the storm foisted onto them. In that dark night was enacted a repetition of the reason why the history of the United States of America is so gloriously replete with righteousness, justice and valiant deeds of munificent blessings. 'Twas originally known as the Spirit of '76, but it has always been from that date to this very moment the Spirit Sublime, and it has wielded its wonderful influence through many a dark

night, inevitably developing sunshine of day, the beacon light of hope eternal. Explicitly, it is patriotism, backed solidly by every force irreproachable probity can summon, and, it is a patriotism every man, woman and child of the U. S. A. lives faultlessly today more than ever, because *this day is one of the darkest of nights* yet recorded in the annals of mankind, and there has been precipitated a crisis, one thing all true Americans meet invariably with unflinching bravery.

From the Pacific slope to Atlantic seaboard, from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico, the activity in behalf of humanity is so tremendously and strikingly illustrative of the man, woman and child in the dark night that July 4th, 1917, becomes more than a mere passing celebration. It becomes the zenith of the principle of a national life. Obstreperous jubilees will for the most part succumb to quiet, serious work to further the plans of a grim business—the extermination of an autocracy which is now the most baneful scourge of the earth. The Spirit Sublime will attain its greatest, most plenary powers because the times demand it.

Happily those of every walk of life are united in the performance of duty, and the devotees to the photoplay art can rejoice in the fact that the photoplayers are among the stalwart faithfuls in the front ranks; Actress has seen to it that actor does not excel in the manifestation of the Spirit Sublime. No wonder then that it sounded like the sweetest, most harmonious of music when the interested observer heard:

"Company, attention! Right dress! Front! Forward, march."

And then discovered the command was given by David Thompson, an actor and director, to one hundred *girls*, all histrionic artists under the Metro banner. As these soldiers of the feminine gender





The girls are learning the whole grim business of war

stepped forward smartly in their khaki uniforms, marching a one-two-three without imperfections, and brought their rifles to right-shoulder-arms the full realization of the unlimited scope of the Spirit Sublime inspired a veritable thrill.

These girls are members of a Woman's Home Defense League, which has recently been formed, and which is drawing enlistments from many moving-picture studios. Their idea is that if the war situation in the United States becomes particularly serious, and all the available men are sent to the European front, much good in the way of home defense work can be accomplished by young women.

Therefore, following out that idea, they have formed the Woman's Home Defense League, and for several weeks they have been drilling in the studios. Prominent motion picture stars are acting as patronesses of the League, among them being Ethel Barrymore, Emmy Wehlen, Mabel Taliaferro, Viola Dana and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Miss Wehlen, Miss Dana and Miss Taliaferro have purchased uniforms and are soon to drill with the League members.

To Miss Dana goes the credit for the idea of the organization. After reading of the Home Defense Leagues being formed by men, she decided that the women should start similar movements. She questioned the women in her company, and all of them were enthusiastic over the idea. They "carried it along," and within a few days a roster was prepared. Then uniforms were purchased and military experts at the studios began drilling the girls.

Among these experts are Mr. Thompson and William B. Davidson, leading man for Ethel Barrymore. Both have served in the militia.

When the company has been thoroughly schooled it is the intention of the girls to elect their own members as officers. Miss Taliaferro, Miss Wehlen and Miss Dana have expressed a willingness to serve as Captain or Lieutenants, and among those who have hopes of gaining the insignia of sergeants are Peggy Parr, Ethel Hope, Violet Reed and Katharine Cavanaugh.

"Our organization is the carrying out of a common-sense idea," said Marien Dennis, one of the members. "Not all women can be Red Cross nurses. What would become of the country if all the women went

away to serve as trained nurses? Someone must stay at home and take care of the industries and the children. My mother needs me, for instance. I shouldn't be able to leave her without feeling that I was very selfish. But the homes and industries may have to be guarded, and those who must stay at home should know how to defend them.

"Another point about drilling is that it develops discipline. Discipline is what is needed to fit women for working in the munitions factories, for doing intensive farming—for taking care of everything at home."

Since war alone can be the precursor of lasting peace, its nerve-racking sorrows have been accepted

courageously as inevitable in all quarters in the photoplay world, and it is a foregone conclusion that when the new American army comes up for final review before being dispatched to the battlefield, the screen will be credibly represented. Many of the foremost stars of the shadow stage have not only signified their intention of answering the call to the colors, but have actually arranged their affairs to go with some of the first divisions. This is amply reassuring of the fact that the Spirit Sublime rules your favorites, Fans and Fanettes, and it is impressive evidence that this same glowing, growing spirit of the hour prevails over the length and the breadth of the land. Let us glorify in the total absence of the taint of the slacker in the army of Thespians who have entertained us so royally on the screen. Let us give three cheers for such efforts as Sidney Drew recently put forth when he gave up his own work to get out and help boom enlistments in New York after he had heroically acquiesced in the act of his son in offering his services to his country. Then let us praise Mary Pickford for the earnest speeches she has been making on the Pacific Coast for recruits for Uncle Sam's army, for Little Mary has really been addressing assemblages of men on the streets, not for the publicity (something she does not need), but for results for her beloved country. Madge Kennedy, herself a new recruit to the army of photoplayers, has won nation-wide recognition for her powerful appeal to American citizens of alien birth. It is called "Creed for the Alien." Here it is, and don't fail to note that the first letter of each paragraph, read downwards, produces "America Undivided" and incidentally it is to become a part of the history of the times because it hits a mark which most needs hitting:

(Continued on page 53)



MARY PICKFORD,
the Patriot





HAZEL DAWN

BERT LYTELL

THE LONE WOLF

Fictionized Version of the Latest Herbert Brenon Photoplay Produced by the Lewis J. Selznick Enterprises
Featuring Hazel Dawn and Bert Lytell

THAT little Marcel was a thief is only to say he was human. Left mysteriously at the disreputable Hotel Troyan when hardly more than an infant, dishonesty soon came to be his only defense against injustice and cruelty. His bare existence depended upon the sharpness of his wits, so they became very sharp indeed. He soon knew every turn of the twisting streets of Paris, was at home in all kinds of society, and knew how to keep his eyes and ears open and his mouth shut. From somewhere he inherited a love of literature and art and the proceeds of all his thefts were spent for books. It was his statement of this fact that saved him when Burke discovered him stealing a few coins from his mantel. Burke was a criminal, and Marcel knew it. Another thing Marcel knew, but Burke did not, was that the detectives were closing in on him. So when Burke told Marcel to keep the money and buy his books, Marcel showed his appreciation by warning Burke against the detectives.

This began an association which, while hardly one which the moralists could approve, developed in Marcel, the highest possible point of efficiency in his chosen

profession—that of an aristocrat among thieves. He and Burke traveled together and Marcel learned from his patron that refinement added a zest to life. Burke had an accomplice, Eckstrom, with whom he had executed many coups. Eckstrom, becoming jealous of Burke over a pretty housemaid who had been admitted into their councils, betrayed Burke to the police. Burke was killed in the fight that followed, and Marcel was led off, one day, to a reformatory, but not until he had given Eckstrom a glance that promised vengeance.

Marcel thus founded his career. When he reached manhood, and began a series of crimes which puzzled the police of two continents, he adopted for public use the name of Michael Lanyard. As Lanyard he was known in New York, London, Paris, Petrograd, and other capitals, as a connoisseur and patron of the arts, a collector of valuable paintings, a man who had the entree into the most exclusive circles. But it was as The Lone Wolf that he was known—or rather unknown—to the police of those same cities. All that could be learned about his activities was that he had no discoverable accomplices.

Following his theft of the famous Ombre jewels, Lanyard, casting about in Paris for an interesting adventure, noticed the French government had entered into negotiations

for the ownership of a remarkable explosive invented by a certain Huysman. This seemed to be worthy game, and Lanyard set out to reconnoitre the Huysman home. From a place of concealment he saw his ancient enemy, Eckstrom, admitted. After waiting a long time, with no sign of Eckstrom, Lanyard cautiously forced a window, and entered the inventor's house. He found Huysman dead on the floor, stabbed in the heart. Lanyard hurried to Eckstrom's lodgings, which he had under surveillance for some time and confronted the murderer.

The moment of Marcel's revenge for the betrayal of Burke had come. Lanyard told Eckstrom who he was, and said that unless he turned over the specifications of the explosive he had stolen from Huysman, he would inform the police of the murder, and of Eckstrom's guilt. Eckstrom realized he was beaten, and handed Lanyard a photographic film upon which Huysman had recorded his invention, snarling his threat of revenge. Lanyard laughed at his rage. But as soon as he had gone, Eckstrom hastened to the headquarters of a gang of international crooks, who called themselves the Pack, to report what had happened.

The Pack consisted of Eckstrom himself, Moriban, Popinot, Wertheimer, and Bannon, the leader, an invalid, sixty years old,

constantly attended by a young woman he introduced as Lucy Bannon, his niece, but who was engaged as his nurse. Eckstrom demanded Lanyard's death, but Bannon decided Lanyard was too valuable to be outside their fold, and ordered that he be offered membership in the Pack. This offer Lanyard rejected with scorn, which meant a declaration of war—The Lone Wolf against the Pack.

Curiosity led Lanyard back to the old Hotel Troyon. It was different from the ramshackle old place he had known as a child. Even the proprietor was different. He did not know that this was the headquarters of Bannon, the chief of the Pack. Lucy, one of the first persons he noticed after he arrived, attracted him immediately, and her glances seemed to indicate he interested her as well. He managed to meet her at dinner, and the acquaintance promised to ripen into friendship.

Lanyard was unable to enjoy his new acquaintance undisturbed. He noticed that another guest at Troyon's was Roddy, a detective from Scotland Yard, who he had every reason to believe, was on the trail of the Ombre jewels. When he discovered that Roddy had the room next to his own he decided it was time to protect himself. Pretending to leave the hotel, he returned silently to his room. Here he found, not the detective, but Miss Lucy Bannon. As he turned up the light she stared at him in dismay and said she had been walking in her sleep. The explanation seemed rather unsatisfactory to Lanyard, but he made no protest, and she retired to her own room. Lanyard, now satisfied that Roddy was not spying upon him, left the hotel to visit his own apartment, where his art collections were stored.

Returning to his room later, a man pounced upon him as he opened the door. After a terrific struggle Lanyard overpowered his assailant and bound him. He discovered that the man, obviously an emissary of the Pack, carried a hypodermic needle. He found, also, that the door to Roddy's room had been forced open and the detective had been murdered. It was clear



Their friendship soon ripened into love

the murderer had intended to render him unconscious with an injection from the needle, smear him with Roddy's blood, and leave him to be discovered as the apparent slayer. So he turned the tables. He injected the drug into the real murderer. Then he noticed there was a striking resemblance between himself and the murderer, except that the latter wore a moustache. Quickly shaving this off, he packed his few belongings to leave the murder in his own trap to be discovered as The Lone Wolf.

As he was slipping quietly from the hotel, the door of Lucy Bannon's room opened, and she came out, dressed for the street and

carrying a small bag. She appealed to him for help, told him Bannon was the leader of the Pack, and she was escaping from him, as she was in mortal terror. Convinced of the truth of the girl's story, Lanyard took her with him. He knew the Pack would soon be on the trail of both of them, and sought a hiding place in a studio which he had kept for such an emergency.

In this hiding place the friendship of the two fugitives soon developed into love. But their sense of security was soon dispelled. A rock crashed through the skylight of the studio, a paper in which it was wrapped stated that if Lanyard refused to submit to the Pack he would be killed. Meanwhile they had discovered how Lanyard had tricked them at the hotel, and they had burned down the building to conceal the crime.

Although the studio was surrounded, Lanyard refused to admit defeat, as he was anxious to save Lucy from Bannon. They made their escape by climbing down a rope of sheets.

Lanyard told Lucy that his affection for her had caused him to determine to go straight in the future, and his first move was to restore the Ombre jewels he had recently stolen. Together they went to the Ombre mansion, Lanyard opened the safe, replaced the jewels, and they hurried to the home of Minister of War Ducroy. Leaving Lucy in the garden, Lanyard broke into the house and found his way to the bedroom of the minister. Awakening him he offered the Huysman explosive secret in exchange for a safe conduct for himself and Lucy to England. The astonished minister consented and gave Lanyard a pass for two passengers in a military aeroplane which was to make the flight across the channel.

The truth about Lucy was that she was neither Bannon's nurse nor his niece, but a clever agent of the secret service, who had been instructed to gain the confidence of the Pack, to get evidence against them, and also to find a clue to the identity of The



With Lucy the Lone Wolf escaped via a rope of sheets



He told Mme. Ombre her jewels were safe

Lone Wolf. Satisfied that Lanyard was sincere in his determination to abandon his life of crime, Lucy struggled between love and duty, while Lanyard was bargaining with the minister. She decided to permit him to escape and left the garden to keep a rendezvous with Wertheimer, a member of the Pack.

When Lanyard found Lucy was gone, he believed she had deserted him for the Bannon gang. In an endeavor to find her he disguised himself as a cab driver and began a systematic search of the boulevards. He was rewarded finally by picking up Lucy and Wertheimer, who engaged him without recognizing him. But looking back into his cab Lanyard's jealousy was aroused by seeing Lucy and her companion in close, confidential conversation.

Believing he had lost Lucy forever, Lanyard finally decided to steal the Ombre jewels again, leave the country and adopt some honest career. Meanwhile the Pack had learned from Lucy that the Ombre jewels had been restored. So when Lanyard was working at the safe in the Ombre mansion, he was confronted by Lucy, who had been forced to accompany the Pack on its mission. Lanyard told Lucy how he had struggled against temptation, but she could not explain her desertion, as Moriban, of the Pack, was listening.

All that prevented him from killing Lanyard from his hiding place was his greed for the jewels.

At this moment, Mme. Ombre and her maid entered the house. Lanyard heard the door open. Mme. Ombre, covering Lanyard with a gun, told her maid to telephone for the police; but as the girl left the room to do so she was seized and gagged by Moriban. Eckstrom, Popinot and two Apaches were watching developments from another place of concealment. Lanyard told Mme. Ombre that the jewels she had missed were now in her safe. She refused to believe, and so he opened the safe and handed them to her. Eckstrom leaped upon the woman and grabbed the jewels, while Popinot flung Lanyard to the floor. Lanyard struggled desperately, and finally

escaped as several gendarmes hurried in from the street where they had heard the uproar.

Rushing to the street Lanyard leaped into the automobile belonging to the criminals, where Lucy was waiting, and drove off at a furious speed. Eckstrom and Moriban, who also escaped from the gendarmes, followed in a second machine. The lovers raced upon a jack-knife bridge which was about to open, just clearing it in time, while the pursuers were unable to check their car in time and it plunged into the water seventy feet below. Eckstrom managed to swim ashore and obtaining a motorboat raced to the aviation field. He had found the war minister's pass which Lanyard had lost in the struggle in Mme. Ombre's home.

The lovers reached the aviation field first, and upon discovering the loss of the pass, were given a new permission by telephoning to the war minister, and set off immediately on their flight across the channel, with a pilot supplied by the authorities.

Eckstrom arrived immediately afterward with the lost pass, and was given another plane without question. As his machine carried less weight, he was soon gaining rapidly upon Lanyard and Lucy. He had hardly departed, however, when the police authorities, learning that he was wanted as a foreign spy, sent a

speedy aircraft in pursuit. Eckstrom fired on the plane in which Lanyard and Lucy were riding, and it began to appear that they could not escape, when a shot from the swift pursuing machine struck Eckstrom's plane, and it shot downward into the waters of the English Channel.

Lanyard and Lucy landed safely, and then to Lanyard's surprise, their pilot revealed himself as Wertheimer. He was also an agent of the English police, and had wormed himself into the secrets of Bannon and his Pack. Lanyard was told the truth about the girl he loved, and free from the perils which had been threatening them, they embarked upon a new life of freedom and safety.

"It was not my fault that I wandered so far away from the straight path all during my career," Lanyard told his pal for life. "I had no recourse from crime from my earliest boyhood; it was born into me and I was surrounded by the necessity of it."

"I understand perfectly, my dear, and I in behalf of all society forgive you for your transgressions, feeling confident you will more than make up for everything now that you are determined to use your cleverness for better purposes," Lucy replied encouragingly.

"Gee, what a wonderful reformer a woman is," he murmured in consummate admiration. "Why, do you know you have put into me more noble aspirations than I could have gotten out of a reformatory in a thousand years? Not once would the notion of dealing on the square have entered my head if it hadn't been for you."

So saying Lanyard kissed Lucy fervently with a great show of gratitude. He knew he was no longer The Lone Wolf. Quite on the contrary, he felt the pulsations of a new life so keenly that he pictured himself as The Hopeful Lamb, who would follow his chosen one to the topmost rung of the ladder of honor. Thus can the loftiest of manliness evolve from unlikely material.



Lucy declared she had walked in her sleep

SOME SPLASH SEASON SOLILOQUIZING

By I



LEFT TO RIGHT—Jack Richardson, Margaret Thompson, Josephine Headley, Bessie Love, Olive Thomas, Gloria Hope, Mary MacIvor, Margery Bennett, Clara Williams, Sylvia Bremer, Jack Gilbert, William S. Hart, William Desmond.



ALWAYS could tell myself a lot of interesting things not quite according to Hoyle while casting my furtive glances around on a surf well filled with nymphs. Of course this is all providing no nymph smiles at me, for verily one smile of this genus renders me absolutely speechless, and I'm in no condition for saying a word. Of *this* day I can speak freely, because I was disguised as a peanut vender, and what chance has a peanut vender to cop a smile from a nymph?

The greatest opportunity of my career for fulsome soliloquizing knocked obstreperously at my door recently when I got into the swim by staying out of the swim of a gay gang of triumphant-Triangle-intrepid-Ince photoplayers when they opened the bathing season out on the furthestmost edge of the sunny slopes of California by giving a christening party for Olive Thomas, the latest T-I star who still frankly avers that she likes Broadway better than she does the Pacific ocean. Oh boy, what I saw that delightful day! It was enough to make a fellow talk himself to death, and here are some of the things I said, said I:

If Sylvia Bremer doesn't stop sitting there in the sand looking out of the corner of her eye so slyly and playing with those tantalizing tresses of hers, I'll have to have an ice-cream soda—whew, it's hot! (And, if you don't believe I saw Sylvia thus in all her royal regalia a la de-swim, see photo on page seventeen and you'll see everything we mention excepting the warmth, and that was in the air beyond the range of the camera.) Furthermore, should Sylvia smile—well, good-bye peanuts. I think of castles in the air where dainty beauties abound and where blithesome birdies sing sweetly

as they wend their swift way a-wing, and I think of what a wonderful paradise 'twould surely be if from that point of vantage one could see all such nymphs of all surfs all the time as in a mirage.

I admire Miss Bremer's artistry on the screen, but when she's on the beach thus,



I see, said I

say, she *figures* higher than ever in my estimation. She is withal a veritable Lady Lofty, and this rounds out the ingratiating.

Continuing the conversation with myself: I marvel at the goodness of Fate in providing a reassuring Hope for the bath party. It is always reassuring to have Hope with you, especially when it's Gloria Hope, another nymph whose shadow flits across the screen so many times nowadays and nowanights. A glimpse of her abreast with the pounding waves, inspires you to pray that no shark shall seek a lark at her expense, for innately we all want Hope to stick right on the job undisturbed. Once when I saw her bob up serenely from under a mighty breaker, I remarked to myself that the cinema is better off because it is not (Gloria) Hopeless. Now, there's a compliment for you, glorious Gloria, and you made me say it to myself just by the way you cavorted so gracefully in the deep the while without e'er giving me a single peep at your smile. (Candidly, half the time while I am chatting with myself I know not whether I be poet or essayist. But, rhyme comes naturally to me like a lion—to ruin me.)

Then I asked myself a question justly: Who's the gentle one with a business-like look, arms akimbo, sitting next to the left end of the boat. Oh, Margaret Thompson, as I live. Lot of you know her, and I know her better than ever now, since I've seen her in bathing. She made me say to myself that I'd bet a cookie, raisin and all, that she could help the suffragettes out with a corking speech. She's a reel favorite who looks just that real. She enjoyed the Olive Thomas party exceedingly, because she can swim like a fish. And Josephine Headley—she was there too—her general poise of



Wm. S. Hart right among the dearhearts

head made me tell myself that it is a good idea to always look up and not down. Of course I'm not saying any man in the world would look up when there is something feminine to see *down* in the water, but if you will glance at Josephine as she sits next to Miss Thompson in the vicinity of the great American flag, you will see her in a characteristic pose: looking up. That is the way she regards life, as an uplooking proposition, and when she gets into her bathing suit she makes others look up too.

Bessie Love? Bessie Loves anything tomboyish, and she's a regular elf in the water. She paddles, she ducks others, she leaps, she does everything that goes to put ginger into the cake. When I got my eyes riveted on her, I said to myself: "You're a kid again—her vivacity has done it." And do you know I turned a flip-flop right then and there, spilling the peanuts everywhere! If only all the grandfathers in the country could occasionally gather around Bessie while she is performing her aquatic feats, they'd go right from second childhood into high, or third gear, if you drive a Ford. Indeed, Bessie is a walking synonym to fun. She's a whole show—a circus.

As for Olive Thomas, who was the queen on this day in the surf because the party was in her honor as previously stated, she possesses a happy faculty for inspiring a fellow to soliloquize right seriously. "Gee, she seems like an awfully nice gel," I told myself when she first crossed my line of vision in attractive costume for migration in the big drink. "I'll bet

she can talk nice to anyone she likes too," I added. She is blessed with the face of an exponent of the honesty-is-the-best-policy creed, and she made me feel that I could be perfectly honest for the rest of my life. As proof of the forcefulness of this influence she exerts, I might add it has been several weeks since her party took place, and I haven't committed a single crooked act yet. Pretty good record this for a fellow who is so far gone as to spend hours talking to himself!

When first I saw Mary MacIvor this day, I thought she was Anita Stewart. Later I discovered the resemblance is slight, but there is a resemblance, and this Mary also resembles Little Mary inasmuch as she is little. Miss MacIvor is one of shrewd Mr. Ince's discoveries histrionic. I discovered her in a bathing suit, and therefore I agree Ince's discovery was a good one. This little lady would rather smile than eat although she does eat heartily. Margery Bennett is pretty much with her on this, and she's pretty besides. Jointly this team could out-smile a Shubert chorus. "Now why don't I smile more?" I asked myself as I viewed this duo. But then it might be that they have their rent paid. I haven't. That makes a vast difference.

Now must sally forth from the sunless dungeon of mysteries a secret. It came to light at this merry-making to which we are devoting our time and talk. Viz: Clara Williams has a dimple in her arm. Look it up in the accompanying picture. Yes, her knees are trim too, but permit me to keep my mind concentrated on the dimple. What is so attractive as a dimple when 'tis a lovely lady in the consideration? Two dimples, you'll say, but I said to myself, said I, when I saw Clara's dimple, Oh, for the life of a sailor who sails right close to the shore.

SYLVIA
BREMER
Just as I said



I had a lot of fun, and did a lot of envying while watching William S. Hart, the irrepressible Bill. He devoted a lot of his energies to dragging timorous nymphs into the water. They had their bathing suits on, and everything, but they wanted none of the briny aqua on them. Hart wouldn't stand for this, and one of the two small pictures herewith proves it. The other small picture is indisputable verification of the assertion that when it comes to daring acrobatics Triangle-Ince stars have all the Arab and Souave acts backed off the boards. I'm not going to tell you whose feminine back it is that's turned toward the audience from on high of the masculine shoulders. She might have aimed to be secretive, and I wouldn't dare to spoil it.

Just as I had decided that my day of sight-seeing by the sea was over, my gaze wandered back to Sylvia Bremer. She was still sitting in the sand playing with those marvelous tresses of hers just as you see her on the ground floor of this page. Some cautious inquiry on my part brought the information that she was getting acclimated. (I was weathering a storm myself.) She has been in the United States only a year. She is an Australian, and she says she misses Sydney, the city of Sydney, and not the fellow Sydney. She also thinks our language is difficult, and she says it takes some time to make sure she is saying the right things the right way. She is getting her first experience as a moving picture actress, but she was on the stage in Australia, where she appeared in important roles of many New York and London successes, all of which reach her native land sooner or later. She says Australians like American plays better than they do the English variety, because they know America better.

But, in conclusion, when came the moment for a reluctant departure from the scene of my soliloquy, I said to myself, said I: if ever I get a grouch, I'm going down to the seaside and watch the nymphs and forget it. This I recommend to my fellow-sufferers, who might not be unaware of the advantages to be gained by seeing more of milady sportive.

There are girls of the Triangle sort on many beaches, but nowhere are there prettier little peaches, and it's really worth a trip across the continent for you to see 'em.



Intrepid Queen of the Rail Cites Some Curious Superstitions of Railroad Men

HOW far superstition controls railroad men cannot be contemplated without amusement, and yet it is all a serious proposition to the men who are engaged in maintaining our transportation facilities, which are so vital to our existence, especially now. It is not at all uncommon for engineers to refuse to go out on the regular runs because of certain "signs" which arouse their suspicions of some impending danger. Many a time has a conductor remained at home and reported himself ill in order to avoid going on the road when he got a "hunch" that something terrible would happen. Scores of men charged with the duty of running trains have ultimately come to nervous break-downs because of worrying over ill forebodings, which must be classified as superstitions.

Few people are more conversant with the eccentricities of the men of the rail than the queen of the rail, who is none other than Helen Holmes, the heroine of so many thrilling Mutual photoplays in all of which trains play important parts. Since she adopted the railroad atmosphere as her forte in photoplaying, Miss Holmes has acquired just about enough knowledge of the entire business to make her capable of taking the position of most any man who might be called away to the trenches. She is really an expert telegrapher, and she is so accustomed to excitement she would make an ideal despatcher. She is also very proficient as a stenographer, having established the record of "doing" one hundred and fifty words per minute, which is waltzing across the keys at a right merry pace. And, when it comes to flashing words via the wire, she can operate the key to the tune of about eighteen words per minute. From her earliest schooldays Miss Holmes was known as a "comer" of the key, and she was always affiliated with some branch of the rail-

road industry before she ever thought of developing her histrionic talents. Therefore, it was most natural when she entered the photo-drama that she should have a "picture railway career" from the inception and to the finish. So thus it came about that she drove Mogul engines, siezed telegraph keys despite the muzzles of revolvers and occasionally became a demure stenographer in "The Girl and the Game." She spiked switches, cut wires and otherwise ornamented her railway reputation in "The

Manager of the B & A" and "Whispering Smith."

Throughout her screen activities she has been constantly thrown in the company of railroad men in real life, and she has come in contact with most every phase of the operating of railroads. Consequently she has been able to glean a great many facts on the matter of superstition in its relation to the railroader.

"Most railroad men hold a terrible fear of black cats, and if by any chance a dark-hued member of the feline family should tread across the line of vision of especially an engineer or fireman just before he is ready to go on duty, there is little possibility of dissuading him from returning at once to his home," Miss Holmes says. "A black cat is an omen of bad things in general to many people outside of the railroad business, but I'm sure no set of men have such implicit faith in the superstition as many railway men. Why, I know a veteran locomotive engineer who absolutely retired from the business because a black cat persisted in coming into his company three nights in succession. Not only did he quit his job, but he swore he would never set foot on a train again in his whole life in even the capacity of a passenger. So far as I know he has stuck to his threat too."

On the Western roads there is a superstition which has to do with the seeing of imaginary mirages. Trainman after trainman has come in from long runs across the more desolate stretches of western land and declared stoutly that they have experienced nerve-racking thrills as a result of seeing mirages. Once a fireman reported that he had seen in the mists of the sky a vivid picture of a wreck in which several lives were lost. That very day a similar wreck did occur a thousand miles away, and he was convinced the actual wreck is what he saw in his mirage. Furthermore, he considered himself lucky to escape disaster after being thus "warned."

Engineers come to regard their engines as pals, according to Miss Holmes. Often-

(Continued on page 56)



Helen Holmes "at home" on train-top



Her Excellency, the Governor

By GRACE ADE

Fiction Version of the
Triangle Photoplay



CAST OF CHARACTERS:

JAMES BARCLAY, The Governor, *Wilfred Lucas*.
SYLVIA MARLOWE, Lieut. Governor, *Elda Millar*.
JOE KELLER, political boss, *Joseph Kilgour*.
Governor's secretary, *Regan Hughston*.
Capitalist, *Walter Walker*.
Lieut. Governor's secretary, *Edith Spear*.
Reform Senator, *Albert Perry*.

It was at a reception given to James Barclay in honor of his election as Governor of the state that he summoned sufficient courage to propose marriage to Sylvia Marlowe, an attractive, young lawyer, who he had known since his college days.

"I must refuse you," she replied, "not because I do not care for you, but because I sense your political aspirations and life are changing your character and destroying your ideals."

These frank words amazed Barclay.

"Is that really what you think of your Governor even before his induction into his high office?" he asked gazing searchingly into the young woman's deep blue eyes.

"Exactly or else I would not dared to give utterance to such sentiments," she replied calmly.

It so happened that Barclay was backed by Joe Keller, a crooked politician, whose influence had brought triumph to the budding statesman. Keller regarded politics as a plain bread-and-butter proposition, and he had never considered the humanity side of the question at all. He crushed those who ventured to oppose him most ruthlessly. He never hesitated to compromise right for might. His scruples were indeed at a low ebb. Sylvia Marlowe realized this more keenly than Barclay did, and she felt sure the upshot of an affiliation with such a political boss would be the upsetting of the political probity of any man.

Almost simultaneously with Governor Barclay's inauguration, the child labor question appeared in the foreground. A law to conserve the children had been framed and was up for approval. The social workers of the state were immensely interested in the reform such a law promised. They enlisted the sympathies and active support of Sylvia, who called on the governor and exacted from him a pledge to sign the bill when it reached him.

Boss Keller, upon reading of Barclay's agreement to affix his signature, rushed to the executive's office.

"Say, Jim, it's positively foolish for you to sign such an outrageous bill," Keller began the minute he got inside the office. "You will antagonize the people who elected

you right off the bat, and you can't afford to lose the friendship of anyone powerful if you hope to stay in politics long."

"Well, I feel it is a good law, and I have promised to sign it," the Governor replied.

"Don't worry about breaking the promise," Keller hastened to say. "You'll break a lot of them before your term expires."

"But, I made the promise to a very prominent and worthy lady—"

"Oh hang such nonsense—don't sign the bill, that's all," the boss fairly expostulated.

Barclay battled hard to find a loop-hole through which he might escape from the wrath he would arouse in Keller by ignoring his demands, but it was a futile effort and finally he had to yield to his benefactor. A short time afterwards he vetoed the bill.

As was to be expected, Sylvia was incensed. She lost not a second in getting into the Governor's office. Keller chanced to be there too.

"A fine pair of men you are," she exclaimed angrily as she entered. "One breaks his word without a blush and the other hasn't any word to break."

"But, Miss Marlowe, you don't seem to understand the importance of—" Keller tried to say suavely.

"I understand it just exactly enough to smash you both politically," she answered hotly. "There are ways and means to get rid of such menaces as you represent, and when the people come to know what selfish mercenary interests you stand for in preference to them, I dare say there will be an upheaval from which you won't emerge so all-potential."

With this said she walked haughtily out of the office, leaving both men blinking their eyes in their astonishment.

The years of Governor Barclay's first term rolled by quickly, and he managed to retain his popularity despite the hostile activity of a quite powerful Suffrage Party, which placed an opposing ticket in the field with Sylvia Marlowe as their candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. The campaign was spectacular and the politicians of the gentler sex strengthened their chances by making a coalition with a reform element. However, when the ballots had been counted, it was shown that the inroads they made were only partly successful. Governor Barclay was re-elected and Miss Marlowe was elected Lieutenant-Governor.

A short time after the new administration had been installed, war became imminent and the President of the United States asked for appropriations of men and funds from each state. A big appropriation bill was drawn and passed by the State Senate and Assembly, but Boss Keller, representing the hyphenated interests, was instructed to force Barclay to veto the measure. He



"I made the promise"

lost little time in making known his wishes to the executive.

"I would never be so unpatriotic as to deprive my country of all the aid I can give it," Barclay declared firmly.

"If you sign that bill, your political life is ended and every semblance of support of you will be withdrawn," was Keller's ultimatum.

"But how can you ask so much of me?" Barclay asked, now in some desperation.

"Because our friends—your friends and mine—have to be considered."

"All right—I suppose I am helpless."

Sylvia had been waiting to enter Barclay's office throughout this argument, and she overheard enough to convince her that the appropriation bill was doomed. Promptly she made up her mind that it must go through in spite of all the powers that be. Instead of attempting a hopeless fight in the open, she devised a scheme by which



She had signed the bill the governor refused to sign

she could accomplish her purpose before the enemies of the bill could realize what was going on. The measure was to be signed or vetoed the following day. So she abided her time until early morning of that next day, when she asked Barclay to take her to luncheon at Longue Vue, which was located across the state line. Her manner was so guileless and her inviting smiles so irresistible that the Governor gladly accepted the opportunity of having a quiet chat with the woman he still loved with as much sincerity as he possessed.

Upon arriving at the inn, Sylvia excused herself, begging the Governor to order the luncheon. Unsuspecting he settled down at a table and leisurely set about to order an especially fine meal. Meanwhile Sylvia rushed out of a rear door, climbed into a high-power automobile and drove back to the capitol. Into the Governor's office she rushed, taking advantage of the constitutional provision that the Lieutenant-Governor shall act as Governor in the event of the Governor's absence from the state, she signed the vital appropriation bill. She then telephoned the waiting Barclay at the Inn, explaining what she had done. In great excitement Barclay returned to the capitol, and he at once encountered Keller, who was wild with rage.

"Now, I'm through with you, Barclay, and I'll fix that meddling Marlowe woman too," Keller yelled.

Thereupon the irate boss rushed into Sylvia's office and began denouncing her abusively. His harsh words aroused Bar-

clay, who had followed him, and waxing furious with some justified rage of his own, the Governor threw Keller bodily out of the place. After the humble boss had regained his feet and departed, Barclay returned to Sylvia.

"Now I am through with the wrong kind of politicians forever, and I want to congratulate you for standing pat while I was floundering around between right and wrong," he told Sylvia. "You can depend on it that hereafter I will be the Governor of all the people whether it means my political demise or not."

"Hurrah!" Sylvia exclaimed. "For the first time in my life I believe you are at last the kind of a man I could just love to death."

Quite unmindful of the presence of her secretary and all dignity of the law, Sylvia put her arms around Barclay's neck and hugged him affectionately.



"I am through with wrong politicians"



Keller was suave about it

"Here, ladies, is a perfect dressing."

The Red Cross surgeon was speaking. He had been inspecting bandages placed upon the fair limbs of their fellows by a score of Washington's wealthy and socially exclusive women, banded together for training under the supervision of Miss Mabel Boardman, head of the Red Cross, surgical dressings being quite the fashion this season in the nation's capital.

This "perfect dressing" had, however, been put on by a student who is not a Washingtonian and, therefore, quite by acci-

Actress to the Front

dent a member of this particular group of patriotic women. It was not by accident, though, that she was deft at her work. She had long before learned to bandage properly that she might do it before a motion-picture camera.

In fact, it was none other than Miss Pearl Sindelar, one time Pathe star, and again leading woman with Potash and Perlmutter. Miss Sindelar is not working this sea-

son, but devoting a year to study in the quieter atmosphere of Washington. The war situation has, however, caused her to throw aside her books and plunge into preparedness work. The capacity for application which results from years devoted to a theatrical career made it easy for Miss Sindelar to become the star pupil in the Washington first aid classes.

Incidentally she declares her intention of being among the first volunteers for active service at the front when American boys get into the fighting.

Miss Peter Pan, the Screen Star Who Refuses to Grow Up is Bessie Love



Bessie Love today



Bessie Love yesteryear



Bessie shoots marbles



ESSIE Love ("A Bundle of Love," they call her at the Triangle-Ince studios) is the little girl who has climbed to stardom in a year, and is still an unspoiled child. Refusing to have her level head turned by success, she makes moving pictures the business of life. But outside of working hours Bessie does not sew socks for soldiers, or string ribbons in her lingerie. She lets naturalness take its course, and the wholesome boyish spirit, her dominant characteristic, bubbles over. Bessie's mother has long since given up trying to persuade her daughter to wear fashionable clothes such as famous screen stars are supposed to effect. Gingham frocks, a Tam o'Shanter and heavy ribbed boy's stockings are not only Bessie's choice for apparel, but are the only garments which do not succumb to the wear and tear of baseball and kindred sports that Bessie holds dear to her heart.

A little more than a year ago Miss Love astonished her parents by announcing it was a waste of time for her to continue going to school, and that she determined to become an opera singer. This from an ordinary child would have called forth a spanking, and parents would have let it go at that. But the only child of the house of Love is far removed from the ordinary. Her one talent pointed to a musical career, and, despite youth, and the outward appearance of a fragile physique, she is blessed with a voice of lovely quality. But musical educations cost money, and Mr. and Mrs. Love had never even entertained a hope that their daughter

could develop her talent. Not so with Bessie. When she determined to become a singer, she also planned the means to attain the end.

The young people of her neighborhood had responded to the lure of moving picture work, and the near-by Triangle studios stood forth as a beacon of hope to Bessie. Gaining a reluctant consent from her parents, she joined the long line of young and

old who daily congregate to apply for extra work. The story has been circulated that Bessie immediately caught the eye of a famous director, and that forthwith her fortune was made. This is not true. At that time the now famous young star was at the gawky period, with scarcely a modicum of good looks, and the serviceable clothes she wore were far from picturesque. There were many days of long but persistent waiting before the child was taken on as an "extra," and it was some time afterwards before she got her first chance to play a bit. This was a "Slavey" part, and she made good. Pretty soon the pictures got into Bessie's blood, and she began to find herself. The rest of the story is best told by the long list of photoplays in which Miss Love stands out as a clever actress.

In addition to her success in pictures, she is nearing the coveted goal of singer. This was attested by her appearance in a gala concert in Los Angeles, where the others on the program were well-known opera singers. The critics were enthusiastic about the promise Miss Love displayed.

But life is not all work and no play for Bessie, and her playing is a physical demonstration of husky youth and untrammelled spirits. Aside from the boyish diversions shown in the accompanying pictures, Miss Love is an excellent swimmer, and is also a first-class performer on the horizontal bar. These are not fads with her. She goes in for them out of sheer love, and as a natural outlet of the youth which refuses to contemplate merging into the debutante period, which, as Miss Love expresses it, is all "horrid fuss and feathers, and no fun at all!"



And she'd rather drive a toy auto than a Stutz

Miss Love is the

youngest of Triangle Fine Arts stars. Twelve months ago she was an unknown "super" working on the Fine Arts lot in Los Angeles Saturday afternoons and school holidays to earn pocket money for herself. Today she is one of the most widely admired favorites of the silent drama with a vogue that causes many a high-salaried rival anxious moments at times.

She explains her career in this simple, characteristic statement:

"It was fate and Mr. Griffith. He saw me on the Fine Arts lot one day and put me to work."

Bessie modestly refrains from adding, however, that she "made good" at once. Her first part was as the Swedish servant girl with John Emerson in "The Flying Torpedo." Her excellent handling of this role led to her being featured, in rapid succession, with W. S. Hart, in the "Aryan," with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Good Bad Man," and with Wilfred Lucas in "Hell-to-Pay Ausin." Last winter she made her debut as a star in "A Sister of Six," one of the most appealing stories ever released on the Triangle program. Her next starring vehicle was "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's," in which she returned to her original part of a Swedish culinary mechanic. Then came "Nina, the Flower Girl," "A Daughter of the Poor," and "Cheerful Givers."

When the reorganization took place in Triangle production interests, Bessie Love



Bessie's a trick cyclist

came under the personal supervision of Thomas H. Ince, and henceforth will be starred in Triangle-Ince productions.

Miss Love was born in the little town of Midland, Texas. Soon afterwards her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Horton, removed to Los Angeles, Cal. She began her education in the McKinley Avenue Public School, and entered the Los Angeles High School. Miss

Love lives with her parents in Los Angeles, and outside of the studio continues her studies, devoting the greater part of her time to the cultivation of her voice, pronounced by critics to be of unusual quality. She excels in tennis, drives her own car, and confesses that her only grief in life is that she is not a boy, so that she can indulge in the "greatest game in the world, baseball."

In appearance Miss Love is five feet one and a half inches in height, weighs one hundred pounds, and is blonde. Her screen success has been made in the portrayal of forlorn wistful types, but in reality the young star is very far removed from that kind of a girl. She's a most boyish, girlish individual, is this Bessie Love.



And a wizard at good old baseball

FILM ARTISTS UP-TO-DATE By MARIN SAIS

A wonderful change has come over the actors and actresses of the films. It has come during the last two years. Only a little while ago it used to be fashionable to spend every cent one made, and it is proverbial that the actors and actresses who have made fortunes or have died and been able to leave enough to cover their funeral expenses can easily be counted. This seems to have changed, and it is due largely to this dear California of ours that the change has come. Only the other day I learned Herbert Rawlinson bought a share in a going copper mine, *not* a prospect, mind you, and it is but recently that Tom Chatterton bought an interest in a big baking concern as well as a ranch; Monroe Salisbury is growing pears; Chester Conklin, beans; Howard Hickman, Henry Otto and others are vitally concerned with a motion-picture electric concern; Franklin Ritchie is in the automobile business, and a very large number of others own big tracts of land in California, while several others own business lots or are interested in business ventures of one kind or another.

Helen Holmes has a big ranch almost next to one I own in Utah, near Lund, and we are both gradually stocking them with various animals and are planting and reaping crops. Why not? We earn far more than the average wage earners, and we, especially the women part of us, cannot go on acting forever, our time is limited, and we seem to have come down to earth, and the most of us are turning to the earth for our future profits and pleasures.

I ran into Helen Holmes the other day when we were both out looking for bargains in calves. She arrived first and obtained two little beauties, but I got ahead of her on another occasion, and we have lots of fun in our friendly rivalry and in trying to get ahead of each other.

We get a number of chickens, calves, horses, cows, pigs and goats together and then make a shipment to our respective ranches, and my stock is already quite valuable.

All this has made quite a change in the lives of a number of artists. Time was when the restaurants knew us well, and we

never missed a theatrical show or performance at the Orpheum. Speaking for myself, I have but little time to devote to anything outside my work, and matters connected with my home and my ranch.

Oh the fun of it! I have a three-acre ranch, I call it my baby ranch, and it is there I collect my infant stock and keep it and personally look after all and sundry animals until I have enough to justify a shipment to my Utah ranch. I always loved animals anyhow, and now there are few of the domestic animals that I do not know the natures and needs of, and I feel much richer for the experience.

It delights me to note that I am not alone in my aims by long odds. The actors and actresses are such a lovable lot as a class that it seemed a pity they lived so much day by day, without much thought for the days to come, and the change which has come over so many of us is a hopeful sign for the future.

We are proving that we *do* possess business abilities, and that we *do* think of something else besides our pleasures.

A Roadside Impresario

By HERBERT MOONEY

Story of the Morosco-Paramount Photoplay Starring GEORGE BEBAN



RAIG WINTON, reform candidate for mayor of Monterey, planned closing the roadhouses including Rumble Inn, which was owned by John Slade, proprietor of the Monterey Herald. Slade in turn planned a frame-up by which to discredit Winton and was forced to give Lizzie, one of his tools, a note promising her reward. This made for a condition replete with dangerous cross purposes in the political arena of the community.

About this time Giuseppe, an Italian little versed in English, and his trained bear, Bruno, were "playing the town streets" for

that the Italian was the owner of the dumb marauder, ordered his arrest. Adelaide pleaded the case of the wayfarers in vain and they subsequently landed in jail.

Bruno was held as bail, and Giuseppe set out in quest of the fabulous sum of one hundred dollars, which the judge had



Bruno and Giuseppe stood together



Giuseppe read with keen interest the account of the Winton scandal

the pennies and nickles they could get from pedestrians. This curious duo, man and beast, were sharing their meal on the outskirts of Monterey one bright day. The bear teased away its master's share like a spoiled child. Giuseppe in a perfectly good humor permitted Bruno to get all the best of everything, because he felt the bear earned most of the living. A while later during one of the numerous impromptu performances before a crowd of children, Bruno got a little balky just as Adelaide Vandegrift, Winton's fiancée, rode by. Her high-spirited steed became frightened at the bear's rebellious antics, and in making a wild lunge nearly trampled on a girl. Giuseppe sprang to the rescue in the nick of time, and during the excitement, Bruno, smelling honey, jumped over a hedge and played havoc with a row of beehives on the Vandegrift estate nearby.

While Giuseppe was still clinging to the girl whose life he had saved, Adelaide's father, attracted by the bear's depredations, rushed onto the scene, and upon learning

designated as the fine. Worried and forlorn the Italian tramped about the town until he was footsore. Finally he wandered to the vicinity of the Vandegrift home, and much to his delight he encountered Adelaide.

"I wanta tell-a da story, and you can help maybe," he said as he doffed his slouch hat awkwardly.

Adelaide smiled encouragingly and gave the man her whole attention. He nodded his gratitude for this condescension and then explained that he had been searching for years

for his little daughter whom he last saw as a baby just before he was carried out to sea while endeavoring to rescue an American from an overturned sail boat.

"When I get back my wife she dead and my baby she taken away by the American," he continued. "He take-a my child to heez countrie. I come here to find her."

Then he showed Adelaide a pin he had purchased for the child on that fatal day of long ago. Adelaide was thoroughly sympathetic. She pitied the man exceedingly, but his failure to tell her of his need for one hundred dollars brought his interview to naught.

In the meantime Slade boldly pulled off his trick on his political foe by getting a photograph of Winton bending over Lizzie, who had pretended that she had been injured by a car. This picture was published and indicated a repulsive scandal. Vandegrift, with the rest of the public, believed the evidence of the picture, and insisted that his daughter break off her engagement. Adelaide, however, refused to be convinced.

Slade later paid Lizzie the reward he promised her while at Rumble Inn, and he recovered the note. Unfortunately for him, however, while he was attempting to burn this tell-tale note, he set fire to his companion's hat, and during the excitement which followed, a waiter carried off the



He gave her the cherished pin he had carried for so many years



After rescuing the girl Giuseppe gave chase to his bear

partially burned note along with the plates.

At this particular time Giuseppe was struggling to earn the money necessary to regain possession of his bear by washing dishes at the Inn, and he discovered the note, the value of which he at once recognized because he had read with keen interest the account of the scandal with which it was concerned. Slade rushed into the kitchen and demanded the paper. Giuseppe refused to give it up. A fight ensued, but with the aid of a pile of plates and some hot

soup the Italian won against big odds and escaped from the building. He made quick work of getting to the Vandegrift home and getting an audience with Adelaide to whom he delivered the note. Slade deduced that the Italian would go to Winton's office, and he rushed there to intercept him.

After perusing the half-destroyed note and being convinced that her fiance had been the victim of a vicious plot, Adelaide delightedly summoned Winton that he might make quick work of gaining full vindica-

tion. While awaiting his reward, Giuseppe got his first good look at Vandegrift, and his eyes opened wide in surprise.

"Ah da man of da wreck—where eez my baby?" he cried in excitement.

Vandegrift was startled. He remembered the Italian. He feared his possible vengeance. Hence his mind worked fast.

"Come in here and I will tell you much," he said in low tones, and then he took the wayfarer into his library.

"Now tell-a da truth, where eez my baby?" Giuseppe demanded.

"She—she is right here—"

"Here? Now?"

"Yes, she is the young lady you have been talking to and—"

"Teez?"

"Yes, and before you decide on any rash action, just bear in mind one thing, my good man, and that is the difference in the stations in life," Vandegrift said. "Your daughter would probably be sorely grieved and her life would be ruined if she knew the truth at this late day."

Giuseppe thought deeply. He was not without the power to reason. He realized instantly that he could not support his daughter in the style to which she was accustomed. It would be unendurable for her to descend to his lowly level now.

"Eet eez too late," he muttered as he shook his head sadly in the negative.

"It is truly too late if you wish to see your daughter happy the rest of her life as she has been thus far," Vandegrift put in.

"Let her have-a da happiness, I can do without," the Italian finally said after brushing aside his tears.

A few minutes later he gave her the cherished pin he had carried for so many years. It was his wedding present to her. Then he left without disclosing his identity to her to continue his aimless life as a roadside impresario.

What They Were Before They Became What They Are

SINCE the human mind expands and develops only so long as it asks questions, it is not strange that the minds of millions of motion picture devotees should keep busy delving into the personalities of the various actors on the shadow screens of the world.

Very few men and women you see in the pictures are merely actors. Most of them are, or have been, many other things besides actors.

In Jane Cowl, the famous emotional actress and Goldwyn star, you see a former newspaper and magazine special writer; the daughter of a noted singer, and a girl who, in the beginning of her career, probably never had a thought of going on the stage. Today she is without a rival as an emotional heroine, besides being a skilled light comedienne, who is eager to reveal that she is not successful merely because of her splendid capacity of heart-gripping roles.

In Mary Garden, you see now a remarkable operatic prima donna, but her advent into opera was entirely secondary in her earlier thoughts. She intended to become a dramatic actress, and today, should she desert opera, she would easily rank as the world's foremost dramatic actress.

That Mae Marsh is the result of accident rather than premeditation. She visited a movie studio because her sister had suc-

ceeded in pictures and was sitting on a stump looking wistfully about when Griffith, the master, capitalized her wistfulness and charm and made her one of the greatest of all the stars in a brief period of four years.

Madge Kennedy became the greatest comedienne on the American stage, and Edgar Selwyn, Margaret Mayo, Mrs. Fiske and William A. Brady each had a hand in this development, but Madge Kennedy's original intention and all of her study were focused upon work that would have made her an artist.

Maxine Elliott's career on the stage was the result of deliberation. She selected the stage as her calling in her girlhood, and at the suggestion of Dion Boucicault, never had an idea of adopting any other profession.

Other players in their biographies reveal that stage life was largely accidental. John Charles was sent to a theological institute to become a minister; Edward Lynch, who is seen in Mae Marsh's first Goldwyn Picture, was graduated from the Colorado School of Mines as a mineralogist and geologist, and no one in his native town of Boston ever expected to see him on the stage.

But there seems to be a line of demarcation between the American-born and English-born actors in this respect. In the case of any number of the players inquiry re-

veals that the English-born players went on the stage in childhood with the intention of adopting the stage as a lifetime career.

In Maxine Elliott's second Goldwyn Picture, for example, you will see Kate Lester, who has often been referred to as the most aristocratic grande dame on the American stage. She was born at Shouldam Thorpe, England, and for twenty-two years played this type of part with some of the world's greatest actors. She has supported Salvini, Kate Claxton, Richard Mansfield, Robert B. Mantell, William H. Crane, Mary Mannerling, Julia Marlowe. Movie fans will remember seeing her in "Molly Make Believe," "Destiny's Toy," "A Social Secretary" and "Darkest Russia."

Florence Ashbrooke, who was born in India and educated out there as well as in Dublin, is known to picture audiences throughout the world, and to use her own words, she has "played every kind of role from scrubwoman to queen." Miss Ashbrooke, running true to the English-born tradition, never dreamed of doing anything but going on the stage. She was a dancer with the London-Gaiety Company, danced in all of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and came to America as a skirt dancer. She has played with Sir Henry Irving, Salvini, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Wilson Barrett, Richard Mansfield and many of America's best-known stars.

In the Case of Personality Versus Beauty, the Former Wins



Is there an ideal screen face? By this is meant a face which registers the varying human emotions accurately and so impressively that little is left to the imagination. This face, however, must have behind it the art of acting and the faculty of true expression, and also must

possess a great human appeal and sound a vibrant note of sympathy, and a merely pretty face cannot "get them over." She is not possessor of that elusive something which seems to get in under the very skin of the part and give it a cameo-like stand-out. It was personality that made Joan of Arc impress her followers. It is personality that makes Sarah Bernhardt such a great artist and the best-loved woman of the modern stage. It is Theodore Roosevelt's personality that has made him what he is to-day.

All this about the great advantages of personality on the screen was gleaned from a hurried conversation with one of the greatest of directors—William Christy Cabanne—of the Metro Pictures Corporation. He has probably directed more leading women in motion pictures than has any other director, and is, therefore, in a position to know whereof he speaks.

Physically his choice would be a young woman weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds, height five feet and a half. This constitutes an ideal figure for the screen. But to spell success in the photoplay there must be a soulful face and a conquering personality as adjunct to this

are made with some other star who possesses this personality.

When questioned further along this line, Director Cabanne said: "I can only speak for myself, but it has been my privilege and pleasure to have directed over fifty young women who have made names for themselves in the screen drama, and all of them



IRENE HOWLEY

there be personality, that elusive something which is a constant delight to the eye.

Such faces as these are extremely rare, and when found are very carefully utilized. Of course a screen actor or actress who has personality in large quantities can be taught by the director to properly register emotions and prove equal to big moments, but, without personality shining through, there is always the evidence of the trained performer.

A woman may fulfill all the standards of beauty and yet walk through a strong and vital role in the screen drama without "gripping" the audience or stimulating popular interest to the extent the character calls for. She has lacked personality. There are certain roles in motion pictures which



MILLIGENT FISHER

have arrived at their success by way of the personality route. These young women, many of whom I shall mention, possess talent plus personality in a rare degree. Diligent study characterized their interpretation of the parts assigned to them, and they were often able to suggest stage business that made for the strength of the photoplay. So for reference sake I will enumerate the following who have been under my direction and proved equal to any emergency they had to face: Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Beverly Bayne, Dorothy Gish, Frances Nelson, Bessie Love, Constance Talmadge, Olga Grey, Gladys Brockwell, Dorothy Bernard, Clare McDowell, Julia Bruns, Irene Howley, Juanita

(Continued on page 49)



FRANCES NELSON

figure. Thus again speaks Director Cabanne, adding that he would rather direct one pound of personality than a whole ton of mere beauty, but the combination of beauty, personality and a knowledge of acting form the ideal screen assets.

Continuing, the famous director says an actress may be able to skim through a role, or as they say, "get by," but the performance suffers by its lack of impressiveness. The acting may be good and mark a certain standard of excellence, but it lacks intuition and initiative. She may have executed everything the story calls for and have adequately accomplished all the "business" the director has demanded, and in addition may be an unusually pretty woman, but there is something missing, and this is quickly noticed when comparisons



BILLIE WEST



BEVERLY BAYNE

A Reel Battle is Perilously Similar to a Real One

By FRED SCHAEFER



REAT dramatic film spectacles have a habit of bursting upon the public eye suddenly. Emerging from behind the impenetrable glamor of preparation with a joyous bound, they cry, "Here am I!"

This is right. It is psychologically correct. Why fag out the public with raw details of manufacture while the thing is in the works? Why not stimulate interest with the coy reluctance of assured achievement, with the mystery and reserve of inevitable realization? Let stray, therefore, the titillating rumor now and then through the year of toil at production, but cover up the big stuff against the day of optical feasting. That is the way big film spectacles are conserved.

Of course, and to be sure, some of these big screen enterprises become locally familiar months before the world is invited to the box office. To a certain location in Italy "Cabiria" had gone stale long before it reached the laboratory part of its evolution, from half the population working on both sides of its lath and plaster splendor. At Hollywood seven acres of "Intolerance" became weather-beaten ere all the rest of the U. S. A. saw it in the film unveiled to music. So also did "Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation," have its period of make-ready with some neighbors to be cognizant of it in advance of the world. Nevertheless "Womanhood" enjoyed comparative privacy. With a kind of daring it was produced within the confines of a city of 5,000,000 people, its big scenes and all. That helped. A city is the best place for concealing anything. So America was invaded, great battles fought, and the foe driven from these shores, with very few outsiders witnessing the affair, although there were 5,000,000 possible spectators. It had been hidden away too well.

"Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation," is two things. It is an epic of American womanhood, with a tribute to her nobility and fortitude; and it is a dramatic document for national defense. The womanhood, or "story" part of it, of course, could be handled at the studio, and so it was, with the added use of real interiors as, for instance, suites in the Woolworth building. But the tremendous war scenes which form a vivid background for the plot had to be done in a large, loose out-of-doors, without any

window panes to make the artillery nervous—say several square miles of very remote out-of-doors. Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, who wrote this story with the collaboration of Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady as a sequel to his former success, "The Battle Cry of Peace," at first believed he would have to produce the war incidents at the military training camp at Plattsburg, N. Y. However, Director W. P. S. Earle, his assistant producer at Vitagraph, discovered Staten Island. Staten Island is in New York City, but it is remote. It serves as well for remoteness as Labrador, and the fare isn't anything like the fare to Plattsburg.

The writer was one of the inside spectators of the inconspicuous filming of "Womanhood" last summer on Staten Island, and witnessed what after all is the most fascinating aspect of super-caliber motion picture production. He had been given a friendly tip. Therefore, depositing his nickel in the ferry house at the Battery in New York, he floated upper-deckishly and lazily past Governor's Island, past the Statue of Liberty, and then past the jumble of charred piles that had been Black Tom Island before its impulsive store of munitions exploded. After half an hour he was debarking in another ferry house at St. George, the port of entry of the region described as Borough of Richmond, otherwise Staten Island. Boarding a wheezy little train selected at random from a flock of such he was jerked several miles into the unknown interior and deserted at a frame station called Grasmere, surrounded mostly with expanse. Staten Island just riots in expanse. There was, however, no need to inquire the location of Vitagraph's camp. The rattle of small arms proclaimed it over to the left.

Attracted by the orgy of blank cartridges and some dull booms of heavier discharges,

that portion of Staten Island which doesn't commute to lower Manhattan every morning, was found to be fringing a wide battlefield serried with trenches and hand-picked defensive positions. Mine was a greater privilege than to fringe the battlefield. I had a pass that let me stroll through the carnage right to the headquarters tent. Here Commodore Blackton was discovered in khaki and a sun-burned forehead, engaged in the manufacture of spectacular effects for "Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation." He had not left the battlefield for four days, and was even now putting the artistic touch to the final repulse of the feverish Ruritanian foe at the hands of the ardent Americans.

Everybody who was anybody, Vitagraphically speaking, was on hand, each suffering from mosquitoes and sunburn, and bustling about to promote the conflict. Commodore Blackton, on horseback to get about faster, kept his grown son, J. Stuart Blackton, Jr., and other mounted aides busy dashing hither, and sometimes thither, carrying orders. Director Earle, in a seersucker coat, was armed with a megaphone through which he implored into distant black specks across No Man's land.

Profound camera men in scattered dispositions geared and squinted their machines. Details of militiamen signalled frantically with flags, "transwagging" spoken messages. A. Victor Smith, studio manager, with all the vital cares of the commissary and supply on his shoulders, went around silently getting things done. A heavy-set, wary man mothered a cache of powder and fuses—Herman Rottjer, Vitagraph explosion expert. Flocks of assistant directors were actively rendering assistance. Pickets held back the palpitant, picnicking populace. Your humble servant got in everybody's way. And he was awed under the towering great guns reared here

and there by studio artificers, those most ingenious of unsung craftsmen.

I had come at a moment when the crisis of the four days' battling was about to be staged. All the American trenches were manned to the full behind their barbed-wire entanglements. Over on the other side of a valley, ideal for a scrap, was a healthy horde of Ruritanians who were to charge these entanglements with excessive effrontery and to hew through the line, let the bullets zip where they may. All the firecracker stuff that had been heard from afar was in localized scenes for close-ups or short camera



Here's the effect of the "Explosion Man's" participation in a reel battle which was almost real

shots. But these were going to be big doings.

Hours were spent in organizing the men for the combat, and when all was ready there was no offhand order to begin mixing. It was all done painstakingly and coolly and deliberately—a notable object lesson in “mob” direction. Commodore Blackton was not to be stampeded by the enthusiasm of numbers. He is too veteran a man at managing big scenes. On his horse he occupied an eminence from which he could command a view of the whole extent of the terrain. On foot by him stood Director Earle with the indispensable megaphone. Signal men were nearby to relay orders. There were even telephones to some stations. Assistant directors were disposed at various points over the field to lead the action of different units of the mob. Off to one side the explosion man with his hand on a detonator waited in perfect understanding with Commodore Blackton. His wires led to scores of buried charges of black powder. It was an odd thing to note in this, to all intents, wilderness a brass-buttoned man in blue, a fire marshal, stand guard to formally prohibit the use of dynamite. Remember, it was geographically in New York City, though picturesquely elsewhere.

In an ordinary tone of voice Commodore Blackton stated his plan of procedure to Director Earle. The latter then threw his energy into the megaphone. Direction No. 1:

“Light your aw-waw-waw!!!”

I don't know the translation. Could it have been tar paper? At any rate something was lit, and at point and point rose smudges of smoke, gradually developing into the haze of a battlefield.

“You men be sure to keep everything back—and keep down low.” This to some in a nearby trench who were to remain in the foreground and simply shoot.

“Light all your smoke pots!” At one section a dense cloud began to hide a line of attackers. “Looks like the real stuff!” said an admiring spectator.

“Now remember where you're to fall like ten pins!” Just a reminder.

“Are you all on attention?” They were.

“Nothing to take yet!” This a warning to cameramen becoming restive at the warlike activity of the smoke.

“Wig-wag! Give the word ‘Ready’ on down the line!”

There is something in preventing your battle from going off half cocked.

“Give a signal for those troops to get in closer.” A redistribution of some men over on the other flank.

“All ready for the enemy!” To the defending troops.

One has had time to notice by now that

the cameras are pointing against the sun, and that the scene will be taken with a good deal of back lighting. The Commodore and Director Earle are great on back lighting effects.

“Keep down, men, the enemy is coming?” Merely a caution to impatient ones.

“Take a little flash of them when they get over here.” This to one of the camera

but what a selection of fine stuff to keep!

And nothing to do over. Another battle another day would mean other thousands of dollars, not to forget another ton of powder for the explosion man to uncork.

Among the khaki-clad martial lads was a fair sprinkling of movie actors and stunt men. These came into evidence later when close-up incidents of warfare were filmed.

The genuine, hope-may-die soldier here took a back seat. It was curious to see the danger part of the performance in the trenches taken by chaps who did not belong there, who were grease paint heroes. These replaced the hardy soldier lads, and grappled and choked and rolled about in the trenches, and stepped on each others faces, and ate dirt. And they limped, groaned, and held their heads dizzily after the whistles blew. In the four days of big filming the hospital section of the camp had its work to do, but there was not a single fatality.

And after the “extras” had fought, bled and nearly died, Harry Morey, who is co-starred with Alice Joyce in “Womanhood, the Glory of the Nation,” came on as the victorious general.

After seeing a reel battle which approaches the real thing so closely, one cannot wonder at the frequency with which is asked the question, “How do they do it?” Photoplay fans have been heard to declare it quite impossible to attain such a high degree of realism without the aid of actuality, and in this connection, it must be said, much to the glory of the genius creating our film fare, that many a staged battle has eclipsed many a real one. In fact, it would be impossible to get so much of the exciting detail on a battlefield where it is a grim business. Too much is done under cover in modern fighting, and the average struggle for a European trench would lack altogether in the thrills requisite to making a screen scrap compelling. The very things the fans would want to see most of all would be going on beyond the range of the camera, while in the “premeditated” hostilities great care is taken to have the camera precisely focused before the fur starts to fly. Truly moving-picture directors are so adept at making war that they can cause many a general to look to his laurels. Strategy and military tactics which seem masterly are revealed in rapid succession on the make-believe front. The replicas of forts and paraphernalia are extraordinary in their fidelity to the specifications of those in use in the heat of the world's worst war. Moreover, the element of danger is not at all lacking in the movie battles. Hospitals are kept filled, and large corps of doctors and nurses are kept constantly busy during the filming of such stirring scenes. It is all indeed perilously close to the real thing.



Left to right: Helmer Bergmann, G. Stuart Blackton, Jr., Commodore Blackton, Sr., P. S. Earle

men whose lens enfiladed an ambush trench hidden under boughs of trees.

Then another order starting a line of the enemy slowly advancing far off. Nothing to take yet—

BANG! He has fired a pistol, and the whole field becomes alive. Cameramen begin the whole-arm movement for fair. The battle is on with all the effects, visible and auditory. Shell explosions are simulated in the air. Attackers chopping through the barbed wire curl up and are left hanging in the strands while their unscathed brethren plunge forward. On they come, stabbing through the defenders. Blasts of shrapnel released from the traps of the explosion man dance perilously close to the files, which is a welcome one to lie down and play dead. But worse than that, coming through the defending area, mine explosions with huge fans of shattered earth bulking the size of a house checker the pathway. Here is where the explosion man must need the cool head and the unshaken hand. He must time those volcanoes just right for the picture and just wrong, as it goes, for hurting the men. And after a close eruption of a carload of earth it takes a resolute man to press on and tempt another eruption. My own choice always would be to experience it from the side lines. And as a farewell nerve-racker, the onrush gets a blank cartridge volley at close range from the ambushers pouring out from the foliage-covered trench.

“Give them the whistle!” Toot-oot! The charge is over. The last man has passed the cameras and the battle is ended. One big engagement has been fought, but a half dozen have been recorded, since each camera got it from a different angle. There will be lots of good stuff to throw away,

Winners in Our "Why is Your Favorite Your Favorite" Contest



LETTERS to the front of us, letters to the right, letters everywhere from everywhere—a veritable avalanche of them! And all told us why a favorite photoplayer is a favorite. We can truthfully say that every letter received was not only read, but was carefully studied. Merits, the chief of which is cleverness, were weighed. No entry was disqualified because of the failure of the writer to observe all the rules of the contest, and as will be noted by the winners published herewith, we did not enforce the 75-word regulation rigidly. No partiality was shown for either prose or poetry, nor were poems acrostically arranged given any special preference, but it just so happened that three of the latter stood out as superior for various reasons.

To the winners and all the other contestants we extend our heartiest congratulations, and it is our sincere hope that everyone realizes it was a difficult proposition to decide, but that fairness actuated our every decision.

As there were only four prizes offered, and as there were nine entries which were unquestionably winners, a problem arose, and the only way we could solve it was to add five additional one-dollar prizes. Therefore you will find nine winners instead of five, and here they are:

(First Prize, Five Dollars)

FOR MARGUERITE CLARK

Maiden fair with midnight hair,
Artful and entrancing;
Rich in wiles and sunny smiles,
Gaily through life dancing.
Unspoiled darling of the screen,
Earnest and appealing;
Radiant star that gleams afar,
Into each heart stealing.
Tender, true and captivating,
Every play with gladness freighting.

Comely maids are nothing rare,
Lovely lassies everywhere;
And yet there's none like Marguerite,
Radiant, dainty and petite,
Known from Maine to Mexico,
Ever fanning hearts aglow.

—Submitted by Frank Meulendyke, 3635 Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

(Second Prize, Three Dollars)

FOR LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE

My star's a little lady—
I'll let you guess her name—
A little dimpled sweetheart,
Who sets all hearts aflame!

She's such a wondrous lady—
Tho she little knows her fame—
That the golden light of heaven
Has been given her for a name.

She's just a dear, sweet baby,
Yet, I dare to here proclaim,
She's the brightest ray of *Sunshine*
In the "Movie" Hall of Fame!

—Dr. W. Robert Pike, 313 West Third St., Los Angeles, Cal.

(Third Prize, One Dollar)

FOR THE BEST

Yesterday I smiled at Marguerite Clark, snickered at June Caprice, chuckled at Sidney Drew and laughed at Charlie Chaplin. Today I emote with George Beban, sigh with Petrova, cry with Mary Pickford, gasp at Helen Holmes, swear with Theda Bara and yawn, snore and sleep over all of them when they struggle through a poor story. Today Pickford in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" grips at my soul. Tomorrow it may be _____? in _____? but my favorite's name is legend and God bless them all, where can you find a Star that cannot shine if you give her or him the work of a creative genius to glisten in. My favorite is he or she that lives the part and has a part worth living. A poor story is a cloud that obscures the brightest star, and a good story is a flashlight that illuminates my favorite. —William Wright Farmer, 1402 Cedar St., Anderson, Indiana.

(Fourth Prize, One Dollar)

FOR JACK KERRIGAN

Just a moment readers! Jack is my favorite.
Why?
Affection for his mother first lauds him to the sky.
Curls of midnight darkness (and their characteristic toss)
Keenly touch a hidden heart-string. His personality gets across.

K is for his kindness (he always helps the poor).
E is for the ease which makes his acting sure.
R is the reality we see in every reel,
R also means reliant, the proper way to feel.
I is for those Irish eyes which capture every heart.
G the goodness, generosity, greatness in his art.
A is his ability, pugilistic, wooing, dancing,
N his noted graceful carriage, making him entrancing.

I have many other reasons why my favorite is he, and I will tell you *the* one. He corresponds with me.—Stella E. Eglinger, 145 East Main St., Port Jervis, N. Y.

ATTENTION!

Photoplay Fans and Fanettes ANOTHER CONTEST IS NOW ON!

From this day on to August 1, 1917, you have the chance to gather in the neat sum of \$25 just for suggesting a good name for an actress. This opportunity comes to you because Arline Pretty of the Vitagraph is dissatisfied with her name. She is in search of the best new name she can find, and "The Photo-Play Journal" has arranged to secure this name for her. Our method of accomplishing the purpose is to offer the millions of fans real money for it. Everybody is eligible to this contest. All you need do is to submit what you consider a good name for a popular moving picture actress. Whichever one she likes best and selects will bring the originator the prize. Do not procrastinate a single minute. Mail your suggestion to the Contest Editor of "The Photo-Play Journal" at once.

(Fifth Prize, One Dollar)

FOR WILLIAM FARNUM

"The Gilded Fool," otherwise "The Nigger," met with "The Wonderful Adventure" when "The Spoilers" and "The Plunderer" roused his "Fighting Blood." "The Broken Law" compelled him to take "A Soldier's Oath," and "The Fires of Conscience" were quenched only after "The Man of Sorrow" told "The Man from Bitter Roots" "The Tale of Two Cities." "The Bondman" paid "The Price of Silence," and won "The Battle of Hearts" when he reached "The End of the Trail."

No movie actor can show more reverence for women, or gentleness with children, at the same time giving the villain his just dues with his strong, honest fists than my hero, William Farnum.—Charlotte Singer, 356 Lincoln Ave., Ruthersford, N. J.

(Sixth Prize, One Dollar)

TO "LITTLE MARY"

Magical smile so sweet and alluring,
A personal charm that grips at one's heart,
Receive from my Muse this tribute enduring,
Yielded in praise of thy photoplay art.

Princess of Filmdom our homage we render,
Incense and myrrh on the altar of Love;
Child of our dreams so gracious and tender,
Kin to the soul of pure spirits above.
Fame has not spoiled thee nor fortune be-
mean'd;

On your career neither blot nor a stain,
Regal in Artcraft, the "Fans" have you Queen'd,
Darest of Marys, with us long to reign!

—George Edgar Frye, Cambridge, Mass.

(Seventh Prize, One Dollar)

FOR MRS. VERNON CASTLE

I've pasted the May cover of THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL on my bedstead, so there's no further mystery about my partiality for Mrs. Vernon Castle.

And you'll also admit that the JOURNAL doesn't feature punk actorines on the cover page, so I guess I've used pretty darn shrewd judgment.—Louis H. Roth, 1437 W. 110 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

(Eighth Prize, One Dollar)

FOR THEDA BARA

There are many picture stars of great fame from which to choose, but for me there is only one—Theda Bara. I consider Miss Bara the greatest soul-thrilling star in the moving picture world. Oh, those eyes! They seem to sift into the depth of your soul. Eyes that tell you everything without words—sometimes of sorrow, when they bring tears to your eyes—the next moment of hatred, that the strongest of us quail under. If Cleopatra had the personality and eyes like Theda Bara, then why wonder at Mark Antony's downfall?—Joseph L. Ball, Moon-Run, Pa.

(Ninth Prize, One Dollar)

FOR DUSTIN FARNUM

Here's to "Dusty" Farnum—
The lad whose honest eyes
Are as friendly as our southland,
And as smiling as its skies.
His smile's an "Open Sesame"
To the hearts of young and old.
In talent rare none can compare,
His deeds we'll write in gold.
I've put my trust in Dustin
Since his screen life began—
In reel life he will always be
My ideal gentleman!

—Miss Ethel Jemison, 1630 Barron St., Portsmouth, Virginia.

The Passion to Rule

by
Delbert E. Davenport
Author of "War Twins"
"Bessie Bossiecat," "A
Tray of Ashes," etc.

(FOURTH INSTALLMENT)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS—After enduring the cruel domineering of her husband, Herbert Force, a wealthy New York lawyer, for several years, Debora, a beautiful young woman of 25 years of age, abandoned him and their three-year-old son, Jimmie, to cast her lot with an affinity, Wesley Martine, a wealthy broker whom she met accidentally while riding alone in a park. Debora failed in her subsequent attempt to secure a divorce from Force, whereupon she conceived the idea of going to the Isle of Iona, inhabited by 50,000 Latins and ruled by a despotic Spaniard named Gioconda. Her purpose was to conquer Gioconda and to appease her passion to rule by becoming queen. Martine deemed it a fine prospect for a good adventure, fitted up his steam yacht, provisioned it with plenty of ammunition and arms, and with Debora, under the care of chaperones, he sailed away with a small but stalwart army of experienced soldiers under command of Franklin Graham, 60 years old, and a former United States army captain. One month later the party landed on the Isle of Iona, which they found to be a wild, undeveloped tropical paradise. They soon encountered Chief Gioconda, who resembled both a Spaniard and an Arab. A battle followed, and Graham led his troops to victory from the inception, capturing the port city. In a week of strenuous military campaigning the invaders succeeded in subjugating the entire island, capturing the capitol city and Gioconda, in whose headquarters they found a small harem, one of whom was Nadina, a pretty North American Indian girl. She was the first to jubilantly acknowledge Wesley and Debora as the great new king and queen. In another week, the couple had formally proclaimed and established themselves as the rulers of the land. Graham was appointed minister of war. During the first year of their reign Wesley and Debora devoted their time to developing Iona, but one of the first acts was to assemble a constitutional parliament and to enact among other laws a statute whereby Debora could secure her divorce from Force, despite the laws of the United States. This accomplished, she felt free to legally wed Wesley and the ceremony followed. Two months after, a national celebration of the first year of the new reign, a daughter, christened Princess Berenice, was born to the king and queen, and New Hope, the capitol city, rejoiced. Soon afterwards Nadina, the Indian girl, gave striking evidence of her power to locate hidden treasure by discovering gold, the one thing the island had lacked and needed. This opened an era of great prosperity. Ten years flew by and Debora's passion for ruling was abundantly realized. Instead of taking orders, as she did while under Herbert Force's roof, she issued them. Gioconda still languished in prison, but he more than ever before nursed a determination to get revenge some way. His embittered mind was concentrated on one subject—how to get even with those who brought about his downfall. "Our king and queen would be better assured if they had executed Gioconda long ago," was the common sentiment, and everyone expected more trouble from him.

CHAPTER VI



It was in the seventeenth year of the reign of King Wesley and Queen Debora of the Isle of Iona that Sherman Tearle, a dashing, young detective, created a tremendous sensation by his remarkable ability as a genius for ferreting out criminals in New York City. He was only twenty-five years old at the time, and he was always distinguishable for his raven-black hair and large brown eyes. He was a handsome chap, whose good looks were accentuated by the simple dark-blue clothes and gray-checked caps he wore. The police case which brought him most prominently into the limelight was a baffling murder mystery.

When the first report of the tragedy came to police headquarters, Tearle was found seated far back in a chair with his feet cocked high on a table, and he was dreamily smoking a large pipe. From a man resembling a lazy loafer he was instantly transformed into a veritable demon of dynamic energy the minute his superior officer announced the advent of a new mystery. He lost not a second in reaching the scene of the crime where he found an elderly man murdered and a safe rifled. Tearle quickly discovered a trail of small drops of blood, which led him out of the house into the

front yard, where it ended in a circle of footprints under a huge shade tree of dense foliage.

"Ah, how curious—straight up in the air from here," the young man muttered, as he stood still contemplating the circle of footprints.

Accordingly he deduced with amazing rapidity, and before any of the several other officers who accompanied him for eventualities realized what was going on, the audacious sleuth made one wild leap up in the tree, and with agility he climbed to the topmost boughs, where he discovered a large pigeon house, out of the top of which peered an ugly, swarthy face. Within a twinkling the huge form of a man emerged and a powerful hand grabbed the detective. A spectacular and thrilling battle ensued in the tree-top, and this had as its hair-raising climax the fall of the two men to the ground some twenty feet below in a deadly clinch. Once on the ground Tearle had the advantage of the cooperation of his assistants and he made short work of hand-cuffing his prisoner.

"Ugly looking chap, this one," the young man remarked coolly as he rearranged his clothing, "and take it from me, he's a unique murderer. He thought by staying close to the scene of his nasty business, something no one else does, he could fool us, but he didn't, thanks to whatever power it is that directs yours truly."

The next morning Tearle read the account of his brilliant achievement in a newspaper, and in the course of his further perusal he chanced to see the following advertisement:

WANTED.—The services of an experienced American detective in the government service of a South Atlantic kingdom. No limit to salary. Apply John Frye, Agent, Longacre Building, New York.

Attracted by the prospect of new adventures Tearle promptly visited Frye's office. "I'll take that job," the detective announced succinctly.

"Who are you, please?" Frye asked.

"Sherman Tearle."

"Sherman Tearle! This Sherman Tearle?" Frye exclaimed in excitement as he grabbed a newspaper and pointed to a picture which accompanied the account of the capture of the strange murderer.

"Correct."

"Good. You're the very man they want on the Isle of Iona. Name your own salary, and get ready to start at once."

"My salary is of no consequence to me," Tearle replied. "If there is plenty of excitement and a little honor in it, I'm ready to start tomorrow."

Thus it came about that this clever genius of Gotham set foot on far-away Iona one month later. He was literally received with open arms by King Wesley and Queen Debora, who were familiar with his ability as a wizard in the detection of crime. The royal couple were not at all reluctant to reveal to him their worry over the conditions in their kingdom.

"Intrigue is everywhere rampant, and we had had none of this until our bitterest enemy, Gioconda, escaped from prison and disappeared," Wesley explained.

"Who is Gioconda?" Tearle asked.

"He was the man we usurped in the name of civilization," Wesley replied.

"Let us be perfectly frank, dear," Debora put in, "by admitting that it was my desire to rule someone that led us to attempt instilling the idea of American progress here."

"Then, like myself, you are lovers of adventure?" Tearle surmised.

"Yes; and we are getting more than our share now," Wesley answered.

"Good, the more excitement the better; but now, before I start my investigation, I want to warn you that I will act without fear or favor," Tearle continued, getting right down to business. "Oftentimes intrigue involves some of the highest and most trusted officials,

and I will not be surprised to find the usual rule obtaining in this case. Am I at liberty to proceed as I see fit?"

"You are," both Wesley and Debora assured him.

Tearle got quick action and a quick set-back the very next day. He wandered rather aimlessly into a public marketing-place and his attention was drawn to one Lavinia, a very dark-complexioned woman wearing a garb half Oriental and half Spanish. She was crouched on the stone floor of the market-house conversing confidentially to a group of intensely interested Spanish women. What first aroused Tearle's suspicions was the quick, nervous glance she shot at him and her subsequent act of pursing her lips to her auditors. To disarm the woman of her suspicions and simultaneously to provide a means for confirming his own, the sleuth strolled on nonchalantly without paying the least bit of attention to her. Once out of her sight he hurried outside to an alleyway and located a small window through which he could watch his suspect unobserved. He saw her carefully arrange some fruit in a large basket, which she carried covetously when she left her companions. He hastened around to the entrance out of which she walked and shadowed her out of the business section and down into a residential street to the Royal Flower Garden, in the center of which was the palace in which King Wesley and Queen Debora lived. This garden was surrounded by a granite wall some five feet in height.

In that flower garden, Princess Berenice, now a beautiful fifteen-year-old girl, was guilelessly and happily playing with a large pet dog. She had just given a demonstration of her inherent passion to rule by sternly scolding the dog for failing to do her bidding to the extent of sitting up. She stamped her foot and insisted on having her way over the dumb brute.

"And if you don't obey me I'm going to exile you as much as I love you; but I shall have to so all the dogs won't think I'm a weak mistress," she said, as she pointed her pretty finger at the dog.

Just at that instant, Jordan Jules, a wrinkled, bald-headed, old financier of the cold-blooded and designing sort, emerged from the royal mansion with his fifteen-year-old daughter, Flora. Jules was obviously disgruntled as the result of a business conference with King Wesley, and he paid scant attention to his child, who, upon seeing Berenice, romped gleefully to her. For several years these girls had been boon companions.

"Oh, daddy, can't I stay and visit with Berenice for a while?" Flora asked as Jules approached her.

"No," he snapped back at her.

"Oh yes, daddy, please," she begged.

"I said no."

"I, Princess Berenice, say yes," Berenice interposed with a fine show of enticing authority.

"All right, all right," the old man agreed irritably as he continued on his way without even saying good-bye.

Jules had scarcely disappeared from view when Lavinia appeared at a big iron gate and hailed the girls.

"Let me in, fair ones, if you would have some of my delicious fruit as a token of my esteem," Lavinia proposed as she forced a smile.

Flora promptly turned her gaze from Lavinia to Berenice for the answer, tacitly recognizing her playmate as her superior by virtue of her birth.

While Berenice studied Lavinia and her fruit, Sherman Tearle, outside the wall and not a hundred feet away, divined Lavinia's evil purpose and got into the garden ahead of her by leaping over the wall. He hid behind a bush near the gate without being discovered by anyone. He saw Berenice finally open the iron gate, and he took special note of the eagerness with which Lavinia entered. He watched the witch-appearing woman single out a large apple for Berenice, and he observed with alarm her act of resisting Flora's selfish efforts to have that apple, because the fruit she had received was not as nice.

"That apple is for the Princess, mind you," he heard Lavinia tell Flora, and he was strangely impressed.

He remained in hiding until Lavinia had disappeared through the gate, and then he leaped from behind the bush, rushed to Berenice and unceremoniously grabbed the apple out of her hand just as she was about to bite into it, and placed it in his pocket.

"How dare you!" Berenice demanded indignantly.

"I'll have to dare," Tearle replied as he grabbed the apple Flora held.

"The very idea! Do you know who I am?" Berenice asked.

"I am sorry to say that I don't, but I'll come back and get acquainted later," the young man replied as he dashed out of the gate.

As he entered the street he saw Lavinia running down the next square. He pursued her at top speed. The woman glanced back, and upon noting her pursuer, she too quickened her step, turning into an intersecting avenue. Before Tearle had time to reach the corner, the woman had fled to an antiquated Spanish water-fountain adorning the center of the thoroughfare. She disappeared inside this fountain through a secret door. This fountain was a relic of the past—of the rule of Gioconda, who had provided himself with various such ingenious hiding-places for emergencies.

Upon reaching the fountain Tearle completely lost the trail and was forced to give up the chase. He was plainly vexed. It was a set-back he had not expected. However, he subdued his anger and forgot his disappointment, and returned to the flower-garden, where he found Berenice and Flora still discussing his temerity with marked apprehension.

"Now I'll introduce myself to you if you'll do as much for me," Tearle began pleasantly after leaping over the garden wall again and landing within five feet of the girls, much to their surprise.

"But you have no right to presume," Berenice replied promptly in a spirit of reprimand.

"Circumstances force me to presume, because I want to see you live, my dear Miss—er—"

"She is Princess Berenice," Flora interrupted.

"Oh, Princess Berenice, daughter of King Wesley and Queen Debora, to be sure," the young man acknowledged cordially as he salaamed politely.

"And who are you that you hop into the royal gardens whenever you please?" Berenice asked curtly.

"I am Sherman Tearle—"

"The detective from New York?" Berenice asked in more surprise than ever.

"That's right," he assured her as he smiled ingratiatingly.

"Well! But why didn't you say something about it before you grabbed my apple, which, by the way, I hereby order that you return to me," the pretty princess replied, extending her hand commandingly.

"How regrettable it is that I must flatly refuse to obey the first order you ever issued in your governing of me," Tearle apologized.

"But disobedience must not be," the princess insisted. "I will not let my dog disobey, and why should I let you?"

"Because there is a difference between dogs and detectives," the young man reminded her suavely.

"Granting there is even a slight difference both are subject to the rule of the ruler of all—give me my apple."

"I'm sorry—oh so awfully sorry—but you cannot have this apple until I have first determined whether it is fit for the lips of a princess so charming," the detective announced decisively and yet pleasantly.

"One would think you were a food dictator to hear you talk," Berenice interjected cuttingly.

"We'll let our first quarrel end with that, for I must hurry on in the service of your father and mother, a part of which is the retention and examination of this fruit."

Doffing his cap and bowing low, Tearle left the girls, and the instant he was out of sight, Berenice started to dance about gaily.

"Why the sudden outburst of joy?" Flora asked.

"Oh, I like him," Berenice confessed. "Isn't he handsome and nice?"

"But, you mustn't forget, he is not of a royal family," Flora reminded.

"Yes; but if he's a royal fellow, that's all

I'm ever going to ask of any man," the princess replied gaily.

Then the girls started a lively romp with Berenice's faithful dog.

Meanwhile Tearle had examined the apple which he wrested from Berenice, and he discovered it contained a deadly poison in copious quantities. Immediately he secured an audience with Wesley and Debora.

"I beg to report to your majesties that by a stroke of good fortune I have succeeded in saving your charming daughter from death," he announced.

Father and mother were instantly alarmed.

"The apple which the old woman gave to the companion of the princess was not poisoned," the young man continued. "Now, who is your daughter's playmate that she should command such protection from that woman?"

"Her father, Jules Jordan, has amassed a fortune here, and he wants the whole island with a fence around it," Debora explained.

"Fine! Now we have a tangible basis for a real investigation. Pardon my haste, but I surmise that time is precious. Good day."

Tearle was making his exit as he uttered these words. He was suddenly inspired by an intuition which frequently came to him when grave dangers lurked in his course, and he was so impelled to prosecute quick action that he refused to be delayed even by a king and queen, each of whom had a dozen questions to ask.

CHAPTER VII

Coincident to the activities of Sherman Tearle in Iona, the swarthy-faced murderer he had captured in a tree-top made his escape from prison in New York City, and apparently was swallowed by the earth, for no trace of his whereabouts could be found despite the fact that every detective in the metropolis was promptly put on the case.

At the end of six weeks a nation-wide search was still unsuccessful, and about this time on the Isle of Iona, there was held an ominous meeting in a dreary, low-ceiling hut in the outskirts of New Hope. Jules Jordan presided over this meeting, and with his fellow-plotters he perfected plans for an internal revolution by which he hoped to usurp King Wesley and Queen Debora. Lavinia was a central figure and she offered many suggestions. Jordan insisted that war be started at once, but this did not have the woman's approval.

"You say you must rule Iona, and I say my husband, Gioconda, is the only man who can win a revolution," she shouted. "Therefore, wait! He's coming!"

Jordan was not satisfied with this. He would prefer winning without Gioconda. His knowledge of the bandit's reputation caused him to fear the man. However, when he noted that the other men present favored Lavinia's plan uncompromisingly, he gave in.

Even while this meeting was being held, Gioconda landed on the island from a steamer. He was disguised as a clergyman, and he wore a long, black, false beard. Sherman Tearle had been scrutinizing all immigrants for several weeks. He was aware of the impending revolution, and had reason to believe the real leader of it was to come from a foreign country. He saw Gioconda the moment he started down the gang-plank, and he became interested in him at once. Luckily the detective wore a disguise, which alone saved him from being recognized by Gioconda, who could never forget the daring youth he had met in such a fierce and precarious combat in that New York tree-top.

"I'll bet that whiskered guy can lead me to the hot-bed of the intrigue," Tearle mentally told himself, and forthwith he proceeded to shadow Gioconda.

Thus it happened that the alert Sherman Tearle found his way to the dreary, low-ceiling hut on the outskirts of New Hope. Gioconda went directly to that headquarters of the revolutionists. Again Tearle was lucky, because two uniformed policemen chanced to stroll down that very street at that very moment, and he pressed them both into service. Supported by these assistants, he gained entrance to the rendezvous of the plotters. Stationing himself in a dark hallway, he managed to witness the reception accorded Gioconda unobserved. He watched and listened long enough to see Gioconda discard his holy clothes and false whiskers. He saw Lavinia embrace the man affectionately. He heard the men give the new arrival a veritable ovation in an unguarded moment.

"Now, if you're ready to furnish the military genius, I'm ready with the necessary money for a victorious revolution," the detective heard Jules Jordan say.

Just as Gioconda began assuring Jordan of his preparedness to open hostilities, Tearle

(Continued on page 51)

MASH NOTES By DICK WILLIS

*I've oft been asked if I will kindly pen a little rhyme
Upon my favorite artist in the moving picture line.
I beg to state with emphasis, I certainly will NOT;
If pressed for reasons I must say I think it bally rot.
The pages of the magazines are full of silly verse
And fulsome adoration, some at length and some quite terse.
Admirers write such awful foolish, maudlin, mundane fluff;
Let's take at random some of it, then analyze the stuff.
"King Baggott is the man I love, I would that he were mine."
Why, woman, don't you know that King's been married quite a time?
"George Walsh, of Fox, is my ideal," a skittish dame will rave. He
Has a charming wife, ma'am, and a really, truly baby.
"Dear Margarita Fischer is the girl I'd like to hook."
Well, Harry Pollard caught her first, so elsewhere you must look.
"Oh, wed me, Howard Hickman," is another maiden's wail;*

*But Howard can't, he's married to sweet Bessie Barriscale.
Proposals by the dozen to Miss Cunard weekly pour;
She's wedded, gilded youth, avault! she cannot ask for Moore.
A merchant from the Middle West a fortune says he'll blow in
On Mary Pickford, but she thinks she still will go to Owen.
To William Farnam girls will write, enclosing love and kisses,
And every night he chuckles as he shows them to his Mrs.
"Oh, Henry, will you fly with me?" You silly little thing,
To Gypsy Abbott, Henry still remains her lord and king.
To capture Chester Conklin is another woman's plan;
Tut! Chester is a model and most virtuous married man.
Another, "Cleo Madison, write fondly, Cleo, speak!"
Alas! Miss Cleo Madison is also Mrs. Peake.
A girl advises Herbert Rawlinson she'd like to meet him,
But if he did it's likely Mrs. Rawlinson would beat him.
And others stop all over Ince's marvel, Charlie Ray,
Not knowing his certificate is safely tucked away.
By gings, they go the limit, all these foolish half-baked kids;
You'd think the artists stood in line just waiting for their bids.
So—read this warning carefully or maybe you may rue it,
And when you want to write mash notes, think twice and then don't do it!*



The Maelstrom

By STEPHEN SCOTT

From the Photoplay by Frank Froest

Cast of Characters: GWENNI LYNE, international crook, *Julia Swayne Gordon*.
 JIMMIE HALLET, millionaire clubman, *Earle Williams*.
 PEGGY GREYE-STRATTON, *Dorothy Kelly*.
 THOS. W. MENZIES, chief of detectives, *John Robertson*.
 STEWART READER LING, leader of crooks, *Denton Vane*.
 DETECTIVE SERGEANT CONGREVE, *Robert Gaillard*.
 DAGO SAM, alias WILLIAM SMITH, crook, *Bernard Seigel*.
 CINCINNATI RED, stool pigeon, *Gordon Gray*.
 DICK ERROL, half brother of Peggy, *Mr. Crayne*.
 DETECTIVE ROYAL, *Daniel Hayes*.
 DR. STEINGURT, *Templer Saxe*.
 J. E. GREYE-STRATTON, father of Peggy and Errol, *John Costello*.



JIMMIE HALLET, millionaire clubman and lover of excitement, was groping about in a dense fog which enveloped the city street just for the fun of it when Peggy Greye-Stratton suddenly stepped in his path-way and thrust a bundle of cancelled checks into his hand and forced him to keep them.

"Take these and run," she ordered sharply, and the next instant she disappeared in the fog.

Hallet's astonishment was too overwhelming to permit of that quick thinking requisite to arising to an unexpected emergency. Glued to the spot he turned his gaze to the checks and discovered the name of the maker to be J. E. Greye-Stratton.

"Great guns, here's a mystery worth going into," he finally muttered, and within the next hour he had reached the address given on a torn envelope which was among the checks.

Despite the air of grewsome loneliness which prevailed around this house, the young adventurer boldly knocked at the door. A moment later he was admitted by a person he could not see on account of the darkness, and still without any fear whatsoever he followed his host into a silent dark room. Immediately upon his arrival in this oppressively somber chamber, Hallet was felled by a vicious blow, and he lapsed into unconsciousness.

It was probably an hour later when Hallet regained his senses. He was surprised to find himself lying in a strange library. A moment later he was alarmed to discover that a safe had been rifled, and an instant afterwards he was amazed and rendered speechless when his gaze fell on the lifeless body of J. E. Greye-Stratton, the victim of a dastardly plot. Now in great apprehension, Hallet struggled to his feet and staggered to a telephone.

"Give me Scotland Yard, quick," he gasped.

Inspector Menzies answered, but before Hallet could tell him the address he fainted again, thus cutting off the phone connection. The inspector succeeded in tracing the call, and he arrived on the scene within a few minutes to find the unconscious Hallet and the dead Stratton. The officer's first act was to summon a physician, who revived Hallet, and his second act was to call in his superiors, with whom he started an investigation.

It developed that J. E. Greye-Stratton

was the father of a girl, Peggy, and a son, Errol, the latter a profligate fellow whose crimes in America had driven him back to England. He had subsequently appealed to his father for support, which was denied him, the result being that father and son had been on bad terms for several months prior. Errol was suspected as the murderer from the inception, as the motive in his case seemed strong.

Hallet was called into the hasty police conference, and he candidly related his whole extraordinary experience. Unfortunately the checks he referred to had disappeared from his possession.

"Could you identify the woman who handed you those checks?" Menzies asked.

"I am certain I could, and I would gladly do so," Hallet replied.

"We'll hold you for that purpose for the present," the officer announced.

"Very well, I am at your disposal," was the prompt reply.

Menzies had little more than settled in his office to study the new case when Peggy called to learn as much as possible of the findings of the police. Menzies questioned her sharply, and soon realized the young woman was holding back information.

"My brother Errol did not commit the murder," she declared stoutly.

"But all evidence proves he did," the officer thundered back at her.

"It's not true; he could not have done it," she persisted.

"What reason can you give for this?" he demanded.

"I can give no reason, but he didn't do it," she responded.

Without another word Menzies placed Peggy in the midst of a group of women in an adjoining room, and he called in Hallet.

"Now do you see the woman who gave you those checks?" he asked him.

Hallet recognized Peggy at once, but refused to identify her. A while later Menzies permitted the couple to leave together, after ordering them to be closely shadowed. Hallet took Peggy to dinner in a quiet cafe. Here Peggy divulged at least a part of her knowledge of the conditions surrounding her.

"My father and I had been apart for years, but of late I have been appealing to him to help my brother," she explained. "The only answer I ever got was the receipt of those cancelled checks, which Errol had forged."

"That was your father's only contribution toward the aid of your brother?" Hallet asked as if to make sure of that point.

"Yes, my father could be very heartless," she replied, showing slight emotion.



Hallet was determined to protect the girl of mystery



He was a lover of excitement

Hallet believed her story, and he found himself intensely interested in her.

"I will be happy to help you in any way I can," he offered.

"I am sorry, but I must refuse your assistance," she replied, much to his surprise.

A while later the couple left the cafe, and for the first time Hallet realized they were being followed. Determined to protect the girl in whose innocence he believed so implicitly, he told her of the fact that they were under surveillance and induced her to go on alone whereupon he doubled back and confronted one of the detectives. A scuffle ensued, and a second sleuth came to the assistance of the first. This interference on Hallet's part led to Inspector Menzies calling him in and informing him sternly that he was bungling his case.

"Keep your hands off if you expect to come out of this nasty business clear," the inspector told the young man.

"But I am sure the poor girl in this case needs my assistance though she refuses it," Hallet insisted.

"Your interest in her may be all right, but she has good cause for not accepting your help," the officer replied.

"Why?"

"Because she is married to a fellow named Ling."

"She is!" Hallet exclaimed. "Who is Ling?"

"He's one of the biggest crooks in London."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, that's exactly so."

"Nevertheless I would like to help her out of any difficulty she may be in," the undismayed Hallet said firmly.

This attitude on his part thoroughly disgusted Menzies, who felt sure he was dealing with a brainless fool whose intrepidity might cause many complications.

Not long after this conference, Hallet

received what purported to be an appealing note from Peggy, who begged him to come to her at once. The address given led him to a secluded house in Braxton. Hallet's act in tearing the note to bits and tossing it in the street under the very eyes of a detective who was watching him, gave Menzies his clue to follow personally as a result of pasting the pieces together, and thus being enabled to determine the address.

Hallet was admitted to the house by Gwennie, a plump, pleasant, shrewd woman. Despite the fact that he remembered his last experience on entering a strange house, and his consequent caution, the young adventurer received a blow on the head the instant he entered the hallway, and he fell through a trap door into a coal-bin, where

he was bound and gagged. Menzies arrived at this very instant and upon being greeted suspiciously at the door, he recognized Gwennie as an international crook.

"So," he exploded, "you're on the job."

"Yes, sir," Gwennie replied calmly.

"Well, it's the finish for you and your whole gang," Menzies threatened.

"We expected it, and are ready to go with you," she announced in a matter-of-fact way.

"You bet you are," was his rejoinder as he pushed his way on into the house.

But for once he was too impetuous, too

determined and too self-confident, for the next thing he knew he had fallen through the trap door. He discovered the disabled Hallet, whom he released. By the time the two men had forced their way upstairs again, the crooks had fled. An investigation of the premises unearthed a half-burned note, the perusal of which brought Cincinnati Red, another crook, into the case. Menzies made quick work of locating Red, who, believing Ling had double-crossed him, led the officer to a cafe where he made his headquarters. As Menzies and Hallet entered the restaurant Ling and Peggy sat at a table dining. Ling recognized all but Hallet instantly, and he at once suspected that Red had brought officers in for purposes treacherous to him. Understood by Menzies, Red feigned friendliness with Ling, and led him out of the cafe with the officer on the trail. Hallet boldly joined the now deserted Peggy.

"So you've lied to me and thereby almost led me to destruction," he told her the minute he reached her side. "My whole interest in this case has been you. I thought you deserved the friendship of someone, but all signs indicate you are as bad as your associates."

"But I couldn't tell you of all my affairs," the girl replied.

"You've no doubt lied to me about your brother too," Hallet persisted.

"I'll show you I have not," she said calmly. "If you will accompany me, I think I can convince you that what seems to be bad is part good."

Without hesitation Hallet followed where Peggy led. She took him directly to her home, to which they were admitted by Gwennie, now posing as the landlady. Into a moderately well-furnished room she led Hallet. There he saw lying on a bed motionless a young man, obviously very ill.

"This is my brother Errol, and he is slowly dying," Peggy explained, as tears welled up into her eyes.

"And you are caring for him?" Hallet asked.

"Yes. He was in the power of Ling, who threatened to send my brother to prison

(Continued on page 50)



Cautiously they stole out of the cafe

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

AMERICAN moving pictures will play an essential part in this great world war. The sooner producers and exhibitors realize this the better they will be enabled to meet the demands of the times by falling in line promptly and enlisting in the momentous work. First and foremost of all, comedy must be given preferential attention, because the predominating features of every program henceforth and until peace is restored must be amusing. The heart-strings cannot be torn asunder any longer. The news of the day is doing too much of that. The screen must be the agency through which the whole fearful business of unrestrained disaster can be forgotten for brief periods. There is not the slightest doubt as to what the people want for their amusement fare, and there must be no delay in giving them what they want. In fact, the producers should leap lithely over to an extreme by adopting the rule to eradicate all deaths, either natural or by violence, excepting of course in isolated cases, from all photoplays. Let all inspiration for depression vanish from the picture theater. Make the folks cheerful and keep them so. A more serviceable slogan could not be adopted at this particular time. Let sighs and tears succumb to gales of laughter wherever audiences assemble to view the cinema art. Naturally there will be a demand for a few war-time dramas, especially if they reflect some great principle which is deemed conducive to peace, but it is to be hoped the makers of film will not be misled into interpreting this demand to mean there is ample market for an unlimited number of features of this type. One or two one-reel comedies will not suffice on any bill if there be five reels of sad story. Let the five-reeler be funny, and if there must be some seriousness, let it come in the one-reeler, because a little of it goes a long way at present. The news and educational pictures should remain, and it is certain they will give the people enough to think about without the aid of any five-reel sob-producer. Wherein we used to say, "The play's the thing," we must all now agree that "The comedy's the thing." Producers should act accordingly at once.

IN Mary Pickford's latest starring vehicle, "The Little American," the famous little favorite is surrounded by more spectacle than she ever effected before. A reproduction of the sinking of the Lusitania is one of the thrilling scenes, while a battle in which the German army drives the French through a village and the working of the 75-millimeter guns afford further occasions for tense excitement. Miss Pickford reveals a new side to her versatility by developing some dramatic power which would do justice to a Bernhardt for its emotionalism, but America's sweetheart does not overlook her opportunities to be cutely winsome as usual. It would not be at all surprising if when the record of her cinema achievements is com-

Tendencies Tersely Told

*One tendency we must e'er strive to forestall—
The tendency common: to not tend at all.*

Excluding astronomy from the consideration and gazing into the film firmament, it is irresistible to remark that many a star does not shine in the most propitious weather. Indeed, the growing habit to dub a photoplayer "star" on the slightest pretext is proving injurious to the extent of arousing the public mistrust of much of the advance advertising.

Just how far the war has gone in driving European moving picture magnates to transfer their headquarters in America is shown in the announcement that John Olsen & Co., representing the largest film concerns in Sweden, Norway and Denmark, have opened offices in New York in order to be near the biggest market. Before the war London was the chief clearing-house for photoplays; today Gotham is the leading center.

Some producers are advocating a general increase in admission prices to picture theatres. Will anything escape the High Cost of Living unscathed? Oh, what a triumph it would be if amusement could be the one exception to the rule!

Further evidence of the widespread inclination to recognize the potentiality of the film in disseminating uplifting propaganda is given in the case of the Bible Film Company, composed of prominent churchmen, who have conceived the idea of picturizing the New Testament. A \$700,000 tract of land near Las Vegas, New Mexico, has been selected as the locale because of the resemblance of the country thereabout to Palestine.

The whole moving picture industry has been voluntarily mobilized to aid the Government in every way possible in the present crisis. In return it behooves the legislators to be equitable in placing burdens on the film. Fair taxation is desired; exorbitance will be resented.

A cold million dollars has been offered to Charlie Chaplin by the Mutual Film Corporation for his antics in twelve pictures. Charlie rejected the proposition because he deemed eight features a sufficient number for a measley million kopeks. We're too dizzy to make comment.

The superiority of the screen over the stage for the presentation of plays is impressively demonstrated in "Within the Law," which is at least 100 per cent. better as a photoplay than it was as a stage play. No wonder the folly of predicting a disastrous wane for the popularity of the movies is rapidly disappearing. Truly there will be moving pictures as long as there is anything moving about on this going globe of ours.

pleted down to *finis*, "The Little American" will stand out as one of her greatest triumphs. The fact that the story is based on the timely subject of war, and that it makes pictorial record of some of its terrible realities without the slightest fictitious diluting, will add to the longevity of this masterpiece of the House of Pickford.

SMILING Douglas Fairbanks! He was "In Again, Out Again," and now he's "Wild and Woolly." He can be every which way, including entertaining to the superlative degree. He's just about the most active chaser of the black cats of gloom in Screenland, and fortunately he shows no signs of fatigue or deterioration in ability to divert the human mind from the murky channels of holy, unholy and straightaway solidified horrors. In his latest release, "Wild and Woolly," the smile-propelled Doug gives us enough breeziness to last through a long, hot summer. The new story in which he figures so auspiciously has to do with a city youth whose wild fancies of the west eventually get the best of him. Clad in an immaculate cowboy outfit, such as is worn at a masque ball, he travels to the land of his dreams only to find that his attire is as unique as it appeared on New York's Fifth Avenue. He assimilates the true western spirit only after going through a series of highly amusing situations, and in the end he is the punchiest cowpuncher of the lot. Mr. Fairbanks is picturesque in his new role, and he performs in such fashion to give fresh impetus to the kind of Americanism which really pervades the atmosphere hovering over Uncle Sam's domain.

INTO "A hole in the Ground" hopped "A Brass Monkey" to dodge "A Runaway Colt" on which rode "A Midnight Belle" who was not in the least "A Contented Woman" naturally.

"This is what I get for making 'A Trip to Chinatown,'" the Belle screamed frantically as the Colt madly dashed around the refuge of the Monkey for "A Day and a Night."

By then the Monkey had become very thirsty, and he ventured to poke out his head long enough to yell:

"But why keep me a prisoner here in 'A Temperance Town' simply because you can't get over your Chinatown hang-over?"

The failure of the Belle to respond caused the Monkey to scrutinize the galloping Colt more closely, and to his surprise, he discovered that 'twas only "A Rag Baby" mounted on the steed's back.

"Gazooks," the Monkey thereupon exclaimed, "just as I was about to decide this Belle had brass—and there are lots of brass bells—I find she's only *some baby* that's got the Rags. Whatta would. If there's not one thing to put you in a Hole, there's another. Ah yes, whatta would."

By these presents knew ye all that the foregoing is inspired by the titles of the various Charles Hoyt comedies, which are

now finding their way to the screen through the enterprise of William N. Selig. See every Hoyt comedy you can, because each one is an antidote to worry.

PHOTOPLAY producing is a fine art, and not a manufacturing business. There was a time not long since when no captain of the industry would acknowledge this, but today it is conceded quite generally. Obviously it follows that embryonic photoplaywrights should recognize this step forward by interpolating more chance for art and less requirement for manufacture in their manuscripts. In other words, if there arises a situation in a story calling for heroism, it is imperative to make the event consistent with natural humanness instead of trying to augment the thrill by pressing into service something more theatrical than possible in real life. It is because writers have had too strong a penchant for fantasy contrary to actualities that film magnates have been encouraged in pursuing the cold-blooded course of turning out products which had every ear-mark of the factory rather than the studio. Art, after all, is the one true element of entertainment. Without art a play falls flat. With it, the play may not always please, because its forcefulness is frequently nullified by the marks of a craft. Therefore, it behooves writers to fix a standpoint of inviolable art from which angle stories are to be developed.

A STAR belongs to the crown of the photoplay industry, for it has arisen nobly to the call of Uncle Sam. In most every conceivable way the screen has become an active and powerful adjunct to the government of the United States in its efforts to thoroughly arouse the people to the proper realization of the existing emergencies. Now because farms and farming are uppermost in the public mind, alert as it is to the indispensability of an adequate food supply, the Thanouser-Pathe combination voluntarily and patriotically invaded a farming district "somewhere in New York state," and filmed the most attractive farm there. The object was to "inspire the desire" in the minds of city folks to go back to nature, where, by the way at this particular instant, there is much work to be done. A simon-pure barn dance was "snapped" expressly to remind even the blase that there is much joy in living in the country. All this temptation to join the army of food-producers is contained in the photoplay entitled "An Amateur Orphan," in which the girl with the perennial smile, Gladys Leslie, is starred. The story and scenic settings are intended to win recruits to husbandry, and no doubt this purpose will be accomplished quite effectually. By all means this is a tendency in the right direction, for it is entertainment and vital incentive all in one setting.

IT is a notable month for Pallas-Morosco pictures. A quintette of popular stars in a quartette of splendid photoplays is the record now current. Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman, co-starring in "The World Apart," is a treat because of the maximum of action contained in the story, and because of the impressive artistry of Mr. Reid. Vivian Martin as the star of "Giving Becky a Chance," scores a neat hit as an impecuni-

ous young lady whose attractive personality interests wealthy relatives to the extent of inspiring them to give her every possible chance in the world. Delectable romance abounds in this story, and Miss Martin appears in a role in which she is brilliantly successful. Another Morosco feature which is sure to elicit rounds of applause throughout the realm of photoplay is "A Roadside Impresario," in which George Beban stars. In this picture the celebrated delineator of Italian characters again demonstrates his complete mastery of every situation which calls for superb acting. It is not at all uncomplimentary to Mr. Beban to call attention to the fact that co-starring with him in this latest screen effort is one Bruno, a very smart bear. Completing the quartette of releases is "The Heir of the Ages," a remarkable dramatic production in which the fifth of the Morosco stars, House Peters, is seen in the leading role. A prologue, the action of which takes place in the Stone Age, and which presents some hard, stone-

the lowest depths, a victim to the drug habit. Slipping away from his former associates he passes his vacant hours in the most wretched resorts of the slums. In this way he meets Nan, an uncrowned queen of the underworld, and they form a loose kind of partnership. Nan, who is a woman of brains, exercises a strong influence on the derelict, gradually weaning him away from the influence of the drug. In doing this she awakens Dunn's ambition, and through her efforts he gradually regains his footing in the legal world.

Dunn in gratitude would make Nan his wife, but the woman knows that he is gradually drifting away from her, and she can have no place in his world. She sacrifices herself and breaks abruptly with Dunn, letting him believe that she is unfaithful to him. After many years they are brought face to face in a court room. Nan has been falsely accused of murder, and her former lover is the prosecuting attorney. Dunn's future at the bar and in political life depends on his successful handling of the case, and he knows Nan is prepared to offer the supreme sacrifice of her life to secure his future. Faith, however, wills at the eleventh hour that her devotion shall be rewarded, and with a cleared name she accepts the humbly offered place as Jack Dunn's wife.

Tendencies Tersely Told

Chancellor of the Exchequer Bonar Law, in behalf of the British government, has dealt screen entertainment another blow in the form of an increase in war taxation, which will take an additional \$7,500,000 from the income of the industry during the year beginning July 1st. Well, war is certainly swell—and "bust."

Even revolutions, submarines and a general helluva time cannot thwart true American enterprise. A number of Russian art films have just been imported into this country after a perilous journey of 17,000 miles.

Stars of the screen are substantially boosting the Liberty Loan. Marguerite Clark and Earle Williams were among the first to subscribe large sums, each handing over \$5,000. The Thespians are arising nobly to the good work of making Patriotism and Photoplayers synonymous.

like facts highly essential to the story proper, is particularly striking. These opening scenes depict a Cave Man whose tremendous power over his fellows makes him the leading figure and enables him to protect his weakling brother from his men even to the extent of obtaining for him the wife he desires. In the remainder of the story we find Mr. Peters as a strong man and the dominating force in a western mining community. Just as in the prehistoric ages he comes to the assistance of the unworthy and ungrateful brother. The comparison of a sort of a principle eternal proves engrossing and this is surely a photoplay which will make people forget war and everything else worrisome for an hour at least.

A PHOTOPLAY of considerable merit is "Love or Justice," in which the masterly handiwork of Thomas H. Ince is discernible to a most pleasing degree. Here is the story:

Jack Dunn has been a lawyer and a brilliant one. At one time life held promise of great things, and yet on the eve of achievement he threw away everything, sinking to

ONE of the outstanding war-time photoplays of current times is "The Greatest Power," in which Ethel Barrymore plays the principal character. "The Greatest Power" triumphs because it reflects both the events and the spirit of the times without pressing into service awe-inspiring battles of which there is a plentitude in "news films."

Miriam Monroe (Ethel Barrymore), the heroine of "The Greatest Power," is the motherless daughter of Randolph Monroe, the head of a great industry. She is interested in chemistry, and in her own laboratory has discovered a remedy for cancer, the basis of it being a chemical product called exonite.

Exonite has also been developed by John Conrad, a young scientist. He finds that it is the most powerful explosive ever discovered, and he conceives the idea of developing the formula until the product is sure to be stable, and then publishing it broadcast throughout the world, since exonite is so powerful that its use would speedily destroy everything living, and nations would be actually afraid to make war against each other.

Conrad is poor and unable to carry on the expensive experiments, and he is introduced to Miriam and her father by Professor Poole, a mutual friend. When it is pointed out to her that her cure will affect thousands, whereas the war cure will affect all humanity, she gives Conrad the exonite she has produced and works side by side with him in his further experiments.

War with a foreign power is imminent. Monroe calls a meeting of his partners and consults Albert Bernard, head of his foreign department, about the advisability of obtaining control of the exonite for the use of the nation. Bernard is a naturalized American citizen, but a traitor. He determines to get the chemical for the alien enemy.

Miriam and her father, although peace-

loving at heart, give all their aid to the Government as soon as war is declared. Miriam tries to induce Conrad to give up but he refuses. He is still a "conscientious objector." Finally he is won over by an exhibition of Bernard's treachery. Bernard comes to his laboratory and after pleadings, threats and bribery, tries to kill him to obtain the coveted chemical. Miriam intervenes and in a powerfully dramatic scene saves the situation and provides a strong climax.

A SERIES of comedies in which Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby are starred by Mark M. Dintenfass has been released on the Pathe program, and these latest efforts of this duo make one wonder all the more why they do not separate. They are woefully unsuited to each other from an artistic standpoint. Harry Myers is a top-notch interpreter of serious roles, and he is an experienced director, and we imagine he could show plenty of the essential attributes of a comedian if he were supported by a real comedienne, something Miss Theby is not by any method of reckoning. Candor must be accepted as the means to the end of bettering a condition, and therefore we are constrained to say Mr. Myers needs a new leading lady. Undoubtedly Miss Theby could find a more compatible field in Screenland and there is every indication of her ability running to character work instead of heroics or comics.

NO other woman could wear the clothes Valeska Suratt does and get away with it. She not only gets away with it, but she creates a sensation, sartorially speaking, in every William Fox photoplay in which she appears. Fine feathers make fine birds, but Miss Suratt goes it one better by making gorgeous and bizarre finery make people gasp. It is interesting to note a few statistics which enter into her latest starring vehicle, "The Slave," namely: she wears fifty-two different costumes; they cost \$4,700, and she can never wear any of them again. Oh, how she could make ye family man yell murder! Several of her dresses were trimmed with "live" lilies, and this run up a cut flower bill an even fifty dollars. Miss Suratt has as her own individual tendency to startle devotees to the photoplay with every conceivable extreme in attire, and the fact that she has made herself a great asset to box-offices is consistent with the love of volatile America for daring eccentricities.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA continues to prove his histrionic versatility in the field of swarthy-skinned characterizations. For the first time he plays the part of a Mexican in the Lasky photoplay, "The Jaguar's Claws," which is a series of so-called "punches." Explicitly, thrilling moments are crowded into this narrative, and not the least exciting is the spectacle of seeing one hundred hard-riding, straight-shooting American cowboys tearing into a Mexican town to rescue three of their fellow-countrymen. Hayakawa, previously seen as a Japanese, a Chinese, a Hawaiian, an East Indian and an American Indian, seems even more at home as a Mexican, El Jaguar by name, and a bandit by profession. In his portrayal of this character he gives an im-

pressive demonstration of the fact that his forte, so far as the Thespian art is concerned, is villainy. He shows his best artistry, his most dramatic expression as a "heavy." Still, we will not say that he suffers much by comparison to his work in heroic parts. Hayakawa is actually a first-class actor in all the term implies. It is always a treat to see him. "I don't like to play parts which require me to be mean, but it seems I can't dodge the issue," he says. "Fortunately, in 'The Jaguar's Claws' I get killed in time for the other people to be perfectly happy." But ere comes his make-believe demise, Hayakawa has projected his mastery of dramatic finesse to such a degree that one wants to see more of his "meanness" since it is all unreal anyway.

ONCE more (and happily) a photoplay producer has taken into consideration type. This time it is Viola Allen who

A Psalm of the Straw Hat

Suggested by the annual lateness of Spring

"Bawl me out in mournful numbers," says the Straw; "I am 'de trop.' Wet with rain the springtime slumbers, and I shrink with every drop!

"Do not grin, for I'm in earnest, and the ashcan's not my goal. Let me stay till spring returnest; I am light, but I've a soul.

"Down around the big, broad river they've been wearing me all year. If I were a summer flivver, they would shed me with a tear.

"Down around the big, broad river, where the meat and 'taters grow, where the prices make you shiver, for the winter—there I go.

"Lives of all past springs remind us, we can't make the weather rhyme with the styles we have behind us—styles are only meant for time.

"Let us then be up this morning with a head for the old hat. If a straw your bean's adorning, alienists ought to see to that."

fits a role to a perfect nicety. It is as Lakshma, an Indian princess, in "Lady Barnacle," a late Metro release, that this mistress of terpsichore and worthy immigrant to the film field surpasses all her previous efforts before the camera, and it is of the fact that she is the exact type for the role. Inevitably there must obtain a general rule that even stars shall answer the description designated by the creator of the story, and it is encouraging to find this splendid example of the tendency of the times in the case of "Lady Barnacle." The story unfolded in this play is one which warms the cockles of the American heart, because from the time that George Morling, a native of the domain of Uncle Sam, rescues the Indian princess from a lake into which she had hurled herself as a result of her despondency over being ordered by her father to marry an old man for whom she has no affection, there is an abundance of the "regular fellow" elements which enter into the American make-up. Lakshma falls in love with him, but he tries to elude her, whereupon she disguises herself as a boy and smuggles herself onto the ship on which he sails. Young

Morling is aghast when the self-styled slave is brought up from between the decks. He has always prided himself on his reputation and he is engaged to a straight-laced girl in Boston. However, he courageously decides to make the best of a difficult situation, and upon arriving home he tells his father his story, which is overheard by a stenographer. Believing herself right, the stenographer rushes to the Custom House and takes charge of the princess. Morling and his father are nonplused over the disappearance. Lakshma later dresses herself up American style and precipitates an exciting climax by breaking in on Morling while he is paying a call to his sweetheart, exclaiming, "I come; you not lose me yet." Morling's engagement ends there and then. More trouble follows the arrival of Lakshma's father. The girl runs away and hides. The father demands her presence of the helpless Morling. Just as it looks most critical for the young man the princess rushes to his rescue and the finish brings happiness to all. "Lady Barnacle" is a photo-drama which will be enjoyed by all who like to see right prevail.

ACCORDING to statistics compiled by the Mutual Film Corporation, the fabulous sum of five million dollars has been spent in nickels and dimes by photoplay fans to see Helen Holmes in her daring railroad features. "I can hardly believe it," Miss Holmes is "said to have said." There will be many people who will not believe it at all, but a judicious contemplation of the extent of the popularity of the movies will bring even the chary to the conviction that there is little exaggeration in these figures. It does not require nickels and dimes long to mount dizzy heights pecuniary when millions of people are spending them every day.

ENID BENNETT is just what her press agent, H. P. Keeler, claims she is—a charming bit of femininity, and she is destined to win her share of the love the amusement-loving public always has to lavish on favorites of the screen. In the Ince-Triangle feature, "The Girl, Glory," she takes long strides towards the goal which all photoplayers covet—she reaches the height of artistic triumph. As a simple village girl she figures in a story which revives the cherished memories of your own home town, if you hail from one sufficiently small to be unsophisticated. There is presented in a pathetic manner the one failing of Jed Wharton, a Civil War veteran, and the unselfish efforts of his granddaughter, Glory, to conquer the evil which had mastered him. Miss Bennett as Glory, offers a pleasing human characterization, which cannot help but retain the whole sympathy of all. By all means, let Miss Bennett play more of this variety of roles, and she will undoubtedly ascend the ladder of histrionic fame until the top-most rung is her permanent home. Moreover, let unstinted praise go to Ince-Triangle for giving the public a chance to see such a photoplay as this. It intensifies Americanism without waving the flag, and it brings us back from the delirium the gory times induces by reminding us there is still a lot of simple happiness open to those who will seek it with unerring perseverance.

(Continued on page 54)

EDITORIAL

Let the Watchword be Attention!

All hail the worthy ensign of humanity! Take heed of the clarion call of righteousness. The vortex of a storm has encompassed us and we must purge the earth of the elements which could always combine to disturb the tranquil of mankind. Met are they whose titanic efforts shall change the very life on this mundane sphere—legions, yea millions are suffering untold privations and daring death to set right that which a few mad despots would have all wrong: the condition under which we may exist. Foolhardy challengers of the principle of liberty—bigoted exponents of ruthlessness for unjust ambition's sake—the Hohenzollerns, the unswerving determination of a hundred e designate and deprecate—must and will know that the celebration a mighty nation never fails to make brilliant every Fourth of July means the Hapsburgs and others of their ilk we hermillion free souls to extend their happiness to every race and ken. An overwhelmingly preponderant majority of the sons of true civilization are allied in this fiercest struggle of history and to their all we must give our all for the everlasting benefit of us all.

ATTENTION! You are facing a condition which must never become a rear guard to the advanced outpost you occupy. Victory is imperative and the costs thereof cannot be counted. There is even no time for a passing qualm over the sombre grimness of a maelstrom so terrible that it defies description. Extraordinary demands are made on physique and mentality. Inspirations for distress are countless, but there must not be the slightest semblance of distress in any quarter nor can the traces of strain menace any well-being. Women are expected to show a fortitude approximating the bravery of the men and, true to incomparable Americanism, the gentler sex has not awaited the order, but, like their masculine protectors, they have started their activities voluntarily.

Laggards can no longer bask in the sunshine of useless contentment. A momentous task deserves and must get their attention. It is a burden which cannot be shifted. It must be shared equally by all.

Lovers of Utopian ideals must descend to earth and assist in readjusting the political and social system in a thoroughly practical way. A peace-at-any-price doctrine is now painfully futile. There must be peace—universal and permanent—but the price is going to be high, enormous, stupendous. Indeed, it may be any price awe-inspiring.

The alien who finds himself in the uncomfortable position of residing in an adopted country which seeks to vanquish his native land must persevere more than any one else to prove his fealty to the cause in which his own people are unmistakably wrong. He must comprehend and appreciate that the democracy obtaining so triumphantly in the domain of the Stars and Stripes shall have to predominate in some form throughout the world before an Elysian era can be realized. The alien who is true to the welfare of humanity—the people of every tongue and color—must show that he understands the unavoidable necessity of actually whipping his own race into recognizing the evil their rulers are attempting to perpetrate by might without the aid of right.

ATTENTION! Do not lull yourself into a lethargy with the belief that Fate will facilitate the task confronting us. Our enemy is not half defeated and the worst of it is, he really believes he is winning. Many a battle on far-flung fronts will be required to change his mind. Lives by the thousands—perhaps millions—and treasure by the billions will have to be sacrificed ere the dove of peace can be restored to the perch of security. Yield not one iota of energy to confidence. Be confident, but be wise simultaneously. Recognize as the one requisite to complete success the undying determination of the stalwart who struggle in the knowledge that posterity depends on this very generation for its sunshine or clouds.

In short, to every element entering into the prosecution of a victorious war against those who dare flout our national ideals, give ye, one and all, the most constant, the most active, the most loyally efficient patriotism! Our Fourth of July must remain the sacred day of our tradition and if we are to maintain it in all its wonted glory, we must give now, above all times, the principles it perpetuates valiant, unrelenting ATTENTION!

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Emma Jean Parker, who has a part in Viola Dana's production, "Aladdin's Other Lamp," is a screen beauty who a few months ago was a teacher of dramatic art, public speaking and physical culture in a high school. Miss Parker was born in Little Rock, Ark., and educated at Maddox Seminary there. Then she attended the Morse School of Dramatic Art in St. Louis. After being graduated she went to New York and was seen in several Broadway productions.

It makes no difference to Emmy Wehlen, Metro star, if it pours rain, sleets or snows, she must have her ten-mile walk every day. She is an athlete and when not at work in the studio spends most of her time in the open air. "If I want to keep in good physical condition, then I must walk at least ten miles a day," declared the dainty star. "When I am at the studio, I arise early, take a five-mile jaunt before breakfast and then after the evening meal I enjoy the other five miles."

Max Linder, the noted European comedian, has received a bulky document bearing the signatures of 22,000 persons who witnessed the first performance in Paris, France, of his initial Essanay comedy, "Max Comes Across." The signatures were obtained by the proprietor of the theatre, and represent a wholesale vote of congratulation from the French capital to Max on his work. Among them are the names of practically every prominent stage and screen star in Paris, as well as many military leaders among the Allied troops and officials of the French Government.

Julia Sanderson, the popular musical comedy star who has recently capitulated to the lure of the screen and signed a contract with Mutual, is the daughter of an American actor, Albert Sackett. Miss Sanderson made her stage debut in Philadelphia, playing child parts with the Forepaugh Stock Company. She finally landed in the chorus and from these ranks she leaped into stardom, becoming one of the nation's foremost singing and dancing artistes.

Elda Millar, who plays the name part in "Her Excellency the Governor," will be remembered as the leading woman for William Farnum in "A Battle of Hearts." That was Miss Millar's first appearance on the screen, and lack of confidence in her own work prompted her to use the name of Elda Furry. So dramatic was the work of the debutante and so well did she screen that Allan Dwan, director general of the Triangle Yonkers studios, persuaded her to join his forces, also to drop the name of Furry and use the name of Millar, which it must be admitted is more euphonious. Miss Millar is the type of beauty made famous by Charles Dana Gibson.

Ann Pennington is so proud of the Boy Scout uniform which she wears in the Famous Players-Paramount picture, "The Little Boy Scout," that she threatens to adopt male apparel as a permanent sartorial policy. She is even seriously contemplating the inauguration of a nation-wide movement for the abolition of skirts.

When Kathleen Clifford was doing male impersonations on the stage, and Julian Eltinge was carrying off the honors impersonating the female of the specie, it was said of them, epigrammatically, that the best-dressed man on the American stage was a woman, and the best-dressed woman on the American stage was a man. Miss Clifford maintains the same standard of excellence in dressing her part as the star of Balboa's great serial, "The Twisted Thread."

The Selig Polyscope Company claims possession of Filmland's youngest star in the person of Miss Amy Dennis, not yet 16 years of age. Miss Dennis was born in Wyoming Valley, Pa., and was educated in the Wyoming Seminary. She attended dramatic school in New York city and her first engagement was in stock in New York city. Her work was so good that she was given an engagement in the Bandbox Theatre, New York city. Later she appeared in support of Emmett Corrigan, Douglas Fairbanks and Julia Arthur. Miss Dennis likes Dickens and motor boating.

Emily Stevens comes of an old theatrical family. She is a niece of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, and a daughter of Robert E. Stevens and Emma Maddern, both of whom are prominent in the history of the American stage. Miss Stevens made her debut on the speaking stage with Mrs. Fiske, playing the part of a maid in "Becky Sharp," in Bridgeport, Conn., in 1900. She remained with Mrs. Fiske for eight years.

Madge Lawrence, who made her first screen appearance in William Fox's "The Slave," is a well-known opera singer. She has made many successful appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House.

Douglas Fairbanks has purchased a very attractive Californian home, located at the foot of a Los Angeles hill. Smiling "Doug" is adding a 60x100-foot swimming pool to his new house, where he hopes to teach his 7-year-old son the rudiments of keeping above water, and perhaps develop into a human submarine.

"DOUG" AND INDIAN IDA



Smiling Douglas Fairbanks and Indian Ida posed for this picture recently, while the Artercraft star visited Albuquerque en route to Los Angeles, where he is now engaged in the production of sunshine Artercraft plays

George Periolat—A Master of Make-Up

By DICK WILLIS



At the American studios in Santa Barbara there is a young man of twenty-eight who is conceded to be one of the greatest make-up artists that the screen has ever known. Of course you all know his name—George Periolat. The characters he portrays on the screen are not merely make-ups, they are living creations.

The ordinary actor who is forced to add age to his features in a picture thinks by adding a few lines around the eyes and mouth and applying whitening to the hair that the trick is accomplished. Of course the lines show very plainly on the screen, and the audience is not deceived in the least as to the correct age of the player. They realize it is an imitation, and therefore they can't really get into the player's characterization as that terrible make-up is always looming up before them.

With Periolat it is different. He is a wonder at the art of making up, and when any actor is in doubt at the American studios as to how much of this and how little of that should be applied to the features in order to attain a certain sought-for characteristic, they are sent up to dressing-room number thirty-four to see Periolat, and he straightens out their tangles in a jiffy.

Periolat has also devoted his entire stage career to the study of make-up, and has perfected himself in the art. To-day there are only a very few motion picture artists who can lay claim to being able to make up for any character and get by with it. George is one of these few. He goes about his work in the most peculiar manner I have ever seen. He is an expert at drawing, and when given a character to impersonate, he draws his impression of that character from some person he has seen in his travels who looks the part as he imagines it to be. Then he makes up to look like the character he has drawn

—not like George Periolat would look with a few whiskers, lines and mascaro.

He has traveled almost all around the world, and has seen most every type imaginable. For two years he served on an ocean liner which traded with China, Japan, Turkey, France, England, Germany, and several other nations. After he gave up life on the bounding waters, George decided to study law, and he did for several months. This gave him the opportunity of observing the many types that are brought before the attention of the court. Travel-

the art of changing one's appearance between shows and in spare time. He has often played as many as three characters in one play.

It is a most interesting sight to watch George after getting the story of the feature thoroughly in his head. He sits back in his easy chair in his spacious dressing-room, and, closing his eyes, thinks for quite some time. Suddenly he will come to life with a start and shout, "I have it." He will then proceed directly to his desk, and getting his sketching pad and pencil, start to work.

It doesn't take him long before he finishes a remarkably clever picture, and he will most likely say as he shows it to you, "Now this is my impression of the old skinflint in this story." If you don't know Periolat, you will be inclined to look at him with surprise, as much as to say, "Of course, that looks like a miserly old cuss, but not like you."

You can rest assured, however, you will see the character on the screen that you do on the sketching pad and George Periolat will play the part. He will study his drawing and outline his make-up accordingly. Just so much putty to shape the nose like that of the character, a little more, together with high lighting to raise the cheek bones, the proper shading on the cheeks to make them drawn and hollow-looking. No matter what the character looks like, George has the necessary equipment to make up like him.

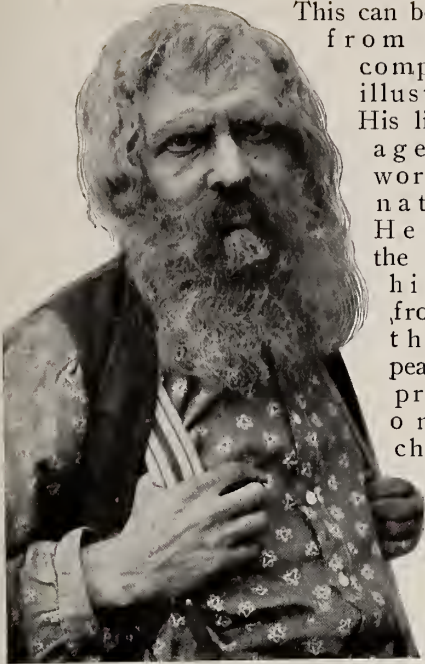
He makes all of his own wigs, which is quite an accomplishment in itself, when you consider the fact that a sixty-dollar wig does not look the least bit better than any of those he turns out.

He makes them so it is impossible to distinguish them from a natural head of hair on the screen. His crepe hair for whiskers is all worked out by him, and when applied looks as if it were really growing out of the skin, not merely stuck onto his face.



This is George Periolat, but you'd never think it

ing road shows furnished Periolat the rest of his training. He has given his entire time while in the theatrical business to perfecting make-ups. Even when he played juveniles (for George is a very good-looking fellow off the screen), he was studying



George as he can make himself seem

Periolat has been connected with the American Film Company for several years, and his present contract with that concern has another year to run. During his engagement with this concern he has contributed to the screen some very remarkable characterizations.

The only rival to George's make-up box is his wardrobe. He has most every conceivable piece of wearing apparel that ever invented and enjoys the largest dressing-room at the American studios for this very reason. He needs just twice the amount of room any other player needs on account of the room required for his wigs,

make-up boxes and wardrobe. Then there is the desk which George must have so he can do his drawing properly.

He has played lawyers of all kinds, from the sharp-featured skinflints to the lovable old reliable family advisory, old farmers, priests, ministers, western bad men, gypsies, corporation heads, Greeks, Irishmen, Hebrews, Indians, Arabs, Frenchmen, and every other nationality and character one can imagine. "Cleck of the Forty Faces," never had anything on George Periolat of the American. One look at the hundred of faces he has portrayed will make friend Cleck look like an amateur. If any character comes up at the studio that requires careful handling, the director will say:

"Let George do it."

And George does it.

All of which is remindful of the fact that the art of make-up has reached its present state of high development via the screen route, and not on the stage. Clever make-up never was so necessary in the old days, and like in all other cases necessity was the mother of invention. The lighting of stages even in this day is not nearly so brilliant as the lighting indispensable to filming a picture, and light acts as a magnifier which must be reckoned with most earnestly when one's face is to come within range of a moving picture camera. Many a good stage make-up would look ridiculously crude in a photoplay. The entire treatment of facial change must be highly perfect or else the movie artist loses the advantage of "looking the part." The actor or actress of the film must adapt his or her face to an appearance foreign to its natural contour, and yet it must be so adeptly done that the audience cannot see the manufactured lines. The performer on the stage need not worry

so excessively on this score because he is not exposed to so much tell-tale light.

"Before motion pictures came into existence, make-up was a quite secondary consideration in most any characterization, but nowadays many a hit is made entirely by make-up artistry," declares Mr. Periolat. "Indeed, the photoplay art has had little else but highly beneficial effects from its inception, and it has been the best school for Thespians ever founded."



George as he is in private life

A SON O' THE STARS

By DELIGHT EVANS

Jack Warren Kerrigan must have been born under a lucky star. In twenty-seven years he has become one of the play world's twelve most popular men, and one of the supreme matinee idols of the movies. He's Irish, and he isn't married. If Kerrigan isn't lucky, then there's absolutely nothing in luck.

He is said to receive at least one-hundred letters each day from various admirers—mostly girls, occasionally boys. Moreover, he answers them. And he finds time to prove that he's a very good actor—his matinee-idol record notwithstanding. Verily, the stars smiled when Kerrigan made his first entrance, and they have been smiling ever since.

When J. Warren told me that sometimes "all this hero-worship stuff" bores him awfully, and that he dislikes nothing so much as the feeling that he is "on exhibition," I stared at him. I couldn't help it. Fancy a matinee-idol whose idolators bore him! But when Kerrigan tells you with his Irish smile punctuating his words, that it's so, you believe it.

"And those letters you receive—are they all of the 'mash note' variety?"

"No, not all of them. Some are frankly silly; others intelligently appreciative. And I've had some, from ministers and mothers that more than make up for all the rest."

"I like sincerity," he continued earnestly. "And I like serious-minded people—perhaps because they are so hard to find. And I meet so many of the other kind! On this speech-making tour of mine, I've had perfect strangers call me 'Jack,' and some of them insist they went to school with me, or know my family. Why, one man grasped my hand and told me he was sure I remembered him—used to go to school with me in Louisville. 'And you're just my age—47,' he

added. I said he must be confusing me with one of my older brothers—perhaps Ed or Harry. I reminded him that I happened to be the youngest son, being just 27. But he wouldn't listen. He thought I was lying out of it, and told me so. You see, I don't like to argue with 'em!" Kerrigan laughed at the recollection; then added: "But don't think I'm unappreciative. I've enjoyed meeting all my friends, and it has been a pleasant experience. It is hard on a fellow, though." He just couldn't help being truthful. He reminded me of the small boy who wanted to tell a 'whopper,' but couldn't.

"Please tell me—are you 'Jack' or 'Warren' Kerrigan?" "Jack" in "The Road to Yesterday," on the 'legit,' the boys began to call me 'Jack' and the name has stuck to me ever since. It's my lucky name."

And then we discussed the relative advantages of stage and screen. Mr. Kerrigan, like most actors who have tried both, loves the stage, but thinks the photoplay offers wider opportunities.

"Do you believe the picture-field to be overcrowded?" I asked.

"Indeed, yes. There are hundreds on every waiting-list. But the boys and girls won't believe it. They come to me and I give them what advice I can. I try to impress upon them the fact that there are talented and experienced people who can't 'get in.' They must see for themselves, however, and they do if they are in earnest. But many of them seem to go into it 'for fun.' If they were serious, they would go farther. Now, to prove that statement, take the case of Lois Wilson, who won a beauty contest and came to Universal City. She played very small parts at first, but she worked hard, and studied, and soon she was my leading woman.

She's succeeded, because she is a wonderful little girl, and deserves it."

Speaking of the mistaken impressions which some "fans" seem to entertain, Mr. Kerrigan told me that, contrary to general opinion, a photoplayer must work *harder* than men in other professions, and has very little time to himself.

"We must be able to do almost everything, and do it well. And the harder we work the more they demand of us. Personally I refuse to work after six o'clock or on Sundays. I want some time to myself! You have no idea how little privacy I have," he declared. "People think I don't give them enough for ten cents, I guess—for they demand more than my efforts on the screen. They confront me at every turn. I don't even answer my telephone out in Los. Mother became nearly distracted because she thought it her duty to answer every call, until I entered an assumed name in the directory."

"So all that is not merely 'press stuff'?"

"I should say not," emphatically, "and I'm not proud of it, but it's true, and there's no getting around it."

My next question was neither original nor particularly brilliant. "Your hobby?"

"Why, mother's my only hobby," he returned. "She's the finest mother in the world; I call her my angel."

The thought may not be pleasing to some of Mr. Kerrigan's admirers, but I can tell them for a certainty that the little mother out in California occupies all of their idol's thoughts, and that he is happiest when he is with her. And his favorite role is not that of matinee idol. He much prefers to be simply the son of Sarah McLean Kerrigan. He's a Broth uv a Boy. . . . Good 'cess to him!

STAR TO DISCARD REAL NAME AND \$25 WILL BE GIVEN FOR A NEW REEL ONE

It's a Contest, Photoplay Fans, and You All Have a Chance to Win. Read and Get Busy

By GEORGE T. PARDY

Arline Pretty is in a quandary, and THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL is going to get her out of it with the aid of the photoplay fans. Miss Pretty's real name is Arline Pretty, and she has a legal right to it, but no one believes it is real, so she has decided to change it. She has therefore authorized THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL to ask the photoplay fans to suggest new names, and the one she selects will bring the originator \$25 in cash, which will be paid by this magazine. This contest is open now, and will continue until noon, August 1, 1917 up to which time any and all entries will be received and considered. Get busy, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Photoplay Fan and send in your idea of a good name for a moving picture actress. Your suggestions might bring you twenty-five good American dollars.

But, first of all, read the following story, which, in a diverting way, proves how annoying a seemingly wrong name can be.—EDITOR.



"WHY," asked the stout journalist, "do so many of your people—the women folks especially—select such perfectly inane names under which to make their screen appearances?"

"Of course, I know the old stage tradition that no actress ever thinks of performing under her regular cognomen, and I suppose the silent drama sisters follow the trail blazed by the 'legitimate' artists, but it seems to me the screen beauties rather overdo the thing.

"I could mention off-hand a score of absurd monikers, evidently coined with a view to escaping the troubles of that celebrated young lady of whom the old ballad informed us—'On the stage she is Madame La Shorty, but her right name is Biddy McCarthy!' But it would be waste of breath, as you know them better than I do."

"Well," said the motion-picture director, as he applied a fresh light to his cigar, "I am free to confess that your point is not badly taken. Among the legion seekers for studio jobs it is surprising to hear the names adopted by the strivers after film honors. Most of them seem to imagine that the choice of a fetching title is more than half the battle, and whether it is appropriate or not is the last thing they think of. Yet the director has to make sure that the name of a member of the cast, male or feminine, real or assumed, must not conflict too strongly with the role assigned the person, even if it be but a minor one.

"For instance, out on the coast last year there was a big, handsome girl who had been working as an extra. She possessed a really fine Junoesque type of figure, and one day I decided to

give her a small part in a new script I was just starting. It was a western piece, and I intended her to save the heroine by pulling the latter back from a dangerous position on the verge of a precipice, a part for which the athletic extra seemed peculiarly well fitted.

"But her name had to go in the cast, and when I discovered that she was rejoicing in what, I supposed to be the non-de-plume, of Daisy Littleone, I told her she ought to have had better sense, with her physical proportions than to pick out such a designation, and that she must use either her real name or one that filled the bill suitably. So I labelled her Jane Strong and let it go at that."

"Jane Strong!" snorted the journalist. "There you go. Why in creation is it necessary to choose such painfully obvious

names? Couldn't you have found something neutral? Is it any wonder that the feminine screen actresses make a mess of selecting cast names, when the directors themselves are equally at fault?"

"Just a moment," interposed the director. "Don't think you have proved your case, because I admitted that beginners occasionally err in that respect. The stars, for the most part, choose and keep sensible screen names, and not uncommonly preserve those bestowed upon them when they made their debut in this world."

The journalist grunted contemptuously. "As I came down the street," he remarked with a fine air of irony, "my eye was attracted by a poster advertising Douglas Fairbanks in a new picture. It also played up the name of his leading lady, which happens to be an elegant illustration of the truth of my complaint concerning the banal selections made in that direction by our well-meaning but misguided specimens of female film loveliness. That name is 'Arline Pretty.'

"Think of it, turn it over in your mind, and ask yourself if you have ever heard of or came in contact with such an example of personal egotism? Arline Pretty! Can you beat it? Can you even tie with it? Isn't such an utter lack of the eternal fitness of things enough to shock the sensibilities of a hyena? Admitted that the lady in question is possessed of a more than average share of pulchritude, isn't it a deplorable exhibition of poor taste and shallow-minded, crude judgment to call attention to her personal appearance in such blatant fashion?"

"If you've quite done raving," rejoined the director, as his portly companion paused for breath, "perhaps I can furnish a first-aid cure for your indignation spasms. Would it jar your complacent, critical soul any to be informed that the young lady you have just been villifying has a legal right to be called Arline Pretty, that such has been her name from babyhood, and her physical charms, which you admit, without knowing anything about, just for argument's sake, as you so graciously put it, happen to coincide with the meaning conveyed by her baptismal epithet."

The stout man smote the table with his fist and the glasses jangled. "I suppose," he said bitterly, "you think you've scored quite a triumph, hey? I suppose you have me sized up as a fat ignoramus with a prejudice



Arline Pretty all ready for a lively canter

against the screen and its people, and rejoice because you caught me tripping? But how do I know you have? What proof have I that you aren't spoofing me? Why should I rely on your assertions anyway, knowing you as I do?"

The director smiled pityingly. "You are going to be convinced in spite of yourself," he said calmly. "Do you know what fate has in store for you? You are going to visit Miss Pretty in my company. You are going to hear her talk—and she can talk, I tell you—"

"They all can," groaned the journalist.

"Don't interrupt. I mean she can talk on subjects worth while. Shallow-minded, hey? Before I've done with you, I'll have you confessing that Arline Pretty is worth traveling from here to the North Pole and back to meet. Try her on literature, art, anything that your self-conscious, aesthetic soul pines for, and then crawl humbly to me with an apology."

The journalist eyed him sullenly. "Oh, very good," he said. "I'll go with you, and if what you say turns out to be true, the apology will be forthcoming. If not I shall beat you to death with my newly manicured hands."

And thus it was that under escort of his directorial friend, the chubbily-proportioned journalist sought Miss Pretty's presence the following afternoon. From the first he was uncomfortably unconscious that his friend the director was exulting over his discomforture and vowed inwardly never again to pass snap judgments on the strength of names which didn't appeal to him favorably. This slender, self-possessed, clear-eyed girl, with her almost uncanny powers of intuition, he felt must surely know that he had been fool enough to doubt her right to the family name, even if that directorial traitor hadn't already told her. For she was now discoursing on that very subject, perhaps as a hint to him that he had been an uncivil boor.

"Do you know," she was saying, "that there are few things so embarrassing as to start life handicapped by a name carrying a too significant meaning. At school my playmates found a never-ceasing source of inspiration for their wit in the sugges-

tion of prettiness, which they were careful to impress upon me did not exist as stated. Children are not given to paying compliments if there is a chance to do the opposite. And later in life I suffered from a contrary trouble when exposed to the mercies of that feeble type of male person who delights in the bestowal of inane tributes founded on a punning basis. I much preferred the joyous insults of childhood, honestly conceived and frankly delivered. Is it any wonder that I have grown to consider the complimentary punster as being several grades below the social status of a gangster? And as if all that wasn't bad enough, I was destined upon my entrance into public life

to find that nine out of ten people believed as a matter of course that I was deliberately posing under a name calculated to call attention to by alleged personal attractions."

The director smiled maliciously at his friend, who glared back at him viciously, and murmured something unintelligible in reply.

"I shall never forget how this hoodoo manifested itself," continued Miss Pretty, "when I obtained my first theatrical engagement. The manager who hired me was frankly incredulous at first as to the authen-

into the films with their wider popular appeal to the masses, less credence than ever has been placed in my claim to the paternal name.

"That is why I have determined to abandon 'Arline Pretty' and assume for screen purposes a name that will materially aid in cutting down my correspondence with a host of well-meaning picture fans who send countless letters asking me to reveal my true identity. I shall not endeavor to bear all the burden of selection myself. I am going to throw myself upon the mercy of the motion picture public and ask the 'fans' to help me pick out a substitute for my family designation.

"Anything with a sound American twang will suit, so long as it isn't too expressive. Indian names only are barred. In literature of the Western plains I have read of such trenchant titles as 'Young-Man-Afraid-Of-His-Horses,' 'Sitting Bull,' 'Rain-In-The-Face,' 'Johnny-Jump-When-Cougar-Comes,' in the male line, while 'Laughing-Water,' 'Sunshine-Gleams,' 'Bright-Eyes-Babe,' and others of that ilk characterize the squaws. Nothing of that kind will do; it would be a leap out of the Pretty frying pan into the Redskin fire."

"Do you find that your stage experience is of value to you in picture work, Miss Pretty?" inquired the journalist, who was beginning to recover his poise and feel more like a regulation interviewer.

"Of great value indeed," responded the star. "I spent over two years playing in stock with the Columbia Players of Washington, D. C., my native city, and during that time I appeared in a large number of varied roles. The stage education thus obtained gave me plenty of confidence in my ability to undertake any sort of part that presented itself. Naturally I preferred ingenué roles, but whenever I was cast for a slavey, society belle, or character calling for emotional portrayal I welcomed the change for the sake of the experience I gained and usually succeeded in pleasing the critics.

"I know that there are many successful screen stars who began their careers as public entertainers before the camera, but I certainly believe that even a little stage schooling is a tremendous aid to the early development of

film artists. And yet, screen history proves that the successful 'legitimate' actor or actress, does not always fit in with the camera's peculiar needs. The atmosphere is entirely different from that of the footlights, and apart from the fact that a brilliant stage performer may not be a success as a pictorial type for purely physical reasons, it often happens that he or she may fail in the silent drama through sheer inability to cope with the changed conditions.

"It is about four years since I made my film debut, in a production entitled 'The

(Continued on page 49)



A last view of Miss Pretty before her daily beauty sleep

ticity of my name, and while uttering the old hated compliment regarding its fitness and so on, hinted that it might perhaps be as well to choose a less boasting substitute. But this I refused outright to do. The name was my legal property, and I resolved to brazen it out be the consequences what they might. Of course, the members of the company who shared the manager's doubts were in a strong majority, as I fully expected, but in time they all came to believe the Pretty family really existed and that I was entitled to be listed as one of its representatives. However, the public opinion in regard to the matter never altered throughout my theatrical career, and since my entry

THE FALSE FRIEND

By MARJORIE WRIGHT

Fictionized from the Photoplay of Florence Bolles, Produced by Peerless and Released Through the World Film Corporation



If human beings would only use better judgment in the selection of their friends, what an improvement there would be in the happiness of the world in general! William Ramsdell, a sterling young man, who worked his way through college, could testify to the wisdom of relegating the habit of considering caste above character. His unusual experiences in life are convincing of the futility of essaying to reform the average pampered son of a wealthy man. He cultivated the friendship of DeWitt Clinton, a weak-willed, irresponsible scion, and it was inevitable that he was to reap as he sowed.

Fortunately, however, for Ramsdell, Virginia Farrell entered his life early to serve as a veritable oasis in the dark, dreary desert to which Fate was to lead him through his earnest desire to be a good friend in need. He met this fair young daughter of Judge Farrell at the annual football game, and there was a mutual sympathy easily discernible from the beginning.

For the holidays, Clinton returned to his father, who, though surfeited with opulence, was a lonely man in a tragically empty house. The old gentleman felt lonelier than ever when he learned of his son's infatuation for Marietta, a widely known cabaret dancer.

"My son, I shall be compelled to disown you if you persist in your determination to marry that woman," he told the gilded youth.

"Aw dad, what's the matter with you," the latter grumbled.

"There is nothing the matter with me; it is all with you," the father replied. "You will have to choose here and now between my will and the dancer."

The young man was forced to ponder as much as he detested using his mind for seri-



Virginia wanted to avoid her husband

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

WILLIAM RAMSDELL, *Robert Warwick.*
 VIRGINIA FARRELL, *Gail Kane.*
 ROBERT FARRELL, *Jack Drumier.*
 DE WITT CLINTON, *Earl Schenck.*
 J. CARLETON CLINTON, *E. J. Rollow.*
 BYRON, *Louis Edgard.*
 MARIETTA, *Pinna Nesbit.*

ous thought. His father's unyielding attitude was too unmistakable for even him to ignore, and, being adverse to relinquishing money and the life of ease to which he had been accustomed, he decided to break off his relations with Marietta.

"All right, dad, I'll tell her it's all off at once," he finally agreed.

As might be expected Clinton found it was not easy to rid himself of Marietta. When he personally delivered his farewell to her she coolly exhibited a packet of letters.

"In these you have mentioned marriage, and my price for the return of this undeniable evidence of your duplicity is marriage," she exclaimed with some vehemence.

"I should worry about that," Clinton replied, and then walked away from her.

However, it was not long afterward that he began worrying about those letters. It dawned on him that he had a breach of promise suit hanging over his head, and he possessed sense enough to know that his father's wealth would be ample incentive to any adventuress holding the bludgeon Marietta did.

By nightfall the young man became quite morose as a result of his growing apprehensions over what might develop from his indiscreet letters of the past. Alone in his father's library he struggled with a confused mind to evolve some plan whereby he could save the situation for himself, but 'twas all in vain. Then something out of the ordinary happened. Byron, a man driven to crime by a poverty which threatened to culminate in the death by starvation of his wife, broke into the house. The noise he made in this illicit entrance attracted the attention of Clinton, who experienced little difficulty in capturing the intruder.

"Please have mercy on me, pal," Byron pleaded. "My wife is starving. I must have food for her."

"All right; I'll see that you get all the food you want if you will help me in return," Clinton proposed.

"I'll do anything you say, boss, anything—"

"All you've got to do is to get a bunch of letters out of the desk of the address I'll give you and I'll give you one hundred dollars in cold cash."

"You're on," Byron announced eagerly.

Two hours later Byron had succeeded in breaking into Marietta's apartments and had gained possession of the coveted letters.

As he was about to leave the room the dancer appeared on the scene.

"Halt," she cried as she leveled a revolver on the thief.

Everything was at stake for Bryon. He was desperate. He must get away with those letters and claim the reward he had been offered. Therefore he took a wild chance and pounced upon the woman. A struggle followed and Marietta was shot, whereupon the man escaped and eluded a dozen policemen in making his way to the waiting Clinton to whom he delivered the letters, and from whom he received his hundred dollars, but it was a relief that came too late, for upon reaching the lowly tenement home Byron found his wife dead.

As a result of the fact that her revolver, bearing her initials, was found near her body, the police decided forthwith that Marietta had committed suicide, and thus the entire case rested for the time being.

Several years later William Ramsdell, then a promising New York lawyer, delivered in court a brilliant speech which so impressed Ex-judge Farrell, Virginia's father, that he took the young man into his law firm as a junior partner. By this time it had developed that Mrs. Farrell regarded DeWitt Clinton as an eligible man for Virginia, but the girl preferred Ramsdell, and was supported in this by her father.

Upon the occasion of one of his frequent visits at the Farrell home, Clinton recognized the butler to be none other than Byron, whom he had forced to commit a theft and a murder. The man implored Clinton to not betray him.

"I have led an honest life since that awful night," he asserted earnestly.

Believing that he might need Byron, the designing young man agreed to keep his knowledge secret.

Ramsdell and Clinton were not long in becoming open rivals for Virginia's hand. Ramsdell was trying to win by honorable courting, while Clinton was stooping to in-



She could not believe his stout denial



She did not act or look as if she were happy

defensible tactics. Once he even insinuated that ugly stories had been circulated about Ramsdell at college.

At a week-end party in the Farrell home, Clinton pressed into service the power he held over Byron by forcing him to drug Ramsdell's tea, and after the victim had gone to his bed to sleep off the effects of the potion, Byron injected cocaine into his arm and placed the hypodermic needle under his pillow. Then locking the door from the inside Byron left the room through a window.

When Ramsdell failed to appear downstairs the next morning, his room was broken into. Farrell found the hypodermic needle and noted the small puncture in the young man's forearm. Aroused, Ramsdell thought a practical joke had been played on him, and he was horror-stricken when he discovered he could not convince his friends that he was not addicted to the drug habit. Unobserved, Virginia had entered the room and had heard everything. The last blow to Ramsdell came when she too, though deeply in love with him, could not believe his stout denial. The upshot of it all was that the maligned Ramsdell went madly out of her home and life.

Broken in spirit, with the last ray of faith gone, Ramsdell soon found the vacillating public favor mysteriously turned against him. When he read in a newspaper the announcement of Virginia's engagement to Clinton, this poor victim of a false friend took to drink and from that time on he went downhill rapidly. Later a sudden hope and determination caused him to rush blindly out of a saloon where he had gone for liquor. He hurried to a railroad junction, where he entered a freight car and two days later, exhausted but determined, he stumbled into a mountain lumber camp.

Very indifferently Virginia took up the broken threads of her life again, and, urged by her mother, married Clinton. Upon returning from their honeymoon, the latter noticed that his bride avoided him on every occasion. He did not succeed very well in restraining his chagrin over this, and dark clouds began to appear on his domestic horizon without delay.

Eager to work and redeem himself, Ramsdell won the friendship of every man in the lumber camp which served as his refuge, and he was in due time made general manager. Nearby Clinton and Virginia were spending the summer at their mountain lodge. While tramping through the woods one day, Virginia was overtaken by a severe electrical storm. Frightened she sought shelter at the first cabin she saw. As the door was opened for her, she stumbled in, wet and bedraggled, to find herself face to face with Ramsdell. The mutual recognition was dramatic in the extreme.

"Virginia, my darling, tell me first of all you did not mean to be a party to my ruination," the surprised man exclaimed emotionally.

"I—I—don't know what to say—I—"

"But, why didn't you investigate for yourself," he persisted. "An investigation would have proven I was the victim of some terrible plot and—"

"But we should not talk of that now, for I—I—I am married and—"

"I know you are, and I pray you are happier than I am and—"

Ramsdell broke off his sentence there. Virginia's manner and the expression on her comely face impressed him so strangely that he was speechless. She did not look or act as though she were very happy. However, Ramsdell's every effort, adroit or bold, failed to lead her into saying anything enlightening. She was elusive and nervous. She seemed to fear the earnest, sincere, young man who faced her, and yet she seemed inclined to mother him. However, she never forgave him, nor did she give him more than scant hope, and when the storm had subsided and she departed for her lodge, wearing his coat to protect her from the lingering elements, he felt both disconsolate and cheerful.

Upon arriving at her lodge she was met by Clinton, who questioned her closely about the coat she wore.

"Oh it was only loaned to me by one of the lumbermen," she fibbed.

Clinton's suspicions were aroused, and he had Byron, now his confidential servant, to follow Virginia when she returned the coat

to Ramsdell. Overwhelmed by their love for each other, Ramsdell and Virginia embraced tenderly the moment they met this second time. Byron saw all through a window, and he hastened back to Clinton, to whom he reported faithfully.

When Virginia returned to her lodge, Clinton denounced her bitterly, almost killing her in his blind rage. Frightened into the belief that dire things were impending, Byron rushed to Ramsdell's cabin and confessed to him the part he had played in his downfall.

"Clinton had it on me, and forced me to do that dirty work on you," he added.

"But why did Clinton want to do me so much harm at that time for?" Ramsdell asked.

"He was jealous of you on account of the girl who is now his wife."

The very next instant Ramsdell determined upon having revenge. He rushed straightway to Clinton, bursting into his lodge without the slightest ceremony, revolver in hand.

"Now, you low fiend, you are going to pay for your villainy," Ramsdell shouted as he brandished his revolver.

Clinton instantly became a cowering weakling, pleading for his life. Overcome by a feeling of disgust for this sniveling wretch, Ramsdell was about to leave to suffer him to live, but as soon as his back was turned, Clinton pounced on him. A terrible combat followed. Everything in the room was wrecked. Just as Clinton was about to hit Ramsdell on the head with a heavy wall bracket, a shot was fired, and Clinton fell dead.

Virginia, who had been outside the lodge, heard the shot and hurried in to find Ramsdell bending over her husband's body. Two lumbermen, having heard the shot, rushed into the room, but finding none of the chambers of Ramsdell's revolver empty, he was not apprehended. Virginia, remembering Byron's hatred for Clinton, hinted that he might be the murderer. Rushing out of the lodge the lumbermen discovered Byron running wildly through the woods, and a moment later they saw him hurl himself over a cliff. When they came up to him they found him dead at the bottom of the cliff.

Virginia and Ramsdell, with all obstacles and misunderstandings cleared away, faced their new life with hope and a vast deal of love. Ramsdell often found himself wondering why he ever befriended Clinton at college, but he was convinced that the Almighty Power was just in making this same Clinton also a victim of a false friend, the poor, misguided Byron.

A CELLULOID BEAUTY

(TO PAULINE FREDERICK)

✕

*She stood before em in her filmy gown,
A thing of beauty, compliments aside,
Whilst I, self-pictured as a love-sick
clown,
For her would willingly have almost
died.*

*I saw her pleading at the villain's knee,
I sprang to her assistance, overjoyed;
Curses! she never turned her head, for
she,*

Alas! was just a reel of celluloid!

ST. GEORGE BEST.

MAKE NO GOAT OF YOUR THROAT

JACK GARDNER, Essanay's star now being filmed in Western dramas, declares his idea of the worst thing on earth is to sit in a barber's chair with his razor at your throat, and see the porter trying to give your new hat to another customer. Mr. Gardner lost a hat under those trying circumstances.

Moral: Let hats be lost as they will, but beware of cut throats, either your own or the kind that runs at large.

MARIE CAHILL, the "laughter lady," who is starring in Mutual comedies, wears a number five glove and a two and a half shoe.

Pardon us for completing the "measurements"—her smile is eighteen karat and a yard wide.

JACKIE SAUNDERS' insatiable fondness for honey has led her to turn bee-fancier, and she has her backyard full of the buzzers.

Here's hoping she will keep those blooming bees out of her bonnet. Also, may she never be stung.

ACCORDING to Terry Ramsaye, the Mutual publicity promoter, William Russell is an expert knitter.

Question: Is Terry trying to sew up some extra publicity, or are we to put the "nit" in knitter in Bill's case?

"GAMBLERS in vulgar motion pictures should be driven out of business," declares Samuel Goldfish, president of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation.

Mr. Goldfish has splashed out something that should develop a wave which will sweep the promoters of vulgarity from the photoplay map. Bon voyage!

"FATTY" ARBUCKLE has a bulldog named Luke, and Luke devotes most of his time to chasing other fighting gentlemen of his species.

Literally Luke keeps the dog traffic moving without "a rest."

IT is now revealed that Douglas Fairbanks is an expert marksman.

And, say boy, he has sure hit the bright mark of public favor.

AN aspirant to Thespian honors recently applied at the World Film Studio for a position, specifying that he wanted a strong part. He was rejected.

But why didn't they give him a chance?—playing the part of a horse's hind leg or something equally as strong.

SCREEN STORIES WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY BY JACK WINN

WHERE COOLNESS SHOULD BE

ORA CAREW, the Keystone star, has it in for one particular writer. He asked her for some news, and she told him she really had nothing

to tell. "I am going down town to my dressmaker's to try on a lovely new evening gown, and she has designed and made me a stunning new bathing suit, but that won't interest you." The brute wrote this: "We hope to see more of Miss Ora Carew this season." Hence the coolness.

Well, there should be some coolness in a bathing suit.

THIS is concerning Harry Ham: 'And-some 'arry 'am 'as 'ad 'alf ha 'undred hepistles, hacknowledging 'is hautographed hand hintialed hautotypes hand 'inting 'ow 'is 'istronic habilities 'ave 'ad happreciation. Haurevoir.

Now we know why we could never understand an English beef stew.

"THE Duchess of Doubt" is a late Metro release.

The originator of this title surely comprehends the species feminine, verily the personification of doubt.

THEDA BARA thinks Billy Sunday is a remarkable man.

But then Billy probably thinks as much himself.

ORA CAREW, the little Keystone star, recently wrote a drama, which she submitted to her director, who at once proclaimed it a bully comedy.

Now the question arises: Was it a drama Ora comedy?

HAROLD LLOYD, who plays "Luke" in the Pathe comedies of that name, is the owner of a "Zoo," consisting of one cat, two scrappy dogs, and a gamecock.

Zoologically speaking, this is not a "Zoo"—it's only the ordinary backyard.

SHRAPNEL fire has no terror for Ann Ivers, who supports Charles Conklin in Fox-film comedies. She says: "After what I've gone through in pictures, the old Jinx would have to go some to frighten me."

Now say "movie" realism isn't a brave business.

DORIS PAWN, who plays opposite George Walsh in "The Book Agent," spends her evenings watching motion picture shows.

She is one of the few Pawns that never dallies on a chess-board.

BORN in Italy, now an American citizen with a French face and an Irish name, Danny Hogan, head property man of the Metro-Rolfe studios, insists that all his component parts are in complete sympathy, and he is friendly to the allies.

The wonder is that he's not suffering from international indigestion.

VIOLA DANA has purchased a large quantity of New Hampshire maple sugar to send to the soldiers in the trenches.

This is sweet of her indeed.

MANY motion picture actresses are doing their bit towards helping prepare for war by taking lessons in nursing.

But it is to be sincerely hoped they never learn how to nurse a grouch.

ANN PENNINGTON, who has returned to Screenland as star of "The Little Boy Scout," is a lightweight champion in the art of boxing.

Jess Willard, please copy and worry.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON lives in Chicago, but she does her shopping in New York.

Apparently the Windy City is short of "fine feathers" or else it's all wind.

"VERY few people realize," says William S. Hart, "the area necessary to graze one head of beef per year. Twelve thousand acres of good grazing ground is necessary to sustain fifteen hundred head of cattle throughout the year. Or, in other words, it takes eight acres per head."

Therefore, the poor guy with only four acres of land could hope to successfully raise only one-half of a cow.

LAMAR JOHNSTONE recently visited a California town named Porterville, where he tried to get some porter and a little liquor, but couldn't, because the whole burg is "dry."

Whenever there comes a day when there's anything whatever in a name, beer will be on the free list, and no one would have the nerve to even give away porter.

HANK MANN is now ten dollars poorer than he was last month. Cause: speeding.

Well, anything that's rapid goes fast. Money is fleet!

The Fable of an Art On the Table --- and Off

By PHILIP FRANCIS NOWLAN



HE Sun had sunk in Ruddy Splendor beyond the walls of Badgag, and the Muezzins were muezzining from the House-tops, when the Great Kalif, Hurry Aroun' Al Roughshod, turned his cup up to Drain the last drop of Coffee and turned with a Sigh of Contentment to the Bubble-Bubble pipe which a Nubian slave brought in on a Silver Salver and placed with due Obsequiosity at the Feet of his August Master.

"Bull!" snapped the Kalif, and the Bandy-legged Black One scurried off to Buy a Bay, with much haggling, in the market place.

The Kalif glanced but Casually at the Dancing Girls who had tripped out and were about to begin their Sinuous Steps. Then he Waved them aside. He was in no Mood for Amusement. There were Serious Thoughts burning in his Dome, and he had Resolved that as soon as his evening meal had Settled a little lower Beneath his Belt, that he would Sally Forth in search of Information regarding the Welfare of his people, for it was the Custom of this Great Ruler to travel about among the Populace of the great city over which he Held Sway, and, preserving both his Incognito and his Dignity, to Mix in with them on a Friendly Basis, and to get, As It Were, local color with which to Dazzle them with his brilliancy when sitting in Public Judgment and the Like over evil doers.

The Kalif Clapped his Hands and another slave Salammed.

"Go fetch the Grand Vizier," quoth the Kalif. And This One was brought to his Side.

"Oh, Musty-Phah," said the Kalif, "It pleases me to Go Forth in search of adventure tonight. Where shall we go?"

"But, oh Most Exalted Son of Mohammed," demurred the Grand Viz, "in sooth I have an Engagement with a Fair Dame for the evening, and I fear she will Miscontrue my failure to appear, for she is of a Very Jealous Disposition, and doth profess to be in Great Fear that I have deserted her for the famous Nanfuri whenever I am Elsewhere than at her side."

"Enough," growled the Kalif with a Frown, "thou wilt accompany me this night, and on the Morrow thou may'st have it out with thy Lady Fair."

The Grand Viz trembled at the Frown, but regained his Sang Froid to a certain extent when the Bandy Legged Slave returned with the Bull, and the Kalif drew a deep and delicious Inhalation from the bubble-bubble.

"I would suggest, then, Oh King of the World and Mouth of the Prophet, that we Attend some Strictly Stag Function, for what sayeth the poet:

"Stagnation is much Preferable to the Wrath of Woman,
For every Rose hath its Thorns, and it is Proper that
The greatest Sweets should be the Stickiest."

"And what dost thou Suggest?" queried the Kalif.

"Let us visit one whom I know on the Outskirts of the city, one who is a Famous Magician, and hath all the latest Stunts

at his command," Replied the Grand Viz.

And it came to Pass that two hours later there Waddled down the narrow streets of the Eastern Section of the city two figures, one of whom was Fat, which was the Kalif, disguised as a Merchant, and the other tall and Skinny, which was the Grand Viz., who was Occupied in giving a Correct Imitation of his servant. And it happened that they Stopped before a House of Modesty and yet withal, Respectability, and that they did Knock Loudly on the door thereof, crying: "Open, open, in the name of Allah, for we seek Shelter for the Night."

The door was opened to them, and they Beheld the portly figure of one who has Grown Vigorous in mind if Soggy Physically, and this one said:

"Wherefor knock ye at the Door of El Play Photo?"

"Tell him, oh Musty-Phah," said the Kalif.

"Aw g'wan, you tell him," retorted the Grand Viz, whereupon the Kalif cleared his throat and inventing his story as he Went Along, spoke as follows:

"I am an humble Maker of Fillum, though I know there is an air of importance about

naught but the charms of Sane Plot, Logical Story, Reasonable Climaxes and the proverbial Punch. Through many lands we have wandered and our search has been in vain, yet hope has not died Within Our Breasts for the poet says:

"An Io-Snare on the Screen is worth two on the shelf,

"And Perfection is a jewel beyond price."

"Far and wide we have sought the Perfect Io-Snare, visiting every Stewed-Io in the land, but in Truth all the Io-Snares that we have seen have been Even as the Sponge, or even as a piece of junk, with the Edges thereof Irregular."

"Tis well that thou stopped'st at This house, for even I, El Play Photo, the Profiter, can Put Thee Hop to the Io-Snare of Perfection." Such was the reply of the Host.

"Allah be praised," began Musty-Phah. "Shut up!" quoth the Kalif.

"Nay," the Profiter, did make speech, "chide not thy servant, oh most honored guest, for what sayeth the poet:

"Piety is a proper Virtue when practised properly;

"That it has fallen into disrepute is due

"To those who Have Put the Pi in Piety."

Then the Profiter, El Play Photo did Retire to Another Chamber from which came the Sounds of Clicking of that magical apparatus which men have named, Movie Camera while the Kalif and Grand Viz did scrutinize the Pictures on the walls of the Room and the furniture thereof and did Amuse themselves estimating on the cost of the various articles.

The Kalif was just emerging from Under the Table whither he had crawled to ascertain if a Certain Dark Spot was a hole in the carpet or a Beer Stain when the curtain was flung aside and the Profiter Stood Before Them. And he made speech thus:

"Man is to be Pitied for his instincts
Which ofttimes lead him into a Mess,
For a long nose is an encumbrance,
And curiosity killed a cat."

Whereat the Kalif did Flush red and make reply In This Manner:

"All things are not what they seem,
And hasty judgment is a Vice;
Many a Block has been knocked off
Because of an incautious Tongue."

At this point the Grand Viz relieved the Tension of the situation by upsetting and breaking a Valuable Vase whereat the Kalif did utter Profuse apologies for the Clumsiness of his servant and offer to make Restitution, which matter was finally accomplished to the Satisfaction of All Concerned except the Grand Viz, who had his salary docked upon his return to the palace, to make good the payment—for such is the gratitude of rulers.

And when the transaction was Finished, the profiter, El Play Photo did Exhibit to the Kalif a collection of the Magic Perfect Io-Snares whereat the latter did Marvel in his marvest manner, going into ecstasies over them until he could eck no longer and was forced by his Ebonpoint to stop for breath while the Profiter did make speech as follows:

(Continued on page 58)

The Photo-Play Journal

We take THE PHOTOPLAY JOURNAL
Because it is so good,
It tells the latest movie news
Exactly as it should.
When Ima Hopper jumps off
A railroad train,
Or Ura Hero smashes his
Aeroplane;
Anything you wish to know
About the movie biz,
Look in THE PHOTOPLAY JOURNAL,
There it is.

By CORA B. FULMER.

me which cannot be concealed by the poor clothes I am forced to wear because all men are prosperous and have raised prices Onaccountofthear. This is my Still More Humble servant, Musty-Phah. We seek rest and refreshment, and Fain would stop with thee awhile on our Journey, for what sayeth the poet:

"Fatigue is an Enervating Hussy,
Who lures men away from their
Daily tasks, but who is unable to
Hold those of strong will for more
Than a few hours at a time."

And it Came to Pass that he who had opened the door, For It was None Other Than Our Hero, El Play Photo, was fond of poetry, and he Replied in this manner:

"Hospitality is a virtue, not a Disease,
Let no man convince thee to the contrary.
Be hospitable, for to do so is to be Unusual and
Thereby Achieve Fame."

And when they had been Served with refreshments the Kalif did Make speech, saying:

"Know then, oh most Hospitable Host, that we travel in search of the Perfect Io-Snare, the kind of Io-Snare that hath

THIS MONTH'S PHOTO-PLAY SUGGESTION

NOTE: Each month one or more short stories will be given their first publication in this department for the consideration of photoplay producers as well as the entertainment of our readers. All writers, amateur or professional, having stories of merit which they wish to get before producers to an advantage are welcome to this agency, and in case their material is accepted by any producer, they will be given the entire amount the latter might pay. The chief purpose of this unique plan is to help worthy writers who are without literary reputation as yet.

TRUE TO HERSELF

By PRISCILLA SCHULTIS



RS. SAXE and her daughter Gertrude live in an old homestead in Vermont. Mrs. Saxe is a woman of refinement, and is a widow. Gertrude is a very sweet child of about ten years, and later develops into a handsome girl of beautiful character and dignified manner.

Ted Richards is a broad-shouldered, sturdy youth, and later develops into a very handsome, manly man. He is a friend of Gertrude's from childhood. Sam Richards, his father, is an old friend of the Saxe family and a banker on a small scale in a neighboring town.

Nick Stripe, a mischievous and evil-minded lad, is a summer boarder at the house of a neighbor of the Saxe's.

Mrs. Saxe promises to take Gertrude and Ted and some neighbor's children, including Nick, for a little picnic in the woods on the shores of Elfin Lake.

The enjoyable occasion is marred only by the antics of Nick. Among the many things, he torments the girls with a dead snake, of which they are much afraid, until Ted discovers him and throws him in the lake—from which he emerges subdued but sullen.

A few years later find Mrs. Saxe and Gertrude living in Boston, where Gertrude could have the advantages of better schools. They are living with Mrs. Barr, a widowed sister of Mrs. Saxe's and her daughter, Dorothy.

Mr. Kendall Richards has also induced his brother, Sam, to go to Boston and accept a position in his bank, thus giving young Ted better advantages, and both Ted's father and uncle are determined to make a banker of him. He objects, says he is an "out-door's man," and wants to be a civil engineer; but he finally yields to his uncle's wishes. This uncle is wealthy and has no children. Ted takes a preparatory business and law course, and enters his uncle's bank.

Gertrude's mother and aunt try to persuade her to go to Wellesley College, but she assures her mother that as she intends to have a home full of babies she thinks a year of "Domestic Science" and a course in a nurses' training school will better fit her for her future.

Her mother warns her that "there is always the possibility of spinsterhood before every girl," but Gertrude declares "If I cannot find the right man to help me make the home, I will adopt the babies, so you see my needs will be the same." She has her way, and takes as her life's motto "To thine own self be true—thou must not then be false to any man."

Meanwhile Gertrude and Ted are good comrades, he never having eyes for any other girl. And Ted is Gertrude's ideal man, though she does not let him become too well aware of the fact.

So after her "Domestic Science" she enters the training school of the H. G. Hospital of the same city.

At the end of her first year two new and interesting "internes" enter the H. G. H. for one year of service. One is Dr. Herbert Percy, a handsome, bright and promising young doctor, just graduated from a medical school connected with the H. G. H. The other is Dr. Valentine Wiggin, his chum and classmate. Wiggin is a tall, ungainly fellow, who soon proves to be the wit, tease and general favorite of the institution.

Of course it is against the rules of the H. G. H. for nurses to talk to internes *except on business*. But it is sometimes done, even by the most dignified, even by Miss Gertrude Saxe. Both Dr. Percy and Dr. Wiggin admire Miss Saxe, but she always compares each newcomer with her Ted, always to Ted's advantage.

She finally invites them to her home one evening to meet her mother and her cousin Dorothy.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

GERTRUDE SAXE.
MRS. SAXE, her mother.
DOROTHY BARR, her cousin.
MRS. BARR, sister of Mrs. Saxe.
SAM RICHARDS, friend of family.
TED RICHARDS, his son.
KENDALL RICHARDS, city banker, brother of Sam.
NICK STRIPE, bad boy, later becomes Dr. Nicholas Stripe.
DR. HERBERT PERCY.
DR. VALENTINE WIGGIN.
DR. ELY.
MISSES FORD, LUPET, nurses at H. G. H.
Other nurses and doctors, also "lumberjacks."

"Possibly Dorothy might find them interesting," she tells her mother.

Dr. Percy soon becomes much interested in cousin Dorothy, whom he marries a year later, when a fine opportunity is offered him to settle in Victoria, B. C.

About six months after the advent of Dr. Percy and Dr. Wiggin at the H. G. H., Dr. Nicholas Stripe appears on the scene as a new interne. He is surprised to meet Gertrude here and she is not pleased to renew his acquaintance. He tries to be popular with everybody, and is naturally interested in Gertrude, much to her disgust.

One of his pastimes is to make love to any pretty nurse he can find "to see how she will take it." And they take it variously; one laughs at him and passes on, another accepts his kisses—with interest. Poor oldmaidish Miss Browne, when he puts his arms around her, says "Oh! Dr. Stripe, this is so sudden!" When he tries the same with another, she confronts him with this: "If it were not for the respect I have for your profession, I would slap you in the face."

Nine months of Dr. Stripe's year has nearly expired when Ted Richards is brought to the H. G. H. The chief surgeon says, "Appendicitis," and he is operated upon, makes a good recovery and receives a daily visit from Miss Saxe—stolen or permitted.

Nick Stripe becomes jealous, and tells Miss Ford, Superintendent of Nurses, that "Miss Saxe is rather friendly with patient No. 10." Miss Ford, not knowing of the old friendship says, "This will never do." And she transfers Miss Saxe to the Contagious Department in a building some miles from the general one. Stripe cautions Ted's nurse not to tell him of Miss Saxe's transfer. He also bribes the bell boy to save all Ted's letters, going and coming, for his inspection. He withholds and destroys a letter from Gertrude to Ted, and one from Ted to Gertrude; and just before Ted's departure for home he tells him that he has learned that Dr. Wiggin and Gertrude are secretly engaged to be married. This is a great shock to Ted, also he cannot understand why Gertrude has deserted him. He remembers a little scene a few months previous when he asked Gertrude to marry him. Her answer to him was "Ted dear, I cannot promise anybody anything until after I graduate—but—if you are of the same mind then—you may ask me again."

As he cannot see Gertrude, he tries to call on Mrs. Saxe and finds the family have gone to Vermont for the month. He feels crushed. The thought of the bank is intolerable, so he tells his father he is going away, and that he need not try to find him.

Gertrude, after a few days at the Contagious

Department, contracts scarlet fever. She wonders why she hears no word from Ted. Dr. Stripe, who has also been transferred to the Contagious Department for his last three months, assures Gertrude that Ted left the hospital in good condition.

After her recovery and return to the main hospital, she is stunned to hear of Ted's disappearance, but puts on a brave front and finishes her training. She then interests herself in her cousin's wedding, and Dr. Wiggin tries to persuade her to make it a double wedding, but the image of Ted always comes before her eyes, and she says "no."

After this, for about three years, she takes up school nursing, as she realizes she "must be busy," and she finds the children interesting.

After a few years she and her mother move to Seattle to be near Mrs. Barr and Dr. and Mrs. Percy, who live in Victoria. Various suitors present themselves, but she is "true to herself."

In the fall of 1915, seven years after Ted's disappearance, Gertrude finds herself in charge of a small hospital in the northern part of Washington. Many "lumberjacks" are brought here from neighboring lumber camps. One day, a few months after her arrival, the phone rang. She heard Dr. Ely's voice saying "We have a lumberjack coming in right away. Left leg fractured and injuries to his head. Put him in a private room."

The patient is brought in by other lumber men, and Dr. Ely arrives at the same time. The patient, unconscious, is put in bed and his wounds are dressed by Dr. Ely, Miss Saxe and another nurse. Miss Saxe thinks she recognizes Ted, but controls herself and asks Dr. Ely for the patient's name. He says "It is Richards. He is a great favorite at camp, and seems an unusually fine fellow. Take good care of him."

One of the lumberjacks says, "Best log-roller I ever saw, and he won the prize in the log-rolling contest, etc., the other day."

Richards recovers consciousness as Miss Saxe is counting his pulse. Not allowed to talk until stronger. The fracture is simple, and other injuries do not prove serious.

During convalescence he and Gertrude have ample chance for explanations, and long conversations. He tries to picture the life he has seen since he left home.

First, he enlisted in the Navy for three years. "Thought I'd discharge my duties to my Uncle Samuel." He had then explored the West, and knew it in every phase, from Texas to Alaska, from the Dakota wheatfields to the orchards and vineyards of Washington and California. He knew the life of a Butte miner and a Texas cow-puncher, as well as of the Washington lumber-jack.

And Gertrude observes that through it all he has come out clean and whole in spirit.

He also tells tales of trapping and hunting. Also tells her of the homestead he has acquired in eastern Montana, a wheat ranch. "I bought a relinquishment and moved up on it last year. I'm glad I have it now," he tells her.

Meanwhile Dr. Ely has been looking for a physician to assist him in his work and secures the services of Dr. Nicholas Stripe, who arrives soon after Ted leaves the hospital. One day soon after his arrival, Stripe is sent to Mount Part, twenty miles away on the Canadian line, to visit a patient. He goes by train and Dr. Ely requests Ted to drive the machine up after him. Ted finds Stripe in a saloon across the "line" in Queensgate. As much as Ted has "roughed it," he has never been drunk. Nick determines to get rid of Ted, and offers him a glass of beer which is drugged. When Ted recovers himself Stripe is gone, and he finds he has enlisted in the Canadian Cavalry. Nothing to do but go. "Well—it's only for a year" if he comes out alive. How can he

(Continued on page 49)

PHOTOPLAY STARS I HAVE DIRECTED

By ROBERT G. VIGNOLA, Famous Players-Lasky Director

(EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this age of specialization, when even a motion picture producer concentrates his energies upon the development of photoplay specialists in the various departments of his vast organization, it is interesting to find the motion picture director who is not a specialist and has devoted his energies to the creation of many types of photoplays with many different stars. There are today a great number of photoplay directors who have concentrated their activities upon one star to the exclusion of all others and have directed these particular stars in a long succession of pictures.)

The advisability of thus arranging the schedule of production so as to confine a director to a single star is distinctly questionable. The opinion of Mr. Vignola tends toward the belief that the development of the director's ability and of the star's ability by interchanging stars and directors wherever it is feasible to do so, is the most beneficial method of production.)



ONE of the most valuable assets which I shall treasure as a part of my mental equipment is the delightful association with the several stars whom it has been my privilege to direct since I joined the Famous Players-Lasky forces nearly two years ago. If a director is worthy of the name it seems to me that he should have a clear understanding of human nature in all its manifold aspects, and I know of no fuller and more effective manner of studying character than by being intimately associated with a number of stars.

I know of a great many directors who prefer to confine their activities to the direction of a single star, in the belief that they can study and develop the individuality of that player; but it has always seemed to me that what we are striving to do is to present human nature upon the screen, rather than the characteristics of any one person; that is to say, the most effective production is, to my mind, the one in which every person in the audience instinctively feels that he or she has a part in the story itself.

If the individuality of the star is permitted to express itself upon the screen, to the disadvantage of the broader human traits which should be evident, it is very clear that the picture will fail in the primary attempt to gain the complete sympathy and understanding of the audience and to impart to the audience the feeling that it is vitally concerned in the action upon the screen.

Various names have been applied to this attempt to draw the audience out of itself. It has been called "projecting personality over the screen"; but after all it is merely developing the complex human side of every story to a point where it reaches out and touches the heart of the mass of the people. It has never seemed to me that the director who was forced to make an intensive study of one star could succeed in accomplishing this as successfully as one whose broader powers of observation had been ripened by intimate contact with a number of stars.

Personally, if it were possible, I should like to direct every single star on the Famous Players-Lasky roster at least once, for I am sure that I would learn a great deal from each one of them. As it is I have had the pleasure of directing Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Louise Huff, Hazel Dawn, Jack Pickford, Frank Losee and Owen Moore, and I would not have

missed any one of these experiences for anything.

The studying of the characteristics of these various stars is a revelation in the complexities of human nature. It has also been my good fortune to have assigned me a wide diversity of stories for production, the fact these photoplays range from Mary Johnston and Booth Tarkington to Israel Zangwill and Charles Dickens, and that the stories themselves have embraced morality plays, comedies, pastoral dramas and near-French farces.

To revert to the subject of stars themselves, those who know Marguerite Clark only through her screen activities, probably think of her as a delightfully clever and thoroughly charming personality whose spontaneity arises purely from youthful exuberances. This is all true, but there is another side of Miss Clark which those who have been associated with her in the studio have found to be in reality a dominating factor in her tremendous success, for she is a profound student of the motion picture from every phase. She analyzes the stories in which she plays a part, and studies every possible means of making her character as effective as possible. When she steps upon the stage she has a clear and concise idea of her own role and of the story as a whole, and of the exact relation to the production played by the particular scene in which she is about to appear. Upon this foundation of careful thought she builds a characterization which is invariably convincing because it is based upon a profound study of human nature. When Miss Clark is

playing a little girl, such as she played in "The Fortunes of Fifi," she approaches every scene from the viewpoint of the little child, using her dramatic experience in interpreting the youthful viewpoint in the most effective manner possible. It is for this reason that one never feels that Miss Clark's action upon the screen is forced, but rather that it is a spontaneous reaction to a given situation.

Though Pauline Frederick is apparently the antithesis of Marguerite Clark, and has given the screen very different types of roles from those in which Miss Clark has starred, at the same time these two stars have at least a few points in common. Both have reduced the art of appearing artless to an absolute science; both have studied the drama and the photoplay from every conceivable point of view; and both have come from the stage to the screen after winning success before the footlights. I do not hesitate to say that I have received many valuable suggestions from Miss Clark and Miss Frederick in the staging of productions in which they have starred, and that I will always be glad to receive similar suggestions from any stars whose opinions are so valuable as are those of Miss Clark and Miss Frederick.

Miss Frederick is a remarkable example of the impetuous actress who is at the same time highly intellectual. Many times in the course of some big dramatic scene Miss Frederick has made an impulsive expression or gesture which has far succeeded in effectiveness anything that could be devised

(Continued on page 54)

HERO OF SCREENLAND EXPLORES COWLAND



Here we have photographic proof that George Walsh, the William Fox star, likes the cows and—perhaps he sees the chickens in the distance. At any rate James J. Jeffries, the big fellow to the left, who once was the champion gladiator of the world, evidently enjoyed having George as his guest on his cattle ranch in sunny California.

Fiction Writers and Dramatists Due to Come Into Their Own in Motion Pictures

By WALLACE C. CLIFTON

MUCH has been written and said regarding motion pictures, their influence on the millions of people who view them and their relation to each other. Heretofore the spoken drama appealed to the people in limited numbers. Small communities with inadequate facilities for the staging of Metropolitan successes, were obliged to content themselves with productions of mediocre caliber and the price of admission was usually beyond the means of the average man with a large family.

With the coming of motion pictures came a new era to the masses, the industry developed rapidly until there is now scarcely a village or hamlet in the world without its picture theater, where for a modest admission, whole families may see pictures of the greatest stars in films costing thousands of dollars to produce. Educational pictures showing wonderful achievements throughout the world have inspired millions, and views of travel have brought the Orient and the frozen north to their very doorsteps.

No one can over estimate the powerful influence for good which the motion picture has brought to the human race, and no one can possibly predict its future.

In the early days, when anything over a single reel was considered impractical, little importance was given the "story," most directors wrote their own and sometimes the office boy or property man felt the fire of genius burning within him and was delivered of a "plot." Then came the period where multiple reel-features became popular, and with it came the demand for strong virile stories, a demand which has always exceeded the supply.

About this time the fiction author cast a casual eye on the "movies," he thought there was some "easy money" to be found in them and without considering the requirements and peculiarities of the "silent drama," he dashed off stories which he would never have had the courage to submit to a magazine editor, but which he believed were good enough for the pictures. His failure to "cash in," brought much abuse upon the unhappy head of the scenario editor, accusations of prejudice and sometimes of absolute dishonesty were heaped upon him and the fiction author either could not or would not understand that the fault lay entirely within himself.

With the advent of famous theatrical stars into the pictures, arrived a fresh demand for stories—vehicles which would be worthy of the star's ability, and which would justify the expenditure of the vast amount of money necessary to produce the film. The works of equally famous authors were eagerly read and the picture rights purchased. The popularity of the star in connection with the author's name gave the production a double-box office value, and where the stories were adaptable to motion pictures, many notable successes have been achieved.

After many years of experience I believe that the most difficult task which confronts

the scenario writer is in the adaptation of a famous novel. His duty is clear, he must safeguard the interests of the company for whom he writes, by giving them a script which must necessarily substitute action for the author's "style" and many times

must he evolve dramatic situations which are only suggested in the novel, to replace columns of descriptive matter. Again, if he takes his work seriously, he must consider the original author by trying to visualize the story as he did when writing it (a mighty difficult task sometimes), and lastly the adaptor must consider the public who are after all the final court of appeal when the picture is finished. To my mind it is little short of criminal to lure motion picture patrons into a theater by advertising the picturization of a widely read novel and project on the screen a story of which little but the "title" remains. Many manufacturers excuse such a breach of faith by the assertion "The story was not adaptable to the pictures" and the answer to that is obvious—"Don't produce it."

Fiction writers and dramatists will come into their own in motion pictures just as soon as they are willing to regard "The Movies" seriously, as a tremendous opportunity for dramatic expression. They must study the technique of photoplay construction and be willing to give the best there is in them to this new and advancing art.

Numerous authors of repute have complained bitterly from time to time regarding the manner in which their stories were altered (and in their opinion) ruined in pictures and yet in all my experience I have met but *one* fiction writer who took sufficient interest in his work to collaborate on the preparation of the scenario for his novel.

When fiction authors are willing to either learn the art of writing photoplays, or will devote sufficient time to the adaptor, who is supposed to know the game in order to arrive at a mutual understanding, perhaps then, but not until then, will they see their "brain children" on the screen as they would have them appear.

INCIDENTAL MUSIC

By R. W.

I live in Suburbia, we have a movie theatre there.

The piano gent at our theatre is little short of a genius, he always plays the right tune at the right time, his incidental music is so appropriate.

For instance, when the "Railroad Raiders" is shown he plays "Holmes, Sweet Holmes," and he can always be relied on to vamp when Theda Bara makes her sinuous appearance on the screen.

When Doug Fairbanks was placed in a cell in "In Again—Out Again" the pianist sympathetically fell behind a few bars, and when Charles Chaplin goes into a saloon he allows a few bars rest.

He plays Irish reels for Jack Kerrigan, five of 'em, and every time a twelve-reeler reaches our burg he gives us "We Won't Go Home Till Morning," sometimes he will oblige with a lullaby around the seventh reel.

On "Patria" nights he accompanies with "Hearst to the U. S. A.," and for a certain Ince vampire he plays "In the Glauming, Oh, My Daring."

For the "Poor Little Rich Girl" he gave selections from "Pinafore," and when Annette Kellerman did some of her famous dives in "Daughter of the Gods" he tootled "Just As I Am."

His Grand Uproar selections to go with Geraldine Farrar filloms are great, and his playing of "Alice, Where Art Thou" just as Miss Joyce makes her appearance is always appreciated.

Very appropriate is his rendition of "Good Bye" at the close of some of the photoplays featuring famous speaking stage stars, while the pathetic strains of the funeral march fit in nicely with most of the comedies shown in our theatre.

When a heroine descends to the depths he plays ragtime, when the dirty villain enters a scene he keeps to sharps, and when the poor boy is duped he uses flats.

The pianist at our theatre is a smart man.

IN THESE WAR TIMES

Mollie King, the star of Pathe's "Mystery of the Double Cross," tried her hand at recruiting the other day and likes it. She motored to Newark, N. J., and helped christen a new navy recruiting station. After the flag raising which had been assigned to her, she made a speech from the temporary rostrum of a chair and told the men of the crowd just what she thought of slackers. As a result of her speech, four recruits signed up.

A nurse's class has been formed at the Triangle-Ince studios under Dr. R. S. Moore, an ex-Army surgeon. Under Dr. Moore's supervision a perfectly equipped hospital ward has been fitted out, and here he holds classes each day. Chief among his pupils are Enid Bennett, Sylvia Bremer and Olive Thomas. They are being trained in every branch of the Red Cross work, including the use of anesthetics, various methods of bandaging wounds and giving first aid.

Star to Discard Real Name

(Continued from page 41)

Old Guard,' based on a theatrical sketch which was presented with considerable success. The work appealed to me from the beginning, and the die once cast, I realized that my future rested with the screen. I supported King Baggot for a while in Universal productions, and then joined the Vitagraph company, where I appeared in ingenue roles and leads. I particularly enjoyed my work as the Princess Julia, heroine of 'The Secret Kingdom,' Vitagraph's big serial, which has scored such a striking success since the first of the year. Then Douglas Fairbanks was kind enough to choose me for the role of leading lady in his own productions, my first release with him being 'In Again, Out Again,' when I took the part of the jailer's daughter.

"Hard work is the true secret of success in filmland, as in every other line of endeavor. A girl may have a certain amount of natural talent and good looks, but unless she devotes herself to consistent and steady study of the needs of her profession, she is doomed to failure. I haven't found the path to stardom an easy one to traverse by any means, but I am glad that I had grit enough to fight my way onward and overcome its difficulties.

"Some day, if the Fates prove kind, I hope to achieve a modest amount of success in the literary line. I have managed to break into print with a number of short fiction tales, and placed a few scenarios. Literature was always a hobby of mine, though I confess I balk at some of the prose and rhyme communications I receive daily from people who suppose themselves to be in love with Arline Pretty.

"As you may imagine, these affectionate tributes are, for the most part, delightfully absurd. Here, for instance, is an acrostic I received shortly after the initial presentation of 'The Secret Kingdom.'"

She handed a pink-colored, scented script to the journalist, who read as follows:

TO THE PRINCESS OF "THE SECRET KINGDOM"

A dear Princess, sweet Arline
Ruling hearts in every scene,
Love's soft fires glow and rise
In the glamor of your eyes,
Never was such witchery
Eve's lost magic lives in thee.

Proud thy vassals, fair Arline
Royal maid of gracious mien,
Ever ready to obey
Thine to hold unchallenged sway,
Though "The Secret Kingdom" be
Yours but filmed in fantasy.

"The sentiment," commented the journalist, "does the writer credit."

"Agreed," said the director, arising and seizing his hat and gloves. "But you heard what Miss Pretty said regarding inane compliments. If you are about to start on that course, it is about time I took you away."

The journalist submitted meekly and bowed himself out of the apartment in a somewhat bewildered way, after bidding farewell to his smiling hostess. As they walked down the street he indulged in a fervid outburst of praise for the manifold attractions, mental and physical, of the little lady, whose supposed choice of name he had previously condemned in unstinted terms.

"I owe you an apology all right, Fred," he said to the grinning director. "And by

the way—that acrostic—I believe I could write a darned sight better poem than that myself, and what's more, I'm going to."

"With Arline Pretty as the subject, hey?" demanded the director. "Poor old boy. He's past forty, with a figure like a Cheshire cheese, and yet his dreaming days are not over."

The journalist shook his arm free from his companion's grasp and withered him with a baleful glare.

"That'll be about all from you," he remarked severely.

In the Case of Personality Versus Beauty, the Former Wins

(Continued from page 25)

Hanson, Jewel Carman, Marjorie Wilson, Mary Alden, Alma Reubens, Francesca Billington, Minerva Hardigan, Loretta Blake, Julia Faye, Ora Carew, Frances Burnham, Miriam Cooper, Cecil Arnold, Mary Thurman, Billie West, Mabel Van Buren, Ruth Darling, Clare Anderson, Myrtle Lind, Mildred Harris, Maude Wayne, Mae Gaston, Olive Golden, Irene Hunt, Alice Jorgens, Anna Luther, Peggy Pearce, Teddy Sampson, Elsie Balfour, Belle Bruce and Millicent Fisher.

"New faces with personality backed by histrionic talent are being discovered every little while. Nowadays too, authors of photoplay are more disposed to create a character to fit a certain star, who has achieved a popular vogue. Certain directors, also, seem to be able to exhaust the personality of certain stars more fully than others, all of which tends to popularize motion pictures.

"And speaking of the discovery of new screen faces with personality reminds me that recently I selected Miss Millicent Fisher, a young Southern society girl for a role in 'The Great Secret' solely on account of her expressive face. My selection was justified, although it was her first screen appearance, because she has given evidence of achieving a splendid career in motion pictures. With such an asset as Miss Fisher possesses, all that is necessary is some hard work, patience and experience. Nature has been singularly kind to many young women in the matter of face and personality, and when this natural gift is wedded to stage art, the combination is unbeatable."

True to Herself

(Continued from page 46)

explain to Gertrude? He writes her a letter which she never received.

Stripe tells Miss Saxe that Ted "took train for Calgary."

Two weeks pass and no news from Ted. Gertrude thinks Stripe knows more than he says.

She resigns her position and joins her mother at her cousin's home in Victoria. Here she daily drinks afternoon tea and listens to the talk of war. Soon she is persuaded to join "Queen Alexandria's Legion of Nurses," and as she is preparing to leave for England, she received a letter from Dr. Ely containing a confession from Dr. Nick Stripe, who has died of injuries received in an automobile accident.

She goes to England, and six months later Ted is again brought to her hospital, wounded in his left arm.

Nick Stripe does not cross their path again. They are soon married, and six months later return to America.

Last scene five years later shows their beautiful home and two children.



Country Club Genuine Formoso Panama

The best INDESTRUCTO summer outing and travelling hat

Special \$1.95



The Fashion Hit of the Season

It is called the PATRIA and is the latest product of the master designer. For a limited time you can get it direct from the maker at a remarkably low price. You actually save half.

JUST TWO PROFITS—YOURS AND OURS—NO MIDDLEMAN'S. The PATRIA is made of poplin silk with tiny rows of straw embroidered on the crown and upper brim. The facing is of flexible straw in contrasting colors, with fitted satin lining to match. The following color combinations are carried in stock: Citron top, Delft blue facing; white top, Kelly green facing; white top, pink facing; Kelly green top, gold facing; pink top, Delft blue facing; old rose top, Delft blue facing.

Special \$2.95

S. R. S. HATS,
803 Powers Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find \$..... for which you may send me prepaid..... COUNTRY CLUB..... PATRIA, color..... It is understood that my money will be refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

Name

Address

THE MAELSTROM

(Continued from page 32)

if I did not marry him. Ling figured to share in my father's fortune, and I married him for Errol's sake."

"Indeed," was all the now overwhelmed Hallet could say.

"Now Ling has the cards all arranged to prove that Errol committed the murder of my father, which is not true, and I will protect the poor boy to the last."

"I believe you are speaking the whole truth, and I am going to help you," was his reply. "I am not going to lose any time either, and in the meantime I ask that you keep all the courage you have."

So saying Hallet left the room in haste, but in the hallway he was confronted by Ling. A terrific fight followed, but Hallet succeeded in conquering his foe. He escaped with the crook's pistol, which happened to be the one with which Stratton had been slain. Upon reaching his hotel, Hallet was confronted by Menzies.

"See here young man, you've got to stay out of this case," Menzies ordered irritably.

"Every time we get things all set to make an arrest, you butt in, and we've got to look out for you to save your life."

"I am sorry, but I can't get out of this case now," Hallet replied. "I have promised to help the innocent bystander, and I mean to do it at all costs."

Hallet had no sooner uttered these heroic words when Menzies felled him with one blow, determined upon extreme tactics in order to avenge the law. With the aid of assistants Menzies bound Hallet to his bed to hold him for a brief time at least. Then he found Ling's pistol in the young man's pocket.

It was not many minutes afterwards that the house in which the dying Errol laid helpless was set on fire. Meanwhile Hallet managed to extricate himself from his room and reached the scene of the conflagration in time to save Peggy.

"Save my brother too," she begged frantically. "He has sworn he will stay and be burned to death to expiate his former crimes, but he must be rescued."

Hallet bravely made the attempt, but it was too late, because the house collapsed before he could get near it. On that very day Hallet succeeded in running down and capturing Ling as well as a member of his gang, named Smith, who had murdered Stratton under Ling's orders. Hallet had proved to be more helpful than harmful to the police after all.

Peggy, of course, had nothing to conceal after the death of her brother, as her silence and mysterious conduct had always been inspired by her desire to protect that brother, and Hallet, happily, was brought to the final realization that the girl in the case deserved his interest, which was now free to develop as it would. He felt rejoiced because he had been of assistance in removing her from a maelstrom of life.

Currier, and was one of the treasures of the family until about ten years ago, when it was destroyed by fire, which wiped out the Currier home.

While serving in the New Jersey regiment, Sergeant Currier and his company were assigned to duty near the old Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad tunnel, which was just then in course of construction. He also encamped with his regiment at Trenton. By some mistake in the orders the supply trains did not reach the camp, and the men were hard-pressed for food. Mr. Currier and a few of his company bought toy drums and toy trumpets. In uniform they marched in front of the various restaurants of the town and played and sang for a while. Then they entered and demanded food for their services as entertainers.

"My father, who was the stage manager at Ford's Theater the night President Lincoln was shot, served in the Civil War. I was a national guardsman for four and a half years, and my son is in the Second Artillery in Brooklyn now," said Mr. Currier. "I would gladly do anything, if they would take me. I have offered to enlist, but I guess I am too old, and they won't have me. My boy served on the border, and I am sorry that I haven't ten more like him to offer to the colors. Anytime Uncle Sam will take me, no matter in what line, I am ready to go. I believe that every man should hold himself in readiness to answer the call."



Lillian Walker Perfume and TOILET WATER

As attractive and pleasing as its namesake. Pronounced by thousands who have used it to be the most wonderful and dainty odor ever produced. We will send you 50c worth (1/4 oz.) to try on receipt of 25c. Fullsize bottle of Toilet Water only 75c.

This perfume is made by the manufacturers of the justly celebrated

"MELOROSE" Face Powder, Cold Cream, Rouge

Endorsed by thousands of women of note.

FREE Sample of "MELOROSE" Face Powder and Beauty Cream sent with each order.
WILLARD WHITE COMPANY, Perfumers
328 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THIN, UNDEVELOPED NERVOUS WOMEN

The most noted stars of the American stage join the thousands of other women of note, including Mme. De La Vie and other high authorities on health and beauty, in recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Galega Tablets and the famous "Melorose" Toilet Articles.

Willard White Co.'s

Vaucaire Galega Tablets

contain the genuine imported Galega. They round out shrunken, shallow parts, develop and make the bust firm. If you are undeveloped, THIN, careworn, nervous or rundown, take a box of these tablets and note their wonderful effects. \$1 box (three weeks' treatment). Six boxes, \$5. Sent by mail prepaid, or from druggists and department stores.

CAUTION—Imitations and worthless nostrums are being offered. Get only the original, genuine, distributed by Willard White Co., Chicago. Beware of substitutes.

FREE—Send 2c stamp for sample of Melorose Cream, Melorose Face Powder, also booklet.

Write to Willard White Co.
328 Madison St. Chicago, Ill.

Frank Currier, Member of Family Noted for Bravery

Frank Currier, who appears in support of Emmy Wehlen in the Metro wonderplay, "The Trail of the Shadow," comes from a family that has always done its share to uphold the liberty of the world. Forty years ago, Mr. Currier, who was just then beginning his career as an actor, was a member of the Second New Jersey regiment, with headquarters in Hoboken.

Mr. Currier comes of old Yankee stock. His great grandfathers, both on his father's side and on his mother's side, were in the Revolutionary War. On his father's side his great, great grandfather was a major, his great grandfather, a captain, and his great uncle a drummer in the same regiment in 1776. In the War of 1812 his grandfather was one of the minute men of Concord, N. H.

His father served through the Civil War. As a child Mr. Currier was taken by his mother to Budd's Ferry, on the shores of the Potomac, where the Union army was encamped during the winter of 1864. The boat on which they were making the trip from Washington was attacked by the Confederates and beached. Mrs. Currier and her young son escaped and found their way to a camp of Union cavalry. The officers kept them over night, and the child was forced to sleep in an old chest in the officer's tent. That chest was later given to Mrs.

MOVIE FANS ATTENTION

Photos of movie favorites, superior to all others. Photos size 7x11 each, mounted in a heavy folder.

Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara, Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, Olga Petrova, Marguerite Clark, William Farnum, Pearl White, Valeska Suratt, Earl Williams, Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young and other screen celebrities.

Ten cents each, set of 12 for \$1.00
Send currency or money order to

S. BRAM, 130 W. 46th Street, NEW YORK, Dept. B 1

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE

You can read music like this quickly
In Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils.
American School of Music, 79 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

WATCHES

21 JEWEL Watches, 16 Size, that will pass Railroad Inspection \$2.50 A Month
CREDIT TERMS AS LOW AS

Watch Prices "Down to Bed Rock"

Our prices on high-grade, standard Watches are always the lowest, while values are top-notch. Send for Watch and Diamond Catalog and get posted about Watches before you purchase. Our Catalog illustrates and describes all the new models—Elgin, Waltham, Illinois, Hampden, and others—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted to temperature, isochronism and positions. You do not have to take any one special make when you buy of us, for we have all the best for you to select from, and you judge for yourself after you see and examine the watch. Our watches are guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us. We make any necessary repairs, barring accident, free of charge, for a period of three years from date of purchase.

Diamonds On Credit

Diamonds Win Hearts SEND FOR CATALOG and see the splendid Diamond Rings we are selling on credit terms as low as \$2.50 a month; Diamond La Vallieres as low as \$1 a month; Diamond Ear Screws, Studs, Scarf Pins, at \$2 a month; all mountings solid gold or platinum. Wrist watches at \$1.50 a month. Anything you select will be sent prepaid by us. You examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfactory, pay one-fifth of the purchase price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. If not what you wish, return at our expense. You are under no obligation. Send for Catalog today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. (B 354) 100 to 108 N. State Street, Chicago, Illinois
(Established 1868) Stores in: Chicago; Pittsburgh; St. Louis; Omaha

The Passion to Rule

(Continued from page 30)

rushed into the room and leaping up on a bench near a doorway, he levelled two revolvers on the startled group. One stalwart Spaniard started to advance towards him and Tearle promptly shot him down. A mulatto attempted to make his escape through a rear door, and he too received a bullet from the weapon of the determined young man. Then, with the aid of the two policemen, Tearle made short work of handcuffing Jordan, Gioconda and Lavinia, and he marched this trio of leaders together with all their followers out of the room into the street as his helpless prisoners.

"So, Gioconda, old top, you're none other than my friend the murderer, and, believe me, you're now up a tree you're going to either stay in for life or swing from to death," Tearle yelled jovially at Gioconda as the latter sullenly marched ahead.

An hour later there was much rejoicing in royal circles, and when Tearle had gotten his prisoners safely behind bars, thereby completing his summary elimination of intrigue, King Wesley and Queen Debora joyously hailed him as the hero of their lives.

"You are too wonderful for words, my dear boy, and your reward shall be anything you desire," Debora told him.

"I join the queen in these sentiments, and I shall personally see to it that you get the highest honor at our disposal," Wesley added.

Intermingled with the rejoicing there were some tears shed by Flora Jules, who happened to be playing with Princess Berenice when the news of her father's downfall came; but with admirable compassion Debora assured the girl she would be cared for, and that she would not be made to suffer for the sins of her parents.

CHAPTER VIII

At the end of three years Sherman Tearle, as Prime Minister of the Isle of Iona, had made the rule of Wesley and Debora so absolute that she decided to visit Washington, D. C., to undertake a social conquest. The passion to rule still controlled her so strongly that she constantly sought new fields to conquer. She made known her plans in the following letter to Tearle:

My Dear Esteemed Prime Minister:

In view of the fact that through your brilliant statesmanship we have gained recognition as an independent kingdom from the United States government, I have decided to visit Washington with the King and Princess Berenice to cement the relations of the two countries by social conquest. As you are next to the royal family in authority, we will leave the administration of the governmental affairs of the Isle of Iona in your charge in our absence, and hereby commission you to use your best all-wise judgment in the handling of all affairs.

QUEEN DEBORA.

Tearle contemplated this letter with mixed feelings. First he was flushed by pride, and

then he seemed to be overcome by regret. Finally he concluded to set at rest the apprehensions which arose in his mind, and visited Debora.

"Accepting your early departure as inevitable, I have come to confide in you," he began.

"I am happy to have your confidence," she assured him graciously.

"It concerns Princess Berenice," he continued frankly. "I love her most sincerely, and I am sure she reciprocates to the utmost. Hence I would ask in case she is willing that we be permitted to enter our betrothal now."

Debora was in favor of this, and she made known her approbation in profuse terms. Furthermore, she at once summoned Berenice, who candidly admitted she loved Tearle in her own vivacious way.

"If this is your proposal, Sherman dear, I accept in the proverbial jiffy," the girl said laughingly.

"Then, with the usual formalities, we shall consider the engagement a fact, and shall divulge it to our people," Debora announced.

So it came to pass that when Berenice departed from Iona she wore the engagement-ring of the man who had saved her parents from disaster.

Six weeks later this interesting, little royal family was enjoying a lavish feting in Washington. Debora conquered socially from the inception. She was beautiful, and her manner was regal. She easily ingratiated herself in every quarter. Fatefully, however, Princess Berenice met a dashing young fellow at a grand ball, and before his name had impressed itself upon her, her infatuation was all-controlling. It was a case of intense love at first sight, and the very next morning the couple were secretly united in marriage. Then the elopers hastened from the scene of their nuptials to Wesley and Debora for parental forgiveness and blessing. They found the royal pair the central figures at an imposing morning tea party. Berenice grabbed her husband's hand and ran to her mother's side rapturously.

"Mother, I want to introduce you to my husband, Mr. Jimmie Force," she said.

"What!" Debora exclaimed in great amazement.

She had at once recognized Jimmie as her own son, the son she had abandoned in his infancy. She became frantic as the full realization of the awful life tragedy which had been enacted by Fate dawned upon her.

"You mean you have married *him*?" she gasped as she seemed on the verge of swooning.

"Yes, sure; I love him better than anyone in the world," Berenice replied. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter! My God, child, you have married your own half-brother."

"My own half-brother!" the girl repeated. "Why, I never knew I had such a relative."

"No, of course you didn't know it; but now you do, and—and—"

But Debora could say no more. Instead she turned appealingly to Wesley Martine, who up to this time, had been too electrified to even move from his tracks.

"Never mind, Debora dear, it will all be adjusted all right," he assured her kindly.

Jimmie Force stood by pitifully bewildered. His glances shot from Debora to Wesley, and then to Berenice. He did not understand at all.

Those gathered around soon realized the trend of events. Consternation seized them all. Debora suddenly became a creature vile and the impulse of her erstwhile admirer was to get away from her without delay to avoid figuring in a distasteful scandal.

"My own darling daughter, how could Fate have treated you so badly as to have brought you so close to my own son!" Debora moaned.

This remark spurred all the guests on in their hasty exit. Thus for Debora all glory turned to disdainful reproof, because the foundation upon which she had erected her happiness was not conventional. Berenice and Jimmie, still hand-in-hand, were both plunged into deep sorrow. Wesley Martine tried hard to console all, but it was an impossible task.

The society folk who had witnessed this tragedy filed out on an adjoining veranda in mortification, and by chance Herbert Force was just at that time passing by in an automobile. He was now a United States Senator from New York, and he was the same domineering man of old. He was hailed and was given an account of recent occurrences. Chagrined beyond description he rushed right into the midst of the weeping group inside.

Upon learning the truth, and recognizing Debora, he became irate and grabbed Jimmie by the arm, dragging him away from Berenice.

"For shame!" he shouted at Debora, and then he turned on Jimmie. "This is the second unpardonable sin your mother has visited upon you. Come! Your marriage must be annulled at once, and you must be gotten out of this foul environment. Come!"

Jimmie was reluctant to go, and Berenice sought to pull him away from his father, but Force angrily yanked his son out of the room, leaving the confused Berenice standing in the middle of the room as if stunned. Wesley crossed to her and gently escorted her back to Debora, who sat in a forlorn heap in a chair.

30 Days Free Trial

and freight prepaid on a new 1917 "RANGER" bicycle. Write at once for our big catalog and special offers. Take your choice from 44 styles, colors and sizes in the famous "RANGER" line. Marvelous improvements. Extraordinary values in our 1917 price offers. You cannot afford to buy without getting our latest propositions and Factory-to-Rider prices.


Boys, be a "Rider Agent" and make big money taking orders for bicycles and supplies. Get our liberal terms on a sample to introduce the new "RANGER" equipment, sundries and everything in the bicycle line at half usual prices. Write today. A post card will do.

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. H-106 Chicago



Wrinkles Gone!

New Wonderful Way— Charm of Youth Restored



Wonderful results! Wrinkles and age lines banished. Yes, this new secret method works marvels. You should learn about it right now. Learn how it makes the skin as smooth, clear and beautiful as the famous complexions of the Japanese women. (You know how soft, satiny and lovely their skins are.) No matter how long you may have suffered from these blemishes, no matter what you have tried, get the information we will gladly send about the Princess Tokio treatment. Get the Princess Tokio Beauty Book. It is free. It tells you how to have the perfect skin beauty that all women long for. Yours for the coupon.

Just a Few Days And All Your Wrinkles Gone

No Massage. No Plasters. No Masks. No Rollers. No Exercise. A simple, easy treatment you use in the privacy of your room. Only a few minutes required. The skin made flawless, fresh, young looking. Used and recommended by society leaders and prominent actresses everywhere.

Guaranteed

Our legal, binding money back guarantee goes with each treatment. If the Princess Tokio treatment should fail in your case, taken according to our plain, simple directions, your money will be willingly and cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Princess Tokio Beauty Book Sent Free

The whole story of the Princess Tokio treatment told. The wonders it accomplishes. How complexions, once "hopeless," have been restored to youthful beauty. How years have been taken off women's looks. All this valuable, private information is given in this book now ready for distribution. Get your copy now. (Sent in plain, sealed envelope.) Learn how the American woman can rival the complexion charms of the Japanese. No cost. No obligation whatever upon you. It is free.

EDNA HUNTER
Famous "Movie" Star, Says of the Princess Tokio Treatment:
"After a hard day I just apply Princess Tokio and every trace of fatigue, strain and roughness vanishes like magic. I gave it to a friend whose face was becoming wrinkled and she says it wiped the wrinkles off in no time. I wish you all the success you so richly deserve."

If you have Pimples, Freckles, Rough Skin, Blemishes, etc., the Princess Tokio Treatment will remove them as if by magic.

Send Coupon NOW!

Just sign and mail the coupon. That is all. It will bring you the Princess Tokio Beauty Book by return mail. Every woman ought to have it. We want you to have it. Don't put off sending. Put the coupon in the mail right now.

Princess Tokio Co.
Dept. 745
Federal Life Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Princess Tokio Co.
Federal Life Bldg.,
Dept. 745 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me free and without obligation on my part Princess Tokio Beauty Book in plain sealed envelope.

Name.....
Address.....

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop

ROOM 1035 MARSHALL FIELD ANNEX BLDG.
25 E. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Superior Work Lowest Prices

Send for Price List



One Touch Polishes Your Nails for a Week!

Wonderful! No bluffing. Just a touch on each nail beautifies instantaneously with a rosy red lustre that lasts a whole week. Soap and water don't affect it. Wash dishes, dust, etc.—your nails stay nicely polished. To further introduce Mrs. Graham's Instantaneous Nail Polish, a full size 50c. six months' bottle will be sent prepaid for only 25c. to those who order within 15 days. Mail 25 cents, coin or stamps, today.

GERVAISE GRAHAM, 53 W. Illinois St., Chicago

His act of patting Debora consolingly on the cheek caused Berenice to burst into fresh tears and to kneel beside her mother, burying her head in her lap. Debora stroked the girl's hair tenderly with one hand and covered her eyes in shame with the other one. Her visit to Washington had become the keenest regret of her life. She had permitted the passion to rule to lead her too far.

CHAPTER IX

Back to far-away Iona the royal family went. They were crestfallen and discouraged. Each was fearful of the immediate future. They anticipated scandal would pursue them. As a matter of fact, it preceded them, for Sherman Tearle had read of the whole sensational affair in an American newspaper which found its way to his desk a few days prior to the return of the dejected trio. The fact that Berenice had so easily forgotten her betrothal to him proved a bitter disappointment, and it shook his confidence in her seemingly irreparably. He was chagrined. He felt sure he could never forgive her. Moreover, he held a serious grievance against Debora. She appeared before him now as a creature of monstrous immorality—a vampire to be avoided. Finally, this worthy young man who had won his spurs by sheer, undefiled merit and unswerving probity, became convinced that his life had lost most of its bright prospects and all of its sweetness.

Inevitably when Wesley, Debora and Berenice reached the royal palace, they found Tearle cold and resentful. He scarcely acknowledged their salutations. He seemed anxious to get away from them the minute he laid eyes on them. His attitude had a most disconcerting effect on all three. For an embarrassing two minutes everyone was speechless. Then Debora summoned all the courage in her being and she determined to arise to the emergency confronting her family if it took the last breath of life she possessed. Despite Tearle's act of turning his face away from her, she forced him to submit to her appealing embrace. Then in desperation she begged reconsideration.

"Save me the awful sorrow of blighting the lives of both my children," she pleaded. "Forgive Berenice for her moment of childish aberration. Take her as your own and you will never regret it. The throne of Iona is yours and hers just for that one favor."

Debora's plea was so earnest and her gaze so sadly dependent, and his love for Berenice was so undying that Tearle could not long resist. His manliness arose in its might. He must help those he loved when they needed his help most! So, after a full minute of deep study he slowly gathered Berenice into his arms and kissed her pretty pink cheek.

"I take her because I love her," he finally told Debora. "I don't want your throne. Knowing your tragic experiences I find myself fearing the pitfalls of the passion to rule."

And so shall end the story with Debora free to pursue her life of repentance while still she ruled supreme in her own sphere though she always bowed humbly in gratitude to Sherman Tearle, whose heroism had mitigated her sorrows and saved her the ignominy of seeing all her castles crushed irrevocably.

"I shall always fear my immorality has not been justified even by the fulsome aggravation to which I was subjected by Herbert Force, but always shall I hope that what seems wrong will eventuate itself into right," she murmured to the loyal Wesley.

(THE END)

AZ-I-EN-ZA
 Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1903—No. 41488
"The Medicinal Cream"
For Pimples and the Complexion
 Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address.
E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SPECIAL
 Dress Patterns cut from any sketch picture or fashion book. Also cut to individual measurements. They come all pinned, stamped and trimmings marked so you can get an exact idea of how garment will look when complete. Write for prices. **TILLIE CROSS, 17 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL., Dept. A.**

ALLEN HOLUBAR—THREE IN ONE

An Interview With Captain Nemo

By CARL STEARNS CLANCY



Have made a noteworthy success as a scenario writer, director, and actor is enough of an achievement to make any ordinary all 'round man satisfied with himself; to have had the opportunity to direct and play the leading role at one and the same time in a play which one has himself written, is to be encouraged in one's pride; but to have the added distinction of being the first and only actor to "star" with the bottom of the ocean for one's stage, submarine gardens for one's scenery, and a huge octopus for one's heavy man, is to be assured of an eternal niche in the Hall of Famous Players.

Yet the man who has done all these things, and holds this unique record, is neither proud nor satisfied with himself or his work. In the future he even plans to refrain from acting in order to concentrate upon writing and directing, and, as a specialist, continue to improve his production work.

Allen Holubar, in fact, is probably the most versatile and possibly the busiest member of the Universal Film Company. When I saw him first, clad in khaki and armed with a huge megaphone, he was perched beside his renowned cameraman, Roy Klaffki, on top of a high, frail tower directing the flotsam and jetsam of the battle scenes of a big, patriotism-inspiring production. In a moment, however, he had slipped from his post, donned an officer's hat, and charged the enemy's cannon mouths, plainly the hero of the day. In a few seconds more some valuable addition to the script occurred to him, and he automatically resumed the role of a scenario writer, only to change back into a director an instant later.

Talent and versatility always appealed to me, and when I learned that Allen Holubar was none other than the human and mysterious "Captain Nemo," with whom I had sympathized so deeply when viewing the screen edition of "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," I determined to get acquainted with this man who excelled as a writer, director, or undersea actor in a diving-suit.

It was in his dressing-room at Universal City that I finally cornered the living Captain Nemo, and I will wager that a more modest and reticent hero has seldom been interviewed. No, he had not hesitated to accept the role, when cast for "Capt. Nemo," and while he had felt a "bit squeamish" about the "under water stuff," he had refused to let a professional diver double for him. He had used a "self-contained" diving suit equipped with "oxalite" tanks, and had had Diver Stillson of the U. S. Government staff, "the man who helped raise the F4 from Honolulu's harbor," for an instructor. "The scenes were all rehearsed under water, and were taken off the islands of the West Indies in from twenty to one hundred feet of water, among the bones and wrecks from the Spanish Main."

When I asked how he liked to wear a diving suit, Holubar almost shuddered, but for a moment waxed eloquent.

"It's like a living nightmare—just like waking up inside of a coffin, or lying about to be crushed by a huge stone—to have your head inside of one of those helmets. When you breathe that 'oxalite' you are half

strangled at first, but gradually get sort of used to it. Going down to the coral reefs through that manhole in the bottom of the sub makes you feel as helpless as a baby. And to have to attack a huge octopus in its own lair with a mere axe! Say, but that makes your blood run cold! However, that poor negro had to be rescued, and it was up to me to do it. Luckily I cut off the brute's tenacle with the first stroke of my axe, and finished him. Even then it took the doctors eight hours to bring the native back to life. It had taken five months to locate the octopus.

"You can state that it is official," Holubar declared, as he rose to leave, "that my histrionic efforts in the future will be confined to terra-firma. And that goes!"

THE MORNING DRINK OF
FRUIT-VIGOR
KEEPS STOMACH and BOWELS
IN FINE HEALTHY CONDITION.
STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 584 Security Bldg., Chicago

RICH in PURE UPBUILDING SALTS OF FRUIT
 NO NEED FOR PHYSIC PILLS, OILS, ENEMAS.
 1 Jar \$1.
 4 Jars \$3.50.
 Write for Circular

Superfluous Hair Remover
Free! Banish that mannish appearance!
 "SEE-HAIR-GO," an Indian discovery, positively removes any hair growth instantly! Even toughest, most wiry hair imaginable. Unlike any other preparation. Germicidal; antiseptic; won't injure or irritate tenderest skin. Results guaranteed. Delicately perfumed; pleasant to use. Free trial bottle (plain wrapper) to prove its merit. SEND 2c POSTAGE.
 Mary Louise Wright, Dept. 145 504 E. 47th St., Chicago, Ill.

Faces Made Young

I will tell the secret of a youthful face to any woman whose appearance shows that time or illness or any other cause is stealing from her the charm of girlhood beauty. I will show how without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments or other artificial means, she can take the look of age from her countenance. I want every woman, young or middle aged, who has a single facial defect to know about my

Beauty Exercises
 which remove lines and "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up ugly hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth; and clear up muddy or sallow skins. I will show how five minutes daily with my simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed
 I offer the exercises at my risk. Write for my Free Book (sent in plain sealed envelope). It will tell you just what to do to bring back firmness to the facial muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty to the skin. Write today.
Kathryn Murray, Suite 746 Garland Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL," published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa., for April 1, 1917. Editor, Delbert E. Davenport, Philadelphia, Pa. Managing editor, none. Business manager, Thomas B. Naylor, Publisher, the LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.) The LaVerne Publishing Co., Robert Turner, Burlington, N. J.; Mae L. Downs, Philadelphia, Pa.; Thomas B. Naylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. H. Turner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Delbert E. Davenport, Philadelphia, Pa.; Geo. M. Downs, Jr., Philadelphia, Pa. Delbert E. Davenport, Secretary. Sworn to and subscribed before me this second day of June, 1917. (Seal.) Belle B. Frame. My commission expires March 1, 1919.

THE GLOWING, GROWING SPIRIT OF THE HOUR

(Continued from page 12)

All that I sacrificed in other lands America has restored to me:
 More liberty; more opportunity; more freedom from intolerance and persecution;
 Equality without a parallel in the history of all the people who ever populated the earth.
 Rulership shaped only by right and righteousness; a land where conscience shapes our destinies.
 Interlocking all races and creeds for the common good. How dare I become the exception?
 Calling us from the world's farthest corners to form a blood brotherhood—
 All for each other. That is the meaning of the American Union under which I flourish.
 Unified in common causes; holding together in the face of world-wide jealousies and envy;
 No nation can challenge us with impunity.
 Daring and defying the entire world to attempt breaking the bond that bands strong men together.
 Invincible as representing the world's liberty-loving people pledging their faith to a flag of freedom.
 Voicing always a protest against oppression; against a weaker class being exploited by a stronger class;
 Intent upon protecting its rights even at the point of armed conflict.
 Determined, deep-rooted in its love of humanity and ready to battle for its national convictions.
 Enemies—no matter how powerful and ruthless—produce in it no fears.
 Destiny is writ large in the future of such a nation.

The film producers and the moving picture theater managers are working as a unit in boosting every phase of the government's good cause. A Liberty Loan scenario has been produced and will be exhibited throughout the country for the purpose of accelerating the sale of the bonds from which must accrue a large portion of the sinews of war. This screen campaign is being made without cost to the government, and the all-star cast is composed solely of volunteers. Moreover, the producers and managers have placed the exhortation: "Buy a Liberty Bond" on every film extant. This will be flashed before millions of people every day and night in every nook and corner of this continent. The national association of the motion picture industry is back of this commendable movement, and is defraying all the heavy expenses incurred.

Verily, it is a glowing, growing spirit—this uniting for triumph over autocracy—and it will be a source of immeasurable gratification to every follower and admirer of the silent drama to note that the captains of this industry and the exponents of this art are among the most active of all Americans in promoting the welfare of illuminating Americanism, the all-potential force which is destined to rescue civilization from the clutches of the ruthless octopus whose tentacles are already strangling its own children, the subjects of the Central Allies. Like the man, woman and child in the dark night, the millions of men, women and children of the domain of Uncle Sam are battling with the storm together, and they too gather their unflagging perseverance from the Spirit Sublime.

To Drive Away the Blues

By Arthur H. Koehne

*When Jephtha Jiggs MacJiggerdeen
 Came home last eve from toil,
 His temper stood at ninety-nine,
 His blood was in a boil,
 That cheerfulness was absent,
 So unusual with MacJugg,
 Instead a scowl of anger played
 About his whiskered mug.*

*He took his hat and coat and things
 And hurled them 'neath the couch,
 Which action quite betrayed the fact
 He nursed an ugly grouch.
 Then with a snarl he sat him down
 Beside his festive board,
 And when his good wife sweetly spoke,
 Her kindness he ignored.*

*But Mrs. Mac was not disturbed
 When Jiggs was vexed and riled,
 She knew exactly what would please
 Her much abused old "child."
 She had a plan that never failed
 To give his blues the chase,
 And cause a glow of gladness
 To illuminate his face.*

*They left the house without a word,
 (MacJugg was peeved, you know),
 And walked a few short blocks to see
 A moving picture show.
 They entered just as Chaplin spilled
 Himself upon the screen,
 Which was a pleasing tonic
 For old grouch MacJiggerdeen.*

*When Chaplin walked his funny walk
 It made MacJugg haw-haw,
 And when he tripped and fell, ker-plunk,
 Jep guffed a loud guf-faw.
 Then when the handsome hero
 Slammed the villain who had sinned,
 MacJugg sat back in silence
 And in satisfaction grinned.*

*He never budged from off his seat
 Until they flashed Good-night,
 And when they left the theater
 His face was beaming bright.
 The grouch and gloom had vanished,
 His cares had taken wing,
 He felt once more that, after all,
 This life was quite the thing.*

SMILE, GOL DURN YE, SMILE

By HERBERT RAWLINSON

Now is the time for us all to keep a smile on our phizzymahoganies and to laugh at most of the foolish rumors floating around the states. The gents with the drooping mouths are shaking their woebegone heads and saying that perilous times are ahead for the motion-picture industry, and that the war will shut us all down. Rot! this is just the time when people demand to be amused, and when sensible folks determine to keep a cheerful outlook on things in general.

Nothing will happen to the motion-picture industry or to the pictures, we may all be sure of that. For one thing, there is too much money invested in it; for another, pictures are in far greater demand than ever, and the movie magnates are not getting wobbly at the knees about present prospects.

I DO believe there will be a demand for pictures of the more entertaining and pleasant type, but that will be a good thing for everyone anyhow; adventurous dramas and comedies of all kinds will be in greater demand than ever.

Also, there will be no shirking of war's

responsibilities among the artists. Nearly every studio here has already organized for defense, and many actors will be ready for the call when it comes. Actors, as a body, are generally in fine physical fettle, and members of the Los Angeles Athletic Club keep in the best of condition; others are exponents of home exercises, and most of us are full of "pep," and that's a fact.

After all, it is merely one form of cowardice to get panicky and getting panicky shows a want of faith in that grand old gentleman, Uncle Sam, who is able to care for all emergencies. It behooves us to keep a stiff upper lip and to do all we can to keep everyone cheerful and happy, and to meet every emergency with calm action.

The motion-picture industry will go on in the same old way, wars or no wars, and will continue to add to the gaiety of nations, and in so doing will be adding its quota to the benefit of nations at large.

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The Only Treatment That Will Remove Permanently All Superfluous Hair

from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics, or powders used.

Originator and Sole Owner
DR. MARGARET RUPPERT
 1112 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.
 Suites 70-72-73 Established 22 Years



Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"MI-RITA" Gray Hair Rejuvenator—not a dye.

"MI-RITA" Skin Rejuvenator removes wrinkles and all blemishes, eliminating double chins.

All Other Toilet Requisites. Write for Booklet if your Druggist cannot supply, send direct to Office



Become a Cosmetician

Own a money-making business or command a high-salaried position. We can help you. There is a nation-wide need for Marinello Beauty Shops and Marinello operators.

Millions of Dollars are Spent for Beauty Treatments

Never has woman been offered such a grand opportunity. We will teach you all about successfully conducting a Beauty Shop and every branch of Beauty Culture. We guarantee graduates a good paying position or you can start in business for yourself. Write now for free particulars and proof of the prosperity awaiting you.

MARINELLO CO., Dept. 310, Mallery Bldg., Chicago



THE STARS' BEST PICTURES

Your selection of the following and 90 others:

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|
| Thecla Bara | Max Linder |
| Douglas Fairbanks | Mary Pickford |
| Valentine Grant | Anita Stewart |
| Louise Huff | Henry Walthall |
| Mollie King | Bryant Washburn |

Two for 10c, six for 25c, eighteen for 50c.

R. K. STANBURY, Dept. P. C., Flatiron Building, New York City
 Send two-cent stamp for folder with list of players.



\$500 Reward

will be paid to anyone who can permanently destroy the brilliancy and sparkle of RAJAH im. Diamonds without destroying the stone. Their Brilliancy is eternal. Rajah is the king of jewels.

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

BEAUTIFUL COLORED CATALOG FREE!

WRITE FOR IT. You will be delighted at the exquisite Rajah im. Diamond Rings. Just send your name and address on a postal. You will be under no obligations to buy. Rajah im. Diamonds are absolutely guaranteed to keep their brilliancy and sparkle forever. Their brilliancy is eternal. Easy monthly payments if desired. One year to pay.

KRAUTH & REED
 159 N. State St. Dept. 138 Chicago, Ill.

THE SILENT TREND

(Continued from page 35)

HAROLD LOCKWOOD and the Yorke-Metro Company have caught the spirit of the times admirably. They have rushed to the rescue by contributing a departure from the serious in photoplay—a rescue in which all producers must co-ordinately participate for the good of the state of the public mind. The sordid must disappear from the screen. Even the ordinary life tragedy must go unless it has the redemption a happy finale affords. The present grim reality provides more than enough worry, and therefore our fiction must be light and diverting. In the latest Lockwood feature, "The Haunted Pajamas," we are given little else but screamingly amusing comedy, the very prescription which is sure to cure the mental ailments the stress of the world war produce. Everything is funny in this picture. Even the title forces a smile. It is, moreover, notable because it brings to us our debonair Harold with light society comedy salad a la toothsome for the first time. Always heretofore he has been the hero who has had to battle for his happiness. Now we see him as a natural comedian. The story is replete with clever and intricately confusing situations, which, brought about by the haunting of a pair of Oriental pajamas some three thousand years before they fall into the hands of the "hero," weave a net of extraordinary circumstances. Another noteworthy feature of "The Haunted Pajamas" is, it is the vehicle

by which Carmel Myers, a sixteen-year-old discovery of D. W. Griffith and the daughter of a well-known Jewish Rabbi, rides into prominence as a leading lady. Miss Myers makes good, the picture makes good, and Mr. Lockwood makes decidedly good.

THE marvels of animated photography will never end. Now comes another amazing moving picture "snapped" under the sea. It is called "The Submarine Eye," and it is the clever work of the Williamson Brothers, who gave to the world a remarkable picture version of Jules Verne's "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea." In "The Submarine Eye" is introduced a marvelous invention—an inverted periscope which points the way to effectual preparedness against skulking U-boats and other perils of the mighty deep. Besides giving a vivid view of "scenes" no human being could ever hope to see without the aid of the clever water-defying devices of the Williamsons a thrilling upside-down aspect is given to the whole thing, which makes you gasp your surprise while you're broadening your knowledge by leaps and bounds. Adroitly woven in all this unusual action is a gripping story of a castaway whose buried treasure is found many years after he had perished. It is then lost at sea and is recovered with the aid of the extraordinary periscope. We must all pay homage to the genius of the Williamson Brothers—George

and Ernest—because they have enriched the screen with its most astounding wonders of nature. By all means, Fans and Fanettes, let no opportunity go by to see "The Submarine Eye."

THE story of a country lad, whose feet, accustomed to roughly plowed fields, carry him to Broadway and riches and back home again to save those who misunderstood him, cannot be otherwise than interesting to the average American who takes very keen interest in meteoric successes. Therefore Charles Ray, in "The Clodhopper," is sure to enjoy a national popularity. In this excellent photoplay we see Ray as Everett Nelson, a raw country lad, in his daily grind as his father's hired man—all work and no play. He has no fun innings, and his only companions are his mother and Mary Martin, who lives on the adjoining farm. Finally the boy breaks with his close-fisted father, which leads him to New York, where he scores a hit with his natural and inimitable dancing. Mary goes to New York to impart the disturbing knowledge of his father's impending financial doom, and the son grasps the opportunity to return good for harshness to his parent by saving him from ruin. The narrative comes to a satisfactory conclusion in the midst of a series of exciting moments, and you feel you've spent your time profitably in watching it all.

Photoplay Stars I Have Directed

(Continued from page 47)

by hours of rehearsing. It is because she does this that Miss Frederick is always fresh and interesting upon the screen and never gives the impression of studied dramatic action. I believe her to be one of the best-read women in professional life, and she is certainly one of the most interesting and best-informed talkers that it has been my privilege to meet.

Louise Huff, whom I have directed in a simple little Quaker story and in adaptations of "Great Expectations" and "Seventeen," is a delightful example of success won by circumstances exactly opposite from those attending Miss Clark and Miss Frederick. Practically inexperienced upon the stage, little Louise Huff first won her success through personal charm and native ability. She was by no means an experienced actress when she first became a photoplayer, but everyone who saw her on the screen was instantly captivated by her delightful personality. Not content, however, with this form of success, little Miss Huff set about a herculean task of mastering the photoplay. That she is today an accomplished actress and that she has, if anything, increased the charm of her personality is, I think, undisputed. Certainly her popularity is steadily increasing.

One of the most interesting stars with whom I have come in contact is Jack Pickford. Here is a youth who has fought his way to the top despite the handicap of being

the younger brother of one of the most popular stars that has ever appeared on the screen. Appearing at first in support of his illustrious sister, Jack has steadily worked his way upward from minor roles to parts of primary importance, until he is today a star in his own right. Though proud of his sister, he has always resented being regarded as "Mary Pickford's brother," and has insisted that he rise or fall according to his own accomplishments. Everyone who has been associated with him in the studio has admired his attitude, and I am very sure that he is as popular among his associates as he is upon the screen. Jack has endeared himself to his directors by his willingness to do anything that is requested, regardless of the physical dangers involved or the humiliation to his pride.

Of all the players that I have met, Frank Losee, a veteran of the stage, is the most interesting. He has never permitted his many years' experience before the footlights to becloud the fact that in becoming a photoplayer he was entering a new sphere of activity. With many successful years upon the stage behind him, he entered the Famous Players studio as a self-styled rookie, and he has played more successful character roles in support of the various stars, and in several productions in which he himself was featured, than any other player.

From each one of these stars, and from the many distinguished players who have appeared in their support in the numerous productions over which I have presided, I

have received a liberal education in human nature which has proven invaluable to me in the interpretation of photoplays, and I take this means of acknowledging the intangible debt to my fellow workers.



Your Old Hair

Can be made into puffs, switches at a very small expense. I will make your old hair look like new. I also carry a complete line of toilet goods. Write for my price list.

LULU DUNHAM

120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

LEARN AT HOME
BY MAIL TO

DRAW—PAINT



Be a magazine, newspaper or commercial illustrator; be a cartoonist; paint in water colors or oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship Award. Your name and address brings you full particulars by return mail and our illustrated Art Annual Free.

FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 883, Omaha, Neb.

WILSON CLEANER REMOVES GREASE AND DIRT SPOTS



Don't worry about that soiled gown. Wilson's cleaner will remove that spot from your clothes. Wilson's cleaner is a scientifically compounded preparation, and will not injure the most delicate fabric. Send us 25c and we will send you a large bottle of this marvelous cleaner. If you find it unsatisfactory we will return your money.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., 32 S. Wabash Dept. C. Chicago, Ill.

GLADYS BROCKWELL AN INVENTOR—DO YOU THINK HER?

Gladys Brockwell's either going to be independently wealthy within the next few months—or she'll be independently broke.

Miss Brockwell herself is authority for the statement. Recently the William Fox star was seen going to the Fox studios on the Pacific Coast with rather worn shoes (on one of her two automobiles, of course). Now studioites know where the contents of the Brockwell pay envelope is going.

The screen luminary is financing an invention. That much she admits. She refuses to divulge its nature, because she says most of the value lies in the mere idea of the woman—for it is a woman—who is working upon it.

"It may be a pretzel without kinks—and it may not," she declares mysteriously. "It may be a non-come-offable button, and it may not. Really, the thing's so simple that I'm only afraid there may be nine or ten patents pending on the invention right now.

"With a little luck, an invention's a mint. I've read up about it, so I know whereof I speak. Listen:

"Dr. Plimpton, inventor of the roller skate, made \$1,000,000 from his patent.

"The man who first placed the rubber tip on the end of a lead pencil earned \$100,000 a year.

"Harvey Kennedy conceived of a shoe-lace, and the thought brought him exactly \$2,500,000.

"The ordinary umbrella benefited six persons to the extent of a scant \$10,000,000.

"Sir Josiah Mason, inventor of steel pens, made so much money out of them that he only wished someone else had devised more ways of spending it.

"The inventor of the simple metallic heel plate sold 143,000,000 of them the first year, and realized \$1,500,000 as a royalty.

"The woman who invented the modern baby carriage got \$50,000 for her trouble, while she who fashioned the curling iron made \$40,000. So a baby is worth just \$10,000 more than a curl."

Now then, who is there to say Miss Brockwell nay?

The August Number of
PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

The Magazine With a Heart, Soul and Character

which will make its appearance on all news-stands July 20th, will be the

Mid-Summer Number
and will contain—

Illustrated stories, many novel interviews, striking photos of the players, a beautiful cover picture of Bessie Love and many other surprises.

Last month the complete edition of "Photo-Play Journal" was sold out on the news-stands. So be sure to order the *Big August Number* NOW and avoid disappointment.

20 CENTS A COPY—\$2.00 A YEAR

TRIAL OFFER

Three Months for Fifty Cents

Readers of "Photo-Play Journal" using the coupon below are entitled to a three months "trial" subscription to Photo-Play Journal for Fifty Cents. The only requirement is that the coupon be mailed promptly.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND MAIL PROMPTLY

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Enter my subscription to Photo-Play Journal for three months. I enclose herewith fifty cents.

Name.....

Address.....

WRITE PHOTO-PLAYS!
Total Cost--50 cents

You receive a thorough and beautiful book, entitled, "The Art of Photoplay Writing." You acquire a profession and a great source of revenue. Do it now.

COLOSSUS PUBLISHING CO.
746 Title Guaranty St. Louis, Mo.

WRINKLES

Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (a Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy chins quickly vanish. SANS-RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLETON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P., Chicago, Ill.

\$ 10 Days Free Trial

Play on the violin of your choice—and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.



WURLITZER
Rare Violin (Special Circular) 100 years of instrument making. We supply the U. S. Govt.
The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—F. Itz, Baader, Giler, Heberlein, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc. for Special Circular. No obligations. Get full details of our offer direct to you. Write today.
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1853
S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Intrepid Queen of the Rail Cites Some Curious Superstitions of Railroad Men

(Continued from page 18)

times an engineer becomes so attached to one certain engine that he gets all out of sorts when he has to work on another one. His good humor absconds because of still another superstition, which obtains in many quarters. It is the old change-of-luck saw. If one engine has proven immune to accidents for a prolonged period, it is calculated it will continue safe, while a new engine comes as an unknown quantity and is therefore to be watched too closely to keep down nervousness. On one occasion an engineer died from natural causes about one week after being transferred from a locomotive he had operated for three years, and it was widely remarked in his fraternity that had he been retained on his "pal" he would have likely escaped the Grim Reaper. This is superstition unalloyed.

After participating in about every variety of excitement possible in "railroading," Miss Holmes has developed a few superstitions herself. Forsooth, she is chary of many things which do not ruffle most people in the least. Of course she has had all of her experiences with trains while moving picture cameras were focused on her, but her make-believe has been quite real after all, because her every performance has been replete with plenty of hazards and wild chances. It is very well to assume that her railway adventures are carefully staged, but actually the young star encounters many dangerous and difficult situations. If anybody thinks that clinging to the driving-rod of a locomotive travelling thirty miles an hour involves no danger of disaster to the clinger, Miss Holmes can quickly disillusion them. She did this in "The Girl and the Game," but it was the result of a misunderstanding, and she will never do it again. But, back to her superstitions—she will never permit her maid to help her dress for a scene in which she is to "play her part" in a train wreck or in a mad race. She has apprehensions for the "cross purposes idea." Another thing she always insists upon doing before undertaking any precarious work before the camera is to wear on the middle finger of her left hand a small gold band ring on which are engraved her initials.

"Purely superstition, you will say, but I feel safer and it helps," Miss Holmes declares.

Verily, it is marvelous how superstition seems to help some people, but it surely does help a whole lot.

Railroad men are not alone in the world of superstition. Members of the army of photoplayers evince about as many "fears of untoward events" as any class of people and as convincing proof we have but to cite the case of June Caprice, the Fox star. Here are only some of her strongest superstitions:

She refuses to walk under a falling safe, and advances the unique reason for this that the world is losing its population rapidly enough.

She will not put her hand in a lion's mouth because she doesn't believe in cruelty to animals. She will not stand near a lightning blast because she says the light hurts her eyes.

She doesn't like sawdust for breakfast because she thinks heavy foods are unwholesome.

She will not run through a glass door on account of the pane.

She is extremely superstitious about the use of carbolic acid as a face lotion.

She refuses to jump off the Palisades because the wind made by her descent would ruffle her hair.

She will not sit at a table of thirteen persons unless there is something to eat.

She will not open an umbrella in the house unless the roof leaks.

She thinks it unlucky to take a trip to Europe at this time of the year.

She is a firm believer in signs. For example, she never tries to buy French pastry in a shop labelled "Hardware."

She thinks it the best sort of luck to pick up pins in the street, especially if they are studded with diamonds.

Unlike most persons, she wouldn't dream of picking up a horseshoe, particularly if the latter were attached to the horse's foot.

She thinks a white horse lucky if you've bet on him for the race.

She thinks misfortune will overtake anyone wearing an opal if he or she doesn't keep up the payments on it.

Now say superstition isn't a joke!

"RHYMED BIOGRAPHY OF MACK SENNETT"

Mack Sennett, natural funny man, first saw the light in Danville, Can. He soon began to show some class—his home was then Northampton, Mass. At sixteen years he went to school and busted every old-time rule by playing jokes and chaffing chaff and making all the pupils laugh. He studied hard through each A. M.—and at each class—by dodging them. For just at noon he fled the scene and scampered o'er the village green and beat it back behind the stage even at that tender age, he strove to be an actorette. It's proved that that was his best bet.

At seventeen he ambled down to seek a job in New York town. At last one day he got a chance—he learned to prance; he learned to dance. He did that stunt just fairly well, and "Floradoraed" there a spell. Then came a change and pretty soon he joined "The Chinese Honeymoon." At Buffalo, Fred Mace, the boss, came ambling in and said: "O! hoss, it's kind of sad, but awful true, I guess we've got enough of you."

To old New York he beat it back. A sad and lonesome man was Mack. Though sad, he didn't lose his laugh; and soon he joined the Biograph. Dave Griffith was the man in charge, which, on the whole and by the large, was just the thing for Mr. S., for soon he made them all confess that with his most infectious laugh he'd put the "Buy" in Biograph.

Came six months more and he was made a boss director, calm and staid. Though staid he was he built the fun and filmed each laugh and joke and pun that went upon the screen those days, and grabbed off fame in many ways.

In nineteen-twelve, with little cash, but loads of nerve and pep and dash, he took two men, then glory be! He formed the Keystone Companee. With Adam Kessel at his back and Charlie Baumann, this here

Mack went right ahead abuilding jokes with only four laugh-making folks—just Mabel Normand, Freddie Mace (the fellow with the funny face), Ford Sterling, too, another sport, and last, Miss Alice Davenport.

The sledding then was somewhat rough; they labored hard and things were tough, but no one swore or tore his hair, and everybody did his share.

Today, the Keystone films, you know, are tickling ribs in Callao, and Zanzibar and Mozambique and everywhere that people speak—wherever any flag's unfurled. Mack Sennett tickles all the world.

Do giggles pay? Does laughter win? Do smiles beat frowns and upturned chin? Yes, yes, again in ringing tones. Mack-Sennett has three million bones! Three million fish to buy his hash! Three million dollars, mostly cash. And best of all twixt you and me, his age is only 33.

Which proves to man, if he reflects, that laughter pays—and Mack collects!—From the Los Angeles Review.



Ruth Travers

Read What Ruth Travers Says:

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, Chicago.

Gentlemen:—I have used your LASH-BROW-INE and found it to be perfectly wonderful in promoting the growth of eyebrows and lashes. It has proven to be all you claim. I shall gladly recommend it to all my friends. RUTH TRAVERS.

You too, can have luxuriant eyebrows and long sweeping lashes by applying

Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. Thousands of society women and actresses have used this harmless and guaranteed preparation, to add charm to their eyes and beauty to the face.

LASH-BROW-INE, which has passed the famous Westfield standard of Professor Allyn, nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and lashes, making them thick, long and silky, thus giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes.

Sold in two sizes, 25 cents and 50 cents.

Send coin for size you wish and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE and our Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain, sealed cover.

Avoid disappointment with worthless substitutes. Use Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine only.

Maybell Laboratories

4008-64 Indiana Ave., CHICAGO

After the Movies Two Eyes For a Lifetime

Murine is for Tired Eyes, Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them.

YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES! Sold at Drug and Optical Stores or by Mail. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.

THE LAST LAUGH

What He Wants to Save

Dennis J. Sullivan, assistant general manager of the Mutual, is looking at new cars. A genial agent was demonstrating a long-barrelled, bottle-necked, center fire smokeless model.

"Will it do 60 in high?" inquired Mr. Sullivan, as they slackened speed at a railroad crossing.

"It did 65 on the last two miles," said a strange voice alongside. A motorcycle cop handed up the usual papers.

"It's wasteful to use a high-powered car," says D. J. S., "I'm looking for something that will save less time and more gas."

Wither the Danger

As Pearl White rode the steel girder from the street to the top of a new skyscraper the other day to see if she couldn't speed up recruiting a bit, a structural steel workman called out to her as she passed the fifteenth floor, "There's no danger at all, at all, mum, in going up."

"No, of course there isn't," said our Pearl. "The danger is in going down."

Comedy Lines a la Keystone

Lip rouge covers lots of cold sores.
* * *

Charlie Murray is ill; so is Chicago.
* * *

Indoor sports, borrowing your neighbor's beer.
* * *

Chester Conklin is raising naval beans for the Navy.
* * *

If fate were a human being, what a laugh it would have!
* * *

From the way H. Guy Woodward walks, I should say he invented bunions.
* * *

Bill Campbell is doing a Hawaiian picture and the wardrobe consists of one ton of alfalfa.
* * *

Frank Hayes' wife sent him out for a pair of slippers and Frank came back with two bananas.

Mary Garden's Jap Answered the Bell

When Mary Garden, Goldwyn Pictures' famous operatic star, who was stopping at a hotel on the Pacific Coast, rang the bell the first morning after her arrival, she was much surprised when a Japanese boy opened the door and entered.

"I pushed the button three times for a maid," she said sternly, as she dived under the covers.

"Yes," the little fellow replied; "me she."

Wanted Five Louies Smaller Size

Jack Gardner, Essanay's star, was in a San Francisco shoe store purchasing a pair of shoes when he overheard a woman behind him complaining to the clerk as follows:

"I'm afraid these Louis XV heels are much too high for me. Perhaps you have lower ones—say about Louis X would do, I think."

The Peninsular Miss Eddy

Violet Eddy is now playing with Tom Mix in his newest Foxfilm comedy. Miss Eddy is shaped very much like a peninsular, long and narrow, with conspicuous promontories formed by her head and arms.

In this production Violet is wearing a black dress, and she is making her skin particularly dark. When she first saw Tom Mix in her new make-up, the noted cowboy-actor burst out laughing.

"Don't you think I look sweet enough to eat?" Miss Eddy asked laughingly.

"Yes," said Tom, "you look like a chocolate eclair."

Mobilization

Florence La Badie, the Pathe-Thanouser star, was seen the other day busily engaged in wielding a man's size spade in her back yard. Before her was a broad expanse of freshly turned sod.

"What's the big idea?" she was asked. "I'm doing my bit," she laughed. "I'm mobilizing my backyard!"

What They Do To the King's English

Maxine Elliott, Goldwyn Pictures' star, relates an anecdote that the late Lord Minton used to tell about a famous art connoisseur who once sat next to a rather illiterate alderman at a public banquet. In the course of conversation the alderman mentioned that his grandfather had known the great Napoleon.

"Indeed," said the other; "that's very interesting."

"Yes," the alderman went on, "and I still have the fine snuff box that Napoleon gave him. It has a hen in diamonds on the lid."

"A hen!" exclaimed the connoisseur. "Oh, I see; you probably mean an eagle—the imperial eagle."

"No," insisted the alderman, "it's a hen plain enough. Look, I've got it with me."

And he pulled from his pocket a splendid gold box with an "N" in brilliants on the lid.

It Made No Impression, However

A cut-price printer once went to a church fair—yes, indeed, there really are some printers who go to church irrespective of whether they cut prices or not—and he spied a peachful young queen presiding over the fortune-telling booth. He had his fortune told.

The peachful young fortune teller took him back behind the rich splendor of the rep hangings which cut off the view of the vulgar herd. She gazed long and earnestly at his toil-hardened hand, with just a touch of wistfulness. Then she whispered softly:

"You will be a very distinguished man if you live long enough."

The printer glowed with pleasure.

"And what will I be distinguished for?" he asked.


"For old age," replied the peachful one, slowly.

3 1/3 c a Day

now buys a dazzling Lachnite Gem. Their brilliance is eternal—they stand fire and acid tests and cut glass like diamonds. If you can tell a Lachnite from a diamond, send it back. 10 days free trial. Set in solid gold. The newest designs.

Write for Big Jewelry Book Your name and address is enough. No obligations whatever. Write today—now.

HAROLD LACHMAN COMPANY
12 N. Michigan Avenue, Dept. B-185 Chicago, Ill.




Mental Demons Are They Holding You Back?

Does a host of mental demons bar your path to success? Do you feel yourself incapable to meet important situations? Do you lack the power to make people recognize you—to make others see things *your way*—to compel people to listen to you? Are you weak in a crisis? Most men have the brains and the ambition to do big things—but a weak personality—a lack of self-confidence—timidness—poor vocabulary—unreliable memory—"stage fright"—hazy, unorganized ideas—*ineffective speech*—are holding them back from the success they deserve.

RESULTS!

"Your Course is a most valuable training to anyone who desires to be able to speak in public without embarrassment."
—C. C. HOFFPAUIR, Att'y, Texas.

"Not only has it enabled me to speak in public in a way that is most gratifying to me, but it has helped me in business as well."
—G. M. COSSITT, Banker, Illinois.

"It has given me greater confidence in my own ability, a better memory, a more polished vocabulary, and a stronger personality."
—W. L. WILDER, Mgr., Chicago.

"Your Course is a splendid training for the salesman or sales manager, and I heartily recommend it."
—O. F. BOURGEIS, Pres., Chicago.

"A fascinating and practical training that overcomes one of the common weaknesses of business men—inability to express themselves."
—GUY H. SHEARER, Banker, Idaho.

We have hundreds of similar testimonials in our files from men in every walk of life. Send the Coupon today. You owe it to yourself to find out what this Course will do for you.

Send the coupon below at once and let us tell you how you can drive these mental demons away forever—how you can occupy a place among men who do things—how you can learn to express your ideas forcefully and convincingly—how you can acquire a powerful, magnetic personality—how you can develop a strong dominating will—how you can become a powerful, public speaker. Our new scientific Course in

Effective Public Speaking and Mental Development

will quickly train you to speak forcefully and convincingly in public

- talk before your club or lodge
- address board meetings
- propose and respond to toasts
- tell entertaining stories
- make after-dinner speeches
- converse effectively
- write better letters
- sell more goods
- train your memory
- enlarge your vocabulary
- develop self-confidence and a winning personality
- strengthen your ambition and will power
- become a clear, accurate thinker
- develop your power of concentration, diligence and self-control
- equip you with power to be the master of any situation.

This Course and Service is under the personal supervision and direction of R. E. Pattison Kline, Dean of the Public Speaking Department, Columbia College of Expression, Chicago, one of the foremost authorities in the country on public speaking and mental development. You can now secure the personal instruction of this eminent authority right in your own home, by mail, in spare time. Hundreds have acquired a powerful address and a winning personality through his instruction.

Special Offer—Now Send the Coupon

Mail the coupon today for full particulars of the Special Limited Offer we are now making. This unusual offer may be withdrawn at any time. We will also send you free, many interesting facts and pointers that you should know about effective public speaking and mental development—information that you can use. Free and no obligations of any kind. Don't delay. Send the coupon now while this offer lasts.

Public Speaking Department
American Correspondence School of Law — 1611 Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen:—Please send me without obligation full details of your Course in Effective Public Speaking and Mental Development, as well as particulars of your Special Limited Offer.

Public Speaking Department
American Correspondence School of Law
1611 Manhattan Building - Chicago, Illinois

Name.....
Address.....

The Fable of an Art On the Table—and Off

(Continued from page 45)

"Behold these bundles of manuscripts which are perfect to a superlative degree." Then he tossed them nonchalantly on a nearby Table. "But there is where they belong—on yon Table, for I say unto you, mine new-found friends, they are too perfect for the Screen. Their perfection would seem foolish—high-browish, the plebeians would say. 'Tis in these Io-Snares which are Tabled which would bring Perfection, but as a Profiter under the old regime I cannot recommend these of which I speak, because their introduction would mean educating the hoi polloi all over again, an expensive and troublesome task."

And verily notwithstanding the Kalif was so Impressed with the Perfection which oozed out of the Collection of Io-Snares which lay before his very eyes that he did Purchase many of them feeling cock-sure posterity would find him Great in the Arts and Commend him for his wisdom and initiative. But he said naught of his ideas to the Venerable Profiter, for he did not desire to Reveal his Identity, which, of a Sooth, was amply wrapped in his Bernouse.

And when he was about to depart with his Alleged Servant, who had maintained a sulky Silence following the Episode of the Broken Vase, he did make speech in this wise:

"Oh, most venerable El Play Photo pleased indeed have I been This Night to have been the Guest of one whose influence is such a Credit to the Art. Of a verity, I will call on thee again just as soon as I am in Need of more Perfect Io-Snares. Good night, old top."

And El Photo Play, the Profiter, did make reply in This Manner:

"It will always be a matter of Unalloyed Bliss to be of service to Your Majesty, for—"

"How now?" asked the Kalif in surprise. "What mean you by calling me Your Majesty?"

And El Photo Play did cast aside pretense and Prostrate himself at the feet of the Ruler of the Faithful, saying:

"Who could gaze upon thy Kingly Countenance, oh Maker of Fillum, and not be permeated with the Sweet Realization that he was in the presence of the Commander of the Screen!"

This compliment so tickled the Kalif that as he and his Grand Viz were Wending Their Way back through the streets to the palace he did Take Occasion to Crow over it somewhat.

"Huh," grunted the Grand Viz: "May thy Humble Servant be pardoned for Calling Attention to the fact that Your Majesty evidently forgot to Remove your crown of Reels before leaving the palace?"

And this was the Reason that the Grand Viz found his salary docked twice the amount he paid El Play Photo. But, all this did not deter the Kalif from getting onto the Screen his Perfect Io-Snares, and soon thereafter other makers of Fillums were imitating him until it came to pass that the Screen afforded entertainment well nigh Perfect.

Moral: Every good thing has to be started by someone—even though it's only a king!



Twenty-Four Great Railway Systems

Specify

Bundhar Wilton

DURABLE AS IRON

RUGS AND CARPETS

for their Trains, Terminals and Offices, in fact, one may travel from Coast to Coast on BUNDHAR WILTON

ALL THE WAY

During the past quarter of a century, the leading transportation companies of the country, in their search for a carpet possessing unusual wearing qualities, have centered their choice on BUNDHAR WILTON, for they have found, as the name implies, that it is

"DURABLE AS IRON"

It is not surprising that the leading Motion Picture Houses everywhere, led by the same necessity, should choose this same popular Floor Covering.

For the American home there is no line in America today comparable to this grade of rugs and carpets.

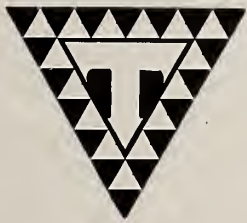
It is carried by high class dealers everywhere in a selection from innumerable patterns and colorings. It has behind it the reputation of a House which has devoted its energies over a period of eighty years to the exclusive manufacture of Quality Floor Fabrics.

We will be pleased to furnish you with the name of your nearest dealer carrying Bundhar Wilton Rugs and Carpets.



HARDWICK & MAGEE CO., Phila.

The Finished Expression of the Dramatic Artist



Triangle players are artists—in every sense of the word. They are picked for their sincerity, for their highly developed talent, for their Heaven-given ability to interpret *character*. And Triangle players know *life*, and *live* the parts that they make so *real*.

Triangle artists are students. Their work is never finished though their unspoken expression *is*. They find the keenest dramatic value in even the commonplace things of life. They find new human interest in mankind's attributes of weakness, of strength, of passion, of tenderness and love.

TRIANGLE PLAYS

THE FOREMOST PRODUCTIONS
IN MOTION PICTURES

are written around subjects that are dear to the human heart. Good is shown in vivid contrast to evil. Hate is used only to illustrate its dominance by love. Passion is made to yield to gentleness. But above all, Triangle plays are alive with action and spontaneous realism. The characters live and breathe. They have a tremendous appeal. Triangle artists carry you to the point where you are one with them—and hold you in spellbound fervor.

And Triangle comedies are crowded with rollicking, side-splitting fun that keeps up in a bubbling stream. It's clean fun, too, that all can see and enjoy. Take your wife or sweetheart to *any* Triangle Play and you'll be sure that they will find genuine amusement in a healthful atmosphere. Look for the theatres where Triangle Plays are shown.

TRIANGLE DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
1457 Broadway
New York

Who Gets \$200,000,000 Tire Profits?

An Amazing Condition Revealed in the Tire Business. Terrible Waste Shown by Methods of Selling Automobile Tires. How One Tire Man is Cutting the Cost of Tires to the Consumer.

Tire Chain Stores Will Cut Tire Costs

Note.—The following article outlines plans for a national chain of tire service stations and stores which, it is predicted, will greatly lower automobile upkeep costs by a unique merchandizing plan which has been tested out and found successful. Output of splendid factory already secured, more to follow. The success of other chain stores and the tremendous growth of the automobile industry—consequently of the tire business—makes this one of the most attractive and interesting enterprises. We have made every effort to verify the statements made here and to the best of our knowledge the statements are accurate and the estimate conservative.

By M. E. PHILLIPS

WHO gets the \$200,000,000.00 A YEAR TIRE PROFITS?

Do you know that the cost of producing a tire is possibly ONE-THIRD of the price you have to pay. That a small tire you pay \$15.00 for costs about \$5.00 to manufacture? That the tire costing about \$20.00 to build has to retail for about \$60.00?

Do you know that the tire manufacturer is satisfied to sell his tires for very little over the cost, and at only a fraction of the retail price?

Where does the balance go?

Who, then, gets this enormous "cut in" on the tires you buy?

DO YOU? Of course not.

Who, then?

Well, the JOBBER gets a BIG slice.

The WHOLESALER gets another BIG slice.

The RETAILER gets HIS SHARE.

The rest goes into advertising, dealer's helps, adjustments, selling costs, etc.

Meanwhile YOU, Mr. Tire Buyer, pay the 100 per cent. price and worry about the high price of upkeep of your motor car.

There is a chance for you to share both directly and indirectly in the enormous tire profits. This article outlines a plan which must appeal not only to the automobile owner but also to the investor who would like to get a chance to win a share of the big profits which the tire industry is making every day for its fortunate owners.

Study the OPPORTUNITY shown here. Read every word of this article, and when you have finished it draw your own conclusions.

It is a BIG IDEA, born in the fertile brain of a genius of industry who has already PROVED his quality by SUCCESS.

Will Cut Tire Costs

A clever tire man, a man with intimate knowledge of the tire industry, a man with breadth of vision and economic principles, has seen this enormous WASTAGE in the tire business and has evolved a PLAN that will revolutionize the tire-selling business.

He argues that TIRES COST THE CONSUMER TOO MUCH.

He says there is no reason on earth why the tire buyer should have to pay this enormous burden of profits and selling costs. If tires can be made for ONE-THIRD of the present retail prices they can be sold FOR LESS than prices now charged for them and still pay legitimate profits, LARGE PROFITS, because of the volume of business a company offering such savings is bound to achieve.

This far-sighted man is a PRACTICAL TIRE MAN. As a manufacturer he has MADE GOOD. He is a PRACTICAL BUSINESS MAN, with all a practical man's dislike for waste. He has proved his genius for organization and big things.

This man is Mr. J. G. Feist, President of the National Rubber Company of New York.



The magnificent Pottstown, Pa., plant of the National Rubber Company, where National Speedway Red-wall tires and National Red Tubes are made. Two floors are finished and occupied. This is a strictly modern steel, concrete and glass construction factory building of the highest type.



The famous Philadelphia Experimental Tire Service Store that proved to President Feist of the National Rubber Company the practical possibilities of tire chain stores. Located at the corner of North and Broad Streets.

Plans Chain of Stores

Mr. Feist's plan is to establish a chain of tire service and store stations from Maine to California, and Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

The National Rubber Company of New York has been organized with strong men behind it, and it has already secured the output of one entire factory as the nucleus of this chain store plan. More factories will be added as the chain extends and the need of more tires becomes evident. The first factory whose product has been secured is the National Rubber Company of Pottstown, Pa., manufacturers of the famous National Speedway Tires and National Red Tubes.

The NATIONAL SPEEDWAY RED-WALL TIRES are so GOOD that they are sold under the strongest GUARANTEE to be had.

This company now has a capacity of 1,000 tires a day and is being enlarged to a much greater capacity. When the distribution exceeds the capacity of this plant, new plants will be started or bought in different sections of the country, or factory outputs contracted for in order to bring up the production to the necessary number of tires.

Mr. Feist proposes to sell tires at a MUCH LOWER PRICE than is now being charged for good tires elsewhere.

He plans to give SUPERIOR SERVICE to tire buyers.

He will give them a BETTER TIRE. He anticipates that in doing this his company will prove the greatest profit maker in the tire field.

Experimental Plant a Success

Mr. Feist is not building his company's future on imagination or theory. Before maturing his plans he opened in Philadelphia a station such as he proposes to establish elsewhere.

This is what his Philadelphia service station and store does:

It sells tires below the average price of high class tires of equal size and quality.

It delivers tires PUT ON YOUR CAR.

You phone in that you need a 34 x 4 tire and give your address. A mechanic picks up the required tire, puts it in the carrier of a motorcycle and speeds off to your address. On arrival he takes off your old tire and puts on the new one. No trouble, no mess.

If you want your old tire repaired he takes it back with him and it is delivered as soon as repairs are made.

You have saved time, labor, worry and money.

The success of this first service station PROVES what REASONABLE PRICES, HIGH QUALITY GOODS, EFFICIENT SERVICE will accomplish. Profits are large because of volume. The Philadelphia service station already has 11,000 CUSTOMERS. (Not tires, but CUSTOMERS.)

With this established PROOF of the value of this new departure service plan, Mr. Feist has organized a company to establish National Rubber Company SERVICE STATIONS and stores all over the country. His plan provides for opening 500 stores the first year, if possible, and more stores year by year as the company grows.

Offers Great Opportunities

The OPPORTUNITIES offered by this chain of tire service stores are self-evident.

CHAIN STORES of all kinds have been enormously successful. They have built up some of the greatest fortunes in the country. They have made their original investors enormously rich. And this in spite of the fact that most chain stores have dealt only in articles selling for a very small sum. HOW MUCH GREATER should be the profits of a chain of stores selling a product whose every SINGLE SALE equals the sale of HUNDREDS of the articles sold in most chain stores?

THE UNITED CIGAR STORES, selling cigars, cigarettes and tobacco, average LESS THAN 20 CENTS PER SALE. The National Rubber Company averages MORE THAN \$20 PER SALE, with proportionate profits.

The WOOLWORTH STORES sell 5 and 10 cent articles. Yet they have made many millions and the highest office building in the world was built out of these nickels and dimes.

The REGAL SHOE COMPANY, with its chain of shoe stores, has made its owners rich. So have the Walk-Over Shoe Stores, the W. L. Douglas Shoe Stores. All chain stores.

The TRULY WARNER Hat Store chain has accumulated wealth for its owners.

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Stores, the Jewel Tea Stores, the Acme Tea Stores, all chain stores, have made millions.

The several chains of drug stores, of grocery stores, of cheap restaurants, have all made fortunes.

The reasons for this uniform success are numerous.

In the first place a chain of stores reduces the operating cost—what is known as OVERHEAD EXPENSE—to the minimum.

Secondly, the purchasing power of the buyer who buys for hundreds of stores is so enormous that he can pretty nearly make his own price. He gets ROCK BOTTOM costs on everything. Woolworth can sell for 5 and 10 cents articles that often retail at from 25 to 50 cents because he buys outright entire factory productions. The manufacturer who sells his whole output to one man for cash eliminates all selling expenses, salesmen, advertising, collections, etc., and can sell for a quick turnover, and will yet make more profit in the end. That's how the chain store buyer can buy at such a low figure that he can sell goods that retail generally for 25 cents for 5 and 10 cents.

If these chain stores, selling articles that retail for such a small price, can earn such fabulous dividends, what will a chain of tire service stores earn with the big sales it will make; sales averaging \$20 apiece?

It doesn't take a prophet to look into the future and see the magnificent accumulations of dividends that should accrue from such an enterprise.

It isn't hard to foresee what the earnings of such a chain of stores can pay in say ten years from today. By that time the chain should extend to every city of any importance in the country. This may mean thousands of such stores, because there are in the United States 1,442 towns of 5,000 or more inhabitants and over 100 cities having a population of 55,000 or over. The small towns, say the towns under 10,000, would require only one such service station, while the larger towns would require a number of them.

Thousands of Chain Stores

To give you an idea of how many stores some of the big chains have, it is enough to mention the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, with over 1,500 retail stores; the United Cigar Stores, with over 1,000 retail stores; the Woolworth Company, with over 1,000 stores, etc.

The tremendous growth of the automobile industry—a growth that is gathering size and importance every day—makes this projected chain of tire service stores all the more important.

At the beginning of 1917 there were approximately THREE MILLION autos in use in the United States. According to the last census, figures show there were in 1910 (date of last census) 91,972,266 inhabitants in the U. S. It is calculated that there are now at least 110,000,000 people in the U. S. At this rate, there is one auto in the U. S. for every 40 people. In many of the states, the ratio is higher than one for every 16 people. This means that THERE IS A TREMENDOUS POSSIBILITY FOR MORE MACHINES.

According to the best informed automobile authorities, it is calculated that there will be added at least 1,000,000 auto users during the year 1917, bringing up the total close on to FOUR MILLION AUTOS in actual use in the U. S. With such an enormous distribution of cars, and all the automobile factories of any account way behind in deliveries, an enormous supply of tires will be required to keep these autos running.

24,000,000 Tires Needed

Very moderate estimates place the number of tires required on each car at EIGHT PER YEAR. Each auto MUST HAVE FIVE TIRES, four on the wheels and one spare tire. It is an ultra conservative estimate, therefore, that places the required number of tires to meet the needs of 1917 at SIX PER CAR PER ANNUM. At this rate 4,000,000 automobiles will require 24,000,000 tires. This is truly AN AMAZING FIGURE for an industry that is only a little over a dozen years old.

The distribution of these cars is centered at present in certain sections. When the other sections have awakened to the advantages and uses of the automobile and its economy for travel and commercial purposes, it is more than likely that the distribution will be much more even.

It has been estimated by statisticians that there are OVER TEN MILLION men in the U. S. who should be, and probably soon will be, auto owners. These are men who, because of their business, their financial condition and their position, should become automobile owners.

There are upwards of seven million farmers in the U. S., and of these a large percentage will probably become owners of automobiles. Just now only about 7 per cent. of the prosperous farmers own automobiles. The farmer is today the RICH MAN of the U. S. He has been getting the biggest prices ever paid for crops, he has by scientific farming increased the yield of his acres, and he has been fortunate in getting big crops when the price was highest.

For these reasons, THE FARMER IS UNUSUALLY PROSPEROUS and he is putting some of his riches into the comforts and conveniences of an automobile.

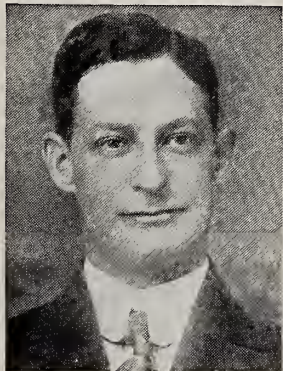
With such prospects, with such a tremendous field to conquer, with the SUCCESS THAT has attended the FIRST UNIT of the National Rubber Company chain of service stores, it is not hard to visualize the ENORMOUS POSSIBLE PROFITS from this enterprise.

How Profits Pile Up

Even a casual consideration of the subject makes the figures run into such amazing columns of profits that the very thought is staggering.

The great earnings of chain stores of all kinds has been in the aggregate.

When you take 1,000 stores and pile their profits in one great heap,



J. G. FEIST

President of the National Rubber Co. of N. Y. and director and treasurer of the National Rubber Co. of Pottstown, Pa. Mr. Feist founded the great tire company and is one of the very successful men of the rubber industry.



JAMES A. MURRAY

President of the National Rubber Co. of Pottstown, Pa., and director of the National Rubber Co. of N. Y. One of the biggest and best known rubber men in the U. S. For 23 years with the Seamless Rubber Co. of New Haven, Conn., as officer and director.



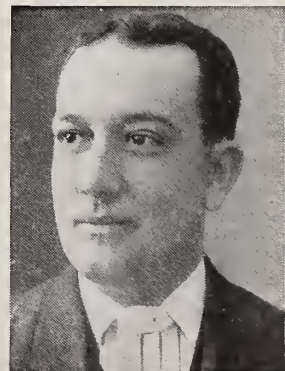
THOMAS KEDWARD

Thomas Kedward of Philadelphia is the treasurer of the company. Mr. Kedward is president of the William Kedward Dye Co. and one of the prominent manufacturers of Pennsylvania.



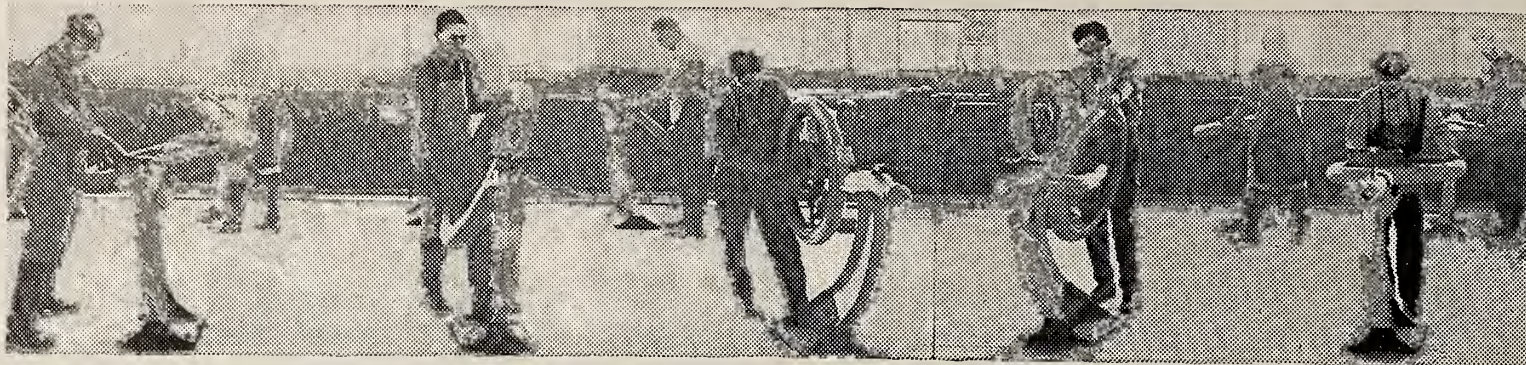
W. J. DUGAN

Director and Mechanical Engineer in charge of all buildings and construction work of the National Rubber Co. of N. Y. A brilliant, brainy, successful man.



F. H. DOGHERTY

Manager of the Boston branch of the National Rubber Company of N. Y. and for many years a representative of leading tire concerns in the New England field.



Section of tire-making department. Here a small army of workmen are constantly employed making National Redwall Speedway tires by hand. These shown clearly in this picture, with its strong, clear light, fine equipment

you have a formidable aggregate—an aggregate which doesn't have to be very large in the individual case to make up this magnificent total.

Let us take into consideration one unit and then see how it works out.

Firstly, we must remember that these service stores are operated at a minimum of expense. Being administered from the central office, whose costs of operation are spread over the whole chain, the local stores require only inexpensive help. The man who operates a store of his own expects to make A GOOD LIVING out of it for himself AND A GOOD PROFIT besides; he has to pay for everything on the high price of individual purchases. He has to have efficient help, has to advertise and, of course, he has fixed charges for rent, light, taxes, insurance, etc.

Chain Store Savings

The chain store hires only the necessary help, it eliminates the owners' living and profits. It buys in enormous quantities at prices that make the prices the individual store owner pays seem preposterous; it pays the minimum for taxes, for insurance and the advertising expense of operating is carried in bulk by the parent company, and this is divided pro rata so that each individual store pays only a small sum as its share of the advertising expense.

Tires are bought at actual contract price from the manufacturer, which is lower than the average price the jobber pays.

We then have EXPENSES PARED DOWN TO THE BONE, probably HALF WHAT THEY WOULD BE UNDER ORDINARY CONDITIONS. And we have the most attractive kind of a proposition to offer to the tire buyer—THE BEST TIRE ON THE MARKET AT MUCH LESS than he would have to pay elsewhere; A SERVICE NO OTHER TIRE CONCERN GIVES or can give, GUARANTEED SATISFACTION backed up by a company operating a nation-wide chain of stores.

With so much to offer and with such splendid profit-making advantages it is not hard to look into the future and see every store paying a big profit and the company earning dazzling dividends.

What may one store earn, you may ask?

Let us do a little figuring:

FIRSTLY, the ENTIRE FACTORY SELLING EXPENSE is ELIMINATED. The entire output of the factory being sold to one customer—the chain store.

The saving of the traveling expense and the salesman's salaries and commissions. The saving of advertising and promotion expense. The added office accounting and credit expense. All these are SAVED by the chain stores. In these items alone is found a selling cost of at least 30 per cent.

On top of that the JOBBERS' DISCOUNT OF 40 PER CENT IS WIPED OUT.

Because of the TREMENDOUS OVERHEAD selling and distributing expense, the enormous discounts demanded by the jobber, the wholesaler and the retailer, if the manufacturing cost were TOO HIGH or even over his competitors, then the added charges as described here, increase out of proportion and the consumers' prices would be prohibitive.

Hence, in National Speedway Tires most of the factory selling cost is put in the tire in ADDED QUALITY AND QUANTITY, and the usual trade discounts are divided with the consumer.

Profits of Chain Stores

We now come to the question of the profits of the chain stores—of each unit and of the chain in the aggregate.

After a careful scrutiny of costs of manufacturing, of operating the chain store—each unit—and figuring a retail price on the tires at

a sensible reduction over average price of tires of equal size and quality, we find that there is still possible an average margin of \$5 per tire. This is "AVERAGED" because some of the tires will pay more profit while some will pay less, but the average has been shown to be about \$5 per tire sold.

This is evidently a CONSERVATIVE ESTIMATE.

If each chain store sells ONLY 10 TIRES PER DAY, we have each store earning a profit of \$50 a day or \$50,000 a day profit for 1,000 stores.

\$50,000 profit per day for 365 days in the year—tire service stations are busier Sundays and holidays than other days—FIGURES OUT THE ENORMOUS TOTAL OF \$18,250,000 A YEAR PROFITS.

You will realize that an estimate of only ten tires per day is very small. When you consider the tremendous advantages of dealing with National Rubber Company service stores, the high class of the product, the low price, the good service given in the way of instant special deliveries, placing the tire on the car and taking away the injured tire for repairs, it is not hard to understand why these stores should do an enormous business.

Ten tires per day is a very low estimate of the possibilities, but to be even more conservative, let us cut down this estimate by half. Let us suppose that the stores only AVERAGE FIVE TIRE SALES PER DAY. Let us see how this figures out.

FIVE TIRES A DAY, showing an average profit of \$25 per day per store, one thousand stores will, therefore, pay an estimated daily profit of \$25,000. For 365 days in the year THE ENORMOUS TOTAL, WOULD be \$9,126,000, and it would be a mighty poor store that couldn't sell five tires per day.

These figures are staggering when you analyze the accumulated profits of hundreds of stores all over the country, each contributing its quota of profits from the many sources.

A Gold Mine of Profits

You will note that no estimate has been made of profits from sale of tubes and from the repair department, which should also be profitable.

It will, of course, take time to build up such a large chain of service stations, but in a few years, with the growth of the chain and the enormous increase in the automobile industry and number of cars in use, THIS CHAIN OF TIRE SERVICE STATIONS SHOULD BECOME A VERITABLE GOLD MINE OF PROFITS FOR EVERY STOCKHOLDER WHO BECOMES INTERESTED IN THIS COMPANY NOW, when its shares can be acquired at a low initial price.

The National Rubber Company, of New York, is incorporated under the laws of the State of Delaware, with a capitalization of \$5,000,000, divided into 500,000 shares of the par value of \$10 PER SHARE. ALL COMMON STOCK SHARING EQUALLY IN PROFITS AND CARRYING FULL VOTING POWER.

THE STOCK IS FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

For the purpose of establishing the business on a right basis, the directors have set aside 100,000 SHARES OF THIS STOCK TO BE SOLD TO THE PUBLIC.

Their idea is that by obtaining a wide distribution for this stock they will enlist local interest in the local distributing and service stations of the National Rubber Company.

Underwriting Stock Offer

This UNDERWRITING SYNDICATE STOCK is offered in five different allotments.

The present allotment will be sold in lots of not less than TEN SHARES and not more than 100 shares at \$7.50 per share.



BOSTON BRANCH

This was the second branch store of the National Rubber Co. to be opened after the success of the experimental store in Philadelphia. It is doing a wonderful business in National Speedway tires. It is located at 557 Columbus Avenue, Boston, Mass.



workmen are the most expert high-skilled labor and their rapidity and efficiency is wonderful. The splendid modern character of this ideal plant is and good flooring. Ideal conditions for turning out high-class work.

The present allotment of 10,000 shares is the only stock of the UNDERWRITING allotment that will be sold at this low price.

It is desired—as nearly as possible—to place every share of this UNDERWRITING stock in the hands of owners, or prospective owners, of automobiles, who will become immediate patrons of the chain stores and who ARE ALSO OFFERED AN INDUCEMENT TO BECOME BOOSTERS FOR THE TIRE SERVICE STATIONS. THIS INDUCEMENT CONSISTS OF A CASH DISCOUNT OF 25 PER CENT UNDER THE STANDARD LIST PRICES FOR ALL TIRES SOLD BY THE NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY TO ITS SHAREHOLDERS.

An automobile owner, therefore, has a double interest in buying this stock.

The saving alone in tire bills for a year should pay for his ten shares if he buys at this price and he will have, besides the savings in tire costs, the dividends which the company declares.

IS THIS INVESTMENT WORTH WHILE, you may ask?

What This Means to Autoists

Let us study it over. \$75 invested in ten shares of this underwriting stock will save the automobile owner 25 per cent. on his tires. If his bill for tires runs to \$200 a year, he will be saved, therefore, \$50. That means that the stock will have paid him a big return on his investment or 50 per cent. on the par value of the stock, which, computed on a stock's ability to earn 5 per cent., will make his TEN SHARES REPRESENT AN INVESTMENT OF \$1,000 which cost originally only \$75.

Then if the company begins paying dividends, the stock should go to par and over if the dividends amount to more than 5 per cent.

When the company gets on a 10 per cent. dividend basis, the stock he bought for \$75 should represent an investment of \$200. When it pays 50 per cent., it should have an INVESTMENT VALUE OF \$1,000.

So when the company is in a position to pay 50 per cent. dividends, this stock should represent an investment to the automobile owner of about \$2,000, figured on the basis of dividends and savings it will give him on his tire purchases. And all from an original investment of \$75.

When the company reaches its full development and its 1,000 or more stores begin piling up big profits, such as we have already figured on, profits that mean exceptional dividends, THIS ORIGINAL INVESTMENT WILL HAVE ACCUMULATED A PHENOMENAL VALUE.

NO AUTOMOBILE OWNER CAN AFFORD TO OVERLOOK SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY.

A blind man could see the possibilities presented in this underwriting offer, an offer so liberal that the directors had to confine it to a small amount of stock.

An Exceptional Offer

The offer of the stock at \$7.50 per share (par \$10) is in itself a tremendous inducement, but when it is coupled with the offer of the company to extend a discount of 25 per cent. on all tire and tube purchases made through the company it becomes so extremely attractive a proposition that NONE CAN AFFORD TO IGNORE IT.

The savings in tire costs should soon pay for the stock of those who accept this offer and should pay for the stock of those who buy at a higher price.

This, in itself, makes the proposition attractive. But when the future of this company is analyzed and the possibilities it offers are considered, the offer becomes immensely more attractive.

YOU NEED NOT NECESSARILY BE AN AUTOMOBILE OWNER today to accept this offer. Your stock in the National Rubber Company will entitle you to this 25 per cent. discount on tires and tubes JUST AS LONG AS YOU REMAIN A STOCKHOLDER.

Later, when you buy an auto, you'll be able to buy tires at this great saving.

You often hear it said that if you had a chance to invest with Ford, or Willys, of Overland fame; with Goodrich or Fisk or Firestone; with Westinghouse or Bell, or some of the others, whose companies have earned fabulous dividends, and made stockholders rich, you would today be ON EASY STREET.

This is very true, but the pitiful truth is YOU DID NOT HAVE THIS CHANCE. VERY FEW PEOPLE DID. These companies were mostly close corporations with the stock held in the hands of a small group of men. These stocks were not offered to the public.

A Chance in a Million

BUT HERE IS A CHANCE. Here is a company offering UNDERWRITING STOCK, stock that can now be bought at the ROCK BOTTOM PRICE, that should in time become enormously remunerative. Stock in a company that promises to have tremendous growth.

Woolworth and Whalen and the others, who have made many millions out of chain stores, never gave the public a chance to come in on the organization. They have sold stock since, lots of it, to the general public, but it has been stock in the development proposition, stock that has been sold on the market AT THE VALUE IT REPRESENTS NOW, a value figured on the company's earning power.

LATER YOU MAY GET A CHANCE to buy National Rubber Company stock on the open market, but YOU'LL PAY THE PRICE OF DEVELOPED STOCK. If the company is earning 100 per cent. on its capitalization, you'll pay for it at that rate which in that case would probably be \$2,000 for every \$100 par value, or \$200 a share for \$10 shares.

THIS IS THE PENALTY THAT SHORT-SIGHTED PEOPLE PAY for not accepting opportunities that are offered them.

The poorhouse is FULL OF SUCH PEOPLE, "THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEENS." They lacked the initiative and courage to back their belief with their money.

Those Who Have Courage

The others, those who are without fear, those who have courage to back their judgment with their money, they are those you watch spinning past you on the boulevard in luxurious limousines, whose homes line the fashionable streets.

MONEY MAKES MONEY, but it takes an exceptional opportunity to bring you big returns from small investments. You read, for instance, that \$500 invested in such-and-such stock has earned \$250,000; that \$500 invested in such other stock has paid \$200,000; that \$1,000 in other stock has paid \$200,000; that \$1,000 in Ford stock of the original company is now worth millions. THAT IS ALL TRUE, gospel truth. BUT did YOU ever get a chance to invest in the original \$28,000 that started Ford on the highroad to his present millions? Did you get a chance to invest in the \$33,000 that John N. Willys has built up into the tens of millions of the Overland Company? Did you get a chance to invest in the \$33,000 house, or Bell Telephone, or Western Union or Wellsbach Mantles stock? Of course not. And very few people did, BECAUSE THESE STOCKS WERE RARELY OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC BEFORE DEVELOPMENT.

Fortunes From Tire Investments

Just as an instance of how even small investments have grown into REAL FORTUNES study the following table compiled from what are believed to be authoritative sources of information. This list shows how an investment of \$500 has grown when invested early in successful tire companies:

\$500 in Dunlop Tires is now worth and has returned...	\$250,000.00
\$500 in B. F. Goodrich Tires has become worth.....	349,500.00
\$500 in Republic is now worth	60,000.00
\$500 in Fisk Tire & Rubber Co. is now worth	60,000.00
\$500 in Diamond Rubber Co. is now worth.....	75,000.00



CHICAGO BRANCH

Chicago had the third branch store to be opened, and it is fast acquiring a splendid trade in National Speedway tires and tubes. The store is located on "Automobile Row," at 2112 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



In this department National Speedway tires are moulded. After the tires are completely built up they are encased in these moulds and cured for three hours by special process. Most tires are cured for only half to three-quarters of an hour. Three-hour curing gives them their great toughness and resistance.

large regular cash dividends distributed since 1910, when the company was organized.

There's a Reason

This stock is offered for a reason. It is offered by the UNDERWRITERS of this company to start it with a nucleus of interested tire buyers and boosters in every locality.

The directors set a MINIMUM OF TEN SHARES AND A MAXIMUM OF 100 SHARES on this offer. It would doubtless be more profitable to the company if every subscription for this stock was for \$75 (10 shares, par value \$100), because that would mean that the greatest number of people possible would be holding this stock and boosting for the company.

Ten thousand holders of stocks scattered throughout the country would mean a veritable army of boosters, helping build up the business IN WHICH EACH ONE HAS A SOLID SUBSTANTIAL INTEREST.

Ten thousand boosters, working to popularize and make known the high quality of National SPEEDWAY RED-WALL TIRES and National Red Tubes—boosting this way because it is TO THEIR INTEREST to boost this way—would save the company tens of thousands of dollars per annum in advertising expense.

That's the principal REASON WHY THIS STOCK IS OFFERED TO YOU AND EVERYONE WHO BUYS TIRES OR EXPECTS TO BUY TIRES.

It is WORTH IT to the company to make you EVERY INDUCEMENT to buy this stock. AND IT IS CERTAINLY WORTH WHILE FOR YOU TO BUY IT.

Are You Waiting for a Miracle

Every man hopes, some day, that by some wonderful miracle he will be lifted out of the life of drudging toil he leads into one of affluence, comfort and independence. It is our nature to live in this HOPE. But the day of miracles is past. Good fairies do not run around with bags of gold and drop them into the laps of the worthy.

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP YOURSELF TO FORTUNE. You've got to save to get a nucleus of money to invest where the opportunities for profit are large. BUT YOU'VE GOT TO INVEST YOUR SAVINGS, if you want them to pay big returns.

One of the world's greatest bankers has said that NO MAN WILL EVER GET RICH FROM THE SAVINGS OUT OF A SALARY OR WAGES. He must accumulate wealth by PUTTING THESE SAVINGS TO WORK, INVESTING THEM TO ADVANTAGE.

Of course, it takes COURAGE to invest money that you have worked hard for, that has been slowly and laboriously accumulated by privations and sacrifices. But IT IS THE COURAGEOUS WHO WIN THE EARTH.

DON'T INVEST ALL YOUR SAVINGS. That wouldn't be the

That the growth of tire companies has been phenomenal is proved by the fact that the Good-year Company has already distributed 1,820 PER CENT. IN STOCK DIVIDENDS among its stockholders in addition to 554 PER CENT. CASH DIVIDENDS. Last fall the Firestone Tire Company declared a 1,000 per cent. stock dividend to its stockholders in addition to its

wise course. Keep a reserve of your savings for eventualities, for sickness or loss of position or unexpected calls, BUT INVEST PART OF YOUR SAVINGS WHERE THEY CAN EARN YOU SOMETHING WORTH WHILE.

Invest Future Savings

Or better still, HERE IS A PLAN BY WHICH YOU CAN ACQUIRE THIS STOCK WITHOUT TOUCHING YOUR SAVINGS.

BUY WHAT YOU CAN AFFORD TO PAY FOR OUT OF YOUR NEXT SAVINGS.

The directors have made it EASY FOR YOU TO GET THIS STOCK AND PAY FOR IT OUT OF YOUR FUTURE SAVINGS.

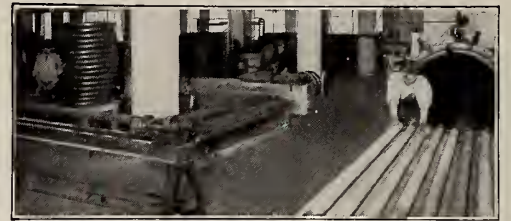
You can pay down \$15 ON EVERY TEN SHARES OF STOCK YOU WANT AND PAY THE BALANCE IN FOUR EQUAL PAYMENTS OF \$15 A MONTH for each 10 shares, making the total of \$75 for the ten shares, par value \$100.

This liberal plan makes it possible for you to buy this stock and pay for it WITHOUT TOUCHING THAT PRECIOUS CASH RESERVE you have been accumulating in the bank so carefully.

BUT WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T OVERLOOK THIS OPPORTUNITY. The next offering of shares will be at a HIGHER PRICE. Don't delay unless you want to pay the HIGHER PRICE.

Fill out the convenient coupon attached. Mail it with your first payment, which will RESERVE the stock you want at this LOW PRICE. Then you can take fifteen days to investigate, to make sure that all the facts are just exactly as represented to you. If you, for any reason whatever, are not satisfied, you can release your reservation and your money will be returned to you, but if you find out that you have invested wisely—as we are confident you will find out—then you can either pay the balance in full or you can take advantage of the easy method of paying for it a little each month. Either plan is equally satisfactory to the directors of the National Rubber Company of New York.

If you want any of this Underwriters' Stock, you've got to write now, at once, or you will lose your chance



Tube-making department. Here are made the famous National Red Tubes. The factory is producing about 1,000 tubes a day.

How to Buy National Rubber Co. of New York Stock

10 shares (par value \$100)	
\$15 down, \$15 a month for 4 months	\$75.00
15 shares (par value \$150)	
\$22.50 down, \$22.50 a month for 4 months	\$112.50
20 shares (par value \$200)	
\$30 down, \$30 a month for 4 months	\$150.00
30 shares (par value \$300)	
\$45 down, \$45 a month for 4 months	\$225.00
40 shares (par value \$400)	
\$60 down, \$60 a month for 4 months	\$300.00
50 shares (par value \$500)	
\$75 down, \$75 a month for 4 months	\$375.00
100 shares (par value \$1,000)	
\$150 down, \$150 a month for 4 months	\$750.00

NATIONAL RUBBER CO. OF (N. Y.) POTTSTOWN, PA.

Broad and North Streets, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

2112 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

557 Columbus Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.

P. J.

Date 191..

The undersigned hereby subscribes for..... shares of the Common Stock of the NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY of New York, full paid and non-assessable and tenders herewith to the order of NATIONAL RUBBER COMPANY of New York for \$..... at the rate of \$7.50 per share in ^{full}—_{part}—Payment.

It is understood that in consideration of this subscription that as long as I remain a shareholder of record on the books of the Company I am to receive a Net Cash Discount of not less than Twenty-five Per Cent. (25 per cent.) from the Company's regular Printed Price List, on any goods listed therein which I may buy for my own use. I am to have 15 days from date in which to investigate all statements made by the Company.

Subscriber's Signature

(Address)(Town and State).....

Prices of these shares subject to advance without prior notice.



THE difference between Quaker Tires and railroad tickets is that the tickets will not take you beyond the distance specified, while Quaker Tires, though adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, deliver thousands of excess miles. Records of 9000, 11,000 and 13,000 miles come to us from enthusiastic users everywhere. On request you will be sent fac-similes of the following and many other letters:

"My last two Quakers were destroyed when my garage burned recently. Both of these tires had made 11,227 miles and were in good condition at the time of the fire."

"In regard to service on a pair of 33x4 Quaker Tires, which I purchased from you in the early part of last July, beg to advise that these casings have gone seven thousand (7000) miles to date and show but very little wear."

"We have placed Quaker Tires among our best customers and of the different sizes up to and including 36 x 4½ we have casings that have been driven 4000 to 8000 miles and they are still giving service. We might say that none are completely worn out."

"We have just taken off a 37 x 5 Quaker casing which has been run 14,080 miles. Aside from tread being cut and torn, casing is in good condition."

"A customer has driven a set of 33 x 4 Quaker Tires on a five-passenger car over 12,000 miles."

In records such as those quoted is found the reason why there was not a single Quaker Tire left in our factory on the last day of March; why dealers' orders could not be filled;

why consumer demand could not be satisfied. And all that despite the fact that the Quaker plant was running to the limit of its increased capacity.

But, now, you can get Quaker Tires from any of our dealers because of a further increase in manufacturing facilities.

Put *one* Quaker to the test against any three other makes of tires. Then you will surely equip all four wheels of your car with Quakers.

If there is no dealer near you send direct to the Factory Sales Department. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

Quaker City Rubber Co.

Factories—Philadelphia

CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St. PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St. NEW YORK 53 Murray St.
Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves,
Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.

Is Your Money Safe?

How do YOU know whether or not the securities sold you by some glib-tongued stock or bond salesman, or advertised or recommended by some newspaper or magazine "financial editor" have NOW any REAL value?

One of Thousands Received

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 21, 1912.
 Mr. H. L. Barber, Chicago, Ill.
 Dear Mr. Barber:—Your several communications, with three copies of INVESTING FOR PROFIT, have been duly received. The article, "Science of Investment," is an illuminating one; and it is hard to see how any one could read it without profit. I only wish that years ago the viewpoint of the article could have been had. Not least among its virtues is its lucid statement which leaves nothing the average man of ordinary affairs fails to comprehend. You are unquestionably on the right track, and cannot but do the people and the country good. I could not but feel that while President-elect Woodrow Wilson is sweeping the horizon of future responsibility to the nation, it would not be amiss, if he has not seen it, he have the opportunity of reading "Science of Investment." It looks very much like Thos. W. Lawson is "ploughing with your heifer" in his article in the November issue of "Everybody's Magazine."
 Sincerely yours, N. B. W.

What becomes of the millions taken from the public in this manner every year?

It was for the very purpose of warning its readers against bad investments in addition to instructing them in the fundamentals of good investments, business and personal, municipal and corporate, that INVESTING FOR PROFIT recently instituted a regular department wherein is set forth each month facts concerning the various form of "Get-Poor-Quick" investments largely advertised or recommended by many of the so-called leading magazines and financial papers.

That this new feature of ours is appreciated is shown by the increasing number of letters received by us daily. Readers KNOW that they can here obtain the unbiased and impartial judgment of those who have spent years in study and analysis, and who are qualified through personal experience and knowledge to counsel wisely.

There is no more important subject than this. It touches every phase of human activity. How to avoid the snares of the stock sharpers and financial "three-card-monte" men and the magazines with "financial departments" as adjuncts to their advertising departments has been told in previous issues of INVESTING FOR PROFIT. Our work has a CONSTRUCTIVE character also. You

will learn surprisingly interesting and valuable things—how the money trust controls and uses the people's money for a pittance and re-loans it, or sells it back in trust-made, tariff-protected product, to the money earners and savers of the country at high rates and tremendous profits, but of even more importance, you will learn how large fortunes are made and why they are made—the knowledge financiers hide from the masses.

If your BANK BALANCE is important to you and you wish to use it so that it will earn and return to you its full and legitimate EARNING CAPACITY, you will not miss the many interesting articles in this progressive journal.

INVESTING FOR PROFIT enjoys the largest financial circulation in America and is in its twentieth volume.

Remember, this is a REGULAR FEATURE. INVESTING FOR PROFIT also gives heed to the safeguarding of its readers' funds—whether they be merchants, manufacturers, farmers, laborers, widows, trustees, or what not—everyone can and should read these articles.

As a holder of securities you may desire to inquire about what you already own—you are at liberty to do so, in strict confidence, and without cost, by addressing, "Inquiry Department," if you are a subscriber.

MY MAGAZINE "INVESTING for PROFIT"

is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who intends to invest any money, however small, who has money invested unprofitably, or who can save \$5 or more per month, but who hasn't learned the art of Investing for Profit.


It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money—the knowledge financiers hide from the masses.

It shows how to invest small sums and how to make them grow into fortunes—the actual possibilities of intelligent investments.

It reveals the enormous profits financiers make and shows how one can make the same profits safely.

It explains HOW stupendous fortunes are made and WHY they are made—how \$1,000 grows to \$22,000.

To introduce my magazine, the price of which is \$1.00 per year, write me NOW, and I'll send it SIX MONTHS postpaid, free.

If not already a subscriber send us your name and address ON THIS COUPON  and we will send it to you SIX MONTHS FREE as an introduction—no liability on your part whatever.

Clip the Coupon Before You Turn This Page

H. L. BARBER
 Publisher

H. L. BARBER, Publisher
 417-18A West Jackson Boulevard
 CHICAGO

Please send me FREE for six months your magazine *Investing for Profit* and enter my name on your list for Free Financial Advice. I am over twenty-one years of age, and have never asked for or subscribed for your paper.

Name

Address

City State.....

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

August 1917

20 Cents



BESSIE LOVE

The Magazine With A Heart, Soul and Character

Paramount Proclamation

World's Greatest Stars for *all* the People

AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT FROM ADOLPH ZUKOR

AFTER August 5, 1917, you who want Paramount Pictures can have them at your favorite motion picture theatre.

On the above date Paramount will inaugurate a new policy of service to the *entire* playgoing public. Any theatre in America can secure Paramount Pictures and Paramount Stars, just as it chooses to book them.

The Restrictions Are Off

This announcement is the most important addressed to motion picture patrons since September 1, 1914, when the Paramount program was born.

By this plan your theatre will carry out your wishes. Paramount will be able, for the first time, to satisfy the enormous public demand. And, after all,

Paramount Is a Public Service

Paramount *originated* the feature photoplay idea. Beginning with Sarah Bernhardt and James K. Hackett, we gave to the screen the famous stars of the

speaking stage, with master writers, master directors, an investment of millions to lift motion pictures to their present high plane.

Paramount Has the Stars

Some of the stars who appear in Paramount Pictures are: Mme. Petrova, Ann Pennington, Billie Burke, Lina Cavalieri, Jack Pickford, Pauline Frederick, Vivian Martin, Wallace Reid, Sessue Hayakawa, Julian Eltinge and Marguerite Clark. Also, the famous Paramount-Arbuckle two-reel comedies, the Victor Moore and Black Diamond one-reel comedies, the Paramount Bray Pictograph, weekly "Magazine on the Screen" and Burton Holmes Travel Pictures.

Ask for Paramount Pictures

Your theatre manager is now able to secure the stars he may *select*—just as he wants to book them. Tell him you want to see Paramount Stars and Paramount Pictures. **Hand in the Box Office Request below.** He will be glad to *know* and *will follow* your wishes.

Paramount Pictures
Corporation

Controlled by

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY
CORPORATION

Adolph Zukor, President
Jesse L. Lasky, Vice President
Cecil B. De Mille, Director-General
NEW YORK



Box Office Request
Paramount Pictures

I would enjoy Paramount Pictures and Stars.

Name _____

Address _____



The Editor's Personal Page

THERE has been too much rigmarole about war taxes. In fact, there has been an excess of loose talk in which the outstanding spirit of resentment towards the government could not be otherwise than detrimental to the public welfare. It is a time-honored fact that the only two certainties extant are death and taxation. It is the part of grace and wisdom to regard both as inevitable and to constantly live so as to meet each fate bravely. In this age of close scrutiny and transcendent intelligence there is little chance of any influence flourishing to a sufficient extent to impose injustice in any form for any considerable period of time, and for this reason it follows that a preponderance of all taxation is usually as fair as conditions will warrant. As a matter of good citizenship it becomes obligatory for you and you to bear your part of whatever financial burden the salvation of our liberty may entail. True, it may seem exorbitant, but we must have faith in the spirit of equity which undoubtedly actuates those charged with the tremendous responsibility of raising vast sums of money with which to prosecute a great war for humanity. Surely if millions of men stand ready to give up their lives to defend their country, you and you should be willing to give of your savings and earnings without complaining. It is eminently less of a sacrifice to unleash the power of money—something that can be regained—than it is to lose your life irretrievably. One feels an impulse to shudder when he contemplates what would happen if everybody deemed extra taxation unfair and devoted their energies to figuring out ways to avoid it. Our enemy could crush us with ease if that ever became the temper of the ruling majority. However, fortunately, those who are essaying to dodge payments due on the huge bill Uncle Sam is contracting for the sake of civilization are in a very small minority, and the shirker is a rarity but if YOU happen to know of anyone who betrays signs of threatening discontent, you will be performing a patriotic service by making a serious effort to curb his biased loquacity and to convince him of his error. Truly, if there ever was a time when every individual should co-operate in the work of engendering the Perfect Spirit into every soul in the land, that time is now. Whenever YOU feel there is need for it, talk up for Uncle Sam and talk loudly and impressively.

PHOTOPLAY fans can contribute unlimited aid in the perennial task of ameliorating the photoplay art by demanding better plays. Needless to add, most producers are constantly striving to make every improvement possible, but a universal demand will serve to prod those few who are laggard in keeping abreast with the times. Make it a habit to always let the manager of your favorite picture theater know what you think of the various features he exhibits, and above all be sure that you do not permit prejudice to warp your judgment. Those of your opinions which prove good will wield an influence for good by inspiring the exhibitor to secure fewer of the bad films which displease you and

more of the meritorious ones which please you. From the exhibitor, as an intermediary, comes the demand which producers must respect if they would have their releases popular. Is this suggestion not worth considering seriously?

IT seems inevitable that film will join milk, bread and potatoes in soaring high in the realm of increased prices due to the fact that all the materials used in the manufacture of this entertainment commodity are costing an average of at least twenty-five per cent. more than was demanded six months ago. "We must bear a share of the war burdens, and a just share we will bear cheerfully and patriotically, but the picture industry will have to be favored with a decided increase in admission prices at the theaters if it is to survive," says John R. Freuler, president of the Mutual Film Corporation and head of picture enterprises said to handle about one and one-half million feet of films per week. He further predicts increases ranging from fifty to one hundred per cent. As is obvious to all, the fans will have to share in the new financial obligation entailed by the conditions in order to make it possible to continue the production on its present splendid plane. Loyalty to an art worthy of every support should inspire those who are devotees to it to pay a little more and insure its maintenance rather than to forsake it because of the unavoidable increases of admission prices. Each photoplay fan should carefully weigh the facts in the case before assuming resentful attitude. Moreover, despite the added expenses of the times, there must be no general tendency to discontinue assisting in the momentous work of keeping money in circulation. It would be immeasurably dangerous to the stability of the nation if there is a general hoarding of money now. There is such a thing as too much economy, and it would be a regrettable excess of it if any considerable portion of the theater-goers decided to refrain from indulging themselves in the pleasures of the screen because of any reasonable advance in the cost thereof.

BE polite. It is a good policy at all times in all places under all circumstances. Be the very puppet of gentility and you will avoid many unpleasanties. Above all—essay unimpeachable deportment while in a photoplay theater. There is no place bad manners look worse or that good manners look better. Don't you be the chatter-box who is spoiling the entire evening for everyone within reach of your voice, and, by all means, bear in mind that the vast majority of the others who are attending the same show do not give a rap about your criticisms of the pictures being exhibited. There cannot be an excess of politeness, and you can help the good cause along wonderfully by seeing to it that your conduct is always such as to either excite admiration or to be wholly unnoticed. If everybody pursues this course incessantly the pleasure of witnessing picture shows will be enhanced two-fold.



NORMA TALMADGE

NORMA TALMADGE FILM CORPORATION



VALESKA SURATT

FOX



DOROTHY DALTON
TRIANGLE-INCE



CORINNE GRIFFITH

VITAGRAPH



ENID BENNETT
TRIANGLE



ORA CAREW
KEYSTONE



WILLIAM RUSSELL
MUTUAL

Table of Contents

AUGUST
1917



Photo-Play Journal

Volume II
No. 4

Edited by DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1	A DAY OF REST WITH A LITTLE BUNDLE OF ENERGY. (Illustrated.) <i>By Janet Priest</i>	28
NORMA TALMADGE. (Full-page portrait)	2	HOW THEY DO IT. (A series of pictures)	29
VALESKA SURATT. (Full-page portrait)	3	INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS	30
DOROTHY DALTON. (Full-page portrait)	4	LOOKING PLEASANT FOR THE FANS. (Illustration)	30
CORINNE GRIFFITH. (Full-page portrait)	5	HERE'S A DOG GONE TO SUCCESS. (Illustrated) <i>By Nanon Toby</i>	31
ENID BENNETT. (Full-page portrait)	6	WHY I PREFER OPEN-AIR PICTURES. <i>By Henry Otto</i>	32
ORA CAREW. (Full-page portrait)	7	PHOTOPLAYERS AS YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE THEM. (A page of interesting pictures)	33
WILLIAM RUSSELL. (Full-page portrait)	8	THE SILENT TREND. (A composite review of the achievements of the current month in the photoplay world) <i>By Bert D. Essex</i>	34
CONTENTS. (Illustrated)	9	PHOTOPLAYERS WHEN OFF DUTY. (Another picture page)	36
TSURI AOKI. (Full-page portrait)	10	THE BELASCO OF THE CINEMA. (Illustrated) <i>By Peter Smythe Gridley</i>	37
WHY LITTLE MARY PICKFORD CROSSED THE CONTINENT. (Illustrated) <i>By Peter Gridley Schmid</i>	11	WHICH, WHO, WHY, WHAT AND WHEN?	38
MY LADY O' THE SUNSHINE. (Illustrated). <i>By Pearl Gaddis</i>	13	THREE CHEERS FOR THE GIRL OF TODAY. (Verse) <i>By Gladys W. Brockwell</i>	38
THE CRYSTAL GAZER. (A short story. Illustrated) <i>By Stephen Scott</i>	14	SOMEONE'S IN THE WOODPILE. (Illustration)	39
ANITA BOWS TO DAME FASHION'S DECREE. (Illustrated) <i>By Adele Whitely Fletcher</i>	17	QUEER THINGS AROUND ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST MOVIE PLANTS. <i>By Felix J. Koch</i>	40
FROM STANDARD OIL TO STUTZ	18	THEY PAUSE IN THEIR WORK TO POSE FOR OUR CAMERA. (Illustration)	40
RICHARD THE BRAZEN. (A short story. Illustrated) <i>By Charles A. Dell</i>	19	EDITORIAL	42
INTERVIEWING THEIR DOGS. (Illustrated) <i>By I</i>	21	A "REALLY TRULY" PRINCESS. (Illustrated) <i>By Carl Stearns Clancy</i>	43
BUBBLING BESSIE BARRISCALE. (Illustrated) <i>By Dick Willis</i>	22	ROBERT WALKER, EXPERT HAND-WALKER	44
JULIAN ELTINGE, FAMOUS FEMININE IMPERSONATOR—A RECRUIT IN THE ARMY OF PHOTOPLAYERS. (Illustrated) ..	23	SCREEN STORIES. <i>By Jack Winn</i>	45
A PAGE FROM MARY GARDEN'S DIARY	23	WHO WILL ORIGINATE ARLINE PRETTY'S NEW NAME AND WIN \$25?	47
WORKS OF GREAT RUSSIAN GENIUSES NOW ENRICH THE SCREEN. (Illustrated)	24	THIS MONTH'S SUGGESTION—"PENELOPE PIERCE." <i>By Lucille V. Parsons</i> and "JEWEL." <i>By W. Hugh Adams</i> ..	48
THE BELOVED ADVENTURESS. (A short story. Illustrated) <i>By Grace Ade</i>	25	THE LAST LAUGH	54
SOME INSIDE INFORMATION ON THE MOTION PICTURE ART. <i>By Colin Campbell</i>	27		
REALISM. (Verse) <i>By George B. Staff</i>	27		

BESSIE LOVE—Our Girl on the Cover

Every one in Los Angeles has some connection with the motion picture industry. It is estimated that half a million people can trace the source of their income to the films. And the rest, merchants, professional men and the like, share in the general prosperity. School girls want to emulate Lillian Gish and Mabel Normand—and some of them do. Bessie Love, a high school girl in Los Angeles, is one who did; and in the short space of a single year, rose to leading lady in some of the most important of Tri-angle feature photoplays.

She was selected from a crowd of "extra" people who thronged about the studio door one morning. Being observant, she soon became acquainted with the demands of

the work, and when John Emerson went from the East to star in "The Flying Torpedo," and she was given the part of the Swedish servant girl, she seized the opportunity to show herself as one of the leading figures in the film.

She was transferred soon after that to the Ince studio to play opposite William S. Hart in "The Aryan." Then Douglas Fairbanks came clattering down after making "His Picture in the Papers" and "The Habit of Happiness" in the East, and borrowed her for his play, "The Good Bad Man." She then appeared with Fairbanks in "Reggie Mixes In." Since she has been starring abundantly all by her little clever self.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

THOMAS B. NAYLOR, President and General Manager
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
\$2.50 IN CANADA \$3.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY, 20 CENTS]

Entered as second-class matter, April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1917, by LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO.



TSURI AOKI
LASKY

Why Little Mary Pickford Crossed the Continent :: :: By PETER GRIDLEY SCHMID

REGARDLESS of race, creed, class, color, size, ambition or vocation, whether they are the daughters of half-naked savages on the South Sea Isle with nothing to do and plenty of time to do it or the most popular

*Breathes there a man with a soul so dead
Who never to himself has said:
"Girls will be girls!"*

the breaker of hearts and pocketbooks. And Mary Pickford is no exception to the rule.

"America's sweetheart," as she is called, and one of the most famous girls of the century is a girl of all girls, a real live American girl with the same faults, thoughts, hopes and fancies which actuate other girls in their blithesome meanderings over this mundane sphere which would be so futile without them. Mary is just the usual girl when it comes to striving for perfection in the matter of personal presentation of "the very latest thing in dress of the period." Show me a girl who has lost the desire to be a fashion model and I will show you a girl who has lost her pride. It is, as the wisecracks say, "just like a girl," which is exactly what Mary Pickford is like with all her heart and soul and a lot of irresistible vivacity.

The principal and about the only difference between Miss Pickford and the average girl is not in their fondness for dress, but in their ability to get what they want when and exactly how they want it. Who else but "Little Mary" would take the time or could afford the expense to run over to New York from Los Angeles just to humor a whim and to spend a couple of very short days and a lot of other things which mean little in the life of a motion picture star.

Indeed, from the Pacific coast to the Atlantic seaboard is hardly what might be considered a commuting distance. As a shopping trip to the city it represents a matter of 3,000 miles, five days of tipping porters with the limitations of the train allowing little chance for escape. Moreover, there are the usual well-known discomforts of a long railroad journey to contend with, even though one travels in the best quarters money can buy. And so to go from the motion picture rendezvous of California to the mighty metropolis of Gotham, the mecca of crowded subways, tall buildings and lobster palaces and return consumes ten days of time which drags monotonously, and a vast deal of the kind of self-control which prevents one from excoriating without mercy the perpetrators of railroad service as efficient and speedy as it is in this domain of



young ladies of the civilized world kept busy obeying the commands of society and the Red Cross, there is one shrine at which they all bow, pray and worship, namely, Dame Fashion,

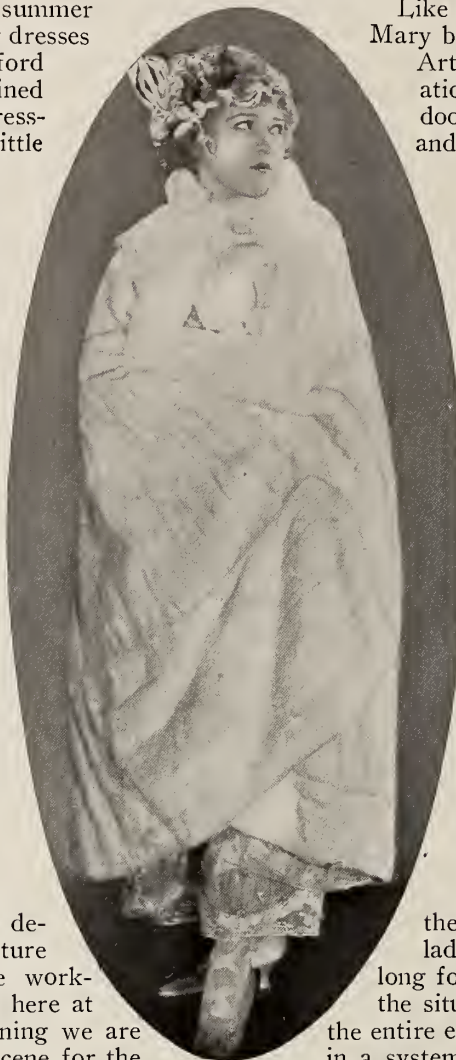


the valiantly fighting Uncle Samuel. These facts were fully appreciated by Mary Pickford, when upon the conclusion of her Arcraft picture, "A Romance of the Redwoods," she found that she had fourteen days in which to rest up before commencing her new picture.



"Little Mary" had often made the round trip from Los Angeles to New York, and consequently had no particular relish for the journey. And yet, it was spring! Spring meant new summer dresses, and new summer dresses such as Mary Pickford wears can only be obtained from her New York dress-makers. What could a little body do? Fourteen days, minus ten days in travel left four busy days in which to prepare for her new wardrobe. It simply had to be done, so, after pleading with her mother, who finally agreed to accompany her as she always does, Mary gathered a few belongings and bade California *au revoir*, promising to be on hand in time to start work on her next picture according to schedule.

With a look of confidence Director Cecil B. De Mille watched the famous star depart. He knew Mary Pickford, and knew that she would be back in due course once she had promised. Others, however, were a bit worried, for a few days' delay in a motion picture studio upsets the entire working schedule. "She'll be here at nine o'clock on the morning we are ready to shoot the first scene for the new picture," said Director De Mille to his assistant, whereupon he promptly forgot the



fact that Mary had started upon her flying trip across the continent, and plunged into the preparation of plans for the forthcoming production, which will soon be released.

Like a bright ray of sunshine Mary burst into the office of the Arcraft Pictures Corporation in New York. The door-boy rubbed his eyes and the general manager pinched himself to see if he was awake. It did not seem possible that Miss Pickford could be in New York when everyone thought she was enjoying a rest among the mountains on the other side of the continent! A greeting to everyone at the office and one of the most popular girls in the world was away on a shopping tour that goes down on record. At her dressmaker's establishment the dignified mistress stared open mouthed as "Little Mary" rushed into her arms.

"Summer wardrobe, quick please," exclaimed Miss Pickford with that note of desperate appeal in her voice as she smiled at

the surprised look upon the lady's face. It did not take long for the dressmaker to grasp the situation, and in short order the entire establishment rushed about in a systematic manner at the commands of their employer. Immediately the brains of the organization began to create new dresses for Mary, who, as usual, helped develop the ideas with an occasional suggestion that demonstrated the fact that the favorite screen actress knew several things about the fashion art, and knew how to put them into execution.

There were no "lunch hours" for Mrs. Dressmaker during those four days, and a hasty bite was all that the necessity of the rush would allow. As the last day drew near "Little Mary" began to get worried and urged even greater speed. At 5 P. M. her train would leave Grand Central Station, and at four forty-five Miss Pickford was going through her final fitting. With a hasty hug of thanks she finally bade her dressmaker good-bye and waved kisses to the employees as her chauffeur slammed the door and started to break traffic laws in order to keep Miss

Pickford's promise! Too late! The gate just closed as Mary and her mother reached it. The station-master was giving the signal to go ahead when he spied her pleading with the man at the iron gate, and when it comes to her kind of pleading, where, oh where, is there the mere man who can successfully resist? Signalling the engineer to wait, he

yelled to the gateman and the door swung open, and before she realized it our dashing little heroine was standing beside her mother on the observation platform waving her thanks to the station-master as the train pulled out.

And what did she have to take back to Los Angeles for the trouble she had taken? Ah, just cast your glances over the various accompanying pictures. She bought every frock you see on this one two-day visit in the vicinity of Broadway, and then she posed in the entire new wardrobe just for the sake of showing other girls how easy it is to get what you want in the sartorial line quickly—if you have the money, and, as everybody knows, including the fellow who pays her salary, Mary has the requisite pelf in copious quantities, for she has been accumulating it mighty fast and she has not



disturbed the accumulation much, being innately frugal in all the ways her position will permit. None of the new dresses she purchased on this extraordinary tour were especially costly, but of course each is probably beyond the reach of most girls. However, as a careful study of these pictures will prove, Mary is given to simplicity in attire, and she does not effect the numerous frills and jewels which one might expect of a star occupying such a high plane as she does. Although she is always stylishly and smartly dressed, still one feels the impulse to christen her "Plain Mary" after all. It is perhaps the unassuming girlishness of her appearance which wields this influence over you, but most assuredly you feel grati-

(Continued on page 54)

MY LADY O' THE SUNSHINE

By PEARL GADDIS

SUNNY MAY" they call her in California, and her mother's love-name for her is "Sunny." So, perversely enough, I expected to dislike the young person so brightly named. I hate cheerful, sunny people! They are usually so tiresomely bright, and happy in spite of everything. No cloud so dark but they can turn it and twist it about to show a speck of silver. No honest, self-respecting cloud of gloom is safe around such people. I was in an exceedingly morose mood when I was instructed to go over and interview Miss Allison.

"Sunny May, indeed," I gloomed. "I know exactly what she will be like! Bright and cheerful, under the greatest adversity—a brave, sweet cheerfulness that sounds beautiful in books—but is disgusting and maddening in real life."

I resolutely determined to be just as unhappy and miserable—I was suffering with a badly lacerated case of home-sickness in its most virulent form—and I refused to be cheered up. New York, in the grip of one of its messiest, muddiest "spring thaws" was enough to dampen even the most ardent of optimists—especially when the optimist hailed, originally from the Sunniest South, where spring is measured, not by beastly, messy "thaws," but by wild roses blooming overnight along the pasture fences, by the wild, sweet caroling of song-birds, and by suddenly-discovered patches of shy purple and white violets, lifting their exquisite faces to the spring breeze.

I choked back a sob, and entered the foyer of Miss Allison's apartment home.

"Miss Allison?" the elevator boy grinned, almost involuntarily. "Sure she's in." And he showed me her door, eagerly, as if someone lived there whom he liked. Puzzling over the unwonted spectacle of a New York hallboy showing interest, much less liking, for one of his tenants, I awaited my hostess in an apartment house living-room that had been transformed by rose-chintz hangings, a few good pictures and some books, into a real homelike room.

"Forgive me for keeping you waiting," said Miss Allison, as she entered, smiling. There was a suspicious look about her deep blue eyes—a look that seemed very much like tears.

"I didn't mind waiting," I assured her, morosely. Then I looked toward the window. "Spring, indeed! What do these people here know about spring? Down home we measure spring by the flowers, the budding trees and the birds. Here they measure it by 'spring thaws.' Bah! I hate New York!"

Her eyes widened incredulously.

"Down home?" she breathed. "Do you mean—down South?"

"Yes," I answered, wondering at her surprise, "it's the only place on earth to welcome spring."

"Oh, it is, it is!" she cried, her eyes filling with tears. She brushed them away guiltily. "Forgive me, please, but I've been so home-

sick today that I have wept. Then, too, I have just had a message that my mother is ill—not dangerously, but I know that she wants me. And it's spring down in Georgia—and oh, I want to go home, I want to go home."

I howled in sympathy, and for a few moments we sat and wept together. This seemed to clear the atmosphere wonderfully, and we dropped into a cozy little chat. I discovered that she was born in North Georgia, just twenty miles away from Gaddistown, my own birthplace. The Allison plantation lies just across a low, green valley in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Georgia—a valley called Blue-bird's Gap. How the stolid, matter-of-fact mountaineers ever struck on that poetic title for a most beautiful place will be a continuous wonder to me. Yes, you may find Gaddistown on the map—provided the map is big enough!

I also discovered that Miss Allison's is a very distinguished family in the South. Her father's family are the famous Allison family of Virginia, while her mother is descended from the equally famous family of Wise, which family, by the way, has given to Georgia a Governor, two Senators, a Congressman, and, through the terrible ordeal of the Civil War, one of the best-loved Generals commanding the pitiful ranks of tattered gray.

Naturally, after this discovery, we were fast friends. I readily forgave her for her nicknames, because she hadn't been the least bit sunny when I first met her. And, too, after two women have wept together, no matter what the cause may have been, they are firm friends—or bitter enemies—forever after.

She's a dear—five feet five inches tall, and well-built. Her eyes are a deep, deep

(Continued on page 53)



May Allison posing gaily among the posies

THE CRYSTAL GAZER

By STEPHEN SCOTT

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Rose Jorgensen.....	MISS FANNIE WARD	Dick Alden.....	HARRISON FORD
Rose Keith.....	MISS FANNIE WARD	Belle, Calistro's wife.....	WINIFRED GREENWOOD
Norma Dugan.....	MISS FANNIE WARD	Phil Mantering.....	RAYMOND HATTON
Calistro	JACK DEAN	Mrs. Mantering.....	EDYTHE CHAPMAN
Mrs. Dugan	JANE WOLF		

WHEN death does part human beings, it always seems that the vicissitudes of the survivors take curious turns. By no means was it extraordinary therefore when Rose Jorgensen, a poor tenement woman, died by her hand that Fate should take charge of her two daughters, Rose and Norma, and mete out to them two very widely different lots. Rose, a baby scarcely two years of age, was adopted into the family of Judge Keith, a man of wealth whose home was childless, and in this atmosphere of culture and refinement, she developed into a beautiful, sunny, happy girl. Norma, her senior by two years, was kept by old Mrs. Dugan, a tenement neighbor of the family who eked out a miserable existence. Thus while Rose basked in the sunshine of opulence, unfortunate Norma grew up in squalid surroundings, a thin, wistful, quiet child, who for a while accepted her lot uncomplainingly, and, when she became old enough, she assisted her foster mother in the sweatshop work which supplied them with their meagre livelihood.

At times, however, Norma tired of the interminable seams to be sewed at her place of employment and she finally became thoroughly disgusted with Mrs. Dugan's dissipations and miscellaneous friends. Rebellion was inevitable, because the girl had

an inborn sense of higher ideals and she was not at all prone to sink into the mire.

Just as Norma's aversion for the conditions she had to contend with reached a climax, Calistro, a crystal gazer who was an ambitious fortune-teller and hypnotist, living in one of the better houses of the vicinity, grew weary of the lack of prosperity which persisted in engulfing him. After much deep pondering he decided to engage some beautiful girl to serve as a hypnotic subject—someone who would attract the attention of scientists and people of wealth.

Thereby he hoped to project himself into prominence and to swell his fortunes.

It was Phil Mantering, an impoverished, young swell, a silent partner in the firm, whose share in the work was to keep Calistro posted on all society scandals, that called the hypnotist's attention to Norma as she sat on the roof outside Mrs. Dugan's room, reading and trying to forget the disgust and helpless indignation she felt for Mrs. Dugan, who was at the time enjoying a "feast" with a tipsy Italian inside.

Phil had often noticed Norma on the roof, and had been deeply impressed by her inherent beauty. Calistro was also favorably impressed with the girl, and he determined to interview her at once, much to the chagrin

of Belle, his slovenly wife, who was greatly incensed at the idea of another woman being brought into the game. Forsooth, one glimpse of Norma's beauty had aroused all her natural suspicion and jealousy and she became a dangerous counteracting element from the inception.

Calistro was not the sort of man to be thwarted by a wife's petty objections or interferences. He did not even take the trouble to reckon the possibility of trouble from Belle. Instead he hastened to the room of Mrs. Dugan and, pressing into service his most suave manner, succeeded in overcoming all distrust, and persuaded Norma to go to his studio to determine whether or not she was a good "subject" for his proposed tests.

From the moment Norma set foot in the studio, she felt relieved. The furnishings and surroundings were so decidedly superior to anything she had ever seen before. Indeed, it seemed to her that she had at last found her way into a veritable palace of unlimited luxuries, and her mental attitude was one of unalloyed willingness to even do most any menial work to be able to remain.

She observed with marked curiosity Calistro and Belle as they arranged the crystal globe for the trial, but she felt herself grow slightly nervous when the man announced his readiness to proceed.

"Now, look at the brightest spot in the globe—make no resistance—think of nothing," he instructed.

After casting a few timid glances Norma obeyed and almost immediately her face took on a dreamy, trance-like expression. Then she became quiet, and a shadowy smile played about her pretty lips. Thus she gradually slipped under the spell of Calistro's hypnotic influence.

"We've got her," exclaimed Calistro triumphantly, and greatly excited and promptly he began making active preparations for an active future from which he confidently expected great things.

By the time six months had passed, Nor-



Norma was often seen reading on the roof



She had learned to fear the hypnotist

ma, as "The White Orchid," had brought fame and fortune to Calistro, who had moved to a more pretentious street in an elegant studio with purple velvet hangings, marble floors and mystic devices.

Phil's aunt, a power in society, who had no idea of the financial side of her nephew's connections with Calistro, and who was somewhat interested in psychic affairs, engaged the hypnotist to entertain at a dinner in her home by giving demonstrations of his powers. On the evening of the party Calistro looked doubly impressive in his long, dark, silk robe and turban, so subtly suggestive of occult India, and Norma's gown of clinging white velvet draperies, with a silver wreath in her bright hair, suggested her sobriquet, "The White Orchid."

It had not been easy to induce Norma to make her appearance at this affair, for she had learned to hate the mysterious, sleep-compelling effect Calistro had upon her. Phil had failed in his every entreaty, and the young woman was fully determined to disappoint his aunt until she erred to the extent of meeting Calistro's penetrating gaze, when she became passive and frightened instantly. She was incapable of making further resistance.

When she arrived at "Gray Oaks-on-Hudson," Mrs. Mannering's beautiful country home, Calistro and Norma were smuggled in through the conservatory. The party was a very large affair, some of the guests dancing and others strolling about. Judge Keith and Rose were present as was also Dick Alden, a young multi-millionaire who was regarded as the catch of the season. Norma espied Dick early in the evening, and she became intensely interested in him. His handsome face, his sturdy body and his pleasant manner won her.

"Who is he?" she asked Phil, who made it his business to remain close to Norma as much as he could on all occasions because of his growing fondness for her.

"Well, it's enough to say if you can interest him, we will all get rich," Phil replied.

The very thought of this startled Norma. What if she could win the heart of a rich man—one who would love her and provide all the luxuries she would like so much?

That night proved a momentous one for Rose Keith, for she became engaged to Dick Alden, whom she had known for a long time. The party was otherwise a great success and the entertainment offered by Calistro and Norma proved to be intensely interesting to all. Calistro's apparent super-

natural powers caused most of the spectators to shudder, while Norma's simplicity created a sensation among the young men who clamored for introductions. Dick Alden was among those who received an introduction, and he took an immediate fancy to the girl. His interest was the more aroused as a result of his noting the striking resemblance between the pretty hypnotic subject and Rose Keith. Calistro was also impressed by this resemblance, but he thought little of it at the time.

When Rose and Dick returned to her home that night, it was to find that Judge Keith, who preceded them, had passed away suddenly from heart failure, leaving Rose alone in the world. His last wish had been that Rose's marriage take place at once, so that he might have the comfort of knowing that her future was secure.

The following week Calistro found food for thought in his morning paper in an article announcing Rose's engagement to the wealthy Dick Alden. Calistro noticed the resemblance between Norma and the newspaper picture of Rose, and upon recalling the incidents of Mrs. Mannering's party, he became convinced there might be some chance of reaching Alden's millions



"We've got her," he had exclaimed triumphantly

through Rose. He questioned Norma about her early life to no avail. She did not remember. He finally hypnotized her in an effort to awaken her subconscious memory of the earlier events of her childhood. In her trance-like state, he sent her back on this long mental journey, and she told him enough to make him decide to seek information from Mrs. Dugan, who readily revealed to him an old letter which was taken from the mother's body at the time of the tragedy and which was signed "Jim." This letter told a story of weakness and crime which was soon to end for him in the electric chair. It further divulged Jim's regret over being unable to return and marry the woman in order to "make it right for little Rose and Norma." Calistro succeeded in bribing Mrs. Dugan to let him have the letter, and he went to the Keith home and presented it to Rose.

Innately the lonely Rose was delighted at the thought of having a sister, but Calistro soon made her see that his intent was blackmail, and he meant to use the knowledge he had gained in order to get at Dick Alden, whose millions made him a shining mark for Calistro and his ilk. When Rose fully grasped Calistro's plan of attack, she made up her mind that Dick should never be humiliated through her, and she decided to take the only alternative—to go away.

Thus it came about that she went to Bermuda without seeing Dick. She sent him only a brief note asking his forgiveness and begging to be released from her engagement. She offered no explanations, merely asking him to forgive and to forget. Dick was puzzled, and he was more so when Rose resisted his every effort to communicate with her. Unable to understand Rose's attitude he finally became indignant, and it was much against his will that he accepted



Alden and Rose were deeply in love

an invitation to Mrs. Mannering's week-end party. Mrs. Mannering was also entertaining Norma, to whom she had taken a pronounced fancy and Dick bravely tried to forget his heartaches by interesting himself in his surroundings. But, it was a futile battle. Norma constantly reminded him painfully of Rose. He tried to avoid her in order to spare himself the sad ruminations she inspired, but when he heard she was unhappy, his sympathetic manliness asserted itself and he actually rushed to her side in the sincere hopes of being of some aid to her.

"What makes *you* unhappy, may I ask?" he said.

"Oh, I am wretchedly afraid of Calistro," she replied without hesitation.

"Why does he frighten you?" he asked.

"It is his power over me—I hate it—I want to be released from it, but I can't," she told him as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Oh yes you can be released from that power most easily," he assured her. "If you wish to accomplish this, just laugh at Calistro the next time he tells you to look into the crystal globe. Look in it if you wish, but keep your mind concentrated on the determination to not be bothered by uncanny influences. Calistro or no other man could hypnotize you against your will."

Dick realized too late that his kindly and sympathetic manner had aroused Norma's imagination. It all came most unexpectedly. Norma was almost unconscious of it, but she laid bare her whole heart long a dormant flame of love for Dick Alden.

"Ah yes, I do love you, and I have always loved you," she murmured.

"I—I—I'm afraid I must say I am sorry—so very sorry," he replied gravely.

"I have no doubt that it shall mean sorrow for me too, but I cannot help it," she further confessed. "I love you just as I submit to Calistro's powers—helplessly."

When later he drove the girl back to Calistro's studio he struggled desperately to force his seriousness to succumb to a merry mood. He reverted back to the subject of outwitting Calistro.

"And don't forget to laugh the next time he tells you to look into the globe," he instructed smilingly before parting from her.

"I will remember, and I will try," she replied as she smiled bravely at him, her heart in her eyes, and as she steeled herself for the ordeal.

Norma found Calistro alone in the studio, and she was alarmed at the passionate manner in which he drew her to him.

"I've been lost without you, and I'm very glad you've come at last," he told her.

Norma struggled to free herself from the man's grasp. She remembered Dick's instructions. Accordingly she drew herself up, and defied Calistro, looking squarely

into his eyes without the slightest trace of a submission of any sort. Calistro was startled. He became furious, and then he made a tremendous mental effort to control his erstwhile easy subject. He drew her towards the crystal globe, nearly succeeding in hypnotizing her once. As she felt her senses ebbing away, Norma waxed desperate in her resolution to resist. When Calistro finally pressed his lips against her neck, she grabbed the crystal globe and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a thousand pieces. With a cry of rage and desire Calistro grappled with the fighting girl. As she felt his superior strength overwhelming her, Norma began screaming for help. An artist in an adjoining studio was attracted by the commotion, and he rushed in to the rescue, and while he engaged the infuriated Calistro, Norma escaped from the place, hastening to Dick Alden.

Into the confusion she had left behind, came Belle, and when she learned what it was all about, her rage and jealousy gained full possession over her. The upshot of it all was she picked up from a table a pair of scissors and, in a drunken frenzy she stabbed her husband.

By the time Norma reached Dick's home, there had come the inevitable reaction to all her thrilling experience, and the moment she realized she was safely in the presence of the man she loved, she fainted in his arms. Dick revived her. He was very gentle and tender. She in turn was exceedingly grateful. Her helplessness and frailty appealed to him keenly, awakening in him a sense of pity and sympathy. Aware of her love for him, haunted by his own loneliness and manly to a superlative degree, Dick felt a curious sense of duty sweep over his whole being as he realized that he held in his arms a girl who placed implicit trust in him.

"My own life is in a good deal of a mess," he whispered to her. "But if you will marry me I am sure I can make yours happier."

Too much moved to speak, Norma slipped her hand gently into Dick's.

"You seem happier already," he remarked gently.

She could only nod her head in the affirmative as a smile flitted across her face.

It was only a few days later that Rose, in far-away Bermuda, broken hearted but determined to go through to the bitter end, discovered in a New York paper the account of the murder of Calistro. She at once realized the death of this blackmailer meant freedom for her, and she decided to return without delay to New York and Dick.

She had been in New York scarcely an hour when she began her endeavor to locate Dick. She learned he had just started to Mrs. Mannering's country home, whereupon she telephoned this popular hostess and asked if she might join their party. Mrs. Mannering was obliged to acquiesce gracefully, and when she later failed in her efforts to communicate with Dick in the hopes of preventing him from being present, she gave up in despair and resigned herself to awaiting the catastrophe—the ruining of her house party, because she felt sure unpleasantness were to come rapidly in Rose's efforts to justify her disappearance.

The guests had all arrived and dinner had been announced. Dick, waiting in the drawing-room near the fireplace, heard someone on the stairs. He looked up smiling, expecting to see Norma. Instead he found himself facing Rose. Instantly his jaws set and the old look of suffering came into his eyes. He bowed coldly. Rose, her face full of love, hope and fear, crossed toward him and held out her hand beseechingly. He accepted it reluctantly, forcing himself to mumble something conventional. Rose, seeing the expression of accusation on his face, faltering told him why she had jilted him and explained her flight. She told him frankly about Calistro's threat.

"And—and—I did not want to put you in his power," she added. "I decided impulsively that I did not want you to make me your wife out of pity, and I went away because I loved you."

"You did!" he exclaimed excitedly, thoroughly convinced.

"Yes, for you," she whispered.

Dick was overwhelmed. He gathered Rose into his arms, completely forgetting Norma in his understanding of Rose's sacrifice.

Fatefully Norma arrived in the drawing-room in time to see Rose in Dick's embrace. She was amazed both by what she at first regarded as unpardonable infidelity and the striking resemblance of her rival to herself. Then she learned Rose was her sister. Almost simultaneously she learned of the true status of Dick's first love. She knew pity and sympathy had driven him to her in



Norma struggled desperately to free herself from Calistro's influence

(Continued on page 51)

Anita Bows to Dame Fashion's Decree

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

CAN you imagine many things more delightful than a shopping excursion with Anita Stewart? Well, hardly, and even the most vivid imagination would find it hard to do such a day justice.

Before starting work on any feature, Miss Stewart pleads with her director for a day or two in which to revel in the luxuries which the shops offer for sale. Then when the request is granted—it always is, for no man (not even a hardened motion picture director) is proof against the pleading of those expressive eyes which tell innumerable stories on the screen—she sets seriously out on her mission.

We may well say seriously, for this is an important step in the success of any picture. All fans love to see their star well-dressed, and much study of the styles and

brow. She wanted to purchase two evening dresses—one to wear in the beginning of the picture when she is a young girl, and the other to wear at the end, where she is considerably older. Opera cloaks with the same effect upon her appearance, as to age, also had to be attended to.

"I want to look young—just as young as I possibly can at first," she declared as she smiled bewitchingly at the salesgirl. (And, parenthetically, it might be well to say that it is no wonder she receives such extraordinary attention when one considers the fascinating manner she shows to those assisting her.)

"Then," she continued, "later on I want to look as old as I possibly can. Now the thing for us to do is to find a girlish frock and sheltering cloak and a more mature gown and wrap." The last words came



with pumps of patent leather and champagne kid were also set aside.

Then dainty Anita wore a puzzled expression and lines of worry appeared upon her



from the recesses of the great glass closets where she had poked her head in anticipation of finding what she desired.

Finally she emerged with one of the most exquisite gowns I have ever seen stretched across her arms. "Here's the very gown for the ending," she declared. "It will photograph beautifully, for the combination of the ivory satin and black fur, to say nothing of that exquisite lace, will be glorious and at the same time give me the added years I'm seeking!"

Her enthusiasm was contagious, and before long she appeared gowned in the ivory satin creation. Her mein was in keeping with the gown, and indeed she made a beautiful picture.

"Now, let's hunt for an opera cloak which will cover this elegance," she laughed, throwing the serious attitude to the winds



Four views of Anita Stewart in her new clothes

photographic value of the colors in the various frocks and wraps is necessary.

On this day, Anita arose early that she might use every minute to the best advantage. At first there was an afternoon suit to purchase. And when an afternoon suit is ordered all the accessories, including corresponding footwear and a hat is included. After examining a number of suits, Miss Stewart decided upon a tan chiffon broadcloth, made with the three-quarter length coat and collar which might be worn either up or down. The belt connecting the pleats, the collar, cuffs, bottom of the coat and skirt was edged with a number of rows of a lighter silk stitching which was most effective while a tight-fitting turban of tan brocaded velvet was clapped upon the chestnut curls, and champagne stockings

as she again delved into the recesses of the evening wrap wardrobes.

"Do you like this?" she asked, as she reappeared in a handsome cloak of peach satin brocaded in a deeper shade of velvet with immense black fox collar and cuffs.

Had one really wished to disagree the combination would have won the day, for the cloak seemed fairly modeled to cover the gown beneath, and in a few moments these two purchases were laid aside with the others.

"Now come," she said to the salesgirl, who was so overcome with admiration that she had nearly lost her senses, "I must shed many years in my appearance with the next frock. I mustn't look one day older than I really am. Come and help me." Again she disappeared followed by the admiring girl who acted as though she was walking on air.

About five minutes later I heard an ecstatic "The very thing—how did you ever know that was exactly what I wanted," issue from the wardrobe, and before I had time to picture the frock she was about to don she appeared before me once more.

It was our own Anita this time! Her dance frock was a strawberry taffeta embroidered here and there with delicate yellow clusters of flowers. The waist which was attached to the skirt by a band of strawberry velvet caught with a yellow nosegay and falling in streamers at the side was perfectly plain with a bit of shirring about the neck and edged with net cor-

responding to the short sleeves. The skirt of the taffeta itself was also shirred a bit at the waistline while an underskirt of net fell from below about four inches and was



Anita Stewart's smile

trimmed by bands of the strawberry velvet. Behind her chestnut curls she held a large yellow feather fan, making a picture worthy of the greatest master.

There was no phrase in my mind worthy of expression in connection with the vision she made, and I could not help wondering if there was ever an evening wrap worthy of sheltering the slip of a lass before me from the winter's cold. Somehow I could never remember having seen a cloak which would have corresponded with that dress.

Dainty Anita had no fears, however. She has learned to place the greatest faith in the abilities of the modistes and once more she disappeared in search of the girlish evening wrap she had spoken of before.

And the modistes justified Anita's confidence for she found an adorable wrap fashioned from a silver cloth brocaded in a delicate blue and comfy for the winter's cold by a wide band of white fox about the shoulders and a large fox collar as well.

To say that the cloak almost atoned for the necessary disappearance of the frock it covered is praising it in the highest terms, but one could not say less.

The only reason I had for regretting its appearance was because it told me our wonderful shopping excursion had come to an end, and that the little star had donned the last costume she would don that day except the dark-green suit and straw turban in which she was garbed when we again stepped into her motor surrounded by all sorts of queer boxes as we made our way to the dressing-room at the Vitagraph studios, where they were hung in her own wardrobe waiting the morrow when she was to start work in her new production.

It was evening, and I sat with Oscar Apfel, the man who has started many stars

FROM STANDARD OIL TO STUTZ

on the road to affluence. We were sitting on the steps which front his Hollywood home. The house stands high and the lights of Los Angeles twinkled like a million stars down below us. Only those who know Hollywood of an evening can imagine how quiet it was; an occasional automobile honk and a mocking-bird, with an inverted judgment of the time, were the only sounds to be heard. Rowdy sat between us and demanded attention when he thought he was out in the cold. Rowdy is an awfully important person; he works in the films and has been seen with such noted people as William Farnum, Gladys Brockwell and others. Rowdy is an old-timer, some seven years old, a Boston bull, who is very proud of his genealogical tree and, incidentally, of his Master and Mistress.

Oscar's eyes were dreamy, so I puffed in silence and my patience was rewarded, for he pulled his pipe from his mouth and, waving his hand toward the boundaries of his grounds, said, "I have been working all my life for just this. If anyone asked me what else I wanted, I would find it hard to answer them. Away back when I worked for the Standard Oil Company in Cleveland—worked at a mighty small salary too—I used to conjure up a home in some spot where I would get all the trees and flowers I wanted; lots of open space and in the midst of my dream there was always just this house with dens, pictures and comfort—and a Stutz. It took a little time, but here it is!"

Oscar Apfel is the possessor of what

many a speaking stage star has longed for and still longs for—a permanent home with lots of space and comfort—and a Stutz.

That sums up the lure of the motion picture to the artists of the speaking stage; the love of the art itself comes later, and when it comes it sticks like a burr.

Rowdy could tell all about his Master's picture career, that is, if he could talk. This career covers over five years of the hardest kind of effort and work, of honest endeavor and the acquisition of knowledge.

"It was Plimpton of the Edison who persuaded me to try my hand at pictures," Apfel says. "Like many others, I was afraid it would injure my standing in the profession. Plimpton laughed at me and told me to take a chance, and I took it with a one-reeler—I don't remember the name of it—but Herbert Prior and Mabel Trunnelle were my principals. When I directed Aida in one reel, it was regarded as a big production and caused a lot of comment, and I considered myself some pumpkins when I put on Charles Reade's 'Foul Play,' Stevenson's 'Black Arrow' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' each in one reel. We worked fast in those days, too. I remember well putting over three reels in five days."

About this time the moon began to make the twinkling electric below us grow dim, and a dancing streak of white in the west of us proclaimed the ocean, while the shrubs and flowers assumed a more definite shape. The moon caused a diversion, and Oscar was able to turn to matters which interested him more. He began to tell of

his vegetables, roses and a variety of other things not associated with the films.

There is not a doubt about his love for this house of his; it shines in his eyes.

Mrs. Apfel called us in, and we sat in the den—and such a den! It is a veritable arsenal, even if the weapons, most of them, are unsuited to modern warfare. There are small cannon, guns of every vintage and of every pattern since bows and arrows went out of fashion. There are also heads of elk, moose and deer, and one magnificent silver caribou, of which he is especially proud. He says there is another fine example in the Museum of Natural History in New York, but that is the only other one he knows of. This silver caribou was shot by Hugh Bernard, the Alaskan fur-trapper, and was given to a Captain Smith, who is the owner of many "huskies," which he has loaned to Apfel for use in Northwestern features. Smith sold the head to Apfel.

More pipes, more reminiscing.

"I often think that my start in the dramatic world was about as good a one for experience as could be imagined," he continues. "I joined a traveling company, and was with them for forty-seven weeks on one-night stands. Such an experience must either make or break a beginner, but I made up my mind that I wanted to be an actor and a stage-manager, and I stuck to it. I was utility actor, clerk, props and what-not; but it was this experience which got me my first job as stage-manager with Eugenie Blair, and I stage-managed with occasional parts with Eleanor Mantell, Sarah Truax, Charles Hawtrey and goodness only knows how many stock concerns."

RICHARD THE BRAZEN

By CHARLES A. DELL

WHEN Richard Williams made up his mind to go after a thing, he would lasso Satan himself if that "worthy" could aid him in reaching his goal. That was the sort of a doggedly determined fellow Richard was. Foremost in his life was one Harriet Renwyk whose charms projected so prominently anyone would agree with Richard that she was worth going through fire for.

"I'll win that girl if I have to crawl through Jericho on my hands and knees," he announced the first time he laid eyes on Harriet.

The prize he had set for himself was wonderfully attractive both in appearance and disposition, and she was as thoroughly American as was Richard, as he was fully aware from the inception, although the first meeting took place at a dinner given by Lord Croyland, a good fellow whose chief ambition was to master the steering-wheel of an automobile so that he could drive it with absolute safety while a bit tipsy.

As Fate would have it—right away after the propitious start of a romance presaging unbounded happiness for two real people of the earth, Richard's dad had an awful falling out with Harriet's very masculine parent. Ah yes, trouble commenced brewing with a vengeance. It is a brew which always has to sizzle through every worth-while love affair.

So, as things started in England, they were not to continue elsewhere. When Richard returned to America with Lord Croyland, the latter on a secret munitions mission, got all banged up in an auto accident of his own accidental devising, and Richard was obliged to convey his Lordship's excuses for not appearing at the house of Renwyk the next day since Croyland had sent letters of introduction to Renwyk himself.

"He's the guy I've got to deal with for the rest of my life if I'm to have any kind of a real life, and so here's for putting myself across strong," Richard told himself as he pushed his way into the said Renwyk house.

Of course it just had to be that Richard was mistaken for his lordship, and

he promptly and brazenly accepted the misnomer, keeping his letter of introduction right in his pocket. It may have been because he saw Harriet strolling across the lawn towards him, but he was ready for things to begin to happen, and Fate was on the job to accommodate him without any

bid any such underhanded business. In fact, it was a very fortunate thing for the sire of Richard that his son possessed high scruples.

"Nay, nay, my dear Mr. Renwyk, you and I can't afford to jeopardize our friendship with a fair competitor," Richard told Renwyk as his answer to the unsavory proposition.

"But, my dear Croyland, business is business here in America," Renwyk protested.

And at that juncture of the proceedings Harriet entered. She heard her father call Richard by the name of Croyland, and she scented a plot. Instead of getting all fussed up with worry and following the usual feminine custom of distrusting and suspecting, she took a chance and guessed it all to be a joke and accordingly got busy having her share of the fun, much to the discomfort of Richard.

"Oh, Lord Croyland, how do you do, and how are things over in England," was Harriet's first effusion.

"Howdy, and, moreover things were finer'n silk,"

came the quick reply of the undaunted as he frowned and smiled all at once without hurting his good looks one whit.

"Tell me all about my friend, Lord Winchester, and also has Lady Margaret decided to come to America?" she continued to bubble, enjoying the situation immensely.

"Why—er—why do you ask me all these things when you know—"

"Yes, I know you're Lord Croyland all right—"

"You do?" he exclaimed in surprise. "Say, you're right in my class in another little art." Then Richard

stopped short. He recalled that Renwyk stood nearby. In fact, he stood within a hair's breadth. "Pardon us, we did not mean to talk about something you know nothing about."

Needless to add Richard the Brazen was perspiring like a pugilist at the conclusion of a fifty-round bout when Harriet got through having her little fun, and then when he got alone with Ellis, his servant now by bribe and threat but who was ordinarily Croyland's, he got all peeved up worse than ever when that



"I'll win that girl"

annoying delays. In the proverbial two shakes of a lamb's tail, the audacious young man learned from Renwyk that he (Richard) because of his assumed alias of Croyland, was expected to double-cross his own dear dad by throwing a contract that worthy desired to his prospective father-in-law, Renwyk. Well, modesty and honor had to enter into it just far enough to for-



Accusing Richard of theft worried Harriet

individual refused to recognize the American's creed which included servants and everybody in the house in every round of drinks.

"It would not be polite, sir, for me to drink with my master," Ellis protested.

"Call me Dick, and you'll feel more like a regular fellow," was the reply he got, and it shocked him. He was destined to have more shocks, because Richard forced him—simply *forced* him—to drink with him. Richard couldn't be annoyed to have a quitter around at all.

The next source of worry arrived in due time. Immogene, an older cousin of Harriet's, had written some silly love letters to a man, who was of the light-fingered gentry. In fact, he was hopelessly a professional thief. Immogene finally got wise enough to feel the advisability of getting her letters back, and she communicated her desire. Punctually the purloining man delivered the letters in person, assuming the air of a chivalrous gentleman faultlessly. Yes, it was all a pretext by which he managed to get in the Renwyk house, study the lay of the land, and leave a window open so his partner in crime could crawl in and decamp with Harriet's jewels, of which there had been much printed because of their value.

Harriet went downstairs to help Immogene settle with the letter gentleman and Richard got involved by butting in on the conference with an apology and a lot of brazenness.

"I was looking for someone else, Miss Renwyk, but I'm glad I found you," he said by way of edging in.

"But this is a private conversation," Immogene put in coldly.

"Luckily I can be trusted to the extreme," he came back pleasantly. "I opine I might be needed anyway since I overheard you demand letters from my friend, the gink, standing here with us as cool as a cucumber."

Thus it happened Richard stuck right to the ship throughout the proceedings much to the satisfaction of the man of mystery. Just why the latter was so well pleased could have been easily deduced by a shrewd sleuth about fifteen minutes after the man's departure, because it was then discovered that Harriet's jewels were gone. The confederate had worked successfully while Richard delayed matters for the crooks.

As a reward for his brazen conduct, Richard experienced the thrill of being accused of the theft, and the circumstances all pointed against him too. In the first place he had misrepresented himself by posing as Lord Croyland, and in the second place his manner had been so extremely frank and bold as to be convincing to most anyone that he had nerve enough to steal the Bank of England if he could manage to lug it off with him. However, Harriet knew he was no thief, and she intercepted in his behalf by taking the whole blame herself. Immogene's letters counted as evidence in the case, but Immogene was kind enough to speak up and admit the letters were hers, and that they had nothing to do with any machinations Richard might have.

Richard's father soon got into the midst of all this turmoil. He was out to stand by his son, but oh how chagrined he was when

it was learned that both himself and Renwyk had been beaten to the coveted contract by one Corrigan, the sort of a jolly, fun-loving Irishman who delighted in outwitting everybody merrily, and with a twinkle in his eye. Renwyk joined in on the bewailing which ended by the arrival of Corrigan himself.

"Cheer up, fathers of children, I intend no harm," Corrigan said. "I landed this contract for only one purpose, and that was to be able to give a fitting wedding present to the son of one of you and the daughter of the other."

"Has it come to this?" Renwyk inquired, shooting glances at both Harriet and Richard.

"That's what it has, and I've been so busy ever since meeting this lady of my heart that I haven't had a single chance to make love to her yet," Richard put in. Then he turned to Harriet: "Need I propose, or is it all understood?"

"With me it was understood from the first minute I saw you," she replied sweetly.

"Now say fair lady can't be won without a lot of mushy gushings," Richard observed proudly as he slipped his arm around the girl. "You need not remind me that I have never kissed you yet." Thereupon he kissed his fiancée, and she laughed happily.

Richard's "brass" then fell away to disclose a golden core.

"I love you, honey, and from this day I am at your feet but up on my feet ready to do and dare for you," he said, and she smiled her happiness.

Adapted from the photoplay produced by Vitagraph.

WELCOME TO SCREENLAND, KATHLEEN

By PEARL GADDIS



HE'S only a tiny scrap of femininity, four feet high, and ninety-four pounds heavy. She's a Robert W. Chambers' heroine come to life—don't you remember the way he described his adorable "Athalies," and "Vivianes" and all the others—as being very tiny and helpless looking, with little, pointed faces, a wistful, child mouth and big, appealing eyes? Well, that's Kathleen Clifford, tiny little star of Balboa who is going to help them unravel "The Twisted Thread."

Although so tiny, she has received a medal for bravery, and has been made an honorary colonel of one of Canada's finest Royal Regiments—all this for her daring work as a Red Cross nurse. Her dearest adornment is a long, ragged looking scar on one forefinger. This she got when she was extracting a sliver of shell from the wound of an English Tommy.

In vaudeville she was known as the smartest dressed "man" at the same time Julian Eltinge was hailed as the smartest dressed "woman"—Julian being a feminine (is that right?) impersonator, while Kathleen carried off all honors as a masculine star. Whereupon we will now drag out, dust off and use the time-worn and much honored (?) bromide—"things are seldom what they seem." (Business of much applause.)

According to Kathleen's press department, "she's pretty as a bluebird, talks like

a magpie, sings like a mocking-bird, and whistles like a cardinal," same proving that she's a *bird*.

Born in Charlottesville, Va., educated in England, "finished" in France and singing in Germany, she swears by "Old Glory"—when she swears at all—which is only when it is necessary when she is impersonating.

LIFE

Reel I

"Glad to meet you."

Reel II

"Isn't the moon beautiful?"

Reel III

"Oozum love wuzum."

Reel IV

"Do you—"

"I do—"

Reel V

"Da-da-da—"

Reel VI

"Where the samhill's dinner?"

On the stage, she wrote all her own songs, and sketches, designed her costumes, and proved herself an invaluable star for the vaudeville stage. She was said to have worn the prettiest costumes on the stage, and announces that she is out for the same record in pictures. Watchyerstep, Clara Kimball Young, Ethel Clayton, Pauline Frederick, et al!

This is, of course, her first screen adventure, but she thinks she is going to like the screen better than the stage—one of the main reasons being that she loves a home, and hasn't been able to have one for a long, long time. But now, she has bought a lovely place in Long Beach, near the studio, and has sent for her mother. It will be the first time for years that mother and daughter have lived together the year round. Miss Kathleen's summers are always spent with her mother, but now her summers and winters both will be spent that way, until her two years contract with Balboa shall have expired.

She paints beautifully, and her screen work also gives her time for this, occasionally. She is an extremely talented young woman, and her friends call her a veritable bundle of energy. This is no doubt the reason she is able to live such a strenuous life, despite her size, and apparent frailty. She is constantly in the open, when it is possible to be, riding horse-back, going on long walks, or driving her swift little car.

It remains to be seen how the motion picture public is going to welcome Miss Kathleen—but if they are half as nice to her as her vaudeville friends were, her company will be satisfied. But from all appearances, her popularity is going to be worldwide, for she is "catching on" in the picture business like a veteran.

So here's welcome to you, Kathleen! May you stay long with us.

INTERVIEWING THEIR DOGS By I

EVERY dog has its day anyway, and so I'd just as well grant same now. Moreover, these are dog days, and we've got to take heed of 'em oftentimes whether we want to or not. So it is not amiss to interview a part of the canine gentry abiding in the photoplay world. Right away you'll say, dogs don't talk, but right away I must contradict you, because dogs can express themselves very clearly without the aid of the spoken word. For instance, let me tell you of my dog, Fannie. She's a perfect lady possessing feminine instinct to a perfect degree as she demonstrates by her habit of staying up and worrying when I'm late getting home at night. And, don't you think she can't make her thoughts known on such occasions. Yes siree, after displaying the usual signs of relief over my arrival at last, she straightens up and looks me squarely in the eye and without saying a word asks me: "Where have you been?" just as impressively as any spouse ever could. And, if I should stagger a bit (of course I never do) she would bark most scoldingly. One morning after I couldn't find one of my shoes high or low,

Fannie entered the room, saw my predicament and promptly led me to my missing footwear. She had seen me hang it on the hall-tree. She later resurrected my hat from under the bed where shoes should be kept. And do you think she didn't say a word? Well, you should have seen the black look she gave yours truly, and you

me?" I asked, whereupon Ginger looked at me askance.

I made good quickly by tossing him a perfectly fresh bone, a commodity I always carry around when hobnobbing in Dogland. Instantly Ginger and I got on speaking terms, and he told me all about it. First of all he let me know that he enjoyed having his picture taken by wagging his tail at the camera I carried. He expressed the wish to be photographed by getting into a perfect pose with his lord and master, King Fairbanks. One of his poses with said boss you will find here-with. Look Ginger squarely in the face and see if you don't understand that what he is saying is, "Lay off of us or else." Believe me, Ginger is capable of making the most stupid understand such sentiments.

"What do you think of Mr. Fairbanks as an actor?" I asked the dog as I laid my hand affectionately on the star's shoulder.

Answer: One warning snap at me, which, interpreted

literally, means: "I think enough of him to chew the ear off of anyone who dares touch him with vicious intent."

At this juncture of the proceedings, Doug
(Continued on page 49)



"Lay off of us," Fairbanks' dog demanded without wasting words

should have heard that growl she emitted.

Douglas Fairbanks has a dog named Ginger, who has the most expressive and impressive wag on (not wagon) its tail I ever interpreted. Why, with that perp every wag has a little meaning all its own, and when I interviewed *him* I got the answers to all my questions via the tail route. But first I must tell you something about Ginger. He is the only creature that can imitate with any great accuracy the athletic comedian in his dare-devil screen stunts. Ginger is a regular member of the Fairbanks' organization, his salary being three biscuits a day and a bath on Sunday. Doug is fond of his dog, who, he contends, has the smile of a human being and the "conversation of a silver-tongued orator. In "A Regular Guy," a late Fairbanks' photoplay, Ginger does some things with *telling* effect.

But getting to my interview stuff—when I called on Ginger I found him in his dressing-room (a kennel to be accurate) making up, not his face, but making up to a bone, and he was in no mood to make up to me because right off the bat he got the foolish notion that I wanted the bone, something I have never had a desire for in all my life.

"Nice day, Mr. Ginger," I said pleasantly by way of trying to horn in and win some congeniality.

"Br-r-r—" was the reply as he snatched covetously at the bone.

"Pardon me, will you have a fresh one on



"Friend or Foe?" E. K. Lincoln's dogs demanded



Gloria Joy's dog "talked" right sassy-like

BUBBLING BESSIE BARRISCALE

By DICK WILLIS

THERE are very few people who have the privilege of really knowing Bessie Barriscale.

Those who are lucky enough to be on her visiting list know her, and the artists who have worked with her in the studio know her, but the majority of actors and actresses around the Culver City plant see her as she goes to or returns from her work, a serious girl with thoughts centered on her art. The moment Miss Bessie leaves the studio entrance, and indeed up to the time she enters it, she is quite another person, full of fun and mischief, bubbling over with the joy of living and ever thinking of her friends.

She does not drive alone—in fact, she scarcely ever drives a car herself—she leaves that to her hubby Howard Hickman.

There are two things which Miss Barriscale insists on at home, plenty of fun and comfort. They like home, these two delightful people, and spend most of their private time there. The white lights of the Pacific-coast-Broadway sees but little of them, and their downtown pilgrimages are nearly always made to view the latest photoplays or to attend the theater. There is a motion picture house just "round the corner" from where they live, and they are well known there. In fact, the proprietor always tries to see that they get the same seats when they attend.

She is entirely unaffected, and her astonishing success has not turned her pretty head in the least. It must be remembered that she had a distinguished stage career, and that Richard Walton Tully wrote "The Bird of Paradise" with Miss Barriscale in view for the main char-

acter, and that she created the role which has also helped to make famous three other actresses who followed her. She has invariably set a good example to follow too.

She also created the part of Rose in "Rose of the Rancho" on the speaking stage, a part which she also starred in for the Lasky company, it being her first picture experience. Among her many other successes have been "Plain Jane," "A Corner in Colleens," "The Snarl," "Cup of Life," "The Painted Lady," "The Mating," "The

Payment," "Bullets and Brown Eyes," and "The Reward."

At home she attends to her pretty garden, confesses to reading a lot and to writing a little, to enjoying comfy clothes and talking quite a little, the Howard Hickman person being an excellent listener. By the way, he contributes to the gaiety of the household, for he has a most even temper, and is a good business man to boot, and, put your ears close—he is actually in love with that pretty wife of his, which may be bad news

to some gilded youths, but it is a fact which cannot be overcome, strange though it may appear.

And besides these accomplishments we are told that Miss Barriscale knows how to bake a pie. A real lemon meringue a la Barriscale. And, if we are to believe those who have tasted a sample, it is *some* pie. Not a Keystone or "prop" pie, and assuredly not the baker's product one sees piled high on the marble slabs of the quick lunch emporium. But a real old-fashioned lemon meringue pie that "melts in the mouth."

One of these pies was prepared and eaten by this dainty little star and her leading man, Charles K. French, in one of the last scenes of the latest Triangle Kay-Bee production, "Hater of Men."

Miss Barriscale could have easily "faked" the scenes, which show her making this pie, but she desired to convince her associates of her ability as a pastry mistress. And, after partaking of it, the members of the company insisted upon having a recipe.

"Oh, I can make better pastries than that," Miss Barriscale says. "I think if I hadn't gotten into the theatrical profession, I would have been a specialist in cooking."



Julian Eltinge, Famous Feminine Impersonator



A Recruit
in the
Army of
Photoplayers



ANOTHER distinguished name has been added to the list of Famous Players-Lasky stars with the engagement of Julian Eltinge, the internationally celebrated impersonator of feminine roles. Arrangements have just been concluded between Mr. Eltinge and Jesse L. Lasky for this popular actor to make his motion-picture debut under the new selective booking arrangement which is to go into effect on August 5th.

Julian Eltinge has just completed his second season in the successful comedy, "Cousin Lucy," in which he has toured the country. He has traveled all over Europe in his various successful plays after com-

pleting wonderfully lucrative seasons in New York. His fame is further perpetuated by the erection of the Eltinge Theater in New York—an honor which is accorded to few actors.

Mr. Eltinge is the one man who has been able to appear in feminine characterizations upon the stage without losing a certain measure of respect either from members of his own, or of the opposite sex. The fact that he is just "Bill" Eltinge to his legion of friends and that he refuses to discuss feminine fashions even for much-coveted publicity, are indicative of the caliber of the man. He weighs 175 pounds, and is accomplished with his fists as he is with his ankles. He is forced to keep continuously in training because any lapse would render it impossible for him to wear the complicated and distinctly confining gear which is part of the feminine foibles which he presents upon the stage.

A PAGE FROM MARY GARDEN'S DIARY

(WRITTEN IN PARIS IN MAY, 1917)

For a week I have been witnessing sights that I never believed could happen even in volatile France. I have been privileged to watch the French people's demonstration in behalf of the United States, their new ally in the war.

I have heard "The Star-Spangled Banner" played on every conceivable occasion; by musicians who know our national air and by many others who obviously did not know it; I have heard it hummed and sung and whistled to the accompaniment of applause and cheers.

"Dixie" challenges the Parisian ear almost as quickly as it does our good Yankees in America. This favorite air of the South is frantically applauded daily by French auditors, who accept it as one of our national airs, rather than a musical contribution of one of the sections of our nation. "Suwanee River" and Sousa's marches are

other airs now immensely popular in Paris.

When the United States Senate, long past midnight, passed the war resolution at Washington, Paris thrilled instantly, for the radio brought the news in a few minutes and the French nation realized that her sister republic overseas had cast the die in behalf of human liberty.

The most intense interest is taken here in the plan to bring American troops to France—for France, when it wishes to be, is the most sentimental of nations, and will glory in a national gratuity or exchange of soldiers after one hundred and forty odd years to show that the memory of Lafayette and Rochambeau's services still persists in the western world.

It may not be generally known in the United States that there are 50,000 Americans already in the ranks of the allies at the battle-front. A large portion of these

Americans are, of course, in the Red Cross and ambulance services. Scores of American scientists and physicians are here laboring for stricken humanity, but the remainder of the males are either in the infantry, artillery or aviation divisions subject to the will of the entente.

Between the nights when I sing here at the Comique and the time that I must take for rest between performances, I still find time to give attention to the hospital.

On several occasions since my return here in the middle of March, I have intended writing of an odd work that many women, myself among them, commissioned themselves to do. France rightly and correctly persists in giving its fighting soldiers respites and furloughs. Men who have been under heavy fire at the front are withdrawn and have the opportunity to steady their nerves before going back into battle.

Works of Great Russian Geniuses Now Enrich the Screen

THE works of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenieff, Sienkiewicz, Pushkin, Ostrovsky and Andrieff in filmed form will soon be as familiar to the patrons of American motion picture theaters as they are now familiar in book form to the cultured publics of all the European countries. The Russian Art Film Corporation has just started a gigantic campaign for the popularization of these authors throughout the United States. The better known of their novels are already to be had in the public libraries, and the culture of the young American high school graduate or college alumnus is not considered complete without some knowledge of these works. But a film library of Russian fiction and drama, now being assembled, will interest millions where a written library attracts thousands.

The two leading dramatists of Russia are A. N. Ostrovsky and Leonid Andrieff. The plays of Ostrovsky, who was born in 1824 and died in 1886, have held the Russian stage for three quarters of a century. He is the creator of the national drama as well as the pioneer of the unique Russian scenic effects. Ostrovsky depicts with the utmost realism, satire and comedy the life of the middle classes. But he rises to terrific heights of passion, too, as in his powerful drama of the eternal triangle, "The Storm."

Leonid Andrieff is the indisputable leader of contemporary Slavonic drama. There is

a poetic or symbolic strain to this work, but he is less of a literary "high-brow" than the Belgian symbolist Maeterlinck. Andrieff's principal dramas include "The Life of Man," "The Black Maskers," "The Sabine Woman" and "Anathema," all of which have been translated into the chief European languages. A new play by him is an event in both literary and dramatic circles. The great dramatist is still in the prime of

study, and voicing the national genius of Poland.

Count Leo Tolstoy, Russia's greatest Nineteenth Century figure, is such a myriad-sided personality that the films at their best can present him only in his aspect of superb storyteller. Born to every luxury, he led the wayward life of the young nobility, fought bravely through the Crimean War, sobered down into a good family man, a philanthropic landlord and a writer of philosophic fiction; then in later life became strongly imbued with the idea of the wickedness of human institutions, and adopted the simple, primitive Christ life as he understood it. His death occurred a few years ago during a lonely pilgrimage he had undertaken from his home at Yasnaya Polyana, where his family still clung to the conventional ideals of property, marriage and the State. Obviously Tolstoy's action stories, rather than his doctrinal books or his more philosophic novels, fit the requirements of the screen; six or seven of the former category have been filmed with great success.

Next in mental stature to Tolstoy come F. M. Dostoevsky, the thrilling portrayeur of Russia's heritage of crime and suffering, and I. S. Turgenieff, the exquisite Meissonier of Russian fictional art, Dostoevsky, who was born in 1822 and died in 1881, actually served a long Siberian exile at hard labor, which had been commuted from the

(Continued on page 51)

A BOUQUET OF ROSES

By GEORGE EDGAR FRYE

*Bring red roses, summer's glory, messengers of love,
Each sweet bud unfolds its story wafted from above.
Symbol of a Star's devotion to the Picture Screen,
Splendid in its fine emotion, worthy of a Queen.
In portrayal of Love's passion, clutching at the heart,
Every reel in Filmland fashion mirroring her art!*

*Bringing to the work incentive with an artist's zest,
Acting in each play intentive to achieve the best.
Romping as a Colleen merry, mischievous and wild,
Radiant as a nymph or fairy, winsome as a child.
In whatever role essaying to amuse and please,
Smiles and tears alike displaying by her subtleties.
Captive held by charms alluring at her feet we kneel,
Ardently our faith assuring as these lines reveal.
Loyalty our pledge imposes to our Princess BESS,
Every word and thought discloses love and tenderness.*



COUNT LEO TOLSTOY
World famous Author-Reformer of Russia whose "War and Peace" and other stories have been adapted to the screen

life, having been born in Orel in 1871, and twenty years more of good work may be expected from his pen.

The filming of stage plays from these and other masters of the boards has been more than paralleled in Russia by screen adaptations direct from great novelists. It is generally acknowledged that the Slav novelists tower head and shoulders above any other national school, Great Britain and France alone excepted. Tolstoy has celebrated the glories of Russia rolling back the tide of Napoleonic invasion; Sienkiewicz, the martial grandeur of antique Poland in age-long war with all its neighbors and with itself.

No one can fail to realize the spectacular possibilities of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," or, on the other hand, Sienkiewicz's mighty trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge" and "Pan Michael." One finds such pieces highly popular in Russian picture theaters, and can reasonably predict their successful vogue over here.

The Henryk Sienkiewicz just named is best known in this country as the author of "Quo Vadis." He is a Pole of Lithuanian ancestry, profoundly cultured by travel and



A. N. OSTROVSKY
The master dramatist of the Russian theatre many of whose works have been recently filmed for the screen

The Beloved Adventuress

By GRACE ADE



JULIETTE LA MONDE was a musical comedy star, and she knew life. Although she was admired and sought after by practically all the men who came under her magic influence, she loved only Morgan Grant, a man of the world, who, because of his infatuation for Juliette, had grown weary of his wife, Martha, from whom he wished to be free. Frankly confessing his desire to wed another, he demanded a divorce from his helpmate, but her religion prevented her from giving the liberty he wanted.

"But I'll not have you bothered with me if you don't care for me," she said. "I promise you now I will never see you again, it makes no difference what sorrow it means for me."

Thus it came about that Martha left her husband, and he did not show the slightest trace of regret over the tragic event. He was entirely too consumed by his ardor for the charming Juliette, who, he had decided, was indispensable to his future happiness.

Juliette was not such a bad sort of girl either. In fact, she had many laudable traits, and she was not reprehensible for most of her faults, as she had been forced to her way of living by the stern, unrelenting attitude assumed by her step-father towards her. Not even her mother could dissuade this man from insisting that Juliette be cast out and kept so.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

AMY BARKER *Katherine Johnston*
 JULIETTE LA MONDE..... *Kitty Gordon*
 HENRY LA MONDE..... *Jack Drumier*
 MRS. LA MONDE..... *Inez Shannon*
 FRANCINE (7 years old) *Madge Evans*
 FRANCINE (17 years old) *Lillian Cook*
 DOCTOR STEWART *Robert Forsyth*
 JAN MORITZ *Edward Elkas*
 MORGAN GRANT *Frederick Truesdell*
 PHILIP STEWART..... *William Sherwood*
 MARTHA GRANT..... *Pima Nesbit*
 CRITIC *R. Payton Gibbs*

(Produced by Peerless. Released by World)

The girl's mother dreamed and prayed for her constantly. She was most discontented in her enforced separation from her daughter, but she was utterly incapable of combating her husband. Worry over the situation into which she had been forced by Fate, brought this poor mother to her bed with a severe illness.

She hovered between life and death for several weeks, and it was on the night when Juliette scored her most sensational hit in a new musical revue that the mother died. Juliette had just finished her performance when she received the telegram announcing her mother's death. Overcome by grief she rushed to her parental domicile, and her sorrow was intensified by the cruel treatment accorded her by her step-father from the minute she arrived.

"How dare you who have disgraced the family to enter my home?" demanded the irate man as he tore the young woman away from the bier of her mother.

"But I have the right to pay my respect to my own mother," Juliette replied stoutly.

"You have no right in my home at all," the man declared, and thereupon he forcibly assisted the overwhelmed girl out to the street.

One week later he sailed for England, accompanied by his own seven-year-old daughter, Francine, who had no knowledge of Juliette's connection with her family.

Ten years elapsed, and although they made many surface changes, the heart of Juliette was constant to Morgan Grant. She expressed profound gratitude to him for having made her happy through all the years, but his ardor was beginning to cool just a little.

In England, Francine, unhappy with her silent, brooding father, attended a convent. Martha Grant, then a teacher in that particular institution, had never spoken to anyone of the sorrow which weighted her down. She became friendly with Francine. In fact, she soon fostered an affection for the pretty, young girl. It was about at the time this friendship was developing that Juliette wrote to her step-father and asked forgiveness. She also asked that he send Francine to her, so that she may make

amends by her devotion to her younger sister. The receipt of this letter infuriated Henry La Monde. Alone in his library he paced the floor wildly as he raged. He permitted his hatred for Juliette to gain too full a control over him. The tragic result was he died as he still clutched savagely at his step-daughter's letter. A stroke of apoplexy had proven fatal. Francine reached the home a few minutes later and discovered the lifeless body of her father. Naturally she took from his death-grasp Juliette's letter, which she read with the keenest interest. Her perusal of the letter recalled to her mind the day on which her father had driven from their home the beautiful stranger. Then it was for the first time that she realized she had a sister, and that sister was Juliette. She decided to join her in America at once.

Receiving a cable that Francine would arrive in America, Juliette made some radical changes in her mode of living. She sent Morgan Grant from her home, and removed all suggestions of the masculine from the rooms. When Grant revolted at being sent away from her, she reminded him that she thought it was a great sacrifice for her to do so, Francine was only a little girl and they must be fair to her by giving her a correct start. Dr. Stewart, an old acquaintance, was greatly pleased with Juliette's arrangements for Francine's reception.

Amy Barker, returning on the same steamer with Francine, introduced her to the young smart set as well as the ritual of cocktail drinking. On the day of her arrival, a real mother awaited Francine, in the person of Juliette. She was very proud and happy in her ability to be kind to Francine.

Dr. Stewart's son, Philip, who had won many honors at West Point, lived with his father in the house adjoining Juliette's. He had become interested in Francine.

Several months later, returning from a trip through the West, Morgan Grant visited Juliette and came upon Francine. He introduced himself as an old friend of Juliette's. He was pleasantly surprised to find her a beautiful young girl, instead of the noisy, gawky schoolgirl he had expected, and he did not conceal his admiration.

When Grant complained to Juliette of her changed behavior toward him, she told him the responsibility of bringing up a little sister had changed her, bringing a mother's happiness, unlike any other. When she intimated that she was looking forward to a match between Francine and Philip

Stewart, he called Juliette a fool for entertaining such thoughts so soon. She told him marriage is the sweetest lot of a woman, for then she can have children. Grant did not share her views.

A few days later, Amy Barker introduced Francine to another phase of "real life," which entailed smoking and drinking in the company of cafe lounge lizards. Juliette was shocked to find that Francine had been smoking, but Francine responded that Amy Barker and all smart girls smoked and drank. Grant watched them cynically. Francine thought herself worldly wise, and far above the love of such young men as Philip Stewart. Philip was heartbroken, but his father did his best to comfort him.

Juliette came upon Francine puffing at Morgan's cigarette, on a dare. After sending Francine to dress, Juliette embraced Grant, and was shocked to find that he was indifferent to her caresses, having become interested in Francine. She realized that the inevitable had happened—he had become tired of her.

Francine told Juliette that she had rejected Philip Stewart. Juliette did not hide her disappointment.

Piqued because Juliette did not approve of her friendship with Francine, Amy Barker told Francine about Juliette's past. Francine was almost crushed by the knowledge, but with it came the satisfaction that Juliette would no longer have the right to dictate to her as she had always done.

Morgan Grant proved that the heart of a man is ageless. Having become infatuated with Francine he did not hide it, but was a bit uneasy about Juliette. She saw Morgan kissing Francine, who drank in every word as he made love to her.

To better guard Francine, Juliette had kept her secret locked in her heart. She intercepted a note from Morgan to Francine, saying he expected Francine at his apartment at four that afternoon. Francine told Juliette she had no right to advise a young girl in view of her past. Juliette could not answer the charge.

Morgan Grant, expecting Francine, dismissed his servants for the day. When Francine prepares to go to Grant, Juliette locked her into her room, instructing the servants not to free her. Then Juliette went to Grant's apartment, and when Grant accused her of jealousy, she told him it was love for him and duty to Francine that prompted her action.

Juliette was willing to let Grant marry Francine if he would secure a divorce from his wife, but he held that a man of his type could never remarry. When Juliette pleaded her love for him, he told her that was of the dead past, and asked her to leave his apartment, but she wanted him to write Francine that he would never see her again, because he did not love her. When he refused she shot him. Immediately overcome by remorse, Juliette pleaded for forgiveness.

Realizing the strength of his love for Juliette, Grant could not let her suffer in the case of his

death. He wrote a confession indicating that tired of living he ended his life. Before he died, Grant asked Juliette's forgiveness, and assured her of his great love for her.

Juliette told Francine of Grant's death, and though at first she seemed overcome by the fact that her great adventure had been thwarted, sorrow left but a slight scar on her heart. She later accepted Philip's renewed proposal of marriage. They were married and Juliette called God's blessing on them as they started on their honeymoon. Two months later, somewhere in France, working out her destiny in the divine service of mankind, was Juliette. As a Red Cross nurse, she had occasion, at the sacrifice of her own life, to save Martha Grant from the fire of the enemy. It was a most heroic act, and a fateful one. It gave Juliette her one opportunity to atone for the wrongs which she had caused to be inflicted upon an innocent third member of the eternal tri-



Juliette came upon Francine puffing at Morgan's cigarettes



"How dare you who have disgraced the family to enter my home!"



His ardor was beginning to cool just a little after ten years

angle. True, she was frightfully injured, but this did not prevent her from feeling a deep sense of gratification.

"I am oh so glad I have been of some little service to you at last after doing you so much harm," Juliette whispered huskily as she lay prostrate on a stretcher in a field hospital.

Martha was too choked up by her emotions to make reply. Juliette noted the woman's tears and extended her hand to her adding weakly though with profound earnestness:

"Can you and will you forgive me," she answered.

Martha dropped to her knees heavily and buried her head in her former rival's pillow, crying: "Yes, I do forgive you. It has all been a life tragedy from which there was no escape for any of us. I forgive you with all my heart."

There was a prolonged silence. Both women were sobbing. The very atmosphere seemed surcharged with intensified sadness. Even the hardened attending physicians and attaches were moved to tears. The cause was so obvious, for 'twas a repetition of the biblical warning: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap." An adventuress, always beloved and feted, had come to her moment of restitution because she had failed to keep within the bounds of propriety in the days when her heart ruled her head so far that she unconsciously perpetrated an injustice that she might gain her own happiness, which, after all, proved exceedingly fitting.

"You are so wonderfully good, and I am happy to know you still have a chance to win your happiness, for so long as there is life there is hope," Juliette then murmured with very great effort.

"But you can have the same chance too, you can recover from your wounds," Martha replied half-apprehensively and half-confidently.

Juliette could only shake her head in the negative while a wan smile played around her colorless lips. A moment later the last spark of life left her body, and she breathed no more.

She has died in the ranks for the cause of humanity; she has proven that the controlling spirit of her being has been heroic righteousness, but for the love of a man she had erred grievously in her method of living. In death she had one sincere mourner—the woman who had lost her place in the sun of joy because of the rivalry she offered. And the body of Juliette La-Monde was laid to rest wrapped in the colors of America.

She had won this honor fairly.

Some Inside Information on the Motion Picture Art By COLIN CAMPBELL

The motion picture art and industry has made great strides during the past few years, probably no other line of endeavor has earned a greater or more artistic advancement. I well remember the period when a motion picture theater consisted of a bed-sheet, and a phonograph, and some camp chairs. Today the beautiful theaters everywhere attest to the dignity and worth of motion pictures.

The production of the picture has advanced also, and the methods in vogue today are entirely dissimilar to those of yesterday. Direction and photography have both greatly improved.

From my point of view, however, it is the acting before the camera that has made gigantic advances. The grimaces and the exaggerated gesticulations formerly indulged in by the actor or actress before the camera have given place to more artistic work. It is no longer necessary for an actor to tear his hair in order to register grief, the art of suggesting some emotion rather than exaggerating it has been developed.

It is to the director of pictures that the

public must thank for the higher art of screen acting. The director has made the motion picture comedy or drama his continual study, he has sought ways and means by which his actors could improve their art before the camera and it is to the director that credit for higher art in motion picture

REALISM

*A tired farmer wandered in
To see a movie scene or two,
The crowded city's heated din
Had warmed him through and through.*

*He looked at scenes of glaciers flat,
And bleak snow spaces cold and still,
They were so realistic that
The farmer had a chill!*

—BY GEORGE B. STAFF.

acting should be given. With few exceptions, the motion picture director of today directs all details of his production. He approves of the locations, the interior settings and above all the actor or actress rarely makes a move that is not first thought

out and dictated by the director. The director of today must rise or fall by his pictures. He it is that is censored when details go wrong, and to him should be given the credit, very frequently, when the screen star scores an unusual success.

In the details of stage settings the motion picture has also materially advanced. Expensive furnishings, deep sets, beautiful outdoor scenic effects all are the result of careful study on the part of the director and his staff and all the time the energetic director is striving to improve to advance in the art.

The motion picture public, perhaps, does not always appreciate the man behind the gun—the individual who directs the characters, is responsible for their work and is responsible for the worth of the completed production. Very often he must rewrite or radically change the scenario handed him; he must combat "temperament," he must be responsible for a production in which is invested a fortune, and, despite handicaps, he must bring out a picture that will sell.

A Day of Rest with a Little Bundle of Energy

By JANET PRIEST

OH, I'm going to take a rest cure!" dainty little Viola Dana, Metro star, came running out of the stage setting in which she had been working at the Rolfe-Columbia studios, clapping her hands in glee. "Mr. Collins, my director, says he doesn't need me tomorrow, so I'm going to take a rest."

"And will that be the extent of your rest cure?" I asked.

"Of course! I shall feel like a new person after a good day's rest. Don't you want to come up to the house and help me rest?"

"Help you? Can you rest with somebody around?"

"Certainly, if it's somebody I like all right," said this amazing little creature.

Of course I was dying to come and see her, because I'd been pleading for a long while for a chance to interview the little star, but it seemed unfair to take advantage of her day at home for such a purpose, and I said so.

"Oh, don't interview me, for goodness sake!" said Miss Dana. "But I'd love to have you come up and help me spend a lazy day. Come early! I don't sleep late."

So it was at an hour when many screen and stage luminaries on a day's leave of absence are still getting their beauty sleep that I arrived at the handsome apartment hotel where Miss Dana makes her home. "Send me right up," was the cheering answer, and the little star, who greeted me from among the pillows, said she had already been awake for some time. She was indulging in the luxury of a cup of coffee in bed.

"I never do this except when I spend a day at home," she said. "Usually, I get up and dress, have breakfast, and go down to the studio immediately. No mooning around when there's work to be done. But today is different. Won't you have some coffee?"

"I suppose you wonder why I live in an apartment hotel. I'll tell you the honest reason. I love to keep house so much that I should neglect my picture work for it. And as that's how I earn my living, I mustn't neglect it, must I? I love to fuss around with cooking and gardens and cats—everything that helps to make up a home. Really, if Mr. Karger is wise he will insist that as long as I work for Metro I must never have a home of my own to take care of." She was referring to Maxwell Karger, who guides the destinies of the Rolfe and Columbia studios.

"Well, it's time I was up and dressed. One, two, three! Out goes she!" With a bound she had jumped out of bed and had run for her morning "tub" to the bathroom, where the faithful Mrs. Van had turned on the water. Coming back and slipping into a soft, befrilled and ruffled negligee, she grabbed the hairbrush. "Now I must do my fifty strokes."

I watched her with envious admiration. "Oh, how lovely to do the things you ought to do!"

"Yes; isn't it brave of me? I do it night and morning, fifty strokes each time. Also,



A restful hour before going to bed

I brush my eyebrows," she said, taking a tiny camel's hair arrangement and suiting the action to the word. "When I was little my mother would never let me neglect it, and I got into the habit. It's awfully good for your arm muscles, too."

The hair-brushing over, and the simple little coiffure neatly arranged, Mrs. Van came and helped her into a crisp little morning dress.

"But I thought you were going to rest," I said. "Most girls keep a kimona on when they're just going to lounge around."



Fifty strokes every morning

"Of course I'm going to rest," said this energetic little creature. "I'm resting this very minute. But to save my life I couldn't do it in a kimona. Except when I'm just going to bed or just getting up, a kimona tires me to death. If I'm up and well, I want my clothes on." And she gave a final pat to a big satin bow that adorned the front of her dress. "Now let's look at the morning's mail."

A servant had brought up a big package of letters from numerous Viola Dana admirers throughout the country, and the little star now sat down at her writing desk to read them.

"I'll just answer the urgent ones now," she said. "The others can wait until after you are gone. But I do like to take care of them promptly, because if I don't they pile up so that I can't handle them."

"Have you tried having a secretary?"

"Oh, of course. Secretary after secretary—they've followed each other in rapid succession in and out of my employ."

"Couldn't you get a good one?"

"Oh, yes, they were all good. But what's the fun of getting mail if you don't read it yourself? I feel a personal interest in the people who write to me—but I can't do it if someone just tells me that I've had a letter from Jennie Jones of Jonesville. Somehow, it takes all the heart out of it. Here are some perfectly lovely letters. If you don't mind reading a book or a newspaper for a little while, I'll just answer them."

I looked up a few minutes later and found her smiling at a photograph over her desk. It was a picture of a baby.

"Cunning, isn't he?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. That's little Charles Bancroft Phillips, Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Phillips's baby. I'm crazy about that baby, and I keep his picture up there to cheer me when anything goes wrong. No matter how badly I feel, I just look up at Charlie and he makes me smile."

"What's wrong now?"

"Why, somebody sent a letter intended for me all the way to England to my sister Edna; she's had to send it back to me, and the little girl who asked the question has been waiting all this time for her answer. It made me feel so blue I just had to look at little Charlie until he made me smile. But the little girl won't have to wait for her answer any longer. Now, give me some roses on one side of me, and my cloisonné vase on the other, and I'll be perfectly happy again."

This remarkable little creature is the efficiency expert of her own life. Knowing the things that will make her happy, she keeps herself fortified against the mischances of a capricious world, so that tears are soon succeeded by smiles. She has a special fondness for roses, and is never without them.

"If I feel unaccountably blue in the morning when I wake up," said Miss Dana, "I ask the maid to bring me some roses in a hurry. They do the work, for their appeal is irresistible. I don't see how anyone could be insensible to the beauty and the frag-

(Continued on page 52)

HOW THEY DO IT

A DAY WITH MONTAGUE LOVE AT THE STUDIO



8.30 A. M., Montague Love arrives at the Peerless studio, where Robert B. McIntyre (left), manager, and George Archairband (right), director, are glad to see him



8.40 A. M., Mr. Love puts the finishing touches upon the wig that helps distinguish the character he is to portray



Noon hour. Mr. Love takes a good, long shot at the manuscript



9.00 o'clock A. M., and from then until 5.30 P. M., with the exception of an hour for luncheon, Mr. Love works, sometimes strenuously



6.00 P. M., the end of a perfect day, and our Mr. Love's fancy turns smilingly to recreation

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

William Russell and Charlotte Burton are married. They tried hard to keep it quiet, but of course the news leaked out. They are a most popular couple. They have settled down at Bill's ranch.

Johnny and Emma Ray, long favorites on the musical comedy and vaudeville stage, have uncovered a cycle of photoplay comedies sponsored by General Film Company, in which the curious collar and funny face of Johnny are balanced by the queenly stature of Emma. They are making canned laughs wholesale now in a studio at Cliffside, N. J.

Richard Tucker, formerly of the Edison Studios Stock Co., whose work before the camera has always measured up to the 100 per cent. standard, has temporarily forsaken pictures and enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps where, at present, and until he is assigned definitely, he is engaged in the Publicity Department as lecturer. Mr. Tucker will visit a great many theaters during the next few weeks and lecture on life in the Marine Corps.

The "Castle bob" bids fair to be a permanent institution.

Women anxious to know whether Mrs. Vernon Castle's hair will be longer in motion pictures than it was when she danced herself to fame may be reassured. It will not. If the talented star seems to have forsaken the chic mode she introduced they may be sure she's wearing a wig.

"I don't think I'll ever let my hair grow long again," says the famous Pathe star. "I've worn it so long this way it wouldn't seem natural in any other fashion. Can you imagine one old and gray, but with hair bobbed? Well, I shall be that way one day if I live long enough."

Thomas Santschi was accorded a warm welcome when in Chicago, recently. Santschi, in the good old days, formerly resided in Chicago where he appeared in stock, and it was in the Windy City that he made his first appearance in the films at the studio of the Selig Company. There is no more popular or versatile film star than Thomas Santschi. Enumerated among his recent successes are John Mentor, in "Beware of Strangers"; "Bill" O'Shaughnessy in "Who Shall Take My Life?"; Boris in "The Garden of Allah." Santschi lives in Los Angeles, likes to motor and to engage in athletic sports.

William Russell is not only the star, but also the author of "Pride and the Man," now being shown on the Mutual program. In "Pride and the Man," Mr. Russell appears as Handsome Jack Bronson, the champion heavyweight and idol of the ring. The greater part of the story is founded on incidents in the life of Mr. Russell during the several years he held the eastern championship as gentleman boxer.

Charlie Chaplin is serious in his ambition to accumulate a cold ten million dollars before it comes time for him to retire. He says he is anxious to show what can be accomplished by a fellow who started at the bottom of the ladder.

Thomas F. O'Malley, who appears in the support of Mabel Taliaferro in "The Will-o'-the-Wisp," claims to have played more Irish parts than any other actor on the American stage. He played with Agnes Robertson, the original "Colleen Bawn," on her final American tour, and acted in "The Shaughraun," "Arrah na Pogue," and other Irish dramas written by her famous husband, Dion Boucicault. He was in the original production of "The Ivy Leaf" with William H. Powers. His first appearance in an Irish part was as a child in 1866. He played with Joseph Murphy in "The Kerry Gow," and with Andrew Mack in a revival of "Arrah na Pogue," in the latter play being considered the best Michael Feeney who ever attempted the part. Other Irish parts were played in the companies of Barney Williams and W. J. Florence. Mr. O'Malley was born in Ireland, but was brought to this country by his parents when an infant.

Mary Pickford's principal business manager is her mother, whose decisions are final in all matters of business.

A nurse's class has been formed at the Triangle-Ince studios under Dr. R. S. Moore, an ex-Army surgeon. Under Dr. Moore's supervision a perfectly equipped hospital ward has been fitted out, and here he holds classes each day. Chief among his pupils are Enid Bennett, Sylvia Bremer and Olive Thomas. They are being trained in every branch of the Red Cross work, including the use of anesthetics, various methods of bandaging wounds and giving first aid.

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke, widely known as a short story writer, scenario editor, poet, actor and screen star, returns to the screen in support of Jackie Saunders in her latest production for Mutual, entitled "Betty Be Good." Captain Peacocke has more than 200 short stories to his credit, and is the author of more than 400 original photoplays and 40 adaptations. He is the author of "Sunshine and Gold," one of the Jackie Saunders features which will shortly be released through Mutual.

The eccentricities of the screen fan have often been published, but the one that takes the cake, arrived today from the Douglas Fairbanks publicity office.

The story reads that an admirer of Douglas Fairbanks spent forty dollars in telephone charges, talking to her favorite screen actor in Los Angeles, from Dover, New Jersey, the home of the film-mad maiden. During her five minutes of conversation, Miss Betsy Jennings complained about a poor photograph she had received in the morning's mail, and implored Fairbanks to send her a new one immediately by special delivery.

"But why call me from a distance of thirty-five hundred miles?" asked Douglas.

"Well," stuttered Betsy, "principally to find out if you smoke, chew or drink—and also if makeup hurts your face—and do you receive many letters a day from admirers?"

Something happened to the transcontinental connection, for Fairbanks, who has a keen sense of humor, complained about being disconnected.

LOOKING PLEASANT FOR THE FANS



Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks on hand to greet Al Lichtman, general manager of Arctcraft, who is now visiting in Los Angeles. Left to right, bottom row—Al Lichtman, general manager Arctcraft, John Emerson, Doug's Director, Mrs. Pickford, Mary Pickford, and Smiling "Doug." Second row—Arthur S. Kane, westcoast manager for Arctcraft, Jack Pickford, M. H. Lewis, Los Angeles representative for Paramount, and Ted Hemmer

Here's a Dog Gone to Success--An Intimate Study of Canine Stardom :: :: :: By NANON TOBY

PROBABLY the most conspicuous animal actor on the screen is "Teddy," the Great Dane of the Triangle-Keystone Company. Teddy draws a salary of one hundred dollars a week, and he is worth it. He has endeared himself to thousands of picture lovers, because paradoxical as it may seem, Teddy, while a salaried actor, is not a trick dog. According to his master, who raised him from a pup, the big, intelligent dog has never been taught a trick in his life. In moving pictures as in "The Nick of Time Baby," in which he and the baby carry off the honors, or "Teddy at the Throttle" or "The Dog Catcher's Love," two of his other big successes, he has been directed just as his human companions in the play were. The only difference is that the actors are rehearsed before the camera cranks, and it is not necessary to rehearse Teddy.

It is not possible to exaggerate this dog's intelligence, he understands every word or sign. From the time his master took the ungainly, lovable pup from its mother, he made a pal of him, petting and talking to him just as he would to a child. Teddy evinced interest from the first with the conversational attitude of his master, and it was not long before he began to master the English language, until today there is no question about his understanding every word addressed to him. When his director is putting him through the routine action of the play, the dog pays as studious attention to

what is going on as the most ambitious actor in the company. The director uses both words and signs in telling Teddy what to do before the camera, and it is rarely that he makes a mistake; he apparently absorbs with grave attention not only the directions given him, but also the conversations that go on between the director and other members of the cast.

Teddy is a star in every sense of the word, from his long-term contract which calls for one hundred dollars a week to his rating on the advertising of the productions in which he is billed as a topline. Outside of working hours Teddy is a one man dog, and pays slight attention to anyone but his master. He is gentle with children but makes it evident that he does not like their attention, always nozzling away from them with lofty indifference. At present a

tiny kitten at the studio is his sole playmate.

However, this characteristic of Teddy's does not keep him from being the pet of the



Teddy upward-bound



As a member of the Red Cross he does valiant service

studio; every man, woman and child loves the Great Dane and never tire of watching him act before the camera. He is an example of what love and judicious training can do for a dumb brute, and his natural, easy performance of the tasks given him stand out in marked contrast to those of animals that more frequently than not have felt the lash of the trainer's whip. Teddy has never had a cross word or a whipping in his life, and it stands to reason that he never will. He and his master fraternize as man to man, and the dog demonstrates that he appreciates the comradeship.

Recently Teddy, with the same calm that he follows his director's instructions, staged an impromptu act of his own which, unfortunately, it was impossible to screen. One of the prettiest of the young actresses got caught in a burning tenement, which was being consumed for picture purposes. Teddy, who was not in the act, was back of the set. The girl missed her cue to jump to the waiting hero in front, became confused and doubtless would have been badly burned if Teddy had not gone to the rescue. He is capable of making tremendous leaps, and without hesitation he dashed into the burning house, seized the girl by the dress

and dragged her out the back way to safety. And now, not to be outdone by his human actor friends, Teddy is preparing to follow the colors, and has enlisted in Red Cross. Charles Murray, the Keystone comedian, paid for Teddy's training in the Red Cross, and should the dog be called to service he will be thoroughly capable of performing the many brave deeds attributed to the canine heroes of the trenches. Teddy has already become an expert in securing a bandage around a wound, holding a tourniquet about a bleeding artery, or rushing to aid a wounded soldier on the battlefield. He has also been taught to distinguish between a punctured artery and an ordinary bleeding wound, by the use of a fountain pen filler in the hands of his trainer and master. If the liquid in the filler spurts, he knows that he must hold the bandage tourniquet tightly in his teeth and stay by the side of the wounded soldier until aid comes. If the liquid flows in a steady stream he knows that it is safe

to tie up the wound and seek aid at the nearest hospital base. For those soldiers who are able to help themselves, Teddy carries a first-aid kit, which contains narcotics, bandages, and other surgical appliances with which the wounded soldier can bind up his own wounds and gain temporary relief until aid comes.

There is no question but what Teddy will actually see service somewhere in France or Belgium, inasmuch as the United States War Department has profited by the lesson taught by the Belgians in pressing police dogs into the work of military relief, and will

undoubtedly mobilize a veritable canine army to despatch to the battlefield at once. Physically and intellectually Teddy is ideal, and will pass every examination. He is powerful enough to carry a wounded man a great distance over rough ground, such as would be impassable to the average human being. Furthermore, he is game enough to face the very mouth of a cannon in order to do his master's bidding. This is the prime requisite in dog soldiers. Numerous species of this useful beast possess such highly organized nervous systems that they could never be dissuaded from fleeing in consternation from the roar of artillery. But Teddy, like the hundreds of other dogs which will be enlisted, is as cold as the proverbial cucumber in the face of danger. Moreover, Teddy really relishes a fight, and woe betide the enemy soldier who dares to combat him. Needless to add any human gladiator so audacious will have to act quickly with gun or bayonet, because it is pretty difficult to match canine prowess and speed.

There is every indication that trained dogs are going to play an important part in Uncle Sam's battle across the seas, and for this reason Teddy looms up big as a promising hero of many thrilling and exciting incidents.



Teddy is not adverse to a little loving now and then

WHY I PREFER OPEN-AIR PICTURES

By HENRY OTTO

I infinitely prefer producing pictures which can be made with God's own settings and backgrounds to those which call for many studio interiors.

The big out-of-doors inspires me; how could it be otherwise? One has only to look over the many snap-shots and "stills" I possess to fully understand this.

Before the completion of any scenario I always go "location hunting" myself, and whenever possible, I take the author along with me, and we never fail to find something in nature which suggests some incident which can be worked into the action or plot which will improve our photoplay.

Take the Santa Barbara Islands where we are at present, putting on a water feature with Tyrone Power and little Frances Burnham. I persuaded Richard Willis, the author of the story, to tear himself away from his many duties, and with the general manager of the company, M. Philip Hansen, we spent some days on the islands with the rough draft of our story. The result was that we made several alterations and improvements, suggested by the ruggedness and beauty of these islands.

Particularly do I love the water, and water has always figured largely in my most successful productions. "The River of Romance" was made for the best part around the Thousand Islands and "Undine" was produced on the Santa Barbara Islands, both were a joy to me in the making.

In producing open-air pictures, a man loses much of his self importance, and the

natural tendency of the artist is to be less of the actor and more the natural man, far more so than is possible in a studio. The girls and boys forget their "temperaments" in the wealth of life and beauty which holds their attention, whereas in a studio they get

rocks, swimming in rough water, climbing hills and what not, all in good humor, while the cameraman and myself take really dangerous chances, and do it without thinking of much, save that we are going to get some wonderful shots and direct something we hope to be proud of.

It is such healthy work, this out-of-doors picture making. We get up very early and are on the job as soon as Mr. Sun makes his appearance, and we are all tired out and glad to follow Mr. Sun when he goes to roost.

It is claimed that strong dramatic work is more forcefully presented on the screen when taken in interior sets, this is true in regard to some domestic dramas, but after all there is nothing more highly dramatic than the common emotions when depicted with well-selected open air locations.

I do not believe in trying to take exterior scenes when the natural action calls for interiors, but I certainly incline towards the photoplays which take audiences to rugged or beautiful places and which add a touch of novelty to even every day happenings.

In fact, it is my opinion that the thing that makes motion pictures most attractive is the vividness with which they show people in real scenes of places they have never seen. There is an obvious educational value to the showing of such scenes. Indeed, the photoplay art is a great geography lesson, and scenic tour all in one. Stories in natural surroundings inform while accomplishment of this is worth while these days.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

If you're looking for funny pranks

Just watch for Douglas Fairbanks.

He does give such awful thrills,

Makes you shiver with the chills.

He can climb just like a spider,

Up a space not much wider;

And that funny smile of his,

On his face it always is.

I always go and take my honey

For his capers are so funny.

When I seem to have the blues

A Douglas Fairbanks' film I choose.

CORA B. FULMER.

more time to nurse petty grievances and to sit and talk over personal matters. I find we all forget ourselves in our work amid the wonderful surroundings of hills, rocks and water.

On these islands the actors and actresses are picking their way over painfully sharp

PHOTOPLAYERS AS YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE THEM



Juliette Day believes in being comfy



Amy Dennis reads to a happy excess



Olive Thomas is a devotee to the gym



Ethel Ritchie in a moment of cool rest



Peggy Hyland likes to "sit high"



Harold Lockwood dotes on Oriental splendor



Shirley Mason enjoys fencing with bold mankind,

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

THE all-prevailing trend throughout the proud domain of photoplay today is towards zealously enthusiastic patriotism. Everybody connected with every branch of the business is valiantly doing his or her bit. The slacker is conspicuous by his absence. The tireless self-sacrificing worker is in every nook and corner of the industry. Star and supernumerary, magnate and office boy, exhibitor and usher are all on the job for Uncle Sam. There is no evidence whatsoever of a limit to the amount of money and energy the moving picture folk are willing to donate cheerfully to the cause of the democracy enunciated by the United States Government. In all sections of the country they are working like beavers to promote every phase of that cause and thereby is it being proven profoundly that the screen constitutes one of America's most praiseworthy institutions.

It is interesting to note just what kind of service some of the luminaries of the profession are rendering to their country. Mary Pickford, for instance, subscribed \$100,000 towards the Liberty Loan, and then went out "on the stump," as they would say in politics, and waged an effectual oratorical campaign to induce others to duplicate her display of patriotism. The climax of this effort on her part came in San Francisco, where she addressed a mass meeting, at which there were ten thousand people, and on which occasion she aided very materially in causing to be purchased two million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds. The fact that she was to speak at the meeting was adroitly used in the advance publicity, and her presence is accredited with attracting a large percentage of the crowds. Miss Pickford has also devoted a great deal of her time to assisting in the work of stimulating recruiting by addressing assemblages of men on the streets of Frisco and Los Angeles. Another one of her patriotic acts was to present a complete ambulance to the Los Angeles Red Cross for service in France.

Metro artists, headed by that sterling patriot, Sidney Drew, were responsible for the sale of \$1,250,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. Every \$50-bond will buy 1,007 cartridges, and therefore Arthur James' contention that if every bullet which these artists have purchased hits a vital spot in the body of some enemy, the war is as good as over. To be precise and correct, the Metro artists have paid for a grand total of 1,033,182 cartridges, all of which will sooner or later find their destructive way to the battle-fronts of Europe to aid in the conquering of the despised despotism of the Teuton.

Like many other stars Sidney Drew has gotten out and helped to boost recruiting. He has pursued most novel tactics in his efforts to swell the ranks of Uncle Sam's army, one of his stunts being to offer \$500 to the first young man who would enlist on certain days. This has been productive of scores of enlistments in New York City.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

One of the most pleasing tendencies of the hour among photoplay producers is to meet a very apparent public demand for more comedies and farces in these turbulent times when there is a premium on a smile. There have been twice the usual number of big feature laugh films during the last month.



Madame Olga Petrova recently celebrated the sixth anniversary of her arrival in America. She furnishes a glowing example of the foreign artist who can surpass all her previous successes abroad in this land, where there is such a pronounced penchant for enriching talent it makes no difference from where it hails.



Producers are vying with each other in the game of assembling so-called notable casts to support their stars. This is commendable. The day has gone when second-rate artists can "get by" in the minor parts of a photoplay. And, just to think, only a few years ago many of the plays were cast from among the "extras."



Most every star aspires to establish a versatility. Mary Pickford has portrayed a great variety of nationalities and is still in quest of new such fields to conquer. Now Vivian Martin is playing the part of a bricklayer's daughter in "A Kiss for Susie"—her idea being to interpret the feelings and spirit of women in as many different walks of life as possible. Versatility is not to be derided. On the contrary, it deserves a permanent and constantly expanding place in the photoplay art, acting as it does to keep up and augment the interest of the fans.



In all quarters of the photoplay world there is a tendency to regard the war situation with calmness, and there is not the slightest evidence of panic. Practically all the studios are as busy as ever, and there is no decrease in the number of features being produced. The only field in which there is any noticeable curtailment of activity is "the mammoth 'steen-reel spectacles." There seems to be a quite definite lack of demand for more of these awe-inspiring cinema fortune-exhausters.



Good directorial judgment is obtaining to a greater degree than it ever did before, and as a result we have many motion pictures approaching the goal of perfection these days. Heretofore the fallacy of failing to realize the limitations or possibilities of artists has played havoc with "the morale of the movies." Constant plugging to bring into action the process of elimination has ameliorated this condition happily.

and all of its numerous forces have arisen nobly to the cause of the times. The corporation itself subscribed \$100,000 to the Liberty Loan, and Marguerite Clark turned over \$40,000 of her money, to which was added \$75,000 which Cecil B. De Mille collected from among the various other artists and employes of the firm. If every firm in every other line of business could show a practical zeal equal to this, the Liberty Loan would have been over-subscribed several times.

Mabel Taliaferro has made herself useful to the nation in many ways, but one of her most unusual services was to pose for a series of illustrated advertisements to be used for recruiting purposes. This well-known star has posed in several countries as Miss Columbia. One of her recent pictures shows her garbed as she was photographed in Australia, in 1906.

"It reminds me of the costume I wore in Sydney, Australia, in 1906," said Miss Taliaferro. "I was appearing there as William Collier's leading lady then. On July 4th the U. S. cruiser Baltimore was in the harbor of Sydney, and the officers and the tars selected me to pose for them on the ship as Miss Columbia. I gladly accepted, and in the afternoon I was garbed as Miss Columbia, standing on the bridge of the ship next to the captain.

"Miss Taliaferro," said the captain, "we are going to ask you to fire the presidential salute of twenty-one guns. The noise will be deafening, and I suggest that you stand in a bucket of water while you do it."

"Of course I gladly consented. The gunners showed me how to fire, and I stood in a bucket of water and fired the presidential salute. Later, on the deck, I was in my Miss Columbia costume when the captain put the whip of the flag across my chest. This, you know, is the greatest honor that an officer can pay you. The mayor of Sydney came on board in the afternoon, and we had a big reception. In the evening, at dinner, I sat in the captain's seat at the table, and he sat opposite me.

"Ever since that time I have had the greatest respect for the men in the American navy. They are a very efficient lot, and as courteous as they are efficient. I am not at all surprised to learn that they have done such excellent work already in this awful war, and I am sure that whenever they are called upon to do anything they will acquit themselves with honor."

SOLDIER-ACTORS who have been incapacitated by wounds received in battle are coming to America by most every steamer with the idea of rehabilitating their fortunes in the one land offering a congenial and profitable field for their particular line of endeavor. There are at the present time something like fifty foreign artists who have found lucrative engagements in American motion picture studios, after sustaining injuries in defense of their respec-

tive countries. One of the latest veterans of the war to make his advent into the film world of the U. S. A., is Jules Raucourt, a Belgian actor, who fell in action in the battle of Malines. At the outbreak of the war he was playing in one of the theaters at Antwerp. Immediately he offered his services to his country, and he was sent to the firing-line. It required many months for him to recover from his terrible wounds, and when it was found he would never again be physically fit to endure the hardships of military activity he was given an honorable discharge by King Albert of Belgium. Now Raucourt is working steadily in Metro pictures, and he is donating a large portion of his salary to war relief funds. Every American heart should rejoice in the realization that our beloved land provides such a splendid haven to such heroes and the shadow stage brings unlimited credit to itself by extending its sheltering potentiality to all such brave defenders of the cause of democracy.

JUST to show you how war fails utterly to destroy the love of stricken people for diversion, we have but to cite a recent deal consummated by John Olsen & Co., with the Famous Players-Lasky Co., by which the former acquires the control of all the photoplay productions of the latter for exhibition in Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Olsen's avowed purpose for thus investing in American-made film is to meet a demand, actually growing despite the war's fury, in the Scandinavian countries. Mr. Olsen further states that American subjects have completely supplanted Italian and German film, and, in fact, practically all continental productions have been eliminated, leaving the amusement-loving people of these three nations virtually dependent upon the United States for their cinema fare. It is estimated that there has been an average of eleven million photoplay fans over there, but now it seems the number is increasing rapidly. The usual prices of admission are maintained. What a pity it is that the bulk of the American peace propaganda celluloid can't reach the masses of German people through the Olsen Company in order that they might learn how wrong their mad Kaiser is in reality!

PHOTOPLAYERS are delighted to see children in the films. In fact, it has gotten so the announcement of a child star is a real box-office asset. But the tendency to pad out two-reel stories to fill five in order to give the juvenile plenty of time in which to show class in sundry ways will have to be abolished or else there is strong probability of a promising innovation losing its grasp on the public fancy. In very recent times there have been a half dozen photoplays which have been absolutely nullified because of the error of bolstering just for the sake of being able to advertise a child artist in "a big feature." Strictly speaking, this is an unblushing attempt to bunk the public, a feat that cannot be accomplished effectually or continually. Frankly, the public will not be bunked at all any more. The heights to which wisdom has ascended in the world of photoplay fans should be overwhelmingly inspiring to every producer. It should lead them to flatly refuse to force a single issue in order

to promote the stardom of any child artist. They should demand first of all a proper vehicle offering the right amount of justified opportunity for exploiting the talents of the young. They should not work on a schedule. Instead, they should produce a "child picture" when they have scenario material which justifies it beyond a peradventure of a doubt. If only one such manuscript can be found every two months, then let us have a release of this sort only that often. Don't force issues for sentimental or mercenary reasons. A loss of prestige and of money can be the only results in the end.

MADE to order for the times is "The Divorce Game," in which Alice Brady shines as a comedienne. It is precisely the kind of photoplay which is needed to divert the public mind from war horrors. It is all fun and a yard wide, something nine-tenths of the picture features should be until the declaration of world-wide peace is

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

The war has not dampened the ardor of motion picture theatre-owners in the general proclivity for installing a veritable grandeur in the decorations in their theatres. In fact, statistics gathered from all parts of the United States show that there is being expended about the same amount of money for building improvements this summer as there were two years ago before the effect of the European holocaust had had sufficient time in which to wield its baneful effects. This indicates the true American gameness and justified confidence which rule the amusement men of the country.



Noted stage successes continue to find their way auspiciously to the screen. Among the more notable triumphs to thus be transplanted in recent weeks are "On Trial" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate," the latter of which is George M. Cohan's second picture vehicle.

formally signed and the mailed fists of all nations are "unmailed," bound and gagged. "The Divorce Game" is fluffy French farce in which, as usual, laugh-provoking complications come in rapid succession. To witness it is to say, "Away with the war stuff for an hour at least." The story is woven around the efforts of an extravagant, young couple to pay their debts by divorcing each other, thus to obtain the entire dowry of the bride. Their organized campaign to become innocently compromised while remaining technically virtuous lead them into about every situation which amuses most. Of course to make it logical, they are left sadder but wiser at the end. In many ways the story is trite, but we opine the temper of the theater-going public is such at present that they will endure a great deal of the hackneyed if it is genuine, inoffensive fun. Do you agree, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Photoplay Fan?

EMMY WEHLEN just can't help being cute, it makes little difference what kind of a part she is playing. She has a personality which she seems unable to relegate, and in her case it is just as well she

does fail to completely lose herself in her parts, because she herself is more interesting than most any make-believe character could be. In her latest starring vehicle, "The Trail of the Shadow," she is introduced as one Sylvia Mason, who lives alone in her little cabin in the mountains on the timber claim which was the only unmortgaged piece of property left at the time of her father's death. She supports herself by making bead-work. Henry Hilliard, a young easterner of wealth and position traveling in the west, buys some of her bead-work and falls in love with the girl. It is while Henry is on a visit back home that Sylvia is startled one night to see a man crawling toward her door as though wounded. He implores her aid, and she helps him into her cabin. No sooner is he inside than he points a revolver at her head and demands that she hide him from the border police, who are on his trail. He hides, but keeps her covered with his revolver, and when Sergeant Keen comes with his man she is obliged to say she has seen no one.

When the men have gone, the outlaw emerges, and Sylvia recognizes with horror Jack Leslie, her father's partner, who had demanded her hand in marriage, and when scornfully refused had first ruined her father in business and then caused his death. Leslie now tells her he is still in love with her, and that his score against her father is not yet paid. He tries to take her in his arms. Sylvia shrinks from him, and tries to reach the whistle to warn the police, but he forestalls her. They struggle, and she falls to the floor, striking her head against the table and losing consciousness. The sight of her lying helpless before him arouses his latent sense of honor, and he goes away leaving her unmolested.

However, wishing to humble her pride, he leaves a note which intimates the opposite. It is several days before Sylvia regains consciousness. She awakes to find the kind face of old Padre Constantine bending over her. Henry returns from his Eastern trip, to see Sylvia, and comes to her bedside, but she turns her face sadly away, believing herself no longer worthy to be his wife. Henry cannot understand her change of attitude, and Padre Constantine, knowing the true, pure heart of the girl, does not tell him the reason. Mrs. Hilliard, purse-proud and haughty, comes from the East, and offers Sylvia a substantial check to release Henry from his promise to marry her. Sylvia, believing this solution of the problem to be the best one, accepts it, tearing it up as soon as she is alone.

Leslie returns to the neighborhood, and sends a messenger to Sylvia's cabin, telling her she must come to him. She answers the call because she is determined to be revenged. Taking her revolver, she goes to the adobe hut he has mentioned as the rendezvous, and a dramatic struggle ensues. Leslie hears someone approaching and dashes away on his horse. Hilliard, with the sheriff's posse, follows.

At a turn of the road they lose track of him, and separate. Hilliard takes to the desert alone, and comes upon the outlaw. There is an exchange of shots, and Leslie falls mortally wounded. But determined that he shall not die alone, he fires a shot that punctures the canteen of water at

(Continued on page 50)



Mary Miles Minter is fond of children



Geraldine Farrar enjoys her piano



Gail Kane and Henry King showing how easy it is to smile in stripes



William Sherwood in one of his sleepy moments

PHOTOPLAYERS WHEN OFF DUTY

The Belasco of the Cinema

By PETER SMYTHE GRIDLEY

JUST as the name of Belasco stands for a distinct type of excellence in the world of the spoken drama, so does the name of Cecil B. De Mille represent a certain style of super-merit in screencraft. The regular patron of the high-class motion-picture theater can almost tell at a glance a De Mille photoplay. His various characteristic touches in the portrayal of a scene, his exceptional lighting effects and his inimitable presentation of the spectacular are as much apart from the conventional as the work of Belasco is from that of other producers of the drama.

Few producers of the silent drama have done as much for its advancement as has Cecil B. De Mille, and his many successes under the Lasky trademark have always showed a marked improvement over the current standard of photoplay merit. Each production as it was released showed some new effect or touch, tending to enhance the cinema art up to its present degree of quality. As producer of "Joan the Woman," the Geraldine Farrar spectacle, Mr. De Mille came into his own. Universally conceded to be the most modern of all displays of cinema art, this production created a sensation upon its release, and is still attracting wide attention throughout the country.

Mr. De Mille's exceptional ability in stagecraft and dramatic construction may be considered in the light of an inheritance, for he is the son of the late Henry C. De Mille, the famous dramatist, much of whose work was done in association with David Belasco, and of Beatrice De Mille, who is widely known in the theatrical world as one of the foremost author's representatives. Mr. Cecil B. De Mille is also the brother of William C. De Mille, the noted playwright who is now connected with the motion picture world.

Prior to his connection with filmdom, Mr. Cecil B. De Mille was highly successful as a

dramatist, actor and stage director. In collaboration with his brother William, he wrote "The Genius" and "The Royal Mounted." As an actor he made his first appearance in "Hearts and Trumps" in February, 1900, and continued acting for about a decade, subsequently devoting his time to play management and producing. Since his entrance into the motion picture field, he has produced the most ambitious Lasky offerings, including notably his superb photodramatic renditions of the great Belasco dramas, such as "The Rose of the Rancho," "The Girl of the Golden West," "The Warrens of Virginia," as well as "Carmen" with Geraldine Farrar.

In addition to taking direct personal charge of the more pretentious and important Lasky productions, Mr. De Mille has attained a rare success in supervising the work of other directors and in building a stock company which are without doubt the ultimate examples of combined screen and art efficiency.

Mr. De Mille's latest work involves the production of Mary Pickford photoplays for the Arcraft Pictures Corporation, the initial subject of this series being "A Romance of the Redwoods." The linking together of the great arts of Mary Pickford and Cecil B. De Mille is readily one of the greatest moves toward the further advancement of the cinema that has ever been evidenced. In this production Mr. De Mille brings out to best advantage, not only the wonderful charm and acting talent of "Little Mary," but also his own great ability

in photoplay technic. The next Pickford-De Mille production released by Arcraft is "A Little American," a timely subject of great patriotic appeal. Upon conclusion of this subject Mr. De Mille returned to the direction of the screen activities of Geraldine Farrar for Arcraft.

One of the greatest individual powers in the cinema art, Mr. De Mille has attracted world-wide attention for his ability to create. In "A Romance of the Redwoods," he presents effects the like of which have never been seen on the screen before. Like



Getting a close-up effect

all really great men, he is always open to suggestions, and will listen to the most infinite idea, which, although it may not be feasible, often gives him inspiration along new lines. Well liked by his employees he exercises an indescribable influence over all who come in contact with him which results in the presentation of the very best effort on the part of all his associates.

Few photoplay fans realize the importance of the work of the directors in the pictures they witness. This is remarkable when it is cited that it would be difficult to over-estimate the vital part played in the direction. Verily, the director is the man behind the throne who governs every situation arising in the filming process. If he were not in existence, there would be no government. And what would any business be without proper government?

There are few human endeavors which can keep a man so eternally busy—so incessantly on the jump—as directing a photoplay. There are the proverbial thousand and one details to be worked out, looked after, studied and worried over. Not only must the members of the cast of characters be constantly directed with an eagle eye, but the scenic settings, the lighting effects, the camera contingent, the congruity of plot when put to practical test and at least a hundred other widely different things must be uppermost in the director's mind simultaneously. It would be something of a task for a director to avoid being overworked if he wanted to be a shirker. He is just naturally surrounded by work, and he has to confront and wade through it in order to emerge to the garden of rest.

Fortunately, the screen has drawn extensively on the stage for genius in this line of histrionic effort, and in addition it has developed a veritable army of "new-blood masters" of its own. Consequently, the high standard of the cinema art has been moving upward by leaps and bounds and the directors, as much as the stars, are deserving of the credit for the progress.

It used to be that directors received scant recognition for their accomplishments, but nowadays even the most superficial fan seems to be prone to note the direction in every picture and the names of directors are at least almost as well known as the names of the stars. This is as it should be.



Getting action out of a tense scene

Which, Who, Why, What and When?

By AN "ANSWER-MAN"

NOTHING to do but answer questions about moving picture people! I couldn't imagine a softer job than that!" That's the way I was greeted by a new arrival in the office one day recently. She had come to see the place and people from whence the PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL came. She is a reader, subscriber and an occasional inquirer for information from the "Answer-Man."

"All right," I responded, "how many photoplays have been released with titles beginning with the word 'love'? What are their dates of release, producing companies, length each and cast of characters?"

While the office nurse was bringing the visitor back to consciousness, the files were rapidly glanced over, a few notes taken, and when the expected question came—

"Do you know?"

I had the answer ready as it must always be: "One hundred and ten starting with 'love.' Fifty-four starting with 'love and.' Twelve starting with 'love in.' Eighteen, 'love of.' Forty-six 'love's' and two beginning with the word 'loved.'"

They run from "Love," released by the G. G. P. C. on February 18, 1913, to "Love's Messenger" (Biograph, September 16, 1912), and "Love and Salt-Water," Keystone, July 11, 1914, on to a hundred kinds of "love" by all sorts of companies and players—dates, length and casts available at a moment's notice.

It was quite evident to our skeptical friend that there were easier jobs than answering the questions propounded by photoplay fans in all parts of the world. Especially to answer them all and correctly. And while in her weakened condition it occurred to the writer that there was a good chance to find out something that had often bothered him.

Why do they write and ask what color William Hinckley's eyes and hair are?

Why do they want to know whether or not Bessie Love is married?

What does "Evansville Lassie" care about the height of Ray Myers?

Who put into "D. C. Bernadette's" head to ask if Bessie Barriscale had any children in pictures or not?

When will "Norbie," "Etta" and "Flossie" stop asking if they are "real babies" in such and such a picture or not?

"Which of the blonde women in 'Ruined by Moonlight' was the leading man's wife?" is another cunning way they come at a fel-

low for information. Why and what inspires them? Not that there is any objection! Far be it from such. If they stopped asking, where would the "Answer-Man's" job go? And although it is not an easy one—it's nice to have around!

For years and years—ever since I started answering questions in photoplay magazines—and that was back in 1911—I had figured on some day getting an inquiring fan closer than a post-office box and finding out all these things. Now was the opportunity.

She was at me mer-r-rc-c-y!

"Where do you keep all your answers?" she shot at

added, as she pulled out drawer SI-Te and spilled some nine hundred carefully indexed card casts onto the floor and in the cuspidor. And, "Oh, that's a shame, isn't it; I'll help pick them up!" And the dear kind little visitor, who was going to tell me everything I had lived all these years to learn, gathered up handful after handful of cards which had taken more than five years to index in drawer SI-Te, and pushed them energetically into the vacant places of other drawers wherever she could find room!

She thereupon created a week's work for six sober and industrious clerks, but we are polite in this office, if nothing else, and I

thanked her kindly and helped her open all the drawers to find room for a wet card that she had retrieved from the corner near the window, knowing all the time that I was ruined for—well, a month anyway!

We could find no place for the damp data, so the visiting whirlwind decided to read it, not having thought of inspecting the system before except while sitting on it!

Across the top she read the title, "Soul of Honor, The." Then the company name, "Majestic." A row of figures from one to ten with the second crossed out, we explained, meant it was a two-reel picture. The date of release was easy for even Unhandy Lucy—May 31, 1914, it was. And then the dear thing was prompted to

gurgle at glimpses of the cast, which is always very carefully typed in the center of each card:

THE FATHER
Ralph Lewis
THE SON
Henry Walthall
THE SON'S WIFE
Blanche Sweet

Now, thought I, she's got the system and had her party. There's nothing else she can break, spill or ask about. Here's where I get in my good work.

But the moon was wrong, or something! Loquacious Lucy was entranced! She never knew Walthall was with Majestic!

She never knew Blanche Sweet worked with Ralph Lewis!

"Oh, there must be millions of queer things in these boxes that I'd love to know. I'm going to look through them all! Maybe I'll find Romaine Fielding's name on a card somewhere with 'Mrs. Fielding' playing an old ragged grandmother! Won't that be grand?"

The things that girl "never knew" about pictures and people were unbelievable.

But the things she intended to know be-



THREE CHEERS FOR THE GIRL OF TODAY

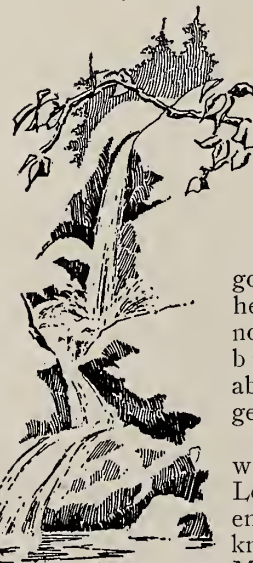
*When our grandsires fought for their freedom
The girls were as brave as today;
They battled with heartache and hunger,
Their duty to wait and to pray.
Around the campfires gleaming,
'Mid the shrieking of shot and shell,
Each soldier was tenderly dreaming
Of Somebody's tearful farewell.*

*Oh, many a battle has prospered,
Many a day has been saved,
Many a death has been sweetened,
Many a danger braved
By the dream of wife, mother or sweetheart
Waiting at home staunch and true.
But today it's three cheers
For the girl without fears
Who can FIGHT for the Red, White and Blue!*

*When our flag is raised high o'er the house-tops,
When the whistles are screeching their fear,
When the army and navy assemble,
The girl of today will appear.
Not alone with the dying,
But right in the midst of the fray,
Wherever the bullets are flying
The Maid-At-Arms of today!*

*Oh, many a battle will prosper,
Many a day will be saved,
Many a death will be sweetened,
Many a danger braved
By the sight of some staunch little sweetheart
As brave as her lover in blue.
For today it's three cheers
For the girl without fears
Who can FIGHT for the Red, White and Blue!*

By GLADYS W. BROCKWELL.



me as she gained second wind. It was all off! A woman can always talk faster than a man. That's because she doesn't think she has to think in between!

I only had courage enough to say, "You're sitting on it." And then settled down to give and take as best I could—knowing I'd get far less information than I gave out, but willing to do my best.

"It isn't so much, is it?" queried our now calm interrogation point. "Only a few old drawers with scratchy handles on them. Seems to be a lot of cards in this one," she

fore she left were being heard about. It seemed a good plan to lock her in for a year and shoot food through a sound-proof pipe once in a while—and then go in and interview her about what I wanted to know when she'd forgotten how to speak the language.

I decided to take it calmly for a while longer anyhow, and resurrected a cigar that had come in with some questions from "J. A. M." the day before—a sort of bribe—he wanted to know Douglas Fairbanks' right name!

"Do you mind my smoking?" I inquired, seeking to starting the reverse questioning off gently, so she'd get used to it by degrees.

"Not at all. All our hands smoke, when I'm home on the farm during vacation," she chirped. "And some of them don't ask if I like it or not until after they get all lit up!"

Scandalous behavior of farmhands in—well, wherever she came from, I mentally noted. They might be tough customers, but if they smoked anything like J. A. M. cigars they were sod-busters for fair, I began to think by the time I had the gift cigar started.

J. A. M. has been asking me questions off and on for four years on different publications. He must have thought for three years and ten months that I am a lady, because he always sent a single stick of chewing gum with his questions. But suddenly he had a change of heart. About the time the Spring poets began to flood me with verse about Kempton Greene's nose and Billie Burke's chin, J. A. M. began to send cigars with his notes. I intended to ask Lucy why the wherefore of presents to answers-men, too, when I got a chance—and what system they worked on when selecting. I have had everything from tin-types (the meet-me in St. Louis kind—you know 'em) to hot-water bags. There is a printer right here in this office who would lay down his life for me any time because I gave him a can of condensed milk that came from an old lady in Vermont, who wanted to know what color neckties William S. Hart wears; and when the printer got home with the can of milk that night, not knowing what to do with it except take it home, he found his baby sick and the groceries closed on account of somebody's birthday, and the milk did the trick—so he says, anyway—and I should quarrel with fate! Not yet!

Lyrical Lucy was now deep into the bowels of drawer Co-De. Trembling lest she wreck the rest of the alphabet, I started to sob out:

"Please, nice lady. There are twenty-four little index drawers in that outfit; there are nearly a thousand carefully arranged cards in each. They only come out as far as they are long—and if you pull them any further they will positively fall on the floor and spill a thousand cards completely out of their alphabetical arrangement. It took me hours a day for five years to get this thing fixed—please, nice lady, don't unfix it all this afternoon!"

My tearful tones must have impressed Lumbering Lucy. She took out drawer Co-De with superb caution and, sitting down quite unexpectedly on the office floor with it in her lap, began to go over the nine or ten hundred cast-cards therein.

Squawks of delight were forthcoming almost immediately. "Oh, what a funny title for a movie. It can't be true—'Come Round

and Take That Elephant Away,'" she squealed doubtfully.

But looking over her shoulder, I was able to assure her that it was the real and only title of a Selig release directed by Norval MacGregor and turned out upon us unsuspecting mortals on March 31, 1915.

But Lunatic Lucy hardly heard me. She'd discovered old friends on the very next card.

"Can you beat that?" were her gospel words. "The Conversion of Smiling Tom' it says here, and a Selig picture, too, and here's Eugenie Forde printed on it as playing the part of 'Widow Wilson,' and I saw her in the 'Diamond From the Sky,' which I'm sure was made by the American Company—and only a little while ago!"

I could see there were no replies required here. She had the game all to herself. Deal her own hand and play to herself—why should a mere authority on casts and such things break in.

"And here's 'Widow Wilson's Daughter' played by Louella Maxam right on here in ink!" she urged next. "And I saw Louella Maxam this very day in a Keystone comedy called 'An Oily Scoundrel.' Why, Mister, this is orful!"

"You know," I began, "players change companies sometimes and—"

"Well, I hope they do!" was the frenzied response. "Just listen to this, will you? The Civilian; Broncho; Nov. 20, 1912; Colonel, J. B. Sherry. His Wife, Eugenie Forde; Their Daughter, Mae Marsh; Lieut. Wade her Sweetheart, Ray Myers!!!! And there isn't a one of them in Broncho pictures now—there isn't any Broncho anyhow!! Oh, Mister, I'm just crazy about these old cards of yours!"

"Help yourself, little stranger," I responded. "But don't forget to leave yourself in ignorance of one or two things about the players so you'll have something to write about when you get back to the old agricultural departments."

"Here's a Biograph called 'A Compromising Complication,' and who do you suppose is the Mayor's daughter and her lover?" came from Lively Lucinda then. "Bud Duncan and Gertie Bambrick! And I thought he was always a part of Ham and Bud and I never heard of her except the time she married Marshall Neilan last winter."

"You have a lot of things to hear about yet, my Lingerin but Lucid Lady," I managed to ejaculate. "And one of them is that tomorrow is another day."

"Whenever you would know what kind of hair they wear, or who is which and when," I murmured gently, "write to the 'Answer-Man.' A postage stamp will bring a letter from Camden or from Texas if it is stuck on the envelope so the postman can't get it off."

So Languid Lucy went away from us and left us flat. We were flat for a week afterward, to tell the truth. The things she might have done to the answers department, though, are too numerous and horrible to imagine. I spend hours trying not to imagine them.

When I hear a footstep on the threshold, I start doing the reverse in amaginings. As Bennie Zeidman would say. "Cold sweat pours from my alabaster brow." But as yet none of Lucy's chums have invaded us with vocabularies oiled up and set for twenty-four years without a rewind. I am grateful. Not that I don't love all my jolly little questioners—not that I don't love my salaried little job—nothing like that!

But I just couldn't stand—well, I mean—it seems kinda like as if—Well! Darn it! The Government is still making and selling postage stamps, isn't it?

I know I'm going to get a flock of inquiries about pictures with titles that begin with something between Sl and Te some of these days and they'll be the very ones that went into the cuspidor or out the window!

There had better be none signed "Lucy."

SOMEONE'S IN THE WOODPILE



Yes, it's Jackie Saunders in "A Bit of Kindling," both literally and artistically

Queer Things Around One of the World's Largest Movie Plants ∴ ∴ ∴ By FELIX J. KOCH

T

HRILLING?

Well, when you see it on the screen at your favorite motion play-house you will admit it must have been thrilling indeed! It looks the part and more.

As you watch the film in passing, a huge, savage lion comes, with a leap and bound so realistic that you expect any moment to hear the thud of the fall, dashing through the palm trees and squarely all but upon the hapless victim. Luckily—(luck, you know, is ever with scenario writers)—a mosquito wakes the tired man just in time, and he turns in his place and, of course, *just* escapes the lion.

Now, though the plot be weak by this very unnatural coincidence, this having things happen as they don't in real life, that *was* a real lion, at any rate; and he *did* make the bound toward the man, yet elude him by a margin which any slip up would make fatal, and so you do wonder just how they did it!

That's one puzzler. Here's another:

You are watching—let's call it "Jack Quinlan's Elopement"—and the happy lovers are to be seen cooing and billing on the seat of the Pullman. Outside their window remarkable mountain scenery goes riding by and lo, nudge your seat-mate—see, that is Arrow, in upland Colorado, and there is the very mountain-mesa where you made snowballs in July!

How, to begin with, pictures can be taken inside a sleeper and yet have such brilliancy of perfection and how, on the other hand, though train may jolt as it takes the climbs, one may get such perfect detail of view through a closed window, you *would* like to know!

Those, though, are just a few first queries.

You happen to be employed in a picture-shop and so you know very well that persons owning the rare oils shown in the movie of—call it "Her Riches Restored"—the great portraits and so on of the salon walls in the ancestral palace, run a great risk, indeed, in loaning them to transport, even though there be no more dangerous use at journey-end than hanging and having photograph made thereof. Still, they must be oils and good ones, and you wonder at their detail on the screen.

Wherefore, well, when curiosity piques again and you have opportunity to travel westward, take occasion to visit a little community within traction-reach of Los Angeles which holds a record of earth, now as one of the largest motion-picture towns in the world.

Worth the visit?

Well, consider:

Out there in the Golden West they have 239 acres in all given over just to the taking and the making of pictures. On this land there are manufacturing plants so large as to tempt the industrial agent of any Chamber of Commerce to try to lure to his city. There are studios so huge that one might erect an entire hippodrome well-nigh and

photograph it artificially. In fact, not less than twenty substantial and commodious buildings are already standing about the grounds there, while the greater part of the remaining area is in constant use with out-door structures put up, temporarily, for the taking of photographs.

Inhabitants to the city?

Well, for one, there are more cowboys making the place their all-the-year home than you'll find on many a good-sized ranch of Texas, or Arizona. These men have quarters all their own, and are presumed to be on hand when required in order that any picture may have them as needed. Some idea of the number of inhabitants to the city otherwise may be gathered from the fact that the big restaurant maintained looks out that it may feed the 1,000 employees, if necessary, almost at a single sitting. In addition, armies of visitors, who "stay for meals," can be accommodated beside.

All, then, for the making of the films of the "nickel" show. Nickel show forsooth! Prices have risen tremendously, even as the length of the films have grown and, since

the manufacturers are hardly in the work for their health, but for business, it appears that prices have risen in accord. Time was when such a serial as "The Tray of Hearts," a melodrama in which Cleo Madison starred, was considered a really big piece. It made an especial hit through the fact that the one actress played the parts of each of the two sisters loving the one man. Then there came "Lucille's Love" and "The Broken Coin"—how great they seemed! But serials have grown mightily since those days.

There at Universal City (and it is Universal City of which we have been "speaking" all this time) if you drop in at the building where the positives are made from the films, you'll find that they take serials which run a minimum of fifteen weeks. Think of what that implies to the mere taking here at the city! Each week the patron will see a given episode; each episode is of two installments. There are two reels of film to an installment, and each reel means a strip of film an inch in width and 1,000 feet in length. Why, consider even just an ordinary ten-week serial, or a thirty-

THEY PAUSE IN THEIR WORK TO LOOK PLEASANT FOR OUR CAMERA



Charlie Chaplin, International comedian; Edna Purviance, his leading woman; and John Jasper, studio manager, during the production of "The Immigrant"

reel affair, and consider the material required by way of settings to show a 30,000-foot display.

Yonder an installment may be in the taking here; from it you pass to where they will be working on a feature-play. These plays run from four reels, 4,000 feet, upward, to who dare say what ends? A great production like "The Clansman," which ran twelve reels, is coming almost to appear commonplace.

But you who go to the movie city, if you are human at all, will break away from your guide's narration of facts and figures and go to the dozen plays where, at given time, actors will be performing or settings may be going up. A thousand strange, curious, fascinating devices for insuring realism and yet providing safety and reducing costs greet you there at every turn.

Take just the lion aforesaid: A great jungle has been built, this hedged about by palings not seen in the film, stout enough to retain a fractious lion. The lion had to be secured, and since one can't tell for how long he'll be required, nor when again, he's been bought, instead of leased, and is housed in the city's zoo. That's a big investment worth the looking after, and so a lionkeeper is kept along.

When the proper time comes the lion will be taken in his wagon-cage to the scene of action. Stout runways must be built from cage door to actual scene. These must lead out to a point where, masked by the palms from the picture, he reaches a platform from which to leap. He must be drilled and drilled to leap, say for some meat thrown at a point where the actor will be "sleeping." Then, for the actual scene, there must be a stout netting, painted so as not to appear in pictures; or, if appearing, erased from these, to separate lion and possible victims there.

Yes, it is simple to read of, but quite complicated, when you watch the tremendous work it involves.

So with the scenes aboard the railroad train.

One can, of course, take pictures inside a railway-car, given light enough, but they're hardly ever the clear, sharp negatives that result from photography out-of-doors. As a result there at Universal City there has been built a section of a Pullman, minus only the roof, or with just enough roof to fill the upper background of the resulting picture. In this car, then, actors "supes" and so on take seat and the required action occurs. Meanwhile, just outside such windows as may be showing in the finished picture, great series of scenery are made to pass—off one roller and about another—even as pianola rools pass their paper each to each. Notably at such points where the train is halted, scene painters give especial attention here; putting in landmarks familiar to an audience, usually copying from actual scenes. Cost? The work is done quickly; the copy may be some railroad-folder, and it's no more costly than to set up a whole village for a background, and far less than to transport the actors to the stated place.

Nor do they stop there. Trains, amid such landscapes, would climb the summits, sweep the curves, dash down valleys, and so the action in the motion-picture must be much the same. Wherefore, outside, behind the pseudo car, trained employees are mounted on great springs—and as they leap on these, or shake the frames, the car gets all such travel-motion desired.

Nor, come when you will, can you see all the life that attaches to the city at any one time. Despite the prodigality of building going on, despite the infinite resources around, now and then troupes are still sent afar. For example, not so long since it was arranged to have a certain Mr. Blower "star" in a given play. When the time came for taking the star was under contract to play in Chicago, and could not take time to slip off to the Pacific coast. Well and good, the mountain forthwith came to Mohammed, a troupe was sent from California to Chicago. They leased a lot, there was built a stadium, and the deed was done.

and, more often still, lack of plot, are the prime causes of failure here. The better-grade scenarios, in fact, are all written to order today, and this by staff writers, under direct instructions as to what may be desired. Literary men of renown are finding in the motion-picture a new outlet for their talents and not infrequently such men are deliberately engaged, in order that they may adopt the coming scenario to the special ground. Just for one, a feature of the zoo aforesaid is a giant kennel, abounding with all manner of dogs. Knowing this, a writer can write plots involving foxhunts, things of that sort, and have them accepted with far greater ease than would plays requiring perhaps parrots—assuming that such are not around.

Such is the fine degree of perfection, both in selecting stories, developing, staging, acting, and, at last, the taking, that a single-reel of motion-picture can be prepared in as little as twenty-four hours, though the average one-reel play will need three days. As a reel increases length, however, details rise out of proportion, and so the average time to put out a four-reel picture—the popular size now—is, as a rule, ten days.

Where much travel is involved, some four-reel pictures will take three to four weeks at least.

Facilitating the matter of production is the number of actual troupes to handle. At minimum, twenty-two separate and distinct companies of actors ate at all times at work. Each such company has its specialty—more than that, suggestions from the writer of the scenario are welcomed at all times.

Interesting, in the course of one's tour of the city, is the location manager, should you fall afoul of him. He is told, for one, that a given troupe needs a seashore, and he finds it cheaper to send them to some point on the coast nearby than to build a replica of the sea here, so the order issues and the location is settled upon. Again, he sees to it that the property men sent along to this new location are drilled in keeping sightseers out of the range of the film. Native Californians are used to keeping bounds thus, but strangers from the East must be watched as to this. Again, he is called upon to arrange for a train's halting long enough to stage a picture around the engine, and railroads, as a rule, are accommodating in this, for the movie-folk are good patrons, and the pictures good advertisement indeed.

Here, there, or the other wheres, you go, always unfathoming something of new interest. When all is said and done, though, the actors excite the interest most. Their numbers, too, at times, will interest as much as does their acting. Thus, in a Decoration Day picture, not so long since, 500 supes were employed in all. In a story from India, "The Campbells Are Coming," the plot laid in the days of the mutiny, 1,000 folk were on the rolls. Each of these people receives from one dollar to three dollars a day, on the basis of being engaged by the week. "Damon and Pythias" required another huge crowd; folk are always glad of the chance to earn in such wise, but plays like "The War in the Clouds," requiring balloon and aero ascents, will dampen the ardor a lot.

To tell a title of the things seen were an endless task. Suffice you should go and see for yourself.

A DERAILED PLOT

By ETHEL BRAINARD

*I thought I'd write a photo play
About a Morse Code tramp,
That got mixed up with robbers,
Who gave him a black lamp.*

*I thought, of course, Bill Russell
Could board a fast-mail train;
But someone then suggested
To hang him on the crane.*

*I thought I'd have the wires cut
To get your horror roused;
Then out would slip the agent,
While the thief was getting soused.*

*He'd climb the nearest pole right quick,
And show a little speed
In tapping message on the wire—
But someone says, "Indeed!"*

*I thought I'd have him climb the pole—
Pretend to stop the train;
But as he saw it round the curve,
Would drop the "board" again.*

*Of course the watchful robbers
Would shoot like William Hart
When they saw the faithless agent
Had played the hero part.*

*Just then my limber hero
Could drop down on the train;
He'd surely find it slippery
Just after a hard rain.*

*But I have never seen a "board"
So close to the track yet,
That one could do the Helen Holmes
When the roof was soaking wet.*

*So I'm off of moving pictures,
I guess I'll pound the keys,
And wear last summer's middies
Instead of new Chinese.*

Another time, featuring Pavlowa, interiors had to be taken in the Windy City. Then the entire company was put aboard a train and taken to the West. Aside from all consideration of salaries there, \$150,000 just about covered the production's expense.

But you, who go to the movie city, feel the lure and, if you can't throw your own job aside and go, applying as a motion-picture actor, you can, at least, write scenarios in the privacy of your own home!

Wherefore it interests you to peep into the offices where the plays come and where they're read. The company does not solicit scenarios from the unknown, but they pour in, if or no. If they turn down a good plot, a competitor, they know, will get it, and so it behooves them to have the scenarios read. An average of 100 scripts pour in a day. They often get 3,000 a month. Fifteen experts sit at one side and read, though of all the manuscripts that come in they will buy less than six per cent. Lack of strength

EDITORIAL

COOLNESS VERSUS HOTNESS

We are in the middle of a dual hotness. 'Tis the torrid temperature of the season and the heat of world strife we have to contend with when we most want peace. Unfortunate indeed is the inability of the Teuton mind to see the utter futility of outlawry. How universally happy would life have been at this very hour had not a maddened, unreasoning and relentlessly cruel despot conceived the idea of subjugating all who dared to deny him the right to his own indefensible fallacies. As is no doubt fully realized by now, the United States is "into" this conflict with all the results this little preposition "into" implies. The unpardonable inexorability of one man, Kaiser Wilhelm, is the one cause. Considered from any angle we are confronted by unlimited worries when if one crazy man had been placed in an asylum long ago, we would have been regaling ourselves in naught but joy this season of perspiring. Right was on the side of coolness, something the Kaiser arbitrarily refused to consider, while hotness (of temper) was on the side of wrong, something the whole world counselled against with all the might at its command. Ill-advised Heat vanquished desirable Coolness. Fairness succumbed to insane barbarism, and hence we have a season and a world in which everything is uncomfortably warm. Let us pray that in the next battle royal between Coolness and Hotness, there will be fair play even though the Kaiser and a thousand others like him have to be exiled and treated most cruelly in order to accomplish it. Boiling the whole proposition down to a fine point, why must the world suffer for one royal villain's malicious ambitions? Why not eliminate the Kaiser at any cost and be done with the whole grim business? Admittedly, we are urging more hotness, but it is with the view of giving pleasing Coolness a fair chance to be victorious. There must be a definite ruination of the House of Prussian Militarism.

WRITING THE EDITOR

One of the outstanding traits making for potentiality among the American people is, comprehensive fealty to their fellows. The American idea is to get right down to brass tacks and to know those with whom there must be affiliation. It is a happy perpetuation of the principle contained in the slogan of yore pertaining to "United we stand, divided we fall." There is a most pronounced proclivity for absolute, untiring union and broadminded unity in every quarter of Uncle Sam's incomparable domain. One of the pleasing by-products of this habit of a nation is the custom of personally corresponding with the editors of publications in which there is taken a special interest. Few habits could presage greater benefits, for if there is any man who should be "of the people, by the people and for the people," it is the editor, and the only way in which he could be kept in close touch and harmony with the masses is by either personal contact or truly intimate correspondence. Everyone has troubles and joys to share, and they should be shared with equity. The prevailing spirit must be that of helping each other. It should obtain now, even more than ever. People should read twice as much as usual in these days. It should not be enough to read the published writings of your favorite editor, but you should have the privilege of reading his personal letters addressed to you in reply to yours on any subject uppermost in your mind. Moreover, every editor should cheerfully reply in full to every letter he receives. There is everything in common between the editor and his reader, and they should know and understand each other so far as is at all feasible or possible. Verily, it is worth

encouraging, this idea of writing the editor. "Photo-Play Journal" is one of the magazines which strives to give impetus to this notion. You and you will be received with the proverbial open arms if you write to the editor of this periodical. Write about whatever you are most interested in, request our help and cooperation in anything worthy, tell us your troubles, tell us what you think of "Photo-Play Journal," but above all let us get acquainted by letter with the earnest hope that it will bring mutual benefits.

BREAKING THE RECORD

So far as all available statistics on the subject show, "Photo-Play Journal" is breaking the record in the matter of circulation increase. No other motion picture magazine ever expanded its scope with a rapidity approximating that which has characterized the forward march of *the magazine with a heart, soul and character*. It is within the bounds of propriety to confide in our readers to the extent of telling them of the fact that new subscriptions have poured into this office in lots running as high as 1,200 for several weeks. One agency in a mid-western city of 60,000 population received 124 such subscriptions in one week without making a solicit for a one. This is certainly remarkable, and it is mentioned to afford the opportunity of expressing a profound gratification. There is no one force that begets happiness so efficiently as success, and it is beyond the power of even the most modest to refrain from frank recognition of an upward trend. We want to thank our thousands of old and new friends for making possible all this triumphing, and we want all to know that herculean efforts are being constantly exerted to make everybody glad "Photo-Play Journal" is breaking the record.

MOVING THE MOVIES

There is every indication that this poor, old war-torn world needs more of the forward movement which the cinema art is capable of furthering most effectually. Therefore we urge that the captains of the industry get into high-speed at once and move the movies up to the point of vantage requisite to a drive on Demon Germanism. Let the proper realization of the danger of this Kaiserism dawn upon the minds of all the peoples of the earth including the Germans themselves, and there is going to be some action which will move us instantly into the realm of unstinted happiness and tranquility. Films preaching with irresistible impressiveness and undeniable logic must flood the very face of the earth, and they must emanate from America and bear the stamp of the indispensable Yankee genius. Somehow this film must find its way into the restricted sphere occupied by that sufficient bulk of German populace to insure the revolution which will obliterate the entire Prussian military regime with one fell swoop. It would be difficult to devise a better use for the movies. They must move forward in the cause of democracy, and they must "jump" every despotic king on the board. They must aid armies of righteousness in inducing the people on the wrong side to pause and ponder. Let there be a veritable avalanche of propaganda film definitely against German Kultur as enunciated by their U-boat commanders under the direction of Wilhelm, the annoying fly in the honey of life. Move the movies of this sort into the heart of Germany and into every nook and corner of that deluded land by even the most audacious method, because the erring must be shown pictorially the crimes in which they are sharing as accomplices for the sake of their silly loyalty to a ruler unworthy of even the name of man.

A "REALLY TRULY" PRINCESS

Royal Lineage of "Baby" Virginia Corbin is Detected by the Camera :: By CARL STEARNS CLANCY

ACTION, Princess Camera!" It happened on "location." Little Virginia Corbin, the pretty little gifted four-year-old emotional star of the Foxfilm forces, dressed in one of her gorgeous princess robes, rose to her full height of three feet and marched grandly before the camera. Suddenly a little girl spectator, who did not recognize Virginia in her royal raiment, cried: "Oh, Mama, look! There's a really truly princess!"

"Baby" Virginia, exhibiting a well-developed sense of humor, which she always carries along, drew herself up in a dignified manner, and with a twinkle in her eye, exclaimed, "Yes, I am, every inch a princess!" and the delight of her tiny admirer became unbounded.

At that time, however, little Virginia did not realize the full truth of her announcement. Recently she has received an ancient necklace from her grandfather who lives in Philadelphia, Lyman Jerome Corbin, which embodies a finely executed coat-of-arms of the Corbin family, and bears the date of 1015. This coat-of-arms has been handed down from ancestors of the present Cor-



bins, from generation to generation, for nearly one thousand years. It was worn by the first Corbin who came from France to England with William the Conqueror, and who was knighted on the battlefield of Windsor, and has been worn by diplomats and many distinguished members of the family ever since that date. The gift came as a great surprise to "Baby" Corbin, who has just been starred as a "Princess" in a \$300,000 production directed by the Franklin Brothers, and she now feels that she may be a "really truly princess" after all.

"Baby" Corbin is the star of the much-advertised "Fox Kiddie Features," three of which are already completed. "Babes in the Woods" will be released soon, "Treasure Island" next and "A Modern Jack in the Beanstalk," a \$300,000 production which took five months to complete is the third release.

The illustrations herewith show better

than words can tell the royal splendor of this little star in royal robes, and we can hardly blame her directors when they claim that no child could look and act so natural in royal roles who was not born that way. And yet with it all, the flattery which comes to a child in this position and the pride which those around her must feel and show, she is just a real, live, natural little girl. She likes the playthings that other little girls like, and when she steps out of the robes of a "princess," and leaves the studio, we find her again one of the cutest babies in captivity.

"Baby" Virginia has a remarkable personality. We are always interested when the face of a bright little child appears on the screen, but when you couple that with an inborn ability to act a part that is usually taken by older people, and the power to look her part, we have a child who is fascinating as well as interesting. A photograph of a

child takes us back to the time when we were children, and an animated picture of a little tot is always sure to win the admiration of an audience.

With all her dignity this little star has always been taught to be kind and considerate. She knows how to smile, and it has given her a sweet little disposition that is always cheerful and will win her many friends. She does not pout and fret when she has to go over difficult scenes until they please her directors, and she always appears in a mood that makes it a pleasure to teach her the parts that she is to take.

It would be quite difficult to estimate with justice the potential influence for good the advent of children into the motion pictures fields, and producers are to be encouraged in their efforts to develop juvenile talent to the highest degree. In the first place, the appearance of a child in a picture lifts it to an exalted plane at once, it makes little difference what shortcomings the production may possess. The reason for this is psychological. The child is held the personification of delightfully wholesome innocence, and too much of this cannot be projected on the screen. Men and women alike are fond of children, and all are prone to tacitly (at least) bear in mind the Bible phrase, "And a little child shall lead them." Explicitly the average adult will take heed to a good cause far quicker if the appeal emanates from a very youthful person who by virtue of immaturity and consequent pleasing sophistry wins the heart and arrests the serious attention.

The enterprising individual who first conceived the idea of introducing children in important roles in stage productions deserves great credit, and the photoplay producers who have emulated and extended the splendid work are entitled to even greater praise. The fact that children have mounted the histrionic ladder to real stardom proves the wisdom of the move. Today we have several babies whose intelligent interpretation of roles warrants their managers in featuring them and giving them stellar positions in the advertisements. In the near future we are likely to have many of these juvenile artists par excellence. At all times henceforth they will be valuable to the art into which they fit to a nicety.

There was always something missing in pictures until producers decided to break



down all bars to limitation in interpolating news ideas. These have extended to many innovations and novelties, including the pushing forward of child artists as stars in their own right. Let there be no cessation in the commendable work of bringing

forward and developing more children who show sufficient Thespian ability! The photoplay is enriched by the inspiring efforts of the little ones, and the photoplay fans are immeasurably pleased to watch young America equal and surpass their seniors.

Robert Walker, Hand-Walker, Offers to Race Along Fifth Avenue "Upside Down" for \$2,000

Robert Walker, leading man for Viola Dana, says he can walk further on his hands than any other man in motion pictures. To back up his claim the hand-walking Mr. Walker has offered to bet \$2,000 that he can start out at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street any afternoon and get farther along on his hands than anyone who may care to compete with him.

"Hand-walking is the best and one of the most ancient forms of exercise," said Walker. "One of the first things a boy seeks to learn is to walk on his hands. But, sad to relate, when he grows to manhood he neglects this vigorous form of muscle-development.

"I make it a point to walk on my hands for at least fifteen minutes every day. I

find that it tends to keep the chest out and the shoulders back. As the result of my practice I am able to walk on my hands almost as well as on my feet."

Walker was in a studio when he made this declaration. Near him stood Maxwell Karger.

"Tell you what I'll do, Bob," said Karger. "I'll bet \$300 you can't walk along Fifth Avenue on your hands from Forty-second to Forty-third Streets."

"It would be worth more than \$300 to do the stunt," replied Walker. "In the first place I probably would be arrested for causing a blockade of traffic, and in the next I might be committed to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue. But I'll go you one better. If you'll get someone else in motion

pictures who thinks he's a good hand-walker, I'll put up \$2,000 that I can get farther on Fifth Avenue, walking on my hands, than he does."

"I know some motion picture people who stand on their heads once in a while," said Karger, "but blast me if I can pick a hand-walker besides yourself."

Walker's career as a hand-walker began in his public school days in Bethlehem, Pa. He kept it up when he attended the Horace Mann School in New York City, and it proved a splendid asset when he went into musical comedy.

His friends have always contended that he would have been a truly remarkable football player because he could easily punt the pig-skin a mile while standing upside down, and it would baffle the opposing eleven.

NO ONE LIKES SUCH BUTTER

CHARLIE CHAPLIN has a pet goat that hates everyone on earth except Charlie and himself. In turn everybody except Charlie hates the goat with plenty of cordiality.

In other words, there are no requests to pass the "butter."

JACK GARDNER, leading man of the new Essanay company at Culver City, rented a furnished bungalow recently and found that there was only one piece of silver in the house. He takes the spoon to bed with him each night to protect it from burglars.

This bungalow does not seem to offer much opportunity for any "spooning."

LEMON meringue a la Barriscale is the name given to the pies which Bessie Barriscale bakes at her leisure moments, and if reports are true 'tis some good eating she prepares with a deft hand.

If she expects a testimonial from yours truly, she will have to give us the opportunity of sticking our finger in one of the pies.

JULIA SANDERSON says hard work is the only thing that will bring success in theatrical work.

Speaking of hard jobs, you'd be biting off a mouthful to convince a lot of artists that hard work is in the least essential.

CHESTER CONKLIN owns a bean farm out in California.

This should place him on splendid diplomatic terms with Boston.

GEORGE WALSH is so accustomed to smiling that he even grins when it rains.

If George had to pay the rent and didn't have the money, could he smile?

LOUIS ARMS has been selected by Goldwyn to fill the important position of director of publicity.

Goldwyn is just showing more of the tendency of the times—to have plenty of Arms around.

MARY MILES MINTER has received more than a hundred letters from Chinese endorsing her performance in "Faith" as true to Confucian teaching.

And, believe me, a Chinese letter is something to get if you are not versed in the art of reading while standing on your head.

SCREEN STORIES

WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY

By JACK WINN

THE big ambition of Peggy Prevost, the dainty comedienne of the Fox film forces is to own a pig farm. She thinks pigs are cute, and she wants to learn their language.

Would Peggy have us infer that she does not know how to grunt?

BESSIE LOVE is the recipient of a most unusual gift. It is a penny, which an admirer sends with the explanation that it is a token of good will.

Wonder if Bessie does the natural thing by wondering if a good will could possibly be so cheap?

The only thing Juliette Day, the new American-Mutual star, does not like about California is the dearth in paper money. She does not like to lug silver dollars around.

Still, be it ever so heavy, there's nothing like money sweet money. Explanation: This is a paraphrase of that famous song "Home Sweet Home." Moral: Let wealth come in any form whatsoever and complain not.

FORTY-TWO waistcoats is one of Captain Leslie T. Peacock's proudest possessions.

But why have so many waste coats?

WALTER WRIGHT, who directs Ora Carew of the Keystone, is their oldest employe.

Is that right?

"I LOVE to cook spaghetti," declares Hector V. Sarno.

Hector should therefore be able to make an awful hit with George Beban, who loves to eat it.

THE popular, little Marguerite Clark has been taking a rest at her home in Rye, N. Y., where she is said to have devoted most of her time "doing her bit" for Uncle Sam.

We trust Marguerite was not knitting wristlets and sleeveless sweaters for sailors.

SLAP-STICK comedy has a rhythmic soul, thinks Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle.

Symphony-like or sonata-like comedy, eh? Well, mayhap 'tis so, but it strikes us that there is more of a bang in it.

SPEAKING OF FEET AND FEATS

ACCORDING to her best friends Jackie Saunders is a crack shot with a revolver, and she can shoot a hole through a dime at twenty-five

feet without the slightest trouble.

This is nothing to brag about. We know plenty of folks who can shoot holes through hundred-dollar bills and it's no feat at all.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR, the Morosco director, says he is wrapped up in his work.

Don't unwrap, Bill, don't unwrap. You're doing fine. Work is the one best little wrapper to have around you anyway.

HERE'S a tip, girls. George Periolat, the American film star, is a dyed-in-the-wool bachelor who swears he has never proposed in his life.

Now if one of you grown-up ladies will just only single him out and go at him with the single object of making him unsingle, perchance something singular might happen.

THREE thousand greeted Margarita Fischer and Governor Gatens of Oregon, when they led the grand march at the ball given by the motion picture exhibitors of the northwest at Portland, Oregon, recently.

That girl Margarita certainly has the happy faculty of being right in the swim in and out of season, and you can bet your last kopek Hizzoner, the Guve'nor, had to step along right smartly to keep up with the popularity she enjoyed.

HARRY S. NORTHRUPP, the Metro favorite, claims he escaped death by a hair's breadth after being attacked by a giant rattlesnake.

What did you do, Harry? Out-rattle the critter with your feet moving in the opposite direction?

THE name of Metro's new casting director is Leila Knapp Wyre.

Here is a real, honest-to-goodness live Wyre.

PEARL WHITE has bravely jumped from bridges, made balloon ascensions and battled with wicked lions, but she will run a mile at the sight of a little, harmless mouse.

But then consistency never was a very consistent part of the womanly traits.

ROLAND BOTTOMLEY has enlisted in the army.

True to his profession he is acting right.

DEVELOPING THE BODY

By HERBERT RAWLINSON

KEEPING in the best of physical condition is one of the greatest problems of the photoplayer. He is called upon to make use of his strength from time to time, and if he is not in the best of condition, he soon finds himself tired out and unable to put the vim into his work that he would have been able to do if his body had been properly cared for.

I follow a certain routine of exercises every day, and I find that they keep me feeling very fit indeed. The hardest kind of work does not seem to tire me, and I have always been able to work just as hard at the closing of the day as I have at the beginning. I attribute it all to the moderate exercises that I have found most benefiting.

Good deep breathing is one of the finest things to develop the body. It fills your lungs with good, pure air, and enables you to throw off the poisonous gases that are forced into the lungs to be thrown off. The only way to get rid of these gases is by deep breathing. The lungs filled with good, pure air, naturally develop the chest muscles, and take a large quantity of the impurities from the blood.

My first and also my last exercise that I take just after arising in the morning, and the very last before retiring at night, is deep breathing. I stand with the right hand clenched tightly over the left wrist,

and take long deep breaths. I count ten slowly to myself as I inhale; then I count seven slowly as I hold my breath to give the good air chance to do its work. I count ten as slowly in exhaling. Always inhale through the nose when doing this exercise, and exhale through the mouth. When you breathe through your nose, the small hairs inside keep any dust from going down to your lungs.

Next exercise consists of placing the arms behind the back, and lifting the right foot out straight in front of you, being sure not to bend the leg at the knee. Do this exercise about ten times, and then repeat with the left leg extended and the right on the ground. This will develop the muscles of the thigh.

The third exercise I change the leg exercise about a little. I keep the arms straight down by the sides, and raise the leg, bending it at the knee as far back as possible. This greatly strengthens the muscles of the calf of the leg. When the leg is raised in the proper position, then raise up on the toes of your other foot. Do this about ten times with the right leg, and then switch to the left. The ankles will also be benefited by this.

Now for the muscles of the neck, arms, chest, and stomach, as well as the shoulder muscles. These are all taken care of in my fourth exercise. Stand erect, and clutch

WILSON CLEANER REMOVES GREASE AND DIRT SPOTS



Don't worry about that soiled gown. Wilson's cleaner will remove that spot from your clothes. Wilson's cleaner is a scientifically compounded preparation, and will not injure the most delicate fabric. Send us 25c and we will send you a large bottle of this marvelous cleaner. If you find it unsatisfactory we will return your money.

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., 32 S. Wabash Dept. C. Chicago, Ill.

THE MORNING DRINK OF

FRUIT-VIGOR

FOR MEN WOMEN CHILDREN BABIES

KEEPS STOMACH and BOWELS IN FINE HEALTHY CONDITION.

If you have any stomach or bowel trouble, you need Fruit-Vigor. It is rich in pure upbuilding salts of fruit. Makes the digestive system Strong—Healthy—Active. Write for our booklet. Tells "WHAT TO DO; Also—WHAT NOT TO DO." Better still, send one dollar for a jar of Fruit-Vigor and let it begin to do you good. Or ask your druggist or grocer to get it for you. Old-time users of physic, pills, mineral waters, oils and enemas find the change to Fruit-Vigor the BEST MOVE they EVER MADE.

STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 589 Security Bldg., Chicago

the left wrist with the right hand as in the breathing exercise. Then lift the arms in this position over your head as far as you can. You will notice that this movement affects the shoulder, stomach, and the muscles in your arms. Bring your arms down again, and stretch your head back at the same time. This greatly strengthens the muscles of the neck. Ten times is enough for this exercise.

The fifth and last exercise is a repeat of the first, the deep breathing. During these exercises more poisonous gases and impurities are forced into the lungs, and the breathing at the end clears them all out, and leaves you feeling fresh and fit.

Ten minutes in the morning and the same amount in the evening is all that should be devoted to these exercises. I have it figured out pretty well. I just do my five exercises twice in the ten minutes. Go through them in the regular order as given, and then repeat. I am sure that you will soon get on to the habit, and finish the exercises twice just as the ten minutes expire.

The reason that I only exercise for ten minutes in the morning and evening, is because you should feel refreshed after your work-out, and not fatigued. Ten minutes of this will get your blood circulating, and your muscles tingling, where more than this amount would tire you, which should not be the case. Instead of sitting down to rest after exercising, you should want to go right out and tackle a big breakfast.

Don't forget that sleep is one of the most important factors in building up your body. Be sure that you get your share of it. Noted scientists tell us that sleep after two o'clock in the morning doesn't do your body any good. It is what you get before this hour that counts in building up the tissues broken down during the day's work or play. Mix a little boxing, swimming, sleep, with these ten-minute exercises, and you will soon be surprised at the great change it will effect in your physical condition. Start in to-day and give it a trial.

BET SHE'S PLAYING "YANKEE DOODLE"



Between scenes at the American studio, Santa Barbara, Gail Kane, Mutual's star, entertains at the piano of which she is an accomplished player. She is seen here with Edward Peil, Douglas McLean, members of the company, John Seitz, the cameraman, William Vaughn, the assistant director, and Rollin S. Sturgeon, the director

Who Will Originate Arline Pretty's New Name and Win \$25.00?

H me, oh my, what an avalanche of letters the contest to find Arline Pretty a new name has brought upon the offices of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. Names by the thousands have already been suggested by interested photoplay fans, and it has been necessary to engage a special big clerical force to formally enter and tabulate them all. The mail carriers who serve our route betray the fatigue all this extra mail has forced upon them, and they seem to tacitly accuse us of adding to their hot weather troubles. Every kind of a name imaginable has been pushed forward by the contestants. Some are great and others are downright humorous. Few of the contestants are satisfied to offer one cognomen, and one young woman submitted a list of an even hundred all on one sheet of paper. An ingenious young man sent in a list of thirteen and called attention to the fact it was the so-called unlucky combination upon which he depended to bring him luck in the form of a \$25 check.

Louis H. Roth, of 1437 West 110th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, has selected thirty-one names he deems likely, and he has prefaced his list with the following line: "A bizarre selection that may cop the quad-buck." Among the names he has devised is *Belle Ringling*, which indeed might 'peal. Another is Reno Nevada, which brings to mind that Miss Pretty does want a divorce—from her present name. Ramona Ponders, a third idea of his, might be objectionable because it tells too much. Miss Pretty might not want it known or even inferred that she ponders. Just the same

Mr. Roth shows the proper caliber in the art of christening.

Gertrude Steele, 5213 Cornell Avenue, Chicago, is the second contestant to avail herself of the combination of thirteen, and, Rosemary Byrne was one of her first offerings. Byrne is at least seasonable—suggestive of warmth as it were.

Many fans fall into the spirit of the times by entering patriotic names. Bertha J. Adams, of Shamokin, Pa., urges Miss June Columbia as ideal. John Ganzer, of Coffeyville, Kansas, thinks Ethel Yankee-girl fits the present situation.

From many fans came poems. One of the most striking is that of Ethel Alice Colburn, 709 Marshall Street, Little Rock, Arkansas. Here it is:

When I was young and still was soft,
I had one friend who had my heart
Completely!

What e're she did or what she said,
I took it to my heart and head
Completely!

'Tis true I love her, "really true."
I am foolish through and through—
Completely—

For I did let some foolish things
Make me believe that I had wings
Completely!

Soon I saw my first mistake
But first I had to really wake
Completely!

She is quite an ideal friend
And forgave me, now and then
Completely!

I wish she knew, and I could say
How I love her to this day
Completely.

Something now within stirs
Saying yes, sir, I am hers,
Completely!

She has a name of Arline Pretty,
She has her fame from city to city
Completely.

Raymond Restaino, 454 Elm Street, Arlington, N. J., has entered his suggestion a la verse as follows:

Like sunbeams on the morning dew,
Arline, this is between me and you—
Although you are like a beautiful fawn,
I shall call you pretty *Margery Dawn*.

M. Kramer, of 22 Edwin Place, Buffalo, N. Y., affixed interesting definitions to his two suggestions of Thalia Arlington and Chloris Arlington, explaining that Thalia was one of the Graces; also one of the Muses, adding that the latter had presided over festivals and pastoral poetry. "Chloris," it is added, "was the Goddess of Flowers, while Arlington is really a continuation of Miss Pretty's own name, Arline."

This contest by which PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL hopes to find a new name suitable to Miss Pretty will close on August 1. Therefore it behooves all those wishing to enter it to get their suggestions in the mails in sufficient time to insure their delivery to the Contest Editor, Land Title Building, by that date. There is no limit to the number of names each person may offer. The one imperative thing is to hurry.

Don't Believe Lip-Readers: Actors Speak Real Lines

Few things rouse Shirley Mason, the McClure star, to anger. But there is one sure-fire method for stirring her to wrathful outbursts. It is this:

Tell her that you have a friend who is a lip-reader who has noticed that motion picture actors, while making a scene, speak lines that have nothing whatever to do with the action.

Recently she noted a story in which the author was attempting to "expose" motion picture making.

According to the tale, a lip-reader at a movie show noticed that when a father was supposed to be driving his erring daughter out of the house, he really spoke thus:

"Hurry up, Nellie, and finish this scene. I'm getting hungry. By the way, did you have a good time at the movie ball last night? You looked great."

To which the erring daughter, according to the lip-reader, replied:

"Sure, we had a great time. You should have been there. We all stayed until daylight."

And so, the daughter was thrust into the snow!

"It would be utterly impossible for actors to speak such lines while they were going through tragic action," Shirley Mason says indignantly. "Motion picture acting is no joke, and the players must live their parts. They must use lines that help them portray the necessary emotion. And they do. No director would permit any other sort of work.

"Some actors mumble 'soandso and soandso' over and over again, while acting their parts, but most directors have stopped that and make the players speak real, pertinent words for the simple reason that by such means the acting is improved.

"Nothing makes me so indignant as to hear that some person who pretends to know lip reading tell his friends 'what the movie actors really say.' His reports usually are that they speak ridiculous phrases in serious moments.

"For instance, a friend of mine was told by one of these impostors that in a scene in Seven Deadly Sins—where, at a dramatic moment I was supposed to announce that my munition factory would no longer make projectiles for anybody but Uncle Sam—

what I really said was, 'It's a terrible life, folks, gasoline went up two cents a gallon today!'

"As a matter of fact I spoke exactly the same lines as were flashed on the screen. If I had been so foolish to say what the professed lip-reader said I did I would have broken up the scene and probably the director would have shot me."



I am Free You may be

An Antiseptic Liquid

Use Twice a Week

Keeps the Underarms Dry and Odorless

Prevents humiliation and stained clothing. Daily Baths do not Lessen the Effect. Send us 4c for Testing Sample and What Medical Authorities Say About the Harmfulness of Excessive Armpit Perspiration.

Price 50c (several months' supply) dealers, or by mail postpaid from Nonspi Co., 2626 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

THIS MONTH'S PHOTO-PLAY SUGGESTION

NOTE: Each month one or more short stories will be given their first publication in this department for the consideration of photoplay producers as well as the entertainment of our readers. All writers, amateur or professional, having stories of merit which they wish to get before producers to an advantage are welcome to this agency, and in case their material is accepted by any producer, they will be given the entire amount the latter might pay. The chief purpose of this unique plan is to help worthy writers who are without literary reputation as yet.

PENELOPE PIERCE

By LUCILLE
V. PARSONS

*Better by one sweet soul constant and true to be beloved,
Than all the kingdoms of delight to trample thro' unloved, unloved.*

—Oxenham.



ASON HAINES is the first of a long line of famous actors to drag family traditions down a peg. His retired uncle Nathaniel decides to give him one last chance, which will determine whether three million dollars will revert to his nephew or to charity.

It is the "morning after" one of Jason's "big" nights, when he secretly married Letty Mason, a shallow Bohemian belle.

Uncle Nat states the cold facts directly.

"Boy, I've purchased the 'Star Theatrical Company'; also rights to James Arthur's new play, 'Promising Peter.' As 'Peter' you shall show Broadway you're up to the mark. Understand? You'll learn your role by *living* it in Maybury Center. You have a position waiting for you in Hank Jones' grocery store. Leave no address. I'll wire you when to return. Fail in this and I'll disinherit you!" Such a man is Uncle Nat.

Poor Jason pledges Letty's secrecy by giving her free access to the remainder of his year's allowance.

Three days later Jason Haines traveling incognito arrives at Maybury Center. He is referred to Deacon Chase's for good board. Penelope Pierce, "the sweetest girl in town" is concluding a business transaction pertaining to Dutch cheese and jelly. Fortunately Jason is introduced.

The following week Jason passes the contribution box at service, and joins the "Maybury Anti-Vice League."

The morning, noon, and night schedule with nothing stirring is getting on Jason's nerves. Local color is what his role requires but—

Quite by chance he stumbles onto Penelope Pierce's cottage with its sign:

"Ye olde Gift and Tea Shop"

Amos Brown, a typical town gawk, and admirer of Penelope's answers his knock.

The interior of the shop resembles a page from some quaint old picture-book. Then the little lady herself serves him cakes and tea, attired in one of her grandmother's own frocks.

Jason is really impressed by the story of this courageous girl who has made good on a deceased relative's sound advice and meagre possessions.

Not many such evenings pass before townfolk whisper that these two "be a keepin' comp'ny."

A month later "Dérin, the Hypnotizing Wizard" breezes into Maybury to "do it up brown and tie it in a bow." A week's *real* salary is too much for the troupe. The Anti-Vice League is obliged to compel Dérin to vacate and leave his trunks in payment of bills. Haines gets a quart of whiskey and a book on hypnotism for "over-looking" some of the haul. Amos, ever alert, thus finds reason "fer mistrustin' Penelope's new feller."

From time to time Amos steals the volume on hypnotism and practices on everybody with no success whatever. One day he finds in the precious book a letter to Jason from his "wife," saying she's coming to Maybury. Fearful of his spying, he dares not tell this bit of news.

Jason admits to himself that he loves Penelope.

The thought of Letty's spoiling his romance urges him to send a note begging her to elope with him on the 8.05 that evening. Amos, reading the contents, warns her against Jason. She does not believe his accusations and starts to meet her sweetheart. Amos follows entreating her to turn back. Suddenly, in real earnest he summons his hypnotic powers—"Penelope Pierce, go home!" Wonder of wonders—it works! Wheeling slowly, she obeys. Meantime the 8.05 is nearing Maybury. The 7.45 late from New York comes to a stop. Jason spies his friends the wizard, who comes back to get his trunks.

At the same moment Letty throws her arms about Jason, then stares at the wizard.

"I'll be d—, Maggie Dérin," he yells.

Jason looks askance, then stammers, "This is Letty Haines—my wife!"

"H—, how can *my* wife be *your* wife?" asks Dérin. The next morning Jason receives his uncle's telegram:

"Return at once. Tuesday opening night. Star Theater."

Scandal travels like forest fire. By noon Penelope knows a deal about Jason Haines. And when he comes to say good-bye he shows her the telegram and tells her the rest. She can't forgive him—then.

Tuesday night sees Star Theater filled to capacity. When the curtain falls on the fourth act of "Promising Peter," Jason knows he's made good.

At the stage entrance a timid figure waits to see the leading man. When at last he comes she pulls his sleeve and whispers, "Jason—"

"Why, bless you—Penelope!"

"I—I just *had* to come dear—something *made* me."



THREE young club members, Jack Smith, Ivan Melrose and Henry Meyers, are in love with Helen Gray, a young society bud, who has succeeded in making each of them think he is the favored one.

So successful is Helen in this respect that the boys are forced to admit among themselves that they do not know which is the favored one, and all being inclined to be sports and ready to gamble, hit upon a novel plan whereby they can decide which is to marry Helen.

Inviting Helen to accompany them, they go to the Country Club, where a trap shooting contest is arranged, the winner to marry Helen. To this Helen agrees, her sporting blood coming to the front, and while the boys are preparing for the match, she, unknown to them, secures a gun with a maxim silencer, and steals away to a spot where she will be within range without being seen.

The contest opens, the boys, all good shots, kill every clay pigeon as it flies from the trap, and for ten rounds not a blue rock is reported alive by the referee, as Helen unseen, makes sure that the clay disks fly into pieces, when suddenly a small bit of clay strikes her hand, cutting it and causing her in pain to go to the club house to have her wound dressed.

Without her aid, however, many live pigeons are reported, and at the end of the contest Henry Meyers is named as the winner.

He reports to Helen and seeing her hand tied up is much concerned, but is unable to learn from her the cause of the accident.

The stakes for which the contest was given now become public. Henry is congratulated by all. Someone suggests the wedding right away; a minister is summoned, and before Helen or Henry can object, they are married.

Later: Jack Smith, not to be outdone by Henry, courts and marries Dorothy Stewart, in a very short time; while Ivan Melrose, thinking

JEWEL

By W. HUGH
ADAMS

he is putting one over on Jack, elopes with Gladys Hinckley, an old sweetheart of his.

Henry, having placed Helen in a beautiful home after the honeymoon, goes to the club happy and proud, is surprised to learn that his chums are away on their honeymoons.

Henry promised Helen, while on their honeymoon, that he would get her the largest diamond pendant he could find for her wedding present.

Helen loves company and cards, and shortly after is entertaining a house full of friends at cards. Henry loves homelife and Helen, and prefers his paper in the library. While reading he suddenly rings for the butler; ordering his grip and hat he goes to the safe, and taking a package of money, cuts a clipping from the paper, and leaves the house, informing the butler to tell Helen that he would be gone some time.

Taking a train he arrives at a small town, and upon inquiry, arrives at his destination, is admitted into a house by a gentleman. Inside Henry hands the man the clipping, which he reads:

"In exchange for \$5,000 cash I will part with a jewel of priceless value. Nothing but urgent need of cash prompts this. Address:

FRANK FOSTER,
26 Lake Street."

After acknowledging that he placed the notice in the paper, Frank Foster agrees to sell the jewel to Henry only upon his own conditions—that the \$5,000 in cash be tied in a bundle and checked at the parcel room of the railroad station, that he will also bundle the jewel and check it at the same place, after which the checks are to be exchanged in hand at the Grand Hotel at ten o'clock.

Being a sport, and always ready to gamble, the novel idea pleases Henry, and arrangements for the transaction are made, and the honesty of either is not questioned.

After each has fulfilled his part of the agreement, they meet at the hotel at ten o'clock, and the checks are exchanged.

Foster, knowing a short cut to the depot, arrives there just in time to get his package and catch a train departing for the West. Henry arrives some minutes later and is surprised at the largeness of the package handed to him; he questions it, but is assured that it is his by the agent.

Nervously opening the bundle he is astonished to find that it contains a little baby girl. Hastily he inquires if Mr. Foster had been there; the agent tells him that Foster got a package and left town on the westbound train.

Feeling that he had been buncoed, while standing looking at the baby, Henry notices a note pinned on the baby's breast. He reads:

"This is the priceless jewel which circumstances cause me to part. Watch over our little Jewel for her dead mother's sake.

"FRANK FOSTER."

Angry at first, Henry becomes calm as the true value of his end of the bargain dawns upon him, for had he not bought a heavenly Jewel instead of an earthly one.

Arriving home with his prize Henry is fortunate in finding Helen at home and alone; he places the little baby in Helen's lap, but Helen in horror bids him take it away, while Henry holds the little one tight in his arms, Helen rushes from the room.

All that Henry can say or do does not change Helen's attitude toward little Jewel; she only regards his actions as those of a mad man, and she tells her friends that her husband must be going crazy.

Henry, unable to keep little Jewel at home,

takes her to his club, where he engages a suite of rooms and a nurse for baby.

He spends so much time in the suite, away from the boys and the games that they ask questions, and he takes his old chums Jack and Ivan into his secret, and introduces them to baby Jewel. At first they chide him, but soon change their attitude as the little one wins them over, and finally Jack begs Henry to allow him to take the little one home to Dorothy; to this Henry agrees; but Dorothy is like Helen as far as babies are concerned, and Jack is forced to take the little one back to the club, where Ivan, anxious to try his wife's views upon babies, takes Jewel home to Gladys, who, much to his surprise, greets it warmly and makes a fuss over it, and she straightway asks Henry for permission to keep the little one for him.

Henry continues his ardent watch over little Jewel in the Melrose home, and spends so much time there that it is food for scandal, and much gossip in social circles is the result; Gladys is blackballed and shunned by her friends. This, coupled with the extra work of caring for the baby, tells on Gladys, and a breakdown is the result, so Ivan takes her away on a long trip for a rest.

Henry takes little Jewel back to the club, where Jack approaches him with an announcement of the annual baby show, and suggests entering little Jewel as a contestant for the prize.

The idea pleases Henry, and plans are made. They become so anxious to make little Jewel winner of the Blue Ribbon that they solicit votes from all their friends.

At first the ladies refuse, but when the newspapers give the little one such good notices they individually and secretly vote for her.

Little Jewel wins the blue ribbon, and Henry becomes so attentive to her that he neglects Helen entirely, who goes home to her mother in a jealous rage, leaving the Meyer home entirely to Henry, who installs little Jewel and the nurse.

While at her mother's home Helen notices an announcement in the paper that a Frank Foster, having parted with his little baby girl some time ago for \$5,000 is anxious for her return, and will now give ten times the amount.

In jealous haste Helen writes to Foster to call at her home for his baby.

Ivan and Gladys Melrose return to the city and are surprised to find the Meyer home broken, so they visit Helen at her mother's, and there per-

suade Helen to take a walk with them over to their house, where, in great joy, they show Helen their little baby. Their apparent happiness and love for the little one strikes home, and Helen returns to her own home changed.

She takes little Jewel from the nurse, and holding it close kisses and loves it. Henry sees this and is greatly pleased, and taking Helen in his arms tells her for the first time that little

is he in the art that he forgets all about the little Jewel he pawned, until at a cafe one night, while listening to a cabaret singer holding a bunch of roses sing a lullaby, he is brought back for the singer (to his vision) changes to Mary, his dead wife, and the roses, to little Jewel, and instead of the cabaret singer coming up to him and placing a rose in his lap, it is Mary, his wife, placing little Jewel there.

Collecting himself, Foster dashes from the place, and unable to sleep that night sits up and drinks, and early in the morning he is on board a train bound for the east, determined to find his baby, if it takes all his wealth.

In the East he places the notice in all the papers, and the much-hoped for answer comes from Helen.

In her new-found happiness Helen had forgotten that just a few short hours before she had unconsciously given it away, but she is brought to the full realization as Frank Foster, seeing little Jewel toddling along the floor, gets down on his knees, and with outstretched arms calls his little girl, who goes to him. He smothers her with kisses, and then for the first time he notices Henry and Helen who, standing as though paralyzed, realize his mission there.

Knowing she is the cause of Foster being there, Helen goes up to her room, and there buries her face in the pillows on her bed in sobs.

Henry slowly approaches Foster, who, in his joy at finding his baby, does not see the heart-aches he is causing, pulls out a roll of bills and offers it to Henry, who in anguish turns his back and falls in a chair.

Arousing himself he asks for time to think, and asks Foster to return the next day; then, going to Helen he takes her in his arms, and she confesses to him that she in jealousy sent for Foster.

They decide to return little Jewel to her father, and it is a hard fight next day to part with her.

Henry applies himself to hard work to try and forget the past, but it tells upon him, and after months of labor he is a shadow of his former self, when, one evening after the usual grind, he returns home, is met at the door by a nurse, who silently ushers him into Helen, where laying beside his wife is a Jewel, all their own, to bring joy to them through life.

While kneeling at the bedside in happiness, a vision of Little Jewel comes to him, held tightly in her father's arms.

"MY FAVORITE"

*"It's hard to choose the one you love the best,
When all of them are lovable to you;
To think of one and 'cut out' all the rest,
It seems a treacherous sort of thing to do.*

*"When I see William Farnum on the screen,
I think that William F. cannot be beat,
And then comes Francis Bushman and I seem
To be swept completely from my feet.*

*"And many others every day I see
Depicting life in every form and clime;
And then I know if it were 'up to me'
I'd have to vote just 'Neutral' every time.*

*"For I'd choose every one of them, you see,
Because they all are working hard each day
To please the picture fans, like you and me,
I could not choose them any other way."*

LENORE MCCURDY.

Jewel is the jewel he bought by mistake, thinking he was buying her a diamond for her wedding gift. Helen buries her face on his shoulder, and they are happily playing with little Jewel when the door-bell rings and Mr. Frank Foster is announced.

Upon arriving in the west Frank Foster makes money rapidly in the gold mines, and so absorbed

Interviewing Their Dogs

(Continued from page 21)

stepped into the breach by smiling radiantly. Now what do you think Ginger said to this? He smiled too. That's what he said, and thus ended happily a very interesting interview.

Jumping into my seven-league boots, I hopped over to the rendezvous of E. K. Lincoln, one of the most popular of screen matinee idols. I found him out—yes, out in the alley sauntering with both members of his canine family. As I approached the trio, getting a snap-shot of them as I did said approaching, both dogs demanded to know who I was, as you can see by casting your peepers on the picture herewith. "Friend or foe?" they would have asked if they could have given utterance to the words.

"Friend, I assure you," was my punctual reply. "Just wanted to find out what you dogs of war think of the war."

"We're rough and ready," they announced a la short, impatient pants. "In fact, we enjoy a good scrap any hour of the day or night."

If you think they don't, just start something. You do it. I won't. I never relished flirting with one dog, let alone two brothers.

Frankly, it was my aversion for dealing with two dogs at once that inspired me to get away early and invade the Balboa studios, where I found pleasantries ruling supreme in the dog quarters. Vola Vale,

with her handsome collie greeted me smilingly in the garden where they were basking in the golden sunshine of the golden state.

"I'm a handsome dog and admit it," the collie declared, anticipating my mission of interview.

"Well now, you are vain," I ventured to remark since I noted the pretty mistress was holding the dorg anyway.

"Not in vain though, because I win the affection of my mistress by dint of my good



Vola Vale's dog admits being handsome

looks," was the collie's undaunted reply.

And, if you ever saw that dog with Miss Vale, you would not doubt for a minute that he didn't say every word we have quoted in so many dog methods of expressions.

Not far away I found little Gloria Joy, Balboa's baby star, enjoying a hearty laugh with her fox terrier. Gloria explained that the terrier had just told a joke. I didn't hear it and can't therefore vouch for it, but I do know he said some mighty "sassy" things to me, one of which was, "Oh go on, or I'll chase you." However, the speaker was too small to put a scare into me, and I stood my ground. "You've got a nerve to butt in on a private party," came next very impudently in the form of a sharp, sarcastic stare.

"I'll buy the next round of dog biscuits," I proposed in an effort to ingratiate myself.

"Nothing but quail on toast or fresh on the ground from the air goes for me today."

This would be biting off more of a chew than I could afford, and so I cut short my interview. As I wended my way back to my hotel I mused a bit. Summed up this was my musing: It is surely all wrong to call dogs dumb brutes when they betray far less dumbness than about one-half of the people who are not even accused of being dumb at all, and, if dogs can't make speech, they can make the fur of comprehension fly. Gainsay me if you will, but there's a lot of argument dogs give, and the bite is mightier than the bark in making known things.

THE SILENT TREND

(Continued from page 35)

Henry's side. With his last breath Leslie confesses his love for Sylvia, saying she is the only good woman he has ever known, and acknowledging her innocence. The posse, with Sylvia at its head, finds Henry unconscious in the desert. As soon as he is revived he tells her Leslie's last words. An early wedding in the little town is witnessed and sanctioned by Henry's mother, now proud to have so noble a girl for her daughter-in-law, and the trail of the shadow is gone forever.

A TIMELY and unique photoplay is "The Slacker," the Metro wonderplay, in which Emily Stevens is starred. American descendants of all nations will find incidents of peculiar interest to them individually in this feature, because it presents with true dramatic proportions an impressive picture of America as the world's greatest melting-pot.

Memorable incidents connected with the history of the country in its most dramatic episodes are pictured, and live again on the screen, and present events are shown in an allegorical form. Civilization is shown being crushed by the God of War. Justice calls Columbia, who lights the torch of Liberty, which then shines over all. A dove of peace is shown on a branch, and then flies away. The branches of the tree dissolve into a fortress of steel with enormous guns. Three thousand soldiers with fixed bayonets answer the call of Columbia, marching close in one great formidable armed mass. The picture changes quickly to a naval scene, showing America's battleships on the high seas. Next the German fleet within the Kiel canal is pictured, with the Allied fleet waiting patiently outside to engage it in action.

The historic events included in this great picture of patriotism are Paul Revere's ride, the welding of the nation, when General Grant and Robert E. Lee clasped hands, the martyrdom of Nathan Hale, the composing of "The Star-Spangled Banner," and momentous incidents in the careers of Washington, Lincoln and President Wilson.

Ulysses S. Grant is played by F. Munnell, whose characterization is said to be startlingly realistic. W. E. Lawrence plays Lee; Olaf Skavlan plays Nathan Hale; Paul Revere is impersonated by G. P. Hamilton, Jr., Lincoln is played by Frank McGlynn, and Ben Walker is Washington. President Wilson is played by himself. The character of Christ, at the close of the picture, is impersonated by Robert Anderson. The part of Francis Scott Key is played not by a man, but by Elsie Davenport, for the reason that the composer was only nineteen years old at the time the song was written, a frail youth of a delicate constitution.

Of the allegorical figures, Liberty is played by Lillian Sullivan; Justice, Phyllis Dawson; Columbia, Ethel Hallor; Civilization, Lillian Forbes. In the "melting-pot" scene, A. Tovel plays the Frenchman, Frank Leigh the Englishman, Sam Le Roy, Roumanian; R. Jovanovich, the Russian; P. Goss, the Spaniard; Charles Fang, the Chinaman; F. K. Honda, the Japanese; Jack Siegel, the Jew; N. K. Thompson, the

Italian; B. Rose, the Irishman; L. F. Daley, the Portuguese; Strongheart, the American Indian, and the Swede, H. Lycke.

In an interpolated episode representing the trend of the times, the native-born German is played by Emil Lacroix. Mr. Lacroix however, is an Alsatian whose heart and soul are with France, but who happens to look like a German; his son is played by G. White; J. Van Cortlandt plays a blind veteran of the Spanish-American war, and Baby Ivy Ward is "The child of the flag." Mr. Van Cortlandt is a blind actor who has appeared in a number of Metro productions.

ANOTHER stage play fares better on the screen than it did in its original environment. This latest demonstration of the superior flexibility and latitude of the cinema art comes in "What Money Can't Buy," an adaptation of George Broadhurst's well-known drama. Louise Huc and Jack Pickford are co-starred in this excellent Lasky production, and they succeed admirably in surpassing the artistry they projected in either "Great Expectations" or "Freckles." It is interesting to also note that this picture marks the advent of Lou Tellegen, the popular actor, as a director, he having had full charge of the making of this feature. "What Money Can't Buy," is a picture replete with romance and diversion, which is punctuated by thrills. A synopsis of the story follows:

Madison Hale, wealthy American financier and Govrian Texler, financial advisor of the King of Maritzia, a small principality of Europe, are bidding against each other for the concession to run a transcontinental railroad through the country.

The American in New York is operating through agents in the kingdom. Young Dick Hale, having just completed school, desires to make a trip and visit Maritzia, which was the birthplace of his mother's grandfather. Arriving there, Dick meets the Princess who is under an assumed name, and the two young people fall in love much to the chagrin of Ferdinand Vaslof, a young military officer and nephew of Texler.

The Princess induces Dick to accept a lieutenancy in the Maritzian army. Hale, Sr., hearing that he is not apt to get the railroad concession, boards his yacht and personally goes to the principality. He does not approve of the marriage until he meets the young Princess.

Although Dick is an officer he refuses to deny allegiance to Uncle Sam, and when he is insulted by Ferdinand he promptly resigns from the army. Texler has his resignation ignored and the young American is sent to prison in Ferdinand's custody. The Princess hears this but is unable to obtain his release with her father. She goes to Madison Hale with her two brothers and induces him to take them captive on board his yacht. The senior Hale then enters the Council Chamber, takes up the loan with which Texler has held the king in his power and forces him to sign an order for his son's release. He reaches Ferdinand's castle just as Dick is about to be brutally treated by Ferdinand, makes him captive and then, with his son, returns and sends a message

to the Princess to return from her yachting trip.

The nobility of Dick's great-grandfather is established, and he and the Princess receive the blessings of their two fathers.

"THE Long Trail," in which Lou Tellegen is starred with Mary Fuller, brilliantly in his support is one of the best Famous Players releases of the current month. It is a tale of the Canadian lumber camps, and the outstanding feature of it is a decided difference in the manner of construction of story. Herein lies a merit to be encouraged, because there has been far too much neglect of the essentials to literary mastery in scenarios. Forsooth, there is no reason at all why the screen should not produce originally many stories which shall live. Haste in and a lack of construction can be held responsible for the dearth in such masterpieces. The embryonic scenario writer who sincerely wishes to leave his foot-prints in the sands of time, will realize the ambition by furnishing the screen with real enduring literature instead of "dashing off" the usual picture synopsis. Think this over.

FROM candy to cigarettes is a jump backwards which might not reassure, but in the case of Gladys Hulette, the charming Pathe star, "it's permissible," as Sam Bernard would say. It has not been long since that Miss Hulette portrayed a very sweet character in a photoplay entitled "The Candy Girl." She made the candy unselfishly for others and ate little of it herself. Her latest play is called "The Cigarette Girl," and once more she acts as the non-participating intermediary. She sells cigarettes to others and smokes none of the wicked weed herself. "The Cigarette Girl" misses being a great photoplay by many points. There is some originality in the story, and the plot is so evolved that it grips the attention after a fashion. The outstanding good point of it is, the role Miss Hulette plays exactly fits her, and as a young girl who ekes out a modest existence by following the pursuit of the tobaccoist, she displays much ability to give a true-to-life portrayal of the kind of a girl you are liable to meet in the lobby of any office building behind the little stand in the corner near the elevators. The story unfolded gets its forward impetus from the fact that a young man who is a steady customer at "the stand" in this play induces the cigarette girl to wed him on very short notice in order to thwart a band of blackmailers who are on his trail. Not only does the marriage foil the schemers, but the young wife finally wins the love of a husband who had become such as an emergency measure and not for love in any sense of the word. There is an adventuress to be dealt with almost to the very last, but the young wife outwits her and makes you feel glad for seeing a girl with a level head. So many girls lack all earmarks of having such a proud possession that when you see one who has, it is to return thanks. "The Cigarette Girl" is a photoplay which will no doubt be enjoyed by most all classes of photoplay fans.

WHEN a mysterious woman wearing a dark-gray mask entirely concealing her features meets a wealthy young man who has become bored by his easy victories over women, there is bound to be some interest aroused, especially when she studiously maintains an elusiveness which keeps the hero guessing. Such is the impelling situation in "The Masked Heart" in which William Russell stars in his usual debonair style. In this case the masked woman proves to be a married woman with a fondness for flirting. This fact naturally causes many complications often intricate and sometimes delicate, but all in all this feature affords some splendid entertainment. Russell, by the way, is showing more class in his each succeeding feature. He is working hard and studying assiduously. This is obvious. It should be more generally obvious among photoplayers of all classes.

FAr from being dismayed by the unsettled conditions which the war produces, William Fox, like practically all the other leaders of the motion picture industry, continues to produce expensive and ambitious photoplays. "Jack and the Beanstalk," the first of the Fox Kiddie Features, is a pretentious ten-reel affair, possessing all the merits of ideality. The outstanding feature of this film is the truly clever acting

of the several juvenile artists. A distinctive musical score has been composed for this feature. It should be a record-breaking attraction for the younger set, and it is entitled to unstinted support from people of all ages who relish clean, fantastic entertainment. "When a Man Sees Red" is another late Fox achievement which bids fair to attain a memorable success. William Farnum is starred in this production, which, it is claimed, cost \$200,000 to complete. "When a Man Sees Red" is a gripping story. Indeed, it is so absorbing as to hold one almost breathless for a large portion of the unfolding of it. Moreover, this piece affords Mr. Farnum with a role of the type in which he stands unrivalled—that of a strong, rugged, clean-cut man—a sturdy sailor who battles his way to victory against almost overwhelming odds.

Another Fox feature of recent times which deserves the popularity it is thus far enjoying is "Patsy," in which June Caprice distinguishes herself with her fine artistry and intelligent silent expression. The story of "Patsy" concerns Patricia Primm, more affectionately known as Patsy Prim, whose untamed, tomboyish nature develops in the western country where her father has gone to regain his health. Dad gets concerned and sends her with a letter to a New York friend to obtain "culture."

The friend has died, and the letter comes to his son, Dick Hewitt. Little short of a revolution takes place in Dick's bachelor apartments on Patsy's arrival. A house-keeper and maid are hired, and between them and Patsy, Dick and his butler are taught new steps.

Dick's wild life leads him into the company of Helene Arnold, an adventuress. One night, when "in his cups," Dick marries her. The unexpected coming of Dick's sister, Alice, adds to his troubles because she misunderstands Patsy's presence at first.

Meantime Patsy's sentimental French maid has told her that a man must marry a girl if he is out late at night with her. In her love for Dick, Patsy follows this counsel by putting a hole in the gasoline tank of the car carrying Dick and herself to Alice's house party. The trick works out as the maid predicted: Alice insists that Dick marry Patsy. Further complications ensue when Dick finds that one of the entertainers at the party is Helene. She demands "hush" money. Dick refuses to pay it.

Just as Helene is about to expose Dick, she notices the butler. Instantly she rushes from the house. The butler tells Dick that Helen is the woman who married, then deserted him. This nullifies Dick's marriage to her and Dick's arms open for Patsy.

Works of Russian Geniuses Now Enrich the Screen

(Continued from page 24)

death penalty for his participation in a revolutionary committee. His insight into the mental processes of the criminal, as witnessed in "The House of the Dead" and other novels, has never been surpassed. On the screen as on the stage Dostoevsky's works take the form of terrific melodrama.

The lovers of artistic realism much prefer Turgenieff, who was a contemporary of Dostoevsky but unlike him spent much of his life abroad in quiet detachment from the turbulent Russia of the mid century. Turgenieff's "A Sportsman's Sketches," "Fathers and Sons," "Smoke," "Virgin Soil"—to mention but a few—remain as the most finished product of Slav fiction. His fictional method has been compared to that of the cinematograph in its decomposing, so to speak, the successive moments of an action, and it is therefore not surprising that the stories work up into first-class scenarios.

In Russia one of the greatest names to conjure with is that of A. S. Pushkin. This marvelously gifted youth lived from 1799 to 1837 when he was killed in a duel into which he had rushed to defend his family's honor. Pushkin's career, in some respects, resembles that of Edgar Allan Poe, in others Lord Byron. He was hot-headed, flighty, imaginative, enthusiastic. His genius lay in heaven-born poesy wherein his soul threw off its violence and became the clear flame of creative mastery. Pushkin is indeed the prince of Russian poets. One of his stories in verse, "The Queen of Spades," is the basis of Tchaikowsky's grand opera, "Pique Dame," which has enjoyed wide popularity and been performed at the Metropolitan Opera House. This story, in its original form, has been filmed in Russia

with the distinguished actor I. I. Mozjhu- khin in the leading male role.

The above seven leaders serve to illustrate the vast renaissance of drama and literature that has put Russia to the forefront of artistic progress. Their filmed works together with those of many other popular authors, are represented in the product of the Russian Art Film Corporation.

THE CRYSTAL GAZER

(Continued from page 16)

his belief that he had lost the girl he really loved forever.

There was not much sleep for Dick that night, and, poor unhappy Norma sat far into the night staring out of the window, trying to decide what she had best do. At the same time Rose, fatigued physically and emotionally, finished packing her bag preparatory to an early-morning departure, thinking of the renunciation she was facing. Finally, after tossing a thin negligee over a chair near the fire, she jumped into bed and was soon sound in the sleep of utter exhaustion. The negligee slipped from the chair to the fire, and ere many seconds a flame was slowly eating its way towards the bed in which Rose slept. Norma, in the next room, smelled the smoke in alarm. By the time she had aroused herself to the feeling of danger and forced her way into her sister's room, Rose's bed was enveloped in flames, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Norma succeeded in rescuing her. She had reached her own room with her burden and collapsed on the floor with her by the time the other guests arrived.

It was found that Norma had received serious burns. A physician was hastily summoned and in spite of all his skill he could not save the little heroine.

"She is passing away," he announced very solemnly as he held Norma's pulse.

"Oh, my dear brave girl, you mustn't go like this," Dick whispered to her as his emotions gained full control over him.

"It is better so," Norma whispered back smiling faintly, and a few seconds later she was gone.

Rose seemed on the verge of swooning. Dick gathered her into his arms, and both wept.

"Once more God's will be done," he murmured brokenly as he patted Rose affectionately.

10 Days Free Trial
Play on the violin of your choice—and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.

Rare Old Violin Circular Free
The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—Farny, Baader, Glier, Heberlein, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc.

WURLITZER
We supply the U. S. Gort.
We supply the U. S. Gort.

Write Today for Special Circular. No obligations. Get full details of our offer direct to you. Write today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1853
S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



One Touch Polishes Your Nails for a Week!

Wonderful! No bluffing. Just a touch on each nail beautifies instantaneously with a rosy red lustre that lasts a whole week. Soap and water don't affect it. Wash dishes, dust, etc.—your nails stay nicely polished. To further introduce Mrs. Graham's Instantaneous Nail Polish, a full size 50c. six months' bottle will be sent prepaid for only 25c. to those who order within 15 days. Mail 25c. coin or stamps, today.

GERVAISE GRAHAM, 53 W. Illinois St., Chicago.



MOVIE FANS ATTENTION

Photos of movie favorites, superior to all others. Photos size 7x11 each, mounted in a heavy folder.

Douglas Fairbanks, Theda Bara, Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, Olga Petrova, Marguerite Clark, William Farnum, Pearl White, Valeska Suratt, Earl Williams, Norma Talmadge, Clara Kimball Young and other screen celebrities.

Ten cents each, set of 12 for \$1.00.

Send currency or money order to

S. BRAM, 130 W. 46th Street, NEW YORK, Dept. B 1.



**Country Club
Genuine
Formoso Panama**

The best INDESTRUCTO summer outing and travelling hat

Special \$1.95



The Fashion Hit of the Season

It is called the PATRIA and is the latest product of the master designer. For a limited time you can get it direct from the maker at a remarkably low price. You actually save half.

JUST TWO PROFITS—YOURS AND OURS—NO MIDDLEMAN'S. The PATRIA is made of poplin silk with tiny rows of straw embroidered on the crown and upper brim. The facing is of flexible straw in contrasting colors, with fitted satin lining to match. The following color combinations are carried in stock: Citron top, Delft blue facing; white top, Kelly green facing; white top, pink facing; Kelly green top, gold facing; pink top, Delft blue facing; old rose top, Delft blue facing.

Special \$2.95

S. R. S. HATS,
803 Powers Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed please find \$..... for which you may send me prepaid COUNTRY CLUB PATRIA, color

It is understood that my money will be refunded if not entirely satisfactory.

Name

Address

A Day of Rest with a Little Bundle of Energy

(Continued from page 28)

rance of them. Anyway, I couldn't." Red roses, pink roses, yellow ones or white, Cecile Brunner or Sweetheart roses—the color or kind doesn't matter to Viola Dana so long as they are roses.

"And cloisonné," she said, holding the dainty piece in her hand, she herself looking like a dainty statuette. "I can pass through whole art galleries of pottery, bronzes and other lovely things, but one good piece of cloisonné will hold me fast." She discoursed learnedly on the subject, speaking of the location of famous beautiful pieces of the art, but I can't remember whether it is the specimens of, before, or after the Ming dynasty that are worth paying any attention to at all. She told me, but I honestly don't remember which was which. Anyway, there are a great many patrons of the screen who will always have a wholesome respect for cloisonné simply because Viola Dana loves it.

"Now that the mail is taken care of, I feel a hankering to play the ukulele. Have you any objections?" asked my little hostess.

"Quite the contrary. I should be delighted."

"Oh, you needn't be polite about it. Really, I don't play it badly at all, and it's heaps of fun."

She jumped up on a couch with her feet tucked under her, and proceeded to finger the odd Hawaiian instrument, singing softly about the banks of the Wai-ki-ki or some other mythical stream. It seems a shame that Viola Dana's charming voice must be silent in her screen work, but then, one can't have everything, and the screen brings her to countless thousands who would be unable to see her on the stage. We indulged in a few impromptu duets, accompanied by the pet ukulele, and then Miss Dana jumped up again like the child she is.

"I'm a little bit hungry. And it isn't lunch-time yet. I guess I'm only candy-hungry. Just one or two little pieces, so we won't spoil our lunch. I always have candy around, and eat a little when I want it, because they tell me I'm the type that will never get fat. Believe me that's a great comfort to a motion picture star." She laughed happily at being free from the bugaboo that scares so many. "Why I often eat candy just before I go to bed. But there's just one thing that I'm a perfect little pig about, and that's reading. I can't get enough of it."

Passing the library table she had picked up a book, and now stood turning the leaves as she leaned against the fireplace. It was something about mythology or the classics, or something equally abstruse. Miss Dana likes books dealing with beautiful facts. The "penny dreadful" or "six best seller" will never be found on her bookshelves. She reads her old favorites over and over again. "I don't care for literary flirtations," is the way she expresses it, "though I will consent to admit a new book friend to my inner circle once in a while if I know it is worth while. I never get a chance to read long at a time, but I find the little snatches of mental recreation I get most refreshing. Poetry, of course, is especially useful when you have only a few minutes to spare, though I can't say I'm a wide reader of

poetry. I know very well a few things that I love, and stick to them."

Miss Dana then telephoned downstairs and had a delightful lunch sent up, but insisted on making the tea herself. She serves tea from her own little tea-wagon every afternoon when she is not working at the studio, and is never so happy as when she is saying, "How many lumps?"

"Now we've been hanging around the house long enough," said the little star. "Let's go out and have a ride in the park." She dressed for the street while she was waiting for the chauffeur to bring the automobile. Adjusting her hat in front of the mirror, getting the exactly "right angle," was a ceremony in itself.

"That's my one extravagance—hats!" said Miss Dana. "I'm going to buy two this afternoon. I can always feel joyous, opulent and at peace with the whole world, so long as I have hats enough!"

"What if you couldn't have them?"

"Oh, there have been times when I couldn't have them, and I lived through it somehow," she laughed. "But as long as I can, I'm going to have bushels of them," said this adorable little person whose philosophy of life is equal to any circumstances in which she may be placed. "Here's the car. Now I've got to buy those hats, go to the dressmaker, have some photographs taken, and go to a theater to see my latest picture shown. I don't have to work at the studio at all today, so I'll just have a beautiful rest. Don't you want to come along?"

I should have loved to, I told her, but I had to go home and write an article, all about her.


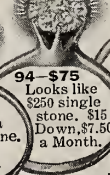

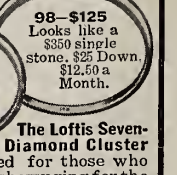
The piquant little face dimpled. "Oh, isn't that nice? Nice for me, anyway. But I'm awfully sorry you've got to work this wonderful day, when I haven't a thing in the world to do except have a good time."

I looked at this little bundle of energy in wonder and admiration. She was perfectly sincere about it all. Change of occupation was giving her the best kind of a rest, and she was benefiting by every minute of it. All I could then think of was a human gyroscope, automatically steadying herself against the varying chances of the world.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

LOFTIS SOLITAIRE DIAMOND CLUSTER RINGS

The Diamonds are Mounted So as to Look Like a Large Single Stone

 92—\$50 Looks like a \$150 single stone. \$10 Down, \$5 a Month.	 94—\$75 Looks like \$250 single stone. \$15 Down, \$7.50 a Month.	 96—\$100 Looks like a \$300 single stone. \$20 Down, \$10 a Month.	 98—\$125 Looks like a \$350 single stone. \$25 Down, \$12.50 a Month.
--	---	--	---

The Loftis Seven-Diamond Cluster was designed for those who desire a large showy ring for the least money, as it has the exact appearance of a Solitaire that would cost three or four times as much. The secret of the rare beauty of this ring lies in the perfectly matched stones; all the Diamonds are uniform in size, quality, brilliancy; set in platinum; 14k solid gold mounting.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG There are over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Our Catalog shows all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted. Guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us. Watches that will pass railroad inspection as low as \$2.50 a month. **Send for Catalog today. Don't delay.** Universal Exposition



World's Fair
LOFTIS BROS. & CO., The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. 698 100 to 108 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois
(Established 1858) STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Man Makes the Clothes, "Big Bill" Russell's Idea

DO clothes make the man? They don't.

Does the man make the clothes? He does.

William Russell, famous young film star, whose athletic record reads like that of an All-American field team leader, who ran a mile last week in 4.40 and made a running high jump of five feet four and a half inches on the same day, is apparently out to swipe the sartorial hand-cap in the free-for-all event.

The young "Adonis of the Screen," whose most striking characteristic is his modesty, but whose lithe and graceful form is a perambulating temptation to tailors, lately succumbed to the pleadings of a tape measure artist, and is now adorned like "a lily of the field."

The tailor who secured a contract to decorate "Bill" Russell, had reason to qualify his first enthusiasms before he had finished making the seven new suits and four new topcoats ordered by the adventurous young star.

Russell considers that clothes are accessory rather than vital. He points out that the finest physical specimens in the world are "up the Congo" where clothes are a drug in the market, and that any man who lets tailor's style sink his personality, is out of touch with the real end and aim of tailoring.

So it was forced on the consciousness of M. Sartoris, as soon as he began trying on Russell's new duds, that here was a man with "individuality" that defied fashion dictators and raised hob with preconceptions of "the correct." Fashion plates cut no figure whatever in Mr. Russell's decisions with regard to the correctness of his clothes.

For instance, one of the first garments ordered by the star was a surtout. Russell insisted that he wanted the surtout loose, and M. Sartoris declared, with much gesticulation that a surtout could not be made loose because surtouts were "being worn tight."

"This surtout will be worn loose," rapped out the actor with some ascerbity—"it will not be worn at all unless it happens to be just the way I want it."

Bingo!

Mr. Russell has a loose surtout. It is the only loose surtout on the Pacific coast this year, but there are orders in for scores of 'em "just like Bill's." Automobilists went crazy over Russell's surtout. They besieged him to find out the name of his tailor.

Then came the spring suit of Scotch twist—sort of a morning two-piece suit with a pinch back and many pockets, heterogeneously distributed.

This suit Sartoris tried desperately to save from Russell's ruthless individualism.

He pointed out that really "fashionable men" were wearing their sack coats an inch longer this season, and that the ultra-fashionable had pockets in both sleeves.

That settled it with William Russell. He positively forbade pockets in the sleeves and refused to consider the extra inch in length. He even kicked about the pop-eyed buttons that were on the coat when it came home, but at last let them stay because Mary Miles Minter said they were "so cute."

Well, the upshot of it is that "Willy Bill" has a whole lot of new clothes, and they are made after his own heart. He doesn't believe in being a tailor's model—not Bill—no sir.

My Lady O' the Sunshine

(Continued from page 13)

blue—like the blue of the sky just after twilight, and before the moon has crept above the horizon. Her hair is soft and fine like threads of spun gold—eighteen-carets hair, as it were!

When she was a wide-eyed slip of a girl, just sixteen, she made her stage debut as "Beauty" in the New York opening of the Henry W. Savage morality play, "Every Woman." This part she secured by her very audacity, unconscious, of course. But for a slim, untried slip of a girl to venture into the Savage stronghold demanding a part—well, Mr. Savage decided that she deserved it and gave it to her.

Personality, we are told, is the art of being different—of being, in other words, ourselves regardless of the effect on others. In that case, May Allison's rapid rise to stardom may be attributed to her personality, for surely there's no other in pictures (or out of them) quite like her.

Her stage career lasted three years, and then came pictures. She had been offered a contract for pictures, but wasn't quite sure that she would like them. So, cautiously, she accepted a comparatively small part in the William Fox picture, "A Fool There Was," in which she was the breath of

sweet, wholesome girlhood blowing across the murky, morbid melodramatic story of a woman's debasing influence on a weaker nature. Her next screen effort was as the girl in "David Harum." This brought her, for the first time, opposite Harold Lockwood, and was the beginning of a screen romance that lasted three years. The American Company offered a contract, on the expiration of the "David Harum" contract, which Miss Allison accepted. Here she played opposite Mr. Lockwood, co-starring in some of the best plays of the time. It was during this engagement that she played the title role in "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs," May Futrelle's charmingly light-hearted novel of society. The popular couple also co-starred in "The End of the Road," "The Buzzard's Shadow," "The House of a Thousand Scandals," and a number of others. Then they moved over to Metro Studio, bag and baggage, where they stayed for a year, doing picturized versions of popular novels, such as "The Hidden Children," "The River of Romance," "Big Tremaine," and "The Yellow Dove."

But Miss Allison realized the difficulty of getting plays in which both she and Mr. Lockwood would have equal opportunities. So she severed her alliance with Metro, and went on to New York.

I have seen Miss Allison many times since the gloomy spring day when I first interviewed her. But the impression—the picture of her—that will remain longest with me—is the one gained that afternoon. I shall always see her in a soft, dull blue gown, with sheer, fragile white at the low, round neck and the wrists, her blue eyes tear-drenched, her sweet voice whispering brokenly, "I want to go home—oh, I want to go home!"



Your Old Hair

Can be made into puffs, switches at a very small expense. I will make your old hair look like new. I also carry a complete line of toilet goods. Write for my price list.

LULU DUNHAM

120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

WRINKLES

Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (a Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy chins quickly vanish. SANS-RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLETON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P., Chicago, Ill.

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop

25 E. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Hemstitching, Pleatings, etc.

Superior Work Lowest Prices

Send for Price List

SPECIAL

Dress Patterns cut from any sketch picture or fashion book. Also cut to individual measurements. They come all pinned, stamped and trimmings marked so you can get an exact idea of how garment will look when complete. Write for prices. TILLIE CROSS, 17 N. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL., Dept. A.

AZ-I-EN-ZA

Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1903—No. 41488

"The Medicinal Cream"

For Pimples and the Complexion

Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address. E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AFTER THE MOVIES

Murine

is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids

Rests—Refreshes—Restores

Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them.

YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!

Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The Only Treatment That Will Remove Permanently All Superfluous Hair

from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics, or powders used.

Originator and Sole Owner

DR. MARGARET RUPPERT

1112 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.

Suites 70-72-73

Established 22 Years



"MI-RITA" Gray Hair Rejuvenator—not a dye.

"MI-RITA" Skin Rejuvenator removes wrinkles and all blemishes, eliminating double chins.

All Other Toilet Requisites. Write for Booklet If your Druggist cannot supply, send direct to Office

THE LAST LAUGH

Ham Bones for Ham Trees

Jane Lee concluded recently that it was time William Fox sent her to Jamaica, W. I., again to make another picture like "A Daughter of the Gods." The discussion took place with sister Katherine while "Two Little Imps," their starring vehicle, was being filmed. Katherine wishing to avoid argument said:

"Yes, Jane, and we'll take along a lot of seed and raise flowers."

Jane's thoughts went to the little canary she had as a pet while on the tropic island.

"And we'll take along some bird seed, too," Jane added, bubbling with glee, "and raise some more canaries."

Thought it Was Film Wreck

Jane Lee, the five-year-old starlet, who is now appearing with June Caprice, in William Fox's "Patsy," has a peculiar idea of the mighty in this world.

Recently Jane was on a trip up state with her mother. One day they were held up by a passenger train wreck. All bundled out of the Pullman and went to get a view of the wreck. Several injured passengers were being attended in the fields.

Jane gazed on the scene for some time, paying particular attention to the injured.

At last she turned to her mother and said:

"Why didn't they send for Mr. Adolphi. He would have directed that wreck so that no one would be hurt at all. It's a shame."

The Retort Complete

"Jane, what are ghosts?" little Miss Lee, the Fox starlet, was asked.

"They're things people try to scare me with, and can't," came the reply."

Mack Sennet Fun

Flat heads and flat feet are synonymous.

* * *

Wagner's music is better than it sounds.

* * *

Sylvia Ashton is thinning—beg pardon, dieting.

* * *

There are other skins besides those found on sausages.

* * *

Bobby Dunn has got a twelve cylinder head on a one man body.

* * *

If you will stop raving about your wife, I will stop raving about mine.

* * *

The war in Europe has made many heroes. So have moving pictures.

* * *

When Sunday comes to own, the studios will remain open as per usual.

* * *

"Everything comes to him who weights," said the scales inspector.

* * *

Frank Hayes is about as useless in a pretty part, as a fence around a cemetery.

* * *

Nick Cogley took a house for the summer, and the owner had him arrested.

* * *

Hugh Fay's motor car had an argument with a telegraph pole last Wednesday.

* * *

I know of a cafe where they put resin on the floor to keep their guests from skidding.

tion, Mary Pickford laughed triumphantly after achieving this success at keeping her word. It was all an adventure, and she dotes on adventure. Forsooth, this little heroine of the cinema world is never so happy as when she is doing something out of the ordinary in which there is some slight chance and some excitement. Those who idolize her as an artist are prone to regard her as some supernatural girl, but quite on the contrary she is precisely like any other lass. She is human in all the word implies and she enjoys the innocent, little human foibles which elate the rest of us.

"Give me my way to be just as I am and just as I feel and I am happy," she says. "I despise the habit of doing things temperamental, and I do not think it becomes true artistry."

Needless to add, but it is a worthy repetition, Little Mary practices what she preaches by being one of the most natural of all girls.



Ruth Travers

Why Mary Pickford Crossed the Continent

(Continued from page 12)

fied to find she is not such a victim of ego as to want to "outdress the world." Nevertheless do not misconstrue this, because Mary does love good clothes, and she has them.

On one occasion, a widely-known writer of photoplay comment ventured to select her as the best-dressed, little woman in pictures. He was immediately bombarded by letters from many fans most of whom had gained the impression that Mrs. Vernon Castle held this honor, but there were received a larger number of profuse epistles endorsing his judgment, which fact proves that there are plenty of people who think Mary Pickford's superiority extends to the art of dressing both for the screen and in private life.

At any rate the day on which Miss Pickford was to resume her clever activities before the moving-picture camera arrived as days inevitably will until some terrible catastrophe does this universe tear asunder. The first set for "The Little American" was ready to be screened. At five minutes to nine everyone started getting extremely nervous in view of the disconcerting fact

that Mary was not present yet. Even Director De Mille was slightly perturbed. He feared that after all Mary might lose her "bet." He started to pace the floor rapidly, but he paced for only one lone minute, because at exactly four minutes to nine, the Pickford automobile drew up in front of the studio and the gratified director ran to her side to greet her and to congratulate her on keeping her promise so faithfully. But the picture did not start exactly on time, because Mary had pressed her maids into service in the task of transporting all her new dresses to the studio, and she had to show them to everybody before she could be satisfied. Thus we have one more insight to her admirable disposition—she invariably delights to share her joys with the others in her life.

True to her nature and vivacious disposi-



Become a Cosmetician

Own
a money-
making business
or command a high-salaried
position. We can help you. There
is a nation-wide need for Marinello
Beauty Shops and Marinello operators.
**Millions of Dollars are Spent for
Beauty Treatments**

Never has woman been offered such a grand opportunity. We will teach you all about successfully conducting a Beauty Shop and every branch of Beauty Culture. We guarantee graduates a good paying position or you can start in business for yourself. Write now for free particulars and proof of the prosperity awaiting you.


MARINELLO CO., Dept. 310, Mallers Bldg., Chicago

3 1/3^c a Day

now buys a dazzling Lachnite Gem. Their brilliance is eternal—they stand fire and acid tests and cut glass like diamonds. If you can tell a Lachnite from a diamond, send it back. 10 days' free trial. Set in solid gold. The newest designs.

Write for Big Jewelry Book Your name and address is enough. No obligations whatever. Write today—now.

HAROLD LACHMAN COMPANY
12 N. Michigan Avenue, Dept. B-185 Chicago, Ill.



Read What Ruth Travers Says:

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, Chicago.

Gentlemen—I have used your LASH-BROW-INE and found it to be perfectly wonderful in promoting the growth of eyebrows and lashes. It has proven to be all you claim. I shall gladly recommend it to all my friends. RUTH TRAVERS.

You too, can have luxuriant eyebrows and long sweeping lashes by applying

Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. Thousands of society women and actresses have used this harmless and guaranteed preparation, to add charm to their eyes and beauty to the face.


LASH-BROW-INE, which has passed the famous Westfield standard of Professor Allyn, nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and lashes, making them thick, long and silky, thus giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes.

Sold in two sizes, 25 cents and 50 cents.

Send coin for size you wish and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE and our Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain, sealed cover.

Avoid disappointment with worthless substitutes. Use Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine only.

Maybell Laboratories
4008-64 Indiana Ave., CHICAGO



Triangle Players

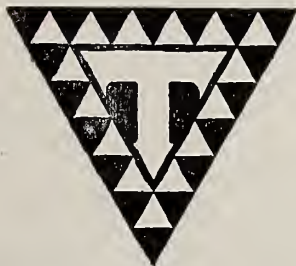
Live Their Parts

Acting is but artificial expression. It is one thing to *mimic* character—and quite another to *create* it. Triangle Players are chosen because they have the living spark of productive ability. They are the poets of the screen, who carry imagination to the point of vivid reality and *live* the life, the individuality, the joy and pathos in

TRIANGLE PLAYS

THE FOREMOST PRODUCTIONS IN MOTION PICTURES

And Triangle Players are chosen for the parts they play. They have an *understanding* of human nature. They are born with the white flame of genius burning in their breasts, that lifts them out of the commonplace—and gives them the ability to take their audience with them.



Triangle Plays are apart from the usual too. They are portrayals of passion and tenderness, poverty and riches, love and hate—all used as tools by the picture-drama craftsman to teach a wholesome lesson. Triangle Plays do this without offense, and with cleanliness uppermost.

Look for Triangle Plays in your neighborhood theatres.

TRIANGLE DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

1457 Broadway New York

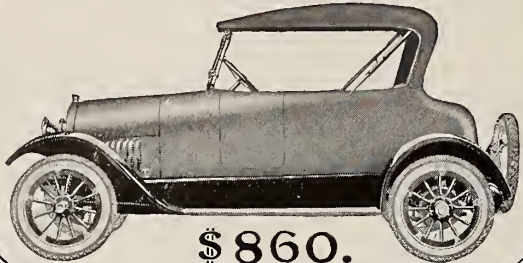


WHEN YOU TRAVEL
RIDE IN A—

Pullman

Four
Passenger Roadster

A roomy car for four passengers—divided front seats with lots of space in the rear, wonderful riding ease, typical Pullman pulling power—the smartest model offered in its class for 1917.



\$860.
F.O.B. Factory

A DOZEN
REASONS WHY

114 inch wheel base.
50½ inch full cantilever rear springs.
Four cylinder, L-head motor, 32 h. p. by actual brake test.
Two-unit starting and lighting equipment.
Stromberg carburetor, new type float feed.
Genuine full floating rear axle.
Thermo-siphon cooling system.
Equalized brakes with Raybestos brake lining.
Seventeen gallon gas tank in rear, Carter vacuum feed.
Genuine honeycomb radiator—extra large tank.
31 x 4 inch, red wall, Firestone non-skid tires on all four wheels.
True stream line, custom-made body, Pullman green and black, with real leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions.

Five
Passenger
Touring
\$860.
F.O.B. Factory

DON'T buy the picture. Efficient buying means comparative buying. Purchase your car that way. For your own protection compare the "dozen reasons why" on this page with the specifications of any car on the market selling under \$2000.

Then 'phone the dealer in your town and have him show you just what we mean by Pullman performance—what the wonderful Pullman motor can do in the way of hill climbing, what perfect carburetion and ignition mean in the shape of consistent pulling ability. The proof of the Pullman is in its performance.

Get behind the steering wheel of any Pullman Four yourself. Feel the luxury of the big, roomy body, with its ample leg space, genuine leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions. Feel the comfort of riding over 50½ inch full cantilever springs—generally offered only in high priced cars.

Add to this certainty of performance the greatest collection of standardized, expensive accessories ever furnished a car in the eight hundred dollar class, and you have the utmost value possible.

The finish of every Pullman model is superb, made perfect by eleven operations of sand blasting, coating, painting and varnishing. The lines are the latest and smartest, the hit of the big national shows this year. Fourteen years' experience stands behind the Pullman warranty, vouched for by thousands of satisfied owners.

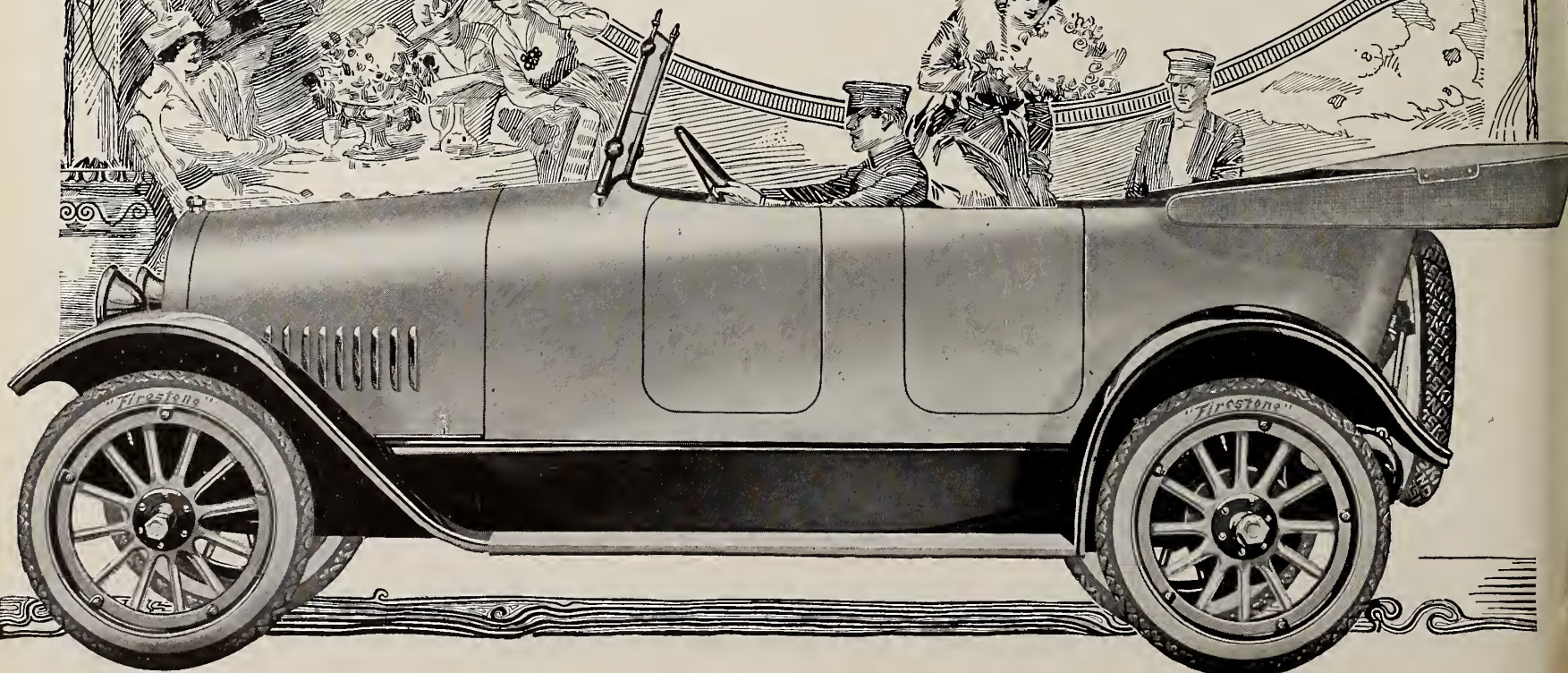
Write for our literature.

Five Passenger Four . . . \$860 Convertible Sedan De Luxe . . \$1275
Four Passenger Roadster . 860 With C-H Magnetic Gear Shift 1400

Pullman Motor Car Corporation

YORK, PA.

Established 1903





THE difference between Quaker Tires and railroad tickets is that the tickets will not take you beyond the distance specified, while Quaker Tires, though adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, deliver thousands of excess miles. Records of 9000, 11,000 and 13,000 miles come to us from enthusiastic users everywhere. On request you will be sent fac-similes of the following and many other letters:

"My last two Quakers were destroyed when my garage burned recently. Both of these tires had made 11,227 miles and were in good condition at the time of the fire."

"In regard to service on a pair of 33x4 Quaker Tires, which I purchased from you in the early part of last July, beg to advise that these casings have gone seven thousand (7000) miles to date and show but very little wear."

"We have placed Quaker Tires among our best customers and of the different sizes up to and including 36 x 4½ we have casings that have been driven 4000 to 8000 miles and they are still giving service. We might say that none are completely worn out."

"We have just taken off a 37 x 5 Quaker casing which has been run 14,080 miles. Aside from tread being cut and torn, casing is in good condition."

"A customer has driven a set of 33 x 4 Quaker Tires on a five-passenger car over 12,000 miles."

In records such as those quoted is found the reason why there was not a single Quaker Tire left in our factory on the last day of March; why dealers' orders could not be filled;

why consumer demand could not be satisfied. And all that despite the fact that the Quaker plant was running to the limit of its increased capacity.

But, now, you can get Quaker Tires from any of our dealers because of a further increase in manufacturing facilities.

Put *one* Quaker to the test against any three other makes of tires. Then you will surely equip all four wheels of your car with Quakers.

If there is no dealer near you send direct to the Factory Sales Department. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

Quaker City Rubber Co.

Factories—Philadelphia
 CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St. PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St. NEW YORK 53 Murray St.
 Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves, Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.

Is Your Money Safe?

How do YOU know whether or not the securities sold you by some glib-tongued stock or bond salesman, or advertised or recommended by some newspaper or magazine "financial editor" have NOW any REAL value?

One of Thousands Received

Montgomery, Ala., Dec. 21, 1912.
Mr. H. L. Barber, Chicago, Ill.
Dear Mr. Barber:—Your several communications, with three copies of INVESTING FOR PROFIT, have been duly received. The article, "Science of Investment," is an illuminating one; and it is hard to see how any one could read it without profit. I only wish that years ago the viewpoint of the article could have been had. Not least among its virtues is its lucid statement which leaves nothing the average man of ordinary affairs fails to comprehend. You are unquestionably on the right track, and cannot but do the people and the country good. I could not but feel that while President-elect Woodrow Wilson is sweeping the horizon of future responsibility to the nation, it would not be amiss, if he has not seen it, he have the opportunity of reading "Science of Investment." It looks very much like Thos. W. Lawson is "ploughing with your heifer" in his article in the November issue of "Everybody's Magazine."
Sincerely yours,
N. B. W.

What becomes of the millions taken from the public in this manner every year?

It was for the very purpose of warning its readers against bad investments in addition to instructing them in the fundamentals of good investments, business and personal, municipal and corporate, that INVESTING FOR PROFIT recently instituted a regular department wherein is set forth each month facts concerning the various form of "Get-Poor-Quick" investments largely advertised or recommended by many of the so-called leading magazines and financial papers.

That this new feature of ours is appreciated is shown by the increasing number of letters received by us daily. Readers KNOW that they can here obtain the unbiased and impartial judgment of those who have spent years in study and analysis, and who are qualified through personal experience and knowledge to counsel wisely.

There is no more important subject than this. It touches every phase of human activity. How to avoid the snares of the stock sharpers and financial "three-card-monte" men and the magazines with "financial departments" as adjuncts to their advertising departments has been told in previous issues of INVESTING FOR PROFIT. Our work has a CONSTRUCTIVE character also. You

will learn surprisingly interesting and valuable things—how the money trust controls and uses the people's money for a pittance and re-loans it, or sells it back in trust-made, tariff-protected product, to the money earners and savers of the country at high rates and tremendous profits, but of even more importance, you will learn how large fortunes are made and why they are made—the knowledge financiers hide from the masses.

If your BANK BALANCE is important to you and you wish to use it so that it will earn and return to you its full and legitimate EARNING CAPACITY, you will not miss the many interesting articles in this progressive journal.

INVESTING FOR PROFIT enjoys the largest financial circulation in America and is in its twentieth volume.

Remember, this is a REGULAR FEATURE. INVESTING FOR PROFIT also gives heed to the safeguarding of its readers' funds—whether they be merchants, manufacturers, farmers, laborers, widows, trustees, or what not—everyone can and should read these articles.

As a holder of securities you may desire to inquire about what you already own—you are at liberty to do so, in strict confidence, and without cost, by addressing, "Inquiry Department," if you are a subscriber.

MY MAGAZINE "INVESTING for PROFIT"

is worth \$10 a copy to anyone who intends to invest any money, however small, who has money invested unprofitably, or who can save \$5 or more per month, but who hasn't learned the art of Investing for Profit.


It demonstrates the REAL earning power of money—the knowledge financiers hide from the masses.

It shows how to invest small sums and how to make them grow into fortunes—the actual possibilities of intelligent investments.

It reveals the enormous profits financiers make and shows how one can make the same profits safely.

It explains HOW stupendous fortunes are made and WHY they are made—how \$1,000 grows to \$22,000.

To introduce my magazine, the price of which is \$1.00 per year, write me NOW, and I'll send it SIX MONTHS postpaid, free.

If not already a subscriber send us your name and address ON THIS COUPON  and we will send it to you SIX MONTHS FREE as an introduction—no liability on your part whatever.

Clip the Coupon Before You Turn This Page

H. L. BARBER
Publisher

H. L. BARBER, Publisher
417-18A West Jackson Boulevard
CHICAGO

Please send me

FREE for six months your magazine *Investing for Profit* and enter my name on your list for Free Financial Advice. I am over twenty-one years of age, and have never asked for or subscribed for your paper.

Name

Address

City State.....
P. P.

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

¹⁹¹⁹
September 1919

20 Cents



NOTICE TO READER.
When you finish reading this magazine place a 1-cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front.

NO WRAPPING—NO ADDRESS.
A. S. BURLESON,
Postmaster General.



APEDA N.Y. Pauline Frederick

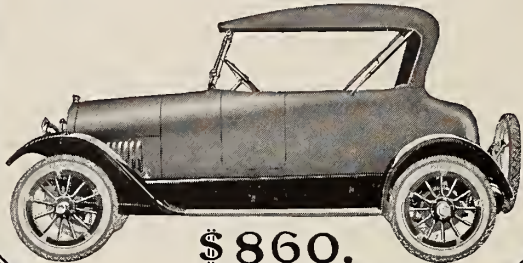
The Magazine With A Heart, Soul and Character

**WHEN YOU TRAVEL
RIDE IN A -**

Pullman

Four Passenger Roadster

A roomy car for four passengers—divided front seats with lots of space in the rear, wonderful riding ease, typical Pullman pulling power—the smartest model offered in its class for 1917.



\$860.
F.O.B. Factory

A DOZEN REASONS WHY

114 inch wheel base.
50½ inch full cantilever rear springs.
Four cylinder, L-head motor, 32 h. p. by actual brake test.
Two-unit starting and lighting equipment.
Stromberg carburetor, new type float feed.
Genuine full floating rear axle.
Thermo-siphon cooling system.
Equalized brakes with Raybestos brake lining.
Seventeen gallon gas tank in rear, Carter vacuum feed.
Genuine honeycomb radiator—extra large tank.
31 x 4 inch, red wall, Firestone non-skid tires on all four wheels.
True stream line, custom-made body, Pullman green and black, with real leather plated upholstery and extra deep cushions.

Five Passenger Touring
\$860.
F.O.B. Factory

DON'T buy the picture. Efficient buying means comparative buying. Purchase your car that way. For your own protection compare the "dozen reasons why" on this page with the specifications of any car on the market selling under \$2000.

Then 'phone the dealer in your town and have him show you just what we mean by Pullman performance—what the wonderful Pullman motor can do in the way of hill climbing, what perfect carburetion and ignition mean in the shape of consistent pulling ability. The proof of the Pullman is in its performance.

Get behind the steering wheel of any Pullman Four yourself. Feel the luxury of the big, roomy body, with its ample leg space, genuine leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions. Feel the comfort of riding over 50½ inch full cantilever springs—generally offered only in high priced cars.

Add to this certainty of performance the greatest collection of standardized, expensive accessories ever furnished a car in the eight hundred dollar class, and you have the utmost value possible.

The finish of every Pullman model is superb, made perfect by eleven operations of sand blasting, coating, painting and varnishing. The lines are the latest and smartest, the hit of the big national shows this year. Fourteen years' experience stands behind the Pullman warranty, vouched for by thousands of satisfied owners.

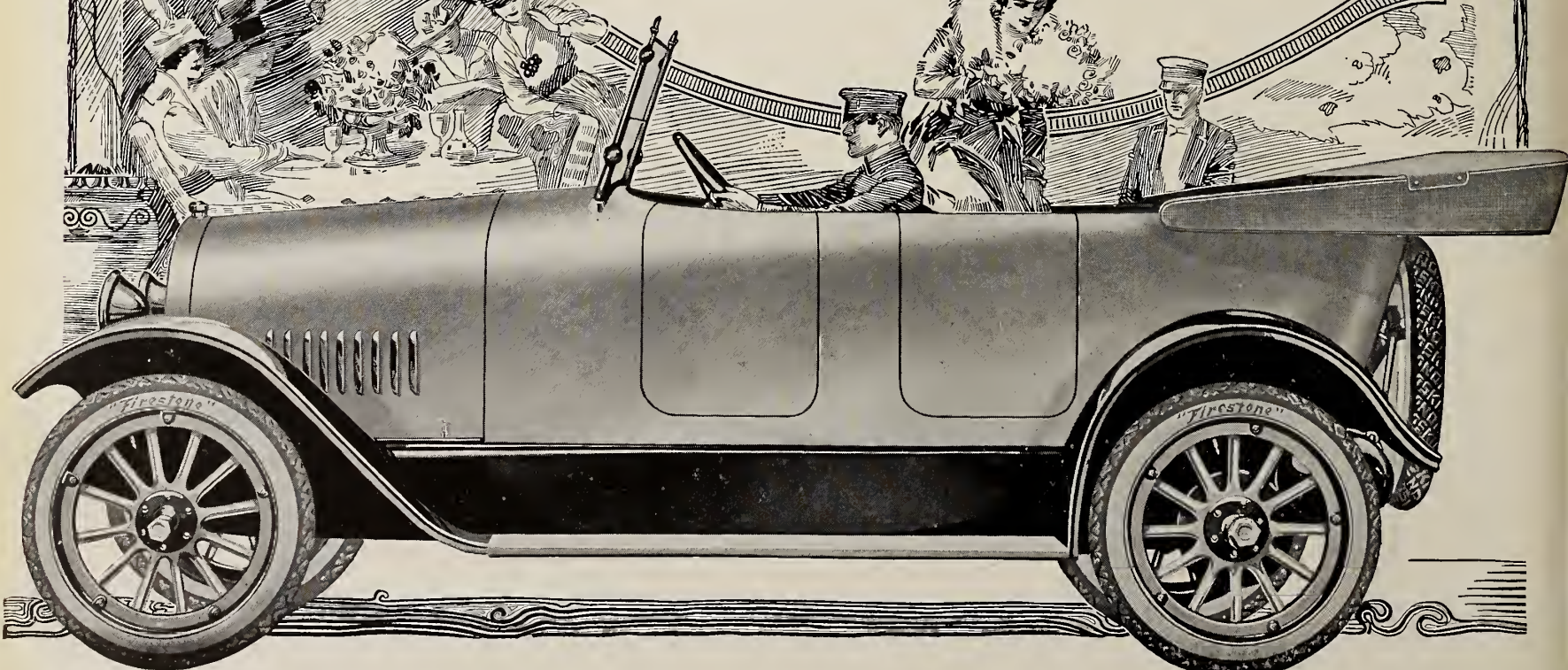
Write for our literature.

Five Passenger Four . . . \$860 Convertible Sedan De Luxe . . \$1275
Four Passenger Roadster . 860 With C-H Magnetic Gear Shift 1400

Pullman Motor Car Corporation

YORK, PA.

Established 1903





The Editor's Personal Page

PHOTOPLAY fans are the most enthusiastic of patriots and there is a reason for their spirit of allegiance being kept at the top notch of demonstrativeness continually. That reason is the fact they frequent motion picture theatres regularly and no one could keep a gaze riveted on the screen nowadays without having many inspirations to arise and cheer Old Glory and all the grand, old flag stands for inasmuch as no photoplay program of these times is lacking in some sort of a feature remindful of the fitness of "whooping her up" a la patriotic. Herein lies an example of the unlimited power of the cinema. Manifestly it leads all other forms of public intelligence in the work of inspiring Americans to be Americans. It will be termed a moot question whether or not the screen reaches as many people as the newspapers and magazines, but we feel sure it possesses a much larger clientele, and, above all, a moving pictorial appeal is undoubtedly far more impressive and effective than mere print could ever be. There is every evidence to indicate now that when *finis* is written to the history of this greatest war of our nation, the photoplay art will be given due credit for wielding the widest influence in the essential work of organizing, enlightening and enlisting the people of the United States in the grim business which requires the best and concerted effort of the entire sovereignty. By way of showing an appreciation for the power of the movies in all good causes, the United States Government should most certainly make it a point to contribute materially to the great industry by seeing to it that the laws governing it are not obstructive or destructive. Due to the fact that it has been fallaciously kept in the category of luxurious amusement, the photoplay has suffered quite extensively by crudely straight-laced laws and regulations in various parts of the country, but now that it is so obviously a strong public benefactor it should be treated as such.

THE admiration and adoration photoplay fans foster and manifest for their favorite photoplayers could not be otherwise than indicative of the fact that the screen is about the best medium extant for a true artist to accomplish ingratiation in its most superlative degree. There is plenty of the remarkable in the enthusiastic fealty fans show for the various artists. For example, no amount of augmentative persuasion can wean the average enthusiast away from the supreme choice each one has invariably. That selection may be another person's idea of the most unsatisfactory performer on the shadow stage, but this does not deter the worshiper in the least. If all the world should turn against that favorite and the consensus of opinion was most uncomplimentary, still the apostle of loyalty inhabiting the interesting realm of fandom would stick to the ship undismayed. All this is not a mere matter of theory. It obtains absolutely. We know personally hundreds of fans, and we have never yet been able to discover an exception to this rule. If Mary Doe is the favorite of most any devotee to the cinema art, there is not anything Helen Doe could do to win that devotee away from Mary. Helen may be in reality many times

more capable as an artist; Helen may be decidedly prettier; Helen may have much more personality; but, just the same, Mary remains fixed and undisturbed on the highest pedestal of esteem. Of course there is not a great deal of congruity in favoritism, but nevertheless photoplay fans are unequivocally consistent in their incongruity. Boiled down to a basic principle it all means one thing and this is, the motion picture reigns over and commands its millions of "subjects" so completely and so happily that it produces a wide state of joyous ecstasy which constitutes the high crest of a wave of popularity on which individual artists by the dint of their cleverness ride to high peaks of success such as they could never attain via the stage route. There is no reason why the fans should be discouraged in their penchant for favoritism. It all has a wholesome, inspiring effect on the photoplayers, who, constantly bearing in mind the value of popularity, exert their best efforts to elevate and improve their artistry.

"A SMILE goes a long way further than a frown, and everyone has his or her own worries, so don't air yours all the time." This is the motto of one of the most constant and intense photoplay fans we have had the pleasure of knowing. She lives in Providence, R. I., and she is so consistent and persistent in living up to her motto that she almost got into the hands of the law because she smiled when it struck the police she had every incentive to look worried and to worry others. This thing of optimism is one of the old subjects which deserves incessant discussion and attention. At the present time genuine optimism is so indispensable to the achieving of the most momentous victory in the history of the United States—the triumphing of true democracy over impossible autocracy—that pessimism must be held up scornfully as the foulest of elements as it is in truth, for it is the dregs in the cup in which must boil with terrific steam-producing rapidity the cheerful, forward-looking and sanguine energy which makes patriotism the undefiled and invincible power it must be. Pessimism is so extremely unconscionable and optimism is so very, very plausibly co-ordinate with efforts to progress rough-shod over the worst of obstacles, and the former is so desultory while the latter is so regular in its encouragement-giving propensities that it is difficult to believe sane people could be pessimists. Cogitate as much as one might, beseech until you're exhausted and excoriate until you're ashamed of yourself for being so vehement and you cannot often dissuade the dyed-in-the-wool pessimist from his erroneous way of thinking. However, there is just that slight semblance of a chance of converting such a person to the cause of cheerfulness which makes it worth the undismayed effort required in forcing a relinquishing of the grip of melancholia invariably holding a victim only to blight. Just why so many people cannot abide by a motto such as actuates our good friend, the Providence photoplay fan, is of course, inexplicable. We can only pass it on to others in the hopes it will serve as the beacon light to someone who needs the splendid effulgence it radiates.



KITTY GORDON
WORLD PICTURES



ANNA NILSSON
COHAN-ARTCRAFT



JUNE CAPRICE
FOX



GAIL KANE
MUTUAL



MILDRED HARRIS
TRIANGLE



FLORENCE LA BADIE
THANHOUSER



LOUISE GLAUM
TRIANGLE-INCE

Table of Contents

SEPTEMBER
1917



Photo-Play Journal

Volume II
No. 5

Edited by DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1
KITTY GORDON (Full-page portrait)	2
ANNA NILSSON. (Full-page portrait)	3
JUNE CAPRICE. (Full-page portrait)	4
GAIL KANE. (Full-page portrait)	5
MILDRED HARRIS. (Full-page portrait)	6
FLORENCE LABADIE. (Full-page portrait)	7
LOUISE GLAUM. (Full-page portrait)	8
CONTENTS. (Illustrated)	9
PHOTOPLAYERS, WHEN THEY ARE DOING NOTHING IN PARTICULAR. (Four illustrations)	10
MILADY OF THE FILM AND TROUSERS. By Lloyd Robinson. (Illustrated)	11
ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK. By Pearl Gaddis. (Illustrated)	14
MY AMMUNITION PLANTS. By Norma Talmadge. (Illustrated)	15
FROM GRAND OPERA TO GRAND CINEMA. By C. Stearns Clancy. (Illustrated)	16
SUNSHINE JACKIE. By Lucy Carroll. (Illustrated)	17
THE UNDRAPED FIGURE IN MOVIES. By Paul Wilson.	18
ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF TWO FAIR NYMPHS. (Illustrated)	19
UNDER FALSE COLORS. (A short story) By Stephen S. Scott. (Illustrated)	20
WHY MOTION PICTURE STARS LEAVE HOME	22
UNCLE SAM, JOHN BULL AND PEGGY HYLAND. By Adele W. Fletcher. (Illustrated)	23

"D., P."—INDIVIDUAL. By Carl Stearns Clancy. (Illustrated)	24
MADGE KENNEDY'S BOW TO THE MOVIES. By Louis Lee Arms. (Illustrated)	25
THE SILENT TREND. By Bert D. Essex. (Illustrated)	27
EDITORIAL	31
SHIRLEY MASON—UPSETTER OF PROPHECIES. (Illustrated)	32
FANS WON'T LET ARLINE PRETTY CHANGE HER NAME.	33
INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS	34
THE CROSS WITHIN A CROSS. (Illustration)	34
GAIL KANE, NIFTY HATS AND SMILES. (Illustrated)	35
SCREEN STORIES. By Jack Winn	36
EIGHT YEARS YOUNG AND TWENTY YEARS OLD IN EXPERIENCE. By Leander Richardson. (Illustrated)	37
THIS MONTH'S SUGGESTION—"AMERICA FIRST." (A Photo-play Synopsis). By Ely Robison.	40
OSWALD SMYTH, IN LOVE. (A short story) By Jack Stewart.	41
ENVY THE DOG. (Illustration)	41
WHY DOES A GIRL CLOSE HER EYES WHEN SHE IS KISSED? (Verse) By George Edgar Frye	42
HERE'S PROOF THAT PHOTOPLAY FANS ARE CLEVER. (Verse)	43
"HASHIMURA Togo"—A remarkable story of subtle martyrdom and curious humor. By Wallace Irwin. (Illustrated)	44
THE LAST LAUGH	56

PAULINE FREDERICK OUR LOVELY LADY ON THE COVER

We don't know of anyone who would dispute Pauline Frederick's right to the title, Premier Emotional Star of the Stage and Screen. In the long list of cinema successes of the past, she has demonstrated time and again her peerless superiority in the art of depicting characters of various emotions with a finesse and artistic grace defying serious criticism. In fact, her histrionic work is so invariably devoid of defects that she seems deserving of the further title of Perfect Performer. Among the more notable of her photoplay triumphs of the last two years are: "Sold," "Zaza,"

"Bella Donna," "Lydia Gilmore," "The Spider," "Audrey," "The Moment Before," "The World's Great Snare," "The Woman in the Case," "Ashes of Embers," "Nanette of the Wild," "The Slave Market," "Sapho," "Sleeping Fires," and "Her Better Self." Her latest starring vehicle is "The Love That Lives," in which she gives a fine characterization of the difficult role of a scrub-woman. Here's to wonderful Pauline Frederick—may she live long to continue her splendid work of enriching the screen with her superb artistry!

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

THOMAS B. NAYLOR, President and General Manager
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street, New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
[\$2.50 IN CANADA \$3.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY, 20 CENTS]



Vivian Martin idly waiting



Lucille Pictz wondering where to go



Ethel Clayton only pondering—that's all



Marjorie Daw just looking around

PHOTOPLAYERS WHEN THEY ARE DOING NOTHING IN PARTICULAR

Milady of the Film and Trousers : By LLOYD ROBINSON

ONE cannot peruse the daily papers and current magazines without becoming more and more firmly impressed by the fact that the Great War, frightful as are its aspects, has at least one slight compensation, because it is enabling Woman to free herself from many bondages of prejudices. Because quasi-chivalrous Man has taught her to believe that she represented the weaker sex, he has been able to draw about her a certain mystic circle of ill-conceived physical and social limitations. Woman has been taught to believe she could not or should not do many things which were set apart as sacred to the perquisites of the opposite sex. Around her there has grown a hedge carefully nurtured by man. Each little tree in that hedge bears a "don't" or a "can't."

Even prior to the summer of 1914 woman had begun to clip this hedge herself, and in some places it had been lowered to a point where she could at least see over the top into the broad fields beyond. In 1913 a woman subway guard or bus driver would occasion no end of amazement and even harsh comment among both sexes in America. The town of Santa Barbara, a very few years ago, won countrywide publicity because of the mere fact that it harbored within its confines no less a phenomenon than a girl who had actually had the temerity to earn her own living by driving a taxicab.

Going back even further than this, but not beyond the memory of a great many men, it is not difficult to recall the time when a woman in a business office in



Mary Pickford is not enjoying herself here

New York City was a distinct rarity. If Bill Jones, of Jones and Jones, took it upon himself to engage one of those new-fangled typewriter girls, his business associates immediately found urgent business which required their calling upon the firm of Jones and Jones. When they went home and told their wives, the dear ladies were very sorry for Mrs. Jones and sincerely trusted that their husbands would not so easily prove victims of feminine wiles. Today there is probably not a single business house in the whole country which does not employ girls in

one form or another to fill vacancies.

The inroads which the fair sex has made upon commercial life are, of course, well known, and we are no longer surprised to find girls operating switchboards and occupying many important and extremely responsible positions in big commercial institutions. But whatever activities woman may engage in, so far as commerce is concerned, have always been rather those in which her nimble fingers and agile brain could be put to the greatest service, and she has always been carefully guarded from any activities which would take her out of that delightful category of the weaker sex—a delusion and a snare, upon the origin of which, whether feminine or masculine, there hinges the strategic key to the riddle of the battle of the sexes.

With the coming of 1914 and the marching away of millions of men to the front there came woman's opportunity to demonstrate to the world the fact that the old prejudices concerning the weaker sex were based upon a fallacy. As the men left their tasks in the field and in the factory and marched away, they left their country face to face with the terrific problem of keeping industry alive. With the impending destruction of endless material, the consumption of vast quantities of food and the necessity of diverting unlimited stores and materials to the work of constructing the very tools of destruction themselves, it was plain that some gigantic industrial revolution must be undergone in order to meet this crucial situation.

It was the women and girls of England and France who solved this problem by throwing down the gauntlet, casting aside



Ann Pennington looks very business-like in her military trousers

the prerogatives of the weaker sex and taking the places of the men in every field of industry and agricultural endeavor. Today we think nothing of seeing pictures of English women and French women working in a great shell factory, running machinery that has never before known the touch of a feminine hand; we find them driving trucks, operating tramways and performing all manner of manual labor which has hitherto been considered too heavy for "mere girls."

tures of them in uniform driving ambulances in France. Of course it was inevitable that thousands of women should devote their lives to the tremendous task of nursing the wounded, but that was one of the things to which women seemed naturally adapted. It was, therefore, not a matter of surprise to find shiploads of nurses going abroad, many of whom have already sacrificed their lives in their devotion to duty.

But in assuming agricultural, industrial and even active war burdens, woman has come into a new sphere of activity—metaphorically and actually, she has donned trousers!

As a result those privileges which have

wife to believe that he was embarking upon a field of adventure from which only a stout heart and the strong arm could bring him back in safety and in health. But woman has found him out for the imposter he is, and the day is probably not far distant when the great industries will be run by feminine hands, while poor, feeble, tottering little man remains at home, does the housework and threatens to tell mamma when she comes home if the children refuse to obey him.



Above is Marguerite Clark on her high horse; below she's telling 'em about it



Here above she is at the bar, but below she is shown still in the ring



And through it all she has forsaken skirts



Now in America we are facing the same great problems, and the women of the country are following the example of their sisters in England and France. They are, perhaps, going even a little further in some fields of activity, for we find them training as aviators and forming service corps for the purpose of driving munition trucks at the front itself. We are already accustomed to seeing pic-

hitherto been considered the exclusive property of man are probably destined to be shared by him with woman, and mere man himself is in imminent danger of being thrust upon the social slag heap! For centuries he has succeeded in deluding woman into believing that he was engaged in some mysterious and tremendous undertaking which her feeble mind and body would be totally unable to grasp. When he departed from the family home—stead in the morning he did so with an air of mystery, which led his trusting

Mr. Shakespeare remarked some several years ago that it was the peculiar province of the stage to hold the mirror up to nature. That classic remark was made by Mr. Shakespeare (or was it Bacon!) some time before the advent of the motion picture, but it applies with equal force to the newer art of mimicry. As a matter of fact, because of its very essence, the photoplay is perhaps quicker



Pauline Frederick in nifty trousers

write and stage a play in a theatre, whereas it needs a much shorter time for the writing and staging of a five-part photoplay. Therefore, while the stage has presented relatively few plays in which lovely woman dons the bifurcated gear of man, there has already flashed upon the photoplay screen a number of productions in which the barrel skirt and other fluffy impedimenta have been supplanted by the severe and divided lines of the trousers. There may be found concealed in the wardrobe of many popular stars remarkable suits of men's clothes which but a few years ago would have caused their feminine friends to gasp with horror.

In the case of the Paramount stars alone there have been a number of instances where this transformation of apparel has taken place. There is still current upon the screen the picture in which Mary Pickford spent the greater part of her time in male attire. It is "Poor Little Peppina," in which she starred before her transfer to the Arctcraft banner. In that picture Miss Pickford was a little Italian girl, who dressed up in her brother's clothes when she came to America, and on finding that this gear protected her from many petty annoyances, continued to wear trousers. During the course of the story she even becomes a messenger "boy," only to become the object of derision when her associates persuaded her to tempt Providence by smoking a cigarette.

Dainty little Marguerite Clark has recently appeared in two productions in male attire. In one of these, "The Valentine Girl," Miss Clark made a brief journey into the realms of the imagination and impersonated a little girl who "played" Joan of Arc. Attired in shining armor, after the manner of the French warrior maid, she bestrode her hobby horse and led the hosts of France to victory across the nursery floor.

A more recent and striking example of Miss Clark's discarding of feminine frills occurred in "The Amazons," an adaptation of the famous Pinero play which has just recently appeared upon the screen. (For editor's information, "The Amazons" will be released on August 5th.) Those who are familiar with the play will remember that it concerns the peculiarity of Lady Castlejordan, whose greatest disappointment in life is the fact that her three children are daughters instead



The same Pauline in "another pair"

of sons. In order to assuage her grief, Lady Castlejordan decides to make her daughters as manly as possible, and persists in the practice of referring to them as her "sons." They are trained in all manner of athletics and encouraged to be as Tomboyish as possible. Of course, they are forced to attire themselves as boys, and it is only upon the occasion of their leaving home for visits to Lady Castlejordan's acquaintances that they are permitted to "disgrace" themselves by wearing the habiliments natural to their sex. Everything is done to instill into the minds of the Castlejordan offspring that femininity is a sign of weakness and therefore an intense disgrace.

(Continued on page 51)

to reflect prevailing conditions than is the stage. In the first place, the motion picture directors have long since subscribed to the belief that there should be as much realism in motion pictures as is possible. Therein, they have found it one of the true differences between the stage and the screen and have chosen wisely in devoting their attention to finding in nature itself the settings and backgrounds for their productions, rather than relying upon the art of the theatre for reproducing in paint and canvas, however artistic, the realities of nature.

Another reason which enables the motion picture to reveal more readily the changes in conditions in real life is the fact that it requires many months to



Louise Huff with knee resting on chair



'Tis Marjorie Daw who here wears trousers

All in the Day's Work

By PEARL GADDIS

WHEN I wandered into the Quality Studio, my avowed determination to interview Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, I was immediately lost. The studio was a glare of Cooper-Hewitts and Klieg lights, and a bunch of carpenters, busy on a nearby set, contributed a salvo of sound that wasn't the least bit conducive to a quiet contemplation of things about me.

I almost stumbled into the midst of the scene being photographed under the direction of W. Christy Cabanne, whom I have regarded with solemn and heartfelt awe since his days with Triangle. Had I done this—stumbled into the scene—I fear me this story would never have been told, for I have heard it said that W. C. C. is no mild and gentle lamb when one of his plays is upset by some untoward event.

Mr. Bushman was busily denouncing somebody for something—there was an enormous mob of people gathered about this set, at a respectful distance, and I was prevented, by being an insignificant five feet tall, from seeing exactly what was going on. However, Mr. Bushman was terribly angry, judging from his voice, and I wondered mightily what had happened. He ordered somebody to leave his premises forever, and threatened frightful things if somebody ever came back. There was the sound of a blow and a falling body; then Mr. Cabanne called "Cut!" in a business-like voice, and I heard Mr. Bushman say, in a voice as different from his former voice as if they had belonged to different people.

"Did I hurt you, old fellow? I'm mighty sorry."

"Oh, I don't think it's fatal—but, man alive, you've sure got some kick in that mitt o' yours!" answered somebody in a rueful voice.

"All right, Bush—you and Miss Bayne are to dress for the next scene—you remember, the love scene in the library," called Mr. Cabanne, and the crowd parted respectfully for Miss Bayne and Mr. Bushman to pass through.

Miss Bayne was



Francis Bushman laying down the law as part of his job



The same Bushman interceding in behalf of the girl



And here we have him making a boy proud

BUSHMAN!
UNAFRAID OF WORK.
SERIOUS BY NATURE.
HANDSOME AS NATURALLY.
MERRY OF MOOD.
AMAZINGLY ARTISTIC.
NEVER IDLE.

very simply dressed in a tailored coat-suit with a small, close-fitting hat to match. She saw me—and blessings upon the dear head of her!—very kindly took me away with her to her dressing-room where a smart maid was waiting to help her into a gorgeous evening frock, all silver tissue, palest pink tulle and blue chiffon, with a court train of pale blue satin, heavily embroidered in silver.

Miss Bayne and I had a most satisfying conversation during this interlude. While she was being hooked up into the lovely gown we discussed Broadway's latest things theatrical; while the brocaded, high-heeled slippers and silk stockings were being donned we discovered a mutual liking for a certain masculine star of the movies, and while her soft brown hair was being dressed she told me lots of interesting things, strictly confidential.

And when we went back to the studio, Mr. Bushman, looking more handsome than ever in evening togs, was waiting. The set this time was a beautiful one—three rooms in one—a wide living-room, handsomely furnished, opening at one side into a book-walled library, and at the other side into a dining-room that was the very essence of taste and refinement.

The scene here was a short one—but it will thrill many thousands of admirers of the popular couple. Mr. Bushman was standing alone in the set when the scene began, looking out towards the supposed staircase, with, to borrow an expression from a new "best seller"—it's a stock quotation, so is first anything from Shakespeare to Earl Derr Biggers—with "his heart in his eyes." When Mr. Cabanne thought he had waited long enough to make the scene realistic, he gave a call for Miss Bayne, who entered slowly from beside the camera, but from the supposed staircase, as it will appear to those who see this scene in its entirety. Mr. Bushman's face lit up with a worshipful smile as she came slowly towards him, but he did not touch her. She hesitated a

(Continued on page 54)

MY AMMUNITION PLANTS

By NORMA TALMADGE

OF course, as yet I am only a rookie and not a regular farmer or farmerette, as they call them at the New York State School of Agriculture's farm college at Farmingdale, but after my summer of intensive training in the trenches of the garden of my country home at Beachurst, L. I., I will be better equipped to comply with PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL'S request for an article on war-time gardening.

Right now I have only general ideas about the subject, some water blisters on my hands and a respect for tillers of the soil that is nothing short of scandalous adoration. That the hoe is mightier than the sword is an opinion I heartily concur in; likewise it is much more difficult to handle, or, at least, such is my observation based on encounter with the hoe. However, this should not be taken authoritatively, as I have never had any experience with a sword, even in the movies, where anything can happen—and does.

Being city-born-

and-bred, it wasn't to be expected that my knowledge of gardening should qualify me as a female Hoover. Before undertaking to do my bit for my country by raising my own vegetables and thereby helping to conserve the world's food supply (no reflection being intended upon the eating capacity of my household), I couldn't distinguish in its native lair a rutabaga from a radish.

While I did know that setting a hen

with my invasion of his turnip territory.

Nevertheless, I am proud of my ammunition plants, for such I designate my garden. To my way of thinking, "it is just as important these days to raise calories as cannons. As fighting machines must have munitions to consume, so must the fighters have food, and if I can produce sufficient vegetables for my own needs, the quantity, while perhaps not enormous, thus saved for our forces at

the front will help some. Of course, it may only be a widow's mite, but still it isn't so insignificant at that, for I do a great deal of entertaining during the summer. Anyway, I am complying with President Wilson's request and incidentally getting a whole lot of healthy, outdoor exercise.

And with the exercise I am absorbing a lot of knowledge—learning things that otherwise I would never know. For instance, I have discovered that the potato bug is the most highly intelligent insect known to man. In



Norma Talmadge in the oval and in her garden twice

on an egg plant wouldn't produce a litter of eggs, I am afraid I did betray an ignorance of produce-growing that must have seemed as absurd to my gardener, a most conscientious man, but one singularly devoid of imagination. I am certain I have been a terrible trial to him, and, for that matter, still am, for, as I said before, I am only a volunteer farmer, and not even a common or garden variety of one—YET.

However, if my hands and health hold out and my gardener's exasperation doesn't snap under the terrific strain, I'll make him sorry for all the unkind things he has thought about my encroachments upon his sacred precincts. While he has never dared say so, at least not in my hearing, I suspect from the manner in which he looks at me at times that he feels the German occupation of Belgium was an offense of minor importance as compared



school books children are made acquainted with the industry of bees and ants, but the potato bug is shamefully neglected. You have got to have your own patch of "Murphies" to appreciate his superior mental development over all other forms of minute animal life.

Vine feeders, grasshoppers, locusts and beetles all have their individual peculiarities, but when it comes to downright, deep-rooted duplicity, deliver me from the potato bug. Smoke them off vines, spray them with poison, pick them off and stamp them into the earth—no matter what you do—they'll outwit you, and the minute your back is turned resume their nefarious business. But how in the name of common-sense can they?—I can hear the gentle city reader ask. Simply because they have the art of "playing dead" reduced to an exact science, and because they play upon your sympathy and credulity.

Why, they are so gifted in these arts that when they hear you coming their way they will drop on the ground flat on their backs and lay there absolutely still until you have passed by, thinking they are dead. Once you have gone beyond point of observation, they will sneak back on the potato plant and resume their feeding where they left off at the interruption.

They will even deceive a person familiar with their ways and suspicious of their behavior. Many's the time I have rolled over with a stick a supposedly extinct potato bug, satisfied myself appa-

rently that life had departed, and then rustled the plants to make believe I was walking away, only to see the "dead" spud-sponger open his eyes, twist over on his belly and start back for the vine. And so supreme are they in the confidence of their ability to pull the wool over us poor mortals that it is a 100-to-1 shot the bug when detected in this subterfuge will have the affrontery to flop over on his back and "play dead" all over again! There is absolutely no limit to their nerve.

My gardening in war times has its horrors for my friends as well as its delights for me. For a long time I didn't know what the trouble was until my mother suggested the solution to the puzzle of why guests invited to week-end visits suddenly found so many excuses for not accepting my invitations.

In the beginning they all expressed delight when I told them they could eat at my house personally conducted vegetables. Everybody loves fresh garden truck, and city folks' imaginations run riot at the mere thought of getting freshly plucked cabbages, newly-mown lettuce and recently harvested beets. But unfortunately the early summer visitors were doomed to disappointment, for the only product in my garden mature enough to serve were scallions. All I could do was to show them where the other subjects of the vegetable kingdom were in the process of training and feed them on young onions.

The first three of four week-end par-

ties proved martyrs to my new movement and consumed my home-trained scallions for three meals a day with apparent relish, if concealed regrets, but on returning to the city I suspect they started in circulation rumors of an unsavory nature that influenced prospective guests to cancel their reservations with me. Some people are so sensitive that a breath of scandal will swerve them from their course.

However, the fault was not mine, but was due to the cold and rains of the early spring, which set my garden back six weeks, and it was some time before it yielded me anything but young onions and I could retrieve myself. During that period our beans and peas came from cans or from the village market, but so far as I know none of my guests ever discovered the difference.

I could fill a magazine the size of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL recounting my experiences as a novice farmerette, but to fully appreciate the thrill and glory of war-time gardening one must go through the experience for one's self. After you have, you can understand the feelings of the city chap sent out to dig potatoes when he came back to the farmer and indignantly demanded that he go get them himself, as he had planted them and knew best where they were hidden.

There is so much to learn and apparently trivial things enter so largely into the cultivation of a garden that the rookie is absolutely confounded. For instance, the gardener nearly suffered a

(Continued on page 54)

From Grand Opera to Grand Cinema

Magnetism of the Camera Proves Irresistible
By C. STEARNS CLANCY

THE strange fascination—but perhaps not so strange—that photoplay acting holds for people of all classes and types is well illustrated by the case of Mlle. Helen Royton, international favorite of the operatic stage, now the favorite heavy of one of the large Western studios.

Mlle. Royton, as regal as her name, is not the first prima donna to "work in pictures," but hers is a shining example of the unexpected that so often happens to professional people. At the time Mars started operations in 1914 she was in Paris, having spent the winter season on European stages in the roles of "Micaela" in "Carmen," singing in French; "Elsa" in "Lohengrin," singing in German, and "Nedda" in "Madam Butterfly," singing in Italian. She made her escape from the French capital when the German army was but a few miles from the city gates, and after much hardship succeeded in reaching her home in New York with merely the clothes she had on.

Finding the business of grand opera in America on a slump for the time being, Mlle. Royton decided upon a vacation trip to Los Angeles, to get as far from the war as possible. While visiting a studio at Long Beach she appealed to a director as a "type" he happened to be looking for, and "just for fun" was prevailed upon to accept the role of "Perda Brentane," in the feature entitled "Men-

tioned in Confidence," then in course of production.



Helen Royton

And now the spell of the camera began to work. "Acting with only the camera for my audience seemed so queer and novel, especially as I was not allowed to look at it, that the work fascinated me at once, and I put forth my best efforts," Mlle. Royton explains, and her ability as a photoplay actress was quickly established.

Before her second picture was half finished Mlle. Royton had the misfortune to sustain a broken leg in an elevator accident and was forced to chaff with inactivity for six weeks. Upon leaving the

hospital, however, she was again tempted with the offer of a promising part in a big picture under production in a Hollywood studio, and now is giving every indication of becoming one of the most widely-admired of screen actresses.

"My studio work is so absorbing," Helen Royton declares, "that I shall be sorry when the time comes for me to return to the stage."

"SUNSHINE JACKIE"

By LUCY CARROLL

OF course, knowing Jackie Saunders, I knew better than to expect her to adopt an ordinary, everyday sort of a hobby. But I truly didn't expect that hobby to be real estate. What? Yes, *real estate!* I know it sounds odd—but then Jackie is most distinctly an out-of-the-ordinary girl, and her hobbies are expected to be odd!

The "whyfor" of the real estate hobby is explained readily. You see, first of all, Jackie bought a beautiful "eleven-room-sleeping-porch-sun-parlor" home in Long Branch. About six months she was perfectly happy, in getting herself all settled in her beautiful home, and having the grounds exactly as she wanted them. But, as many a proud house-holder has discovered before, getting settled doesn't last forever, and Jackie got tired of seeing her perfect home, with nothing to do to add to its wonderful beauty.

Then, one day, she had a brilliant inspiration. Just across the broad street from her home was a bungalow, well built, with good grounds; but the bungalow

had fallen into a shocking state of disrepair, and the grounds were a tangle of weeds. So Jackie telephoned the agent and found that the place could be bought for a mere song—and Jackie immediately "sang" for it.

She engaged carpenters, and under her own directions, had the building repaired, repainted and the walls done over. The grounds were Jackie's especial pride. The back-yard was "mobilized" into a

"war-garden" that Uncle Sam would surely admire; pretty, old-fashioned flowers—pinks, pansies, sweet peas, verbena, poppies, China asters, bachelor's button, hollyhocks, larkspur, and all their beautiful tribe—transferred the front garden into a thing of beauty. And, to make it all complete, Jackie furnished the lovely little bungalow.

"Now that you have got it, what are you going to do with it?" asked her facetious studio friends. But Jackie made no reply, and smiled rather mysteriously.

One day an exultant bridegroom telephoned Jackie and offered a handsome price to rent the newly finished bungalow, just as it stood. And Jackie accepted his offer. That was the beginning of the hobby. And now Jackie spends her spare time driving around Long Beach in her smart little raceabout, hunting up neglected, dilapidated-looking houses, and furnishing them up to rent at prices that cause her friends to throw up their hands with screams of horror. Incidentally, this hobby is adding quite a bit to the size of the Saunders' bank account—which is more



than can be said of most of her hobbies.

"I think I was intended for an interior decorator, instead of an actress, anyway," said Jackie, in her blue and gold dressing-room at the Balboa studio, one day. "And also a landscape gardener. I love messing around inside an empty, ugly house, and making it emerge from its treatment, all spick and span and new, and so pretty that the first person who sees it rents it on the spot."

"How did you happen to become an actress, anyway?" I demanded, as she removed the pins from her golden curls and shook them about her head in a cloud of fine, pale gold. Jackie, be it known, was in the midst of that fascinating process, to the layman, known as "making up."

"Why," she answered, obligingly, "I was an artist's model—I posed exclusively for Harrison Fisher, Clarence F. Underwood and Howard C. Christy. I was doing ingenue parts in a stock company in Philadelphia at the time, and some one suggested movies to me, when the season closed. This was just at the beginning of the movie day, and I was inclined, with a lot of my theatrical sisters, to look down upon the lowly movie."

"Why, I remember one day when the movie people wanted to use our home for some pictures, and mother gave the permission, but would not let us children watch the film.ing!"

"But one day, at a studio party, I asked, in succession, the opinions of the three illust.ators who had proven themselves so truly my friends. And each of them seemed to approve of the idea. After thinking it over for a week or two, and no theatrical engagement looming ahead, I decided to give it a try."

"So I went down to the Reliance Company and applied for work. I was determined not to begin at the bottom, so I haughtily informed that I had had a great deal of picture experience, as well as stage experience. And on the strength of that bluff I was engaged to do a lead in a picture beginning that day. Believing that I had had experience, the director decided to do a scene in front of Grace Church without first rehearsing

it. I was so frightened that I went through that scene in a daze—but it came out all right, so I was signed up for a long time.

"After that I worked with Biograph, Kanemacolor and Universal. Later I joined Balboa and have been here ever since."

By the time this long speech was finished she had finished her make-up and was clad in an adorable negligee, all frothy with lace and chiffon ruffles, over blue crepe de chine, with her hair hanging about her face in distracting curls.

I was laughing over her determined attempts to evade the long climb from "extra-dom" to star-dom. And she laughed, too.

"It just goes to show what a bit of bluff will do," she laughed.

At that moment we were interrupted by a knock at the door. And when Jackie cordially called, "Come in," the door opened very slowly, and a little girl, about four years old, clad in blue and white rompers, peeked in. Her face, a little frightened at first, cleared the instant she saw Jackie.

"Please, Miss Jackie, will you buy my dog?" was the amazing question she presented, dragging at a bit of string in her hand. And at the behest of the string a round, roly-poly little puppy, with the engagingly awkward shamble of a puppy, walked in, seated himself at the child's feet and showed an utterly adorable willingness to be bought.

"Well!" gasped Jackie.

"He's an awful good dog—and I like him a lot," the child's voice faltered, and a big tear threatened the brown eyes, lifted beseechingly to the actress' face. "But mamma says I can't have him, and I don't want to give him to anybody that won't be good to him."

Jackie put out an impulsive arm, encircling the little blue-clad body, drawing the child close to her and bending to pat the head of the friendly little puppy.

"But why won't your mamma let you keep him, honey?" she asked.

"Bu—bu—cause he's a whemale," she elucidated. Jackie gasped again and a twinkle dawned in her eye.

"I'm afraid I can't afford another dog," she said, gravely. "How much do you want for him—er—her?"

"A nickel," answered the child, hopefully.

Jackie hesitated a moment, but the eyes of the dog and the pleading arms of the child won the day. Jackie reached for her gold bag, took out a crisp five-dollar bill and gave it to the child.

"And you must come and see your little dog every day," she told the astonished and delighted child.

The child fled, evidently fearing that her good fortune would be snatched from her. The dog seemed not a whit disturbed by the departure of its erstwhile owner.

"You're a darling—Rufus," she christened, suddenly. And a willing stage-hand took Rufus away to Jackie's already overflowing kennels.

I have told this little incident in detail because it gives the keynote to Jackie's character—she's just a dear, lovable human sort of girl—not the least bit "upstage," or inclined to feel her own importance. Her dearest possession, aside from her hobby, is her car—not the great big limousine which she used in "The Wildcat," but the swift little two-passenger raceabout. In fact, her friends hardly recognize her as the dignified, stunningly-gowned Jacquelin who occasionally goes shopping or calling in the Princess, as she calls the limousine; she's Jackie, in a coat-suit, a tam-hat of black velvet and her raceabout.

She likes ragged, tom-boy parts, such as her role in "A Bit of Kindling"—in fact, she herself prepared the story for this play, which is based on the actual experience of a little news-girl whom Jackie once met in San Francisco and in whom she became much interested.

But despite her admiration for these harum-scarum roles, she can readily don a Lucille creation and be and look Jacquelin in a moment's notice.

All in all, Jackie Saunders is a real girl, with real ambitions, hobbies, virtues and faults. And just as she is, all her friends love her—we wouldn't change one tiny thing about her, for as she is, she is "our Sunshine Jackie."

The Undraped Figure in Movies By PAUL WILSON

Considerable agitation was created recently by exhibitions of the undraped human figure in motion pictures, and there can be no doubt that great harm has come to this means of expression through the use of it in photoplays of a more or less modern and realistic character which renders it rather suggestive and undesirable. It is evident, however, that few realize the unlimited possibilities which lay before them in a photo-music art drama, combining the dramatic art, the photographic art and musical art, using as its medium the undraped human figure, and having as its basis, for instance, a mythological or other idealistic subject properly conceived, and constructed in collaboration with a musician who is capable of giving it a suitable musical setting—performed by a competent orchestra; in short, having all the requisites for making it a representative art work.

Why make art an excuse for its exhibition? Contentment begets happiness;

happiness begets good health, and good health is wealth. Nature begets beauty; beauty begets ideals, and the representation of ideals through natural beauty is Art. The greatest instinctive desire of man since the beginning of time is the desire for that kind of wealth which comes of contentment, good health and happiness. Art points to the straightest and shortest way to that goal.

Objections may be sustained as to the manner in which the undraped human figure is presented; regarding the theme or plot involving its exhibition, etc.; but when a picture is artistically conceived, artistically performed and properly presented, there can be no serious objection to it because it has as its medium undraped human form.

There is enough in this world that is either ugly or absolutely commonplace. Let us not turn from that which Nature has made beautiful for us. It is generally agreed that there is nothing more

beautiful than the undraped, healthy, well-developed human figure when, from practice and training, it is made to represent beautiful thoughts. And yet there are those who protest against an exhibition of it, even though the presentation be most artistic and helpful, on the ground that such exhibitions inspire temptation, but forgetting that the real test of character is not in avoiding temptation, but rather in coming face to face with it, yea, in going straight through it, for he who has passed through it and has come out unspotted and unscarred has something of which he may be proud.

We have had our full of realism in photoplays, in music, in dramas, in painting; in fact, in all modern art works, and in everything about us. It is time that we return again to idealism and romance, and there is no reason why the art of the motion picture should not lead with the most beautiful form of expression as its medium—the undraped human figure.

Another Glimpse of Two Fair Nymphs

HERE we have with us in full surf regalia Bebe Daniels, Pathe's Petite Pantomimist, she who is perched on the springboard, with limbs in mid-air, and Norma Talmadge, Nifty Norma, who is seated on the beach below tempting her dog with a dainty morsel. As the summer season approaches its termination and bathing days become more limited, a study of this pictorial evidence of the delight in being near the sad sea waves waxes the more interesting. It is as a sort of a final view of scenes of joy. It brings back to you a flood of fond memories—memories of not so much the beautiful seaside as of the beautiful femininity

you beheld beside the seaside, where many a man has sighed himself inside a drink emporium just to forget.

If you will permit yourself to be our subject for just the proverbial nonce and will lapse into a state of long-distance hypnosis by fixing your gaze out on the unchecked main in the background—

Yes, if you would permit yourself! But you won't, because you are looking at the lovely ladies, and you don't give a rap about the surrounding scenery. Have we not proven our assertion that memories are of people and not of views? Do you still gainsay us? Well, then, imagine, if you will, all this attractive picture minus the young ladies and with only the dog to cross your line of vision. Would you take a second look unless you were a fanatical dog fancier?

Ah, yes, we had just as well be candid about the so-called foibles of life. We do all love to see the ladies which, after all is said, cannot be regarded as a very serious foible, either.

Now, let's take Bebe Daniels, not so much if we will as if we can—she wears clothes well and in a bathing suit she should suit any one. On the screen she likewise makes a favorable impression. She is one of the comparative newcomers to the cinema who bid fair to achieve constantly increasing successes. She displays a wealth of talent and good looks.

She has personality, too, backed up

with a certain little coyness which makes her irresistible. Verily, if she keeps on in pictures and bathing attire, she is going to be very, very famous. We predict as much without fear of contradiction.

And now for Norma Talmadge—you'll find a lot about her in another section of this very magazine—but we wish to elucidate upon her aquatic ability, something you know less about than you do about her histrionic ability. Miss Talmadge is not the greatest swimmer on earth, nor does she aspire to break any high-diving records, but she is the wearer and introducer of about as many new and novel and nifty swimming suits as any gentle dear extant. She has a marked fondness for excelling in her beach costumes, and she does. Whenever she appears on a crowded beach there are many admiring eyes among the men and some mighty envious eyes among the women. She sets a high standard in the art of dressing up to go down in the water.

Of course, you're wondering if she always basks in the sunshine of the seashore with only her dog. Nay, nay; for she is one of the most sociable of all photoplayers, and her list of close personal friends looks like the telephone directory of New York City. She is generally a member of large parties when she goes a-swimming, but she is always the star in the swim, just as she is the star in the pictures. So be it. Now for winter.



Above
You
Will
Find
Bebe
Daniels

Seated
on
the
Beach
is
Norma
Talmadge

Under False Colors

By STEPHEN S. SCOTT

Adapted from the Photoplay of Lloyd Lonergan as produced by the Thanhouser Film Corporation Starring Frederick Warde

JOHN COLTON was a man of mark, even among the "Big Men of Wall Street." His financial operations were always of interest, and it had grown to be a saying in "the street" that as Colton goes, so goes the market.

Colton's namesake and heir was not of the same pattern as the average millionaire's son. He was not a leading light in the Great White Way and he was not lazy and idle. On the contrary, Jack Colton had buckled down to business as soon as he left college, and was his father's right-hand man. And in the business world he had won the respect of his associates because of his energy and ability.

It was in the third year of the World War that the Russian Government, then ruled by the Czar, applied to Colton's firm for a loan of some 250,000,000 roubles. Colton could secure the money, of course, but naturally he wanted to make investigations first, and thus it came to pass that he sent his son abroad for that purpose.

In Petrograd romance made its first appearance in Jack Colton's busy life. He was in his apartment one evening when a beautiful young woman rushed in through the window. Breathlessly she explained that the police were seeking to arrest her for a political crime, and that she feared they had seen her enter the house.

The chivalrous young American very promptly offered his aid, hid her in an adjoining room, and when the police appeared he forbade them to search the place. The probabilities are that, despite

his objections, they would have done so, but good fortune was with him. Baron Steveroff, the Foreign Minister, arrived for a conference at an opportune moment, and young Colton made it very clear that there would be no American loan if he was to be annoyed by the police in this idiotic way. The Minister ordered the officials to depart and was so eager to accommodate the young banker that he willingly secured a passport for "my cousin, Miss Grey," without seeing her, or even caring what she looked like. Colton's visitor was thus able to make her escape from Russia, and not until after she had gone did her preserver realize that neither knew the other's name.

The Russian girl was the Princess Olga and despite her rank she was an ardent worker in the cause of the people. The secret police had got on her trail, however, and she was forced to flee the country. The passport Colton had secured for her took her in safety to Sweden, and there she took passage on a ship bound for America. Owing to the overcrowded condition of the vessel, Olga was compelled to share a stateroom. The other

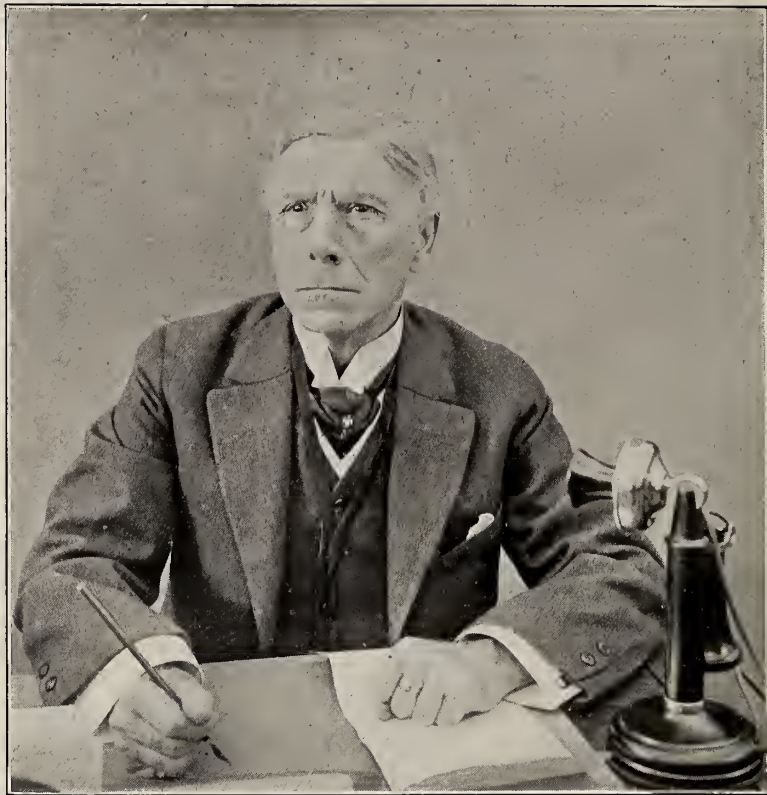
girl, a shy, delicate creature, soon, by her very dependence, gained Olga's affection and a friendship rapidly developed between them.

The liner was a ship of a neutral nation, but this fact did not save it. A German submarine attacked the vessel without warning, and only a portion of those on board were lucky enough to escape in the boats. Olga and her room-mate got places in the same lifeboat, but the night of exposure to which they were subjected was too much for the younger girl. Finding that she was dying, she told Olga her story. Her home was in Poland, where her father held a high government position. When the Germans advanced upon the town the girl was sent away by her parent. He supplied her with money and a letter to John Colton in New York. Colton and Paul Ladislaus (Jennie's father) had been chums when boys, and the friendship was still strong, although they had not seen each other for years, while Jennie had never met the financier. The girl asked Olga to deliver her father's message to Colton, and died soon after. The others in the boat tossed about helplessly for many weary hours and then were saved by an American warship.

On Olga's arrival in America she registered at one of the big hotels and communicated with one Serge Virubova, supposedly a business man, but in reality the head of the Russian Brotherhood in New York. She told him of her experiences and his interest was greatly aroused. Serge's secret ambition was to amass great wealth, and his "patriotism" was only a pretense. He saw at once the great advantage of having a friend in Colton's home, and after long argument induced Olga to pass herself off as the daughter of Ladislaus.

"Colton is the one great enemy of our order, and if we can ruin him financially it will probably mean the freedom of Russia," he told the unsophisticated princess.

"Then if it is for my Russia, I will go to any limit," she replied, completely de-



Frederick Warde in the role of "Big Man of Wall Street"



Olga overpowered Ivan while Colton summoned the police

ceived by the man's plausible explanations.

Forthwith she went to Colton, who received her without any suspicion whatsoever.

"I assure you I am happy to have the daughter of my good friend as my honored guest, and I insist that you make your home with my wife and I," was his cordial greeting.

"I shall be equally as happy to be your guest, I assure you," she replied, struggling to prevent herself from taking a liking to the genial financier whom she felt should have her cordial hatred.

Once in the Colton home, however, she found it utterly impossible to curb or direct her feelings. She discovered in Mrs. Colton one of those pleasant, old-fashioned women whom no mortal could despise or ignore. From the inception Olga realized her life to be cast in very happy ways. She received the tenderest of mothering from Mrs. Colton, and as for Colton himself, he made it clear early that he regarded his pretty guest almost as though she were his own child. Indeed, Olga occupied an ideal position for accomplishing the dastardly work Serge Virubova had planned.

Like all men of large affairs, the financier had his own peculiar traits. One of these was a strong conviction that he could judge a person's character at first sight. He liked Olga the day they met—consequently she was, had been and always would be the finest girl in the world, according to his fallacious way of reckoning. And he boasted more

loudly than ever of this when Jack Colton, his son, returned from Russia.

"We have the finest girl in all the world at our house now, son, and I want you to start thinking seriously about her even before you have met her," he told the young man upon greeting him at the railway station.

"I don't like to take views opposite to yours, dad, but I fear I met the finest girl in the world in Russia, and the misfortune of it is, I failed to learn her name and therefore have slim chance of ever seeing her again," the son replied with geniality mixed with obvious regret.

"Never mind that," the old gentleman rejoined pleasantly. "When you have seen our girl you're going to change your opinion."

John Colton was so anxious to start romance in his household that he actually urged his chauffeur to hasten home, even if he had to break speed laws to do it. Jack was genuinely amused by his father's eagerness. He felt sure it was all going to be rare fun, but he was convinced he would be a tough proposition for the little God of Love to tackle, since

he could never forget the beautiful Russian girl he had met under such extraordinary circumstances in far-away Russia.

But when he reached his home with his proud father, who rushed him into the presence of Olga! What a miracle it all seemed to be! Standing right before him in his own home the very girl he deemed lost to him forever. The observing father noted the expression of surprise which swept impulsively over the young man's face. He also noted the reflection of this same surprise on the face of the girl. He was amazed by the speechlessness of both—by the silence and restraint.

"Well, now what?" he demanded.

Jack Colton diverted his charmed gaze from the girl, and looking his father squarely in the eye, smiled.

"Dad," he said slowly and in low, joyous tones, "you and I have both picked the same girl as the finest in the world. We have met before."



Olga in the meeting place of the anarchists

"Yes, in Russia—how extraordinary," Olga interjected nervously, yet obviously well pleased.

"Is that so?" the old gentleman exclaimed, completely overwhelmed. "Isn't this all wonderful? May it all mean unbounded happiness for us all in the future!"

Jack Colton was spared the ordeal of falling in love on this occasion. He had already tripped over the gentle passion in Russia. However, he experienced all the thrill of realizing his love, to be so engrossing as to exclude even the thought of any other girl from his mind.

"I love you most dearly and I want to ask you to become my wife, despite our short acquaintance," he proposed to the girl the very first moment they got alone.

"I—I—I am sorry, but I cannot wed you," she replied rather half-heartedly, as if she regretted the necessity of rejecting the ardent swain.

"Oh, but we must find a way to overcome any circumstance which may hold you in check, providing, of course, you love me, too," Colton insisted with unabating avidity.

"No, I fear we cannot surmount the obstacles, for they are too great and too important," she told him sadly.

For a full hour young Colton pressed into service his every power of expression, his every ingratiating manner and the whole sincerity of his honest heart, to induce the girl he loved to alter her attitude; but it was all in vain. She would not give in one iota to his beseeching, and he was sorely perplexed.

When he later made a frank report of his experience to his father, the latter was disappointed beyond measure, and he was mystified distressingly.

"I know she loves the boy," he told himself. "She knows we would be glad to see them marry. Now, why does she reject him?"

While pondering over this his thoughts were changed into a new channel by the arrival of a visitor—Paul Ladislaus. The

reunion was a joyous one, for Colton had believed the other dead. He had been in a German prison for a while, but had been exchanged, and had come to America to seek news of his daughter. And while he was talking his host saw Olga coming down the stairs. Here was Colton's chance to bring about a joyful reunion and, unseen by his caller, he beckoned the girl to approach. As she did so he turned Ladislaus around and prepared to enjoy the sight of their mutual surprise and joy, but nothing of the kind happened. It was plain that the two were stran-

gers, so Colton exchanged a few unimportant words with Olga and she went away without even being introduced to the man who was seeking his lost daughter. Part of the mystery was explained by Ladislaus a few minutes later when he told of his daughter's death, he having learned the particulars from some of the survivors.

The average man, put in Colton's place, would have denounced Olga and turned her out in disgrace. But Colton was not an ordinary man. Also, in some respects he was vain. He had declared the girl was honest, loyal and most lovable, and he hated to think he had made a mistake.

So, in his masterful way, he started in to prove that his first judgment had been correct.

Olga, in the meantime, had found her position as a spy most distasteful. She was still heart and soul in the revolutionary movement, but she loved the Coltons, and hated the position into which fate had thrust her. Serge was continually urging her to learn some of Colton's financial plans, but she put him off with one excuse after another. Soon after the



Serge, the leader of New York Russian Society, called to see Olga

arrival of Paul Ladislaus matters came to a climax.

One of the revolutionists, Ivan by name, was an ardent advocate of brutal action. In Olga's presence he declared his belief that Colton should be "made away with," and on the same evening he forced his way into the house and covered the financier with a revolver. Olga came to his assistance, but later she aided his enemy to escape, for she could not bring herself to send one of the Brotherhood to prison, especially as he had failed in his attack on Colton.

And she did not know that Ivan was really in the pay of Colton, and that the "crime" had been carefully staged by the financier, just to prove that Olga would not permit any harm to come to him.

A little later, at one of the meetings of the society, Ivan introduced "a brother from abroad." He was an ardent revolutionist and told many stirring stories of conditions in Russia. Serge utilized these remarks to bring additional pressure upon Olga, telling her that with Colton's wealth it would be only a question of a few months before the republican movement in their native land became a reality. And just at this moment (perhaps Colton could explain the coincidence) a member rushed in from the street with a copy of a newspaper extra, telling how the Czar had abdicated.

No one received this news with greater delight than did Olga, for she believed it freed her from her oath. She felt she could remove the burden from her conscience at last by ceasing to be secretly working against those she wished to favor instead. She boldly told Serge she was through with him now.

"Say not so," he replied. "Our cause is still interested in Colton's money and, freedom or no freedom, we must have it."

"You'll not get it if I can prevent," Olga came back defiantly.

"Oh, but yes we will," the man replied coolly.

Then he played his trump card. He

made the girl his prisoner and in her presence telephoned Colton, notifying him of the fact that Olga was held a prisoner and would be put to death unless a large sum of money was forthcoming from him. Olga struggled desperately to prevent Serge from getting his message to Colton. Failing in this, she boldly grabbed the 'phone out of his hands and retained it over his battling long enough to warn Colton to stay away.

"It will mean death to you, and that God will spare you is my fondest wish," Olga cried frantically into the 'phone.

But "Colton" came just the same. It was not Colton, the banker, but Colton, the son, the revolutionist having talked

to the one believing he was the other. Young Colton was welcome, however, in Serge's quick estimation, especially when he observed that the young heir apparent to great wealth was deeply in love with Olga.

"Oh, pray don't imperil yourself for me," she begged of Colton.

"Why, dearie, you are worth more to me than all the money my father possesses," he replied cheerily.

"Ah, here is a regular fellow," Serge chimed in, rubbing his hands energetically as he grinned in anticipation of having easy prey.

"But we must protect your dear father," she insisted.

"First of all, however, we must protect you, and I am willing to pay any amount these crooks desire to accomplish this," young Colton gallantly replied.

Upon the suggestion of Serge the young man started to write a letter which meant success to the designing Serge, but ere he had half finished it, Ivan and his "friend" broke into the place and calmly informed Serge that he was under arrest. When he had been securely handcuffed, the "friend" removed his disguise and Olga beheld the senior Colton, much to her surprise.

"It was worth all the trouble we have gone to," the old gentleman said, turning to his son. "I declared when first we met that Olga was honest, loyal and lovable, and I have proved it. She got into this movement because of her tender-hearted patriotism. There never was anything wrong about her, and I am glad she came to me even under false colors."

Then he paused and turned his gaze from his son to Olga with smiling deliberation. Slowly and confidently he led his heir to the girl and joined their hands.

"Son, I think it is up to you to make this girl a good American citizen," he added.

And the son did.

WHY MOTION PICTURE STARS LEAVE HOME

Out in the Lasky studio the daily storming of the gates by motion picture aspirants led to the devising of an application blank by Cecil B. DeMille. Each new candidate for stellar honors is presented with one of these by a heartless office boy before personal contact can be established with any director. The information requested of the applicant is quite detailed and distinctly personal, even to the extent of the age, weight, chest and waist measurements, nationality, and accomplishments, such as swimming, riding, driving, dancing and fencing.

One of the most remarkable application blanks which has been received by Mr. DeMille is one which was filed by a woman who shall be nameless. Suffice it to say that she resides in Long Beach, California.

This future scintillating genius of the screen coyly admits the tender age of forty-five summers (winters omitted because of the bad effect upon the complexion, no doubt) and gives her present occupation as that of a dressmaker. Her hair is brown, her eyes are blue; waist twenty-six—chest,

thirty-two! Her nationality she described as "not any."

The lady's accomplishments are as follows, according to her own statement: riding—"horseback, yes"; swimming—"will learn how"; drive auto—"no"; dancing—"no, will learn"; fencing—"no." It will be observed that the lady has no intention of learning to drive a motor-car or to fence, though at her tender years she faces with equanimity the problems and dangers of learning to dance.

The applicant gives as her specialty, acting; this despite the fact that she lists her previous line of business as dressmaking, and later states that she had had no experience on the stage. Under the broad and embracing head of Remarks, she declares: "Though I have had no experience in acting on the stage I know that good acting is asking God to help us, and knowing that we can act each part by feeling and seeing each part that we are acting."

So far the Lasky Company has not purchased any scripts expressly for this new star.

Peggy Hyland is here a persuasive Peggy



Dainty Peggy preparing a box for the boys at the front



Uncle Sam John Bull and Peggy Hyland

By ADELE W. FLETCHER

THE door of Peggy Hyland's dressing-room at the Mayfair studios contains the name of its occupant, and hanging above these words is a red, white and blue shield, which I later learned the little star purchased to help the Red Cross.

Entering the room I found Miss Hyland curled up gracefully on a chaise lounge in her blue and white bower of a dressing-room busily reading some letters from her fan friends.

As I seated myself in the deep-winged arm-chair I found myself asking the star if her heart was still in England, for I noticed some of her letters bore a foreign postmark.

"No, indeed," she exclaimed, "that would be impossible. My heart is in my work, and my work is here; but even if that were not so, the warm welcome the great American public has accorded me would win the heart of a stone."

As she gathered the letters together and settled herself so that I might enjoy her undivided attention, her fox terrier, who had been watching her longingly from his cushion on the floor,



One of Miss Hyland's latest and best poses

sprang to the lounge and attempted to make a place for himself beside her.

"Jackpots," she laughed, "you certainly are a nut—don't you know that I must wear this frock in my next scene, and you are musing it frightfully?"

Already she has acquired the slang habit, thus proving herself something of an American, at any rate. Somehow it seemed odd to hear the word "nut" in her English-accented speech. She seemed to say it because it was necessary, but in a way which showed how much of a stranger it was to her vocabulary.

"But come," she continued to the dog, "show our friend here your clever tricks."

Miss Hyland jumped from her resting place and ran to her dressing table, taking

two small silk flags from the drawer—one the Union Jack and the other the Stars and Stripes.

She waved the British first, singing "God Save the King" in a sweet voice, and "Jackpots" barked as loud as his dog lungs permitted. Then she did likewise with the glorious emblem of our democracy and freedom, by singing the "Star-Spangled Banner," while the dog continued to bark even louder than before.

"See how impartial he is," enthused the actress. "I just guess he could teach many human beings a lesson. And do you know," she asked, "he learned that trick quicker than any other."

As we again settled ourselves for a chat I found myself wondering if some of Miss Hyland's relations had not resided in America. She seemed to possess innumerable American traits and her ideas

were all those of one who had been born and brought up under the protection of the Stars and Stripes.

She assured me that this was not so, however, saying she was the first of her family to reside out of England.

"I don't think I am disloyal to my England when I say this," she continued, "but all my life I reveled in American history. I am a firm believer in democracy and think the nobility should consist of those who lend a helping hand whenever possible. It is not the poor girl, but the dishonest girl, who is beneath me."

Under encouragement from me she continued along this channel of thought, proving that there was nothing ever resembling false pride in her composition.

One letter which had come that day had begun:

"Dear English Cousin"—
and had set Miss Hyland to thinking.

"Every girl in England is happy to be considered the American's cousin, but now that I am living in America—earning my living here, and, as my friends are kind enough to say—pleasing by my efforts, I want to be considered something more than a cousin—I want to be a sister—one of you, and I hope my public will feel the same towards me."

The world conflict now raging receives her serious attention, for she follows the moves of the armies day by day and has done her bit in the quiet, determined way for which she is noted by those who know her.

"When this horrible, cruel war started," she said, her eyes flashing, "we stopped being French, English or Americans and became humanitarians. We are fighting together in the well worth-while cause of democracy. And when we realize that democracy must, at the same time, mean a world peace, the horrors seem paid in some measure, at least."

One would find it utterly impossible not to be stimulated to patriotism in her presence. She radiates spirit, and it is easy to believe she would give her life to any cause she believed right.

"United we stand—divided we fall!" she said. "If that wouldn't sweep away any barriers of nationality, I don't know what would. Tonight you and I and our

hundreds of thousands of fellow-men here in America may sleep peacefully, guarded by the great English navy. My friends and relatives abroad have been given faith and hope anew by the knowledge that Uncle Sam's fine, stalwart boys are lending their fiery aid to the English brothers, husbands and fathers on the battlefield."

Later in the afternoon, after partaking of a delightful afternoon tea, the one English custom to which Miss Hyland still clings, we had a refreshing ride along the majestic Hudson in her beautiful car.

Her little head was popping out of the window constantly, for she feared to lose one sight of the beautiful scene.

"If there is any promise of heaven on earth," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "it is here. In all my traveling I have never seen a more wonderful spot."

Many might think as Miss Hyland, but it is doubtless if they would voice the thought unless they claimed America as a birthplace. This little star is nothing if not fair to the last degree.

While Miss Hyland is still loyal to John Bull, she shows the greatest reverence and respect to Uncle Sam, and her readiness to salute the flag and stand to our national anthem compares with all American-born citizens' fidelity.

She is a niece of whom Uncle Sam may well be proud—one who radiates the beliefs of this country—that every man, every cause is worth while until proven otherwise. She scorns the saying of the lawyer that every man is a thief until

proven honest, declaring if she believed that way she would forsake the fellow-men she was placed on earth to aid in some degree and become a selfish hermit.

She is English by birth—American by adoption; but, above all, she is a wholesome, refreshing girl who it is a genuine pleasure to know.

To her goes the credit for coining a very clever phrase—a worthy slogan, forsooth—most appropriate to the occasion of alliance now existing between the United States and Great Britain, namely:

Cousins once, but brothers now.

Never did American and Britisher reach such a zenith in brotherhood as at this critical time, when they fight side by side to insure the supremacy of democracy over autocracy. Never has the whole remarkable situation been better expressed than in these five words from the lips of Peggy Hyland, who enters most cordially into the spirit of it all by substantially contributing to the aid of both governments—her native one and her adopted one. As a matter of fact (and we presume she does not mind our divulging it) she is donating herself poor in her ardent effort to be of real assistance to the world's defenders in the terrific struggle in which she is so profoundly interested from an international standpoint. Peggy Hyland's money has been pouring into the war-chests of Uncle Sam and John Bull for some time and, moreover, she does not allow a week to go by without sending some clothes and necessities of life direct to the European trenches to various brave soldiers she knows personally.

"D. P."--INDIVIDUAL

By CARL STEARNS
CLANCY

NO one who has seen Dorothy Phillips on the screen, especially her very expressive work in Ibsen's "A Doll House," would imagine what a quiet and dignified little person Dorothy is when away from the studio. A casual acquaintance would, in fact, declare that Miss Phillips really lives only when she is acting some all-absorbing part before the camera, and that at other times she withdraws into her own pearly shell and dreams.

Such, however, is far from the fact. Miss Phillips' own personality, though naturally serious, is just as distinctive and exactly as individual as any which she impersonates at the studio. It is true she is often quiet and mentally preoccupied, but this is because she is thinking out little perfections for her role, rehearsing some poetry in her mind, or planning new costumes. Mentally, she is never idle for a moment.

When preparing for her interpretation of the famous "Nora," in "A Doll's House," she was not content to merely familiarize herself with the role, but memorized the play completely. The fact that the greatest actresses of the stage had been chosen for the legitimate performances of this role impressed Miss Phillips deeply, and she determined to give hers, the first screen portrayal, the best of her talent and vitality. Her successful delineation of the part, and the

way she "put over" the idea that Nora's apparent happiness was nothing but affected merriment, was therefore no surprise to those who know of her originality and studious methods.

Personally, I found Dorothy Phillips the hardest of all actresses I have met to interview for details about herself.



Dorothy
Phillips

"The best way I can express myself is through my work," was all that I could get her to say. And I found the screen most eloquent. From her many admirers among the professionals at the studio, however, I gleaned several interesting side-lights. It seems that in spite of the fact Miss Phillips has an enviable reputation as a vampire, notably as "Hell Morgan's Girl," she prefers straight dramatic leads, especially in plays of the out-of-doors. Being a disciple of the fresh air, her work as "The Flashlight" girl shows how she excels in parts she most enjoys.

Recently Miss Phillips expressed her individuality in no uncertain terms. A newspaper man, after viewing "A Doll's House," had referred to her in print as "The Nazimova of the Screen." Miss Phillips objected. Over the 'phone she made it clear to him that she does not want to be held up as a second anybody. She wants to be known as herself alone. She does not mind having a stage actress call herself "The Dorothy Phillips of the Stage," however.

Miss Phillips finds her greatest encouragement so far in the fact that "Hell Morgan's Girl" played a return engagement of one week soon after enjoying an initial run of two weeks in a Los Angeles theatre. To say that "the screen tells," when referring to Dorothy Phillips' individuality as an actress is to but partly speak the truth. "The box-office tells" would be more to the point.

Madge Kennedy's Bow to the Movie Fans

By LOUIS LEE ARMS

SHE wore shell-rim glasses that imparted a professional air. On her small, well-built head was a Dutch bonnet—because she is Irish—and her shoes had low heels and square toes. Her dark gray suit fitted well and was unobtrusive.

"Heavens," I thought, "is this the girl who plays vampire parts to syncopated accompaniments? Or the thoughtless, feather-headed wife who is constantly inspiring her husband to look for a lawyer or a gun? Can this be Madge Kennedy?"

It was—and is.

Being a conspicuous model of propriety, whose publicity is confined to the dramatic departments of the newspapers instead of spread over first pages, it is the law of opposites, or some such, that has made Madge Kennedy our best-known erring wife. Her school of scandal is conducted from 8.15 to 10.50 P. M.—matinees twice a week—and the skeletons in her closet rattle only to an exit march by Irving Berlin.

"Pardon, Miss Kennedy?"

"Yes?" questioningly.

"The editor of a Philadelphia magazine wants you to tell his public why you have gone into the movies. He wants something different."

"Funny," she mused.

"Quite funny, indeed; I know him," I said.

"I mean it's funny about wanting something different. I've been interviewed ten different times since coming to the

movies, and each of my interviewers has confided that he wanted something different."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

"Maybe we can talk about the architecture of the ancient Aztecs or the political significance of the Boston tea party," I suggested.

"Or the belated efforts of General Grouch at Waterloo, or the Leclède expedition down the Mississippi," she retorted.

So we sat down.

"Speaking of moving pictures," I said, "and keeping in mind the major fact that we desire something different, how do you think you are going to like them—in comparison to the speaking stage?"

"If my answer is the same as that made to ten others who were also pursuing the same equation, I should say that I will like them much—do like them much, for I am speaking now as one who has finished a photo-drama and can distinguish a 'fade-out' from a 'circling in.'"

"What do you miss most?"

"An audience."

"Why?"

"An audience laughs."

"Doesn't a picture audience laugh?"

"Yes, but I don't hear them."

"You like laughter?"

"A good laugh is a physician carrying tonic to the soul."

"But you will make millions laugh in the pictures where hundreds laughed on Broadway."

"But I won't hear them."

"Irrevocably true."

"Take 'Baby Mine,'" continued Miss Kennedy. "There are situations in that which I have been assured by Miss Margaret Mayo have never failed to nurse a chuckle or a howl. I labored over these scenes and put into them everything comic that is in me. The camera-man was very sad. The director looked downright sorry."

"Hard-boiled eggs when it comes to laughing," I said.

"I thought I had bungled up the funniest scene in 'Baby Mine'; it was received so quietly. I suggested to the director that I be given another chance at it. 'What for,' he said. 'It couldn't be any funnier. Now in the next scene—' He measures his humor with a yard-stick."

"You'll get used to that," I retorted.

"I'm used to it now. I'm never going to expect a laugh in the studio, and therefore I'm never going to be disappointed. But when my first picture is released, in September, I'm going to reserve a seat by the week, and I hope to absorb sufficient laughter to carry me over a



Madge Kennedy at home and supremely happy



One of Miss Kennedy's late poses

desert of the utmost professional calm." "Is the studio work harder than the stage?"

"Yes, but the hours are nicer."

"Evenings off?"

"And mornings up. Do you know I haven't seen a sunrise for four years—that is before I signed my contract for two years with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. I forgot which side of Manhattan the sun appeared on."

"It's still doing business in the east."

"There's no east or west to a Broadway electric sign, and signs have been my suns, moons and stars since I have been on the spoken stage."

"How did you happen to go on the stage?"

"I should like to tell you something different, but unfortunately I only reached the stage in one particular way, and I have been unable to improve upon the story of it. I came from California with my mother to study art. We summered at a New England beach colony which presented an amateur theatrical. Henry Woodruff was at our colony and played the leading role. I played the feminine lead, and his praise of my work encouraged me to the extent that I seriously set about to study drama. I played stock in Cleveland and then took the leading roles in two of Philip Barthelmae's plays. They were 'Over Night' and 'Little Miss Browne.'

"In each of these I played the part of a silly young girl of about the age I really was, who had an inordinate capacity for getting into compromising situations. I was astounded myself by the reality that I seemed to impart to my waywardness. The success of my first two roles served to identify me as a farceur, and Miss Margaret Mayo's 'Twin Beds' and Mr. Avery Hopwood's 'Fair and Warmer' have done the rest. Consequently I have deserted the palette and brush as a profession and have made it a pastime. I still like to

think that I should have made a distinguished artist."

Miss Kennedy's own simple story does not do justice to one who is among the ablest young comedienne's in America. As Ripley Saunders, now deceased, once a distinguished St. Louis dramatic critic, has said, the parts portrayed upon the stage by Miss Kennedy that have made thousands shriek with laughter would in themselves have been outrageous if played by one whose wholesomeness did not continually shine through her hypothetical self. No artistry in the world could supply that requisite quality. It was Miss Kennedy's charming naivete.

The little girl who came out of California to write her name on Broadway is personally as popular as she is professionally, and that is saying much. There is nothing "up-stage" or temperamental about Miss Madge Kennedy. There is, to be sure, a certain democracy about film drama in the making, and we have been regaled with press agent yarns how famous actresses have stepped from the dining rooms of the Ritz to the wooden tables of the studio dining hall and enjoyed it. We even have seen pictures of this astounding fact, and a press photograph, of course, cannot tell more than one or two lies at a time. As a matter of fact, as registered by a well-known motion picture critic in New York City, nine-tenths of the stars of cinema have a permanent address and residence "p h o n e number "up-stage," and do not care two whoops who knows—except the public.

When Miss Madge Kennedy signed her Goldwyn Pictures contract and was ready to step over from Broadway to Fort Lee, the studio manager and his studio cabinet put on rubber heels, rubber gloves and a number of other things that are supposed to act as non-conductors for violent shocks when in the act of handling electric starred personages.

The only shock Miss Kennedy handed them was when she stepped off a Fort Lee street car—her electric car being non compos mentis for the nonce—with her mother and walked into the studio office announcing that she was ready to start her new career. A Broadway star without a maid, a couple of flunkys, a poodle dog and the junior member of a stock and bond firm! The studio manager did not pinch himself for fear he would awaken.

The unobtrusive way in which one of Broadway's most charming stars made her appearance at the Goldwyn studio, they knew afterward, was the only way that ever could be expected of her. For a long time Thomas Jefferson has been called the world's greatest democrat, but he's held the championship long enough.

"I had never been in a motion picture studio until I started work in one," continued Miss Kennedy. "I marveled and still marvel at the effect which may be produced by incomplete stage settings. On the spoken stage the scenery is, of course, incomplete, but it is more so in motion photography.

"In 'Baby Mine' Mr. Hugo Ballin built a reproduction of a Riverside Drive apartment, complete in every detail, except that each room lacked one to two walls. It was a beautiful little apartment and would have cost a heap of money had it been across the river and complete. It stood in one end of the studio, five adjoining rooms with bath, like an open-faced watch, and the incongruity of it never failed to amuse me. One did not take the trouble to come through the door when he stepped into the drawing-room. There was no door except that which led to the bed-room. The drawing-room was reached via the dining-room or by stepping off the main studio floor into the

(Continued on page 54)



Miss Kennedy playing the game of romance

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

THE National Association of the Motion Picture Industry stands squarely with Uncle Sam. At the first annual convention of their organization held at Chicago recently, plans were formulated for a very close co-operation with the national government in advancing propaganda for awakening the people of the country to a realization of the part they may take in carrying the war to a successful end. As a result, we predict, there will be a most impressive demonstration of the great power of motion pictures in guiding public opinion, and once again the screen will make the public print look to its honors in the work of wielding poignant influence. The fact that President Wilson has given official cognizance to their pictorial power among public benefactors by appealing to it directly for aid in the great cause of democracy is a compliment of the highest order, and it confirms the judgment of the legions of fans who swear by the movies so faithfully.

It is recognition from the highest quarter of the wonderful prestige attained by this incomparable form of amusement and education. It is the most reassuring exemplification of the truly notable trend for unlimited good which governs the course of the cinema art. It pushes this industry forward as one of the vitally important and essentially component parts of the matchless American organization and union. It is enough to inspire one to arise and give three lusty cheers for this noble art when one pauses to contemplate the patriotic valor of it all. Moreover, the whole prospect this mobilization of the motion picture forces creates undoubtedly furnishes the best reason of all for an unprecedented increase in attendance at picture theatres the country over. It becomes as necessary to devote a good portion of your time studying the flitting shadows of the screen as it is for you to give a portion of your time to the school and church. It is eminently fitting to remove now the last vestige of prejudice against the diversion.

It is high time that the straight-laced gentry cease to harp on the imaginary baneful effects of photoplays. The ultra-pious owes it to the nation's welfare to join in benefiting by this medium for promoting the common welfare. Even the strictest church member should co-operate with so deserving an assistant of the nation.

Verily, now at last, there is no excuse for anyone ignoring the movies. On the contrary, there is a national necessity for supporting them with unswerving fealty. Let this be done! Your country needs you too much to permit of your neglecting the opportunity of determining in what way you are needed, and you can find this out by watching the animation projected on the screen under the direction of the United States Government.

In this crisis there is need for perfect unity in thought, word and deed, and there is no unifier so potential on the screen.

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

Any movie actress who can persuade the public to confer on her the noun "queen" can rest assured of getting the adjective-of-the-opposite-sex "princely" salary. This is one of the present-day tendencies which continue to break records—and some managers.



The policy of corraling constellations of stars without regard to cost is being given new impetus by the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, whose latest step in this direction was to sign Mabel Normand, a celebrity who lends a new brilliancy to the Goldwyn "corner" composed of Mary Garden, Jane Cowl, Madge Kennedy, Maxine Elliott and Mae Marsh.



Proof of the claim that the public wants to laugh in these times of stress is furnished in the fact that comedy features are drawing at least fifty per cent. more than ever before in the history of the screen. The habit of fans to make known their demands for laugh-producing film fare is obviously influencing producers extensively.



Realizing the tremendous part the motion picture industry plays, not only in the entertainment of the American people, but also in their education and in the far-reaching work of propaganda, the Red Cross has established a Bureau of Motion Pictures, with national headquarters at Washington. An animated pictorial campaign showing the work and the needs of the Red Cross will be waged on the screen. One of the chief objects is to enroll a total Red Cross membership of twenty million in this country.



The pleasing trend in all quarters of the film-producing industry is to ban all sordid plays. Peggy Hyland, Mayfair's dainty star, is the latest notable to join in this crusade against unpleasantries on the screen. Ere long the sordid photoplay will undoubtedly be an unknown quantity.



Fairy pictures seem to have attained new vogue recently. Among the several ambitious productions of this variety to suddenly appear on the surface are Triangle's "In Slumberland," and the Fox spectacle, "Jack and the Beanstalk." The advent of so many fairy tales indicates the ready elasticity of an industry always prepared to meet every demand of the public quickly and sufficiently.



The invasion of the stage by the constantly moving movie army continues. Eva Tanguay, one of the real veterans of vaudeville, has at last yielded to the call of the camera, and she makes her cinema debut in a Selznick picture called "Poor Butterfly."

ACCORDING to reliable information the Pathe Company manufactured and distributed a total of 27,000,000 feet of film in the first six months of this 1917. This is an amazingly large output for one concern, but it is being at least nearly duplicated by several firms, all of which affords ample refutation of the cry of pessimists who have been obstreperously singing a swan song for the movies they claimed could not escape ruination as a result of the war. Contrary to all such fallacious misgivings, the screen has flourished without surcease in this country ever since the day that Kaiser Bill refused to listen to reason and responded to the itching for a fight. Pathe's record of supply has been justified by the demand which has actually increased consistently with the growing fury of European hostilities. Even after the United States entered the conflict and despite the torrid season, the popularity of the pictures has expanded noticeably and theatres everywhere are enjoying real prosperity. It is interesting to note in connection with Pathe's fine record that J. A. Berst, the company's vice-president and general manager, is probably the oldest pioneer now active in the industry. He has been in the motion picture business twenty-one years, and has been with Pathe nineteen of those years.

ONE of the very interesting photoplays of the current month is "The Moth" in which Norma Talmadge stars in an exceedingly creditable manner. "The Moth" presents a well-knit story which is worth repeating in some detail, and here goes:

Lucy Gillam was a capricious heiress, pretty and daring.

She was still in her 'teens when she became fascinated by the subject of the "Egyptian Cleopatra who flirted her way to immortality." It was probably because she did not have parental guidance that led Lucy into this precarious channel of thought, but it did seem to be just like the girl, and, if this proved true, no influence could have deterred her for the very good reason that she was one of those wholesome maidens who had and knew her own mind according to her own method of calculation.

It was one tiny passage in one of her text-books about the famous queen that so excited Lucy's imagination as to start her in search of her Marc Antony. At this psychological moment the young girl's attention was riveted on A. Valentine Spencer, a blue-blooded spendthrift, who, though infatuated with another woman, Nita Wilbur, married Lucy because she offered a feasible solution for his financial difficulties. Naturally, as might be expected, Lucy's married life failed to give her either happiness or contentment. On the contrary, as soon as she was set adrift upon society as a matron she steered toward a dangerous course, aided by an insatiate desire to love and to be loved, the fast set with which she became identified and her husband's continued

friendship for Nita, who had married Teddy Marbridge.

The only redeeming influences in Lucy's life were Ned Cunningham and his wife. Lucy coquetted with the young lawyer when he tried to pilot her affairs into safer channels by good advice, but he persisted in believing that her life held something bigger and higher. He suggested to her that her two little children, Larry and Babs, to whom Lucy was practically a stranger, might solve her problem and prove the key to the happiness which she sought so feverishly. Unfortunately, when Lucy paid a belated visit to the nursery to become better acquainted with her babies, they hid behind their nurse's skirts in fear, and the young mother decided that even Ned's advice was not the secret of happiness for her.

So life drifted along for the discontented Moth, fluttering constantly about the flame of her own folly, until the appearance of Captain Auchester, a dashing Englishman and mysterious soldier of fortune. One evening Auchester, whom Vallie—as Spencer was called—had introduced at the exclusive Badminton Club, brought Spencer home intoxicated. Lucy, still pursuing the elusive phantom of happiness, at once became interested in the stranger. Auchester was frequently a guest at the Spencer home and became devoted to the little Larry, who immediately adored the captain who played soldier with him.

Auchester's attentions brought Lucy nearer and nearer to the danger mark, although he also succeeded in making her children love her as they never had before. Lucy arranged a large house party at her country home and to it she invited the Cunninghams, Auchester, Nita and her hus-

band and a number of others. Vallie, meanwhile, discovered that his creditors were becoming pressing and finding that he could get no more funds from Lucy, he went to Nita's room and demanded that she ask Marbridge for money. Auchester, of whom neither Cunningham nor Marbridge were very fond, managed to bring both Lucy and Marbridge upon the scene for the purpose of furthering his own cause with Lucy, who treated the affair with disdain.



Scene from "Hashimura Togo"

and give him one of the children, for whom Vallie cared nothing, but to whom Lucy had become passionately devoted, thanks to Auchester. After the roadhouse incident, Auchester, not knowing that he had unwittingly compromised Lucy and the district attorney, determined to leave town and said good-bye to the Moth, thinking he will never see her again. He left her to the care of her little son, the admiring Larry, who was a dapper chap.

Lucy, driven to desperation by the injustice of Vallie's insinuations and his threats to separate her from the children retaliated by vowing to drag his affair with Nita through the divorce courts. This was an excellent weapon. Vallie knew that. He determined to end his affair with

Mrs. Marbridge to further his own ends and went to her to break the unpleasant news. But he reckoned without Nita. Hearing that Vallie will have nothing more to do with her, Mrs. Marbridge drew a revolver and shot herself in the presence of Spencer, who escaped just as Marbridge entered, but left behind him a tell-tale pair of gloves as evidence.

Lucy phoning Ned to tell him of Vallie's intention to name him in his divorce suit brought the district attorney and Auchester to the house, just as Spencer in terror returned from the house where Nita had committed suicide. Auchester, learning of Nita's death and suspecting that the police would suspect Vallie, wanted to give himself up as the woman's slayer to save Lucy and the children. Marbridge, hating Auchester, was willing to have the soldier of fortune judged a murderer but Lucy determined he should not make the sacrifice. Just as Vallie escaped to Europe, she proved that Auchester was not guilty for the gloves left by Vallie did not fit him. The coroner's jury declared Nita a suicide and Lucy and Auchester were left to face a happy future with Larry and Babs.

Finally, we who wend our way on this sphere feel that happiness is accessible to all if The Moth can thus escape the flame.



At length Lucy consented to go to dinner with Auchester at Spicer's, a notorious roadhouse, the reputation of which was unknown to her. Ned Cunningham, who called that evening, discovered where Lucy had gone and followed to bring her back. A party of Lucy's gossiping friends on a slumming tour saw her alone at the roadhouse with the lawyer and their tongues were loosed to Lucy's detriment.

Ned had been obliged to send Vallie a note asking him to settle his large accounts with the Badminton Club, and consequently when Spencer discovered that his wife and the district attorney have been seen together at the roadhouse, he threatened to sue Lucy for divorce, naming Cunningham unless she divided her estate with him



Two scenes from "The Moth"

THIS same Douglas Fairbanks, whom we had "In Again and Out Again," has now come "Down to Earth." Yes, fans, our royal good fellow, Dynamic Doug is cavorting in another typical Fairbanks comedy much to the delectation of all. The story of "Down to Earth" tells of an American youth whose wanderlust and ideas of living close to nature are not in accord with the views of his sweetheart, an ambitious society girl. Great social functions occupy too much of the girl's time to permit of her devoting even an occasional hour to wandering around in God's greater outdoors. How the persistent youth wins her over to his way of thinking and converts her into a real outdoors girl furnishes sufficient amusement to make this photoplay a rip-roaring success. As usual, Mr. Fairbanks does many surprising athletic stunts in this picture, his feature act being to do a handstand on a mountain precipice 8,000 feet above sea level. This one feat puts Doug in a class by himself insofar as taking chances on coming too forcibly down to earth are concerned.

NOW we are going to do something we seldom do in this department. We're going to accept a press agent at his word, but, in this case, as in most cases, we know the word of the press agent is absolutely O. K. in all the term implies, and, in view of the fact that he has something extremely interesting to say, we're going to let him have this medium for saying it. His name is John C. Flinn, which is an honest, honest-to-goodness Irish name, against which no aspersions can be cast. But, here is what HE says, and it shows one of the remarkable trends of the photoplay art:

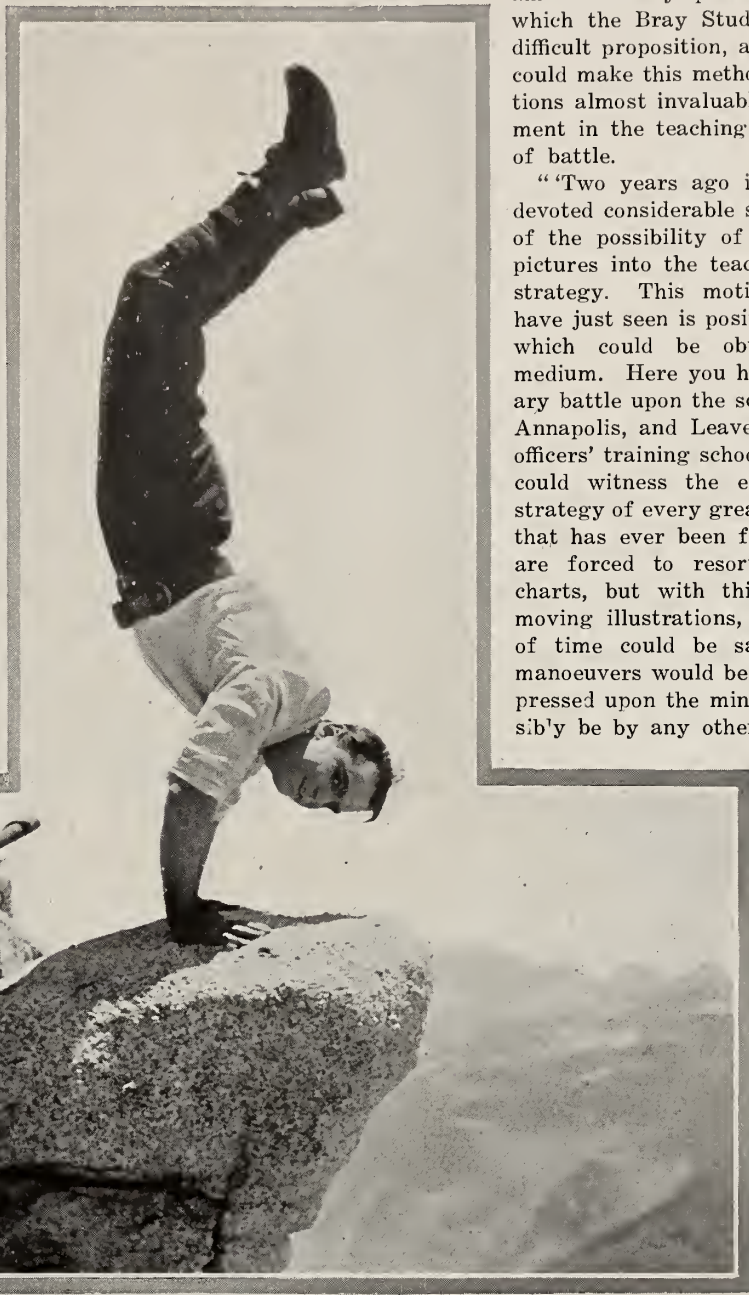
"Admiral Bradley Fiske, U. S. N., and Allan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America, were guests of honor at a recent special demonstration of a motion picture at the Paramount Pictures Corporation projection room, where animated drawings showing the theory and operation of the torpedoplane were shown for the first time. The torpedoplane is the invention of Admiral Fiske, and the U. S. Government is seriously considering the adoption of this remarkable combination of weapons for use in the present war.

It consists of an aeroplane which, instead of mounting a machine gun, carries a torpedo equal in deadliness to those which are carried by battleships and submarines. It will, in fact, destroy any battleship afloat. This torpedo is carried under the body of the aeroplane and in a position which permits the pilot to aim the torpedo by the simple process of steering his own plane. When he has brought the torpedo to bear upon his target, the simple pulling of a

single lever releases the torpedo, and then at the same time starts its propeller in motion.

"The work of preparing the motion picture demonstration of this remarkable contrivance was done at the Bray Studios from plans and specifications furnished by Admiral Fiske, but the inventor himself had not seen one of the 19,200 drawings which comprised the completed picture.

"After an exposition of the theory and practical workings of the torpedoplane, a mimic battle was staged between an attack-



A striking "scene" of Douglas Fairbanks in his latest photoplay, "Down to Earth"

ing fleet and one of the torpedoplanes. The fleet is shown approaching the land beginning a bombardment. Then the scene shifts to the hangar from which the torpedoplane emerges and begins its flight exactly after the manner of any aeroplane. Rising quickly in spirals it sights its prey and flies straight for the enemy. Reaching within striking distance it suddenly swoops toward the water and at the proper level releases the torpedo which plunges into the water and goes straight for the flagship of the fleet. There is a terrific explosion and the battleship is seen to sink to the bottom.

"Admiral Fiske was warm in his praises of this remarkable demonstration of the

practicability of the motion picture in giving vivid representation of complex inventions.

"This is one of the most remarkable things I have ever seen," declared Admiral Fiske when the demonstration was completed. "It shows in every detail, and in a very few moments, the workings of this torpedoplane. It would require practically a whole text book and innumerable charts and diagrams to impart that same information in as complete form as it is shown here upon the screen in this short space of time. I am immensely pleased with the way in which the Bray Studios have handled this difficult proposition, and I believe that they could make this method of animated expositions almost invaluable to the War Department in the teaching of tactics and theory of battle.

"Two years ago in one of my books I devoted considerable space to the discussion of the possibility of incorporating moving pictures into the teaching of the theory of strategy. This motion picture which we have just seen is positive proof of the value which could be obtained from such a medium. Here you have staged an imaginary battle upon the screen. At West Point, Annapolis, and Leavenworth or any of the officers' training schools, the student officers could witness the exact manoeuvres and strategy of every great battle on sea or land that has ever been fought. As it is, they are forced to resort to text books and charts, but with this method of graphic moving illustrations, a tremendous amount of time could be saved and the various manoeuvres would be much more firmly impressed upon the mind than they could possibly be by any other method.

"The Government faces, at the present time, the tremendous task of training a large number of naval and army officers, many of whom have been taken from civil life or men who have been out of touch with military affairs for some time. It seems to me that there is no more practical means of instructing these men in many of the difficult problems of the war than by

motion pictures. I heartily recommend that you show this, or any other film of a similar nature, to the authorities at Washington, as I am sure that they will be interested in seeing this remarkable demonstration of a practical method of teaching."

The motion picture showing Admiral Fiske's torpedoplane has just been released by Paramount as part of the regular Pictograph service.

"YOUTH" is the title of one of those photoplays which could have been made into a near-masterpiece with little additional effort had the author been awake to the possibilities of the theme. One year ago

this would not have been true of the work, but the fact that it is based on the question of temperance gives it a chance to be very timely in this present when the prohibitionists are so near complete victory in their time-honored battle against Demon Rum. The critics in general do not like "Youth," principally because it runs the gamut of alcoholic emotions, picturing everything in the inebriate line from the funny, little "bun" to the delirium tremens. This wide latitude within itself would be inoffensive even on the screen if the story had been given a soul by either taking a trend to show that bone-dry prohibition would or would not prevent this sort of thing. A fearless fellow imbued with a definite idea and ideal on the subject could have driven home a point which might have wielded enough influence to make even our busy legislators at Washington sit up and take notice. However, all this was overlooked and in spite of it the story is interesting and oftentimes it waxes highly amusing. Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge share high honors in this production, and each proves conclusively that character-building is possible even under adverse circumstances. Blackwell turns comedian par excellence and as a versatile drink-mixer he creates an entirely human person. One thing "Youth" does essay nobly is, how all kinds of people can fall victims to booze and reform effectively. Now, just what is the remedy and what is the best way to solve the intricate problems animating spirits create? If "Youth" had answered this compound question in some unique and convincing way, and if the construction of the answering story had been clever—well, "Youth" would have ascended mighty high.

IF you want to see a wonderful man perform wonder feats, and if you want to get an amazing idea as to how the Italian army manages to overcome the formidable obstacles presented by the mighty Alps in this present world war, you should see "The Warrior." The wonderful man is Maciste, who will be remembered as the hero of "Cabiria," and the wonderful stunts he does include scaling high walls and dangerous mountain peaks with calm agility and lugging three or four men around on his shoulder as if they were so many mere feathers. Indeed, Maciste is quite the athletic marvel of all time in all Screenland, and there seems to be no one extant to match his astonishing prowess. "The Warrior" contains some of the most remarkable mountain scenes of war-time of any other time ever photographed. It reveals to us a real superman, possible, feasible and actual, or, as nearly so as probability could permit. It is one of the few great Italian films to reach this country since the war upset the trade relations of all lands, and it is destined to leave an indelible imprint upon the memory of keenly interested America. When this picture was shown for the first time in this country at the Criterion Theater in New York City, it was greeted with a tumultuous cheering which reminded one of a national political convention just after the man of the hour had been nominated for president of the United States. The events are such as to arouse the imagination as to the wonderful work being accomplished by the Italian army against their time-honored

foes, the Austrians, and, if you will fix your gaze on the screen while these seven reels of real thing are being unwound, you're going to admire the Italian courage and undaunted determination in spite of yourself. Verily, the screen has not had anything quite like "The Warrior," and it is one of those few marvels of the cinema deserving of the patronage of every red-blooded human being.

THE film version of "Alma, Where Do You Live?" serves one good purpose at least—it brings to the attention of the fans a promising newcomer in the realm of movie stars in the very petite and winsome person of Ruth MacTammany, who accomplishes wonders with the character of Alma. The production itself is quite replete with defects. In the first place, it is such a mixture of practically all the elements which can enter a moving picture that it forbids classification. By all means, it should have been a straight comedy, and it could have gotten along nicely without horseplay. This story offers an ideal opportunity for pushing forward the idea of a four-reel feature. Instead it is six reels long—an obvious error which is just as obviously responsible for a lot of monotonous dragging. It seems that some producers are woefully slow in recognizing the futility of stretching stories to the breaking point in order to make them fill too many reels. This is a trend absolutely in the wrong direction. Brevity is a prime virtue when it efficiently accomplishes the work, and it would have certainly helped in this particular case as in numerous others. Photoplay fans of today want to be royally entertained every minute they are in theaters nowadays and the road to success for any producer is to see to it that his output does not fail in this.

A CORKING good cast and a fairly gripping story combine to make "What Money Won't Buy" a good buy for the photoplay fans. In the cast you will find (all at their best) Jack Pickford, Louise Huff, Theodore Roberts and Hobart Bosworth. In the story you will discover suspense in exactly the right proportion to keep you right on the job anxiously awaiting the wind-up. The story is developed with logical deftness and it rings true. It contrasts the admirable ability of an American financier, Madison Hale, and the designing efforts of Govrian Texler, the king's financial adviser.

Each bids for the right to build a railroad through the little kingdom of Maritzia, Hale offering \$5,000,000 and Texler \$2,000,000, but the latter holds the weak king under an old loan aggregating \$80,000,000. The Princess is opposed to the plan to marry her to Prince Ferdinand, in league with Texler, and after falling in love with Dick Hale, Madison's young son, she takes the reins in her own hands. Hale offers to take up the loan for the railroad concession and the king agrees. Texler and Ferdinand secure Dick's arrest, thereby intending to force his father to withdraw. The Princess and her royal brothers escape to Hale's yacht, and she begs him to detain them until her father agrees to release Dick.

The poor king is between two forces, but he finally signs an order permitting Hale to rescue Dick. Hale arrives in time to turn

Ferdinand's despicable plans on himself, the yacht returns and the American's gold makes all happy. The Princess commands the keeper of records who quickly "finds" that Dick is a descendant of nobility, much to his father's secret amusement, and is thus permitted to marry the royal daughter.

IF there remained the slightest doubt as to the superiority of the screen over the stage for the advantageous presentation of plays that last, lingering doubt has been removed by "Seven Keys to Baldpate," George M. Cohan's second and latest starring vehicle, now current. When offered on the stage this exceedingly clever dramatic work amazed the most blase critics, but the screen version positively renders the erudite reviewer speechless when struggling desperately to find words to adequately describe it. What the increased latitude afforded by the camera didn't do to improve this play is not worth mentioning. A wonderful melodramatic, mystery farce has been changed into a super-wonderful one the minute the theme was removed from the limited confines of Stageland. In the role of George Washington Magee, the novelist who makes a wager that he can write a story in twenty-four hours, Mr. Cohan is right at home and he surpasses the excellent work he did in making his debut as an interpreter of the silent drama. "Seven Keys to Baldpate" is one of the choice salads of the present-day cinema menu which will cure mental indigestion and whet the appetite for optimism.

ONE of the most timely motion picture features of the time is "The Slacker," a product of Metro ingenuity and a veritable salvo of broadsides which should go a long way towards sweeping aside the motley though sparse crowd of do-nothings who persist in dallying around the flag instead of rallying around it. "The Slacker" is an example of the tendency of the film producers to do their country some good while engaged in their private enterprise and, needless to add, such photoplays as this one accomplish unlimited good, because, primarily, they awaken the public mind to a full realization of a grave responsibility and besides it proves to be a powerful argument and convincing appeal for recruits. It is not possible for a slacker to sit in a theatre and watch "The Slacker" with any comfort and he is going to feel an attinged conscience if he gamely stays the picture out. Many people who are not intent upon slacking, but who do not see the war in the proper light will be set right by watching the developments in this photoplay. Everyone will comprehend the full meaning of the clarion call to the colors more completely after seeing this proud Metro achievement, which is sure to instill in the heart of every citizen of the United States that pride which is so indispensable to a nation's perpetuity in the dark hours which are always inevitable. "The Slacker" will do much to ingratiate the screen with the masses and the classes as an instrument for uniting the people in the cause of civilization and justice. See it and induce all your friends to see it. By all means, if you know of a person showing signs of slacking proclivities, drag that person in to see this agency by which he will be duly reprimanded and reformed.

EDITORIAL

AN ADMIRABLE GENEROSITY

Photoplay producers and picture-theatre managers are proving their fidelity to the cause of keeping down the high cost of living, not only by exhibiting on the screen ways and means of resisting the barriers presented by exorbitant prices, but by doggedly fighting to be the last to ask more for their products. When it is taken into consideration that the producers are obliged to pay considerably more for all the materials entering into the manufacture of film and that the salaries paid to photoplayers are constantly on the upward bound, this policy of trying to stick to the old ship is discovered to be most admirable. It shows conclusively that the captains of the cinema industry are about the best variety of Americans extant. The citation of a few figures place these promoters of a great business in even a better light. Foodstuffs, for instance, cost exactly 86½ per cent. more than they did eighteen months ago. Woolen and cotton materials have advanced 33½ per cent., and some metals cost 200 per cent. more than they ever did in all history, while chemicals of all kinds bring 100 per cent. more than even a year ago. Photoplay producers are heavy users of chemicals, too. The cost of labor was never so high as now, and this also hits the financial backers of the screen, who employ practically all classes of labor, together with all classes of the highest class of artists. Notwithstanding all this the admission prices to motion picture theatres are practically the same as they have always been in nearly all sections of the country, which means the producers and the exhibitors are accepting a smaller margin of profit for their investments and their work. Truly, this is an admirable generosity when it is remembered how easy it would be to demand and receive increased prices, something the public is entirely accustomed to nowadays, but something the producers seem prone to avoid if possible undoubtedly because they are actuated by fairness and patriotism.

FALSTAFFIAN FOLLY, FELLOWS

You've seen an octangular spree—one of those jags which has a fellow rocking and reeling from eight different angles at least. Grotesque business this. It is particularly repugnant when you know the victim to be capable of better things. You shudder when you see one you admire respond to the resilient call of Demon Rum. You realize the call is going to spring back and snap something off short, and that something is going to be a reputation or a chance for success. You worry a lot about others you do. We all do. Still, a vast majority of our worrying clique indulge our full share, having the audacity to tell friends we know when to stop, which is generally just in time to avert the calamity of being locked up for safe-keeping. Braggarts that we are, there is no limit to our boasts of taking care of the other fellow when he has wandered too far from the path of rectitude, but we are as mum as a clam when it becomes fair to refer gratefully to the several times we had to be towed in from the deep sea where we could see too little to be self-propelling. Now, why in the world do people imbibe so freely of the liquid refreshments which wilt instead of refresh? Why do we expect everyone else to grace the water wagon and leave the booze emporiums in our exclusive custody? It's all wrong. The partaking of intoxicants is a positive blunder. We all know it. There is nothing to gain and all to lose in taking a chance on being a drunkard. The old gag about needing an occasional stimulant is sheer tommyrot. It's one of those unnecessary "necessities." About the only thing a spree can do for you is to make you brag fool-

ishly about a lot of foolish things. To err is human—to shoot a lot of "hot air" is just as human. Why we don't all arise in our might and abolish booze from our lives is a deep mystery. It's simply Falstaffian folly, fellows,—a folly which must never become potential enough to become apparent in the realm of photoplayers. Prohibition is never going to accomplish much, because life cannot be prohibited by man, and so long as there is life there is going to be drinking revelry. We know we're crazy to stagger around at all the angles an intoxicated brain misdirects us, but still we do not refrain from it. Aw, what's the use of striving seriously to attain success, fellows, so long as we are addicted to all this absurdity. Let's brace up. We're with you now, but we're not going to stick with you if the big journey is to be over the firewater route. Let's answer now the time honored question: When will folly end? This is no sermon by a devotee to piety. It's just an earnest dissertation on the subject of booze by a regular guy who honestly believes there is too much intemperance in the country today. Bone-dry prohibition won't ameliorate these conditions one iota, and prohibition cranks can drive more men to drink than a tantalizing nymph. The reformer is generally sillier than the one he seeks to reform. But, on the square, fellows, we Americans are consuming too much of the liquid that cheers to futility. Think it over.

DISGUSTING DICTATORSHIP DOOMED

Here and there even now in this advanced age in free America, there crops out a desire on the part of the occasional extremist to foist an unsavory dictatorship onto the public. Generally this sort of preposterous presumption is aimed at the photoplay art for no other reason than any amusement is in the reformer's category of assailable objects. An unparalleled case of stupidity of this familiar variety has just been perpetrated by one Major Funkhouser, a Chicago censor, who had the extraordinary temerity to blacklist Mary Pickford's late starring vehicle, "The Little American." Evidently he deems it proper that his will should be ubiquitous and that his command should be final. But this foolish victim of an exaggerated sense of power is doomed to much bitter disappointment because anything approaching a dictatorship such as he essays so blatantly is positively doomed. This has been made unmistakably obvious right in Chicago, where all the leading newspapers promptly inaugurated a crusade against Funkhouser and defended "The Little American" as it deserved to be defended. The deleterious influence of fallacious censorship such as this act represents has never been brought to the foreground so impressively, and it served the very good purpose of arousing the Chicago people to keen resentment. Their resulting discontent is destined to bring such action as will hustle Funkhouser and his kind out of the field in which there should be only broad-minded, level-headed men who comprehend the full meaning of fair play, which extends to the photoplay. Inevitably Chicago will find out that she needs plenty of good motion pictures more than she does Major Funkhouser. Just as inevitably the campaign against such insane censorship will become nation-wide, and it will lead to the complete unshackling of the film industry. Once unhampered by warped judgment and restricted only by equitable laws which no would-be dictator could misinterpret, the public will get what it wants in screen fare, and, needless to add, the public will never want obnoxious photoplays. Moreover, the public can judge better—can censor more efficiently and more justly than any Funkhouser. Down with straight-laced censorship, for, by these presents up will go the standard of photoplay art!

Shirley Mason--Upsetter of Prophecies

SOMETHING must be done right away about Shirley Mason, the McClure star. She must be spoken to quite severely, for she has upset all the predictions of the photoplay prophets.

Here is Shirley, only sixteen years old, and yet a star in the first rank—a genuine star, with a big following and a daily mail so large that she has to have a secretary to answer the fans who write in wanting to know how they can become as famous in three months as she became in six.

The ultimate test of a motion picture star is her ability to draw crowds to the theatre in which her celluloid image appears. The runner-up test is her mail. If she qualifies in one she is rather sure to pass the other, for if the movie patrons want to go to see a star they will write to her—and if they write to her they want to go to see her.

Experienced motion picture men said it would take years to make Shirley a favorite. They pointed to the cases of certain motion picture actresses, now almost forgotten, who had been "discovered," pushed out at the head of companies and who had failed to take hold.

Shirley proved to be the exception, and now the prophets are wondering why they guessed wrong.

In six months she rose from oblivion to the pink peak of popularity. And the reason is not at all difficult to understand when you know the circumstances.

Although only sixteen years old, she had had thirteen years of stage experience when McClure Pictures signed her. She first appeared at the age of two and a half years as "Little Hal" with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man." She was reared in the atmosphere of the painted drop. She studied hard; she learned the tricks of the trade; she concentrated upon the profession her parents and her sisters—Viola Dana and Edna Flugrath, both motion picture stars—had chosen for her.

And she had natural talent.

The years of training from childhood would have been of small service if she hadn't had the ability. The inborn charm and talent would have failed to make her a first-class star in such a short time if she had not had the training.

McClure Pictures gave her a chance and she made good immediately. The public liked her, and it's the public, not the publicity, that makes a real star.



Shirley Mason is a devotee to occult mysteries

Shirley's quick rise has inspired hundreds of girls who are ambitious to become movie actresses. They write to her long, pleading letters asking for information as to how it is done.

But Shirley's case is a warning, as well as an inspiration. The outstanding fact is that she became a star only after years of hard work and years of training. That is why she not only is a star, but is likely to continue to be a star. It is as difficult to hold on as it is to get there.

Now in following out the general line of the thought of all these remarks anent Miss Mason, it is necessary to show wherein she is not only an upsetter of prophecies in her very career, but that her character and inclinations coincide with it all. In her earlier years it was predicted she would never be interested in the so-called "deep stuff." Her very nature seemed diametrically opposed to delving into subjects which required study to a worrisome degree. Yet, she is immensely interested in the mysteries of occult science and is really versed on the subject.

Moreover, she is the last girl in the world you would select as one possessing a desire to know the mechanical side of anything. Her disposition is not that of the mechanic in any way. Still, they simply cannot keep her from tearing apart moving picture cameras and the various machines around her studio. She just must see inside them. She must investigate and know how the blooming things work. And, right now, as a result, she can repair most anything that can get out of order with any piece of machinery used in a moving picture studio, and once more she upsets the prophet to the extent of making him appear as an absolute No-nothing dependent upon conjecture for unreliable answers.

As another example of Miss Mason's consistency in running true to "being different than was expected," let us cite her one trip to a race-track "out of curiosity." She was given straight tips on the horses which had a chance of winning and was urged to lay a small bet just for the sport of it. She forthwith found out which horse was considered the least likely of all and bet on it. Yes, she won.



And she dotes on investigating the mysteries of the moving picture machine

Fans Won't Let Arline Pretty Change Her Name But \$25 Was Won Anyway

THERE has been such a remarkable demonstration on the part of photoplay fans who oppose the idea of Arline Pretty, the charming motion picture star, changing her name at all that she has been dissuaded from taking the important step, at least for the present. Out of the many thousands of entries in the contest conducted by PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, exactly 88 per cent. of them favored the no-change plan, although all suggested new names if the young actress must have it. Miss Pretty had decided to forsake her present name for the reason that no one believed it was hers rightfully. Nevertheless she has a legal right to the name of Pretty. It was her father's legal name, and it is therefore hers. However, she has always been sensitive to the fact that it sounds "stagey."

Although a doubt as to the advisability of changing names became apparent early in this contest in which PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL offered \$25 for a new name for Miss Pretty, the huge task of tabulating and carefully considering every one of the thousands of names has been prosecuted with unflinching fairness. Finally, when it was determined just how unpopular was the notion of adopting a new cognomen, it was decided that someone must win the prize whether a change was made or not. Hence, after long hours of laborious consideration of the great mass of suggestions, Miss Pretty selected the name of Dawn O'Dare, which would now be her new name had it not been for the obvious and overwhelming sentiment against forsaking the name of Pretty.

The name of Dawn O'Dare was entered in the contest by Norine Strough Wintrow, of 619 West Saginaw Street, Lansing, Michigan. A check for \$25 has been forwarded to this successful contestant, who need not be surprised if one of these fine days she hears of Miss Pretty yielding to the temptation of annexing such a charming screen name in spite of the advice of the vast majority of fans who want her to continue as Arline Pretty.

DAWN O'DARE

By Norine Strough Wintrow

(Winner in the PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL Arline Pretty Contest. The name "Dawn O'Dare" struck Miss Pretty's fancy and the clever manner of presentation clinched her decision.)



*Once, when the diamond-gauze of dew
Was spread upon the lawn,
And tiny, feathered, brilliant throats
Raised tribute to the Dawn,
In my own heart a song found birth;
A chorus sweet, and rare.
I wrote it—gave it to the world,
And called it "Dawn O'Dare."*

*In my own heart, this Dawn O'Dare
Was one sweet maiden's name,
And every dream I dreamt of her
Was pictured just the same.
Then, one day in a picture-play
A gentle girl and fair
Lived in the picture. I had found
My dream—my Dawn O'Dare.*

*They tell me now this very girl
Is seeking some new name,
And though she is a wonder-maid
With wealth and untold fame,
And I a humble devotee
Of hers, if she might care
To take it, I here offer her
The name of Dawn O'Dare.*

*The reason's this. In her young face
I saw the Dawn's own light.
Its gold dwelt in her clinging curls,
All silky-soft and bright.
The fearless confidence of truth
Her eyes disclosed, and there
You have the reasons why I say
She is my Dawn O'Dare.*

You can easily imagine the quandary Miss Pretty was plunged into when she was confronted by the tremendous opposition of so many thousands of fans who deemed her contemplated move a mistake. Less than a dozen contestants openly expressed the opinion that she should quit her own name of Pretty. The vast consensus of opinion is that Arline Pretty is the most attractive name of all for her. Yet, in the face of all this, Miss Pretty was inclined to fear it might be misconstrued if she yielded to the demands of the majority. She felt there might be some who would think she never intended changing her name from the beginning. Yet, the sentiment of the huge majority could not be ignored, and the promised prize had to be awarded! Consequently, a happy medium was decided upon—she would abide by the judgment of that majority and simultaneously make known what name she would have chosen had it not been for that very majority. And that name would have been Dawn O'Dare.

It is doubtful whether or not there ever was such a contest as this one before. It is certain there never were quite as many entries in any contest ever conducted by a motion picture magazine. The tremendous circulation of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL brought tremendous results, as might be expected. Entries came from every nook and corner of the entire Western Hemisphere, and there were a surprisingly large number from the Old World. It required the constant attention of three extra clerks for six weeks to tabulate the tens of thousands of names, and then it consumed hours and hours of Miss Pretty's time to give due consideration to every one of these. She burned a lot of the proverbial midnight oil in her battle to make up her mind on a definite selection. Finally when she was near exhaustion, she called in six of her best young lady friends whom she drafted as a committee to assist her in her huge task. Fortunately, this committee agreed with her that Dawn O'Dare should be the choice, and the contest was over.

**There is Something Good Forthcoming in the Fiction Line in the
October Number of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL—**

**It Will Spell Keen Interest For You—
It's a New Serial Story—**

"THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL"

By NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

**Here's a Good Reason for Not Missing the October Number of
PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL**

*It is One of Those
Gripping Narratives
Which Occasionally
Exist to Forbid All
to Resist.*

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

The youthful American sailor who gets the sweater Pauline Frederick is knitting for the Navy need not be surprised if he catches cold, for there are going to be a number of drop stitches and other curious apertures in the garment. Who could sit in a 75 H. P. racing Simplex going at top speed and expect to get every stitch correct. The Paramount star declares that frequently it is a question of dropping a stitch or her life, and so far the stitches have suffered.

Bebe Daniels, of the "Lonesome Luke" comedies, is only seventeen years old, but has been on the stage since she was ten months old. She was born in Texas and her first stage appearance was under her father's own management. At the age of three she spoke her first "lines" and a little later as the infantile "Duke of York" with John Griffith in "Richard III," she was the youngest Shakesperian actress in America.

At the tender age of three weeks "Fatty" Arbuckle was attracting the serious attention of the public and press. He gurgled his way to the first prize at a rural baby show out in Smith's Center, Kansas, due entirely to the fact that the judges found him a perfect infant Adonis.

The truth must be told, George Periolat, of the American Company, does NOT possess an automobile. It is not that he is niggardly or eccentric, it certainly is not because he cannot afford it and his explanation must therefore be accepted. George says that there is no need for a car in Santa Barbara, and that if he had one he would not walk, and if he did not walk he would grow fat and be a type, and if he became a type he would not earn enough to buy a car if he ever wanted one. There!

Valeska Suratt has "come across"—and that nobly—in aid of the Red Cross War Fund. She has given an entire week's salary to the cause, and only the famous star, William Fox and the Red Cross authorities know what that sum is. Miss Suratt thinks it is up to every film and stage star to follow her lead in setting aside a week's income for the society on which as much depends for the successful prosecution of the war as upon the army and navy. She also believes those whose prosperity depends on public favor shouldn't hesitate to show their appreciation by doing their bit to care for those who are to defend the nation.

Gladys Brockwell keeps a card index of all the people who write to her.

Manager John McGraw of the Giants is in the cast supporting Mr. Bennett in "One Touch of Nature," and has quite a prominent part. Any time Mr. McGraw gets tired of managing the New York Giants, he can always find work as a film actor, judging by his success in "One Touch of Nature."

Jewel Carmen, the flirtatious shop girl of "To Honor and Obey?" a William Fox production, thinks no lunch complete without a chocolate eclair.

Sonia Marcelle, who played the part of an Italian mother in Madge Kennedy's first Goldwyn production, plans a trip to Russia this fall to reclaim her library and furniture. Her identification with the party that has lately come into power at Petrograd caused her to depart from that country hastily two years ago. In so doing she was forced to leave much of her personal property behind her.

Nellie Slattery was in quite a quandary when the United States entered the world war. Miss Slattery is very patriotic. She is also very fond of her pet dachshund. She realized it wouldn't be just the thing for an American to be seen on the street with an alien enemy hound. As she couldn't bring herself to disposing of the dog, Miss Slattery did the next best thing, naturalized him. She dyed the dachshund's head blue and striped his long body and squat legs in red and white.

Every American girl should be able to shoot and ride. She should know how to handle a revolver and a horse. This is the theory of Pearl White, and to put her theory into practice, the famous movie star, who is appearing in Pathe's newest serial, "The Fatal Ring," has offered her services as an instructor for girls who wish to become markswomen and horsewomen. The fact that Miss White is a crack-shot with a revolver as well as an experienced horsewoman, was brought out when she registered for the New York State Military Census.

Bessie Barriscale's suite of dressing rooms at her studio in Hollywood, Cal., covers a floor space of 1,200 square feet, and consists of three apartments and a bath. The reception room is furnished in white and ivory. The costume room contains mainly closets and sets of drawers. The walls of her dressing room are entirely covered with mirrors so arranged as to enable her to study gestures, postures and gowns from every conceivable angle. Quite a difference from the dressing rooms in the average theater. "Movie" stars enjoy many advantages the dramatic stars never experience.

Bessie Love enjoyed the distinction of being the guest of an entire city on the Fourth of July, when she was entertained by the Mayor, Commercial Club, Raisin Growers' Association and citizens of Fresno. The invitation was extended to Miss Love after the citizens of the San Joaquin County seat had voted her the most popular film favorite in that community of 50,000 persons.

John Drew Bennett, Godson of the famous actor, John Drew, is featured in "One Touch of Nature," a new Edison production. Mr. Bennett is of Yale '08, and aside from being a splendid actor is noted as a baseball player and all-around athlete. He possesses many of the traits, and has many of the characteristics of his illustrious Godfather.

Jackie Saunders is the only film star that has a movable front yard, and it's the biggest yard in the world, too. It just simply won't behave. This wonderful front yard of Jackie's is nothing less than the Pacific Ocean. When she steps out her front door she's in the ocean and so she doesn't have to worry about cutting the lawn.

William Farnum has a really patriotic flower garden at his summer home in North Haven, just outside Sag Harbor, L. I. There are beautiful beds of red geraniums, white tulips and blue pansies.



THE CROSS
WITHIN A CROSS

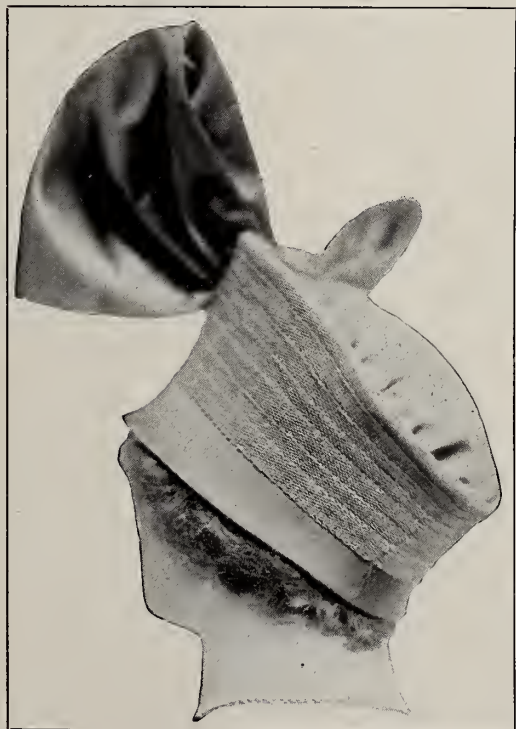
GAIL KANE, NIFTY HATS and SMILES--They Go Together

CHAMPION exploiter of millinery and promulgator of the winning smile! These are some of the honors which go undisputed to Gail Kane, the charming photoplayer who does such valiant service in making Mutual-American films attractive to the fans of all walks (and runs) of life.

It has been said that Miss Kane wears more different kinds of hats in a season than any other two women extant. There can be no doubting the assertion, either, if one has the chance of seeing the young star make about twenty different appearances on the boulevard in a day, for, verily, it would make no difference how many times she emerged from the recesses of her home and meandered among the throngs of the public highways and by-ways, she would have "another hat on" just as sure as fate.

It is also said she once engaged a retinue of expert milliners to take an inventory of the head-gear she had on hand at the time. After three hours of exasperatingly arduous work, the whole force went on a strike. There were too many hats, and it all seemed too much like an endless task. And, moreover, they mistook the Kane smile. They thought she was ridiculing them when, as a matter of fact, she was radiating pleasant encouragement copiously.

A striking demonstration of that Kane smile can be seen in one of the accompanying pictures. Also, while you're at it, note the hat. It is one of the very latest creations of the art and it reflects the martial spirit of the time very impressively. It is a modified replica of the helmet the soldier boys wear on the battle-fields of blood-soaked Europe. It is a hat which is especially effective with the trottoir suit.



The fact that Miss Kane knows exactly how to wear a hat accentuates its beauty, but there is no reason why our friends, the fannettes, cannot emulate her efficiently, and let it be said here and now, this clever star is worth following when it comes to head-dress. Explicitly, if you, dear girls and ladies, wear what she wears you may rest assured of being in style and in good taste. (Gee, what doesn't Miss Kane owe us for all this?)

Now, if you will turn your gaze to the other two pictures nearby, you will find a front and back view of another chic little hat which can be worn with impunity for several weeks to come. The rear view constitutes one of those tantalizing studies which make you fear the shattering of an illusion in the event of there being a right-about-face, but, just see the front



side, and, incidentally, take cognizance of the sober expression the subject wears on her face—a proof incontrovertible of her ability to look pleasant even without the aid of a smile. Returning to the hat, it is simply a simple little suit hat with more charm than expensiveness, and therefore, with more chance of passing the censorship of the head of the household, whose hands are always fatigued from footing bills.

Miss Kane is the designer of most all the countless hats she wears. Many of her original ideas influence milliners to such an extent that they duplicate her with fidelity every chance they get, finding such a habit the creator of lucrative business. The young star also designs most of her own costumes for the screen and clothes for the street. She is an authority on the science of "nifty notions,"



and she has won many admirers with her attire, abetted and aided by that ineffaceable facial illumination a la smile.

Since achieving her notable triumphs in the voiceless drama she has received several offers to forsake the art and devote her time exclusively and profitably to currying the favor of milady fastidious by contributing her mighty share towards keeping the fashions changing with that change rolling into the chests of the modistes interminably. However, it would take more than tempting offers to persuade Miss Kane to forsake the camera.

She loves it and dotes on it. In fact, she likes it so exceedingly well that she gets downright irritable when weather or the laziness of the scenario-writers delays her work. Nevertheless, true to her unalterable sunny disposition, she smiles when vexed, even. She runs no risks of losing her title to the championship in smileology under the most adverse conditions.

Smiling, you know, constitutes a sort of painless dental treatment—it pulls people out of aching caverns of gloom. For this reason we would encourage Miss Kane, as does everyone, in the penchant for smiling. Wearing nifty hats is all right as far as it goes, but wearing joy-infusing smiles goes a lot farther. Miss Kane is fortunate enough to be able to muster a mighty powerful smile, and she is generous enough to keep it working long hours. She really desires her smiles to accomplish some good for others. She says she abhors a frown, and we believe her. She also says she wants it said that she scored her greatest success in the art of beneficial smiling, and again we believe her.

Such a charming photoplayer is Gail Kane, and such a fulsome recognition as this does she deserve.

AS TIME AND STRENGTH DOTH GO

HAZEL DALY, creator of "Honey" in Essanay's Skinner pictures, has gone in for farming.

A little daily farming won't hurt anyone in these days of pressing need for food. Of course it's too much for the weakly!

WILLIAM SHERWOOD, Metro actor, is something of a champion athlete, he having distinguished himself with his 165 pounds of brawn on both the gridiron and diamond of the south in his palmy days.

Is he athletic enough to jump a bar that's gone up the spout as a result of national prohibition?

ONE of the late recruits to the Metro artistic forces is Dee Dorsey, who was born and reared in Fairbanks, Alaska.

She should be most adept at playing parts requiring the accurate interpretation of chilly realism. Also, it's a good bet she knows how to hand out the cold shoulder.

WOMEN as business successes are as rare as men housekeepers, declares Maxine Elliott.

We'll bet a cookie that when many a woman reads this, she will say it's none of anybody's business what the gentle sex can do in business.

THEDA BARA, the screen vampire, announces that she has had a dream in which she saw a woman end the world war.

An exceptional woman, this dream woman, for woman is better at starting a fight than she is in the "art" of ending it.

JUNE CAPRICE is very proud of her knowledge of domestic science, and she is prone to discuss cooking with most everyone she meets.

Miss Caprice had better watch out. Some classy guy who has a ravenous appetite will hear about it and she'll have to go through the ordeal of rejecting another proposal. (You will note, our dear June, we are presuming your proposals come fast and thick, basing our presumption on our own feelings in the matter.)—Signed in Behalf of Fans Galore.

THERE are few out-and-out slackers in the photoplay world.

But there are plenty of fellows suffering from extreme nervous chills caused by the Draft.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS spent two days personally autographing ten thousand photographs of himself in response to a request from the American Red Cross Society, which organization plans on selling these pictures to help support their excellent cause.

Doug is deserving of a cross of honor for thus coming across to the Red Cross.

SCREEN STORIES WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY

BY JACK WINN

OUR RUSSIAN ACQUAINTANCES

THE Russian Revolution, which, among other things, ousted Czar Nicholas out of an easy job, has a peculiar interest for Mary

Martin, because about two years ago she met a Russian count.

Well, we're right with her on that score—we met a Russian hound once.

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR does not live in a bungalow nor does he dine in cafes. He divides his time between the studio and his study.

In plain words, he divides his time between work and labor.

NATHANIEL SACKS saw military service in South Africa.

So he should know something about sacking a city.

ARLINE PRETTY was motoring in her new Studebaker recently. Her chauffeur stopped to ask his location on the map. "You're now ten miles from Elizabeth," he was told. "Who's she?" he asked dubiously.

A quite distant person, we would say, if we didn't happen to know that She is a city in New Jersey.

H. GUY WOODWARD has invented a submarine beer opener for use in dry territories.

Guy's invention promises to become a national necessity. But, it will be more useful if it has attached a periscope through which beer may be sighted.

HENRY KING, the American director, has discovered a new child actress who seems destined to win fame. Her name is Ruth Everdale.

At the rate they are now discovering new child wonders for Filmland, if they all achieve fame they will crowd the Hall of Fame to such extent that some of our celebrated present-day statesmen will have a hard time sticking inside the building.

JUST to be different, no doubt, Viola Dana has adopted a turtle for a pet.

We trust this will not cause her friends to turn turtle every time they go to visit her.

MARGUERITE CLARK possessing among other distinctions the honor of being one of the few motion picture stars who does not drive her own motor car, had to drive a taxicab in a recent picture. Now she likes driving so well, she threatens to become a speed queen.

Not so fast, Marguerite, haste makes waste and also breaks bones and necks when such haste comes in motor driving.

DARING Kathlyn Williams comes back more daringly than ever in her latest jungle drama entitled "In the African Jungle." In this two-reeler she has playing opposite her lions, tigers, elephants and other denizens of darkest Africa.

Even Miss Williams must admit this is a beastly picture.

A PARAMOUNT director was very much annoyed recently by a persistent victim of inebriety who claimed to be an actor just returned from the European trenches, and in need of quick employment. When he was rejected he even went so far in his appeals as to claim to have been shot three times—

In the same saloon?

THOMAS SANTSCHI prides himself on the fact that he never missed a train in all of his years of "trouping."

Obviously Tom has never depended on a dollar watch.

ACCORDING to Mary Garden, the French women are giving up smoking.

The smoke of battle is no doubt more than satisfying them now.

NOW the plotters had better have a care. Violet Palmer, the little William Fox player, has volunteered her services to the Department of Justice. Henceforth she will keep her ears and eyes open in a constant effort to unearth plots against Uncle Sam.

Here's hoping she accomplishes the difficult feat of getting on the right scent with the aid of her ears and eyes.

A BRILLIANT FICTION ACHIEVEMENT

A Story With a Hundred New Angles on Life

"THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL"

By NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

Begins in the October Number of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. Don't miss it.

Eight Years Young and Twenty Years Old in Experience

By LEANDER RICHARDSON

LITTLE Madge Evans, the child star of World-Pictures Brady-Made, was already famous before she ever entered upon a screen career. But we move so rapidly in this age of ours that pretty much everybody has forgotten about this state of things and looks upon Madge purely as a creature of the film world. As a matter of fact, she was more widely celebrated at the age of four than most people of the artistic world are content to be at the end of their natural careers.

Little Madge, however, was not an actress in those days, excepting in a relative sense. True, she posed before the camera and for many of the principal artists of the time, and it is to be admitted that this is a form of acting, inasmuch as the person who undertakes it must throw himself or herself into the spirit of the occasion and the mood of the subject in hand.

The story is that little Madge and her elder brother, Tom by name, were taken to New York from Liverpool, where both children were born. The parents, who had been told time and again of the fabulous riches to be found lying around loose on Broadway and adjacent currents of wealth, soon found that they had been misinformed, as so many others had been before and have been since, and the wolf came scratching at their door. It was in this crisis that an artist—one of the practical kind, who gets a pretty good living out of making illustrated advertisements—a u g h t sight of little Madge and her brother and immediately placed himself in

communication with their parents.

It occurred to this genius of the advertising pages that these two sunny-haired children would make mighty good subjects for luring customers to such articles of trade as So-and-So's Cracked Wheat and Thing-a-my's Baby Food.

Mrs. Evans, the mother of the youngsters, was greatly averse to suggestions of this kind at first, but the artist, who was also a man of business instinct, urged



best-known artists with brush and pencil in this country, beginning with Charles Dana Gibson.

Leo Friedlander won the Roman scholarship in 1913 with his composition, "Morn," in which Madge Evans was depicted as the awakening child.

Mrs. Belmont Bogert, a specialist in children's pictures, very frequently employed little Madge as the central figure in her works.

F. S. Church's Cupids, in quite a large number of instances, will be recognized as replicas of little Madge Evans at the tender age of four.

B. L. Link in 1913 exhibited at the Academy of Design a bronze entitled "Baby with Doll," for which the diminutive Miss Evans was the posing figure.

Lydia Field Emmet, a noted child portraitist, about this same time produced a dozen or more sketches and paintings in oil with little Madge as her inspiration.

Even thus early was the child known throughout art circles of the United States as "the loveliest baby in America," a description that has by no means deserted her since she entered the field of the silent drama.

Nor was all this advancement as an artist's model brought about without the aid of Madge's mother, Mrs. Arthur Evans in real life. Of this quiet, self-contained and comely little woman, Miss Emmet, the famous children's portrait painter, said at the same time:

"She is the only person I have been able to find who could unfailingly make any child keep its pose."

Asked how she caught the wonderful face expression of her juvenile subjects, Miss Emmet promptly replied:

"I do not put it there. It has got to be there already or I can't paint it. Of course, I might paint an expression from memory, but that is a very inadequate substitute for a living model. The great secret of the art of child portraiture is to get and keep the particular face expression which shows each child at its best.

and urged until he finally overcame the objections, and all at once little Madge came into great demand, for the fame of her pictures soon spread, and other commercial artists, as well as those in art for art's sake, came trooping after her. The immediate result of this was the Evans family found themselves on Easy Street, for there was as much as little Madge could do in the way of posing without overdoing it, and her income ran from ten dollars a day upward.

All this was at the age of four, which the reader will admit was rather early for a child to become the mainstay of her family.

It might be mentioned in passing that for her first series of poses she received the munificent sum of fifty cents a day, her rapid advance indicating the favor into which she sprang with various artists. Among those who sketched her at that time were some of the

The most talked about and considered the best I painted was done while Mrs. Evans was entertaining the little sitter. I have never seen Mrs. Evans with any child, of any temperament, of any class, boy or girl, of any age, be it from two to fourteen, whom she could not win.

"She seems to yield a certain power over children, although through kindness, love, sympathy and understanding that she so quickly makes them subject to her will. She realized very early that her little ones needed some fun while they were working, usually several hours every day, and to keep them happy and not deprive them of their childish pleasures, she read to them and devised little games which could be played without disturbing the artist."

So it was that dimpled little Madge, another of whose noms de studio was "the Dresden china doll come to life," became the piece de resistance of one-half the soap, candy, washing machine, breakfast food and tooth powder advertisements of the day.

And once upon a time, when her parents went back to England for a visit and took little Madge with them, the London Daily Sketch devoted a whole page of pictures and a long yarn of letter press to illustrating for the readers the great success which had been scored by an English baby in the American art world. Upon that occasion the London Daily Dispatch published from its Liverpool correspondent a long and circumstantial story about little Madge, from which the following is clipped:

"She became famous by accident. One day her brother, while walking along a New York street, attracted the attention of an artist who would not rest satisfied until he had obtained the parents' permission for the little chap to pose for him.

"Visiting the house of Mr. and Mrs. Evans he then saw Madge, a toddler then of only a year and eight months.

"Her appearance impressed him even more, and since that time the little girl has led a busy life. Day after day she has posed in hundreds of attitudes and dresses before the camera or a portrait painter, or a sculptor, and the result is a collection of pictures which must run into thousands. Her face peeps forth from the pages of magazines; it is on the covers of other periodicals; on some of the most popular posters of the day; on post cards innumerable; on Christmas calendars, and on fashion plates.

"The demand to have her taken in some new pose is so keen that on the day before she left America she did nothing from eight o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon but sit or stand in front of the camera.

"In the midst of it all the child remains unspoilt. She ran towards me happily and without any self-consciousness at her home today—a charming little girl in a white frock, with a blue band of ribbon round it, and with dainty little feet enclosed by red slippers.

"Round the drawing-room of the house in Oakfield were photographs of her, and she explained them gravely to me.

"That's my little brother," she said prettily, 'and there's me.'

"There he is again, and I am writing. That's one of my children,' she went on, alluding to a doll. 'I've got ten of them; but, oh! they're such a trouble to dress.'

"She bounced on to a settee. 'There I am on a swing, and look! I'm dressed as a boy in this one. I like to be a boy. You can put your hands into trousers pockets if you're a boy.'

"The pictures that I looked at were wonderful. There are hundreds of poses;

but the expression is finer than that of any actor; for the child's

attractive looks are the product of natural grace and beauty—there is nothing artificial in them.

"Some of the prettiest are those in which Madge appears as Cupid, but it is really very hard to individualize.

"I saw her a little Red Indian, as Dolly Varden, as a typist, a milkmaid and in a score of distinctive settings. Is it to be wondered at that great artists like Dana Gibson have lavished praise on her? She possesses quite unusual intelligence for one so young.

"When she is to pose she looks at a sketch of the situation that is desired, and a moment later she is acting the part to the life with a bewitching smile, a demure look, a roguish glance, or an angelic expression that is perfectly natural.

"Madge inherits her artistic leanings from her mother who, when a school teacher in Liverpool, was always fond of painting and of the arts generally. Her success in America induced many moving picture firms to make offers, but these with one or two exceptions were declined.

"Of course I had to ask little Madge if she had any beauty diet; but when she grasped what I meant, her reply was amusing: 'I like candy,' she said. 'I like being in England, too,' she confided, 'for I go to bed later here. I have to go to bed at seven o'clock when I am at home, which is not fair.'

"With that expression of discontent she left me in order to romp round the room. In the midst of this she stopped suddenly to hug and kiss a photo of her daddy, while her mother lovingly smiled."

Then in due time came little Madge's course upon the screen, for when she returned with her mother to America she suddenly found herself the centre of an ever-increasing demand from almost every quarter of the movie world. In the first place, the magazines and advertisements had made her face known all over the country, so she was as much entitled



Little Madge is at the head of a little household all her own

to the position of a popular favorite as almost any of the stage stars after years of acting before the public. In the second, she had developed through her pose the art of impersonation in a quite remarkable degree.

So it was that the directors of the silent drama almost literally pounced upon her, and she appeared with rapidly advancing success with Lew Fields in "Old Dutch," Robert Warwick in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" and in Tarkington's "Seventeen," in "Shore Acres" and "Zaza."

The World Film Corporation (now World-Pictures Brady-Made) had secured her services, and loaned her to Famous Players and other leading producers, who grew so insistent that in order to hold the child against competition the World people entered into a formal contract with Mrs. Evans. This has been twice renewed, each time at a largely increased measure of compensation, until little Madge now recognizes herself as one of the really high-salaried players of the voiceless drama, and an out-and-out star at an age when most little people are at the lollypop stage of development.

One of the earliest things this child learned to do with genuine effectiveness was to shed tears "at the drop of the hat," so to speak, which was all the more surprising in an infant with an uncommonly sunny disposition and an unflinching natural tendency to laughter.

The mystery of how this child can adapt herself to a part requiring the complete effacement of her ordinary character and the assumption of feelings entirely foreign to her true self was cleared up by her mother.

"It must not be forgotten," said Mrs. Evans, "that Madge is a child and has all the ordinary likes and dislikes customary to her age. She loves to play with dolls and teddy bears, and I guess she has twice as many rubber balls as she can ever use. You see she is simply a healthy, normal youngster, with a naturally happy, bubbling personality.

"Consequently it is often very difficult for her to change her mood and adjust herself to the requirements of a sad role. At such times she will slip over to me and whisper rather pleadingly, 'Mother, will you please make me cry?'

"Since I have always been her confidante, I know exactly those things which to her were most pathetic. So I tell her the story of poor Julius, the small Shetland pony which she used to drive. Julius was an extraordinarily affectionate animal and a great favorite of hers, and she can never recall his death without crying.

"She lives in great fear of public school, for she never attended one, and if I tell her to imagine I am sending her to public school, her facial expression changes at once and big round tears be-

gin to roll down her cheeks. Or, the idea of my leaving her is sure to affect her strongly. Madge is so sympathetic and sensitive that the mere mention of these things makes her forget her dolls and teddy bears, and brings tears to her eyes.

"Madge's greatest gift, I think, is her mobile face. She can register any emotion at will, and that is what lends most to her success when posing for the camera."

Just then Madge trundled over to where we were talking and indulged in her luncheon of bread and milk, during which she continued her delightful talk.

"I love the movies so much that I want to stay in them all my life. I hope to be a star some day and play big parts, but mother says I must study hard and learn all about acting."

At that moment the candy came along and everything else was forgotten.

The emergence of little Madge Evans to stardom, now in course of accomplishment, was delayed for several months after it had been finally decided upon by William A. Brady and his associates in World Pictures.

It has been an important part of the system of this corporation to forward the ambitions of those of its players who take the best advantage of their acting opportunities, as, for instance, in the case of Montague Love, now one of the firmly established stars of the screen.

Mr. Love began with World Pictures only a few months ago, playing inconspicuous parts, but playing them so well that he was very rapidly advanced to his present desirable position—and the same process was determined upon in relation to little Madge.

It was discovered, however, that finding plays suitable for a grown-up actor and digging out a single drama for a child star were two very widely different propositions. Of course, there were plenty of infantile, dribbling little stories to be had which might be interesting enough to the Mother Goose evolution of intellect, but it was the managerial aim of the Madge Evans promotion to provide a play of sufficient ingenuity and dramatic strength to appeal to mature as well as juvenile spectators.

Thus for week after week the search went on fruitlessly, and pretty much everybody but little Madge herself was in despair (for the diminutive actress has never encountered a single shadow in real life), when a manuscript by Julia Burnham came in, and, Presto! the problem was solved.

Work upon the production was immediately begun at the Peerless studio, under the direction of Harley Knoles, and "The Little Duchess" is the result.

The heroine is an American-born heiress of a British dukedom, and her

disinherited father has died in New York leaving wife and baby in straightened circumstances, so that when the widow soon succumbs, the little girl is sent to an orphanage.

From this hateful place she escapes and "joins out" with a circus. Here the agents of her grandfather, the Duke, find her and take her home to England. But the old man is a woman hater of the most rabid sort, believing his wife of years past to have eloped with his best friend; so he compels little Geraldine to array herself in boy's apparel and bear the cognomen Jerry, for short.

The youngster prowls lonesomely through the ancient castle, where one day in a long unused tower she comes across the skeletons of a man and woman, the Duke's wife and supposititious lover, incarcerated by accident in the death chamber, that was also their tomb. The old gentleman, stricken with remorse at the injustice of his aspersions upon the dead Duchess, restores little Geraldine to her rightful place, indicating a happy future for his suddenly beloved heiress.

The many and widely varied adventures falling to the lot of the child heroine of this play call into action all the gifts which a bountiful nature has showered upon little Miss Evans. The tenderness shown toward her stricken mother in the final hours; the horrors of existence in the orphan asylum; the picturesque hardship of life with a circus; the oppressive loneliness of days and nights in the grim, forbidding old castle; the shock of the gruesome discovery in the tower, and the final delight of her liberation to natural life—all these present opportunities of which Madge avails herself to their fullest value by those most familiar with her "past performances."

The most recent previous appearance of this child actress for World-Pictures Brady-Made was in "Maternity," of which Alice Brady was the star player. It was in the extraordinary fire scene of this drama that both Miss Brady and Madge had most of their hair singed off, a matter of such trifling consequence to the joyous little maid that less than ten minutes after the genuine peril had passed she was fast asleep in her blanket in the automobile bound for home.

Curiously, she has never acted but once in the spoken drama—probably because she never has the time. But last spring for a few weeks she played Mimsy in "Peter Ibbetson" at the Republic Theatre in New York, and proved the many-sided nature of her talents.

Little Madge will not be tempted from the silent drama to the speaking stage.

"Too much doing the same thing over. I like to start fresh every day."

And the precocious star is only eight years young this minute!

Don't fail to get the October issue of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

Beginning a new serial story

"THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL"

By NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

A clever story by a clever and well-known writer just entering into the motion-picture field.

If you are not already a subscriber—SUBSCRIBE NOW.

THIS MONTH'S PHOTO-PLAY SUGGESTION

NOTE: Each month one or more short stories will be given their first publication in this department for the consideration of photoplay producers as well as the entertainment of our readers. All writers, amateur or professional, having stories of merit which they wish to get before producers to an advantage are welcome to this agency, and in case their material is accepted by any producer, they will be given the entire amount the latter might pay. The chief purpose of this unique plan is to help worthy writers who are without literary reputation as yet.

AMERICA FIRST

By ELY ROBISON

BETTY COWAN lived with her stepfather, Old Fritz, who tended the lighthouse. They were very happy and Betty loved the grizzled old man as she would have loved a father. She never tired of listening to his tales of adventure and stories of his boyhood days in Germany before he came to America.

Betty helped tend the light, and would often gaze far out over the blue Atlantic from the tower of the lighthouse at some passing ship, and try to imagine where they came from and the life they lived in other lands. She had read stories of the big outside world, from which she seemed so far separated, and wonder if she would ever live such a life, and if she would ever have the pleasures of other girls she had read about.

When in this lonesome mood she often wandered down the coast to a quiet little bay that was closed in from the rough Atlantic by high rocky cliffs, with the exception of a narrow inlet almost hidden by the high cliffs on either side. Here she had a small boat and she would drift over the smooth little bay and dream of the big world she had read about but had never seen. Or sometimes when in a happier mood she would fish or swim in the blue waters or gather shells.

She daily made a trip to the little fishing village of Green Cove on the other side of the lighthouse, where she was a general favorite with the children, with the market basket and to call for the paper for Uncle Fritz. One day when she went over to Green Cove she noticed groups of fishermen talking excitedly, some of them with bundles under their arms preparing to leave the village, the women and children bidding them God speed. News had reached the village that war had been declared on Germany. She purchased her supplies, and with the paper for Uncle Fritz made her way back to the lighthouse. Uncle Fritz was very much disturbed by the news and was silent and thoughtful. Betty's questions about the war were answered curtly or not at all. Late in the afternoon Betty saw what appeared to be a tramp steamer standing close in and signalling to the lighthouse. That night a small boat came in to the landing and two men in uniform came ashore. Uncle Fritz met them, and the three went to his room and closed the door. Betty could not understand the guarded words that occasionally came from behind the closed door, but her suspicions were aroused for she knew that they were conversing in a foreign tongue, and that it must be German to be understood by Uncle Fritz. Still she could not believe that her stepfather could be disloyal to the land of his adoption.

By the next day she had dismissed the incident from her mind and had gone down to the bay fishing. When she had rowed a little way out from the shore, she saw an object coming through the water from towards the inlet of the bay that appeared to be the fin of a large fish, a shark she thought, and rowed to the shore immediately.

When she again looked the object was not to be seen, but the surface of the quiet little bay seemed more disturbed than usual. She stamped her foot angrily and defiantly that her little bay should be visited by a shark, as she was sure it was, and felt for her small revolver that she sometimes carried with her, and then laughed at the thought of using a small revolver on a shark. She turned to go home, and as she was climbing up the path leading to the top of the cliff, a young man dressed in khaki stepped from behind a boulder with his hat in one hand and a field-glass in the other. Captain Ray introduced himself and begged that he might be pardoned for frightening her, and also that he be allowed to accompany her to her home. Which she granted.

Betty told of what she had seen in the bay, at which Captain Ray eagerly listened and then

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

BETTY COWAN, a beautiful American girl who with her stepfather tend a lighthouse on the Atlantic coast.

OLD FRITZ, Betty's stepfather, a grizzled, weather beaten old man, of German birth and with German sympathy.

CAPTAIN RAY, an American army officer detailed to search for submarine bases.

LIEUTENANT DUNCAN, in command of the guns on a merchant steamer.

said, "You must not go out on the bay again. It would mean almost certain death. I cannot tell you more now."

They were now in sight of the lighthouse, which Betty pointed out, and here Captain Ray bid her goodbye and said, "Remember you are not to go back to the bay."

Betty went on her way happier than she had ever been, a new happiness had come into her life. When she told Old Fritz what she had seen in the bay, he seemed very much excited, and gruffly commanded her to stay away from the bay, as it was probably a shark that she had seen. He chuckled to himself on how easily she had been scared away from the bay, and thanked his lucky star that she had not discovered what it really was. For he knew it was a German submarine that had slipped into the bay.

Captain Ray was now more convinced than ever that he had discovered a submarine base, and decided to again make a careful investigation of the cliffs surrounding the bay. Keeping himself under cover as much as possible, he went first to the entrance to the bay where he found two wires coming from the water's edge and leading up the face of the cliff. His first impulse was to cut the wires for he was sure they led to mines placed in the entrance and that should a submarine chaser accidentally discover the passage between the rocks it would be blown to pieces if it tried to enter.

He turned back and cautiously made his way to the highest part of the cliff.

Betty, in the tower of the lighthouse, had the big fieldglass trained on two merchant steamers that were steaming close into the coast and coming that way, which she was sure were loaded with supplies for the Allies, and that they were setting out on their perilous trip across the Atlantic. Turning her glass down the coast in the other direction she recognized Captain Ray cautiously making his way along the top of the cliff, and also another man apparently following him who looked like her stepfather. She could not understand what they were doing, then it came to her, the mysterious strangers who visited Old

Fritz, the supposed shark, Captain Ray's mysterious visit to that part of the coast. She then knew that she had seen the periscope of a submarine instead of a shark's fin, and that her little bay had been turned into a submarine base by the enemy, and that her stepfather, Old Fritz, must be into the plot. She hurriedly secured her revolver and started for the scene; for if Captain Ray was in any danger she must help him. She could see him now as she had seen him when they met the day before, gallant and handsome, standing before her with bared head.

Captain Ray, when he had reached the top of the cliff, saw a man with a fieldglass a short distance from him step out from a niche in the rocky wall and train his glass on the two merchant steamers that were making their way down along the coast, and who then turned and signalled to someone in the bay. The Captain then distinguished the outlines of a submarine gliding towards the narrow channel leading out of the bay. He slipped back and worked around behind the man on the edge of the cliff. At Captain Ray's command the man turned, started to draw his revolver and then put up his hands. He ordered the man back from the edge of the cliff into a niche out of sight of the bay. Here a complete wireless station had been rigged out, and here were the two wires that he had seen coming from the entrance of the bay.

They were connected with a battery, and he knew that by simply turning it on the mines could be exploded. Captain Ray did not see Old Fritz approaching from behind until that worthy had knocked his revolver from his hand and thrown his arms around him. The other man now came to the assistance of Old Fritz, and they were making towards the edge of the cliff with Captain Ray when Betty appeared on the scene. At her command the two dropped Captain Ray and turned to gaze into the blue barrel of a revolver. Captain Ray was on his feet in an instant, and the two men were quickly bound. When the last one was bound Betty's revolver dropped from her hand, and she would have fallen had Captain Ray not caught her. He led her gently a few steps away, and then turned to look down into the bay; the submarine was now in the narrow channel, ready to make a surprise attack on the unsuspecting steamers. With a bound Captain Ray reached the exploding battery to which the wires were connected, and in another instant the submarine was blown up by the mines she had laid for her own protection.

The nearest steamer immediately lowered a boat, and Lieut. Duncan with a detachment of sailors came ashore. After a brief explanation from Captain Ray, Lieut. Duncan ordered the two bound men placed in the boat. Betty could not keep back the tears when Old Fritz was being led away. He had been a father to the lonely girl, and it was with genuine sorrow that she saw him marched down to the boat. Captain Ray stood motionless until the boat with the two conspirators had pulled out from land, and then slowly walking back he took Betty's hands and looking into her sad, beautiful face said: "Betty, you are a true American. You have done your country a great service. You have also saved my life Betty, and now what are you going to do with it? It is yours Betty. I have loved you since I first met you here. Will you take me." Betty shyly put her arms around his neck and hid her face against his shoulder. Captain Ray's arms closed around her and he said: "Betty, may I hope that you love me and will wait for me? Promise me that I may come back for you when my duty is fulfilled."

For answer she raised her face and kissed him and said: "Yes dear, I love you and—and you may come for me when this war is over, but you must go now and fulfill your duty to your country. America First, and then come back to me."

BEFORE THE SCREEN

*Whether friends, in passing by,
Think the venture madness;
Whether doubting mortals sigh
At my lack of skill;
While this heart may glorify
All it feels of gladness,
Daring Time and Fate, shall I
Build my castles still.
Whether Age and Grief may stare
At the fool in pity;
Whether goblins everywhere
Shall their curses give;
While this soul is free to care
For Love's deathless ditty,
Never mind a maudlin prayer—
Let me dream and—live!*

—RALPH M. THOMSON

OSWALD SMYTH, IN LOVE

By JACK STEWART

DID you ever sit down, or sit up, or otherwise compose yourself, gentle reader of the male persuasion, and think what this old world would be if there were no women in it?

Hold on—don't turn the page! I don't mean to banish them *now*, you understand. No, no—you're married to the sweetest girl on earth, perhaps, and I have a charming sister, and all that, so we don't want to speak rashly, or entertain preposterous ideas. But what I mean is, suppose there never *had* been any.

Now you get me.

Suppose there were no women folks to want a new auto when little old last year's car is plenty good enough. Or to wear furs the twelve months around, regardless of weather, and so forth—ad infinitum, a l'outrance.

Everybody knows what an expense they are, bless their hearts! And yet we (speaking generically) go blithely on, marrying them and raising more—working for them—making a fuss over them—and making fools of ourselves over them, too.

Which brings me gracefully to the strange case of my friend Oswald Smyth—see what you make of it, Watson.

Oswald's a likable fellow: quiet, unassuming and self-possessed, as a rule. Therefore the exceeding strangeness of the fix in which he found himself, all at once.

Os's a copy-writer. You've read his ads in the magazines and newspapers. You've sent your little contribution, probably, in response to his irresistible appeals, for a trial bottle or a packet of this or that. Or maybe you prefer a certain kind of breakfast food because Os has long and diligently besought you to benefit by the regular and continued use of Somebody's Oats. You haven't realized that you prefer Somebody's Oats because of Os's shrewd work, so I'm telling you.

Oswald makes pretty good money. And he's not backward about spending it. I get some of it, playing rummy with him. For Os and I are bachelors and three or four nights per week, until recently, Os has sat across the old deal table from me, in my diggings, and we have trifled with our luck in a thoroughly amiable way.

Well, the other night I trimmed poor Os so badly that even my conscience rebelled at taking the money. At ten cents a game I had him \$1.20 in the hole—and the night was yet young.

Wherefore, when Oswald threw down his hand and said, "I'm through, my luck's no good tonight—I can't keep my mind on the game," why, I stacked the cards and brought out a couple o' bottles o' Bud.

"What's the matter, old man?" said I. "Now that I take a good look at you, you do seem decidedly off. You're not yourself. Where you been lately? You're working too hard, days or nights, or maybe both. Better ease up and let your natural youthful vitality have a chance to assert itself."

"Oh, it isn't work, hang it all," growled Os. "It's—it's—Jake, were you ever in love?"

I nearly dropped my glass. So that's what's the matter with Oswald! Uh—hm! I looked at him cautiously. Yes, he was in earnest all right. Almost there were tears in his eyes.

"Why—yes, Osy—I'll have to confess that I *have* had my moments. But never mind that, tell me: when, where and how did it happen?"

"Jake, old man," said my friend, "I've got to admit that I'm in love—desperately, madly, badly—bad as it gets, I guess," and he tried to smile, but he swallowed hard and looked as though he were drinking coffee too hot and it burnt his throat.

"No," I countered, "you don't mean to tell me!"

"Yes, I do mean to tell you—and I mean to tell you all about it," he blurted. "I've got to get it off my chest."

I forced a little more liquor on him and he gulped some down, without really appreciating it, I could see that.

"Go ahead," said I. "Tell me all—the worst—don't leave any out." You see when they're in that fix you've got to appear sympathetic. They expect it—they want it—they need it.

Osy cut loose, under that encouragement, and hoisted his jib.

"Yes," he said, "drat it, I'm in love, and it's struck *in*—gone clear into the bone!" He shivered.

"Cee, Osy," I remarked, just to say something helpful, "that's fierce, when it goes to your head that way. Tell on."

Os didn't catch my subtle humor, which gave positive proof that he was very much out of sorts. He told on:

"Well, she's an artist. I met her first in the latter part of November. I was busy chewing the rubber off my pencil one day over a bunch of copy, when a tolerably young girl came in. Oh, just a common ordinary one, you know, one you can't remember after she's gone out.

"She had a line of drawings for me to look at. She said she represented Miss Ainsley, the artist, and believing that I bought drawings for advertising purposes she'd like to show me what she had.

"Now there's no novelty in that, you know. Five or six or more artists a week blow in to see if they can do any daubing for me. It gets tiresome, looking at crude stuff—as it mostly all is. But I always look, for you never know when something really good is going to come in.

"So the girl laid out her wares. I scanned the bunch, and among them saw a rather nifty sketch in color of a young woman sitting at a table holding a brush or a mirror or something in her

hand. I turned it around and let the light strike it right. It was good—better than the average stuff I look at—yes, I'll say it was pretty fair. The come-and-take-me expression on the face, and the general make-up, wasn't bad at all.

"I said to the saleslady: 'I might possibly use that, if the ah, the price is right, and the artist can paint out that brush in her hand and paint in a bottle of perfume like this. What would it be worth, when that was done?'

"Well, she hemmed and hawed a little and asked me what I thought was right, based on what I usually paid. Now, with a man, I don't hesitate to give him considerable three-ball talk, you know, but I don't like to do that with a woman. That's my failing, you see—I'm soft-hearted!"

Here Osy tried to smile again, and almost choked on his Adam's apple.

"However," he resumed, "I finally told her that if Miss Ainsley would make the change and get it back to me right away, I'd give her twenty dollars. I wouldn't have offered a man but fifteen.

"So she said she'd call up Miss Ainsley, if she might use my phone, and ask her about it. I told her to go ahead, and I slid the phone over to her.

"She got a satisfactory answer right away and, replacing the receiver, said she'd have the altered drawing over to me in a day or two. 'All right,' I said, 'and when it's done, ask Miss Ainsley to bring it over herself, as I might see something in it then to talk to her about.' Gee, I wish I'd never said those fatal words!" and Osy wrung his hands and beat his knuckles against his forehead.

"The first of the following week I was head over heels in a series of ads on a new near-beer campaign in the prohibition states, for one of our largest breweries. You know how you get absorbed in it—the subject, I mean, not the substance. Well, I didn't notice that anybody had come in. All of a sudden a voice said, 'How do you do?'

"Oh, that musical, feelingful voice! It meant that the owner of it really wanted to know how I 'did,' and if I wasn't doing well she was sorry and would like to nurse me back to health. You hear the kind of voice she has, once or twice in a lifetime. Ina Claire of the Follies had something of the same kind of expression and *almost* as good, when she sang 'Hello Frisco,' and 'Marie Odile,' remember?"

I looked hard at Osy, but he was very serious. He wasn't looking at me; he was leaning forward with his hands clasped and his elbows on his knees. In a way this was like a court-room experience for him—he was confessing his crime and defending his position, almost as if he'd stolen something. Only the *real* trouble was that somebody had stolen something from Osy. Poor fellow, he hadn't any heart any more. All he had now was a physiological organ pumping blood, just from force of habit—no life or nerve to it—just pump, pump, pump, thud, thud, thud—and every thud a throb of pain over an ingrowing love, ten times worse than toenails.

I hustled out some fresh cigars, just to be doing something, and the taste of a perfecto seemed to soothe Oswald. He puffed a few puffs, got a grip on himself and forged ahead.

"Where was I—oh, 'how do you do?' I looked up as though I'd been shot, which I *had* been, all right. I can't describe her—you'll have to take her for granted. Only think of the best you ever saw—about five feet five or six—cute little hat, a veil, a coat that was all-fired becoming and tan shoes with different colored tops—small shoes too, smallest I ever remember seeing. There she stood and smiled."

Osy stopped dead here and I sat still. He was seeing her, and I was for giving him a good look. I could kind o' see her myself, too, you know.

A lightning flash of love had hit Osy squarely and knocked him cold, when that young lady came into his trusting life.

So I let Os have a good long look. It seemed to do him good, in a sad kind of way. He sighed and leaned back and fixed his eyes on my plaster cast of the Indian drawing his bow.

ENVY THE DOG!



Kathleen Clifford, of Balboa, star of the serial, "The Twisted Thread," and her dog

Maybe the Indian looked like Cupid to him in that trance he was in. Anyhow, he kept his eyes glued there, while he slowly gathered headway on his story.

"Well, she had the drawing all fixed up, just right. But to make her talk and smile at me I discussed it from every angle. I asked her opinion about a suitable background color for the poster we were going to put the girl's figure on, and if she was sure that the girl's hands were natural, and if she had the cameo ring on the right finger and all that. Of course, this gave me a chance to steal a look at Miss Ainsley's hands and there was a diamond on the third finger of her left hand! She had taken off her gloves to handle the sketch. When I saw that glister on her finger it made me mad. 'Hang it,' I thought, 'Can't they let a pretty girl alone? Has somebody always got to rope 'em and ring 'em with a band of gilt and a flashy stone as soon as they put on long dresses?' You see, I was in exactly the frame of mind of the cave-man who sees a cave-woman and wants her. And the extent of his desire is shown in a quick wielding of his trusty club on everybody in sight. He knocks out all antagonists and then, for a good job all around, he knocks out the woman, so he can carry her off with him.

"Only I didn't want to harm a hair of Miss Ainsley's pretty head. I just wanted to grab her right there while I could get her, and have her for my own against all the world."

Here Osy unclasped his hands and reached them up behind his head with a vigorous movement that showed he had tightened all the muscles in his arms. He slunk down in his chair and stretched out his feet.

"Well, of course, at last, in all decency, I had to close the conversation and let her go. But not until I had shifted the talk to personal matters a bit, and found out that she was in Florida last winter. We were talking about perfumes and Florida water, you see. She said she loved Palm Beach and would like to go there again this winter.

"Well," I said, in one of those over-bold strokes that you're afterward ashamed of, 'well, possibly Florida may not be so very far away for you, either in time or distance, on a little wedding trip with the chap who gave you that,' and I laid my finger ever so lightly on her diamond ring. 'Oh, that,' she answered, with never a blush or a flutter of eyelids or a pulling back of her hand, 'there isn't any chap, you know,' and she smiled, and oy, yoy, believe me Jake, I was gone, GONE, for the first and only time, worth mentioning, in my thirty-two years of earthly career." Oswald's voice was woeful in the extreme.

"That beautiful, bewitching girl had me bewitched, old man, and from then till now and on into the distant future I can't shake off her nooses and her knots. They choke me—give us another drink, will you? Thanks."

Osy passed his forefinger around inside of his collar and twisted his neck to relieve it and to loosen one of Miss Ainsley's nooses, if possible.

"I told her to come in again soon, as I'd need at least three more designs for the series. 'And let me have your bill right away for this, and I'll pay it,' said I.

"All right, thank you very much, but I'll have to charge you a little more for any others, if they take as much time as this one," she said. "That's all O. K.," said I, 'I'll pay what's right.'

"With another smile, more beautiful than any yet, she was gone. I looked at the empty doorway, then around at the empty office, then inwardly down into the empty place where my self-satisfaction had been. Jake, she had walked out with it—just as surely a thief as any robber that ever cruised up the North Side Gold Coast and swiped the jewels of our first families.

"After that the days seemed long. I debated every morning and afternoon about calling her up—she'd left me her card. But I said to myself, 'You mustn't rush her—take your time—don't frighten the faun.' Well, the third or fourth day after, I did call her up, and say, you ought to hear her voice on the phone. When she says 'Good-bye' it sounds as though her heart is broken because she has to ring off, but that she's concealing her agony from you so she won't make you sad. She kind o' half whispers it. You feel that you'd like to hear her say 'good-bye until the morrow,' as Shakespeare or somebody puts it. And believe me, parting from her, even on the phone, is some sweet sorrow."

Osy bowled right along now, in high speed, and it seemed to relieve him. "Such feeling," he rambled, "she has that rich expressive tone that comes from the bosom—you know—I don't want to get personal or anything, but she is what you'd

call in 'good form' and the dress she usually wore was low in the neck—not as low as some of the Michigan Avenue sisters wear, you understand, but fairly low at that. And you can see that voice, coming up from inside a most beautiful music-box—it makes you listen and pay attention, when she talks!"

Osy was so sincere and earnest that I hadn't the heart to smile. He wanted, and needed, sympathy, and it was my duty to give it to him. Besides, some day I might need it myself and I wanted to have my credit good with Os. While I haven't yet been caught, still I've been at bay, as you might say, and once or twice wounded a trifle—just a mere trifle. But I'm interrupting the story.

"Where am I," said Osy. "Oh, so I called her up and told her I was in something of a hurry about the other designs, and if she could conveniently come over I'd show her some pictures I'd clipped from here and there that I thought would give her some ideas. Of course, it was a 'stall' about the pictures, but after she'd said that she'd come over that afternoon I hunted some up, so's to have them ready.

"She came, and call number two did up all

Why Does a Girl Close Her Eyes When She is Kissed?

*A girl when kissed just shuts her eyes
Because her inner sight supplies*

*The vision that she needs;
She does not have to see, but feels
The honeyed nectar that it yields,
And on its sweetness feeds.*

*She shuts her eyes thro' sheer delight,
To hide all other things from sight—
An eclipse of the soul;
For if her eyes were open wide,
This perfect bliss would be denied,
The kiss would miss its goal.*

*The one thing that the heart requires,
That in the breast fond love inspires
Is centered in a kiss;
So there's no need of eyes to see,
The blind can kiss with ecstasy,
And nothing goes amiss.*

*A kiss is like a hidden spring,
It needs a touch to start the thing
And give it active play;
So girls don't have to see, but know
When hidden springs begin to flow
That impulse to obey.*

*Then close your eyes and shut them tight,
While you are sipping pure delight—
Be blind as any mole;
Your inner sense directs the way,
And from the mark you cannot stray
When TWO LIPS are the goal.*

—GEORGE EDGAR FRYE

the unfinished damage that call number one had possibly failed to accomplish, which wasn't much.

"Ah, but that was the sweetest agony! That intense joy in her presence, so great that it inspired fear, and then the fear would form a cloud, and on the cloud I would read a picture of the disappointing thought that pretty soon she was going and I wouldn't see her again for two or three years of days, if you know what I mean."

Osy's language was a little involved, but I managed to follow him after a fashion.

"Well, we discussed the new designs and she borrowed my pencil to make a few rough drafts by way of reminder of the detailed points. I put that pencil away—I couldn't use it again—it seemed wrong to make it work after she'd held it and glorified it—consecrated it to the cause of beauty and art, you might say.

"I don't want to bore you about the calls she made. When she'd been in, two or three times, I chanced a little feeler about her taking lunch with me some day soon, so we could talk about the drawings undisturbed. She said 'why yes,' she'd 'love to.' And I found out in subsequent conversations that that was a regular phrase of hers—she'd 'love to.' It just shows how she naturally takes to love and inspires it—lives with it—how she was made to love and to be loved!

"She was a delightful conversationalist, Jake.

She'd been everywhere—travelled a lot and seemed to know the world in a comprehending sort of way. She'd bring in a French word or expression, very aptly, at times.

"Well, we had—let's see—at intervals of a week or ten days, we had lunch together three times in all. The second time I accidentally—*accidentally*, you understand—got to calling her 'dear' in connection with a fairly long sentence where I could slip it in unobtrusively. She stood for it—it went all right—no challenge by word or look. Then the last time I took a chance on 'sweetheart.' That was pretty strong, on a fairly short acquaintance, but gee, with all the threats of war we've had, back of those peace notes, I didn't want to stall along indefinitely. I wanted to get on—something might happen whereby I'd lose her. By this time your little Oswald was getting desperate, believe me!

"Sweetheart" got by, and I tried to date her up for dinner and a show. She said she was going down home to Indianapolis for the holidays, but after New Years she'd have more time—unless she went to New York.

"New York," I said, as though I'd never heard of the blamed place, 'what's—what do you mean—a little pleasure trip?'

"Oh, no," she said, 'I've been thinking I must go down there and look up some work. I have a friend who will give me a letter of introduction to Mr. Vanderdecker, and I'm so anxious to get some magazine work.'

"Oh, stay here," I blurted out, 'you haven't exhausted Chicago by a good deal, and maybe I can help you. I'm going to see Mr. Short in a few days—editor of the Storybook Magazine. I'll be glad to see what he can do.' Now I don't even know Mr. Short, but I made the best fib up that I could think of on the spur of the moment.

"Thank you," she replied, 'but I really must introduce myself don't you see, and let my work speak for itself. That's the better way.'

"Yes," I admitted, forgetting in my rattled state what she had just said about a New York introduction, 'of course it is the better way, and I know you'll pardon me for my seeming presumption. But really, Miss Ainsley, you've made an awful hit with me, and—and I hope I stand all right with you.'

"Oh Jake, now that I tell it to you I see how crude it was—a school boy might be expected to get it off about like that, but for a full grown, fairly well educated and intelligent man—well it just shows how far gone I was—daffy, light in the head.

"She didn't answer, just jiggled her foot and smiled with both dimples, looking down. Then I said, 'of course, if you feel you must, why you must, I suppose, but you won't be gone long, will you?'

"I don't know," she said, 'two or three months, I presume—in fact, maybe I won't come back.'

"Then, old man, the heavens broke, my heart broke, my brain flopped, my engine died and all four tires blew out at once! But I managed to keep some grip on myself, thank God, although I felt as pale as a ghost.

"I said, 'Well, I'm a good loser, whatever else I may or may not be. I had thought that you and I might do some team work, but if the gods, or you, will otherwise—so be it.'

"That was an awful lie about my being a good loser, Jake, at least in this instance, for then and ever since I have carried a bleak and bitter disappointment around in my bosom, and it's as sore as a boil.

"Miss Ainsley kind of laughed and merely said she'd have to get back to the shop' as she had a big afternoon's work.

"The next few days were impossible. They didn't go by like other days—they hung around. Time seemed to have gone lame. It seemed as though I ought to get up and wind the Victrola—it was nearly run down and the slow tempo made the record sound deep and sad. Everything was dark blue. I ate and slept—some—and ground out some copy—may heaven help it to produce, it was punk!

"But I said to myself, 'she can't go to New York—she won't go—she told me once she liked Chicago so much.'

"Then things seemed to resolve themselves into an endurance contest. It was a time of 'agonized doubt,' to quote from some book I've read. What had I better do? If she cared ever so little wouldn't she at least come in on a pretext of getting more work from me? Once, on one of her calls, when we hadn't seen each other for some days she filled me with joy by saying that 'it seemed good to see me again.' If it had seemed at all good to see me, if she had really meant that, wouldn't it be reasonable to imagine that she

(Continued on page 51)

Here's Proof That Photoplay Fans Are Clever

EDITOR'S NOTE—The advent of the motion picture business has brought a tremendous increase in Uncle Sam's postal receipts, due chiefly to the inclination of devotees to the silent art to write letters to the various players whose work on the screen happens to strike their fancy. Practically all prominent photoplayers are obliged to maintain secretarial staffs at considerable expense in order to handle the bulky mail they are constantly receiving. Oftentimes an artist receives exceedingly clever letters from admirers. A striking example of the unusual ability frequently shown by fans is the following verse, which was sent recently to Harold Lockwood, one of the *leading* leading men of his time:

SINCE hero-worship seems not out of date,
And I've been haunted with a tempting thought
of late,
Though I'm Conservatism's staid twin sister—
(You see, I can't dispense the title, Mister),
I take my dignity and pen, no, keys—in hand
To tell you, using vaudevillian's language, where you
stand.

Now in the outset I declare I'm no "Bas Bleu,"
You know your French, of course, although 'tis true
I know but little French myself, I must confess,
At any rate, I'm no "Bas Bleu," I guess.
I'm neither high-brow, as that cult is designated,
Nor homely, as the "Bleu" are mostly rated.
I dance, I flirt, I do the things most shocking,
You'll plainly understand I'm no "blue stocking."
Of suitors I have always had a-plenty,
They call me fair, at any rate, I'm twenty.
And now, my worthy purpose to achieve,
I'll talk of you and not of self, sir, by your leave.

This is, I know, a dreadful undertaking,
My forehead's clammy, and, in truth, I'm quaking.
'Tis not so much the writing of the letter,
But that, as stern Convention's kin, I should know
better.

But, then, the die is cast, I stand or fall, sir,
Be merciful, if you should "be" at all, sir.
I know not eulogy's entrancing art—
Though Irish, I must speak straight from the heart.
I waste no time in foolish adoration,
On you or any man, sir, in creation.
This is no love-sick maid, my dear Apollo,
And where you chanced to lead I should not follow.
But that I do admire you I'll admit,
And I'd enjoy it if to write me you'd see fit.
The postage I enclose herewith, you see,
The time I can't, but Time you know is free.

If in the midst of jest it would be seemly
To sound sincerer notes I'd like extremely
To tell you, sir, your work is simply splendid,
If you're the man you seem you can't be mended.
Yet seeming isn't being, such is nature,
You may be "froth," in Hoosier nomenclature.
But it is not for me to be exacting,
I'm not myself, unversed you see, in acting.
But all the same, if you're no man in truth, sir,
You know your part and play it well forsooth, sir.
And more than this to say may not be meet,
I fear man's scorn, but more his rank conceit.
You're doubtless sated well with female folly,
I send my pity, sir, it can't be jolly.
But if you like it, why, my pity just the same,
To be a fool is half the price of fame.
If this is so, no doubt you'll think I'm famous,
I may be foolish like the rest, pray who can blame us?
If Eve had been less fond of snakes and fruit,
And Adam not so fond of Eve, to boot—
But then, enough of this, I tiresome grow,
The whys and wherefores of our fall, you know.

Forgive my poetry, dear sir, I cannot stop it.
If you're as bored as I should be, just drop it.
Of learning I've but had a paltry smattering,
My wit, though Celtic, is not very flattering.
What I am trying with such poor success to do
Is talk about, not me, my friend, but you.
(You'll pardon my familiar term this time.
You see I need it badly for the rhyme.
My use of verbs is, as you note, not very sprightly,
I pray you will not hold my effort lightly)—
And I should like to state—by way of reason—
(If I effuse effusion's still in season).
I have no secrets that I fain would hint at,
Your photograph I do not leer and squint at;
I have no sentimental feelings, sir, believe me,
I do not sigh and weep and pen this to relieve me;
In Romance, spite of Youth I'm no believer,
Like Man, the dame's a heartless, gay deceiver;
I know Reality's grim disillusion,
He grins, and Romance flees in blank confusion.
And yet, the jest aside again, and with your pardon,
(And no more reference made, sir, to the Garden)
Across the Chasm of Convention, and unknown,
I dare to send a word to You alone.
To what you Are I have no word to say,
To what you Seem to Be, since it is all I may,
I send the honest admiration that I feel,
The thanks, though clothed in humor, not less real,
For many hours of pleasure, pure and clean.
For—granting that you are what you do mean—
A little more of faith and trust in man,
To flatter you has not been my plan,
To ridicule myself as far from thought,
If what you Seem to Be should be for naught,
A mask you wear to hide the cynic's heart,
The skeptic's sneer, the libertine's base art,
Or even mediocrity's sad shell,
I make no silly error, which is well.
But if you Are, then you can understand,
That what I say is like a friendly hand.
From Me to Thee, regardless of disdain,
Across Convention's Chasm I would fain
A bridge of greeting and of kindly thought erect
Of gratitude, of genuine respect.

My dear sir, please believe me, I'm sincere,
And let me say, in closing, just in fear,
You'll doubt it since I've asked an answering word,
'Tis not from trivial motives I've requested,
But from an honest cause, as I suggested.
If you are real, dear sir, or merely "showing,"
And write a tell-tale line I can't help knowing.
And now, in case you're turning fretty,
I'll sign myself,

Most truly yours,
Just BETTY.

P. S.—One more request, please don't expose me,
My fiance, heaven bless him, would depose me.

P. P. S.—Of course I have no fiance, but the rhyme
Demands such license, sir, a second time.

HASHIMURA TOGO

A Remarkable Story of Subtle
Martyrdom and Curious Humor

An Adaptation from the Original Story :: By WALLACE IRWIN
(Photoplay Produced by Paramount)

BARON HASHIMURA, who had always held positions of honor and trust with the Japanese Government, had two sons, Taro and Jiro. Like all Japanese of good family the boys were educated as officers, Taro the elder for the navy, Jiro the younger for the army. Taro, always his father's favorite, in his twenty-ninth year, had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the Japanese Navy. Jiro, on the other hand, had been something of a dreamer and stay-at-home, much to the proud old Baron's disgust. He held a minor rank in the army, but he had shown a disposition to cultivate poetry and art to the neglect of what his father considered his more important duties. While Taro had gone around the world, learning European customs and languages, Jiro had been at home reading Japanese poets.

This was the worst to be said of Jiro; for underneath his mild exterior there was a wealth of bravery, chivalry and honor. On the other hand, Taro was secretly very dissipated. He was much too fond of champagne and geisha girls, and he had learned the European game of bridge which he played disastrously every night. The old Baron, of course, did not know this and continued to hold Taro as the apple of his eye.

It was while the parental attitude was thus that Count Hashimura was honored by an appointment as Ambassador to the United States and Taro was named as Naval Attache in the same Embassy. As soon as this good news arrived the Baron, seated under a stunted pine in his beautiful garden near Tokyo, called Jiro to him and informed him that he, Jiro, would also be included in the party sailing for the United States in a few days.

"I should like you to get some knowledge of the world into your foolish head," announced the father.

"Do heads become less foolish by seeing the world?" asked Jiro. This irritated the Baron who called to him Onoto, Jiro's pretty sixteen-year-old cousin. "How long have you and Jiro been engaged?" he asked the girl.

"Since I was seven years old," she replied promptly.

"That's long enough," announced the old gentleman, "you will marry Jiro before he sails for the United States." The two stood eyeing each other bashfully until they were dismissed. Then they walked down the crooked garden path together. They stopped at a bridge near a fish pond, Jiro obviously much depressed, Onoto rather amused.

"What a pity you do not love me," said Onoto. "Then we could be married without discomfort."

"Maybe that would be improper," suggested Jiro.

As they lingered on the little bridge it became quite obvious that Onoto was in love with Jiro, but that he was indifferent to her.

"Do you understand the American language?" she asked anxiously.

"I can say O surely Mike!" he replied.

"That is a very important word—but maybe you should know more," she told him. She got out her Japanese-English dictionary and a copy of the First Reader, whereupon she and Jiro set to work puzzling out the paragraph "Can the boy run?"

Yes. The boy can run. See. See. The boy runs."

As a crowning honor Count Hashimura and his eldest son were later called to Court to receive from the hand of the Emperor the Decoration of the Rising Sun. This, to the Baron, was a god-like privilege, but the wild and fast Taro looked upon it more lightly. Indeed, in order to get Taro ready in time to go to Court it was necessary that Jiro go secretly forth to the Tea House of the Hundred Lanterns and rescue Taro, who was carousing with O-Tucha-san, a beautiful geisha girl. Jiro led Taro home, helped dress him, braced him up for the occasion, and sent him to his father in time to depart with the Baron for the palace.

Jiro then resumed his studies of the First Reader, with the help of Onoto, who handed him a portrait of George Washington, which she had cut out of a magazine.

"In going to America everybody should know George Washington," she told him.

"What position does he hold in the United States?" asked the unsophisticated Jiro.

"He is the most important man," she explained.

"Maybe he is Mayor," reflected Jiro.

Meanwhile the Baron and Taro went to Court and beautiful medals were pinned to their uniforms. The Baron received the Order of the First Class and Taro the Order of the Second Class. As they came out the old Samurai was very much affected. He turned to Jiro and was much surprised that he had taken the whole affair so lightly.

"You young fellows don't appreciate the magnificence of this honor," he said solemnly. "It is as though the hand of heaven had touched us with a sacred symbol."

On the way home Taro left his father, and in company with some Japanese nobles of his own

age went to a fashionable club. Half tipsy already, the champagne he ordered in celebration of the event, was too much for him. He became noisily bacchanalian and suggested that they all repair to the Tea House of a Hundred Lanterns to watch the geisha girls in their dance.

The party adjourned to the Hundred Lantern resort. Here an elaborate dance was given by the geishas in honor of the young patricians. Most prominent among the revelers was O-Tucha-san, a beautiful and notorious dancing girl. Nara, a villainous looking serving man around the tea house, led her aside when Taro came in.

"Soon he will go to America and he will lavish no more money upon you," he told her. "See! He wears the Emperor's sacred order. Let us steal it, and tomorrow we make our bargain with him."

Taro, quite dazzled by the girl, was lured to a private room, where she coaxed him to drink saki with her. Nara brought the drinks and engineered the affair. When Taro became too intoxicated to know what he was doing the girl swiftly removed the decoration from his breast and slipped it to Nara. Taro soon collapsed and she left him to his stupor.

Next morning, Taro, shaken and frightened, rushed into his brother's study and found the latter serenely puzzling out the lesson in his First Reader.

Breaking down utterly Taro told Jiro of how he awoke in the Hundred Lanterns, too fuddled to notice that his decoration had been stolen. "When my father finds this my career will be ended," Taro sobbed.

Jiro looked pityingly upon his frightened brother. He glanced reflectively around the room, tastefully adorned with a few priceless works of art. At last he arose, and crossing over to a corner, brought forth a Japanese sword-box, containing two Samurai swords, the long one for fighting, the short one for suicide. He pulled the short one from its sheath and tried to give it to his craven brother, but the latter shrank away. "These swords are called the Blue Dragons,"

Jiro declared. "They bear the crest of my mother's clan. She gave them to me when she died. If you wish to depart life by the honorable way—"

"No! No!" shrieked Taro. "I cannot die in this hour of honor. My public career is just beginning."

Jiro reflected awhile, then turned again to his brother.

"You are right," he said quietly. "The emperor has entrusted you with a high office. You must not be disgraced. I will go to my father and take the blame."

Meanwhile Nara, the debased tea-house servant, had gone into conference with O-Tucha-san. The girl had become frightened and suggested that they return the Order of the Rising Sun to Taro before they got themselves into trouble. But the bolder Nara scorned the suggestion. The Baron can't afford to have the Emperor's decoration lying round disorderly tea houses at this important juncture in his diplomatic career. He ought to be willing to pay a thousand yen to get back the medal and have the matter hushed.

With this idea in his naturally criminal mind, Nara took the precious token and



"You will marry Jiro before he sails for America"



As a newspaper reporter Togo was a favorite

went at once to the Hashimura estate. By dint of expostulations he gained access to the Baron and crawled into the presence of the great man.

"For a thousand yen your miserable slave will restore a valuable possession," declared Nara, standing at a safe distance and waving the Order of the Rising Sun Second Class.

"How came that into your unworthy hands?" gasped the Baron.

"Your son gave it to a geisha girl last night at the Tea House of a Hundred Lanterns," explained Nara to the horrified nobleman.

The Baron at once sent for Taro, who brazenly denied that he visited the Hundred Lanterns at all, and declared that the medal was stolen from his room. The Baron was about to dispute the truth of this assertion when Jiro, apparently much excited, rushed into his presence.

"O father, hear me!" he cried. "I, and not Taro, am to blame. Last night in my vain jealousy I went to Taro's room, stole the medal from his uniform and wore it to the Tea House, where a dancing girl stole it."

He knelt at the feet of the heart-broken Baron.

"Go!" said the Baron, motioning to his son and Nara.

Taro excited, but Nara remained, whining: "But exalted," he begged, "how about my thousand yen?"

"A thousand devils will give them to you!" snarled the Baron. He ordered the servants to throw out the miscreant, and then turned coldly to Jiro.

"Foolish and unworthy," he began. "For the crime you have committed the gods themselves are outraged. You are no longer a son of mine. You shall not go with me to America. No more shall you bear my name. You shall become a prisoner and a slave on my estate!"

As a result Jiro was dragged away to an old Shinto temple on the grounds and locked in a dark cell. Here he remained for days, while preparations went on for the departure of the Ambassador and his suite.

On the eve of the Count's departure the old gentleman almost succumbed to natural affection. In fact, he walked half way to Jiro's prison, intent upon forgiving him, when his stern Samurai training prevailed over human weakness. No! Jiro had proven himself unworthy of his noble house. He had committed the unforgivable in the code of honor. The Baron, although in tears, retraced his steps, joined his suite and departed for Nagasaki and his voyage to America.

Meanwhile Nara, the thwarted tea house servant, had been prowling around the estate, vainly looking for some one from whom to collect blackmail for his information. At last he crawled over a wall and found Jiro disconsolately reading his First Reader in the space before his cell.

"I want money for what I know about your brother," declared Nara.

"If it is known that you stole the Emperor's

token you will lose your head," responded Jiro. This was sufficient to cause Nara to slink away.

Late that night Onoto forced a bar in Jiro's cell, climbed in and brought after her a valise and a lacquered box containing the Blue Dragon swords.

"You must escape to America where George Washington protects all good poor men," she said. "Come! The guards are asleep."

Thereupon she gave him a portrait of George Washington and a long, white kimono.

"My funeral robes!" cried Jiro, holding up the white kimono. "If I die in America I can look quite pleasant."

"With your mother's sword you can fight against all dishonor," she told him.

"And I shall take this portrait of Hon. George Washington so that I shall know him when I meet him."

Jiro and Onoto sneaked out by the cell window. In the moonlight, under the stunted pines, by the old tori gate, he took leave of her. She was carrying a little lantern and, as she slipped a purse into his hand, she raised the light to look into his face adoringly.

"You must change your name," she said. "Call yourself Togo, for he is a great and brave man."

He lingered a moment. From his kimono she took his First Reader and held it under the lantern, searching for the page.

"Hon. Onoto," cried Jiro softly, "I wish I could learn to love you from that book."

At last she pointed to the passage: "See. See the boy run," and Jiro departed, leaving her weeping by the old shinto gate.

From this moment on Jiro lived under the assumed name of Togo.

His first act next morning was to go to the clothing store where they ad-

vertised to sell "American fashions." Here he selected a weird-looking suit which the dealer told him was the "latest American style." He put it on and bought a ticket for Nagasaki, from whence the American-bound boats sailed.

Meanwhile the diplomatic party, with Baron Hashimura and Taro at its head, got aboard the boat, occupying the best suite. Much fuss was made over them by gorgeously uniformed officials who came to see them off. Nara, who had followed them to Nagasaki in a vain hope of getting in his work, was hustled away from them every time he approached.

Poor Togo managed to get himself and his valise and his sword box aboard the steerage just as the gang-plank was about to be raised. Nara caught sight of him the very last minute. The boat was now pulling away from the wharf, and Togo from his humble quarters saw the figure of the tea-house grafter on the wharf yelling maledictions after him.

Togo was crowded among a lot of emigrant Japanese, with whom he made friends rapidly. He got especially chummy with a coolie who was going over to become a servant. He applied himself diligently to his First Reader and borrowed a Spencerian Handwriting Instructor from his friend.

"You cannot hope to obtain employment in America without a letter of recommendation," said his friend.

"What is a letter of recommendation?" asked Togo.

"It is a boastful manuscript telling how you are honest, industrious, experienced and skillful. It must be written by your former boss."

"I am my own former boss," Togo answered. "Therefore I shall write one for myself."

He sat down and laboriously compiled the great work, a letter of recommendation. Occasionally he looked up to see on the more exclusive deck his father and brother being royally entertained.

Upon arriving in San Francisco Togo's friend advised him to go on to New York, where Japanese labor is scarcer and better paid. His friend slipped him a card to the Rising Sun Employment Bureau. Upon arriving in New York Togo went to that address seeking work as a general houseworker.

His name was put far down the list and he was considerably scorned by ladies coming there in search of skilled service. At last Mrs. Reynolds, a wealthy widow residing in New Jersey, came there with her pretty daughter Corinne. They were looking for a general utility man, and the proprietor dubiously presented Togo. Mrs. Reynolds, a helpless, fussy little woman, with no sense of humor, scorned Togo at sight, regarding the poor little man in the weird suit of clothes as absolutely impossible. She asked him if he spoke English. He glanced carefully through his Japanese dictionary before replying, "Too well."

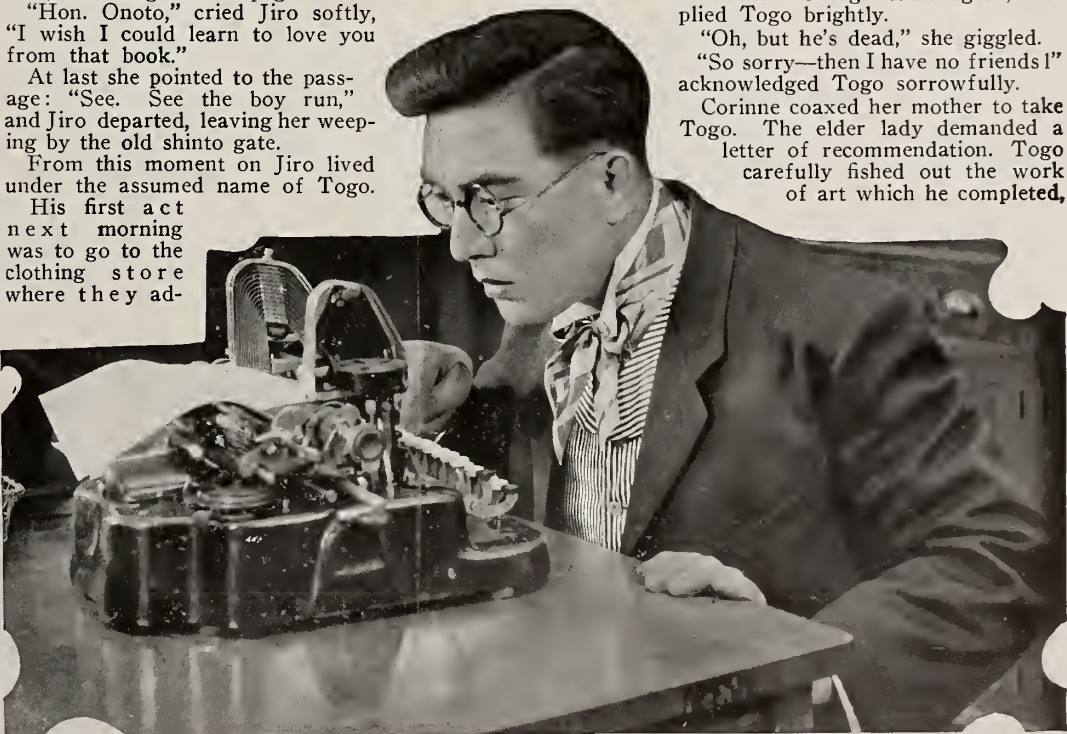
Corinne looked upon the lonesome foreigner with eyes of pity.

"Do you know any one in this country?" she inquired kindly.

"I know George Washington," replied Togo brightly.

"Oh, but he's dead," she giggled. "So sorry—then I have no friends!" acknowledged Togo sorrowfully.

Corinne coaxed her mother to take Togo. The elder lady demanded a letter of recommendation. Togo carefully fished out the work of art which he completed,



Togo laboriously struggled to master the typewriter

with the assistance of his Jap friend. It read:

"DEAR MRS. SIR—Hire Togo and you shall wonder why! He can cook without pain. O see. See how well he boils pie and other American dainties. He can run furnaces, babies and automobiles. Behaves like sweetheart to strangers. He will be a nice trial for you. I have known Togo since he was a baby. Yours truly,
"Togo."

Corinne saw the humor of this, but Mr. Reynolds was inclined to look upon him with disfavor.

"Who wrote this?" asked the lady. "I did it with my own language!" was Togo's proud acknowledgment.

Mrs. Reynolds was about to send him away, but Corinne insisted that they hire him.

Togo, with his large valise and sword-box, got up next to the chauffeur in the Reynolds' limousine as it started toward Jersey. Already he began to show his dog-like gratitude toward Corinne who saved him out of the queer Bedlam into which his fortunes had fallen. Ike White, the chauffeur, was not inclined to make things easy for Togo. He was a big, bullying type of man, and he took his spleen out in glowering savagely at Togo as the machine speeded along.

In the course of the journey the party met Dr. Elbert Garland. Corinne's romance with Dr. Garland was now nearing its height. This brilliant, handsome, rising young surgeon had met her during her charitable work and had fallen in love with her. It was evident that Corinne was not averse to his attentions. He and Corinne lingered on the sidewalk, while Mrs. Reynolds got rather impatiently into the car. She beckoned her daughter to hasten, and when the young physician came up to the door of the car to make his adieux, she was none too gracious.

"Miss Reynolds says she is almost persuaded to become a trained nurse," he laughed.

"She has troubles enough without that," replied Mrs. Reynolds grimly.

"Good-bye, I'll see you tonight," smiled the good-looking suitor as the car started on.

Togo looked upon this obvious romance with hungry eyes. Never before in all his life was he quite so lonesome, and an envy for the handsome American who had won the heart of this beautiful girl, filled his breast.

"We'll make it warm for you when you get home," threatened the chauffeur, glaring savagely.

"O, so thankful to be heated!" replied Togo very agreeably.

Back in the limousine Mrs. Reynolds was reading Corinne the riot act. She ought to be less selfish and think of her mother. Dr. Garland was all right to play around with, but marriage was a serious proposition. She had been treating Carlos Anthony like a dog. Anthony was worth a great deal of money.

"And you won't be a rich girl always," threatened Mrs. Reynolds mysteriously.

Soon after they arrived at their large, handsome house Anthony himself called. He was a vain, dapper little man, over-dressed and light of manner. Nearing his sixtieth year he had all the airs and graces of a debutante. He was the former business partner of Carsovan Reynolds, who had now been dead two years. Reynolds and Anthony had become rich together in a general contracting business, and as Reynolds' closest associate, he had been appointed ex-



"Would it be convenient for me to die for you, please?" he asked

ecutor of his estate at the time of his death. In this capacity Anthony called today upon the Reynolds, but his displeasure at Corinne's behavior when she abruptly left the room was apparent.

At the dinner that evening Anthony sat on one side of Corinne and Garland sat on the other. She attempted to be polite to the elder man, but her feeling for Garland was quite visible.

Dinner over, they all repaired to the drawing-room and had coffee. Garland was still beside Corinne. Mrs. Reynolds was quite peevish, Anthony ill at ease.

Suddenly a fearful racket was heard from somewhere below stairs.

"Corinne, my dear, will you see what's the matter?" asked Mrs. Reynolds in a bored tone.

The noise emanated from the kitchen, and Corinne went there just as the other servants were attacking Togo en masse as a climax to a rough practical joke. Immediate order was restored and Mrs. Casey explained:

"Ike over there's jealous, mum. He's afraid Togo's yellere than he is."



"I should like to get some knowledge of the world into your foolish head," the father told his son

Corinne told the servants that they were to be kind to Togo, as she was his friend and expected to be sponsor for him. She called him aside and asked him to come to her whenever he was in trouble, as she wanted him to feel that he had a home and someone to look after him. Already adoring her as a goddess who had come from heaven to his aid, the lonesome, desolate Japanese bravely struggled with his tears.

"My broken heart is stuck together again when you talk to me," he declared pitifully.

Corinne got back to the drawing room in time to see the guests departing. Carlos Anthony insisted upon monopolizing her, much to her distaste, for her eyes still followed the handsome young doctor. Struggling vainly to hold her attention, Anthony at last said bitterly:

"A woman's eyes are always on something she can't have. I've been divorced twice, so I ought to know."

Dr. Garland was apparently lingering for a word with Corinne. Just as he was about to say good-night she went to him.

"You could help my work so much—if you would," he whispered to her.

"How?" she asked, breathlessly.

"By being near me," he answered. She promised to go to the hospital on the morrow and visit some of his charity cases.

After the guests were gone Mrs. Reynolds lingered with Corinne in her boudoir and kissed her good-night.

"I'm afraid, darling, that Dr. Garland is one luxury we can't afford," was her strange parting from her daughter.

Next day, in company with Dr. Garland, the young girl went the rounds to see his charities. In fact, Corinne was with Garland as much as possible from then on. She went to the hospital at every excuse, and he called frequently at the Reynolds house. With eyes from which he could not banish the jealousy and longing, poor, lonely Togo had the bitter pleasure of seeing the woman whom he was beginning to adore going everywhere with this acceptable suitor. Once, when Corinne came to the kitchen to see how Togo was getting along, he suddenly looked up with his naive smile and inquired:

"Are Dr. Garland very religious gentleman?"

"Why do you ask?" laughed Corinne.

"Because so. You must not marry gentleman unless he are entirely religious."

On a beautiful spring afternoon following, Togo stood, rake in hand, under the apple blossoms in the Reynolds orchard, when Corinne and Garland, quite absorbed in one another, walked down the path within a few feet of him. He stood rooted to the spot, fascinated by despairing love. They took a seat on a bench and began talking earnestly when Corinne, looking up, discovered Togo.

"Togo," she asked kindly, "didn't you have a question you wanted to ask Dr. Garland?"

"I ask to know," demanded Togo, "are you very religious gentleman?"

"I smoke and swear and drink wine," grinned Garland. "What do you think?"

"Smoke—puff, wine—drunk, swear-talk same in all language. Kindness also same. Everybody say you plenty good to poor sickness. Therefore I consider you are pretty dam religious."

Smilingly Garland shook hands with Togo and the Japanese reflectively departed.

The next day Carlos Anthony

made a business call on Mrs. Reynolds. His air was curiously solemn, and Mrs. Reynolds, naturally a nervous, irresolute woman, sensed impending calamity.

"I have pretty bad news for you," said Anthony, and went on to explain that the Reynolds estate was pretty badly involved. He had hesitated a long time about telling her, but the late Carsovan Reynolds allowed his affairs to get into a pretty serious tangle during the latter days of his life. Anthony had known of this even before Reynolds' death, but had kept the matter dark for her sake and for Corinne's. As a matter of fact, Reynolds had been running his business on a bluff, had appropriated large sums belonging to his stockholders in hopes of realizing on investments. During the year or two after Reynolds' death the investments failed to make good—and Anthony had been covering the losses ever since.

"Do you mean to say my husband was dishonest?" asked the startled widow.

"I wouldn't go as far as that," announced Anthony. "But there are notes for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars due on the first of July. If this isn't settled it will go into the courts and some unpleasant facts will come about your husband's dealings."

Mrs. Reynolds was now driven to the verge of panic.

"Everything we have is mortgaged to the limit—how in the world can we meet that note?"

Anthony pretended to ponder the question, then spoke with an assumption of noble inspiration.

"As your son-in-law, for instance, I could cover the debt with my own money, and there would be no questions asked."

Mrs. Reynolds, wild with fear of the threatened disgrace, promised to do her best to win Corinne over to marrying Anthony.

Jubilantly the cynical, immoral, crafty old suitor returned to his offices in New York and—too sly to confide in anyone—indulged in self-congratulations.

"Well, old boy, with one stroke of diplomacy you've wiped out a debt and gotten the promise of the prettiest little girl in America!"

Mrs. Reynolds began, by inference at first, to discourage Corinne's affection for Garland, and quite against her mother's wishes she continued to see Dr. Garland. This required some circumlocution, and Corinne decided to call in Togo as a confederate. She found him in a little pantry out back of the kitchen, where he was polishing his Samurai swords, a picture of Onoto on the shelf beside him.

"They are very honorable killers in my family," he told her while she viewed the blades in some alarm. "Some day I expect to enjoy death from them."

She asked about the Japanese girl in the picture.

"Do you love her?" she inquired.

"One who has loved the rose can never again love the cherry blossom," he replied sadly.

And by the hopeless look he gave her she realized for the first time the truth. Poor, faithful Togo was in love with her! She was too kind to scorn him, for she knew that his queer, chivalrous little soul had gone out to her—and his adoration was so humble and inoffensive! She tried to express her sympathy, but this only made poor Togo bow his head, submissive to the tragedy. At last he picked up the flower she had dropped from her corsage and laid it across the blade of the unsheathed sword on the table.

"Would it be convenient for me to die for you, please?" he asked pitifully.

"Togo," she replied, trying to smile, "be sensible and do me a real live service. Go at once to Dr. Garland with this note. Come back with his reply."

He took the note, which said:

"I'm free after four. Where shall I meet you?"

He found Dr. Garland just going into the sterilizing room of the hospital, preparatory to an operation. The physician hastily penned on a leaf of his pad:

"Will be in my laboratory—the uptown side."

While the above adventures befell Togo there had been some changes in the life of Nara, the villainous little tea house servant.

On the day when he saw Togo departing in the steerage and the Baron in the first cabin, his soul became a prey to two devouring emotions—fear and avarice. He began to fear the consequences of his theft of the Rising Sun medal—a frightful penalty would follow if he were caught. Also the sight of so much good blackmail getting away from him drove him to the verge of madness. Therefore, although almost penniless, he

determined to go to America also. He at last shipped as a mess-boy in a merchantman plying between Nagasaki and San Francisco. Later he beat his way across the Continent and, upon arrival in New York, kept body and soul together working on the wharves along the East River.

On the same day when Togo bore the note to Dr. Garland, Nara was stabbed in the hand during a drunken quarrel with a low Japanese. He had no wish to report his troubles to the police, so he went forth on his own hook looking for a doctor.

Meanwhile Corinne, accompanied by Togo—the latter carrying boxes and parcels as though bent on a shipping expedition—set out to keep her date with Garland. She found Garland's charity dispensary and laboratory on the East Side and was met in the hall by Garland himself. He motioned Corinne into an empty reception room. He then stationed Togo outside in the hall, and instructed him to give the alarm if any one approached. For this service he offered Togo fifty cents "for a smoke."

"So sorry. I cannot smoke your money," replied Togo, courteously returning the fee.

Togo was left outside guarding the tryst of the woman he loved to desperation. The hall in which he stood was provided with chairs, as a sort of waiting room. In a corner there was a case of surgical tools. Togo examined them curiously and was especially fascinated by a fearful-looking pair of scissors.

There came a ring at the door. Togo realized the importance of leaving the lovers to themselves, so he peeked cautiously through the small pane of glass beside the door to see the nature of the caller. His hair fairly stood on end, for, looking more villainous than ever, ragged and desperate, stood his evil genius, Nara, standing outside ringing impatiently for admittance.

Togo was at a loss what to do. He might escape and thus avoid the dreaded meeting. Then he remembered his promise to Dr. Garland and determined to stick it out. An inspiration! He saw a long laboratory apron and white cap hanging on a peg. Hastily he donned the misfit garments, which were so much too big for him that his hands were quite concealed in the long sleeves and the big cap covered his head almost to his nose. Thus equipped he opened the door to his enemy.

"I wish doctor, please!" demanded Nara, sullenly.

"I Doctor, thank you," replied Togo. "What can I do to you?"

"Hon. Hand sliced up," responded Nara, showing the wounded member.

Togo made a bluff at examining the wound, then went over to the cabinet and brought out the alarming-looking shears.

"What to do?" shrieked Nara, backing away.

"Stand pleasantly, please," commanded Togo, rolling up his victim's sleeve and measuring off a tender spot in the forearm. "I'm going to cut off your pain."

Nara uttered a shriek of fright and started racing around the laboratory. Togo following close with his deadly weapon. At last Nara gained a yard, yanked open the door and dodged wildly into the street.

"You have a delicious swift sickness!" Togo grinned and returned to his post.

Inside the waiting room Dr. Garland was proposing to Corinne. She yielded to his embrace and confessed that she loved him.

"When shall we be married?" he asked her rapturously.

"Oh, if we could run away!" she replied, hysterically. "But I owe everything to my mother. I must do as she says. We must wait."

That afternoon Corinne had a wretched scene with her mother. The old lady came sweeping to her room. Hysterically she told her daughter how, on the first of next month, they would be obliged to move from their beautiful estate, to sell everything for debt, to live somewhere in the poorer quarters of town. The business had gone to pieces, they were hideously in debt. Corinne was sympathetic, but she could give no suggestion.

"If you would be a true daughter to me," sobbed her mother, "and forget that penniless Garland."

"But, mother, can't you see I love him? Didn't you love my father when you married him?"

"Ah! It's because I love your father so and so respect his memory that I am broken-hearted!" she sobbed afresh. "My dear, Carlos Anthony has been patching things up for us ever since your father died. He has been holding the estate together for us. But his patience is wearing thin. And unless we can borrow three hundred and

fifty thousand dollars by the first of the month your father will be branded as a thief!"

After an hour of this sort of pleading Mrs. Reynolds left her daughter to her despair. To marry the rich old man would be a degradation she could not bear. Then she thought of the honored position her father had always held during his prosperous lifetime. The vision of her mother's disgrace swam before her eyes.

The telephone rang. It was Carlos Anthony, asking if he might be permitted to call that afternoon. Corinne hesitated, then consented to see him.

"I'll do as mother says," Corinne thought. "It's her heart or mine that must break."

Later in the evening when Corinne, dressed radiantly to receive her caller, came down the stairs she saw Togo's inquisitive head poked from the pantry door, admiring her beauty. She stopped, hesitating if she should tell her confidential friend of her plight. At last she said: "Togo, how much would you give for Honor?"

"When Honor come along, too much are not enough," he answered promptly.

When Anthony called Corinne received him as cordially as possible, concealing her distaste. He proposed marriage and, after a struggle, she turned to him and said:

"Yes, I will marry you. But let us understand one another. I do not love you. I am doing this to save the reputation of my poor father."

"I do not ask too much," grinned Anthony, tremendously pleased.

"Before we are married I shall expect you to sign a paper agreeing to cover all my father's liabilities."

"I am a business man," smiled Anthony. "Marry me first and I will pay the bills afterward."

Before he left her he had arranged that they should be married on the 25th of June and that he would attend to the financial matter before the first of July, when the danger of public exposure would impend. He attempted to kiss her at parting, but she shrank away from him.

Corinne went to her room and wept bitterly, knowing that she had sacrificed all the happiness her life would ever hold. Togo, in his room directly over Corinne's, was lying abed with his Japanese dictionary, trying to translate "Love's Bleeding Sacrifice" when he heard the sound of her crying in the night. He stole along the passage, down the back stairs, and at last stood before her door, listening, terribly moved. He went back to his room, opened his sword-box and removed her rose, which he had kept pressed under one of the blades. He kissed it and fell dejectedly back on his small bed.

Late that night, after Corinne grew calmer, she wrote a letter to Dr. Garland, as follows:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR GARLAND:—I am still a young girl and I do a great many foolish things under impulse, I suppose. I have had time to think over the promise I gave you so hastily. I know it will be quite impossible for me to consider marrying you. And oh—please don't misunderstand me when I ask you not to see me again!

"CORINNE REYNOLDS."

Next morning Corinne called Togo to her. She handed him an envelope.

"Give the note to Dr. Garland," she commanded.

Togo, who instinctively realized that he was the bearer of bad tidings, turned the letter over reflectively in his hand as he walked along toward the hospital.

He delivered Corinne's letter to Garland and stood anxiously by while the latter read the message, his face growing darker and darker. At last the offended physician stalked away, quite unheeding Togo's plea for a word of explanation.

During the following week or so Anthony paid assiduous court upon his unwilling betrothed. Togo made himself very unpopular with the prosperous gentleman whom he detested. Anthony was always arriving with large bouquets of flowers. One time, when he was waiting for Corinne, a cluster of roses in his hand, Togo eyed him curiously and demanded:

"What pretty funeral you resemble, Mr. Sir! All time dress up, all time long face, all time come trimmed with flowers!"

This remark so offended the solemn Anthony that he reported the "impertinence" to Corinne. She took Togo aside and, with a haughtier he had never before beheld in her, informed him that he was to respect Mr. Anthony as the gentleman she had chosen to marry.

Later Togo heard the footman gossiping with the waitress.

"It's Mr. Anthony and his money that's holdin' this estate together," said the butler. "The Reynolds fortune wouldn't last long if Miss Corinne didn't marry Mr. Anthony."

This announcement opened up a vista of understanding to Togo, who since the first had been mystified as to Corinne's motives in throwing over Garland. It now became apparent to him that the new alliance was entirely cold-blooded, and that the real lovers were being cheated of their rights by a pure commercial arrangement.

Togo had been several times to see Dr. Garland, but the physician had sternly refused to admit him. But with this fresh news in his head, Togo determined to make one last stubborn effort to get into a confidential chat with the cheated lover.

In this frame of mind he went to the hospital, stood outside the door of Garland's office, questioned everybody in sight. At last a nurse revealed the truth. Garland went to California about ten days ago to look over the details of a new hospital there. The matter of his return seemed very indefinite, and nobody seemed to know his exact address.

Meanwhile the quiet feud between Togo and Anthony continued. Once, engaging in conversation with him, he inquired:

"Mr. Sir—why can't you go elsewhere and bring unhappiness where it will be appreciated?"

Again Anthony reported it to Corinne. Again she went to Togo—this time in a mood of kindly sadness.

"Won't you try to be kind to him?" she asked.

"Similar favor might be asked of dogs while smelling cats," he replied.

It soon became terrifically apparent to Togo that Corinne fully determined to marry Anthony and that nothing short of a miracle would stop the match. Faithfully as a dog he followed her while she shopped for her trousseau. He stood outside while she entered a fashionable shop to try on her wedding gown. He found her weeping over a sample of her veil—all together he was made miserable by the misery which she seemed doomed to face.

He had been a constant and admiring reader of the New York Daily "Moon," in whose powers he had unlimited confidence. Therefore, it occurred to him that maybe he could do some good if he wrote a letter to the editor protesting against American weddings. With this thought burning in his brain he sought quietude in his room, fastened a strip after strip of wrapping paper into a long scroll, and commenced writing his plaint. It began:

"DEAREST SIR:—A fashionable wedding are going to be shot off in home where I are now jobbing. There are so many Christians in America that I are surprised at no crime, yet this one knocks me gast. I ask to know. What is high noon? Why should noons of weddings be any higher than other noons? Because everything must be more expensive? I ask.

"All this home where I work are trimmed with smile-axe flower to resemble beautiful salad. Silvery wedding presents come in splatoons, resembling militia. Each present marked 'Many Happy Returns'. Return for what? From other weddings, maybe.

"Mr. Editor, when I see one American wedding I can deliciously understand why it are illegal in this country to get married more than once at a time. . . ."

The day before the wedding was one of utter despair for Togo. He did not know Dr. Garland's address, but he made up his mind to telegraph him—everybody in America must know so famous a man. Therefore he went to the telegraph office and wrote the following dispatch:

"To HON. DR. GARLAND, care San Francisco.

"Hurry quickly while it is still too late.

"Togo."

The operator, of course, refused to send such a telegram and, looking it over, inquired roughly: "What's the language it's written in?"

"I made it myself," announced Togo proudly. But this would not go with the operator, who handed it back for the lack of a proper address.

As the disappointed Togo was taking a trolley-car home he noticed a fat gentleman in the seat in front of him reading an evening paper and laughing as though his heart would break. Togo, too economical to buy a paper for himself, stood up and began reading over the fat man's shoulder.

The paper was the "Moon"—and the stuff amusing the fat man was a featured column under the following headline:

PEEVISH JAP PATRIOT
SWATS YANK WEDDINGS.

"Why Should Noon of Wedding Be Higher than Any Other Noon?" He Asks to Know.

HORRORS OF CEREMONY

Described By "Hashimura Togo," Mysterious Investigator, Who Has Discovered Why Americans Only Want to Marry Once.

Togo as he got off the car loosened up and bought an evening paper. This he read solemnly, much impressed with the importance of his message. He even enjoyed a secret hope that the editor of the "Moon" would send police or militia to stop the affair.

But the wedding preparations went on just the same. From early morning on the day of the event Togo worked like a superman, carrying chairs, arranging decorations, trimming the large reception room with greenery.

He saw Corinne's fate closing rapidly around her and he grew fairly panicky in his attempt to think of an escape for her. He saw the hated bridegroom, fastidiously clad, arriving at the right time. The minister went upstairs and put on his clericals. Togo was everywhere. Going down the hall, past Corinne's room, he saw her, beautiful in her bridal robes, standing tragically before the mirror, the picture of sorrow. It was just the instant her attendants had stepped out of the room and she was taking the opportunity to act. Quickly she opened a drawer of her bureau and took out a photograph of Dr. Garland. As if in a panic she looked around, wondering what to do with it.

She kissed it hysterically—then suddenly she saw the sad face of her only friend, Togo, at the door. Furtively she motioned him to come to her and slipped him the picture, on the back of which was written in her hand, "To remember always." Then she motioned him out of the room, whispering:

"You are the only one I can trust. Keep it for me."

Down in the reception hall everything was in readiness for the wedding. Through a crack in the door at the back of the room Togo was viewing the impending catastrophe. The ceremony began and went along smoothly until the minister came to that part in the Episcopalian ritual which says:

"If there be any among those present who can give just cause why this man and this woman should not be joined together in holy matrimony, let him now speak or forever hold his peace."

Then followed the habitual pause—then from the back of the room came sharply the words:

"Whoa up, Mr. Preach Man! Stop marrying! This happy wedding no good. Miss Corinne got better sweetheart in California!"

The wedding was now turned into a stampede. Mrs. Reynolds fainted; the place was a scene of amusement and horror. The ushers threw Togo bodily out of the place, and the minister refused to go on with the ceremony. The guests began going home. Mrs. Reynolds came quickly to and glared around.

"It's that awful Togo!" she screamed, scrambling to her feet.

Meanwhile Togo had rushed to his room, stuffed his possessions into his bag, grabbed his Samurai sword-box and prepared to beat a hasty retreat. At the foot of the stairs he encountered the jeering face of Ike White, the chauffeur, and coming up in the rear, Mrs. Reynolds in a frenzy of rage.

"Go away and don't ever come back!" she yelled.

"Do Miss Corinne join you in that invitation?" asked Togo, lingering.

"Ike!" she called to the big chauffeur, "are you going to stand by and see your mistress insulted?" Ike dutifully—nay, cheerfully—threw off his coat and started for Togo.

"Ah, now you shall enjoy free education in jiu jitsu," announced Togo, deftly laying down his burden.

He then proceeded to carry out his promise, throwing the big chauffeur all over the place, deftly putting him down every time he tried to get up, torturing him in a very gentlemanly manner.

Togo later resuming his swords and bag vaulted the fence and disappeared in another direction.

Meanwhile the wedding guests had gone home. Anthony was the last to leave. He merely stopped to take a sarcastic look at the stricken bride-to-be, then put on his hat and walked away.

Togo, having eluded the police, walked several miles to a remote railroad station and took a train for New York. He was desolate at the thought of leaving his adored Corinne, but gloried in the thought that he had saved her from the supreme calamity. On account of the brawl in the back yard he regarded himself to be a fugitive from justice. He thought once of appealing to his father, the Ambassador at Washington, but the memory of the Baron's wrath prevented him. He had very little money and must find work at once. The idea of going on with domestic service revolted him, yet there seemed nothing to do but to apply to another employment bureau. Then he got one of his inspirations—the newspapers! Wasn't his article on weddings played up in large headlines? Maybe the foolish Americans would pay him real money to write this sort of thing.

Therefore he went at once to the "Moon" office, where he scrawled "Hashimura Togo" under the nose of the haughty office boy. Almost immediately he was ushered into the presence of the managing editor. "Hashimura Togo!" cried that gentleman. "By George, I've found you at last!" He sent for the city editor and the star reporter and the proprietor and they held a regular love-feast over Togo.

"Could you do one for us a week?" asked the managing editor.

"O, surely, Mike!" replied Togo. "Give me sufficient ink and money and I could do one every hour."

The editor promised him a regular and very liberal salary and he went away triumphant. As he passed through the local room he was not unaware of the sensation he was creating among the staff.

Meanwhile things had gone very badly with the Reynolds. Carlos Anthony's prophecies as to the condition of the estate were, apparently, correct, for creditors began clamoring almost at once. Their property was seized for debt. They were forced to move to a poor quarter of the town, Mrs. Reynolds had saved a little out of the wreck, but not enough to keep them for long. The old lady was quite broken in health, so Corinne was obliged to do all the housework and to make every possible attempt at self-support. Broken-hearted over the loss of Dr. Garland, whom she still loved, the girl made a brave fight and did all she could to make life easy for her failing mother.

Meanwhile Dr. Garland had lingered in San Francisco. The seeming heartlessness of Corinne had embittered him and turned him toward gaiety and dissipation. He had been working hard, too, and there had been talk of making him the head of the new Mercy Hospital there. He had taken out a license to practice in California and decided to make the State his residence. Already his brilliant operations were making him famous, and his natural kindness to the poor had won for him innumerable friends.

The pretty nurses in the hospital began making a great fuss over him; but his principal danger was a Mrs. Blynn, a very gay, wealthy woman who had gone in for hospital work as a fad. She made a dead set for Garland and he began taking her around a great deal for automobile rides and late dances.

He was growing quite fascinated with the charms of the little enchantress. Time after time he was on the point of proposing marriage to her, but always the vision of the wonderful girl who had spoiled his trust in womankind arose before his eyes.

"Men who understand women," he told her cynically, "never marry one."

Meanwhile Baron Hashimura, as Ambassador, was flourishing in his diplomatic life in Washington. Brilliant, progressive, able, he made friends everywhere. Secretly, however, the Baron's mind was far from restful. The custodian of his estate near Tokyo had written a belated letter, confessing that Jiro escaped from imprisonment and had been undiscovered for many months. As a human being and a father, the Baron grieved continually over his harshness toward the boy he loved, yet as a Samurai, he sternly stuck by his opinion that the young scapegrace had been a dishonor to the clan and must remain an outcast. However, the Baron caused secret agents to be dispatched everywhere to search for the missing boy.

All this time the elder son, Taro, was running true to form and leading a wild life all over Washington.

About this time Hashimura Togo's articles began appearing in the papers throughout the country. Now on American politics, now on baseball, now on Woman Suffrage; they were being read and laughed at all over Washington. Congressmen smiled at them going into the Capitol Building. One of Togo's articles was laid on the desk

before the serious Baron Hashimura. Reading at first solemnly, a smile began to grow, and he chuckled aloud at the joke on his own race.

That afternoon he went to call on the Secretary of State, whom he found reading a Togo article. "This Hashimura Togo is a live wire!" grinned the Secretary. "Is he a son of yours?"

"I have only one son," replied the Baron, drawing himself up proudly.

About this time Togo, who had been working diligently on his newspaper enterprise, decided to steal back to New Jersey and offer himself to Corinne's service. He went to the big house and found it deserted, the family moved. He asked of an old caretaker where they had gone.

"To the poor house," he replied shortly—and was finally coaxed into giving the Reynolds' new address.

Togo found the poor street on which they lived. On the front porch sat Mrs. Reynolds in an invalid's chair, quite oblivious of his approach. Togo skirted around to the back of the house where Corinne, in her capacity of drudge, was hanging out clothes. He popped up behind the fence. She screamed.

"The rose cannot live among so much onions," he said by way of greeting. "Only permit me to be your slaving servant again. The color of your beautiful eyesight will be always pay-day for me!"

"You must go!" she whispered. "I appreciate your kindness and trust you. But my mother hates you and considers that your act has ruined us."

Bowing to the inevitable, Togo departed. But he lingered in the neighborhood, hopelessly watching the misery of the girl he loved.

Next day when he went to the office of the "Moon" to get his pay he found \$80 waiting for him for Togo articles. He wrapped \$60 of this in a sheet of paper with the New York Evening "Moon" at the letter-head. This he sealed in a "Moon" envelope, addressed it to Corinne and mailed it.

The money reached Corinne just as things were getting quite unendurable. A grocer, presenting an unpaid bill, had insultingly refused to leave the porch until some settlement was made. Corinne, half distracted, ripped open the envelope. Her surprise was less than her joy at this mysterious delivery, and she almost threw \$20 at the insistent tradesman before she realized what she had done. After all, she considered this money was not hers. There had been some sort of mistake. Finally she held the sheet of paper close to the light and found the word "Togo" scrawled on a corner.

Pride, however, would not permit this sort of thing, so she sat down at once and penned him a reply.

"DEAR TOGO—I'm sending it back—all but twenty dollars. There is no use of my trying to conceal from you that I had to have that amount. I had no right to take it, because I don't know when I can send it back, if ever. You have shown yourself a fond and wonderful friend, capable of the highest devotion.

"But please don't do it again.

"CORINNE REYNOLDS."

Meanwhile Togo went back to the "Moon" office to find the whole place seething with certain municipal scandals which they had been running to ground these several years. It seemed that a ring of corrupt contractors and politicians had been hanging together with the idea of forming an immense bribery fund—and the originator of this idea was Carlos Anthony, now the head of Carlos Anthony & Co. It came out in the investigation that Anthony had been caught twice delivering large bribes to a corrupt State leader and had received favors accordingly. This money was delivered during the late spring, but quiet investigation at that time showed that Anthony had no money of his own.

"Where did he get it?" the Evening "Moon" was asking sarcastically in a headline which took Togo running to the desk of the managing editor. "I know where he got it!" he excitedly announced, pointing to the headline.

He then rapidly explained to the employer what he knew about Anthony's engagement to Corinne, how he was trustee of the estate, how the family fortunes were wrecked as soon as the marriage was off.

The managing editor sent for his star reporter, instructing him to go to the Reynolds home and learn their side of the case.

Just as Togo was leaving the office Corinne's letter was handed to him. It bore the remaining

A LITERARY TREAT

FOR THE READERS OF

Photo-Play Journal

BEGINNING IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE

a new serial story

"The Spell of San Lorel"

A mystery story

By NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

¶ A tale of love and hate, revenge and passion, carrying down the succession to an old Italian Castle and Estate to an American boy, whose life is imperilled and whose identity is brought into question through the machinations of those who would use him for their own ends.

¶ It is a story of secret passages, long journeys and mysterious reappearances, containing many situations that thrill, but at the same time introducing several charming love stories in the course of its narrative.

¶ The principal character is a strongly fascinating type of villain who turns hero, and who is capable of inspiring almost in the same moment both love and hate.

¶ An altogether clever and well-written story by a clever writer who is well-known and needs no introduction in the world of fiction. A story that you will want to read and enjoy to the very end.

¶ Mrs. Carson is the editor of *The Book News Monthly* and the author of a number of books. Her entrance into the field of the moving picture story brings another trained writer of the better sort into the ranks of those who are building stories for the screen.

Don't miss the first installment of this story in the October issue. If you are not already a subscriber, sign the attached coupon and mail it at once. You will find it a dollar well invested

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

THE HANDSOMEST PRINTED MAGAZINE IN THE COUNTRY

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I enclose herewith One Dollar for which enter my subscription to PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL for six months, beginning with the October, 1917, issue.

Name

Address

\$40 and the note, which he read with growing despair. From its tone he realized she was practically starving. Then he thought of the only possible solution under the circumstances—Dr. Garland. He must be found at once and told the real circumstances of the case.

Togo went at once to the managing editor's desk and asked for an advance of \$50.

"Very important!" explained Togo.

The gentleman, who was very busy, finally consented to make the advance, but was quite dubious.

"You aren't going to the dogs, Togo?" he asked, handing out the money.

"Oh, no, Hon. Editor—I going to California," blandly announced Togo, disappearing.

A few hours later the political reporter bounced into the room.

"The District Attorney's office wants Hashimura Togo's deposition in the Carlos Anthony case," excitedly announced the reporter.

"He's gone to California," replied the superior.

However, upon the occasion of his rapid flight from the "Moon" office there was one watchful individual who waited upon his flight and almost spoiled everything. Nara was standing just outside the big door of the newspaper building, alternately looking at the caption of a Hashimura Togo article and the entrance. Togo, rapidly emerging, ran smack into him.

"So, ha!" grinned Nara. "Always hurrying somewhere else."

"I have no time to kill you today," replied Togo, brushing past him.

Nara dogged his steps to a Second Avenue elevated, upon which Togo journeyed toward his room intent upon baggage for the journey.

Nara went at once to Washington, and while Togo was on his way to the Coast, Nara was arriving in the capital and proceeding to the Japanese Embassy.

Meanwhile Taro, the elder son, had continued his dissipated life.

"I wish to resign my most honorable post and return to Japan," pleaded Taro when threatened with exposure.

"You have been appointed by the Emperor and it is your duty to remain," objected his father sternly. "What is your real reason for resigning?"

Taro admitted that he had been caught cheating at poker.

"Then I have no sons!" wailed the old man, throwing up his hands. "Honor has gone from my house."

The Baron sent Taro away and took counsel with himself. At this moment a clerk of the Embassy announced that "a very low man named Nara is outside and insists upon seeing His Excellency in the matter of a Hundred Lanterns which he may remember."

Surprised out of his sorrow, the Baron asked that the visitor be sent in.

He at once recognized in Nara the servant who came from the tea house asking hush-money for the stolen decoration of the Rising Sun.

"O Exalted One!" began Nara, falling at once on his face, "for merely a thousand yen I could lead you to your son, Jiro, who is in America."

The Baron was terribly moved, but he scornfully asked:

"Why should I seek out another son to disgrace me?"

"Because Jiro is innocent," Nara declared. "You have falsely condemned him for Taro's wrong."

Wild with a half-formed hope, the Baron lifted up the groveling coolie and beseeched him to go on.

"I was there at the Tea House when the Most Honorable Taro got drunk and handed the sacred medal to a geisha girl. I saw him distinctly. It was Taro."

The Baron retained Nara and sent again for Taro. When the broken attache saw the Tea House servant he lost his nerve entirely and confessed that Jiro took the blame so that he, Taro, "might have no stain upon his honorable public career."

"Where is Jiro now?" asked the astonished father, whereupon Nara unfolded a copy of the "Moon," pointed to a headline and, below, the well-known authorship, "Hashimura Togo."

"For a thousand yen I can lead you to where he lives," insinuated Nara. But the Baron was in a trance, stunned by the memory of that lifelong stigma which, through quickness of temper, he had put upon his heroic son.

Six weeks later in San Francisco Togo succeeded in finding Dr. Garland, who at the time was getting out of his prosperous limousine and helping out a recklessly pretty woman.

Soon he has into the doctor's hands the photo-

graph of himself. In amazement he took it to the light and read in Corinne's handwriting the words, "To remember always."

Dr. Garland paced the floor very much moved, then he faced Togo inquiringly.

"Did she send you with this?" he asked finally.

"Ah, no. I fetch it from New Jersey on my own intellect. Miss Corinne no could marry conveniently because her beautiful eyesight was weeping out all the time for you. Therefore Hon. Anthony enjoy rage and elope elsewhere. Great unhappiness enjoyed by all."

"She threw me over for a rich man," growled Garland.

"Oh, no. She no threw. Her mother threw. Mother need cash-money, so she sell Corinne to First National Banker. But Corinne kick banker, kick wedding, kick happiness. Therefore she die."

"You mean she's ill?" asked Garland wildly.

"Push quick footsteps to Jersey or she be too dead to see you," was Togo's way of putting it.

"Thank you, Togo. I shall go to her at once."

During Togo's absence the sensational Anthony case was called to trial and everything had gone against the crooked contractor. Togo had been subpoenaed as a witness, but as no trace of him—except the knowledge that he left for California—was obtainable, the case went on without his help.

The jury stayed out only a few minutes and returned with a verdict of guilty. Anthony was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary and was ordered to restore in full all moneys milked from private individuals.

At the verdict Mrs. Reynolds fainted in court. Corinne was overcome with emotion, and, thanking the Assistant District Attorney, said:

"I don't know how to reward you!"

"It's that little Japanese servant of yours who should be rewarded," replied the lawyer. "If it hadn't been for him you'd never have come into this case."

It was on a late afternoon some days later that Togo once more laid eyes on Corinne's shabby house. A strange silence brooked over the place. He had a horrible fear that she had died in his absence. Dimly, as evening came on, his eyes were gladdened by a sign of hope. A taxicab came puffing down the street and stopped at the Reynolds door. Distinctly he made out the form of Dr. Garland walking up the front steps and touching the door bell. There was a long, unresponsive wait. Then suddenly the door swung slowly open—Corinne stood there outlined in light, thin and tired. At the sight of the Doctor she seemed to falter back, covering her eyes. Then she fainted in his arms.

Late in the evening the front door again opened. Silhouetted in light Togo saw two forms close together. Garland had taken Corinne in his arms for a good-night kiss.

After the taxi-cab had driven away Togo took his course toward the suburban train. His mind was full of glory and martyrdom. He had given her everything to make her happy—everything.

"The Blue Dragon shall have my life now," he said serenely as he took his way back to his room.

In his estimation he had fulfilled his life and there was nothing left for him to live for. For a Japanese to commit suicide as a final proof of devotion was only proper and customary. Also, he was very tired of life, which had yielded him nothing but misery and reproach.

Therefore, he spent the night putting his affairs in order. He turned the table in his room into a little Shinto shrine. He burned the letters he had taken for his journalistic work. Then he went to bed to sleep—his last sleep on earth.

Morning came and the city began waking up. The streets filled with busy people going to work. Still Togo did not arise and carry out his grim program of self-destruction. As a matter of fact, he had overslept. Weakness, fatigue, overwrought nerves had brought on this reaction. The alarm clock over his bed began to point to eleven before Togo opened his eyes, yawned, saw the Shinto shrine and remembered his duty to the gods.

He now went to work methodically to complete his sanguinary task. From the box in the corner he removed his hari-kiri sword, which he unsheathed and laid on the table before the shrine. He then took Japanese paper and brush and wrote to his father a letter in Japanese, which read:

"NOBLE FATHER—Having made myself white in sight of the gods and my earthly mission being accomplished, let my soul return to our sacred ancestors.
"JIRO."

He laid this message on the table beside the unsheathed sword and prepared for death. In order that the end might seem good in the sight of the gods, it was necessary that he put on the white funeral robes which Onoto had given him before his leaving Japan. The sacred ceremony of hari-kiri required this. He began looking for his valise and found, to his annoyance, that it had been moved. He went forth in search of it, leaving his door wide open. At last he found his valise, got out the white robe and began putting it on.

While Togo was thus engaged, his landlady, who ran the store below, entered his room to appropriate his sword as a cheese-knife. Togo discovered her as she was leaving with it.

"What you do with holy sword," he inquired excitedly.

"I'm just borrowin' it to cut some cheese—"

"In the hour of death you speak cheese!" shrieked Togo, leaping upon her and attempting to wrest the weapon from her hands. She held on like grim death, and they wrestled until they came opposite the open window where, in the struggle, the sword fell out upon the fire-escape and clattered down to the street below.

A crowd of noisy boys, playing ball in the street, saw the sword fall and made a rush for it. Togo, all clad in white, ran out to the fire-escape and yelled to them, which caused considerable merriment. The largest of the boys grabbed the sword and ran away with it at the head of his gang.

In the meantime the Baron, accompanied by his secretary and Nara—whom he employed as guide—had come to New York in search of Jiro—(Togo)—and the observant Nara was just leading the expedition along Second Avenue toward Mrs. Casey's store when the boys with Togo's sword came shouting along. The biggest boy was flourishing the weapon and "acting up" much to the amusement of his gang.

"Look, sir!" exclaimed the Baron's secretary. "It is a sword of Nippon."

The Baron stopped the boy and, after questioning him, took the sword and examined it. On the hilt he saw the crest of a noble Japanese clan—his wife's family.

"Who gave you this?" was the Baron's astonished inquiry.

"A crazy Jap threw it out of a window," replied the boy, and pointed to the fire-escape, where Togo's white-clad form was still to be seen gesticulating like a ghost of evil.

The Baron and his escort ran recklessly toward the fire-escape, for they knew what the funeral robes and the unsheathed hara-kiri sword signified to a Japanese. They rushed up the stairs to Togo's flat and found Togo prostrate before his shinto shrine.

"Father," cried Togo, bowing low, "forgive me. I should have shed my blood for honor. But the gods sent Mrs. Casey."

"I am the suppliant," replied the father, raising his son and affectionately embracing him. "I beg you to live and make our name honorable through your greatness and humility."

Corinne and Garland were married with only the necessary witnesses—Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Casey—in the parlor of a New York hotel. After the ceremony a large, official envelope arrived as though by appointment. It was covered with crests and golden chrysanthemums and the engraved card inside read:

"Imperial Japanese Embassy, Washington, D. C.

"The Japanese Ambassador requests the pleasure of Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Garland's company at luncheon at one thirty in the afternoon of Thursday the Second of March."

Dr. Garland laughed, but Corinne looked the card over carefully.

"It sounds like Togo," she declared at last.

"Has he got a pull with the Mikado, too?" inquired Garland.

They decided to take in Washington as part of their honeymoon.

On Thursday, the Second of March, they were ushered into the Embassy, greeted with almost royal honors, and were met at last by the Ambassador.

"I insisted that my son should not go back to Japan without seeing his dear friends again," said the Baron. "So I have arranged this in the way of a surprise party."

"But I beg your Excellency's pardon—am I acquainted with your son?"

"Aha," laughed the Baron slyly. "It will be a surprise party for all."

The Baron clapped his hands and summoned his son. Togo, gorgeously uniformed in the full-

dress regalia of a military attache, came into the room. He did not at first see Corinne, and when he did he was knocked, momentarily, off his poise. However, he shook hands conventionally and smiled in the formal manner of the Embassy. Seated next to him at dinner, Corinne at last asked him:

"Togo, why didn't you come to see me when we were married? I wanted to thank you for what you've been to me—and to ask your forgiveness."

"You often made me happy by punching me in the heart," smiled Togo.

"Ah—and then I wanted to thank you for the wedding present you brought me from California."

She looked significantly over at her husband. "Oh, yes. He considerable expensive wedding present. He cost me plenty valuable. Please handle without breaking. I go back Japan tomorra."

When the guests were leaving their generous hosts at the door Togo lingered a moment over Corinne's hand, loading her with roses.

"They have no roses in Japan," she whispered, suddenly seeing the look of undying adoration in his face.

"Japanese hearts look prettier trimmed with cherry blossoms," he replied and bowed her solemnly out.

When Togo returned to Japan to take up the military duties suitable to his rank, he went at once to his father's estate near Tokyo. Clad in dignified robes he was carried by ricksha to the narrow path which led to the beautiful Shinto gate outside his father's estate.

Walking up the path he saw, at first indistinctly, a small, draped figure leaning against one of the posts. Coming closer he saw a woman standing there. She lifted her head. It was Onoto, her eyes shining with the faith that she had held for him during the years of his absence. Without a word he took her hand and they walked together along the crooked path between the little hills, under the dwarfed trees.

Milady of the Film and Trousers

(Continued from page 13)

The "boys" are taught to slap each other manfully upon the back, what though their delicate feminine shoulders cannot prevent an involuntary shrinking from the impact. They are taught to ride horseback and swim, and, in fact, comport themselves in every way that is masculine. In order that they may be physically able to endure this strenuous life which has been imposed upon them by a maternal edict, Lady Castlejordan has a complete gymnasium erected in their home, in which the three victims of her hallucination are forced to spend many weary hours. They even go so far in their mad, mad efforts to defy convention and the very laws of biology itself as to indulge in boxing matches of more or less questionable intensity.

Of course, the natural result of all this frantic effort to cheat mother nature is the arousing of a certain spirit of rowdism and adventure among the three girls. They indulge in a running fight with some of the neighboring rowdies, drawing their ammunition from a peddler's wagon, the owner of which has left his precious load temporarily unguarded. One of the girls—of course it is Marguerite Clark—goes to London for a visit

and becomes distinctly bored by the commonplace petticoated existence which she is forced to lead. She finally escapes from her hosts after succeeding in surreptitiously borrowing evening clothes from the son of the house and getting the butler to hire a wig for her. In the spirit of adventure, she goes to a London music hall, where her nattiness wins the favor of one of the feminine ushers. Unfortunately, however, the "bloke" upon whom this usher has hitherto bestowed her undivided affections happens into the theatre, observes the flirtation and proceeds to administer a thrashing to the "boomin' little Johnny." It is then that the pugilistic experience and athletic training of our hero-heroine prove valuable, for she succeeds in landing a vital punch upon the rapidly swinging jaw of the London tough, and makes good her escape before he recovers from his astonishment. This is perhaps the most striking example of femininity "rampant in the field of trousers," if one may be permitted to borrow the phrase from ancient heraldry.

There are numerous other cases, however, in which the various screen stars have bade farewell to their frills and ruffles and have masqueraded in male attire. Pauline Frederick has abrogated her splendid wardrobe on several occasions. In one of these, an adaptation of E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel, "The World's Great Snare," she was pictured as the wife of a miner who dressed herself in corduroys, brogans and the flannel shirt, cropped her hair and went out over the long trail into the gold country in search of her husband. In this extremely strenuous picture Miss Frederick actually worked with a pickaxe and endured a number of physical hardships and thus won the high regard of those who were associated with her in the taking of the picture for her courage and fortitude.

In a more recent production Miss Frederick graced a very exquisite riding suit of a very distinctly mannish persuasion, and did so with an abandon born of considerable experience in the wearing of these garments. As a matter of fact, they were her own riding clothes which she wears when galloping over the hills in the vicinity of her country home at Mountain Lakes, N. J. When Miss Frederick is staying in town, however, she is much more conservative in her apparel when taking a canter in Central Park.

Ann Pennington, the little Ziegfeld Follies' star, who has appeared in several Paramount pictures, was last seen upon the screen in "The Little Soldier Girl," in which she actually dons a military outfit at the end of the story. The tale concerns itself with the Mexican border and

the subsequent efforts of a little girl of American parentage who escapes over the border in her efforts to avoid a matrimonial adventure which is about to be imposed upon her by her Mexican guardian.

Louise Huff, whose dainty and distinctly feminine characteristics have made her extremely popular, is another one of the stars to defy convention. In playing the "Angel" of the Limberlost, in an adaptation of Gene Stratton-Porter's novel, "Freckles," in which she recently appeared with Jack Pickford, little Miss Huff preserves her feminine charm. In several scenes, however, she may even be said to enhance them by the extremely smart riding suit in which she appears. As in the case of Miss Frederick, the articles of apparel are distinctly suggestive of the opposite sex.

Even Geraldine Farrar's protegee, little Marjorie Daw, has not escaped the touches of the defiers of conventions. It was also a Mexican picture which thrust Miss Daw into trousers. The production was called "The Jaguar's Claws," and in it Miss Daw appeared in support of Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese actor.

Thus it is that we find the moving picture screen reflecting in all its glory the spirit of the times. Let us hope, however, that when the wave of masculinity has passed we will once again find the fair sex arrayed in all its frills as it was in the beginning.

Oswald Smyth, in Love

(Continued from page 42)

might want to drop in again? But she didn't even call up. And I got to wondering where she was evenings, who she was with, how she spent her spare time.

"Every hour that rolled around and I didn't call her up or try to see her, made an hour more toward eternity. And eternity, I reflected, would begin at the grave and we'd all be spirits and of course in spirit form I could see her all the time without being tortured by this ghastly farce of human love. Everything would be made over, on a different plan, but she'd be there, she'd live forever, and I could tune her harp, and shine her halo and rearrange her cushions and do all those little helpful things that one angel can do for another.

"And she would look at me then and know how much I loved her—on earth."

Here Oswald sighed again and was silent a spell. I did not break his thought. It really was beautiful and showed the height and depth of the born ad-writer's imagination.

Osy, in his human form, or in any reasonable semblance thereof, wouldn't make quite what you'd call a pattern angel. But I suppose such little trifles as over-weight and undersize and a wee bald spot are remedied Over There—they must be. Otherwise heaven wouldn't be all beautiful. Yes, I presume Osy had it right—in his sketchy way—things are radically changed and we recognize each other because it's soul to soul, There, and not man to man, face to face.

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop

25 E. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Hemstitching, Pleatings, etc.

Superior Work Lowest Prices

Send for Price List



\$ 10 Days Free Trial

Play on the violin of your choice—and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.

Rare Old Violin Circular Free WURLITZER We supply the U. S. Govt.

The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—Fanny, Baader, Glier, Heberlein, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc.

Write Today of our offer direct to you. Write today

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1853
S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio



Movie Stars Photos

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, William Farnum, Norma Talmadge, and other movie favorites.

10 cents each—Set of 12 for \$1.00

A. HARSTN, 729 Seventh Avenue
Dept. P. J. NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

A Drink of 249 FRUIT VIGOR

First Thing—Each Morning
Helps Digestion and

Stops Constipation

There is absolutely nothing equal to the upbuilding salts of fruit in Fruit-Vigor for putting Stomach and Bowels in perfect order. Nothing purer, more natural, more agreeable, more effective. Old-time users of physic and pills, oils and mineral waters, internal baths and enemas, find the change to Fruit-Vigor the best move they ever made.

Druggist or grocer can easily get Fruit-Vigor for you. Or we will gladly send it to you by parcel post—1 jar \$1; four \$3.50. Booklet on request.

STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 596 Security Bldg., Chicago

Pretty soon Os took up his story again: "Let's see, this is Friday. Well, last Tuesday I rang her up about four o'clock. She answered right away. I said, after the usual greetings, in which she seemed quite cordial: 'Oysters are ripe, wouldn't you like to pick a few tomorrow?' You see I'd discovered her fondness for sea food.

"That would be dandy," she replied. 'I'd just love to.'

"'All right,' said I, 'I'll meet you at twelve-ten at the corner entrance of Pierson's, same as before.'

"She said 'Good, and you can tell me all you've been doing with yourself for the last week or two. Have you been busy?'"

"'Oh tolerably,' I replied, 'what have you been doing—all the long days, and nights?'"

"'Why,' she replied, 'I've been awfully busy, helping out Mrs. Fingle at the Belgian Bazaar every night and working hard all day. But it's been fun and I've met so many interesting people.'

"'Both male and female, I suppose,' said I, like a lunkhead.

"'Yes,' she said, 'lots of them.'

"I made some fool remark about it's being nice and all that and she said 'I'd like to have you come over and see me.'

"'I'll do that little thing, soon,' I answered.

"'All right, do,' she laughed 'and it's twelve-ten tomorrow, then, good-bye.'

"'At the old trysting place,' quoth I, 'Good-bye.'

"That evening was rosy. I walked with my head in the clouds. My feet were light. I caught a glimpse of myself in a store window. 'Not half bad looking fellow, old top,' I kidded myself. I went in and bought a new hat."

Here Oswald looked at me sorrowfully. "You won't think I'm a nut, will you?" he asked.

"Os, old son," I replied, "don't you ever think it. You're like a brother to me, and anything you do or say is quite all right. I can't say much to help you, but I feel for you, and I'm sorry, old man, sorry as he—l. I only wish I could do something."

"Well, you can," moaned Os, "listen to the rest of it; it's soon told.

"The next day, sharp at twelve-five I was keeping the tryst. I always made it a point to be a little ahead of time, not to keep her waiting. I watched the corner—watched the clock on the New York Emporium across the street. Twelve-ten came—and went. Twelve-fifteen, twenty, twenty-five. But I kept a grip on myself. At twelve-forty I said to myself, 'Oswald, this won't do—something has happened.' So I hurried to her office, a couple blocks down the street. First time I'd been there, I'm sorry to say. She wasn't there. I hurried back, afraid I might miss her. At one I went back to her office, making believe that none of this was so and that I was just happening around. She wasn't there. I stood in the hall and thought, or tried to, but thoughts wouldn't come—my mind was just a seething mass of ooze. By and by I went out. I went to a cafe and had lunch alone. Bah! I didn't know what I ate, I didn't care. I was just obeying force of habit—I had to do something. About one-thirty I went back. Her assistant was in and said that Miss Ainsley had been in about noon and gone out—she didn't say when she'd be back.

"By now I was just a human machine—no capacity for thought or judgment. I went back to my office and the afternoon wore away. 'Maybe she'll call up' I jollied myself, 'surely she'll call up and say, 'forgive me, how perfectly stupid of me—I forgot all about it and humbly ask your pardon a thousand times.'

"Of course that would be a bad confession—that she'd forgotten the date, but if she'd call up with any old excuse I knew I'd forgive her with all my heart and date her up at once for dinner and her pick of shows afterward. But no—she—didn't—call—up!" Osy's voice croaked off to a whisper.

"Well, after five, when the office force had cleared up and gone I took my aching head in my hands and tried to get down to earth.

"I knew then she hadn't forgotten—that she couldn't and wouldn't—unless, she had wanted to! So she must have done it deliberately. She



Your Old Hair
can be made up into puffs, switches transformations, or curls. 3 stem switches, \$1.50, 2 stems, \$1, all around pompadour, \$2. Old switches dyed, \$1, to any shade but grey. We guarantee to please you. LULU DUNHAM, 120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

did—she meant to indicate that she was through—there were to be no more dates, no more anything. It was off.

"Then I took out a memo she had left on my desk one day when I was out—the one and only time I missed her. I read it over a dozen times. Here it is—read it for yourself," and Osy handed me the piece of yellow office paper.

It read: "Mr. Smyth—I'm so sorry to have missed you, for this was to have been a bright spot in a dark day. I quite need cheering up. I lost the manuscript of the story I was illustrating, and I'm down in the dumps. I'm going home now to look for it there. Maybe I'll come in again this afternoon. This is a horrid pen of yours, so don't blame me for this terrible writing."

She had signed her initials with a flourish, in a typical feminine hand, back slanting.

"What—what do you make of it?" gurgled Osy. I read again the "bright spot in a dark day" and gritted my teeth.

"Os," I said, "listen: no man knows the heart and mind of a woman. We can't even guess very closely. We—we just have to take them as they come. It's tough, old man, but buck up!" I slapped him affectionately on the back.

"Well, I now come to the final episode in the moving drama entitled 'Oswald in Love,'" said Os, in a pathetic effort at making fun of himself. "Here it is. I don't have to tell it to you—read it for yourself. I wrote it that night and mailed it down the chute somewhere about ten P. M. I typed it and made this carbon. I meant no disrespect in using the typewriter. She knew that I typed all my work, my ads and the memos to her about the sketches and all that."

He handed me another yellow sheet. On it I read the following:

"January —, 1917.

"To You:

"I waited for you an hour this noon—you said that you would be there. Not that it seemed long or that I reproach you. You have indicated by action what you didn't want to tell me in words—

"I have cared for you a lot more than is seemly to confess. I found so much in you to admire, and to—'like.' Let it go at 'like,' which is a poor, weak word.

"As you painted pretty pictures, so you seemed to me to live one—to be one. My imagination has built many castles about you—wonderful castles—rosy dreams.

"But they are doomed to be only dreams. And I am sorry, sorry, sorry.

"Our brief acquaintance may have been to you but a casual happening in the daily work—but to me (forgive me if it seems presumptive) to me you brought a new atmosphere into a humdrum life. Yours, to me, was a personality that gilded the day with a happy sunshine. And I wanted so much to know you outside of business—to know you better, as soon as the proper convention of things might be complied with, as soon as you might ask me to your home.

"One day I asked you for your picture, when you told me of having some new ones taken. I wanted one—the next best thing to you—to have with me always. I ask your forgiveness again for my seeming presumption. But the pictures 'didn't turn out good.'

"Tonight it seems to me I want you more than ever before—that I will always want you. But apparently there is nothing I can do or say, except—good-bye."

Osy had just signed his initial, "S" to the letter. It blurred before me. I swallowed a few times and made a pretense of moving my chair back from the fire. But I didn't sit down again—I went and stood by Oswald's bowed head. "Here," I said, "put them away Os—keep these notes. If that didn't touch her heart, nothing could. It seems to me that if I'd inspired such an expression from a man, I wouldn't let anything

stand between me and him. But then, I'm not a woman—I'm not Miss Ainsley."

Osy noticed the bitter tone in which I said the last. He looked up surprised. I pulled a letter out of my pocket. "Oswald," I said sternly, "you asked me a while ago if ever I'd been in love. I have—yes. And lately, too. Here is a letter from a woman I recently met in a social way—it came by the afternoon mail. I put it in my pocket to practice self control. I wanted to see if I had myself completely in hand. I'm glad I did, for the experience, coupled with your story, has strengthened me. See—unopened I now put it in the flames," and with that I walked over and laid it in the grate and watched it shrivel.

Dear old Os jumped up and rushed forward. "But, but—hold on, Jake—don't—"

My strong right arm restrained him. "Stop, old man," I said kindly, "I know pretty well what's in that letter, and knowing—I choose to make that end of it. Now come, sit down and let's have a good night cigar together. Then we'll hie ourselves to bed, for you'll bunk here tonight with me, old pal, in my spare nightie."

I tried to be as cheery as I could, for Osy's sake, but don't you ever think that it didn't cost me dear to burn that letter!

And now, Miss Ainsley, if you should happen to pick up this magazine—if you should chance to peruse this bit of "fiction," as I think and hope Providence may will that you should, I trust you will understand why you received no answer to your last letter I burned your missive unread.

I know from close observation that Oswald never reads the stories in any magazine—he scans the ads and then gives me the books, so I dare to write this, using names no one will recognize, and to tell you, publicly, that you hurt my friend a deep and lasting hurt, Miss Ainsley. He was a trusting boy, and he paid you royal homage.

You ate his oysters and came back for more. Then you cut the thread of his tender romance with cruel shears. But out of the wreck of his love—yes, and out of the jolt you gave my feelings—I can see that good will come to both of us, in the form of a new vision of the superwoman—the glorious being who has all that you possess to attract a man, Miss Ainsley, and something more besides.

My own private judgment is—please note this carefully—that while as an artist you may be fair in your designing, yet as a woman you are decidedly unfair in your designs.

Outside of that you're all right. May New York be kind to you.

Good-bye, Miss Ainsley.

* * * * *

A world without women! It would be different, wouldn't it, reader? But we don't want it, at that—perish the thought.

Heaven bless them all, of every hue—natural and artificial!

After Oswald has had a few days for mental rest and readjustment, I'm going to date him up to meet sister. If she could inspire some of the same high thoughts he had for Miss Ainsley's better self, I'd call it good work.

Me? Oh, I'm off the woman stuff.

But say, I helped the prettiest little lady, in the park yesterday—having trouble with her skates, you know. And sh—h, don't breathe it to a soul—she accidentally dropped a calling card!

Would you? We—ell, maybe I will. But I've got to get Osy dated up first, poor boy.

WRINKLES
Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (A Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy chins quickly vanish. SANS-RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLETON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P., Chicago, Ill.

Diamonds Watches
2000 ILLUSTRATIONS
Send Today for Your Catalog
This Handsome 116-Page Catalog contains over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry. All the new popular styles are shown—gorgeously beautiful Diamonds, artistic solid gold and platinum mountings—exquisite things—at prices to suit any purse. Select anything desired, either for personal wear or for a gift, then ask us to send it for your examination, all charges prepaid by us.
You See and Examine the Article Right in Your Own Hands
If you like it, pay one-fifth of price and keep it, balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Send for Catalog today.
LOFTIS BROS. & CO., National Credit Jewelers
Dept. D 354 100 to 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
(Established 1868) Stores in: CHICAGO: PITTSBURGH; ST. LOUIS; OMAHA

ON CREDIT
This Is the Ring She Wants
The Loftis "Perfection" Diamond Ring is our great special. Only fine, high-grade Diamonds, perfect in cut and full of fiery brilliancy, are used. Skillfully set in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 14k solid gold six-prong ring mounting. Our Large Catalog shows
Wonderful Values at \$25, \$40, \$50, \$75, \$100, \$125
EASY CREDIT TERMS
Our prices on guaranteed Watches are lowest. All the new models are shown in Catalog. Any one you select will be sent for your examination, charges prepaid.
THE BEST GIFT OF ALL

BROADWAY

IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN

NOW
MARGUERITE
CLARK
Paramount
Pictures

SESSUE
HAYAKAWA
PARAMOUNT

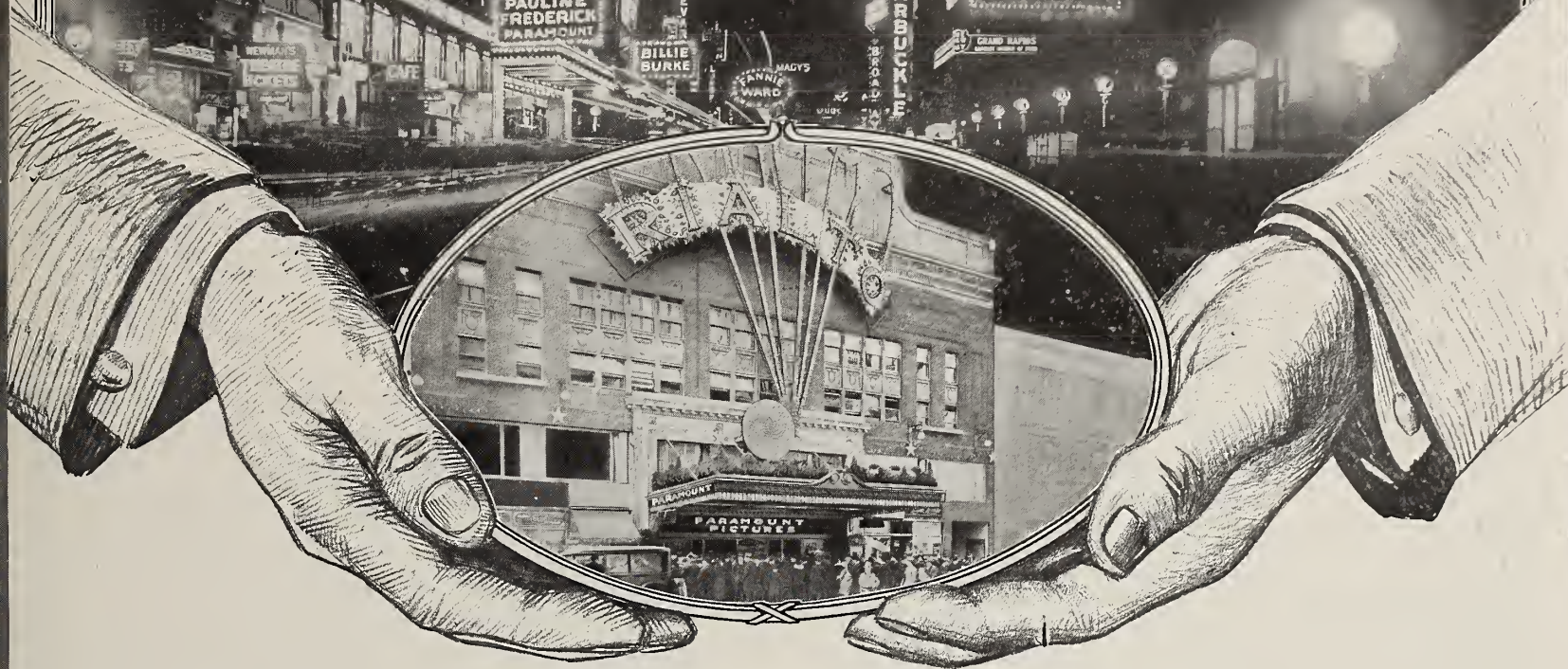
PAULINE
FREDERICK
PARAMOUNT

BILLIE
BURKE

FATTY
ARBuckle

MME. PETROVA

Paramount
Pictures



With Paramount Stars

BROADWAY is Starland! The wonderful white-lit Mecca of America's playgoers. Glittering lights spell the names of the world's greatest players and plays. Throngs of well groomed men and richly appareled women crowd in the box office line. The whole gay populace is electrified with the joy of living. And well it may be! For the plays of Broadway are the *cream* of the world—and Broadway's favorite players rule *supreme*.

Paramount Pictures

You want this Broadway flavor of finest class—the kind of pictures presented at New York's famous Strand and Rialto theatres. The exquisite settings—the master productions—the real stars—translated by Paramount from the living stage to the eternal screen.

And now you can see these great stars and pictures by simply asking your local

theatre manager to present them. Paramount's new "open booking" policy enables him to do this easily—and profitably.

He can offer you Mme. Petrova, Lina Cavalieri, Sessue Hayakawa, Jack Pickford, Vivian Martin, Billie Burke, Julian Eltinge, Ann Pennington, Wallace Reid, Pauline Frederick and Marguerite Clark. Also Paramount-Arbuckle two-reel comedies,

Victor Moore and Black Diamond single-reel comedies, the Paramount-Bray Pictograph, weekly "Magazine on the Screen" and Paramount-Burton Homes travel pictures.

Hand your theatre manager the Box Office Request for Paramount Pictures below. It's a small thing to do, but it will bring the rich and satisfying entertainment of Broadway home to you.

Paramount Pictures Corporation

Controlled by

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

ADOLPH ZUKOR, President

JESSE L. LASKY, Vice-President

CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director-General

NEW YORK

Box Office Request Paramount Pictures

I should enjoy seeing Paramount Stars and Pictures.

Name _____

Address _____



Madge Kennedy's Bow to the Movie Fans

(Continued from page 26)

Brussels carpet which indicated the drawing-room.

"In this set, by the way, Mr. Ballin went to no little pains to depict such an apartment as the type of wife I am supposed to represent would be expected to furnish. Chintz curtains, wicker furniture and triplicate mirrors psychologically convey somewhat the spirit of the story which is a point that is being stressed in the manufacture of our photodramas. So little attention has been paid to the detail of photodramatic sets, yet the importance of appropriate scenery cannot be exaggerated. Scene builders have taken much for granted, just as a dramatist always assumes that a detective wears his hat in the house."

"Are you always going to play farce?" I asked.

"I hope some day, whether it be in picture or on the stage, I will be given a chance to do straight comedy," she answered.

"How about a real dramatic heroine," I suggested.

"Never," she protested. "To me there is nothing deadlier nor duller than a part which is tailor-made fat. There is something unreal about the average stage heroine in a straight part that would make a dramatic bankrupt of me, I fear. I like farce because it is fast, and comedy I should like for the same reason and because it is more real; but drama, pronounced with a Boston a, I never shall essay. A comedienne should stick to her laugh."

"Speaking of laughs," I answered, "who laughs first, man or woman?"

"My experience has been that man is the pleasantest, easiest and most unaffected laugher. I could even undertake to prove that man has the more humor, if I used my own experience behind the footlights as a criterion. Generally speaking, a man will laugh where a woman only smiles, and when a woman reaches the point of laughing a large majority of men will be emitting side-splitting whoops. Perhaps it is because a woman is more repressive, but as an encouragement to a good time I would rather have one fat man in the first row than an entire Woman's Literary Society."

"In other words," I said, "a man would find more laughs in 'Baby Mine' because man is naturally more humorous."

"Either that, or because a woman wrote it," countered Miss Kennedy, which seemed to leave the subject open to a future debate.

"Are you athletic?"

"Not guilty. I don't swim, golf, tennis or play any one of a number of sports

that I understand are so popular. I would rather knit a sweater than drive a motor, and my wildest athletic outburst is riding a well broken horse through Central Park. I have finished three sweaters for our marines and am at work on my fourth." Lucky marines!

All in the Day's Work

(Continued from page 14)

moment, then, with an adorably shy little smile, she lifted her white hands to the lapels of his coat, smiling into his eyes as he looked down into hers.

"Are—you—really—really sure that you love me?" she whispered.

There was really no need for an answer, because his eyes and face told more than words ever could. But he answered, just the same:

"Love, sweetheart? I love you more than anything else in all this wide world!" he cried, softly. "Love you? And sure of it? Am I sure that I am living—that you are really here in my arms? Oh, my darling!" And his arms swept her close, cradling her against his breast. His brown head bent until their lips met, and clung in a long, long kiss that had no beginning and seemed not to have an end.

And—

"Cut!" called the soulless director, while the equally mundane photographer phlegmatically announced the number of feet consumed by the exquisite bit of life before me. In my dark corner I indignantly wiped my eyes and asked that old, old question for which there doesn't seem to be an answer:

"Why is a director?"

Miss Bayne had caught one of the frail tulle sleeves of her gown on a button of Mr. Bushman's coat, and he disentangled it for her with some laughing remark, to which she answered as laughingly. The director and camera-man began figuring on another scene; everybody around the studio went on with their usual tasks; a couple of extra girls behind me reviled an acquaintance with as little concern as if they were home, alone; but I sat still in my dark corner, hoping that I would be unnoticed until I had been able to remove the traces of tears from my face.

The scene that I had just witnessed had been like an exquisite golden-hued butterfly in the midst of a machine shop—a gorgeous, frail-hued bit of romance broken and smashed against the sordid realism of every-day life.

When Miss Bayne turned to me she stared, then called Mr. Bushman excitedly.

AZ-I-EN-ZA

Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1908—No. 41488

"The Medicinal Cream"

For Pimples and the Complexion

Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address. E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

LEARN AT HOME BY MAIL TO DRAW—PAINT



Be a magazine, newspaper or commercial illustrator; be a cartoonist; paint in water colors or oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship Award. Your name and address brings you full particulars by return mail and our illustrated Art Annual Free.

FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 883, Omaha, Neb.

"Oh, Frank," she called. "Here's a lovely tribute—that scene made Miss Gaddis weep!"

"It did not!" I snapped, rudely, with an attempt to hide my sentimentalism. "The lights in here hurt my eyes!"

Mr. Bushman grinned.

"All right, come and go to dinner with Miss Bayne and me—we'll try to offer a cure for—er—the lights that hurt your eyes!"

Of course I went; but it didn't make me forget the exquisite bit of acting that had to me been so beautiful—but that was to them all in the day's work.

My Ammunition Plants

(Continued from page 16)

stroke of paralysis because I insisted on picking the pea blossoms from the plants. How was I to know that if left to themselves they would in due time turn into nice green pods of peas? I thought the peas grew in the ground like potatoes.

One morning he discovered me pulling up radishes and sticking them back in the soil again because I thought they should grow some more, and he had the hardest time convincing me that this method of gardening was altogether too futuristic for practical purposes. The beans, too, every morning had a habit of popping out on the surface, and I spent many an hour carefully thrusting them back into the ground until he detected me and initiated me into the error of my ways.

Since then I have discovered a lot of things which I never suspected before about the whims of vegetables and, of course, I have a whole lot more to learn; but I have seen enough to convince me that raising war brides in a garden ammunition plant is a task so gigantic that even George Creel, with his extraordinary skill at "elaboration," couldn't begin to do justice to the theme with all the United States army and navy behind him!



"EYES THAT THRILL"

Bring out that hidden Charm, Beauty and Expression

This popular preparation is unexcelled for eyebrows and eyelashes. Something new. Unlike any other preparation now sold. Absolutely harmless. Marvelously assists nature in growing long, satin-like, smart eyelashes and eyebrows. Easily applied. Satisfaction assured or money refunded.

Price, 25c box, by mail (stamps or coin).

LASHTONE

FREE 100 Beautiful Pictures of Leading Screen Artists, printed on beautiful paper. A treat for all sending 25c for one box Lashstone. Sold only by

LASHTONE COMPANY, 505 Brede Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AFTER THE MOVIES

Murine

Is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids

Rests—Refreshes—Restores

Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them.

YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!

Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

Goldwyn Pictures



Jane Cowl



Mae Marsh



Madge Kennedy



Mary Garden



Maxine Elliott

THESE TREMENDOUSLY POPULAR STARS
KNOWN and ADMIRERD THROUGHOUT the WORLD
APPEAR EXCLUSIVELY IN

Goldwyn Pictures

Beginning In September They Will Be Seen at the Lead-
ing Theatres On Four Continents In a Type and Qual-
ity of Productions Rarely Ever Attained In Cinema Art.

Goldwyn Pictures
Corporation

16 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

ADVISORY BOARD

- Samuel Goldfish,
Chairman
- Edgar Selwyn
- Irvin S. Cobb
- Arthur Hopkins
- Margaret Mayo
- Roi Cooper Megrue
- Archibald Selwyn
- Crosby Caige
- Porter Emerson Browne

THE LAST LAUGH

The Criticism of an Expert

Douglas Fairbanks recently asked the operator at Clune's Los Angeles Theater, how he liked his new Arcraft film, "Wild and Woolly."

"Fine," replied the manipulator of the projection machine, "there isn't a hole in the entire film."

Ashamed of His Wealth

Speaking of Scotch conservatism, Taylor Holmes, Essanay's noted star, recounts the following:

Andy McTavish, a burly boy from the heather country, was waylaid by two highwaymen in New York, who demanded his money. Andy put up such a ferocious fight the robbers thought surely he must be laden with wealth. It was two hours before they finally overpowered the Scot, then all they found in the pockets of their prostrate victim was a single dime.

"What th' Deil did you fight so hard for?" asked one of the astonished highwaymen.

"I dinna want you to know how little I had," replied the victim.

Whither His Gaze?

An interpretative danseuse, employed for the occasion from one of the fashionable Chicago roof gardens, did an Egyptian number in Bryant Washburn's feature, "The Golden Idiot."

"Did you notice the expression in her eyes?" Mr. Washburn asked a spell-bound "extra man" near him.

"N-n-no Sir," he stammered.

"Well, you should have looked at that, too," the star answered. "I did—once."

What's Coming to Dinner

Mary, the cook, was slightly deaf in one ear. Her mistress was going to give a dinner-party and Eleanor the little daughter of the house, who was not quite old enough to sit up for dinner was interested. She approached the cook who was busily preparing the meal.

"Whose coming to dinner, Mary?" she questioned.

"Two chickens," answered Mary briefly.

When Warde Released "Doug"

To readers who know that first Triangle and then Arcraft released Douglas Fairbanks the statement that Frederick Warde released the well known "Doug" will be little short of startling.

The fact that Warde is not a releasing concern, but a screen player himself whose films, indeed, are being released by Pathe, serves to muddle the situation further.

And yet—

"Doug" says it's true himself.

"Before I learned very much about science, art and ethics of mining I saw Frederick Warde in his repertoire of classic plays and then decided that as a mere capitalist I should be wasting time. The call of the higher drama lured me all the way to Richmond, Va., where I made my first appearance with Mr. Warde in the role of Francois in 'Richelieu.'" says Fairbanks.

"In this character and in that of Florio in 'The Duke's Jester,' which followed, I failed to make any perceptible dent in the classic drama, but I probably wore the most astonishing costumes ever beheld on the native stage, being fitted out by a well meaning but misguided wardrobe mistress in odds and ends of ancient, modern and medieval garb.

"So effectually did my costumes succeed in breaking up the actors and actresses who happened to be on the stage whenever I made my entrance that Mr. Warde released me without visible signs of pain."

Not That Kind of a Cat

Five-year-old Agnes had been playing in the garden with her kitten, when she suddenly missed him. She espied him curled up in a corner of the garden under the shade tree. She bounded over to him and grabbed him by the tail from his resting place. Then she saw that he had been lying on a bird's nest which contained three tiny blue eggs.

"O—oh, mother," she exclaimed joyously to her mother who was sitting nearby, "Beauty's going to have kittens; he jest laid some eggs!"

Beating the Army to It

Cameraman Roland Groom, of Balboa, was one of the boys called to the colors by the war. Groom enlisted in the signal corps of the regular army, and, writing to Secretary E. D. Horkheimer, broke the news thus: "After thinking the matter over, I determined to join the army before the army joined me."

Politeness Under Provocation

One might have thought that with his vast experience on the stage, Taylor Holmes would be an expert in getting around behind the scenes. Yet the first thing he did upon arriving at Essanay's studios, where he is to be filmed in a series of pictures, was to trip over a stage brace.

"I'm pleased to meet you," was all the actor said.

Humor From the Trenches

While Bruce Smith, the Balboa actor, was busy with his war garden, his wife decided to knit socks for the soldiers. She sent her first pair to the allies somewhere in France, and placed her card, bearing her address in the package. A month or so later Mrs. Smith received the following reply:

Received your socks—
Some fit!
Used one for a hammock,
Other for a mit.
Would like to meet you
When I've done my bit;
But who in blazes
Taught you to knit?

Wanted None of the Old Gag

In the current "Little Mary Sunshine" Balboa picture play, under direction of Robert Ensinger, the business one day was to bind and gag the little star, Gloria Joy. She heard her director discussing the scene about to be filmed. Said Mr. Ensinger:

"We must bind and gag her!"

Gloria rushed to her mother. "Mamma, dear! They are going to gag me! Is that the same old gag I hear folks telling about?"

Misdirected Sympathy

Two old lady tourists were passing by the Long Beach studio and seeing all the "extra" people attired in various costumes, awaiting their call, lounging about on the benches, one old lady after beaming upon them in astonishment, said to the other: "This must be the Long Beach Insane Asylum. Too bad all those good looking folks are crazy!"



Beautiful, Soulful, Expressive Eyes

are enough to make any woman attractive, be her features ever so irregular. Have you ever noticed how much of the charm of beautiful eyes is due to the eyebrows and lashes?

MADAME CHIC in the Chicago Examiner says:

"There are many actresses and society women famed for their long, silky lashes and beautifully arched eyebrows that owe all their attractiveness to the use of a little preparation called Lash-Brow-Ine."

You, too, can have luxuriant eyebrows and long, sweeping lashes by applying

Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. This guaranteed pure and harmless preparation nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and eyelashes, making them thick, long and silky, thus giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes and beauty to the face.

LASH-BROW-INE has been approved of by Professor Allyn of the famous Westfield Laboratories. Its efficacy is shown in the testimonials received daily. Sold in two sizes, 25c and 50c. Send price for size you wish and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE and our Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain, sealed cover.

Avoid disappointment with worthless substitutes. Use Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine only.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4008-64 Indiana Avenue, CHICAGO



MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The Only Treatment That Will Remove Permanently All Superfluous Hair

from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics, or powders used.

Originator and Sole Owner

DR. MARGARET RUPPERT

1112 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.
Suits 70-72-73 Established 22 Years



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

All Other Tainted Remedies. Write for Booklet if your Druggist cannot supply, send direct to Office

"MI-RITA" Gray Hair Rejuvenator—not a dye.

"MI-RITA" Skin Rejuvenator removes wrinkles and all blemishes, eliminating double chins.

1917 POPULAR SONG BOOK With Recitations, Toasts, 10c

It's a Long Way to Tipperary
When Maple Leaves Are Falling
Among the Sheltering Palms
When the Roses Bloom Again
Till Sands of Desert Grow Cold
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Where the River Shannon Flows
When I Dream of Old Erin
I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay
Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay
Days of a Perfect Day
When the Angels is Ringing
Love the Whole United States
There's a Little Snark of Love Still Burning; I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier; If You Don't Like Your Uncle Sammy, etc.

Chinatown, My Chinatown
In Dreams of Yesterday
I Love the Name of Dixie
Mother—A Word That Means the World to Me
There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland; Twilight Are You From Dixie?
When I Was a Dreamer
Tulip Time in Holland
When You Wore a Tulip
From Homer's Silver Bell
When You're a Long Way

Choo Choo Leaves for Alabama
Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now
Call Me Some Rainy Afternoon
Alexander's Ragtime Band
When We Were Two Little Boys
When I Get You Alone Tonight
Waiting for the Roberts E. Lee
Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Will the Angels Let Me Play?
Roses Bring Dreams of You
Great Big Blue Eyed Baby
Silver Threads Among the Gold
Old Maid's Ball
If You Don't Like Your Uncle Sammy, etc.

California and You
When I Lost You
Sweetheart Days
On Moonlight Bay
Bacchus Violin
My Hula Hula Love
On Mobile Bay
Stop, Stop, Stop
Just Next Door
Oh Mr. Dream Man
Mysterious Rag
Oh You Little Bear
How, How, How

Onanels Glide
Memories
I'm the Guy
Grizzly Bear
Rainbow
Red Wing
Hawatha
Oh You Kid
My Pony Boy
School Days
Occana Roll
Red Rose Rag
How, How, How

ONLY 10 CENTS gets nearly all above songs with others, also a large collection of jokes, toasts, dialogues, recitations, etc. All in one book. 3 books 25c. 100 Photoplayers Free to all persons ordering this great collection. The photoplayers include such great artists as Francis X. Bushman, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, etc. 1 Gullite 10c, 3 for 25c. KLONDIKE CO., 103 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO



THE difference between Quaker Tires and railroad tickets is that the tickets will not take you beyond the distance specified, while Quaker Tires, though adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, deliver thousands of excess miles. Records of 9000, 11,000 and 13,000 miles come to us from enthusiastic users everywhere. On request you will be sent fac-similes of the following and many other letters:

"My last two Quakers were destroyed when my garage burned recently. Both of these tires had made 11,227 miles and were in good condition at the time of the fire."

"In regard to service on a pair of 33x4 Quaker Tires, which I purchased from you in the early part of last July, beg to advise that these casings have gone seven thousand (7000) miles to date and show but very little wear."

"We have placed Quaker Tires among our best customers and of the different sizes up to and including 36 x 4½ we have casings that have been driven 4000 to 8000 miles and they are still giving service. We might say that none are completely worn out."

"We have just taken off a 37 x 5 Quaker casing which has been run 14,080 miles. Aside from tread being cut and torn, casing is in good condition."

"A customer has driven a set of 33 x 4 Quaker Tires on a five-passenger car over 12,000 miles."

In records such as those quoted is found the reason why there was not a single Quaker Tire left in our factory on the last day of March; why dealers' orders could not be filled;

why consumer demand could not be satisfied. And all that despite the fact that the Quaker plant was running to the limit of its increased capacity.

But, now, you can get Quaker Tires from any of our dealers because of a further increase in manufacturing facilities.

Put *one* Quaker to the test against any three other makes of tires. Then you will surely equip all four wheels of your car with Quakers.

If there is no dealer near you send direct to the Factory Sales Department. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

Quaker City Rubber Co.
 Factories—Philadelphia
 CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St. PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St. NEW YORK 53 Murray St.
 Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves, Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.



If You Can Tell a Lachnite from a Diamond—Send it back

YES, we will send you one of these exquisite man-made gems and you can wear it for ten full days at our expense. Put it to every diamond test you ever heard about—fire, acid, the diamond file. **Compare its brilliance with the brilliance of a mined diamond.** Notice how it is cut—by world renowned diamond cutters. Test it in every way. Wear it everywhere you go. Then after ten days—if you are able to tell which is your Lachnite and which is your diamond—or if any of your friends have been able to tell the difference—send the Lachnite back to us. **The trial does not cost you a penny.** If you decide to buy Lachnite pay only the rock-bottom price, and if you wish—at the rate of a few cents a day. Our new jewelry book (sent free) tells all about our generous terms. *Write today.*

Pay As You Wish

Do not decide to buy a genuine Lachnite Gem until you have worn it for 10 full days. Then—if you wish—you may pay for it at the rate of a few cents a day. **Terms as low as 3 1/3 cents a day—without interest.** You do not pay for trial. No red tape. Your credit is good.

Set Only in Solid Gold

Lachnite Gems are mounted only in solid gold. To hold these splendid jewels we have secured the latest and newest ideas in solid gold settings. In our new catalog you will see illustrated rings by the score for both men and women—bracelets, Lavallieres, stick pins, cuff links—all jewelry—made of solid gold.

Write for our new catalog today—it is free.

Send the Coupon for Our New Catalog

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a postcard and get our new jewelry book. It shows handsome illustrations of the newest solid gold mountings from which you have to choose. Too—it tells the interesting story of how Lachnites are made—and why their brilliance is guaranteed to wear forever. You will be delighted with this new book. Write for it today. It is free and you will be under no obligations in sending for it. Just send this coupon.

Harold Lachman Co.
12 N. Michigan Ave.
Dept. 1856, CHICAGO, ILL.

Gentlemen: Please send me absolutely free and prepaid your new jewelry book and full particulars of your free trial, easy payment plan. I assume no obligations of any kind.



Name

Address

Harold Lachman Co., Dept. 1856, 12 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

October 1917

20 Cents

NOTICE TO READER.

When you finish reading this magazine please do not stain or mark on this notice, it will be placed in the hands of our hand some of our postal employees and soldiers or sailors at the front.

NO WRAPPING. NO ADDRESS.

A. S. HARLESOS,

Postmaster General



PEGGY HYLAND

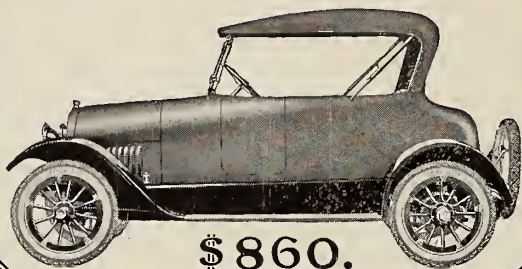
The Magazine With A Heart, Soul and Character

**WHEN YOU TRAVEL
RIDE IN A-**

Pullman

**Four
Passenger Roadster**

A roomy car for four passengers—divided front seats with lots of space in the rear, wonderful riding ease, typical Pullman pulling power—the smartest model offered in its class for 1917.



**\$860.
F.O.B. Factory**

DON'T buy the picture. Efficient buying means comparative buying. Purchase your car that way. For your own protection compare the "dozen reasons why" on this page with the specifications of any car on the market selling under \$2000.

Then 'phone the dealer in your town and have him show you just what we mean by Pullman performance—what the wonderful Pullman motor can do in the way of hill climbing, what perfect carburetion and ignition mean in the shape of consistent pulling ability. The proof of the Pullman is in its performance.

Get behind the steering wheel of any Pullman Four yourself. Feel the luxury of the big, roomy body, with its ample leg space, genuine leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions. Feel the comfort of riding over 50½ inch full cantilever springs—generally offered only in high priced cars.

Add to this certainty of performance the greatest collection of standardized, expensive accessories ever furnished a car in the eight hundred dollar class, and you have the utmost value possible.

The finish of every Pullman model is superb, made perfect by eleven operations of sand blasting, coating, painting and varnishing. The lines are the latest and smartest, the hit of the big national shows this year. Fourteen years' experience stands behind the Pullman warranty, vouched for by thousands of satisfied owners.

Write for our literature.

Five Passenger Four . . . \$860 Convertible Sedan De Luxe . . \$1275
Four Passenger Roadster . 860 With C-H Magnetic Gear Shift 1400

Pullman Motor Car Corporation

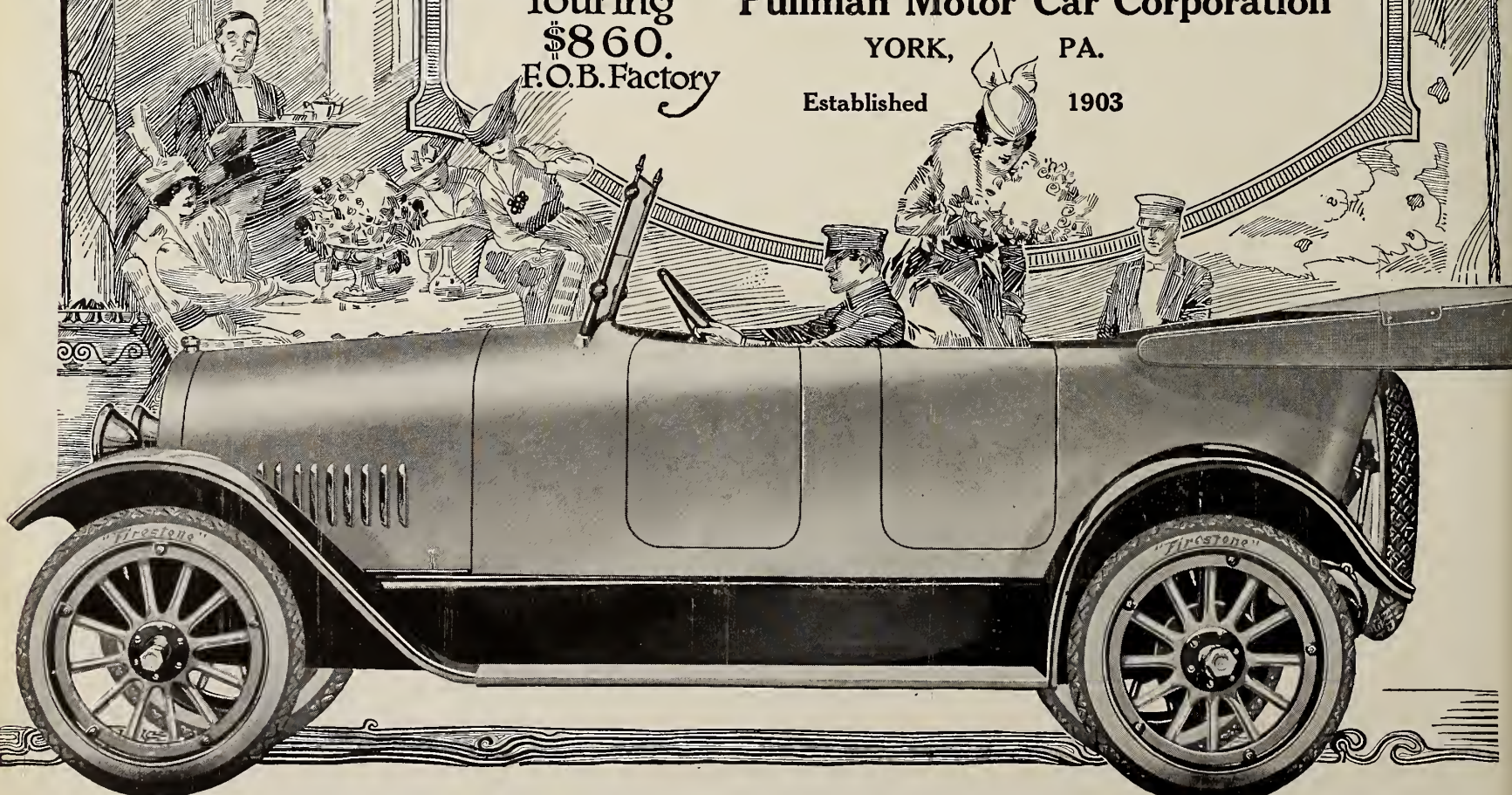
YORK, PA.

Established 1903

**Five
Passenger
Touring
\$860.
F.O.B. Factory**

**A DOZEN
REASONS WHY**

- 114 inch wheel base.
- 50½ inch full cantilever rear springs.
- Four cylinder, L-head motor. 32 h. p. by actual brake test.
- Two-unit starting and lighting equipment.
- Stromberg carburetor, new type float feed.
- Genuine full floating rear axle.
- Thermo-siphon cooling system.
- Equalized brakes with Raybestos brake lining.
- Seventeen gallon gas tank in rear, Carter vacuum feed.
- Genuine honeycomb radiator—extra large tank.
- 31 x 4 inch, red wall, Firestone non-skid tires on all four wheels.
- True stream line, custom-made body, Pullman green and black, with real leather plaited upholstery and extra deep cushions.





The Editor's Personal Page

YE EDITOR is forming some remarkable acquaintances through this department, and we must tell you about some of them. The purpose of this page, as every one no doubt understands, is to get on close personal terms with our readers and to encourage them in getting as well acquainted with us. The whole idea teems with splendid possibilities, as you can note for yourself. One new friend is Hannah Yenney, of Philadelphia. First of all, she has a most unusual name, which spells the same thing either way—backwards or forwards. Try it. In the second place, she is so extremely friendly toward PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL that she has been conducting a personal campaign in behalf of this publication, and although she has secured a score of new subscribers she will not accept any commissions whatsoever. "The small favor I am doing you is at the same time a great favor to every person I induce to read your wonderful magazine, and therefore I am satisfied," she writes. She is one of the friends gained through this Editor's Personal Page. Extraordinary, don't you think?

One of the best friends we have is Florence E. H. Thompson, 98 Mawney Street, Providence, R. I. She writes us a long letter practically every week, and we must say that she is one of the cleverest and most interesting correspondents we have ever had in our long experience. We profit by and appreciate every sentence she pens, and her epistles make us wish all of our readers would emulate her. Yes, we would like to hear from YOU personally every week on any subject uppermost in YOUR mind, and we especially want to know what you think of the photoplay art and its exponents. If you have any suggestions or any notions which strike you as being new or offering chances for improvements, write to us about it. You will be pleased with the upshot of it.

You will probably be surprised to know that several soldiers—American and British—now at the front write to us quite frequently in a purely social vein. Just recently we received an unusual letter from Private H. W. Rollings, of the 20th Canadian Infantry Battalion, care of the Army Postoffice, London, England. He had been a reader of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL before he joined the British army, and he expresses an eagerness to have this magazine as "one of his steady pals in the blood-soaked trenches." He seems to think it furnishes just the kind of diversion a soldier needs, because it is devoted to "subjects so generally foreign to war and is almost as good as seeing the moving pictures themselves." Needless to add, PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL experiences great difficulties in following this brave defender of democracy, but here's hoping it may always find him alive to enjoy the life we depict!

Just at the present time, by the way, the United States Government is undertaking a most laudable enterprise in the matter of supplying the American soldiers now in Europe with plenty of good reading by offering to forward YOUR copy of this or any other magazine to the fighting boys in khaki if you will only drop the periodical in any mail-box with a one-cent

stamp thereon. You need not address it to any one. Your magazine will be distributed with many thousands of others among the troops. Indeed, you will be doing a splendid bit by availing yourself of this opportunity to afford the Sammies with something to read in their very few leisure moments when digression from the thoughts of grim warfare is such a tremendous relief to them. Mail THIS copy of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL as soon as you have finished perusing it and you will feel better.

But back to some of our good correspondence friends. We have another very interesting one in Cleveland, Ohio. Her name is Mary E. Schwartz, and she receives her mail in care of Schwartz-Forney-Hexter Company, manufacturers of coats, at West Sixth Street and Lakeside Avenue, of that city. She believes in encouraging an editor in unique language. Recently she wrote as follows: "Steady, boy, steady; you're doing good work. I like your editorials especially. They are always sane and convincing, and one feels you are giving your honest opinions. This is also true of your feature reviews in The Silent Trend, and any one who studies your criticisms cannot help but learn to discriminate and to appreciate the photoplays that are really worth while. Keep right at it and you're bound to have lots of friends like me."

Now, isn't that enough to make a fellow buckle up his belt and go right to it in more earnest than ever before?

Frequently decidedly clever letters come. Verily, fans often have unusual ways all their own of expressing desires and other things. As proof of this read the following letter which is printed verbatim:

Ge Whiz! What smatter with Irene Castle? Wahdoyuhwanna slighter fer? Aint yuh gonna giver eny credik fer introducing that chic bob?

Believe me some when I tell you she's got the most darn nerve and ginger and sang-froid, and everything—most more than some other actin' kiddos I know, too!

Of course I'm the Lady's obsequious li'l satellite, and I kinda think she likes me a li'l, too; so my ol' opinion may be just a tiny bit biased: but gosh! if she likes everybody like she says she does, why she's jest gotta be the most loved person there is, that's all.

And Irene aint no mere secular jane, either; and I calls her my scintillating marionette—now wahdoyuh know 'bout that?

So now then, I wanta see more pictures and stories and other things about my good patrician—so watchyuh gonna do?

We just must have more advance 'formash 'bout our own Patria.

Your bestest booster,

LOUIS H. ROTH,
1437 W. 110th St., Cleveland, O.

One of the many instances wherein we are convinced that our habit of taking great pains to answer personally every letter which we receive radiates bright mutual benefits is contained in a letter from one of our

(Continued on page 51)



ARLINE PRETTY

PATHE



MARION DAVIES

ARDSLEY



ANTONIO MORENO

PATHE



JACKIE SAUNDERS

BALBOA



MABEL NORMAND

GOLDWYN



MARY PICKFORD
ARTCRAFT



PAULINE FREDERICK
PARAMOUNT

Table of Contents



OCTOBER
1917



Photo-Play Journal



Volume II
No. 6

Edited by DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1	JULIAN ELTINGE AS A REGULAR FELLOW AND "THE COUNTESS CHARMING" IS A REVELATION. (Illustrated)	27
ARLINE PRETTY. (Full-page portrait)	2	GRACE DARMOND. (Full-page portrait)	28
MARION DAVIES. (Full-page portrait)	3	USING THE SCREEN TO SPREAD THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA. (Illustrated) By F. V. Bruner	29
ANTONIO MORENO. (Full-page portrait)	4	"HELL MORGAN" AS HE IS. By Carl Stearns Clancy.....	30
JACKIE SAUNDERS. (Full-page portrait)	5	WHEREIN THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS WAS TWO AMAZING EXTREMES. (Illustrated)	31
MABEL NORMAND. (Full-page portrait)	6	BEAUTY AN ASSET TO SCREEN ACTRESS, SAYS ALMA RUEBEN. (Illustrated)	32
MARY PICKFORD. (Full-page portrait)	7	A MOVING BENEDICTION. By E. H. Rydall	32
PAULINE FREDERICK. (Full-page portrait)	8	THE SILENT TREND. (A composite review of achievements in photoplay.) By Bert D. Essex.	33
CONTENTS. (Illustrated)	9	A STRIKING STUDY IN PERSPECTIVE. (Illustration)	36
PHOTOPLAYERS AS YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE THEM. (A page of illustrations)	10	EDITORIAL	37
BABYLAND AND FILMLAND HAND-IN-HAND. (Illustrated) ..	11	SCREEN STORIES. By Jack Winn	38
THE TRAGEDY OF BEING FAT AND FUNNY. (A wail) By Friar Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle	14	SMILES THAT TRAVEL MILES. (Illustrated)	39
SEE-REEL CRAZY. By Dick Willis	14	THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL. (A novel) By Norma Bright Carson	40
WHAT MILADY MEANS TO EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING. (Illustrated) By D. S. Perrin	15	FOR ALL THE WORLD. (Verse) By W. S. Wessling	41
THOSE LEE KIDS OF THE MOVIES. (Illustrated)	18	THE SILENT REDEEMER. (Verse) By Norine Strough Win-trow	42
THE PEACOCK WOMAN. (Illustrated) By Herbert Howe..	19	THIS MONTH'S SUGGESTION. (Photoplay synopses). "THE WOOING OF LORNA." By Frank S. Croft and "THE ABDUCTION OF AUNT SARAH." By Zoraida Henderson..	43
A CHANGE OF HEART. (Verse) By Dick Willis	20	A PAGE OF ACROSTICS. By George Edgar Frye	45
MOUNTAIN DEW. (A short story. Illustrated) By Grace Ade	21	VIRGINIA PEARSON GIVES SOME FASHION HINTS	46
HOW ELSIE FERGUSON LEARNED THE SCREEN ART. (Illustrated) By the Company's Press Agent	23	MAN AND THE MOVIES. By Silas E. Snyder	46
PURSuing A MOTION PICTURE PLOT. By June Mathis	24	SEEKING THE MOON. (Verse). By D. W.	46
MARY PICKFORD. (Verse) By R. W.	24	THE LAST LAUGH	56
"IT'S YOUR MOVE," SAID THE PAWN. (Illustration)	25		
INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS	26		
LITTLE MARY'S GLAD HAND. (Illustration)	26		

PEGGY HYLAND

OUR LITTLE CHARMER ON THE COVER

There are few English actresses who have become as popular in America as Peggy Hyland, the dainty and delightful star of the Mayfair Film Corporation's productions. From the very inception she leaped into the front ranks of the photoplayers, and in the same leap she won a place all her own in the hearts of legions of fans. Her success has been due principally to the combination of two facts—she is irresistible and a true artist. Her first Mayfair picture, entitled "Persuasive Peggy," proves both of these facts, and to say that she has scored a hit in this sterling photoplay is to put it mildly. Her subsequent Mayfair pictures will be

awaited with the keenest interest, because she has set a mark which is intensely interesting already. Prior to her present affiliation, she was with Vitagraph, and she portrayed many leading roles in all of the most important productions of that concern for some time. Inherent vivacity and an impressive feminine charm are two of her best assets of character. She considers herself duty-bound to exert her supreme artistic ability constantly to lessen the woes of others by entertaining them royally on the screen. Her ideal is indeed worthy of emulation throughout the whole realm of photoplayers.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

THOMAS B. NAYLOR, President and General Manager
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street, New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
\$2.50 IN CANADA \$3.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY, 20 CENTS]



Here's a pose Bessie Love doesn't "do" often nor does she maintain it long then



This is Louise Huff as you won't see her again until next summer



Mae Marsh never used a trunk for a pedestal until she did "Polly of the Circus"



This pose of Ethel Ritchey is unusual because she so seldom sits down at all

PHOTOPLAYERS AS YOU DON'T OFTEN SEE THEM

BABYLAND AND FILMLAND HAND-IN-HAND

AND a little child shall lead them."

Once more is this time-honored Biblical prophecy being realized.

Verily, it has come to pass in Filmland that the "wee tiniest children" are taking a lead.

In sooth, the day has come when most every producer of photoplays is exploiting the talents of one or more juvenile artists.

And the fans and fanettes are embracing the innovation with a veritable enthusiasm which certainly presages important accomplishments by the little tots in screen development.

Not so very many months ago it was deemed wonderful if a youngster six or seven years old succeeded in interpreting a small

role in a moving picture, but nowadays babies who have not passed their first milestone are beginning to shine forth as stars histrionic. Take for example that baby which appeared almost throughout the five reels of "Skinner's Baby," one of Bryant Washburn's comparatively recent comedy triumphs. That baby went through a score of scenes without making one technical blunder. In fact, it played the part of the title role, if you please, to a perfection—it was a regular baby just as you see in everyday life. And realism is the highest attainment in Thespian art.

One of the very youngest individuals on any payroll is Baby Holman, who has been on this mundane sphere only twenty-two short months. Baby Holman is not an "extra," either. On the contrary, he is a regular at the Balboa studio, and the salary this infant commands is better than a skilled mechanic can get in our biggest fac-

tories. In every sense of the word this diminutive king of Babyland is a natural comedian. He is funny by nature and is blessed with sufficient precocity to make him fearless before the glare of the lights so indispensable to the making of moving pictures. This glare, according to directors, is the stumbling-block to success and fame for a majority of the babes who are given chances to emerge from the oblivion of the cradle to the limelight of artistic triumph. Indeed, most babies will cry in spite of all that can be done to pacify them when the strong calcium lights get busy doing their illuminating work. Not so with Baby Holman, however.

He generally feels like cutting up the minute he realizes he is the



Burwell Filson Hamrick isn't exactly a baby, but he's mighty young to be such a debonair leading man

centre of a lot of brightness. Temperamentally and physically he is fitted to the game of make-believe to a nicety, all of which helps. There is no doubt as to the strong probability of this laddie cutting a wide swath ere a great while. He may even eclipse Charlie Chaplin's record. Who knows?

Glance at the accompanying pictures of him and see if you don't agree with us that he is already a likely comedian par excellence.

Another exceedingly small bundle of humanity surely destined to make a mark is Baby Spofford, a new screen leading lady, who is new only because she was late in making her advent into the world. Miss Spofford made her professional debut in "Dangers of a Bride," a late Triangle - Keystone comedy, and she scored an instantaneous hit, such as should make a grown-up baby envious. This "double-young" maiden is really a mistress of the art of comprehensive facial expression. Just a little directorial persuasion will bring most any results desired, and talk about registering—well, just watch this kiddo in "Dangers of a Bride." The accompanying series of



Baby Holman, 22 months old, and one of the youngest of moving picture actors. He's a comedian by nature

pictures constitute a study in expression which is the more remarkable when it is remembered that every pose was made especially for the occasion and it was not a case of waiting until the temperament of the actress was curried.

Of course, Gloria Joy is not quite such a small baby as the others we have mentioned, but just the same she is small enough to be a positive marvel who is enriching Balboa productions with some true artistry of the winsome variety. Gloria has advanced far enough to know the value of study and she is applying herself assiduously to almost mature research in quest of dramatic lore. Beside being a promising little actress with all the coveted stellar propensities, she possesses that other requisite of true, undefiled stardom, namely: a hobby. Yes, sree, Miss Joy is absolutely crazy about geese. Some of her acquaintances aver she would rather be around geese than people. This is not so extremely remarkable when the close similarity of some people to geese is considered. However, Gloria is the owner of a pet goose she calls Cho-Cho, and any time anybody wants war, just harm Cho-Cho or even cast an aspersion upon the character of the bloomin' squawker.

Another child who is showing plenty of aptitude as a leader among film artists is Burwell Filson Hamrick, of the Universal. He is not exactly inside the limitations of infancy, but he is quite young to be so proficient. Master Hamrick can really delineate characters in the most approved fashion. He is unmistakably a character actor who can "lose himself in a part" and become someone else to all appearances. Not only is he achieving in his chosen line of endeavor, but he can express his observations a la literary. Just as there is a great deal of speculation about Hamrick's correct age, there must be considerable speculation as to when he had found enough time to become so adept at penning thoughts, such as the following, reproduced verbatim, and which is all his own composition:

LET US CONSIDER the movie
ACTOR ON A HOT day.
HE PERSPIRETH much and
EVEN MORE MUCH than that.
HIS LABORS ARE twice what
THEY ARE ON a cool day.
THE SUN RISES early, and
HEATS UP THE lot.
THE LOCATION bus is ready
TOO AND BY 8 a. m. is headed
FOR A STILL hotter place.
BY NOON THE grease paint
THAT WAS, is no longer.
AND VERILY THE actor ap-
PLIES MORE many times.
THE SCRIPT DOES not call
FOR RECLINING in an easy
CHAIR IN THE shade of an
OAK, BUT INSTEAD we must
ALL DO THE Fairbanks stuff
RIGHT OUT IN boiling sun.
NEXT WINTER WE will be
ALLOWED TO JUMP into the
ICY ARROYO AND stay there
UNTIL THE HERO has made up
HIS MIND TO rescue us.
THE QUESTION now is, who
WILL BE THE hero and make
THE DIRECTOR do winter
STUFF IN THE summer time?
ALAS, WE KNOW it can't be
DONE—SO WE movie actors
MUST SUFFER THAT you may
BE MADE happy.

—BURWELL HAMRICK.

So much for Hamrick for the present, but we opine he shall force us to say much more in the future by dint of his persever-



ance in mastering the game of leadership in the profession.

Comes now a three-year-old cherub who challenges Miss Theda Bara's reign as "Vampire Queen."

In New York, especially that portion of it known as Brooklyn, wherever the eye wanders it is almost certain to rest on a sign reading:

"HORTON'S ICE CREAM"

Not that the sign has anything to do with this story, especially, but it does bring us to the name of our heroine—Miss Aida Horton—thereby serving some purpose. And it may be added that the ice cream is no sweeter or more delectable than Miss Horton.

Hers is one of those rare stories that come out of the studios to illustrate that opportunity awaits those who are fitted for motion picture honors. For this little Miss, scarce three feet tall, and just turned three years, walked into the office of the production manager at the big Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn and obtained a position as leading woman without ever having had experience before. She arrived at the psychological moment, it so happening that Vitagraph was just then beginning the filming of a series of pictures featuring little Bobby Connelly. They needed a mite, just Aida's type, to play opposite him, for Bobby is black-haired and brown-eyed while Aida is a curly-headed little blonde, with dark blue eyes and a face which, while not beautiful, is piquant and wonderfully expressive. She made a perfect foil for Bobby, and her acting was a revelation to the shrewd observers at the studio. She took to pictures and they to her like the proverbial duck takes to water.

But that is not all.

Right off the bat, she showed herself a born coquette and commenced "vamping" all over the place. First thing she did was to grasp the heart of her director, Wesley Ruggles, and start it to whirling. Then she commenced to make desperate love to Bobby, although, it must be said, Bobby doesn't care much for that sort of thing, his eight years putting him a bit beyond it. That, however, doesn't worry a real "vamp," and Aida is true to type. Instead of fretting over Bobby's chill mien, she takes up another love, this time in the person of Charles Seay, who succeeded Mr. Ruggles as the "kid" director at Vitagraph.

At this writing the affair has reached a point where Ruggles and Seay are jealous and Bobby is peevisish at them both—and all on account of the fact that Aida, who walked into the studio a cherub has been transformed into a vamp.

She knows she's a vamp, too, because not long ago she emerged from her dressing room in a make-up of her own designing. It consisted of a cretonne head-dress and a wide sash of the same material lashed tightly around her waist. Calling to her mother, she struck one of those seductive Theda Bara poses and announced:

"Look, mother! I'm a vamp."

Here are five views of Baby Spofford. Reading from top to bottom the poses represent (1) Desolation (2) Consolation (3) Investigation (4) Appreciation (5) Contemplation

Aida Horton



idea became fixed in her mind that she would receive the Statue of Liberty for a doll.

All sorts of excuses for the non-arrival of the statue were made, until finally, although she did not comprehend, she realized she was not going to get the statue. So one evening she got out her precious Liberty Bond and handing it to her mother said:

"Mamma, if I can't have Liberty, please sell my bond and buy me a baby brother."

How group-up stage and screen stars amuse themselves with their country places, yachts, motor cars and a hundred fads and fancies with plenty of money to indulge them, is an old story to the reading public.

But how do the little stars play? What do these youngsters do when not before the camera? Well, they do just about the same as



During the making of the Bobby Connelly series, Miss Mabel Ballin read fairy stories to Bobby and the other children. The picture shows Miss Ballin reading to Bobby, on her right, with little 3-year old Aida Horton perched on her knee. Helen Connelly, Bobby's sister, is seated at her feet.

Connelly, eight years of age, and Helen Connelly, ten, of Vitagraph, and if they realize that millions of mothers and fathers and children all over the country, who have been charmed by these little folks just adore them, they do not give any indication of it. They earn and get more money than the average household head in a big city, and a lot more publicity and attention. But for all that, they are just kids.

There's Bobby Connelly, who has been a screen favorite since he was two years old and now is admittedly one of the most popular juvenile stars in the country. He goes to school every school day nine months in the year, as does Helen, and is just as glad as any other boy when vacation comes. Being a screen star is a secondary matter to his books, and his "working" hours are arranged accordingly with the Gerry Society. Just now his great ambition, when he grows up, is to be a city fireman and wear a uniform and ride on the engine and see lots of fires every day. Why he chose to be a fireman instead of



Gloria Joy and her pet goose

That would seem to prove that she is one and that all this coquetry on her part is just a game with her.

When she isn't vamping or playing sweetheart roles opposite to Bobby, Aida is a demure resident of Ozone Park, Long Island. That isn't very far from Mineola, site of the great aviation field, and Aida's favorite playground. Her father and mother take her to Mineola whenever she can be spared from the studio and watching the aeroplanes seems to give her more pleasure than anything else—unless it's vamping.

Aida being only three, hasn't any ambitions to write about, because she hasn't told anybody about them. But she is very much disappointed because her folks, or the city, or the President, or somebody did not give her the Statue of Liberty before now.

You see, Aida being a good citizen and patriot, bought a \$50 Liberty Bond out of her earnings, and somehow or other the

most all other normal American kiddies do. There are no more healthy and human boys and girls in the world than Bobby

a policeman or a soldier, nobody knows. Two of his best little pals are his sister,

(Continued on page 51)

THE TRAGEDY OF BEING FAT AND FUNNY

By FRIAR ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE

OUTSIDE of being funny, the toughest job I know is being fat and funny. It is no laughing matter, believe me. In fact, being both fat and funny is a tragedy.

If Joe Schenck didn't harbor the hallucination that my fat was my fortune I'd be a contender for Doug Fairbanks' athletic honors in the movies. Right now I'd be leaping lightly over houses, springing nimbly from precipice to precipice and performing other athletic feats but for the exercise these exploits involve. Fear of my manager that these achievements might reduce my weight has prevented my going ahead with these plans, but there is a day of reckoning coming.

When it does come, I am going to get even with everybody and do Hamlet before the camera. Life is a tragedy to me as it is, so why not do tragedy for the screen? As Theda Bara would say, my temperament is attuned to it. Of course, I shouldn't attempt Hamlet in my present form—not until by dieting and exercise I have reduced myself to the sylph-like proportions which are my due. Then I shall likely do Romeo also.

It wouldn't be hard for me to reduce. While my tendency is to corpulency, my disposition, as you may have discovered before reading this far, is to be thin. With the aid of "Eat and Grow Thin," rigorous exercise and application of my own system, I figure I can lop off 150 pounds in a period of six months.

Fanny Ward and the other modish marvels of the movies subsist an entire week on six olives, two ounces of burnt cork and three gills of tepid water—or some such formula as that, if you believe the beauty hints in the papers—so why can't I? Really, it should be easier for me, for just think of all the surplus fat I have to nourish my system during the period of dieting.

To be able to exercise again would bring joy and happiness into a life now blighted by motors, menials and managers. Not an unnecessary step may I take for fear of wearing off a fraction of fat. No matter if there is only a block to be traversed, there is always waiting the luxuriously upholstered Rolls-Royce that Mr. Schenck presented me just for that nefarious purpose.

Baseball, golf and tennis were always my favorite studies, but since becoming a professional funny fat man these are not for me. I am not even given managerial permission to see a ball game for fear that the exercise of rooting will work off some of the fat from my vocal cords!

Every morning they weigh at the studio just like a jockey or a prizefighter to see if I got on a debauch the night before and drank any French vichy. Vichy, it seems, is slimifying, and Studio Manager Loup Anger lives in constant torture of the thought that I'll break out some day and consume two fingers of it when he is not looking.

To hear him tell it, beer is the only bev-

erage fit for a human to drink, not because of its fat-producing qualities, but solely because of its beautiful amber color and frothy collar. A few weeks ago when bone-dry prohibition menaced the thirst of the nation, he proposed to Joe that they buy a brewery and get a two years' supply on hand. "You know Fatty must have his beer," he said to Joe, thereby libeling me villainously, for I detest it and drink it only under compulsion and protest.

Talk about Shylock exacting his pound of flesh! The one Portia encountered wasn't a circumstance to mine. I have

SEE-REEL CRAZY

By DICK WILLIS

There is a girl who lives 'round the corner who is serial crazy. She sees 'em all, talks 'em and lives 'em.

She eats cereals at her meals and has jam with them and always rubs a little of the latter on the cloth to remind her of the CRIMSON STAIN. She quarrels with hubby in order that she may be the NEGLECTED WIFE, and after saying GRACE swears she will escape from him on the CUNARD liner and thus get away from the GRIP OF EVIL. She says her husband gives her the DOUBLE CROSS and that she will go to some SECRET KINGDOM where she can hear no VOICE ON THE WIRE, dance two reels nightly and have a GLORIA'S ROMANCE with a MYSTERIOUS AD-MYRA who wears a PURPLE MASK in the SHIELDING SHADOW, keeping it all a GREAT SECRET.

She burns wood so that she can split it like a LASS O' THE LUMBERLANDS and occasionally plays tennis to typify the GIRL AND THE GAME and says she dislikes HOLMES because there is so much HELEN 'EM. She swears she will have LIBERTY, no matter WHO PAYS, and justly remarks WHO SHALL SAY "WHO'S GUILTY?"

She employs a YELLOW MENACE to wash the linen PEARL WHITE and pays for her piano in installments.

That will be about all today, thank you.

To be continued in our next.

two of 'em. Shylock Joe Schenck and Shylock Louis Anger, watching me every minute to see that the 300 pounds of avoirdupois my contract calls for is delivered every day. Let the weighing scales show the loss of a tenth of an ounce and they go into conference to consider ways and means of preventing my wasting away to a skeleton. The outcome is usually an edict forbidding my eating fruit, which I love, sleeping less than fourteen hours per day or some other asinine thing like that.

Then Joe takes me out to his country home to live a few days on the fat of the

land and with servants to relieve me even of the necessity of changing my mind. The mental exertion entailed by this operation might dislodge a particle of matter somewhere in my system. Maybe he thinks my head is as fat as the rest of my anatomy. Personally, all this foolishness impresses me that one or the other of us is fat-headed, but as present company is always excepted, I leave it to my Brother Friars to draw their own conclusions.

And pity the poor fat and funny man in public. Everybody looks at you and laughs. Even the check room boy when you buy back your hat grins as he takes your tip, thus proving that he has at least one human characteristic. Order a piece of custard pie in a restaurant and the diners drop their knives and forks in expectant glee, waiting for you to smear it all over the countenance of the waiter. They even think it very funny when you don't.

You mustn't wear clothes of modish cut and pattern. They might make you look slimmer than you really are. Once I bedecked myself in evening clothes for a public function, and my press agent wouldn't speak to me for a week. When she did, she asked me whether I was a lounge lizard or a fat man. She insisted evening clothes reduced my weight 50 per cent., and said she was ashamed to exploit me as a fat man when I looked more like Vernon Castle than Vernon Castle did himself.

On this particular occasion, which was in connection with a personal appearance with one of my pictures, I led the orchestra, and as the crowd was filing out of the theatre I heard the verdict. "'Fatty' is a joke as a comedian," said one man. "He didn't bust the 'cello over the cornetist's bean or nothin'." Since then I have made no more personal appearances. The public expects altogether too much of a professional fat and funny man, and I, for one, hate to disappoint them. But it is hard to explain the difference between real life and reel life. They sound the same, but there all similarity ceases.

If there is anything I would rather do than NOT be fat and funny, it is to dance, yet Fate decrees otherwise. Any time I dodge the Shylock Brothers long enough to squeeze my way into a jass joint my troubles begin. No matter how sweetly I press my application for a partner, that is the only thing that I do press. The feminine object of my solicitations merely looks at me and laughs. "Oh, Mr. Arbuckle, you are so funny! Can you ever be serious?" is the stock form of refusal. And yet they say, my fat is my fortune!

Isn't it Caesar who is quoted as having said, "Give me fat men; lean men are dangerous"? Yes, I hear somebody answer, "but he's a dead one." I got you, Steve.

And in conclusion, permit me to state with all due sobriety that if it continues to prove true that in heft there is pelf, I'm the little boy who'll have to put my own sentiments right on the shelf.

What Milady Means to Everything is Everything : Yes, It's a Paradox—the Whole Thing Depends on "Dependent" Woman as Jane Cowl Proves

By D. S. PERRIN



Jane Cowl as she is

ONCE upon a time, not so many years ago, a successful dramatist wrote a play he set much store by and succeeded, by virtue of his reputation, in having it produced. It was a corking good play; managers were agreed upon that. But the author could find only one who would consent to put it on, and that one was frankly opposed to trying it.

"A splendid play, my dear fellow," he said. "Splendid. But I'll tell you now that it isn't going to go. I'm going to put it on partly because I am your friend and partly because I have a curious impulse to spend some money to show you I know what I'm talking about."

So the play was produced. The New York critics, with one or two exceptions, liked it and predicted success. The minority believed it could not last, but neglected to point out why.

For three nights and a matinee business was all that could be expected. Then it began to drop off. Judiciously placed paper kept it on Broadway three weeks, and then the producer called in the author.

"See?" he demanded in an I-told-you-so tone of voice.

"Yes, I see," mocked the playwright, somewhat bitterly. "I see, but I'm not convinced. I'll pay the bills if you'll send that show on the road. Lots of plays that don't go in New York go big on the road. You know that. I've got two myself right now that lost money here and are still bringing me royalties from the provinces."

A great deal more argument was necessary, but the author won out, and the piece was put into the hands of a capable second company. With a cast of reputation it did fairly well at week stands for six weeks,

but finally was called in and with the playwright's consent.

What was the matter with it? Well, written, well cast, well staged and well played, it bore all the semblance of worth. But the managers saw why it wouldn't—why it couldn't—pay.

The secret is soon told: There was just one woman in the cast—just one woman to counterbalance seven men.

"Now, listen to me," said the producing manager to the playwright, shaking a castigating finger. "You know what I'm going to say, but I claim the privilege of saying it for the dollars I've put into this thing. This is my little speech: No play is going to succeed without a woman, and no play is going to succeed with one woman and as many men as this one has. If you had had seven women and one man, you'd have been able to smile at the box office reports. But don't think or let anybody tell you that you can beat the woman tradition with even a good play. Break as many other rules as you like, but stick fast to the feminine. You can't get away from it."

And the playwright took his beating like a man.

Motion pictures have learned a good many lessons from the stage, and that is one

masculine star's? Guess again! If you, patient reader, are of the sterner sex, it goes without saying that your movie god is a goddess—that you worship at the cinema shrine of beautiful loveliness. Ought it not to be taken for granted then that feminine incense is burned for the screen heroes of the opposite sex? The question answers itself. It ought not. Who is your favorite player, Miss Lady Reader? Is it Henry B. Walthall or Francis X. Bushman or is it Mae Marsh or Mary Pickford?

Listen to Jane Cowl on the psychology of the subject. Miss Cowl, who has been called America's foremost emotional actress, is a playwright as well. Following her success in "Within the Law" and "Common Clay," Miss Cowl, in collaboration with Jane Murfin wrote, and acted in "Lilac Time," a notable success. She recently has seen produced another play from her own and Miss Murfin's pens—"Daybreak." Also, she has just completed her first screen drama for Goldwyn Pictures—"The Spreading Dawn"—in which she is to be seen throughout the world beginning late in October.

Jane Cowl is an unquestioned authority on matters of the stage, and a keen student of its ever-growing offshoot, the motion picture. And then she is also something of a philosopher. Says Miss Cowl:



A charming scene in Miss Cowl's first photoplay

of them—everlasting, faithful adherence to the feminine.

Count on your fingers the names of popular masculine stars of cinema fame. How many? Now the feminine. Ah! Quite a difference, isn't there? Just so. You can't get away from it.

Whose mail contains the largest number of letters from screen-struck girls? The

"I have found, in my stage experience and in the limited time I have been concerned with motion pictures, added confirmation of the theory I have had ever since I began to have theories that it is the genus feminine which makes the world go round.

"This must of necessity be reflected in the mirror of our contemporary life—the play, and, more particularly, the motion picture. The old defence, 'There's a woman at the bottom of it,' devised, I believe, to cover another emergency, applies equally well in more instances than the man who coined it thought it would. There's a woman, you'll agree, at the bottom of a great many things in this world. It wouldn't be a world if there wasn't."

It is interesting that Miss Cowl is a star in a motion picture organization that relies altogether, so far as announced plans are concerned, on the drawing power of feminine stars. Besides Miss Cowl, Goldwyn has released, or is soon to release pictures in which Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, Mary Garden, Maxine Elliott, Mabel Normand and Marie Dressler are the central figures. In addition, this new producing firm relies upon women for a great part of its work of writing and preparation.

Chief among these is Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, known to the theatrical public as Margaret Mayo. This author of "Baby Mine," "Polly of the Circus," "Twin Beds" and other stage successes, stands in the front rank of writers of dramatic farce. In an advisory capacity, she has a finger in every important screen pie that is baked in the Goldwyn shop. "Polly of the Circus," starring Mae Marsh, already has been presented as Goldwyn's first picture.

Edith Ellis, playwright and producer, author of "Mary Jane's Pa" and half a dozen other hits produced here and abroad, is chief of Goldwyn's literary department. She is the judge through whose hands every manuscript submitted as scenario or story passes. If it has not the quality the Goldwyn standard demands, it is rejected; if it is possible to adapt it by changes in theme and construction, Miss Ellis makes them.

As chief aide in reading and revising Miss Ellis has Diana Huneker, brilliant sister of James Huneker, author, musical and theatrical critic and one of the most distinctive writers in the field of modern literature. Miss Huneker was for years woman's editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and as "Diana" of that newspaper was one of the earliest creators of that now permanent institution, the woman's page, in American newspapers. She is the author of several novels and a successful actress, whose first work was with Frank McIntyre in "The Traveling Salesman."

Jane Guthrie, a sister of Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, famous American novelist and short story writer, is another aide of Miss Ellis.

Miss Ellis is rightfully proud of her staff.

"The material submitted to us is read by persons who bring real seasoned judgment to the valuation of a manuscript," she says. "Our readers have won distinction as editors, writers, reviewers and critics.

"We have tried to take the business of preparing photoplay material from the hands of hack writers and entrust it to people who are a force in the writing world, students of life who rank with our leading novelists in their understanding of character, atmosphere, sociology and ethics."

Miss Ellis herself, in addition to the creation of more than a dozen successful original plays, has done much dramatization and adaptation. She dramatized Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina" and adapted Ferencz

With this digression, it is only fair to return to Jane Cowl, about whom we had only begun to talk when the interruption came.

It took a long time to coax Miss Cowl into motion pictures. She was a financial and an artistic success on the stage, and felt no need of a new field of endeavor.

"I have never had a prejudice against motion pictures as such," observes Miss Cowl, "but I have been opposed to the stupid type of pictures that many of the producers seemed to feel it was necessary to make.

"I have always felt that the film producers underrated the intelligence of their public, a sin often charged to and proved against writers for the stage. I have worked tremendously hard to gain a definite

position in the American theater, and because of the seriousness with which I view my professional work I had vowed that I would not enter motion pictures—regardless of the monetary inducements—until everything was done to make them as big and beautiful and fine as possible. I believe that is being accomplished now."

In her earlier cinema experience, Miss Cowl relates, the crudity and obviousness of some of the pictures annoyed her beyond words. She thinks back to the time when pictures were still a scientific curiosity only one degree removed from those in which the action consisted of a crowd chasing a bull down hills and up again.

Miss Cowl finds that it requires an entirely different mental attitude to reproduce in cold blood for the camera emotions that on the stage are stimulated by the audience.

"I find it jerks me up with a shock," she says, "to be told to 'hold that, please,' just after I have finished an impassioned plea for the life of my lover or to register again and again a gesture or expression which was at first spontaneous."

Miss Cowl was reminded of E. H. Sothern's statement that while acting for the

screen he deliberately thought only of getting the emotion to the audience instead of feeling it himself and losing himself in the character, as he did on the stage.

"It is exactly like that," the actress agreed. "Only of course the reception of the audience is denied you—or spared, as the case may be," she added darkly.

No interviewer can talk to Miss Cowl without getting around sooner or later to the subject of clothes. Not that the actress-playwright cares particularly about discussing them—but when one looks at Jane Cowl one is impressed first by her superb natural beauty and then by her garb; for the second is as distinctive as the first.

Jane Cowl has a well defined theory on the psychology of gowns. Gowns, she believes, build or kill sympathy for actresses on the stage and in pictures.

"I hear a great deal about 'the psychology



Miss Cowl and Orme Caldara

in "The Spreading Dawn"

Herczegh's "Seven Sisters." Among her other activities are the production of a musical comedy, "The Charity Game," the libretto of "The Love Wager," in which Fritzi Scheff starred; the dramatization of E. P. Roe's "He Fell in Love With His Wife" and a three act light opera, "The Amethyst Ring."

Thus it may be demonstrated that woman's place is not so much, as the anti-suffragists would have us believe, in the home as in the motion picture business.

Miss Mayo but recently was the only woman in a delegation of more than two hundred officers and executives of the big producing companies that went to Albany, N. Y., to protest before the Legislature the threatened passage of the Wheeler-Hinman tax bill, designed to place an additional tax burden of half a million dollars on the industry in New York State.

of clothes,' but I find most people hazy with regard to it," she smiles. "Not that it lacks for annotators, analysts and what not. Dear me, no! I can scarcely lay my hand to a paper or a magazine but that I find 'Miss This and That' or 'Miss So and So' busily expounding the subject.

"Line, it is axomatic, is the most important single factor in the success of gowns. Without it there is nothing. But not enough helpful suggestions have been made about color. I have seen some of the country's best actresses play roles in colors so palpably unsuited to them that I wonder how they could have been so careless.

"I cannot conceive how any woman in the world would play a sympathetically emotional scene in certain shades of blue or the shriller shades of green. Stage gowns which violate the rules of warmth and softness and sympathy in color are failures."

With which the interviewer was obliged to admit the nail had been struck squarely on the head.

Miss Cowl, with all her talents, represents the influence of the feminine on the new and better motion pictures of the day. Her ideas typify the refinement that women throughout the country are bringing to the screen—refinement and a sympathetic understanding that promises much for the future.

There are women directors of motion pictures—many of them and successful ones. Women writers are devoting much of their time to preparing material for the screen. Women artists have taken part in the movement for bigger and better things in the cinema.

Mrs. John W. Alexander, widow of one of America's greatest painters, and Miss Elizabeth Averill a niece of Mrs. Harriman, who conduct the Arden Studios in New York City, are two who see great things to come. By special arrangement they and their decorators are lending their skill to the artistic preparation of Goldwyn Pictures.

Mrs. Alexander and Miss Averill have promised to write a series of practical articles for the owners of big motion picture theatres, showing them how picture houses may be beautified at comparatively little expense and how, by simplicity, theatres are improved not merely in looks, but in acoustics and lighting.

So that's the feminine influence in motion pictures—just a hint of it. The theme is one that could be expanded and enlarged upon and written around and still escape the justice it merits, for it is a big subject and growing.

Feminine influence, fortunately for us all, was felt first in the Garden of Eden. In the days when motion pictures a thousand reels long are projected a thousand miles by wireless lighting it is to be devoutly hoped that same influence will still be on the job. To return to our theatrical manager, you can't get away from it.

And who wants to? Not motion picture audiences, surely.

Jane Cowl, by the way, is a remarkable woman in a great many ways. She is one of those precious few persons who can convince you by the very intonation of voice when she speaks. She is so wonderfully versed and conversant with her profession that every word she utters sounds absolutely authoritative. It is authoritative, and no one could doubt it.

"There is nothing worth-while, unless it is worth one's whole attention," she says. "I have often wondered how so many people get along in this world without knowing precisely what they are doing. Still, there are many people I know who do not have the slightest idea of just what is transpiring when they are the most concerned participants. Curious, you will say, and I grant that I have expressed myself in rather unusual terms, but the point is, why do so many people elect to profess to be full-fledged marvels at their particular lines when, as a matter of fact, they are as nearly uninformed as they possibly could be and maintain themselves at all. I once knew a man who worked at the carpenter trade who confessed that if he lived to be a thousand years old he would never learn how to saw a board straight. Ridiculous isn't it, but still it obtains in widely divergent spheres." It would be pretty difficult to gainsay Miss Cowl on any of these remarks, because, in the first place, she delves mighty deeply, and it is next to impossible to fathom her meaning in casual study. However, we are going to opine with a certain amount of justification that she is alluding to the state the motion picture industry was in until men and women of real brains and experience became interested in it. The whole ideal in making a moving picture used to be that it was a distinct novelty to see likenesses of real people jumping about on the screen with their actions all in the sequence of a story which was easily comprehensible. Nowadays it has become more—it is an art undefiled and a wonderful art too, not dependent for one instant upon mere tomfoolery or novelty.

For a long time people were amazed by the rapid strides forward taken by this entertainment industry,

Miss Cowl, the emotional



and then it began to dawn upon all that within our generation there had been the advent of a truly marvelous advancement in diversion. Almost simultaneously with this realization came the pleasing demonstration of the fact that woman—milady—gentle adorable member of the gentler sex—is a potential quantity on the whole new system—that, indeed, without her the film would be as vacant and as futile as it could possibly be. From that notable beginning to this brilliant present, she means to everything exactly everything, and when we say everything, the photoplay is included.

With this obtaining so unmistakably in the realm of photoplay, it is germane to take cognizance of the fact that the trend is universal throughout all walks of life—even in the military—for Russia has regiments of women soldiers!

Old prejudices of the masculine mind must once for all succumb to the undeniable condition which Fate has created for woman and the time has come to herald her advent into every activity as a blessing, which presages much good. So be it. Aye, so shall it be inevitably.

THOSE LEE KIDS OF THE MOVIES

--They Keep Their Elders Moving

AGAIN those Lee Kids, Jane and Katherine, known on the screen as William Fox's Baby Grands, have shown the big stars how to do things. Their latest stunt was walking off with the first prize at the Automobile Fashion Show held at Sheepshead Bay Speedway, Brooklyn, in a snappy eight-cylinder Willys-Knight touring car.

No, the Lee Kids don't own a Willys-Knight yet, even if they are now real film stars; their first starring picture, "Two Little Imps," being already released. But they did show their good judgment in selecting that car with its blue body, its bright red trimmings and wire wheels over two other famous makes which were placed at their disposal.

The result of their judgment was a blue ribbon for the Willys-Knight folk and a \$200 Liberty Bond for the Kids.

There were thirty entries in the Fashion Show, which was held under the auspices of the Actors' Fund. Prizes were offered for the most fashionable turnout and costumes.

The Lee Kids' costumes showed the trend of fashions for the coming year at least. Jane was garbed in a khaki uniform, an almost microscopic replica of a U. S. Army officer's uniform. Katherine wore a little Red Cross uniform. The beautiful silks and satins and what-not which adorned the famous stage, screen and society beauties in the other cars had no chance against the stern and simple costumes of the Baby Grands. And no other car had a look-in beside the big, silent Willys-Knight.

From the moment the parade started the Lee Kids had the prize. The judges eliminated fifteen cars from the contest after the first exhibition, and then let the 8000 in the audience pick the final winner. Judging from the applause as the Lee Kids passed for the second and final inspection, 7999 voted for them and their noiseless monster for first place.

Field glasses were in great demand in

the huge stand when the Lee Kids were receiving their prize. When the audience again applauded them as the bond was handed them, the Baby Grands turned and gave a truly martial salute.

Winning prizes is but another exhibition of the versatility of these kiddies. They have many other accomplishments quite extraordinary. One of the best and most persistent things they do is to elude capture by climbing beyond the reach of their would-be captors. The small picture accompanying this article illustrates this penchant. Curiously enough, both Jane and Katherine possess an absolute passionate love for ascending to dizzy heights in the most adventurous ways they can devise. On one occasion, when they were wanted for a scene at the studio, an hour's search about the vicinity failed to reveal their whereabouts. Just when worry was succumbing to consternation among the directors, somebody chanced to cast his gaze upward into a very high tree some distance from the studio. The reward of this glance upward was the discovery of the kids, having a gay time clinging to swaying branches and immensely enjoying the realization that they had baffled every one.

When they were asked to come down they gleefully refused. Then they were ordered down and they waxed stubborn. The only recourse was to go up the tree after them. And, would you believe it?—not a man in the crowd could climb that tree! A ladder had to be secured before any one could reach the exalted position occupied so saucily by these juvenile marvels. But, of course, eventually they had to come off of their high perch and there was peace and quiet around the studios for fully an hour, anyway. At the expiration of that brief period of time the Lees had decided to explore the mysteries of a nearby roof, and then the whole task of capture had to be done all over again.

Do you realize that only a few years ago a juvenile star was an unknown



Those Lee kiddies giving a demonstration of agility

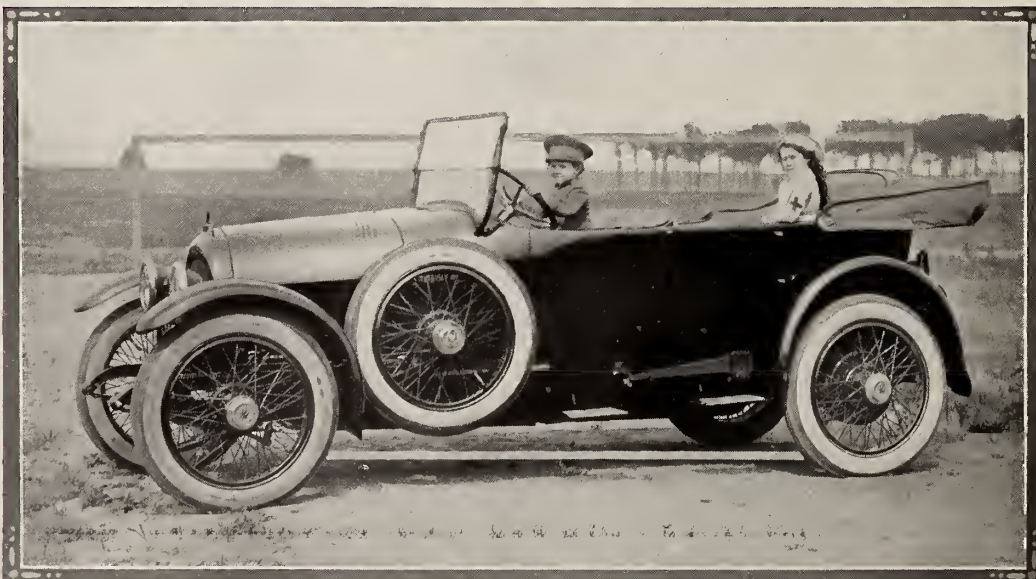
quantity in the amusement world? Do you also know that there are today at least twenty children who are clever enough and famous enough to have their names and pictures adorn the lobbies of the finest theatres as the leading attractions of the occasions?

Recently the writer made a tour of the various moving picture theatres in New York, and eleven out of a total of fifty-six houses visited were featuring child artists at that particular time. This is a veritable eye-opener, especially in view of the fact that the kiddies succeed in bringing the coin of the realm into the pockets of their promoters, who thus prove themselves to be rather extremely erudite.

Right in the heart of Gotham's gay theatre section there was a big enough "flash" of the Lee children to make the uninitiated conclude they were the most important stars in the whole village. A careful count revealed the presence of ten one-sheets, two three-sheets, a huge electric sign and forty-eight photographs in ten different fancy frames, to say nothing of several painted signs bearing on the same little individuals. One of the most interesting features of the whole situation was the large crowd which was wending its way into the theatre thereat, despite the sweltering summer heat which, under most circumstances, would be expected to drive everybody to the parks and seaside resorts.

Of course, had it not been for the development of the photoplay art, children could not have attained this high pedestal in the public favor. The stage offers little opportunity compared to that of the screen. But, just the same, it has now been proven beyond a peradventure of a doubt that the little ones can entertain about as royally as any of their seniors and that they have a definite place in the work of alleviating human sufferings by diverting the mind with their diverting talents.

There is always room for children in any field of endeavor or play, and the world needs to see more of the juvenile vivacity which inspires rejuvenation. To at least a dozen kiddies must go credit for adding a lot of "pep" to the screen. They scamper through pictures with a rash abandon that actually helps the art.



Those same Lee kiddies in a grown-up car

The Peacock Woman

Louise Glaum, Triangle siren-in-chief, declares the peacock, not the serpent, tempted Eve and that it has been tempting her descendants ever since

By HERBERT HOWE

WHEN the vampire entered the Garden of Eden she came in the form of a serpent, we are told, and since that day villainy, particularly female villainy, has been symbolized by the snake. Until Louise Glaum cast her sinister spell over the screen, all vampires practiced reptilian antics—coiling, sinuous, gliding antics. But as the shadow curtains parted and "The Wolf Woman" glittered forth, spectators discovered that the peacock had replaced the ophidian as Satanic emissary. The Glaum lorelei was sheathed in a gown that swept the floor with a trail of peacock feathers; in her fingers she held an Egyptian peacock fan; and, fitting close over her bobbed hair was the jetted crest of the bird from which spread a fan of the jewel-eyed plumage. She was an incarnation of vanity, that cardinal sin of womankind.

In adopting the peacock as the motif of her gowns and the moving spirit of her characters, the Glaum defied a traditional hoodoo of the stage, for so has the peacock been regarded from time immemorial. Some years ago Augustin Daly staged a production with a setting of long mirrors as a background for the principal scene. On the first night, just as the curtains parted, these mirrors cracked from top to bottom as though bedeviled by some mysterious power. After a careful search it was discovered that peacock feathers adorned

Here she is all a-charm



the boxes of the theatre. At once the cause of the ill fortune was manifest. The eyes of Argus, cast by Hermes into the peacock feather, had invoked their evil magic. The superstition is still current among stage people, and many have refused to participate in a play where the ill-omened feathers are used as decoration.

Still, it would be a poor vampire who could not exorcise this charm, for evil is an antidote to evil. It was not for this reason, however, that Miss Glaum adopted the peacock as a talisman. She is distinctly Oriental in tastes, and to the Oriental the peacock feather is an insignia of distinction. Nor is this conviction without parallel among Christians, for in early church records the peacock is found as a symbol of immortality. The Chinese mandarin today wears the feather in his hat as an order of merit. What reverential awe Miss Glaum would inspire if she strolled down the streets of Peking wearing that head-dress of a thousand plumes! The keys of the city would be hers, and she could hang her hat on the nose of the imperial dragon!

"My love for the peacock feather is quite natural," explained the Triangle siren-in-chief when I queried her concerning the evident devotion. "I am a beauty-worshipper. I love color — rich, shimmering, glowing color, such as you see only in barbaric art. I shall never be content until I have toured the Orient and viewed the wonders which I have as yet seen only in poetry or painting.

"I have vowed that I will make a pilgrimage to Persia to see the peacock throne, on which the kings of Delhi once sat, now in possession of the Shah. It is a work of art that I have always desired to see, but I do not know whether the Shah is very ac-



Louise Glaum all peacock-like

commodating to tourists," she added.

I ventured to remark that I supposed the Shah was human, and if she used the same mesmerizing tactics on him that she has on certain screen gentlemen there would be little difficulty. She could sit on the throne as long as she liked, though the harem, doubtlessly, would declare a strike and walk-out, just as do the picture wives of the picture heroes when the Glaum siren trespasses upon matrimonial preserves.

"So you favor the peacock as chief representative of sin rather than the snake," I remarked, getting back to the animal connections of vampires.

"A snake is hardly tempting, hardly what you would call beautiful or voluptuous, in the eyes of man, is it?" she replied.

I confessed that I usually felt like doing a Doug Fairbanks vault whenever I saw one.

"I think, as a matter of fact, that it was a peacock that tempted Eve, and has been tempting her female descendants ever since," she continued. "Women commit more sins through vanity than through any other motive. Nearly all the so-called 'vampires' that I have played are merely women who barter their respectability for purple and fine linen.

"There!" she exclaimed, pointing out the window, "there is the eternal feminine!"

A peacock strutted slowly along the terrace, trailing its gorgeous plumage over the grass and holding its head disdainfully high. It was one of the pair of pets which Miss Glaum keeps in the garden to the rear of her home. She calls this garden "peacock court," because the majestic birds reign supreme over the flowery domain. In the room where we sat were two great Egyptian fans of the

plumage, and I noted the design in draperies at the doors. A huge Chinese vase of some dynasty or other stood by the French windows. It, too, held a spray of the feathers. I wanted to ask if they had been plucked from the king of "peacock court," but I feared my hostess would suspect me of being a spy of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, so I suppressed my curiosity.

The furnishings of the siren's home are not unlike those of her screen habitat. There is a rich, barbaric confusion of teakwood, bits of cloisonne, brilliant Chinese embroideries, a Buddha god with sparkling green eyes, incense burners, lacquered screens and quaint pottery—all from the Far East. The room is significant of the woman. At the studio she is known among the girls as "Weirdy," not only because of her eccentricities in dress, but also for her peculiarities of temperament. "Enigmatic" is the word that would describe her best, were it not so often coupled with affectation.

"Don't think me freakish," she exclaimed hastily, after telling of her "Weirdy" sobriquet. "At least I think I'm perfectly normal.

"The only thing that may be termed extraordinary about me is my love of solitude. I revel in mountain hikes. Being a devoted follower of Omar, I prefer the book of verses underneath the bow and—

"A jug of lemonade," I suggested to bridge the awkwardness.

She laughed, for this vampire has a decided sense of humor and doesn't grow the least serious about her "Aht" or her mission in life.

"I know Khayyam by heart," she continued, "and that accounts for the Khayyam gown I wear in 'Idolators.' I mean the harem effect with the clusters of silver grapes encircling the hips.

"Don't mistake me," she amended with a twinkle of the eyes. "I do not take old Omar literally, not to the extent of indulging in vinous libations. I do not agree with those who place a literal interpretation on his words. His philosophy is wonderful. It sort of—of tranquilizes a person when discouraged and nervous."

"You are then a devoted follower of Omar, and the peacock feather is your fetish," I cut in, having in mind the general theme of a good story concerning the extraordinary siren actress.

"Oh, that sounds too mysterious and heathenish," she laughed. "I insist I have no desire to be featured as

a weird and wondrous female simply because I happen to play abnormal creatures now and then. I'm called 'Weirdy' because I like seclusion, fantastic gowns and peculiar characters to play. That's all. I'm not a descendant of Cleopatra or Lucrezia Borgia or the Queen of Sheba. I'm just an American—quite sufficient, don't you

to be recognized as an actress who can make the spectator feel the moods I try to portray, to live them with me. I don't want characters that are either all good or all bad. I want them human. I think the lady—call her 'vampire' if you must—in 'Idolators' was quite human. She was dominated by vanity to a greater extent than most of us. She was, indeed, the peacock woman! Do you blame me for having a secret sympathy for her, bad as she was?"

I did not, having observed the aforementioned lady in all her glory. If the peacock has brought bad luck to the theatre its spell is being reversed for the films, at least so far as Miss Glaum is concerned, for no feminine star under the Triangle standard has evoked so much favorable attention from both critics and public as has "our lady of the peacocks." And she is progressing steadily, not in the least impressed with her own success. I heard one critic remark recently, "I delight in seeing her because she always makes such a complete picture of herself. Every shade of gesture, every line of gown and figure harmonizes with the mood of character."

Miss Glaum obtains these results by hard study. When given a part she usually sets out for a mountain hike, finds a comfortable nook in Mt. Lowe or its foothills and then proceeds to read the script, visualize the character and plan the details. Thus in the scene of "Idolators," where she offers George Webb the flagon of wine, she wears the "Khayyam" gown referred to above. It is a harem effect of shimmering white, with clusters of grapes as adornment. In this creation she appears a personification of the Rubaiyat. At another time she poses over a panel of light, holding a mirror aloft in self-admiration. The tilt of her head, the sweep of her gown and her whole attitude suggest the preening peacock.

It is this attention to detail, as well as her genuine talent for depicting great emotion, that makes it possible for Louise Glaum to invest any role with beauty and conviction. Her "peacock women," as she calls them—carefully avoiding the term "vampire"—are her most celebrated characters, because the public loves the elements of mystery and lure and gorgousness in their composition.

Yet this Miss Glaum does not wish to be indexed as "siren," "vampire" or even "star," but simply and in its full sense—
"Actress."

A CHANGE OF HEART

By DICK WILL'S

Said Mary Jane Gillespie, "Gee, I wish I was a star,

With pictures of my visage on the billboards near and far,

An' the boys all writin' letters askin' for my foteygraph,

An' a salary amountin' to a thousand and a half.

I'm just as cute as they are and I know that I ain't plain,

Gee! I wish I was a movie actress," wailed Miss Mary Jane.

So she ups and packs her grips and from the bank she draws her bones,

Then got an introduction to Miss Railroad Helen Holmes.

Now that lady, being kindly, said, "Miss Jane, what do you say

To coming on location with our company today?

And if you want to act perhaps I'll ask you out again,

And let you be an extra." "Gee! I'm made," said Mary Jane.

She watched with bated breath as Helen ran a-top a freight,

And when she jumped from train to car she trembled for her fate.

Her knees played castanets when Helen leaped from off a bridge.

She nearly fainted as the star hung from a lofty ridge.

"I'm going to act quite quickly, an' I'm going on a train,

BUT—I'm goin' to be inside it, bound for home," cried Mary Jane.

think? In fact, the most zealous genealogists can find no kings, queens or princesses in our family. We seem quite immune from autocracy. I believe one of my ancestors was among those who knitted socks while the French royalty entertained at the guillotine. I have no desire to be identified exclusively with vampire characters. I want first of all



Or here, we'd ask?

What man could here resist?

Ah, Miss Glaum is always bewitching

MOUNTAIN DEW

Fictionized from the Triangle Photoplay

By GRACE ADE



JHAMILTON VANCE was a live-wire magazine writer who would dare most anything for the sake of getting unusual material to write about. Indeed, it was his indomitable courage which took him gypsying through the Cumberlands of Kentucky in quest of knowledge pertaining to the origin and conditions of the poor whites of the hills. Eventually he journeyed into Trigger Creek, a settlement in sanguinary Breathitt County, and which had been described as a private reservation of the devil. From the very inception of his sojourn in this unterrified community, Vance and his colored servant boy, Roosevelt Washington, had thrilling experiences such as would inspire most men to promptly retire from any neighborhood. But one of these very experiences determined this man of letters to stay among the hill folk.

Milt Sears, feudist, ex-convict and dispenser of "book larnin' down Tripper Creek way," discovered Vance at his work very shortly after his arrival. He mistook the nature of the work in which the newcomer was engaged, and fearing the possibility of being rooted out of his "teachin' job," he ordered Vance out of the valley before sundown.

"An' if ye don't go, I'll bushwhack ye 'till yer dang sorry," he added in an effort to make his threat impressive.

However, Vance was not much frightened. Sears was quick to take note of this and he yanked out his revolver in a twinkling.

"Ye'r goin' to buck me, eh?" he exclaimed. "Well, jes' watch this and see if ye don't think I kin shoot straight."

Without a moment's hesitation Sears fired a volley of shots and a half dozen bullets went tearing through Vance's hat without any of them hitting the human target. This was too much like flirting with death to permit any man to pass

through the experience with his equilibrium unshaken. Still, Vance was not so upset but what his first thought was the chance he would take on imperiling the future of some valuable manuscripts if he ventured to make known too much opposition. Therefore, out of sheer caution, he smilingly agreed to make himself scarce.

"All right then, I'll not bother ye 'till sundown, but don't forget I'm goin' to do enough if I find ye still here after then," were the parting words of Sears, who went on his way, scowling.

Within an hour after promising to depart, Vance met a young daughter of the hills—a veritable goddess—who was on her way home from the Trigger Creek grist mill. Her mode of conveyance was a bull, long trained to such work. Upon getting his first glimpse of this girl, the young writer at once decided to take his chances on being bushwhacked, and he remained in the valley just so he could see more visions such as passed him astride the bull.

Later at the Trigger Creek settlement Vance discovered the reason for Milt Sears' actions and animosity towards him. A notice had been posted announcing that a "new boss of the teachin' job" was desired. The satisfactory applicant must be able to read, write, figure and fight, according to this notice. Thinking of the girl he had seen riding the bull and believing that in the position of school teacher he would be enabled to study the mountaineers at a closer range, he decided to apply for the job.

Inside the general store Vance discovered an all-absorbing checker game under full headway. Squire Eli Bradley, the big man of the hills, because of his stand-in with the county officials, was defeated by a weazened little individual who called himself the "champeen" checker player south of Mason and Dixon's Line.

Recognizing in Squire Bradley the man with whom he must cultivate a friendship if he was to secure the position as school teacher, and, being something of a checker-player himself, Vance offered to play chesty boaster a game. The stranger's methods were startling to the old mountaineers and in less time than it takes to tell about it, Vance defeated his opponent.

"Now I don't mind

telling you who I am and that I am here to get the job of teaching your school," Vance said after vanquishing the dazed, little "champeen."

"Wall, I reckon that anybody what kin play checkers that-a-way can boss a teachin' job," was Squire Bradley's quick reply.

The School Board was promptly assembled, Vance was put to the test, achieving easy success, and then he started for the school house to secure a proper introduction to Milt Sears and to demonstrate the last requirement of a teacher—his ability to fight. His deft handling of Sears—he made a monkey out of him before the gathering of rough mountaineers—won Squire Bradley's complete admiration.

"Come to my house and sample our vittles," the Squire invited after the fight which left the hefty Sears shorn of his reputation and nerve.

At the Bradley home that evening, Vance recognized Bradley's daughter, Roxie, as the girl he had seen riding the bull. Gleefully he began figuring that he was going to like his job as teacher, for he was sincerely interested in this pretty little wild flower of the rugged mountains. During the supper he found that Roxie had never been educated. She could not read or write. He also learned that Squire Bradley held the job as School Trustee simply because he figured he was the best man for the position.

"No, I ain't got no edgicashun and I'm a-waintin' some of it mighty much, too, 'cause I'm tired o' the insults and jeers o' Lily Bud Raines," Roxie declared.

Lily Bud Raines was a poor relation, too pretty to work, who lived with the Bradleys, dividing her time fifty-fifty between reading and looking at herself in the mirror. Upon being introduced to Vance, the vain Lily Bud could not understand why he did not crush her to him. She was surprised that her charms did not overwhelm him.

Lafe Grider, a mountaineer, was introduced to Vance during the supper as a very worthy gentleman who handled Squire Bradley's business affairs. From the beginning Grider did not like Vance's presence in the Bradley home. First, he feared he was a Revenue Officer; second, he observed that Roxie rather approved of the stranger. He availed himself of the first opportunity to warn Roxie against being friendly with Vance, and he was innately chagrined when she did not receive his advice with gratitude.

When Vance assumed charge of the



Vance and his colored servant were unterrified



Teacher and pupil spent much time out in the hills

school at Trigger Creek, Roxie was one of the first to accept him as the proper schoolmaster of that territory. Vance very wisely took charge with a mailed fist and a calloused palm, and soon everybody was for him as a result.

Milt Sears, bent on getting revenge, contributed his part towards making Vance's first day exciting by taking a shot at him during school hours.

The bullet went wide of the intended mark and barely grazed Roxie's shoulder.

Vance bravely accepted

Sears' challenge empty-handed, and within an instant he had grappled with him and succeeded in pinioning him down to the ground. He then turned his captive over to the pupils that he might be marched to jail under adequate escort. Immediately the victorious teacher turned his attention to Roxie, who he carried to her home with all possible haste. For the first time the Squire learned that his daughter had been surreptitiously attending school.

"Oh, daddy, I'm so sorry this has happened to me, 'cause it's a-goin' to keep me outter school," the girl deplored.

"Never mind about that, Roxie, I'll come every day and give you private lessons at your home," Vance volunteered.

"Wal, jes' listen to me, young feller, if yer goin' to do that, ye'd better come well-armed, 'cause I ain't goin' to have any datter get overbearin' and high-heeled by a-gettin' too much edducashun," the Squire put in.

This was not at all reassuring to Vance. Of course, he instantly became beset with visions of real excitement. And, meanwhile, Lafe Grider had made known his intention of wedding Roxie, and the father agreed to it, despite Roxie's vehement objections. Temporarily Bradley's threat of violence against Vance should he try to give Roxie lessons proved to be an invulnerable barrier to their seeing each other. Finally, however, Vance de-

cid-ed to fight, because he was conscious of the responsibility for awakening Roxie's desire for intelligence. He employed typical mountain method of having his way, too, for with much difficulty he bolstered up his colored servant's courage sufficiently to use him to the extent of having him hold a gun pointed straight at the Squire while he gave the girl a lesson in spelling.

"Roxie, do ye keer so much for edducashun that you'll see a nigger hold a gun on yer pap?" the old man asked as he held his hands high in the air.

"Yes, daddy, I do keer jes' that much; I do want larnin'," Roxie assured him.

"All right, then, I'm fer it, too," he agreed humbly.

Thereupon he consented to Vance's calls, and thereafter the teacher called at



Vance carried the wounded Roxie to her home

all hours and on all days, Sundays and holidays included.

"It's all necessary to her education," Vance explained to the inquiring and worried Squire.

Instinctively Lafe Grider realized he was not in the running with the new schoolmaster, but instead of stepping aside, he fostered a terrible hatred, and he made up his mind he would kill his rival if he found he was a government raider spying on the stills in that vicinity.

Lessons in love had soon supplanted the lessons in "book larnin'" and instead of poring over the reader and the spelling-book, the teacher and pupil got into

the habit of taking strolls through the hills, breathing deep of the clean, woody atmosphere and listening to the musical murmuring of the crystal clear brooks, which babbled gleefully on all sides.

It was while the happy couple were on one of these strolls that Lily Bud chanced to pass the schoolmaster's cabin at a moment when the colored servant was taking a nap. Vance had left some of his papers and manuscripts of new magazine articles on a table. In nosing about, Lily Bud read what she considered a most condemning paragraph Vance had written. "In the Trigger Creek neighborhood," the paragraph read, "the principal occupation is moonshining. Every man in the mountain either owns an illicit still or works at one." To Lily Bud's narrow mind this meant but one thing—Vance was a Revenue Officer.

She seized the damaging evidence and took it to Squire Bradley. Over the "Bradley vittels" that evening, Lafe Grider was quickly summoned and the decision was made to rid the community of J. Hamilton Vance and his servant, Roosevelt Washington, very, very quickly. Despite Roxie's statements to the contrary, Grider insisted that the paragraph

meant but one thing, and with Bradley he set out for the latter's still, leaving Lily Bud to guard Roxie. Clinging to the conviction that Vance was not in the employ of the government, Roxie managed to elude Lily Bud and she hurried to her sweetheart's cabin to warn him. It was not long after her arrival at the cabin that she got into a quandary as to her own fate, inasmuch as her father had warned her that if she ever saw Vance again he would not permit her to put her foot in his house.

"What'll we do?" Roxie asked Vance imploringly.

(Continued on page 51)



"I give ye my blessin', young 'uns"

How Elsie Ferguson Learned the Screen Art

By The Company's Press Agent

I WOULD love to start my motion picture education today." The sweet voice that sounded in my pink ear over the wire belonged to none other than Elsie Ferguson, who a few days before had signed with our company to appear in motion pictures. "I'll take you around the studios immediately and will call for you in five minutes," was my enthusiastic reply. With a "good-bye" from the other end of the wire my trusty typewriter was banged into the desk and I was off to show the famous actress of the spoken stage what a regular studio looked like.

In exactly the stipulated time I arrived at the door, and after slicking down my unconquerable pompadour and giving my cravat a final touch, I ticked the bell and was ushered into the presence of the popular stage star. With her usual smile that always proves the sincerity of the little sign of Welcome on her door-mat, Miss Ferguson greeted her humble visitor, and in a surprisingly short time we were gliding along in her luxuriously comfortable consumer of high-priced gasoline.

At the Famous Players' studio we were greeted by that famous press agent of the American flag, George M. Cohan, who safely piloted us

through an army of hammering carpenters and scenery builders. Hugh Ford, George M.'s director, knew Miss Ferguson from stage days, and between hammer beats the mysteries of the studio were explained to our visitor. George M. Cohan, who only several months before had been initiated into the motion picture circle, proved an able teacher. The camera, the lights, make-up, focus lines "close-ups" and other motion picture accessories and terms were diagnosed, and before long Miss Ferguson was able to stand in the centre of a "set" flooded with powerful lights without blinking. To further introduce her to the behavior of a motion picture actor, George M. enacted several



Miss Ferguson arriving at the studio

scenes before the camera in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," his Arcraft picture.

After a tour of inspection from cellar to garret of the building where once famous equestrians disported, we were off to the wilds of New Jersey, where at Fort Lee the Famous Players-Lasky day-light studio is situated. Over the turbulent Hudson to Edgewater and from thence up many steep hills to the studio is quite a distance, but due to the charming company of our new film pupil and the speed of her immense motor we have arrived before we realized it.

"It's Miss Ferguson," exclaimed that



Elsie Ferguson

polite Frenchman, Maurice Tourneur, as he hurried forward with one of his assistant directors. Mr. Tourneur was selected to stage Miss Ferguson's initial picture, "Barbary Sheep," and at the time of our arrival was supervising the building of an Algerian village for the production.

After being welcomed to the home of her future activities, Miss Ferguson, for the first time in her life, viewed the wonderful workings of a day-light studio, covered entirely with glass. A pool for water scenes and its operation offered one of the surprises for the visitor. The immense iron girders, with

their sliding platforms from which scenes could be filmed at every angle, the many scenic devices, the airy dressing rooms with their big mirrors and sunlight, and other offerings of the motion picture studio unknown to the theater, all tended to bewilder our new recruit.

As in the case of the New York studio, the din of the carpenters and property boys was something that could not be passed unnoticed by a stranger. "So this is the 'silent drama,'" remarked Miss Ferguson to Mr. Tourneur with a mischievous little smile. Just then one of the directors staging a scene nearby blew a whistle as the players began to act, and immediately the studio became as quiet as a Broadway cabaret after one o'clock in the A. M. A pin could have been heard to drop as Mr. Tourneur turned to Miss Ferguson, and in reply to her question said: "Yes, THIS is the silent drama."

And on conclusion of the trip Elsie Ferguson was completely won over to the motion picture. In one afternoon her enthusiasm for her new work advanced many fold—and I had performed one of the most pleasant duties of my job.



George M. Cohan "explaining film" to Miss Ferguson

PURSUING A MOTION PICTURE PLOT

By JUNE MATHIS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—June Mathis, who is allied with the Metro-Rolfe forces, is one of the most successful of picture play writers. Miss Mathis has been on the stage since childhood. She was leading woman with Cohan & Harris, A. H. Woods, the Shuberts and Liebler. She began her screen career as a "free lance" scenario writer, and was successful from the beginning. Miss Mathis has written and put into scenario form hundreds of successful picture plays, among them being "The Snowbird," "Her Great Price," "God's Half Acre," "The Millionaire's Double," and "The Call of Her People," with Ethel Barrymore as star, which was scenarioized from Edward Sheldon's play "Egypt."

RECENTLY a young woman came to me with a letter of introduction from a friend in the financial district. I heard her story. It was to this effect:

She was a graduate of Wellesley. Just after she had left college her father lost his money and died of grief. She and her mother found themselves practically penniless. The young woman had to go forth into the world and become a bread-winner for her parent and herself.

Being possessed of a large store of common sense, she entered a business college, learned shorthand and book-keeping and after being graduated obtained a position as a stenographer which paid her something like \$18 a week.

After hearing this story I very frankly told her that I admired her pluck and energy.

"And now," I said, "I suppose you are interested in motion pictures—that you have a favorite star, and that you want to inspect our

studio and see the mysteries for yourself."

"I am deeply interested in motion pictures," she replied. "I am a 'picture fan.' I do want to inspect a motion picture studio, but that isn't the reason I came here. I called, Miss Mathis, to ask you about writing scenarios. I believe there is a great future in that work—a much better future than in the work I now am pursuing. I want you to advise me."

"There is a future in everything," I said, "if one knows how to be patient, persistent and diligent. There is indeed a future in scenario-writing. And there is a future in being a stenographer."

"Yes," she interjected, "but such big sums are earned by writing scenarios. One gets rich quickly. That is why I want to write scenarios."

"My dear girl," I replied. "Do you mean to tell me that you want to become a

scenario writer because you believe you can get rich quickly? What a foolish ambition! What an absurd notion! You have been through college. And yet you have not reached the understanding that the art of writing scenarios is much like any ordinary profession. It is something that requires long study. Results are not accomplished quickly.

"Suppose you sat there now and told me you wanted to be a lawyer. What would it mean? Years of study, a diploma, the hanging out of your 'shingle'—a long wait before your momentous first case. It is the same with writing scenarios. There is much preliminary study. Then you enter the field. And then you try to sell the product of your brain.

"Only there is this difference in writing scenarios: that the profession of practicing law is based on certain set rules, while that of writing scenarios, while based on rules

then return to see me. She thanked me with a tone of sarcasm in her voice—and she has never returned.

There is the story of one motion picture "fan" with wrong ideals. She believed she possessed talent for writing picture plays, she thought that all she had to do was to sit down and write, and that some producer would snap up her work. In brief, her idea of the motion picture profession was that producers, in their frantic search for plays, would snap up anything offered them.

Hers was a foolish yet wholly pardonable premise. She had seen some motion picture plays which did not appeal to her. She thought she could do better. Now, while it is true that some picture plays may be weak—may be lacking in plot or action, those plays are the exception rather than the rule. And the person who sees a poor picture play immediately gets the impression that it is representative of all productions, instead of being an exception to the general run.

Many people make the same mistake when they want to become fiction writers or great painters. They read novels which impress them as being inferior, or they see paintings which lack realism; and then they try to do better.

It is The Wrong Idea.

Very well. What is the Right Idea? Simply this: That when you want to do a thing it should not be because you think someone else is failing in that thing, but because you believe you have a strong inclination for that particular kind of work and successful at it.

Let us take a simple illustration. A woman lives in a modest home. She has fitted it up to the best of her ability, yet she is not satisfied with its appearance. She keeps trying to better it. She scrubs the floors, polishes the furniture, adds a picture here, or a piece of chinaware there. The main point is that she is not satisfied.

Another woman lives in a modest home. She thinks it is beautiful. She does not scrub the floors, she does not polish the furniture, she does not add a picture or a piece of chinaware. She is perfectly satisfied with her surroundings. She asks her friends what they think of her home. Charitably, they tell her it is beautiful. They are not truthful to her.

The same thing applies to scenario writing. A woman writes a picture play. She first maps it out carefully in her own mind, and even then she is not satisfied with its

MARY PICKFORD

By R. W.

Whence comes the subtle charm, the weird magnetic grip she holds upon our hearts?

'Tis not alone dramatic art, for others please us in their varied parts

Upon the magic screen, that mimic of our features, actions, thoughts and fears,

Which registers with eloquence unspoken all our joys, our moods, our tears.

Whereon we actors see ourselves as others see us—virtues, defects—ALL!

A repetition of our other selves responding to the Author's call,

And yet gives glimpses through the Mummer's mask of our real selves, and takes

A message to beholders, one which makes them love us, fear us, seals or shakes

Their confidence and brings respect or grim reserve, invites response in kind,

Strange telepathic messages, unerring, true, transferred from mind to mind.

We see her in her rags or coronet, her hair unkempt or dressed, and feel

Her mood of pathos, petulance, her very frowns or tears are real.

'Tis art, oh, yes, indeed, the art of nature's artist mirrored heart and soul,

For be she quaint princess or lowly beggar maid, she lives each varied rôle,

And lives them all just as she FEELS them, THERE'S the secret of her grip and charm,

The reason why a great big, bustling world lies willingly in the small palm

Of her well-moulded hand, and we who know her days, her home, her nature sweet,

Her kindly deeds to those around her, KNOW just why the world lies at her feet,

It is—the girl herself is good. Her charm of heart, her sweetness cannot vary,

And so—"Miss Pickford" has been lost, we know her not, remains but "Little Mary."

of reason and common sense, has the realms of space for its limits. If you want to become a scenario writer you must first study the spoken drama; then motion pictures; then struggle for an idea for your first picture play, and then assemble it in a form that will be attractive.

"By all means, try scenario-writing if you have talent for it; but first understand that much hard work is ahead of you, and that unless you are willing to smile over disappointments you will be disappointed in your efforts."

I asked her if she had tried her hand at scenarios. She showed me two plays she had written. They were absolutely devoid of strong climaxes, or even plots. Believing in truth as the greatest tonic one human being can offer another, I told her what I thought of her plays. I made suggestions for revising them; told her to try again and

appearance. She keeps trying to better it. She polishes up scenes and situations, she adds a climax here or an anti-climax there. The main point is that she is not satisfied.

Another woman writes a picture play. She believes it is sublime. She does not view it critically—she does not try to better it. She sends it to a producer, and it is "returned with thanks." Satisfied with her own work, she believes those who have looked at it are lacking in intelligence.

Which is the successful home woman? Which is the successful scenario writer? My illustrations give their own answers.

In my particular case, when I have an idea for a play, I first make it real in my own mind. Here is a wealthy and influential woman who loves a poor man. Her friends try to dissuade her from displaying her affection for him. They try to convince her he is unworthy of her. They even go to the extent of trying to put the man in the light of being a thief, because they believe he is inferior to her socially and they are determined to prevent a match.

In the end, right triumphs. The man becomes the means of saving the woman's fortune from being swept away. She realizes that he is upright, honorable. In a great burst of love and gratitude she tells him of her feeling. It is a new light for him. He had not dared aspire to her hand; and yet he had secretly adored her all the time.

Now in our own minds we can picture the wealthy woman, the poor man, the woman's friends. But what have we? An idea for a play? No. Merely a series of situations. There is no plot—no great idea—no thread.

On the other hand, suppose that one of the rich woman's friends was a wealthy man who had swindled the poor man in a mining deal. The wealthy man loves the rich woman; he knows she loves the poor man. He is determined to win her. He knows he cannot succeed by fair methods, so he schemes to get her into his power; to first get possession of her fortune.

His plans seem to be going through successfully, when the poor man suddenly realizes how he was swindled; learns of the plot against the rich woman; balks it.

Here you have a glimmer of that mystic word, "Plot" which the dictionary defines as "a complication of related incidents which are gradually unfolded." The "related incidents" in this particular case are that a force of evil is combatting and seeking to gain the mastery over forces for good. And the forces for good must triumph, else you have a tragedy.

So, in struggling for a picture play, first get your plot. When you have pursued that and captured it, the matter of writing the play is one of diligence and persistence. But remember—the plot must run all through the story. It must develop at the beginning, thus showing the reason for the play, and it must go through each situation, like a silver thread binding together a string of pearls.

In your mind's eye you must visualize your plot, just as you would stand on a mountain-top and gaze on beautiful scenery surrounding you. You must visualize your characters, either evil or good, just as you would pick out, from your mountain eminence, beautiful or unattractive bits of scenery. You must see your characters going through the action on the screen—and when you have seen all of that, sit down and write what you have seen.

It may sound difficult, or it may sound

easy—but that is the way I write my scenarios.

There are many no doubt who lack the knowledge of the technical terms used in a working script or the knowledge of how to introduce or bring their characters together. They probably are puzzled by the different methods of the feature producing companies, for each company has its own particular style of continuity, based on the same principles which the youngest literary art has laid out.

Each company assembles its characters for introduction in the story. One large feature corporation introduces all of its characters first with explanatory titles and semi action. Another prints a cast, then unravels the story while I personally prefer to introduce all characters in action.

This, like reading a book, may bring an unexpected development the next moment in the introduction of a new character.

While if they are visualized before you, before the story is told, you begin to scent their relationship and just what influence they will have on the story.

After your characters have been introduced unfold the story with action, leaving out superfluous scenes, carrying each incident until you reach the development of suspense then carry the story to its climax and gently down the hill to the usual happy ending which our "fans" seem to favor. Make your characters human. Of course a great deal of this is up to the director. Don't be afraid of writing a title or a leader if it helps the story.

It is better to know what the action is about than to remain in doubt. And if your story will permit add comedy, for five reels of suffering after a day's work gets on the nerves. Like the old saying, "the voice with the smile wins," "the photoplay with the laugh gets the money."

"IT'S YOUR MOVE," SAID THE PAWN



And who wouldn't like to move in a little closer to this bewitching smile of Doris Pawn? When this photoplayer isn't busy dallying with the outdoors—and smiling—she appears in William Fox photoplays

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Incredible as it may appear to one who has seen Lee Morris, the long, lanky comedian—he is six feet three and a half inches—was once a baby. How he ever grew to this great height from mere babyhood is an unwritten chapter in his life. He is now seen in the William Fox photoplay, "Durand of the Bad Lands."

"I have been told that when I was a baby, the girls of the neighborhood—I lived in Sioux City, Iowa—used to come to our house and borrow me to play with. I wish they would do it now."

Tom Forman, who has acquired an enviable reputation as leading man in many Paramount Pictures, may assume the role of leading man in a battle with German submarines, as he has enlisted in the Coast Artillery Federal Reserve. Like many other Laskyites, Forman joined the 17th Company of this organization, which is captained by Ted Duncan and has as its second lieutenant Walter Long, both members of the Lasky organization.

"Danny" Sullivan, who is appearing in "Wife Number Two," starring Valeska Suratt, was well known to two Presidents. "Danny" in his youth was on speaking terms with Grover Cleveland and William McKinley. He knew them as many other youngsters knew them. He sold them newspapers when they visited New York.

Following violent rumors from Bear Mountain concerning the tons of trout that were being extracted from the mountain streams by William C. DeMille, Jesse L. Lasky decided to investigate. The vice-president of the Famous Players Lasky Corporation had just motored across the continent and determined to go fishing for a few days' rest. After five days of ceaseless baiting of hooks he gave up in disgust, not having received a single bite with the exception of those which were donated by a few frisky mosquitoes. The remarks which Mr. Lasky made concerning the veracity of one Mr. DeMille would not look well even upon a scrap of paper.

David "Slim" Voorhees, one of the tallest, if not the tallest of actors on the screen, has been called to the colors and on July 15th reported for duty at a certain post in California. "Slim" is now drum major in one of the army bands. He was born in Kansas in 1890 and stands 6 feet 7¾ inches tall. He is a nephew of the late U. S. Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, and has been playing in Pathe's "Lonesome Luke" comedies. He is said to be the tallest man now enlisted in Uncle Sam's army.

Virginia Valli, who is Taylor Holmes' leading woman in his first Essanay picture, "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," formerly was an interpretative dancer on the stage.

Jay Morley, juvenile lead with the Isadore Bernstein Company, has had a most adventurous career. Some years ago he picked up about five reels of what he admits was "junk" film and traveled about the country working in a vaudeville act himself. Sometimes he stayed at hotels and sometimes he could not afford it, but it gave him the idea of transferring his affections from the spoken to the silent drama.

Francis X. Bushman, Metro star, who is insured for almost his weight in gold, has purchased forty acres of land adjoining his estate of one hundred and twenty-five acres, at Bushmanor, Maryland. This makes his place one of the largest in Maryland and is valued at \$150,000, exclusive of the horses and cattle and the planting of this season.

Hazel Daly, who plays the role of Honey in Essanay's famous Skinner pictures, jumped from high school to the screen and in two years became a star. She is one of the few picture celebrities who won fame without stage experience.

Julian Eltinge, who began active work before the camera at the Lasky studio on his first Paramount Picture, is somewhat alarmed and perturbed over his new sleeping schedule. The well-known feminine impersonator found himself arriving at the Lasky studio at 7.30—just three hours after his regular retiring time! Despite his best efforts to ward off this disgraceful proceeding, he finds himself so tired at night that he is perfectly willing to go to bed at 9.00 P. M.

Olive Thomas recently became an authoress, collaborating with Director Lynn Reynolds on a Triangle play in which she will be starred. The little "Follies" beauty is said to have scored heavily for the box offices throughout the country with her first two offerings, "Madcap Madge" and "An Even Break."

Mary Pickford's leading man in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" is Eugene O'Brien, the popular young actor whose wide stage and screen experiences and handsome appearance makes him an ideal selection for this honor. On the speaking stage Mr. O'Brien appeared with such well-known favorites as Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Illington, Fritz Scheff and others of equal standing in the theatrical profession. In motion pictures his most notable portrayals were those evidenced in Famous Players productions, in which he created country-wide attention for his exceptional work.

Charles Ray has a new Mercer, a brilliant red machine, and he spends most of his time in it. His friends call it the "Red Devil," but his private name for it is "Tobasco." It has everything but a wall bed and an elevator.

LITTLE MARY'S "GLAD HAND"



Mary Pickford and Jesse L. Lasky welcome William S. Hart to the Artercraft fold. Big Bill's first Artercraft picture has already been commenced under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince, offering a powerful story by C. Gardner Sullivan, the noted photoplay writer.

Julian Eltinge as a Regular Fellow and "The Countess Charming" is a Revelation



Julian Eltinge and his pipe are inseparable



Here he is in the process of changing from himself to "She"



As a female thief

THE celebrated female impersonator, Julian Eltinge, has joined the throngs of stage artists in transplanting his talents to the screen, and he has made his debut in a highly diverting photoplay entitled "The Countess Charming," in which he plays the roles of Saunders Julian, a regular fellow, a virile, red-blooded man, and Countess Raffesky, a dainty woman of rare beauty. It is while posing as the latter, out of a spirit of revenge because he had been rejected by society, that Mr. Eltinge does his best work. As the Countess he rents a big house and is speedily received in society. He proceeds to collect for the Red Cross and he steals all kinds of things. Eventually he is apprehended by the police, but a moment after being arrested he turns out the lights in the room, knocks down the officers and escapes. Then he brings about the convenient "death" of the Countess and reappears on the scene as Julian in time to win the girl he loves and to prove that he was justified in all he had done. Julian Eltinge as an artist and "The Countess Charming" as a real cinema hit are worth while any time.



As a real water nymph



And here he is giving us all the wink



Here he stands to our right as some stunner



GRACE DARMOND
SANGER AND JORDEN

USING THE SCREEN TO SPREAD THE TRUTH ABOUT RUSSIA

By F. V. BRUNER

IT is a long step from a monastery to a moving picture studio. At first thought it is impossible to conceive of even the remotest connection between the two. The duties of a monk of the Greek Church can hardly be said to resemble those of a screen actor. In Iliodor, generally known as the mad monk of Russia, is found the rare combination of priest and actor. Iliodor, as nearly all the world knows by now, was the principal opponent of Rasputin, the powerful monk who had the Royal Family of Russia completely under his control. So firmly did he have them in his clutches that they did not dare to act without his counsel or permission. Iliodor exposed Rasputin's evil living and his schemes of self-advancement to the authorities in Russia, but Rasputin's influence at court was too strong for him. The faith of the Czar and Czarina was pinioned on Rasputin, and they could look upon him who spoke ill of him only as a traitor. The result of Iliodor's accusations was that he was banished for his pains.

He came to this country where he and his wife took refuge in a little Harlem flat. He immediately set about to expose the wrongs of Russia, and the intrigues of the Russian court. He attacked Royal personages, officials and political leaders ruthlessly. His accusations were supported by history, and his revelations caused a sensation. Finally he was induced to lend his drama of modern events to the screen. It is nearly five months ago that the first scenes were taken by Herbert Brenon for his remarkable photodrama, "The Fall of the Romanoffs."

Life in the studio has been a novel experience for Iliodor, and he has much to say concerning the uses and possibilities of the screen. He speaks not a word of English, and all conversation with him must be carried on by means of an interpreter.

"Through my ecclesiastical education, which lasted until I was thirty-three years of age," said Iliodor in a recent interview, "I

was taught to believe that the theatre, moving pictures and all kindred amusements came directly from the devil. I realize now what a wrong idea that is. Since coming to this country I have been able to see many things in a different and much clearer light. I am emancipated. I am free from the shackles that bound me for so long, and I find much good where before I could see only evil. I now see in moving pictures only opportunities for unlimited good.

"It is only of late during my association with Mr. Brenon while filming 'The Fall of the Romanoffs,' that I have realized the tireless energy and the careful forethought that are necessary to make a successful picture. No branch of art requires so much

vitality and ceaseless effort as the moving picture.

"Anyone who thinks that I have undertaken to make a picture for either fame or money is very much mistaken. I have had all the fame that I or any man could possibly want, and as for money, my needs are simple and money has no charm for me. The only use I have for it is as a means to an end. I consented to take part in this picture, and play the role that I had taken in the recent events in Russia simply because I wished to condemn all evil and to make public to the world the wrongs of Russia. My friends in this country, especially those who were priests in the Greek Church, persuaded me against it. They advised me to keep away from moving pictures on the grounds that such occupations were not fitting to the dignity of a priest. I was in a strange country. I did not know what to do or whom to believe. I longed to give the world by means of the screen my knowledge of Russia's woes and injustices, but the demands of my friends were insistent and I regretfully gave up the idea.

"Then came the news of the Russian Revolution and the pardon of all those

who had been enemies of the Czar and his coterie. I packed my belongings and prepared to leave for Russia. Felix de Thiele came to see me. He begged me to remain in this country and make a picture depicting the recent historical events in Russia as I knew them. He told me of the inestimable good it would do not only in Russia but throughout the world. I felt it myself. I wanted to spread the truth. But I was afraid that the drama would not be correctly executed, and afraid that whoever the producer might be, he might have little regard for the truth, and that he might be neglectful of detail. It would be useless in Russia should the atmosphere be incorrect or the settings faulty. And should the picture fail to impress Russians it would mean the downfall of all my hopes and aspir-



Here's the Kaiser as you see him played by a moving picture actor and a close study of the picture will convince you that there is a close resemblance to the real thing. A bad "thing" he is, too, as the photoplay, "The Fall of the Romanoffs," proves

ations. I feared, too, that the main truths might be distorted and disfigured, but I knew that nothing of great worth is accomplished without much anxiety, and with Mr. Thiele's encouragement, I made up my mind to be patient and search for the right man. I knew that the subject could be coped with only by a man with an exceptional brain, the soul of an artist, and a thorough knowledge of his business.

"I look upon it as the will of destiny that Mr. Brenon has undertaken to accomplish this great work. I consider Mr. Brenon chosen by God to be the man through whom these revelations are given to the world. It takes unspeakable energy and infinite pains to stage this big subject. Mr. Brenon's is no easy task; but he spared neither time, labor, money nor pains. I am convinced that Mr. Brenon has done and is doing all that lies in human power to reproduce these incidents. Nothing does he neglect to make his scenes, his characters and his story correct. The Russian spirit is observed in every detail. The picture will be a boon to Russians. For the first time they will learn the truth, and they will see for themselves the intrigues of the Russian Court that were the direct cause of so much of the people's suffering and unhappiness. They will be shown who are really responsible for the events which led up to the Russian Revolution, and they will see how they were hoodwinked by those in power and by the monarchs of their land.

"For the Russian people never knew what was happening. They never realized how they were being mistreated and misgoverned. It will be a revelation to them. They are only now learning for the first time a few of the facts for themselves. Friends coming from Russia tell me that my book which, since the revolution and the consequent overthrow of tyranny, the people have been allowed to read, is being widely discussed, and that the Russian people are beginning to look with a more friendly eye toward me. Before I was bearing a light in darkness; I was misunderstood and distrusted by my own countrymen. But now they are beginning to see that what I told them was true. History has proved it.

"I feel, too, that 'The Fall of the Romanoffs' will be the means of my moral rehabilitation. Of that I am convinced. Whatever mistakes I have made in my life this picture will wipe away. The good that it will do in the world and for Russia in particular will compensate, I know, for any wrong I have committed.

Big, sympathetic "Hell Morgan," the proprietor of one of the Barbary Coast saloons that became extinct in the San Francisco fire of 1906, in the person of Alfred Allen, is a character who has made a friend of every one who has seen that realistic melodrama, "Hell Morgan's Girl." In real life Mr. Allen is likewise a friend of every one who knows him, particularly of the budding motion picture actor, for he has been a dramatic instructor for many years and is a real "old stager" of the footlights.

Although he was the son of a university president, when Alfred was a seventeen-year-old boy he ran away from his home in Western New York and secured work on the stage of the old Wallack Theatre in New York City. During the day he attended the Empire Theatre

The Czar
Alfred Hickman

and Czarina
Nance O'Neill



Entering Rasputin's
room showing the
awe in which they
regard this priest

In HERBERT
BRENON'S "THE
FALL OF THE
ROMANOFFS"

"I have been asked what were my sensations when first I went before the camera. For me the camera did not exist. Never once did I feel conscious of it. I was simply living over again the events of a few years ago. I did not feel that I was acting. I was living again in the past.

"When I return to Russia I intend to found a little colony on a safe and sound social and religious basis. In this colony moving pictures will be a conspicuous factor. They will be used in the fight against

evil, and will be the chief means of instructing the people. I intend to have a studio properly equipped where we shall manufacture our own pictures for our own use. The knowledge that I have gained in Mr. Brenon's studio will be invaluable to me there. It will be my delight and pleasure to thus be a promulgator of knowledge. I have always stood for truth, eternal truth. I want to see the human race in this big world of ours united as brothers and sisters should be."

Hell Morgan as He is

The Amateur's Friend

By CARL STEARNS CLANCY

School, in which Mr. Belasco was an instructor, and later became a teacher in this school himself, after having secured the degrees of A. B. and A. M. at his father's university, and taught there also.

Mr. Allen also taught in Baltimore four years, served as a geologist on the New York State Survey, engaged in the mining business in Georgia and Florida for five years, became the owner of several mines, and on his experience with them based several successful plays. He wrote the two well-known novels, "The Heart

of Don Vega" and "Judge Lynch" during this time.

In 1901 Mr. Allen was awarded the \$1000 Town Topics' prize for writing the best play in a contest conducted by this publication, a play on the negro problem entitled "Chivalry," played on the road as "The Master Power," and as a result of its success was offered and filled the position of play critic on the "Dramatic Mirror" during the following four years.

Needing a change, Mr. Allen next went to Alaska and engaged in gold mining. Upon his way back to New York he stopped off in Los Angeles, was offered the position of dramatic instructor in the Egan School, and as a result never returned East, but remained with this institution four years. During this time he directed several productions.

WHEREIN THE LIFE OF AN ACTRESS WAS TWO AMAZING EXTREMES

ON a recent evening, Beatriz Michelena, in response to an invitation from the University of California, appeared before 10,000 people as a much-heralded star feature in the Greek Theatre production of "The Talisman," a new Egyptian play by Raine Bennett. While not widely known in the playwriting craft, Mr. Bennett is a promising young author of San Francisco, whence genius sometimes flows, and his play has occasioned an unanimity of enthusiastic comment among Far Western critics.

Miss Michelena's appearance in "The Talisman" is of unique interest, since it marks the first time a motion picture actress has been asked to share honors with Margaret Anglin, Maude Adams, Julia Marlowe and a few other stars of the legitimate stage and make her bow from the classical granite of the Hearst Greek Theatre at the University of California. It testifies not only to a recognition of the actress' individual talents, but likewise to a growing consciousness of the advancing art of the motion picture profession.

"The Talisman" was staged in the Greek Theatre by the San Francisco Players' Club, under the immediate auspices of the University of California's Summer Session. Miss Michelena played the role of an impassioned Bedouin girl with a fire and an interpretation of her lines that were reminiscent of her earlier conquests on the speaking and singing stage—before she became a disciple of the silent drama exclusively. It was her first appearance in person for over four years, during which interval, she whimsically declares, she had circled the globe at least a good dozen times in as many motion picture features.

While rehearsing for the Greek Theatre play, Miss Michelena was dividing her time with "The Dead Line," a film drama written by Earle Snell and directed by George E. Middleton which she is now producing in the Santa Cruz Mountains and interlining with an abundance of untamed Western atmosphere. According to the star's own declaration, it requires an elastic imagination to carry one, with a mere change of costume, from the uncouth mountain girl of the West to the impassioned Egyptian maiden, who

wooed her Arab lover in seductive blank verse, conjured charms from a scarab and exuded the atmosphere of the hypnotic East.

Says she, "It is a long jump from the pioneer California, with her primitive codes, to Egypt, with her assortment of Sahara, pyramids, Nile and crocodiles. Consequently it was difficult for me to properly segregate myself when at the same time rehearsing for 'The Talisman' and making scenes for my Western photo-drama.

"While the 'other woman' of the scenario was making shameless attempts before the camera to steal my Western lover, or the villainous Cattle King was scheming to rid himself of the homesteaders and my father in particular, I had to close my eyes to all of it and pace the other end of the stage, mumbling over to myself sweet, seductive lines from 'The Talisman' that were not in the least like the 'rough and ready' subtleties, with which I had to win and hold my Western prestige in the motion picture. Then when my turn came for the scene, I had to throw aside my Egyptian manuscript and rush 'like mad' to adequately thwart the 'other woman' and the villainous Cattle King in time to change my costume and take my car for the eighty-mile drive to Berkeley and a Greek Theatre rehearsal."

Miss Michelena is one of those actresses who knows the line of demarcation between light and shadow in interpreting drama, and she has implicit faith in the power of the moving picture camera to help in conveying the fluctuating moods of human beings undergoing life's story. In the two accompanying pictures in which she is the star, it will be noted by all who will study deeply that the combined power of both light and shade have been brought very much into play in creating the proper "atmosphere" for these particular situations. The effect is

not only strikingly beautiful, but it is tell-tale. One can almost see the general trend of the whole plot by studying these two views of it. The light-and-shade idea is just that informative. Of course animated photography lends itself to this sort of art, and the frequency with which such effects are flashed on the screen is one of the elements tending to constantly popularize the movies.



Two Michelena studies in light and shade

Beauty an Asset to Screen Actress, Says Alma Rueben

ALMA Rueben, the Triangle actress, who was recently described by a noted critic as "the dusk jewel of the screen," has been asked to contribute her bit to the controversy as to whether or not beauty is a handicap to an actress.

"A handicap!" exclaimed Miss Rueben when approached by an interviewer. "Well, I should say it would prove an asset to any woman, particularly a screen actress.

"All stars are beautiful, I suppose—at least in the eyes of their press agents. As a matter of fact, many of them are, if you regard beauty as consisting of regular features, good teeth and nice coloring; but to be remarked for loveliness of face, a woman must possess something more. She must be distinctive.

"Poe, in his description of Ligeia, quotes Bacon, Lord Varulam, as saying, 'There is no exquisite beauty without some strangeness of proportion.' In this very 'strangeness' lies the fascination that causes people to look again and again. It is the 'strangeness' in the smile of Mona Lisa that has caused men to admire her. Perhaps this is the quality that has caused Jane Cowl to be acclaimed one of the most beautiful women of the American stage. She considers this a misplaced compliment, I know, for she frankly declares that her features are irregular. I am sure others have not noted this irregularity, but it accounts for the distinctive beauty that is hers.

"A face without expression of inner charm or intellect may be pretty, but it is not beautiful. I think Alan Dale paid an enviable compliment to Louise Glaum when

he said that she did not possess mere prettiness, but an intelligence of face that suited the roles she played. 'Intelligence of face,' seems to me, to be the chief essential of beauty. You see innumerable girls in comedies, in musical shows and in society life whose faces are architecturally perfect, yet they are not beautiful, simply because they lack the prime requisite.

"Webster defines beauty as an assemblage of graces, proprieties, or some one of them that satisfy eye, ear, intellect or esthetic or moral sense. A building may please the esthetic sense without appealing to the intellect, but I do not think the face of a woman can be called beautiful unless it appeals to both.

"I am not so sure that Lillian Russell, the American peeress of beauty, has earned her distinction solely through the faultless coloring and the regularity of her features. She has a personality that draws you to her. Those who know her best seem the most enthusiastic in the praise of her loveliness. Indeed, among the members of her profession Miss Russell is celebrated for her

splendid good nature and her many acts of kindness. Doubtlessly it is this charm of personality, expressing itself through her face, that has caused the public to declare her the most beautiful of American women.

"I do not say that such beauty as I define is essential to screen success. Far be it! Many pretty girls are commanding large salaries, but their successes are seldom lasting if they depend upon prettiness."



Alma
Rueben

There are different methods of disposing of the aged in various countries. In some regions in Africa a party of able-bodied Africans will accompany an old person into the forest, smite him or her on the head with a bolus—a club with a stone tied to the end of it. Formerly in the Far North the Esquimaux placed the aged in canoes without paddles and gently placed them on the outgoing tide. They never returned, which was the object of the ceremony. In civilized countries like the United States family pride prevents the aged from accepting alms, the result of which is voluntary entrance into Nirvana. In California the recent registration of able-bodied men for the army revealed the fact that many thousands of the aged exist there waiting for the Angel Gabriel to blow his horn from one of those precipitous eminences that so variegates and decorates the Golden State. The suicides of these aged are most frequent in this land of the magnolia and the mockingbird. Daily the public press records the forcible exit of age. Some absorb gas into their systems; others swallow carbolic acid; the revolver frequently furnishes convenient means for the despatch, while many go to the ends of the piers in the ocean, and while the vesper bells of the local mission burden the ambient atmosphere with their intermittent chimes, and the golden orb of day sinks peace-

A Moving Benediction

By E. H. RYDALL

fully beneath the ever-placid bosom of the mighty Pacific, they slide into the restless surface of the sea. Occasionally a body will be observed falling from the twelfth story of some office building into the street, horrifying the pedestrians and causing women to faint; this is a vulgar but rapid method of entering eternity, quite distressing to the feelings of the surviving public.

Failure in investments after a life of success is the cause of most of this destruction of human life. Employment they cannot get on account of the gray hair; many vainly try to act as advertising agents, book peddlers, jurors or night watchmen. Failing in these, the alternative is charity, or the County Poor Farm, both of which are abhorrent to their high-strung and sensitive natures. Then remains dissolution, which is performed daily by the aged in California in the ways indicated.

The motion picture manufacturers have stepped into this disgraceful civilized state of affairs and furnish many thousand aged men with occasional employment. They are as characters not only, but in that everlasting demand for large

crowds of people necessary for some of the movie picture productions. The climate is equable, the work easy and the pay from two to five dollars a day, according to the position in the drama occupied by the aged candidate. With the aid of this money so acquired they linger longer in this sunkissed paradise, and often acquire sufficient money to pay the authorities for keeping their graves wet long after they have begun to sleep the last sleep.

In England they are now pensioning the aged, and this pensioning may take away the sting that charity inflicts, so far as I know. I should judge it would be better for the nation to supply some form of occupation to the aged which would be beneficial by keeping their minds engaged, instead of wandering about as idle pensioners. The deleterious effects of idleness may be observed in the Soldiers' Homes of this country, where thousands of veterans are standing around in idleness waiting for the last roll-call. The aspect of these idle venerable is lamentable.

The point desired to be indicated in this screed is that the motion picture people are a Godsend, because of their ability to furnish employment to the grand army of aged genteel, who are too proud to beg and too honest to steal, and yet are face to face with hunger and want.

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

"SOBER days make sober photoplays," declares one producer erroneously we are sure. On the contrary, according to our ideas, the soberness current events of the world inspire should by all means lead everybody to the alternative of worthy diversion for much-needed relief from the stress of it all, and the latter is undoubtedly the natural tendency. It is not that we would encourage negligence of duty owed to our country in its great crisis, but we cling to the old doctrine that "all work and no play makes a dull boy of Jack." After devoting the whole long day to doing one's bit in the national organization for ultimate victory of democracy, it is eminently fitting to repair to a place of moral amusement in the evening for the sole purpose of gaining ample occasion to smile away your troubles. Obviously, you cannot succeed in this if the photoplays are sober. Instead your woes are only intensified by seeing more woes depicted on the screen. It seems to us this makes it absolutely imperative for producers to forsake serious subjects as far as possible and to substitute on any slight excuse a story which excites the merriment without limitation. If the majority of the producers reached the conclusion that the times demanded stirring drama and melodrama, and comedy and farce were thereby relegated to the background, we are sure we are safe in predicting an amazing decrease in box-office receipts throughout Filmdom.

The theory of one captain of the industry would not arouse our apprehension very much if it were not supported by the open advertising of another equally prominent leader in the field for "heavy dramas exclusively." The simultaneous appearance of two such advocates is enough to cause one to fear the advent of a dangerous trend and it is but natural that an agitator of laugh-producers should raise his voice in protest. There is little doubt as to the idiosyncrasies of these particular champions of solemn plays, but this does not preclude the possibility of their being sufficiently powerful to wield such tremendous influence as to make their ideal universally acceptable. Therefore, just to convince these two gentlemen that they are starting something which should never be started in these days, we would suggest and urge a letter campaign on the part of the photoplay fans, who, being the ones who pay the fiddler, should never hesitate to express their opinions and to make known their desires. Such letters poured into the office of the manager of your favorite moving picture theatre will exert a final influence in the higher realm occupied by the men who produce the screen fare. It strikes us as being necessary to crystallize public sentiment now more than ever, and there is no more efficient method of accomplishing this than direct communication. Of course, we suggest this letter campaign, fully confident that its effect will be to impress every one who needs to be impressed with the fact that residents of Uncle Sam's proud domain want plenty

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

Famous opera singers continue to succumb to the lure of moving pictures. Added to the constellation of stars headed by Geraldine Farrar and Mary Garden now is Anna Case, American soprano, of the Metropolitan Opera House, of New York. Miss Case will be starred on the screen under the direction of Julius Steger, late this coming winter.

The tendency to turn more and more to new writers for screen stories, and to become more skeptical of accepted playwrights and novelists is impressively exemplified by Maxwell Karger, general manager of the Metro Picture Corporation, who is frankly appealing to amateur writers to "whip up" and submit some suitable scenarios for Madame Nazimova, Ethel Barrymore, Emily Stevens, Emmy Wehlen, and Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne. Get busy, unsung genius!

The trend towards re-alignment of motion picture interests is more pronounced than ever now, but there is not the slightest possibility of forming the much-feared "picture trust," because the public will not permit it. Several of the larger competitors seem prone to "understand" their rivals better, but no one shows any sign of a desire to get a corner on the "understanding." Therefore, all's well for the fans.

William Christy Cabanne, the Metro director, has chosen a novel way to do his bit for Uncle Sam. He will now devote his time to producing pictures calculated to increase army and navy enlistments. He says he will attempt to prove that the screen can induce an additional hundred thousand fighting men to rally around the flag.

The word "star" has been used and abused to such an extent that several of the managers are calling their featured players by the more-forced-than-ever word, "super-star," innocently unmindful of the fun-poking opportunities the ambiguous "super" part of it affords the merciless punsters.

"Yankee plays for the whole civilized world," is the worthy slogan of many of the leading photoplay producers now and the upshot of it is bound to be that for the next decade at least, the Old World will see more American cinema than any others. The preparations being made in this country at the present time to hold the balance of film trade throughout the world after the war, is one of the most momentous trends of all screen history.

The movies are right on the job helping Ex-Ambassador Gerard expose the Kaiser and the dastardly policies of the indefensible Prussian regime. One of the latest photoplays to go farthest in "showing up" the whole nasty business is "The Spy," which reveals the fact that there are 10,000 foreign enemy secret police lurking in the United States. This picture tends to inspire a fellow to be sure that he knows his neighbor.

of comedy and farce and very little of the drama unless it is replete with comedy relief.

Let the producers hear your call and then let them heed it! This is so vastly important to the welfare of the cinema art that every devotee to it emulates the man who can and does not vote in failing to participate in the exhortation to rid the shadow stage of its "sob stuff" until the termination of the war at least.

IF there ever was any doubt as to George Beban's superiority in the art of interpreting Italian characters, such as we see them every day, that doubt is dispelled in his latest photoplay triumph, "Lost in Transit." With his usual heterogeneous collection of "props," consisting of a suit of corduroy, a red bandana handkerchief, some scrawny dogs and horses and a baby, Mr. Beban arises with all his might to an occasion for consummate skill in dramatic artistry in this production. He makes you smile as he never did before, and he brings that irresistible lump of choked-up emotions into one's throat quicker than previously. He literally charms you with his ability to maintain absolute mastery over your every thought the whole time his shadow is flitting across the screen. It is interesting to note in connection with this recent release of his that Mr. Beban discovered his talent for portraying Latin characters through reciting a poem about a little Italian child called "Rosa" at a banquet in Chicago. He did not know how well he could imitate the Italian dialect until he essayed this recitation. The story the verse unfolded impressed him so strongly that he wrote a dramatic sketch entitled "The Sign of the Rose," which opened the pathway to his complete success as a starring vehicle in vaudeville. When finally Mr. Beban got into pictures this sketch was expanded and picturized as "An Alien," a veritable masterpiece which won the actor a permanent place in moving picture stardom. Discoveries are generally accidental, as was Mr. Beban's, and just as invariably the source of widespread amelioration in art or trade is just such a discovery.

In "Lost in Transit," which, by the way, was written by Kathryn Williams, the well-known moving picture actress, Mr. Beban appears as Niccolo Darini, a kindly, naive Italian junkman, who finds a boy about three years old tucked in among the rags on his wagon one day. Pinned to the little fellow is a note which reads: "Whoever finds this child may have him—no one wants him." Niccolo is delighted with his charge and adopts him gladly. One of the first things he does is to exhibit him to his friends, Nita Lapi and Paolo Marso, his rival for Nita's hand.

In the meantime there is a frantic father, one Mr. Kendall, in a palatial home wondering what has become of his son, for whom he had sent after keeping him in a home for motherless waifs for a long time. He

offers Mrs. Flint, matron of the Home, \$5,000 for the return of his child. She advertises in the newspapers, and Marso, Niccolo's rival, seeing the advertisement, thinks it an opportunity to make some money if the child Niccolo has found should prove to be the Kendall heir. This leads to the taking of the boy by the police. That night his rival and his sweetheart enjoy a sumptuous feast, during which a beggar enters with the real Kendall baby. Neither of the diners realize the identity of this babe. The next day the beggar is run over in front of Nita's house and his dying words constitute a confession that he had stolen the child. This leads to the restoration of the real Kendall heir to its father and Niccolo regains possession of his little charge with the aid of a court.

THE proclivity of photoplay producers to meet the masters of stagecraft more than half way in the eternal struggle to retain the best stars of all branches of drama on the screen is reassuring. Explicitly, it means the photoplay fans are certain of always seeing the best artists, it makes no difference how strenuously the spoken stage fights to regain many of the stars which have dropped out of its firmament to adorn that of the silent drama. Mme. Alla Nazimova is one of the more celebrated dramatic stars who is very much in demand on the stage, but just the same she is going to remain in pictures. The reason, of course, is obvious—there is the inducement. The point is, the captains of the moving picture industry are "live wires" who are proving time and again their willingness to go any limit to continue their praiseworthy stride in always giving their patrons the best of talent. As one of the consequences of this, Nazimova will appear in a seven-reel picture version of one of the most remarkable stories of modern times—"A Rose-bush of a Thousand Years," written by Mabel Wagnalls, daughter of A. W. Wagnalls, president of the well-known publishing house of Funk & Wagnalls. As "a daughter of joy" in Paris, Nazimova is provided with a role of great dramatic intensity. As the plot has been adroitly constructed, the regeneration of this character is brought about in a mystic manner by a rose-bush planted a thousand years previous. Miracles are performed by its agency from time to time, and as saints touch it, new blooms burst forth in inspiring splendor. The crowning miracle of all, however, is performed in the life of the Parisian woman around whom the entire theme rotates. It is a foregone conclusion that this release will arouse more than passing interest.

"TEARS and Smiles" is slightly an intermingling of what the title calls for, but it is notable because it proves to us that Baby Marie Osborne is an honest-to-goodness star in her own right by dint of her Thespian ability. True, there is too much of the machinations and "precarious existence" of a bad father in the story. The plot contains a veiled, though probably unintentional, slap at prisons as a means for reform, for, after serving a term in prison, Little Marie's father promptly renews his villainous efforts with increased fury, necessitating a climax in which he is shot by a policeman. An additional bit of sordidness, easily avoidable, is forced

into the photoplay when the good Samaritan in the story, the man who befriends the child in the case, discovers his own wife dead as a result of taking an overdose of headache medicine. The only good this phase of the yarn could possibly do would be to warn the frivolous public once more to beware of headache cures. Baby Osborne performs veritable wonders with the part which has been devised for her in this picture and she is deserving of credit for transcending the worth of the material furnished her.

TO be married three hundred times in make-belief before the motion picture camera is some record. And, with all this practice, the holder of this record declares that if she was ever called upon to walk to the altar in reality she would suffer the worst kind of stage fright. The young photoplayer to whom we refer is Grace Darmond, who, according to our version, has a great future before her. She is the star of a new seven-reel photodrama entitled "When Duty Calls," and in this feature she mounts high the ladder of histrionic excellence. In the role of a heart-stricken

MOVIES TO THE FRONT

Motion pictures will follow American soldiers into the thickest of the fight to entertain them in the few occasional leisure moments. The National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. has made arrangements to present 8,000,000 feet of film per week, or, 1,126 programs in 343 cantonments, camps and posts. Motor trucks equipped with all necessary exhibition apparatus, will carry the cinema art to the immediate vicinity of the firing-lines throughout the war. Thus will the photoplay participate potentially in the work of alleviating sufferings caused by our justified belligerency and simultaneously the screen will be doing a share equal to the press in propaganda campaign "among the folks at home."

young bride and mother, whose husband has answered the call of his country, she gives us a really intimate view of the feelings and sorrows of a woman who must bow to the inevitable iron hand of war. "When Duty Calls" is not a war picture of the variety in which marching soldiers are constantly used to impress the martial spirit of the times, but it is exceedingly timely in its depicting of the side of the whole grim story which obtains at home far removed from the field of battle. It is a picture with a pronounced appeal to every woman who has a male relative of the draft age. It reveals truthfully how willingly these noble American women sacrifice their beloved ones for the sake of the country. The story is strong and the picturization is well-nigh faultless. "When Duty Calls" is a photoplay of the thoroughly up-to-date sort.

ONE of the outstanding tendencies in photoplay-building is to devise clever stunts for clever heroes to do in order to arrive at the coveted goal called Novelty. An example of how earnestly the best of producers strive to attain this end is given in an interesting feature entitled "Flying

Colors," which is one of the latest Triangle releases. William Desmond was wisely selected to portray the leading character for the splendid reason that he is a clever actor who innately interprets fictitious cleverness with pleasing dexterity. As Brent Brewster, a famous Yale athlete, who fails in business after emerging from college and then turns detective out of sheer necessity to earn a livelihood, he gives his admirers further cause for lauding him to the skies. His first case takes him in contact with Craig Lansing, a multi-millionaire, who is constantly being robbed mysteriously and who therefore needs the protection of someone clever. This affords the excuse for staging a series of deeds of skill, one of which is to pole-vault to the roof of a house and thus succeed in capturing two thieves. After Brewster has made a complete success as a sleuth extraordinary, he receives a telegram informing him of the death of a millionaire uncle who has left him all his worldly goods. Let us say right here that the inclination of fiction writers to bestow scads of good luck upon their heroes deserves special attention—attention of the sort to dissuade them from doing it so much, for it is so unlike life as it usually is and therefore a rank delusion. "Flying Colors," for instance, would be at least fifty per cent. stronger as a story if the author had left his hero as a successful detective, with plenty of assurance of ample reward in the form of love. In fact, the more love there is and the less fabulous wealth, the more life-like the tale.

MARY PICKFORD was never more delightful than she is in the title role of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," the famous story from the pen of Kate Douglas Wiggin, who is as famous as her story, because she has written several such stories which have brought out vividly life as it exists in rural America. The story of "Rebecca" is too well known to need relating here. It is enough to say that it has proven to be an ideal vehicle for Little Mary, and she has never projected her inherent cuteness or her highly developed artistry to a better advantage. Forsooth, her "Rebecca" rivals her "Tess of the Storm Country," and it is a characterization by which she will be fondly remembered for a long, long time.

WE have often wondered why Earle Williams must always dally with and baffle criminals in photoplays. Supposedly the answer is: It pays Vitagraph. But, just the same, we would bet a cookie that Mr. Williams in light romantic dramas would be a better drawing-card than he has ever been in 'kill-'em-all melodrama. Of course, a hero of romance is not so spectacular because of the absence of breath-taking danger, such as is injected so invariably and so copiously in crime plays. However, Mr. Williams has a sufficiently Romeo-like manner and an ingratiating smile which would insure him of fulsome success as simply the hero of some nice girl deeply in love with him. Frankly, we want to see less of murder mysteries and criminal what-not on the screen, and we regret seeing such a sterling actor as Mr. Williams sacrificed to these desperate efforts to produce thrills. In "Transgression," one of the late Williams starring vehicles,

five reels of story revolves around a murder mystery, which is woefully commonplace, for the reason that newspapers furnish us with more interesting cases of the sort quite frequently. In "The Maelstrom," a predecessor to "Transgression," Mr. Williams as the hero was harassed by dangerous characters until it became terribly monotonous. Yes, we would respectfully suggest that Mr. Williams desist the futile task of foiling all the kinds of criminals photoplaywrights can devise, and we would urge that he give himself a chance at romantic heroism, regardless of the decrees of Vitagraph. Exploitation of crime is a cheap relic of bygone movie days, and it is regrettable that Vitagraph is so tardy in recognizing the fact.

ONE of the most gratifying trends in photoplay art has always been to give people vivid views of parts of the world they would never see otherwise, and oftentimes if it is not feasible for producers to send their companies to the very spots on which scenes in their pictures are laid, they go to incredible expense to create remarkable replicas of those scenes with all the requisite "atmosphere." A case wherein the latter obtains is "Barbary Sheep," the Artcraft feature in which Elsie Ferguson makes her debut on the screen. It is evident to even the lay eye that many dollars were spent to bring a likeness of Algeria into existence at the Fort Lee studio of this film concern. In fact, "Barbary Sheep" is a regular Algerian travelogue of the most educating variety, and the whole picture was taken right in the wilds of Jersey. Especially striking is the reproduction of an Algerian street, which was built expressly for this picture. This is one of the most remarkable duplications of architecture and of "local color" we have seen flashed on the screen in many a day. No details were overlooked, and there is even a dilapidated trolley car of the very kind now used in Algeria, where rapid transit is yet unknown. Many of the interior scenes are extremely beautiful and the mark of authenticity is always uppermost. Miss Ferguson proves equal to the task of forgetting most of her former "stage tricks" while interpreting the leading character before the camera. She is really quite good, although there is little doubt but what she will vastly improve as she becomes more accustomed to working without the aid and sympathy of an audience, which plays such an important part in the achieving of stage successes.

HAROLD McGRATH'S romantic mystery story, "Madam Who," has reached the fans in the form of an exquisitely constructed photoplay, and with Bessie Barriscale in the stellar role of Jeanne Beaufort, who becomes a military spy. Miss Barriscale does some praiseworthy histrionic work, especially in the scenes in which she is captured into a circle of masked spies of the enemy within the lines of her army, and is married to one of them, whose face is concealed, under the compulsion of the threat of death. Instead of being overwhelmed by the odds which were against her and refusing to be discouraged by the sacrifices she was forced to make, she vows to capture the mysterious eleven masked men. The subsequent efforts of Jeanne to make good

her vow and the attempts to prevent her from learning army secrets and to identify her make a series of thrilling situations which keep you thoroughly on edge. This is one of the few pictures in which action is such as to excite almost breathless interest, and it is one of the few releases of the day which deserve to "get by," despite the absence of comedy relief. It gives us a phase of war in which we are all keenly interested, due to the prolonged worry German intrigue has brought to us.

IT seems the cinema art is fast becoming dominated by the works of noted writers, and during the last month there have been at least a score of instances of gains on the part of literary celebrities. This is to say that where there has been one adaptation from a distinguished pen there is now at least two. One of the most notable works to reach the realm of photoplays is "Iris," Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's popular play, which Pathe has pictured with great care. Alma Taylor, one of the beauties of the English stage, appears in the leading role

A NOVELTY AND A FACT

Here's something new and unique—a screen diary. Yep, Theda Bara is making and keeping a film record of her travels in lieu of jotting down notes in a book as human beings have always been wont to do. She will have a moving picture of her life when she gets through. When we think of what a treat it would be to behold such a diary of Cleopatra, for instance, we can get some idea of what a feast some celluloid records are going to be for future generations if Theda succeeds in thus starting a popular fad.

If you are interested in the big figures which play such an important part in motion picture production, ponder on this—one of the smaller film concerns produces a little more than five million dollars' worth of feature photoplays per year, and there are twenty-five other companies with much larger outputs.

and acquits herself with true artistic finesse. The story unfolded in "Iris" is as follows:

According to the last will of her husband, Iris, a wealthy widow, was unable to remarry unless she sacrificed her wealth. At a reception given in her home she accepts a proposal from Fred Maldonado, a rich clubman, who has persistently loved her for some time. Iris was not overjoyed, as she loved Lawrence Trenwith, a struggling engineer. Downcast at her actions, he calls to see her after every one departed. Listening to his strong profession of love, Iris writes Maldonado a note, telling him that it is impossible for her to keep her promise. She consents to marry Trenwith after he becomes successful in Canada.

Angry at Iris's refusal, Maldonado plans to have revenge. It occurs that Iris loses her money and finds herself in deplorable circumstances. Maldonado offers her a check book as a loan and she accepts. A short while later the account is overdrawn and no way possible to return the money. Iris leaves the city. As a last resource she attempts to locate work, but to no avail. Maldonado again traces Iris and offers her

assistance. Giving her a key to a lavishly furnished apartment he tells her it is hers. The inevitable thought of starvation causes Iris to accept. Not hearing from Iris, Trenwith returns to the city. Meeting a former friend, he has him to arrange a meeting. Unknown to Iris, Maldonado overhears her making an appointment for nine that evening. Nine that evening finds Trenwith punctual. Overjoyed, they embrace. Looking around the apartment, Trenwith admires it greatly, but to his sorrow he learns the bitter truth of the whole thing. Disgusted, he casts Iris to the floor and leaves. Maldonado enters. Having heard the conversation, he orders Iris to leave. With no earthly friend, Iris decides to end it all. Seeking diversion, Trenwith walks along the bank of the river. Suddenly he sees Iris about to leap into the water.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is going his limit to make the wild and woolly West more famous than ever through the medium of cleverly concocted photoplays. Yea bo, he has made another hit, too, indulging in the strenuous life. This time he has a real, roaring comedy-drama of life in Wyoming, where the whole picture was made. It is called "Fancy Jim Sherwood," and it deals with a gang of cattle rustlers, who are known as the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang. There is a truly startling exhibition of cowboy skill, and there is the usual abundance of Fairbanks smiles and virility. "Fancy Jim Sherwood" is another feature we recommend most heartily, because it diverts the mind, while it creates in your heart a new pride for that section of our beloved country from which hails so many of the daring men who will help us vanquish Prussianism.

IT is becoming a rule upon which you can rely—A Bessie Love picture delights. Indeed, she is growing to be one of the most consistent distributors of sunshine on the screen today, and she may be assured of performing a valuable service to mankind in a moment of need created by war's fury and the worries it entails. Miss Love's latest effort is noteworthy, for the reason that it finds her in the role of a happiness-giver. The play is called "Polly Ann," and it affords her even more opportunity to gain the sympathy of the audience than did its immediate predecessor, "Wee Lady Betty." The outstanding feature of "Polly Ann" is the bright thread of humor running throughout. It gives Miss Love a more firmly established right to championship as a lightweight comedienne extraordinary. In short, this is a feature you should not miss.

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART has made her advent into the realm of photoplaywrights to a distinct advantage. A masterly adaptation of the first of her series of "Sub-deb" stories is "Bab's Burglar," in which Marguerite Clark is the capable heroine. Here is a picture which deserves ninety minutes of anyone's time, because it really entertains without pressing into service a lot of artifices. It is a straight-away story which holds the whole attention, scarcely admitting of a blink of the eye. We are glad to announce that more of the "Sub-deb" stories will follow in short order, and we predict these will enhance Miss Clark's popularity noticeably.

WHEN a pretty girl mistakes a young preacher for a bandit and he errs to the extent of thinking she is a divorcee, there is bound to be some fun. This initial situation in "The Divorcee" made it a success because it amused people. "The Divorcee" arrived as one of the late-summer attractions and its life has lagged over into the autumn. The girl in the case, as played by Mary Anderson, is capriciously audacious enough to take advantage of the fact that she is sojourning in Reno, Nevada, that hot-bed of divorce, and she pretends to be one of the many seeking liberty from matrimonial bonds. In the course of events a stage robbery takes place and the little pretender is convinced her new preacher lover is the guilty robber. She warns him of the approach of a sheriff's posse and a thrilling flight on horseback ensues. The man's private opinion is that the girl is really fleeing from an irate husband. The combination of misapprehensions has the net happy result of producing laughter, and it therefore makes for a useful photoplay deserving of attention.

"EVERY GIRL'S DREAM" is one of those sweet, little dramas capable of doing a lot of good and devoid of any qualities which could have a baneful effect. Moreover, this Fox feature presents pretty June Caprice to a distinct advantage in a role which is ideal for her. The locale is rather unusual—it all happens in Olenberg, a little town among the dikes of Holland

and which is famed for its pretty girls, among whom are many foster children. One of these is Gretchen, a sunshiny beauty as portrayed by Miss Caprice. Gretchen lives with her buxom foster mother, Mrs. Van Lorn, and the little girl is justly the town's pet, beloved by everybody.

Carl, a woodchopper, particularly loves Gretchen. He, too, is a foster child. Mynher De Haas, the town lawyer and capitalist, also loves Gretchen, and despite his fifty years cannot understand why the girl will not consider him as a suitor.

Mrs. Van Lorn prefers the lawyer to the handsome youth. Incidentally, the lawyer holds a mortgage on the Van Lorn homestead.

But Hulda, a dark beauty, is determined Gretchen will not have Carl. Every time she finds them together she notifies Mrs. Van Lorn, who breaks up their tete-a-tete, drags Gretchen away and leaves Carl with Hulda.

One day De Haas comes to pop the question. As he is making a fervent plea a friend of the girl fastens a fishhook to his wig. When the lawyer gets up from his chair off goes the wig.

Gretchen was far from an innocent party to this trick and laughs heartily at her wooer's embarrassment. Mynher fails to see the joke and leaves in a rage.

Determined to make the Van Lorn family pay for the insult, he looks for the mortgage in his pocket. It's not there. He has Gretchen arrested as a thief.

At the same time Carl is in the woods chopping. A carriage approaches. On nearing Carl it stops and a liveried attendant gets out. Noticing a birth-mark like a fleur-de-lys on Carl's back, he calls another attendant, seizes the youth and throws him into the carriage. They drive off.

The next day finds Gretchen on her way to the stocks, to pay for her theft. Mynher is following her. Just as the girl is to be locked in, the lawyer finds the mortgage in his office coat where he had left it the day before.

He asks that Gretchen be freed. When the populace learns of his mistake it puts him in the stocks and frees Gretchen.

That evening a courier enters the town seeking a lost princess. The lucky girl has among her trinkets a beautiful locket.

Hulda searches in her trunk in vain. Gretchen searches hers, but while doing it is called away. Hulda comes up and finds the locket in Gretchen's trunk.

Next day Hulda is proclaimed the princess. In a carriage in the square, she is told, is the prince she is to marry. The carriage door opens and out steps an old, wrinkled man.

Hulda runs off, crying she isn't the princess, that Gretchen is the girl and that she stole the locket. Gretchen is then placed on the throne.

But the old man wasn't the prince. The prince, no other than Carl, now comes from the coach and sits beside Gretchen. After

(Continued on page 45)



A Striking Study in Perspective

As is here attested, a motion picture camera can record views heretofore unknown in photography. The cameraman who "took" this picture was probably standing on his ear to get the curious angle. But he got it, so what's the argument?

EDITORIAL

Pictorial Power Richly Rewarded

As a newspaper man, I hate to confess it, but the motion picture is doing more for the Entente Allied cause than any other means of thought transmission. Not every one reads the newspapers, and those who do forget what they have read, but no one can forget what he or she has seen actually happen.—LORD NORTHCLIFFE.

THIS is the frank and unbiased opinion of Great Britain's greatest newspaper publisher who has been in the United States several weeks on an important mission for his government. This pronouncement of a deeply imbued sentiment forms another link in the mighty chain of due recognition which the screen is being given now more than ever. It breathes cordial endorsement of the act of the Washington administration in mobilizing the resources of the film and the resourcefulness of the manufacturers of it in the titanic battle on German autocracy. It means that the greatest minds in the world realize the undeniable fact that the cinema art has become an agency of great power for good and that it is worthy of every possible encouragement, not so much that it vies with the public print in wielding an influence, but that it can bring to bear a more impressive method of arousing the apathetic and edifying the enthused. President Woodrow Wilson, the most distinguished exponent of liberalism in the world today, knows the value of animated pictures in promoting the common weal, and he is not overlooking a single opportunity to take full advantage of this value on every occasion. Forsooth, the motion picture is working in harmonious conjunction with the press to advance the incomparable cause of democracy as if by universal decree from the most capable men of the times.

This triumphant hour of the screen is one of the most comprehensible signals of all for the complete disappointment and disillusionment of the Prussians who have been fed copiously on the buncombe that *Der Tag* was inevitable—that the day of Prussian supremacy would surely follow the wanton brutality of the depraved Kaiser's military and naval forces. Precisely what it is all bound to mean is: ultimately the influence of the photoplay is going to reach the German masses uncensored, and then let the oppressive aristocrats beware. Just as sure as there is a sun in the heavens this pictorial propaganda against militarism and Junkerism is going to reach the German people, and its meaning will filter through all the prejudices which have been foisted onto their minds by a crafty government, which has kept its subjects immersed in ignorance for so many futile years. Then must come the expose of the imbecility of those war lords who have feigned ultramundane rights to slaughter their own and others for wicked ambition's sake. At such a time must come a wonderful ubiquity of sentiment diametrically opposite to that which the Kaiser and his dastardly accomplices have attempted to engender. Explicitly, if the German people could see today the various propaganda pictures being exhibited in this country nowadays, they would start thinking for themselves immediately and revolution would be hastened.

In the interim, however, while the poor, deluded Germans are groping in the darkness, the motion picture art is teaching the peoples of the lands opposed to the Teutonic military regime how to dethrone the men who are crushing the very vitality out of their own. The enemies within and without are being fought tenaciously every day and night in the picture theatres of America. The best way for each citizen of this proud domain over which floats the stars and stripes is being pointed out and the millions are seeing for themselves on the screen what the newspapers *tell* about and more. The net result is, the whole people know more and know it better than they ever could were it not for moving pictures.

The moral is: go to see "the pictures" oftener than ever before.

**WAS
AUTO
SLACKING**

B I L L I E
BURKE owns a very aristocratic English-made automobile. Not long since she was driving it on a country road. Suddenly the car's engine stopped and positively refused to chug one more tiny chug. A German-made car drove by at that instant coming from the opposite direction at a lively pace.

Nothing much to this item excepting we can't understand why on earth that English car didn't jump astraddle the Teuton machine for a merry scrap, just to be in keeping with the spirit of the times. Miss Burke must have been very disgusted with the bad conduct of her bus, because she drove home in a Ford, and it takes some disgust to drive a person to this.

AS a pastime, Emmy Wehlen, the Metro star, tries to improve upon the fashions of the day.

If she can't make improvements, she's no modiste at all. We could and we haven't learned to even knit "yit."

A YOUNG man by the name of John M. Mallace was inspired to enlist in the United States army as a result of witnessing the photoplay "The Slacker," at Chicago.

Obviously a good view of a slacker got some highly desirable malice into Mallace.

THERE is something in a name after all. Eric Mayne plays main parts in William Fox photoplays.

GRACE CUNARD and Friend Husband, Joe Moore, do most of their motoring after dark.

Literally, they "light out" in the dark.

"IT is easy to be a real heroine," remarks Anna Little.

And there are plenty of opportunities over in Europe, too.

EDITH STOREY has joined an army of other photoplayers in deprecating the dearth of real stories for the screen.

No one can gainsay that Miss Storey ought to know a Storey when she sees one.

WHEN it comes to good fellowship, Thomas Meighan is a champion. He really treats every fellow as a brother and every girl as a sister. He is a typical big brother to them all.

If Tom had been of a family of sixteen, he might feel differently about it.

BALBOA Studio has in captivity a live bear which plays stellar roles in photoplays.

Oh, well, when it comes to acting, a bear would just simply have to be a "bear."

SCREEN STORIES
WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY
By JACK WINN

JUNE CAPRICE is one of the few favorites of the screen who studies Greek philosophy.

It may be that she has interested herself in this subject in the hope of being able to understand the "Greek" directors sometimes hurl at dull "extras."

IF there is anything Mary Miles Minter does not like, it is to have her picture taken by kodak fiends. She would run a mile a minute to get out of range (if she could) when she sees a camera levelled on her.

The redeeming feature of it, however, is that Miss Minter as a sprinter makes a very keen picture.

SOMEONE has ventured to suggest Sessue Hayawaka, the famous Japanese actor, as likely timber for dictator over unsettled China, because he knows how to make chop suey.

But, what a dictator of China would have to know is, how to get out of the soup.

THE life of Helen Holmes is just one railroad wreck after another, and she is now working on her 'steenth railroad picture in which there are several bad smash-ups.

Anyone who has posed on trains as much as Miss Holmes has should be pretty well trained for most anything hazardous by now.

IT is reported that Douglas Fairbanks recently refereed a wrestling match between "Bul" Montana, his trainer, and Eric Campbell, who supports Charlie Chaplin.

Sounds incredible. It's against the very nature of Doug to do the refereeing. He's too keen on being in the mix-up himself.

CHESTER CONKLIN announces that he is going to dispense with his soup-strainer and he will wear a chin curtain instead.

Why not abolish soup if it requires so much precaution?

NAT GOODWIN, who has had his full quota of wives, visited several of the Pacific Coast studios recently, but it is reported the girls saw him first.

Nat will have to wear a disguise yet. He can't change his matrimonial record nearly as easily, anyway.

"THE way to a dog's heart is through its stomach," declares Gladys Hulette, the Pathe star.

But, alas, it is so often more feasible to reach a dog's heart through the barrel of a shotgun, especially when the object is to conserve the seat of a fellow's trousers.

**EYES
OUT
AND IN**

THE filming of the latest Paramount picture in which Jack Pickford and Louise Huff are starred with the usual success, had to be delayed several days pending recovery of Jack's eye. The Pickfordian orb had the great misfortune to stop a swiftly moving boxing glove containing a very hard fist during a ring contest, and it was found quite impossible for Jack to register the proper emotions with only one eye working on schedule.

Still, it will always be better to have one eye partly out than both "all in."

BEN TURPIN denies the persistent report that he stood up by mistake recently at a banquet when the orchestra played "Little Brown Jug."

Perhaps he couldn't stand up. There have been such occasions in the lives of men.

VICTORIA FORDE, who plays opposite Tom Mix in Foxfilm comedy of the cowboy type, read recently that there are 3,000 incandescent lights in the White House at Washington.

"That," commented Miss Forde, "is why our President is so bright."

All of which redounds in the more credit to our honored President, because he does manage to keep strictly temperate despite the fact that he's all "lit up."

JAY BELASCO is one of the many motion picture actors who have been drafted into the army. When the doctors told him he was decidedly healthy and a moment later asked him if he wanted to invoke exemption, he gave utterance to an emphatic "NO."

Which proves that Jay is no "jay" after all.

PEARL WHITE took her cameraman and director and motored seventy-odd miles the other day just to get a sunrise effect.

How different from other people! Indeed, most of us wouldn't travel from our bed across the room to the window to get a sunrise effect.

"IT'S a cinch she does not have to work in the movies for a living," was the way a fan expressed himself after hearing Myrtle Stedman sing at a concert in Oregon.

The writer sung once and everyone said it was a cinch we did not have to go outside of a boiler works to find plenty of hard work.

ACCORDING to his press agent, Charlie Chaplin was a real hero recently, when he jumped into the mighty surging Pacific Ocean and saved a seven-year-old girl's life.

Charlie is entitled to double congratulations, because he saved his funny face, too.

SMILES THAT TRAVEL MILES

*For the smiles of Ora Carew
What wouldn't photoplay fans do!*

AND oh how her smiles do travel—not only miles and miles via the film exchange route, but all the way to the hearts of admirers who are legion. Let it here and now be noted that one of the truly praiseworthy achievements of the cinema art is the dissemination of optimism and hope throughout the realm of humanity. The deftness with which photoplayers press into service smiles to promote this excellent cause is one of the most pleasing developments in the whole business. Today there are hundreds of artists who are noted for their ability to register cheer-infusing smiles before the camera, and one of these is Ora Carew, who has ingratiated herself without limits in Keystone comedies. True, little Miss Carew is quite unique in many ways. For instance, she has different kinds of smiles for different kinds of occasions. Most of her competitors in smile-trading are either content or forced to be content with one particular brand of smile—a same smile, the only kind of a smile she can muster. But Miss Carew can change the style of her smile impulsively.

This little black-haired, brown-eyed star of the laugh-provoking movies is a most interesting lady too. She is best described as five feet of vivacity and beauty. She is one of the champion conversationalists of the studios, being versed in many subjects outside of her profession. An hour's chat with her is an hour of solid pleasure without one single boring second. Womanlike she loves pretty frocks, and as her numerous friends know, she knows how to wear them. Always attired immaculately and always ready to join one she likes in a

jolly discussion, she constitutes a girl akin to the much-sought perfect. She possesses a keen sense of humor of which she divests herself invariably with a smile inevitably contagious.

Miss Carew was born in Salt Lake City, Utah, not very many years ago. She was educated there at the Roland Hall Seminary, where she paid far more attention to entertaining than her three R's, and yet she emerged from school a thoroughly educated girl. Throughout her school career she was noted for her smiles and she sent her many girl chums to their homes many miles away with indelible memories of those smiles, too.

Miss Carew's talent for dancing and her trained voice early gave her a chance to appear in vaudeville to an advantage, and she was well known on all the big variety circuits in "sister" acts, single acts and sketches, and always was she engaged in artistic endeavor which benefited by her smiles and which made other people smile happily. In "between-whiles" she appeared with various dramatic stock companies, and it was during an engagement she had with the Gaiety Stock Company at San Francisco that the longing to act in pictures took her to Los Angeles and secured her the opportunity to act with the Reliance-Majestic concern, now known as the Fine Arts.

Keystone next claimed her, but a business trip to New York took six months from her photoplay career and on her re-

turn she played one picture at Culver City and then rejoined the Keystone, where she has done her best work. She has been most successfully starred in some of the brightest and cleverest comedies of the age, and in every one of them one of the outstanding features was the famous Carew smile—the smile that travels so far to lift people out of caverns of gloom such as claim them only to destroy.

During eight months of very active activity under the management of Mack Sennett, the winsome little Miss Carew has appeared in at least seven features which deserve places in the movie hall of fame. These were "Saved by Wireless," "Love Comet," "Wings and Wheels," "A la Cabaret," "Dollars and Sense," "Her Circus Knight" and "Skidding Hearts."

In every single picture here named, one of the things most memorable is the smile of Ora Carew. Oh, what a smile for long-distance traveling.

"I should think a person's face would hurt if it were kept sober all the time," Miss Carew says, "I cannot understand why the tendency to smile isn't so general that a solemn mien would be a rarity. Oh no, don't argue that it's the nature of the brute to smile, for smiling can be cultivated together with what it signifies, namely, a sunny disposition, a disposition which can emphatically tell woe to chase itself until it's so exhausted that it can't harm anyone."

"Was there ever anything so silly as a frown?" she asks. No, *must* be the answer of everyone.

Any smile will go a long way towards doing some good. Smiles do travel on or off film. Fans and fanettes can emulate Miss Carew with as much advantage as many photoplayers we know.

*We all love anything of a new style,
So let's try smiling all of the while.*



ORA CAREW

Three views of her winsome, little smile

THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL

A Novel by NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

Author of "TRUEHEART MARGERY"

CHAPTER I

WHEREIN ARE WOVEN THREADS IN THE PARKHURST DESTINY



WITH a last wave of his hand toward a group of young people on the veranda of the Happy Valley Country Club, Robert Parkhurst threw on the gas, and with a grand flourish drove his new Stutz away over the broad road that led back to the green fields and the fragrant woodlands that make Westchester County a garden spot for the homes of men.

It was a bright afternoon in June, and young Parkhurst, the only grandson of Colonel Ronald Parkhurst, known to the business world of America as one of the shrewdest, and yet courtliest, of the men who have made fortunes and yet have the gift to enjoy them, was on his journey homeward, after a day at the golf links, to spend with his invalid mother the late hour of sunset, an hour sacred ever to this purpose, since the little mother was his one and only love, and he never failed, when at home, to close the day by her side.

Fresh from Harvard, where he had shown a brilliancy somewhat at variance with that usually noticeable among the sons of rich men, Robert Parkhurst was enjoying with all a boy's capacity for enjoyment these halcyon days of summer, having determined to take, in the autumn, a post-graduate course in chemistry, with the idea of devoting himself to certain experiments out of which he hoped to evolve big inventions.

Eighteen years ago, the first Robert Parkhurst, father of the boy now sitting in back of the wheel, had died suddenly and a trifle mysteriously in far-away Italy. His wife, with their baby, had come at once to America, in response to a message from the Colonel, who at that time was bedridden with an attack of rheumatism. What difference it would have made in the destinies of all of them had Colonel Parkhurst been well and able to cross the ocean, must remain a matter for conjecture, but certainly it would have made much difference, to say the least. As it was, Hildegard Parkhurst presented herself and her child, the boy Robert, at the door of Castle Hills, the estate of the Colonel, and was received with the deference due the widow of the dead heir and the mother of the baby who now had become heir in his father's stead.

At Castle Hills lived Colonel Parkhurst, his daughter and her husband, Clifford Clifton, and their young baby, Isabel. Isabel and Robert therefore grew up together, and at the time of the opening of this story were alone with their grandfather and Robert's mother, the parents of Isabel being abroad, her father engaged in a diplomatic mission in the Far East.

As Robert speeded along the highway,

he felt all the exhilaration of healthy youth when it is happy. To him had been given everything—a splendid home, a bright future, and a wealth of love. Up to now no shadow had crossed his path, and even at this moment no suggestion of the coming storm marred his pleasure in the afternoon spin, with the new car which his grandfather had just given him, and the near, delightful prospect of an hour's chat at the knee of the dainty, pretty woman, who seemed young to be his mother, and whose frailty appealed to the best of the growing manhood in him, while the child that was not yet dead in him clung to the sense of that protective force which her great love for him continued to throw over and around him.

He drove in at the entrance gate to Castle Hills with a smile on his tanned young face, and on the tennis court, not far from the great house, found his cousin Isabel, and their chum, Arthur Emery, son of a neighboring clergyman, engaged in a lively struggle at the net. They called him a gay greeting, which he as gaily flung back, and then he turned the car over to the capable hands of Ned, the colored chauffeur, and made for the house, his heart singing, even as his soul was bursting with the feeling of the goodness of life.

CHAPTER II

WHEREIN THE SUNSHINE TURNS TO DARKNESS

Entering the house, Robert bounded up the stairs, his flushed face eager with the story his lips were formed to tell, and his quick step, light from acquired habit, sounding rather louder than usual as he hurried down the long hall to pause before his mother's closed door.

"Mother," he called, with his hand on the knob. "Mother," again, as there came no answer. Then he opened the door and went in—only to stop short on the threshold, his face white with sudden fear as he took in the scene before him. They had told him once—long ago, it seemed, that some day this would happen. The white figure lay on the floor by the arm-chair, and it was very still. It is curious how no warning can prepare for the shock that sudden death, no matter how often threatened, invariably brings. For that his mother was dead, Robert had no doubt, and certainly whatever frail hope may have lain in his heart at the first thought, was swiftly and surely dissipated as he knelt by the side of the woman and reverently touched the cold brow.

The contact made him shiver. He found himself trembling. He staggered to his feet and made for the door, and as he did so he passed a tall mirror built in the wall. In the glass he caught a glimpse of his reflection and he scarcely knew himself. An unaccountable impulse made him stop for a second glance, and then in

an instant his gaze was transfixed by what he saw there. For the glass was long and clear, and the whole room behind him was visible, including the doorway between the sitting-room and his mother's bedroom, which lay just beyond. What Robert saw was a face, which stood clearly defined against the separating portieres, a dark, lean face, decidedly foreign in its aspect and undoubtedly malignant in its expression. Its appearance was immediately followed by its disappearance, and both were so sudden and so startling that it took Robert a full minute to comprehend the reality of the apparition. When he did so, he ran straight for the bedroom, never doubting but that he would find someone concealed there. To his astonishment he found no trace of any one. Surely he could not have imagined it! No, for the picture of the face in the glass was stamped indelibly in his memory. Yet how could the man have escaped, since there was only one door in the bedroom, and that was locked on the inside, with the key in the lock?

Robert was not in the least timid, but there was something uncanny in the situation which made him coldly fearful. Suppose, after all, his mother had been frightened to death by a robber who had come upon her unexpectedly? His good sense told him, in spite of his agitation, that it would be unwise to arouse the house. He must get his grandfather first. He pulled the bell-rope—not too hard—and in a moment steps came hurriedly along the hall. He met Jennie, the maid, at the door.

"Send James, quickly," he said as coolly as he could, and stood with the door partly closed, lest the girl should see what lay within. As it was she glanced at him queerly before she turned away. James, the butler, could, he knew, be trusted. When the old servant came, Robert pointed to the white figure. "My mother is dead," he said bravely, though his voice trembled. "I found her when I came in. Will you help me to move her and wait here until I can find my grandfather?" The aged man's tears came readily as together they laid the frail body on the broad couch.

"Poor dearie, poor dearie." Old James had loved this gentle-hearted mistress, even as he loved the boy who now stood so sadly bereaved before him. His lips could not speak the sympathy his heart felt; he could only murmur brokenly, with his hand on Robert's shoulder. And at that sympathetic touch Robert's strength gave way. Forgetful of everything save the one big fact that his mother was gone from him, he flung himself down beside the couch and burst into weeping. After that the things which happened were vague, in so far as the boy was concerned. His grandfather came and Isabel came, then Arthur Emery and Arthur's father, who, it seemed,

was dining in the house. But Robert knew nothing of what they said or of what they did—only, as through a mist, he saw a group of faces, and always intruding, like some diabolical phantom, there appeared among them that other face, dark and hateful, sometimes grinning, sometimes wearing a frown, but so real and so persistent that the boy cried out in terror at the sight of it.

The doctor looked grave when he examined Robert. "Nervous shock," was his pronouncement. Just what to make of the boy's delirium he—nor any of the rest of the family—scarcely knew. The references to "that face" were vague and meaningless; the boy's terror, due apparently to some image in his imagination, was not to be accounted for.

Meanwhile, an examination was made. "Heart failure" was the doctor's and coroner's verdict—to nobody's surprise. Three days after her death they buried Mrs. Parkhurst in the vault in the family chapel, and the little group of sorrowful relatives and friends came back to Castle Hills, their hearts now more burdened with the anxiety for the living than with the grief for the dead. For as the weeks went by, Robert mended but slowly, and without the promise of a full return to his former health and buoyancy of spirits. His story of the face in the mirror received little credence on the part of the doctor, who felt that it had been a hallucination due to the state of the boy's mind when he made the discovery of the body. Colonel Parkhurst agreed with the physician, and sought by every means available to find other interests for Robert, which would take his mind away from the mystery he had built up around his mother's death.

He fitted up a laboratory in the house that would have delighted the heart of an embryo Edison, and which Robert, at any other time, would have received with enthusiastic appreciation, but now the boy accepted it all listlessly, made feeble efforts to concentrate on a few minor experiments, and finally lost interest in it all. Even the car had ceased to exercise its fascination over him, and became a matter of worry on the part of the family, for when he drove it at all, it would be alone, when he would absent himself for hours, and now and then a newspaper note would give evidence of the recklessness with which he was driving, though he made no mention of his fines to his grandfather, and the Colonel hesitated to broach the subject.

But when he became so moody and irritable that his presence in the family circle was, in spite of all, a menace to the peace of mind of the rest of the household, Colonel Parkhurst felt it time to remonstrate. The results were not encouraging.

"I'm sorry, grandfather," was all the boy would say. "I can't help it. If I only knew that my mother died from her weak heart, I think I could bear it. But she didn't die of that; there was something else. I've got to find out what it was, unless you will."

Finally the Colonel extracted a promise.

"If I get the best detective in the country to work on the case, will you wait a while and be reasonable? Suppose we take the yacht and have a sea trip, or we'll go abroad and spend the summer, and if anything develops we can come back at once. You must get back your

health; your mother herself could not bear to have you so moody and unmanageable."

To this proposition Robert agreed, and passage was taken on one of the big liners, while at Castle Hills they made preparations for the departure of the family. The Colonel and Robert would go together, while Isabel would stay with the mother of her fiancé, Mrs. Wallace, whose son Bruce, now in South America, would soon be returning, preparatory to their marriage in the Fall.

Robert got ready indifferently. The only interest he exhibited was in the detective whom his grandfather at once retained. This man, George Willing, with the assurance of the average member of his profession, took a very decided stand on the whole question. The face in the glass was a trick of imagination; an examination of Mrs. Parkhurst's room revealed nothing; but realizing that a large fee might prove eminently desirable, he winked at the Colonel and buoyed up the

should have left, and the Colonel would be occupied with his secretary in his study.

One of Robert's pets was a hound, and it was the dog that he had determined should help him in his last attempt at a search. A rare friendship existed between the boy and the dog; it was no infrequent occurrence for Robert to pour his vexations and his joys into the ears of the sympathetic animal. So, on this day, he took Laddie to the spot where he had found his mother lying, and there on the floor, his cheek against the dog's soft coat, he coaxed forth the hound's best efforts.

"The man was there, Laddie," he said, "right over there. Good dog, help Robert to find where he went; Robert's good dog, Robert's friend."

And the dog made good. He sniffed around a little; got somewhat excited, and kept Robert excited with him. Then he pranced into the bedroom, around the bed and brought up before a large closet door. Nor would he be satisfied until Robert had opened the door, whereupon he plunged inside and made a great to-do when in.

His actions puzzled Robert, for he himself remembered a search of this closet, which was really a large clothes-press, and the search had yielded no clue. But the dog's insistence, his short, sharp barks, his demands that his master enter the closet, caused Robert to step inside. Once again he turned on the light and looked about him. The closet was high enough for a tall man to stand upright in; some articles had been removed from it, Robert noticed. It was very deep, and the thing which struck Robert was the feeling that it was ventilated. Looking up, he noticed a small window near the ceiling at one side, and he saw now that this window was open slightly.

Getting a chair, Robert climbed up and looked through the window, which he now opened wide. It gave out on the side of the house nearest the stables. That was all he could find about the window and it was, to say the least, unsatisfactory.

But meanwhile, his attention had wandered from the dog. Now he noted that Laddie was worrying persistently at the back of the closet. At first the thought occurred to him that the dog might have found a rat-hole; then, ready to look into anything, he climbed down from the chair and went to where the dog stood. And now he saw what they had all missed in their former search—a small thumb-spring on the back wall of the closet. He put his finger on the spring, and to his astonishment a small door swung open. Beyond was a short flight of steps, and at the bottom of these a narrow, dark passage. With the dog at his heels, and his electric torch in his hand, he traversed the passage, down another flight of steps, and out into a cellar. And now it dawned upon him that here was a connecting passage between the stables and the house, long-unused probably, and why opening into his mother's room still a question unanswered.

He held up his torch to look about the apartment, and was further startled by seeing that the room had been recently occupied. There were a chair and a table, and cigarette stumps on the table; also some bits of paper, a trifle damp. Eagerly Robert took these up and pieced them together. To his amazement the words were written in his mother's hand, and as

FOR ALL THE WORLD

By W. S. WESSLING

*Up! up! and away! in battle array,
Follow the colors so true!*

*Make this a new dawn of Freedom's
day,*

*As you fight for the red, white and
blue!*

*Stand by that banner, our glory and
pride,*

*And let no traitor our Nation
sever—*

*Rise in thy might, whatever betide,
While we shout: "Independence for-
ever!"*

*Strike hard to break the oppressor's
power,*

*As ye answer to Freedom's call;
Set your face firmly in this stern
hour,*

To conquer or to fall.

*Cry out: "Make way for Liberty!"
While the unsheathed sword tells
the story*

*That we helped to set the whole world
free,*

*With the aid of our dear "OLD
GLORY!"*

hopes of the boy by promising to discover all that there was to discover. The result was that Robert suffered from a fresh access of excitement, and his grandfather was torn between a desire to please the boy by carrying out his wishes and throwing the smart detective bodily out of the door, because his manner was at once entirely too much that of a fellow-conspirator and made his presence distinctly offensive.

CHAPTER III.

WHEREIN A DOG DISCOVERS WHAT A DETECTIVE COULD NOT, AND ROBERT FINDS NEW PROBLEMS

Colonel Parkhurst had decided that they would go to New York on Wednesday, since the boat was to sail early Thursday morning. Robert took Monday to make a little investigation of his own. He could not bring himself to go away without another attempt to trace the presence of a strange man in his mother's room on the day of her death, and he had figured out a way that promised results if no other would. He made no mention of his idea, however, to any one, and waited until the car which was to take Isabel to Heather Hall, the Wallace home,

he read they swam before him. His knees began to shake under him; he had to sit down. How long he sat he did not know; nor was he conscious of anything save that against his brain seemed to beat like heavy hammers, those six little words; words destined to change the course of his life; destined to work little short of ruin to the house of Parkhurst. For the words were these: "Would that he were my son." There was more in the message; he made out, "For the boy's sake don't come", and there was also a name, "Donazelle." So the man was Donazelle: Robert knew now; the name fitted the face in the glass, and the face belonged to someone who had held a menace over the head of his mother and now over him; Donazelle had either killed Mrs. Parkhurst or had frightened her to death; Robert would kill Donazelle.

How he got back to his mother's room he never knew; how he gained his own apartments, or what he did when he reached them, long remained a mystery; but inside his own room he closed and locked the door, and flung himself on the bed in a paroxysm of rage and grief, from which unconsciousness presently released him.

When he awoke it was evening and his man was knocking on the door in frenzied appeal. Robert staggered up and let him in. Passively he dressed and went to dinner. He was a boy no more; on his face new lines were written. Colonel Parkhurst looked at him and wondered.

CHAPTER IV

WHEREIN NEW COMPLICATIONS ARE ADDED TO THE MYSTERY

It was with mental balance more or less restored that Robert faced the situation which the day's events had developed. He did not mention his adventure to anyone in the house; he made over-exertion responsible for a slight illness in the afternoon. He felt himself, in a sense, capable of facing the peculiar circumstances involved in the finding of the secret chamber and the mysterious paper. He felt sure that an examination of his mother's belongings would shed some light on the affair, and he only waited for the opportunity of a further investigation. As it happened, the opportunity came of itself. After dinner Colonel Parkhurst said casually:

"I am reminded, Robert, of a box now in the strong-room, which contains some jewels and, I believe, other personal belongings of your mother. If you care to have a look at it, I have the keys here."

Robert expressed his willingness to get the box immediately. But he would not trust himself to open it in the presence of any of the family. So he carried it to his room and looked over the contents. He was not familiar with any of them since, for the most part, they belonged to the earlier years of his mother's life. There were a number of pieces of jewelry, all valuable, and all exquisite. Robert had seen few of them, for it was years now since Mrs. Parkhurst, owing to her invalidism, had worn jewelry. There were one or two other trinkets, meaningless to the boy, and a packet of papers. This last Robert searched eagerly. One envelope bore his name, and on a sheet inside he read, "In case of my death, open the secret drawer in my secretary, a diagram of which I have here drawn, and take the

papers which you will find there. H. P." With trembling fingers Robert put the message into his pocket, and hastily examined the rest, among which there was nothing of importance. Then he carried the box to his grandfather to find out what disposition the Colonel advised making of it. The result was its return to the strong-room, the only items missing being the paper Robert had taken and a small filigree chain, to which was attached a thin, beautifully carved silver locket. In that locket Colonel Parkhurst had found a tiny picture of his son, Robert's father, and he had counselled the boy to keep it as being one of a very few likenesses. Incidentally, there was some curiosity aroused in the minds of all by the quaint workmanship of the locket and

THE SILENT REDEEMER

By NORINE STROUGH WINTROW

*He made his plans to put an end to life
And wandered out alone. He met a friend
Who had found temporary luck:
"Lo, Joe,"
He called, "I'll blow you to a picture show."
Joe first refused, but yielded in the end.
The man who took the tickets at the door
Gave each of them a picture of the star
Who graced the screen that day. Joe stuck it down
Into his pocket, with a sullen frown,
And went inside, to travel long and far
Into the world portrayed before his eyes.
The youthful girl who played the leading part
Was calm-eyed, gentle, sweet, and wholly fine.
A something in her clear eyes' happy shine
Just touched the grief-dulled strings of Joe's young heart
And set them ringing with a new-born strength.
That evening, in his cheerless room he sat,
The girl-star's picture in his tired hand,
And spoke aloud, with resolution grand:
"I WILL make good! My sister looks like that!"*

chain, which were indubitably foreign and interesting.

That night Robert slept little. When he was sure that the household had retired, he made his way quietly to his mother's room to obey the message on the paper. To say that he felt no perturbation in making this search by himself would be an exaggeration. But his fear of some reflection on his mother's character through a discovery of the real facts of the case in hand, was greater than any physical fear arising from a possibility of encountering an enemy, wherefore he hurried on, followed his directions carefully and gained access to the drawer indicated. But here disappointment met him; the drawer contained nothing but an empty envelope. The superscription read: "For Robert Parkhurst in the event of the death of Hildegard Parkhurst." The contents of the envelope were gone! In a moment the boy saw the whole thing clearly—there was a secret; a secret Mrs.

Parkhurst had kept from the people at Castle Hills. But this strange man had known about it; had threatened to reveal it; he had come to Castle Hills, had secured the secret in tangible, provable shape. Mrs. Parkhurst had died, and the man had made way with the proof. He would come back, a price for his secret, and Colonel Parkhurst would be made the victim of a common blackmailing scheme. Once more the boy's mind was in a whirl; he knew not which way to turn. If he told his grandfather the truth, what reflections might not be cast on the name of the woman he had loved as his mother; if he withheld the facts he had learned, would he not some time regret his silence, in case Colonel Parkhurst obtained the information some other way, and suspected that fear of being deprived of his inheritance had held the boy's tongue?

For long hours that night Robert tossed and turned on his bed, his mind a whirlpool of doubts and surmises and fears. Should he set a trap for the man who had access to the house through the disused passage; should he risk possible murder by baiting the trap; should he tell the detective something of what he had discovered and leave the rest to chance finding, or should he go away and forget all about it? The last he could not do—not with the shadow hanging over the name of his beloved one. He was not a child; what would Colonel Parkhurst believe but the worst did he know that his daughter-in-law had been receiving a strange man secretly?

In the end, he decided to keep his secret; to go away with his grandfather, first making sure that the passageway was closed to the house; and then, when he had regained some of his equilibrium he would take the matter into his own hands and engage for himself someone who would help him to investigate the whole matter. After reaching that decision he felt better, and with a more or less good grace made ready for their departure.

CHAPTER V

WHEREIN ROBERT GOES TO FRANCE AND RUNS ACROSS A STRANGE COINCIDENCE

It was not an easy thing for Colonel Parkhurst to leave the quiet of his country home and take a trip abroad. Away from his business, the Colonel was best content with books for his companions, and up until the time of the death of his daughter-in-law, he had been wont to pass quiet days during the summer reading with Mrs. Parkhurst, riding a little, and finding in the conversations which they held together much pleasure. The relations between the two had been of the closest—Mrs. Parkhurst held the Colonel in that high esteem which an intelligent woman so often feels for a man of force and achievement; the Colonel, on his part, found the mother of Robert a soothing influence after turbulent days, and the interest they both had in the boy gave them ever a common ground on which to meet.

With the death of Mrs. Parkhurst, the Colonel found himself lonely. It was that fact perhaps which tempted him to go abroad. But he was little more than started when he began to realize that Robert was to prove a troublesome companion at best, and that he himself was

(Continued on page 47)

THIS MONTH'S PHOTO-PLAY SUGGESTION

NOTE: Each month one or more short stories will be given their first publication in this department for the consideration of photoplay producers as well as the entertainment of our readers. All writers, amateur or professional, having stories of merit which they wish to get before producers to an advantage are welcome to this agency, and in case their material is accepted by any producer, they will be given the entire amount the latter might pay. The chief purpose of this unique plan is to help worthy writers who are without literary reputation as yet.

THE WOOING OF LORNA

A COMEDY-DRAMA :: By FRANK S. CROFT



WHEN the Van Nesser family ended their city season, their son, Wally, was extremely pleased to say the least, for the innumerable society functions were beginning to pall on him. Scheming mammas of his set, also bored him to death, with their never-ending designs to secure him for their daughters, for Wally was reckoned to be the catch of the season. Consequently, when the city season came to a close, Wally was not at all displeased. He now looked forward to the pleasant time he would spend during the next few months, for his parents intended journeying to their mountain lodge for the shooting season. But Wally's pleasant dreams were short lived, for he found upon arriving at the lodge that a party of friends had been invited. Wally was doubly chagrined on learning that the woman he detested above all, Mrs. Payton, was one of the party. As usual, her daughter, Clarissa, accompanied her. Wally had just cause to resent their presence, for Mrs. Payton was perhaps the worst of the several mammas who had designs upon him. He, however, did not blame Clarissa so much, for he correctly guessed that she was being thrust upon him against her will. He well knew the scheming characteristics of her mother.

Of all the girls with whom Paul Van Nesser was acquainted, he favored Clarissa, although he would be pleased to see Wally married to any of the girls in his set. His wife shared the same opinion.

Mrs. Payton took great care to see that her daughter spent as much time as possible in Wally's company. She managed to arrange many little schemes for bringing the two together, and Paul Van Nesser and his wife aided her whenever possible. Now, although Wally liked Clarissa a little more than any of the other girls, he had no thought approaching love for her, and when she was thrust upon him to such an extent, he generally framed some sort of an excuse to leave her. Then he would take his gun, and roam away in the hills alone. Anywhere, to get away from that sickening crowd at the house.

We now leave Wally for a time, and turn to a new character in the story. Lorna was the daughter of Robert Canterfield, another wealthy aristocrat. She was, nevertheless, a lovable girl of twenty summers, full of spirit, and the worry of her doting parents' lives. She was, as yet, untouched with the joys and sorrows of love. She was at present spending a season with her parents at their mountain home. Their house was situated in the vicinity of the Van Nesser home, but the two families were not yet known to one another.

Lorna enjoyed nothing better than to go off alone in her canoe down the nearby river. On one of these canoeing excursions she met with a little experience worth relating. The day in particular was very bright, and Lorna set off, as was her wont, early in the morning, in high spirits. This day she delighted in the sheer joy of living, and it is not to be wondered at, that she paddled a long way down stream. She arrived at a part of the river where she had never before been, when to her surprise, she noticed a little distance from the bank, a cabin in the hills. She was so delighted at the unexpected beauty of the scene, that she involuntarily sprang to her feet, with the result that the canoe overturned, and threw her into the water. But she did not care, for she was an able swimmer. Moreover, the river was neither very wide nor deep. After swimming to the bank she stood ruefully surveying her spoiled dress, wondering the while how she was to dry her clothing. She was not left long in doubt, for an old man who had watched the little scene with some little amusement, now came forward. Lorna learned from him that he and his wife lived in the cabin, and that they made a living by farming. The old man suggested that Lorna should

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

WALLY VAN NESSER, a young man, much bored with society, and especially with the scheming mammas of his parents' set, who are desirous of catching him for their respective daughters.

PAUL VAN NESSER, Wally's father. A wealthy aristocrat, whose aim is to see Wally married to one of the young society ladies.

MRS. VAN NESSER, wife of Paul, who shares the same views as her husband.

CLARISSA PAYTON, the girl that Paul and his wife favor for Wally's intended wife. She is not in love with Wally.

MRS. PAYTON, Clarissa's mother, who is anxious to see her daughter affianced to Wally.

LORNA CANTERFIELD, a lovable and carefree tomboy of 20, always ready for a little joke. She falls in love with Wally during their stay in the mountains.

ROBERT CANTERFIELD, Lorna's father, another wealthy man. He is an old friend of Paul Van Nesser, really a college chum, although previous to the story they hadn't met for a considerable number of years.

MRS. CANTERFIELD, wife of Robert Canterfield.

JOHN ASHTON, an old farmer.

MRS. ASHTON, John's wife, a lovable, kind old woman.

Period, present; location, U. S. A.; season, summer.

accompany him to his cabin, where his wife would be only too pleased to give her a change of clothing while her own dried. She gratefully accepts. Upon reaching the cabin, Lorna makes a change, noticing how kind and thoughtful the old couple are towards her welfare. She smiles at the thought of what her friends would say, provided they could only see her in these old clothes and barefooted too. We now leave Lorna sitting outside the cabin, while we return to Wally.

As will be remembered, he was heartily sick at the treatment he was being continually subjected to in regard to Clarissa. On the morning of the day when Lorna's little adventure happened, Wally awoke with a severe attack of the grouch. As was usual on such occasions, he went off with his gun away into the mountains. He didn't take his usual walk this morning, but just roamed anywhere, with the result that when he did desire to get onto the track for home he found himself lost. After trying for some time to get onto the right track he is about to give up hope, when he sights the cabin. He arrives there and sees Lorna sitting at the doorway. Now, seeing her dressed in the old countrified clothes and barefooted, he naturally concludes that she is a country girl and the daughter of the owner of the cabin. He is immediately struck with her beauty. His mode of addressing her leaves no doubt in Lorna's mind that he has taken her for a simple mountain maid. She is half in mind to tell him of his mistake, but in a spirit of fun, decides to keep him in ignorance of her true identity. And how she played the role of mountain maid. Wally is quite fascinated with her entertaining talk, and in his mind, compares her with the inane girls of the so-called smart set. He asks for a drink of water, and Lorna goes inside to get this for him. The old couple are indoors at the time, and she warns them to keep Wally in ignorance of her identity. They give their promise to help her, and quite

fall in with her little joke. The old couple are now introduced by Lorna to Wally as her mother and father.

Lorna finds in Wally her ideal man, and is quite captivated by his fine bearing and manner. This was only one of the many days that they spent together, and on following days they went for walks in the hills, and had many pleasant hours in each other's company, Lorna meanwhile, still keeping Wally in ignorance of her true parentage. It is here necessary to state that to carry out her scheme, Lorna was compelled to live at the cabin most of her time, and to do this she had taken her parents into her confidence and told them of the joke she was playing. Her parents, at first, did not fall in with her idea, but she soon won them over, for she was their only child, and a spoiled one at that.

Occasionally she did visit her home, but generally in the evening, for she wanted to be at the cabin in the day time, so that Wally would not suspect anything. Of course, she intended to enlighten Wally eventually, but just now she wanted to keep the joke going, as it delighted her.

Leaving Wally and Lorna to their pleasures, we now turn to Wally's father. As before stated he would be extremely pleased to see his son married to Clarissa, or for that matter any other girl in their set. Some little time after Wally's first meeting with Lorna, Paul Van Nesser, during his daily ride on his horse, meets by chance Robert Canterfield, Lorna's father. Although this is their first meeting for some years, they recognize each other as old friends—in fact, old college associates. Both are very surprised to think that they had been living so close to one another and of not meeting before. Canterfield invites Van Nesser to call on him on some future evening to chat about old times. Van Nesser promises to call.

Meanwhile, Wally and Lorna's friendship had ripened into love. Wally, however, is still ignorant of Lorna's true parentage. Van Nesser had noticed that of late Wally had been spending the greater portion of his days away from the house, and he asks for an explanation of this conduct. Wally, knowing that his father must learn sooner or later of his love for the mountain girl, tells him the full facts of the case. Upon learning this, Van Nesser becomes violently angry, and threatens to disinherit Wally if he persists in paying his attentions to this girl. After giving Wally a strong lecture, in which he points out the utter foolishness on Wally's part in marrying a girl so much below their station in life, he extracts a promise from Wally to cease his meetings with the girl.

A few evenings later Van Nesser calls on Canterfield, and meets Lorna, who is at home this evening. She is, of course, frocked as befits the daughter of the house. She is presented to Van Nesser, but is unaware of his relationship to Wally. Van Nesser is charmed with her delightful ways, and he spends a pleasant evening thanks to her entertaining capacities.

Although Wally had promised his father that he would end his meetings with Lorna, he was intent on having his father meet her, as he reasoned that when his father did meet her, he would give way to his objections. Consequently Wally invites his father out the following morning for a little shooting. His father accepts, and Wally gradually works round towards the cabin. When they do reach it, Van Nesser meets Lorna for the second time, and recognizes her. Lorna is also quick to recognize him. He is just about to reveal her identity, but divining his intention, she flashes him a warning look. He is quick witted enough to see her point of view, and so helps her to keep up the joke. He tells Wally to stand aside while he speaks to the girl. He then pretends to lecture her for falling in love with his son, and she also plays her part well. Wally, in

the meantime, turns to the old couple, who stroll off with him, the while offering their sympathy. Van Nesser and Lorna take this opportunity of arranging a little surprise for Wally. They plan to have him visit the Canterfield home with his father, and there meet Lorna, not as the maid of the mountains, but as the daughter of Robert Canterfield. So it is arranged and Van Nesser calls Wally, and they leave the cabin. Wally and Lorna have a touching farewell, genuine on Wally's part, but on Lorna's not quite so genuine. Van Nesser pretends to fume while this pitiful farewell is being partaken of. Wally is very depressed at the turn events have taken, but his father tries to cheer him up by congratulating him on his manliness in giving up the girl.

On the evening fixed upon by Van Nesser and Lorna for the surprise for Wally, he (Van Nesser) asks Wally to accompany him to his old friend's home. Wally is in no humor for visiting, but his father persuades him to go, telling him that he would like him to meet the daughter of

his friend. Wally is persuaded to go, for he had often heard his father speak very highly of this girl, and his curiosity helps the persuasion. So, in due time, they arrive at the Canterfield home, and Wally meets Mr. and Mrs. Canterfield. He is just about to wonder when he will meet the daughter he had heard so much about, when Canterfield leaves the room to return a moment later leading Lorna by the hand, at the same time saying, "Allow me to introduce my daughter Lorna." Wally can hardly believe his eyes. He recognizes Lorna, but what a different Lorna she is. He then and there asks his father's consent, and this time it is freely and smilingly given, as is Canterfield's. Van Nesser and Canterfield shake hands, while Wally forgives Lorna for the deception, and takes her in his arms. So that everybody is pleased the way things have planned out, except perhaps, the several designing mammas, Mrs. Payton in particular. As for Clarissa, she was indeed pleased, and congratulated Wally on his choice.

THE ABDUCTION OF AUNT SARAH

By ZORAIDA HENDERSON

PEGGY does not take life seriously enough to suit Aunt Sarah, who wishes her to marry one of her suitors and settle down. Aunt Sarah becomes desperate, Peggy must marry either one of her suitors or a grand nephew whom she has not seen. Through her lawyer she has learned of his graduation from medical college, and a paper sent her shows the young doctor's picture, and announces that he begins practicing in a village not far from Aunt Sarah's home. Peggy does not know of these things.

Peggy resolves to get the best of her aunt. Secretly packing a few of their belongings into her roadster she takes her Aunt for a ride. Going through the village where the doctor is located she nearly runs down the constable and is brought into court and fined. Aunt Sarah's dignity is so outraged that she is almost fined for contempt of court. Feigned troubles with the machine take time and it grows dark. Peggy drives around in circles until aunt has completely lost her bearings. Finally turning into an unfrequented road leading to a cottage on a lake, she announces that there is no more gasoline; they must spend the night in the cottage.

Next day Aunt Sarah discovers that she is abducted. She can return only by ceasing to bother Peggy with marriage. Her rheumatism and ignorance of autos make her helpless. The cottage is the property of a young man of Peggy's set, away for the summer. She happens to know where to find the key.

A few nights after their arrival a party of college men, friends of the cottage owner, drive up. A storm arising the two women hidden upstairs, hear with dismay their decision to stay all night. The men are astonished to hear a frightened voice come through the chimney hole in the ceiling. But Aunt Sarah and Peggy prove charming hostesses. Peggy, fearful that Aunt Sarah will find out where she is, warns them not to answer any questions of her aunt's, implying that her aunt is insane. Next morning after a jolly breakfast they leave.

Daily Aunt Sarah tries to think of a plan to outwit her niece. While Peggy has gone for provisions one day, a small boy wanders near the cottage. From him Aunt Sarah learns of her nearness to the village where her grandnephew is located. Bribes of pie make it possible to secure writing material and stamps, and arrangements are made to have mail brought. Signals are used to signify Peggy's absence.

Aunt Sarah falling violently ill, Peggy must get the village doctor. He is puzzled over the case, and can discover nothing wrong, but a look at Peggy has been his undoing, so hinting at complications he prescribes perfect quiet and country air.

Peggy's money is not inexhaustible, so aunt continues to be very ill, insisting on a daily visit, and also that Peggy pay the doctor each time. Peggy dares not cross her poor sick aunt. Thus the doctor and Peggy are thrown together, and soon enjoy walks and boating together. Daily the

mutual attraction increases. But the money is fast disappearing. She must earn more or give in and take her aunt home.

She goes to the village and meets the two trains a day. Travelers are glad to go to the hotel or lake with the attractive girl, whose roadster is "for hire." Thus she incurs the rage of the village bus-driver by easily getting his trade in spite of exorbitant prices. Once an old friend of her aunt's comes. Seeing Peggy by her machine, he supposes she is waiting for the owner. The two get in and wait until Peggy in desperation suggests he look for the driver on the other side of the station. He comes back to see Peggy's roadster flying down the road. This, and the sudden departure of her and her aunt, cause him to think Peggy is demented.

Now the sheriff has an idea. On the day of Peggy's arrest for speeding there was a robbery in a town nearby. The suspects are Kid Travers and his accomplice, an attractive girl. When last seen they were in a gray roadster. Peggy's roadster is gray. She is using her aunt as a blind and hiding the booty. On the way to the cottage he meets the doctor and tells his story. Although things look suspicious he resolves to help her escape. By hinting that Aunt Sarah's disease is contagious, smallpox, perhaps, he keeps him away. But the constable enjoins him to keep him posted and not let them escape.

Peggy is discouraged. Her plan seems to have failed. Aunt Sarah does not give in. She confides in the doctor her hatred of marriage, and especially with the grandnephew. The doctor reads Peggy well enough not to show his feelings, and to her extraordinary proposal of marriage before she goes away he consents in a business like way. After a time Peggy says, one or the other can get a divorce on grounds of desertion. This will silence Aunt Sarah for a time. A license is secured and in the grove near the cottage they are married. Aunt Sarah supposedly confined to her bed chuckles as she watches from the window.

The doctor's first concern is to get Peggy away from the constable, so he puts her into the roadster and dashes through the village in spite of the constable's orders to stop. Word sent to the next village causes the constable there to try and stop them, but in vain.

Peggy arrives at home and sends the limousine for her aunt. Not daring to face the constable the doctor leaves for his home.

Peggy tells her aunt, who insists upon announcing her marriage at once. Thus Peggy's gay times are spoiled. She is unhappy and really misses the doctor. Aunt Sarah sees this and finally decides she has punished her enough. She sends for the doctor, who is astonished but thoroughly appreciates her cleverness. A last joke is played on Peggy. He goes to talk about the divorce, but Peggy is so game and appears so willing that he leaves her, believing that Aunt Sarah must be mistaken that Peggy does not care for him. But going back to get his gloves he finds Peggy in tears, and matters are happily settled. Peggy is forced to admit that Aunt Sarah's way was best.

IMITATION IS THE SIGN of SUCCESS!

Did you ever see a motion picture magazine so generally imitated as PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL is today?

Of course you know the reason for this. If one man invents a machine which earns a fortune, it is certain many men will try to duplicate his invention. The same case goes here.

BUT LISTEN —the November number of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL will be so unique and so superfine that it cannot be imitated

GET A COPY AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

PRAISE A LA ACROSTIC By GEORGE EDGAR FRYE

OF ROYAL FILM LINEAGE

Many are the Marys attractive on the Screen,
All of them are dearies, with rank of Movie Queen.
Roses bloom no fairer, nor lilies sweeter grow,
Youthful beauty rarer than all the buds that flow.

Magic then your name is, with talent rare endow'd,
In that word much fame is, of which you may feel proud.
Love on all bestowing who know your bright career,
Each reel act o'erflowing with sunny smiles and cheer,
Star so golden glowing in splendor year by year.

Much to us is granted through romance of the reel,
In each play implanted the earnestness you feel.
Native art displaying in roles you like to fill.
Truthfully portraying each character with skill.
Empress then we'll crown you, to reign within our hearts,
Royalty surround you with all its "Film-land" arts.

THE MAN OF IRON WITH A HEART OF GOLD

With manly earnestness and courage bold and firm,
In natty cow-boy's dress he makes the bad men squirm.
Large in man's outward mould, of genteel Eastern birth,
Like nuggets of rough gold, full twenty karat worth.
In Western rural scenes acting a leading part,
Aces, and Kings and Queens lend romance to his art.
Matching with subtle skill each crafty indian foe,
Shooting with aim to kill when painted faces show.

Hard as a rock of flint, yet on his face we find,
Always a gentle glint of manner sweet and kind.
Robbers before him fail, bad men pass quickly by,
Thugs always shake and quail under his eagle eye.

A TOAST TO "LADY ANNE"

All ways we watch the Screen when she appears,
Noting our Movie Queen thro' smiles and tears.
Nobly she acts her part, true to each test,
Expressing from the heart "all that is best."

Serving the Public well with daring skill,
Courage 'mid scenes which tell of woman's will.
Helping to breathe a smile on sorrow's face,
All gloom and fear beguile with gentle grace.
Earnest to please the "Fans" who love her most;
Friends of fair Lady Anne,—this is my Toast:—
Ever may Fortune bless her bright career,
Rapid her film success from year to year!

OUR GENIAL FUN-MAKER

Drawing like a magnet true with attractive smile,
On the Screen you always do stunts that are worth while,
Using all your fearless nerve with athletic skill,
Going some without reserve thro' ordeals that thrill.
Leaping like a kangaroo, running like a hound,
Always knocking out a few when the toughs come round.
Smiling in the face of fear, flirting oft with Fate,

Fun and laughter full of cheer gloom to dissipate.
Active as a dynamo full of 'lectric wires,
In "Manhattan Madness" show speed that never tires.
Ready with a quip and jest when there's trouble near,
Battling bad men of the West when you've time to spare.
Ardent lover of clean sport using brain and brawn,
Native talent of the sort that's not over-drawn.
Kindly disposition sweet, bubbling o'er with cheer,
Success may you always meet here and everywhere!

THE SILENT TREND

(Continued from page 36)

the town's celebration is over a messenger announces that Carl's father, the king, has died and that Carl is king.

While the people hail him, Carl gathers Gretchen into his arms and asks her to be his queen.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN makes his first appearance as an independent star in "A Man's Man," in which he portrays the character of John Stuart Webster, a mining engineer who has made his strike in an Arizona desert. He finally comes out of the waste to board a train for civilization. He is rough and

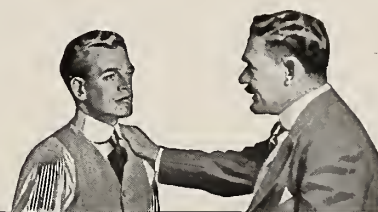
unkempt, having long hair and beard, and he is not at all conventional in appearance.

The dramatic action and the love interest begin with his protection on the train of a beautiful young girl from the unwelcomed attentions of a traveling salesman. From that time on the development of the story is fast indeed, and fairly seethes with novelty and interest, the engineer and the young girl becoming enmeshed in a web of conflicting circumstances, which is only broken in the happy termination of a most fascinating love story in Sobrante in far-away Central America.

Webster goes to Sobrante to help his protegee, "Billy Geary," develop a gold mine he has discovered. When he gets there he again meets the girl of the train, with whom he is deeply in love, becomes embroiled in the latest revolution, which he partly finances; gets mixed up in the fight between the forces of the usurping president and the revolutionists, and, as the result of being half killed, wins the girl he loves and straightens out a tangle of complications, both political and sentimental.

In the role of Webster, the debonair Kerrigan has every opportunity to display those his-

trionic wares for which he is popular. He sheds his rough Western garb in time to give him plenty of chance to appear as the handsome young fellow of the matinee idol type. All in all, "A Man's Man" is a most satisfactory picture.



"You Get The Job"

"We've been watching you, young man, and we know you're made of the stuff that wins. The man that cares enough about his future to study an I. C. S. course in his spare time is the kind we want for responsible positions. You're getting your promotion on what you know, and I wish we had more like you."

The boss can't take chances. When he has a responsible job to fill, he picks a man trained to hold it. He's watching YOU right now, hoping you'll be ready when your opportunity comes.

Start today and train yourself to do some one thing better than others. You can do it in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools. Over 5,000 men reported advancement last year as a result of their I. C. S. training. The first step those men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—right now.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 6726, Scranton, Pa.

- Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X:
- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING | <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMISTRY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Farming |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mining | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service | <input type="checkbox"/> German |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Ry. Mail Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECTURE | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES | <input type="checkbox"/> SPANISH |

Name _____
Address _____



Movie Stars Photos

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, William Farnum, Norma Talmadge, and other movie favorites.

10 cents each—Set of 12 for \$1.00

A. HARSTN, 729 Seventh Avenue
Dept. P. J. NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

1917 POPULAR SONG BOOK With Recitations, Toasts, 10c

Parlor Pastimes, Etc., Etc.

It's a Long Way to Tipperary
When Maple Leaves Are Falling
Among the Sheltering Palms
When the Roses Bloom Again
Till Sands of Desert Grow Gold
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Where the River Shannon Flows
When I Dream of Old Erin
I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay
Sailing Down Chesapeake Bay
Dawn of a Perfect Day
When the Angels Is Ringing
I Love the Whole United States
There's a Little Spark of Love Still Burning
Chinatown, My Chinatown
In Dreams of Yesterday
I Love the Name of Dixie
Mother—A Word That Alexander's Ragtime Band
Means the World to Me
When I Get You Alone Tonight
Waiting for the Robert E. Leo
Trail of the Lonesome Pine
Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Will the Angels Let Me Fly?
Roses Bring Dreams of You
Great Big Blue Eyed Baby
From Home; Silver Bell
Silver Threads Among the Gold
I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier
California and You
When I Lost You
Sweetheart Day
On Moonlight Bay
Rainbow
My Hula Hula Love
On Mobile Bay
Stop, Stop, Stop
Just Next Door
My Pony Boy
Ob Mr. Dream Man
Mysterious Rag
Ob You Little Bear
Old Maid's Ball
Row, Row, Row
Cubanola Girls
Memories
I'm the Guy
Grizzly Bear
Red Wing
Hiawatha
Ob You Kid
My Pony Boy
School Days
Oceans Roll
Red Rose Rag
Row, Row, Row
etc.

ONLY 10 CENTS gets nearly all above songs with others, also a large collection of jokes, toasts, dialogues, recitations, etc. All in one book. 3 boxes 20c. 100 Photographs Free to all persons ordering this great collection. The photographers include such great artists as Francis X. Bushman, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, etc. 1 Outfit 10c, 3 for 25c. KLONDIKE CO., 109 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO

Virginia Pearson Gives Some Fashion Hints

Every woman wants to appear beautiful. There is no question of that. But the daughters of Eve should "watch their step" in the fashion world.

This is the gist of some wholesome advice which Virginia Pearson, the statuesque William Fox star, issues about the modes of yesterday, today and tomorrow.

Miss Pearson is speaking:

"A smart, becoming hat and attractive gloves make up for the most inexpensive frock in the world. Good grooming and the faculty of wearing clothes properly are the essential qualities for attractiveness in woman's appearance.

"Many women who spend a large income on jewelry and other luxuries, blindly follow Dame Fashion into perilous paths, instead of laying down good, common-sense rules to be guided by. Compromise with Fashion; meet her half way.

"Don't follow along with short hoop-skirt dresses showing fat ankles; don't wear baby bonnets which set off the double chin to such splendid advantage. I know a woman who bears a remarkable resemblance to a locomotive puffing into a railroad station. She has a fat face and a double chin, but she saw beautiful, slender Mrs. Smith wearing a small baby hat which set off her piquant face and added charm to her prettiness.

"My plump friend always did like streamers, so she set out to learn by subterfuge the name of the milliner who created such a 'love of a bonnet,' and a few days later my plump, misguided friend was seen parading Peacock Alley, to the consternation of her real friends, flaunting her charms in a hat which requires youth and beauty to make it plausible.

"Instead of emulating the peacock, she would emulate the ostrich if she could only see herself.

"So I say, do not listen to the voice of the temptress, Dame Fashion, for she will lead you astray if you do. Be as well groomed as you can afford, but be circumspect."

Miss Pearson herself has won an enviable reputation for the splendid good taste of her gowns and frocks, and is universally considered one of the best-dressed women on the screen.

Man and the Movies

By SILAS E. SNYDER

Man born of woman is of few days and full of movies. He goeth forth in the evening full of joy, seeking entertainment at the picture emporium, and afterward he returneth to his roof tree sad of heart and feeling that he hath spent his kopecks in vain. He taketh with him on these jaunts the wife of his bosom and the children of his heart because they prefer the movie before ice-cream cones and salted peanuts. It is a joy to him to read aloud the sub-titles to his heirs in order that his neighbors may be bored and made peevish. His pleasure increaseth because the intelligent usher placeth him where he rejoiceth not to be and the speed fiend in the projection booth keepeth the film racing along on high so that he hath to get an aeroplane to keep up with it. Yea, the poor old fish spendeth his

Ten Sufficient Reasons Why You Should Get the November Number and the Five Subsequent Issues of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

1. Because you cannot afford to deny yourself the pleasure of reading the greatest motion picture magazine ever created for man by man.
2. Because the forthcoming installments of Norma Bright Carson's serial story, "The Spell of San Lorel," are so grippingly interesting that it is the rarest fiction treat now available.
3. Because the superfine engravings, any one of which is worthy of a place in the finest frame, will constantly increase in quality and quantity.
4. Because the whole magazine from cover to cover really has a heart, soul and character, three essentials the influence of which is sure to ultimately influence you for better.
5. Because practically all the leading photoplay stars endorse this as the best magazine for all people in any way interested in the motion pictures.
6. Because there are more exclusive features, both literary and pictorial, in this leader in its field.
7. Because it tells you more about the photoplayers and the photoplay art than any other medium extant.
8. Because it is a magazine on personal terms with every one of its vast army of readers.
9. Because it is the finest printed magazine in the country and is an artistic delight.
10. Because life is too short to be without such a treat which comes regularly each month.

Just to Prove to Yourself that PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL is the Magazine you Should Have by All Means, Fill Out the Attached Coupon and Mail it at Once

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

I enclose herewith One Dollar for which enter my subscription to PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, for six months, beginning with the November, 1917, issue.

Name

Address

guilders for entertainment, and instead he is handed a pickle and a stale pretzel.

He putteth up in patience with such treatment for many moons, and then after his edges are all frayed he goeth to the manager of the movie show and hollereth his head off in the hope that he may get a hand dealt from the top.

The manager telleth him speedily where to head in, and the poor old carp considereth the world hard and stony, yea he weepeth briny tears and groaneth in the spirit.

Then he curseth—all movie shows and all movie folk and damneth the man who invented film, but to no purpose. He getteth himself all peeved and his temperature ariseth as a batch of buckwheat, but it profiteth him nothing.

Then cometh the day when he goeth to the theatre at a net cost of eight slats for himself and family, and there he seeth a bunch of junk that would take all the joy out of a Pharsee funeral. For three hours he listeneth to the mournful pleasantries of ancient Chaldea; he filleth his lamps with the gyrations of a parcel of frowsy old Janes; he mauleth his ears with much ragtime and delighteth not in voices that give forth music like the horse-fiddle and the hurdy-gurdy, the sack-but and the psaltery. He goeth to his home sore in body, lean of pocket, and perturbed in mind. And so he mopeth around until the next night, when with a joyous heart he fareth forth into the fair-way to find a movie show.

There, surrounded by his family, the weary old dog sitteth himself comfortably in the cloistered light of the picture house and with joy and gladness in his busted old heart he listeneth to the soft strains of the organ and giveth his soul to peace. He looketh at the silent figures as things come and go upon the screen and admireth the fresh charm of the landscape and the panorama of beauty and loveliness it unfolds before his enchanted gaze. His ears are not offended by the maudlin tones of cracked and frazzled voices, and he noteth with joy that no ancient but worthy crones cavort upon the screen. He chortleth, with glee and giveth thanks that he liveth in the days of the movies. Yea, he breaketh forth in a blithesome roundelay of praise that man born of woman cannot do better than keep himself full of movies, for in so doing he keepeth himself not full of other things. Selah.

Mary Miles Minter Recruits First Aiders

Mary Miles Minter is actively assisting in the work of the National First Aid Association which was organized by the late Clara Barton at Washington, D. C., in 1905.

Mrs. Mary Kensel Wells, secretary of the organization, whose office is at Arlington, Mass., has notified members of the order in all states of the immediate necessities in the national situation, which consists, for the present, in disseminating information as to the proposed scope of the National First

Aid Association's activities during the war, its connection with the Red Cross and its availability in emergency situations.

Mary Miles Minter was a babe in rompers when this organization was formed, but Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, Mary's mother, was enthusiastically interested in the new association, cooperating with Mrs. J. Lewall Reed, of Dorchester, Mass., in its formation. It was thus that "Lovey Mary" became a member of the order before she could walk alone.

Miss Minter, who is starred in the Mutual-American production, "Periwinkle," is recruiting for the first aiders throughout filmdom, and she has already given invaluable aid to the cause.

The Spell of San Lorel

(Continued from page 42)

likely to wish more often than once that he were at home again.

They landed at Liverpool and took the train straight for London. There they rested for two days before crossing to Paris. In the French metropolis, Robert found diversion of his own, with the result that his grandfather decided to move on into Switzerland.

But the tourists in the Swiss hotels made life again intolerable; and Robert's indifference to everything put the last weight on the already heavy burden of his grandfather's impatience. A quiet place must be found, he declared, or they would have to return to England, or else go home to America.

It was August by this time, and so far little improvement in Robert's general condition was noticeable. He was lively and moody by turns; capacious to the point of absurdity; almost rude to strangers and none too respectful where his grandfather was concerned. Once in a while conscience would seem to upbraid him, and he would apparently seek to make himself more entertaining; but the mood passed, and he would be as difficult as ever.

Meantime, climbing appealed to him—to Colonel Parkhurst's secret horror. For to his mind the boy was in no condition for exercise of that precarious kind. At the same time, the sudden enthusiasm promised a welcome diversion, so welcome that the Colonel set aside his anxiety even to the point of helping to plan for one or two expeditions.

It was on one of these climbs that Destiny again took Robert actively in hand.

by making him acquainted with a fascinating stranger, who did more in a few hours to restore the boy to normality than physicians and family had been able to accomplish with all their combined efforts. It came about in this way: Robert was one of a party of climbers—the Colonel having remained at the hotel. Among the company was a man whom Robert had already noted several times in the dining room. He was not handsome, but he was eminently distinguished—

Scenarios Typewritten—8c. a Folio

In consideration of this reduced price it is understood that there is no hurry for the manuscript. Mail orders solicited.

H. J. COYNE
230 Fifth Avenue, New York City

RUTH ROLAND

TRIAD **PATRIA** **CHATELAINE**

THE "PATRIA" CURLS. A new fetching creation of stunning effect designed expressly for the talented film star, RUTH ROLAND, famous also for the originality of her charming coiffures, 4 puff curls and 3 drooping curls on a shell pin. Select Human Hair. Extra quality \$3-Standard Quality \$2.00-Postpaid-Greys extra. Send sample.

THE "TRIAD" SWITCH. Set of three separate short-stem switches. May be arranged in the prevailing fashion as one switch or in 3 parts. Length 22 inches-Weight 2 1/4 ounces. Select Human Hair in 4 qualities: Extra quality \$15.25-Our Special Quality \$8.00-Standard Quality \$2.85-Popular Quality \$1.65-Postpaid. Regular shades; for price of Greys see catalog.

THE "CHATELAINE" SEAMLESS SWITCH. Makes a full and luxurious looking knot or braid. Hair is of even length. Being seamless, dresses comfortably. Length 22 inches-Weight 1 3/4 ounces. Select Human Hair in 3 qualities: Extra Quality \$12.00-Our Special Quality \$6.95-Standard Quality \$2.50-Postpaid. Regular shades; for price of Greys see catalog.

Money back if not satisfactory
Write for "VOGUE COIFFURES"
Our FREE CATALOG of
GUARANTEED HAIR GOODS
Wigs, Transformations, Pompadours, Bangs, Braids, Curls, Fringes, Puffs, Waves and also Back Hair Dressings.

TOUPEES AND WIGS FOR MEN

FRANCES ROBERTS COMPANY
THE MAIL ORDER HAIR HOUSE
100 Fifth Avenue Dept. 317
NEW YORK

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

BEFORE **AFTER**

IN THIS DAY AND AGE, attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS" (Model 22) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist **863 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.**

10 Days Free Trial

Play on the violin of your choice—and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.

WURLITZER
The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—Famy, Baader, Glier, Heberlein, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc.

Write Today for Special Circular. No obligations. Get full details of our offer direct to you. Write today

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1853
S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

THE VAN

A MUSIC MASTER

A noted writer once said that, "of all the various forms of entertainment in the home, I know of nothing that compares with music. It is safe and sane, appeals to all the finer emotions and tends to bind family influences with a wholesomeness that links old and young together. It is the "safety valve" in the home. Moreover, no man can do wrong while under the spell of enchanting musical strains. Their efficiency, even in the allaying of bodily ills, is now accepted as a fact, while for ages its value has been known as a balm for "hurt minds."

NO PERSON can surmise what the happy surprise of the future may be; but at the present age, the Vanophone is the most wonderful, the most enjoyable and the most useful musical instrument at such a low price, of which there is any knowledge.

In the creation and development of this instrument we have been beset with one remarkable surprise after another. To make a machine that would reproduce music with all its original beauty and charm, and the human voice with all its eloquent gradations, was our aspiration. This we have accomplished and it is a most remarkable achievement. But to make this highly refined and dependable phonograph to sell at the apparent ridiculously low price of only \$12 is truly marvelous. Yet we have accomplished it.

And what does all this mean to those who enjoy the phonograph? To those who delight in the perfect reproduction of their favorite theme, the remarkable recording of the classics, and withal the magic identity of the human voice.

It means that where hitherto the piano in the home and the organ in the church gave the average man and woman all the music they might hope for, a Sousa's Band, Melba, Caruso and songs that awake the echoes of the Metropolitan Opera House can now be enjoyed and appreciated; it means that classics and music hitherto regarded as exclusive pleasures for the wealthy can now travel to the remotest country village; it means that Harry Pryor's, the U. S. Marine Band, Harry Lauder, Bert Williams and all the popular comedians and entertainers can now be enjoyed in your own home with the Vanophone.

Appeals to All

This machine will appeal to all music lovers who have heretofore denied themselves the pleasure of having a phonograph because of their objections to the horn, for the Vanophone contains neither horn nor projections of any kind. The large opening as shown in front of the machine serves in a superior way as a path or conductor for the tone, rolling out the tuneful melodies in such a clear, smooth volume.

It will appeal to critics who object to the hollow metallic or barrel sounds usually produced by the use of brass projectors, for the Vanophone is positively free from any harshness, alien or metallic sounds. It brings to you only the natural sound, glorious in tonal beauty and readily distinguished—not some indefinite and unknown sound that can be vaguely imagined to be someone singing.

What It Plays

The Vanophone plays ten or twelve inch records and plays them well, better in fact than some of the higher priced machines. It reproduces with a precision and volume that is truly delightful.

Its construction is substantial, its appearance attractive, and it positively is the biggest value ever offered in a dependable phonograph.

And it is only by reason of the large quantity production and unexcelled manufacturing facilities that the remarkable low price of \$12 prevails.

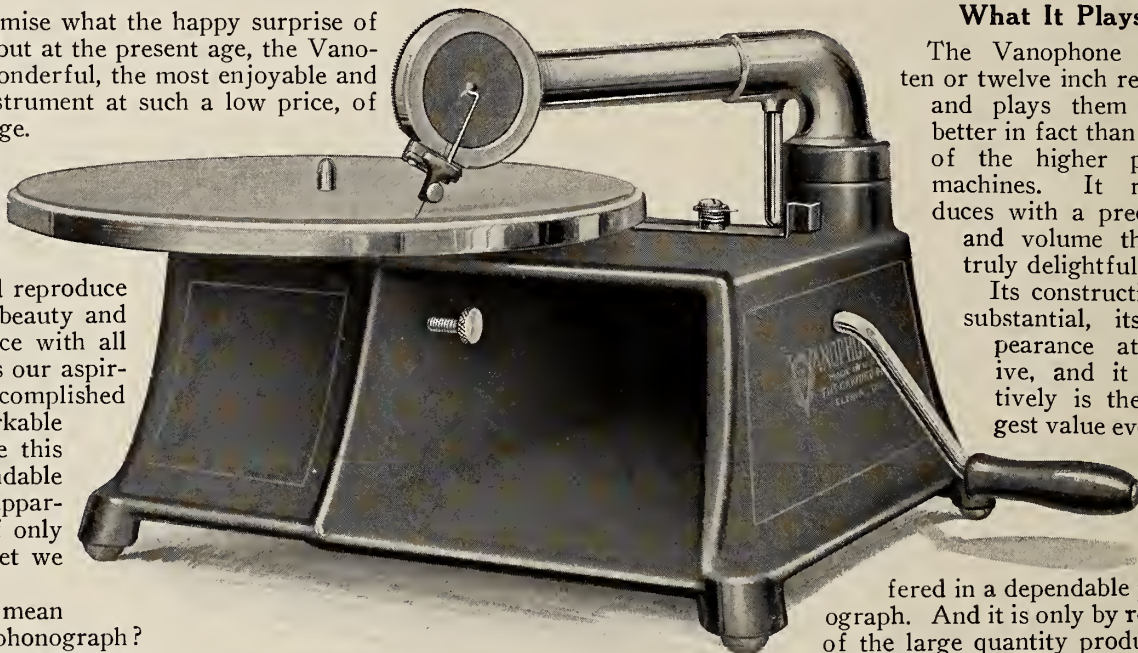
What it is Made of

The base is made from a special alloy of metals which are selected for their sound, softening effect and amplifying qualities. It is free, absolutely so, from such things as cabinet warping, pulling out of shape or being in any way affected by climate conditions.

In no sense is the Vanophone an assembled machine. It is manufactured completely in our own factory—each and every part of it—and every ounce of material used is of the very highest grade obtainable.

Moreover, this instrument is backed by a big and successful manufacturing concern. You are not getting an experiment—something untried—but a perfected instrument proven by practical methods. The Vanophone is the result of ability, knowledge and a determination to give you the greatest value in the musical world—and we have succeeded.

The finish is black enamel, with gold relief. Combined with the highly polished nickel plated speed regulator, tone arm sound reproducer and record plate, it possesses a very rich and most attractive appearance.



An actual photographic reproduction of the Vanophone.

A Household Treasure

Gentlemen:

One day as I was walking the beach I heard a Vanophone playing. As soon as I saw and heard it I wanted it, and did not rest until I obtained one. Its sweet tone and at the same time full volume if desired makes it a household treasure. It is an especial boon to people in rooming houses, as it may be played with a softness that does not disturb the next door neighbor.

Its minimum cost and its maximum value should sell a million Vanophones.

MISS ELSA BRUNOTTE,
Teacher of Defective Speech,
213 W. 79th St., New York City.

No Cabinet or Frills—All Music

Gentlemen:

In my opinion, the only difference between your Vanophone and the \$300 phonograph lies mainly in the fact that the latter machine has a very expensive mahogany cabinet, while your instrument contains nothing but the heart or mechanism which does the reproducing—it is free from all extravagant frills.

The tone and volume of your machine is truly wonderful, for it is clear and distinct and entirely free from any scratching or mechanical sounds whatever.

There's a musical surprise in store for every person who purchases a Vanophone.

Wishing your company every success, I remain,
Very truly yours, GEO. W. KINZEL,
1580 E. 23rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A Marvel of Musical Efficiency

Gentlemen:

I have been using a Vanophone for some weeks and must say that it is a marvel of musical efficiency. I have a ——— for which I paid \$100.00, and when I am in an adjoining room I cannot tell which of the two instruments is playing. I think that remarkable when the difference in price is considered.

Yours truly, JARIAH SCOTT.

OPHONE

FOR THE MASSES

The motor is reliable, silent, smooth and easy running and is made of the very best materials, selected and carefully tested so that they will permit the proper performance of the function for which they are intended. Furthermore, the motor and all moving parts are entirely enclosed in a dust proof case and so with ordinary care it should last a lifetime.

The Reproducer

The reproducer—what it embodies—what it makes possible—and what it actually performs—is a most remarkable contrivance. It is carefully made and correct in every detail. It is manufactured in such a complete form that it may be permanently adjusted. Hence, when you get the Vanophone, it is ready and you are never bothered or annoyed with any delicate adjustments. This reproducer embodies improved qualities and will reproduce, with a clear, bell-like fullness, the highest as well as the lowest notes.

An Exclusive Feature

A most exclusive, convenient and novel feature of this phonograph is the automatic brake which automatically starts and stops the machine as the reproducer is placed either on or off the record—a feature not possessed by some of the highest priced machines. This brake is a perfect automatic feature and by no means a flimsy metal stopper. In view of this feature, the Vanophone “plays itself,” nothing is left to uncertain skill or whims—consequently, an artistic performance is always obtainable—at all times and at any place. Its speed is regulated by a nickled key or switch which is mounted on front base.

What It Means to You

This phonograph not only represents a highly refined and dependable machine, but its ridiculously low price makes it an ideal combination of satisfying results and economical buying.

Just think of it—only \$12. A price far below your remotest expectations.

And you can purchase the Vanophone with every assurance of complete satisfaction and your music hungry anticipation will be fully gratified. It represents the greatest value ever offered for a machine of this kind. It is not an experiment, not a toy, but a machine developed to such a point of perfection that it is regarded as a musical marvel by many prominent persons and musical critics throughout the country.

Range of Enjoyment

Its range of enjoyment is not limited to the home alone. It is a portable machine weighing only twelve pounds in all, hence, it can easily be packed in your suitcase or traveling bag. It is ideal for dancing parties, automobile trips, club parties, motor boating, camping and will wonderfully increase the attractiveness of your summer home.

To hear the Vanophone is to want it. It brings all the grand opera stars to your home and interprets their offerings in a most natural manner. And what is more beautiful, more restful and more entertaining than an hour or two of close communion out in the open with your favorite entertainer.

The Vanophone makes this enjoyment a reality. It is indestructible from a practical standpoint and your children can operate it with perfect safety. For it positively is free from complications, free from exposed, deli-

cate and easily damaged or broken parts. Its adjustment is permanent. Surely there is no form of entertainment or education that creates a more helpful influence for your children than a Vanophone. Not merely as a source of entertainment, but as an educator, this machine deserves your very serious consideration.



The Reproducer, which reproduces tone so wonderfully.

The Vanophone is Guaranteed

In purchasing this machine you undertake no risk—none whatever. If it is not found to be as represented and all we claim for it, your money will be quickly and cheerfully refunded. Thousands of purchasers pronounce the Vanophone as the most wonderful, most enjoyable and most useful musical instrument that was ever brought to their attention.

Buy Your Vanophone NOW

Purchase a Vanophone now and there is a musical treat in store for you. Its wonderful reproducing qualities will bring to your threshold the pleasures and entertainments that hitherto have been regarded as the exclusive pleasure of the wealthy. You can now be entertained by the world's greatest grand opera stars and entertainers. And the contracting price for this high class entertainment is only \$12. Never in the history of music was such a wonderful and inexpensive entertainment accomplished till it was made possible by the low price of the Vanophone.

Remember that the cost of this machine, complete with one package of Vanophone needles, is only \$12.00 F. O. B. factory, Elyria, Ohio.

The cost of the Vanophone is indeed a small portion of the real worth, service and enjoyment you will get out of it. It comes to you complete—ready for operation. In two minutes or less time after you receive it, the tone arm reproducer and turn table can be placed in position, and from this time on the Vanophone is forever at your service.

Make a resolve now to purchase one of these machines. You will be delighted with the ultimate benefit—as a lover of music you cannot help but be.

Send in your order now so that within a few days you may enjoy the enchanting strains of music made possible by this wonderful machine.

To Sum It Up

We have told you the advantages of the Vanophone, its range of usefulness and enjoyment, but printed words cannot properly emphasize these points. There is one way and one way only to actually know this music marvel, and that is by personal contact, by hearing it yourself. If you like music, any kind of music, you will like the Vanophone. That's the situation in a nut shell. It is all we say it is and even more, and is sold to you on that basis **GUARANTEED**.

The public want for a high character machine at a low cost has been fulfilled by the Vanophone. Your order will receive prompt attention.

Our Money-Back Guarantee Has No Strings Tied to It

REMEMBER

THAT—the Vanophone is positively guaranteed to be as represented. This is a guarantee that means “money-back” and quickly without questions or quibble if you do not find the Vanophone to be as we say it is, and to do what we say it will do.

THAT—we agree to repair or replace, free of charge, should any part or parts become defective through the possible use of poor material or workmanship, when such part or parts are returned to us, charges prepaid.

THAT—it only weighs 12 pounds, is made of strong, durable materials and will last many years with ordinary care.

THAT—it will play 10 or 12-inch disc records, and do so beautifully.

THAT—the price is \$12.00 complete, and represents the greatest value ever offered in a high class, perfect performing, fully guaranteed phonograph.

THAT—You and your family will thank the day your attention was called to this wonderful machine.

THAT—deliveries are promptly made.

THAT—The Vanophone is efficiency itself, yet free from any delicate hair trigger adjustment that causes breakage and trouble. It's construction is simple, durable and lasting. A wonderful production at a wonderful price.

\$12.00 F. O. B. Factory.

Send the price, \$12.00, and we will ship at once, F. O. B. Elyria, Ohio.

If you are not satisfied, return it and get your money back.

THE VANOPHONE SALES CO.

612-614 CHESTNUT STREET

∴ ∴ ∴

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

inactive appearance.

THE VANOPHONE

A MUSIC MASTER FOR THE MASSES

A noted writer once said that, "of all the various forms of entertainment in the home, I know of nothing that compares with music. It is safe and sane, appeals to all the finer emotions and tends to bind family influences with a wholesomeness that links old and young together. It is the "safety valve" in the home. Moreover, no man can do wrong while under the spell of enchanting musical strains. Their efficiency, even in the allaying of bodily ills, is now accepted as a fact, while for ages its value has been known as a balm for "hurt minds."

NO PERSON can surmise what the happy surprise of the future may be; but at the present age, the Vanophone is the most wonderful, the most enjoyable and the most useful musical instrument at such a low price, of which there is any knowledge.

In the creation and development of this instrument we have been beset with one remarkable surprise after another. To make a machine that would reproduce music with all its original beauty and charm, and the human voice with all its eloquent gradations, was our aspiration. This we have accomplished and it is a most remarkable achievement. But to make this highly refined and dependable phonograph to sell at the apparently ridiculously low price of only \$12 is truly marvelous. Yet we have accomplished it.

And what does all this mean to those who enjoy the phonograph? To those who delight in the perfect reproduction of their favorite theme, the remarkable recording of the classics, and withal the magic identity of the human voice.

It means that where hitherto the piano in the home and the organ in the church gave the average man and woman all the music they might hope for, a Sousa's Band, Melba, Caruso and songs that awake the echoes of the Metropolitan Opera House can now be enjoyed and appreciated; it means that classics and music hitherto regarded as exclusive pleasures for the wealthy can now travel to the remotest country village; it means that Harry Pryor's, the U. S. Marine Band, Harry Lauder, Bert Williams and all the popular comedians and entertainers can now be enjoyed in your own home with the Vanophone.

Appeals to All

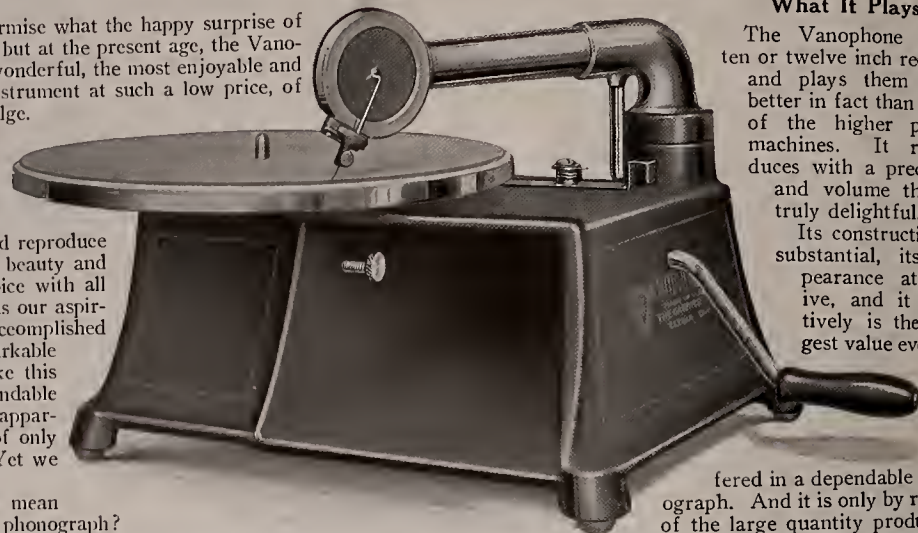
This machine will appeal to all music lovers who have heretofore denied themselves the pleasure of having a phonograph because of their objections to the horn, for the Vanophone contains neither horn nor projections of any kind. The large opening as shown in front of the machine serves in a superior way as a path or conductor for the tone, rolling out the tuneful melodies in such a clear, smooth volume.

It will appeal to critics who object to the hollow metallic or barrel sounds usually produced by the use of brass projectors, for the Vanophone is positively free from any harshness, alien or metallic sounds. It brings to you only the natural sound, glorious in tonal beauty and readily distinguished—not some indefinite and unknown sound that can be vaguely imagined to be someone singing.

What It Plays

The Vanophone plays ten or twelve inch records and plays them well, better in fact than some of the higher priced machines. It reproduces with a precision and volume that is truly delightful.

Its construction is substantial, its appearance attractive, and it positively is the biggest value ever of-



An actual photographic reproduction of the Vanophone.

ferred in a dependable phonograph. And it is only by reason of the large quantity production and unexcelled manufacturing facilities that the remarkable low price of \$12 prevails.

What it is Made of

The base is made from a special alloy of metals which are selected for their sound, softening effect and amplifying qualities. It is free, absolutely so, from such things as cabinet warping, pulling out of shape or being in any way affected by climate conditions.

In no sense is the Vanophone an assembled machine. It is manufactured completely in our own factory—each and every part of it—and every ounce of material used is of the very highest grade obtainable.

Moreover, this instrument is backed by a big and successful manufacturing concern—something untried—but a perfected instrument proven by practical methods. The Vanophone is the result of ability, knowledge and a determination to give you the greatest value in the musical world—and we have succeeded.

The finish is black enamel, with gold relief. Combined with the highly polished nickel plated speed regulator, tone arm sound reproducer and record plate, it possesses a very rich and most attractive appearance.

The motor is reliable, silent, smooth and easy running and is made of the very best materials, selected and carefully tested so that they will permit the proper performance of the function for which they are intended. Furthermore, the motor and all moving parts are entirely enclosed in a dust proof case and so with ordinary care it should last a lifetime.

The Reproducer

The reproducer—what it embodies—what it makes possible—and what it actually performs—is a most remarkable contrivance. It is carefully made and correct in every detail. It is manufactured in such a complete form that it may be permanently adjusted. Hence, when you get the Vanophone, it is ready and you are never bothered or annoyed with any delicate adjustments. This reproducer embodies improved qualities and will reproduce, with a clear, bell-like fullness, the highest as well as the lowest notes.

An Exclusive Feature

A most exclusive, convenient and novel feature of this phonograph is the automatic brake which automatically starts and stops the machine as the reproducer is placed either on or off the record—a feature not possessed by some of the highest priced machines. This brake is a perfect automatic feature and by no means a flimsy metal stopper. In view of this feature, the Vanophone "plays itself," nothing is left to uncertain skill or whims—consequently, an artistic performance is always obtainable—at all times and at any place. Its speed is regulated by a nickled key or switch which is mounted on front base.

What It Means to You

This phonograph not only represents a highly refined and dependable machine, but its ridiculously low price makes it an ideal combination of satisfying results and economical buying.

Just think of it—only \$12. A price far below your remotest expectations.

And you can purchase the Vanophone with every assurance of complete satisfaction and your music hungry anticipation will be fully gratified. It represents the greatest value ever offered for a machine of this kind. It is not an experiment, not a toy, but a machine developed to such a point of perfection that it is regarded as a musical marvel by many prominent persons and musical critics throughout the country.

Range of Enjoyment

Its range of enjoyment is not limited to the home alone. It is a portable machine weighing only twelve pounds in all, hence, it can easily be packed in your suitcase or traveling bag. It is ideal for dancing parties, automobile trips, club parties, motor boating, camping and will wonderfully increase the attractiveness of your summer home.

To hear the Vanophone is to want it. It brings all the grand opera stars to your home and interprets their offerings in a most natural manner. And what is more beautiful, more restful and more entertaining than an hour or two of close communion out in the open with your favorite entertainer.

The Vanophone makes this enjoyment a reality. It is indestructible from a practical standpoint and your children can operate it with perfect safety. For it positively is free from complications, free from exposed, deli-

cate and easily damaged or broken parts. Its adjustment is permanent. Surely there is no form of entertainment or education that creates a more helpful influence for your children than a Vanophone. Not merely as a source of entertainment, but as an educator, this machine deserves your very serious consideration.



The Reproducer, which reproduces tone so wonderfully.

The Vanophone is Guaranteed

In purchasing this machine you undertake no risk—none whatever. If it is not found to be as represented and all we claim for it, your money will be quickly and cheerfully refunded. Thousands of purchasers pronounce the Vanophone as the most wonderful, most enjoyable and most useful musical instrument that was ever brought to their attention.

Buy Your Vanophone NOW

Purchase a Vanophone now and there is a musical treat in store for you. Its wonderful reproducing qualities will bring to your threshold the pleasures and entertainments that hitherto have been regarded as the exclusive pleasure of the wealthy. You can now be entertained by the world's greatest grand opera stars and entertainers.

And the contracting price for this high class entertainment is only \$12. Never in the history of music was such a wonderful and inexpensive entertainment accomplished till it was made possible by the low price of the Vanophone.

Remember that the cost of this machine, complete with one package of Vanophone needles, is only \$12.00 F. O. B. factory, Elyria, Ohio.

REMEMBER

Our Money-Back Guarantee Has No Strings Tied to It

THAT—the Vanophone is positively guaranteed to be as represented. This is a guarantee that means "money-back" and quickly without questions or quibble if you do not find the Vanophone to be as we say it is, and to do what we say it will do.

THAT—we agree to repair or replace, free of charge, should any part or parts become defective through the possible use of poor material or workmanship, when such part or parts are returned to us, charges prepaid.

THAT—it only weighs 12 pounds, is made of strong, durable materials and will last many years with ordinary care.

THAT—it will play 10 or 12-inch disc records, and do so beautifully.

THAT—the price is \$12.00 complete, and represents the greatest value ever offered in a high class, perfect performing, fully guaranteed phonograph.

THAT—You and your family will thank the day your attention was called to this wonderful machine.

THAT—deliveries are promptly made.

THAT—The Vanophone is efficiency itself, yet free from any delicate hair trigger adjustment that causes breakage and trouble. Its construction is simple, durable and lasting. A wonderful production at a wonderful price. \$12.00 F. O. B. Factory.

The cost of the Vanophone is indeed a small portion of the real worth, service and enjoyment you will get out of it. It comes to you complete—ready for operation. In two minutes or less time after you receive it, the tone arm reproducer and turn table can be placed in position, and from this time on the Vanophone is forever at your service.

Make a resolve now to purchase one of these machines. You will be delighted with the ultimate benefit—as a lover of music you cannot help but be.

Send in your order now so that within a few days you may enjoy the enchanting strains of music made possible by this wonderful machine.

To Sum It Up

We have told you the advantages of the Vanophone, its range of usefulness and enjoyment, but printed words cannot properly emphasize these points. There is one way and one way only to actually know this music marvel, and that is by personal contact, by hearing it yourself. If you like music, any kind of music, you will like the Vanophone. That's the situation in a nut shell. It is all we say it is and even more, and is sold to you on that basis **GUARANTEED**.

The public want for a high character machine at a low cost has been fulfilled by the Vanophone. Your order will receive prompt attention.

Send the price, \$12.00, and we will ship at once, F. O. B. Elyria, Ohio. If you are not satisfied, return it and get your money back.

THE VANOPHONE SALES CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
612-614 CHESTNUT STREET

looking, and something in his manner compelled the boy to a more active admiration than he had experienced in a long time. The man seemed to be alone; from his bearing one might judge him to be a military—French or Italian, Robert scarcely knew which. He was exceedingly tall, slenderly but compactly built; and his face was not unusual in anything save the eyes. These were very dark and magnetic, black under black brows, making the sallow skin appear even more sallow where it could be seen in patches left clean-shaven above the heavy moustache and full, pointed beard.

It was not until they were, however, on their way back to the hotel, that Robert came into close contact with the stranger. Then, as often happens, in the very midst of important developments, a strange accident occurred. An awkwardly, half-grown girl, a Miss Dolan, slipped and fell. Her ankle was badly twisted, and several of the gentlemen in the party ran to her assistance, among them DeMarcel—which later proved to be the dark man's name. It was at this juncture that Robert heard himself addressed, in tones quick and commanding; "Mr. Parkhurst! be so kind as to run ahead and order a carriage!" Robert turned quickly. Then he stood spellbound. For it seemed as if he were looking for the second time on the face which had appeared in the glass, and so certain was he of the likeness that, with a totally uncontrollable action, he caught the man by the arm and pre-emptorily demanded of him his name!

The whole act was of a tensity that bordered on the melodramatic. Robert's "Who are you?" must have sounded ridic-

ulous to most of the onlookers. But the boy's terror-stricken face absolved him from the contempt his attitude would appear to deserve, and the impression that he had suddenly become the victim of some trick of the imagination, was heightened by the cool, calm way in which the object of his attack accepted the situation. "My name," the man said smoothly and courteously, "is DeMarcel. If someone will get aid for this injured lady, I shall be only too happy to make to Mr. Parkhurst whatever explanation of myself he deems necessary."

He smiled as he spoke, and looked around inquiringly. And in the brief silence that ensued Robert felt himself grow sick with shame.

"I'll get the carriage," he gulped like a school-boy justly reproved, and turning aside he ran blindly toward the house.

CHAPTER VI

WHEREIN ROBERT FINDS A NEW FRIEND AND MAKES A CONFIDENT

That same evening DeMarcel sought the boy out, and in a grave, engaging way questioned him as to his action of the afternoon. Robert found himself stammering an apology, which was accepted quietly. Without any flourishes DeMarcel sketched his own biography.

He was part French, part Italian. His family was noble, once wealthy, now impoverished, the last remnant of the ancestral home being a half-ruined Chateau down in Provence. He had been trained for diplomacy; he had held several important posts; was now working for his government—France—in an independent way. Robert felt exceedingly small as he listened to the easy, natural tone in which the man gave his narrative. He could not fail to feel the undercurrent of compassion with which DeMarcel regarded him. Before he knew what he was about, Robert had told his story, omitting no detail, not even the fact that his grandfather was as yet unaware of many of the things he was confiding to this total stranger. Why he was telling it at all was more than Robert could explain, and yet, when the story was finished, the boy felt comforted, happier than he had felt at any

(Continued on page 52)

LEARN AT HOME BY MAIL TO DRAW—PAINT



Be a magazine, newspaper or commercial illustrator; be a cartoonist; paint in water colors or oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship Award. Your name and address brings you full particulars by return mail and our illustrated Art Annual Free.

FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 107, Omaha, Neb.

AFTER THE MOVIES **Murine** Is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids
Rests—Refreshes—Restores

Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them.

YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!
Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores
Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

AZ-I-EN-ZA
Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1908—No. 41488
"The Medicinal Cream"
For Pimples and the Complexion
Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address.
E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



MAYFAIR FILM CORPORATION

M. A. SCHLESINGER

Presents

The Dainty Star

PEGGY HYLAND

as

"Persuasive Peggy"

Peggy builds her house of matrimonial happiness in her own little way. She doesn't scold or fret. No indeed—she is far too clever for that! It is in a sweet, persuasive way that she ties her blustering boy husband to her chariot wheels while he still believes himself the master

MAYFAIR FILM CORPORATION

Executive Offices: 10 Wall Street, New York City, N. Y.

Studio: 515-517 West 54th Street, New York City, N. Y.

The Editor's Personal Page

(Continued from page 1)

numerous late-of-high-school friends, Miss Roberta Wheeler, 15 Vincent Street, South Portland, Maine. "Your letter of recent date is at hand," the reply begins, "and it shows plainly that you are a regular human being. I think also that your heart must be enormous, and if that important organ is in the right place why worry about such uncertain things as souls and characters?" Obviously, Miss Wheeler is inspired by the catch-line printed on the covers of "Photo-Play Journal," viz.: "A magazine with a heart, soul and character." Her viewpoint is certainly well taken, but gee! we don't want our cherished triumvirate "busted up." We just must worry about the soul and character along with the heart. Precisely like a regular human being, we want it all! Nevertheless, we would get awfully lonesome if it wasn't for letters such as Miss Wheeler writes.

George Edgar Frye, of Cambridge, Mass., is an excellent poet who can write acrostics with more ease than most people can write their own names, and he is one of our regular correspondents, we are glad to state. Mr. Frye has implicit faith in the wisdom of passing around the flowers among what he calls "live ones." He wrote recently: "There can be but one verdict, and that a unanimous one—"Photo-Play Journal" is in a class by itself because it is the previously unheard-of realization of a magazine with a soul." Wouldn't such a bouquet as this make you feel that extra efforts are worth while? When WE reach such as this we always say unto ourselves: "Now you've got to work harder than ever to keep up to this friend's expectations." And what a delight it is to be incessantly speeding up!

So you see ye editor is really pleased to hear from his readers. He is equally as pleased to respond to them. Honest criticism is received as gratefully as praise, too. But, above all, let us be friends, even if we have to over-work Uncle Sam's efficient postal service.

Mountain Dew

(Continued from page 22)

"We'll get a minister at once," he replied as he embraced the girl reassuringly.

A terrific storm had come up, but Vance dashed through the downpour and literally dragged a minister to his cabin, where a marriage ceremony was performed.

When the mob of mountaineers arrived they found Vance and Roxie in fond embrace, but the former lost little time in arising to the emergency confronting him by delivering a speech, in which he explained that the damning paragraph was only a part of a story he was writing and which was not intended to do any one harm.

"Besides, I believe in moonshining myself now that I'm one of the family," he declared as a climax.

This one remark and the furnishing of convincing proof that Roxie Bradley had really taken him as her own won the day for Vance. Squire Bradley acknowledged he was a defeated man.

"I give ye my blessin' young 'uns and if ye'll come up to my still, I'll give ye a nip o' real red-eye from God's corn," the old man said.

J. Vance Hamilton had proved to all that he meant what he said when he announced his intentions of staying in Trigger Creek, and he was the most popular as well as the happiest mountaineer of them all.

Babyland and Filmland

(Continued from page 13)

Helen, and little Miss Horton. The prettiest picture they make is when romping about the big studio grounds in Brooklyn. In the accompanying picture they were caught by the camera in a favorite pastime, listening to fairy tales read by Mabel Ballin, who has played Bobby's mother or school teacher in many popular Greater Vitagraph pictures.

Helen Connelly is certain she is going to be a great artist when she grows up,

and not a movie artist, either. Her inseparable companion is her color box, and she has lots of water colors and pencil sketches of which she and her parents and friends are proud.

As we stated at the outset, very few large film concerns venture to traverse the pathway to business success these days without having as one of the foremost assets one or more child stars. William Fox has his Jane and Katherine Lee, about whom much is said elsewhere in this issue. Four-year-old Virginia Corbin is also "starring" for Fox. The World Film Corporation has its Madge Evans, who at a tender age is one of the undisputed screen beauties. Then there is Little Mary Sunshine, who is a real notable the country over and who is among the few children who have been actually featured in a series of "big pictures." And Zoe Rae, who has just recently skipped over the five-year-old line, is doing splendid work in Universal pictures.

Swear Off Tobacco



Tobacco Tells on Nervous System



Tobacco Ruins Digestion



Tobacco Stunts Boy's Growth



Tobacco Robs Man of Virility



Tobacco Steals from You the Pleasures, Comforts, Luxuries of Life

Tobacco Habit Banished In 48 to 72 Hours

Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind and is the most marvelously quick, absolutely scientific and thoroughly reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of **Tobacco Redeemer** treatment for the habit.

Results Absolutely Guaranteed

A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If **Tobacco Redeemer** fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the humansystem, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 602 St. Louis, Mo.



Free Book Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.,
Dept. 602 St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....

(Continued from page 50)

time since his mother's death. DeMarcel's sympathy was convincing without being emphatic; he did not submit troublesome questions, and the only thing he lingered over was the description of the face in the glass.

"You saw his face distinctly?" he asked Robert.

"Yes."

"And it resembled me?" with a half smile.

"Yes and no. The man was clean shaven for one thing, or at least that is my impression, and his expression was hateful. For an instant today I seemed to catch that expression. That was why I called out. But it was gone at once, and as I look at you now I can scarcely understand what made me make such a mistake. That man could never have smiled as you smile, I am certain of that."

"But you are sure that there was a man; that it was no trick of imagination, in spite of the evidence of the secret chamber?"

"Positive," Robert affirmed.

"Then the only thing I can see to do," said DeMarcel, reflectively, "is to try to find the man. But we must go slowly, and first of all, you must recover your health and your control over your emotions."

In this way did DeMarcel signify his intention of becoming Robert's ally—with what result we shall presently discover.

After that, a firm friendship was established between DeMarcel and Robert. The newcomer was introduced to Colonel Parkhurst, who accepted him at first with reserve, but gradually warmed to cordiality under the influence of the man's charm. For charm he undoubtedly possessed, the charm of the gentleman, and it would have been difficult indeed to resist his advances, which were made with a deference so dignified yet so delightfully natural that it took on a greatly additional value in the eyes of age.

The upshot of the new condition of affairs was a complete change of plans, in so far as Colonel Parkhurst was concerned.

For DeMarcel was suddenly called away to Italy. One morning after going over his mail he turned to Robert.

"I must leave here tomorrow."

"Tomorrow," the boy echoed, "why?"

"I have a mission in Italy. The work is urgent. I am sorry." Then, as if in afterthought, "Why not go with me?"

"But grandfather"—Robert began.

"One moment," DeMarcel interrupted. "Your grandfather is bored here. Is it not so?"

"He certainly must be."

"Well, then. Suppose I put it to him this way. You are still needing a vacation. It has been decided that you cannot go to another college in the autumn. I shall be in Italy a month, after which I shall return to Paris. If your grandfather approves of the plan, you shall go with

me. He can return to America, satisfied that you are in safe hands. You can go home from Paris—by that time, we trust, feeling better than you are feeling now!"

"Bully!" commented Robert, for the first time in months the light of the old enthusiasm kindling in his eyes. And it was that look in the boy's face which prevailed on Colonel Parkhurst to consent to the proposed arrangements, for in most circumstances his conservative tendencies would have counselled against such an early acceptance of M. DeMarcel as a guide for his grandson. But in all truth the Colonel was pining for Castle Hills. Moreover, the new friend had won his confidence more completely than any man he had met in some time. And when to this was added Robert's evidently joyful anticipation of the trip in question, he found himself saying yes almost without a misgiving. So it was arranged in this way: Colonel Parkhurst was to take the afternoon train for Paris; and then take a boat home from Cherbourg; DeMarcel and Robert would catch the morrow's morning train to Rome. From Italy they would go to Spain and then to France, ending up in Paris; the Colonel went so far as to invite DeMarcel to visit them at Castle Hills if, when his business in Paris was concluded, he could arrange for a holiday.

WRINKLES

Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (A Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy chins quickly vanish. SANS RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLETON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P. Chicago, Ill.

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop

25 E. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Hemstitching, Pleatings, etc.

Superior Work Lowest Prices

Send for Price List

SCHENCK'S SCINTILLATING SCREEN STARS



NORMA TALMADGE

The Norma Talmadge Film Co. Presenting
PICTURELAND'S PRETTIEST PLAYER

NORMA TALMADGE

In Pre-Eminent Photoplays Released to All Exhibitors Through
LEWIS J. SELZNICK PICTURES
CHARLES MILLER, Director



ROScoe ("FATTY") ARBUCKLE

The Comique Film Co., Presenting
MOVIELAND'S MIGHTIEST MINSTREL

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle

In Convulsing Comedies Released to All Exhibitors Through
PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE
Directed by Mr. Arbuckle Himself

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

CHAPTER VII

WHEREIN ROBERT AND DEMARCEL GROW BETTER ACQUAINTED

Robert enjoyed the journey to Rome. DeMarcel was an interesting talker, he was widely traveled, and he exerted himself to interest the boy in every way. In Rome, his business was completed much sooner than he had anticipated; they spent two weeks sightseeing in Italy; then they hastily toured Spain, and reached Paris in September. The trip developed the boy psychologically as well as physically. He became as gay as he had heretofore been sad; his light-heartedness verged on the reckless. He suddenly realized the fact that he had reached manhood, and a certain egotism which had been attractive in the boy developed a rather charming variety of effrontery in the man. He grew a moustache, because of which DeMarcel cheerfully geyed him; he drank, he smoked cigarettes, he played, losing with an easy, good-nature that to him befitted the heir to a great fortune.

DeMarcel's gravity and seeming austerity disappeared as the distance between Colonel Parkhurst and them increased. He suddenly became young, hilarious, infinitely witty and ironic by turns. He spent carelessly, though it presently developed that his means for spending were more or less limited. The discovery that his friend was not in funds was Robert's chance. Generous by nature, he now became lavish in a way. His allowance was ample for both their needs; his grandfather had arranged for further remittances if necessary. DeMarcel's "We can't afford it, boy," became Robert's opportunity for insisting very grandly that they could afford it; whereupon they played high; laughed when they lost and laughed when they won; entertained when and how and where they pleased, and accepted invitations as the inclination seized them. DeMarcel had friends in Rome, in Florence, in Madrid, and he had still more friends—of every variety—in Paris. He was a series of continuous surprises to Robert, who learned nothing about his personal affairs beyond the facts that DeMarcel had given him in Switzerland.

Of his mother Robert never spoke, nor of the mystery he had intended to attempt to solve. But DeMarcel, watching him closely, knew that his recklessness was the result of a conviction that was gradually being born in upon him, the conviction that the woman whom he had called mother had lived with a burden of shame. For the boy who had possessed little knowledge of life until he had left America, was now living in the very heart of life. All around him he saw things to open his eyes; all around him was evil, and the evil suggested possibilities concerning his own case which must have at moments turned his soul sick with dread.

Then one day he spoke to DeMarcel. "How long does it take for a man to go to the Devil?"

DeMarcel laughed a trifle bitterly. "A man's there with the wish," he answered. "Oh, no," the boy argued. "The Devil doesn't win out so easily. I meant to travel fast, but I don't seem to get there. I say, Florian, I've got to do one or two things—I've got to find that man or go home and tell my grandfather that I don't believe I am Robert Parkhurst."

"A rather sudden determination, is it not?" the other queried.

"Yes, it is."

"You have, then, reached some conclusion?"

"I have heard from Donazello!"

"Ah!" De Marcel looked surprised.

"Yes, yesterday in the Bois, a man passed me an envelope. It contained this note." He handed DeMarcel a small sheet.

To Robert Parkhurst, from Donazello Marco.

"Papers containing an explanation of your birth are in my possession. They are yours for a consideration. Unless you take them I shall be forced to present them to Colonel Parkhurst, who will thereby learn that he has been harboring an imposter. The story also involves the good name of one whom you dearly loved. Communicate with me at the above address." A number in an obscure street was given.

DeMarcel handed back the paper.

"Have you answered?"
 "Yes, I wrote demanding an interview. It was refused; but I am going to this address tonight, to pass over my pledge of five thousand dollars a year in exchange for a duplicate set of the papers. I tell you, Florian, it is preposterous! He insinuates that I am not Robert Parkhurst,

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
 ABOUT FRUIT VIGOR

TELLS How To Enjoy HABITUAL HEALTH

With absolute freedom from the harmful and paralyzing use of physic, pills, oils, enemas. If you have stomach trouble, constipation, or indigestion, you should get our booklet. Explains much you should know.

STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 625 Security Bldg. Chicago

Your Old Hair

can be made up into puffs, switches transformations, or curls. 3 stem switches, \$1.50, 2 stems, \$1, all around pompadour, \$2. Old switches dyed, \$1, to any shade but grey. We guarantee to please you. **LULU DUNHAM**
 120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.



Beautiful, Soulful, Expressive Eyes

are enough to make any woman attractive, be her features ever so irregular. Have you ever noticed how much of the charm of beautiful eyes is due to the eyebrows and lashes?

MADAME CHIC in the Chicago Examiner says:
 "There are many actresses and society women famed for their long, silky lashes and beautifully arched eyebrows that owe all their attractiveness to the use of a little preparation called Lash-Brow-Ine."

You, too, can have luxuriant eyebrows and long, sweeping lashes by applying

Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. This guaranteed pure and harmless preparation nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and eyelashes, making them thick, long and silky, thus giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes and beauty to the face. LASH-BROW-INE has passed the Westfield-McClure Laboratory test for pure toilet preparations. Its efficacy is shown in the testimonials received daily.

Sold in two sizes, 25c and 50c. Send price for size you wish and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE and our Beauty Booklet prepaid in plain, sealed cover.

Avoid disappointment with worthless substitutes. Use Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine only.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
 4008-64 Indiana Avenue, CHICAGO

Why Pay Full Prices for Diamonds?
 Christmas Offerings Ready

HERE you can get diamonds at wonderful savings, proved by customers' letters. Diamonds which originally sold at full prices. The exact quantities for which full prices are paid today. Any new mounting you prefer. Encased in a handsome gift box. And you can try to match it at full sixty per cent more.

Diamond Banking
 A house over 60 years, and rated over a million dollars in the business of diamond banking—lending money on high grade diamonds, watches, and other jewelry. When the money we lend is not repaid, we must sell the diamonds.

Look These Over:

- 1/2-3/32 kt. exact weight of fine blue-white, perfectly cut, genuine diamond. A magnificent brilliant gem set in white gold for engagement ring. You can try to match at fully sixty per cent more. **Guaranteed Cash Loan \$48. Unpaid Loan Price \$55**
- A distinctly new cluster of large unpaid loan diamonds set in the effect of solitaire of glittering brilliancy. New effect with platinum like top. Try to match at sixty per cent more. **Unpaid Loan \$43.50 Price \$29**
- 1-1/8, 3/64 kt. actual weight but larger in appearance on account of desirable spread make and well balanced proportion. A perfectly cut blue-white fine quality stone in gentleman's 14 karat solid gold ring. Try to match at \$100.00. **Guaranteed Loan \$200. Unpaid \$229**
- Many wonderful watch bargains are shown in our bulletin. Here's a 21-jeweled double roller, full-size Hamilton in a serviceable case. Guaranteed good as new and to pass railroad inspection. Try to match at \$37.00. **Unpaid Loan Price \$17.95**

Sent on Approval!
 We will be glad to send you, prepaid, on approval, and without obligation, any of our bargains for FREE EXAMINATION. See them for yourself—examine them before you decide to buy. **Liberty Bonds accepted as cash.**

To Make Quick Sales We Offer Astonishing Bargains Savings of 60 per cent on our prices. Hundreds of customers' letters testify that they have made this saving. Write for our bulletin today.

Guaranteed Cash Loans
 Diamonds bought here are like insurance policies. You know what you can borrow before you buy—see our Cash Back Guarantees.

Send the Coupon!
 Hundreds of special bargains listed in this new bulletin. Write for it today. Not just one quality of diamonds, but all qualities are shown in this remarkable bulletin. Your name and address on the coupon is enough, but write NOW.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons
 Only Opp. Post Office
 5931 DeRoy Building
 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Reference by permission:
 Farmers' Depos. Nat. Bank,
 Marine Nat. Bank, and
 Pittsburgh Daily News-paper.

Name _____
 Address _____

that my mother was not my mother, and that he can ruin my good name by a word. I'm going tonight for those papers, and I'm going to take them to my grandfather unless I can find this Donazello first. If I find him I'll kill him."

"Steady, boy, steady," warned DeMarcel. "Why not let me go in your stead? I'll get the papers, and perhaps I'll learn a thing or two about the man who possesses them. You can kill him later on, mon ami."

"But will they give them to you?"

"I think so. We'll try. Make out your pledge, and I'll report progress at midnight."

But DeMarcel did not come at midnight, and Robert waited, wild with impatience. At two in the morning a telegram came.

"Have followed Donazello to Italy. Will write. DeMarcel."

Till morning Robert walked the floor; all next day he neither ate nor drank. By night he was haggard, worn out, despondent to the point of despair. Another six hours of waiting and sleep overtook him in his watch. When he awoke the letter was there.

"DEAR BOY,

I have seen and talked with Donazello Marco. He has your pledge and I have the story. I have also a plan which will, I think, recommend itself to you as being a means of saving your inheritance and of withholding from your grandfather facts which I fear might kill him. In main the story is this: Your father died without issue; his wife brought a strange baby to Castle Hills. Donazello was her lover and came and went by way of the secret passage. She gave him much of her allowance until they quarreled. She had papers which Donazello wanted, but she kept them. Before she died he discovered their whereabouts, and after her death he stole them. He will not give up those papers. He will retain them until Colonel Parkhurst's death, when, for a lump sum, he will hand them over, and the incident will be closed.

I will be in Paris by midday tomorrow.
DEMARCEL."

CHAPTER VIII

WHEREIN DEMARCEL AND ROBERT COMPROMISE

DeMarcel arrived just in time to rescue Robert from the worst debauch the boy had yet attempted. It was twelve hours before the mission to Donazello was even mentioned; when it was, Robert saw revealed for the first time a suggestion of the scoundrel that DeMarcel's smooth and smiling countenance so admirably concealed. For the terms of the compromise which DeMarcel proposed, as being in keeping with the views of the mysterious individual, Donazello Marco, were these: Robert was to preserve an absolute silence regarding Donazello, the secret chamber at Castle Hills, and the transaction in money when given because of the claims Donazello had made. Five thousand dollars a year were to be paid Donazello, to insure his keeping of the secret; when Robert came into the estate, a final payment of one million dollars was to be made, which would give into Robert's hands all the documents appertaining to the matter, which Donazello might possess. Robert then would be safe.

The penalty to be incurred by the boy should he attempt to break his agreement in any way, was to be the immediate revelation to Colonel Parkhurst of certain facts concerning the Parkhurst family, facts which would involve the Parkhursts in a scandal, the shame of which the Colonel might well not survive. In this way, the best and the worst in the boy's nature were appealed to at one and the same time. For whatever Robert's faults, lack of love for the man he knew as grandfather was not one of them. He was honest in his desire to spare Colonel Parkhurst pain, though it must be confessed at the same time that the boy could not bear the thoughts of having himself found other than a Parkhurst and other than the grandson he was supposed to be. Moreover, he was by this time deeply involved in a financial way; it would mean ruin to be cast off now, for he knew that Colonel Parkhurst would never forgive in a stranger those sins which in a grandson were but reluctantly condoned. Only a few days ago, the Colonel had written, warning him against any further over-drawing of his allowance, and he was even now trying to keep himself and DeMarcel above water by utilizing to the full the credit his standing assured him.

In the end, he became clay in DeMarcel's hands, ready to do both DeMarcel's and Donazello's bidding. He knew his act to be a crime, and in his heart he hated himself for it. More than that, he began to hate DeMarcel, if only because he was a partner in the deception being practiced.

To go into detail concerning the doings of Robert and DeMarcel in the days that followed, would be to dwell unnecessarily upon unpleasant facts. In his mad desire to rid himself of the responsibility that thinking incurred, Robert plunged into every kind of dissipation, gained a deserved but decidedly unsavory reputation in Paris, and caused anxiety at Castle Hills that must have been almost as great as if he had told the truth concerning his mystery.

From friendship, the boy and DeMarcel passed to a scarcely veiled enmity. On every conceivable occasion Robert escaped the man's company, and it must be said to DeMarcel's credit, that the times Robert was away from him were far worse, in so far as demoralizing forces went, than the times he was with him. For it was no part of DeMarcel's scheme, as it had developed since he went to Italy, that Robert should lose through recklessness what they had saved by careful scheming, and ever and again he counselled caution in ears that were deaf to every suggestion, no matter how deftly contrived.

So the days went on, and from bad Robert went to worse. Fortunately for

him, his grandfather was too far away to hear much of his doings, money matters alone giving him a definite clue as to the real condition of affairs. Then one day the truth was brought home to Colonel Parkhurst in a packet of bills that demanded immediate payment, and the bills made an end to the boy's career in Paris.

(To be continued in the November number of Photo-Play Journal.)

MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The Only Treatment That Will Remove Permanently All **Superfluous Hair**

from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics, or powders used. Originator and Sole Owner

DR. MARGARET RUPPERT
1112 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.
Suites 70-72-73 Established 22 Years

"MI-RITA" Gray Hair Rejuvenator —not a dye.

"MI-RITA" Skin Rejuvenator removes wrinkles and all blemishes, eliminating double chins.

All Other Toilet Requisites. Write for Booklet If your Druggist cannot supply, send direct to Office

DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

Our Great Special!
LOFTIS PERFECTION DIAMOND RING

The most popular Solitaire. Each diamond is specially selected by our diamond experts, and is skillfully mounted in our famous Loftis "Perfection" 14 karat solid gold 6-prong ring, possessing every line of delicate grace and beauty.

\$5 Down, and \$2.50 a Month, buys a \$25 Ring.
\$10 Down, and \$5 a Month, buys a \$50 Ring.

\$15 Down, and \$7.50 a Month, buys a \$75 Ring.
\$20 Down, and \$10 a Month, buys a \$100 Ring.

For Gifts
All through the year there are gift occasions—such as weddings, anniversaries, birthdays, parting gifts, and the Great Gift Season now approaching. There is no need for you to make trifling presents in order to pay all cash. You can open a charge account with us and make handsome, "worth-while" gifts with very little ready money.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
There are over 2000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Our Catalog shows all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 jewels, adjusted. Guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us. Watches that pass railroad inspection as low as \$2.50 a month. Every article in our Catalog is specially selected and priced direct to you with no middle-man's profits to pay.

LOFTIS The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. E 354 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
BROS & CO. 1853 STORES IN LEADING CITIES

Big Money for You

Get into a business of your own with this great, new automatic bowling game. Has taken the country by storm. Great chance! Big money, quick profits. Cash rolls in every day. No operating expense. Find out quick about this great opportunity. Send for free book.

Free Book Write today for big free book and special offer. Start with little money—pay for alleys from profits.

TEN-PINNET COMPANY
Dept. 1857 Indianapolis, Indiana

\$25 to \$75 a Week
That's what you can earn with Ten-Pinnet. Get the big money. You can.



Paramount

Pictures

We are Paramount's 10,000



WE are makers of the silent drama—the players, authors, directors and producers of Paramount Pictures—10,000 strong: America's foremost motion picture organization. The sum of our efforts is a Public Service of uplift, inspiration, entertainment. For you we weave wonderful stories—human, compelling, delightful. For you we act with the incentive that comes when making a record of great dramatic truths for all time to come. We understand the responsibility that goes with the name—

Paramount Pictures

Paramount is organized to produce and maintain a standard of motion picture quality that attracts the best in the profession—that satisfies the highest class of audience. Ask your motion picture theatre to book Paramount stars. Send us coupon for sample copy of "Picture Progress"—an interesting illustrated motion picture magazine.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
 FOUR EIGHTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-FIRST ST.
 NEW YORK

Controlled by
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

- ADOLPH ZUKOR
President
- JESSE L. LASKY
Vice-Pres
- CECIL B. DE MILLE
Dir.-Gen

Please Mail to Paramount Pictures Corporation

Please send me a sample copy of your motion picture magazine, "Picture Progress."

Name

Address

My favorite motion picture theatre is.....

Address



THE LAST LAUGH

Neglected Plunder.

The lady of many portable possessions was moving from town to the seashore for the summer. A cab had been thought big enough to convey her and her property to the station, and the cabman sat there, passing from one stage of disgust to another still deeper, while his vehicle, inside and out, was piled high with a miscellaneous assortment of cherished belongings. At last the task of loading came to an end.

"Is that all?" inquired the cabman with polite incredulity.

"Yes," was the reply.

The cabman looked surprised.

"Seems a pity," he ejaculated, "to leave the doorstep."

Suspicion Stammering.

Male Customer—"Er, er—er, Um, Ah, Er—He—he."

Jeweler (to his assistant—"Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.")

Inspiration Not to Wed.

Pearl White, the star of Pathe's "The Fatal Ring," receives many offers of marriage each week. The latest read as follows:

"Dere madam I seen you in the movies and I loave you. I need a wife. I am a Lutherian 5 foot six ins. tall. I got a farm 160 ackers and I mak mutch money. Thousand dolers maybe. I need a wife I think you would maybe be a good wife for a farmer Bimeby I get a auto maybe. You would only hev to cook for me and 2 hired mens. Im willing to tak a chanse if you are. Hoaping to get your anser this week maybe I am."

Miss White has not yet accepted.

This is the Tune He Couldn't Have.

George Hill, the genius of the motion picture, who, without the aid of an assistant, photographed every scene of Goldwyn Pictures' production, "Polly of the Circus," starring Mae Marsh, went for days with even less sleep than Thomas A. Edison demands.

Something had to be devised to keep him awake as he turned his camera crank, and Studio Manager Kennedy hit upon a graphophone. Fifty records were provided, mostly of the lively jazz band variety, and they were played continually as Hill worked. Once, towards the end, when almost starved for sleep, he was detected in an attempt to smuggle in a record of his own. This proved upon investigation to be that undying classic, "Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep."

Hearing at Last.

There was a terrible dynamite explosion near a small town. An old lady, hearing it, turned toward the door of her sitting room and said:

"Come in, Bella."

When her servant entered the room she said:

"Do you know, Bella, my hearing is evidently improving. I heard you knock at the door for the first time in twenty years."

He's Some Mechanic.

"Is it true that Jones prides himself on being a handy man about the house?"

"I think it is. At any rate when his mother-in-law arrived yesterday, he made a bolt for the door."

Following the Textbook.

A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the textbooks the population of London is very dense."—New York Globe.

Does It Do It?

Does a Powder-Puff? Does an Ocean-Wave?
 Does a Cigar-Butt? Does an Egg-Beat-er?
 Does a Hair-Cut? Does a Neck-Tie?
 Does a Side-Walk? Does a Letter-Carrier?
 Does a Cigar-Band? Does a Lamb-Chop?
 Does a Match-Box? Does a Potato-Peeler?
 Does a Napkin-Ring? Does a Horse-Shoer?
 Does a Lamp-Shade? Does a Pillow-Slip?
 Does a Head-Nurse? Does a Carpet-Sweeper?
 Does a Dish-Pan? Does an Automile-Tire?
 Does a Base-Bawl? Does a Diamond-Ring?
 Does a Lemon-Squeezer?

More Like It.

"Now they say they can weigh the conscience."

"By the ounce?"

"I imagine by the scruple."

At the Word, Shoot.

In this warm weather, motion picture fans and fannettes can derive some relief from the cooling thought that William Fox special features, starring Dustin Farnum, Virginia Pearson, George Walsh, Miriam Cooper, Gladys Brockwell, June Caprice and Valeska Suratt, are released hebdomadally.

If you don't believe it, ask Webster. He Noahs!

This Book FREE

Photoplay Ideas Bring \$25 to \$200

You can cash in your "happy thoughts" and earn big money right in your own home in spare time. No previous experience necessary. Our easy home course turns out more successful scenario writers than all other schools together. Write now and get by return mail FREE Book, valuable information, Special Price and Prize Offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 T. 2, Chicago.

PHOTOPLAY WRITING FOR PROFIT



Mental Demons Are They Holding You Back?

Does a host of mental demons bar your path to success? Do you feel yourself incapable to meet important situations? Do you lack the power to make people recognize you—to make others see things *your way*—to compel people to listen to you? Are you weak in a crisis?

Most men have the brains and the ambition to do big things—but a weak personality—a lack of self-confidence—timidness—poor vocabulary—unreliable memory—"stage fright"—hazy, unorganized ideas—*ineffective speech*—are holding them back from the success they deserve.

Send the coupon below at once and let us tell you how you can drive these mental demons away forever—how you can occupy a place among men who do things—how you can learn to express your ideas forcefully and convincingly—how you can acquire a powerful, magnetic personality—how you can develop a strong dominating will—how you can become a powerful, public speaker. Our new scientific Course is

Effective Public Speaking and Mental Development

will quickly train you to speak forcefully and convincingly in public

- talk before your club or lodge
- address board meetings
- propose and respond to toasts
- tell entertaining stories
- make after-dinner speeches
- converse effectively
- write better letters
- sell more goods
- train your memory
- enlarge your vocabulary
- develop self-confidence and a winning personality
- strengthen your ambition and will power
- become a clear, accurate thinker
- develop your power of concentration, diligence and self-control
- equip you with power to be the master of any situation.

This Course and Service is under the personal supervision and direction of R. E. Pattison Kline, Dean of the Public Speaking Department, Columbia College of Expression, Chicago, one of the foremost authorities in the country on public speaking and mental development. You can now secure the personal instruction of this eminent authority right in your own home, by mail, in spare time. Hundreds have acquired a powerful address and a winning personality through his instruction.

Special Offer—Now Send the Coupon

Mail the coupon today for full particulars of the Special Limited Offer we are now making. This unusual offer may be withdrawn at any time. We will also send you free, many interesting facts and pointers that you should know about effective public speaking and mental development—information that you can use. Free and no obligations of any kind. Don't delay. Send the coupon now while this offer lasts.

Public Speaking Department
American Correspondence School of Law
 161A Manhattan Building - Chicago, Illinois

Public Speaking Department
 American Correspondence School of Law—161A Manhattan Building, Chicago, Ill.
 Gentlemen:—Please send me without obligation full details of your Course in Effective Public Speaking and Mental Development, as well as particulars of your Special Limited Offer

Name.....
 Address.....



THE difference between Quaker Tires and railroad tickets is that the tickets will not take you beyond the distance specified, while Quaker Tires, though adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, deliver thousands of excess miles. Records of 9000, 11,000 and 13,000 miles come to us from enthusiastic users everywhere. On request you will be sent fac-similes of the following and many other letters:

"My last two Quakers were destroyed when my garage burned recently. Both of these tires had made 11,227 miles and were in good condition at the time of the fire."

"In regard to service on a pair of 33x4 Quaker Tires, which I purchased from you in the early part of last July, beg to advise that these casings have gone seven thousand (7000) miles to date and show but very little wear."

"We have placed Quaker Tires among our best customers and of the different sizes up to and including 36 x 4½ we have casings that have been driven 4000 to 8000 miles and they are still giving service. We might say that none are completely worn out."

"We have just taken off a 37 x 5 Quaker casing which has been run 14,080 miles. Aside from tread being cut and torn, casing is in good condition."

"A customer has driven a set of 33 x 4 Quaker Tires on a five-passenger car over 12,000 miles."

In records such as those quoted is found the reason why there was not a single Quaker Tire left in our factory on the last day of March; why dealers' orders could not be filled;

why consumer demand could not be satisfied. And all that despite the fact that the Quaker plant was running to the limit of its increased capacity.

But, now, you can get Quaker Tires from any of our dealers because of a further increase in manufacturing facilities.

Put *one* Quaker to the test against any three other makes of tires. Then you will surely equip all four wheels of your car with Quakers.

If there is no dealer near you send direct to the Factory Sales Department. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

Quaker City Rubber Co.

Factories—Philadelphia

CHICAGO PITTSBURGH NEW YORK
182 W. Lake St. 211 Wood St. 53 Murray St.

Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves,
Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.

Finish This Story for Yourself—

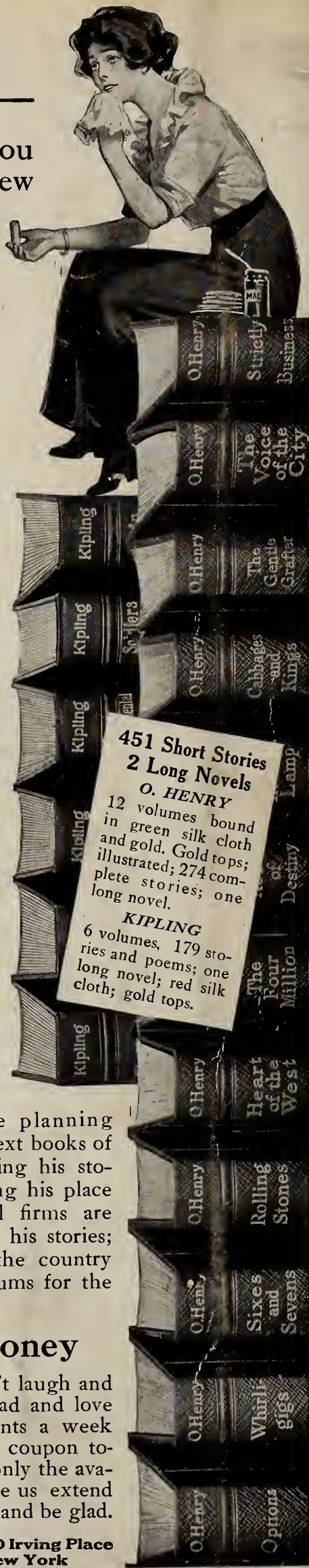
The girl got \$6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night?

O. HENRY

tells about it in this story, with that full knowledge of women, with that frank facing of sex, and that clean mind that have endeared him to the men and women of the land.

From the few who snapped up the first edition at \$125 a set before it was off the press, to the 150,000 who have eagerly sought the beautiful volumes offered you here—from the stylist who sits among his books to the man on the street—this whole nation bows to O. Henry—and hails him with love and pride our greatest writer of stories.

This is but one of the 274 stories in 12 big volumes, you get for 25 cents a week, if you send the coupon.



To Those Who are Quick **KIPLING** (6 Volumes) Given Away

Never was there an offer like this. Not only do you get your 274 O. Henry stories in 12 volumes at less than others paid for one volume of the first edition, but you get Kipling's best 179 short stories and poems and his long novel—without paying a cent. You get 18 volumes packed with love and hate and laughter—a big shelf full of handsome books.

Send the Coupon and you will understand why O. Henry is hailed as "The American Kipling;" "The Y. M. C. A. Boccaccio;"

"Master of the Short Story;" "Creator of a New Literature;" "Discoverer of Romance in New York's Streets;" "The American de Maupassant;" "The Homer of the Tenderloin;" "Founder of a New Style;" "America's Greatest Story Teller;" "The 20th Century Haroun-Al-Rashid who takes you to every corner of his beloved Bagdad—New York."

Send Coupon and you will understand as never before why other nations are going

wild over him; why memorials to him are being prepared; why universities are planning tablets to his memory; why text books of English Literature are including his stories; why colleges are discussing his place in literature; why theatrical firms are vying for rights to dramatize his stories; why newspapers all over the country are continually offering big sums for the right to reprint his stories.

Send the Coupon Without Money

You get both sets free on approval. If you don't laugh and cry over them—if you don't read and re-read and love them—send them back. Otherwise 25 cents a week pays for them all. Don't wait—send the coupon today. This offer is too good to last. It's only the avalanche of disappointed letters that made us extend it this long. Send the coupon today and be glad.

P. P. J.
10-17

Review
of
Reviews

30 Irving Place
New York

Send me, on approval, charges paid by you, O. Henry's works in 12 volumes, gold tops. Also the 6-volume set of Kipling, bound in cloth. If I keep the books, I will remit \$1 per month for 17 months for the O. Henry set only and retain the Kipling set without charge. Otherwise, I will, within ten days, return both sets at your expense.

Name _____

Address _____

Occupation _____

The beautiful three-quarter leather edition of O. Henry costs only a few cents more a volume and has proved a favorite binding. For a set of this luxurious binding, send \$1.50 for 15 months.

Review of Reviews Co., 30 Irving Place
New York

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

November 1917

20 Cents



MARGUERITE CLARK

The Magazine With A Heart, Soul and Character



She didn't want to be a Little Girl!

Paramount Pictures

DEAR, funny, lovable little Bab—the “Sub-Deb” of seventeen, with her grown-up ways and longings. She tumbled into mischief and out again—into seething romance and tragic troubles—head over heels.

Maybe you read the delicious Bab stories in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Mary Roberts Rinehart wrote them. Now Paramount and dainty Marguerite Clark have brought Bab to life upon the screen. There will be a series—five delightful Bab pictures.

But Marguerite Clark is only one of many Paramount stars, and her plays are just a few of many

Paramount Pictures were the first feature photoplays. They represent a library of motion picture classics.

Paramount visualizes the plays and books of the past and present. More than a million followers of Paramount Pictures, in thousands of theatres in two hemispheres, daily renew acquaintance with the famous places and characters of classic and contemporary literature. Paramount Pictures preserve indelibly for all generations the world's greatest stories and plays, acted by the leading artists.

A few of the most recent Paramount Pictures now being shown in the country's leading theatres are Billie Burke in “The Mysterious Miss Terry,” by Gelett

Burgess; Jack Pickford and Louise Huff in “The Varmint,” by Owen Johnson; Sessue Hayakawa in “Hashimura Togo,” by Wallace Irwin; Vivian Martin in “Little Miss Optimist,” George Beban in “Lost in Transit,” Fannie Ward in “On the Level,” Mme. Petrova in “Exile,” Pauline Frederick in “Double-crossed,” Wallace Reid in “The Hostage,” Julian Eltinge in “The Countess Charming,” Charles Ray in “The Son of His Father,” and J. Stuart Blackton's “The World for Sale.”

Send us coupon herewith for a sample copy of our illustrated magazine, “Picture Progress.” Mailed free on request.

Paramount Pictures Corporation
FOUR EIGHTY-FIVE FIFTH AVENUE at FORTY-FIRST ST.
NEW YORK

Controlled by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation
Adolph Zukor, Pres. Jesse L. Lasky, Vice-Pres. Cecil B. De Mille, Director-General

Paramount
Pictures
Corporation
485 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me free a sample copy of your magazine, “Picture Progress.”

Name _____

Address _____



The Editor's Personal Page

YOU can help the United States of America more now than you ever could before, and it is absolutely indispensable that you redouble your efforts to arise to the emergency confronting us all in this titanic struggle for supremacy over autocracy. Developments in Russia have been most disconcerting for several weeks and it seems that our beloved country must more or less take up most of the burdens of the Slav State in addition to its own. This means an ultimate increase in our sacrifices, but unless we promptly and willingly grant this increase we will find our attempts to make the world safe for democracy frustrated for a long time. The Kaiser has gloated over the success his military might has achieved by incredible ruthlessness and seemingly he has succeeded in blinding the German people so completely that they cannot see the light of the new era, which shall be devoid of irresponsible government such as controls at Berlin. Forsooth, Right is experiencing great difficulty in gaining mastery over Might, and it is obviously for this reason we—you and I—must do more than our share to help in the desperate fight. There can be no temporizing as to how much to do. Indeed, you must do more and more, and there must be no limit to it at all. Among the many other services you can perform is to be alert in aiding President Wilson to ferret out sedition and treachery. If you hear a man or woman casting aspersions against the character of our Chief Executive and complaining with vehemence because we had to bring our mailed fist to bear on the Teutonic outlaws, report it to the authorities, it makes no difference who the guilty person may be. If you hear someone predicting Germany will win, or if you hear someone sneering at the motives of Uncle Sam in joining the Entente Allies, don't ignore it. That someone may be a menace to our cause. He or she should be under surveillance at least until such a time as his or her status is established. In plain words, every loyal American citizen should be an alert guardian of this nation's safety and welfare, and if everybody co-operated in the work of reporting those few bold traitors who exist in every community, the work of getting rid of them would be facilitated. The present situation is one which requires a minimum of enmity within and you can help to reduce this danger. Meanwhile, pray don't forget there are numerous other ways in which you can demonstrate your fealty and usefulness. And you won't have to search long to determine wherein you can perform the greatest service for your country.

EVIDENTLY many people who attend moving picture shows are not improving their manners to any appreciable extent, because we have been receiving more letters than usual setting forth grievances against persons who persist in talking annoyingly while photoplays are being shown on the screen. One correspondent relates a silly quarrel two women sitting next to her had, during all of which they paid no attention to the picture and prevented many others from enjoying it.

This correspondent beseeches us to raise our voice in protest against such a nuisance, but, of course, there is very little we can do except exhort in favor of politeness. The probability is that people who have so little regard for others as to disturb them in a public place would pay little heed to our prodding. However, there is a remedial measure which anyone can take whenever a neighbor in the picture theatre misbehaves, and that is to report the matter to the management promptly. No doubt even a habitual pest could be impressed with his bad deportment and could be actually embarrassed by being escorted from the theatre by an usher. The psychological effect of allowing a person to "get away with" misconduct is to encourage that person to perpetrate a repetition more brazen than the initial offense. It is the old and true theory that the time to nip a thing is in the bud. It is up to theatre managers to see to it that more of this sort of nipping is done. Of course, it is primarily up to the offender to eradicate the evil, but, alas, it will ever be true that the human being most in need of reform is the most reluctant to realize it. However, you see to it that YOU are not at fault.

MANY of our readers are making a practice of writing us at length once every month after perusing the current number of "Photo-Play Journal." Not only do they tell us all about what they think of that particular issue, but most of them go into detail as to their opinions of the various photoplays they have seen during the month. Well, all we want to say is, if some of the producers would only read some of these criticisms carefully, they would learn some things they evidently don't know. In the meantime we are glad to get these letters, and let us assure everyone that we will be pleased to have our family of letter-writers grow.

BY the way, what do YOU think of this November number of "Photo-Play Journal?" Why not write us a letter and apprise us of your opinion? In this connection, let us announce here and now that the forthcoming December number is going to do the Christmas season "mighty proud," and we are not at all backward to venture the assertion that it will be the best motion picture magazine ever published. Just to make sure that you won't miss it, you had better arrange for getting a copy now if you are not a regular subscriber. Indeed, it is an ideal time to subscribe for "Photo-Play Journal."

BY the time this number of "Photo-Play Journal" reaches you the first number of my new monthly magazine, called "Ambition," will have been issued, and I would like to have you see a copy of it. The fundamental purpose of "Ambition" is to exploit the talents of deserving unknown aspirants in all lines of endeavor and to explore untraversed regions in literature, drama, photoplay, art, science and life. I feel sure this periodical will fill a field heretofore unoccupied, and I would be flattered to have you write me personally inquiring about it.



EDNA GOODRICH
MUTUAL



ILEAN HUME
METRO



HAROLD LOCKWOOD
YORKE-METRO



BESSIE BARRISCALE
PARALTA



ALICE MANN
PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG CO.



GERALDINE FARRAR

ARTCRAFT

Table of Contents



NOVEMBER
1917



Photo-Play Journal



Volume II
No. 7

Edited by DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1	NIFTY NEGLIGEE WORN BY LOUISE GLAUM. (Illustrated)...	28
EDNA GOODRICH. (Full-page portrait)	2	MOVIES AFFORD INTENSIVE TRAINING FOR SOLDIERS.....	28
ILEAN HUME. (Full-page portrait)	3	MADGE KENNEDY OFFERS KNITTING KNOWLEDGE TO THE NATION	28
HAROLD LOCKWOOD. (Full-page portrait)	4	REVOLUTION REVEALS RUSSIA. (Illustrated) <i>By Wallace M. Powers</i>	29
BESSIE BARRISCALE. (Full-page portrait)	5	HERE'S SOME AUSTRALIAN BEAUTY HINTS. (Illustrated) ..	31
ALICE MANN. (Full-page portrait)	6	EARLY AMERICAN SPY CONDITIONS	31
CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. (Full-page portrait)	7	T. R. THE STRENUOUS. (Illustrated) <i>By Lloyd Robinson</i> ..	32
GERALDINE FARRAR. (Full-page portrait)	8	INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS	34
CONTENTS. (Illustrated)	9	SHE'S A NIFTY SOLDIER. (Illustration)	34
UNUSUAL STUDIES OF POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS. (Illustrations)	10	THE SON OF HIS FATHER. (A short story from a photoplay. Illustrated) <i>By Ridgwell Cullum</i>	35
THE ANIMAL KINGDOM PLUS THE ANIMAL OF MAN EQUALS PHOTOPLAY PLOTS GALORE. (Illustrated)	11	RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF—LON CHANEY. (Illustrated)	37
AN UNUSUAL CLOSE-UP OF MARGUERITE CLARK. (Illustrated)	15	THE SILENT TREND. (A review of the current photoplays) <i>By Bert D. Essex</i>	38
A PHANTOM HUSBAND. (A short story from a photoplay. <i>By H. O. Davis</i> . Illustrated)	17	SCREEN STORIES. <i>By Jack Winn</i>	40
SPEAKING OF MAN POWER IN THIS WAR—WHAT ABOUT WOMAN POWER? (Illustrated)	21	INTERVIEWING A SCREEN SPRITE. (Illustrated) <i>By Lucy Carroll</i>	41
A REAL INTERNATIONAL STAR. (Illustrated) <i>By Pearl Gaddis</i>	22	THIS MONTH'S SUGGESTION—"ADAM'S CONSOLATION," <i>By Valentine Karl</i> —"FOR EVERY MAN," <i>By Carrigan Costolo</i> —"EVOLUTION," <i>By Jessie Emerald</i>	42
A PEN-AND-INK STUDY OF MARY PICKFORD	24	EDITORIAL	44
WHEN "BIG BILL" VISITED DOUGLAS. (Illustrated) <i>By Peter Gridley Smith</i>	25	THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL. (A novel) <i>By Norma Bright Carson</i>	45
AND HERE IS MORE ABOUT DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS—SMILE DOCTOR—PHILOSOPHER. (Illustrated) <i>By Bennie Zeidman</i>	26	"SEEKING THE MOON" (Verse) <i>By Richard Willis</i>	46
BEBAN A BULLDOG FOR BACKING HIS BELIEFS. (Illustrated.) <i>By Lloyd Robinson</i>	27	THE LAST LAUGH	56

MARGUERITE CLARK

(OUR GIRL ON THE COVER)

It has never been necessary for Marguerite Clark to make an appeal for popularity, either through publicity or otherwise. Her popularity has come because of her singularly appealing personality. People believe in her just the same as they did in Peter Pan's fairies, because everything she ever did was so real. Like many another photoplay star of today, she started her histrionic career on the stage, where she appeared in most every form of entertainment. She was a prime footlight favorite when motion pictures first ascended to the heights of popularity, and she became one of the pioneer exponents of the new silent art. Miss Clark is possibly the smallest matured star on the screen today, she standing less than the average "five-foot-three" of the American woman-

hood. She is more nearly the universal French size of "five-foot-one." In weight too she is under the standard American size, but oh what an abundance of ability and versatility does this little queen of the movies possess! She is undoubtedly one of the most petite and most winsome of stars, and she is abundantly blessed with histrionic technique, comprehending with wonderful alertness every little "twist and turn" of characterization. Truly, Miss Clark does not have to depend on her euteness to win her favor, because she has all the requisite artistry besides, and she knows how to act as few other artists do. Naturally Miss Clark is going to continue to be a universal favorite for a long time to come, Providence permitting, for she is still young.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

ROBERT TURNER, President
THOMAS B. NAYLOR, Vice President and Manager
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
[\$2.50 IN CANADA \$3.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY, 20 CENTS]

Entered as second-class matter, April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1917, by LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO



JACKIE SAUNDERS



ANN MURDOCK



ELSIE FERGUSON



OLIVE THOMAS

UNUSUAL STUDIES OF POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS

The Animal Kingdom Plus the Animal of Man Equals Photoplay Plots Galore

ONLY a very few photoplay plots can be constructed without the aid of two qualities which have become essentials as most all ideas have become hackneyed. Those two qualities, which are really basic ingredients now, are: the animal kingdom and the animal of man. Beasts of all species and beastly men do most all the yeoman work any more. The dumb brutes serve in all sorts of roles, while the designing creatures who must ever be at hand to upset the tranquil with their machinations, create all the entanglements which provide the photoplaywrights with the indispensable opportunities of telling stories. Indeed, it is little short of remarkable how these two aforesaid elements enter into moving pictures as an exceedingly general combination. Out of twenty features witnessed by the writer in one week, only two lacked animal actors and none lacked the beastliness of man in some form.

Take Dustin Farnum, for instance, he would seem totally without an ample supporting cast if that white-faced pony of his were left out of the picture. In "Durand of the Bad Lands," the horse crowded the star for stellar honors. William S. Hart would be just as out of place without his wild broncho, while it is getting so Douglas Fairbanks cannot get along without just such a steed. And every one of these favorites of the cinema depend

Anne Luther and a white king

on villainous habits of fellow-man to provide them with the requisite chances to display their histrionic wares.

Horse talent is the most popular with moving picture producers and directors. Even women players press these beasts of burden into service at the slightest excuse. Marguerite Clark displayed her winsome little self to her best advantage while riding a charger in "The Amazons." Vola Vale has many of her strongest scenes with a horse as a background in Thomas H. Ince's feature, "The Son of His Father," in which Charles Ray is starred. Anne Luther, of the William Fox films, dotes on especially beautiful white horses, and she is never so efficient in characterization as she is when either astride or near such a quadruped. As an accompanying illustration will prove, King Horse got right into the middle of a love scene between Billie Burke and



Pearl White
and Company

Thomas Meighan in a recent Paramount feature. The clever idea in this latter instance was to give the hero a chance to show that he possessed the instincts of admirable affection, which he showered on the horse, in view of the fact that the heroine was somewhat distant for the nonce. See how important even a horse can be in a photoplay nowadays?

Next in favor among animals is the dog, and it is not disparaging the human beings in the game to assert that some of the cleverest actors in the movies are canines. Take Teddy, the dog star of so many Keystone plays—was there ever mere man who could surpass this massive barker when it comes to playing the leading part? Jack Pickford has a dog which



knows a thing or two about acting, and when it comes to posing and registering before the camera, well, just look at the picture hereabout. Do you doubt that the dog doesn't know it is supposed to stand still to keep the picture in focus? Isn't it obvious this dog is looking his best in full realization of having his looks recorded a la pictorial? Jane Cowl, the Goldwyn star, who, with her screen activities, stage engagements and playwriting is a mighty busy young woman, finds plenty of time to enjoy the recreation possible in a romp with a dog. From the very inception of her career as a photo-drama leading light, she has in her cast of characters a dog, and she has occasion for her entire dramatic display because of beastly men! Don't forget that wherever you find the animal, you will find it both in the form of a species and in the villain. In keeping with her natural versatility Miss Cowl is able to muster a fondness for rabbits, too. And Olive Thomas gives us her best smile when posing with a dog.

Cats are used almost as frequently as dogs in pictures, but the felines are almost invariably used to "put across" comedy. It seems to be a fixed psychological certainty that the appearance of a cat—especially a close-up of one—will get a laugh. Cats are never safe to carry out the plot in tragic or dramatic moments. It would be just like pushing Charlie Chaplin onto the scene in the middle of one of Pauline Frederick's emotional moments. Many stars favor the tabby to the exclusion of all other pets, and some players we know insist on dragging a cat into a picture on every possible occasion, being thus inspired by a superstition which claims the cat to be the omen of good luck. Another famous

Madge Kennedy in one of Tabby's playful moments



Billie Burke and Thomas Meighan with old dobbie "well in"

Goldwyn star—Madge Kennedy, who is just about the best comedienne of modern America, grants a cat a prominent place in "Baby Mine," the Margaret Mayo farce, in which she makes her screen debut. To Miss Kennedy must go credit for "putting across" much petite "business" with an ordinary feline of gray

stripes. The picture of her herewith is really an unusually artistic pose inspired by the playfulness of a mere kitten, if you please.

George Beban, the celebrated delineator of Italian characters in photoplay, has done most to give the bear its place in the profession. In "A Roadside Impresario" his chief support came from a bear, which actually seemed to keenly appreciate the comedy possibilities of every situation. While the bear served as an excellent foil for the star, a beastly fate stood in his way of reaching the goal of life happiness. Baby Marie Osborne thinks bears know how to act and she is an advocate of their cause. Though exceedingly tender in years, she would rather play with a bear than a kitten any old time. Lillian Lorraine is another admirer of bruno. An accompanying photograph shows her lunching with a native son of California at the Balboa Studio in Long Beach. We said lunching, but we fear all evidence points to it being another case of buying a plate of olives in order to get the drink. We don't imagine it would be pleasant to be around a tipsy bear, either, especially if liquor had the effect to arouse the lust for blood as it does so often in beastly men.

There is probably no actress who has to contend as much with bad men in motion pictures as Pearl White, the Pathe queen of serials. She has been obliged to thwart every kind of a villain on earth and, of course, being a heroine, she always comes up smiling. She frankly holds to the opinion that it is eminently fitting to introduce animals in plays as often as feasible. Her favorite is a pet monkey, who is comedian enough, but

too infernally mischievous to be depended on in emergencies.

J. Warren Kerrigan, one of the big luminaries of Paralta films, is eccentric in his tastes, in so far as animals go, and he likes to dig up some critter which seldom gets a chance to shine in the limelight. In one of his recent photoplays he staged a clever boxing match with a giant kangaroo, which reminded one of Bob Fitzsimmons in the heyday of his ring career. Let it be said here and now, the kangaroo performed like a veteran and scored a hit nearly approximating that of his opposing gladiator.



"the picture" every time he can, and he invariably tries to imitate whatever pose his mistress may take.

Since we are back on the subject of dogs again, it is interesting to note that more stars use these beasts to foil the villain than ever before. It is also interesting to take cognizance of the fact that many of the feminine photoplay artists use their pet dogs for comedy business. But Dorothy Kelly has a canine she uses for ornamental purposes and no one can gainsay he is a beauty.

It has been remarked frequently that Mary Pickford

Jane Cowl in a scene with dog and rabbits



Olive Thomas

Vivian Martin, the Morosco star, is another who dotes on pets not so common. Any dove that's white and that can bill and coo to a frazzle will win her inevitably. She recently forced her director to co-star two white doves with her. She felt that the feathered denizens would offset the pall of the worrisome activities of the schemes in the plot.

Miss Martin, like most every other photoplay star, also has a dog. It's an Airedale known to fame by the breezy name of Zephyr. Forsooth, Zephyr is a remarkably intelligent dog with a mania for posing before the camera. He persists in getting into



Vivian Martin

has her own goat—a thoroughly docile pet, and she also has a parrot for which she fosters a marked affection. Besides, she has a wonderful cat, and she once owned a buffalo, but she didn't dote on being "buffaloed." Almost all of her pets get chances to appear with her in pictures, and oftentimes the dumb brutes figure prominently in the plots.

Marion Davies, who is one of the latest stage favorites to be enlisted in the wing of photoplayers, fell into the animal tendencies of the cinema art promptly by digging up a donkey of great braying ability and slight Thespian ability to help her score a



J. Warren Kerrigan and "Knock-'em-all-out" Kangaroo



Jack Pickford and his dog, both in pants

success in her initial starring vehicle, entitled "Runaway Romany."

Bessie Love, the vivacious, little Triangle star, loves any animal that will romp rough-like. "Two things animals are for—to exercise with and to fit into the movies to aid the animation," she says succinctly as she usually says things. She owns a dog that could win a tug-o'-war unaided, and yet Miss Love matches her powers at tugging every time she has a few moments. She has a leaping greyhound, too, and she is forever trying to out-jump this champion jumper. She also has a water spaniel with which she has had many swimming contests. Verily, whenever you try to out-distance a water spaniel in the water it's like trying to out-swim a fish.

"Perchance they are making animals too indispensable in pictures when they should be merely incidental," Miss Love says, "but one can't have too many animals, especially dogs, for play. A dog is wonderfully superior in its versatility. It is expert at running, swimming and jumping, the three exercises which are most needed in the development of the physical self."

Charlie Chaplin is a dog-fancier, but he is apparently opposed to the tendency of dragging 'em into comedy pictures, for he seldom has one in his supporting cast. Perhaps he thinks what Farmer Bill Jinks thought, to wit: "A dog ain't no place out of place." Few comedians muster

animals into service to help in their fun-making. Even slap-stick artists are prone to pair up quadrupeds as assistants. It may be that it is justly calculated that animal talents do not run to exaggerated comedy.

Sympathy actuates many stars in adopting pets. Bryant Washburn, whose superb artistry in a series of light comedies is enhancing the fame of Essanay, has a three-legged dog which appeared with him in practically every scene of "The Golden Fool." The poor beast was used to drive home with the three-legged character of the role the star portrayed so engagingly.

Pauline Frederick, Fannie Ward and Olga Petrova are among the beauties of the screen who consistently omit animals from their starring vehicle. Although Pauline Frederick does feature a very beautiful little white dog in her latest production, "Double Crossed," it certainly does not detract anything from the beauty of the picture. Miss Ward, however, is like Bryant Washburn, inasmuch as she has an extensive sympathy. Just as she magnanimously befriends any human being who goes to her for aid, she goes out of her way to alleviate the sufferings of friendless beasts. She nobly subscribes to the humane creed that it pays to be kind to even a dog.

But enough of facts have been cited to prove that animals do co-operate ex-



Vola Vale and her horse seem to understand each other

tensively with the animal of man to create a full quota of moving picture plots.

There are lots of instances where they may not be necessary, but, like children, they always add an additional interest to a scene when they are featured. It is very seldom that we find a person who does not have a kindly feeling toward animals, and pictured on the screen they are at their best. Even those which are used to give us thrills are trained to act their part well, and sometimes better than the human actors in the picture.

In tragedy, drama and comedy we find them, and many a pathetic part is made more pathetic by the heroine weeping into the fur of a beautiful dog, or confiding her troubles into the ear of her horse—and, best of all, they stand for it and do not seem to mind.



Lillian Lorraine lunching with br'er bear



Marion Davies has resurrected a donkey for her petland

An Unusual Close-Up of Marguerite Clark

By I

IT was right in the middle of that awfully torrid heat wave last August that I sought out Marguerite Clark at the Paramount Studio in New York. It has taken me ever since to write this story of that visit, it was just that hot—the weather we mean.

The first thing I learned that memorable day was to like Miss Clark immensely. The second thing I learned was she did not relish the idea of being given more publicity. She holds a sort of a Maude Adams



idea about exploitation in that she thinks the public will be more interested in her if they don't hear so much about all the little things she does in private life. No doubt her notion is, it's what she does on the screen that counts. And, oh how it does count in money for her! Indeed, she receives a salary so large she has to call on her sister to help her carry it home every payday. In fact, her sister is her business manager, having complete charge of all her affairs. Just like Mary Pickford's mother, this sister knows more about her relative's dealings with managers, etc., than the star herself. Miss Clark leaves it all to her sister up to the time she goes before the camera, and then she leaves nothing to nobody.

But on that hot summer day—I walked right into the middle of a scene just being taken. It was while they were making "Bab's Burglar" the delightful photoplay that it is. The first thing I heard was a yell out of J. Searle Dawley, who was directing the picture. Of course I had mistaken the "set" in which Miss Clark was sitting for her dressing-room—it looked just that much like one. After apologies and the scene, I found myself quite at ease sitting directly opposite Miss Clark and pretending

to be anything else in the world except an interviewer. Well, I would have been just as well off if I had told her the truth, because she did not "interview" at all. She didn't say a word about herself or her art. She made no mention of how she lived or how she wanted to die. She had no beauty secrets to divulge. She had no blase remarks to make. She simply talked in a pleasant sociable fashion about first how the prevailing weather reminded her of a "once upon a time" when she was crossing some desert out west in an automobile.

"They had to tie a wet towel over my mouth and nose to keep the heat out of my lungs," she said. "On that desert will be a good place to make further use of the gas masks of the European war after the smoke of battle is lifted."

At the very moment I was talking to Miss Clark, it was reported that Jesse Lasky, who was then making the return trip of his trans-continental auto cruise, was just crossing that same desert. Miss Clark was worrying over what might be happening to Mr. Lasky.

"Let's be optimistic about it; perhaps Jesse is enjoying a dandy Turkish bath," chimed in Thomas Meighan, who came from

the other side of the studio for a moment of respite after doing the leading man stunt in "Arms and the Girl," in which Billie Burke was starring.

"There's a splendid idea—splendid," Miss Clark replied enthusiastically. "Let's all agree we are having a delightful time in this stuffy studio, sweltering like the mischief."

"I'm enjoying myself," I ventured to announce.

"You are susceptible to suggestion," the little star declared. "I would like to be, but



I've just got to say it once more, *isn't it warm!*"

One of the things that impressed me most about Marguerite Clark was, she is actually as small in stature as she seems. She is so very tiny. She wouldn't admit it though. She doesn't like to talk about herself at all. She is interested in everything else, however. For instance, she gets a lot of wholesome enjoyment out of discussing the high cost of living. While I complained about how prices soar, she sat back and laughed heartily. I made known the fact that I was particularly concerned over the price of beefsteak, my favorite morsel now or ever. Miss Clarke refused to sympathize with me, because, while she is not a confirmed vegetarian, she seldom touches beef. Her appetite is almost as small as she is, and she says she frequently goes many days without eating a bit of meat.

For the sake of my readers I feel it imperative to describe Miss Clark in lofty language, and the minute this comes to my mind I think of what one Frank Menlendyke wrote in acrostic verse, taking the liberty of poetic license to add a superfluous "E" onto her name.



Three of Marguerite Clark's best poses

Maiden fair with midnight hair,
 Artful and entrancing;
 Rich in wiles and sunny smiles,
 Gaily through life dancing.
 Unspoiled darling of the screen,
 Earnest and appealing;
 Radiant star that gleams afar,
 Into each heart stealing.
 Tender, true and captivating,
 Every play with gladness freighting.

Comely maids are nothing rare,
 Lovely lassies everywhere;
 And yet there's none like Marguerite,
 Radiant, dainty and petite,
 Known from Maine to Mexico,
 Ever fanning hearts aglow.

For one who has been in pictures as long as Marguerite Clark, she shows a charming unsophistication about the mechanics of the art. I was told by a friend of hers in the studio on this warm day that she had the evening before attended a first showing of one of her features. A photograph which preceded this on the program showed men diving off a springboard, and, by a trick of reversing the film, it showed them springing from the water and alighting on the board twenty feet above the surface of the water. "That's a remarkable feat," said the diminutive star, quite seriously. "I don't see how they do it without hurting themselves when they hit the springboard on the jump."

Miss Clark really lives in a little world of joy all her own. Unlike many feted people constantly in the limelight of fame, she gets keen enjoyment out of being absolutely alone to pursue her own little notions of diversion. She likes to take a swim all alone in her private natatorium at her country home near Rye, N. Y. She goes motoring alone nearly every day of her life, and she frequently prefers eating alone. However, she is a charming companion, and she seems to get real pleasure out of her associations with others. These *are* inside facts, but she won't discuss them. Reason: because they pertain to herself, just exactly what she does not want to discuss at all.

As I said, she is exceedingly charming in a social sense, but when it comes time to "do her bit" in the pictures, she concentrates her mind on the work in hand absolutely to the exclusion of all things else. She thinks of but one thing, and that is her characterization. She also strives to make wonderful strides forward in the improvement of her artistry. It is a matter of pride with her and egotism does not enter into it for a moment. She never wants it said that Marguerite Clark even started to "go back." The net result of this is she never fails to

appear to a better advantage in her each succeeding picture.

I must be perfectly frank and admit that Miss Clark in a great many ways is a puzzle to me. I fear it would require much time and thought for me to learn her disposition. Her ideas are not obvious in the slightest degree, and although one is convinced she possesses very high ideals, it would be difficult to determine them definitely, because she holds to the opinion that ideals are personal and need not be in the argument. She is living her life and she leaves others to live theirs. Yes, she will help others and never fails to whenever she is needed, but she tacitly asks in return that no one say a word about it, and by no means is it proper, according to her version, for anyone to praise her or anyone else for the good they do in this world.

One of the most remarkable of her accomplishments is the persistency with which she succeeds in avoiding the lure of Dan Cupid. I know it to be a fact that Miss Clark has had many ardent wooers, and a majority of them have been so-called "big catches," successful and brilliant men of the upper social strata, but they evidently all receive the same negative answer. Miss Clark is still really *Miss Clark*. Just what are her notions about matrimony is a mystery. She has never discussed the subject, although occasionally overzealous interviewers, who have not a whole lot of regard for veracity, have devised and caused to be published several of her "opinions," which she invariably repudiates the minute



she reads them. As a matter of fact, I believe I am safe in asserting that this little Paramount queen-star is the most misquoted actress of the day. I *know*, because my hour's interview netted me not one definite and important line, and I was told by one who has had charge of arranging her interview appointments for two years, that I was the luckiest of all in that period of time.

There is one admirable point of interest about Miss Clark I want to mention, and that is she actually loves to work before the camera. The silent drama has so completely fascinated her that she has rejected numerous offers to return to the stage at an increased salary. I never saw a photoplayer who was in such earnest while performing before a motion picture camera. Every ounce of her energy goes into the work in

hand, and she betrays the keen enjoyment she derives from every scene in which she appears. She is oblivious to everything while drawing a characterization. Her mind is undividedly on her art, and her heart and soul are into it for all they are worth.

Did you see her in "The Amazon," in which she was a "boy" most of the time? Well, when she finished making that picture she cried real tears because she wanted more of it. "Oh, what a picnic it was to play in that story," she said to me. "I had as much genuine wholesome fun out of it as any fan could have, and naturally I hated to see the jollity end."

But, in conclusion, I wish to assure my readers that little Miss Clark deserves the admiration she gets.



Miss Clark as she romances in make-believe

A PHANTOM HUSBAND

By H. O. DAVIS. Produced by Triangle



WALPOLE was a sleepy little Kentucky town that lay dozing all day in the hot sun under a blanket of dust. Main street was the one and only business thoroughfare. Four blocks of stores, with the postoffice at one end, constituted the business section of the town. From that Main street ran into the residential section, where neat little houses sat serene behind neat little lawns.

The chief social event of the day was the five o'clock mail. The lobby of the postoffice was virtually an informal young folk's club. Across one side of the room ran a partition honeycombed by private mail boxes and having one window where all business was transacted. When the mail arrived the postmaster ostentatiously slammed the window shut and stamped the letters with a fine pretense of being greatly overworked. Meanwhile the young folks would cluster in the lobby. The more daring of the fellows would talk to the girls, while the wall flowers of both sexes tittered and talked among themselves.

Jessie Wilcox, a girl in her teens, lived with her uncle, Abel Wilcox, in one of the neat little houses of the residential sections. Jessie was an orphan who had inherited from her parents a sum of money which the town folks thought a comfortable sum.

Jessie was a neat little body. Had she been properly dressed she would have been very attractive. But her uncle was a gentleman of the old school and did not encourage young folks to push themselves. So Jessie's finery never extended beyond a sunbonnet and a gingham dress except on Sunday, and she still wore her hair in pigtails.

Jessie was far from being the belle of the town; in fact, she was its most neglected girl. The fellows of her own age were unanimously attracted by more showy girls. The girls of the town practically ignored her. Jessie was cursed with a natural timidity which had kept her from overcoming these handicaps. So she was still neglected just when she was budding into young womanhood.

St. Valentine's Day came, the day set apart for young lovers. The postoffice lobby was crowded earlier than usual. All the belles and beaux of Jessie's age were there, impatient and eager. Even

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JESSIE WILCOX *Ruth Stonehouse*
 ABEL WILCOX *J. P. Wild*
 ALLAN AVERY *Chas. Gunn*
 MRS. MANNERS *Estelle Lacheur*
 MARIE MANNERS *Evelyn Driskell*
 JIMMY *Don Likes*
 FILING CLERK *Mary McIvor*

Jimmy Crawford, the village fat boy, was standing around hoping to receive a tender missive. Jimmy also had an eye out

ing dog decided to worry the hose where it lay coiled. As the dog tugged at the hose the nozzle turned and sprayed Jessie's uncle, leaving him wet and wrathful as he sped the dog on his way.

At the postoffice, Jessie faced her ordeal. The lobby was crowded. Back of the partition the postmaster was grumbling as he thumped away stamping the letters, pausing once to read an interesting-looking postal card.

Jessie waited inconspicuous in a corner of the lobby, watched with mingled interest and pain the evolutions of the other young folks, as a young fellow would get his courage up and cross the invincible line dividing the sexes to speak to some girl. No one paid any attention to Jessie.

"Mail's ready,"

the postmaster finally announced as he slammed the window up. The young folks began to crowd up to the window. There was a great commotion as they began opening their valentines and showing them to each other. Some of the girls had received several. Some got only one or two. A guffaw greeted Jimmy, the fat boy, as he found a comic valentine in his envelope.

Jessie was in mental agony, as she had to pass the others on her way to the window. As she expected, there was no

mail for her. She turned away slowly to run the gauntlet to the door. Some of the others were joshing the fat boy about his comic valentine. One of the fellows was holding it, while several of the young folks tittered. As Jessie looked at it she couldn't help but smile. The idea of being laughed at didn't please the fat boy. "What are you laughing at me for?" he queried pointedly.

"Yes," chimed in the girl who liked the fat boy. "Look out you don't sprain your wrists carrying all your valentines home."

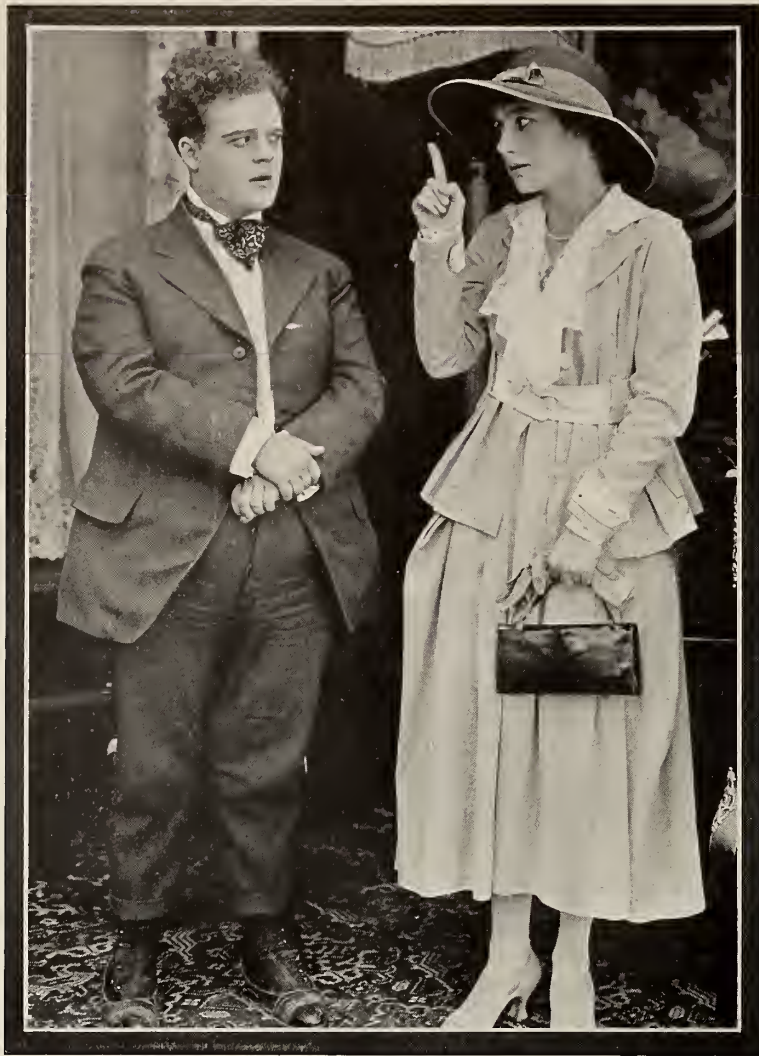
Poor Jessie's discomfiture was complete. No dumb animal creeping away to die ever had in its eyes more misery than was in Jessie's face as she made her way from the postoffice.

Meanwhile, in Chicago, Jessie's aunt, Mrs. Manners, received a letter from Jessie's uncle. She read the letter to Marie, her daughter, a girl about Jessie's own age. Mrs. Manners was a widow in more than comfortable circumstances. She was a middle-aged society matron ambitious



for Jessie, for the fat boy, spurned by the other girls, was the only fellow in the village who cared for Jessie. But Jessie was not there. She dreaded the ordeal of facing the crowd when she knew there was no chance of her getting a valentine and her sensitiveness was fast getting the best of her.

Jessie's uncle, out watering the lawn, with the hose in a snaky coil on the green grass, noticed Jessie slipping unobtrusively into the house. He called to her and asked her to go for the mail. Jessie's face showed that the errand was distasteful to her, but her uncle insisted. So Jessie reluctantly started for the postoffice. As Jessie started off, her uncle looked after her, a little peeved at her not wanting to go to the postoffice, holding the hose loosely in hands. Just then a pass-



She cut Jimmy off with a short reply

for social success for herself and for her daughter. Marie was not an unusual girl in any way. She was simply a city girl dressed in the height of fashion, fairly pretty—like almost any other girl with rich or near-rich parents.

"It's from your uncle," Mrs. Manners told Marie, "asking us to pay him a visit. There is some business in Walpole, he reminds me that I must attend to."

Marie looked interested.

"But one thing, Marie," Mrs. Manners went on. "No flirtations with these country bumpkins. Remember I have a future planned for you."

Marie assented willingly enough.

Next evening Jessie was enjoying herself, watering the lawn, when her uncle appeared in the front door and asked her to go for the mail. Jessie demurred, but her uncle insisted. He took the hose away from her and started watering the lawn himself as he sent Jessie on her way.

As Jessie ran the gauntlet at the post-office both she and the postmaster were very much surprised at finding a letter for her. Jessie could not resist the temptation to let everybody know that she had a letter. She opened it in the post-office and started to read it very conspicuously.

The other girls were as surprised as Jessie expected they would be.

"What do you know about that?" they whispered to each other. "She's got a letter."

As Jessie read her letter with a superior air she found it was from Mrs. Manners, saying that she and Marie would arrive on the next day.

The girls timidly approached Jessie.

"Who's your letter from?" one asked.

Jessie hesitated a moment, hating to have to acknowledge that it was from a mere aunt instead of a sweetheart. Then she decided to make a plunge.

"It's from my fiance," she replied boldly. Jessie assumed a languidly superior air as she watched the surprised expressions on the other girl's faces.

Jimmy Crawford had been hanging around the postoffice. As Jessie started to leave he approached her timidly, intending to ask if he could walk home with her. But Jessie switched past him, paying no attention to him.

"Jimmy, your mouth is open," said one girl to Jimmy as he started after Jessie. "I know it. I opened it," said Jimmy absent-mindedly.

But Jimmy was a side issue to the girls. They were busy expressing their surprise at the idea of Jessie having a fiance.

The next day Mrs. Manners and Marie Manners arrived. Two or three of the young people of the town were passing when the two strangers alighted from the bus that met all trains. They watched with interest as the two women greeted Jessie's uncle and went into the house. A really smart dressed woman was a great novelty in Walpole.

Jessie, looking from her chamber window, saw her relatives arriving and hastily began primping. She wanted to look her best before these wonderful people from the city.

The parlor of the Wilcox home would have been a fearful and wonderful thing to any one but a resident of Walpole. It was a miscellaneous jumble of furniture and knick-knacks. Two excellent black walnut pieces shouldered several shabby gilt chairs. Everywhere was a profusion of small ornaments, vases, china dogs, and so on. The room was greatly overcrowded and had plainly been lived in by several generations, each of which had left its impress.

Into this room came Mrs. Manners and Marie with Jessie's uncle. As the uncle stepped to the door to call Jessie, Mrs. Manners gave her surroundings a cold stare through her lorgnette.

Jessie was hastily trying to fix herself up when her uncle's voice reached her, so there was nothing to do but to go down.

Jessie greeted her aunt and cousin with inward trepidation. They were very sweet to Jessie in their polished way, and Jessie immediately felt at ease.

"Don't you young folks want to amuse yourself some way?" Jessie's uncle asked Jessie and Marie a few moments later. "You might go down to the postoffice and see the mail come in."

Jessie was pleased at the suggestion, so she and Marie set out.

When Jessie and Marie arrived at the postoffice their entrance created an undoubted sensation. Marie basked in the spot light and languidly received the homage of the natives.

The fellows all ambled up to speak to Jessie, plainly hoping for an introduction to Marie. But the mail delivery window was slammed up and that gave Jessie a chance to lead Marie away.

Only Jimmy Crawford was faithful to Jessie.

"I'd kinda hoped to come and see you tonight," he said, "but so long as you got company, I suppose ther ain't no use."

But Jessie cut Jimmy off with a short reply and walked away, leaving the poor fellow very discouraged.

Marie was soon in a fair way to being the belle of the town. That night a couple of young fellows of the town called on Jessie. It was easy to see that their real object was Marie. The second arrival glared at the first, who had preempted the seat beside Marie. But the newcomer won a point by being first to ask Marie if she would go to the Sunday school picnic with him. Marie quickly accepted. Then the other fellow asked Jessie if she would go with him. Jessie was going to refuse, but Marie nudged her and signalled her to accept. So Jessie accepted, though a little against her will.

On the next day Jessie and Marie prepared for the picnic, each in her own way. Jessie prepared sandwiches and cake. Marie dressed up in her most attractive clothes. When Jessie went to her room which she had turned over to Marie, she found Marie debating between which clothes to wear. As Marie made her choice, Jessie longingly held up the second best suit.

"This suit is very pretty," Jessie said.

"Yes, but it wouldn't fit you," said Marie, as she snatched the clothes away.



Jessie was a plain body

The picnic was held in Perkins Grove. The picnickers assembled early, most of them bringing their lunches in shoe boxes. They were indeed a gay crowd. Marie was easily the reigning queen, with her city clothes and superior sophistication. The country lads crowded around her to the envy of the other girls.

Poor Jessie was quite outclassed, and Jimmy, the fat boy, was in the depths of despair at seeing Jessie with another fellow.

The usual untoward incidents occurred.

Ants got into the sandwiches. Jimmy tried to crowd in and sit by Jessie, and only succeeded in sitting in the berry pie, smearing his white duck trousers.

Marie's triumph progress continued. The next night she sat on the front porch of Jessie's home with a fellow, while Jessie slipped away quietly into the house.

Up under the roof Jessie had her little room with dormer windows, a slanting ceiling and neatly whitewashed walls. It was spotless and clean with its little white dresser, but devoid of ornament or softening features save for one or two old pictures on the walls.

In the privacy of her room, Jessie communed with herself. She conjured up a vision of a wonderful sweetheart, an almost unbelievable handsome man who would write her fervent love letters. She saw the envy of the other girls.

But the crowning touch came at the end of Jessie's visions when her handsome sweetheart,

right after the wedding, assured her that she was the prettiest girl for miles around.

Jessie came to with a start. She looked at herself in the mirror.

"I wonder why you don't get letters when homelier girls do," Jessie said to her own reflection. "Well, you shall."

So, while her uncle drowsed and swatted mosquitoes on the front porch, Jessie wrote herself an ardent love letter from her imaginary sweetheart.

"But it'll never do to mail the letter here in Walpole," Jessie thought to herself. "If I could only find some way to have it mailed in another city—"

Meanwhile Mrs. Manners, fearful lest Marie become involved in rustic entanglement, had seated herself conspicuously on the front porch, effectually driving away Marie's caller. Marie rose to go indoors.

Jessie's thoughts were interrupted by

the arrival of Marie. A way out of her difficulty presented itself to Jessie.

"Oh, Marie," Jessie asked, "when you get back home, if I send you any letters will you mail them to me?"

"Why, certainly," said Marie, "but what's it all about?"

But Jessie preferred not to explain.

A few days after Mrs. Manners and Marie had left Walpole Jessie began to be a personage of importance there.

The usual crowd had gathered in the postoffice when Jessie entered. Gone was

ever, cast a temporary shadow over Jessie's triumph.

"Seems as if your fellow might get you an engagement ring if he's so rich and so crazy about you," she said.

"He wanted to give me one, but I was trying to keep our engagement a secret from common folks," said Jessie, haughtily as she walked away with a brave assumption of the grand manner, leaving the other girls discomfited and spurning the tentative advances of several men.

But the remark about the engagement

ring had struck home. So Jessie drew on the fund inherited from her father and bought a ring from a mail order house. So the next time Jessie appeared at the postoffice she had a large solitaire to flash. The other girls were more jealous than ever of Jessie's success. But the snippy girl with the gift of cutting remarks again clouded the day for Jessie by remarking that it was a wonder that Jessie's sweetheart didn't set a day for the wedding.

As Jessie thought things over on the next day in the privacy of her own room, she could see nothing for her to do but announce her approaching marriage. So she wrote a letter to Mrs. Manners saying that she had to visit Chicago on business and would call on Mrs. Manners.

But, before going, Jessie told all the girls that she was going to Chicago to be married. She swore each girl to strictest secrecy. So the news spread like wildfire.

The Manners drawing-room where Jessie was received fairly took her breath away. In all her years in Walpole she had not dreamed of such magnificence. The idea of so much furniture, with no old pieces, was strange to her. The size of the room, too, impressed her. It was much larger than any living-room in Walpole. Then, too, Mrs. Manners' French maid seemed an indescribable touch of luxury to the country girl. As a matter of fact, the Manners' home was not so wonderful. From city standards it was nothing to marvel at. But Jessie, in her fearful and wonderful "Sunday clothes" was greatly impressed.

Immediately after Jessie's departure the great secret was printed in the Walpole Bugle, the weekly newspaper of the village. Thus it reached Jessie's uncle. He was greatly agitated. He visited the editor of the Bugle to ask what in the



Marie was easily the queen of the picnic

her lack of confidence. Instead, she greeted every one with a dazzling smile. The postmaster slammed the delivery window up; Jessie started toward the window. With a truly royal air she graciously permitted the postmaster to hand her three letters. Three letters for Jessie! Would wonders never cease?

As Jessie ripped one of the letters open the other girls could no longer restrain their curiosity. They crowded around her respectfully to ask her questions.

"Dear Jack," she said, "isn't that just like him." She handed the letter to one of the girls by way of explanation of her remark. The girls crowded around to look at the letter, it was a fervid love letter. The girls expressed their interest in the love affair. They could not help showing their pique at Jessie capturing this wonderful unknown. One girl, how-



Not so secret was their love-making

name of thunder he meant by putting such a piece in the paper. The confused editor said that every one in town knew that Jessie had gone to be married. Jessie's uncle hastily wired Mrs. Manners to have Jessie return to Walpole at once.

Mrs. Manners, wondering what all the excitement was about, showed the telegram to Jessie, who asked to wire back saying that she was all right and would return soon.

But the telegram showed Jessie that she must make good on the marriage proposition. She was in more desperate straights than ever.

A way out of her plight presented itself to Jessie when she read in the paper of an unclaimed body at the morgue which would be buried in Potter's Field unless claimed within a day. She decided to claim the body, take it back to Walpole and say that her husband had died and that she had brought the remains back for burial.

Jessie went to the morgue office to claim the body. Through saying she recognized the body by a mark on the arm, she claimed it. She told the attendant that it had been a secret marriage and had never used her husband's name.

Jessie then returned to Walpole in widow's weeds. She arrived at her home in a closed carriage. The gaping townspeople watched her uncle escort the heavily veiled young girl from the carriage to the house.

Soon the visitors began to arrive, eager to know the details. Jessie told them all that she had been married; that her husband had died suddenly, and that he would be buried in the old Wilcox plot in the cemetery. The young folks

of the town were greatly impressed with Jessie's romance. Jimmy Crawford and Jessie's other suitors paid their respects to the young widow.

Even Jessie's uncle shared in the reflected glory. He repeated Jessie's sad story with great relish to everybody he met.

About this time a visitor called at the morgue. He was Allen Avery, a very rich young man, exhausting every means of finding his brother, Mortimer Avery, whom it was necessary to locate in order to settle the father's estate. He was surprised and saddened to learn from the attendant that his brother's body had been there unclaimed for several days. The mark on the arm was identification enough. He was more surprised when the attendant told him that his brother's body had been claimed by the widow.

The attendant gave Allen both Jessie's addresses, which she had given him. Allen first went to the Manners' home. There he met Marie. When Allen explained his case Marie was in a quandary. But she said that Jessie had gone back to Walpole. Meanwhile, Mrs. Manners came in and was introduced to Allen by Marie.

"Oh! You surely can't be the son of George K. Avery, of New York," said Mrs. Manners beamingly.

"I surely am," said Allen, as he withdrew.

"My dear, he is immensely rich," said Mrs. Manners to Marie after Allen had left. "We must keep an eye on him."

"I think he is going to Walpole," said Marie.

"Walpole! The very thing," said Mrs. Manners. "We must leave to visit your uncle as soon as you can get some new clothes."

Allan located Jessie easily enough. He found her very attractive in her widow's weeds. Both Allan and Jessie felt the power of mutual attraction at first sight. Jessie's uncle presided with dignity over the occasion of his niece receiving a stranger.

But when Allan explained to Jessie that he was the brother of her husband, Jessie felt a cold chill run up her spine. Now indeed she was in a predicament.

Jessie gathered herself together as quickly as possible and told Allan that she would discuss business further the next day. That suited Allan.

"You won't forget your poor old uncle when you get all that money, will you?" Jessie's uncle anxiously asked her when Allan had gone. But Jessie couldn't talk. She ran up to her room.

"Poor little girl. She's grieving so," said her uncle to Allan.

Alone in her room, Jessie was racked by a vision of herself being exposed as a bogus widow and arrested by a big policeman with a fierce black mustache.

"If I ever get out of this, I'll never, never, tell another lie," she moaned to herself.

Allan purposely delayed his business in Walpole as long as possible. Though neither he nor Jessie realized it, they were falling in love with each other.

The crisis came when Allan asked Jessie to sign the legal papers necessary to claim her share in the estate. Jessie, realizing that exposure confronted her, burst into tears.

"I have something terrible to confess," she said. "I was never married to your brother."

"What!" exclaimed Allan, horrified, making the natural mistaken implication.

(Continued on page 54)

Jessie longed for popularity



Speaking of Man Power in this War--What About Woman Power?

AT last has come the day when there is no limit as to what woman can do in absolutely all lines of endeavor, including the military. Russian women have demonstrated the fact that the gentler sex possesses sufficient courage and ample skill to meet man in actual battle of iron and blood, and the Slav "Legion of Death," composed of women soldiers, have actually engaged German armies, and in some skirmishes have emerged victorious. All available reports state the women made good use of all their modern fighting equipment and that they conducted themselves gallantly under the most withering and terrorizing fire. Instead of screaming for help these noble women made their men opponents scream in surprise.

Since the United States entered the world war, there has been much discussion as to what part American women must take in the hostilities which must be waged to a successful end if the atrocious Prussian menace is to be eradicated. Of course, from the inception it has been conceded that women must take the places of men at home, and that some must accompany our soldiers to the field of battle to act as nurses. But, Gladys Brockwell, one of the most intensely patriotic of photoplayers, takes the advanced ground that woman must begin now to prepare herself to go right on the firing-line as a soldier if the occasion demands it. She thinks every single American woman between the ages of eighteen and thirty should go into military training at once. This being a war of extermination, there is no limit to the possibilities where it may end, and one thing is certain, if the struggle continues long enough and the casualties continue at the terrible rate already set, there will be eventually more able-bodied women than there will be men fit for the service. If enough women are by then well-trained soldiers, they will save the day by filling the gaps in the ranks.

"At the worst it will do women no harm and will give them lots of beneficial exercise and useful knowledge if they master the art of modern warfare," Miss Brockwell says. "There is absolutely no telling how soon even America will need some army corps composed of women soldiers to replace the fallen heroes of our brave masculine sex."

There surely can be no serious objection to teaching woman man's work on the field of battle. Gallantry impels we men to hold up our hands in horror at the mere thought of our American womanhood being exposed to the cruel and ruthless Teutonic militarism, and none of us will condone the idea until comes the day when it is obviously and desperately indispensable to draw on our very last resources to conquer the enemy. Forsooth, there might come a day when the whole civilized world would be glad if there were five million well-trained American women soldiers ready to storm the strongholds of the obstinate Germany.

Gladys Brockwell has gone still further with her theory than people usually do with so-called pet notions. She has applied herself to her manual of arms and



GLADYS
BROCKWELL

has gone through all the drills under the direction of a regular army officer, and now, today, as a consequence, she is a splendid soldier. A glance at the accompanying photograph is convincing of the assertion that she is as soldierly in deportment and appearance as any man. She knows and can obey adeptly every command, and she could take her place in any crack company. And don't think she can't use that rifle. She recently scored 80 hits out of a hundred shots at target practice, which is outshooting the best of the German soldiers.

"It is stupid for women to protest that they could never learn to shoot a rifle straight, and it is certain they could get just as effective results as men could if they did use their rifles in a battle," Miss Brockwell says. "Even though it may never be that women regiments will be depended on in frontal or decisive attacks, they could perform almost as important work by following the attacking men and holding the ground they have won."

Of course, this is all contingent on a shortage of men due to the inroads of the Reaper. But why isn't it feasible enough to warrant women to go in for military training, as Miss Brockwell suggests.

"If there ever was a time when old lines of prejudices should be erased, that time is now, and one prejudice which must go is that woman is helpless and dependant," Miss Brockwell continues. "If woman wants man's prerogatives—to vote and all—she should be willing to share man's military as well as industrial work if there is any necessity for it. No doubt most women agree with me, but I say they should prove it by devoting more time to actual military training than to knitting."

As this popular Fox star cites, America could develop a woman power which would rival the man power, and the moral effect would be wonderful, if unique—men would fight in greater numbers and more efficiently in the hopes of winning the war and avoiding the necessity for calling on the gentler ones for aid. Certainly, there is no reason for smug bias entering into any argument any more—it is time that we all recognize the undeniable and duly demonstrated fact that the woman soldier is a reality, whether she will be needed or not. And Gladys Brockwell is one of the "pioneers" in a powerful feminine army, which might have to spring into effective existence ere the dove of peace returns to its perch to bill and coo.

She's as soldierly as the "soldierest" soldier,

Whoever carried a gun upon his shoulder,

And if she's not as old in training no soldier lives that's bolder.

A REAL INTERNATIONAL STAR

By PEARL GADDIS

TO Valentine Grant, dainty little screen-star, belongs, really, the honor of having truthfully portrayed more foreign characters than any other girl on the screen to-day. What's more, she has gone abroad and played these characters "on their native heath" as 'twere.

Four years ago she was studying in New York with a view to becoming a concert singer, and had ambitions that reached way behind the footlights at the Metropolitan. With a beautiful coloratura soprano voice of great depth and strength, she was in a fair way to realizing those ambitions, when lo! something as ordinary and commonplace as a February rain upset her well-calculated plans.

On her way home from a lesson one afternoon, she was caught in one of those gloomy, dreary ice-water rains so well-known for early February. And she caught a dreadful cold, which settled nastily enough in her soft, white throat. The doctor said that she mustn't sing another note for at least a year if she hoped ever to regain her golden voice.

In the midst of her discouragement and home-sickness, after hearing what was to her the death-knell of all her rosy plans, she met Sidney Olcott, the famous producer, who was at that time busy getting

up a company to go South for some Southern pictures. Becoming interested in Miss Grant, he suggested pictures, but she only laughed, for, besides not caring much about picture honors, she cared little for pictures themselves, admitting that she had seen barely a dozen.

But Mr. Olcott was firm in his belief in her. So finally, since this offered a solution for that silent year, she accepted.

Her later work proved that Mr. Olcott was right, and that in the temporarily voiceless prima donna he had discovered a screen star of great promise.

Three pictures were made in Florida and then suddenly Mr. Olcott decided to go to Ireland. This was the former home of Miss Grant's grandmother, and all her life she had longed to see the dear old Emerald Isle. Thus were her wishes gratified. And then began the international work.

In Ireland she did two or three Irish pictures, all of them fairly reeking with Irish atmosphere. The company put London and similar big towns firmly out of its mind, going straight down to a little place called



Valentine Grant



As a girl of yore

Beaufort, County Kerry, where they "put up" at the inn of Dennis O'Sullivan, as lovable an old Irish character as one could hope to find in many days' travel.

Here, by watching the Irish girls about her, by picking up bits of costumes here and there, by learning the real Irish brogue, Miss Grant got herself so thoroughly into the spirit of old Ireland that her plays have been praised throughout the motion picture world—which is to say, the whole world.

Then, over to a little town with an unpronounceable name, some miles away from Glasgow, went the company for scenes in a Scotch play called "Jean o' the Heather," in which Miss Grant's work was as thoroughly Scotch as "The Innocent Lie" had been Irish, and, so it went. She played a high-caste Spanish woman, a Frenchwoman of the demi-monde, with as splendid a sense of detail as in the other two. She has never been content to play a "straight" lead part; it must have room for characterization. The only straight American part she has ever played was her first picture, called "The Idle Rich." Then she played a Southern woman of the '60's, a poor little woe-begone "cracker" girl of the Florida "backwoods" type—always with a touch of that genius-fire that leads one into the very heart of one's characterization.

And now she has completed her list of

international stars with the portrayal of "Jeanne," a brave young daughter of Belgium in a play soon to be released and called, simply, "The Belgium." This play is said, by those who have seen it, to be one of the biggest things that has yet come from this terrible war. Walker Whiteside is co-starred in this play with Miss Grant—and this is the second time they have worked together—the first time having been when Miss Grant played the Russian countess, in "The Melting Pot," adding another laurel leaf to her crown of characterizations.

"Jeanne," she says, is by all means her best and biggest picture. Her plays now and the plans of her producer, Mr. Olcott, and her co-star, Mr. Whiteside, include the making of just four big productions each year, which will allow room for something really big and worthwhile, she says.

Miss Grant is small, with big, earnest blue-grey eyes and brown hair. She takes her work seriously and works hard, which is,



Miss Grant as a Belgian girl

Island, in New York, has earned for her the admiration and co-operation of government officials throughout the land. She goes among the boys, meeting them, and offering cheery, kind words that are millions of miles from preaching. It is her proud boast that she doesn't preach to the boys or weep over them—but her cheery, encouraging little ten-minute talks to them on Sundays, when she takes over famous film and stage people, "to meet her club," as she expresses it, do more good than half a dozen long, weepy sermons.

Her work goes even farther than this, for every boy in that prison knows that as soon as he receives his discharge from its grim grey walls, and no matter how few friends he may have "outside," he may

of course the reason for her great success.

She is very much interested in prison welfare work, especially for those poor unfortunates in government prisons. Her work among the prisoners at Castle William, the government prison at Governor's

always depend on Valentine Grant. She finds them a job somewhere and never loses interest in them. Her mail daily is filled with dozens of letters from grateful boys who have been "put on their feet," their

(Continued on page 54)



As an Italian



As a Parisian



As a Scotch Lassie



A PEN-AND-INK STUDY OF MARY PICKFORD

When "Big Bill" Visited Douglas

By PETER GRIDLEY SMITH

WELL, if it isn't Bill!" Whereupon the energetic Douglas Fairbanks hurdled the five-foot hedge surrounding his home and landed gracefully upon the neck of the screen's most famous bad man as the latter walked unsuspectingly up the path which leads to the portals of the acrobat's home.

Although Bill Hart, for, of course, it was he, expected anything but a conventional greeting from his pal and fellow-Artcrafter, he never dreamed that the latter would come sailing down from the sky upon the first hard-boiled linen collar he had struggled into for many weeks.

Upon assuring himself that his back



Bringing back the protesting one



Matching strength in a cowboy trick

latter realized what had happened. For any one but a person familiar with the "playful" pranks of the gentle cowboy this would have proved a hat-raiser, but Douglas took it with an appreciative smile, and in return disclosed to Bill some "little tricks" which the late cow-puncher had taught him, several of which were even more spectacular to the onlooker than the first.

"Matching nickels" is one of the favorite pastimes of these two Artcraft stars when they get together, and just when it appeared that "Big Bill" was becoming worried and began to feel that he was "jinxed," the game was interrupted by Tenderfoot John Emerson, director for Douglas Fairbanks, who called to see his chief regarding the morrow's activities.

"You're worried, John," exclaimed the ever-smiling Douglas, whereupon he grasped the director's arm, and bidding Bill to follow him, led them up to the nursery of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., where the

was not broken and that his neck was still connected with his spinal column, Bill Hart, in his usual quiet way, extended his hand, and by the way of retaliation squeezed Douglas's well-known hand in a grip that would have forever mutilated the beauty of any other person's organ of welcome.

Douglas Fairbanks and Bill Hart are alike in many respects, among the most prominent of which is the fact that they are both in love with the West. Then again, both are old friends of the late Jim Kid, one of the most famous cowboys that ever chapped a tenderfoot. When Douglas and Bill get together many interesting tales are exchanged about their experiences with the famous character, respected and loved by every "cow-person" in the country. With these stories the film stars offer realistic illustrations, and in telling each other incidents concerning the West, the rope and six-shooter comes into active service.

"Here's a trick Jim played on me," said Big Bill as he turned his back to Douglas and walked away. Suddenly whirling about, he whipped a six-shooter from his hip-pocket, and from the hip shot a cigar from Douglas's hand before the



Music soothes the savage beast

two actors compelled the worried director to pay strict attention to a game of blocks. The game became exciting to an extent where Bill suddenly exclaimed: "Well, it looks like this will be a sociable affair," whereupon he took his six-shooter from his pocket and placed it on the table with a significant glare at Douglas.

Nothing seemed to dispel the gloom that surrounded Emerson, and when Douglas announced that he would sing and play the piano for him the director threw up his hands, and without further ceremony made a hasty exit in mock sarcasm. Douglas and Bill would not be humiliated thus, however, and with a

trusty lariat they were soon on the trail of the rapidly-departing guest. It was a simple matter to place the loop over him while in full flight, but it took all the Westerners' experience in handling a wild steer to bring him back to the piano, where Bill's famous "cannon" and Douglas's lariat drawn tightly around the victim's Adam's apple compelled the objecting one to submit while "the music soothed his savage breast." When several hours later Bill and Emerson bid Douglas good-night, the latter had forgotten that he ever had a worry in his life, and the former even overlooked the soiled collar.

course of physical exercise. You are then in the pink of condition and ready for a real hard day's work. You are physically happy, and you know the physical always reflects the mental. You are full of energy and enthusiasm, and from this comes something else that must not be neglected—in fact it must be cultivated and guarded from the very beginning—laughter.

"The mere possession of energy and enthusiasm makes us feel like laughing. We want to leap and jump and sing. If we feel like that, why be afraid to do it? Get out in the air and run like a school boy. Jump ditches, swing your arms. Never fail to get next to nature when responsive to the call. Indeed, we may woo this call from within ourselves until it comes to be a second nature. And when we arise in the morning let us be determined that we will start the day with a hearty laugh. Laugh because you are alive. Laugh with everything. Let yourself go—that is the secret, the ability to let one's self go. If we follow this religiously you will be surprised how successful the day will be. Everything gives way before it."

If living in the open effects others as it does Douglas, I think it would be very wise for the inhabitants of large cities to discard their palatial apartments and decide to try the close-to-nature proposition. Fairbanks is a remarkable type of American. He enjoys living—he is never known to be without a smile—and consequently everybody is for him. He hopes to remain in California until Christmas Time, and then return to New York and do two pictures, followed by embarking for the land of ukuleles if the war conditions do not prevent the trip.

Outside of all this, and much more besides, the dynamic Doug plans on doing very little else.

AND HERE IS MORE ABOUT DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

SMILE DOCTOR—PHILOSOPHER

By BENNIE ZEIDMAN

THERE is only one thing to worry about when doing an athletic stunt, and that is knowing how to fall when you miss connections—one can receive just as serious injuries from a three-foot fall as he can from an elevation of thirty feet," replied smiling Douglas Fairbanks, to my rather personal inquiry.

The scene of this interview was Hollywood, California, where seventy-five per cent. of our pictureplays are produced. Douglas looked his best. He seemed to be thriving on hard work and sunshine. Director Emerson announced that ten scenes had already been "shot" that day.

This particular day in the history of Los Angeles was quite a memorable one, it being "Raisin Day." The same week Californians celebrated Citrus, Orange, Plum and Lemon Day, which, of course, meant a local parade for each celebration.

Doug's costume, that of the westerner, suggested our talk on that type of pictures.

"Playing in westerns," said the athletic star, "is like a kid joining the movies. Doing these sort of things, riding bucking bronchos, bulldozing steers, throwing a lariat, always appealed to me, and really it has been my ambition to live this sort of a life. I had a touch of it when a youngster in Colorado. I think there is decidedly more romance and thrills in the west than one is apt to find in the east. I have a great admiration for the cowpuncher. Those fellows really enjoy life. They live close to nature and have quite a sense of poetry.

"Three years ago the wanderlust overtook me so badly that I couldn't stand it any longer, so I just beat it! My only companion was a cowpuncher, a most interesting fellow, who practiced the roundup type of philosophy. One thing he said appealed to me.

"We were crossing the Mojave Desert, and I asked Jim how he liked it, and he replied:

"'Well, it isn't where you are that counts; it's who you're with.'

"I'd rather listen to this fellow than read Herbert Spencer.

"Brick sidewalks and bright lights are great, but give me the old gypsy life every

time. New York is like a wild love affair—absence makes the pulse grow sounder.

"I remember the time when a couple of fellows and myself walked through Europe and lived in the open, doing odd jobs as we tramped from Liverpool to London and so down the line, and when we returned home to the United States I'll bet we were in better physical condition than Jess Willard on the night of his big fight with Jack Johnson.

"We have formed an athletic club at our studio. Everybody reports early in the morning, and we go through a systematic



Douglas Fairbanks and Eileen Percy in silhouette

Beban a Bulldog for Backing His Beliefs

Only Man Who Ever Achieved Stardom Through Character Parts Alone Believes in Specialization

By LLOYD ROBINSON



As a French-American

GEORGE BEBAN is the only star in moving pictures who never played a straight American part. No other actor on stage or screen has climbed to success on the same ladder as that used by Paramount's famous portrayer of Italian and French character parts. True it is that there are one or two stars whose fame has come from a definite characterization, but this characterization cannot truly be called a character part. Take William S. Hart as an example. Mr. Hart, in practically all his pictures plays a character of striking individuality, but it is always an American part, closely allied to what the stage calls a "straight part." Even the Chaplin, Arbuckle and Sennett comedians who should be classified in another field altogether, do not play as individualized character parts as those played by George Beban. Never

has he appeared on stage or screen as anything but a Frenchman or Italian, and the remarkable thing is that he has been able to so diversify his characterizations that no two of them are the same.

To-day George Beban is a real star. The fact that he is a strong drawing card wherever his pictures appear led someone in New York, a short time ago, to believe that he could be equally as persuasive at the picture theatre box office in straight parts. It was suggested that the poor Italian laboring man and the jolly French peasant had their limitations; that they might appeal to a few, but that the upper crust of the picture public was opposed to Pietro's dusty shoes and Pasquale's tattered shirt.

But George Beban set Pietro's big brogans down hard on that suggestion. He loves his Italian. He created him after studying real people whose smiles are like



As a French music-master and artist

plot. I don't want merely the hero-girl-other-man situation and the inevitable embrace just before the fade-out. I want a genuine love interest, and my future pictures are going to have it, but it is to be a love interest entirely in character and in line with my sort of impersonation."

And the photoplay lovers agree with George Beban. They have come to love his impersonations and they feel that to take the Guidos, Pietros and Luigis away from the Paramount star would be like taking the fragrance from the rose. George Beban, cut after the ordinary film pattern, would be George Beban spoiled.

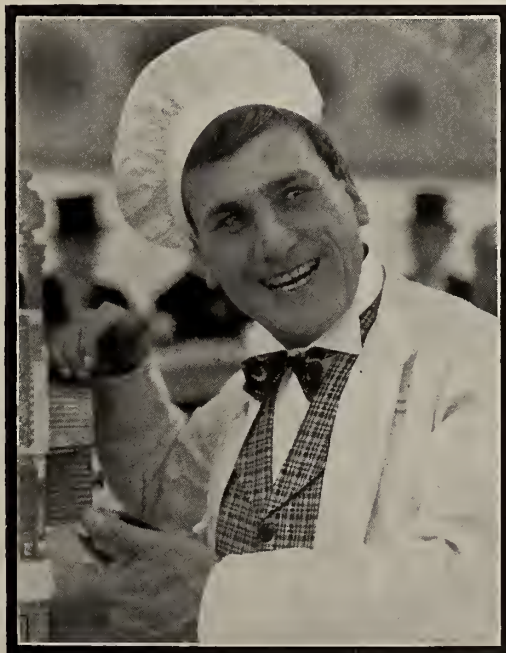


George Beban as an American

the sun of sunny Italy, and whose tears come as quick as the rain storm passing. To snuff him out of picture existence after fathering him all these months till the time when he can now take his stand along with the brightest luminaries of the screen would be almost unthinkable.

"I believe in specialization," says Mr. Beban. "People have their own peculiar fields and are better in them than in somebody else's niche. There's Hart—he'd be a fool to break away from his western stuff. And Doug Fairbanks. If anybody else jumps over a table they say he's trying to be like Fairbanks, and that kills him. So if I should try to do some different things I would be foolish. In many American roles I could be beaten by a hundred players. Why, Theodore Roberts could wipe up the ground with me.

"I don't want to work the eternal triangle into my stories, except as an incidental



As a French flapjack cook



As a French-Canadian



**NIFTY
NEGLIGEE
WORN
BY
LOUISE
GLAUM**

French negligee of gold lace and satin. The bodice is a long pointed wateau affair of satin and the sleeves are modified angel sleeves of gold lace, draped down on the hips.

The harem trousers of satin with a wide insertion of gold lace at the ankles, are drawn into a wide satin band, and finished off with a wonderful gold tassel.

The trousers are almost concealed by an overskirt of the satin with an insertion of gold lace, which falls a little below the knees.

**Madge Kennedy
Offers Knitting Knowledge
to the Nation**

Sleep may, as friend Shakespeare averred, "knit up the revelled sleeve of care." But Madge Kennedy advises her fellow-stars—the feminine ones, of course—to stay awake and tend to the knitting themselves. They owe it to Uncle Sam.

As any visitor to the Goldwyn Studio in Fort Lee, N. J., may observe, Madge Kennedy utilizes her spare moments between scenes of "Nearly Married" in knitting wooly things that look very much like masculine mittens and caps and mufflers—even military ones. There are many, many minutes during the day when the director is busy with minor characters or working out some problem with the camera man. It is then that most stars seek their dressing rooms to snatch a few moments of sleep on a couch. The star of "Nearly Married" says, "Get thee behind me, Morpheus," and hauls out her needles.

"Of course," Miss Kennedy confesses, "it isn't just because I like to work. The director gives me plenty of that. I'm knitting for the same reason that thousands, millions, of other women are knitting. See this. It's a soldier's muffler. I'm doing my bit as best I can, though I must say I'm not as fine a knitter as my mother or most of the older generation. But if every one would try hard to learn and then watch every spare moment when the needles might be flying, our output for Uncle Sam's troops abroad wouldn't be so very far below the average of the Civil War in quality, and it would be a lot higher in quantity.

"But we must see that we are making the sort of things that soldiers really need, and making them right. I have been lucky enough to secure some exceptionally good 'recipes' for knitted wear, and I think I've even made a worth-while improvement of my own here and there. I'll be awfully glad to send any girl who is interested my own directions for making any of the following articles: soldier's gloves, sleeveless jacket, soldier's muffler, aviator's cap, hospital slippers, aviator's mittens, army wristlets."

Here are two of them:

SLEEVELESS JACKET

Material required—Three balls of worsted yarn and two amber needles, No. 5.

Color—Khaki for the army, oxford gray or navy blue for the navy.

Cast on 80 stitches.

Knit 2 and purl 2 stitches for 4 inches.

Knit plain until sweater measures 23 inches.

Knit 28 stitches, then bind off 24 stitches for the neck.

Knit 28 stitches.

Knit six rows on each shoulder, then cast on 24 stitches.

Knit plain for 19 inches.

Knit 2 stitches plain and 2 stitches purl for 4 inches.

Sew up sides, leaving 9 inches for armholes.

HOSPITAL SLIPPERS

Material required—Four balls of worsted yarn, khaki color; one pair of bone needles, size 3; one pair of lamb's wool soles, size 6.

Cast on 26 stitches.

Knit plain for 129 ribs (2 rows equal 1 rib).

Cast off.

Join the cast off end to the adjacent side.

For the top knit a strip on twelve stitches long enough to go around the top of the slipper. Sew this piece to top of slipper.

Sew slipper on sole.

Movies Afford Intensive Training for Soldiers

United States regulars, now in France, got ten days of intensive training down on Long Island when the battle of the Marne was re-fought under real battle conditions, just prior to the departure of the Sammies from this country. Four hundred of Uncle Sam's trained fighters were engaged. These included infantrymen, cavalymen and artillerymen. Real bullets were used and discipline was as exacting as it was when the men reached their base camp in France.

The action was incidental to the production of a film feature entitled "For France," and the commanding officers at Forts Totten and Hamilton grasped the opportunity it gave their men to get into "battles" pretty close to the way they are fought on the western front.

Co-operating with the U. S. Army officers were E. F. Roosevelt, of the Vitagraph forces, who has just returned from

France, and Emile Gauthier, a discharged wounded French soldier, three times decorated, and who was able to duplicate with remarkable accuracy actual trench conditions. The Ninth Coast Artillery and the First Cavalry took active part, the latter making a forced ride of forty-eight miles in a pelting rain to get into the engagement.

The battle was fought over a piece of land a mile wide and two miles long, in the vicinity of Huntington and Centre Port. Two sides of the battle ground were wooded and two open, and along all roads on the open side sentries were posted to keep motorists and others out of range of the bullets.

United States Army experts and tacticians who witnessed the engagement did not hesitate to say that no better experience could possibly have been provided for the regulars.

REVOLUTION REVEALS RUSSIA

By WALLACE M. POWERS

REVELATION follows revolution. Instance after instance might be cited to prove the truth of this alliterative assertion. Two references will suffice to maintain the point of the present writer. In 1775 a nation which has just celebrated the 160th anniversary of the birth of one of its great benefactors, the famous Lafayette, announced its determination to throw off the yoke imposed by the mother country. Eight years later a treaty of peace established the right of the thirteen colonies in America to set up their own government. The success of the American revolution revealed the possibilities of democracy.



Zoya Karabanova



Olga Zovska

izen, had obtained the co-operation of the famous Moscow Art Theatre and was producing the masterpieces of Russian literature for the screen, using the players of this famous company in the film versions. Her theatres were his best avenues of distribution, but she had placed them at the disposal of the government. His best account gone, she suggested that they go to America. With more than fifty negatives they made the journey across Siberia, the Pacific Ocean and the American continent to New York City.

When the Kaplans left Russia the boundaries of that great land were a veritable Chinese Wall, behind which a nation had developed the art of dramatic

expression to its highest power—and then hedged it in with a jealous and tyrannical censorship. The revolution has destroyed this wall and revealed the true art which was so tersely described recently by a distinguished dramatic critic who had gone up from Bucharest to Moscow. He said:

“The stage is a field in which the Russians have attained superlative excellence and the Moscow Art Theatre is known as the pioneer in intelligent realism and one of the foremost theatres of the world.”

But even a revolution will not go from one extreme to another all at once. Nor will the Russian revolutionists, whose complete victory is yet far distant. The



Vera Colodna

The fight for democracy is now raging with greater intensity than ever. It has inspired a revolution in one of the oldest empires of the world. A revelation will follow that revolution. It will have a sweeping effect, will this setting up of a republican form of government in Russia. From the mass of generalities it is possible to select a specific gain of interest to the readers of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. Russia promises a revelation to them. From the newest republic to the greatest republic of the Western Hemisphere there comes a message. A woman brings it.

Mme. Sophie Kaplan, of Petrograd and Moscow, has been in New York for several weeks. In Russia she had built up a chain of motion picture theatres. A year ago, when it became necessary for every one in Russia to do a little more for the nation in its crisis than had been done before, Mme. Kaplan went to the War Minister and said:

“Take my theatres. Use them as barracks for our soldiers.”

Then Mme. Kaplan had another vision. In Moscow her husband, an American cit-



Tanya Fetner

actors who have been developed by the wonderful system will not be permitted to leave the country while the war is raging. But the motion picture, international in its art and in its appeal, will show the way. In Russia the screen is a legitimate offshoot of the speaking stage. The same works that are presented in the theatres are generally filmed with the same players in their original roles. The theatre-going public makes no distinction between the two forms of art; the distinction is one of method. An artist must have a reputation on the speaking stage before he will be accepted on the screen.

For centuries the government has encouraged the system which has produced the results described by the observer quoted above. Add to this unprejudiced critic's comment the brief summary of Mme. Kaplan, and you have the story in a nutshell. She says:

“For generations the theatre in Russia has been encouraged by the government as an institution. Young players of talent have been selected and trained at government expense. The stars who will appear



Natalia Lesienko

in the repertory presented by the Russian Art Film Corporation are the favorites of the best national theatres in Russia. The present revolution may disrupt these wonderful organizations, but the screen will reveal their artistry to the entire world."

Who are these wonderful artists? There is no answer of recognition at mention of the names of Ivan Mozukin, Natalia Lesienko, Tanya Fetner, Olga Zovska, Zoya Karabanova, Vera Colodna, Anna Nelska and Mlle. Caralli. Let Mme. Kaplan, who has given her theatres to her government, tell you of them as she knits a sweater or a cap for some soldier who will be grateful and pray for her in the trenches:

"Mozukin comes first in all the estimates of artistry and drawing power in Russia," says Mme. Kaplan. "He is the only man in the Russian repertory who is featured, but he is at the 'head of the class.' Without any complete knowledge of the American situation, I quote the assertion of one well-known critic who said that Mozukin was a composite of Francis X. Bushman and Stuart Holmes. They tell me that one of these men is a polished hero and the other an accomplished villain. Well, Mozukin is either or both as the role requires. He looks as E. H. Sothorn looked twenty years ago, and in Russia we believe he is as versatile. In one single role he begins the creation of a character of eighteen years; when he has finished the character he is nearer eighty, but the various stages of development and approaching dissolution have been faithfully portrayed. If Mozukin looks as Sothorn did, he has many personal characteristics in common with the late Richard Mansfield. Although still very young, he is regarded as the foremost actor in Russia. This gives him artistic prerogatives that make him virtually a star. And Mozukin does not ignore one of them. Thanks to his splendid ability and training, he never permits the production as a whole to suffer in order that he personally may benefit, but things must be done as he says. I have seen him knock senseless an important actor who insisted on ruffling the star's disposition. Mozukin stood it for about so long, and suddenly turned in the midst of a rehearsal

and floored the subordinate actor. But how he can act! America will soon have a chance to see that my words are true. In the more than fifty negatives which we brought from Russia there are about fifteen or twenty Mozukin roles. I venture a prediction that American audiences will regret that there are not Mozukin roles in fifty instead of fifteen."

In her descriptions of the women stars of the repertory Mme. Kaplan is much more brief, which may or may not be a deliberate attempt to cater to the greatest supporter of the dramatic and romantic in motion pictures—woman. But she does seem to slight Lesienko and Fetner and Colodna and the rest.

"Lesienko is our most famous vampire woman," she adds in charming English. Be it known that Mme. Kaplan has lived in Russia all her life and has been in America only once before, when she was three years old. "But Lesienko is not at all like your American vampires. It seems to me that here the women emphasize traits of character that repulse rather than



Ivan Mozukin

attract. Not so Lesienko. All Russia loves her. This is because her artistry arouses admiration, even when devoted to the portrayal of characters which cause condemnation. Moreover, it seems to me, she succeeds where many American players fail; she makes her creation logical. I mean by that that she justifies the folly of the other characters who suffer by her vampire methods. I have heard American audiences say, 'Yes, so-and-so is wonderful in the part, but how could the hero ever have yielded to the snares she set?' Lesienko never makes the audience forget that she is a woman of great humanity, no matter how greatly misdirected.

"Second to Lesienko in the so-called vampire roles is Anna Nelska. She is a statuesque blonde and usually is seen as a woman of the world. While frequently the mischief-maker, she does not portray the pronounced vampire roles which Russian theatre-goers accept from Lesienko.

"Of the leading woman I should say that Olga Zovska stands at the top in the creation of characters of powerful dramatic impulses. She is pretty, as are the

majority of the Russian women of the stage. Vera Colodna is perhaps the greatest beauty in the repertory, but Zoya Karabanova is not far behind. They are the ingenues of the Russian stage and screen. Unlike most American ingenues, they bring to their art years of training of a native talent and really give to the auditors something more than a smirk and a smile and a hop.

"My description of these Russian players will close with brief mention of Mlle. Caralli and a little more extended biography of Tanya Fetner. Caralli is prima ballerina at the Imperial Ballet and has had the benefit of the intensive training which has produced the greatest ballet in the world. This training has made her unusually effective as an actress, but unfortunately her duties in the ballet prevent frequent appearances in the stage or screen art.

"Tanya Fetner. A whole volume might be written about this artist. Perhaps some day someone will write it. Briefly, Miss Fetner isn't so highly regarded in Russia. The system requires that she wait. Stars are both born and made in Russia, and the making follows a certain routine. Fetner suffers from that system. Let me tell you how.

"When Mozukin selected his cast for 'The Painted Doll,' which is announced as the first release for America, he assigned Fetner to the role of the wife of an inconspicuous engineer who fascinates his employer. At preliminary showings of 'The Painted Doll' in New York opinion was unanimous that with the exception of Mozukin no one in the cast stood a better chance of becoming internationally famous than the young wife. Mr. Kaplan heard this opinion over and over again until he began to believe it himself. He ordered a hasty inspection of the entire set of negatives which he had brought from Moscow. There was not a Fetner role in the series. But there will be more Fetner roles before the repertory is very old in the United States. Cable instructions have been sent to the studios and a little woman who has been patiently earning her place in Russia bids fair to achieve fame abroad before she is accepted as a star at home."



Mlle. Caralli

Here's Some Australian Beauty-Hints

UNDoubtedly Sylvia Bremer, the Triangle photoplayer, is the best sample of its feminine beauty Australia has sent to America to adorn her screen. Miss Bremer is what you would call a classy classic beauty, and the beauty of her beauty is the fact that she is not in the least vain nor can she be flattered.

"It may be that we follow a different formula in Australia, but a girl or woman does not have to be so stunning in

attire to win beauty prizes there," Miss Bremer says. "Simplicity of dress and unceasing care of the physical self make up the Australian idea of good looks."

Mental attitude, according to this attractive, young lady, has a lot to do with it. Explicitly, if a girl is convinced in her own mind that she is pretty and conducts herself accordingly, constantly conscious of her own appearance, she is apt to be quite ugly *in disposition* at least. And what is beauty when the possessor suffers from an unsightly nature?

"It is probably due to the fact that an Australian girl is taught from childhood to ignore vanity—she is not allowed to let the thought of being beautiful enter her head. Her mental attitude is kept at the right and sane poise. Conceit does not destroy beauty in Australia."

Miss Bremer denies that she has any beauty secrets. She avers there is no secrecy about it in her native country. However, she has a few hints for American girls aspiring to enhance their looks. Not that she claims to be an authority on the subject, but she simply knows the Australian methods, which are slightly unlike those in vogue in America.

"They don't resort so much to massage as they do to smile exercise where I came from," she laughs. "We have found it most beautifying to keep smiling and to enjoy it."



(This sounds like Douglas Fairbanks—the smile doctor. Wonder if he has ever been in Australia?)

"Paint and powder never won unstinted praise on my old stamping-grounds," Miss Bremer continues. "Nine women out of ten look worse for the paint and powder they use. Nature does a better job of it, for Nature is never a dabbler, and a lot of women are awful dabblers. It's a simple hint given many times before, but I prithee, dear women to use paint and powder more sparingly."

(Note: The reason why this last remark was not deleted is, there is nobody advertising their paint and powder in this issue of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL.)

"Get ten hours of sleep out of every twenty-four and be a vegetarian in the strictest sense of the word and you'll reap more beautifying results than you ever could in a beauty parlor," Miss Bremer adds.

The young artist is also an advocate of outdoor life. It is the rule and not the exception in Australia. Fresh air freshens beauty as no other force can, according to her doctrine, and it is exceedingly plausible. "Walking is fine only provided you interpolate a few yards of running at top-speed," she suggests. "When we go walking in my home town, it winds up in a foot race which would do justice to your college events."



The present agitation against the foreign agents at work within the United States, whose plots are revealed in William Fox's graphic expose, "The Spy," calls to mind early American spy conditions different from those shown in the special film production.

During the Revolutionary War, General Washington arranged a system of espionage which extended for miles within the British lines. The martyr, Nathan Hale, was one of the foremost of the men engaged in this way for the American forces.

Another was Major Tallmadge, through whom all information was transmitted from the spies in Washington. At first this news was written in sympathetic ink, then a new invention, and imported by

Early American Spy Conditions

General Lafayette. This fluid disclosed its message only when the paper on which it was written had been dipped into another chemical.

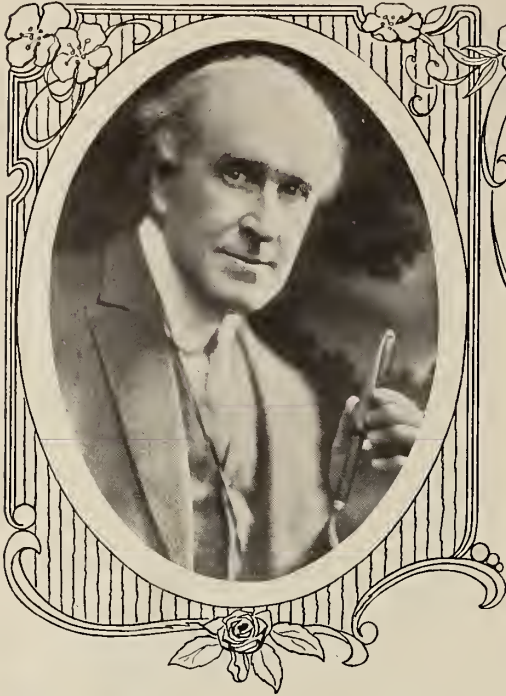
Washington feared that the British might be in possession of the same kind of ink. He therefore wrote to Tallmadge that the spies "should avoid making use of the stain (ink) upon a blank sheet of paper which is the usual way of its coming to me. This circumstance alone is sufficient to excite suspicion.

"A much better way is to write a letter in the Tory style," Washington contin-

ued, "with some mixture of family matters, and between the lines in the remaining part of the sheet communicate with the stain the intended intelligence.

"Such a letter would pass through the hands of the enemy unsuspected, and even if the agent should be unfaithful or negligent, no discovery would be made to his prejudice, as these people are not to know what is concealed writing in the letter and the intelligent part of it would be an evidence in his favor."

Another invaluable spy of Revolutionary days was James Rivington, editor and printer of "The New York Gazette," a paper which seemed to side completely with the Tories. But while he outwardly supported them, he was conveying to Washington secret information.



T. R., the Strenuous

The modern truck horse of the motion pictures takes after another T. R. in his eagerness for keeping busy

By
LLOYD ROBINSON



WE want someone to play a mean, indescribable villain."
"Let T. R. do it."
"We want someone to play a wealthy philanthropist, an angel of the oppressed."

"We want an old Bowery bum,—a Wall Street magnate,—a foreign diplomat,—a Western pioneer,—a Russian Cossack chief,—a circus owner,—a Kentucky mountaineer."

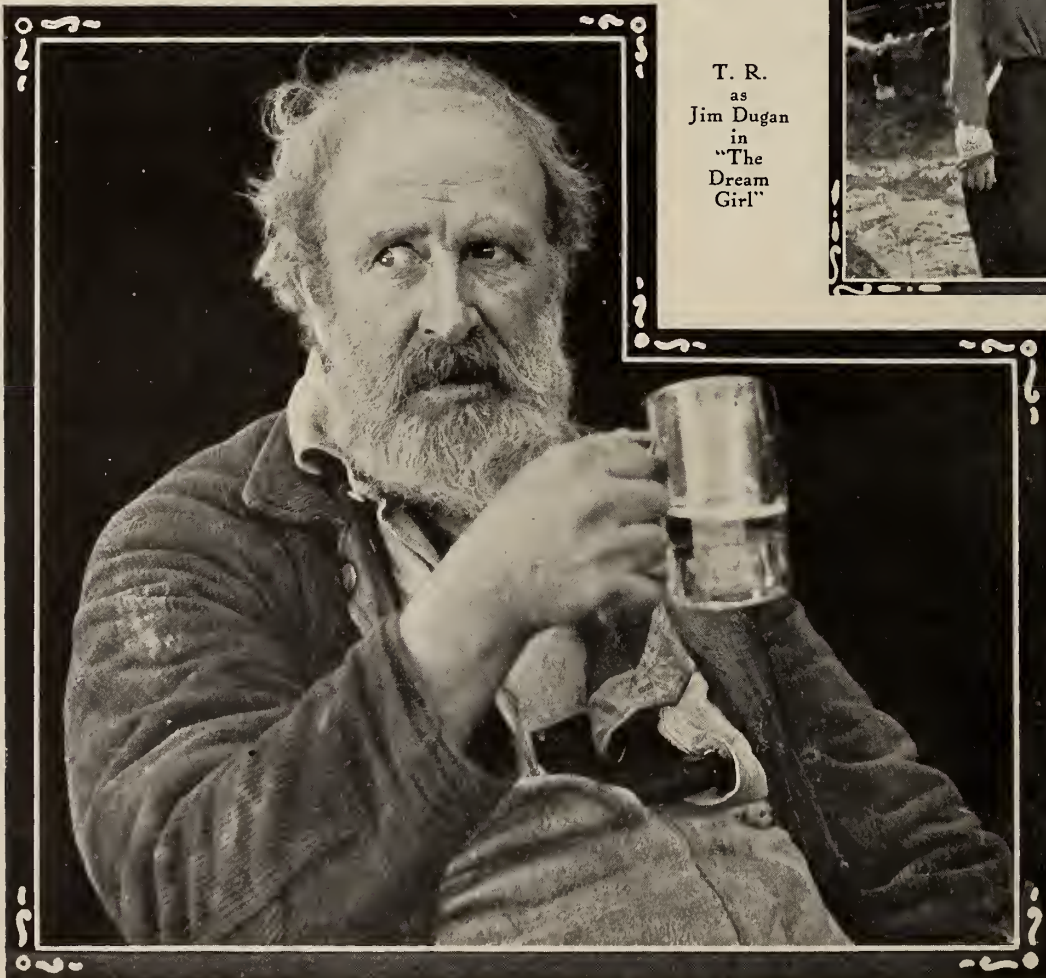
"Let T. R. do it!"
And Theodore Roberts does do it, so well that, were he not placed in practically all star casts, he would "steal the picture" whenever he appears on the screen.

Theodore Roberts is the histrionic fire-horse of Paramount pictures. He is the

truck horse of the Lasky studio, the man who can merge his own massive personality into the characterization he is called on to produce, so well that if directors "chose up sides" every one of them would call his name first.

T. R. of Paramount is an advocate of the theatrical strenuous life. His zeal for work is indefatigable. When he is not starring or supporting some star in a Para-

mount production, he may be found around the Lasky studio looking for something to do. When he is not cast in a picture Theodore Roberts is an unhappy man. Instead of betaking himself to the beach or the mountains as do most others of the happy clan, T. R. finds his greatest solace in his



T. R.
as
Jim Dugan
in
"The
Dream
Girl"



Theodore Roberts as the "Circus Man"

dressing room or in the director's office looking for work. When all else fails he amuses himself by making up for various parts, an art in which he is an adept.

Many a time Roberts has concluded a stellar engagement in one picture in the evening and appeared as an extra in another the next morning just to while the time away. Idleness makes him nervous and unhappy, a fact that directors have been quick to grasp. They are always sure of finding a ready response from T. R. for any part whatever, if he happens to be free. He seems not to care what the nature of the part so long as there is plenty to do and he can exercise his talents for make-up.

Theodore Roberts is a true histrionic artist. He proved it in his long stage career from the time he appeared with James O'Neil in "Cardinal Richelieu" down to the time he scored his greatest success as Joe Portugais in "The Right of Way." He has played in failures and long season successes, in puerile plays and in master-



Roberts in "The Cost of Hatred"

pieces, in casts where he stood out as the great star of the production and as a member of all-star casts in revivals and in every one of them scored a distinct personal hit. He has never been miscast for the simple reason that he can play any part ever written within the scope of physical frame. One of his greatest feats was his portrayal of Falstaff at the New Theatre on ten hours notice. In this production Roberts introduced some new ideas of Falstaffian make-up that made a profound impression.

But it remained for the motion pictures to show what Theodore Roberts could do in versatility. In his career with the Lasky



As a terrible Russian



As he appeared in "The Plow Girl"

Farrar; "The Wild Goose Chase," with Ina Claire; "The Unknown," with Lou Tellegan; "The Ghost Breaker," "Mr. Crex of Monte Carlo," "The Storm," "Pudd'nhead Wilson," "The Thousand Dollar Husband," "The Dream Girl," "The Plow Girl," "The Circus," "Common Ground," "What Money Can't Buy," "Anton the Terrible," "The Cost of Hatred," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "The Varmint." In no two of them have the characters portrayed been alike.

Mr. Roberts is as quick to grasp the meaning of a character as he is eager to work at the characterization. Unlike a number of similar artists he does not practice the action of a character before the mirror. So quick is he at hitting just the right note in characterization that one would imagine he gave no thought at all to the character he has in hand. He dons his make-up as a firehorse dons his harness and appears on the stage apparently without an idea of what he is going to do. He learns in a few brief words from the director the idea of the character and then proceeds to go ahead and do it with the thousand and one little intimate Roberts' touches that appear haphazard but are really the result of long training and experience and the most complete study and past knowledge of human nature. The story is still popular around

the Lasky studio concerning the time Roberts appeared as a drunken derelict in the rear of a saloon for just one brief scene and "stole" the entire picture from a former "imported" star.

Mr. Roberts' home life offers an interesting contrast to his life in the studio. Once he is through with his strenuous day's work the famous Paramount artist likes nothing better than complete rest at home. He is not devoted to out-door sports. His studio work evidently gives him ample exercise. He is, however, a voracious reader and a student.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Thomas Meighan is a Pennsylvanian and was a record half-back in his younger days. He was reared to become a physician, but his leaning was toward the footlights, and he got his first engagement in "Mistress Nell" with Henrietta Crossman. He had a season with Grace George and two years of stock, which developed his versatility and gave him a fine groundwork for his future activities. He later appeared with Elsie De Wolff and John Mason, with Willie Collier, David Warfield, etc. He appeared in "On Trial" and was for several seasons abroad as leading man.

Tom Santschi's art as a musician is well known, but he now steps forth as a full-fledged composer. He recently composed a spirited military march dedicated to Uncle Sam's fighting sons across the water.

Mary Pickford visited Billy Sunday, and Billy said "God bless your pretty heart, we call you Mary at our place." Later Sunday visited Mary Pickford at the studio and met Micky Neilan, Geraldine Farrar, Sessue Hayakawa and other artists. Cecile de Mille wrote quite an eulogy on Sunday's work.

Mae Marsh, who is now only twenty years old, was born in Santa Fe, N. M. Her father was an officer of the Santa Fe Railroad. Miss Marsh followed her sister into the motion picture industry.

So little Ella Hall has gone and got married, bless her. She picked Emory Johnson for the happy man. Ella has signed a new contract with the U., and Emory works there, too. Both have been given a three weeks' holiday.

Charles Edler, now playing in William Fox's "The Yankee Way," says the most striking experience he ever went through was the famous Kansas hail storm when the hail stones were as large as hens' eggs.

When but a young girl, Eugenie Besserer instructed classes in French and fencing.

Fritzi Brunette, not to be behind the trend of the times, has become proficient in the art of knitting and is seen now at all times with her needles and ball of yarn. She has already evolved a mysterious pink square, but refuses to tell what she intends it to be when it grows up. She was accused of knitting for the soldiers, but then what could she be making for a soldier of pink wool?

William Russell, American Film Star, has bought a bunch of mules? Next time the government asks him if he owns a mule, he can answer in the affirmative.

Helen Holmes has adopted a novel brand for her many horses and cattle on the Lund ranch. It is the "two bits" brand, and is composed of two horses' bits, of course. Helen assisted in branding most of her stock and enjoyed it. She continues to send carloads of stock to the ranch, and one day hopes to be a cattle queen instead of a movie one. She is a business-like young woman.

Tom Forman, who has done such clever work in recent Paramount pictures, took the examination for the rank of non-commissioned officer in the Coast Artillery Federal Reserve, in which he enlisted some time ago, and passed with a rating of 92%. Forman is already a private of the first class, with special rating as a gunner. He seems to be hitting the bull's-eye with the same accuracy which marked his hitting of the popular fancy as a screen player.

Contrary to the impression that has gained ground in some quarters, Mrs. Vernon Castle is not to leave motion pictures for the stage. Recently it was announced that she had been engaged as star of the 1917-1918 Ziegfeld-Dillingham show at the Century Theatre, New York, but assurance is given by Pathe Exchange that this will not interfere with her appearance in big features distributed by that house.

Helen Ferguson is leading woman for Taylor Holmes in his second Essanay picture, "Fools for Luck." Little Miss Ferguson is only seventeen years old. She is a Chicago girl and a graduate of high school in that city. She is one of the few actresses who have won high rank in motion pictures without stage experience. Among her previous screen appearances were in Max Linder's first two Essanay comedies, "Max Comes Across" and "Max Wants a Divorce"; Bryant Washburn's success, "Filling His Own Shoes," and others.

California weeps. Jewel Carmen has left her shores; Jewel Carmen, so dainty that by comparison a piece of Dresden china would be as granite—that same Jewel Carmen is now an outstanding feature of the landscape around the William Fox studios at Fort Lee, N. J. She is playing Fantine in the film version of "Les Miserables."

She's a Nifty Soldier—in This Picture

We shall never know whether Gloria Swanson intended this uniform to convey the impression that she had joined the Scandihoovian High Seas Fleet or whether she was in command of a seagoing canoe. At any rate the costume is becoming when decorated by Miss Swanson, so who cares what the uniform is!



Claire Whitney, who plays the part of the other woman in William Fox's "When False Tongues Speak," is a New York girl.

The Son of His Father

By RIDGWELL CULLUM

(Produced by
Thomas H. Ince and
released by Para-
mount, starring Chas.
Ray.)

AT the age of twenty-four, Gordon Carbhoy—son of James Carbhoy, the railroad magnate—was in debt to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

His father said he was willing to pay these debts, but that there must be no more of them. He told Gordon that from now on he must prove himself to be a worthy son of his father—must show that he could handle men and affairs—so that in the end he would be capable of succeeding the elder man at the head of a great organization. They arranged that Gordon was to take five thousand dollars—to leave New York within twenty-four hours—to do anything he liked except that by the end of six months' time he was to return with one hundred thousand dollars which he himself had made.

Gordon bought a ticket to Seattle and took a train west. While they were running through Montana, Gordon played dice with some sharpers. He had lost about one hundred and fifty dollars when he discovered that the dice were loaded. He got into a fight with the sharpers and was thrown off the train at Snake's Fall. He was dazed for a moment or two, then as he got to his feet on the station platform a man spoke to him and handed him the money he had lost to the gamblers. The man was Silas Mallinsbee, owner of an enormous cattle ranch and the man who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing about a tremendous prospective boom to the town of Snake's Fall. Mallinsbee had been on the train and saw the cheating, and during the fight had gathered up Gordon's money. Gordon gave his name to Mallinsbee as Van Henslaer, as he did not wish to be known as "the son of his father."

Snake's Fall was a typical western mushroom town. Coal in enormous quantities had been discovered in the mountains. It was known that a railroad was to run through the region, with a station either at Snake's Fall or Buffalo Point—the latter being near the ranch of Silas Mallinsbee—and people were buying



Gordon forgot the East and adapted himself to the West

all the land they could in order to be ahead of the boom which was sure to come. The great question was exactly where the railroad station would be—at Snake's Fall or at Buffalo Point.

Gordon decided to stay in Snake's Fall and see if he could not make his hundred thousand dollars there. He took a room in the one hotel, and then went out to walk about the town. As he was nearing a dry-goods store, a beautiful girl dashed up on a spirited horse, dismounted and went into the store. Then Gordon saw a man whom he instinctively hated on sight take up his position outside the store, to wait for the girl to come out. The girl emerged, the man spoke to her, but she was evidently annoyed, for she brushed past him, mounted

her horse and dashed off. Gordon learned that the girl was Hazel Mallinsbee, daughter of the ranch owner. The man who had annoyed her was David Slosson, agent of the railroad, with power to decide where the all-important station was to be erected.

Gordon hired a team of horses and a buggy and started to drive out to the coal district, which was also the district of Silas Mallinsbee's ranch. On the way he overtook Hazel, who was trying to take a flint from her horse's foot. He took out the stone—then, as the horse limped, Gordon asked Hazel to allow him to drive her home to the ranch.

At the ranch, Mallinsbee welcomed Gordon. Gordon told Mallinsbee all about himself, except his real name, and asked advice in regard to making the hundred thousand dollars. Mallinsbee said he would make Gordon his secretary—that he needed a live young man to help him to influence the railroad so that the station would be built at Buffalo Point—near the ranch. Gordon instantly accepted—it seemed a good business proposition, and he was to live at the ranch where he could be near Hazel, with whom he was already in love.

Gordon moved from the hotel to the ranch and began at once to identify himself with Mallinsbee's interests. Gordon and Hazel were constantly together. One day they had been riding out to the coal pits. On their return Mallinsbee told them that Slosson had been to see him in regard to putting the station at Buffalo Point, but had demanded a large graft for himself if he promised to advise the railroad to build at that place. Mallinsbee had refused to give the bribe, and Slosson had gone away angry. When she heard the story, Hazel offered to manage Slosson and get him to do what they wanted. Gordon protested—he did not



The son possessed
his father's pri-
vate code



A terrible fight took place

want Hazel to have anything to do with Slosson—but Hazel laughingly insisted. From this time on Hazel encouraged Slosson's attentions. He came often to the ranch and Hazel rode with him. One day, in mischief, Hazel dared Slosson to ride a very spirited horse. He did so, tried to leap a stream and was thrown in deep mud. He was angry, but bided his time.

Peter McSwain, proprietor of the hotel in Snake's Fall, came up to the ranch and talked business with Gordon. Together they mapped out a plan to outwit Slosson. Peter was to talk to all those who owned land around Snake's Fall and get them to put such high prices on their property that it would not pay the railroad to buy there.

Slosson would then be obliged to get land for the station at Buffalo Point, and Mallinsbee and others who owned land there—of whom McSwain was one—would have the agent just where they wanted him. After McSwain had gone, Slosson came in and again tried to get a bribe for arranging to have the station built at Buffalo Point. Gordon, in no gentle manner, sent the agent about his business.

Mallinsbee, returning home just then, told Gordon that Hazel was in a lonely place in the

hills, waiting for Slosson with whom she was going to ride—Slosson was to meet her there. Alarmed for Hazel, as he knew better than the girl's father did Slosson's unscrupulous and passionate nature, Gordon leaped on a horse and raced off to the place where Hazel and Slosson were to meet. He rode like mad and came with the two in time to hear Hazel screaming for help, as Slosson was holding her forcibly in his arms. He rushed at Slosson and a terrible fight took place, in which Gordon was finally the victor. Gordon and Hazel left Slosson lying beaten on the ground and they rode back to the ranch.

The next day McSwain came up and told Gordon and Mallinsbee, to their surprise, that Slosson had bought land for the station at Snake's Fall, giving even the enormous prices the owners asked. The landowners at Buffalo Point were greatly disappointed at this, but resolved to get around Slosson in some way, though they did not at first see just how they were going to do it.

"The question is," Mallinsbee said, "will the president of the Union Grayling and Ukataw Railroad back his agent's play?"

"What has the president of that road got to do with it?" Gordon demanded?

Mallinsbee told him that the branch to be run through their region was part of the Union Grayling and Ukataw system.

"Great Scott!" Gordon cried. "The president of that road is my father!"

Gordon then told Mallinsbee and McSwain that his real name was Carbhoy, and that his father was James Carbhoy, the great railroad magnate.

"Listen to me," Gordon grinned. "We're going to get the other fellow where we need him, and that other fellow is my dear old Dad!"

Gordon was in possession of his father's private code; so when Slosson sent off a telegram to Carbhoy advising him to build the station at Snake's Fall, Gordon—through McSwain, who bribed the telegraph boy—got a copy of the wire and translated it.

The next thing was to send a telegram to Carbhoy, in Slosson's name, telling Carbhoy

that he was urgently needed at Snake's Fall. As Carbhoy had no idea that his son was in Montana, he would have no suspicion that the wire was not genuine. Mallinsbee demurred at this plan, but Gordon assured him that if he (Gordon) made one hundred dollars through this deal, no one would appreciate the trick more than his father would. So the telegram was sent.

While the conspirators were awaiting Carbhoy's arrival, they saw to it that Slosson was put where he could do no harm. Masked men, at night, took Slosson from his room, put him on a hay rack, piled hay



McSwain talked business with Gordon

all around him and drove off to a shack in the mountains where they held him a prisoner.

Then Carbhoy arrived. Hazel met him at the station—Carbhoy, of course, having no idea who she was—as she told him that Slosson had sent her to take him out to the coal district. Carbhoy had no suspicions and drove off with Hazel. Some miles out of town they were "held up" by mounted men with guns.

This, of course, was all part of the plot, but Hazel pretended to be greatly frightened. Hazel and Carbhoy were taken prisoners and carried off to a very comfortable cabin belonging to Mallinsbee. Carbhoy was told that he was being held for a one-hundred-thousand-dollar ransom. Waited upon by Mallinsbee's Chinese cook, the two were kept at the cabin. Slosson at the same time being held prisoner in his shack. During that interval Gordon sent all sorts of telegrams with his father's code and

(Continued on page 54)



With Hazel he "plotted" against his father

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF —LON CHANEY

TALK about your double lives! This man Lon Chaney leads a hundred of 'em! He has Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde looking like bush-league masqueraders at the Knights of Pythias ball.

The lady with the fairy wand was a mere parlor magic amateur compared to Lon, and the chameleon in the Universal Zoo died the other day of envy.

"You've heard of the magician Merlin, who could change himself into any form he chose? Well, Chaney is the Merlin of the movies, and he doesn't have to depend on any old cabalistic signs or mystic fireworks either.

For Lon Chaney is the character man de luxe of the Universal studios. That funny little old dusty, musty dressing room of his at Universal City, with its myriad make-up appurtenances, is a veritable conjurer's castle. Here he mixes his magic concoctions and dolls up in his magic rags.

He plants his whiskers in the morning and reaps them at eventide; his lean cheeks grow fat while you wait; he brings a straight nose to the studio and makes a gargoyle-ish thing of it in a minute. He enters his dressing-room a lean, limber young man, and emerges a fat, grouchy old banker; he arrives a perfect Beau Brummel,—and emerges a gentleman of insincere whiskers, queer dialect, "but a kind heart, strawnger"; he arrives reading Shaw, and comes out of his dressing-room a hairy-hided cave-man!

And though it all looks tremendously easy, it isn't as easy as it looks, as the serpent said when it swallowed its own tail. Because of course in the picture business you have to carry a make-up over from day to day. If it's whiskers, every separate hair of the "crepe" has to be put on in exactly the same way every day; and if it's wrinkled age you are playing, you've got to have the geography of your map resemble itself from day to day.



Is he Santa Claus, a Russian artist or an Anarchist?



You needn't try to put anything over on him!

"One of the hardest make-ups I ever carried over was that of King Canute,—he was hairy of face and breast, and I had besides to use putty to build out my nose and cheeks. One day I tried wax instead,—and my nose,—pardon me, miss—when the sun got hot, began to run!

"How do I build my cheeks out to a semblance of fat and well-fed prosperity? My dear young woman, I do not scorn for this purpose the humble chewing gum. I tuck this away inside my cheeks, next to my gums. But there's a knack about doing it right, I'll admit.

"And those plump hands which you behold grow on me when I'm a fat and prosperous plutocrat? Rubber gloves. They are specially made, and they are worn over a well-fitting pair of kid gloves, so as not to wrinkle. You see my hands are rather small, which makes the added size possible.

"As for my hair, 'I'm glad it's all there,' as the poet says; yet in character parts, life is just one wig after another. I have had mine all made especially, and I keep them labelled and carefully put away, having them examined once a month for moths. I have a collection of fifty of these wigs. You know one of the most effective disguises is the hair and the way in which it is combed. I always make my own serve whenever I can, and to make silvery hair I use neck-white—if you know what that is. Some people use aluminum, but that shows too much on the screen. I used it once and my hair caused halation in the picture—made me look, though I was supposed to be a hoary old scoundrel, like a halo trimmed saint.

"Of course, make-up goes much deeper than mere wrinkles or whispers or grease-paint. No, I don't mean thought, this time,—though of course that's the principal part. I mean you must study all the previous history of the character and realize its effect on his physical being. For instance, in playing a music-master, once, who, constantly led an orchestra with his bow or baton, I made him all through the picture appear just a bit higher in the right shoulder than in the left. Men in different walks of life have little subtle differences in the manner in which they carry themselves. Some of these are psychological effects, and others come from the nature of their occupations.

"The hardest character I ever played from the make-up standpoint? I think it was that of a blind boy. All through, in order to make my eyes have that terrible, sightless look, I rolled them clear up in my head. Did you ever try to do that? And then did you ever try to hold them in that position, and not only hold them so, but go on acting in a natural manner? There were many trying scenes in the picture, and I suffered from that abnormal eye position for days afterward."

Mr. Chaney has gained international fame as a character man. And the character man's job is a thankless one, to a certain extent, though once in a while he makes a ten-strike, either through the play being a great success, or he himself making a peculiar hit. During his four years' connection with the Universal, Mr. Chaney has played over two hundred parts. He is well remembered, among other roles, for his part in "Hell Morgan's Girl," which gave him fine acting opportunities.



Is a devil with the ladies too—in this make-up

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

THE most engrossing topic of discussion in photoplay circles at present is the moot question as to whom the producers should heed, the exhibitors or the fans. By a slow process of evolution, the manufacturers of film have come to the conclusion that the judgment of managers of moving picture houses cannot always be depended on in the matter of deciding what kind of features the patrons of the respective theatres want, and as a natural consequence there have been numerous cases of deterioration in popularity, which to some men has been inexplicable. The writer knows of an actual experience which undoubtedly serves as an example of which way the wind is blowing. A young haberdasher purchased the leading picture playhouse in a high-class suburb of Philadelphia. The property was exceedingly valuable, because it was returning a truly big profit. The new owner's first fallacious idea was to increase the earnings by reducing the expenses incurred by having the best photoplay features at an early date. Immediately there came a slump in his business. He wondered why, but his competitor across the street, who had a theatre not nearly so elaborate, knew why, and he quickly closed a contract to show "the big stars and big pictures" at his place. Naturally he likewise got the big business. Meanwhile the haberdasher-manager was foundering around desperately trying to find a solution to his troubles. He tried most everything, including the old nickelodeon plan of changing programs every evening, with about one feature a week of the first magnitude. However, it was a useless fight. He had erred in judgment—had failed to ascertain what the people of his locality wanted in the way of cinema entertainment, and finally he was obliged to sell out to a more astute exhibitor at a heavy loss. So goes it, and we might add that it is doubtful whether or not half of the exhibitors are sagacious enough or sufficiently mindful to learn the inclinations of his neighbors in their search for diversion. As is plain to be understood, the producers who place their whole dependance on the decisions of exhibitors are liable to find their favorite releases failing to get the attention they deserve. It is just as obvious that the only sensible business method for the photoplay producers is to take their cases direct to the fans through the mediums of publicity which reach the fans, because it is unmistakable folly to leave the welfare of costly productions entirely in the hands of the small army of managers.

THERE is a great deal of sympathetic appeal in "A Crooked Romance," due to the fact that Gladys Hulette gives the stellar role a human touch which makes it stand out like a beacon light in a dark night. She portrays the character of a young girl who has been brought up by a man who is not her father and who has taught her that the world is full of crooks,

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

The cost of film production continues to rise faster than the eradication of defects in details, but the general excellence of screen plays was never more reassuring.

Competition among producers is growing keener every day, much to the benefit of the fans. The possibility of forming a huge picture trust is now more remote than ever.

Thoughts of economy and action therefor have entered into the plans of producers in these times of high cost of everything. William Fox has adopted a policy of very brief titles to save exhibition electricity.

In the last month there have been more dramas than comedies, but still no falling off in attendance has been noted at moving picture theatres. It is nevertheless our unalterable opinion that this is the ideal time for a pre-dominance of laugh-producers.

There is an abundance of spectacular films based on the Russian revolution. The screen is illustrating more truth about the Slav state than would please either the former Czar or his co-conspirator, Kaiser Bill, of poor, deluded Germany.

Western photo dramas have "come back" and most of the big film concerns are producing them. The straight-away comedy drama has come into its own again, too. Essanay has announced its intention of producing these lighter plays exclusively "to help relieve the distress war foists onto the public mind." This is worth applauding.

In strict accordance with the consistency of the current trend, there are daily fewer picture houses, but more of the ultra-fine emporiums for the shadow art. New York will soon have a photoplay theatre finer than either the famous Rialto or the popular Strand. The new house has just been built at Forty-ninth street and Broadway.

"The day of big pictures is done," seems to be a common expression among men who should know, and they all think the elimination of the stupendous products—the so-called "million-dollar" affairs—will act as a pleasing relief. The most popular tendency in photoplay is the first-class five-reeler which keeps an audience either enthralled or absolutely amused for at least seventy-five uninterrupted minutes.

Here in the words of President Woodrow Wilson is the most useful tendency of the cinema art—"The motion pictures are the best means for publicity because they speak to people of all nationalities through a universal language." Meanwhile the screen is aiding the Government in keeping the people aroused to the pitch of persevering in doing their various bits for the great cause of democracy.

and that the only sin lies in being detected. As an unhappy consequence she is the able and willing assistant of her adopted father, who lives by preying upon the belongings of other people. But, the one who dares too often must eventually be caught, and the girl and the man meet their downfall while engaged in attempting to rob a house. The girl makes her escape, but the man is arrested and is sent to prison. Then for the first time the girl starts to make an honest living. She persuades an Italian bootblack to engage her as his assistant on the princely salary of 50 cents a day. She cannot afford to engage a room on that salary, so finds lodgings in an empty packing case in a lumber yard. Thus she meets "Mike," a big-hearted Irishman, who is the night watchman. In Mike she finds a true friend for herself and the baby. Baby? Yes, for she finds a lost youngster who appeals to her lonesome heart, and the three live in old-Mike's shanty in complete happiness. How her training as a lock picker and safe breaker gives her an honest and lucrative profession, and how later it got her into serious trouble which proved to be fortunate in the end, brings about a series of adventures which are sure to interest all.

A COMPOUND of high art and truly marvelous artistry is "The Woman God Forgot," probably the most notable cinema masterpiece of recent weeks. In this remarkable production you will find Geraldine Farrar interpreting a role which will give her a fixed position at the topmost rung of the ladder of histrionic success in either silent or spoken drama. Out of the legendary mists of an ancient civilization she is revealed as a feminine personality displaying all the rich, romantic charm of the semi-barbarous Tezca, a princess of the Aztecs, imbued with fiery life such as compels almost breathless interest from her advent onto the scene of the story to the highly powerful ending. Miss Farrar herself regards the new characterization as her best, and she has the following to say regarding it:

"You will like 'The Woman God Forgot,' I believe. Her unusual appeal lies in the romantic mysteries of the Aztec race. We all know they represented the highest form of civilization among the natives of the American continent at that period. Careful research into the many, and sometimes mythical chronicles of this ancient people revealed in Tezca, the daughter of Montezuma, a personality peculiarly adaptable to a unique characterization. Such a close study of this character was required for a historically correct portrayal that I was put on my mettle to actually live the life of this woman of a dead race, in her conflicting loves for Alvarado, the Spanish captain, and her own people."

In the judgment of the writer, "The Woman God Forgot" is one photoplay every person should see, not only because it entertains beyond measure, but because it re-

veals the zenith of the splendor which the screen art can attain. Some of the features are absolutely original. A great battle between Spaniards under Cortez and the Aztecs takes place on a pyramid which is two hundred feet in height. There are probably a thousand gorgeous costumes worn by the numerous characters, and there have been few plays to offer such a unique sartorial exhibition.

Miss Farrar's dramatic work is superb. She is at all times a veritable mistress of the maximum of Thespian art. Moreover, she is given most praiseworthy support by Raymond Hatton as Montezuma, Wallace Reid as Alvarado, Hobart Bosworth as Cortez, the conqueror; Theodore Kosloff as Guatemoc, the Aztec prince-lover; Walter Long as Taloc, the high priest whose idea of a good time was to supervise the cutting out of the hearts of his enemies after they were helplessly bound on a stone slab for that purpose; Olga Gray as Matina, favorite maid of the princess; James Neill, as a Spanish priest, and Charles B. Rogers, as Cacamo, the giant slave.

OLIVE THOMAS goes a long way to establish herself firmly in the category of screen favorites in her latest Triangle feature entitled "Broadway, Arizona." The story revolves around the cleverness and beauty of Fritzi Carlyle, star of a Broadway musical comedy, and the fact that she attracts John Keyes, a Westerner who is seeing the sights of New York. The manager of the show sees in Keyes a good newspaper story, so he arranges for him to meet Fritzi. A sharp flirtation ends with Fritzi's promise to marry Keyes.

The newspapers give the affair enough publicity to satisfy even Keyes. Later that day he reads that Miss Carlyle has denied the engagement. Keyes, humiliated, leaves for his ranch, after telling her that some day she will be glad to come to him.

Eight months later her health fails, and Keyes, accompanied by his foreman, Uncle Isaacs, an eccentric woman-hater, go East, and disguised as hospital internes, they kidnap the little actress lady.

Detectives trace her to Keyes' Arizona ranch, where she has been regaining her health under protest. Her improved condition compensates Keyes for his certain arrest when the posse arrives, and there are times when she seems to enjoy her abduction.

When the officers try to arrest Keyes, Fritzi declares that she intends to marry him and that she arranged the kidnapping for a publicity story.

WE cannot resist borrowing a line from the erudite press agent in describing Vivian Martin—she has in overflowing measure what Charles Frohman called the greatest gift of the theatre: charm. She is increasing, or rather intensifying, her charm in each of her succeeding starring vehicles, too. This is one of the best traits of Miss Martin, forsooth—she constantly improves her artistry. In "The Trouble-Buster," her late release, she is breezily the unbeatable girl in a story of city streets and a romance which has as its component parts a realism ringing true, and a sufficiency of thrills, together with a pictorial demonstration of pluck, certain to arouse the utmost admiration in lovers of plausible

fiction gyrations. It is interesting to note that Tom Forman, the popular photoplayer, is co-author of this play. It is also interesting to take this occasion to point out a probable reason for Miss Martin's winsome manner in the role of star. Primarily, she is delightfully domestic in all her inclinations. She actually has as her chief resort for pleasure her little kitchen, where she can cook to the envy of the most adept chef. Therefore, she is a real girl, and this inevitably manifests itself in her while she is performing before the camera. But, we will let Miss Martin say a few words about herself for herself:

"As you know, I was born at Grand Rapids, Michigan, but we didn't stay there many years, for my people had been Easterners and 'the call of Broadway' soon began to make itself felt. As to my professional career—it began so long ago that I can never remember a time when I was not either on the stage or working in pictures.

"At six years of age I was playing child parts with Richard Mansfield, and soon after that I played the title role of 'Peter Pan.' I was one of Charles Frohman's many child proteges, and it was he who got me some of my best engagements.

OBDURATE OBSTACLES

The two biggest obstacles to the unrestrained development of the photoplay art are the Pennsylvania and Chicago Boards of Censors. Both organizations repeatedly take inconsistent and foolishly unreasonable stands on features no other censors in the world would object to, and one of the noteworthy trends is the concerted action of producers to determine what actuates these isolated bodies. Even the picturization of "Within the Law" was challenged in Chicago and the splendid Goldwyn feature, "The Eternal Magdalene," is banned both in the Illinois metropolis and Pennsylvania.

Among other plays that I appeared in, there were: 'Father and the Boys,' 'The Spendthrift,' 'Officer 666,' 'Stop Thief,' 'The Only Son' and others."

Now that you know Miss Martin a little better, see her in "The Trouble-Buster" and you will find your admiration for her grow by leaps and bounds, because she is really splendid in an excellent play.

IN his latest Artercraft picture, "The Man from Painted Post," the irrepressible Douglas Fairbanks discloses many new cowboy tricks which he has learned from champions of a recent Rodeo meet, who appear in the photoplay with him. In a story of Wyoming cattle rustling days, Doug is presented in many thrilling situations, and there is the usual quote of Fairbanks surprises such as invariably make his features so delectable.

Among other things, Douglas is called upon to shoot two holes through the "bad man's" hat while it reposes peacefully upon the latter's head, some hundred yards away. When the usual substitute was suggested, Fairbanks refused to listen to it, thereby retaining his distinction of never "faking a stunt" before the camera. Frank Campeau, the popular Broadway actor who portrays the outlaw character, being familiar with Douglas' ability as a sharpshooter, readily

agreed to go through the bit, but when the star levelled his guns and fired two shots directly at the actor's head, even he had a sinking feeling in his stomach. "I know Douglas is a crack-shot, but even at that when I looked into the mouths of those 'young cannons' it made me a bit uneasy," said Campeau later. The scene was enacted exactly as per schedule, however, and Campeau's hat lay on the ground before he realized it was all over.

"The days of trick photography are decidedly over, with the exception of the slapstick comedy," said Douglas in speaking of the incident, "and those scenes prove that you can easily recognize a faked bit by the unnatural tempo of the action. Whenever a scene does not look natural, you can take it for granted that it has been duped."

LEW FIELDS proves himself to be a sterling character actor, while Madge Evans affords convincing proof that a child can attain a high plane in dramatic ability in "The Corner Grocery," a late World feature replete with excellently portrayed "types" and a wealth of "atmosphere." The rise and fall of a character which has sentimental appeal to all is always sure to arouse interest, and such is the case in "The Corner Grocery." The story concerns a sort of prodigal son who returns from college with lofty ideas, induces his father to sell the old-fashioned corner grocery and get a more up-to-date store and swell home. Then, balked by the old man in a plan to incorporate the business according to the idea of Leaming, a society crook, he forges his father's name for cash to invest in some other bogus scheme. Finding himself tricked, Ralph swears to kill Leaming. However, the latter's feminine confederate shoots Leaming just before Ralph's arrival and accuses him. He flees and, ruined by Ralph's operations, the old man is reduced to business with a pushcart. Mary Brian, an orphan raised by the kind old couple, becomes a nurse in a hospital and there secures the dying confession of the murderer. The fugitive returns and after atoning for his past, wins Mary's love.

PAULINE FREDERICK achieves so many distinctions as an exponent of emotional drama that it is becoming difficult to decide which is her best effort. In fact, her each succeeding play seems to furnish her with better opportunities for demonstrating her admirable ability to an unlimited degree. "Double-Crossed," for instance, which is still popular throughout the country after several weeks of tremendous business, is an intense drama of love and political intrigue in which she has ample opportunity to prove that an actress can create the heroine who is virtuous and simultaneously exceedingly clever. With a finesse which is incomparable, Miss Frederick in this characterization combines the innocence of a dove with the wisdom of a serpent with such astoundingly consummate skill that a situation which by all methods of reasoning seems to presage a dire tragedy has as its climax an amusing victory of poetical justice.

The story presents a tense duel of wits between a notorious politician and the beautiful wife of a young business man whom the crooks are trying to blackmail. They

(Continued on page 55)

HE'S HELPER-EATON, TOO

J. G. TARVER, the super-man who looms up more than eight feet tall, and who played the part of the giant in "Jack and the Beanstalk," recently dropped

into a New York cafe to eat what he termed a light lunch and which consisted of five hot roast beef sandwiches, eleven hard-boiled eggs, two loaves of bread, one pound of butter, ten cups of coffee, five cantaloupes, twelve orders of sliced tomatoes and a dozen peaches sliced.

With such a SLIGHT appetite as that, there's no use trying to keep the purse-strings tied tight.

BRET HARTE, a grandson of the famous author who immortalized the gold mining industry of California in fiction, is now a writer of the Triangle scenario staff.

The young Bret must fill some very big shoes, but he should have Harte enough to accomplish the task.

MADAM PETROVA has formed her own company to produce photoplays in which she is to star. She says: "It is true I have organized the Petrova Picture Company for the production of my own pictures, in my own studio, under my own supervision."

Outside of this, it's all her own.

ONE of the favorite pastimes of Jack Gardner, star of Essanay Western photodramas, is a "work-out" on the horizontal bar.

Which reminds us that one night not long since "we" (meaning ye writer) thought "we" were working out on a horizontal bar, but the longer the fellow behind the bar worked with us, and for us, the more convinced "we" became that the darn bar was quite perpendicular.

PERSISTENT misleading rumors force Frances Burnham, who supports Tyrone Power in "Lorelei of the Sea," to arise and deny that she has any thought of marriage. Indignantly she adds that she prefers the society of women.

And so do the men.

ORA CAREW says the only thing in life that does not please her is resting.

So! Resting makes her tired!

FRED. G. BALSHOFER, producer of the Harold Lockwood features, got his foot crushed in an auto wreck recently and an interesting coincidence in connection with the accident was, he spent his time while convalescing editing and assembling a film called "Under Handicap."

To be precise, he was under footicap.

SCREEN STORIES

WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY

BY JACK WINN

THEODORE ROBERTS, the eminent Paramount actor, caught a tuna, which at the time of capture weighed 85 pounds. By the time T. R. reached his home the fish had attained the coveted 125-pound class. When he arrived at the studio his catch tipped the beam at 225 pounds.

You see, the secret of fish development is all in the way you tell it.

THE name of the film editor of the Universal is Eleanor Fried.

And we'll bet she did during those hot summer months.

A BUNCH of Wyoming cowboys gave a dance in honor of Douglas Fairbanks while that celebrity was making a picture in that State. The official report of the affair read as follows: "The dance was attended mostly by cowboys and Bennie Zeidman, Doug's press agent."

Evidently we are to infer that Bennie counted for many.

CHARLES GUNN is now being featured by Triangle.

This indicates that Triangle is bringing up the artillery.

MOVING picture stars continue to form their own producing companies. One of the late embracers of the fad is Alice Brady, who has left her papa's World Film Corporation to paddle her own filmy canoe.

Verily, into a starless night the pioneer producers are fast plunging, generally for better and seldom for worse.

AN anxious inquirer asks us to divulge Fritzi Brunette's real complexion.

But we're going to play safe and say she's a Brunette with a capital B.

JACQUES JACCARD must get credit for having the Frenchiest cognomen any straight American ever had, and while we're doling out the bouquets, let's give Jacques credit for being one of the cleverest serial directors in the game. His latest and greatest ace in the hole is "The Red Ace."

In fact, this is the first time we ever saw a jackpot won with a single ace.

THE principal hobby of Little Mary McAllister is cooking.

Could it be possible she has learned to "roast" the critics so young?

WHEN TALK'S NOT CHEAP

ACCORDING to his erudite press agent, William Fox had to pay \$18,750 for sixteen words which were indispensable as titles in his photoplay, "The Conqueror,"

and thus the platitude about talk being always so cheap is upset. Just how it is figured out that these sixteen words were so costly makes little difference. The only reason why we mention the thing at all is—

If we had a wife who was given to words, we'd live in constant dread lest she might utter one of those sixteen expensive words.

WAYLAND TRASK, Mack Sennett's giant comedian, purchased a Ford and then discovered he would have to reduce before he could fit into the blooming flivver.

In short, he's got a lemon-sine on his hands now.

DALE FULLER, Triangle-Keystone star, who during her leisure moments works on her cat farm, is boasting a new breed of Angora. "It is jet black," says Miss Fuller, "and has a Charlie Chaplin mustache." Fritz Schade, another Keystoner, offered to shy a brick at the feline wonder to ascertain whether it could turn around on one foot, Chaplin fashion.

This is about the cattiest slam we ever heaved Chaplinwards, but, never mind, Chawles, every knock's a boost in salary for you.

EVERY child that gets into pictures is immediately christened a star.

But then, producers have long since made the word "star" the most meaningless word in or out of the dictionary.

JAY BELASCO lost a tooth in a make-believe fight in a recent picture.

He should be thankful that his opponent didn't lose his head or he might be entirely toothless now.

RIDING horseback is the best way to reduce weight, according to Marguerite Clayton, of Essanay.

Yes, and buying the necessary horse is a good way to reduce the bankroll, too.

ONE more erstwhile devotee to the comedy methods called "slap-stick and custard pie" has deserted the cause and gone in for more intelligent processes of getting the laughs. This latest recruit in the ring of higher class is Mabel Normand, who is now with Goldwyn. During the heyday of her vivacity with Keystone she could sling pies with any of them and enjoy it. But never again for her.

The first thing Custard Pie will know, it will be out of the cast entirely.

INTERVIEWING A SCREEN-SPRITE

By LUCY CARROLL

"I don't know whether the fact that grandfather owned the block in which was the Springer Opera House, accounts for my yearning for histrionic honors," she said, in her soft, pretty voice, "but by the time I was nine years old, I was giving shows and plays for the admission price of a few pins to all the children in town. And when I was a little older Mother and Dad moved to New York, where my sister Justina and I went to school, and where I, later, was able to satisfy my old ambitions to go on the stage. My first work was in support of Henry King in 'Graustark,' and later I played 'Tur-

zah' in the Klaw and Erlanger production of 'Ben Hur,' and wound up that season playing 'Esther.' Then I was ingenue

in a stock company in Utica, N. Y., for six months. After that came a year with the Lubin Company, followed by my Paramount work. That's really all there is to tell."

But it isn't at all. Perhaps it does give the bare outline of her work before the public, but it gives little idea of the girl behind it all. She is intensely patriotic and has given herself and her money unstintedly to the present needs of our nation. She was a liberal purchaser of Liberty Bonds, and is saving up to subscribe again when the second issue is floated.

Her Red Cross work has made her beloved by all the workers in California, who are fortunate enough to know her. She is not the sort of girl to give with one hand and advertise with the other. The sweaters she has

knitted, from khaki-colored wool, and which are destined to keep some soldier warm through the gruelling campaigns of the fast approaching winter—the rolls on rolls of bandages she has made—the hospital shirts she has sewed! Any one who has tried any of these tasks knows exactly how rigid the regulations are, just how each garment must be made, will realize what a task all this has been, and how much of her precious spare time it has taken. She has given to the Red Cross in money as liberally as in time and labor. And she has made several public appearances at various theatres in California, where the proceeds have been turned over to the Red Cross. In this way she has aided her well-beloved country far more than one wee slip of a girl can be expected to do—but it is the joy of giving, the love of service, that makes her give and give and give, as long as there is need for it.

Miss Huff is a wee bit of a sprite, barely five feet tall, and weighing little more than one hundred pounds. Her hair is soft and fine, of a rare, spun-gold color and as soft as a baby's, with little ringlets that nestle against the nape of her white neck as if they loved to touch her. Her eyes are wide and warmly blue, like a little child's, and her skin is the sort that, as the soap ads. say, "you love to touch"—smooth and firmly white, with a soft touch of color in the cheeks and a vivid splash of scarlet lips. All in all, she's most decidedly interesting to look upon, as things of beauty always are—a joy forever, you know. (Continued on page 54)



Louise Huff

HAVING admired and enjoyed "Freckles" and "Seventeen" more than any pictures I had seen in years, it was with joy that seldom falls to the lot of a be-spectacled, prim spinster of an interviewer, that I received the Editor's orders to interview Louise Huff. I had interviewed so many people whose work I didn't like and whose personal selves I despised, it was with a special delight that I boarded a trolley-car—pardon me, of course, I meant taxi—to go out to her pretty home-like bungalow in Hollywood.

And I found her quite as charming and delightful as I had expected, from her pictures, she would be. Which, in itself, is worthy of note, since so many picture players—I am not casting disparagement upon the profession—are disappointing, on personal acquaintance.

The maid showed me into a pleasant, chintz-hung living-room that was fragrant with the presence of youth and high spirits. And there, in the middle of the floor, with a heap of lovely pink roses and a mass of ferns, sat my hostess, busily arranging her flowers in a dull green bowl. She scrambled to her feet, making the cream-colored taffeta of her quaintly charming little frock rustle and swirl delightfully as she did so. She still held her bowl of roses in her hands, and apologized with pretty confusion for being discovered in so childish a position.

I think that one of her most lovable characteristics is the air of a dear little old-fashioned girl. She has a charming air of cordial hospitality that is distinctly Southern—so I wasn't a bit surprised to find that she was born in Columbus, Georgia, and reared there among the traditions of the old South which still exist in that thriving little place.



A double view of her

THIS MONTH'S PHOTO-PLAY SUGGESTION

NOTE: Each month one or more short stories will be given their first publication in this department for the consideration of photoplay producers as well as the entertainment of our readers. All writers, amateur or professional, having stories of merit which they wish to get before producers to an advantage are welcome to this agency, and in case their material is accepted by any producer, they will be given the entire amount the latter might pay. The chief purpose of this unique plan is to help worthy writers who are without literary reputation as yet.

ADAM'S CONSOLATION By VALENTINE KARL

SCENE:

An open glade in the midst of a tropical forest. Beautiful growth of palm and other trees, shrubs and flowers. Primitive huts are seen here and there, inhabited by Preadamites. These people are black and covered with hair all over the body; living on nuts and other fruits. They are seen climbing trees and gathering food; children play with pet animals. While the scenery is passing before the eyes in ever-changing variety, there appears in a wide, open space a large, round tent. At the entrance of the tent is seen Adam, a robust white man, majestic in his appearance, clothed in a robe of white linen. Besides him is seen Eve, his wife, a beautiful woman, with long, rich golden hair, loosely hanging down her shoulders, also robed in white linen. Close to Eve is seen Abel, holding a lamb in his arms and caressing it. At a distant Cain is seen practicing with his cudgel which he uses in slaying animals; he is covered with the skin of an animal. Eve is looking at Cain with dismay, and endeavors to induce him to throw away the cudgel; but Cain disobeys.

Preadamites appear before the group. The more intelligent looking, respectfully approach Adam, and he as well as Eve show themselves very kindly towards them. Finally, Adam leads them to a convenient place where all sit down, and Adam begins to teach this people the enunciation of primitive vocal sounds. Eve is seen teaching children to walk upright. (The Preadamites, as a rule, walk on all fours. If they wish to walk upright, they have to use a stick. Some of them are seen to pride themselves, because they learned to walk upright without the use of a stick.) Cain is seen hunting animals, and later is seen preparing meat and eating it. Abel watches Cain eating meat for a while, then runs away from him with expression of horror on his face.

SECOND PART:

Night. Stars are seen in the sky, the moon is just rising over the top of a mountain. Adam is sitting before his tent, waiting for the return of his two sons. After waiting for a while he rises from the ground and looking all around he shakes his head in doubt and disappointment. Finally he enters the tent and lays himself down to

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

ADAM, representing the first human being created with an immortal soul, capable of eternal life. Through the descendants of Adam the germ of immortality is gradually transplanted into the primitive or preadamitic race.

EVE, Adam's wife, the first white woman, instrumental in the propagation of mortal beings, having an immortal soul.

ABEL, the first born of Adam, inheriting the good tendencies of his father.

CAIN, the second son, in whom become manifest the acquired evil tendencies of his father, Adam.

PREADAMITES. The primitive race of human beings, half human, half animal. This race becomes gradually improved physically and mentally through the intermarriage with the descendants of Adam. "The sons of God," i. e., the descendants of Adam, "saw the daughters of man," i. e., of the primitive tribe, "that they were fair"—they intermarried.

sleep. (Not upon a bed, but on a mat on the floor.) However, scarcely had he closed his eyes when the spirit of Abel appears in the tent. Adam does not see the spirit; but he is aroused by a voice, crying, "father, father." Startled by this sound Adam rises from the ground, and in the same moment the spirit disappears. Adam rushes out of the tent, he listens and looks all around, but hears and sees nothing. Adam suspects that something happened to his sons, and goes out into the field to look after them. After a long and wearisome search in the dimly lighted night, through fields and woods, he finally comes to the spot where Abel lies in his blood, cold and dead. Close to the side of the body of the slain is seen lying the cudgel, the very same which Cain used to slay animals with. Adam picks it up, examines it, sees the fresh blood-stains on it, then he kneels down by the side of the corpse and cries bitterly. After a time of motionless silence there appears at a distance the

cherub of paradise. A supernatural being, resplendent of light, exceedingly beautiful. He approaches Adam, stops near the corpse, and there appears upon the angel's face a shadow of uppermost woe. He covers his face with both his hands and weeps. Finally he removes his hands from the face, the grief has passed and his face seems to express a calm sternness. Adam looks up into the face of the angel and asks:

"Is this a foreboding of the fate that shall befall the future human race?" And the cherub answers, "Thou sayest it."

Adam further asks: "Alas, and by what name shall this horrible deed be designated?" The cherub answers, "War."

Adam shudders and asks: "Why, then, must the just and innocent fall by the hand of the just?" The cherub is silent.

Adam, however, continues in his lamentations and says: "What shall console me in my grief upon this blood-stained earth?" The cherub answers, "Your faith and trust in the unalterable justice of God, your heavenly Father." Then the cherub disappears.

Adam, however, remains motionless, sitting by the side of the dead body till the early dawn.

The light in the East increases gradually. Adam rises from the ground and turns himself towards the East. When the first rays of the rising sun touches Adam's face, he stretches out his hands in adoration and exclaims: "O thou sublime image of the eternal God, reveal unto me the message which thou bearest! Verily thy light is the semblance of His wisdom, and thy warmth is the semblance of His love." "He is near" "Yea, thou art here!" "O heavenly father, if a mortal be granted to hear thy voice, O then speak to me of the life beyond and of Abel the beloved."

Then, all upon a sudden, it grows wonderfully bright, the brightness far exceeding the brightness of the sun. Adam dazzled by the splendor of the light, throws himself upon his knees, and touching the ground with his forehead he worships. But out of the splendor of the light there comes a voice, saying, "Behold, Abel, thy son, liveth."

The light decreases. Adam rises from the ground. His face expresses calm resignation. Looking back once more at the body of the slain, Adam walks off the scene.

FOR EVERY MAN By CARRIGAN COSTOLO

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

FRANK PATTERSON.
MRS. PATTERSON, his mother.
MAY and RUTH PATTERSON, his sisters.
LUCY VAIL, Frank's sweetheart.
WM. MOORE, his employer.
TOM SHELBY, soldier.
GERMAN CAPTAIN.
 German sailors, soldiers and villagers.

FRANK PATTERSON lives with his invalid mother and two younger sisters in a sea-board village in Massachusetts. Frank's father is dead and he is his mother's only support.

One day the news comes of the break with Germany. Ocean View is all enthusiasm. The young men prepare to organize a company. Frank is offered a place but, thinking of

his helpless mother and little sisters, he sadly refuses. His refusal is attributed to cowardice and cries of "slacker" greet him when he appears on the street.

In Ocean View also lives Lucy Vail whom Frank has long loved. When he tells her he cannot leave his mother and sisters without a protector, she does not seem interested, but asks him if he doesn't think Tom Shelby, his rival, "will look perfectly grand in a uniform?"

As the long summer days pass by, Frank swelters in the store where he is employed, while the Ocean View company trains for war. Frank is dropped by the younger set, and he and Lucy drift farther apart. Although unable to leave her chair, Frank's mother understands conditions, and her loving sympathy gives him courage.

At last the day comes when the Ocean View company leaves for the training base. All the village is out to bid them "Godspeed." Frank is as one "friendless and alone." When he meets Lucy on the street she gives him a look of quiet contempt and her lips seem to frame the word "slacker" as she turns with a gay smile to Tom Shelby. Sick at heart, Frank rushes home and

tells his mother he can't stand it any longer. She bravely smiles through her tears and points to a motto above her chair. It reads: "For Every Man God has His Plan."

After the company has gone, Frank becomes more unpopular than ever. The children jeer him and the older people look upon him with pitying contempt. As for Lucy, she receives frequent letters from Tom Shelby and has apparently forgotten Frank's existence. But her pet kitten, if it could talk, could tell how Lucy still takes Frank's picture from a hiding place and sighs for happy days gone by.

Finally, Mr. Moore, Frank's employer, tells him that he cannot keep him any longer, as he is causing him to lose his trade. Frank goes home with a heavy heart and feeling bitter against the world. He goes down to the wharf and gets into his motor boat. He turns it into the channel and heads it to the open sea, not caring where it will bear him.

The motor boat slips swiftly out to sea, but Frank sits staring ahead until with a final chug the motor goes dead. Upon investigating Frank finds the gasoline is gone.

The boat, however, continues drifting swiftly outward, having been caught in the outgoing tide. At first Frank decides to let it carry him where it will—"I have nothing to go back for"—but as his mother's sweet patient face rises before him, he seizes the oars and begins to row des-

perately. The tide is too strong, and he drifts farther and farther out to sea.

At Ocean View Frank's absence is not noticed until Mrs. Patterson sends her daughters into the village to inquire for him. No one has seen him until a fisher boy tells how he saw him embark in his motor boat and disappear down the channel. As the hours pass and he does not return, Mrs. Patterson becomes sorely anxious. But she receives little sympathy from the villagers. "Good riddance," they say.

Mrs. Patterson is not the only one who watches the night away. In the Vail home at a seafront window sits a girl whose wide blue eyes gaze tearfully at the distant channel and whose listening ears strain to hear above the swish of the surf, the chug of an incoming motor.

Meanwhile Frank is still drifting at sea. The boat is no longer carried by the tide, but as Frank has lost all sense of direction, he does not know which way to turn. Suddenly he sees something moving along the surface of the ocean. He watches it for a few minutes and then it disappears. While Frank is puzzling about it, the same object rises from the ocean a few hundred yards from the boat.

It is a submarine and a man in the German uniform appears on deck. Frank is sighted and the submarine turns towards him. Frank pretends he is crazy. He is taken on board the submarine and his boat is set adrift.

Frank is taken before the captain who questions him closely. To all his inquiries Frank gives rambling replies. At length the captain becomes convinced that he is hopelessly "befuddled" and dismisses him, but orders that he be kept on the ship. Frank wanders about the ship taking a childish delight in its furnishing. The crew watch him for a while and then lose interest in him.

Frank meanwhile is keenly alive to everything that is said. His knowledge of German taught him by his mother enables him to do this. Hoping to encourage them to talk freely, Frank lies down, and with a smile of idiotic innocence on his face falls asleep—apparently.

Believing him to be asleep, the Germans discuss their plans. Frank is horrified to hear that they intend to torpedo the transport that will carry the Ocean View contingent to New York. He determines to escape if possible and warn the troops.

Frank awakens and again begins to stroll about the ship. Soon after the captain orders a man to go above. Frank watches the man and decides he can make his escape the same way. He makes a rush for the stairs, knocks down a man who tries to stop him and despite several shots fired at him, escapes.

Upon reaching the deck he discovers it is a pitch-black night, but he can see lights on shore. He leaps overboard and swims for the shore. The sailor on deck fires at him but misses.

Frank reaches the shore and rushes to the nearest house. He tries to get the training base by telephone but fails. Just then a racing car comes down the road. Frank halts the driver and asks him to take him to the training base.

Then ensues a wild race through the night. They reach the wharf just as the gang-plank of the transport is being lifted. The vessel is stopped and upon hearing the explanation, Frank is the hero of the hour.

The last scene shows Frank coming back to his proud happy mother. Mrs. Patterson calls Lucy in and joins the lovers' hands. Instinctively all three lift their eyes to motto on the wall.

EVOLUTION By JESSIE EMERALD

*In the fabled Orient
Lived a princess fair,
Counting among her gems
Many jewels rare.*

SHE knew not what it meant to be deprived; her every desire and whim was gratified.

A queen indeed was she, with her haughty, stately beauty. Yet her eyes were cold as steel, though she was greatly worshipped by all.

Many a brave and strong youth of princely birth had tried to win her, but to all she remained cold and answered "Nay!"

Now a traveler entered the gates of the city, footsore and weary, having traveled far. He was but a poor bearer of a message. His garb was that of a servant; arms and legs were bare, also the upper part of the body from neck to waist, showing the fine development of muscles. One could not help but admire the strong, athletic build of his body.

He bore a message from a distant ruler to the father of the Princess Love, King Earnest of Fable Land. The message was to announce the coming of King Mosaik to plead for the hand of the beautiful Princess Love.

Now, it so happened that the Princess was in the royal garden with her ladies-in-waiting when the message reached the palace. Tired and worn, the messenger was tempted to lie down under the shade of a tree to rest his weary limbs. His feet were sore and bleeding. Soon he fell asleep.

The Princess, passing by, saw the sleeping man. She arched her pretty brows in wonder that one so humble should dare to sleep in the royal garden. She desired her ladies-in-waiting to arouse the man. He looked up in bewilderment, and, as his gaze rested on the Princess Love, his eyes filled with unspeakable awe and admiration.

For one moment the Princess returned the look, then, as though suddenly remembering her exalted position, she commanded him to depart. Just then the wind blew a tiny feather from the headdress of the Princess, bearing it straight to the feet of the message-bearer. He picked it up tenderly and placed it to his lips. All the ladies-in-waiting were shocked. The Princess haughtily lifted her hand to command him to drop the feather, but the messenger begged to keep it, saying: "Even a slave may gaze at a star."

Whereupon the Princess smiled, being easily flattered. Thus began the mating of two souls.

Soon King Mosaik came, with his retinue of servants, to the Land of Fables, to woo the Princess Love. The people held great days of feasting in honor of the great event. A long procession was held. At the head was a wonderful float bearing the Princess Love.

The messenger, now garbed in the attire of an attendant on King Mosaik, paid homage to Princess Love. He threw her a bouquet of roses, saying: "Roses to the faire of heart."

His daring caused much consternation among the nobles. The King of the Land of Fables

ordered that the messenger be bound and imprisoned. The Princess did not prevent this, for she was of a rather cruel nature, and wished to make the messenger suffer for being of such humble origin and yet daring to love a Princess. But her cruelty did not last long, and when they reached the royal palace, the Princess bethought her of the messenger (imprisoned). She beckoned the head guard, and smiling sweetly ordered him to release the messenger.

Upon catching sight of the messenger making straight for the palace, her heart trembled. She discharged her ladies-in-waiting, desiring to be alone. The messenger came to her and knelt at her feet. She laid her hands on his hair, and permitted him to kiss her hand. Whereupon a great love surged over her, illuminating her features. The messenger looked up at her, and whispered: "My beloved!"

They embraced, love recognizing no barriers nor stations in life. Thus a royal Princess mates with a humble servant, love leading the way.

At this moment the curtains parted, and the king witnessed the apparent dishonor and degradation of his daughter, the Princess Love. The messenger was put in irons and cast into prison, while the Princess Love was placed upon the seat of honor in the great banquet hall, where the engagement was formally announced to the people of the Princess Love and King Mosaik.

The people cheered and made merry, while on the following day the messenger was stoned to death for daring to lift his eyes to a Princess. Soon the wedding took place. The Princess Love was a beautiful bride, keeping a smile on her face, while her heart was bleeding and her soul was dead.

The Princess Love became queen and reigned beside her royal consort, King Mosaik. She appeared gay and frivolous, but *her soul was dead within her*, and soon, her body not being able to continue the sham, she was laid away to rest.

But the souls of the Princess Love and the messenger were destined to meet again in another generation. For several thousand years the evolution of the two souls goes on till they meet again in the romantic setting of a European court.

A king (the regeneration of the soul of the messenger), is growing weary of the false pretenses of royalty, has been seeking his soul mate among the ladies of the court. At various times he thought to find the beloved, only to be disappointed. He follows pleasure and frivolity in the effort to escape ennui. Thus he sits in the royal opera box on the night of the Russian ballet.

Among the dancers is one, Olva, who seems to be the perfect expression of life. King Lemuel is interested. Olva seems to attract his soul as a magnet. He contrives to meet her. The two souls recognize their mates. Olva is the soul of the Princess Love. She, having been cruel and haughty in the days of her early origin, must now pay the penalty through the medium of Olva, the dancer. She must suffer living the life of a humble dependent, being forced to dance when her limbs are weary and her heart is heavy, as she

herself ordered her dancing girls to do when she was an Oriental Princess.

Princess Love did not leave her home to follow the poor messenger. But King Lemuel is true to his soul. He loves Olva and is willing to give up his crown for the privilege of loving her and making her his wife.

The royal advisers meet to consult with the king, reminding him that he must marry one of royal birth. Here King Lemuel explains the regeneration of the Princess Love. He speaks to them and says: "So, you see, I have searched for her through the ages, and thus she is of royal blood, though now appearing as a ballet dancer."

The royal advisers looked quickly from one to the other, and concluded that Lemuel had gone insane. But he must be humored. Soon he found himself a prisoner in a sanatorium. And Olva waits for her Prince, who comes not. She danced one night until she dropped, and her heart was beating no more.

Among the tall timbers of the great northwest, in the twentieth century, a tall young man is acting as a lumberjack. Hard study and the gay night life of New York had nearly finished Jack Hartwig. A severe cough had clung to his lungs till the doctor had given him a heart-to-heart talk, telling him: "Nothing will save you unless you live in the open, among the pines."

After six months in a lumber camp Jack no longer looked consumptive, and could not be picked out among a bunch of sturdy woodmen. The camp cook had gone to the nearest town for a bunch of "hash-slingers." In the employment agency were a variety of types—men and women—and also girls. He picked out three of the best looking girls.

On arriving at camp the news went abroad about the new "queens." All the men were anxious to shine up a bit to make a hit. They nearly fell over one another, trying to get a chance at the tooth brush or the curry-comb. They shuffled and stumbled in the mess-house like a bunch of cattle, all awkward, in their anxiety to get the first squint at the new "queens."

Jack was just as awkward and excited as the rest. The "queen" on Jack's end of the table is the best looking. There seems to be an equal amount of good sense, good manners, and a merry twinkle of the eyes, a grace of beauty, which is a direct inheritance, through the evolution of the ages, of our Princess Love. "Alice Lovely" is her name. She looks across the table, and her eyes meet those of Jack. She looks into the eyes of her *soul mate*. For a moment the "windows of the soul" speak, conveying the old, old story of love through the ages. Then she coquettishly drops her lashes, giving a saucy little tilt to her head, and later throwing him a roguish look, with laughter in her eyes.

At last the regeneration of these two souls has placed them both on an equal footing. The two meet later under the great, big trees, and he tells her the old story again. He feels that he has known her for ages. She says: "I know I have met you before. Where was it?"

Then he answers: "You were the Princess Love, and I an humble messenger. I lost you and found you again when I was a king and you a dancer. At last we are of equal birth and truly mated."

She clapped her hands in glee. "How wonderful," she said.

EDITORIAL

WAR THEMES IN SCREEN SCHEMES

The prevailing basis for photoplay plots nowadays is the war. A majority of the stories unfolded through the cinema art at present either directly or indirectly uses conditions created by the terrible world catastrophe. It is only fair to add that some producers *misuse* these unfortunate conditions and thereby instill wrong ideas in the minds of the more gullible persons. As a matter of justified candor, it must be cited that in at least a few instances war themes are being pressed into service to promote some screen schemes rather illegitimately. This fallacy inspired by mercenary motives will not redound in credit to the shadow stage. Indeed, too often does a single black sheep get a whole family into ill repute. It should not be that a few producers with excessive zeal to turn war subjects to pecuniary gain can run amuck in the film field. Here is one of the few instances wherein a censor can make himself useful by barring the way to prosperity to promoters who wantonly exploit "blood and thunder" in trashy forms. Martial themes when on an exalted plane or when based on elementary facts are permissible, but when brazen attempts are made to distort all plausibility for the sake of ostentatious advertising calculated to excite the populace into crowding theatres, it is an ideal time to call a halt by officially discriminating between the buncombe and the genuinely wholesome.

FOR FERTILE FILM FIELDS

There is fame and a place in the sun awaiting localities which have something novel to offer in the way of natural scenic oddities. Moving picture makers are energetically extending themselves to enhance the art in their production, and one of the steps they are taking is in the direction of invading untraversed regions, in which unique beauties abound. So, this editorial is for you who know of out-of-the-way places where extraordinary "atmosphere" may be had. Write the producers if you know of any remote freaks of nature or any particularly striking landscapes of an exceptionally picturesque sort. Fame is guaranteed to any section of this mundane sphere favored by the movie men, and, besides, oh, what a breaking of the monotony it is to have a company of screen artists around once in a while. Not only do they break the monotony, but they break themselves quite frequently, being adept at accelerating the circulation of money wherever they may chance to sojourn.

KEEP UP WITH THE FLAG!

Old Glory is moving forward mightily rapidly in these crucial moments in the world's history. Those who owe their allegiance to the grandest emblem the cause of democracy has ever enlisted will have to constantly accelerate their pace to keep up. It is cer-

tainly not a task at which laggards will make a creditable showing. But, it is a golden opportunity for the real patriots to display that do-things-now courage which was once called the Spirit of '76. There is not a man, woman or child honored by the name of American who can conscientiously permit the slightest let-up in the paramount work of the hour, namely: doing a just bit. It is eminently fallacious to lose even one second to complain, and it is little short of anarchy to express vehement opinions as to the part the rich should play in bearing the brunt of the burden. There is a man in the White House at Washington who has proven time and again that he does not condone in the idea of pampering the rich, and he is known as the most successful opponent plutocracy ever had. That quiet, unobtrusive man—the master of a vital age—President Woodrow Wilson—has as one of the thoughts uppermost in his mind the welfare of the common people. It is for them he is moving the Stars and Stripes to the foreground with such wonderful speed and efficiency. It is therefore up to *them* to keep up with the procession which bids fair to make the world safe for democracy—our kind of democracy, the democracy which stifles injustice and which destroys wanton autocracy. By all means see to it that YOU keep up with the flag!

A "TIP" TO ASPIRING WRITERS

How many reels should a photoplay run? This question has puzzled both producers and writers for some time, but now it is easily answerable. Five reels is the standard length for feature film, and there are several reasons for it, too. One is that any photoplay which extends over the allotted five reels must have a remarkable story, a distinct rarity in these days. Another very important reason is the public has let it be definitely known that the universal preference in the way of an evening's cinema entertainment is a good feature with at least two good one-reel comedies preceding. Variety is the zest of life, and Americans do love their variety. Therefore, it is obvious that it behooves embryonic photoplaywrights to limit their scenarios to five reels if they wish to avail themselves of every favorable chance of getting started in their chosen vocation. Of course, if you are positively sure you have conceived an extraordinary story which warrants six, seven, ten or twelve reels, govern yourself accordingly; but be oh, so sure, of your premises. There are very few stories which cannot be told in five reels, and a closely knit plot is certain to arouse more admiration than a long-drawn-out affair filled with a surfeit of details. As an off-shooting angle to this "tip," let us predict that there is a demand coming for two-reel comedy-dramas again, and it is needless to add that a large percentage of the present-day five-reelers could be improved by the omission of three parts. Now, if you are writing photoplays, pray do not commit the error of stretching points in your story-telling. On the contrary, make every moment in your narrative, every word, indispensable.

THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL

A Novel by NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

Author of "TRUEHEART MARGERY"

(SECOND INSTALLMENT)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS—Robert Parkhurst, grandson of Col. Ronald Parkhurst, of Castle Hills, New York, returns from the Country Club on a summer afternoon and finds his mother dead in her room. Looking about bewilderedly, he sees a face in a mirror on the opposite wall, a face at once cunning and malevolent; when he investigates, he finds no trace of any living presence.

The doctor pronounces heart disease to have been the cause of Mrs. Parkhurst's death, and inasmuch as the lady had been an invalid, everyone accepts this verdict except her nineteen-year-old son, who does some private detective work on his own responsibility. With his pet hound he searches his mother's apartments, and discloses a secret passage and an underground room that shows recent occupancy. He also makes a much more terrible discovery in the fragments of a letter, written to "Donazello Marco," in his mother's hand. The letter pleads with this "Donazello" not to come to Castle Hills, and ends up with "would that he were my son."

The mystery thus begun haunts the boy, who is afraid to tell his grandfather, Colonel Parkhurst, about the matter. Having no father—his father had died in Italy soon after his birth—the boy has a horror of finding that perhaps he is not Robert Parkhurst. He grows ill, and finally, in desperation, Colonel Parkhurst takes him abroad.

In Switzerland they meet Florian DeMarcel, a man of strong personality, who wins the boy's confidence, and promises to help him find Donazello, of whom the Colonel knows nothing. DeMarcel himself so resembles the face Robert saw in the glass that on their first meeting the boy accuses him of having been at Castle Hills at the time of his mother's death. But DeMarcel makes it clear that this was not so, and succeeds in convincing the boy of his mistake. Such an influence does DeMarcel gain over Robert that when he invites him to take a trip with him, Robert is ready to go, whereupon Colonel Parkhurst returns to America, leaving his grandson in charge of the man who has fascinated them both.

Robert has a gay time with DeMarcel on the Continent. In Paris he becomes known as a rich and spendthrift American. DeMarcel is, of course, well taken care of in the arrangement, and the boy does not realize that the man is becoming his master.

Then one day Robert receives a communication from Donazello. The import is blackmail; he goes with it to DeMarcel, and the latter offers to take it in hand for him. DeMarcel leaves Robert in Paris and goes away; he sends word of his return presently and brings with him a proposition whereby Robert is to pay Donazello a certain sum for his silence in regard to a supposed scandal that will involve the woman whom he knew as mother. Robert agrees to the proposal, but senses that in some way DeMarcel is in league with Donazello. He begins to hate the man, and tries to get rid of him, but it is too late.

CHAPTER IX

WHEREIN DEMARCEL TURNS MASTER

DEMARCEL stood at a window in one of the handsome rooms of the Grand Hotel in Paris and smiled.

Before him marched, or more accurately, jostled, the life of the boulevard. Countless vehicles passed to and fro, carriages, motors and omnibuses, laden with color and fashion and faces, some young and fair, others old and world-weary; some fresh with the natural glow of youth, some brilliant through more artificial agencies—gay debutantes, keen-eyed chaperons, conveniently unseeing did circumstances warrant—all interspersed with gallant masculine forms and admiring masculine faces.

Tourists and native French, and over all and through all a continuous murmur of voices, the clatter of horses' hoofs, the soft hum of the motor, the low rumble of closely-packed footsteps, with now and then a cry more shrill and insistent—this is the Paris of every day, the heartbeats of one of earth's mightiest cities.

DeMarcel looked upon all this, yet saw of it nothing. He had other things to think about. He stood with his long, lean body resting nonchalantly against the window frame; his one brown, bony hand clasping the window draperies, his other

holding a letter upon which the late afternoon light fell just a bit dimly. Outside, the burst of the arc lamp flashing into flame, the fine, thin current of millions of infinitely diverse wires trembling into myriad blazes, foretold the evening at hand. Inside, on the broad hearth, a small fire smouldered, growing gradually more potent as the shadows clouded over the daylight.

The man at the window read silently, smilingly. The notesheet was dated from Castle Hills, New York; the writer was Colonel Parkhurst. And the Colonel wrote to ask M. DeMarcel to persuade his grandson to return to America, and at once. The letter was, in effect, a command. It implied far more than it said, and DeMarcel was perhaps not so ready to smile over its implications. But he smiled, nevertheless, for he alone knew with what impatience he had awaited the summons, fearful less the trend events were taking would lose for him the opportunity of visiting Castle Hills. He was prepared to stand Colonel Parkhurst's catechism, even his criticism. He felt equal to almost any explanations he might be called upon to make; but time was passing, and with each day the ascendancy he had gained over Robert in his role of friend was diminishing, as the boy forced him into the position of enemy. That Robert no longer trusted him DeMarcel knew; that he feared him he also knew; but how long that fear would bind the boy's tongue in the face of the natural forces that must be impelling him to speak out, it was impossible to foretell. The very recklessness of the boy proved that conscience was not wholly dormant; and yet DeMarcel would not believe that Robert would, at this late date, dare to make a clean breast of the affair.

In his own way DeMarcel was fond of Robert. What small tenderness remained to the man was experienced for the boy. But their relations had of necessity changed, and when Robert refused friendship and declared war, DeMarcel had to prove himself master. And in the instant that Robert realized that he was bound hand and foot, in that instant he hated the man with all the force of his nature, suspecting now that DeMarcel was but one of a conspiracy formed to undo him, or at least to prey upon him for what could be gotten out of him.

"You are Donazello yourself!" the boy had cried in a frenzy, one night as they sat alone talking. And DeMarcel had smiled—smiled and listened to the further accusations that came from Robert's lips. When the storm was over, he had once again proved himself master of the situation, and for the second time, though with a very different feeling, Robert had felt called upon to withdraw his threats.

DeMarcel renewed the circumstances of the situation as he stood at his window, and he was not long in making up

his mind. It was November, and Robert had refused consistently to entertain the idea of a return home. Now was the chance to force him—Colonel Parkhurst threatened to stop the allowance at once unless the boy came—and with this weapon of authority in his hand, DeMarcel felt sure of forcing the boy to acquiescence.

He was still considering his plans when the door opened and Robert came in. Three months in Paris had not improved the young man's appearance. He was thinner, pale to sallowness; and he spoke with a jerky impetuosity that indicated nerves not too successfully controlled. Beside the man into whose presence he had come he looked a pygmy—physically and intellectually. DeMarcel glanced down upon him with a smile that was generously pitying, but just as generously contemptuous. Yet it vanished instantly, and he merely looked serious as he said:

"Your grandfather has written."

"That so?" The young man spoke with a huge indifference as he bustled around the room, poking the fire into brighter being, and finally sank into a chair at the hearthside. His companion waited, then at last, seeing the other comfortably seated and smoking a cigarette in a more amiable frame of mind, he lounged into a long, low arm-chair and borrowed a smoke. So they sat for a while, the flames chasing the shadows over their faces as gradually the dimness grew and strengthened.

"We leave for London tomorrow" DeMarcel's voice was cool, casual, but strangely quiet.

With a quick throw Robert's cigarette found the fire; Robert himself was on his feet, transformed by a white rage.

"We do not go to London tomorrow, nor the next day, nor the next. A little more of this nagging and we won't go next year." His hands shook where they grasped the chair; his face glared grey in the darkness; his limbs trembled perceptibly.

"Sit down, and we'll discuss it," DeMarcel suggested.

"Discuss it nothing! Your 'discussions' weary me." With an effort he crossed the room and touched a button. When the door opened a queer little figure appeared, a hunchback, hideously ugly both of face and form, short-legged, long-armed, long-haired, long-eyebrowed, long-moustached. Yet intelligence gleamed in his eyes, a queer intelligence that seemed to seek for something to rend asunder.

His first glance did not fall on his young master; it traveled to the long, lounging figure in the chair by the fire; and his eyes flashed an unmistakable hatred. But his body bowed as if he waited patiently for orders.

"My clothes, Roderigo. I am dining in the Latin Quartier."

"Roderigo"—DeMarcel spoke as ever

with a fine gentlemanly courtesy, tempered just a trifle with authority.

"Oui, Monsieur."

"Your master leaves for London, on the way to America, on an early train tomorrow. Will you have his things and mine ready to start?"

"Oui, Monsieur"—with a questioning look at Robert.

At that DeMarcel passed the Colonel's letter to Robert. The young man switched on a light and read it. He flushed a little, then paled as his eyes scanned the page.

"We will go, Roderigo," he said finally, and turning out the light, dropped back into his chair.

"Robert." Once more DeMarcel was suspiciously gentle. "We are dining tonight with the Comtesse de Borgio; I was just about to tell you. There is an opera afterwards."

Robert stopped on his way to the adjoining room. Almost he seemed tempted to throttle the man in the chair. He caught his breath as if in a sob, but without a word he went into his dressing. At that DeMarcel smiled again. Then he sought his own room to dress.

They met in the hotel lobby, Robert elaborately indifferent, DeMarcel cool as ever. But as they slipped into a motor and the chauffeur got the address, DeMarcel continued his smiling. Things were coming his way, after all. He gave the address, and Robert said and did nothing.

CHAPTER X

WHEREIN ROBERT WAKES TO A NEW EXPERIENCE

DeMarcel was not acting without his reasons when he insisted upon Robert dining with the Borgios. To put the matter plainly, DeMarcel's plans concerning Robert included a girl and a romance. The girl was Marie, the pretty daughter of the Comtesse de Borgio. Marie was French and dainty and altogether charming—in face, figure, voice and manners. Marie's mother was DeMarcel's dear friend; by dint of clever insinuation DeMarcel had conveyed to the Comtesse the desirability of a match between her daughter and the heir to the Parkhurst millions. Marie must marry riches; at the same time the Comtesse loved her little daughter; she might advocate a suitor, but she would not force one. She was loath to part with her child; she would not unless it were to give her to one who really loved her and would lovingly cherish her.

As for Robert, he was not contemplating marriage. His life in Paris had not turned his heart or mind toward matrimony as a matter for serious consideration. He had dined with girls, flirted with them, made them presents, played the young prince to them; but he did not choose to take any of them seriously. And though he admired the little aristocrat, so different from these others, and in many ways remindful of his own women-folk at home, save that she was more chic, more vivacious, he was in no way to become enamored of her, whatever she might think of him. For, truth to tell, Marie was more than a little attracted by this reputedly rich young man, who had a rather unusual reputation in Paris, but whose escapades appealed very decidedly to her imagination. DeMarcel had also

thrown the two together as much as possible, but without result. So that now, with the American trip settled upon, it became necessary to reach some climax. It would not pay, he realized, to try to force Robert, but if the boy was at all interested, it was safe to predict that he would not leave France without speaking.

The dinner was, on the whole, a success. There were no guests save DeMarcel and Robert, and DeMarcel was at his best. And, in the presence of his hostess and her pretty daughter, Robert forgot to be resentful, forgot to be disappointed; always of a more or less volatile temperament, his anger subsided quickly; his natural wit asserted itself; he made himself even more than ordinarily attractive.

There was to be an opera after dinner—

SEEKING THE MOON

By RICHARD WILLIS

He is a famed comedian, a genius in his line;

He draws his thousands weekly and yet this man doth pine

For other paths to fame; says he, "I KNOW I'd make a name

By playing big dramatic roles; I loathe this slap-stick game!"

A well-known vampire's sorrowful; she's sick of bad girl parts,

Quoth she, "I want to act in roles that reach the children's hearts."

And tho' as vamps a tidy fortune this young thing has made,

"With half a chance," says she, "I'd put Miss Pickford in the shade!"

The Movie World adores her for her wistfulness and grace;

They love her for her girlishness, her sweet, pathetic face.

Her salary is "out of sight"; is she content? nay, nay;

She'd try her hand at tragedy if she but had HER way.

A well-known handsome leading man with bouds and coin galore

Remarks that, "all this hero stuff is getting quite a bore."

Heroic parts have palled on him and so it seems to me,

He THINKS he'd shine in "heavy" roles, a villain he would be!

And so it goes, your artist always yearns for other things;

The angel would a devil be, the devil wants gold wings;

The Ingenue would be the Lead, the Lead an Ingenue;

There's few content with what they have; 'tis pity 'tis 'tis true.

"Samson and Delilah." Both Marie and Robert knew it familiarly; to Robert it was tedious; Marie was more than willing to be rescued by him from even a semblance of boredom. They talked softly in the motor on the way to the Opera House; they talked in the box, when the lights were lowered; by the time that the last curtain fell they had reached the point of personalities in their intercourse; they were absorbed in each other. DeMarcel and the Comtesse looked on and nodded understandingly. And yet, when they had left Marie and her mother after a little supper, Robert lapsed into his moody manner of an earlier hour, nor would he consent to a last smoke before retiring; he bid DeMarcel simply a curt "Good-night."

Could one have peeped into Marie's room that night, he or she would have

found that usually gay creature in tears at her bedside. Robert had not spoken—at least, not of love for her. He had confided in her a resolution he had made, to go back to America, and to behave himself; to make a new start, in fact, in an attempt to please his grandfather. He had thanked Marie earnestly for her share in his reformation; but for her he would, perhaps, never had realized what a fool he was making of himself. But she reminded him of his cousin, and now he wanted to get back to those finer influences, where the company of evil men and women did not exist.

Thus DeMarcel's plan led to an attitude on Robert's part that did not make managing him any easier.

CHAPTER XI

WHEREIN ROBERT AND DEMARCEL CROSS THE CHANNEL

To say that DeMarcel was disappointed when he came to understand that Robert had not proposed to Marie, would be stating the fact mildly. He was bitterly disappointed, even enraged; almost to the extent of wishing to find an excuse for postponing the trip to America. But Robert himself was suddenly anxious to be going; a fact that puzzled DeMarcel almost as much as it angered him.

However, they left Paris, and arrived at Calais to find the Channel storm-driven. There had been a wreck; it was a question if the boat could make a crossing. After a two hours' wait, word came that a paddle-boat would leave presently, and the two men went on board. Robert was hilarious; DeMarcel was gloomy. He did not like Robert's high spirits; they savored of a reserve strength that he could not touch, a development in character that he might not be able to cope with. Robert was almost ignoring his presence; he was wild at the prospect of getting home; the storm seemed to invigorate him; he was noisily enjoying himself. Wrapped in a rubber coat, his chair on the deck near the wheel, he was giving his whole attention to the spectacle of the raging waters, the high-dashing, white-foaming waves; the dull gold sunset on a gray, drear sky, the rush of wind that swept the disturbed waters and flung the white spray high over the vessel. It was a scene worthy a poet's pen—at another time DeMarcel would have been keenly alive to its grandeur. But with the boy's spirits riding dauntlessly on the wings of the wind, the boy's eyes shining with enthusiasm for the sport of this glorious, adventurous voyage, DeMarcel was consigned to the realm of the incidental, the commonplace. And such a consignment spelled disaster—his opportunities lay in his ability to conserve in himself the centre of interest.

They landed at Dover, and with Roderigo in their wake, sought the London train. It was evening; they would arrive at the hotel late. DeMarcel made one last attempt to engage Robert's attention.

"You went to say good-bye to the petite Louise?"

"I did not," Robert snapped. "It will please me if you do not mention that name again."

DeMarcel whistled softly. "A new garment of virtue—for the benefit of mon cherie grandpere, oui?" he insinuated.

"Look here, Florian," Robert said, "I am well aware that my grandfather considers that I have disgraced him and the name I bear. I agree with him—which probably surprises you. I confess it's a new attitude. But I hold it just the same. If Colonel Parkhurst is willing to let all that go, and bear no hard feeling, I'll never see the Latin Quarter again. I'll figure in no more newspaper stories. I can't go into the psychology of the thing, but things have taken on a new look. I mean to keep this present point of view." He laughed with a touch of embarrassment. Analyzing his feelings was scarcely his forte.

"But the fair Marie?" DeMarcel asked. "You were very attentive. Surely you had some purpose?"

Robert looked at him for a moment, as if bewildered. "No," he answered. "I like Marie, but I have no thought of marrying." And as if a strange new thought, and one not altogether pleasant, had been born in him, he suddenly excused himself and strolled out into the corridor, presumably to watch the landscape flying by. And though DeMarcel was more than ever puzzled, he felt sure that he had given the boy food for serious consideration.

* * * * *

The train drew into Charing Cross, and amid a general hubbub they alighted. A taxi carried them to the Savoy, where Robert went immediately to his room and apparently to bed. As a matter of fact, he lay awake almost until morning, smoking cigarette after cigarette, trying in his mind to settle the question of what course his actions should take when at last he should come face to face with Colonel Parkhurst.

In the smoking-room downstairs, De Marcel sat and wrote a letter. It was to Donazello.

"Stay at San Lorel until you hear from me. I am on my way to America, and if the locket is to be found, I shall find it."

He sealed the letter and mailed it, and then went to his room, too. But when he tried the door between his room and Robert's, he found it locked—on Robert's side. With a frown he divested himself of his clothes and got into a dressing gown. Instinctively he knew of the struggle that was going on in the other room, and he sat down and prepared to take his part in that struggle. He willed that Robert should not tell the truth to his grandfather, and in the gray of the dawn his will won. For Robert, with a sigh that was almost a sob, flung himself on the bed and slept. He had decided not to confess when he arrived at Castle Hills.

CHAPTER XII

WHEREIN WE RETURN TO CASTLE HILLS

Robert awoke in the morning and went straight to the office of the Atlantic Transport Company. He secured staterooms on a vessel ready to sail the next day, and he drove back to the Savoy under the impression that he had all the reins in his own hands.

DeMarcel received the news of the hour of their starting with a secret smile, though outwardly he appeared entirely indifferent. They spent the day each in his own way: Robert wandered around among the London landmarks; he had a wish to see the Abbey again, and he

stopped on the Strand to buy a few keepsakes for those at home. Then he jumped into a taxi and took a long ride out to Shepherds Bush, for no reason other than he did not wish to spend the time with DeMarcel.

They dined at the hotel, and again separated; this time Robert going to the theatre. DeMarcel spent the evening looking up old cronies in the Whitechapel district, where he knew some people who would not risk the light of day on the city streets.

Behind DeMarcel on this trip stalked the hunchback, Roderigo, hate in his face and purpose in his step. How near De Marcel came that night to death he would never know, for, as he walked in the shadow of the London Bridge the dwarf drew his knife. But a passing policeman drove the would-be murderer to cover, and when the danger was passed, the opportunity was likewise gone. And Roderigo went back to the hotel disappointed, but with a fixed idea firm in his mind.

* * * * *

The voyage over was calm and uneventful. For the sake of appearances Robert managed to treat DeMarcel with the usual familiarity. They played cards, strolled the deck, read a little, and made one or two acquaintances among the men.

On the dock in New York, Colonel Parkhurst and Isabel waited. The Colonel was not looking well, but Isabel was blooming. DeMarcel was introduced and they all got into the Parkhurst limousine. On the ride home DeMarcel made himself agreeable to the pretty Isabel, while Robert and the Colonel talked fitfully. It was plain that the Colonel was glad to have the boy back, and Robert himself could scarcely conceal his happiness in being home again. But the knowledge that there was a reckoning to come caused a certain constraint and made their conversation lag frequently.

At Castle Hills they had just time to dress for dinner. DeMarcel again made himself charming during the course of the meal. Isabel was visibly impressed and the Colonel was his courteous self.

After dinner Robert went to find Laddie, who had been kept in the stables during his absence. Colonel Parkhurst and DeMarcel smoked and talked, and Isabel awaited the coming of the man she was soon to marry, Bruce Wallace. After a while, they all gathered on the long, glass-covered veranda to watch the last of the wonderful autumn sunset, and presently there was a clatter of horse's hoofs in the avenue; then a big bay horse in sight, bearing a tawny-headed giant, who flung himself from his mount, bounded across the intervening space, threw open the door, and without a word seized the astonished Isabel in his arms and smothered her with kisses. Then with a great laugh he released her and turned to greet the others. He acknowledged the introduction to DeMarcel with a cordial handshake that somewhat overwhelmed even that smooth gentleman, for it must be confessed that DeMarcel had some ado to understand the Anglo-Saxon at any time, and this was an entirely new and exaggerated specimen.

Bruce had a great deal to talk about. He tactfully evaded any mention of Paris to Robert, though made it clear that he was glad to see his old playmate back again. He was, as matter of fact, full of

his approaching wedding, and of the little trip that he and his bride were to take. Then, too, he announced that there were guests at Heather Hall, where he lived with his mother, and he bore with him an invitation to the Parkhursts, in which he gracefully included DeMarcel, to dine at the Hall on the following evening. The Ansteads, Southerners, had come to stay with Mrs. Wallace for a few days, and they were interesting people. The folks at Castle Hills would enjoy themselves, and his mother was dying to see Robert and Isabel.

He did not stay a great while—he had matters to attend to in town. But he had brought Isabel a gift from his mother. It proved to be a silver locket of quaint design, with a slender chain of curious workmanship. Isabel gave a cry of delight over it, and the rest manifested a natural interest. Indeed, had any one been noticing DeMarcel, he would have seen with surprise that the man had received something of a shock. His voice fairly trembled as he begged for a closer look, and he apologized for his seeming curiosity on the grounds that he had once been an expert judge of Italian silver work.

"Italian silver work!" exclaimed Belle. "Is it Italian?"

"A copy," Bruce explained. "I will tell you. Some years ago Mrs. Parkhurst—" he hesitated visibly and threw a quick glance at Robert, "gave mother a beautiful old locket and chain. Mother keeps it in a cabinet at the Hall. It was an heirloom or something, and I never quite understood how Mrs. Parkhurst came to give it away. But at any rate, its beauty appealed to mother in such a way that she had it copied for Isabel."

"I am so glad that she did," said Isabel. "It is quite wonderful," and she clasped the delicate thing about her neck.

If DeMarcel was agitated, he managed to conceal it, but the one little triumphant look that he cast at Robert boded no good. In fact, Isabel did not know when she put on that locket that she wove one more important thread into the mesh of the mystery that already surrounded them.

Bruce bade them good-night on their promise to be at the Hall on the morrow, and they presently went inside for a quiet evening, unaware that a development of some significance had taken place in their affairs.

* * * * *

Whatever it was that DeMarcel said to Colonel Parkhurst that night, when for more than an hour they sat in the library after the rest had retired, it was plain that any latent distrust in the man on the part of Robert's grandfather ceased to exist. In effect, it looked as if the Colonel and DeMarcel had become allies—a situation that did not tend to make Robert comfortable when he began to perceive it. But Robert was soon to have other things to occupy his mind, and DeMarcel would presently matter far less.

CHAPTER XIII

WHEREIN WE NOTE WHO IS WHO, AND ROBERTS MEETS THE ONE WOMAN

Just here it might be well to pause to say something about the Ansteads who were to visit Mrs. Wallace, and also about Bruce Wallace and his mother. For the

(Continued on page 50)

THE VAN

A MUSIC MASTER

A noted writer once said that, "of all the various forms of entertainment in the home, I know of nothing that compares with music. It is safe and sane, appeals to all the finer emotions and tends to bind family influences with a wholesomeness that links old and young together. It is the 'safety valve' in the home. Moreover, no man can do wrong while under the spell of enchanting musical strains. Their efficiency, even in the allaying of bodily ills, is now accepted as a fact, while for ages its value has been known as a balm for 'hurt minds.'"

NO PERSON can surmise what the happy surprise of the future may be; but at the present age, the Vanophone is the most wonderful, the most enjoyable and the most useful musical instrument at such a low price, of which there is any knowledge.

In the creation and development of this instrument we have been beset with one remarkable surprise after another. To make a machine that would reproduce music with all its original beauty and charm, and the human voice with all its eloquent gradations, was our aspiration. This we have accomplished and it is a most remarkable achievement. But to make this highly refined and dependable phonograph to sell at the apparent ridiculously low price of only \$12 is truly marvelous. Yet we have accomplished it.

And what does all this mean to those who enjoy the phonograph? To those who delight in the perfect reproduction of their favorite theme, the remarkable recording of the classics, and withal the magic identity of the human voice.

It means that where hitherto the piano in the home and the organ in the church gave the average man and woman all the music they might hope for, a Sousa's Band, Melba, Caruso and songs that awake the echoes of the Metropolitan Opera House can now be enjoyed and appreciated; it means that classics and music hitherto regarded as exclusive pleasures for the wealthy can now travel to the remotest country village; it means that Harry Pryor's, the U. S. Marine Band, Harry Lauder, Bert Williams and all the popular comedians and entertainers can now be enjoyed in your own home with the Vanophone.

Appeals to All

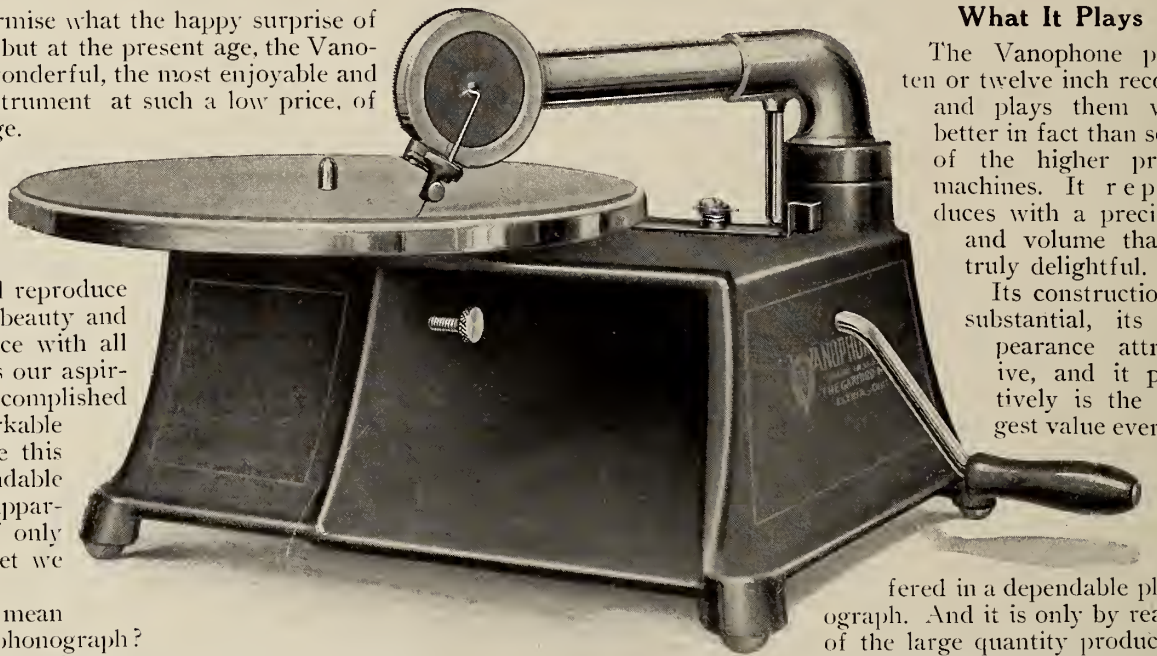
This machine will appeal to all music lovers who have heretofore denied themselves the pleasure of having a phonograph because of their objections to the horn, for the Vanophone contains neither horn nor projections of any kind. The large opening as shown in front of the machine serves in a superior way as a path or conductor for the tone, rolling out the tuneful melodies in such a clear, smooth volume.

It will appeal to critics who object to the hollow metallic or barrel sounds usually produced by the use of brass projectors, for the Vanophone is positively free from any harshness, alien or metallic sounds. It brings to you only the natural sound, glorious in tonal beauty and readily distinguished—not some indefinite and unknown sound that can be vaguely imagined to be someone singing.

What It Plays

The Vanophone plays ten or twelve inch records and plays them well, better in fact than some of the higher priced machines. It reproduces with a precision and volume that is truly delightful.

Its construction is substantial, its appearance attractive, and it positively is the biggest value ever of-



An actual photographic reproduction of the Vanophone.

ferred in a dependable phonograph. And it is only by reason of the large quantity production and unexcelled manufacturing facilities that the remarkable low price of \$12 prevails.

A Household Treasure

Gentlemen:

One day as I was walking the beach I heard a Vanophone playing. As soon as I saw and heard it I wanted it, and did not rest until I obtained one. Its sweet tone and at the same time full volume if desired makes it a household treasure. It is an especial boon to people in rooming houses, as it may be played with a softness that does not disturb the next door neighbor.

Its minimum cost and its maximum value should sell a million Vanophones.

MISS ELSA BRUNOTTE,

Teacher of Defective Speech,

213 W. 79th St., New York City.

No Cabinet or Frills—All Music

Gentlemen:

In my opinion, the only difference between your Vanophone and the \$300 phonograph lies mainly in the fact that the latter machine has a very expensive mahogany cabinet, while your instrument contains nothing but the heart or mechanism which does the reproducing—it is free from all extravagant frills.

The tone and volume of your machine is truly wonderful, for it is clear and distinct and entirely free from any scratching or mechanical sounds whatever.

There's a musical surprise in store for every person who purchases a Vanophone.

Wishing your company every success, I remain,

Very truly yours, GEO. W. KINZEL,
1580 E. 23rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A Marvel of Musical Efficiency

Gentlemen:

I have been using a Vanophone for some weeks and must say that it is a marvel of musical efficiency. I have a ———— for which I paid \$100.00, and when I am in an adjoining room, I cannot tell which of the two instruments is playing. I think that remarkable when the difference in price is considered.

Yours truly, JARIAH SCOTT.

What it is Made of

The base is made from a special alloy of metals which are selected for their sound, softening effect and amplifying qualities. It is free, absolutely so, from such things as cabinet warping, pulling out of shape or being in any way affected by climate conditions.

In no sense is the Vanophone an assembled machine. It is manufactured completely in our own factory—each and every part of it—and every ounce of material used is of the very highest grade obtainable.

Moreover, this instrument is backed by a big and successful manufacturing ment—something untried—but a per-concern. You are not getting an exper-ified instrument proven by practical methods. The Vanophone is the result of ability, knowledge and a determination to give you the *greatest value in the musical world*—and we have succeeded.

The finish is black enamel, with gold relief. Combined with the highly polished nickel plated speed regulator, tone arm sound reproducer and record plate, it possesses a very rich and most attractive appearance.

OPHONE

FOR THE MASSES

The motor is reliable, silent, smooth and easy running and is made of the very best materials, selected and carefully tested so that they will permit the proper performance of the function for which they are intended. Furthermore, the motor and all moving parts are entirely enclosed in a dust proof case and so with ordinary care it should last a lifetime.

The Reproducer

The reproducer—what it embodies—what it makes possible—and what it actually performs—is a most remarkable contrivance. It is carefully made and correct in every detail. It is manufactured in such a complete form that it may be permanently adjusted. Hence, when you get the Vanophone, it is ready and you are never bothered or annoyed with any delicate adjustments. This reproducer embodies improved qualities and will reproduce, with a clear, bell-like fullness, the highest as well as the lowest notes.

An Exclusive Feature

A most exclusive, convenient and novel feature of this phonograph is the automatic brake which automatically starts and stops the machine as the reproducer is placed either on or off the record—a feature not possessed by some of the highest priced machines. This brake is a perfect automatic feature and by no means a flimsy metal stopper. In view of this feature, the Vanophone "plays itself," nothing is left to uncertain skill or whims—consequently, an artistic performance is always obtainable—at all times and at any place. Its speed is regulated by a nickled key or switch which is mounted on front base.

What It Means to You

This phonograph not only represents a highly refined and dependable machine, but its ridiculously low price makes it an ideal combination of satisfying results and economical buying.

Just think of it—only \$12. A price far below your remotest expectations.

And you can purchase the Vanophone with every assurance of complete satisfaction and your music hungry anticipation will be fully gratified. It represents the greatest value ever offered for a machine of this kind. It is not an experiment, not a toy, but a machine developed to such a point of perfection that it is regarded as a musical marvel by many prominent persons and musical critics throughout the country.

Range of Enjoyment

Its range of enjoyment is not limited to the home alone. It is a portable machine weighing only twelve pounds in all, hence, it can easily be packed in your suitcase or traveling bag. It is ideal for dancing parties, automobile trips, club parties, motor boating, camping and will wonderfully increase the attractiveness of your summer home.

To hear the Vanophone is to want it. It brings all the grand opera stars to your home and interprets their offerings in a most natural manner. And what is more beautiful, more restful and more entertaining than an hour or two of close communion out in the open with your favorite entertainer.

The Vanophone makes this enjoyment a reality. It is indestructible from a practical standpoint and your children can operate it with perfect safety. For it positively is free from complications, free from exposed, deli-

cate and easily damaged or broken parts. Its adjustment is permanent. Surely there is no form of entertainment or education that creates a more helpful influence for your children than a Vanophone. Not merely as a source of entertainment, but as an educator, this machine deserves your very serious consideration.



The Reproducer, which reproduces tone so wonderfully.

The Vanophone is Guaranteed

In purchasing this machine you undertake no risk—none whatever. If it is not found to be as represented and all we claim for it, your money will be quickly and cheerfully refunded. Thousands of purchasers pronounce the Vanophone as the most wonderful, most enjoyable and most useful musical instrument that was ever brought to their attention.

Buy Your Vanophone NOW

Purchase a Vanophone now and there is a musical treat in store for you. Its wonderful reproducing qualities will bring to your threshold the pleasures and entertainments that hitherto have been regarded as the exclusive pleasure of the wealthy. You can now be entertained by the world's greatest grand opera stars and entertainers. And the contracting price for this high class entertainment is only \$12. Never in the history of music was such a wonderful and inexpensive entertainment accomplished till it was made possible by the low price of the Vanophone.

Remember that the cost of this machine, complete with one package of Vanophone needles, is only \$12.00 F. O. B. factory, Elyria, Ohio.

The cost of the Vanophone is indeed a small portion of the real worth, service and enjoyment you will get out of it. It comes to you complete—ready for operation. In two minutes or less time after you receive it, the tone arm reproducer and turn table can be placed in position, and from this time on the Vanophone is forever at your service.

Make a resolve now to purchase one of these machines. You will be delighted with the ultimate benefit—as a lover of music you cannot help but be.

Send in your order now so that within a few days you may enjoy the enchanting strains of music made possible by this wonderful machine.

To Sum It Up

We have told you the advantages of the Vanophone, its range of usefulness and enjoyment, but printed words cannot properly emphasize these points. There is one way and one way only to actually know this music marvel, and that is by personal contact, by hearing it yourself. If you like music, any kind of music, you will like the Vanophone. That's the situation in a nut shell. It is all we say it is and even more, and is sold to you on that basis **GUARANTEED**.

The public want for a high character machine at a low cost has been fulfilled by the Vanophone. Your order will receive prompt attention.

Our Money-Back Guarantee Has No Strings Tied to It

REMEMBER

THAT—the Vanophone is positively guaranteed to be as represented. This is a guarantee that means "money-back" and quickly without questions or quibble if you do not find the Vanophone to be as we say it is, and to do what we say it will do.

THAT—we agree to repair or replace, free of charge, should any part or parts become defective through the possible use of poor material or workmanship, when such part or parts are returned to us, charges prepaid.

THAT—it only weighs 12 pounds, is made of strong, durable materials and will last many years with ordinary care.

THAT—it will play 10 or 12-inch disc records, and do so beautifully.

THAT—the price is \$12.00 complete, and represents the greatest value ever offered in a high class, perfect performing, fully guaranteed phonograph.

THAT—You and your family will thank the day your attention was called to this wonderful machine.

THAT—deliveries are promptly made.

THAT—The Vanophone is efficiency itself, yet free from any delicate hair trigger adjustment that causes breakage and trouble. Its construction is simple, durable and lasting. A wonderful production at a wonderful price.

\$12.00 F. O. B. Factory.

Send the price, \$12.00, and we will ship at once, F. O. B. Elyria, Ohio.

If you are not satisfied, return it and get your money back.

THE VANOPHONE SALES CO.

612-614 CHESTNUT STREET

:: :: ::

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THE VAN

A MUSIC MASTER

A noted writer once said that, "of all the various forms of entertainment in the home, I know of nothing that compares with music. It is safe and sane, appeals to all the finer emotions and tends to bind family influences with a wholesomeness that links old and young together. It is the 'safety valve' in the home. Moreover, no man can do wrong while under the spell of enchanting musical strains. Their efficiency, even in the allaying of bodily ills, is now accepted as a fact, while for ages its value has been known as a balm for 'fret winds.'"

NO PERSON can surmise what the happy surprise of the future may be; but at the present age, the Vanophone is the most wonderful, the most enjoyable and the most useful musical instrument at such a low price, of which there is any knowledge.

In the creation and development of this instrument we have been beset with one remarkable surprise after another. To make a machine that would reproduce music with all its original beauty and charm, and the human voice with all its eloquent gradations, was our aspiration. This we have accomplished and it is a most remarkable achievement. But to make this highly refined and dependable phonograph to sell at the apparent ridiculously low price of only \$12 is truly marvelous. Yet we have accomplished it.

And what does all this mean to those who enjoy the phonograph? To those who delight in the perfect reproduction of their favorite theme, the remarkable recording of the classics, and withal the magic identity of the human voice.

It means that where hitherto the piano in the home and the organ in the church gave the average man and woman all the music they might hope for, a Sousa's Band, Melba, Caruso and songs that awake the echoes of the Metropolitan Opera House can now be enjoyed and appreciated; it means that classics and music hitherto regarded as exclusive pleasures for the wealthy can now travel to the remotest country village; it means that Harry Pryor's, the U. S. Marine Band, Harry Lauder, Bert Williams and all the popular comedians and entertainers can now be enjoyed in your own home with the Vanophone.

Appeals to All

This machine will appeal to all music lovers who have heretofore denied themselves the pleasure of having a phonograph because of their objections to the horn, for the Vanophone contains neither horn nor projections of any kind. The large opening as shown in front of the machine serves in a superior way as a path or conductor for the tone, rolling out the tuneful melodies in such a clear, smooth volume.

It will appeal to critics who object to the hollow metallic or barrel sounds usually produced by the use of brass projectors, for the Vanophone is positively free from any harshness, alien or metallic sounds. It brings to you only the natural sound, glorious in tonal beauty and readily distinguished—not some indefinite and unknown sound that can be vaguely imagined to be someone singing.

What It Plays

The Vanophone plays ten or twelve inch records and plays them well, better in fact than some of the higher priced machines. It reproduces with a precision and volume that is truly delightful.

Its construction is substantial, its appearance attractive, and it positively is the biggest value ever offered in a dependable phonograph.

And it is only by reason of the large quantity production and unexcelled manufacturing facilities that the remarkable low price of \$12 prevails.

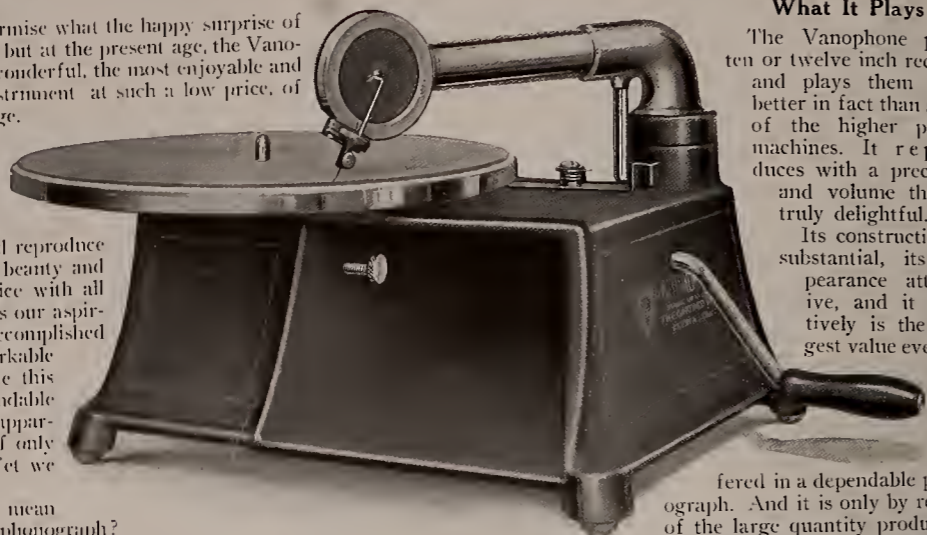
What it is Made of

The base is made from a special alloy of metals which are selected for their sound, softening effect and amplifying qualities. It is free, absolutely so, from such things as cabinet warping, pulling out of shape or being in any way affected by climate conditions.

In no sense is the Vanophone an assembled machine. It is manufactured completely in our own factory—each and every part of it—and every ounce of material used is of the very highest grade obtainable.

Moreover, this instrument is backed by a big and successful manufacturing plant—something untried—but a concern. You are not getting an experimental instrument proven by practical methods. The Vanophone is the result of ability, knowledge and a determination to give you the greatest value in the musical world—and we have succeeded.

The finish is black enamel, with gold relief. Combined with the highly polished nickel plated speed regulator, tone arm sound reproducer and record plate, it possesses a very rich and most attractive appearance.



An actual photographic reproduction of the Vanophone.

A Household Treasure

Gentlemen:
One day as I was walking the beach I heard a Vanophone playing. As soon as I saw and heard it I wanted it, and did not rest until I obtained one. Its sweet tone and at the same time full volume of sound makes it a household treasure. It is an essential item to people in rooming houses, as it may be played with a softness that does not disturb the next door neighbor.
Its minimum cost and its maximum value should sell a million Vanophones.
MISS ELSA BERTON,
Teacher of Deaf-Mute Speech,
216 W. 79th St., New York City.

No Cabinet or Frills—All Music

Gentlemen:
In my opinion, the only difference between your Vanophone and the \$500 phonograph lies mainly in the fact that the latter machine has a very expensive mahogany cabinet, while your instrument contains nothing but the heart or mechanism which does the reproducing—it is free from all extravagant frills.
The tone and volume of your machine is truly wonderful, for it is clear and distinct and entirely free from any scratching or mechanical sounds whatever.
There's a musical surprise in store for every person who purchases a Vanophone.
Wishing your company every success, I remain,
Very truly yours,
Geo. W. KINZEL,
1539 E. 23rd St., Cleveland, Ohio.

A Marvel of Musical Efficiency

Gentlemen:
I have been using a Vanophone for some weeks and must say that it is a marvel of musical efficiency. I have a ———— for which I paid \$100.00, and when I am in an adjoining room I cannot tell which of the two instruments is playing. I think that remarkable when the difference in price is considered.
Yours truly,
JERAM SCOTT.

OPHONE

FOR THE MASSES

The motor is reliable, silent, smooth and easy running and is made of the very best materials, selected and carefully tested so that they will permit the proper performance of the function for which they are intended. Furthermore, the motor and all moving parts are entirely enclosed in a dust proof case and so with ordinary care it should last a lifetime.

The Reproducer

The reproducer—what it embodies—what it makes possible—and what it actually performs—is a most remarkable contrivance. It is carefully made and correct in every detail. It is manufactured in such a complete form that it may be permanently adjusted. Hence, when you get the Vanophone, it is ready and you are never bothered or annoyed with any delicate adjustments. This reproducer embodies improved qualities and will reproduce, with a clear, bell-like fullness, the highest as well as the lowest notes.

An Exclusive Feature

A most exclusive, convenient and novel feature of this phonograph is the automatic brake which automatically starts and stops the machine as the reproducer is placed either on or off the record—a feature not possessed by some of the highest priced machines. This brake is a perfect automatic feature and by no means a flimsy metal stopper. In view of this feature, the Vanophone "plays itself," nothing is left to uncertain skill or whims—consequently, an artistic performance is always obtainable—at all times and at any place. Its speed is regulated by a nicked key or switch which is mounted on front base.

What It Means to You

This phonograph not only represents a highly refined and dependable machine, but its ridiculously low price makes it an ideal combination of satisfying results and economical buying.

Just think of it—only \$12. A price far below your remotest expectations.

And you can purchase the Vanophone with every assurance of complete satisfaction and your music hungry anticipation will be fully gratified. It represents the greatest value ever offered for a machine of this kind. It is not an experiment, not a toy, but a machine developed to such a point of perfection that it is regarded as a musical marvel by many prominent persons and musical critics throughout the country.

Range of Enjoyment

Its range of enjoyment is not limited to the home alone. It is a portable machine weighing only twelve pounds in all, hence, it can easily be packed in your suitcase or traveling bag. It is ideal for dancing parties, automobile trips, club parties, motor boating, camping and will wonderfully increase the attractiveness of your summer home.

To hear the Vanophone is to want it. It brings all the grand opera stars to your home and interprets their offerings in a most natural manner. And what is more beautiful, more restful and more entertaining than an hour or two of close communion out in the open with your favorite entertainer.

The Vanophone makes this enjoyment a reality. It is indestructible from a practical standpoint and your children can operate it with perfect safety. For it positively is free from complications, free from exposed, deli-

cate and easily damaged or broken parts. Its adjustment is permanent. Surely there is no form of entertainment or education that creates a more helpful influence for your children than a Vanophone. Not merely as a source of entertainment, but as an educator, this machine deserves your very serious consideration.



The Reproducer, which reproduces tone so wonderfully.

The Vanophone is Guaranteed

In purchasing this machine you undertake no risk—none whatever. If it is not found to be as represented and all we claim for it, your money will be quickly and cheerfully refunded. Thousands of purchasers pronounce the Vanophone as the most wonderful, most enjoyable and most useful musical instrument that was ever brought to their attention.

Buy Your Vanophone NOW

Purchase a Vanophone now and there is a musical treat in store for you. Its wonderful reproducing qualities will bring to your threshold the pleasures and entertainments that hitherto have been regarded as the exclusive pleasure of the wealthy. You can now be entertained by the world's greatest grand opera stars and entertainers. And the contracting price for this high class entertainment is only \$12. Never in the history of music was such a wonderful and inexpensive entertainment accomplished till it was made possible by the low price of the Vanophone.

Remember that the cost of this machine, complete with one package of Vanophone needles, is only \$12.00 F. O. B. factory, Elyria, Ohio.

The cost of the Vanophone is indeed a small portion of the real worth, service and enjoyment you will get out of it. It comes to you complete—ready for operation. In two minutes or less time after you receive it, the tone arm reproducer and turn table can be placed in position, and from this time on the Vanophone is forever at your service.

Make a resolve now to purchase one of these machines. You will be delighted with the ultimate benefit—as a lover of music you cannot help but be.

Send in your order now so that within a few days you may enjoy the enchanting strains of music made possible by this wonderful machine.

To Sum It Up

We have told you the advantages of the Vanophone, its range of usefulness and enjoyment, but printed words cannot properly emphasize these points. There is one way and one way only to actually know this music marvel, and that is by personal contact, by hearing it yourself. If you like music, any kind of music, you will like the Vanophone. That's the situation in a nut shell. It is all we say it is and even more, and is sold to you on that basis GUARANTEED.

The public want for a high character machine at a low cost has been fulfilled by the Vanophone. Your order will receive prompt attention.

Our Money-Back Guarantee Has No Strings Tied to It

REMEMBER

THAT—the Vanophone is positively guaranteed to be as represented. This is a guarantee that means "money-back" and quickly without questions or quibble if you do not find the Vanophone to be as we say it is, and to do what we say it will do.

THAT—we agree to repair or replace, free of charge, should any part or parts become defective through the possible use of poor material or workmanship, when such part or parts are returned to us, charges prepaid.

THAT—it only weighs 12 pounds, is made of strong, durable materials and will last many years with ordinary care.

THAT—it will play 10 or 12-inch disc records, and do so beautifully.

THAT—the price is \$12.00 complete, and represents the greatest value ever offered in a high class, perfect performing, fully guaranteed phonograph.

THAT—you and your family will thank the day your attention was called to this wonderful machine.

THAT—deliveries are promptly made.

THAT—the Vanophone is efficiency itself, yet free from any delicate hair trigger adjustment that causes breakage and trouble. Its construction is simple, durable and lasting. A wonderful production at a wonderful price.

\$12.00 F. O. B. Factory.

Send the price, \$12.00, and we will ship at once, F. O. B. Elyria, Ohio. If you are not satisfied, return it and get your money back.

THE VANOPHONE SALES CO.

612-614 CHESTNUT STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Spell of San Lorel

(Continued from page 47)

reader will perhaps have guessed that Bruce was fatherless; the elder Bruce had died when his son was a mere baby. The ancestral home of the Wallaces was in Scotland, their particular place being Wallace Towers, a magnificent estate some twenty miles from Edinburgh. When Bruce the elder died, his widow, being only part Scotch, with a strong strain of French in her blood, and having the French love of company, felt very keenly the loneliness of the somewhat gloomy Towers. She decided to find a small place for herself and her son—not in France, however, as it had been her husband's wish that the boy should not be trained on the Continent—and so when chance brought her to America and to the neighborhood of Castle Hills, near which she found the pretty little place, Heather Hall, to let, she forthwith took it.

Here Bruce was brought up, and since the place adjoined Parkhurst lands, he soon came to know the children there. In this way he and Isabel and Robert and Arthur Emery became inseparable, and the months spent by Bruce in Scotland were for him filled with loneliness. When he and Isabel were married, however, they would live most of the year at the Towers. Isabel was charmed with the prospect of living in Scotland which, of course, pleased Bruce immensely.

The Ansteads had come to Heather Hall through the instrumentality of some of Mrs. Wallace's numerous friends. There were four of them—the father, a Southern planter; the mother, a rather sweet-natured little woman, and two daughters, Dorothy, an attractive girl of perhaps twenty-two, and Beatrice, a mere child, a dainty creature who won all hearts immediately.

Dorothy had lately been graduated from Bryn Mawr College. She was very soon to have her first trip abroad. She had literary ambitions, had done a bit of poetry, of which her parents were inordinately proud, and hoped to do more. She was not greatly interested in men, but was, as a matter of fact, a very dear, sensible sort of girl.

Mrs. Wallace, whom the Ansteads took this opportunity of visiting, had told these friends something of Robert, and Dorothy was perhaps a little anxious to see him. Therefore, she was pleased to learn that he was to be her neighbor at dinner.

The Castle Hills' automobile reached the Hall some little while before the dinner hour. So intimate were the two families that convention could safely be dispensed with; moreover, as the Parkhursts had not seen Mrs. Wallace since her return from Scotland, there was a hubbub of kissing and embracing and introducing—a frank expression of affection and friendly feeling that made DeMarcel and the Ansteads feel for a moment just a little out of things.

Mrs. Wallace herself was a picture. Very tiny, dainty of face and form, with a vivacity truly captivating, she could hold the centre of the stage in any circumstances. Married early, she retained much of her youthful charm, enhanced not a little by the incongruity of prematurely white hair. She dressed with an exquisite taste, and this but served to make her undeniable beauty the more notable.

At table, DeMarcel and his hostess became quick friends. The French manner of the man appealed to Mrs. Wallace; his wit was a foil for her. Colonel Parkhurst was quietly amused; the Ansteads were entertained. As for Robert, he never knew what he ate at that dinner; he was conscious of only one thing. For a moment, as he was introduced to her, Dorothy Anstead's big blue eyes had looked straight into his. After that Robert heard and saw but little of what went on around him. He sat beside her—that was enough, though he despised himself for his awkwardness of speech with her. To think that he, Robert Parkhurst, should be stricken dumb by a girl's eyes, and yet it was so. She talked and he listened; sometimes he answered, but the world for him moved through a blue maze. On her part, she was interested, nor could she fail to perceive that this handsome boy was more than ordinarily moved, and while she did not for an instant realize the cause, her innate sympathy stood her in good stead in the way she managed him.

It was, on the whole, a pleasant evening, and when the guests came to say good-bye, they were as one happy family. It was then that Robert found his voice and asked Dorothy to drive with him—"Would she do so tomorrow?"

And Dorothy promised, which sent the blood rushing to the boy's head and made his adieux somewhat confused.

Robert slept but little that night. He knew that a wonderful thing had happened to him. He had met the one girl in the world whom he would like to marry. And yet, even in the midst of his joy came the awful thought: Was he free to marry anyone while this shadow hung over him? He grew hot and cold by turns thinking out the whole terrible situation; he tossed and turned, and morning found him in a chair by the window, dozing from sheer exhaustion, and in the meantime he had dreamed strange dreams, in which DeMarcel's face appeared in the mirror, grinning viciously, until it was suddenly blotted out by Dorothy Anstead's sweet countenance.

DeMarcel was quite charmed in his

gentle, foreign way, with Heather Hall and its dainty mistress. Mrs. Wallace's invitation to call was eagerly accepted and almost immediately taken advantage of. Mrs. Wallace herself was quite enraptured over the delightful Frenchman, and chatted with him in a delicious French that entirely completed his captivation.

These were busy days for everybody, but DeMarcel, as guest, received a fair share of attention. Yet he had the knack of going his own way, and that was early developed into the path that led him from Castle Hills to Heather Hall. The moment DeMarcel had looked upon the silver locket which Mrs. Wallace had sent

AZ-I-EN-ZA

Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1903—No. 41488

"The Medicinal Cream"

For Pimples and the Complexion

Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address.

E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Eyes that Charm!

Beautiful eyebrows and eyelashes will transform a plain, unattractive face to one full of charm, beauty and expression. Read what a famous fashion and beauty expert says in the Chicago Examiner:—

"There are many actresses and society women famed for their long, silky lashes and beautifully arched eyebrows that owe their attractiveness to the use of a little preparation called Lash-Brow-Ine."—Madame Chic.

If your eyebrows are short, thin and uneven, it is quite possible and easy to remedy Nature's neglect and acquire luxuriant eyebrows and long, thick, silky lashes by simply applying a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

nightly. This well known preparation nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and lashes, making them thick, long and silky, thus giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes and beauty to the face.

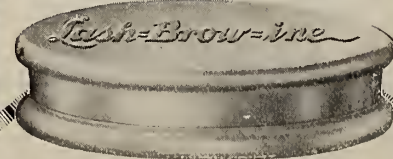
LASH-BROW-INE, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has passed the famous Westfield-McClure laboratory test for purity.

Sold in two sizes, 50c and \$1. Send price for size you wish and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE together with our Maybell Beauty Booklet, prepaid in plain sealed cover. Satisfaction assured or price refunded.

Avoid Disappointment with Worthless Imitations—Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine Manufactured only by

MAYBELL LABORATORIES

4008-64 Indiana Avenue Chicago, Ill.



LEARN AT HOME BY MAIL TO DRAW—PAINT



Be a magazine, newspaper or commercial illustrator; be a cartoonist; paint in water colors or oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship Award. Your name and address brings you full particulars by return mail and our illustrated Art Annual Free.

FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 108, Omaha, Neb

Use FRUIT-VIGOR

That is what we tell those who have Stomach or Bowel trouble. Should be used by every one who wants to get away from the misery—and great harm—of physic, pills, oils, mineral waters, internal baths and enemas. Write for FREE BOOKLET. Druggist or grocer can get FRUIT-VIGOR for you. Or for \$1 we will mail you a jar. 4 for \$3.50. WE GUARANTEE FRUIT-VIGOR. STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 631 Security Bldg., CHICAGO

10 Days Free Trial

Play on the violin of your choice—and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.

Rare Old Violin Circular Free

WURLITZER

We supply the U. S. Govt. 50 years of instrument making

The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—Farny, Baader, Glier, Heberlein, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc.

Write Today for Special Circular. No obligations. Get full details of our offer direct to you. Write today

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1853
S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago

4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

as a gift to her prospective daughter-in-law, and had held it in his hands, he had experienced an irresistible desire to frequent Heather Hall, and to know more of its owner. When to this desire—a purely selfish one, with a distinct purpose in view—was added the fascination that Mrs. Wallace exercised upon him, he found himself full of inventions whereby excuses might be proffered for numerous calls upon Colonel Parkhurst's neighbor.

At last, after a number of calls, in which he and Mrs. Wallace talked exhaustively of mutually admired places on the Continent, of favorite haunts in Paris, of books and pictures and cathedrals, DeMarcel became possessed of the information he needed.

One day he contrived to introduce into the conversation the subject of the Italian metal work. "Old silver," he sighed, "it is my dear delight."

"Old silver?" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace, "Why, I have a splendid collection. Come, I will show you," and she led him to a cabinet, opened a drawer and displayed before him a choice array of exquisite old silver work. And in the midst of it all was the object of his search—a flat, silver locket, peculiarly designed and chased. One by one he took up the different pieces, admired them, criticised them, put them back. If his hand trembled when he lifted the locket, his hostess did not notice; she was absorbed in taking in his entertaining and, as she realized, authoritative comments.

"Years ago," he ventured softly, "I owned a locket much like this; I carried in it a miniature," he sighed deeply, almost sentimentally. "She died—"

"Oh," Mrs. Wallace breathed sympathetically. "The dear friend who gave me this curious locket is also dead," she vouchsafed. "It was Robert's mother, and I think the locket had its story, though she never confided in me. It does not open," as she saw him examining it carefully. "It may have once, but Hildegard said the spring refused to work long ago. However, it is empty, so it does not matter."

That was all, but DeMarcel knew what he wanted to know. As he bade his hostess good-bye he was wondering how he might steal that locket. Or should he marry the owner and ask for the locket as a love-troth? He was in truth enamored of the little woman and would be quite content to possess her. Well—a little longer—he would find a way.

CHAPTER XV

WHEREIN DEMARCEL GOES ON A JOURNEY AND ISABEL IS WED

After all, DeMarcel did not attend Isabel's wedding, much to Robert's relief. Only a few days before the wedding he received an urgent call from Paris which, he maintained, would involve an immediate journey to the South of France. Had Robert found a way to manage it, the man would not have been invited back to America, but he could not very easily do aught but endorse Colonel Parkhurst's cordial invitation to come to them again as soon as possible. Wherefore, DeMarcel departed with every assurance of a welcome on his return—an assurance he was only too glad to accept and to make use of later. But he would be gone, he

said, at least a month, which caused him the deepest regret—so he declared to Isabel, since he had looked forward to the pretty home wedding hers promised to be, and "might he humbly proffer her a little gift, insignificant, but something he himself had for many years cherished"—at which he gave into her hands a small box, which proved to contain a silver filigree chain—strangely enough, almost an exact reproduction of the one already in her possession through the gift of Mrs. Wallace. This chain, however, bore no pendant, and it was long—an opera chain. "It has a story," DeMarcel murmured. "Some day I will tell you all about it." Whereat Robert trembled, for to him the gift meant much because of DeMarcel's words and his manner of giving. For Robert knew that the chain Mrs. Wallace had given Isabel was one that had once belonged to his own mother, and now he felt sure that in some way DeMarcel had discovered this and was using the knowledge for some ulterior purpose of his own. However, to all appearances, DeMarcel left the house on good terms with everybody, and having seen him off in an early train, Robert returned to the house, feeling infinitely relieved now that he knew the man was actually gone—if only for a little while.

One thing, though, puzzled and disturbed Robert not a little—Roderigo was also gone!

Now up to the present time little has been said of Roderigo, the hunchback, but he is more important to this tale than we might suppose. It was while Robert was in Paris, that one day, as he sat outside a cafe, he was suddenly confronted by the queerest specimen of humanity that he had ever laid eyes upon. He might almost have been Victor Hugo's Quasimodo sprung to life. He wanted a position—might he not become Mr. Parkhurst's man? Robert was not a little surprised at the fellow's knowing his name, and, truth to tell, he was a good deal fascinated. He questioned the man; discovered that he was an Italian, of good family, but had, in early youth, met with an indescribably horrible accident that had left him marred for life. He was skilled as a valet; he wanted work with an American. The man and his story appealed to Robert's imagination; he took him. Then something a little queer happened. DeMarcel saw the man, was told the story. He laughed over it in what to Robert seemed a forced way. The boy watched the two men when they met for the first time—he became convinced that they had met before. All this was prior to DeMarcel's trip to Italy—else Robert might have discharged the hunchback as being a probable accomplice of his enemy. But in the circumstances, Robert received the impression that Roderigo hated DeMarcel and that, if anything, DeMarcel was just a trifle afraid of the Italian. Roderigo proved a valuable and faithful servant, and gradually Robert came to look upon him as an ally. Therefore, his disappearance from Castle Hills simultaneously with the departure of DeMarcel gave the boy room for speculation, and he wondered if Roderigo was, for any reason, to become his deliverer from his present precarious position.

December came in warm, the day of Isabel's wedding was bright and sunlit. The

Francis X. Bushman Tobacco Fund

FOR OUR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE



Francis X. Bushman at Bushmanor

Do you know that our boys "over there" are paying \$1.00 each for cigarettes and fifty cents for a five-cent sack of "the makin's"? Sounds pretty bad to you fellows who drop into the ole corner drug-store and purchase enough smokes to last a week for a quarter, eh?

That's the way it sounds to us. And it is the object of the Francis X. Bushman Tobacco Fund to send over the biggest ship-load of joy-smokes that the fellows over there have received yet, to show them that, at Christmas, that gladdest of all seasons, we folks at home haven't forgotten them.

Won't you help us make this the biggest? Twenty-five cents donated to this fund supplies Sammie with a week's tobacco; one dollar makes him happy for a month.

Fill out and mail this coupon to-day.

Francis X. Bushman Tobacco Fund,
Care of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, Land Title
Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

I send you herewith \$....., my
contribution for the Christmas "smoke"
fund for our soldiers in France.

Name

Address

ceremony took place in the Castle Hills drawing-room at noon, and the guests sat down in the long dining salon to a merry and unconventional repast. The bride was at her prettiest, if a trifle shy—Isabel was at no time conspicuous for her force of character—but she was an excellent mate for the robust Bruce, who had a good deal of the Scottish idea of how a man should rule his house.

Colonel Parkhurst on that day was more than usually cheerful, and Robert almost forgot his troubles in the renewed delight of having Dorothy Anstead largely to himself. Isabel had been much taken by the Southern girl, and having no girl friends at hand, had asked her to be bridesmaid. Perhaps there was a touch of the match-maker in Belle, for she was by no means blind to Robert's infatuation. To say that Robert was delighted when Dorothy consented to the arrangement would be understating the case—as best man he was sure of a chance to play the gallant. Their friendship had progressed rapidly in the intervening time since they had first met, and Robert had already been tempted to declare himself; only the peculiar situation in which he found himself prevented him from doing so.

Today, however, Donazello seemed the figure of a dream—and the whole episode involving him but a nightmare. As Robert listened to the wedding service he felt the emotions that many a man before him has felt; the contagion of love enveloped him; he could think of nothing save the possible day when he and the girl beside him might kneel together and hear the words: "I pronounce you man and wife."

* * * * *

It was late in the afternoon when, amid showers of rice and a chorus of good wishes, Belle and Bruce finally got away. Mrs. Wallace and the Ansteads returned to the house with the Colonel; Robert and Dorothy lingered outside. One could scarcely have believed it to be December, so pleasant was it out of doors. "Shall we walk to the woods?" Robert asked, and only stopping for a tam and a wrap, she went gaily off with him. She was in high feather, due, no doubt, to the excitement

of the wedding, and her mood was decidedly light as they walked the well-worn way. Robert, on the contrary, was rather quieter than usual—the quiet that preceded the carrying out of a resolution taken only after long and serious thought.

"Dorothy"—he began.

Dorothy looked at him—a trifle demurely. She was not without her suspicions as to what was coming.

"Dorothy, I suppose you know that I love you."

"I had sort of suspected it," she answered with a smile. It never dawned on her that there could be anything wrong. But Robert's next words shook her out of her quiet happiness and almost playful mood.

"I love you, Dorothy, but I am afraid to ask you to marry me."

"Why?"

"Do you love me?" the boy cried wildly.

"Of course I love you," the American girl replied.

"Would you marry me?"

"I would."

"Dearest, oh, my dearest—" He had her in his arms now, he was caressing her madly, kissing her face, her neck, her eyes. The girl was shaken out of her attitude of calm and composure; she had not looked for this impetuosity.

"Robert, dear," she remonstrated.

"You don't know how I love you," the boy almost wept. "And I ought not to love you at all. I do not even know who I am."

"Why, Robert," Dorothy was clearly puzzled now.

"Listen, dear," Robert said. "We'll walk on, arm in arm, and I'll tell you all about it. You don't know what it is to keep a secret and not be sure whether you ought to keep it or not." Then he began at the beginning, with his mother's death, his sight of the face in the glass, his finding the secret chamber, his meeting with DeMarcel, and the compact with the unknown Donazello. "You see," he said, "it is all obscure, and yet through it all I am really deceiving everybody. But I could not deceive you. The only way I know is to tell Colonel Parkhurst and have it over with. Now that I know that you love me, I can do it."

But here Dorothy's good sense came to the rescue. "I am sure, Robert," she maintained, "that somewhere there is a mistake. It looks most like a plot to get money out of you. For one thing, you are Parkhurst through and through, in looks and, in so far as I can understand, in temperament. Only a few days ago, in going through the gallery, I noticed your close resemblance to some of the old Parkhurst portraits hung there. You must be Robert Parkhurst. I do not think that it would be best for you to tell your grandfather. It would be a terrible thing for him. And if you wait until De Marcel returns, as I have no doubt he will, you may learn more about it. He will probably come back with some new scheme, and in that way you may find it possible to trap him. It is wrong, of course, to buy the silence of these people, but it may lead to your finding them out. They think they have you in their power. Let them think so, they will go farther because of it. I do not think it would be wise for us to say anything about our engagement—your falling in love with me

may not fit into their plans. We will wait and watch and I should not wonder if we caught them."

"What you say is sensible, I know," averred Robert. "I cannot myself think that there is any question of my identity, and yet I dislike the risk of appearing to be a usurper, as I surely would if anyone knew."

CHAPTER XVI

WHEREIN DEMARCEL MAKES A PROPOSITION TO DONAZELLO

DeMarcel was sitting in the lobby of a hotel in Paris, smoking reflectively. His quarters were not so grand as when he had stayed in the gay French city with Robert. He was content to share a small room with the man who now sat beside him, and whose resemblance to him suggested a close relationship.

"Well," began DeMarcel, when they had sat silent for some time. "What do you propose doing next?"

The other man looked up, with a quick, impetuous lifting of his head. His black eyes burned brightly in a swarthy face, and his thin hands moved nervously among some papers he was holding.

"If only the old man would die," he said querulously.

"But, would you be satisfied if he did die?" demanded the other. "Would a million dollars suffice you when an immense fortune lies within your reach?"

"No, a million dollars will never satisfy me. But how am I to get the rest? The locket's gone; Hildegard fooled me; what would you?"


"Suppose, my dear Donazello, that I could tell you where to find the locket?"

"You know where the locket is? You have the locket? THE locket? Florian, tell me." He jumped up excitedly. He was a slightly smaller man than his companion, and he was uncouth as compared with that immaculate cosmopolitan.

Freeze-Odor Takes All the Odor Out of Perspiration (Do not be offensive to your friends)

A few drops of this wonderful preparation will keep the tenderest skin, no matter how overheated, dry, fresh and cool, and your clothing sweet and clean. **THROW AWAY YOUR SHIELD.** No more stained and ruined dresses at the arm-pits. A BLESSING to anyone with perspiration ills. Guaranteed harmless. A 4¢ bottle or 10¢ for sample. Write now for my free book of Beautifiers.

ANNA AYERS, 315 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.



DIAMONDS WATCHES ON CREDIT

For Christmas Presents SEND FOR CATALOG

There are over 2,000 illustrations of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly. Our Catalog shows all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted. Guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us. Watches that will pass railroad inspection as low as \$2.50 a month.

A HANDSOME DIAMOND is the best investment into which you can put your money. It constantly increases in value and lasts forever. Any diamond purchased from us for a Christmas present may be exchanged for other selection, at the full price paid, should the recipient desire to do so later on.

Loftis Solitaire Diamond Cluster Ring

The Loftis 7-Diamond Cluster was designed especially for those who desire a large showy ring for the least money, as it has the exact appearance of a Solitaire that would cost three or four times as much. The secret of the rare beauty of this ring lies in the perfectly matched stones, all the diamonds, set in platinum, being uniform in size, quality and brilliancy; mounting is 14 karat solid gold.

Very Stylish and Popular

Looks Like What It Is Intended For—A Large Single Diamond

Marvels of beauty at \$50, \$75, \$100 and \$125. Send for Catalog and make your selection. Easy Credit Terms.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. 1858

THE NATIONAL CREDIT JEWELERS Dept. F 354 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill. Stores in Leading Cities




MI-RITA SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The Only Treatment That Will Remove Permanently All Superfluous Hair

from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. No electric needle, burning caustics, or powders used. Originator and Sole Owner

DR. MARGARET RUPPERT
1112 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.
Suites 70-72-73 Established 22 Years

"MI-RITA" Gray Hair Rejuvenator—not a dye.

"MI-RITA" Skin Rejuvenator removes wrinkles and all blemishes, eliminating double chins.

All Other Toilet Requisites. Write for Booklet If your Druggist cannot supply, send direct to Office



"I said, if I could tell you where to find the locket, Donazello. Keep cool, there is no need for agitation, and people may be watching us."

The other sank down in the chair. "I hunted everywhere," he sighed despairingly. "I don't believe the locket is at Castle Hills."

"It is not," decisively.

"Then, where is it?" And again Donazello sprang up.

"The locket," DeMarcel said gently, "is, to the best of my belief, lying in the bottom drawer of a cabinet of curios in the house of the most charming woman I know."

"Yes?"

"Mrs. Emily Wallace, of Heather Hall, New York." And DeMarcel smoked on, well aware of the impression he was making.

"Mrs. Emily Wallace—the mother of the youngster who has married Isabel?"

"The same, my dear brother. Now, tell me, what would you give me if I got the locket for you?"

"Half the fortune," was the prompt response. "That is, of course, if the locket contains the clue I think it does."

"And the papers that belonged to Hildergarde Parkhurst?"

"Yours in welcome. I want nothing but money. Even now Roderigo pursues me, and money alone can place me beyond his reach. Get me the locket, Florian, and we will go together to the hiding-place. By all that I hold sacred I will play fair with you."

"Yes," answered his brother, "I think you will. However, you must do more than that. You must sign a contract never to tell the truth of the transaction, and never to return to America for any purpose whatever."

"I will sign anything you please," Donazello promised.

"Very well, I will draw up the paper. Meanwhile, you must hurry home, hide there, and wait for me. Three months from today I will hand you the silver locket. I will give you sufficient money now to provide for your necessities, but you had better stay close in the castle."

(Concluded in the December issue)

Fairbanks' Book is Popular

As was expected from the inception, Douglas Fairbanks's clever book, "Laugh and Live," has attained a very wide vogue, and it is indeed one of the most popular books ever turned out by a screen celebrity. The tremendous sale this work is enjoying undoubtedly furnishes final proof that the people of the United States desire to look on the bright side of things, because they show true avidity in availing themselves of any source of wholesome pleasantries.

When Mr. Fairbanks wrote "Laugh and Live," he was inspired by the idea of spreading good cheer and to impress the pessimistic with the utter futility of their gloominess. That he succeeded admirably in making his inspiration forceful will become evident to anyone who reads this first literary venture of his. Throughout the several hundred pages he scouts the fallacy of resigning to fate when it is bitter, and he gives us practical ways in which to avoid such misfortune. Silverlined philosophy of the most helpful sort—this is precisely what "Laugh and Live" is in all the term implies, and the writer would urge all photoplay fans to read it.

"There is only one thing I'd rather do than act before the camera, and that is to cheer somebody up when they need it," Mr. Fairbanks said recently. "There is no question in my mind as to the wide field a host of smile-doctors have to work in, and I am trying with all my might to fill the mission of doing my full share to make optimism rule our great, grand country."

Verily, "Laugh and Live" is a notable contribution to this cause, and it is deserving of unstinted praise.

THE STORY, Gentlemen

By WILLIAM D. TAYLOR

Why is it some of our most distinguished producers have little bald spots on top? It is because they have been scratching their heads perplexedly.

Why is it our most noble directors have gray around the temples at an age when their hair should be chestnut brown? It is through worry.

Why do stars, usually placid, develop temperaments and cuss the management?

Why is it the dear, confiding public often look at each other as it emerges from the theatre and murmurs "Just a movie—nothing more!"

It is the story, gentlemen, or, to be more accurate, the dearth of the story.

I forget how many feature photoplays are released every month, but every one of them requires a story, and the reason why managers rave and directors get gray at the temples is because of the difficulty in obtaining good stories.

The management may spend money like water, the director and artists use their brains and abilities to the utmost, but they cannot evolve an entertaining picture without that basic necessity, a good story.

There is an idea abroad that a story to be good must possess considerable novelty or a new idea. NOT so.

New ideas and novelties are rare and much to be desired, but what the screen mostly lacks and greatly desires is an increase in men and women who make a study of the picture's necessities, its magnitude and limitations, and who can write a story which is human and appeals because it is a short story of life, humor and sentiment as we know it and feel it—the story which calls forth audible remarks from an audience, such as, "I don't see how he could treat that dear child so," "I do hope she will find him and be happy," "Gee! I wonder how they did that," "That reminds me—" and so forth—the story which leaves people actually wanting a little more, and yet sends them away feeling they have been well entertained.

Good writers are entering the field more and more, others are flirting with pictures, better prices are being paid for stories, more writers are actually studying screen requirements. With it all there is still a dearth of really good stories, scenarios written by trained and skillful scribes, and until this is met the bald spots, gray hair, cuss words and temperaments will bob up occasionally, and we must be thankful that the improvement continues and that while there are photoplays to be made there is hope!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL," published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa., for October 1, 1917. Editor, Delbert E. Davenport, Philadelphia, Pa. Managing editor, none. Business manager, Thomas B. Naylor, Publisher, THE LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. Owners: (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and address of individual owners.) The La Verne Publishing Co., Robert Turner, Burlington, N. J.; Thomas B. Naylor, Philadelphia, Pa.; J. H. Turner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Delbert E. Davenport, Philadelphia, Pa. Delbert E. Davenport, Secretary. Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of October, 1917. (Seal.) Belle B. Frame. My commission expires March 1, 1919.

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop

25 E. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Hemstitching, Pleatings, etc.

Superior Work Lowest Prices

Send for Price List



What D'ye KNOW?"

Today it's a battle of wits—and brains win. Muscle and brawn don't count so much as they used to. The great question now is "What do you know?" It draws the line between failure and success.

What do you know? Have you special ability? Could you "make good" in a big job right now?

For 25 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men for better work and bigger salaries. They can train YOU, no matter where you live, what hours you work, or how little your education. Mark and mail the coupon and find out—it won't obligate you in the least.

TEAR OUT HERE

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 6727, Scranton, Pa.

Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X:

- | | | |
|---|---|---------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING | <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMISTRY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship | <input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law | <input type="checkbox"/> Farming |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Bookkeeping | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography | <input type="checkbox"/> French |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mining Engineering | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service | <input type="checkbox"/> German |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architecture | <input type="checkbox"/> Ry. Mail Service | <input type="checkbox"/> Italian |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES | <input type="checkbox"/> SPANISH |

Name _____

Address _____

AFTER THE MOVIES **Murine** is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids. Rests—Refreshes—Restores. Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. **YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!** Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores. Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book.

WRINKLES

Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (A Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy chins quickly vanish. SANS-RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLETON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P., Chicago, Ill.



Your Old Hair

can be made up into puffs, switches transformations, or curls. 3 stem switches, \$1.50. 2 stems, \$1, all around pompadour, \$2. Old switches dyed, \$1, to any shade but grey. We guarantee to please you. LULU DUNHAM 120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Phantom Husband

(Continued from page 20)

"No," said Jessie. "I never knew him at all. I made the whole thing up."

Jessie broke down entirely and sobbed out her pitiful story. As Allan listened, the realization that he had come to love this little girl swept over him.

"Can I take my brother's place in your heart?" he asked Jessie, by way of proposing marriage. Jessie slowly assented.

Right at this time Mrs. Manners and Marie arrived. When Allan told them that he and Jessie were engaged, they realized that their plans had gone for naught. But they smothered their disappointment and congratulated Jessie and Allan and gushed over them.

But Jessie and Allan were so happy that they didn't know that the congratulations were insincere and wouldn't have cared if they had known.

Interviewing a Screen-Sprite

(Continued from page 41)

She's a shy, elusive young thing, and, if only you knew how she has dreaded these public appearances, you would appreciate, more than ever, her love for her country

and for humanity, which she has shown by sacrificing her personal feelings and her shyness to do all this. She leads a quiet, home-loving life, cared for and watched over by her mother, who goes with her everywhere, and who is her chum and confidante, as well as her chaperone.

She is interested in interior decorating, and often helps design her own sets; she also loves china painting, and the china on her table and in her buffet attest her skill in this direction. But perhaps she is happiest of all, when away from the studio, to be galloping away into the hills of Hollywood with just her well-beloved horse for company.

All in all, she's a thoroughly delightful young person, and one whom it's a joy to meet! Further praise no interviewer could offer!

The Son of His Father

(Continued from page 36)

in his father's name. He got men and construction cars at Buffalo Point and rapidly pushed forward the work on the station there. Land values, of course, went up enormously. Property which Gordon had bought on first going up to the ranch became so valuable that before it was time for his father's release and eight weeks in advance of the six months' limit during which he was to make one hundred thousand dollars,

Gordon realized the specified sum. The young man was very happy. He had succeeded in the object which brought him to the West, and more than that, during the months of close companionship at the ranch he had won the love of Hazel, whom he adored from the first time he saw her. It only remained now to play one last game on his father and then to tell him the whole story.

To carry out the idea of the "hold up," the conspirators had planned a melodramatic rescue. One night a crowd of men dressed as desperadoes appeared before the cabin, as though to get possession of the great railroad man. Hazel, who was in the secret, pretended to be much alarmed for their lives. Then, just in time, the "rescue" party appeared. There was a sham fight between the two parties. The desperadoes were overcome and the rescue party rushed in, headed by Gordon. Hazel, as arranged, flew into Gordon's arms, crying that he had saved her.

Of course Carbhoy recognized his son at once, but turned the joke on Gordon. The father was not in the least surprised, nor had he been deceived by the fake hold-up and the fake rescue. During the weeks of his captivity his clever brain had seen through the whole plan—at which he was highly amused. The only thing he had not known was Gordon's engagement to Hazel, and that fact he was now delighted to learn. The father caught his son's hand and wrung it. "The game's played out, boy; and God bless you," he exclaimed.



My friends asked me
to write a book.
I did--here it is.
Hope you will like it.

Douglas Fairbanks

Laugh and Live

Is the name of his new book

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS set the world to laughing and has kept himself happy and well. His book will inspire you. It will give life a new meaning. You will find it most helpful toward your own success and happiness. And beautifully illustrated with eighteen intimate action photographs of the author. To read this book is like a charming visit with one of the most admired and best loved men in public life. He has a style all his own.

Get it.

Read it.

Here's what the country thinks of Laugh and Live

The Pittsburgh Leader says: "It is for people of all ages,—young men starting out—and their elders of both sexes who have need of the right sort of optimism."

The Los Angeles Times says: "Douglas Fairbanks' 'Laugh and Live' gives something practical to live by. It is clean, inspirational, and huddling over with good humor."

The Spokesman Review says: "Douglas Fairbanks lives the life he preaches, consequently it will appeal as well as invigorate. It is just the book for young men starting out in life."

The Springfield Union says: "If this great inspirational book doesn't develop into the finest sort of best seller the American public is losing its taste."

Special bindings.
Khaki for the boys going
to the front (fits the pocket)
\$1.00 net.

For sale everywhere. Library edition \$1.00 net.

BRITTON PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK

Leather (boxed) \$2.00 net.
Ooze (boxed) \$2.50 net.
Postage on all editions
extra 10 cents.

THE SILENT TREND

(Continued from page 39)

are in possession of a note incriminating the husband and threaten instant exposure if he refuses to betray his party by giving up papers which will swing the coming election. The wife overhears these threats and proceeds to steal the papers in the dead of night from the desk of her host as the first step in the game. She then bargains with the agent of the crooks to give her the incriminating note in return for the papers, and goes to his apartment at midnight to conclude the deal. He insists on celebrating with the usual "little supper," and as the situation grows critical she attempts to release herself by putting sleeping powders in his champagne. Her ruse is discovered by the villain through a reflection in a mirror, and in her struggle to escape him she deals him an effective blow which keeps him unconscious while she escapes with the papers to her profoundly grateful husband. The scene closes with the stool-pigeon telephoning his failure to his disgusted boss.

THE feminine population of the United States is destined to learn several new things about love-making as a result of seeing Gladys Brockwell in her latest success, "Conscience." Miss Brockwell shows us no less than five different ways to manifest feminine attraction, and the basis of all five, she insists, is the same.

"The woman's method of approach," says

Miss Brockwell, "is popularly known as 'vamping.' I think that term does not fit the work I am doing in 'Conscience.' Instead of that, I am trying to show that the most successful variety of 'vamp' is nothing more or less than adaptability.

"To capture a man's affections, a woman has only to adapt herself to the peculiar requirements of his character and temperament. The ways of making love, then, vary as much as men's characters do. So there is no end to the various methods which can be used.

"One thing, however, is constant. The smile must be there. No matter what method of offense a woman adopts, she must carry it through with a smile on her lips. That, above all, is the necessary adjunct to a successful climax.

"In 'Conscience' I am using five different methods of approach to the hearts of men. They can best be distinguished by the five motives which prompt me to make any effort whatever in the picture: avarice, passion, vanity, hate and revenge. There is no real love toward any of the five men; merely a motive to captivate my victim, which is backed by a reason for exercising my wiles of the screen.

"The approach to these five men is different in each case. I just adapt myself to the peculiar traits of each, and usually those traits correspond to the motive which urged me on. Thus, when I ensnare a man for his wealth, I court his favor by complete surrender. He must treat me as he treats his gold. Passion finds me more vibrant and

responsive, with the result that the game ends more quickly. In beginning the campaign for motives of vanity, I show myself as vain and proud. It is a hard fight, but it wins.

"Hate is restless and fiery, and it strikes with surety. Revenge, the most difficult battle of all, ends in murder. But it leaves me cold, contented.

"Altogether, I believe that 'Conscience' is going to be the greatest lesson in love-making that has ever been placed on the screen."

TIS with a flash of true versatility that Viola Dana portrays the characters of twin sisters, Unity and Priscilla Beaumont, in her latest Metro play, "The Girl Without a Soul." Priscilla evinces talent for the violin and upon her are showered all the advantages the whole family can bestow. Unity has no great talent except that for being sweet and winsome. She is neglected for the very reason that she is considered beyond the pale of notable accomplishments. Unity has a village sweetheart and he has some very interesting scenes, in which he encounters Ivor, a musician of more art than honor. How a family skirts the whirlpool of disgrace and disaster, but avoids it, makes for the real part of the plot. Miss Dana does exceptionally fine work in changing her moods and qualities of characters so completely and so expertly. Her performance augments the value of "The Girl Without a Soul," which would indeed suffer without her.

SCHENCK'S SCINTILLATING SCREEN STARS



NORMA TALMADGE

The Norma Talmadge Film Co. Presenting
PICTURELAND'S PRETTIEST PLAYER

NORMA TALMADGE

In Pre-Eminent Photoplays Released to All Exhibitors Through
LEWIS J. SELZNICK PICTURES
CHARLES MILLER, Director



ROSCOE ("FATTY") ARBUCKLE

The Comique Film Co., Presenting
MOVIELAND'S MIGHTIEST MINSTREL

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle

In Convulsing Comedies Released to All Exhibitors Through
PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE
Directed by Mr. Arbuckle Himself

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF JOSEPH M. SCHENCK

THE LAST LAUGH

Speaking of Enlistments

Shortly after the Government became more stringent in its requirements for admission to the Naval Reserve, one of Broadway's well known photoplay critics applied to the authorities for a place in the "mosquito fleet."

After a brief preliminary examination, the officer in charge found that the man's sailing had been limited to the Hudson River ferry and Bear Mountain excursions.

"Sorry," he said, "but you've got to have marine experience."

"I've had it, Captain," said the critic, proudly. "I reviewed 'A Daughter of the Gods.'"

Solving the High Cost of Living

Gloria Joy's mother had just explained to her that anything made by hand was naturally more expensive than if made by machinery because it required more time. The little Balboa girl puckered her brow and pondered over this. The company was dining at a restaurant and the general conversation turned, as it does of late, to the high cost of living. Presently Gloria suggested:

"Mamma, dear, isn't it too bad 'cause we can't eat by machinery and then it wouldn't cost so much?"

Judging the Size

A simple, old gentleman, dressed carefully in his Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, which were carefully brushed though worn and threadbare, timidly approached the underwear counter after hesitating fully five minutes. The salesgirl, a pretty blonde miss said kindly, "Anything I can do for you sir?"

"Ye-es, that is—wa-al I wanta look at some underwear for my wife."

"And the size," she paused in the act of taking down some boxes from the shelf. The old gentleman looked at her helplessly.

"I dunno," he faltered, "but I reckon your size would do."

An Accommodating Bartender

From up in the Berkshires in a town which consists of a hotel, a grain store, two houses, and a railroad station comes a story of old Jim, a forlorn, homeless man who tended bar in the hotel. His patrons were mostly the young rail-roders who stopped off for hours at a time at

One day a seedy looking individual entered the bar-room and seeing no one but old Jim whom he realized was too old to resist him he became bold.

"Old man, I want a drink, and I want it quick, too; dye'r hear?" he said roughly. But Jim was courageous.

"Yuh don't get no drink out'n me 'nless yuh have thuh money. That's straight, it is."

This was unexpected.

"Well, I want something to eat," whined the tramp, "I'm hungry enough to eat a raw dog."

Jim's eyes twinkled. He entered the wine room, and in a moment returned leading a great, shaggy St. Bernard by the collar.

"Here's yur raw dog?" he said, "now go to it." But at one glance at the dog the tramp had vanished like magic.

Child-like Theorizing

The following incident is vouched for by the manager of the Pearl Theater, of Milwaukee, Wis.:

A little Polish fellow came to see Chaplin in "The Fireman" at the Pearl Theater last Sunday. Frankie's nickel went farther than dollars do in these days of h. c. of l., for he edged into his seat at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and left at about 9.45 o'clock, much to the alarm of his mother who lectured the little fellow on his misbehavior, when he returned home.

Frankie's mother adjured him that only good people go to heaven, and after a spell of tears the following dialogue ensued:

Frankie—"B-b-but mama, can I go to heaven if I am good?"

Mother—"Certainly, sonny, if you are good you will."

Frankie—"An-an-and if pa is good will he go to heaven?"

Mother—"Yes, Frankie, if he is good."

Frankie—"An mama—can Charlie Chaplin go to heaven too?"

Mother—"Of course he can, boy!"

Frankie—"Gee, mama, won't God laugh when he sees Charlie come in?"

Disturbances

You sit and wonder as the screen
Presents a most attractive scene
Appreciate the pictures there
Showing scenic beauty rare
Engrossed are you in joy and woe
Then someone
Steps upon your toe!

Enwrapped are you in story grave
Pretty girl and a hero grave
As villain gets the gaff you smile
And say: "This picture is worth while"
Then at comedy you would grin
But someone
Kicks you
On the shin!

And such is life in movie shows
From aisle seats one comes and goes
Just when stories getting tense
Fat man starts to get him hence
No pardon, either, does he beg
As someone
Scrapes you
On the leg!

Speaking of Business

Jack Gardner, who is starring in Essanay's series of Western photodramas, overheard the following examination being given an applicant for life insurance:

"Do you drink?" examining physician asked the applicant.

"That's my business," the latter replied.

"Ah! have you any other business?"

Our Own Scenario

- Reel 1—The hero comes up fast.
- Reel 2—And meets the country lass.
- Reel 3—Fade in the villain strong.
- Reel 4—The goil again that he would wrong!
- Reel 5—There comes the desperate fight.
- Reel 6—The lantern slide: "Good night!"

Whew! Whew!

Ora Carew, of the Keystone crew, good little sort who is never blue, does whatever they tell her to, up in an airship once she flew, forgot to be scared and enjoyed the view, down in a parachute thought she'd be slew, busted a circus top went clean through, always providing sensations new, no saying what she next will do, just as soon take a chance as woo, wants to try every cage in the zoo, keeps her pals in a perfect stew, more and more popular she grew; she likes my grammer, how about you? Had quite enough? I'll take my cue, wishing good wishes and then a few to Ora Carew of the Keystone crew.

Might Lose Ball, Too

Two English soldiers caused some amusement at a golf course the other day. The first man teed up and made a mighty swipe but failed to shift the ball. The miss was repeated no fewer than three times.

His pal was unable to stand it any longer.

"For heaven's sake, Bill," he broke out, "hit the thing. You know we have only four days' leave."

The Rebuke Courteous

A nervous man at the movies sat behind a pair of those persons who explain the plot until his endurance was exhausted. Then he leaned forward and said:

"Excuse me, will you speak a little louder? Sometimes the music prevents my hearing what you say."



VENUS DE MILO

The Birthright of Every Woman



Kathryn Murray

The attractiveness of Venus is in that form divine, which mankind has always admired. The entire figure and bust has made the name of Venus De Milo famous throughout the ages. A perfect bust and figure always will be woman's greatest gift. She may possess the glories of her sex if she but calls on Nature for her heritage.

I have just written a book which tells how women may satisfy their natural desires for a splendid form. This book contains interesting pictures which tell a story plainer than words. Women in all walks of life, of practically all ages, have become happier because of securing beauty of development hitherto unknown to them. This book is sent free, because it also tells about the

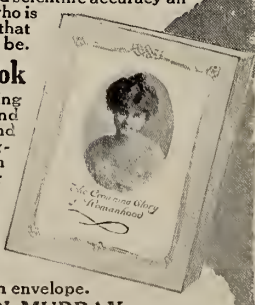
Kathryn Murray Method of Form Development

by which women, young or middle aged may obtain wonderful results. My method is simplicity itself. It does not comprise the use of massage, foolish plasters, medicines, electricity or injurious injections. It acts in a perfectly natural way—securing the bust enlargement desired in a comparatively short time. It has been used with astounding success and its safety and scientific accuracy all owe it to the woman who is ambitious to become all that Nature intended her to be.

Send for Free Book

entitled "The Crowning Glory of Womanhood" and learn how to add style and attractiveness to your figure—fill out hollows in your neck—develop your bust—possess beautifully rounded shoulders. Book tells you how to do it in a charmingly natural and simple manner. Write for it today. Sent free in plain envelope.

KATHRYN MURRAY,
Suite 1146-B Garland Building Chicago, Ill.



AMERICA'S Most Enticing Magazine

Each month SAUCY STORIES contains a complete novelette from 5,000 to 10,000 words full of gripping interest—twenty short stories of romance, mystery and adventure, one act plays, poetry and epigrams, written in an entrancing and spicy style.

The ONLY FICTION MAGAZINE Carrying A Motion Picture Dept.

Each month are given personal interviews with stars, intimate personalities such as only one woman will tell another and reviews of pictures—these are the things Allee Glenister, the editor of the Motion Picture Department, tells you in an original, snappy up-to-date way.

15 Cents per Copy Buy One Today



THE difference between Quaker Tires and railroad tickets is that the tickets will not take you beyond the distance specified, while Quaker Tires, though adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, deliver thousands of excess miles. Records of 9000, 11,000 and 13,000 miles come to us from enthusiastic users everywhere. On request you will be sent fac-similes of the following and many other letters:

"My last two Quakers were destroyed when my garage burned recently. Both of these tires had made 11,227 miles and were in good condition at the time of the fire."

"In regard to service on a pair of 33x4 Quaker Tires, which I purchased from you in the early part of last July, beg to advise that these casings have gone seven thousand (7000) miles to date and show but very little wear."

"We have placed Quaker Tires among our best customers and of the different sizes up to and including 36 x 4½ we have casings that have been driven 4000 to 8000 miles and they are still giving service. We might say that none are completely worn out."

"We have just taken off a 37 x 5 Quaker casing which has been run 14,080 miles. Aside from tread being cut and torn, casing is in good condition."

"A customer has driven a set of 33 x 4 Quaker Tires on a five-passenger car over 12,000 miles."

In records such as those quoted is found the reason why there was not a single Quaker Tire left in our factory on the last day of March; why dealers' orders could not be filled;

why consumer demand could not be satisfied. And all that despite the fact that the Quaker plant was running to the limit of its increased capacity.

But, now, you can get Quaker Tires from any of our dealers because of a further increase in manufacturing facilities.

Put *one* Quaker to the test against any three other makes of tires. Then you will surely equip all four wheels of your car with Quakers.

If there is no dealer near you send direct to the Factory Sales Department. Your order will be filled at regular prices and charges prepaid within certain territory. Anyhow, write for a copy of "5000 Plus"—a snappy little booklet that tells things you ought to know about tires.

Quaker City Rubber Co.
 Factories—Philadelphia
 CHICAGO 182 W. Lake St. PITTSBURGH 211 Wood St. NEW YORK 53 Murray St.
 Manufacturers of Belting, Packings, Valves,
 Steam Hose, Garden Hose, etc.

“Hello, Huck!”



RECALL that golden day when you first read “Huck Finn”? How your mother said, “For goodness’ sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly.” But you couldn’t stop laughing. To-day when you read “Huckleberry Finn” you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master’s style.

Boys’
Stories
Romance
Travel

MARK TWAIN

Short
Stories
History
Essays

Last Chance for the Low Price
Send Coupon at once!

A Real American

Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far west. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him.

Then with the opening of the great west, his genius bloomed.

His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, until his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on the path of fame lay straight to the high places. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old, he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

The world has asked is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood, to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

He was, of all Americans, the most American. Free in soul and dreaming of high things—brave in the face of trouble—and always ready to laugh. That was Mark Twain.

When Mark Twain first wrote “Huckleberry Finn” this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote “The Innocents Abroad” even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those who did not know him well were amazed. “Joan of Arc” was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment’s fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

25 Volumes NOVELS—STORIES—HUMOR ESSAYS—TRAVEL—HISTORY

This is Mark Twain’s own set. This is the set he wanted in the home of each of those who love him. Because he asked it, Harpers have worked to make a perfect set at half price. Before the war we had a contract price for paper, so we could sell this set of Mark Twain at half price.

Send Coupon—No Money

The last of the edition is in sight. The price of paper has gone up. There never again will be any more Mark Twain at the present price. Get the 25 volumes now while you can. Every American has got to have a set of Mark Twain in his home. Get yours now and save money.

Your children want Mark Twain—you want him. Send the coupon today—NOW—while you are looking at it.

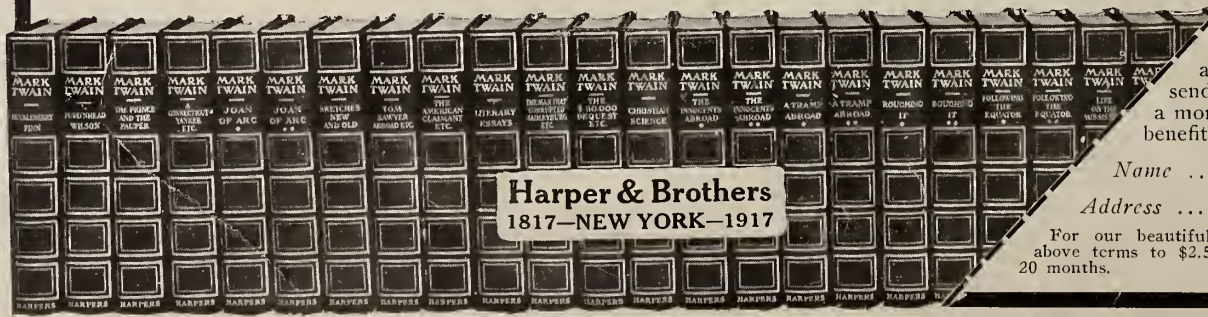
P.P.J.
11-17
Harper &
Brothers,
Franklin Square
New York

Send me, all charges prepaid, Mark Twain’s works in twenty-five volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, gold tops, and untrimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you \$2.00 within five days and \$2.00 a month for 12 months, thus getting the benefit of your half-price sale.

Name

Address

For our beautiful red half-leather edition, change the above terms to \$2.50 on delivery and \$3.00 a month for 20 months.



Harper & Brothers
1817—NEW YORK—1917

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

December 1917

20 Cents



Norma Talmadge

The Magazine With A Heart, Soul and Character

The Ultimate In



Motion Pictures

Genius — nothing less —



MARY PICKFORD
The incomparable
Mary, "The World's
Sweetheart," in "Re-
becca of Sunnybrook
Farm," "The Little
American," "The Little
Princess."



GEORGE M. COHAN
chose Arctcraft for his
screen appearance in
the big successes,
"Broadway Jones" and
"Seven Keys to Bald-
pate."



GERALDINE FARRAR
reaches millions with
the splendor of her
screen acting. Direc-
tion, Cecil B. De Mille
in "The Woman God
Forgot."

CECIL B. DE MILLE
For years with David Belasco, Cecil
B. De Mille reflects that master's
great technique—plus his own ad-
vanced ideas. "Joan the Woman,"
that masterpiece production, showed
him at his best.

is what Arctcraft exacts. And the greatest
of all motion picture stars and directors come
to this organization—*instinctively*.

Arctcraft reflects *their own* high ideals—that
is why. It realizes their need of a *uniform
standard* in photoplays, which means to
the public something better and finer.

Just as the painter recognizes his final attain-
ment in the acceptance of his picture by the
Louvre or Metropolitan Museum of Art, so
the artist of the screen reaches his or her
finest triumph when allied with the Arctcraft
name.

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

And just as there is one Louvre in Paris—
one Metropolitan Museum of Art in New
York—so there is in almost every communi-
ty one theatre of *highest* artistic standards
where is visualized the best in fiction on the
screen. These pictures bear the Arctcraft
signature.

Have you found the Home of Arctcraft Pictures?
It is easy to find for it shines forth like a flawless
gem in the night life of your city.

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH

The whole world knows him as the creator
of "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intoler-
ance." Mr. Griffith is now at the European
battlefront, engaged upon the greatest of
all war pictures, under the auspices of
British War Office.

THOMAS H. INCE

has built up a producing organiza-
tion which long has been regarded
as exceptionally efficient. Mr. Ince
will personally supervise the William
S. Hart productions for Arctcraft Pic-
tures Corporation.



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
in the Arctcraft suc-
cesses: "In Again, Out
Again," "Wild and
Woolly," "Down to
Earth." A corking new
one coming.



ELSIE FERGUSON
The screen "find" of
the year, in the Arctcraft
play, "Barbary Sheep,"
from the novel by Rob-
ert Hichens.



WILLIAM S. HART
Greatest screen West-
erner of all. See "Bill"
Hart in the thrilling
photodrama, "The Nar-
row Trail," directed by
Thomas H. Ince.

Write for Portfolio containing handsome Rotogravure portraits of all the Arctcraft Stars—suitable for framing.
We shall gladly send you a copy if you will send us your name and address on the accompanying coupon
with ten cents in stamps for postage.

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORPORATION

729 Seventh Avenue, New York City

Controlled by FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice-Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director-General.

Arctcraft
Pictures
Corporation
729 Seventh Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Enclosed find ten cents in
stamps. Please send me Port-
folio of the Arctcraft Stars.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____



The Editor's Personal Page.

ANOTHER Christmas time has rolled around, but this time the usual pleasure of it will be marred by the murderous machinations of one despicable man—the Kaiser of Germany. He and he alone has deprived the world of its just opportunities and freedom to enjoy the wonderful spirit which is supposed to permeate the whole Christian atmosphere at this season of the year. Therefore, it is natural that many millions of people should have naught but bitter hatred for him. Why must he be in the way of universal happiness now? Why should any nation opposing him desist its warring activities until this vilest of men is completely eliminated? Justice demands that a man be put to death for the slaying of one other human being. Why not then decree that Wilhelm be executed, since he is to blame for the wanton murder of millions of people? And why not let it be widely and unmistakably known that the world will not be content to return to its wonted tranquil state until this monumental murderer has expiated his countless crimes? Why be diplomatic, polite or considerate in any reference whatsoever to him? Would we be diplomatic, polite or considerate in our attitude towards a man who had been proven guilty of taking a single life?

It is regrettable and it is to the everlasting shame of Germany that this Christmas of 1917 finds scarcely no quarter where unrestrained joy prevails. The celebration in its entirety is alloyed with a sadness born of the full realization of the terrible tragedy which hovers so low and clings all around our daily life. It is almost difficult to utter that time-honored greeting: Merry Christmas. It seems like an empty shell and it is asking a great deal of any one nowadays to bid them be merry. It is asking next to the impossible.

However, despite all the trials and tribulations we are enduring and all the obstacles we are encountering, every one of us must of our own volition endeavor with all our might to preserve as much of the Yuletide spirit as we can. We must strive with even greater energy to lighten the burdens of others and we must give as a gift to all a courageous good will—to all excepting Kaiser Wilhelm, for whom we cannot have more than contempt. With him we wish to have nothing in common—his fate we leave wholly with the Creator, well knowing that the Supreme Being stands for ultimate supreme justice, a justice which will inevitably obliterate war lords who seek to plunder at the expense of innocent lives.

The glory of cheerful giving must not diminish. With it must go our fulsome well-wishing. We must cheer up while we suffer and sustain. We cannot afford to permit the least lethargy or hopelessness to enter into even this tragic Christmas. Somehow we must rejoice over what blessings are still ours. We must share our advantages with those brave men who are fighting for our great cause across the seas. We must divert a great deal of our spirit into the channel of doing our bit to help win the war, which must be won by us if the world is to ever be safe for democracy.

Verily, to thus write about Christmas strikes us as extraordinary, but the extraordinary conditions warrant it. Not this time can we pour forth the usual peace-be-to-all-the-world sentiments. No sane human being could want peace with Germany triumphant or still powerful in the least. It would be like a lamb making peace with a lion—the lamb would always be in danger. Nevertheless, we do extend Christmas greetings to all, excepting—(yes, we must say it once more)—excepting that autocratic murderer of Potsdam.



MARGARET LANDIS
BALBOA



PEARL WHITE
PATHE



RUTH ROLAND
HOFFMAN-FOURSQUARE



BEVERLY BAYNE

METRO



VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN
FOX

Table of Contents



DECEMBER
1917



Photo-Play Journal



Volume II
No. 8

Edited by DELBERT E. DAVENPORT

THE EDITOR'S PERSONAL PAGE	1	HOW SOME PHOTOPLAYERS SPENT CHRISTMAS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO	26
MARGARET LANDIS. (Full-page portrait)	2	OUTWITTED. Fictionized Version of a Late Metro Photoplay. By Frank Graham. (Illustrated)	27
PEARL WHITE. (Full-page portrait)	3	MAM' SELLE BEBE BONBON. By Marguerite Sheridan. (Illustrated)	29
RUTH ROLAND. (Full-page portrait)	4	HENRY B. WALTHALL AND HIS FIRST GREAT INDEPENDENT PHOTOPLAY, "HIS ROBE OF HONOR." (Illustrated)....	30
BILLIE BURKE. (Full-page portrait)	5	BEAUTIFUL BEVERLY BAYNE. By Pearl Gaddis. (Illustrated)	32
MABEL NORMAND. (Full-page portrait)	6	THE MAID OF BELGIUM. Fictionized Version of a Late World Photoplay. (Illustrated)	33
BEVERLY BAYNE. (Full-page portrait)	7	THE SILENT TREND. By Bert D. Essex. (Illustrated)..	34
VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN. (Full-page portrait).....	8	EDITORIAL	37
CONTENTS. (Illustrated)	9	INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS	38
UNIQUE STUDIES OF FOUR FAMOUS PHOTOPLAYERS. Drawn by Carolyn Townsend	10	OLD FRIENDS AND BOTH DISTINGUISHED. (Illustrated)....	38
"MERRY CHRISTMAS." By Merry I. (Illustrated)	11	ANTONIO MORENO PLANNED TO BE A BULL-FIGHTER INSTEAD OF A SCREEN STAR. By Della MacLeod. (Illustrated) 39	
MARY PICKFORD IN THE MIDST OF CHRISTMAS SPIRIT. By Peter Gridley Smith. (Illustrated)	13	HOFFMAN STARS AID SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS. By Pierre V. R. Key	40
A CHRISTMAS INTERVIEW WITH PEGGY HYLAND. By Adele W. Fletcher. (Illustrated)	16	T. WIGNEY PERCYVAL SAYS: "MOTION PICTURES DO MOVE LIKE A HOUSE A-FIRE." (Illustrated)	41
THESE ARE CHRISTMAS SCENES TOO—IN CALIFORNIA. (Illustrated page)	17	CHRISTMAS TIME IN THE TRENCHES. By Louise Glaum..	41
THREE CHRISTMAS EVES. A Short Story. By Iris Murray. 18		CHARMING FANNIE WARD. (Illustrated)	42
FRANCIS BUSHMAN, THE PATRIOT. By Lucy Carroll. (Illustrated)	19	THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL. A Novel. By Norma Bright Carson	43
CHRISTMAS AT BUSHMANOR. By Francis X. Bushman....	20	THE ART ETHERAL. (Verse) By Norine Strough Wintrow	44
JACKIE'S CHRISTMAS TURKEY. By Pearl Gaddis.....	20	A PLAIN CLOTHES FAIRY. (Verse) By Will Waters.....	45
WHAT DID THE BIRD SAY? (Illustrated page).....	21	SCREEN STORIES. By Jack Winn	46
THE JUDGMENT HOUSE. Fictionized Version of the Late Paramount Photoplay. (Illustrated).....	22		
MADAME OLGA PETROVA THIS CHRISTMAS AND TEN YEARS AGO. By Beulah Livingstone. (Illustrated)	24		
CAMOUFLAGE. (Illustrated)	25		

NORMA TALMADGE (OUR LADY OF WINTER ON THE COVER)

Norma is a potential part of the famous Talmadge family, but she has a sister, Constance, who is just about as constantly at it winning new laurels as any of those active in the histrionic field. Therefore Norma has a lively pace set for her, and it serves to keep her thoroughly abreast with the times in the matter of progressive improvement. She is one of the select few motion picture stars who actually gets better with every characterization she offers. Since becoming the head of her own company—the Norma Talmadge Film

Corporation—under the astute direction of Joseph Schenck, Norma has achieved her most notable cinema triumphs. One of the best photoplay features of the whole year of 1917 has been "The Moth," in which she starred to splendid advantage. Miss Talmadge is an actress of destiny, and she will undoubtedly attain successes which will eclipse all her former brilliant ones in the coming year, as she has mapped out a very strenuous campaign. She is sincere in her desire to uplift the cinema art.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY by LA VERNE PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS OFFICES: LAND TITLE BUILDING

ROBERT TURNER, President
J. H. TURNER, Treasurer

JOHN A. TENNEY, Western Representative, Morton Building, Chicago, Ill.
ROBERT E. POWELL, New York Representative, 47 West 34th Street, New York City

[SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.00 A YEAR IN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO]
[\$2.50 IN CANADA \$3.00 IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES SINGLE COPY, 20 CENTS]

Entered as second-class matter, April 20, 1916, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

Copyright, 1917, by LA VERNE PUBLISHING CO.



MME. OLGA
PETROVA



JACK
PICKFORD



IRENE
CASTLE



DE WOLF
HOPPER

UNIQUE STUDIES
of
FOUR FAMOUS
PHOTOPLAYERS

Drawn by CAROLYN TOWNSEND



“MERRY CHRISTMAS”

Say Merry Photoplayers to You, Merry Fans : By MERRY I

THIS Christmas of 1917 finds the world more devoid of merriment than ever before in the annals of man, but, just the same, the photoplayers—your favorites and other people's favorites—are bravely and courageously doing yeoman service to permeate a stubborn atmosphere, surcharged with world-wide tragedy, with the old-time spirit of cheer'em-all-up with a whoop. Yours truly—Merry I, the writer “hereof”—has made a pretty thorough canvass of the moving picture studios and the domiciles of cinema celebrities and everywhere we found the tendency to make the best of humanity's adversities—to give enthusiastic voice to the perpetuation of the time-honored salutation of noble sentiments: Merry Christmas.

Sidney Drew was engrossed in arranging some silk American flags in his dressing-room when I walked in, for instance. It was easy to understand that ninety-nine per cent. of his thoughts were on subjects appertaining to the war. “I had almost forgot there was going to be a Christmas this year,” he said upon being reminded that the gift season approached. “But, since it is still with us despite all, tell them all that Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew jointly and earnestly wish them a Merry Christmas. I don't know whether wishing it will do any good or not, but we'll all have to buck up and choke off a few tears for the sake of preserving the noblest of celebrations.”

Thus spoke Mr. Drew, a comedian who has furnished the world with his full quota of laughs via the screen route, and, similarly spoke scores of other notable exponents of the art.

Douglas Fairbanks, like Mr. Drew, thinks it's a tough situation to do much rejoicing in, but he believes in putting forth an effort with a veritable bang.

“We've got to be merry, because if we once get depressed, we'd lose our nerve and hence lose the war,” said this athletic king of the clan that acts. “See all the moving picture comedies you can, force yourself to laugh for the relief it will give you, and be sure to do your bit for Uncle Sam. Moreover, gather consolation from the fact that there's another Christmas coming after this one. Perhaps there won't be so much Kaiserism then, and therefore more merriment will be able to obtain.”

Pauline Frederick betrayed thoughtful seriousness when she was broached for a greeting appropriate to the season. “Yes, Merry Christmas, of course, and I am going to try awfully hard to be really merry, but, oh, what a terror the slightest semblance of a thought of the war does strike in one's heart. Instead of

there being good will among all men, there is little of it among very few men.”

Miss Frederick is justly regarded as the most remarkable emotional actress the screen has ever developed, and, it must be said, she attained this distinction as a result of unceasing hard work and deep study. The necessity for this has left an imprint upon her general demeanor and she is almost invariably of serious mien. Nevertheless she has enlisted in the cause of doing all in her power to pass around plenty of the Xmas cheer.

One of the most consistent optimists

we met in the realm of photoplay is Earle Williams. He simply insists that we have an abundance of blessings to be thankful for, although he admits there are plenty of causes for keen regret.

“Social circumstances simply demand the populace lay aside worries of the hour long enough to properly observe Christmas, in as much of the old style as possible,” he said. “Be merry if you've got to force the issue. Optimism must rule the part of the world that we and our Allies rule at least.”

“Eat less, drink none and be merry as ever,” was the sage-like paraphrase which emanated from the lips of Vernon Steele, who did such splendid work as leading man in support of Mae Marsh in “Polly of the Circus.” His reference to drink included all intoxicants, but was meant to exclude the pure elixir water which Nature grants so copiously.

“I've seen the unspeakable results of this great battle for democracy first-hand, but still I say, Merry Christmas,” were the words Mary Garden, the famous diva who is destined to be just as famous as a cinema star. Miss Garden has returned

Marguerite Clark
doing her Xmas
shopping early



from France only recently and she knows more of the actual conditions over there than most people, because she made it her business to find out things in the noble charitable work she performed during her sojourn near the scene of the conflagration which is rocking the globe.

One of the best ladies and one of the most charming companions in the whole world of make-believe is Fannie Ward, long a leading light with Lasky, but now being starred under the Pathe banner. We esteem Miss Ward to the maximum, and you would too if you knew her as well as the writer. To her must go unlimited credit for elevating dramatic art, both on the spoken stage and the shadow stage. She has done this as a result of being actuated by edifying motives—she sincerely aspires to be of some distinct value to the world and she is never suffering from lethargy when there is good work to be accomplished. It is no wonder she is so immensely popular with the fans and that her fame is constantly growing to larger proportions. There is the splendid reason: Fannie Ward is a sterling artist, with an admirable character of her own.

As is her want, this favorite of legions opened her heart when she was asked for a few words on Christmas, and, here is what she said:

"Throughout the Christian world this coming Christmas will be less merry than any within the memory of living man. More than one-half the world is plunged in sorrow over this dreadful war, and to the superficial thinker it would seem that the Spirit of Christ is crushed to earth forevermore. But He had to suffer and die to prove His teachings. So let us pray that the brave boys who are fighting for the principles that He taught will be home by next Christmas and the world a better place to live in because of the success of their arms."

And now we will let many others greet you in their own ways:

FROM "AMERICA'S SWEET"

Merry Christmas—Mary Pickford.

FROM CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Here's another "Merry Christmas," but of course it isn't much that way. The adjective is rather far-fetched with so many of our brothers bleeding and dying in Europe. However, here's to praying most earnestly that ere another Yuletide rolls around, world-wide peace will have become a reality, and that we will all be laughing heartily over the blessings of a new era of genuine and universal good will.

FROM WALLACE REID

It's an old-fashioned Christmas for me. While the other unfortunate studio folks are down in the City of the Angels looking longingly back into the past when they tobogganed down their native hills "back home," I'm on snowshoes in Bear Valley—which is one place in California where the snow is seven feet deep, and you wear ear-muffs and mackinaws to keep out the genuine chill of winter. While the log fire is crackling in our cabin by Bear Lake, I'll say Merry Christmas to you all.

FROM VIVIAN MARTIN

After we have eaten our Christmas dinners in our safe and comfortable homes in America—or rather before we can do this with a clear conscience—let's all gather up our bundles of socks and mufflers, and sweaters and candy and cigarettes to usher in a Happy New Year to the boys "Over There." And for any single person in the United States who has not done several bits by December Twenty-fifth—may his plum pudding give him indigestion and a turkey bone stick in his throat. That's my Christmas toast for 1917.

FROM LOUISE HUFF

No sweeter message has ever been given the world than this: "Peace on earth, good will towards men." It is full of meaning, particularly at this time of the year. So, while wishing you Merry Christmas, I can only add that to my message—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

FROM HELEN HOLMES

Merry Christmas—and may Old Father Time come riding in on Train No. 1918, bringing you many carloads of happiness, prosperity—and the finest one of all—Peace on earth.



HELEN HOLMES

"'Twas the night before Christmas"

FROM GEORGE BEBAN

Christmas, in the days which we have all read about from Sir Henry Irving, used to carry with it thoughts of a big open fireplace, snapping chestnuts, a yule log, candle-light, roast young pig and old wine. Now it is an apartment and a kitchenette or dinner at a modern hotel. Wherever it is, though, and whatever the longings for those who are away and the thoughts of the times, we can still make it a merry one. That is my wish to you.

FROM JACK PICKFORD

The biggest toast which the boys who are left in America can drink on December Twenty-fifth this year is a long and hearty toast to our boys in France. I'll join with seven million others who are still left behind to wish them all happily back—victorious—on Christmas, 1918.

FROM CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

I wish to extend the compliments of the season and my heartfelt wishes for success and happiness throughout the coming year.

This has been a wonderful year for many reasons. The holiday time, marking as it does, the first anniversary of the establishment of my own producing organization in the motion picture industry, I take this opportunity to thank my public, the press, and all those in and out of the photoplay field who have helped me to make my first year so remarkably happy and successful.

During the past months I have been enabled to choose my own company, my own director, the kind of plays I like best, and to hold constantly to my ideal that we must continually grow bigger and better; bigger in our outlook and production, and better in art, appeal and presentation. For all these things I am extremely happy.

But the advent of this Christmas 1917, for me and for thousands of others, cannot be accomplished with the unrestrained joy of other years while the spirit of war treads rampant on our hearts and lives. Out of the nobility and sacrifice of our boys "Over There," and the support of those who are left behind, shall come a future yet filled with the joy, goodwill and the peace of the Yuletide.

And so it is that with all my thanks and a full heart I wish you A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

FROM JULIAN ELTINGE

My first Christmas in the land of the photoplay, and my first in California for many years will find me writing post-cards to my friends "back east," with pictures of California oranges and snow-capped mountains. Most likely the prophecies of the oldest resident who vouches for the information that it never rains in California till January will fall down, and we'll be skidding and carrying umbrellas to our Christmas dinners. But that's no detriment to jollity, and I can happily shake hands by mail and wish a Merry Christmas to the PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL and the loyal fans who read it.

FROM JACKIE SAUNDERS

Just an old-fashioned wish, on a little Christmas card—
Just a simple "Merry Christmas"—
But I wish it awful hard.

FROM BEVERLY BAYNE

In the words of cheery, lovable Tiny Tim, "God bless us, everyone!" But I particularly want, at this time of the year, to send my earnest thanks and deepest, heartiest Christmas greeting to those splendid women who have helped me so much in my efforts to supply "soldier comforts" to the Red Cross. "Thank you" seems such a little thing to say—but it comes from the warmest corner of my heart. "God bless you, everyone!"

FROM VALENTINE GRANT

Our President says that we should celebrate Christmas with even fuller hearts, this year than ever before. But let us keep always in mind "our boys" "Over There" and here at home, as well. Let's make this a Merry Christmas indeed for all of them—and if you do your share towards it, you won't need any Christmas wishes from me—you'll have Christmas happiness in full measure, pressed down and running over.

FROM PEGGY HYLAND

Dear Movie Friends:

How happy we are to welcome the dear, old holiday season once more—holly berries, mistletoe and all the other Christmas tokens hold full sway.

The air is filled with the happy, festive spirit and people are singing the pretty Christmas carols, unconsciously sometimes, no matter where we go.

And the slogan of Christmas, "Peace on earth, good will towards men," is nearer realization than it has been in years. Surely the foe must surrender now that glorious America, "the land of the free and the home of the brave," has shouldered the musket.

All of us are hoping, praying for the same Christmas gift, I'm sure. Oh, what a wonderfully happy day it would be if the dove of peace might enfold the bleeding world in its wings and brush away the strife and hatred.

And to you, kind friends, at this beautiful season, I send my holiday greeting. Merry, merry Christmas to you, one and all. May good, old Santa fill your stockings with blessings galore.

(Continued on page 53)



By PETER GRIDLEY SMITH

GET a breezy Christmas story about Mary Pickford," says ye editor to humble me, and with a flourish of his regal hand plus an air of extreme confidence, he dismissed me.

Get it, indeed! Likewise, yea verily. Not so easy when one considers the fact that there are three thousand miles of Uncle Sam's wide territory between "Little Mary" and yours truly.

Now, how to go about this? Long-distance 'phone? Not on my salary.

Make the trip personally? Ditto, plus some more in the way of time.

A letter? T. t. m. t. (Takes too much time.)

Well then, what? Ah, wait. Mary Pickford has a press agent. Yes indeedy. But then, will he make an exception in this case and in view of the holy occasion, tell the truth? Well, we'll try and see.

Supposing you, my dear reader, accompany me. Yes? Fine!

First we take the subway to Fiftieth street. Oh, that's all right, I've got the fare—you can pay coming back. Yes, this is our station. We got here quickly? But then that's the way it goes in a story. Some breeze, say you? Well, that's what the editor ordered.

Look out! Oh, that's nothing, you can brush it off when it dries. Those taxi drivers are under contract to hit every mud hole on Broadway. The more bump the more careless is the meter in robbing the w. k. public. Here we are. God-



When Mary Pickford was asked to write her Christmas message to the fans, she handed in the above pictures. "Here's all I've got to say," she said.



Mary Pickford collecting cigarettes from Marshall Neilan, Theodore Roberts and Norman Kerry for "Our Boys in France Tobacco Fund." One trip around the Artcraft studio of "America's Sweetheart" cleaned out every smoke

old couple living on Seventh avenue with a Victrola and a hundred records. On the level. You see, Mary lived in the same boarding house with this couple several years before she became a star, and now when prosperity comes her way, she still remembers them. Now, you see, in Mary's new picture, 'The Little Princess,' to be released by Artcraft Pictures, of which Walter E. Greene is president, there is—"

Well, what's that got to do with Mary and Merry Christmas?

"Oh, yes, this year Mary is gathering presents from all the screen actors and actresses, toys, y'know, which she is going to send over to the kids in Belgium. Douglas Fairbanks is helping Mary gather these toys, and so far has received gifts from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Mother Pickford, Julian Eltinge, Bill Hart—he's an Artcraft star now, too; George Beban, Thomas H. Ince, Cecil B. De Mille, Marguerite Clark, George M. Cohan, Jack Pickford and a lot of other luminaries in the m. p. firmament. Now there's a big surprise in 'The Little Princess.' You see, this is undoubtedly Mary's greatest characterization. Really Miss Pickford never had a greater part. In a stupendous scene of elaborate settings and masterful lighting she—"

Come, come, some more about Mary's Christmas.

"Oh, indeed, pardon me. Mary is the god-mother to six hundred soldiers. You've heard about 'Mary Pickford's Fighting Six Hundred.' Well, Mary is keeping those boys supplied with tobacco, chewing gum and candy. You know a couple of months ago she gave each one a locket with her miniature. Well, for Christmas—oh, yes, there's some charming little Christmas scenes in 'The Little Princess.' You know Mary plays the part of a little kiddie who was once rich and becomes very, very poor. Well, it's Christmas night and—"

frey Building. Don't be impatient, don't you know this is the worst elevator service in New York? That's why all the film people are in this building. How's that, you say? Well, it's this way. The exhibitors come into book a picture from a certain company—but they are compelled to wait long for an elevator. By the time the elevator does reach the ground floor a salesman from another company has the exhibitor's name on the contract for a different picture. The hall swarms with salesmen, and when an exhibitor enters he gets no further. He has booked enough for a season from companies which are competitors to the concern he intended to see. That's why this film building is a success. The waits between elevators encourages competition, and competition is good even for the film business.

Once an exhibitor, after a salesman had been talking to him for an hour, finally succeeded in getting in a few words to the effect that he had returned to get a forgotten umbrella and that he had just booked his program. No the salesman did not faint, he sold him a diamond ring for which his mother-in-law had placed an ad. in the "Lost and Found" columns the day before. Film salesmen can sell anything, from hairless Mexican jumping beans to waterless fountain pens.

Ah, here we are. An elevator life as I live—and only three men have grown beards since the last one! Really, this must be discouraging to the budding salesman. If the service continues to improve the poor sellers will have to use stenography in order to get their arguments over quicker. Someone standing on your foot you say? Push 'em off. Don't tolerate that. Insist upon standing on your own feet. Here we are. Artcraft Pictures Corporation. Yes, they have a fine office suite. Boy, tell Mr. Charlie Fuier that Peter Gridley waits without. Go! Don't you dast pull that ancient line. Come right in? See, that's the way they treat me. Never too busy to see ME.

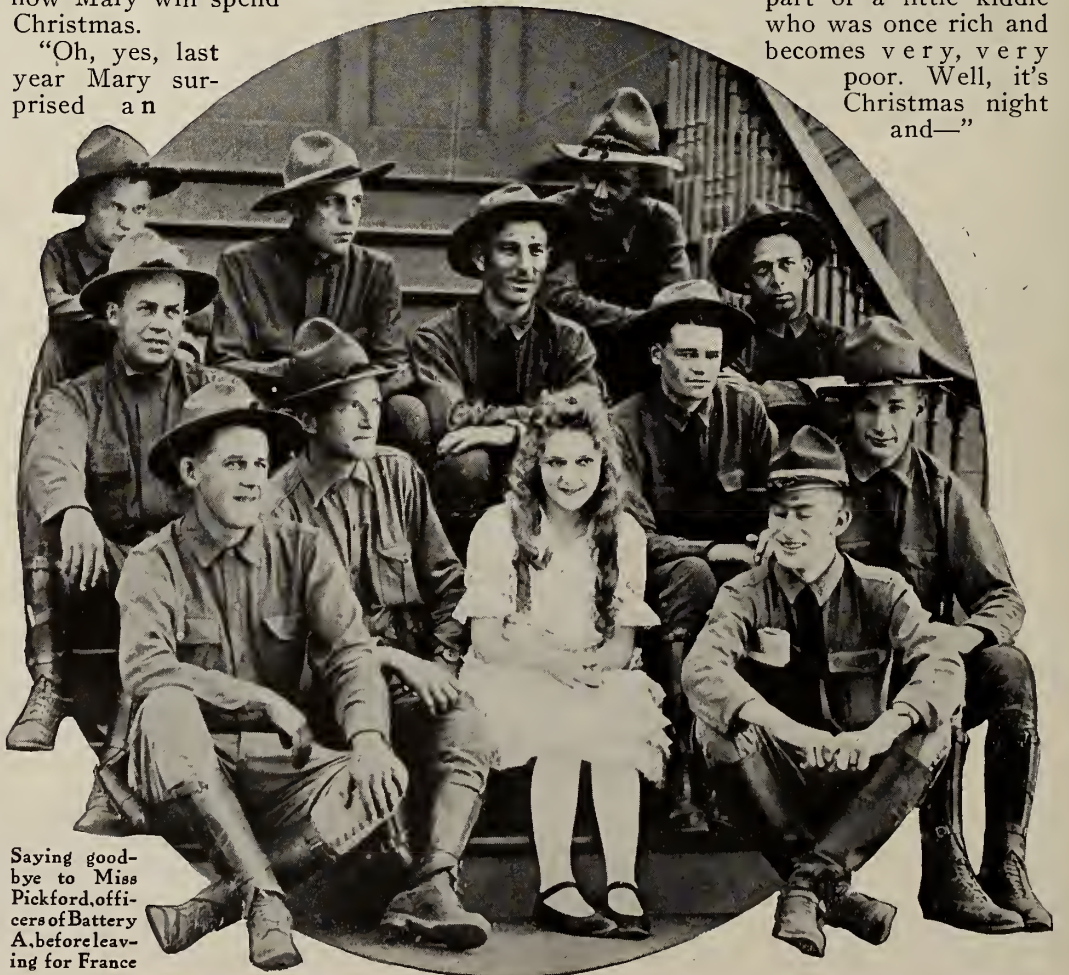
Hello, Charlie, meet my friend, Reader. Yes, I'll have a cigar. How do I know

you have them? Well, you'd better close your lower drawer all the way so they don't show. Thanks. Now then, Reader and I came out to get some stuff—breezy stuff, about Mary Pickford and Merry Christmas. Both nice girls, you say? Stop it, I'm serious.

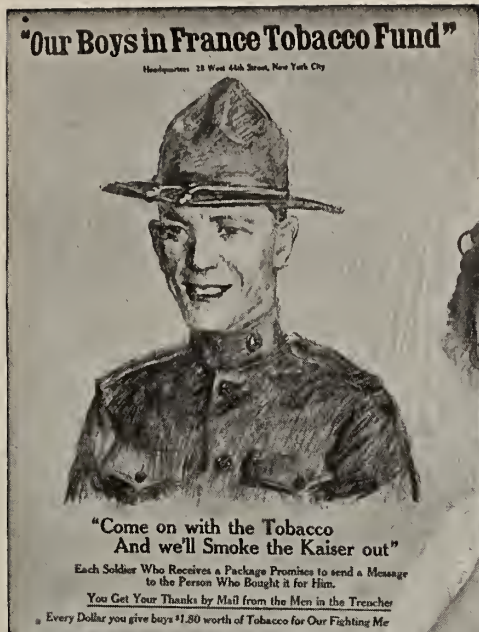
"So you've come to get some dope on Mary Pickford and Merry Christmas. Well, in the first place, Mary Pickford's next picture, to be released by Artcraft, is 'The Little Princess,' produced under the personal direction of that famous young genius, Marshall Neilan and adapted from—"

Oh, cut it out; tell us something about how Mary will spend Christmas.

"Oh, yes, last year Mary surprised a n



Saying good-bye to Miss Pickford, officers of Battery A, before leaving for France



Here the poster tells the story

Please, tell us some more about real Mary and real Christmas.

"My, my, that's right. And you wanted something breezy, didn't you? Well, last winter Mary was in a department store buying some presents for some little kiddie friends. She had just purchased a few dozen dolls, about fifty well-filled stockings and about a hundred toy balloons when she noticed that on blowing up one of the balloons there seemed to be something in it beside air. It felt like a piece of paper, and upon breaking open the balloon there appeared a legal-looking document. Just as she was about to read it the lights went out. Something seemed to have happened to the power. After a few minutes' wait the lights went on again. As Miss Pickford bent over to read the paper a careless cash girl brushed up against her and the paper fell to the floor. Upon finally recovering it, Mary was just about to read when he blew in. Who? Breese—of course—Edmund Breese, the actor. See—Christmas stuff, Mary Pickford and Breese—just what your editor wanted."

That's all right, Reader, he'll come around; I didn't break any bones. I just stunned him. Let's go away from here. I won't give Mary another line in our magazine, nor will I ever again mention Arcraft in my stories. I'll just take these pictures anyway. (Curtain.)

And now a start all over again in a different direction.

Since Uncle Sam started measuring his sons for uniforms and set in motion his gigantic fighting machine, various persons prominent in the public eye have devoted much of their own time to help brighten up the lives of the boys in khaki

who have set about the job of "kanning the Kaiser." Conspicuous among those whose activities in behalf of the soldier boys have attracted considerable attention is none other than our own Mary Pickford, known throughout the land as "America's Sweetheart."

Many of the boys now in France have a vision of "Little Mary" back home in Yankee Land, as they inhale the blue smoke of an American cigarette which has come many miles as a result of the tireless energy of the beloved darling of the screen. When, some few weeks ago, Miss Pickford spied a billposter tacking up a sign which appealed to the natives of Los Angeles for "smokees," she immediately appointed herself a committee of one to help the good cause along. In less time than it takes to tell about it, Our Mary had obtained a few posters from the astonished young

man whose work had been vigorously interrupted by the famous Mary Pickford tugging at his coat and requesting some copies of the lithograph.

At the studio that glorious and patriotic afternoon, after personally supervising the posting of these placards, "Our Mary," not yet satisfied with what she had done and realizing that many people "did not believe in signs," set about thinking up an idea to see that the appeal was answered by every male at the plant. There was no better way than personally making the rounds and extracting the "smokes" herself. What if the director was waiting for her to film some scenes for "The Little Princess," her new Arcraft picture? The delay could easily be made up by staying a little later that night, but the boys at the front would have to wait many weeks for their cigarettes and every minute counted. With the assistance of Marshall Neilan, her director, "Our Mary" made the rounds. There was no putting her off. If an individual had no cigarettes, well, her office boy would get any quantity—as much as their monetary donation would buy. And so, in short order

a packing case was filled, nailed and shipped to "the first to fight." One day each week Mary makes the rounds, and once a week a case of tobacco is sent on its mission of joy to the fighters of Uncle Sam.

When the boys of Battery "A" dropped in at the studio to pay Mary their respects they were afforded a most pleasant surprise by their hostess. Would they like to have her make the rounds with them in their effort to enroll new members for their fighting unit? Well, rather! Mary Pickford will stop traffic in any public place in the country—as to Los Angeles' busy streets in the middle of the day—well, the boys had crowds around their machine before they had a chance to stop and make their appeal for recruits. It was a memorable day and no further recruiting tours were necessary for Battery "A."

The latest activities of "America's Sweetheart" in behalf of the boys in khaki is her adoption of an entire battalion. "The Little Mother of the Second Battalion" is her newest title, for she has taken every "Sammy" in the Second Battalion of

(Continued on page 50)



Mary Pickford pinning locket around the neck of Sergeant Fulwider, one of the 600 soldiers of which she is god-mother

A Christmas Interview with Peggy Hyland

By ADELE W. FLETCHER



Peggy Hyland

S EVEN, eight, nine, struck the studio clock as I approached the boy at the entrance desk of the Mayfair Film Studios and inquired if Miss Hyland, the dainty, little star had yet arrived.

"Yes, Miss Hyland's in—she left word for you to go right up to her room," he answered: and I turned towards the stairs which lead from the busy studio floor to pretty Peggy's bower in filmland.

Somehow I hadn't expected to find her already at the studios, for I had some sort of hazy notion that motion picture stars arrived at the studios shortly before the luncheon hour. And here was Miss Hyland, settled in her dressing-room before most business men and women in the lower section of the city had even arrived at their offices.

"Come right in," invited Miss Hyland. "You'll forgive me for making-up as I talk, won't you?"

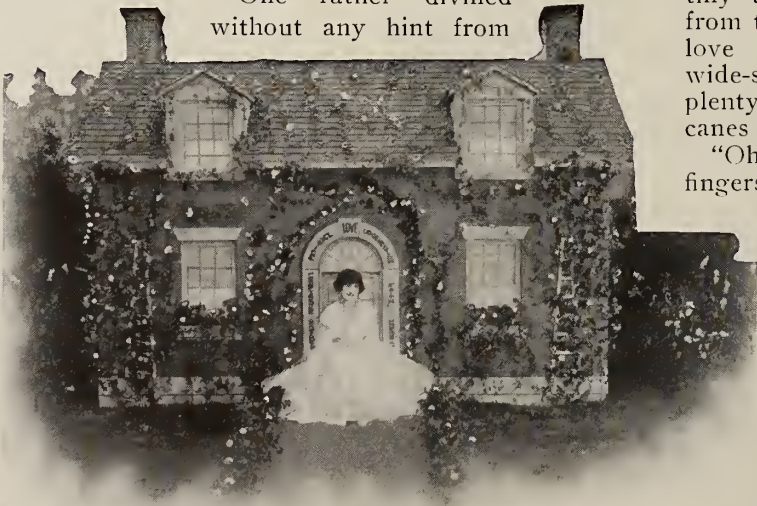
"I am late this morning you see," she continued, after drawing up a large wicker arm-chair heaped with attractive shaped cushions near her dressing-table so I might chat with her comfortably as she completed the miracle of make-up.

"Late, late!" I exclaimed in a questioning tone.

"Yes, indeed; very late," she answered smilingly. "You see the holiday spirit is in my veins and I forgot that I am a very busy woman, earning my own living. I have been beautifying my gift parcels when I should be wielding the make-up stick," and she waved the pink stick in her hand majestically.

"See," she went on, her eyes beaming as she pointed to a chest at the far end of the room fairly overflowing with parcels of all shapes and sizes, "Most of my gifts are all ready, and those I have not fixed I'll take home with me tonight, for when they are here I can't put my mind on my work. All I can see are the attractive cards, with their loving inscriptions and pretty pasters. I feel like a child in kindergarten when I arrange them in their places."

One rather divined without any hint from



Dainty Peggy Hyland and her dream house of matrimonial happiness which she builds in "Persuasive Peggy"

her that she was going to make up for the last Christmas she had lost. You see Miss Hyland was a stranger in America last year and quite alone, for her mother who arrived soon after the holidays was on her way from their English home and dear, little Peggy anxiously awaiting her arrival.

"This is going to be a wonderful Christmas," she murmured as she began to pin her chestnut locks upon the crown of her head and dab a bit of black on her eyebrows, "We're going to be a happy family—just as happy, as happy can be. Papa has just come over from England too, you know, and both he, 'Mommie' and myself are already transforming our living-room into a bower of greens with pine branches, holly and mistletoe. Even 'Jackpots' has caught the Christmas spirit," she said laughingly as she patted her adoring fox-terrier on his head, "for he tears about like a monkey the minute any holiday parcels come into the room."

"But tell me," I asked, "just how you are going to spend the day itself. Outline your plans as nearly as possible."

"Oh, I should love to if it won't bore you," she answered enthusiastically, "for we are going to make it the most Christmasy Christmas imaginable, provided Mother Nature will help and cover the good old earth in a downy white blanket, give the trees and hedges a coat of ermine and stud the branches with all sorts of glistening jewels. Somehow I'm always disappointed if I can't look from my window at a snow-covered world on Christmas morning. It doesn't seem just right somehow does it, to have a holiday season without snow?"

"We'll all get up as early as our heavy eyelids permit and hasten into our clothes in the hopes that we'll be dressed first and therefore the first to wish the other the season's greeting. Then, after that, comes the unwrapping of the parcels, which will be stacked under the branches of our tree. I have already made one specification about the tree, and it is that it must be just low enough above the ceiling to permit the golden star I have known ever since I was a tiny tot at home to glisten from the topmost peak. I do love a tall tree—one with wide-spreading branches and plenty of room for candy canes and other goodies.

"Oh, already I can feel my fingers tingle as I wade through the tissue-paper wrappings—I never act a bit lady-like mother says, for I am so anxious that I can't just undo bows properly and keep the tags with the gifts. However, I'm afraid I'll be something of a scatter-brain even when I'm a grandmother.

"Then, after this, there will be the walk to church. If I

didn't go to church another day in the year I would have to go on Christmas. I love the soft lights which steal through the colored windows, the voices raised in song and the preacher's soft voice as he reads the passages or pronounces the benediction. Somehow it seems to smooth all the tangles from my mind, and I leave the chapel at peace with the world.

"Next we plan to return home for the baskets we have prepared with roasted turkey, cranberry sauce, potatoes, plum pudding, raisins and all sorts of goodies which we take to some families who perhaps would be unhappy on this wonderful day of days.

"Of course the Christmas dinner has a little niche in our plans all its own. How hungry we'll be after our morning's walk, and how our faces will light up when the big, juicy bird is brought into the room. 'Jackpots' will be sure to bark outrageously, and I know papa will wear the same dear smile he has worn as far back as I can remember, while 'mommie's' face will beam her happiness. When we rise from the table, I'm sure to feel a bit stuffy and wonder if I resemble Santa himself, but even a hint of drowsiness will not be sufficient to keep me from the next treat of the day, and I'll fly to my room to wrap up warm in my furs for a jolly sleigh-ride. Papa has arranged for a regular, old-fashioned sleigh which will take us out into the country—one with as many bells as the owner can attach without having it sound like a carnival as we race along. If Mother Nature fails us, why, of course, we'll have to be satisfied with a demure, conventional motor through the park instead, but I'm hoping for snow myself.

"Cold turkey will do nicely for tea—oh yes, we'll be hungry again after our brisk ride. You see we're three perfectly healthy people, and eat an alarming amount on Christmas. We started this as far back as I can remember, for I always knew papa could fix me up. Papa's a doctor you know.

"Then in the evening we'll sit before the fireplace roasting apples and popping corn while we talk and dream of the things dear to our hearts. Bedtime will come around almost before we know it, and then the dearest of all days will be past."

She looked up brightly as she completed her plans and was soon slipping on a beautiful frock she was to wear in the scenes in a few minutes.

THESE ARE CHRISTMAS SCENES TOO— IN CALIFORNIA

Courtesy of Paramount-Mack Sennett



The Maud Muller quartet. Who'll be the judge?



How they turned a cat boat into a full rigged chicken sloop



Safe! Phyllis Haver and Mary Thurman are both safe, because the spectators are not allowed beyond the fence



Charlie Yakahoola Hikidoola Murray, when the temperature was high



Holding the mirror up to nature. There's some good looking about Mary Thurman nature that the mirror doesn't see

THREE CHRISTMAS EVES

By IRIS MURRAY

THE pleasant breakfast room of Rueben Safford's luxurious home had never seemed more attractive than on the December morning when Mr. and Mrs. Safford sat down to a well-spread table at peace with themselves and the world generally.

The well-trained maid served in her usual deft, capable manner, and it was not until she laid the mail which the postman left at the door, opposite Mr. Safford's plate, that the first ripple crossed his face. Even then it was an expression of pleasure as he took up a letter from his only son and heir, whose home-coming from college both parents were looking forward to in a short time.

"A letter from Lester, Mother," Mr. Safford remarked briefly and with a slight frown, "and I am sorry that it does not contain good news. The boy is suffering from a severe attack of bronchitis and is in the Infirmary. He seems a little blue, for he says that the prospects are that he may have to spend Christmas there."

Mrs. Safford reached forward a well-formed hand for the communication. She was a handsome woman still in middle life. With mother-anxiety she perused the letter and shook her head.

"I fear this is more severe than his usual attacks," she remarked, "for Lester is not often so depressed as this letter indicates."

Mr. Safford extended a second letter for her inspection.

"I fear you are right," he said, "for the school physician reports him as seriously ailing. Looks to me, Mother, like we better take an early train out to Princeton and see how the boy is ourselves. If possible we want him home for Christmas."

Arrived at their destination, Mr. and Mrs. Safford were much distressed to find their son's health more imperiled than they had realized. The physician advised an examination by a famous expert in X-Ray work of the lungs, and his report was that Lester Safford must live in the open and seek a milder climate if he was to escape the ravages of tubercular trouble which had already commenced. Greatly distressed, his fond parents bade farewell to him on Christmas eve as, wrapped in furs, he boarded a trans-continental Pullman.

Father and mother returned sadly to their own home and sat beside the library fire rather indifferent to the little boy choir which sang Christmas carols beneath their window. In an effort to make the Safford home festive, the servants had hung wreaths of holly against the window panes and put candles to welcome the Christ Child upon all the window sills, but the hearts of the troubled couple were too heavy to pay much heed to these evidences of the Christmas season.

A thinly-clad girl came down the city street, none too well fed and not over-warm, looking longingly about her at the signs of Christmas on every hand. Memories of the charming Southern home in

which she had been reared flitted through her mind. It was indeed well that her widowed mother did not know the struggle it was costing her to send home the cheery weekly letters and the sum of money which regularly accompanied them. What good purpose could possibly be served even if the gentle mother realized the sacrifice which the sending of that money entailed?

As Virginia Lee walked slowly up the street listening to the carols of the surpliced boy choir now singing in the distance, her quick eye was caught by a flaming lace curtain which had ignited from a candle, the flame of which had

in the girl's behalf and was successful in securing a much more profitable and congenial position in connection with an aristocratic tea room, where she served as bookkeeper and general assistant to the manager. Virginia was very happy in the new position, because she was enabled to send her mother more money, to spend much of her spare time with Mrs. Safford, and to meet a refined and educated class of people.

In the course of the next few months Gerald Manson came frequently to the tea room with his fiancée, and it was evident from the first that he was greatly attracted by the beautiful bookkeeper. Evelyn Temple, a proud and somewhat haughty young lady of wealth, finally became jealous, and, accusing him of divided interest, broke the engagement. At first Gerald Manson was very much hurt, as he had more than half a suspicion that she had been anxious to be rid of him, because his own means were much less than those of the girl who had promised to marry him, and he was sure that her mother's opposition to him on account of this had helped to sever the relations between them. He still came occasionally to the tea room, and the next Christmas Eve he and Virginia Lee were quietly married, Mr. Safford having looked him up and found him worthy in every way.

Letters from the West told the Saffords of the gradual improvement of their son, but of the continued necessity for his remaining in the West. He promised that if all went well, however, he would come East and make them a visit as soon as it was safe to venture into a changeable climate.

Gerald Manson and Virginia were very happy in their little flat, and especially so when his firm gave him a commission to go to Texas as official geologist for the firm in search of land with oil-bearing prospects.

Lester Safford, suddenly growing lonesome and homesick, determined to return and surprise his parents. He reached the door of his father's home just as Virginia left it, after having bade her good friends good-bye. They even touched arms as they passed on the steps, and he caught one glimpse of a beautiful face, which was lost a moment later in the evening shadows.

He inquired of his mother who her caller had been, and she told him that it was the girl of whom she had so often written. The visit back home proved untimely for the young man, as he was soon warned by a hacking cough that he must return to his sunny West.

Virginia and Gerald met with success in Texas locating valuable findings for the company. Gerald was then sent on to California to look over more prospects there. Everything went merrily with them until one night word was brought to Virginia that an accident had happened, for the train bringing her husband home to her, after a short journey of his, had

(Continued on page 50)

The Eyes of the Screen

By Florence Gertrude Ruthven

Eyes, eyes, wonderful eyes!

The tint of the violet,

The blue of the skies

The softness of twilight,

The sparkle of jet;

Eyes with a strange light

One cannot forget;

But the loveliest eyes

I've ever seen

Are the eyes of the film folk

On the screen.

Eyes, eyes, marvelous eyes!—

I know not their coloring—

Their shape and their size;

Their depth and expression;

Their laughter and li s;

Joy and depression,

And heart-rending sighs

Make them loveliest eyes

I've ever seen,

Eyes, eyes, eyes, that Art mirrors

On the screen.

been driven against it by a draught of air.

Quicker than thought, the gently-bred Southern girl dashed up the steps of the splendid home, rang the bell, and to the astonishment of the stately butler, gave the alarm, leading the way into the spacious drawing room and tearing down the blazing curtain with bare hands.

The butler recovered his presence of mind in time to assist, but not before the girl's hands were badly burned, and Mr. and Mrs. Safford had hurried to her side from the library, a couple of rooms distant. Their natural kindness of heart manifested itself, and they insisted upon a physician, and that she become their quest until she had entirely recovered.

Virginia Lee seemed to have been almost divinely sent to the troubled family to take up their mind at a time when they would have worried over the health of their son. Mrs. Safford soon found that Virginia was a girl of gentle birth and training; also that her present position afforded scant remuneration for the service rendered. She interested herself

Francis Bushman, the Patriot

By LUCY CARROLL

FRANCIS BUSHMAN as an actor—a hero par excellence, a charming screen lover, an amusing and very likable club-member of the Green-Room Club, Screen Club, et al—all of these we know well. But there is another Francis Bushman whom few of us have been fortunate enough to know. It is Francis Bushman, the patriot.

When war with Germany was declared, he began to look about, trying to see what work there was for him to do. He discovered, near his home in Maryland, ten boys who were eager to join the various officer's training camps, and branches of the Army and Navy service, but who were held back by their duty to dependents. Mr. Bushman promised these lads that, if they wanted to go, he would see that their families were cared for until the end of the war, and the return of the sons.

A weekly check goes to each family, and a huge wagon-load of fresh vegetables, fruits and other farm produce leaves Bushmanor regularly to be distributed to these families. And the ten lads who are learning their service to Uncle Sam receive grateful letters from their parents, overflowing with tales of the goodness of the Master of Bushmanor.

Mr. Bushman not only assisted in the sale of Liberty Bonds, both in New York and on his brief lecturing tour through New York State, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, but he subscribed for ten thousand dollars' worth for himself. Each of the ten boys who went to the front because of his promise to look after their families, did so with a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond in his pocket.

So, all in all, I think Mr. Bushman is entitled to the title which he has received.

When the Red Cross began their efforts to raise one hundred million dollars to take care of "our boys at the front," and, as one means of doing so, asked every dog-owner in America to subscribe for a Red Cross

badge for that dog, a letter was sent to Mr. Bushman, asking that he enroll his dog in the Red Cross Canine Auxiliary. Mr. Bushman answered that he would be glad to do so, and a blank was sent to him, so that he might give the Society full particulars regarding the dog. When he reached the question, "Name?" he was a bit nonplussed, for he owns more than twenty dogs, and he wanted all of them to belong. Finally, he wrote "Legion" in the space for the name, and a postscript asking that a whole box of badges be sent so that all his dogs might share the honor of being Red Cross members. His check accompanied this letter and was such a big one that the whole Society fairly beams every time Francis Bushman's name is mentioned.

Off screen, Mr. Bushman's even nicer than on. That may not sound possible, but it's true nevertheless. He's as boyish and unselfconscious as the youngest "Pete Props." He is a wonderful host, and his week-end parties at Bushmanor are long remembered by those who are lucky enough to get a bid there. (The writer had a "bid" for Christmas week-end, and wishes to say that she had the time of her sweet young life, and that she hopes another Christmas will find her, lonely and weepful in a New York boarding-house, so that Mr. Bushman will again take pity on her.)

Bushmanor is the realization of a boyhood dream. When "Frank" Bushman—or "Bush" as the other fellows used to call him—went fishing or swimming with the other boys, there was one particular spot just outside of Baltimore where he used to sit for hours, and plan what he would do when he was grown. Of course, it never occurred to him to dream of being a movie actor—he wasn't that sort of a boy! Nor did he have even a suggestion of the good looks which characterize him now. As a matter-of-fact, one of his sisters informs me that he was a very ordinary looking, everyday sort of boy with clear, honest blue eyes,



Francis X. Bushman
Posed especially for
PHOTO-PLAY
JOURNAL

hair with a suspicion of auburn, a plentitude of freckles, and a perpetually stubbed toe. Therefore, it is easily seen that his ideas did not embrace a picture career.

Anyway, regardless of what he grew up to be, he meant to have a home on this particular place, which held so much of beauty for him. He sat and planned the house and grounds in detail. And it is good to know that the plans and ideas formulated by a boy of fourteen have been realized so fully and completely, by the man of thirty-six.

The house—the Manor House, as his friends call it—"de Big House," as the colored servants label it—stands like a jewel of purest white amid the emerald sweep of velvet lawns, dotted here and there by a fine old tree. At the left, and a little down the slope, one finds the rose-gardens—a gorgeous luxuriant sweep of bloom. Every variety of rose is discovered here, from the exquisite buttons of the tiny Dorothy Perkins, to the huge and much-admired American Beauty. They haven't been laid out in a sort of cut-and-dried card-board pattern that indicates the hand of a "landscape-gardener." Instead, they are blooming in the exquisite glory of a loving hand that watches over them carefully.

On the right of the house, slopes the orchard—a place that, in springtime, is sufficient excuse for any sort of action on the part of a beauty-loving spectator. From the end of the verandah, one looks down on a rolling carpet of palest pink of apple blossoms, the deeper pink of peach blossoms, the clear white of pear blossoms, and the ivory of the plum trees. But just now the orchard of Bushmanor hangs full of a glory much more valuable than blossoms.

At the back of the house, distant about an eighth of a mile, or more, one finds the white-painted servants cabins. For Bushmanor employs only colored servants. Mammy Ca'line (Caroline) is the housekeeper, a servant of Mr. Bushman's mother, whose proudest boast is that she "nuhsd Massa Frank" from the time of his birth until he left his own home to capture a fortune to save the family exchequer from

(Continued on page 50)



A part of the fine herd of dairy cattle of which Mr. Bushman is justly proud

CHRISTMAS AT BUSHMANOR

By FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

CHRISTMAS is always the happiest season of the year, but to me it seems to be particularly so, especially at Bushmanor. Right in the heart of the Green Spring Valley, Riderwood, Maryland, Bushmanor seems to gather together the best of both Northern and Southern Christmas.

There is always a house-party at Bushmanor for Christmas week, composed only of dearest and nearest friends. There are sleigh-rides, if we are lucky enough to have a "White Christmas" and plenty of horses, so that he who likes horseback riding may have his fill of it during that week.

For weeks before Christmas the kitchens of Bushmanor have been fragrant with the smell of good things baking, under the supervision of Mammy Elsie, who cooked for my mother, when I was a boy.

Cakes, plum puddings and the like are prepared at least a week or ten days ahead of the occasion for which they are required.

Usually, the day begins with a good hard gallop over frosty roads and through air like wine, bringing one back to a cozy dining-room, with a breakfast steaming hot—waffles, ham and eggs, from the Home Farm, toast, fruit—all sorts of good things provided by Mammy Elsie, who seems to have an almost uncanny insight into even strangers' appetites and favorite dishes.

Then a sleigh-ride, or perhaps a snow-battle, or something of the sort provides amusement for the morning hours. Neighbors drop in from all parts of the Valley, during the day, for that week of all others "Open House" is maintained at Bushmanor.

The trip to the woods after the tree is

a feature of the week that is much enjoyed, usually. Then there is a tree for the servants at their own quarters, laden with gifts from everybody at the Big House.

In the evenings we dance to the music of an Aeolian-Vocalion, or go in town to the theatre, or something of the sort.

In short, Christmas Week at Bushmanor is a week in which every guest is expected to do absolutely as he, or she, wishes. There are no hard and fast plans drawn up, causing this day to be devoted to such and such an outing, and tomorrow to something else. Nothing is planned beforehand, unless it is some special occasion.

We try to make Christmas Week at Bushmanor a week to be remembered by anyone who honors us, at that time of the year, with their presence.

JACKIE'S CHRISTMAS TURKEY

By PEARL GADDIS

SH—sh—
Secrets!
Jackie Saunders is going to roast her own turkey in her own home for her own Christmas dinner.

Yes, Jackie has handed it out cold that Christmas morning will find her in the kitchen, all bound 'round with a big gingham apron, golden curls tucked carefully beneath a snowy cap bearing the royal (well, it is that, almost!) insignia of the Hoover food campaign. Of course, since the turkey to be roasted comes from Jackie's own "henery" (is there such a word as "turkery?") she cannot be accused of being unpatriotic to fix up such a wonderful feast for the Day o' Days.

"How do you go about roasting a turkey?" asked the cooking expert, all disguised behind nice big shell-rimmed glasses, and wearing cotton mittens just like a cooking expert in a story.

"You don't go about it—you just do it," answered Jackie, nonchalantly, as she powdered the tip of a pretty nose.

"I know—but what's the first thing you do?" insisted the cooking expert.

"The *very* first thing?"

"Yes, please, the very first."

"Well," said Jackie, with a naughty little twinkle, "you earn the price of the turkey."

"Naturally," said the cooking expert, a bit haughtily. "But then?"

"Oh, then you buy the turkey," answered Jackie, provokingly.

"Yes?" said the Expert, coldly.

"Oh, and then you dress it, and remove the inedible portion of its anatomy, wash it, and season it, and stuff it, and truss it, and put it in a baking pan, and put it in the oven. The fire does the rest."

"Isn't there anything else to be done?"

"Oh, you baste it occasionally—by dip-

ping the gravy up and pouring it over the baking bird."

"I suppose you make chestnut stuffing and all the 'with its?'" politely inquired the visitor, somewhat mollified after Jackie's wicked efforts to nonplus her!

"Indeed I do! I adore chestnut stuffing. Want my recipe for it?" and, finding that she would not be needed on the set for half an hour or more, Jackie settled back cozily to discuss her favorite topic—cooking.

Jackie Saunders' Chestnut Stuffing.—One pint fine bread crumbs, 1 pint shelled and boiled chestnuts chopped fine, salt, pepper, and chopped parsley to season, half cup melted butter. Small raw oysters or finely cut celery may be substituted for the chestnuts—but I like the chestnuts," finished Jackie, naively.

This is the menu Jackie will serve for Christmas dinner:

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP, WITH CRISP CRACKERS
CURRANT JELLY _____ CELERY, OLIVES

ROAST TURKEY
WITH CHESTNUT STUFFING

MASHED POTATOES _____ SCALLOPED ONIONS
TOMATO AND LETTUCE SALAD, WITH MAYONNAISE

PLUM PUDDING

COFFEE _____ CAKE (*home-baked*) _____ MINTS

"To make scalloped onions, I take six good-sized onions, milk, butter, bread crumbs and pepper and salt to season. Slice onions as if for frying and cook them in boiling water for about ten minutes. Drain, and put a layer, with pepper, salt, little dabs of butter, into a baking dish. Make a layer, over this, of bread crumbs, and so on until dish is filled. Sprinkle generously with milk and bake until brown."

"Sounds delicious," murmured the Expert, jotting down the items. "But I'd like your recipe for plum pudding, too, Miss Saunders."

"All right, here it is: 2 cups of raisins, 2 each of currants, suet, flour, grated bread, half cup almonds, blanched; half cup each citron, orange, lemon peels; 8 eggs, 1 cup sugar, half cup cream, 1 gill each of wine and brandy, large pinch of salt, 1 tablespoonful extract of nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful baking powder. Put in large bowl, raisins (seeded), currants (washed and picked), suet (chopped very fine), almonds (cut fine), citron, orange and lemon peels (chopped), sugar, wine, brandy and cream; lastly, add flour, sifted with baking powder; mix all well together, put in large, well-buttered mold; set in saucepan, with boiling water to reach half up sides of mold. Steam thus for five hours; turn out on dish carefully, and serve with wine sauce.

Wine Sauce.—Bring slowly to boiling point half pint wine; then add yolks of four eggs and one cup sugar. Whip it on fire to a high state of froth, and a little thick; remove and serve."

"Do you mean to say that you intend to make that yourself?" gasped the Expert, when her tired pencil had falteringly scribbled the last words.

"I have made it already," answered Jackie, jauntily, and prepared to go out for her scene.

Jackie is going to entertain a large circle of friends for dinner Christmas Day, with dancing in the evening. She has a large house (eleven rooms) for so small a girl—but then stars must have plenty of orbit space.

Jackie loves California—but for Christmas Day, she says there's nothing like snow and big log fires of her native Philadelphia.

WHY DID THE BIRD SAY THAT?



(1) Mary Pickford seems to thoroughly understand and enjoy what this little birdie is saying.
 (2) Ann Pennington as she appears in "The Antics of Ann" has much conversation with a feathered denizen of the forest.
 (3) Marguerite Clark in "Bab's Matinee Idol" seeks a word of cheer from the blithesome resident of the cage.

(4) Louise Huff in "The Ghost House" is amazed to find that the bird has "flown the coop."
 (5) Here is Billie Burke impersonating a bird in a cage.
 (6) Vivian Martin clings onto her pet of loquacity in "Her Father's Son."

THE JUDGMENT HOUSE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RUDYARD BYNG.....*Wilfred Lucas*
 IAN STAFFORD.....*Conway Tearle*
 ADRIAN FELLOWES.....*Paul Doucet*
 KROOL.....*Crazy Thunder*
 JASMINE GRENFEL.....*Violet Heming*
 AL'MAH.....*Florence Deshon*
 LOU.....*Luciel Humill*

Picturized and personally directed by J. Stuart Blackton. Produced by Paramount.

JASMINE GRENFEL, a very beautiful if somewhat frivolous, young English woman, had two suitors. One was Ian Stafford, Under-Colonial Secretary for England, who was desperately in love with her.

"Pray wait a year and let me be free to enjoy just one more butterfly flight," she asked of him much to his mental anguish.

The other suitor was Rudyard Byng, whose guests they were at the beginning of events which presaged most anything fateful. Byng was of the powerful, forceful type and had battered his way to wealth and success via the South African route of diamond mines. He had distinguished himself by valiant service in the difficult task of establishing England's military rule in South Africa. Jasmine was impressed by his strength and power which formed a most decided contrast to Stafford's less robust though far more intellectual inclinations.

Reluctantly Stafford permitted the girl of his heart to have her own little whimsical way and he did wait for one long, weary year of anxiety for her decision. It was during this very year that Byng became really fond of this much-sought

individual, and as the last day of the twelve-month approached he proposed marriage and was accepted without a moment of hesitation. Stafford was bitterly disappointed. He felt that he had not been given a fair trial, and yet he was far too broad-minded to ask reconsideration.

"If he is her choice it is not for me to interfere with her chances of having happiness," he told himself, and soon afterwards he departed for South Africa, where he was one of the partners in the ownership of the Byng mine. Indeed, it was a very sad man that took leave of his native shores—he was convinced that life would always be devoid of any of its proverbial sweetness for him, and he longed for most any kind of an adventure which possessed possibilities of making him forget.

Three years elapsed very, very slowly for all excepting Byng, who had promptly taken the primrose path as his course after his marriage. His penchant for boisterous revelry and wanton dissipation brought Jasmine no end of unhappiness. She had awakened to the awful realization that she had committed a grievous error in her selection, but she gamely set herself to suffer interminably.

Krool, Byng's servant, was continually spying on his master as well as was Fellowes, private secretary, who was carrying on intrigue with several women, including Al'mah, a famous Oriental dancer, and Lou, a coster girl. Besides this, Fellowes had tried to make love to Jasmine. When Al'mah learned from Lou of Fellowes' affair with her, she became intensely jealous.

"I shall put him where he won't trifle with another woman," she threatened, and



Jasmine was a frivolous girl

from this day on the terrible spirit of revengeful murder grew in her heart.

About this time Krool found an indiscreet letter written by Fellowes to Jasmine. He immediately took it to Byng, who was infuriated in addition to being half-crazed by liquor. He wildly announced his intention of killing both his wife and Fellowes, and he actually proceeded to execute his tragic plan. He armed himself with a pistol and, like a maddened bull, he started his search for his intended victims. Jasmine was strolling aimlessly and sadly in an adjacent avenue when her husband espied her. He ran at top speed toward her with his pistol in hand and ready for action. The woman was unaware of her danger until her husband reached a point within twenty feet of her. Then she turned abruptly, and, instinctively startled, she screamed. Exactly at that instant an automobile turned into the avenue at a high rate of speed. A fashionably dressed man leaped from the car while it still moved rapidly and within a twinkling pounced upon Byng, disarming and conquering him. That man was Ian Stafford. He had just returned from South Africa and was on his way to his hotel. He was totally unprepared for such a situation as he had unexpectedly driven into, but he was not the man to hesitate when it became his duty to defend another.

"Stafford, my God," Byng groaned after he had recovered from the slightly dazed condition his fall had induced.

"You're right, Byng, and just in time to save you from being a murderer evidently," Stafford replied coolly as he placed the pistol in his own pocket.

The curious combination of excitement over the sudden appearance of grave danger and the utter surprise occasioned by the timely reappearance of Stafford after years of absence rendered Jasmine speechless. She stood by helplessly



Krool, the servant, was continually spying

trembling. Obviously she did not know what to do. She felt circumstances prohibited her from addressing either her husband or her erstwhile suitor.

This incident led Stafford to investigate conditions in the Byng home, and inevitably he learned of the clandestine romance Fellowes sought to foist onto Jasmine, but he learned of it in such a way as to reflect upon the character of Jasmine. His first act was to order Fellowes out of the country.

When Jasmine became aware of the fact that even Stafford believed her guilty of wrong-doing, she was blinded with rage, and she found herself forming a terrible bitterness for everyone. An era of general hate set in. Krool harbored an intense hatred for Byng on account of the painful beating he had received at his



She found herself forming a hatred for everyone

time that the Boer War broke out. Jasmine and Byng separated, both going at once to South Africa, she as a Red Cross nurse and he to fling himself into the fighting.

Upon reaching the scene of war-like action Byng was not slow in availing himself of opportunities to distinguish himself. As an officer of some rank he led his men through some terrific charges and he received special mention in the official reports for his bravery. The elemental struggle for the existence of South Africa bought out the best in him and he was a completely transformed man within a very short time.

In one instance he saved a man's life at the risk of his own. The man was taken to Jasmine and Al'mah, who was then her assistant nurse, to be cared for. Later Byng went to the hospital to visit the man, not knowing of the presence of his wife. Almost simultaneous with his arrival on the scene an enemy bomb ex-

ploded nearby and fragments of it struck Al'mah, mortally wounding her. Byng and Jasmine were the first to reach the dying woman's side, and upon discovering each other they hesitated to co-operate even in an act of mercy.

"Don't be that way with each other," Al'mah gasped. "I—I—I'm finished, but I have something to say before the end."

Instantly Byng and Jasmine recovered from their mental confusion and turned the attention to the sufferer, both kneeled beside her and Jasmine held her head up while Byng gave her a stimulant.

"Now," the woman gasped, "I tell the secret and you two will forget your troubles."

Memory of the unsolved murder harked back to Byng. He knew not why, but perhaps it was intuition.



She did not know what to do

ploded nearby and fragments of it struck Al'mah, mortally wounding her. Byng and Jasmine were the first to reach the dying woman's side, and upon discovering each other they hesitated to co-operate even in an act of mercy.

The following night Fellowes was murdered. There was apparently no clue and the coroner called it a case of death from natural causes, naming heart failure as that cause. Byng, however, found a poisoned needle near the body. This he remembered had belonged to an Oriental doctor, who had exhibited it and had explained its deadly powers one evening at his own home in the presence of Jasmine, Krool and Al'mah among others. For reasons of his own, Byng said nothing of his amazing discovery.

It was at this



Fellowes had written an indiscreet letter

"Hurry, for God's sake; I must know what you know," he implored desperately of Al'mah.

"I—I—killed Fellowes—I was madly jealous of him," Al'mah whispered faintly.

Then she took Jasmine's hand away from her own forehead and placed it in the outstretched hand of Rudyard Byng.

"Forgive me for letting you both suspect the other," the dying woman added, and then she sank back into her last sleep.

For a long minute Byng and Jasmine gazed down on the remains of the dancer. Each was weeping. The man was the first

(Continued on page 50)



"Pray wait a year and let me be free to enjoy just one more butterfly flight"

Madame Olga Petrova This Christmas and Ten Years Ago

By BEULAH
LIVINGSTONE

ALITTLE over seven weeks ago Madame Olga Petrova organized her own company for the production of her own pictures, and the contract which she signed with Frederick L. Collins, president of the Petrova Picture Company, makes her the highest-salaried woman star in the world, according to reports. Madame Petrova's rise has been nothing short of meteoric. She has been in motion pictures just two years, yet she has forged ahead, until now, where salaries are concerned, Madame Petrova, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford form a class by themselves.

The first of the series of eight Petrova Pictures to be made this year will be shown at the Rialto Theatre soon and the second picture will be ready in December. Christmas ought to be a very happy season, indeed, for the Polish star this year, and the day will be the only holiday that Madame Petrova has known since the formation of her own company.

In spite of her enormous income, Olga Petrova does not care for ostentation. It is the fine things in life, not the expensive things, which appeal to her. Her Christmas will be spent not on an enormous estate with a showy house, copied from an old castle or furnished with ultra-modern nouveau art embellishments, but in a simple seven-room cottage at Flushing, Long Island. It is the kind of a cottage that spells HOME in large capital letters, the minute you enter its inviting portals. There are flowers everywhere—in every vase in every room, and you feel at once from their arrangement that a deft and artistic feminine touch has caressed them lovingly. They are grouped in the Japanese fashion with an eye for color and number, not all bunched together, as in so many American homes. Then there are canary birds singing in the windows, and a big green poll parrot to greet with a hoarse "how-de-do," which makes up in cordiality what it lacks in gentleness of tone. There are plants everywhere and good books and good pictures, which show careful thought in their selection. The chairs are rather large and wide, and like the divans, piled with cushions. Their broad arms invite you to sit down and rest and close your eyes and drink in the atmosphere of peace which prevails throughout this lovely cottage.

Madame Petrova is much more interested in her flower garden and her vegetable garden, where, she proudly tells you, last year she raised all of six tomatoes, than she would be in acres and acres of well-kept lawns. Beauty, quietude, privacy—these are the things she had in mind in the selection of this real home.

If there are those who envy Madame Petrova's wonderful success, let them, as they picture her surrounded by gifts from a host of loving friends in her Flushing home this Christmas, harken back ten years ago and see what she had

to overcome and struggle through before she reached her present enviable position.

"It was in November, 1907," says Madame Petrova, "that I was so ill, so depressed and so utterly discouraged that I had serious thoughts of removing the burden of my existence from a world that seemed to have no place in it for me. I was living in one of those little theatrical boarding houses in the Kennington Road, London, and although I had had two years' experience on the stage, ten months of which had been spent in a Shakespearean repertoire company, it was just one of those times where there seemed to be no engagement for me or any manager who would even accept my services gratis. I was not very rich in this world's goods, and what I am pleased to call my pride, was too stubborn to admit that I

was a failure or allow me to return to the parental fold. So I continued to pore over an old tattered map of London and figure out how many managers I could call on each morning without spending more than a penny for bus fare. I might say in passing that on some of the bus routes in London you can travel much farther for a penny than on others. I weighed only 98 pounds which, combined with insufficient nourishment and a hacking cough, rendered a visit to a doctor not only a luxury but a necessity. He told me that I was in danger of developing tuberculosis and with perfect sang froid that it was absolutely necessary for me to go to the South of France or some kindred climate if I wished to greet another spring. I remember laughing somewhat

(Continued on page 52)



Two views in one of Madame Olga Petrova



Julian Eltinge about to go into action camouflaged with the counterfeit that has won him fame



Marguerite Clark in "The Amazons" thinks she can't be detected by the enemy because she is camouflaged as a gymnasium horse

CAMOUFLAGE

Everybody's Doing It, Including the Moving Pictures

NO periodical can count its contents complete, if it has left out some mention of camouflage. The word has dug its way into our language until it has completely lost its French ancestry. Deception, misrepresentation, cozenage, coggery, ingannation, hocus-pocus, thimblig and artifice, bamboozlement, supercherie and stratagem, they all mean the same nowadays, since camouflage has come into its own.

When the French paint their heavy guns to look like landscapes, that's camouflage; when the U-boats put on paint that looks like the waves of the sea, that's camouflage; when you make ox-tail soup out of a bouillon cube, that's camouflage;

How Vivian Martin and Harrison Ford deceive the enemy in "Molly Entangled." They do their love-making camouflaged like the French 75's, by a stack of hay



A camouflage effect that cost a lot of dough. Fatty practices escamoterie and makes a loafer unleavened bread

when you're forty and fat and you bant in your flat, that's camouflage; when you stand pat on two pair and look like a full house, that's camouflage.

And now the movies have taken it up. They don't know it, but they have. And when the moving pictures begin to take a thing up you have no more chance of getting away from it than you have of not hearing scandal at the Country Club. So why struggle?

If you can recall the day you hid behind the old barn and indulged in your first whiff at a cigarette, you will realize that camouflage meant something to you many years before you ever heard of the blooming word. The old barn was first-class camouflage. If you're a former little girl, remember the fan you blushed behind when he first said he loved you? 'Twas camouflage that made your face look like a fan. Verily, everybody has always been doing it—this thing of camouflaging.

May the war not bring on St. Vitus dance in addition!

Japanese camouflage. Which is the idol and which is the worshipper? Sessue Hayakawa is both in "The Call of the East"



How Some Photoplayers Spent Christmas Fifteen Years Ago

What They'll Do This Time

Walter Edwards: "I was at the head of my own dramatic company on tour, but am unable to remember where we played on Christmas 15 years ago."

Jack Conway: "I was studying for the priesthood in a small town in Minnesota on Christmas 15 years ago."

Ferris Hartman: "In my own musical comedy company I danced all day and most of the night in San Francisco on Christmas 15 years ago."

Lynn F. Reynolds: "I was a 'cub' reporter on an Eastern newspaper 15 years ago this Christmas and spent the day chasing holiday news."

Raymond Wells: "Christmas day 15 years ago I was in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on the way to Australia with a theatrical troupe."

Thomas N. Heffron: "I played a matinee and two night performances in the 'three a day' Christmas 15 years ago. I had a vaudeville act."

Jack Dillon: "I spent Christmas 15 years ago eating turkey dinner with the folks, home for a boarding school holiday."

E. Mason Hopper: "Fifteen years ago this Christmas I was the proudest youngster in the world. I had just signed my first professional vaudeville contract, and was starting on a 'big time' tour."

Cliff Smith: "I was punching cows on a ranch on the Missouri River 15 years ago this Christmas."

G. P. Hamilton: "I was 'somewhere in America' on Christmas 15 years ago with a show troupe, but I don't remember where."

Bill Desmond: "I was playing on the road with a 'Quo Vadis' company 15 years ago Christmas. Worked hard all day."

Belle Bennett: "I was playing Little Eva in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' in my father's theatrical company 15 years ago Christmas."

Roy Stewart: "Fifteen years ago Christmas saw me carrying a spear in a 'Floradora' company. It's much easier work at that than riding bucking bronchos."

Olive Thomas: "I was learning to skate 15 years ago Christmas. What I learned then helped me a whole lot with my dancing and screen work. I advise every girl to take up athletic sports."

Ruth Stonehouse: "I was in a girls' boarding school 15 years ago Christmas and quarantined with the measles. I will never forget that eventful day."

Alma Ruebens: "I spent Christmas fifteen years ago in the best town in the whole wide world. I was a wee little girl and happy with lots of toys and a Christmas tree in San Francisco."

Irene Hunt: "I was playing a kid part in 'The Price of Honor' with Joseph Santley on the road fifteen years ago Christmas. I remember the day very well, because another little boy in the company punched Joe in the nose for stealing one of my dolls."

HOW THEY WILL SPEND THIS CHRISTMAS

Louise Glaum: "To PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, and its world of readers, I send straight from my heart the wishes for a glorious Christmas and New Year. I appreciate deeply what both have done to make this Christmas of mine a very happy one."

"I expect to spend the day very quietly at home with my mother and sister. Lily, my colored maid, and a genuine 'mammy' to me, has taken the entire responsibility for decorating the bungalow and preparing the feast. Instead of holly and mistletoe, we have flowers in California, and my home will be filled with tiger lilies, for they are my favorites above all others. I purchased all my gifts for friends while in New York this fall, so I really heeded, for once in my life, the famous motto, 'Shop early!' All the time outside my studio work has been taken up with details of the War Luxury Fund for soldiers, which I sponsor. When Lily, the maid, saw the sample kits of tobacco on which I was placing Christmas seals and addresses to boys whom I know in the training camps, she exclaimed:

"'Lord love you, Miss Louise, ain't you gwine to send nuthin' but Bull Durham to your friends foh Christmas?'"

Olive Thomas states that she is going for a glorious spin in her car with a party of friends, and afterward have dinner in her Los Angeles home. She does not state who the members of the party will be, but we suspect Jack Pickford will be favored with an invitation. Miss Thomas says: "This is the best Christmas of my life, because it marks the end of my first year in pictures, and they tell me I am making good. I hope I have made many, many friends among photoplay fans, and to them I send heaps of good wishes for a gay Christmas. To PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL please express my gratitude for their attention to a new and struggling star, also my sincere good wishes for its continued success as a beautiful representative of filmland."

Belle Bennett: "May the coming Christmas be the happiest one in the lives of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL and its readers. I shall think of them on the great day."

Roy Stewart: "Although a 'bad man,' I enjoy Christmas as much as any kid. I am going to celebrate at a big dinner with my best friends—the 'punchers of Hartville!'"

Ruth Stonehouse: "To the readers of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, to all the fans, and to my friends of the greatest industry in the world, my heartiest Christmas greeting."

Alma Ruebens: "I just wish I could lay my hands on the little girl who first told me Santa Claus was a fake! Wouldn't I, though! Of course, I'm going to have a party of my best friends in for dinner, and we shall have a merry time of it on Christmas, but I'm always sorry at this time of year that I can't look forward to old St. Nick and his reindeer. Or does the old fellow use a motor truck these days? Anyway, I hope he leaves something nice for

all of you. A Merry Christmas to PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL and its host of readers. It gives me a little thrill to know I can say 'Merry Christmas' to so many thousands."

Bill Desmond: "Thank heaven the silent drama is also quiet on the day of all days! I spent a good many years before the footlights, sometimes playing in road companies whose managers were no respecters of the red-type dates on the calendar, and I believe I voice the sentiments of all moving picture folks who have suffered the joys of snatching a bit of turkey and cranberry between the holiday matinee and the evening performances. Christmas morning, and the studio closed up tighter than a drum! Will I enjoy it? Well, I'm wishing all the readers of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL the same!"

Irene Hunt: "When I was a little girl, grown-up folks used to say that a green Christmas was a bad omen. But we are quite used to seeing everything green out here on the Coast, and most likely I'll be playing golf or gathering posies in my garden while some of the PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL readers are snugly bundled up for coasting and skating parties. But it will be Christmas everywhere, and I want to wish you all the good things of the season."

Daniel Gilfether, the kindly philosophical actor who has given to Balboa-made films, so many charming presentations of his genial, magnetic personality, says characteristically:

"I hope to be at peace with all men this Christmas, and with all women, too! I shall go to hear the 'Adeste Fidelis' sung in the morning, and I hope to partake of a quiet home dinner of goose and ing'ins.

'For no bird that flies
Is one-half so nize
As goose—with sage—and ing'ins!'

"Fifteen years ago I was with Chauncey Olcott. I spent Christmas at the Player's Club. My best greetings to those brothers and also to this modern world of the screen!"

"Fifteen years ago? Let me see!" mused Mollie McConnell, erstwhile of the legitimate stage, and now the gracious grande dame of Balboa pictureplays. "Why, Aubrey Boucicault gave us a party at Martin's. All the members of the 'Old Heidelberg' company were there—Minnie Dupree and all the rest of us! From Martin's we went to Mr. Boucicault's apartments, where he had a wonderful Christmas tree for us. Robert Loraine, the great English star who is now in France with the aviation corps was there, and Frank Worthing who is now in the Great Beyond and dear J. Clarence Harvey, too! It seems only yesterday that he dedicated a book to me. Fred Perry was there, John L. Golden, Burr McIntosh and Madam Rolla the great singer of that day; they all dropped in for the evening. We had a wonderful time and played poker until breakfast.

"A toast to the good old times and the good old friends and the good new friends

(Continued on page 42)



NAN KENNEDY, who lived in a modest apartment house, was in the act of reading a letter she had just received from her brother, telling her he was innocent of the burglary for which he was convicted, when she was interrupted by the stealthy entrance of the brother, who had escaped since writing the note.

"I told you the truth in the letter, Nan—you must help me," he said pleadingly as he looked squarely into her surprised eyes.

"I believe you, brother, and I will help you all I can," she assured him, much to his very obvious gratification.

Forthwith the loyal girl racked her brain for ways and means of making impossible her brother's detection. She hid him in a remote closet of her apartment to determine its invulnerability.

"It may do in case anyone comes here, and be sure to get in there quick at the first sound," she told him.

The morning newspapers contained a story about the escape. This account was read with peculiar interest by Ben Farraday, a broker, who managed to keep just within the law in his transactions, but who

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

NAN KENNEDYEmily Stevens
 JIM, her brotherFrank Joyner
 JOHN LAWSONFrank Currier
 BEN FARRADAYPaul Everton
 BILLY BONDEarle Fox
 JAMES BONDFred Truesdell
 PARKER, butlerJoseph Burke
 MADAME ESTRELLERicca Allen

(Fictionized version of the photoplay produced by Metro under the personal supervision of Maxwell Karger, starring Emily Stevens.)

for more shady work was the cleverest among the city's crooks. John Lawson, capitalist, had sworn to crush Farraday and he held in his library safe a paper, the contents of which would save Farraday, who had begged for it in vain.

Striking upon an idea, Farraday visited Nan at her apartment, and in spite of all the precaution she had taken, he discovered the presence of her much-sought brother.

"Oh, don't be seriously worried, though," he said, feigning to be calmly reassuring. "I shall not expose him, provided he returns the favor in a small way."

"How—how can he return any favors now?" she asked in some desperation.

"Quite easily," Farraday replied. "All he need to is to procure a certain important paper from Lawson for me."

"No, I won't let him rob—"

"But, he's accustomed to that—"

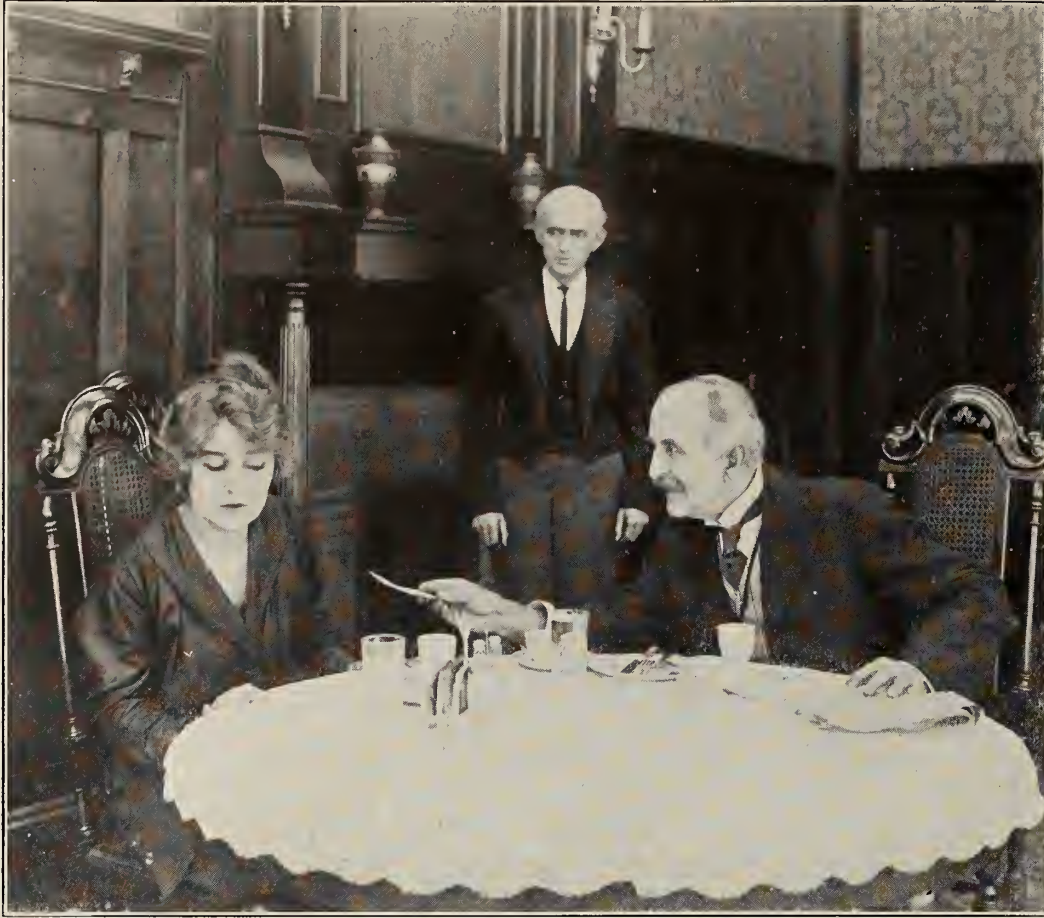
"No, he never robbed anyone in his life—he is innocent of the crime they sent him to prison for and—"

"Tut, tut, girl—please don't play me for a simpleton. Does he want my aid bad enough to help me or not?"

"No!" Nan almost screamed in excited defiance.



Nan turned burglar for her brother's sake



"Here is the paper you were so anxious to get"

"Very well," Farraday replied ominously as he turned to go.

"But—but—it can be arranged," Nan added as she stayed the man.

"How?" he demanded sharply.

"I—I'll get the paper for you provided you will give me enough money to send my brother safely to South America, where he can get a fresh start in life," she proposed.

The earnestness with which Nan made this proposal impressed Farraday and it was not long before he handed over the money she demanded.

That very night Nan gained entrance to Lawson's home and she was in the act of rifling his safe when he caught her red-handed. Instead of turning her over to the police as might be expected, he made the proposition that she was to devote one year of her life to carrying out his orders, living in his house as his niece.

"Otherwise it is twenty years in prison for you, my girl," he concluded.

"Certainly, I'll accept your proposition—you are so very kind to make it," she hastened to say.

Thus it came about that Lawson showered money, clothes and gifts on Nan, and she soon took an enviable place in society. Eventually she met William Bond, a young son of James Bond, one of Lawson's enemies. Lawson did all in his power to bring about an early marriage between the two, despite his feelings for the elder Bond. Nan's gratitude knew no bounds when the wedding day arrived. But, at the wedding supper, the principals and guests were rudely awakened from the lethargy the joy of the event had lulled them into when Lawson announced triumphantly before the assemblage that Bond had wedded a crook.

"The very scum of the gutter," he added with vehemence. "I have long hated this young man's father before him, and now

I visited that hatred also upon the son."

Young Bond ran away to hide his grief and shame, and he soon took to drink in an effort to drive the awful memories from his mind. Nan also fled, but her whole mind was centered on one all-absorbing determination—to get revenge.

Lawson's one weakness was spiritual-

ism, and the fake mediums always found him easy prey. Madame Estrelle had waxed rich on Lawson's frequent visits and she advised him on all his stock deals, cleverly finding out what he wanted to do and then counseling him to do it. Madame Estrelle was an ex-crook and confidence woman. She had met Nan several times in the company of Lawson.

To this spiritualist Nan went with a proposition, which was accepted with avidity by the Madame, who accompanied her new-found confederate to Farraday's office, where was hatched a plan of action calculated to satisfy Nan's desire for revenge. Simultaneously the losses of Farraday were to be recouped and Estrelle was to get enough out of the one deal to insure her luxury for life.

The result of this organization was that Nan fitted up a beautiful Oriental seance chamber, and as Lutra, the Veiled Prophetess, she enticed Lawson there. Farraday and Estrelle were present, hidden in two statues, and by means of dictaphones they heard all of Lawson's questions and supplied Nan with the answers. Lawson was dumbfounded over the occult knowledge Nan displayed and he paid her a second visit the same night. On this occasion she urged him to sell short certain stocks and to buy others. This advice was against Lawson's better judgment, but so convinced was he that Nan was a mystic marvel that he decided to abide by her instructions.

Thus was the trap sprung, and the following morning Lawson found himself ruined as a result of following the advice of the Veiled Prophetess. Farraday and Bond were gloating victors. Now thoroughly aroused, Lawson hastily rushed to Nan's Oriental chamber to determine

(Continued on page 53)



That was the woman he loved

MAM'SELLE BEBE BONBON

By MARGUERITE SHERIDAN

MY first impression on seeing Bebe Daniels was her striking resemblance to Mabel Normand. Comparisons, I'll admit, are not considered in the best of taste, but this statement is so decidedly complimentary to both Miss Daniels and the lovely Goldwyn comedienne that I will ask either to forgive me.

She is just five feet of bewitching femininity, this "littlest leading lady" of the Pathe Company, who plays in the Rolin comedies with Harold Lloyd, of "Lonesome Luke" fame. She has a pair of black eyes that register mischief in every glance, a mop of lovely dark curls, a sunny smile, a demure pout, and a most attractive personality. When the owner of these enviable assets whirls like a small tornado into the range of your celluloid vision, you are almost certain to forget the petty cares and worries that attend this busy universe, and just settle down to the business of pure enjoyment of this vivacious little creature, so full of life and fun—the real spirit of Youth incarnate and ever so buoyant.

Bebe Daniels is just past sixteen, but she has been on the stage since she was ten weeks old, when she was hurriedly substituted for a wailing baby who refused to "act" in Miss Daniels' father's revival of the comedy "Jane." So in spite of her limited years, she is a veteran of stage and screen.

Her first taste of theatrical life was so agreeable that she didn't stop to get an education, but managed to absorb an excellent one from private tutors, at the same time playing numerous child roles, ranging from the tiny Duke of York in "Richard Third" to the beloved little "Prince Chap."

It was in Los Angeles during her engagement with the Belasco Stock Company that the State Labor Federation decided to make an example of this charming child of six for violating the labor law. After being repeatedly fined, the manager, realizing the importance of the little girl in his company, consulted his attorneys, and Miss Bebe Daniels was made a partner in the firm. A theatrical manager at six! At this age, most little girls are playing with dolls and beginning to think about their school days.

"When I was eight," said Miss Daniels, "my parents decided there was a good future in picture work, so for several years I played child parts with Vitagraph, Ince and Pathe. The work was fascinating to me and much easier than the stage.

"Just about this time I grew up," and here she pinned a stubborn curl still higher in the vain attempt to look at least twenty, "Pathe decided to form the Rolin

Company and make comedies, so they let me play opposite Mr. Lloyd."

Did you ever see a fun-maker who didn't want to be a dramatic star? Of course, you didn't! And Miss Daniels is no exception, as I soon discovered.

"Of course, I like my present work," she said,

"but some day I want to do really big things. When I was a little girl, I played in a great many Shakespearean plays, and when I saw 'Viola' and 'Portia' and 'Juliet' presented in such a beautiful

manner, I hoped with all my might that when I grew up I, too, might play such parts. I've changed my mind a little since then. I wouldn't care particularly about playing the Shakespearean roles, but I do want to play fine modern parts that require hard work. I'll never be satisfied until I do."

In one of the prettiest sections of Santa Monica, Miss Daniels lives with her mother, who supervises her education (she still studies daily), attends to all her business matters, and is her chief chum and confidante. Every morning the little lady drives twenty miles to the studio in her "Scripps-Booth Special," her latest and dearest possession. On her return in the afternoon,

(Cont. on page 49)



Two poses of Bebe Daniels





Henry B. Walthall and His First Great Independent Photoplay



ALL lovers of real art and true drama in motion pictures will receive with delight the announcement that Henry B. Walthall has become an independent star-manager at the head of his own independent producing company.

Mr. Walthall will not only appear as the star in his productions, but he will be the final word of authority in the choosing of stories in which he is to appear, in selecting his supporting cast, as well as the various details which lend to the making of pictures of exceptional merit.

This arrangement was made possible by the consummation of an agreement between William Aronson, Mr. Walthall's personal manager, and Carl Anderson, president of the Paralta Plays, Inc. Under the terms of the agreement, Mr. Walthall will become the head of what will be known as the "Henry B. Walthall Pictures Corporation," which will have studios at Hollywood, California, and which will distribute their productions through the Triangle Distributing Corporation, on the star series plan.

Mr. Walthall has been one of the foremost figures of the screen for a number of years. Born on a Southern plantation, he received his early education in Alabama, where he later studied law. Shortly after his graduation he went to New York to enter the theatrical profession, and later appeared in support of Henry Miller in "The Great Divide." It was while playing in this production that he met James Kirkwood, the now well-known director, who was then a member of Mr.

Miller's company. After the close of the season, Mr. Walthall accompanied Kirkwood to the old Biograph Studio, at 11 East Fourteenth street, where the latter had been appearing in pictures. Here Mr. Walthall met David Wark Griffith, who engaged him as a permanent member of his stock company. He made his first screen appearance in 1910 in the "Convict's Sacrifice."

The phenomenal success of Henry B. Walthall as a screen star from that time is well known to every picture fan throughout the entire world. Each of his successes has been followed by still greater achievements, until today he stands pre-eminent amid the dramatic delineators of the screen.

When the "Birth of a Nation" was in the making, Mr. Walthall was selected by Mr. Griffith to portray the exacting role of the Confederate colonel, the predominant character of that great spectacle. So graphic was his portrayal in the part that he was referred to by many of the foremost critics as "the Mansfield of the screen." In speaking of his work, Mr. Griffith is quoted as having said: "Walthall is a rare creation of God that mankind should appreciate and respect. In all my associations with actors, I can justly say that Henry B. Walthall, as a photoplayer, is inimitable."

During the past two years, Mr. Walthall was leading player for Essanay. While with this company, Miss Mary Charleson appeared opposite him in several of his greatest hits, and it is owing to the rare histrionic ability which she

showed in these plays which has been responsible for his decision to retain her as his leading woman in his own independent producing company.

Before leaving California Mr. Walthall talked most enthusiastically over his future plans. "Think of it," he exclaimed, "Think of the possibilities of the photoplay, not only as an art, but in the number of people entertained." "A player may be seen in the same silent drama in a single day by millions of people, whereas in the articulate drama, even before packed houses, he could not be seen possibly by more than 3000." "What an inspiration!"

"To become the head of my own producing company is the realization of a dream I have cherished for many years. Probably no enterprise, artistic or commercial, has progressed with such rapid leaps and bounds as has this, the most modern form of expression. It will be my aim to offer for public approval productions made with careful study in regard to the demand for bigger, better screen plays. I propose to present productions of such magnitude as will constitute an entire evening's entertainment, without the aid of so-called 'fillers,' which the public have heretofore been compelled to sit laboriously through. My definition of the word 'art' as I shall endeavor to interpret it really means greater stories, convincingly told on the screen by players of the highest talent, and with the adequate scenic backgrounds, whether built by man or wrought by nature."

JULIAN RANDOLPH was a lawyer, who by his disreputable methods had won the appellation, "The Gilt-Edged Shyster." Because of the skill of his paid witnesses, Julian had never lost a case against the Traction Consolidated Company. Julian's most valuable aide was Roxana Frisbee, a petite brunette, who was madly in love with him, although he treated her merely

"HIS ROBE OF HONOR"

By **ETHEL** and **JAMES DORRANCE**
Screen Version by **JULIAN LOUIS LAMOTHE**

as a good and highly respected friend. Julian had undertaken the suit of Million Mulligan, an ex-blackmailer, against the Traction Company. Million Mulligan was a whole-souled, good-natured fellow in spite of his shady reputation, and he

evinced a great interest in Roxana.

The suit was successful, and Nelson and Partland, the attorneys for the Traction Company, resolved to buy off Julian.

Nelson's niece, Lora, was a girl of very high ideals. One day while in the park, she had a struggle with a pickpocket, who endeavored to steal her purse. Julian rode up, and in a very masterful manner compelled the man to return the purse.



Julian hears that "Boss" Nordhoff intends to ditch him

Lora thanked Julian heartily, and was surprised to learn that he was the "crooked shyster" her uncle had mentioned on several occasions.

Julian called on Nelson and Partland, in reply to a summons from them. He signed a paper, agreeing for a stipulation of two thousand dollars a month not to undertake any more cases against the Traction Company. In the waiting room he met Lora, who was very effusive until she learned that Julian's mastery of the pickpocket was accomplished so easily because the man happened to be one of his clients. She let Julian see her disapproval of his methods, and he left greatly troubled. For the first time he realized what the respect and favor of a good woman meant to him, and he resolved to find some expeditious manner of climbing into respectability. Partland had witnessed the interview between Lora and Julian, and being greatly interested in Lora himself, planned to discredit Julian as much as possible.

Julian's chance to secure a footing on the rungs of respectability came when he was asked to defend Clifford Nordhoff, brother of Marcus Nordhoff, the greatest political boss in the State. Clifford had killed a member of the opposing faction in cold blood, and the Boss was anxious to secure his acquittal, realizing what a conviction would mean to his political hopes. Boss Nordhoff had found it impossible to bribe the Judge, and so Julian was his only hope. Julian demanded as his price that the Governor appoint him to the unexpired term of the late Justice Montgomery of the Supreme Court, and that the party elect him to the full fourteen-year term at the election in November. Nordhoff balked at this, but was finally forced to consent.

Roxana was strangely perturbed when she learned that Julian was having dealings with Nordhoff, and she warned him to be careful. Julian could not understand her alarm. He did not know that

she was the one who apprehended Clifford Nordhoff after the murder, because she knew that his conviction would mean the Boss' ruin.

Julian won the Nordhoff case by securing three men on the jury who owed him great favors. These three men held out for acquittal until finally the other jurors acquiesced.

At a banquet given in Julian's honor, he threw a scare into the Nordhoff faction by declaring that exact justice shall be the invariable rule of the court over which he was to preside.

Julian had met Lora several times since the day in the office, and had finally convinced her that he intended to do right.

There was a growing love between them which Roxana noticed. She still loved Julian in spite of the fact that Mulligan was paying her ardent court. When Mulligan saw where her affections rested, he told her that the Nordhoff faction was going to ditch Julian in the November election. Roxana called on Julian, thinking that this information would help her win him. Julian gently, yet firmly, repulsed her, telling her of his love for Lora. "Go to Lora Nelson, then, but do you



Julian remembers the paper Clifford Nordhoff gave him

Roxana exclaimed in her jealous rage.

Julian was greatly surprised at this information. Roxana told him he would need her again when his remnant of a term was ended, and she left. Julian wondered how he could keep Nordhoff to his word. And then he remembered a paper that was entrusted to him by Clifford Nordhoff before the trial. He had asked Clifford if there was anything in his past life that could possibly be brought up against him, and after some show of reluctance, Clifford had told him of a woman case in which Marcus Nordhoff had used his (Clifford's) name. Julian still had the paper, which was a marriage certificate, the name being Clifford Nordhoff and May Morrison. As he looked at it again, a strange suspicion struck him. He compared the signature "May Morrison" with a letter from Roxana, and discovered



Julian tells Nordhoff that he will make him keep his word

think she will have you when she learns that the party is planning to ditch you?"

the handwriting to be identical. He remembered Roxana's strange manner when she learned that he was to undertake the Nordhoff case, and now saw that she was the woman Nordhoff duped into a bigamous marriage. He telephoned to Nordhoff and Roxana, requesting them to come to his apartment the following day.

Roxana was the first to arrive. She wondered why Julian had sent for her, but he had her wait in another room when he heard Nordhoff coming. Julian told the Boss he expected him to keep his promise, but Nordhoff said the party was particular about their judicial timber these days. So Julian was forced to act. He brought Roxana and Nordhoff face to face and noticed their surprise. Then he showed Nordhoff the marriage certificate, and told him what the penalty for bigamy was. Nordhoff was forced to admit that he was beaten, and promised to make a settlement on Roxana.

Roxana was angered at the cruel trick Julian had played on her, and left with an ominous look on her face. Her one



Lora Nelson's confidence is re-established in Julian

(Continued on page 55)

BEAUTIFUL BEVERLY BAYNE

By PEARL GADDIS

IRANG the bell of the Riverside apartment, in fear and trembling. I had admired her work so much—not to mention her own dainty self—that I was afraid of being disappointed in her. Really, it would be hard for any living girl to be half that I had expected Beverly Bayne to be.

A trim little maid opened the door to me, and I was ushered into a lovely little sitting-room, all hung in dark blue and white chintz, with two big deep windows facing the drive, giving a glorious view of the Hudson below. Through the wide, curtained arch of the living-room could be glimpsed a music-room, graced by a stately Baby Grand piano, and on into a dining-room that was all light and sunshine, and gay with the song of birds.

There came the tap-tap of high heels on the polished floor, and a dainty little figure in a cream-colored batiste frock, its only touch of color being a soft, crushed girdle of strawberry silk, came into the room.

"I'm so sorry to have kept you waiting," said a soft little voice, and a smile that would identify her to millions parted Beverly Bayne's red lips.

"I didn't mind at all," I hastily assured her. "I was admiring and luxuriating in this wonderful view from the windows here."

"Isn't it glorious?" she cried, animatedly. "Why, when I first came to New York, when I didn't know whether I'd be here a week or a year, and consequently, stayed down-town in a hotel, I nearly died. Out in Chicago, where I lived, our house faces the lake, and the view is lovely. But here in New York, I almost stifled. Until I found this place—where every one of my windows face this lovely old drive, and where, even in the hottest weather, there's always a bit of a breeze."

"New York is stifling, down-town," I agreed.

At this moment a lovely, stately lady in dark blue, hatted and coated for the street, came in and was introduced as "Mrs. Gilbert—my darling Aunt Mae, who lives with me. What I would do without her, I don't know!" a quaintly phrased little speech which gives the keynote to her character.

Anything farther from the usual conception of motion picture actress than Beverly Bayne it would be hard to imagine. She was born in Minneapolis, Minn., and was educated there, and in Chicago, at a very exclusive girls' school. Her education is as complete—indeed, more so—than the majority of so-called "society girls." She is exquisitely dainty in everything she does, sweet and gracious, with a cool little aloofness that forbids any hint of familiarity, but that invites friendship.

She goes out very little, because the demands of her work are so strenuous that it leaves her small time for play. As an instance of her aversion to giving up

any of her hours to lighter things than her work—which holds a very high place in her affections and esteem—I might tell the following:

Her modiste, Mme. Yvonne, is one of her most sincere admirers, and when, recently, one of Madame's friends, a refugee Countess from war-torn Belgium, came over to this country, the first American girl she met was

the beautiful Miss Beverly Bayne—and

Miss Bayne laughingly explains that the very meeting took place in the midst of a very hurried "fitting" for one of her gowns for "Romeo and Juliet," and in the hurry and confusion scarcely remembered the Countess.

But the Countess, a well-known pastelist, was struck with the beauty of Miss Bayne

and told Mme. Yvonne that she must do a pastel of this exquisite girl. And Madame promised to try to arrange it. But Miss Bayne was very, very busy just then on the last and most strenuous weeks of her favorite play, "Romeo and Juliet," and Madame was unable to effect the arrangement. But the Countess was fortunate in meeting Mrs. Gilbert, that same beloved "Aunt Mae," who very

kindly promised the noblewoman a photograph of Miss Bayne. And when told of this, Miss Bayne promptly autographed her favorite photograph—a copy of the Empress Josephine, on the stairs.

Two months later, going into Mme. Yvonne's salon, for some orders about a costume, Mrs. Gilbert was astonished to find an exquisite pastel of Miss Bayne, copied from the photograph, framed and hanging in the place of

(Continued page 56)



The Maid of Belgium

Story of the World Photoplay Starring
Alice Brady

AT the very beginning of the world conflict, mowed down by the red-bladed scythe of war, was the quaint little village of Saint Michelet. Out of the ruins came Adoree, her memory gone, entirely because of her sufferings. Among the ruins she found a battered doll, and this she hugged to her breast as her living, flesh and blood baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Hudson, planning an automobile tour of Belgium, were held up at the border. Adoree, searching for food, came to the roadside. She was discovered by the Hudsons' who were touched by the pathetic condition of the refugee, by her loss of memory and her adoring care for the doll. They decided to adopt her and to take her to their American home.

Adoree brought a new note of happiness to their childless home. "Her lullabies and childish ways make me long for children of our own," said Mr. Hudson. And he continued: "When a man has founded a great business such as mine, it is only natural for him to desire sons to follow in his footsteps—and daughters to enjoy the golden harvest."

Mrs. Hudson's society friends were much amused by her adoption of Adoree. When Mrs. Hudson exhibited Adoree to them they were much entertained and particularly so when Adoree showed them her doll and declared that it was her baby. They told her that it was only a doll, but she indignantly resented this.

The days passed happily for the child woman, though her

memory did not return. One day she ran happily to Mrs. Hudson and said: "I know the word I have been wanting to say for a long time—it is *mother*." Mrs. Hudson cringed at the sound of this word. "Mother is the sweetest word ever spoken," said Mrs. Hudson, "and I have found it out, too late."

Mrs. Hudson entertained at a garden



The royal family was reunited at last



War's fury had shattered her memory

called on Adoree in the interest of the future happiness of four people. She proposed that Adoree entrust her child to Mrs. Hudson, relinquishing all her rights to the infant so that the child might have the protection of an honorable name. Adoree finally consented. The child was born and Dr. Thorn sent a cablegram to Mr. Hudson calling him home. He returned to the greatest happiness of his life, finding his wife in bed clasping the infant in her arms and he greeted the baby as "Our son."

At the lodge Adoree longed for her baby. She threw the doll, which comforted her so many times, to the floor in disgust. Finally mother love conquered, she went to the Hudson home, kidnapped her baby and fled with it to an island in the lake.

Finding the baby gone the next day Mrs. Hudson also found a note from Adoree reading like this:

"I can't give up my baby. If you follow and take him from me, I'll tell the truth—that he is mine. Adoree."

Mr. Hudson was beside himself with grief. The gardener brought in a coat, discarded by Adoree in her flight, which he had found in the lake. Mr. Hudson immediately took it for granted that Adoree and the baby had been drowned and he ordered a search made for the bodies and the lake to be dynamited to bring the bodies to the surface.

The pangs of hunger drove Adoree from her hiding place. A dynamite explosion near her threw her to the ground and she was barely able to call for help. Mr. Hudson came to her in a boat and was rejoiced to find the baby safe and sound. Adoree, suffering from the shock of the explosion, was placed under the care of Dr. Thorn. Mr. Hudson, incensed at what he believed was Adoree's attempt to kidnap his child, determined that she was not to be trusted and must be sent to an asylum.

The shock of the explosion and the mental shock of again giving up her child, re-

(Continued on page 52)



Adoree amused Mrs. Hudson's society friends

party and there Adoree was taken ill. Dr. Thorn, a woman doctor was called and made the discovery that Adoree was about to become a mother. Mrs. Hudson said that as a safeguard she would have Adoree spend a year at the Hudson mountain lodge.

The next day a letter came for Mr. Hudson from Brazil calling him to that country on a lengthy business trip. He said that he could not take his wife with him and she replied that she had been to see Dr. Thorn. She added that when he came home his greatest desire would be realized.

At the mountain lodge Dr. Thorn

THE SILENT TREND

A Composite Review of the Current Month's Achievements in the Photo-Play World

By BERT D. ESSEX

WE have never yet encountered a regular motion picture fan who was not thoroughly versed in practically every phase of the cinema art. There are few exhibitors whose judgment of photoplays cannot be matched by most any patron of this form of entertainment. The making of this statement is far from being a reflection upon the ability of the exhibitor to run his own business. On the contrary, it is only due recognition of the highly developed intelligence of the American public, and the indisputable evidence of this simply drives home the fact that producers have been wasting a lot of money and time on the fallacy of extending their picture activities to the managers of picture houses alone. From the very inception the one who had made the feature should have appealed to the photoplay-goer direct. Heretofore the decisions of theatre managers have been final, and apparently the powers higher up have not cared to take the public into their confidence and to feel that public's pulse with exceeding care and constancy. However, these same gentlemen are now beginning to see the light in a different light and consequently some of them are conducting most judicious advertising campaigns in newspapers and magazines which circulate almost exclusively among the fans. It is not difficult to understand how this is going to work as a veritable boon to the great industry. The stimulating effect is discernible from the inception—the intense interest of fans is actually being intensified and the increasing of interest means a corresponding increase in business—an expansion the exhibitors could never bring about unaided. The prosperity of pictures is entirely to the general public, and therefore it certainly behooves the producers to "put it up" to the public through the mediums which reach that public. Wise men need no repetitions of lessons already learned!

ONE of the more ambitious productions of the hour is William Fox's screen version of "Les Miserables," Victor Hugo's famous novel. Far from suffering, the whole structure of the familiar plot has benefited in the adaptation. William Farnum in the stellar role of Jean Valjean, is at his best. He has made this incomparable character a more human being than the word picture of any master could create. No part Mr. Farnum has ever had on either the stage or screen has possessed the appeal of his Valjean.

A WEALTH of intensely human situations, combined with "the richness of the ripeness" of Elsie Ferguson's sterling ability, can be accredited with making "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" one of the most satisfactory photoplays of the current month. Miss Ferguson draws a striking characterization as Jennie, a child of the slums, of unknown parentage, who encounters the strong arm of the law when she

TENDENCIES TERSELY TOLD

The United States Government has entered the motion picture field strictly on a non-commercial basis. The Committee on Public Information will make and distribute weekly news reels showing Uncle Sam's preparations for the great world conflict. It is another link in the chain of official recognition of the value of the screen as a medium for publicity.

As a proof of the exalted patriotism and the true, undefiled Americanism of motion picture stars, we cite as instances Marguerite Clark, who raised \$15,000,000 for the Second Liberty Loan in Cincinnati, her home town, and Theda Bara, who sold \$300,000 worth of the bonds in New York by offering as an extra inducement her autographed photograph to each purchaser.

The tendency to help each other was never more admirably shown than in the case of the Mutual Film Corporation, which has formally absorbed the special war excise tax on its film, thus sparing the exhibitors, and, in turn, the patrons of paying extra fees.

What is believed to be the first repudiation of its kind of straight-laced censorship has been issued in the form of an injunction granted the Vitagraph Company, in Chicago, to exhibit the photoplay version of "Within the Law," despite the stubborn opposition of one Major Funkhouser, who has essayed setting himself up as the supreme guardian of the public morals of Illinois. This offers reassurance that narrow-mindedness will not be permitted to prevail to the detriment of a worthy art.

The trend in the direction of perpetuating good magazine stories by the film route is given fresh impetus by Triangle, which has just purchased a veritable job lot of stories from Saturday Evening Post, Cosmopolitan and other prominent periodicals. The first of these products to be released on the screen will be "The Man Hater," which appeared in The Post last June. Winnifred Allen will be seen in the title role.

Spectacular film has come back. Thomas H. Ince has attempted to surpass the enormity of his "Civilization." His latest effort is called "The Zeppelin's Last Raid," a picture replete with exciting thrills.

Photoplay producers evince no doubt as to the continued increase in their business, and everywhere expansion of activities is to be noted.

The moving picture business is booming in Russia. The new freedom born of the recent revolution gives the peasants their first opportunities for unrestrained indulgence in amusement. American-made film is being shown in the Slav State almost exclusively.

nearly kills a street urchin whose torturing of a cat she resents. Jennie is sent to a reformatory, where she becomes obsessed with a desire to climb upward in life. From this point the story waxes irresistibly powerful, and it would be a stony-hearted audience that would not weep at her misfortunes. Happily this heroine achieves some victories, too, in the course of events, and these gladsome moments serve as most welcome and wholesome relief. "The Rise of Jennie Cushing" is well worth while.

"THE NATURAL LAW," which ran as a spoken play for eight months at the Republic Theatre in New York, has reached the screen, and while the production has some imperfections which might act as baneful, it serves to promote the cause of Marguerite Courtot as an emotional actress. As the star in this picture she does her best work. Miss Courtot has not always been conspicuous for any exceptional ability. She was particularly below the standard of requisite artistry in her support of Owen Moore in "The Kiss." However, absolute fairness compels the supplementary remark that Mr. Moore was decidedly unsatisfactory in that feature. But, getting back to "The Natural Law," Miss Courtot really mounts some admirable heights in emotional acting, and it may be that she is enjoying greater freedom to pursue her own ideas of dramatic proportions.

THERE are not more than four actresses on the screen today who are in Fannie Ward's class. She is indeed one of the greatest artists either the stage or the silent drama has ever developed. One of the chief reasons for her enviable success is, she continued to improve her artistry even after she reached the zenith of perfection. Now we may justly refer to her as a real super-star. The word "star" does not fill the bill when describing her. In an earnest effort to comprehensively analyze her methods for achieving such a marked superiority in her chosen vocation, we find ourselves thoroughly enlightened by one compound word, common-sense. Fannie Ward is one of the most notable exponents of this simple doctrine. She "keeps her head" to concentrate all of its broad mentality on an incessantly beneficial study—a study which makes her one of the most remarkably adept delineators of characters of all histrionic history. Miss Ward immortalized herself with devotees to the motion picture in "The Cheat," and she has since demonstrated her ability to duplicate her transcending triumph, notably in one of her latest releases, "On the Level," in which she presents one of the most excellent characterizations of her or anybody else's career. Recently Miss Ward became affiliated with Pathe and, according to all advance information, the plan is to give her every opportunity to surpass her former record. Here's hoping she succeeds, because she deserves it.



Ann Pennington in "The Antics of Ann"

GOLDWYN has moved the standard of moving pictures up one notch at least. This new firm's production of "The Spreading Dawn" has accomplished this alone. True, the splendid acting of Jane Cowl, the star, provides at least fifty per cent. of this feature's merit, but the attention to detail so obvious in this work of art is a great factor. The story is well told and is picturized in a masterly fashion. It lifts you out of the pall of the present world war and seats you in the midst of the stirring events of our own Civil War, with all of its picturesque propensities. The fidelity with which actual conditions vouched for by authentic history are depicted in the course of the weaving of this bit of engrossing fiction is admirable, and it shows the unlimited latitude of the camera for bringing out in its entirety a big event. Though tragic, the final climax is very powerful and not lacking in congruity. The hero succumbs to a wound and the heroine fails to survive the shock of this, but the purpose for which they die is not in vain.

DID you ever observe closely the ability of Mae Marsh in the art of rapid-fire change of facial expressions? She is something of a wonder in this component part of cinema art. The nervous little twitchings of the fair muscles of her face, the raising and lowering of her eyebrows and the furtive glances of her eyes tell whole stories of passing emotion in the proverbial twinkling. Miss Marsh reminds one of Billie Burke in all of this, and it would be quite impossible to decide who excels in this particular accomplishment. The interesting point is, the occasion to make note of facial expression as carrying so much potentiality would never have been afforded had the world never known animated pictures. The stage does not permit the vivid magnifying processes by which the cinema is projected to the furthest reaches.

ANN PENNINGTON never did more different kinds of stunts than she has in her latest Paramount feature, "The Antics of Ann." She gives some thrilling exhibitions in diving and she climbs down dangerous walls in true death-defying

acquires herself in such a way as to insure herself of a great deal of additional favoritism from among the fans.

"DRAFT 258," Metro's seven-part feature, is an up-to-the-minute picturization of just what happened in many cases as a result of selective conscription in this country. It is a photoplay of fiction, based on familiar facts, and, therefore, it deserves more than passing notice. The manner in which likely events arising from German intrigue are presented in this wonderplay compels admiration. One scene at least is truly remarkable—yet entirely plausible. It comes as a climax in which the heroine makes a speech to an assemblage which had expected to hear her own brother launch a

fashion, and, meanwhile, she is a perfectly respectable young lady in a girls' boarding school. "The Antics of Ann" seems to have been especially designed to lift cumbersome burdens from the human mind. It accomplishes this efficiently, it being diverting from the beginning to the end. True, demure, little Anne dances better than she acts, and she does some dancing in this picture, too; but just the same, she

tirade against the Government. She gives them an impassioned series of ultra-patriotic remarks with the aid of a second and more loyal brother, who "covers" the whole audience with a revolver and thus forces all to listen. This culminates in a free-for-all fist fight, in which the master German spy captures the heroine, but her loyal brother escapes and gets to the scene of the final thrilling climax—an American aeroplane factory which the Teutons plan to blow up—with a company of cavalry in time to thwart the plotters and rescue both his sister and his erstwhile recalcitrant brother who by now realizes his error in dodging the draft and essaying to impede the Government's war progress. "Draft 258" is well worth seeing.

TRIANGLE seldom produces a bad picture, but they have "gone and done it once, anyway." This assassin of reputation is called "Fighting Back," in which William Desmond is starred. Not only is "Fighting Back" based on a hackneyed theme, but it suffers from a deficient structure so palpably weak and disappointing that it really becomes annoying by the time the last reel is reached. Situation is piled upon situation, presumably (erroneously) preparatory to a smashing climax, and then there is not the slightest semblance of such a "punch." It is what we would call a futile picture.

"SCANDAL" is one of those frivolous features fantastic. It approaches farce and then shows some ear-marks of

Scene from "Draft 258"



very bright comedy. It is devoid of serious moments and it leaves no deep impression. However, it has one great redeeming feature, viz.: Constance Talmadge. She is refreshingly a comedienne in this picture. She interprets the humor of every situation cleverly and with sufficient unconcern to lull you into the belief that she is being natural, and while she is entertaining you right royally she gives a fashion show as a side issue, wearing a series of fetching frocks quite bewitchingly.

THERE is a sensation in store for those who go to see Emily Stevens in her latest feature, "Alias Mrs. Jessop." This big thrill is caused by the true-to-life presentation of a splendidly staged raid on a remarkably elaborate gambling den. As the story goes, it is past midnight when the genial proprietor of the place of chance admits Lillian Ford (as played by Miss Stevens) and three companions. They find an eager crowd of gamblers around the roulette table, all betting high stakes. Sounds outside the door halt the playing. The police have come to raid the den. Everybody in the room gasps in blind confusion as the raiders start to chop down the door. The head of an axe is driven through a panel. The cool-headed proprietor hustles Lillian and her friends to the opposite side of the room. He presses a concealed button and it immediately raises a secret panel. The five make their escape just as the outer door falls under the axes of the raiding police.

THE Goldwyn production of "The Eternal Magdalene" is one of those near-risky masterpieces which is sure to have unlimited condemnation visited upon it, and much of this disapproval is entirely unwarranted. Many of the objections interposed by straight-laced reformers are ridiculous and do not take into account the surpassing artistry with which Maxine Elliott draws the leading character. This role in the hands of a great many actresses would border too precariously on the undesirable, but Miss Elliott is far too adept at drawing a sharp line of demarcation between the reasonable and the unreasonable. Her dramatic power and the master craftsmanship shown in the constructing of this picture mark it as one of the truly great achievements of the screen. No fair-minded person can gainsay this, even though certain boards of censors do hold up their hands in feigned holy horror.

THE motion picture is receiving more and more attention in the editorial columns of newspapers every day. Not only do the metropolitan dailies devote many columns to the subject in a laudatory vein, but the so-called country press is rapidly taking up the propaganda work of pointing out and impressing upon the people the great value of the movies as indispensable educators. On this score the following, taken from the Burlington (N. J.) Daily Enterprise, is exceedingly interesting:

"The more we delve into the evolution of the motion picture industry the more amazing are our conceptions of its direct value to the public. In the early stages of its inception its purposes was primarily that of amusement, but long before the promoters' ideals were realized, this form of amuse-

ment was universally accepted by the public so eagerly that the foresight of these men soon prompted them to merge into a syndicate to enlarge this enterprise, so that today their undertaking has widened into a gigantic task, with the result that the scope has been sufficiently enlarged to embrace not only scenarios for pleasure and profit, but pictorial views illustrating and defining authentic scenes of war, inventions, fashions, current events and the like. This enables a busy man to drop into a motion picture house and absorb all the current events at a glance, due to the condensed manner in which the views are depicted. This enables persons, both intelligent and uneducated, to broaden their views on topics in which they are especially interested. 'Tis true that even the U. S. Government appreciates the value of this source of publicity and appeals through its mediums to the large number of patrons, whose daily attendance number in the millions. Instead of the obsolete one-reel film, pathos, comedy, love, and loyalty are featured which permeates the mind with a moral teaching."

FEW serial photoplays have aroused the widespread interest now being taken in Paramount's first feature of the kind, "Who Is Number One?" Kathleen Clifford, the star of the latest hair-raiser, proves fully equal to the extraordinary demands made upon her for an amazing variety of stunts.

"Who Is 'Number One'?" has as its theme the famous quotation, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." It is a story of revenge, of a mysterious person who is the instrument by which the woman seeks to make a famous inventor and capitalist pay for his scorn.

In the heart of Camille Arnot, "the woman scorned," burns a terrible hatred for Graham Hale, a mental giant, a Thomas A. Edison and J. Pierpont Morgan combined. She does not seek to kill him, she wants a greater revenge. She desires that Graham Hale shall be ruined, that one by one the big things in his life shall be taken from him, and lastly, after his most beloved possession, his son, is gone, that his mind shall be utterly destroyed.

Camille Arnot gathers about her men capable of fighting such a foe as the great Graham Hale. Heading these men is "Number One," the mysterious person who directs the engine of revenge for Camille Arnot.

Her plot laid out, every precaution taken so that it cannot fail, so carefully planned and set in motion with such force that even she herself cannot divert it from its object—Camille Arnot suddenly finds that Graham Hale must be saved from her own machinations. She learns that if Graham Hale suffers, she will suffer; if he loses his all, she will lose all, and that the consummation of her plans mean the end of everything she loves. How to destroy this monster intrigue that she herself has created? That is the terrific problem that confronts her.

In the midst of all this intrigue, herself a victim, is Aimee Villon, portrayed by charming Kathleen Clifford. Tommy Hale, son of the financier, is in love with her and she loves him. She fights to save the Hales from the impending danger that threatens annihilation. It is she that risks everything for the man she loves.

Throughout the story is felt the power of the mysterious "Number One," who strikes hard, and who, the Hales know, must be destroyed unless they themselves are crushed.

The thrilling tale is built upon a charming story of love unconquerable, a love devoid of selfishness, a love tested and found true in the flame of self-sacrifice.

THE third of the series of "Sub-Deb" stories, in which Marguerite Clark ingratiate herself is "Bab's Matinee Idol," a distinctly up-to-date photoplay in every respect. Scenes in a regular munition plant running full-blast a la present-day war demands, give this picture an interesting aspect not possessed by the average release. Other notable scenes were taken in one of the most modern New York theatres—Maxine Elliott's—and even the blase can have his thirst for the de luxe slacked to his heart's content by the atmosphere here transplanted so faithfully. The first of the "Sub-Deb" pictures, "Bab's Diary," has been hailed by a great many learned critics as Miss Clark's best effort, while the second of the series, "Bab's Burglar," seemed to strike the majority of the fans as the best of a long string of best ones. But now, it will be found that "Bab's Matinee Idol" is so delightfully supplied with delicious humor and petite cleverness on the star's part that it is going to force most everybody into a difficult situation when it comes to deciding which of the three excels.

AND now the cyclonic champion of screen strenuousness, Douglas Fairbanks, is reaching for the moon in his jolly scramble for high honors in the work of diverting the amusement-loving mind. Yea, and verily, his latest starring vehicle will come to you under the alluring title of "Reaching for the Moon," and in this rather extraordinary feature the doughty Douglas out-Douglasses himself. In the course of stirring events he is shot, stabbed, dumped into a canal, has his food poisoned and battles on a narrow ledge high above safe terra firma. As his press agent expresses it: "Attacked by a half dozen conspirators, he impersonates a whirlwind and the air becomes immediately filled with human bodies." You might think Doug is in the midst of German kultur in its heyday of ruthlessness. But then in this new plot of his, he is supposed to discover that he is the heir to a throne, and naturally in these times of strong penchant for overthrowing kingdoms it is to be expected that even a screen idol would have to go through some harrowing experiences in his attempts to claim a crown. The story is one grand mixture of extreme melodrama and comedy situations. It is just the kind of a vehicle for Fairbanks to travel in at his wonted lightning speed, but it could serve no other purpose half so well.

APHOTOPLAY which is every inch photoplay—that's what "The Planter" wins in the way of praise. It is indeed a splendid feature approximating the coveted goal of perfection in most all of the essential details. This picture was made down in the rubber country of southern Mexico, and it is replete with tropical "atmosphere." Tyrone Power is the star and he distinguishes himself with a role to which he easily adapts himself. (Continued on page 56)

EDITORIAL

THE NEW PEDAGOGUE

Professor Photoplay, the new general superintendent of Education! And don't you forget it, said dominie is right on the job teaching more lessons better than any of his predecessors or contemporaries, the Public Press et al. He is the latest thing in education is Professor Photoplay, and therefore he enjoys the distinction of being a fad for the good of the general weal. Were he not so popular he would not be so influential. For some time Photoplay has been teaching folks all kinds of object lessons, science and geography, but now he is taking the leadership in imparting vital information on the subject of patriotism and how to make it count for a glorious victory of world-wide righteousness. Supplementing this with powerful instruction on how to make war effectually by food economy et cetera, he is proving to be just about the most serviceable public servant extant. And even yet, there are people who are wilfully throwing obstacles in Photoplay's way—censors for the most part who are doing their utmost to minimize the usefulness of a loyal slave to duty. Quite incomprehensible it is, but nevertheless, every great benefactor must endure unjust aspersion. However ungracious the maximum plethora of revolutionary buncombe never did cut a very wide swath, and there is little chance of it in this case. So, Professor Photoplay can go right ahead teaching the legions of apt and eager devotees. May the power to perform this incalculable good never grow less and may the new pedagogue remain in full charge of our great school with plenary jurisdiction!

HERE'S OUR MERRY CHRISTMAS

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL joins the majority in extending to you sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas. Well do we know that there could be little of the merriment to those of our thousands of readers who have husbands, brothers or fathers somewhere in France or on their way there. Indeed, too many chairs will be vacant at the Christmas dinner table this year to permit of anything like the usual happy observance of the most important day in civilization's history. But there is bounteous consolation in that our kinsmen are serving the noblest cause ever espoused by man—the cause of democracy. Therefore, we rejoice as we grieve in saying to you, one and all, once more: Merry Christmas.

WAGS WAX WARY

The mental attitude of the American people is transfixed by an entirely different arrow and the wound is recrudescent. War's fury has forced the reasoning faculties up a blind alley, and now humanity is obliged to eschew that which was formerly one of its greatest pleasures, namely: refusing to take exceptions to the pokes and jabs of merry wags. Profound seriousness permeates everything, and cinema comedy is included. Fear of offending the newly acquired sensitiveness resulting from the terrible nervous strain has made the wags of the screen wary. Perhaps you have noticed a diminishing of zeal in the one-reel and two-reel slap-

stick, slat-ticklers. Wariness is the cause. What would have aroused the risibility six months ago might now be regarded as almost treasonable in this moment of such deep gravity. As a matter of precaution and with a genuinely laudable desire to be in conformity with the best spirit of the times, most all of the comedians of the screen have changed their manner of treatment in doing their bits to relieve the tension by exciting laughter. They have been obliged to retreat from their advanced posts of methods by discontinuing much of their erstwhile flippancy and nonchalance. Apprehension over the possibility of Americans resenting so much reckless abandon even in fun-making is having a discernible effect upon the activities of many comedians. Like all other true Americans, they do not want to risk having their loyalty questioned one fraction of a second. Now don't wonder at the rapid passing of most of the so-called knock-about comedy. There is a good patriotic reason.

MAKING PILLS WITH OUR BILLS

We have all been doing our best to fill Uncle Sam's war chest with the indispensable gold. The motion picture fraternity has done its full share to help float both Liberty Loans and we are proud of our patriotic film folk. And, oh, what a satisfaction it is to know that our bills are defraying the expenses of making the mighty steel pills which, when shipped to Kaiser Bill with sufficient frequency, will send him growling and snarling to a Helena or the place which is described by a shorter and more decisive word. Let the manufacture of the "pills" continue with unprecedented speed, and here's to the ones which silence the German war lords forever! And Uncle Sam shall have more of our currency to make as many more "pills" as may be necessary to destroy German power.

FIGHTING FEROCIOUS FIENDS

It would not be half so appalling if our brave boys in khaki were called upon to cross hostile wits with normal men commanded by humane leaders, who would refuse a tarnished victory. But, unfortunately, our Teuton foes constitute a maddened though efficiently organized mob of ferocious fiends, who, under a ruthless supervision, have lost their finer impulses. The fact that German soldiers, many of whom have children of their own at home, wilfully mutilate the living bodies of Belgian and French children they capture is terrible proof that these slaves of the Prussian war lords have long since ceased to be God-fearing. Therefore, they make more dangerous adversaries than the most vicious savage, because their effectiveness is increased by an advanced science in warfare. There is no possible way to make these Kaiser-driven fiends seek to atone their wrongs except by administering a crushing and ignominious defeat. Tens of thousands of them must be slaughtered like rats with as little concern that the million who retain their virile honor might live to enjoy the peaceful happiness they deserve. The Berlin Government has so decreed and willed, and there is no alternative, since the subjects of that government are like dumb, blind and hard-headed cattle.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT THE CLAN THAT ACTS

Virginia Valli, Essanay leading woman, is an expert fancy dancer, though seldom called upon to display her talent before the camera.

Marjorie Law, who appeared in support of Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," is versatile indeed. Beside being an accomplished actress, she is a fine pianist, an expert horsewoman and an excellent swimmer. She dances divinely also.

"Twixt diet and duty—such is the predicament in which Ethel Teare, who has an important role in the Paramount-Mack Sennett comedy, "Roping Her Romeo," now finds herself. She has been saving the tinfoil off chocolate bars for the Red Cross. Now she has been ordered to cut out the chocolate. "It's a hard life," she sighs.

Edward Cecil, one of the principals in Gladys Brockwell's William Fox drama, "Conscience," was a landsman on Admiral Dewey's flagship, the Olympia, for three years following the Spanish-American War. Mr. Cecil then took up the joyous life of a player with a wagon show, touring the California lumber camps, where oil lamps were used as footlights.

Jay Belasco, the juvenile actor, is among the first drafted men in his district to be called to training camp, and it is likely that his pleasant face will be absent from the screen for some time to come, although comedies in which he appears and the marine feature, "Lorelei of the Sea," will be traveling the States for many months, and when he gets to France who knows he may not see himself on the screen there?

Miss Blanche Payson, Triangle-Keystone star, who measures six feet three inches in height, was a traffic policeman at the San Francisco fair before becoming a comedienne. George Binns, a fellow-member of the Keystone forces, recently inquired as to her eligibility for the draft. She replied that it was doubtful if she would ever get to the trenches, but that she was ready to take the place of any policeman who wanted to go and do his bit.

Rex McDougal, now a member of the Empire All Star Corporation, served for eighteen months in the English army in the present war. Mr. McDougal first joined the Scottish Highlanders and later was transferred to the Northumberland Fusiliers. A severe illness left Mr. McDougal unfit for military service and he was honorably discharged. In "My Wife" and "Please Help Emily," two Empire Mutual releases, Mr. McDougal is seen in support of Ann Murdock.

William S. Hart has long been regarded as the crack shot of the Thomas H. Ince studios, but with the opening of the hunting season in California, September 1st, Mr. Ince set about to capture a record for himself. Taking his favorite shotgun to the mountains, he bagged the limit of doves in exactly half an hour of hunting. What is more, he shot the majority of them while speeding through the fields in his auto. Bill Hart says he will have to shoot the legs off a centipede, one by one, to retrieve his lost laurels.

One lion, one duck, one elephant, two lionesses and fifty-seven ostriches were used by Henry Lehrman in making his newest William Fox Sunshine Comedy. As if this was not a large enough menagerie, one of the players in the picture had to don an imitation lion skin and get into a scrap with the real King of Beasts.

Pomeroy Cannon, who was born in Kentucky, in 1879, was used as a child actor by Buffalo Bill, Kate Claxton, Bertha Welby, Nat Goodwin and others.

Eve Southern, Southern in name, Northern in inclination, Easterner by birth, Westerner by work—Eve Southern, coming back to the subject, is a student of geography.

Bertram Bracken handled checks and then horses before he began his career in motion pictures. He was a bank clerk as a youth and later enlisted in the Fifteenth U. S. Cavalry.

Charles J. Brabin, Metro director, who has recently made his first production under the Metro banner, "The Adopted Son," co-starring Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, has twenty-six relatives named Brabin who are or have been combatants in the present great world war, in the ranks of the English army. Three of Mr. Brabin's brothers are included in this number. A. E. Brabin, a member of the Fifth Liverpool Riflemen, was killed in action at Givenchy, on the Marne. His brother Jack is driving an English tank across the wastes of "No-man's Land," and Edward is in charge of a fifteen-inch gun.

Miss Helen Holmes, who is known throughout the United States as "Adventurous Helen," has made herself a name in philanthropy as well as in motion picture melodrama. Miss Holmes, who is starred in "The Lost Express," probably the most adventurous of modern picture stories, is the inventor of a seamless knitted sock, which is declared by experts to do away with the shoe sores of long hikes.

Dale Fuller, one of the funniest of Keystone ladies, recently auctioned off several angora cats, which she raised from infancy. When not engaged in cyclonic comedy, Miss Fuller devotes her attention to the "feline farm."

Emily Stevens, Metro star, has bought fifty acres of wild land in the Adirondack Mountains, and has just returned from a visit of inspection of her property, during which time she had it surveyed. Miss Stevens is in no danger of having near neighbors, as her property is in the midst of a large tract of State land. It is located on Lake Pleasant and has an excellent bathing beach.

Miss Edna Goodrich, the "All American Girl," of the American drama, and one of the most popular actresses in America, is credited with the design of a war bonnet for women which is a cross between a Scotch cap and a toque. The hat is made in any material, either corduroy or cloth, but it has a rakish effect and is wearable by nearly any woman with a passable type of face. Miss Goodrich designed the hat after certain Scottish regimental hats in her possession.

Old Friends and Both Distinguished



Hon. Masanai Hanihara, consul-general for Japan, on his recent visit to New York with the Japanese mission paid a visit to Miss Marguerite Clark at the Famous Players studio. The consul met Miss Clark in Washington some years ago, when he was attached to the Japanese embassy.

Antonio Moreno Planned to be a Bull Fighter Instead of a Screen Star

By DELLA
MacLEOD

ANTONIO MORENO was born to make love as the sparks fly upward. His star of destiny must have been the identical one which ruled when Rome saw the light of day in imperial Rome several centuries before the moving picture was a factor in the gaiety of the nations.

Nothing could have been further from young Tony Moreno's plans than the ones life has put him to work out before the movie camera. "As a boy I wasn't susceptible," declared this son of Andalusia. "I started life with one dominating ambition—to be a bull fighter. I love the gay cloaks of that profession. It seemed to my childish mind to be altogether the one romantic way in the world to make a living.

"I used to sit on a fence near my early home in Spain, and watch the market man drive his appointed victims by to the slaughter house every morning. These were tame looking cattle, led by a trained steer, who gently piloted his comrades to the beef block, but even these were not without interest, for in everything but dash and color and fierceness they stood representative of the foe that I would one day meet in the arena.

"My dreams were doomed to an early shattering. One morning in passing along the road taken by the butcher with his intended victims, I got mixed up with the herd in some way, and the first thing I knew the peaceful, traitorous old steer who led the crowd was after me, trying to hook me out from among his charges. Whether he really meant to hurt me or not, I do not know. But I am sure of this: that experience taught me that bull fighting was not my destiny. I discovered what it took me years to recover

from, that I was mortally afraid of cows! Even now I make the confession with pain to my vanity.

"True enough, I was only a kid when I decided to adopt another profession and leave bull fighting to my betters, but I was old enough to know that if a harmless old steer could throw me into such a panic, I'd better beware of the bull ring.

"I came to America shortly after, and if plans that were made for me at that time had been carried out I would not today be in pictures.

"The rich and power-

ful friend who brought me to America as an adopted son, died, and I found myself face to face with the problem: How to make a living.

"I am not ashamed to say that in those days I was very poor, but I always was a hustler. If there was any work to be done I was on the job to get it.

"I worked one summer for a telephone company, and another for a gas concern. For one year I was shipping clerk in one of the biggest silk stocking factories in this country. Whatever came to hand I did it with all my might and main, and in every business I worked at I made friends. I was sorry to leave when the time came.

"I'm for progress. Keep moving, is my motto. If you haven't got what you want, go after it until you get it. There is al-

ways something one can do if he's up against it. Why, one summer in New York I only made eight dollars a week. Most of this went to keep the apartment six of us fellows had taken together, going. Another boy and myself were the only ones of the bunch who had steady jobs. The others contributed their 'skilled' labor to keeping the house.

"One fellow offered to cook as his share of the pool; another said he was an A-1 laundry man. The cook was bad enough on food, but the amateur laundryman was the limit! He was a menace to anyone's wardrobe.

"After the first week's wash, I announced that thereafter I'd do my own washing. And I did all that summer. Sure, I can wash and iron like a Chinaman.

"I don't do it these days, but if my circumstances were the same as they were when I got eight bucks per, I'd be taking in extra coin as an ironer after my regular business hours.

"That's the only way to get on. (Continued on page 53)



ANTONIO MORENO

Hoffman Stars Aid Soldiers' Christmas

By PIERRE V. R. KEY

THE better the day the better the deed applies aptly to a little group of American women who are rather well known to some hundreds of thousands of people in this Land of the Free. You might have seen them, on almost any day during the past six weeks, in their homes, working for the Christmas of Our Boys "Over There." Yes, and outside their homes, too. For no more pronounced enthusiasm could be found, I am sure, than bubbled forth from these feminine workers, all determined that her share in making Uncle Sammy's soldiers happy Christmas Day as bright as possible.

It was a late October day that found the tasks of these American women (they should be termed girls, but "women" seems more properly to fit their endeavors) turned their bundles over to a certain express company for forwarding over seas.

And in these bundles were all manner of things: knitted scarfs of warm wool; gloves and socks and sweaters—yes, and many other essentials that are needed by the stalwart sons of Democracy who are ready for the trenches, miles and miles to the East.

Yet these indispensables were not all that these young "women" sent. Goodies for the sweet-tooths of the fighting lads also went along, and—tobacco, plenty of it.

Weeks before the respective parcels were ready I saw some of these "women" at work. The fact that their time is worth ever so many dollars a minute in the foremost picture studios of the country did not deter them from throwing some of this time out of the window. They were patriotic, every mother's daughter of them.

Typically American, from the tips of their heads to the soles of their feet; willing workers, trying to smile at their tasks with hearts none too light for thoughts of what lies in store for those for whom their work was designed.

Player-folk, these. Actresses, if you please, and good ones. Some distinguished for their achievements on the legitimate stage; others identified solely through their work upon the screen. In short, if you please, "movie girls."

Irene Fenwick was one of the first of these workers who reported her job finished in time for the boat. She did her share, did it well, just as when she toiled to make the role of Grace Penfield in "The Sin Woman," one to make this motion picture feature long remembered.

Close behind Miss Fenwick came Jane Grey, another star in "the legitimate" and one whose radiance in pictures is beginning to make perceptive managers slant a discerning eye. Miss Grey, whose playing in "Her Fighting Chance" did much to make James Oliver Curwood's literary abilities better known than they formerly were, was one of the most enthusiastic of the group of Hoffman-Foursquare Pictures stars.

"Why, I should have considered myself remiss if I hadn't—a slacker!"

So much for Miss Grey.

Another vigorous enthusiast in this Christmas-Present Drive was Gertrude McCoy, she of numerous successes in filmland, among which the most recent is "The Silent Witness." Miss McCoy, who is youthful and filled with the sort of "pep" that would appeal to any Sammy Boy getting her knitted portion, was sorry she wasn't one of them.

"If only I had been born a boy," deplored Miss McCoy. "I always wanted to be one." She began skipping about, as she said this, giving evidence that had she been of the sex opposite she might have qualified for the high hurdles.

Far more demure, but none the less ardent in her desire to do her "bit" for the soldiers, was Doris Kenyon. Miss Kenyon remarked that she was well quali-

can woman is a true woman who doesn't do her full share—and a little bit more.

"History records, in every page, the part women have played in the wars of all time. With their help the men have gone on to victory; without their whole-hearted support defeat has more than once tapped such a nation on the shoulder. Now we American women have an opportunity to prove that we deserve to be Americans, that patriotism means something to us.

"Why, the best acting—by which I mean the most 'natural' acting—I ever did in my career was when I played the role of Esther Drake in 'The Fringe of Society.' It was made during our early preparations to enter the European conflict, during the late summer of this year.

"Looking back on those weeks I now realize that my patriotism was responsible for my being able to depict certain tense situations in 'The Fringe of Society' with what my director termed 'power through repose.' The war is terrible, and exerts strange changes upon all of us."

Leah Baird, who also appeared in "The Fringe of Society," has worked herself into a veritable "shadow of her former physical self" in doing her bit for the soldiers.

"Wonderful boys," is the way Miss Baird expresses herself. "We can never do enough for them, because they are doing the most for us which humanity can do—laying down their lives for us."

Such patriotism cannot be fittingly described. Feminine support means so much more to the men who are fighting the battles of life that it is possible to emphasize. Morally, this aid gives to the fibre of man a stimulus which he absolutely needs to successfully accomplish his task. It is like food to him, and really is food of a certain sort which he cannot do without.

Zena Keefe, another Hoffman-Foursquare star, feels that way about it. She was perhaps even more serious in her declaration for the necessity of American women standing by the men wearing khaki. She rose when she began speaking on this subject, walking nervously to and fro, her hands clasped behind her back.

"Man is so dependent upon woman that she alone realizes how essential it is for her to give him the vitality, in the form of encouragement in word and action, to spur him to his best efforts. Woman, who primarily belongs to the weaker sex, can nevertheless be strongest when occasion demands. By that I mean that she can supply that indefinite 'something' which serves to enable him to go forward and upward to reach the goal he is striving for.

"Weaker, woman certainly is—in some respects. But when the big issues arise she is ever ready to do her part; unflinchingly and without thought of self. So, I feel, our women of the screen are not backward in facing this present emergency and doing what their sisters in other walks have done and are doing."

Pauline Frederick Thanks Her Friends

I take this means of thanking all the dear people who so kindly remembered my recent birthday. Coming from those whom I do not know, and have never seen, the many useful little gifts and messages of love are of greater value than if I had borne an intimate acquaintance with you all. Each birthday adds another year to a woman's life and sometimes birthdays begin to make us feel that perhaps after all we are quite grown up, but if one can continue to advance in years surrounded by the kindly hearts and loving sympathy such as you have shown to me, then one can grow old gracefully, knowing that the deeds of the past will always retain the respect and love of the future.

(Signed) PAULINE FREDERICK.

fied to be right on the firing-line, and demanded to know if we didn't think her work in "The Great White Trail" proved she could endure hardship. Recalling Miss Kenyon's athletic accomplishments in this picture, we were inclined to agree with her.

Ruth Roland was even more voluble than any of her colleagues. The California star, whose popularity appears to be growing at a rate astonishing even in these days of rapid rises in pictures, declared herself for anything that would make the soldiers abroad more comfortable.

"Just think of the hardships ahead of them," said Miss Roland. "No one knows how long they will be in the thick of it, or . . . whether they will ever . . . come back." The little player dabbed at her eyes with a piece of sheer linen and, after a bit, looked up.

"I want to do all that a woman can do for my country, and that means my countrymen. Every man on the firing line, or headed that way, deserves every ounce of support we can give. And no Ameri-

T. WIGNEY PERCYVAL SAYS: "MOTION PICTURES DO MOVE LIKE A HOUSE A-FIRE"

THE motion picture," according to T. Wigney Percyval, co-author of "Grumpy" and "Little Lady in Blue," and an actor long established in the best traditions of the English stage, "is a form of dramatic entertainment in a class all by itself.

"There is an art in writing the motion picture scenario entirely different from the technique of the playwright; the motion picture actor must 'get over' with few of the principles we depend upon on the legitimate stage. And I have found since I started to work in moving pictures, that even a different type of mind from that of the old lover of the drama must be out in front to assure the success of a production.

"The moving picture mind, as I see it, is one trained along the lines of popular success," continued Mr. Percyval. "It is the speed mania craze that has been transferred to the screen, that is all. "A man recently invited me to go for



T. Wigney Percyval

a hundred-mile motor ride with him. He mentioned the number of minutes it would take his car to make that distance. I declined, and explained to him that I would be delighted to go twenty-five miles with him in the same time, going slowly enough for me to enjoy the scenery. I told him my mind could register twenty-five miles of landscape, but I balked at a hundred miles of dust and speed.

"But this is the age of speed, and in motion pictures one does 'get over the ground,' as the saying is.

"In the two pictures in which I have played I have leisurely roles. One is that of a prime minister in 'She,' and in the other I play a stupid English detective. Mrs. Castle is the sharp American detective, and of course the star is the latest picture, 'Carroll of the Secret Service.'

"My word!" he adjusted the monocle, "the motion picture is truly well named. It moves—like a house afire!"

There is more truth than poetry in all of this, and don't forget that moving pictures move for progress.

CHRISTMAS TIME IN THE TRENCHES

What We Can Do to Bring the Holiday Spirit to Our Boys

By LOUISE GLAUM

THE coming Christmas will be the greatest one in the lives of most of us—greatest because it offers the greatest opportunity to give. Never in the history of the world was there so much suffering and never was there such a need of love of ministrations and of giving.

Those who give the most on this next Christmas day are the boys—our splendid, lovable American boys—who have given up their business positions, money, prospects, bodily comforts, and the sweetest thing in the world—home. Home at Xmas time! There they are out in the tents of dreary training camps, on the bitter cold seas, or, worse still, in the trenches. But these boys are willing to give more, and probably many of them will have given more by the time the Sacred Birthday comes. They are willing to give the most precious thing—life. Life when it is young and hopeful; life when it is beautiful and clean! This they have gladly, smilingly offered as their gift to us of their country and to Him who has taught them love for humanity.

I do not like the word "slacker," because some way I just can't believe that there is any one in America who deserves it. Many fail to serve because they don't know how; but at Christmas time everyone has an opportunity, and he who fails it must earn that hideous title "slacker."

Since the outbreak of the war, I have been sending little gifts to the camp, just as have all American women. The government has provided its defenders with virtually all comforts possible, but it is manifestly impossible to give them the luxuries of home. So I tried to send the unnecessary things, the little luxuries that bring joy into life because they are unanticipated. To women this would be candy or flowers; to men—well, every one knows that they choose "smokes." So I sent cigarettes and tobacco. The letters of big manly gratitude I received in return for my trivial gifts often brought tears to my eyes and made me happier than I can tell you. I determined to do something on a bigger scale at Christmas time. I heard through a friend that there was an opportunity for someone to organize a gift fund. I wanted to be that one! Given a leave of absence from the Triangle Studio, I went to New York and there met the people who are now helping me to realize my heartfelt desire, and these people have called the plan the Louise Glaum War Luxury Fund. It isn't mine in reality. I just helped to plan it. It is really America's War Luxury Fund for her sons.

I knew that every mother, every sister, every sweetheart would like to send a package direct to some particular boy, so I urged that this be made possible, some-

thing which, I believe, has not heretofore been accomplished. With the splendid aid of the American Tobacco Company a system was devised. Every one who sends a dollar to the Louise Glaum War Luxury Fund, which has its headquarters at 2255 Broadway, New York City, can designate the name of the person to whom the smokes are to be sent. Immediately upon receipt of the money I will send to the donor a card of acknowledgment, and if you wish it, an autographed photograph. Another card, accompanying the package will be mailed back by the recipient to the one who sent the gift. In this way the delivery will be insured, and the one who gives will receive a direct message of love from the one in the trenches, the training camp or at sea. An exact dollar's worth of smokes will go into each consignment, and the shipment will be made gratis.

I know the campaign will be a tremendous success, not because my name is attached to it, but because we will all welcome a safe and economic way of sending our remembrances to the boys. To the editors of the motion picture magazines I owe inestimable appreciation for their assistance in acting on the managing committee. I also owe thanks to the many big-hearted people who will not permit their names mentioned, but whose gifts laid the foundation for the fund.

Charming Fannie Ward

Her Famous Jewels and Sensible Theories

BORN in St. Louis, Mo., Fannie Ward ought to be a thorough American, but the fact that she has spent many years of her life in England, has been married to a wealthy Englishman, and played before the King and Queen of that country would seem to give credence to the persistent rumors that she was at one time a British subject.

On April 1, 1907, having returned to America, she appeared as Rita Forrest in "A Marriage of Reason." Subsequently she appeared alternately in England and America, starring in the following productions: "In the Bishop's Carriage," "A Fool and a Girl," "The Marriage of William Ashe," "The Three of Us," "Fanny and the Servant Question," "The New Lady Bantock" (which she had previously done as "Fanny and the Servant Question"), "Eunice," "Cinderella" and others.

During the season of 1911-1912 she toured the United States presenting dramatic sketches in vaudeville, including "An Unlucky Star," "Her Only Way" and several others. Later she appeared in "Madame Presidente."

Although Fannie Ward enjoyed an overwhelming popularity during this part of her career, both in the United States and England, she has attained a far greater degree since her entrance into motion pictures. Her first Paramount picture was "The Marriage of Kitty," in which she met with such success that she was instantly engaged for a long-term contract.

The others, in the order of their appearance have been: "The Cheat," in which she scored a great personal success, playing opposite the great Japanese actor, Sessue Hayakawa; "Tennessee's Pardner," "For the Defense," "The Gutter Magdalene," a thrilling Salvation Army picture; "Each Pearl a Tear,"

"Witchcraft," an historical picture of the days of Salem witchcraft; "The Years of the Locust," "Betty to the Rescue," "The Winning of Sally Temple," "The School for Husbands," "Unconquered," "Her Strange Wedding," and now "On the Level," a fascinating production by Charles Kenyon, author of "Kindling."

One of the priceless treasures of the amusement world, ranking with the Kitty Gordon back, the Lillian Russell complexion, and the Gaby Deslys head dress, is the Fannie Ward collection of jewels. These are souvenirs of Miss Ward's marriage to a South African diamond mine owner when she was appearing on the London stage.

It is seldom in picture or stage production that Miss Ward has failed to display at least a part of these priceless heirlooms during some part of her work.

There is an old saying that "a woman is as old as she feels," but Miss Ward amends this statement by substituting the word "thinks" for "feels."

"Show me the clothes a woman wears, and I'll tell you how old her mind is," says Miss Ward. The first time that she saw something that was actually becoming to her and refused to wear it on the plea that she was too old for that sort of thing, her mind increased by ten years.

"The calendar is a humbug, and by turning one's thoughts to the things of youth one can turn back many pages. By that I



Fannie Ward

do not mean to prescribe a daily perusal of the multiplication tables, nor playing with dolls. My idea is not to encourage second childhood, but to hold constantly before one the dreams and ideals of youth. In my code of thought it is almost a sacrilege for anyone to think 'I am too old to do so and so.'

Miss Ward is a striking example of the efficacy of the doctrine she teaches, for despite the fact that she made her first appearance on the stage many years ago, Miss Ward is still playing young girl parts in pictures and is often taken for eighteen or twenty at the most.

She has won her place in the hearts of her countrymen by hard, honest work.

How Some Photoplayers Spent Christmas Fifteen Years Ago

(What They'll Do This Time)

(Continued from page 26)

"I've met along the way!" said Mollie McConnell, flashing the most radiant of McConnell smiles.

Handsome Gordon Sackville, who was Kathleen Clifford's leading man in the recently produced Paramount serial, "Who Is Number One?" paused in his dressing-room activities at the Balboa studio, and by dint of much wrinkling of his brow and disfigurement of the classic features for which he is noted, brought to light the fact that on Christmas day, fifteen years ago, he was en-route between Belgium and Paris. Said Mr. Sackville:

"This was my second trip overseas, for I was studying voice culture. It so happened I was the bearer of a box of American gifts from an American girl to her sister in

Paris. This sister was studying art and lived in a home where the father was German and mother French. I am wondering these days as to the domestic welfare of this family.

"Arriving in Paris late in the afternoon on Christmas day, I went at once to the home of the art student, and was, of course, invited to partake of Christmas dinner and the attending festivities, all of which was most agreeable to a travel-worn man.

"Judging from past experience I will probably be working at the Balboa studio on Christmas, and will no doubt pause long enough to consume the proverbial turkey leg somewhere. My greetings to all film-dom!" said Mr. Sackville.

Kathleen Clifford, the brilliant little star scintillating along the Paramount way in the serial, "Who Is Number One?" production of Balboa studio, wishes her friends in screenland a "merrie, merrie old Christmas and all the fixin's!"

Kathleen was in England some fifteen years ago this Yuletide. She became ac-

quainted for the first time with an English plum pudding and she also "discovered" Santa Claus, and this was the way of it:

"I was in a wonderful home in London, where there were lots of other children and Christmas eve two of us hid in the great drawing room behind a secretaire. It was our intention to wait until everyone had gone to bed and be there on hand to welcome Santa Claus when he came down the fireplace. Much to our astonishment we beheld the grownup's decorating the wonderful Christmas tree and filling our stockings with toys. Much as we would have liked to protest against this interference in a privilege belonging solely to Santa Claus, we remained quiet and finally, after waiting until they had all gone, we stole forth and examined everything. Finally it dawned on us that we had been deluded all our lives in regard to this mythical person who came down the chimney on Christmas eve. Considerably outraged, we went to bed. The next morning while all the other children

(Continued on page 47)

THE SPELL OF SAN LOREL

A Novel by NORMA BRIGHT CARSON

Author of "TRUEHEART MARGERY"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Robert Parkhurst, grandson of Col. Ronald Parkhurst, of Castle Hills, New York, returns from the Country Club on a summer afternoon and finds his mother dead in her room. Looking about bewilderedly, he sees a face in a mirror on the opposite wall, a face at once cunning and malevolent; when he investigates, he finds no trace of any living presence. The doctor pronounces heart disease to have been the cause of Mrs. Parkhurst's death, and inasmuch as the lady had been an invalid, everyone accepts this verdict except her nineteen-year-old son, who does some private detective work on his own responsibility. With his pet hound he searches his mother's apartments, and discloses a secret passage and an underground room that shows recent occupancy. He also makes a much more terrible discovery in the fragments of a letter, written to "Donazello Marco," in his mother's hand. The letter pleads with this "Donazello" not to come to Castle Hills, and ends up with "would that he were my son."

The mystery thus begun haunts the boy, who is afraid to tell his grandfather, Colonel Parkhurst, about the matter. Having no father—his father had died in Italy soon after his birth—the boy has a horror of finding that perhaps he is not Robert Parkhurst. He grows ill, and finally, in desperation, Colonel Parkhurst takes him abroad.

In Switzerland they meet Florian DeMarcel, a man of strong personality, who wins the boy's confidence, and promises to help him find Donazello, of whom the Colonel knows nothing. DeMarcel himself so resembles the face Robert saw in the glass that on their first meeting the boy accuses him of having been at Castle Hills at the time of his mother's death. But DeMarcel makes it clear that this was not so, and succeeds in convincing the boy of his mistake. Such an influence does DeMarcel gain over Robert that when he invites him to take a trip with him, Robert is ready to go, whereupon Colonel Parkhurst returns to America, leaving his grandson in charge of the man who has fascinated them both.

Robert has a gay time with DeMarcel on the Continent. In Paris he becomes known as a rich and spendthrift American. DeMarcel is, of course, well taken care of in the arrangement, and the boy does not realize that the man is becoming his master.

Then one day Robert receives a communication from Donazello. The import is blackmail; he goes with it to DeMarcel, and the latter offers to take it in hand for him. DeMarcel leaves Robert in Paris and goes away; he sends word of his return presently and brings with him a proposition whereby Robert is to pay Donazello a certain sum for his silence in regard to a supposed scandal that will involve the woman whom he knew as mother. Robert agrees to the proposal, but senses that in some way DeMarcel is in league with Donazello. He begins to hate the man, and tries to get rid of him, but it is too late.

In response to a summons from America DeMarcel and Robert take passage. They arrive at Castle Hills on the eve of the wedding of Robert's cousin, Isabel Clifton, to Bruce Wallace. Mrs. Wallace, Bruce's mother, is mistress of Heather Hall, a short distance from the Parkhurst place. She sends Isabel a gift of a silver locket, the sight of which causes deep agitation on DeMarcel's part. When he finds that the locket is a copy of one given Mrs. Wallace, who is collector of old silver, by Robert's mother, he cannot wait to be introduced to Heather Hall.

At Heather Hall Robert meets Dorothy Anstead, a Southern girl, with whom he falls in love. Just after his cousin's wedding, he tells Dorothy of his love, but also tells her the story of the mystery of his identity. For DeMarcel has assured him that his right to the name of Parkhurst can be called into question. Dorothy will not believe this, because he looks too much like the Parkhursts, and she counsels him to wait and perhaps they can trap DeMarcel.

DeMarcel meets Mrs. Wallace and soon becomes enamored of her. This changes his plans somewhat, but does not prevent his contriving to have a look at her silver collection. Among these he finds a silver locket that he seeks, and he at once hunts up Donazello to tell him about it.

CHAPTER XVII

WHEREIN THE SILVER LOCKET CHANGES HANDS

Bruce and Isabel were to be away two months, the Ansteads sailed for Liverpool the day after the wedding, and Mrs. Wallace stayed on at Heather Hall. Robert and Colonel Parkhurst had Castle Hills to themselves, and Robert was lonely, with his sweetheart gone. Dorothy would not be back until the spring, when she had promised to stay with the Wallaces, though the rest of the family would be going home to the South.

Colonel Parkhurst spent most of his time reading, as he was far from well; he seemed to be failing rapidly. Robert made short trips to New York, but they did not go to their town house. In Janu-

ary a letter came from DeMarcel, announcing his coming to them, and three days before he was due to arrive Roderigo put in an appearance. Robert questioned him anxiously, but to no purpose—Roderigo was not telling what he had been doing or where he had gone, and as Robert did not care to dismiss the hunchback, he did not press him.

* * * * *

DeMarcel went out of his way to make himself agreeable when once he was back at Castle Hills. It seemed to Robert that in some way the man had changed. He was more like the DeMarcel that the boy had first known in Switzerland. At all events, his attitude was perplexing, and Robert scarcely knew whether to resent or welcome the change. Finally, he decided to speak to him plainly.

"Look here, Florian," he started out one day when he found himself alone with DeMarcel, "I don't seem to understand you at all. One moment you are doing everything in your power to affront me, the next you are overwhelmingly kind. Now I want to know just what you mean by it. A few months ago you used every means in your power to make me realize my dependence upon your will; you were not above threatening me; it was only too obvious that you were but waiting for my grandfather's death to make me and all that would be mine, your own, or at least subject to you. I have been half maddened by your innuendoes; I have a dozen times made up my mind to end it all by speaking to my grandfather. Only a consideration for his increasing feebleness has deterred me, but even that will not stand in the way if I can satisfy myself on certain points. I am tired of all this deception. I have not been used to that sort of thing. I may have sowed a bigger crop of wild oats than most men of my age, but at bottom I've kept straight. Whether or not my mother was my mother, she taught me to be honest, and I have not lived with Colonel Parkhurst all these years in vain."

He paused for the effect of his words. DeMarcel merely said, "Yes?"

"Well," continued Robert, "it all comes down to this. I don't believe that you are telling me the truth. There's something back of the schemes of you and your precious Donazello. I want to know what it is. If it's merely a matter of money, you can have any amount in reason, but tell me, once and for all, am I or am I not Robert Parkhurst?"

He was terribly in earnest, and his earnestness impressed itself upon his listener. For a full two minutes, however, DeMarcel kept silent. Then he sat forward and spoke to the boy:

"I am going to tell you what you want to know—on one condition."

"Yes?" said Robert, eagerly.

"Do you happen ever to have seen a

certain curio cabinet that belongs to Mrs. Wallace?"

"I have, often. Why?"

"Patience, my boy. I will tell you. In that cabinet is a silver locket—"

"I know. My mother gave it to Mrs. Wallace years ago."

DeMarcel laughed softly. "That locket has a story—too long a story for me to tell now, and one that I may not at present tell, anyway. Some day you will know. What I want now—what I must have if I am to help you, is that locket."

"How do you propose getting it?" the boy queried.

"You will get it for me. You will ask Mrs. Wallace for it. I do not doubt but that she will give it gladly. You will give the locket to me, and in return I will tell you that you are the legitimate son of Robert Parkhurst. You see, I trust you—I pay my part of the price even before you promise to pay yours."

"And you knew that I was Robert Parkhurst all along?"

"I knew it, yes. But I did not mean to tell you yet. There is a long and not altogether pleasant story connected with it. But one day you will have that whole story. Meanwhile, I need the locket—to be of any further use to you."

* * * * *

Robert got the locket—so happy in the assurance that he knew his own rightful name that he scarcely stopped to figure out what DeMarcel might want it for. That very night he sent a message to Dorothy, and the next day he told his grandfather of his love for the Southern girl. Then he took a boat for Cherbourg, to catch up with the Ansteads. And he never knew till afterwards that DeMarcel crossed on the same boat with him, on his way to take the locket to his brother in Florence.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEREIN THE LOCKET GIVES UP ITS SECRET

DeMarcel walked up the steep hill that led to the home of his fathers. He was a little more than a mile outside the city of Florence, and he had left his carriage at the foot of the hill. He carried a raincoat on his arm, and in the other hand a small traveling bag. As usual he was immaculate in his appearance, though the weather was warm and most men perspiring.

Half way up the hill he came to a gate, on which he knocked loudly. There was a call inside, presently a heavy bolt slid, and then the gate swung open. A tall, gaunt old man, in the guise of a servant, stood within the portals. At sight of DeMarcel his face brightened; he bowed low and murmured indistinctly words of welcome. DeMarcel returned the greeting curtly, and strode past him into the pass-

age beyond. "Messer Donazello?" he turned to interrogate. Then, not waiting for a reply, he continued, "Tell him I have come." And he went on up the passage, opened a door, entered one end of the castle, and finally came into a great, lofty-ceiled room. The walls of this chamber were hung with tapestries, beautiful once, without a doubt, now worn to pale hues and ill-defined figures. The furniture was massive and fine—three arm-chairs and a heavy, elaborately carved table that occupied the centre of the room. The floors were covered with remnants of rare old rugs. Tall book-cases lined the walls, for the most part empty, though the chairs carried each its burden of heavy, leather-bound tomes. Altogether the room typified the remains of a glory long past and done with, though that it still served its purpose was attested by the litter of newspapers and magazines of entirely current origin which occupied the table and overflowed the floor.

DeMarcel flung his coat over the back of a chair, dropped his bag on the floor, threw his hat on the table, and sat down. A certain small book caught his eye; he picked it up, and examined it lovingly. A glance at the title-page failed to interest him in the contents, but his fingers wandered in tenderness over the yielding softness of the binding and played lingeringly around the exquisitely tooled edges.

Then suddenly he raised his head. Donazello was standing in the doorway. He looked haggard, ill, unkempt. He wore a frayed smoking jacket, over rusty trousers, and his slippers were worn and ill-fitting. His face was unshaven and rendered ghastly through the contrast of the beard against the white skin; he held a half-smoked cigarette between his fingers. Beside DeMarcel he presented a startling contrast. For DeMarcel looked the aristocrat through and through; Donazello, met in the streets of Florence, might have passed for a peasant half-starved. Only his hands and eyes were fine—the former white, well-formed and exceedingly nervous; the latter keen, black, flashing fire.

"You have come?" he spoke to DeMarcel in French.

"Yes," replied DeMarcel.

"The locket?"

"I have it here."

The light of fanaticism shone in Donazello's eyes; he leaped forward. But DeMarcel held him away, as if he sensed some ulterior motive in his brother's impulsive approach.

"Sit down," he commanded. "And ring for something to drink—if there is anything," he qualified. Donazello obeyed almost as one in a trance; he had become suddenly, strangely subdued.

DeMarcel also sat, and the silence was tense. Normal men would have found it intolerable. But these two were different—the one mad with lust for the promised treasure; the other warily watchful lest that madness prove too strong for brotherly affection.

Finally the wine was brought—in two dirty, cobwebby bottles, almost the last from a once justly-famous wine-cellar.

DeMarcel opened a bottle and filled two glasses. He handed one to Donazello, with the suggestion of a flourish.

"Drink," he cried, a note of exultation in his voice. "Drink, my dear Donazello, to the recovery of the treasure, to the

brightness of the days that the treasure will bring."

And Donazello drank, the glass shaking in a trembling hand.

Then DeMarcel opened his hand and held it out. On the palm lay the locket! Donazello stared at it, fascinated.

"You are sure?" he almost whispered.

DeMarcel laughed. His fingers moved deftly about the edges; the lid of the locket sprang open. He lifted a curiously compact wad of silvered paper, and this he spread out on the table.

"Read," he commanded Donazello, and traced the intricate lines with a paper-cutter. But at the printed words on the top of the sheet Donazello went white. "Lorel," he whispered faintly, and leaned against the table for support. "Lorel," he repeated, and there was awe in his voice.

"Yes," DeMarcel cried sharply. "Lo-

THE ART ETERNAL

By NORINE STROUCH WINTROW

*"Will war kill the silent drama?"
I have heard men lately ask.
They will find their question answered
If they contemplate the task—
War would have to do this murder.
Shall the war crush splendid art?
Will high sculpture wane and vanish,
Or the music of the heart
Pass from this—our Land of Promise,
Just because red Fury's surge
Has upon our mighty Nation
Thrown its great, resistless urge?
Art shall live, though hearts of mortals
Fall, pierced through by gleaming sword.
And Art has no finer garment
Than the drama without words.
All the beauty of a painting;
All a sculptured dryad's grace
Live in picture-scenes' enchantment
Or a shadow-maiden's face.
Yes, and more. Their charm is greater
For the pictures of the screen
Live and move. They tell whole stories.
What great painting have you seen,
Or what statue, so empowered?
Why, as scene on scene is shown
You can feel what they are saying.
Their lives seem to be your own.
Can war crush, with its taxation;
With mere figures; with expense
So divine an art, or drive it
On the tide of battle, hence?
It shall live, and down the ages
Through our children's lives shall go
Silent Drama—Life's great teacher,
In her hand Truth's lamp, aglow.*

rel. A pretty revenge—rather subtle for an American," he ended bitterly. "Look, Donazello," his voice once more eager, "follow the line—it brings up here. See? There Robert Parkhurst put his precious treasure."

And Donazello, following closely, became as one possessed. He seized the second bottle, tore its cork out, poured a glass and held it high with a wave of his hand. "To the treasure!" he shouted, "to the treasure! Come, Florian, come, a drink, and then we will go to find the treasure! In our own house! Under our very noses! Oh, Florian, the treasure! I can see the jewels sparkle, I can hear the chink of gold—jewels and money, silver and gold, freedom, Florian, and pleasures, the pleasures that riches bring. Drink, Florian, drink your fill, and we will go."

But DeMarcel quietly folded up the paper, replaced it in the locket, and put the

locket in his wallet. Then he sat down again.

"It were as well," he admonished gently, "that you compose yourself. We do not seek the treasure till midnight. And during our search, my brother," he said softly, "you may go first; I'll follow." He smiled and his brother swore—not in classical Italian. But the search was postponed till midnight.

* * * * *

A week later a dapper little Frenchman—presumably—who called himself M. Marcé, stood on the deck of an ocean-liner departing from Naples. It was Donazello, shaved and decently attired—a trifle over-attired, one might say. But he was quite content with himself—justly or otherwise—and he hummed a little tune as he watched the land receding. "South America," he reflected. "There may be a few pretty women left, who knows?" And he laughed softly. "A French count," he murmured. "A French count—I wonder if they like them in South America?"

* * * * *

DeMarcel, meanwhile, stopped over in Paris—to make sure that Robert had gone back to America. DeMarcel's suite in the Grand Hotel was quite to his liking, and life seemed suddenly a most interesting piece of business. He was rich—he, DeMarcel—he could court the little lady he loved, and court her he would. For the time being he would give over intrigue and lead an honest life—after a while, of course, well, one can never tell, but now he would play the courtier, and he knew how well he could play it. Thereupon he ran off to catch the next boat across the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XIX

WHEREIN DEMARCEL GOES A-WOOLING

If Mrs. Wallace was surprised, she was also pleased when she saw DeMarcel come walking up the path toward the Hall. "He is back again," she said to herself, and hurried away to change her gown. For the first time in years her maid found her fractious. Indeed, a spirit of perversity seizing her, the little lady kept her visitor waiting as much as a half-hour. However, it was with an air of special graciousness that she finally appeared on the scene, though a close observer would have noted in the warmth of her greeting a certain flutter of embarrassment. As for DeMarcel—never in his life had he felt so ill at ease, so awkward, or so at the mercy of circumstances. His usual glibness deserted him entirely, and in the end only a call for tea saved the situation. But under the stimulating influence of the beverage he hated, DeMarcel regained his poise.

"It is good news that I have brought from France," he managed to remark, after some commonplaces.

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Wallace, "I am always glad to hear good news."

"It is money," her guest ventured softly.

"Money?" inquiringly.

"I was so poor, you know," DeMarcel explained. "Not a franc did I possess, and only a small pittance from my government was my reward for diplomatic services."

"Yes, and now?"

CHAPTER XX

WHEREIN THE PLOT THICKENS

Robert brought Dorothy, with her mother and sister, back to Castle Hills on the same day that DeMarcel proposed to Mrs. Wallace. It was late that night before they retired, for Robert and Dorothy had much to say to one another. Also, the Castle Hills library was made for love-making, and in the quiet hours of the late evening gave a splendid retreat. Robert had missed DeMarcel, but was told that he had gone to the Hall, and as he was not so particularly anxious to encounter him, he did not mind getting to bed before his return. Had Robert waited for DeMarcel, a tragedy might have been

A PLAIN CLOTHES FAIRY

By WILL WATERS

*Yes, lift up the latch
And enter my thatch,
No, Dearie, you do not intrude,
I'm looking for you
The whole evening through.
How are you, friend Red Riding Hood?*

*You're not that sweet lass?
Well, then let it pass;
But I swear by my watch, that tick-
tocks,
You are just as fair,—
Say, Kid, put it there;
You sew a fine seam, Curly Locks.*

*Why, I am surprised,
I never surmised
What a very bad guesser I am.
Come, sit on this tuffet,
My Little Miss Muffet,
And I'll bring you some cookies and jam.*

*What's that you explain,
I must guess again?
Well, then you are Little Bo Peep;
I know I am right,
For I heard tonight
The bah of a little lost sheep.*

*Please don't look askance;
I can tell by your glance
You think I'm a fibber for sure.
Now this guess is true,
I can tell by your shoe,
Prince Charming will knock at the door.*

*Don't laugh me to shame,
For the maids that I name
All bear great resemblance to you.
Oh! sweetheart, I'm for you;
Pray tell me who are you?
Oh, Lordy! I wish that I knew!*

*Now, please stop your mirth
And I'll come down to earth;
This time it will be treasure trove.
Now I get you, Dearie,
You sweet plain clothes Fairy;
Come right to my heart, BESSIE LOVE!*

averted, but the Fates played against the man who had boasted that he could control them. * * * * *

Robert did not at once go to bed. Usually he read at this time, but tonight there was much to think about. So he put on a dressing-gown and slippers and sat down by the open window. He turned no light on in the room, for the moon was up, and so he sat there and dreamed, and presently must have fallen asleep.

The first glimmer of the dawn came stealing in at the window and found him still there. Suddenly he started up, his eyes wide open and staring. A hand had been laid on him; he saw Roderigo by the chair.

Robert's first impulse was to protest against this unceremonious awakening,

but before he could speak the dwarf's face was bent close to his, and into his ears sounded a mysterious whisper.

"Sh! Come, Monsieur, come with me, quickly." And before Robert could say a word, he found himself divested of his slippers, and half lifted toward the door. They went out of the room noiselessly, Roderigo leading the way. The house was still dark, scarcely a suggestion of the coming day greyed the hallway, but Roderigo, as if by instinct, never faltered in their passage down the stairs and across the entire width of the house to an opposite wing, where he paused abruptly before a door. All at once Robert realized where they were going. They were at the door of the room in which his mother had died. It seemed incredible that Roderigo should bring him here; he was minded to stop and demand an explanation. But Roderigo had no time for explanations. He laid his hand on Robert's shoulder and turned him around. The change of position discovered a fine, thin stream of light breaking across the shadows; a little forward movement, and Robert found himself placed where he could see into the room through a crack where the hunchback must have opened the door. It took him a few seconds to accustom himself to the dimness, but when he did discern something it filled him with anger and astonishment. He peered into the room in a sheer passion of fascination. For where the old secretary that had belonged to his mother stood in its corner, a man was standing, a lighted candle in one hand, the secretary open before him; as they watched, he put down the candle on a chair, and opened the secretary, his hands fumbling with papers.

The man was DeMarcel—he was the man of the looking-glass. At least so it appeared to Robert. Robert made a sudden movement, but Roderigo was too quick. The young man was lifted on the hunchback's shoulder, and in two minutes more was put down in his own room. Anger, amazement, growing second by second, inclined his heart to murder. He was blind, deaf, dumb with rage. But when he looked around for Roderigo the dwarf was gone. He switched on the light and made for the door. It was locked! For some unknown reason Robert was a prisoner in his own room, and Roderigo must be responsible.

CHAPTER XXI

WHEREIN RODERIGO TAKES THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS

Nobody knew what had happened, and yet the whole household was in a turmoil. It began with the cry of a man, such a cry as a strong man gives in a moment of agony; the cry was followed by the pounding on a door in another section of the house, pounding accompanied by shouts. Then suddenly Robert, who had done this last shouting, appeared in the hall wrapped in a dressing-gown, his face white, his eyes wide with horror; back of him came Dorothy Anstead, a thin wrapper flung over her nightdress, and a moment later Colonel Parkhurst came into the hall, while from another direction ran a troupe of servants, each asking a different question, while their faces shone ghastly in the early light, and it was obvious that most of them trembled.

(Concluded in January issue)

"Now I am rich. My mother's brother has made me his heir."

"Why," said Mrs. Wallace, extending her hand, "I am very glad."

DeMarcel retained the hand, wondering how best to proceed. Then he released it and asked for a second cup of tea. Whereat the lady smiled demurely.

"You will return to France?" she queried.

"Alas, Madam, I do not know. This America—I love it. And, Madam, there are people in America whom I love," he halted.

"Oh, of course, Robert, and the other folks at Castle Hills."

"And the folks at Heather Hall," he chimed in eagerly. Then he carefully set down his tea-cup and got up out of his chair. Before Mrs. Wallace knew what he was about, he was on one knee before her—not in any ridiculous attitude of adoration, but carrying about him a certain air of proud humility. He took her hands very gently in his own, and raised them, first one and then the other, to his lips. And his voice thrilled his hearer as he told her what he had come to say.

"Years ago," he began, "I promised myself that I would have no more of women. Once, when I was young, I loved a girl. I told you that she died. She did not—she proved unfaithful. Therefore I hated her—to me she was dead—but because of her I went further—I hated all women. When I was a boy, I was a good boy, a devout boy. I was to have entered the Church. But I fell upon evil ways. I am not French, as you may think, but Italian. And I am a Catholic. Last week I made full confession, and I am resolved to make myself worthy of the woman I love. That woman, as you must know, is yourself. I could not ask you to marry me when I had nothing. But I come to you now with wealth, and I want you to be my wife. You may do with me what you will, if you will only love me."

Mrs. Wallace could never recall just what happened in the next few minutes. And yet they remained the sweetest memory of her life. For DeMarcel was no amateur in love-making, and he fired the imagination of this woman whose French blood had been frozen on more conventional soil. Moreover, for once in his life, DeMarcel was being sincere. It was true that he loved this woman; it was true that in order to have her he was ready to give up being a mere adventurer, and in the joy of discovering his affection returned he forgot that he was no longer young, that Mrs. Wallace was the mother of a married man, and so they were like two children together, for Mrs. Wallace also seemed to overlook the fact that this was a middle-aged romance, and one that most people would presently wonder at.

In after years, when the shadows had come and gone, this was still the golden day in Mrs. Wallace's life—a space of hours consecrated to Love and hallowed beyond all other hours that she had known and lived.

DeMarcel remained to dinner, and they passed the evening together making plans. It was late when he left, but he was like a new man, and he left behind him a supremely elated little lady who could scarcely believe that her years of loneliness were to have so great a crown of happiness.

WHAT'S WRONG CAN WRITE

A YOUNG woman with ink covering all exposed parts of her person appeared at the office door of the Lasky Studio General Manager, Milton E. Hoffman recently and declared that unless they started work on her next picture soon she wouldn't even know herself. With the aid of blotting paper, the ink was removed sufficiently to disclose that it was none other than Louise Huff, who appears with Jack Pickford in "Jack and Jill."

Although Louise must have looked all wrong, she was certainly all ready to write herself.

HIS press agent claims that Taylor Holmes, the comedian, walked most of the way from Chicago to Boston to get his first job on the stage.

But the long walk was worth it, since it cleared the way for several long runs on Broadway.

AMONG the photoplayers who are doing everything in their power to co-operate with Herbert Hoover in food conservation is Marguerite Clayton, who has trimmed her menu down to about one course and a half.

There are plenty of others, however, who have got no further in their economy than to cut out toothpicks.

EVIDENTLY Mack Sennett believes in evolution. In his latest photoplays he is dressing the men up in feminine attire.

Corsets all funny business.

PAULINE FREDERICK spent her October vacation, consisting of ten days, buying Christmas presents.

Judging from the way prices and taxes are increasing, we did all our Xmas shopping last Christmas.

HERE'S a paradox—Ann Little is a big favorite.

So there's nothing in size except sighs.

A RECENT Metro photoplay is called "A Sleeping Memory."

Sort of synonymous to absent-mindedness, we would say.

IF there is anyone Julian Eltinge, the famous female impersonator, despises it is a "sissy." In private life he is one of the manliest of men. On the screen you will find him to be one of the loveliest of lovely women.

Just exactly what Julian is—is a real reel fellow who can make women envious of him.

SCREEN STORIES

WITH BLACK FACE COMEDY

By JACK WINN

AMONG the best knitters in Filmland is June Caprice.

Still, Bill S. Hart is very good at knitting—his eyebrows.

THERE is a photoplay current entitled "The Angel Factor."

It does seem like overstepping the bounds of propriety, for angels "just are" and are not manufactured.

BRYANT WASHBURN wants to know what a hard smoker is going to do if the price of tobacco continues to rise.

Oh, that's easy (and more healthful, too)—abstain.

VIRGINIA VALLI, the Essanay star, spends her time between scenes in the studio reading law books.

Looks like she is preparing to lay the law down to somebody. An easy target would be that fellow, Mayor Thomas B. Smith, of Philadelphia.

WOULD you like to know our idea of a very strong cast?

Charlie Chaplin supported by a piece of limburger cheese.

ARE motion pictures still as popular as ever?

Has John D. Rockefeller still got a spare dime?

BEVERLY BAYNE is an omniverous reader of magazines and she says she wishes they were all published thrice a month instead of once.

Evidently she thinks because wood pulp grows on trees that it is plentiful. But, believe me, Beverly, all publishers wish they could get out their publications half of once a month while paper is so all-fired scarce. Why, the woody stuff is so scarce that they wanted me to cut this department of mine down to a "stick."

PAULINE FREDERICK recently tried on 200 gowns in a single morning.

Now say a moving picture star doesn't have her trials!

DIRECTOR Donald Mackenzie, of Pathe, declares that women take greater risks than men in pictures.

They do the same thing in real life, too, and every man knows of specific instances.

IS FAITH STIRRING US?

ARE we free agents or are all our actions governed by some dominant force over which we have no control? This is a question being asked by Mollie King,

the fascinating star of Pathe's latest serial, "The Seven Pearls." "Things happen to me," said Miss King, "so directly contrary to the way I plan them that I am beginning to believe we are merely so many mannikins, jumping this way or that, whenever somebody pulls the strings."

Let us be lucid—Fate is the chief string-puller, while girls do the most of the roping-in, and men devote their time generally to yarns.

ANN MURDOCK says she loves simplicity in everything.

The simplicity of a simpleton, too?

WHEN his horse stepped into a hole and threw him violently to a pavement, J. Warren Kerrigan sustained a broken leg.

Fortunately, the fall did not break his contract and he is already making another picture.

IT is said Charles Ray is so sensitive that he has a horror of offending anyone.

Good for Charles. The only thing offensive any of us can approve is the kind General Haig is slamming at the German "germs."

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is getting mighty "chummy" with Evangelist Billy Sunday.

Perchance Doug is working for a season pass to flash on Saint Peter.

NOT long ago William S. Hart donned overalls and played the role of carpenter to the extent of building one of the sets for his new Arcraft picture all by himself.

The very fact that he still has fingernails after driving all those nails proves that Bill is more than just a crackerjack actor.

LESTER CUNEO, who has been the villain in most of Harold Lockwood's photoplays of the last year, has been called as a member of the new national army.

Here's hoping Lester's villainy hereafter will consist of good straight shooting at the enemy and that he returns safe and sound a hero.

SUSIE LIGHT MOON is the name of an Indian squaw appearing in support of William Desmond in "Master of His Home."

Just like a moon about all Susie does in the picture is to "set," and again like the moon she is totally eclipsed ere long.

How Some Photoplayers Spent Christmas Fifteen Years Ago

(Continued from page 42)

were exclaiming over the goodness of Santa Claus, we alone knew the truth. They never fooled us after that.

"I expect to entertain a party of friends at my hotel this Christmas. When one has no home, a good hotel is the next best place."

Anita King, the charming star of the Horkeimer-Mutual program, tells this little Christmas story of fifteen years ago. In its warp and woof will be found a strain of pathos intermingled with the Christmas joy.

"I was living in a hotel in Syracuse, N. Y. fifteen years ago. I had no other home and my uncle, who was also my guardian, had presented me with a fur-lined coat and a little muff to match.

"I will never forget that Christmas. It was the day of my life. I was so proud of that fur set. I think Syracuse was the coldest place in the whole world that day. The sidewalks were sheer ice. My uncle had left word that I was not to venture out. And me, with my new set of furs! Imagine! Living in a hotel of course I had no Christmas tree. So contrary to instructions, I attired myself in my fur coat, and carrying the muff I went forth. The first thing I did was to skid and fall. The muff slipped out of my grasp and the wind carried it along and a big dog pounced on it and ran away with it in his mouth. I hurried along after him crying and falling as I went, and I bumped into a poor little tyke standing on the corner, half frozen trying to sell some papers. He was crying too. So I asked him what he was crying about, and he said he was cold. And he asked me what I was crying about, and I told him. I never did find the dog or muff. But I had just enough Santa Claus money with me to give that little boy some Christmas, and we bought candy and bananas and I took him to the hotel with me, and gee, we had some Christmas dinner!

STRONG SCENARIOS WANTED, any form accepted. Inquire Superior P. P. Co., 1482 Broadway, N. Y.

Vaudeville Sketches, Monologs, Dialogs, Recitations, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Make-up Goods, Large Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 79 Chicago

PLAYS

Entertainments, Pantomimes, Tableaux, Drills, Make-up Goods, Large Catalog Free.

The Annex Pleating & Button Shop

25 E. WASHINGTON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Hemstitching, Pleatings, etc.

Superior Work Lowest Prices

Send for Price List

AZ-I-EN-ZA

Trade-mark registered, U. S. Patent Office, Nov. 17, 1903—No. 41488

"The Medicinal Cream"

For Pimples and the Complexion

Relieves burning and itching. Price, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 in jars. Trial size, 5c. Sent postpaid to any address.

E. H. BALL CO., 330 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$ 10 Days Free Trial

Play on the violin of your choice — and test it for 10 days before you decide to buy. Send it back at our expense or pay for it at the rate of only a few cents a day.

RARE OLD VIOLIN CIRCULAR FREE We supply the U. S. Govt. The products of the leading violin makers of the world are yours to choose from—Famy, Bander, Gier, Hebertoin, Fiedler, Wurlitzer, etc.

Write Today for Special Circular. No obligations. Get full details of our offer direct to you. Write today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company Dept. 1853 S. Wabash Avenue, Chicago E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

"I wish all my friends in the profession as happy a Christmas this year as I had fifteen years ago."

Ruth Lackaye, character woman of Balboa, better known as Ruth Hamilton of the legitimate stage sends Yuletide greetings to all her friends.

"It's a far cry, fifteen years back," said Miss Lackaye. "I was living at the Holland House in New York. My guest on Christmas day was Ethel Greybrook, an English actress then with Herbert Kelsey. A party of mutual friends came in the evening, largely members of the Charles Frohman Lyceum Company.

"I expect to attend a family reunion in Berkeley, Cal., this Christmas. My sister, who has a large family, has planned a celebration in honor of my return to the coast."

Corenne Grant, who plays heavy leads for the Balboa screen, and is noted as this studio's exponent of new thought, even to esoteric mysticism, remembers well her Christmas of fifteen years ago. It was on this occasion that she enjoyed her first sleigh ride, and best of all, in company with her very first beau, which proves that whatever Corenne has developed into, originally she was human like all the rest of her sex. They drove ten miles through a soft fall of "the beautiful snow," to a large country home in Missouri outside of Kansas City, where there was an immense tree, and the biggest turkey she ever beheld, and loads of other good things to eat. But on the way home, it was so cold, says Corenne, "that I froze a toe, and that was the end of a perfect day!"

Helen Ferguson: "There is nothing that makes me more deliciously happy than wishing my friends a Merry Christmas. When I do I usually feel all bubbly-over with gorgeous Santa Claus and candy-eating visions, with heaps of joy thrown in and I want all my friends to know that I wish them slews of gladness on Christmas day.

"I don't know how I spent Christmas fifteen years ago. You see I had just celebrated my first birthday, and was just learning to walk. But mother says I had gobs of dolls, a wonderful tree and an infinite number of presents. I devoured some of the candy safely, but two of the dolls I broke. Wasn't that a horrid way to show my appreciation of them?"

Jack Gardner, former musical comedy star now being featured in Essanay comedy dramas, is thankful to the motion picture industry for his first opportunity of many years to have a Christmas day away from the glare of the footlights.

"It will seem strange to have a Christmas day not interrupted by a special Christmas matinee and a night performance," said Jack between scenes at the studio, "and I surely intend to take full advantage of it. I am going to gorge on a big Christmas dinner, go to see a photoplay at night, and be thankful to the inventor of the cinema.

"Fifteen years ago brings to me fond memories of college days and the Christmas holidays.

"I was in my sophomore year at college then, and every college man knows what it is to be a sophomore and have half of the school year ended. Anyhow, I remember that I journeyed to my home at Louisville, Ky., with a crowd of school chums, and there were reunions galore and dances and dinners and all sorts of affairs too numerous to mention. Then it was back to school, and we were chumps enough to think we were having a tough time of it."

Miss Virginia Valli: "That the Yuletide season should bring happiness to every one of us is the hope of all, but the season this year, I feel, should be tempered with a thought and deed of appreciation to our boys who have answered the call of the colors, and I take this opportunity, figuratively speaking, to grasp them by the hand and say 'Good cheer.' I hope the little Christmas offerings I have prepared for the boys here and abroad will add a mite to their happiness. To my friends of the photoplay world I bid a happy and cheerful Christmas and a prosperous New Year."

With her "Dad" as her best beau and with mother assisting, Miss Valli will spend Christmas before the family fireside. Miss Valli is a most homey girl and to her idea, she says, an old-fashioned Christmas is best of all.

Her program will be changed this year, however, by a trip to Fort Sheridan, near Chicago, where she will distribute cigarettes and tobacco to the soldier boys who are stationed there.



Beautiful Eyebrows and Eyelashes

will transform a plain, unattractive face to one full of charm, beauty and expression. Read what a famous fashion and beauty expert says in the Chicago Examiner:—

"There are many actresses and society women famed for their long, silky lashes and beautifully arched eyebrows that owe their attractiveness to the use of a little preparation called Lash-Brow-Ine."—Madame Chic.

If your eyebrows are short, thin and uneven, it is quite possible and easy to remedy Nature's neglect and acquire luxuriant eyebrows and long, thick, silky lashes by simply applying a little

Lash-Brow-Ine

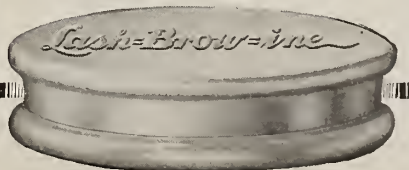
nightly. This well known preparation nourishes in a natural manner the eyebrows and lashes, making them thick, long and silky, thus giving depth and soulful expression to the eyes and beauty to the face.

LASH-BROW-INE which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has passed the famous Westfield-McClure laboratory test for purity.

Sold in two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. Send price for size you wish and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE together with our Maybell Beauty Booklet, prepaid in plain sealed cover. Satisfaction assured or price refunded.

Avoid Disappointment with Worthless Imitations—Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine manufactured only by

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4008-64 Indiana Ave. Chicago, Ill.



Bobby and Helen Connelly and Christmas

By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

DON'T let them hurt her—Oh, take them away," shrieked a child's voice as I made my way through a tangled maze of scenes and sets, looking for Studio No. 5, where the guide at the Vitagraph door had told me I would find Bobby and Helen Connelly, the dear, little kiddies who hold sway in the hearts of all movie fans.

The voice was broken by sobs and one felt a lump rising in their own throat at the thought of the little one's trouble. Could it be possible that this was only Bobby rehearsing some scene, I asked myself—never in all the world, I concluded—surely those cries came from a little heart that was really broken.

But when a sudden turn brought me to a scene showing a pretty nursery, I discovered Bobby going through his role under the powerful lights, real tears—those of the salty, briny variety, trickling down his chubby cheeks as the camera-man mechanically registered the action. Bobby is even a greater artist than I thought.

Mrs. Connelly, the "Mother Dear" of the two kiddies, who sat knitting just outside the camera's vision, rose to greet me and guided me to a seat beside her own, where I sat spell-bound until I was rudely brought to my senses by the director crying "Al-r-i-g-h-t!"

At this magic word, the electrician turned off the lights and the camera-man stopped his mechanical grinding, while Bobby arose from the forlorn little heap he made on the floor and ran to his mother's side.

His firm handshake as he manfully acknowledged the introduction straightway won him an even greater place in my heart, for it told far better than words, the fine character now in the moulding.

When the tear stains had been wiped away with some powder, he returned to his director who, after a few words of explanation, had the next scene rehearsed. This scene takes place much later in the picture and the action was altogether different. Here Bobby is playing with a pet dog who scampers about the nursery floor in a most circus-like way. Laughter now took the place of tears and genuine chuckles escaped from the little fellow as he went through the scene.

"Now, Bob, you're through until two this afternoon," declared the director. "We'll have the dancing scenes then, Mrs.

Connelly," he continued, "so a change in clothes will be necessary—Two this afternoon then."

Before he had finished, Bobby had flown to a corner behind some scenery, from which issued much laughter.

"Jimmy Crickets, you've put your list of things under my name and my things under your name, Helen," we heard him say. Then more laughter, after which he emerged, leading his pretty, little sister with her laughing eyes and golden curls towards us.

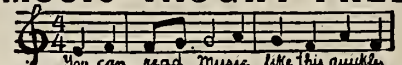
In his own manly way, he introduced Helen to me, and I discovered her to be as sweet and girlish as he was manly. Her graceful curtsy as she repeated my name

in a sweet, musical voice told of the training she receives in a private school with her brother every day when they are not working at the studios.

"Now, chickens, we'll go over to our dressing-room, where we can be more comfy," said Mrs. Connelly, rising, and we were a happy party as we left the bustle and confusion of the studio and entered the dressing-room where the kiddies play when they are not needed upon the studio floor.

Here I learned that the list which had occasioned the remark from Bobby was

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE



You can read music like this quickly

In Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils. American School of Music, 79 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago



THE ARDSLEY ART FILM CORPORATION PRESENTS

MARION DAVIES

Admittedly America's most beautiful young stage favorite in

"RUNAWAY ROMANY"

being the first of a series of super-pictures which will reveal Miss Davies as the sensation of the screen.

The cast in support of Miss Davies in "RUNAWAY ROMANY" is without doubt the strongest assemblage of screen favorites ever engaged.

It includes the following well-known artists of the stage and screen: Joseph Kilgour, Pedro de Cordoba, Matt Moore, Ormi Hawley, Wm. W. Bittner, Gladden James, Boyce Comb and others.

Under direction of GEO. W. LEDERER



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 1 1/2 k gold f. ring, set with a 1 1/2 k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. If this is satisfactory pay postmaster \$1.25 to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If not satisfactory return at our expense and money refunded. Only 10,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger. Krauth & Reed, Dept 27, Masonic Temple, Chicago



Your Old Hair

can be made up into puffs, switches transformations, or curls. 3 stem switches, \$1.50, 2 stems, \$1, all around pompadour, \$2. Old switches dyed, \$1, to any shade but grey. We guarantee to please you. LULU DUNHAM 120 South State Street, Chicago, Ill.

A Merry Christmas and
Happy New Year,
Dear Movie Friends

Faithfully,

Peggy Hyland

their letter to Santa Claus. Helen, being a little older, is able to write a more legible hand, so she had been elected to complete the letter while Bobby was busy upon the studio floor.

Their dressing-room is one of the prettiest it has ever been my privilege to see. The walls are buff, while the border consists of rabbits painted in various poses. A serviceable straw rug of brown covers the floor, which is strewn with picture-books, games, a toy railroad and many dolls. The furniture is white, with scenes from the nursery rhymes painted upon it in pretty colors, while at the window hang curtains on which are painted blue-birds in flying poses. Altogether it is a charming room, and it is here that they sign the pictures requested by their many friends, study their lessons brought home from school with their mother and accomplish the other tasks which fall to them. To the writing-table they ran the minute they entered the room, and in a few minutes the letter was completed.

"Dear Santa," it read:—

We know you'll be very busy this Christmas making the little boys and girls in Europe happy so they'll forget the war happening so near their homes. Mother has told us all about the poor boys and girls over there and we do want you to be awfully good to them. But if you have any time left to visit us we would like very much to have the following things:

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>BOBBY</p> <p>Bell for bicycle
American flag
Baseball
Magic lantern</p> | <p>HELEN</p> <p>Doll carriage
Fairy tale book
Signet ring</p> |
|---|---|

With much love,
BOBBY AND HELEN.

When they brought the letter for us to read before running downstairs to put it in the post-box, Mrs. Connelly suggested that they tell me about their Christmas while she prepared luncheon.

This they gladly did, and their eyes shone with delight as they voiced the thoughts which had occupied their minds for weeks.

"We'll be up long before the sun rises on Christmas," began Bobby smiling, "because we never can go back to sleep once we're awake, and on Christmas we

always wake up good and early. Mother says it's the excitement. Well, anyhow, we'll steal downstairs as quietly as we know how—sometimes our feet get cold and our teeth chatter awful, but we don't mind that. Then we get into the parlor, Helen always remembers to close the door after us, for I never can help giving a war whoop like the Indians do when they're happy, you know. Mother says mine is almost as loud as their's, too, sometimes. (This is a bragging tone.) Of course, we are heard before long anyhow, and we get chased back to bed, but we always take our stockings with us. I think myself this is most fun of all, guessing what's coming out next as you put your hand in. We always have wanted our stockings bigger, so the fun would last longer—this year we're going to borrow papa's bicycle stockings. He doesn't use them any more 'cause bicycles have gone out of style and men don't wear stockings in automobiles like they did when they rode on bicycles."

Mam'selle Bebe Bonbon

(Continued from page 29)

perhaps she takes a dip in the neighboring ocean, for she is an accomplished swimmer and one of the prettiest and most graceful water-nymphs that adorn the Pacific coast.

Her hobbies? Animals, first, last and always. She has a motley assortment of pets that range from a Scotch collie to a horned toad. She is an officer in the Los Angeles Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and doesn't believe in keeping them in captivity.

Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send 10c. for our **Twelve-Hour Talent Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude**, and find whether or not you are suited to take up Movie Acting. Instructive and valuable. Send dime or stamps today. Interesting. Illustrated Booklet on Movie Acting included FREE!

Film Information Bureau. Sta. E, Jackson, Mich.

DIAMONDS-WATCHES

ON CREDIT

CHOOSE YOUR GIFTS FROM OUR CATALOG

The Above Handsome Solid Gold La Valliere

No. 925, is our big leader. Four beautiful perfect-cut

Genuine Diamonds

\$5 Down \$25 a Month \$2.50

Send for Free Catalog

There are over 2,000 photographic illustrations of Diamond Rings, Diamond La Vallieres, Diamond Ear Screws, Diamond Scarf Pins, Diamond Studs, Signet and Emblem Rings, Watches, Wrist Watches, Bracelets, Cuff Links, Brooches, Lockets, Chains, Charms, Silverware, Clocks, Toilet Sets; also our wonderfully showy assembled Solitaire Diamond Clusters.

Whatever you select will be sent, all shipping charges prepaid. You see and examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-fifth of purchase price and keep it; balance divided into eight equal amounts payable monthly. Every article is specially priced.

Suggestions for Christmas Presents

A few of the many desirable articles shown in our large handsome Catalog. Every article listed below can be furnished at prices given and up to any price you wish to pay. All are popular selections, of exceptional value. We can fill any requirement.

Gifts for Women		Gifts for Men	
Diamond Rings, Solitaire . . .	\$10.00 up	Diamond Rings, Solitaire . . .	\$20.00 up
Diamond Rings, Lofts Solitaire Diamond Cluster . . .	50.00 up	Diamond Rings, Round Belcher 7-Diamond Cluster . . .	55.00 up
Diamond La Vallieres . . .	10.00 up	Diamond Scarf Pins . . .	8.00 up
Diamond Ear Screws . . .	10.00 up	Diamond Studs . . .	10.00 up
Diamond Brooches . . .	7.00 up	Diamond Cuff Links . . .	5.00 up
Diamond-set Cameo La Vallieres . . .	12.00 up	Emblem Rings . . .	7.00 up
Diamond Lockets . . .	10.00 up	Signet Rings, Diamond-set . . .	10.00 up
Watches, Diamond-set, solid gold . . .	29.00 up	Watches, solid gold . . .	22.50 up
Watches, gold filled . . .	13.50 up	Watches, gold filled . . .	12.00 up
Wrist Watches, solid gold . . .	26.50 up	Wrist Watches . . .	10.00 up
Wrist Watches, gold filled . . .	15.00 up	Cuff Links, solid gold . . .	3.00 up
Watches, solid gold . . .	25.00 up	Emblem Charms, solid gold . . .	5.00 up
Bracelets, solid gold . . .	12.00 up	Cameo Scarf Pins, Diamond-set . . .	9.50 up
Signet Rings, Diamond-set . . .	8.00 up	Cuff Link and Scarf Pin sets . . .	4.50 up
Beads, solid gold . . .	6.00 up	Coat Chains, solid gold . . .	4.50 up
Pearl Beads, Diamond Clasp . . .	8.50 up	Waldemar Vest Chains, solid gold . . .	5.00 up

21 JEWEL WATCHES That Will Pass Railroad Inspection \$2.50 a Month

Our Catalog illustrates and describes all the new watches—15, 17, 19, 21, 23 Jewels, adjusted. All sizes for men and women, Choice of popular new designs. Our watches are guaranteed by the factory and further guaranteed by us.

LOFTIS National Credit Jewelers

Dept. G 354 108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

STORES IN LEADING CITIES

EST'D. 1858

MI-RITA

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVER

The Only Treatment That Will Remove Permanently All

Superfluous Hair

from the face or any part of the body without leaving a mark on the most delicate skin. Removes entire hair roots and destroys the hair duct. No electric needle, burning caustics, or powders used. Free booklet also lists our exclusive preparation for beautifying skin and hair.

DR. MARGARET RUPPERT'S
Mi-Rita Beauty Specialties Co., Inc.
1112-14 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, U.S.A.
Suite 70-72-73. Phone, Walnut 7021. Est. 22 years.

"MI-RITA" Gray Hair Rejuvenator—
not a dye.

"MI-RITA" Skin Rejuvenator—removes wrinkles and all blemishes, eliminating double chins.

All Other Toilet Requisites.
If your Druggist cannot supply, send direct to Office

Francis Bushman, the Patriot

(Continued from page 19)

being swept clean. Mammy Ca'line is too old for active service now, but her eagle eye oversees every task performed about the "Big House," and on week-ends, when the Master is expected home, every single room must be cleaned until it is absolutely spotless (which was its condition before the cleaning, usually), fresh flowers put in all the rooms, and a maid, or valet detailed for each expected guest. The neat men servants, who act as valets to male guests at Bushmanor, do so under the eagle eye of Jim, who has "valeted" Mr. Bushman for years.

In short, Bushmanor is the sort of home for which the South was famous before the horrors and devastation of the Civil War—a blow from which the gallant, loyal, brave South will never recover fully. Mr. Bushman is a Southerner, and it is his greatest ambition to keep ever alive, in the home he has built, the traditions and customs of the "Old South."

And the Master of Bushmanor is an entirely different man to the one whom you watch on the screen. At home he is a prosperous banker, or broker—there's never a word of "shop" or "trade" from him—unless his guests are picture-people, who wish to discuss this. His screen successes have no place in the conversation and daily life of Francis Bushman, of Bushmanor, Riderwood, Green Spring Valley, Md.

The Judgment House

(Continued from page 23)

to arise, and he gently helped his wife to her feet.

"I am so happy to know that you did not commit that foul deed," he whispered into her ear.

"And I am just as happy, dear, to know that after all I did not wed a murderer, and that instead you are a heroic soldier, for I have heard of your brave deeds on the field of battle," she answered back as she impulsively squeezed her husband's hand.

"Twas thus that this couple were reunited in love, made stronger by trials and tribulations. They were free to start on a new and happier life—to emerge from the house of judgment, each guiltless of a serious wrong.

Mary Pickford in the Midst of Christmas Spirit

(Continued from page 15)

First Regiment, California Field Artillery, under her special care.

Within a few months, when the battalion accompanies the rest of the regiment to France, each man in "Mary's Six Hundred" will wear a locket about his neck containing a miniature of his petite protector.

The formal adoption took place recently at Camp Arcadia, when Col. Fred. Peterson ordered out the entire battalion for the ceremony. The battalion is made up of Battery F, of Los Angeles; Battery E, of Oakland, and Battery D, of San Diego.

"I shall take each of my 600 sons under my wing," said Miss Pickford on this occasion in her little speech to the boys, "and I intend to see to it that they receive the little luxuries which they cannot otherwise obtain, including plenty of tobacco and candy." On another occasion a Christmas party, with its tree, lighted candles, stockings and all that go to make up a Yuletide celebration, was given by Mary at the studio. What if the affair was held in September? This did not prevent the attendance of all the screen's most popular stars, who piled their gifts at the foot of the tree. The next day another large case of good things was sent on its way to "the first to fight."

And thus, although unable to herself shoulder a gun in the cause of democracy, Our Mary is doing everything possible to help those to whom this duty is entrusted. Many a son of Uncle Sam "over there" will silently thank America's motion picture queen whose heart is as big as her popularity and wish her greater success as a reward for her attention to their welfare.

Three Christmas Eves

(Continued from page 18)

gone over an embankment. The shock was too much, as she was in a frail condition, and a long hospital illness followed, during which time her money was used up and word came that her mother had passed away. When she was able to leave the hospital it was with the feeling that she was alone in the world.

She wrote to her good friends, the Safords, and gave the letter to a small boy to post. It was lost through a yawning hole in the little fellow's pocket and a passing street cleaner soon gathered it up. As no answer came, Virginia concluded that her friends had gone away or had lost interest in her. There seemed no

How I Doubled My Salary as Stenographer



Stenographers and other typewriter users will be interested in the remarkable experience of Miss Anna S. Cubbison, of Harrisburg, Penna., who is today filling one of the best positions in that city. Some time ago she realized that slow typewriting was keeping her from earning a large salary. She wasn't turning out enough finished work! So she took up the New Way in Typewriting and, she says, "I progressed rapidly in my chosen work and am today filling the position of Chief Clerk to the Dept. of Parks and Public Property, my salary being exactly double what it was when I took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting. I can only say that if you desire to increase your ability and salary, you will make no mistake in taking the Tulloss Course."

The New Way In Typewriting

A revolutionary new method, as different from the old touch system as day is from night. Already, hundreds of stenographers formerly earning from \$8 to \$15 a week, are drawing \$25, \$30 and even \$40 weekly, and their work is easier than ever before.

80 to 100 Words a Minute Guaranteed

Increases speed from first day's use. Entire system quickly learned at home in spare time. Only 10 Easy Lessons. No interference with regular work. Send for big illustrated catalog explaining system, telling all about the wonderful Gymnastic Finger Training and containing letters from hundreds of graduates whose salaries have already been increased \$300, \$500 and up to \$2000 yearly. Write for free book today. Address THE TULLOSS SCHOOL, 12,332 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.

Be the First to Get There



Surprise your loved ones with a photo of their favorite movie star for Xmas. MARY PICKFORD, NORMA TALMADGE, CARLYLE BLACKWELL, CLARA K. YOUNG, FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and other movie favorites.

Beautiful real photos at 35c
Others at 10c—12 for \$1.00 each

Remit in Currency or P. O. Money Order

A. HARSTN, Dept. P. J., 60 W. 116th St., New York City

A Christmas Greeting

To My "Bestest," Truest, Stauchest Friend

THE PUBLIC:

Your constant support—your sincere appreciation—your undying loyalty, has made me the happiest woman in all the world.

And this does not begin to express the feeling of

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

Now Heading and Owing Her Own Company

opening, as she was on her last five dollars.

Application to an employment agency brought her face to face with the opportunity to go as a cook on a ranch at unusually large pay. She would have a stout girl to help her, but would be obliged to plan, direct, and partly prepare the meals with her own hands. The employment agent also added that her transportation from the city would be paid.

Knowing that the money she had would leave small margin after paying her room rent, she accepted, and went out first by trolley and then by auto stage to the Lucky Strike Ranch. The delicately-reared girl was viewed with astonishment by the rough hands, and many of them made uncomplimentary remarks on the side about her.

It was not until the manager of the ranch returned, a week or so later, that the new cook felt that she was to have adequate protection. In fact, she had been on the point of leaving several times, but the quiet of the country had been refreshing and she had nowhere else now to go.

Big Saffy, as the men called the manager of the ranch, was a tall, handsome, blonde fellow whom they all respected, even although he was on friendly terms with all of them. There was only one man on the ranch, a dark-haired, hard-eyed fellow by the name of Ben Jenkins, who did not treat Mrs. Manson with respect from the time Big Saffy returned, and even he was inclined to seek opportunities when his unwelcome advances would not be seen by the rest. The entire crew on the ranch appreciated the good cooking and the home-like surroundings the young widow provided.

Again and again Mr. Saffy, as Mrs. Manson called him, found himself regarding her with a puzzled air, as though he had seen her somewhere before, but she never spoke about herself, and from no part of his memory could he summon up the picture of the gingham-clad figure who moved quietly about the ranch house.

It was Mrs. Manson's duty to order supplies, and she had no idea that her assistant, a half-witted appearing girl, was stealing part of them and carrying them off to her own family, several miles away. Judy, as the girl was called, often rode one of the ranch ponies to her own home. Her practice was to take a basket of groceries out, hide them behind some flowering shrubs down the lane out of sight of the house. These she picked up later as she went by.

Big Saffy, whose duty it was to go over all of the expense accounts, puzzled sometimes at the large amount of supplies used, but he knew their housekeeper never left the ranch, and so, in the face of the rising cost of supplies, he felt it his duty to urge economy. This he did respectfully, but with diffidence, as he could not get away from the feeling that Mrs. Manson had not always been in a position of this kind.

Ben Jenkins overheard Big Saffy say that expenses were more than they should be, and saw that Mrs. Manson was much troubled herself. He renewed his advances, thoroughly frightening the girl, who now was inclined to leave, as she had some money saved ahead, were it not for the fact she was determined to show Mr. Saffy that there were no leaks in her management.

Ben Jenkins came upon the hidden basket of expensive supplies behind the flowering shrub and, wishing to discredit Mrs. Manson with Big Saffy for reasons of his own, took the overseer of the ranch and showed him his find, declaring that the housekeeper was disposing of them in some way by which she was personally profiting.

Big Saffy ordered him to make no such charge until he could prove it, and went away more troubled than ever before, for he was coming to realize that he was curiously interested in the ranch cook.

That night at supper Ben Jenkins seized the arm of the housekeeper as she went behind the table full of men and passed the bread plate. As he seized her wrist he made a remark which caused her face to blanch and elicited a roar of laughter from all save Big Saffy, and with one blow he felled Ben Jenkins to the floor.

He strode out of the house and down the lane, leaving the other ranchmen to pick up the fallen man and soothe his wounds. Big Saffy was just in time to see the red-headed, half-witted girl jump off one of the spotted ranch ponies, gather up the basket of supplies and ride away in the darkness with it. Knowing the nearness and poverty of her family, the matter was now all plain to him.

He walked out into the gathering shadows, and sitting down on a rocky bluff, thought the situation out. He knew full well that his parents would never accept a common ranch cook as a daughter-in-law, but he knew that he loved her, and had from the moment that he first saw her in the ranch kitchen.

Returning an hour later, he was astonished to meet her dressed for traveling and with her trunk on the ranch piazza.

"Please do not think that I am acting hastily, Mr. Saffy," she said kindly, "but I cannot stay here tonight after this evening's occurrences. I really have borne



Between the acts
Douglas Fairbanks
 has put over a real "best seller"—
"LAUGH and LIVE"
 Not a book of jokes but a delightful message for everybody
 Springfield Union Says:
 "If this great inspirational book does not develop into the finest sort of best seller, the American public is losing its taste for good literature."
 All Bookstores \$1.00 Net
BRITTON PUBLISHING CO., New York

more than you know, and once more I must go forth into the world alone."

The big, hulking form of Ben Jenkins passed and Mrs. Manson shivered.

"I agree with you," the overseer returned, "there is only one way you can stay, and it is a way I hope you will consider favorably. As my wife you will have the protection and respect which you deserve. There is a minister ten miles distant at San Guardo. Say the word, little woman, and the ceremony shall be performed tonight."

At first Virginia Manson was much astonished.

"Why, I don't even know your first name," she exclaimed.

"Nor I yours," laughed her practical lover, "but I know you and you know me, and that should be enough."

He held out his arms, and he was not disappointed, for the ranch cook had not been oblivious from the first to his manly nature and quiet culture.

An hour later the friendly minister at San Guardo had pronounced them man and wife and was congratulating the young husband and felicitating the bride.

"I always feel very kindly," he added, "to a Christmas Eve wedding, for I have noticed that they are always happy marriages."

"Why, it is Christmas Eve," Virginia cried. "I have been so excited over the events of the evening I had quite forgotten it. In this sunny climate one is inclined to forget without the snow and ice to keep the season in mind."

The happy couple rode slowly back to the ranch to perceive as they neared the ranch house that something unusual had happened. Two trunks sat upon the piazza and there was the evidences of new arrivals.

"What can it mean?" asked Virginia. "We never have visitors here."


Stopping the machine at the door, her husband sprang out and helped her to alight, stealing a kiss as he did so.

Together they went up the front steps, and side by side through the open door into the ranch living room, where a bright fire glowed in the grate. An elderly couple arose to meet them.


"Father, Mother," cried Lester Safford joyously. "You're just in time!"

Virginia Safford stood for a moment as if rooted to the ground.

"Why, why, I never dreamed that he was your son," she exclaimed, "but I am so glad, even if he has married the cook."

LEARN AT HOME BY MAIL TO DRAW—PAINT
 Be a magazine, newspaper or commercial illustrator; be a cartoonist; paint in water colors or oil. Let us develop your talent. Free Scholarship Award. Your name and address brings you full particulars by return mail and our illustrated Art Annual Free.

FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 109, Omaha, Neb.

Use FRUIT-VIGOR That is what we tell those who have Stomach or Bowel trouble. Should be used by every one who wants to get away from the misery—and great harm—of physic, pills, oils, mineral waters, internal baths and enemas. Write for FREE BOOKLET. Druggist or grocer can get FRUIT-VIGOR for you. Or for \$1 we will mail you a jar. 4 for \$3.50. WE GUARANTEE FRUIT-VIGOR. STEWART FOOD COMPANY, 631 Security Bldg., CHICAGO

Freeze-Odor Takes All the Odor Out of Perspiration (Do not be offensive to your friends)
 A few drops of this wonderful preparation will keep the tenderest skin, no matter how overheated, dry, fresh and cool, and your clothing sweet and clean. THROW AWAY YOUR SHIELDS. No more stained and ruined dresses at the arm-pits. A BLESSING to anyone with perspiration ills. Guaranteed harmless. Mail 50c for bottle or 10c for sample. Write now for my free book of Beautifiers.

ANNA AYERS, 315 S.State St., Chicago, Ill.

AFTER THE MOVIES Murine Is for Tired Eyes. Red Eyes—Sore Eyes—Granulated Eyelids
Rests—Refreshes—Restores
 Murine is a Favorite Treatment for Eyes that feel dry and smart. Give your Eyes as much of your loving care as your Teeth and with the same regularity. Care for them. **YOU CANNOT BUY NEW EYES!**
 Murine Sold at Drug, Toilet and Optical Stores
Ask Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Free Book

Madam Olga Petrova This Christmas and Ten Years Ago

(Continued from page 24)

bitterly owing to the fact that a ticket to any one of the places he mentioned would have cost more than my expenses for a whole month. Lacking any sense of humor and not sympathizing with my more or less ribald mirth, he asked why I laughed. I told him that to die might be a much easier way out of things than to live, but that I had made up my mind that I was not going to die of tuberculosis—on the contrary, that some day I intended to be a successful and a very healthy person.

"As I said before, it was in the latter part of November and my affairs and my health were in such condition that I was almost ready to capitulate to a fate which was stronger than I, when one morning the little maid who distributed our letters at the boarding house knocked at the door and told me in her funny cockney accent that there was a letter for me. I can still see the name on the outside of the envelope as vividly today as when I stared blankly that memorable morning, hesitating between hope and fear to open the letter. 'Sidney Hyman, Theatrical Manager,' printed in modest black on the flap of the envelope seemed to seal my fate with its contents. It was a letter asking me to call the following day with reference to an engagement. Next day, forsooth! Was I in a condition to wait till next day? In spite of the wind that sougled down the dismal Kennington Road, which caused me to cough even more than usual; in spite of the soggy, melting snow which was almost ankle deep; in spite of the sleet which almost blinded one, the skies seemed to open and the sun looked out. I arrived at Mr. Hyman's office twenty-four hours ahead of time, and in spite of the office boy, was ushered into his august presence. Mr. Hyman greeted me cordially and asked me if I would play 'The Shulamite.' I assured him there was no production in the whole wide world in which I would rather have a part. 'But,' he said, 'you will have to go to South Africa,' South Africa! In my wildest dreams I could never have believed that this miracle could come to me, and just at a time when the marvelous climate of that country meant almost a certainty of greeting the spring that the physician had told me I would never see. 'Living is very expensive there,' said Mr. Hyman, between

puffs of his big black cigar, 'and we must keep down the expenses of this production, so we cannot possibly pay you more than £20 a week.' £20—\$100—it looked more to me at that moment than any cheque that I have ever received since. In my anxiety, and much to the surprise of Mr. Hyman, I insisted upon signing the contract then and there.

"The first week in December we sailed. At Cape Town I was already a different person, and after three days' journey through the great African desert, we arrived at Johannesburg on Christmas Eve. I remember vividly a Basuto negro who had been our guide in Cape Town bringing a basket of strawberries to the train just before leaving—yes, *strawberries!* Strawberries in midwinter, renewed health, and a good engagement, what greater happiness could be in store for me?

"I lay at full length on the grass under the orange trees, and tropical bird that I am, luxuriated in the 104 degrees of heat. My star had certainly risen.

"Today, as I look forward to Christmas to be spent in the country which has held out its great arms to my wandering gypsy feet, the country which has adopted me as its own, I cannot refrain in closing this little story, from wishing to one and all, particularly to those, who like myself, have been or are a wanderer upon the face of the earth—peace, happiness and good will."

The Maid of Belgium

(Continued from page 33)

stored Adoree's memory. She recalled the important events of her former life which had a bearing on her present condition. She recalled her marriage to Vicomte Jean de Michelet, of his call to the front on the morning after their marriage and of the attack on her home which ended with the Hudsons finding her. She finished her recital by demanding her baby.

Dr. Thorn, who had been eager to assist Mrs. Hudson in her plan, was now convinced that the baby must be given back to Adoree. Dr. Thorn went to Mrs. Hudson. "Adoree has fully recovered and has told me the truth about the past," said Dr. Thorn. "The child no longer needs the protection of your name. You must give him back to his mother. If you refuse I will be forced to tell your husband."

Mrs. Hudson determined to tell the truth to her husband herself. "I lied because I wanted to make you happy," she concluded.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew

Wish you a

Merry Christmas

"Perhaps her story is just another scheme of her poor crazed brain," suggested Mr. Hudson, after recovering from the shock of his wife's revelation. "If her statements are true," continued Mr. Hudson, "they are easily verified. The Vicomte de Michelet is here collecting funds for the Belgian relief. I talked with him at the country club less than an hour ago."

The Vicomte was brought to the house. Mr. Hudson asked him if he had ever been married. The Vicomte said yes and told the same story that Adoree told. He was taken to Adoree and they were happily reunited while Mr. Hudson forgave his wife.

FREE RED, WHITE AND BLUE ENAMELED AMERICAN FLAG BUTTONS!

Without obligating you in any way and at absolutely no cost to you, solely for gaining wider circulation for our world-famous Diamond, Watch and Jewelry Catalog—we will mail you this 244-page Book and one of these beautiful enameled American Flag Buttons free, if you mention this magazine. Positively no "strings" to this offer.

I. PRESS & SONS Headquarters for Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry
748 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



The Birthright of Every Woman



Kathryn Murray

The attractiveness of Venus is in that form divine, which mankind has always admired. The entire figure and bust has made the name of Venus De Milo famous throughout the ages. A perfect bust and figure always will be woman's greatest gift. She may possess the glories of her sex if she but calls on Nature for her heritage.

I have just written a book which tells how women may satisfy their natural desires for a splendid form. This book contains interesting pictures which tell a story plainer than words. Women in all walks of life, of practically all ages, have become happier because of securing beauty of development hitherto unknown to them. This book is sent free, because it also tells about the

Kathryn Murray Method of Form Development

by which women, young or middle aged may obtain wonderful results. My method is simplicity itself. It does not comprise the use of massage, foolish plasters, medicines, electricity or injurious injections. It acts in a perfectly natural way—securing the bust enlargement desired in a comparatively short time. It has been used with astounding success and its safety and scientific accuracy all endear it to the woman who is ambitious to become all that Nature intended her to be.

Send for Free Book entitled "The Crowning Glory of Womanhood" and learn how to add style and attractiveness to your figure—fill out hollows in your neck—develop your bust—possess beautifully rounded shoulders. Book tells you how to do it in a charmingly natural and simple manner. Write for it today. Sent free in plain envelope.

KATHRYN MURRAY,
Suite 1246-B Garland Building Chicago, Ill.



"Merry Christmas"

(Continued from page 12)

FROM MARY MILES MINTER

Let the blithesome spirit of the kiddies be contagious—let grown-up kiddies be blithesome too. Thus must it be a Merry Christmas in spite of all.

FROM BEATRIZ MICHELENA

From 'way out here on the edge of the world, at Boulder Creek, I send my message of Christmas wishes to all my friends who have helped me with their faith and loyalty. May your Yuletide be the happiest you have ever spent, and may little 1918 bring you many wonderful gifts, is my sincere wish.

FROM FLORENCE McLAUGHLIN

Merry Christmas—and may next Christmas bring us to a cessation of hostilities, and a realization of the deeper, inner significance of the words "Brotherhood, and the equality of man."

FROM FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

To all the friends who have been so loyal and faithful, through the eventful old year of 1917, I send my heartiest wishes for a Merry Christmas. And to those of my enemies, wherever they may be, who have said, or thought ill of me, I can only say, in all sincerity—Merry Christmas.

Antonio Moreno

(Continued from page 39)

Land on your feet, like a cat does. If somebody else has the job you want, take the job you can get until the other one comes your way.

"Life is the big director after all. The things that happened last year, or this year, as only 'scenes' in the big production that all of us are working on all the time, whether there is a camera shooting at us or not. Each of us is playing a moving picture of life, our own life. The thing is not to worry over tomorrow. Get busy on today. We are too close to the scene anyway to see the final results.

"Hard luck? We all have it. But it fades away when it sees a man with his sleeves rolled up ready to fight it out.

"How did I happen to go into pictures? By way of the theatre. I've tried my 'prentice hand at almost everything. Somehow the theatre seemed my niche when I came to it. After that, since the stage is but a training school for the screen these days, I had the offer to do a picture. And then another—and another.

"Letters began to pour into the company with which I worked, begging that I be cast always as the lover in their

stories. So now they have accepted me as a most sentimental young man. I get hundreds of letters a week asking me whom I am in love with."

"The answer," the Interviewer interpolated, "is what?"

"As Mr. Dooley says, 'I'm in love with my day's work,'" Antonio Moreno replied. "I agree with this Irish philosopher that the 'Day's work' is what robs many a charming Juliet of her he-e-ro!"

OUTWITTED

(Continued from page 28)

why he was duped, and to his consternation he was confronted by Nan, the unveiled.

"Was—was it you that brought me to this?" he demanded in great surprise and chagrin.

"Yes, you're outwitted—I have paid you back for what you did to me," she replied triumphantly. "The only way I could hurt you was through your pocket-book, and I have succeeded."

Lawson was a completely defeated man for the nonce.

Meanwhile young Bond had drunk himself to the verge of delirium tremens. In his crazed brain was a terrible hatred for Lawson, whom he blamed for all his troubles. Inevitably the impulse to kill gained the upper hand of the young unfortunate, and he went to Lawson's house armed with a heavily loaded revolver bent on getting revenge at any hazard. He had previously written his father a letter, in which he announced his intention of doing murder. The elder Bond promptly rushed to the Lawson house to prevent the impending tragedy.

Just as young Bond confronted Lawson in his own library, his father rushed into the room.

"You are about to kill your own father," the latter exclaimed as he entered, his hand raised in warning.

"What!" exclaimed the other two.

"Lawson is your right father, son," the man repeated with firm emphasis. Then he explained that Lawson's jealousy and cruelty had driven his wife from his house and that in desperation she had communicated to his care the son born several months after her enforced abandonment of her husband.

"The only kiss you ever gave that wife was on her dead lips," he concluded, facing Lawson and shaking his finger at him accusingly.

Lawson was quite unprepared for this exposure and he sank into a chair speechless. The strain was also too much for young Bond, whose shattered nerves broke and he had to be carried to a room in a delirious condition. His one cry was for Nan, and Lawson, now repentant at last, went out and found the girl, doing his utmost to make amends. When Nan arrived at the young man's bedside, he cried gladly.

"We are saved, we are saved," he murmured joyously.

Thereupon Lawson and the elder Bond shook hands for the first time in many years and, to cap the climax of the general happy state which existed henceforth, Nan received a letter from her brother in Costa Rica stating that he was now earning an honest living.

MONEY
Write for it

HUNDREDS of people make BIG MONEY writing Photoplays, Stories, Articles, etc.! Rowland Thomas, an "unknown writer," received \$5,000 for one story! Elaine Sterne, another beginner, received \$1,000 for a single play!

Why don't YOU write something? You have ideas. If you go to the Movies, if you read magazines—then you know the kind of material editors want. YOUR happy thoughts may bring Big Rewards! No Instruction Courses needed. We accept your bare ideas in ANY FORM—either as finished scripts or as mere outlines of plots. If your ideas need correction before they can be sold, we revise, improve, perfect and typewrite them. Then promptly submit to leading Film and Fiction Editors. A small commission is charged for selling. This is YOUR OPPORTUNITY! So get busy! Send us your Bare Ideas, Plots, Articles, Poems, Finished Stories. And write us TODAY for Full Details. We will send you absolutely FREE a fascinating story, "How New Writers Get Their Names in Print," and a beautiful, illustrated booklet entitled "A Service That Helps New Writers Succeed."

SEND FOR THEM AT ONCE!
WRITER'S SERVICE, Dept. 37, Auburn, N. Y.



FREE \$20.00 VIOLIN

Ukulele Guitar, Mandolin, Hawaiian Guitar or Cornet

Yes, absolutely free to first pupils in each locality. We have the most wonderful, new, system for learning by mail to play by note, Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Ukulele, Hawaiian Guitar or Cornet. Very small charge for lessons only expense. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write now. No obligations.


Stinnerland School of Music, Dept. 203, Chicago, Ill.



WRINKLES

Why not have skin like a baby? Thousands have successfully used SANS-RIDES (A Parisian formula) to remove traces of illness or age. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet and saggy chins quickly vanish. SANS-RIDES will not injure even the tenderest skin. Price, 50c. For sale only at THE TEMPLETON LABORATORIES, 7770 Lake Park Ave., Dept. P., Chicago, Ill.

"I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer"
—Gen. U.S. Grant



Resolve to Win!

Determination made Grant one of the greatest generals in history. The world knows his story. It knows, too, the stories of thousands of other determined men, who succeeded because they had a purpose and stuck to it.

Do you want to succeed? Do you want that better job? Do you want increase in pay?

If you do want to get out of the rut—if you are determined to make something of yourself, send the International Correspondence Schools the attached coupon. Tell them what kind of position you want and they will show you how you can fit yourself to get it.

Determine to mark and mail the coupon today

TEAR OUT HERE—
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 6728 Scranton, Pa.

Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X:

<input type="checkbox"/> Electrical Engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING	<input type="checkbox"/> CHEMISTRY
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> Salesmanship	<input type="checkbox"/> Illustrating
<input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Drafting	<input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law	<input type="checkbox"/> Farming
<input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPING	<input type="checkbox"/> Poultry
<input type="checkbox"/> Stationary Engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> Stenography	<input type="checkbox"/> French
<input type="checkbox"/> Mining Engineering	<input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service	<input type="checkbox"/> German
<input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECTURE	<input type="checkbox"/> Ry. Mail Service	<input type="checkbox"/> Italian
<input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Drafting	<input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES	<input type="checkbox"/> SPANISH

Name _____
Address _____

Stunning Knitting Bag 79c

This stunning Knitting Bag was made from our Outfit No. 5673, which contains:

- 1 Tan Crash Scarf, 18x54, Butterfly design.
- 8 skeins Grecian floss.
- Instructions for embroidering and making bag.
- 1 Premium Art Book.

All for 79c postpaid. No lining is required and the lesson gives a wide range of original ideas for trimming and finishing from materials which every woman has on hand.

Send for one of these outfits today. The Premium Book which we include free shows other equally attractive scarfs to make up into bags for holiday gifts.

Dealers, Write for Outfit Proposition.

RICHARDSON SILK COMPANY Dept. 2009 Chicago, Ill.
Makers of Richardson's Spool and Embroidery Silks



HORKHEIMER BROTHERS

Producers of Photoplay Successes

for

PARAMOUNT

“Who is ‘Number One?’”

The Mystery Serial by Anna Katherine Green, Starring

KATHLEEN CLIFFORD

Motion Picture Synopsis by H. M. Horkheimer

MUTUAL

Those Rollicking

JACKIE SAUNDERS

Comedy-Drama Hits, like

“Sunny Jane,” “The Wildcat,” “A Bit of Kindling,” etc.

All came direct from the Horkheimer Studio

GENERAL FILM

Knickerbocker Star Features

Fortune Photoplays
Falcon Features

All HORKHEIMER Productions which have attracted favorable attention far and wide



BALBOA

PATHE

which has released five BALBOA Serials

“The Neglected Wife,” “Who Pays?” “Neal of the Navy,” “The Red Circle,” “The Grip of Evil”

Besides these, PATHE has handled numerous other BALBOA Features, handcoloring many of them because of their quality and merit.

BALBOA THE LARGEST *ACTUALLY* INDEPENDENT MOTION PICTURE PRODUCING STUDIO IN THE INDUSTRY.

BALBOA THE STUDIO BUILT ON MERIT. NO STOCK FOR SALE. NOW FOUR YEARS OLD AND STILL GROWING.

BALBOA WHERE THE “FATTY” ARBUCKLE-PARAMOUNT COMEDIES ARE PRODUCED.

BALBOA THE STUDIO HOME OF KATHLEEN CLIFFORD, ANITA KING, GLORIA JOY AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN PHOTOPLAY STARS.



H. M. HORKHEIMER
President and General Manager

The Balboa Amusement Producing Company

Studio and General Offices: Long Beach, Cal.



E. D. HORKHEIMER
Secretary and Treasurer

New York Headquarters: 1600 Broadway

H. N. HOLDE, Eastern Representative

"His Robe of Honor"

(Continued from page 31)

thought was to get even with him, for she now knew that she could never win him.

Julian now assured of an honorable career, made progress in his love affair with Lora. Roxana, still burning with resentment against him, planned to discredit him in the eyes of Lora. Accordingly, she visited Lora, and in the presence of Partland said that Julian had wronged her, and that, therefore, she had first claim on him. Lora was loath to believe this, until Partland told of having seen Roxana visit Julian's apartment.

In the days that followed, Lora refused to see Julian, giving him no explanation. By the aid of Carrots, a stable boy, Julian learned when she was going out riding, and thus met her. He begged her to tell him the reason for her coldness, but she refused. As they were talking they were suddenly interrupted by a crash behind them. An automobile had run down Carrots. Julian saved the boy in a heroic manner, and Lora could not help but admire him, in spite of the cloud that rested upon him. Julian brought Carrots to his apartment, and Lora went with him, to be of what assistance she could.

Meanwhile, Roxana had thoroughly repented of her act, and when Mulligan offered to marry her, she was moved to confess her whole past. To her great surprise, Mulligan was still willing to marry her, and moved by his affection, she consented. But before they left on their honeymoon she resolved to right the wrong she had done.

In Julian's apartment, Carrots was resting easily, and Julian again asked Lora for an explanation. And now she told him of Roxana's statements, and he was amazed. He finally convinced Lora that they were untrue, and just as she was in his arms, Roxana entered. For a moment the situation was tense. Lora thought that Julian had lied to her again, and was about to rush off, but Roxana soon explained everything. Julian and Lora forgave her, and the repentant girl left with her husband.

Several days before, Nelson had visited Julian in regard to a case against Consolidated Traction that was to come up in Julian's section. Nelson had told Julian that the finding must be in their favor, and when Julian protested against giving any advance hint as to his decision, Nelson brought forth the paper that Julian had signed a few months previous. Nelson said: "If this paper is made public it will result in your impeachment." And so finally Julian promised to render a decision that Nelson should write.

Lora left Julian at his apartment and went home, her confidence fully restored in him. And then, on her Uncle's desk, she found the decision that had been written for Julian to render. She was plunged into the depths of despair for a few moments, but then she resolved to help, rather than condemn, Julian.

The following morning she visited him in his chambers before court was called, and told him what she knew. She begged him not to render the decision, and Julian was hurt at her lack of confidence in him. He made her no promise, and she was

heart-broken when she saw him take a copy of her uncle's decision into court.

Nelson and Partland were in court awaiting the decision in their favor. Julian started to read it, and Lora felt the world sinking beneath her. But suddenly Julian said: "This is the decision that the attorneys for the Traction Company prepared for me, and which they wanted me to render, but after careful consideration, I find that the claims cannot be allowed." Nelson and Partland were furious, but Lora was overjoyed, for Julian

had re-established himself in her esteem.

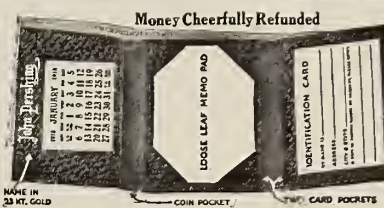
She met him in his chambers after court had adjourned, and begged his forgiveness. He was happy, even though he might be impeached. Nelson entered stormily, and was about to threaten Julian when Lora confronted him. He cowered before her accusing gaze, and could say nothing. Lora turned proudly to Julian.

"You have indeed proved yourself worthy of this robe of honor," she said.

(Produced by the Henry B. Walthall Pictures Corporation, Starring Mr. Walthall.)

SPECIALLY PRICED

TO INTRODUCE OUR XMAS GIFT CATALOG FORTUNATE purchase before leather advanced in price enables us to offer 25,000 of our PRACTICAL BILLFOLD at what the leather alone is worth today. THIS INVALUABLE combination currency-card case, a distinctive Xmas Gift, in genuine Sealgrain Leather yours at this low price of 50c (\$5.40 Doz.) prepaid while they last. Thin model design with photo frame, transparent identification card, 1918 calendar and loose leaf MEMO PAD. SIZE closed 3 x 3 1/2; open 8 x 3 1/2 inches. Packed in handsome gift box, with engraved card. SAME in fine Morocco Leather, only \$1.00 (\$10 Doz.) prepaid. Order some of each at once. Order shipped day received. Illustrated catalog FREE. Send draft, M. O. or stamps TODAY. A. Landa & Sons Co., Mfrs., Dept. O-4 Chicago



50c

Postpaid

Name Engraved

FREE in

23-kt. Gold

For Ladies and Gentlemen

HOFFMAN-FOURSQUARE PICTURES

Stand for quality in every element that goes to make a superior motion picture.

HOFFMAN-FOURSQUARE PICTURES are pictures of this sort—as exhibitors and public have discovered.

5¢ A DAY BUYS A GIBSON

Terms as low as \$1.00 down—\$1.50 per month. Mandolin or Guitar sent on approval. Liberal allowance on old instruments in exchange for the "Gibson." The wonderful new Gibson violin construction has set the whole Mandolin and Guitar world talking. Get our new FREE BOOK—112 pages—111 illustrations, a valuable fund of information for player and teacher. Also FREE treatise on "HOW TO PRACTICE."

Exclusive Features That Make Every Gibson Matchless:
 Stradivarius arching—scientific graduation from thickness at center to thinness at rim, securing strength—sensitiveness—free vibration of entire sounding board. Tilted neck, high bridge with extension string holder, securing increased string pressure that vibrates a larger sounding board, producing a richness of tone never before realized. Reinforced, non-warpable neck—elevated guard plate or finger rest—easy action—adjustable string-bearing at bridge overcoming sharpening of heavier strings in upper positions. ()

Make \$1800 to \$5000 or More a Year Teaching and Selling the Gibson
 Become a teacher. Splendid opportunities for either sex in every locality for private and class instruction and the sale of Gibsons. Gibson instruments have "made" many a teacher, professionally and financially. We have a permanent teaching and business opportunity now open for either sex. Other positions pending. WRITE PROMPTLY. A. C. Beckmeyer, St. Louis, Mo., Teacher and Director, writes: "Will do \$10,000 business in 1917; did \$7,000 in 1916." C. A. Templeman, teacher, Sioux City, Ia., writes: "\$4,500 gross business for the year." Wm. Place, Jr., America's Greatest Mandolin Virtuoso, Star Soloist for Victor Talking Machine Co., UNQUALIFIEDLY ENDORSES THE GIBSON.

Do Business on Our Capital Become our agent. We help sell. Agents' territory protected. Stock furnished. We pay the advertising. You make the profit. You pay for goods when sold; return goods not sold. Try our "Exit Hunt" FREE to those interested, our new \$1.00 book "The Organization, Direction and Maintenance of the Mandolin Orchestra," by America's most successful director, Wm. Place, Jr. Write now for Catalog, Treatise, "How to Practice," Psychometrically Explained," all free. Don't wait: ACT NOW. FILL IN THE COUPON.

Gibson Mandolin-Guitar Co., 752 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.



The Sweet, Mellow Tone of "Gibson" Instruments has made many a "Sammy" De parture easier to bear.



"Everyone a 'Gibson'-ite" The Aeolian Mandolin Quartet



"Everyone a 'Gibson'-ite" Thompson's Mandolin Orchestra 752 Parsons St., Kalamazoo, Mich., U.S.A.

Gentlemen—Without obligation, send me free book complete Catalog, free treatise, also information about the Wm. Place, Jr., book and instrument checked. If teacher check here

<input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin	<input type="checkbox"/> Mando-bass
<input type="checkbox"/> Mandola	<input type="checkbox"/> Guitar
<input type="checkbox"/> Mando-cello	<input type="checkbox"/> Harp-guitar

Name

Address

Be sure you have checked instrument.

The Silent Trend

(Continued from page 36)

The story concerns David Mann, son of a rich widow of Northfield, Maine, who invests in a rubber plantation. Unscrupulous promoters sent young Mann to the plantation as manager in order that they may hold sway over the financial resources of his mother.

Mann comes in contact with Ludwig Hertz, evilly disposed manager of an adjacent estate, a feud growing up between the men which results in the latter's death after David has encountered him in a series of conflicts involving a beautiful Mexican girl with whom the young Northerner has fallen in love.

A fascinating feature of the play is a beautiful young slave girl, who, according to the custom of the country, is sent to look after Mann's household, and who regards herself as "his woman."

The beautiful Andrea is puzzled and chagrined at Mann's refusal to accept her as holding other than a housekeeper's relationship, and she uses every artifice of her sex to overcome his Northern scruples.

There is a yellow fever outbreak in the

native stockade and the slaves are shown in the wild exodus of a yellow fever panic. A tropical storm rages and the horrors of the stockade fire and the deadly tangle of a jungle forest are vividly pictured.

MARY PICKFORD'S latest photoplay gem is one of the most brilliant of a delectable series, and she not only maintains her own peculiarly individual high standard, but she moves it forward a peg or two. Her newest creation is "The Little Princess," in which she portrays the role of child life, as Sara Crewe, the heroine of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's popular book. Only an extremist in pessimism could avoid being captivated by this charming characterization of hers. As Sara our little Mary plays the part of a girl who is suddenly plunged from wealth to poverty. She has been reared in India, where her father was a captain in the British army, and when misfortune overtakes her and she becomes a scullery maid in the fashionable boarding school where she has been a favored pupil, she accepts her faith with pathetic stoicism and finds comfort in the companionship of Becky, the little slavey of the institution.

The film abounds in terse, epigrammatic sayings. When the two servants are smelling the exquisite odors of Christmas cooking—of which they cannot partake—Sara says she hasn't eaten well for so long she must be full of hollows.

In the first part of the picture Sara tells the girls stories of Arabian night, which are shown on the screen and display lavish Oriental settings.

Sara is not destined to remain a common drudge-girl, however, for though her father has died, his partner arrives with news of tremendous wealth, and when restored to her rightful sphere she does not forget Becky.

IMMEDIATELY upon finishing "The Clever Mrs. Carfax," Julian Eltinge, the celebrated female impersonator, had to repair to a fashion shop and replenish his wardrobe. Fifteen minutes of gazing upon the pictorial events in this photoplay convinces one of the necessity of such a move on his part, because he wears more clothes in this feature than the busiest model in the heyday of her popularity. "The Clever Mrs. Carfax" is a clever photoplay with a clever star, and it will prove a clever way to enjoy yourself.

Beautiful Beverly Bayne

(Continued from page 32)

honor of Madame's shop. And when the Countess heard of Mrs. Gilbert's admiration of the lovely thing, she insisted on presenting it to Miss Bayne.

Miss Bayne's favorite relaxation, when she is not too tired to go out, is the opera. She has the greatest admiration for the golden voice of Geraldine Farrar, and never misses an opportunity to hear her. The new plays call her, too, although she does not heed their call as promptly as she does the opera. Of course, she sees new pictures, but that she classes with her work—for it can scarcely be called a recreation to one who spends all one's time making them.

One old-fashioned—at least in these modern times, it seems old-fashioned—and very beautiful trait of hers, is her hatred for gossip and such uglinesses.

I remember one evening, after a quiet little dinner at her apartment, some friends were gathered in her living-room, and, all being connected, in one way or another, with motion pictures, some one mentioned "the latest scandal."

Miss Bayne listened in silence for awhile, then turned swiftly from the piano where she had been playing softly.

"Oh, but that's so unfair—to repeat things like that, when one can't prove them," she cried. "That girl has given the very best of herself to the public—and they reward her by these slanderous things. Even if you could prove them—wouldn't it be kinder not to repeat it? We professional people give, give—our youth, our looks, our strength, our vitality, all that is best in us—to the public, and this is our reward, these cruel, unkind, often false tales. Don't let us do it any more. There are plenty of subjects which we can discuss, without harm to any one—why not try some of them and leave reputations alone?"

AMERICAN AMBITION

(What Every Mortal Needs) THE MAGAZINE with the Purpose of Helping You in Your Purpose

THE fundamental object of AMERICAN AMBITION is to exploit the talents of unknown aspirants in all lines of endeavor and to explore untraversed regions in Literature, Drama, Photoplay, Art, Science, Music and Life. To arouse ambition seven notable contests are being conducted. \$775 in Cash Prizes are offered for the best Photoplay, Comedy-Drama, Novel, Short Story, Poem, Song and the most useful Small Invention. OPEN TO ALL.

Don't lose any time in getting acquainted with such an ideal comrade as this—it is the loyal guide for all ambitious people—it is the most fascinating journal in America today.

IT'S FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY—\$1.50 A YEAR
SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER!

If you would save 50 cents fill out the coupon below and mail it today to

AMERICAN AMBITION

Delbert E. Davenport, Editor

422 LAND TITLE BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Please find enclosed herewith One Dollar, for which send me AMERICAN AMBITION for One Year, starting with the next number.

Date of Order:

Name

Address

PETROVA



PICTURES

Go to the theatre that shows Petrova Pictures!

Madame Petrova is now "on tour."
Not in person, but in personally-
produced Petrova Pictures.

"Daughter of Destiny," the first of
these dramas, is now being shown
throughout the United States. It tells
the story of a brave American girl
whose love for a crown prince involves

her in a network of European intrigue.
There is a morganatic marriage; a
sudden twist of destiny; a tremendous
adventure in which the girl's American
ideals must stand or fall. You will
enjoy the exciting outcome—you will
say: "Give us more Petrova plays like
the 'Daughter of Destiny.'"

*The foremost theatre
in your town will show
Petrova Pictures*

Petrova Picture Company

25 WEST 44th STREET, NEW YORK

*Look for the sign that dis-
tinguishes these films from
all others—Petrova Pictures*

BUDD'S SHOES

For Misses and Children
Finest in Quality - Latest in Style



J.F. BUDD SHOE COMPANY
Burlington, New Jersey, U.S.A.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 010 227 064 2

