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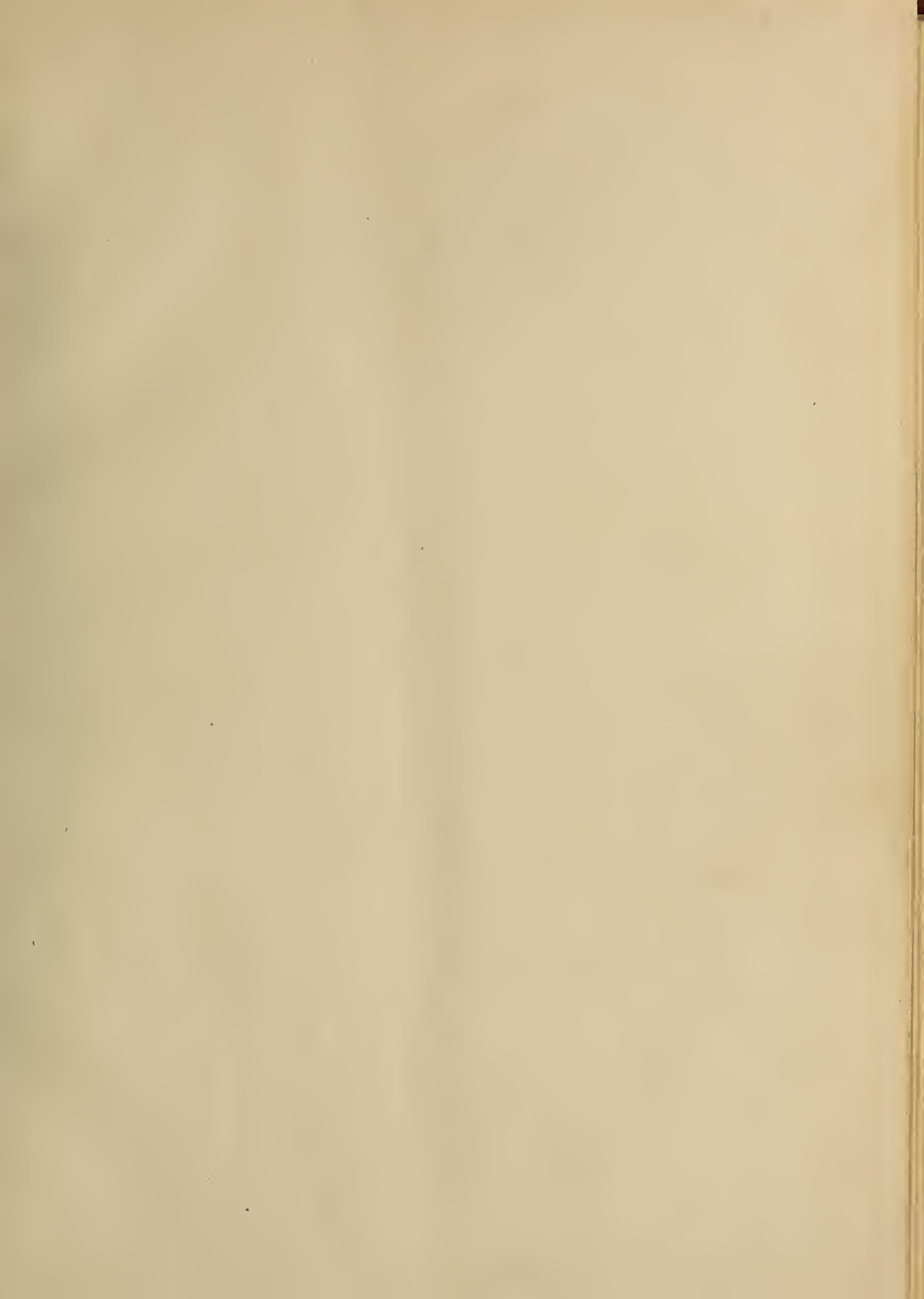


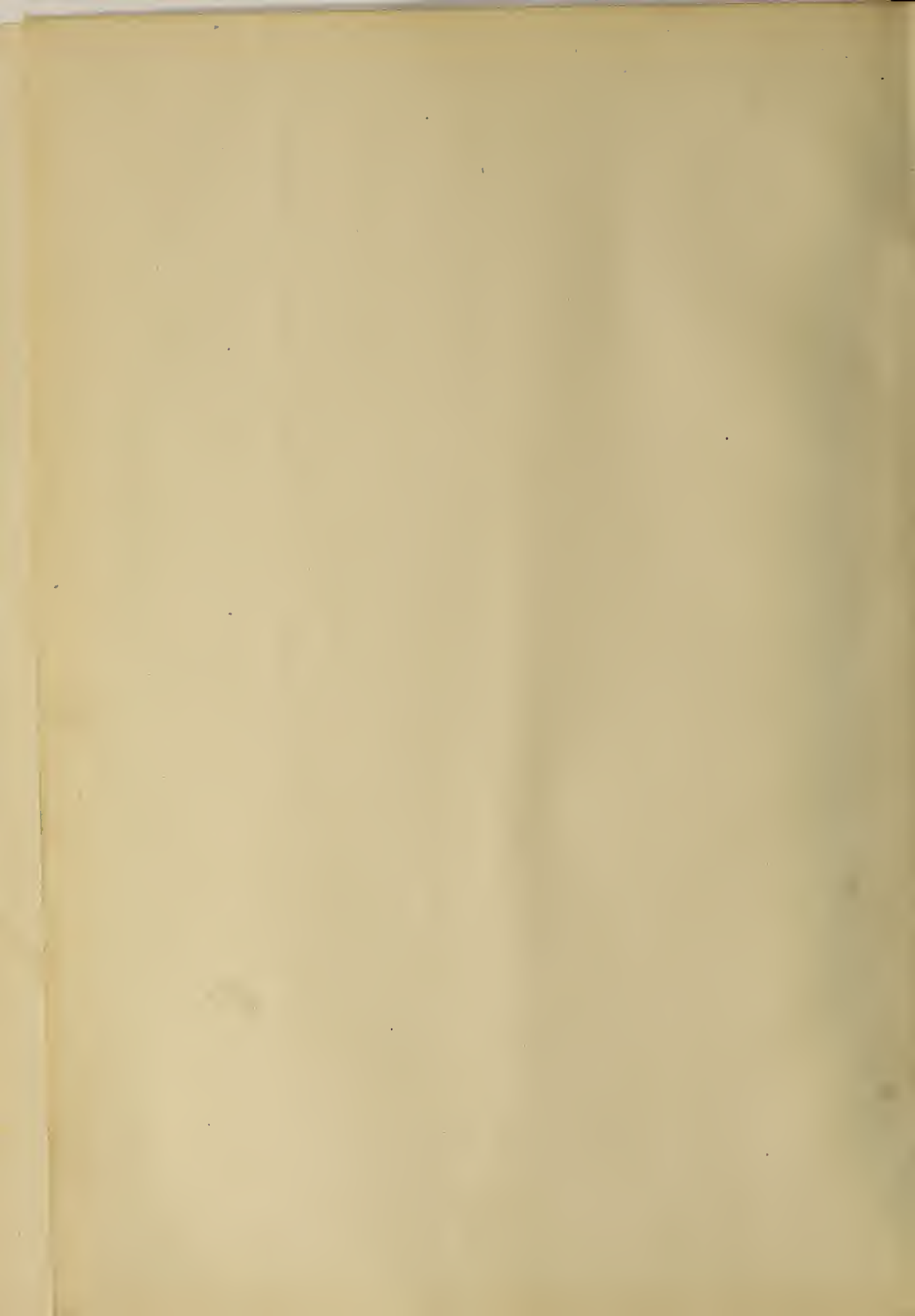
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Film Fun

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JANUARY

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"WALL-NUTS"



"GOOD-NIGHT, NURSE"

By James Montgomery Flagg



"ARE MY LIPS ON STRAIGHT?"

By James Montgomery Flagg



"REDDY MAID SUITS"

By Mary Lane McMillan



"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"

By Paul Stahr



WORLD

Making a man his own rival for a lady's favor is no trick at all for a movie camera. Compare the chap on the left with the chap on the right.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists

JANUARY - 1919

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THE SHRINE OF THE VAMPIRE

*Louise Glaum, Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, Clara Kimball Young, Olive Thomas,
Dorothy Dalton, Olga Petrova, Pauline Frederick, Lina Cavalieri.*

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

EENID MARKEY graduated in 1912 from the Denver High School. This is mentioned just to give us a chance to slip in the wheeze that ALL Denver schools are high. The jography proves it.

"Mother" Mollie McConnell, beloved of all West Coast players, has a "fan" letter asking her if it is a fact that Tom Moore and Charlie Ray are twins, acting under different names. The writer adds that she "always did think they looked so much alike!" Each star claims this slanders the other worse than it does himself, but they agree that it is absolute cruelty to Mother McConnell.

The animal actors have recently been the envy of the extras at the West Coast studios. The shutdown made no difference in their pay envelope.

In Mack Sennett's Keystone camp are to be found the three homeliest men and the six most beautiful women in the film world. Can you pick 'em out?

Annette Kellerman demurely states that she doesn't like to wear clothes. Evidently she has been able to impress this fact on her director and scenario writers.

Charlie Chaplin's eccentric feet couldn't keep him from walking right into the matrimonial halter like any other man. He married Mildred Harris in Los Angeles, October 23d.

Josie Sedgwick participated in the bucking bronco contest at the Phoenix, Ariz., State Fair. To those who marveled, she said she "needed some rest after playing opposite Roy Stewart."

William Russell, at work on "Where the West Begins" when the epidemic closed the studios, just changed the title to "Where the

Rest Begins," and came back to his birthplace to play it. A host of old friends were in the cast.

The brand-new Film Clearing House has Colonel Jacob Ruppert as a director. When prohibition prevails throughout our land, they will hold this advantage over the rest of us, that they will have this live reminder of departed joy.

Several producers assembled all they could of family and friends of the Boys Over There and had them march past the camera, smiling. The film will be sent to help them keep Christmas and will serve a good purpose where Santa is belated, and there are two more reasons why the arrangement is excellent: the boys will see the pictures, and the people who posed will not see them.

An exhibitor out in an Ohio town with a population of 678 sold 1,541 admissions one day, and thereupon announced that a "good war picture gets 'em where they ain't." Which ought to be good news for Pershing's Crusaders.

Director Bogaze is authority for the statement that "there's a location not ten miles from Los Angeles so rich in Irish atmosphere that even a Sinn Feiner would think it was the Land of the Shamrock." He doesn't say, but we believe it must be here that all native sons of California kiss the blarney stone.

A news item refers to "The Photoplay Class at Columbia University" and when a few have been graduated the standardizing of picture plays ought to be easy, thus making the enterprise "noble and no trouble." Oh, that Mark Twain might have been with us long enough to give motion pictures "the once over"!



MISSION PRODUCTIONS

BESSIE BARRISCALE, COW-PUNCHESS

When she learns to roll 'em with one hand the worried look will disappear.

EDITORIAL

To Keep Us in Fighting Trim

IF the return of peace is to mean much to every one of us, then every one of us must get to work in earnest at doing each our bit in harvesting the fruits of victory. Pictures will aid in all undertakings. They will show us what to do, how to do it, and will sum up results in a permanent record. Each community ought to have an up to date film loan library, so that one group may benefit from experiments of others, and insofar as desirable, new undertakings may be standardized. Pictures which show success or failure of these and similar enterprises will aid enormously. We advocate education along these lines to keep all of us 100 per cent. efficient.

Famous Plays Revived

FROM October 14th to November 18th, 1918, motion pictures ceased to move. Theaters throughout the country were closed to stop the spread of influenza, and producers and distributors agreed to suspend all activities. There followed the usual complaint about hardship, but one excellent result was a good, thorough, general overhauling and stock-taking that must prove of great benefit. The death of many leaders in the industry was sufficient to arouse, for a while at least, those who arrange for the care and comfort of patrons to the beneficent effect of fresh air in plenty, and cleanliness. No new releases being available, the theaters where showings continued were forced to program "repeats" of recent productions or reissues of old favorites, and box-office returns demonstrated that a film five years old or more draws as well as when it was first offered, if the craftsmanship is good and the story appeals to the fans. From which the conclusion may fairly be drawn that good work is of enduring worth.

Problem Plays

IF we must have problem plays, popular preference would be, just now, for the sort Edward M Hurley has produced recently in the matter of ships. The lovelorn maiden, the like of whom has never been known in real life, defend-

ing a virtue she cannot fairly be said to possess, has gone out of fashion. Hurley, Schwab, Ryan, Hoover and every one of the men who have helped solve various war problems will cheerfully bear testimony that romance and thrills have been abundant. Problem plays such as work of this sort inspired would disarm criticism and dispose of censors and censorship problems as sunshine dispels fog.

Old Friends Are Best Friends

ONE by one stage and opera stars are yielding to the lure of the silent drama. One of the newest recruits is Marjorie Rambeau. And that like conversion is sure to be brought about, soon or late, among journalists and authors, is indicated by news lately received that Homer Croy is engaged in the making of pictures. Homer Croy used to be associate editor of *Leslie's Weekly*. Now he heads the Y. M. C. A. News Service, with headquarters in Paris. The *Overseas Weekly*, to be issued twice a week, will show in pictures taken on the spot all the activities of the American Army in France.

A Film Record of a Great Undertaking

THE Stage Women's War Relief has been awakened to the worth of motion pictures in telling the story of its great aid to the winning of the war. A series of two-reel subjects is being prepared, to tell what has been done and who helped in the doing, the doers being in the cast of the playlet wherever that has been possible. This will become a lasting record of the accomplishment of an organization of devoted souls that began with a few earnest workers striving to do their bit, and which grew in three years to the third place among relief organizations. John W. Semler will direct the production. The probable effect just now, so members of the organization believe, will be to spread the spirit which has animated them. They think the elimination of non-essentials in their own lives has been the chief factor in enabling them to meet all demands.



PATHE

A sailor has a sweetheart in every port. In this case, Ruth Roland.



EXODUS OF THE FILM FOLKS FROM FORT LEE



Some Shows I'd Like to See

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

I'VE seen a lot of pictures in my time,
 For I am what they call a "movie fan"—
 Dramatic, weepy, humorous, sublime,
 And every leading woman, leading man:
 Yet there are one or two I'd like to lamp—
 I know that it would fill my heart with joy
 To see our Mary Pickford play the vamp,
 And William Hart as little "Fautleroy."

I'm sure if some producer only would
 Put on a picture such as I suggest,
 'T would pack the showhouse in our neighborhood
 And really put it over all the rest.
 There are a lot of plays I'd like to view.
 My favorites have never played, in fact—
 Say Theda Bara "Little Eva" do
 And Charlie Chaplin "Julius Caesar" act.

The public likes some novelties in shows;
 Why don't they give us what the public wants?
 Producers, put on pictures such as those,
 Pour forth new triumphs from your sparkling fonts.
 For one the most of us would break our necks—
 Polly Moran portraying "Marguerite."
 "Ivan, the Terrible" by Francis X,
 Would take the audience right off its feet.

Let Broncho Billy tackle "Richard III."
 Ben Turpin as "Macbeth" would be some show.
 And how the folks would congregate, my word!
 If Fatty only gave us "Romeo."
 For Shakespeare's not a bit too deep for me;
 I know that "Hamlet" much would entertain;
 And, most of all, I think I'd like to see
 Doug Fairbanks play the melancholy Dane.





A DAISY WITH A VERY BLACK CENTER

On the petals are leading ladies of the younger movie set, twelve years old or less. In the center is Mr. Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle's "Kid with the watermelon smile," Sammy Morrison, who in time will become a leading colored man. Beginning at the upper right hand petal and moving to the right, the little ladies are Virginia Lee Corbin, Madge Evans, Emilia Glenister, Katherine Lee, Gloria Hope, Rosheen Glenister, and Aida Horton.

Born to the Job

Director—I've got an idea that will make me rich.

Camera Man—What is it?

Director—After the war I'm going to hire the Kaiser to do villain parts.

Plausible

"Who was it that discovered the North Pole?"

"I'll bet it was a location man for some motion picture concern."

Some Boost

Patron—That was a peach of a picture, but the subtitles appeared to follow instead of precede scenes.

Theater Manager—Great Scott! The operator ran the picture backward!

The Last Word

"Is that movie star very popular?"

"Popular? Why, she draws crowds when she walks down the street even in Los Angeles!"

Something in Sacrifices? Try "Temple of Dusk"



1. Akira cares for Ruth, after the death of her father, a missionary.

2. Ruth tells Akira of her love for Markham, an American.

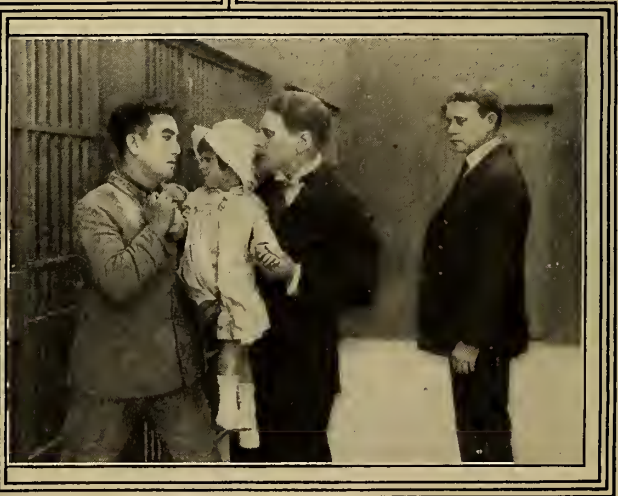
What and Where and Why

Go far enough West, and you reach the East. And the cherry buds and Japanese interiors which make so charming a setting for the opening scenes of Hayakawa's new photoplay, "The Temple of Dusk." If all Japs are built on the noble lines of Akira, the young Nippon poet, who loves the pretty American girl, Ruth Dale, and sacrifices everything for her and hers, we are wasting time worrying about a Yellow Peril. Ruth marries an American, who neglects her, and when she dies, weds again. Akira has promised to care for Ruth's child, Blossom, and he does so to the last degree, confessing to a shooting in which he had no part, in order to keep spotless the name of the baby's father.



3. Akira and Blossom, both having come to America with Markham and his new wife.

4. Akira finds Markham's new wife in clandestine meeting with a former lover.



5. Akira confesses to a murder to shield Blossom's father from disgrace and punishment.

6. Akira, a sacrifice for Blossom's sake, "Playing monkey in the zoo," he tells her.

The Movie Comedian

His Daily Routine Before Going to His Art

SEVEN o'clock—Wakes and falls out of bed when combination alarm clock and garden hose go off.

Seven-ten o'clock—Shaves, lathering himself deftly with a charlotte russe.

Seven-fifteen o'clock—Morning exercise; puts on boxing gloves and knocks down wife, knocks down child, knocks down serving maid. Runs along hall to door and slides downstairs on piano.

Seven-sixteen o'clock—Returns by way of fire escape, dragging piano.

Seven-seventeen to seven-thirty o'clock—Devoted dressing and falling down. Puts on trousers and falls down. Puts on shirt and falls down. Puts on collar and tie before mirror and falls over backward on floor. Rubs off shoes with hairbrush. Fixes hair with shoebrush. Puts on coat and falls down.

Seven-thirty-one o'clock—Starts for dining room and meets serving maid with tray of breakfast dishes. Kicks tray; both fall down.

Seven-thirty-two o'clock—Enters dining-room and kisses wife and child. Kisses serving maid, who pushes him through china closet. Chases serving maid around breakfast table. Is chased, in turn, by wife. Also by child. Trips on rug and falls down.

Seven-thirty-five o'clock—Breakfast. Tears off half a loaf of bread and stuffs it in mouth with both hands. Spears seven buckwheats with a fork and douses them with vinegar. Washes face with largest buckwheat cake. Oglers serving maid and eats napkin by mistake. Spills coffee. Upsets table.

Seven-thirty-six o'clock—Chased around room by wife, by child, by serving maid. Climbs to plate rail. Plate



Fourteenth Century costumes, Twentieth Century sandwiches and tin cups. Jane and Katherine Lee. Fox babes, "on location."



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

Evidently Fatty Arbuckle has absorbed some of Thomas Mott Osborne's ideas on prison management.

rail falls. Everybody falls. Climbs on chandelier. Chandelier falls. Everybody falls.

Seven-thirty-seven o'clock—Jumps into dumbwaiter and starts to lower himself. Wife and serving maid try to pull him back. Rope breaks. Everybody falls.

Seven-thirty-nine o'clock—Wife throws overcoat, hat, cane and a kiss down dumbwaiter shaft. He proceeds through coal hole to street, thence to his day's work in the Custardpye Studios.

A Heroine in the Movies

Since the method of indicating emotion in moving picture acting is very simple, any girl can learn to play the heroine's part by following these simple instructions:

Sadness—Tremolo eyelashes; heave breast; turn head to one side; heave breast some more; shrug shoulders; more heaves.

Love—Ditto, but heave crescendo.

Excitement—Some more ditto. Heave fortissimo. Clutch the air at each side, letting it go immediately.

Danger—Clutch breast, which, as previously indicated, must continue heaving; work head from side to side; nibble at fist when situation gets desperate; clutch and heave *ad lib*.

Happiness—Tilt head backward; smile, showing teeth; kiss ring, if just engaged; don't forget to heave.

General Instructions—Practice falling, running and heaving.



AN APPEAL TO THE FUEL ADMINISTRATOR

If he doesn't come across with the coal, the Mack Sennett girls will have to quit for the winter; that, or wear more clothes; in either event, a public calamity.

The Peacock and the Film Favorite



Not once upon a time, but very recently, a Movie Actor inclined an ear in the direction of Ambition. He was a very popular Movie Actor.

"I think," said the Movie Actor to Ambition, "that I shall shortly go on the legitimate stage. Millions of people have seen me; now I'll permit them to hear me. It is not right that I should withhold from them this opportunity."

Just then an Aged Peacock happened along, his feathers without gloss and his tail much resembling a superannuated feather duster.

"Listen, friend," said the Aged Peacock; "listen to me before you take the plunge. I am the peacock that old man Æsop wrote about in his Fables. My experience may be of value to you. As a youthful bird, I, too, made a hit. People came miles to see me—as they now come to see you.

"'Oh,' cried my admirers one day, 'if he would only SING! What a magnificent voice such a magnificent bird must have!'

"Whereupon I gave them of my best chest tones—and they stuffed their fingers in their ears and ran away."

Moral for peacocks and movie actors: Let well enough alone.

The Usual Way

Director—I'm afraid the star is going to leave us.

Manager—Why?

Director—She's made only ten kicks to-day.

Glossary of the Movies

Pie—Something with which to swat a man in the face. See Comedy.

Peril—Any situation which has a Chinaman in it or a man with a bandanna and earrings.

Breeze—Something which blows the heroine's hair in the garden scenes.

Shawl—Garment worn by a strange woman coming back for a glimpse of her "chee-ild."

Chee-ild—Anything under 30 that skips when it walks.

Goatee—Facial adornment for "fathers" and "colonels."

Fishing Village—A place where men make love in hip-boots.

Tree—Something to climb modestly. See Stockings. See Breeze. See Ingenue.

Boxing Gloves—Apparel for the hands, usually stuffed with scrap iron. See Comedy.

Policeman—A person who, on being kicked in the stomach, falls down humorously.

Pipe—That which heroes smoke. See Exile.

Clergyman—A male person in black clothes who raises his hand, palm outward, and looks up in the air.

Comedian—A man without a collar. See Pie. See Boxing Gloves.

Business Man—Something with white side whiskers.

Wedding—(1) An unhappy beginning. (2) A happy ending. See Goatee.

Gout—Something to step on. See Comedy.

Society Man—Any person with a tennis racquet. See Breeze.

Charlie Chaplin Minus the Make-up



Thinking it over. Charlie dispenses with the world's most celebrated mustache when talking with the studio-man about a new "set."



The day wouldn't be complete without a frolic with "Bill," the studio mascot, and Charlie's boon companion. "A Dog's Life" is a happy one at Hollywood.



With an income permitting him to indulge in fresh eggs, even in winter, Charlie prefers to get them from the original feathered packages. He is a great poultry fancier.



YOU'VE HEARD OF MOVIE "STILLS?"
Well, the stillest thing in the list of movie "stills" is an imitation of a portrait fixed "by fumes of mercury in a solution of sodium hyposulphite"—in other words, an ancient daguerreotype, as here portrayed by May Allison and Nigel de Bruiller.

Renaissance of the Improbable

UNTIL the "movies" came, the Improbable was an art, but the film writers have made of it a science. Before the advent of the cinematograph the Improbable had its Gaboriau and its Dumas; now it has its Darwins and Euclids.

The congenital pessimist, with his aureole of pseudo culture flaming around his head, bemoans the lack of probability and "artistic verity" in the incredible adventures in the two dimensional world of the screen, but he will always return, and he is generally one of the worst "fans."

He returns because, unconsciously, he loves the improbable, the nonsensical, the fantastic, and those combinations of action that never were on sea or land or in Paris. He loves, secretly, this topsyturvy life of wholly impossible beings, because it is a release from the iron laws of life which clamp him in their vise day in and day out. He, like all of us, is a victim of the probable, the foreseen, the routine adventure.

That is, then, the greatest service that the "movies" have done. They do not depict life, but the Improbable. They amuse by their supreme absurdities.

The "movie" is the Pegasus of the crowd.

Movie Statistics

In one evening we now see sixteen announcements of forthcoming attractions, forty-eight close-ups of the leading lady, twenty-two close-ups of the leading man, twelve close-ups of a wonder child, six hundred and twenty people get into automobiles, six hundred and twenty people get out of automobiles, six eternal triangles, eleven mistreated wives, nine unappreciated husbands, eight poor girls married to lords, three murders, one hanging, sixty two pies.

Enough

An actress who's temperamental,
 An actor who's handsome and vain—
 That's all that is really required
 To drive a director insane.

When the Director Gets Through

"Holy Smokes, are you going to sit through that picture again?"

"Yes; I've got a notion I wrote the scenario."



GOLDWYN

MAE MARSH BESIDE HERSELF.

Sometimes movie films do not move at all, as in this case.

"Fiendish Flanagan," Western Burlesque



1. *Fiendish Flanagan is such a terror to Bitten Ear that—*



2. *Mendez, the Mex, goes to Author Flagg to protest.*



3. *Uneeda, the dancer, and Mendez despair of reforming Fiendish, but—*

What It Is All About

James Montgomery Flagg is both author and leading bad man of "Fiendish Flanagan," another Bill Hart burlesque. *Fiendish* is boss of the town of Bitten Ear, shooting right and left when anyone annoys him. He keeps a saloon-dance hall, with *Dirk Mendez*, a Mexican, who is deadly afraid of him, as his partner. *Little Uneeda*, a Mexican dancer who loves *Dirk*, at last proposes that *Dirk* go to the author's studio in New York and beseech him to make *Flanagan* less fiendish. Heeding *Dirk's* pitiful plea, the author sends a pure poster girl, *Phoebe Slush*, west to reform *Flanagan*. *Phoebe* confronts *Flanagan* with a worsted motto, Love One Another, and thereafter *Fiendish* is a changed man, loving everyone, women and children first.



4. *Phoebe Slush, of Broadway, comes with a motto, Love One Another, and does the miracle.*



5. *What is more, Uneeda proves to Fiendish that he has exceeded "his murder allowance for September."*



6. *Flanagan at last confesses what it was that made him "fiendish." For years he tried vainly to roll a cigarette with one hand!*

IT'S utterly impossible for a man or woman to be idolized by millions, and still remain, in the public mind, just human. So when the films came along, and "Mary," "Doug," "Bill," "Charlie," "Elsie" and "Theda" became sufficient identification for their owners in every corner of the world, they became new beings—simple, natural, even blundering in their lives on the screen, but perfect, ineffable and mysterious as soon as the studio lights were off.

Then came the war, and these people, who were perfectly willing to pose as Popularity on a pedestal before, insisted on their rights as plain American patriots to do both the little things and the big, unusual ones that fortune and fame had fitted them for, even though the glamour around them was dispelled forever.

Naturally, they and the other great film favorites turned to the Stage Women's War Relief as the organization through which to do their "bits." Both at the New York headquarters, where such fine, telling and sympathetic work has been accomplished by these women of the theater that their organization now ranks as the third in the country, and at the branch in Los Angeles, where so many of the stars working on the coast can give their personal efforts, they have had equally fine results in furnishing comforts, good cheer and money for the boys at the front and in camp.

They have come in personal contact with thousands of the boys in uniform—boys who thought that heaven had come on earth when they were able to stammer a few words and receive a smile and a handclasp in return from Elsie Ferguson or Geraldine Farrar.

Miss Farrar, by the way, with her usual vivacious thoroughness, has aided every department of the Stage Women's War Relief and organized a few new ones of her own besides. She managed and appeared at the

STARS OF SCREEN AND STAGE



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Elsie Ferguson made hundreds of these wind-proof jackets for aviators, and autographed most of them "because the boys thought that added to their comfort." They are interlined with cast-off leather gloves. About a hundred a week were made and distributed.



Blanche Sullivan receives these forms

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

This traveling theater averaged \$100,000 a week in the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive. Stage and screen stars were "on the job" about twenty-four hours each day.

PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Peggy O'Neil is fitting garments made from discarded stockings and shirts on the first godson of the organization whose father is an actor-soldier in France.

IN ROLES OF MERCY AND SERVICE

most successful benefit the Stage Women ever gave, when the Metropolitan Opera House was crowded to the ceiling to hear, among many others, John McCormack, John Philip Sousa, George M. Cohan and the indefatigable Miss Farrar in her second act of "Madame Butterfly."

Her personal and professional wardrobes are ransacked weekly to send the most attractive costumes, hats and trinkets to the Stage Women's War Relief Jumble In-Shop, where Farrar fans can buy them at a ridiculous figure and go around in a blissful and well-dressed state of being

When Miss Farrar appeared as a singing Liberty Bond seller at the little theater the Stage Women maintain during every loan on the steps of the New York Public Library, she invariably stopped traffic for blocks on Fifth Avenue, selling and buying bonds at whirlwind speed. The Farrar Pekinese, "Sniffles," sharing its mistress's generous patriotism, became the owner of a thousand-dollar bond. Now I hear "Sniffles" is to appear in Miss Farrar's newest picture, and no doubt will use his salary to buy another bond.

Elsie Ferguson has also devoted all her energy and charm to helping the war through the Stage Women's War Relief. Knowing that a leather wind-proof vest would feel much warmer and cozier if it were autographed to its prospective owner, she often worked far into the night, after a strenuous picture day, adding this thoughtful little detail to the boys' happiness.

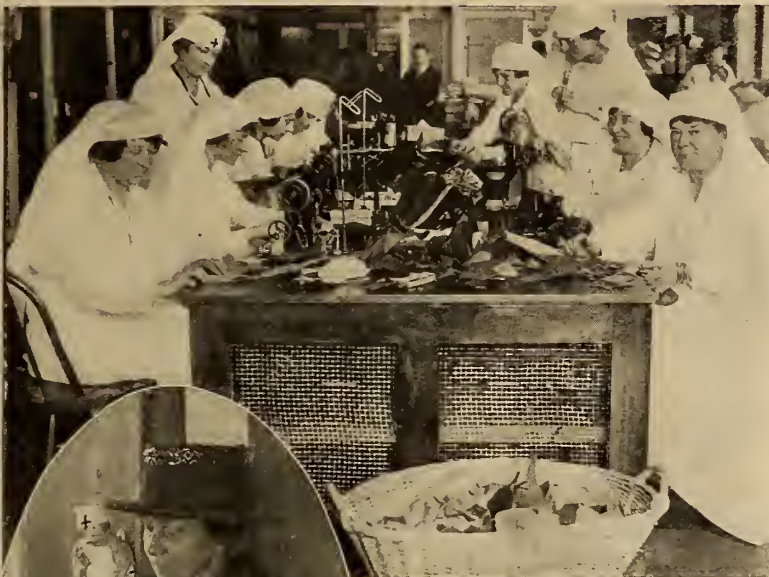
At the large Service House the Stage Women maintain, with about a hundred cots for the men of the army, navy and marines, and where every Sunday about five hundred boys gather to chat, dance and have a supper of their favorite dainties with their favorite actresses, Elsie Ferguson loves to steal away to the kitchen, covered with a big apron, and work unseen preparing appetiz-

(Continued on page 30)



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

...ates "taking stock" of dressings. Requests late in the day for supplies, were always met that day, even took all night.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

At work on wind-proof jackets. (Left) Jeanette Bageard, Frances Starr, Minnie Dupree, Elsie Ferguson, and (right) Mrs. Tom Lewis and Imojen Fairchild.



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Rachael Crothers, playwright, is president of the organization which sent two million articles to allied countries.



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Carroll McComas making a silk quilt of bright pieces for the baby department. Comforts similar to this for boys in hospitals or convalescent camps were made from scraps of velvet, silk and woolen goods, even cigarette flags and pennants.



IT'S utterly impossible for a man or woman to be idolized by millions, and still remain, in the public mind, just human. So when the films came along, and "Mary," "Doug," "Bill," "Charlie," "Elsie" and "Theda" became sufficient identification for their owners in every corner of the world, they became new beings—simple, natural, even blundering in their lives on the screen, but perfect, ineffable and mysterious as soon as the studio lights were off.

Then came the war, and these people, who were perfectly willing to pose as Popularity on a pedestal before, insisted on their rights as plain American patriots to do both the little things and the big, unusual ones that fortune and fame had fitted them for, even though the glamour around them was dispelled forever.

Naturally, they and the other great film favorites turned to the Stage Women's War Relief as the organization through which to do their "bits." Both at the New York headquarters, where such fine, telling and sympathetic work has been accomplished by these women of the theater that their organization now ranks as the third in the country, and at the branch in Los Angeles, where so many of the stars working on the coast can give their personal efforts, they have had equally fine results in furnishing comforts, good cheer and money for the boys at the front and in camp.

They have come in personal contact with thousands of the boys in uniform—boys who thought that heaven had come on earth when they were able to stammer a few words and receive a smile and a handclasp in return from Elsie Ferguson or Geraldine Farrar.

Miss Farrar, by the way, with her usual vivacious thoroughness, has aided every department of the Stage Women's War Relief and organized a few new ones of her own besides. She managed and appeared at the

STARS OF SCREEN AND STAGE IN ROLES OF MERCY AND SERVICE



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Elsie Ferguson made hundreds of these wind-proof jackets for aviators, and autographed most of them "because the boys thought that added to their comfort." They are interlined with cast-off leather gloves. About a hundred a week were made and distributed.



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Blanche Bates "taking stock" of surgical dressings. Requests received late in the day for these supplies, were always forwarded that day, even if it took all night.



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

At work on wind-proof jackets. (Left) Jeanette Bugeard, Frances Starr, Minnie Dupree, Elsie Ferguson, and (right) Mrs. Tom Lewis and Imogen Fairchild.



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Rachael Crothers, playwright, is president of the organization which sent two million articles to allied countries.

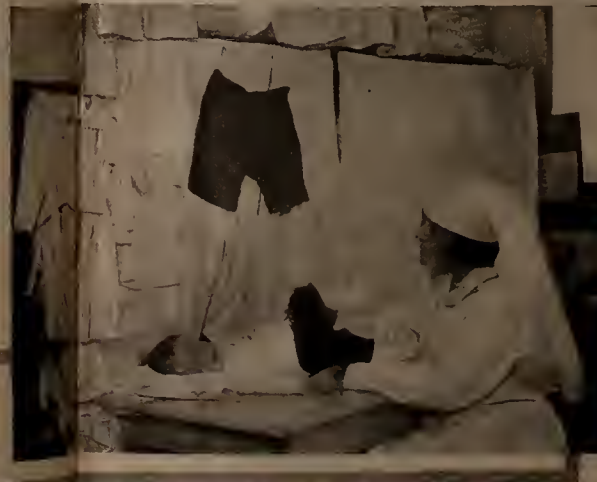


UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD PHOTO

This traveling theater averaged \$100,000 a week in the Fourth Liberty Loan Drive. Stage and screen stars were "on the job" about twenty-four hours each day.

PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Peggy O'Neil is fitting garments made from discarded stockings and shirts on the first godson of the organization whose father is an actor-soldier in France.



PAUL THOMPSON PHOTO

Carroll McComas making a silk quilt of bright pieces for the baby department. Comforts similar to this for boys in hospitals or convalescent camps were made from scraps of velvet, silk and woolen goods, even cigarette flaps and pinnants.

most successful benefit the Stage Women ever gave, when the Metropolitan Opera House was crowded to the ceiling to hear, among many others, John McCormack, John Philip Sousa, George M. Cohan and the indefatigable Miss Farrar in her second act of "Madame Butterfly."

Her personal and professional wardrobes are ransacked weekly to send the most attractive costumes, hats and trinkets to the Stage Women's War Relief Jumble In-Shop, where Farrar fans can buy them at a ridiculous figure and go around in a blissful and well-dressed state of being.

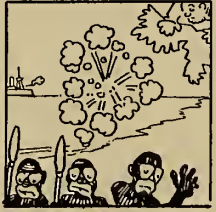
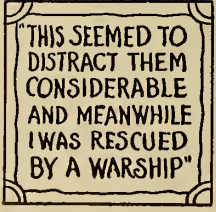
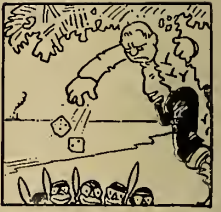
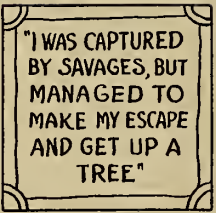
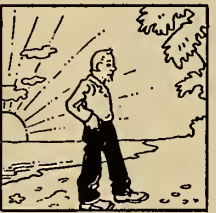
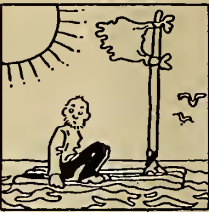
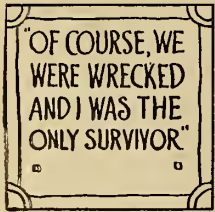
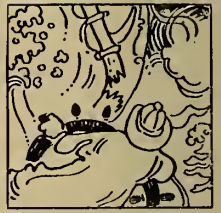
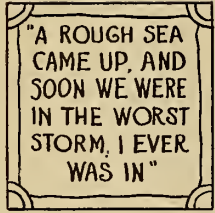
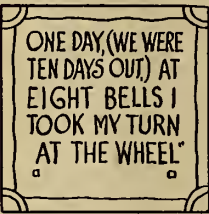
When Miss Farrar appeared as a singing Liberty Bond seller at the little theater the Stage Women maintain during every loan on the steps of the New York Public Library, she invariably stopped traffic for blocks on Fifth Avenue, selling and buying bonds at whirlwind speed. The Farrar Pekinese, "Sniffles," sharing its mistress's generous patriotism, became the owner of a thousand-dollar bond. Now I hear "Sniffles" is to appear in Miss Farrar's newest picture, and no doubt will use his salary to buy another bond.

Elsie Ferguson has also devoted all her energy and charm to helping the war through the Stage Women's War Relief. Knowing that a leather wind-proof vest would feel much warmer and cozier if it were autographed to its prospective owner, she often worked far into the night, after a strenuous picture day, adding this thoughtful little detail to the boys' happiness.

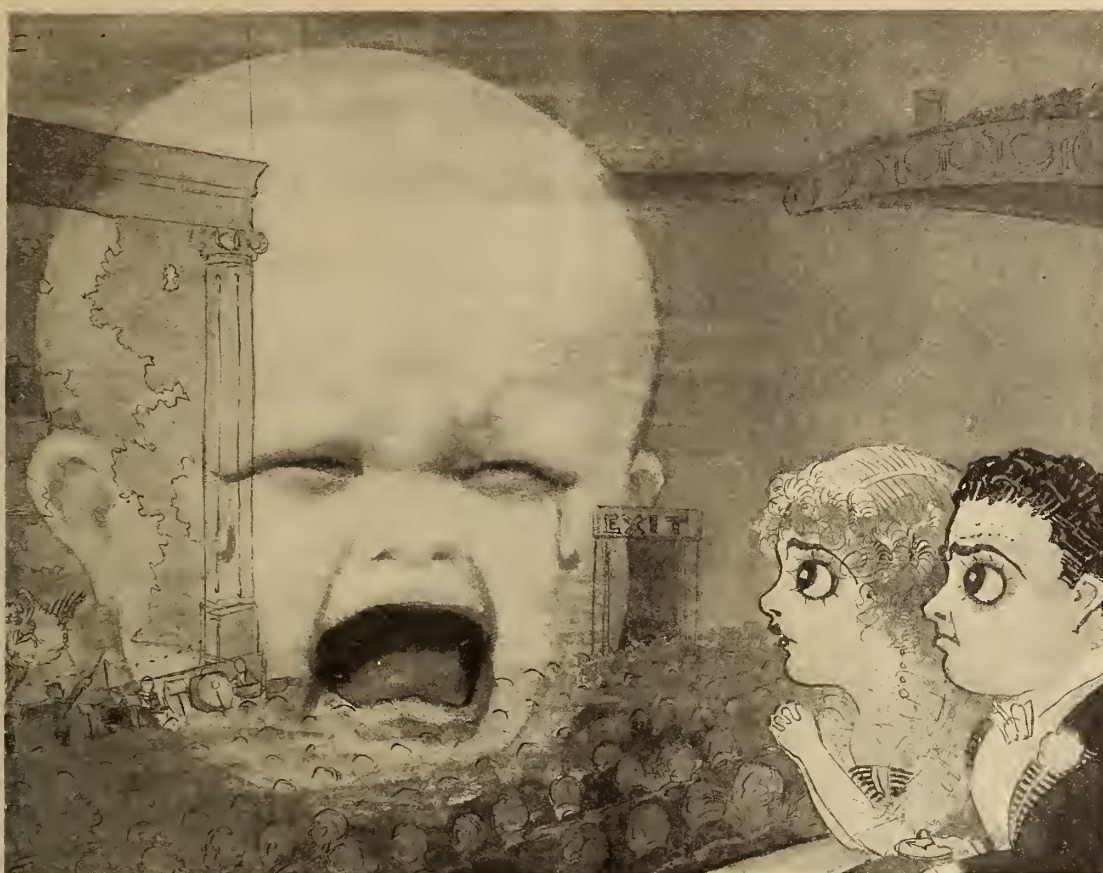
At the large Service House the Stage Women maintain, with about a hundred cots for the men of the army, navy and marines, and where every Sunday about five hundred boys gather to chat, dance and have a supper of their favorite dainties with their favorite actresses, Elsie Ferguson loves to steal away to the kitchen, covered with a big apron, and work unseen preparing appetiz-

(Continued on page 30)

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



THE OLD SALT'S STORY: A YARN WHICH CAN BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT



How the picture looked to her the first night she left baby.

Grandpa at the Movies

By W. W. SHARP

I DO not like the movies, as they are vulgarly named; in fact, I hate them. But I was forced to go by my little grandson, Willie, young in age, but wise concerning the movies.

We went into the theater—theater was a compliment—and sat down on two very hard chairs. I waited patiently, then everything went dark. I settled down to sleep, but I determined to witness the beginning.

I wanted to have my senses, in case the representation was not fit for my little grandson.

FORGOTTEN SINS

That must be the name of it. I'm sure this has never been passed by the censors.

SCENARIO BY JOHN PLACE

How interesting! I never heard of the man, but he must be famous to have his name so big.

FROM THE STORY BY HENRY MYERS

Oh, I know this will be terrible! Henry Myers!

BY PERMISSION OF ZIPPY STORIES

Worse and worse! Willie, we had better leave. "Well, I guess not! Ain't I been lookin' forward ter this fillum fer a week?" I could not spoil his pleasure. And, then, I might like the story myself.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEMUEL SWIFT

Well, well, and who is he?

DIRECTED BY ROBERT PIERCE

Willie, when's the picture coming?

ART DIRECTOR ALEXIS SMEROFF

Where's the pictures? I don't see any.

UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF J.

ARTHUR-JONES

Willie, where is—

PRODUCED BY PETRO

Petro? That sounds very Bohemian. I cannot understand how Willie likes this.

FEATURING HELEN TRAVERS

I feel so sleepy. A—h, a—h!

IN A LITTLE COUNTRY VILLAGE NEAR THE

WICKED CITY LIVED MARY DAVIS, A

VIRTUOUS YOUNG GIRL—

Ya—n!

* * * * *

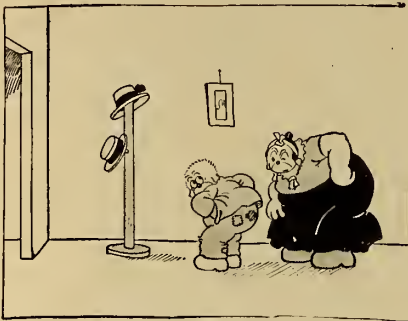
Suddenly I awoke and saw

THE END

PASSED BY THE NATIONAL BOARD OF CENSORS

Thank heaven! Somebody censored it!

Judge Rummy Joins the Stars of the Screen

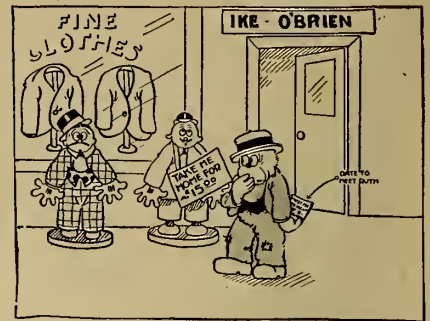


1. The Judge proves to Mrs. Judge that his clothes are in no condition for public appearance: that he needs money.

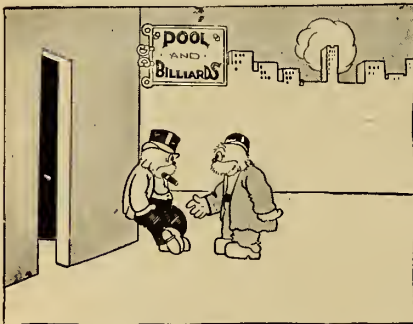
Sterling Pen-and-ink Comedian Signs Up With the Educational Film Co. for a Season of Forty Weeks.



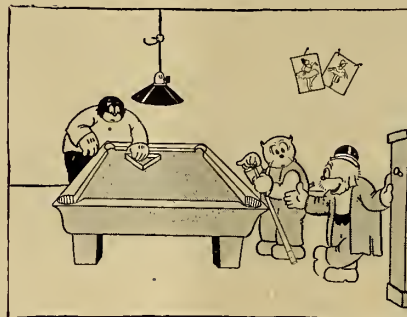
2. He gets \$35, but certain warnings accompany the giving which take much of the joy out of life.



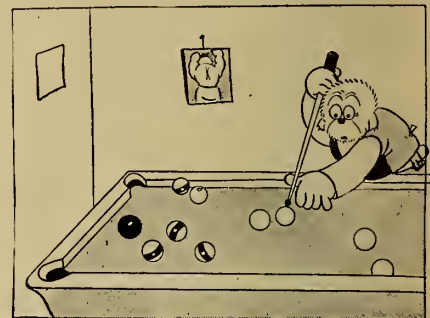
3. Fifteen dollars will buy a hand-me-down, and still leave the Judge a trifle of pocket money.



4. Meeting Silk Hat Harry—another "educational" comedian—the Judge inquires the way to some easy coin.



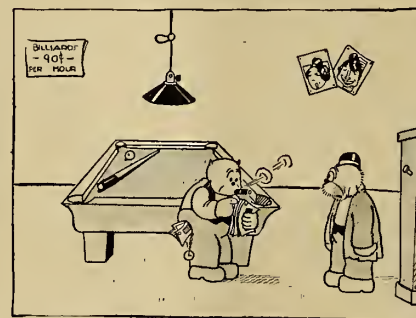
5. On the advice of Silk Hat Harry, he seeks it in an "educational" institution devoted to billiards and pool.



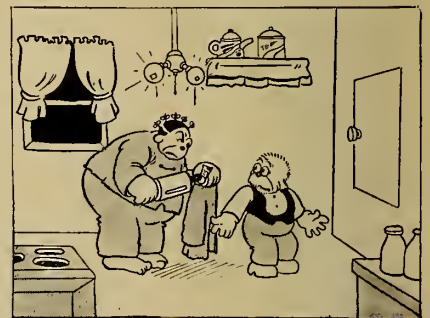
6. Having mutually agreed to "make it interesting," the Judge has visions of cleaning up both the table and his opponent.



7. A vision which his opponent mars by making the inovies do everything but talk.



8. The Judge learns—more educational features—that a wise bird and his money are soon parted.



9. All goes well in the financial accounting till Mrs. Judge discovers the \$15 tag on the new "\$35 suit."

A Scenario Right There

"The silent drama," said little sister, reading the dramatic notes. "What's the silent drama?"

"Aw," said brother, "that's when pa is sneaking in from the club at 2 a. m. in his stocking feet with his shoes in his hand, and ma is waiting in the dark at the top of the stars ready to whale him over the head with a curtain pole."

Tragedy

Bill—Did you ever cry while watching photoplays?

Phil—Often, when I've seen what the directors did to my scenarios.



10. An intensely moving picture which might almost be called a "close up."

The Easiest Way

By Charlotte R. Mish

The lies I have told!
The lives I have sold
For a few paltry pieces of glittering gold!
The hearts I have swayed!
The men who have paid!
The souls I have seared and the ruins I've made!

Your eyebrows are raised,
Expression is dazed;
'Tis plain from your actions that you are amazed.

You ask: "Does this pay?"
Well, indeed, I should say—
For I vampire in the picture play!

Gladys of the Rail



THE girl—she is usually a telegraph operator—is seen at her job. She wears a short skirt because girl operators in the movies *must* wear short skirts—they have so much work to do with their legs and feet before they are “passed by the Board of Censors.”

A couple of trains go by, just to prove that it is a railroad drama.

The conductor of No. 7 comes in to have a chat with Gladys, the operator.

No. 7 pulls out, leaving Gladys alone.

Gladys “registers” horror as the telegraph ticks the news that thieves have captured a car of waste paper attached to a local freight. The car is coming down grade, thieves and all, and it is too late to warn No. 7.

Gladys runs out and looks up the track. Gladys runs twice around the platform, proving beyond doubt that they are silk.

View of No. 7 on its unsuspecting way. It whistles realistically, the man at the piano pausing long enough to blow on a little tin trumpet, like Willie got for Christmas.

View of runaway freight car, thieves hanging on desperately.

No more hesitation for Gladys. She lifts a five-hundred-pound hand car onto the track and starts it off in the teeth of the wind. Gladys is rather shapely, although it is terrible to notice such things when No. 7 is in peril.



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCLE

A Fish that Gets Fatty Arbuckle on the Other End of the Line Calls it a Day.

Gladys discards hand car and jumps on bronco. For a girl comparatively plump, she has rather prominent kneecaps, don't you think? However—

A perfectly thrilling ride across country, the railroad fortunately having more curves than a watchspring. It is—pray heaven—possible to ride

four miles in a straight line while the train is going forty around double reverses. On, bronco!

View of No. 7, still unsuspecting.

View of flying freight car, laden with waste paper. Thieves, one by one, leave their booty and jump for their lives. Car goes on.

Gladys leaps from bronco and jumps in automobile.

Gladys leaps from automobile into motor boat.

Gladys docks motor boat and starts to run toward drawbridge. If you noticed anything, please have the decency not to mention it. When bent on saving a train full of lives, a girl has to move.

Gladys climbs to dizzy height on bridge structure. Well, since you ask me, I prefer plain black myself. But it is wholly a matter of taste, and, besides, this is no time to—

Gladys swings in midair and drops from drawbridge squarely into the tender of Train No. 7, which is just passing. She lands on soft coal, uninjured.

She crawls down to the footboard and tells the engineer of No. 7 for godsake to backup. He does so.

View of runaway freight car.

Gladys leaps from No. 7, now backing nicely, and starts to open the drawbridge. There is nobody around but the audience.

Runaway freight car arrives just in time for an Annette Kellermann dive; it dives and disappears. No. 7 is safe!

Gladys boards No. 7, to be taken back to her station, ninety miles away. Really, the conductor of No. 7 should be more careful. That car step is frightfully high and—I think the left one had a darned place in it.

Back on her station platform, Gladys waves good-by to No. 7 and its grateful crew. What a windy day it is! Gladys is waving all over.

Wouldn't the railroad movie be perfectly grand if they'd cut out the locomotives and the cars?



“SAFETY FIRST”

What is a little thing like a railroad rule to a movie comedian?

The New Standard

Friend—Haven't you sold your new book?

Novelist—No. Every editor says it hasn't got enough action to make a photoplay.



How a pair of screen comedians celebrated the end of the gasless Sundays.

An Evening's Relaxation

PLACE: *The last row at the movies.* TIME: *Evening.*

She (as they seat themselves)—Jim and Delphine said they were coming here to-night, but I don't see them anywhere, do you?

He (not looking)—No, I don't.

She—I hate to come in right in the middle of a picture. You never know what it's all about. Is that Jim and Delphine over there in the other section?

He—No wonder you never know what a picture's about if you keep on looking around the audience.

She (triumphantly)—There! There they are! I recognize Delphine's hat. Shall we go down and sit with them? There are two vacant— Oh, it isn't Delphine at all! At least, that isn't Jim with her.

He—Better leave her alone, hadn't you, then? We might be butting in.

She—And it isn't Delphine, either. She just turned around.

Now, I wonder where they are. They don't usually go further down than the last ten rows.

He—Why the worry? I didn't pay four cents war tax just for the privilege of looking for Delphine and Jim. You're bobbing around like a cow's tail in flytime.

She—Don't you like to be sociable?

He—Yes, but I don't have to come eight blocks and sit in the dark to be it.

She (ecstatically)—Oh, there they are! Over across the aisle. Isn't that Jim?

He—Gee whiz! Where?

She—The other side of that woman who looks as though she were going to burst.

He—Might be Jim, but that isn't Delphine with him. I just now saw her face.

She (deeply dejected)—That's so. And it isn't Jim, either. I just saw him.

He—Well, why not call it a day and look at something besides mil-



AN ELDER BROTHER'S THRIFT

"Wot's th' use of spending money for two tickets, when I can tell yer the plot of the play when I come out?"

linery and the backs of heads we don't know? By the way, if you're interested at all in Jim and Delphine, there they are, right in front of us.

She—Why, so it is! Well, for—goodness—sake! And here we've been— George, I believe you saw them all the time and wouldn't tell me. Now, didn't you?

He—Not guilty. What do you want to do? Go down and sit by them?

She—Yes, there are two vacant seats just in back of them. Let's go in quietly and surprise them.

SCENE: *The lobby.*

TIME: *One minute later.*

He—What did you come out here for?

She—I don't know. Why did you?

He—I felt like a fool, pussyfooting up to a couple of perfectly perfect strangers and darn near slapping 'em on



Regards To Mother Goose

*Out on the coast, this handsome hen
Lays good eggs for movie men.
Movie men come every day
To see what this good hen doth lay.
(The bird is owned by Fatty A.)*

an unexpected caller that they "very seldom went out in the evenings" and that Jim's overcoat was on and Delphine's hat on her head because they had "just that instant come in.")

the back. Something stayed my hand just in time. He must have thought that I was looking for a spy.

She—Well, think how I felt, whispering in the ear of that woman, "Well, I see you wore your old hat." I was so flustered I didn't know what I was doing, and I don't even yet. I just *had* to come out.

He—Well, what are you going to do? Are you going back? We've lost our seats, but there may be others.

She—No, I'm not. I didn't like that picture, anyway.

He—I don't see how you know. You never looked at it.

(And all the while Jim and Delphine are at home, effusively assuring



MUTUAL-SELIG

*Three little maids of the screen are we,
Dressed in the style of 'sixty-three;
Each of us giggling, tee-hee-hee!
Three little maids of the screen.*

*Three little maids, what a cinch to be
Paid for giggling, tee-hee-hee!
Most little girls would do it, free.
Three little maids of the screen.*



PARAMOUNT

LILA LEE, HORSE TAMER

Why be a kill-joy and discover that the horse is a wooden one?

A Movie Post-mortem

ARGUMENT—Being naturally of an artistic, not to say cultured, turn of mind, and avid of the best and newest in the intellectual world, you and your wife have compassed the movies to see Adventure No. 17 of the Mix-ups of Meg series. On returning home you feel it your duty to detail to an unfortunate caller a ringside account of what happened.

You—You see, Meg is out in her monoplane—

Your Wife—It wasn't hers, George; it belonged to Mr. Bryce, the detective, and he wanted her to go up—

You—Oh, well, it doesn't matter whose it was. Anyhow, Meg was up in it, and the Rajah —

Your Wife—That was afterward, dear. The Rajah doesn't come in until the middle part of the picture.

You (aroused) — He certainly does, my dear. He comes in right at the very first. Don't you remember that picture showing him in his laboratory mixing the poison, and then that next picture where he's rubbing it on the arrow and hiding the dwarf in the automobile?

Your Wife—Have it your own way. I'm sure it doesn't matter a great deal. Why don't you start now and tell Mrs. Smith the story?

You (grieved, and justly so)—Well, I'm telling it as fast as I can, am I not? You

see, Mrs. Smith, there are two characters in love with Meg besides the Rajah and— Janet, I think I ought to tell Mrs. Smith what happened in Adventure No. 16, so she can see just what led up to this week. In 16 Meg's guardian bought a big yacht with a Chinese cook aboard who had a parrot that—

Your Wife (a little sharply, I'm sorry to say)—Isn't that rather a waste of time?

You (as gently as possible—circumstances considered)—Mrs. Smith wants to hear it, my dear.

Your Wife (justly, but unkindly)—Can't you see she's bored to tears? She doesn't want to hear all that last week's stuff.

You (obstinate as a stalled engine)—I'll leave it to her. Mrs. Smith, wouldn't you like to hear both last week's and this week's adventure?

Mrs. Smith (will nobody lend a helping hand to the poor woman?)—Why—a—yes—if it wouldn't be too much trouble.

You (triumphantly)—See?

Your Wife (her voice has the I-mean-what-I'm-saying ring)—Now, George, be reasonable. Mrs. Smith wants to be polite,

(Continued on page 32)



For all who would "register joy," here is a free lesson by Dustin Farnum.

Wallace Reid, With "Too Many Millions"



1. Before the inheritance. Book agent Van Dorn at his hypnotic trade.



2. Van Dorn reads that he has fallen heir to forty million real dollars.



3. Wilkins, the financial agent, is a constant reminder of the burdens of wealth.

A Hint of the Plot

Walsingham Van Dorn, book agent, inherits forty millions from uncles who made it in flim-flam finance. They robbed of two millions the father of a young lady, *Desiree Lane*, and *Van Dorn* goes to live in the latter's former home. She tries to get the two millions back, and *Van Dorn* is agreeing, when word comes that *Wilkins*, his agent, has skipped with the fortune. The house being attached, *Van Dorn* and *Desiree* flee in an auto, and ultimately, their resources gone, a fire taking even their clothing, *Van Dorn* gets a job, marries *Desiree* and honeymoon in a cottage. Back comes *Wilkins* with the fortune, saying the responsibility is too much for him. *Van Dorn* doesn't know whether to take it back or not, and asks the audience, What would you do?



4. Van Dorn and Desiree, just before word of Wilkins' flight with the fortune.



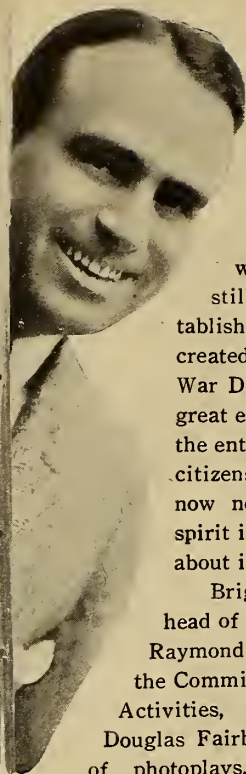
5. Excessively informal wedding of Desiree and Van Dorn, immediately after losing their clothes in a fire. Wedding raiment provided by minister.



6. The return of Wilkins, shaven, shorn and weary, with the stolen fortune. Wealth in a mansion, or simple lore in a cottage—which?

"He Comes Up Smiling"

An Interview With Douglas Fairbanks



MOTION pictures helped a lot in winning the war. They are to play a still greater part in re-establishing peace. The newly created Morale Division of the War Department will rely to a great extent on pictures to enlist the enthusiastic co-operation of citizens and soldiery in what now needs to be done and the spirit in which we should all set about it.

Brigadier-General Munson is head of this Morale Division, and Raymond D. Fosdick, chairman of the Committee on Training Camp Activities, is next in command.

Douglas Fairbanks is making a series of photoplays, the first having been nearly completed.

Fairbanks is wholeheartedly cordial to his interviewers, and his enthusiasm for the particular work he has in hand is infectious. This new project, as he outlined it, seems very wise and wide in scope. It ought to arouse everybody, even the worst of the slackers. You will like the story best if told in his own words, although you must miss the "zip" and "pep" he puts into his talk. His vivid and pleasing personality inspires belief in his theory of life, action and smiles.

"Yes," he said, "I'm at work for the Government. I don't know for how long. Just as long as they need me. I've dropped all other plans for the time being. After we finished the Fourth Liberty Loan, they asked me to undertake the making of pictures for use in arousing the men, women and children of the nation to the opportunities and duties war has brought. Playtime for a while is over—or else it is just beginning—depends on how you regard a condition which calls for action, action, action, and then more action. Of course, to me that is the ideal existence.

"But at any rate, the Government realizes there is to be a new deal all round. Presently we will have with us upward of two million men in the prime of life and the pink of condition, in whom war has developed a habit of thinking and an appreciation of the use and beauty of team work. The adventure from which they are returning will incline them to the new adventures opening up everywhere. We've got to feed the world, pretty nearly—anyhow for the next two years. We've got to supply most of the material and a good deal of the man power for restoration of ruined France and Belgium. We've got to be the leaders, and we can.

"But we've got to be prepared. We have to learn a lot. We're just beginning to get a glimpse, a vague notion of our destiny. We must acquire real, useful knowledge. We must speed up, but wisely. There's hardly an industry in the land developed to more than twenty per cent. of its possibilities. Transportation needs overhauling—no, that's no pun, and it doesn't relate to aeroplane freight either, although that is one of the next big things we shall see. And travel by the air lanes—but I don't want to say much about that now, although I can promise you a story that is likely to startle the world when Uncle Sam is ready to make public the work he has now well in hand.

"And so, to be ready for all these and countless other things which must be done, the War Department, as I said, has established this Morale Division for educational purposes—a sort of short course in the training of citizens, men and women alike, in usefulness. The pictures I am to make are to be shown throughout this country as well as abroad, wherever there is need for the particular lesson they make plain.

"You see, it's all work for true democracy, and that's what we're going to have throughout the world. The United States is the logical leader in establishment of these principles for which we have been fighting.

"Everybody must help, though. Everyone has to do his bit for the common good. It can't be a good country for a few of us without being a good country for all of us. And pictures will demonstrate all this better than any other agency. There has never been a time when the outlook for films was as wide and wonderful as it is to-day. The industry has never had the opportunity it has right now.

"My own idea is, as I explained to them, that you can hit home with propaganda better if you present it in the form of a story that grips. People may—experience has proved that they do, in fact—shy at films that picture vice and its effects. It's like administering medicine to a man who doesn't need it. But if your feature film shows how failure in, let us say, a football scrimmage is due to a lack of physical fitness and form or from drink or other excess, they can't get away from the right conclusion.

"So they laid down four principles for my guidance and told me to get busy. These principles are 'Purity of Purpose,' 'Cheerfulness,' 'Steadfastness' and 'Willingness to Sacrifice.' That's what they gave me to work on, and it's all they gave me to work on.

"And, say, I felt like a fool, just at first. How would you have felt if you'd faced the necessity for building a fascinating scenario on such a framework? I didn't see how on earth I was going to make a picture out of that.

"But then the idea came to me how we could work it out in allegory. And we've nearly completed a feature. It isn't named yet, but it will be finished within a week.

(Continued on page 32)



FASCINATED

The Rescuer—*Why didn't you jump when you saw the light?*
 Young Movie Actress—*I—I thought I was in the center of the screen—at last.*

Strategy

First Director—How did you get those actors to put up such a realistic fight?

Second Director—I told each one on the quiet that the other considered him a punk scrapper.

Habit

“Why did you fire that new actor?” the director was asked.

“He was on the stage so long that every time he walked into a set he bowed to the camera.”

Helpful

Scenario writer—I'm trying to discover a locale for a motion picture which has never been used before. Can you suggest anything?

Friend—Sure! How about the pit of a volcano? Kilauea, in Hawaii, is easily reached.

The Eternal Feud

Visitor—What a big scenario department you've got! How many writers are in it?

Director (viciously)—None!



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CHIVALROUS FATTY ARBUCKLE

When he serenades a bunch of girls, he takes pains not to pick out pretty ones.

Devout

“I'll bet you don't even know what the inside of a church looks like.”

“G'wan. I've seen 'em in the movies.”

Useless

The Girl—Aren't the moon and stars grand?

The Director—Bah! They're no good to shoot pictures by.

Where Is Thy Sting?

Friend—Why so glum? Has your star died?

Director—Worse than that. She's getting fat.

A Very Animated Domestic Movie



Parked

“Wasn’t that a remarkable desert scene in the feature?”

“Yes, it struck me as remarkable, too, when I saw that 1918 automobile in the oasis.”

Piker Stuff

“Why didn’t you like that movie of high life?”

“Because there were only forty servants in the heroine’s home.”

Kill Him

Actor—We’ll have to take this scene some other day.

Director—For heaven’s sake, why?

Actor—The wind is so strong, it musses my hair.



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ran serially for ten weeks in Leslie's and were quoted by more than 200 publications. If you sit in "the driver's seat," or merely plod along beside the wagon, whether you are a success or think yourself a failure, you will find this book full of hope, help and the right kind of inspiration.

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Stars of Screen and Stage

(Continued from page 17)

ing sandwiches and desserts for the boys upstairs. It's fortunate those can't be autographed, too, for I fear, if they were, they'd never reach the spot for which they were intended.

Miss Ferguson also served as saleslady at the Liberty Theater, and one afternoon her eloquence and sentiment, connected with the cartilage number from Captain Vernon Castle's fated machine, brought in a sum of \$14,500 for this relic of the dancer-hero.

Mrs. Castle, who is devoting her life to the war since her husband's tragic death, and who is now in France making a special picture for the Government, devotes much of her time to the Stage Women's War Relief. Like Miss Farrar, she sends truckfuls of her clothes to the Jumble-In, and many a girl dances as she never danced before in Mrs. Castle's slippers.

Alice Brady is another popular star who has helped in a dozen different ways. The Stage Women give Sunday night performances of Broadway successes for men in uniform, or special vaudeville shows where every act is a super-headliner. Miss Brady frequently appears, and when you consider that her average working day is fourteen hours, the fact that she gives up a little leisure to entertaining the boys shows how much her heart is with them. Often when she appears some lad will call out, "Oh, Miss Brady, take off your hat, so we can see you," and when she complies, the whole audience will crane forward for a "close-up."

Blanche Bates, one of America's most patriotic women, works almost daily at the Stage Women's headquarters, making bandages and surgical supplies, and in "Getting Together," the war play produced by the British and Canadian Governments, she made a recruiting appeal on the stage that nightly added new soldiers to the Allied forces. She is one of the best speakers in the country, and her appeals for any purpose connected with the war are so simple and sincere that they invariably met with inspiring responses.

Theda Bara ignores the "mystery" clause in her contract and her promise not to appear in public, to sell bonds for the Stage Women's War Relief or to sign photographs until she adds writer's cramp to the other trials of being a movie star. She appears to be a very

harmless and charming vampire off the screen, and perhaps the reason her manager wants her to remain mysterious is that the public would learn to love instead of fear her, if it could see her as she really is.

Little Madge Kennedy comes down to the workroom every week with an armful of knitted things and dances tirelessly every Sunday at the Service House. Mme. Nazimova organized a successful drive for phonograph records for the boys in camp; Julia Arthur, who is a recent convert to the screen, is on the board of directors of the Stage Women's War Relief, besides being an inspiring worker; Rita Jolivet is in charge of the fund for French, Italian and American actor-soldiers' families; and Billie Burke, Marguerite Clark, Bessie Love, Pauline Frederick and Lina Cavalieri are other stars. Each has helped in her particular way.

Ethel Barrymore donated her services to the program of Barrie plays that were given at the Empire Theater for the Stage Women's War Relief fund—in fact, you could go through the list of Who's Who on the screen and find that all of them have done their share.

The men stars have worked hand in hand with the fairer favorites. "Bill Hart," in his wildest togs, startled Fifth Avenue into buying half a million dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds in half an hour, and an apparently endless stream of men, women and children filed by, some of them obviously lending their utmost farthings for a chance to shake his hand. William Farnum, another record bond seller, works a great deal of the time through the Stage Women's War Relief.

The producers and film magnates have co-operated splendidly with the Stage Women. Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, puts the whole force of his stars and organization into making "Zukor Day" bring in the largest returns in every Loan drive, and William Fox gives his personal efforts to collecting individual subscriptions as well as national canvasses.

Mrs. William Farnum, as chairman of the Motion Picture Division, keeps Los Angeles luminaries in line. It was at her branch that many innovations were started, and New York, having learned that other progressives besides young Lochinvar can come out of the West, accepts the California suggestions quite humbly.

And now, not content with mobilizing the stars already on the screen, the Stage Women have established a Division of Films, for which the greatest stars, authors and directors have volunteered to give their services. Of course, this insures a result that money could not buy.

Each picture will be of two reels, and any author with a morning-after grouch had better beware of sending in a pessimistic scenario, for the stories must be the happiest that can be found. Propaganda will be let severely alone, and the only touch of morale will be the unconscious good cheer the plays and players will spread throughout the country.

David Belasco will make his bow to the movies in one of these pictures, and the first of the series, based on a story by Samuel Hopkins Adams, and with Macklyn Arbuckle and Miss Percy Haswell, has already been released. Among the other stars who have steadfastly refused all temptation to go in the films—and heaven knows they could resist anything after that—but who are waiting their turn to help the Stage Women's new departure, are Otis Skinner, Ruth Chatterton, Elizabeth Risdon, Henry Miller, Florence Nash and her already converted sister Mary, Shelley Hull, Minnie Dupree, Laura Hope Crews, Cyril Maude, Patricia Collinge, Bruce McRae, Virginia Fox Brooks and Julia Arthur, who will make this her second appearance on the screen (etc., etc.).

James Montgomery Flagg will write and design all the art titles, and anyone who has seen his clever comedies knows what that will mean as a finishing touch to these pictures.

When the public learns to know its favorites in this new light of working, thinking, tireless human beings, it will love them much more than in their old place of national toys, to be wound up to amuse and then put away on a mysterious shelf when the audience wants to go home. The inspiration of these men and women, whose doings are of paramount interest to the world at large, has undoubtedly helped to keep the country unflinchingly at work and marching along in step with our boys in France.

—Vera Bloom.

Speeding

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"He Comes Up Smiling"

(Continued from page 26)

We open with Democracy, a young tree, sheltered and tended by Washington, and we show what our forefathers did that Liberty might live. They're sure to like that, and it's a good thing for all of us to remember just now. And then we go on to the time when the tree, a sturdy sapling now, is in danger from winds from the South and the North, which threaten to rend it. Lincoln hedged it about and saved it. Then we work in the idea of steadfastness, the principle that had its finest demonstration in the 'Message to Garcia.' The tree of Democracy is established and deep rooted by that time, ready to afford shelter to weaker, needy brethren.

"And at last we show the tree grown to its full height and full of fruit. It's a castor bean tree, this time, and Uncle Sam is forcing the beans, plenty of them, down the throat of the Kaiser, for his own good. Of course, I've included all the industries and have pictured the risks so willingly run in developing the airplanes.

"That's our first feature. Some of the scenes are filmed in New York and vicinity. This is to be circulated first in this country. It probably will not go over there. But 'Sic 'Em, Sam,' is to go to France next week. We've revised it and eliminated the Liberty Loan appeal. Shortly following it, we will send the 'Habit of Happiness,' which I did for Triangle two or three years ago, and this will be used in this country, too. Along with the features, which we will probably be able to issue every three or four weeks, will be short pictures, one, two and three reels, which emphasize some feature of the four big ideas—purity, cheerfulness, steadfastness and willingness to sacrifice.

"One of the things people need to learn is to sing. I don't know just exactly how we are to get at that, but probably we will be able to work out some practical idea."

I'm no maker of allegories, but I'm willing to make a prophecy concerning this infant industry about which there's so much solicitude at present. Most of us have seen some plant that throve persistently in the face of hard conditions, transplanted so that earth and sun and atmosphere afforded it the right

opportunity. The first thing it does is to shed the shriveled, unhealthy leaves. And then it puts on all loveliness. Wouldn't it be reasonable to suppose that pictures in this new estate will just naturally outgrow the censor tribulations and blue laws and the shriveling effect of sex and problem photo-plays and minister to truth as they were meant to do?

—J. N. B.

A Movie Post-mortem

(Continued from page 24)

but she is *not* interested in last week's adventure. The situation, Mrs. Smith, is really very simple. Two men are in love with Meg besides the Rajah. But the Rajah knows where the secret papers are hidden that prove Meg is the heir-ess of the Crofton Estate. At least George and I think so. But you mustn't tell anybody, because we're going to send in a written solution and try to win the one thousand dollars in gold offered to anybody who can tell how the series is going to turn out. And if we get the thousand, I'm going to have a car. There's no reason why we shouldn't have a little runabout this summer, and George thinks if I could take a little spin every day, it would be good for my health.

You (with biting irony)—And now, Mrs. Smith, you understand all about it. (Mrs. Smith makes confused noises)

Your Wife—Why don't you explain it, since you're so awfully clever?

You—That's what I've been trying to do right along. You see, Mrs. Smith, Meg is up in the aeroplane, when all of a sudden she sees a speck in the sky—

Your Wife—She doesn't see that till after she finds the bomb with the lighted fuse.

You—Before!

Your Wife—After.

Mrs. Smith (abandoning hope of a rescue and saving herself)—I—I think I must be going. John is waiting for me, and—no, really, I can't stay another minute. (Endeavoring to smile brightly.) Some other evening you must tell me all about it.

And yet there are people who have a prejudice against the movies. Strange! Strange!

Tough

"What do you call real, hard luck?"

"Being in a small town the night the film fails to arrive at the only theater."

LAUGHS!

LAUGHS!

LAUGHS!

HERE they are! Your favorite Fun Makers in their most characteristic roles—from the uproarious, side-splitting antics of "Fatty," Roscoe Arbuckle, and "Walrus," Chester Conklin, to the exquisite comedy of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. You'll see them all in

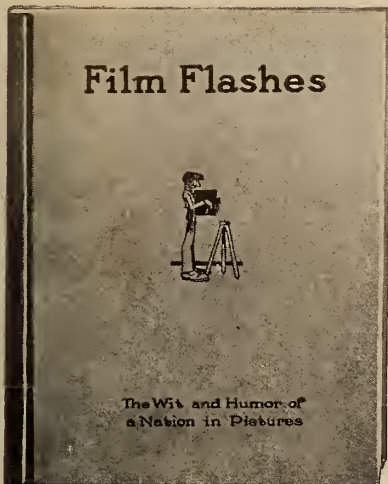
FILM FLASHES

A big book brimful and running over with Laughs. Whenever you have a fit of the blues, a few minutes with FILM FLASHES will make you forget your troubles and generate a new zest for life. It's all good, wholesome American humor mingled with the most entertaining gossip about the screen favorites themselves. Linda A. Griffith (Mrs. D. W. Griffith) tells about the early struggles of many Motion Picture Stars who now scintillate brilliantly on princely salaries, but who were glad enough to work for \$3.00 per in the days of the "Old Biograph," as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb to dizzy heights in its studios.

Lots of intimate secrets about film folks are revealed in such chapters as "On the Side Lines with the Director," "A Vampire Off Guard," "How to Become a Moving Picture Actress," "The Making of a Comedy," "Filmville Portraits" Douglas Fairbanks takes you into his confidence about his

mountainous mail, with several characteristic letters; Bessie Barrascale discourses about stock raising; Blanche Sweet tells of the joys of chicken farming and of her "darling pigs," and Marguerite Clark has a word or two to say in favor of the simple life.

A very human, likable lot you'll find these moving picture artists, and FILM FLASHES furnishes just the sort of background that will make you enjoy their work all the more when you see them on the screen.



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- Kissing Rules in the Movies.
- The Man who never saw a Moving Picture.
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- "Shooting" the Thrills with Helen Holmes.
- When Movie-Actor-itis Breaks Out.
- In Search of Types.



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Bobby Connolly
Anita King
Marie Doro
Florence Brady
Max Linder
Dorothy Kelly
Norma Tammadge
Mabel Normand
Victor Moore

Lenore Ulrich
Lillian Walker
Douglas Fairbanks
Kathryn Williams
Bessie Barrascale
Gladys Hulette
Clara Williams
Virginia Pearson
Helen Gibson
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ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
(NEW YORK)



Film Fun

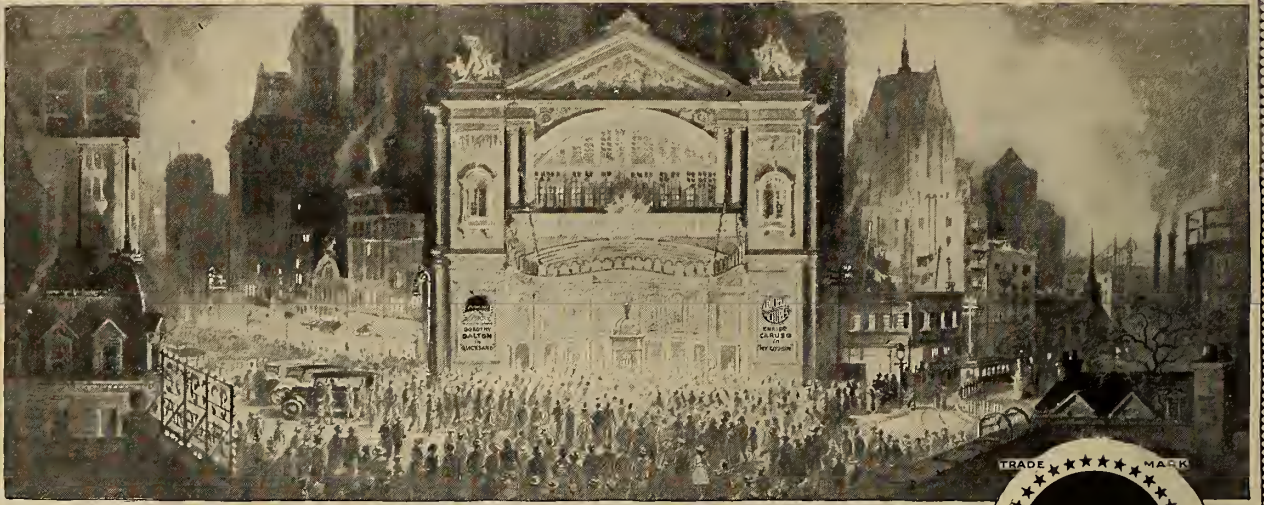
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NEW YORK

FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES

TRADE MARK



HERE are the latest productions of Paramount and Arcraft Stars, listed alphabetically, released up to January 1. Save this list. Check the ones you have seen and ask your theatre manager when the others are coming.

Arcraft

Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"THE SQUAW MAN"
Douglas Fairbanks in
"ARIZONA"
Elsie Ferguson in
"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"
D. W. Griffith's
"THE GREATEST THING IN LIFE"
William S. Hart in
"BRANDING BROADWAY"

Paramount

Enid Bennett in
"FUSS AND FEATHERS"
Marguerite Clark in
"THREE MEN AND A GIRL"
Ethel Clayton in
"THE MYSTERY GIRL"
Dorothy Dalton in
"QUICKSAND"
Dorothy Gish in
"THE HOPE CHEST"
Shirley Mason and Ernest
Truex in a John Emerson-
Anita Loos Production
"GOOD BYE BILL"
Charles Ray in
"STRING BEANS"
Wallace Reid in
"TOO MANY MILLIONS"
Bryant Washburn in
"THE WAY OF A MAN
WITH A MAID"

Paramount-Arcraft Special

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"SPORTING LIFE"
Supervised by Thos. H. Ince

TRADE MARK



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PATHE
When dynamite sticks are the weapons in a duel, there is something novel in slapstick humor. Toto, Hippodrome clown (on the left), in "Check Your Baggage."

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

*An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists*

FEBRUARY-1919

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*To prove to you, Saint Valentine, your month we're not forgetting,
We put this perfect pearl—Pearl White—in dainty heart-shaped setting.*



PIONEER

"THE GOBLINS 'LL GIT YER IF YER DON'T WATCH OUT"

Coleen Moore, as "Little Orphant Annie," in the screen version of James Whitcomb Riley's poem.

No Room for Her

IF there be a place where "mother" is a nuisance, it is in the feature film. She is usually a mere incumbrance.

Screen editors cry aloud for "action—life—incident—adventure" or some form of "punch"; or they coo woefully for a love story, something with passion, fervor, romance.

So where does mother come in?

You cannot lug mother around fastened to the back of a burro by means of a diamond hitch, stow her conveniently with the dunnage in a canoe, hike her on snowshoes over Alaskan trails, nor set her adrift in an open boat in a measureless sea.

Think it over, and you will begin to understand why the heroines of feature films are so often the daughters of mothers who "died when Myrtle was born." This disposes of mama and has a touch of pathos—especially when the gray-haired father is made to "see her mother's face in hers," or to "gaze into eyes so like her long-dead mother's."

If the heroine finds herself in

a sob-situation, she can cling to a mother and exclaim, "Oh, mother, mother!" but is it worth while to pack a mother into a lightly ballasted tale for this purpose only? As a substitute, the father can hold her firmly while she indulges in a few convulsive sobs, and emit a guttural "There, there, my daughter! I wish your mother were living!" This is not a bad way of filling the mother hiatus. Of course there are classes of picture plays besides the active and the romantic. The invalid mother in bed or in a rolling chair, the white-haired Virginian mother in the homestead, or the mother who—well, who you think shouldn't be till the mystery is made clear—all these have a possible use at odd times. But wise writers of popular films do not really run toward mothers.

They hand mother over to the song writers, saying: "She's no use to us. You take her. Put her in the rocking chair by the hearth; let her boss the cradle; bury her in the village churchyard—or what you will. We will make father a widower and do our best with him."



SENNETT

WATCHFUL WAITING

The cat is the one domestic quadruped that declines to pose willingly for the screen.

Taking Movies to Men Who Can't Go to Them

By Homer Croy, Editor "Overseas Weekly"



The author of this article, Homer Croy, writes out of the fullness of his own experience in France. He does not describe someone else's work for the American troops; he spins a first-hand yarn. Mr. Croy was formerly a member of the Leslie-Judge staff.

TWO classes of men, we found, were most in need of motion pictures. They were not the men in the training camps, the ones in the barracks, those in the hospitals, nor those in Paris on leave. The ones who needed them most badly of all were the men fresh from the trenches and the thousands in the S. O. S. regions.

There were a million men who came to France to see the war and who never heard a gun fired. They were the men in the refrigeration plants, in the forestry divisions and in the great railroad shops. They were farther from the war than the people of Spokane. They were in a foreign country with no newspaper of their own, their hunger for war news appeased only when some excited Portuguese or Frenchman struggling with the language came through and lifted the veil for a brief moment. Then it was back to work—work of the most dull and monotonous kind. It was for these men that we were most concerned. They were the ones who needed motion pictures.

Ice cream and the movies—that was what the men missed more than anything else. With these two in something like satisfactory quantities, our men would have had little or no worry as to when hostilities would be over. Ice cream is an unknown product in France. Sometimes a place puts up an ice cream sign and the boys rush in, to come out a few moments later with a look on their faces that causes the military police to loosen his holster. The advertised product consists only of finely chopped ice with

some kind of seasoning matter to set it off. It would serve as an appropriate article to give men starting into battle, but when taken by boys returning from the front, it was apt to cause a sudden and unexpected continuation of hostilities. So there were only the movies left. They filled in the waits.

"I don't mind going out and doing my turn," said one of the enlisted men just back from a forward position, "but there ain't anywhere to go afterward. That's what gets me—just sitting around and waiting for something to happen."

To the lot of my particular department fell the filling in of these waits. Our duty was to supply the men with motion pictures.

The filming of the war was given over to the Signal Corps; the showing of films was in the hands of the Y. M. C. A. Their showing was effected through the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which is the film distributing arm of the Y. M. C. A. All film for our boys in France was and is distributed through the Community Motion Picture Bureau, which is the largest consumer of film in the world.

How to get the film to the men: that was the problem. The big, heavy machines of Broadway were out of the question. Where there were huts it was an easy matter, but when the troops were advancing there was no time to build huts and install equipment. We had to show the pictures to the men on the run, and it had to be done

quietly, for the Huns had a thousand eyes. A flash of light shows behind the lines, and a few moments later a bomb drops out of the sky. Tired, bedraggled and weary, the men came out of the line. A sleep, and then they wanted a movie show.

This we accomplished by mounting our entire equipment on a "trailer" and speeding away with it to a spot which was technically called "quiet," but which in reality would make Broadway and Forty-second Street look like a description from Washington Irving. About the only difference between a quiet spot and an active one was that in a quiet spot the gas protector did not have to be worn as high.

With our two-wheeled "trailer" hooked on behind a Ford, we went speeding away to some more or less secluded nook, stretched a curtain between two trees or mounted it between two poles, opened up our storage battery, and in a few minutes the boys were in Hollywood. On ammunition heaps, Standard Oil tins or tree stumps they sat—anywhere to keep the enthusiasts from stepping on their faces—and when Douglas Fairbanks mounted a wall, they rattled their helmets and called "Encore! encore!" which is the French equivalent of More! more!

Another reel goes on and silently they sit, their eyes on the screen, until another scene sends home its appeal, when a hubbub of voices arises with callings back and forth in jests and contumely known and understood only in the company, and then as the machine clicks on, with the operator's hand making its steady, monotonous revolutions, a warning sounds. The screen goes dark, the lights go out, cigarettes are rubbed into the ground, and in a few moments the space is empty. The car rumbles off, and the observing airplane sees only a dash, untenanted spot. The performance is over, but the men have lived. The show has been interrupted, but that is war. There will be another one tomorrow evening—unless the men are called back to the trenches. If so, then there will be one when they come out; and if they don't

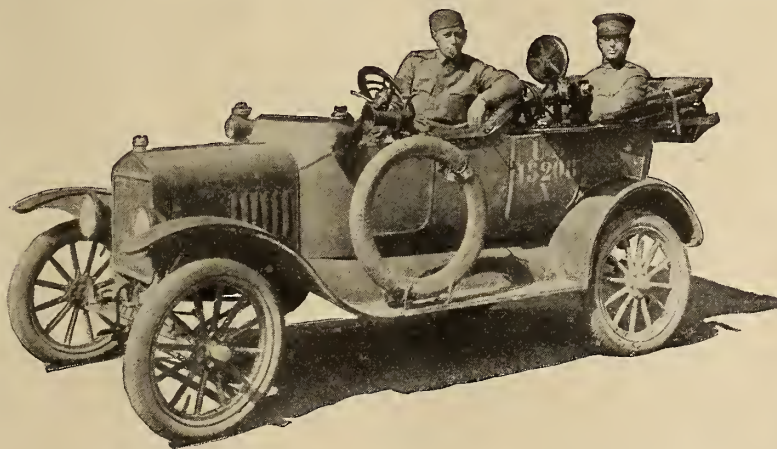
come out, then there will be one in the hospital. If they can't sit up in bed, why, then the picture will be on the ceiling!

Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford and William S. Hart are all right, but that is not home. Ottumwa, Iowa, isn't in them. Most of all the men want familiar scenes and home faces. To satisfy this yearning for something from home, General Pershing made a request for a news weekly for our boys on this side of the sea. My particular privilege was the issuing of this, the "OVERSEAS WEEKLY," in film form, something of what "THE STARS AND STRIPES" is in newspaper dress.

It was made up with some care of the pick of the actualities that happen in America, with the best taken at the front by our Signal Corps. The whole of the United States was represented. Ottumwa was on the firing line. It is an ever joy to those of us interested in it to hear the enthusiasm that greets a simple scene from Bayonne or the applause a kerosene tractor demonstration at Peoria gets when the boys recognize their home town. A tractor plowing up a field might not get much of a hand on Broadway, but in Saint Mihiel it brought down the house. Half a dozen men will come to their feet, clanking their helmets together, and one of them is sure to call out with the enthusiasm of a new-found friend: "Looky, there, sitting on that seat—that's old Milt Brown!"

One of the first scenes that we were able to show was the funeral procession up Fifth Avenue of Mayor Mitchell. Coming suddenly before them, the men were not quite able to grasp at first the meaning of the procession, but before the boys were the familiar scenes of Fifth Avenue and Madison Square.

To their feet the men came, venting their enthusiasm at this touch of home, to quiet later in respectful silence as the significance of the procession came to them; and as the body was borne away from St. Patrick's on its steel carriage, the clearing of throats betokening the tears that could not be seen could be heard over the dark, shadowy audience.



Speed away to a spot which was technically called "quiet," but which in reality would make Broadway and Forty-Second Street look like a description from Washington Irving.

The Elusive Affinity

She saw him on the stage;
In love she promptly fell—
This maid of tender age,
In Orchestra 4-L.

She loved his manly stride—
He played the leading role—
His clothes, his shoulders wide,
His eye replete with "soul."

She watched, a worshiper,
His every move and look.
Oh, rapture! As it were,
Her heart had got the hook.

And when he kissed, reel three,
The leading lady's face,
Ah, how she longed to be
In that young lady's place!

Alas! the fates said nay.
No solace e'en to go
And wait, the stage-door way,
To see him after show.

The door, you understand,
Is there, but—dismal fact!—
He's but the hero grand
Of a motion picture act.

The Funniest Man In the Movies

An Interview Granted to A. H. F.

"I 'VE got more laughs than anybody in the business," he said, "yet nobody knows my name."

The "business" was the motion picture industry; "he" was Plummer Appleton, the veteran property man of the Perfection Film Co.

"I'm no sorehead," he continued. "I recognize that certain things are so because they *are* so, and you can't change them. But sometimes when I get to thinking what I've contributed to the gayety of this world, I ask myself if it's quite fair that I should remain forever unknown, with not even so much as a line in small type on the program."

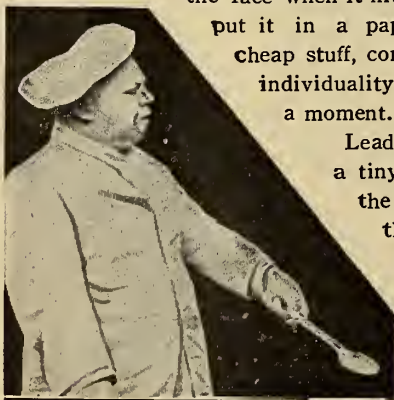
There is a lot of justice in the old man's claim—old man because Plummer Appleton dates back to the pioneer days of the movies and remembers when cinematograph was the mouthful they went by. He might have retired long ago, but the fascination of the film is all-powerful, and he is still in the game.

"Yes, sir, pie," said he; "not eating-pie, but throwing-pie. Heaven knows how many I've made. My first, I guess, were pretty crude; but I improved the process, and of late years hardly a pie has been thrown in comedy that didn't come from my laboratories."

"But," we interrupted, a trifle maliciously, "don't you think you place too much stress upon the personality of your pie? Wouldn't *any* pies have done as well, so long as they were soft?"

For an instant we regretted having said it—Mr. Appleton regarded us with such a look of shocked amazement. Then—and with some effort—he smiled.

"I might have expected the question," he sighed. "You're like all the rest. The highest art is that in which the presence of art is concealed; that is true of acting, and it is true of pie. Pies are going out of fashion in the movies; where one is thrown now, fifty used to be, so it is not as easy as it once was to show you what I mean. You might go to the movies all day, visiting in that time a score of places, and see nary a pie. Bags of flour are taking their place in the comedy films. Flour spreads well on the face when it hits, and *anybody* can put it in a paper bag; but it's cheap stuff, common and without individuality. Step in here for a moment.



"I spent three weeks on that type of pie. You can find it in my index as No. 7 custard."

Leading the way into a tiny projecting room, the veteran expert threw on a lighted screen a few feet of film of a favorite comedian — it would be unwise to mention names. It was not a re-

cent film, but it readily stirred the memory to action.

"Observe, if you please," said Mr. Appleton, as a robust piece of frothy pastry struck a face and burst. "That scene practically MADE that comedian; and my pie made that scene. It looks to the man out in front as if the pie were actually thrown across the restaurant, but anybody in the business knows that that wasn't the way it happened. A pie was thrown—not this pie—and then the cranking stopped. It was resumed when a second pie—*my* pie—was gently tossed in the comedian's face, and the two actions were joined in one.

"I spent three weeks on that type of pie. You can find it in my index as the No. 7 Custard. You see, an actor cannot always be sure of his aim when he throws a pie, so he merely throws it. The hitting is done in another picture, at short range, which can't miss. It looks to the audience like one long throw, but it isn't. I had to devise a pie that would give all the effect of bursting with frightful force, when in truth it had been chucked but two or three feet."

"I had no idea"—we began.

"Nobody has," was the prompt response. "They just see the result, and laugh. Why, you know, you *must* know, if you stop to think, that no ordinary pie will explode like a shrapnel shell and scatter itself properly when it is simply eased into a man's face. It won't burst at all; it will merely drip. I saw this at once, and perfected a custard pie that was fitted with a concealed but powerful spring which the gentlest direct contact would release, much to the pie's disintegration. Topped with a coating of whipped cream or white of egg, my No. 7 Custard was an instant success. The comedian had to swim out of it, when it hit him, and such a laugh as he—*he*—got! And I—I—well, I was merely Appleton, the property man."

We came out of the little projecting room, out into the light of day. Appleton was in reminiscent mood.

"Pies, pies—I've made them all," he said, "from the custard and lemon meringue of light comedy down the line to the deep-dish blackberry pie of broad farce. And now the movie pie is going out, if it hasn't already gone, and I, who have put a score of comedians on the route to fame, am old and unknown. And nobody cares."

"It is hard," we ventured, rather weakly.

"It is hard," he agreed. "Mighty hard. And doubly so because it is unfair. Pick up almost any theater program and what do you read? 'Furniture by Jones. Carpets by Brown. Tapestries by Smith. Piano by Green. Electrical effects by Robinson.' They all, every one of them, get their bit of publicity. And yet, what is a line on a theater program compared with a notice on the screen? How easy it would have been, if I had only insisted upon it, for the producers to run a slide, 'Throwing Pies by Plummer Appleton.'

"Well, it's all off now. And I'm going to retire soon, anyway. My art will die with me."

(Continued on page 32)



THE MOVIE COMEDIAN'S IDEA OF PARADISE

Woman-like

"Why wouldn't your wife let the movie people use your house for a location?"

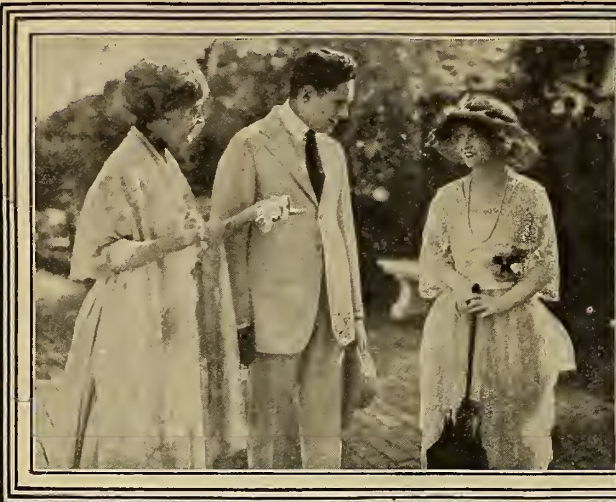
"Because the windows were dirty, and she didn't want her friends to see them in the picture."

Lured

"I saw you coming out of a church the other day. I didn't know you attended it."

"I heard the pipe organ and thought it was a movie theater,"

"All of a Sudden Norma," Adventuress-In-Chief



1. The house party. Norma meets the man whom she decides to "adopt" as a husband.

By Way of Synopsis

"All of a Sudden Norma" (Bessie Barriscale) becomes an adventuress after the sudden death of her father, who has been ruined by Emerson Trent. To further her plans, she adopts a necessary husband, Cuthbert Van Zelt, slow-witted, but adoring. Guests at a ducal house party, Norma steals ancestral jewels, but finds them paste and returns them to the Duke's room. The latter waking, Norma saves herself by assumed sleep walking. The Duke partially suspects her, but finally confides to her that he is being blackmailed for a pack of letters and will pay her \$20,000 if she can recover them for him. On learning that Trent, who ruined her father, is in the plot, Norma tackles the job with spirit and concludes it successfully for all hands.

2. The test. Norma and her obedient spouse discover that the pilfered jewels are paste.



3. As a sleep-walker, the impromptu adventuress succeeds—almost—in deceiving the Duke.



4. Norma's exits and entrances are through windows, reached by rope, at night.



5. The correct expression for an adventuress when promised \$20,000 for the recovery of blackmailing letters.



6. Adorable sleight of hand. Norma in the act of passing the \$20,000 to faithful friend husband.

Movie Comparisons

OH, Stella's face and form were fair,
But Stella was a movie fan;
It was her custom to compare
Her fellows with some leading man!
When I proposed, to my surprise,
She would not give the slightest heed,
But simply stated that my eyes
Were not like those of Wallace Reid!

And so she lost Beau Number One;
But then appeared Beau Number Two.
His little scene was quickly done;
Another episode was through!
Although he was no millionaire,
He still was anything but poor;
But she said "no," because his hair
Was not like that of Owen Moore!

Another and another came;
Another and another went.
With each one it was just the same;
Somehow she could not be content!
And, after many years had fled,
Her disappointment was complete,
For in the end she went and wed
A man with Charlie Chaplin feet!

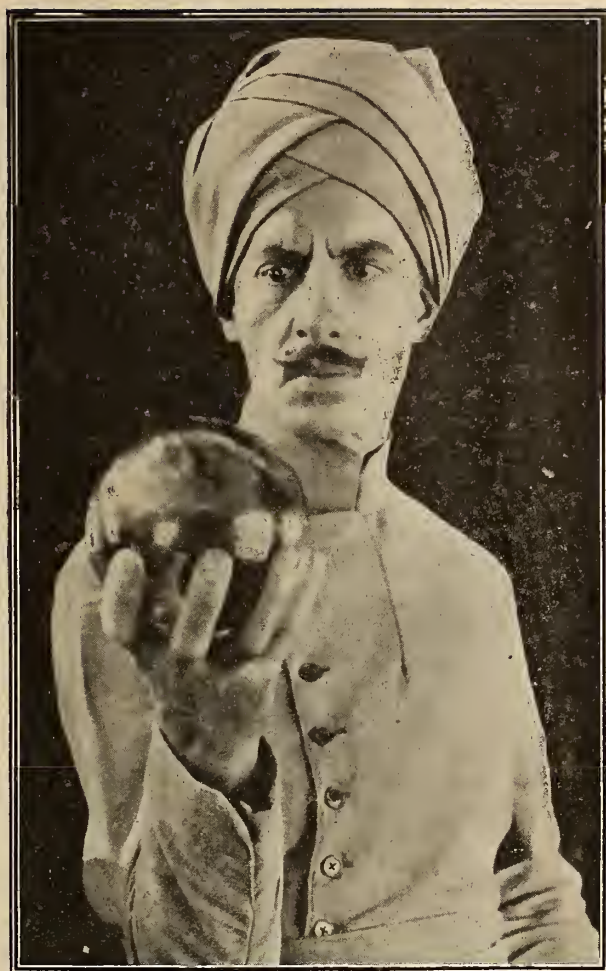
—Harold Seton.

A Lost Opportunity

Mrs. O'gar (a typical product of the Kentucky Mountains) came to a small Missouri town to live. One of the many new diversions she found was the picture show. Recently she attended a "movie," and during the interval between parts, a picture for the Fourth Liberty Loan was thrown on the screen. It portrayed the Kaiser in dire distress on his knees to Uncle Sam, while Our Uncle wrathfully shook his fist at the despised creature. After the show Mrs. O'gar was heard to say disgustedly to her "better half": "Mike, I can't see why in the world if Uncle Sam got that close to the Kaiser, he didn't kill him."

Realism

"Register grief!" shrieked the director.
But the actor failed lamentably.
"You're fired!" cried the exasperated director.
And the actor registered *some* grief.



FOX

EDUCATIONAL MOVIE

This is not a magic crystal, as you might suppose; it is the star twirler of the Calcutta team, showing how he holds the ball for an in-shoot.

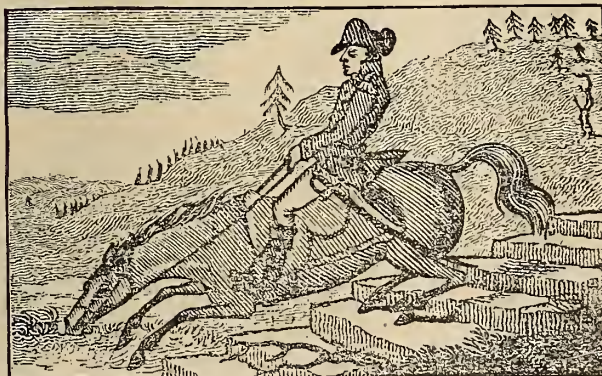
At the Movies

"What were you doing up in the operator's cage?"
"Bribing him to run the film slowly when it reaches the bathing beach scene."

Clips From "News Weeklies" Filmed for Our Forefathers



"Pathe News" view of the destruction of George III. by the citizens of New York, 1776.



"Universal" close-up of General Putnam's escape from the British at Greenwich, Conn., same year.



"What's on your mind, old man?"

"After six months out of work, here I get an offer of a movie engagement for my performing geese."

"What's the grouch then?"

"I've—I've eaten 'em."

The Boob and the Booby

By Arthur C. Brooks

THEY had been married but a short while and were discovering painful truisms in each other, as couples will after being married a short while.

To his mind and dismay her depreciation lay in the plain and appalling fact that she was of the bourgeoisie; she liked, undisguisedly, movies, player-pianos and fried onions.

Her slightly contemptuous appraisal of him was disclosed in the rather disturbing invective that he was nothing more than a dried-up old book shark. He inclined to Siegfried, Maeterlinck and Bohemianism, and joyed in discussing Bernard Shaw by the hour.

The first time they "had words" was following what subsequently proved to be an unfortunate question on his part. In undeniable innocence he asked her, just to make conversation, what she thought of Moliere's comedies. She responded quickly that she had never heard of that company; that she was well up on Keystone

and Triangle stuff, but not on theirs. What was it, she wanted to know—something Ince was controlling, or one of those new, fly-by-night corporations?

When the first dank mists of awakened doubt had lifted from his shocked senses, he stared at her with something akin to animosity in his eyes. Then hurriedly, as a further test, he asked her if she knew who Belshazzar was.

She looked at him severely for some moments before she answered and said if he was trying to pull any of his high-brow comedy on her, he'd better quit and give it the air. There was no such foreign actor in pictures. There was that Hawaiian, Sessue Hayakawa—or was he a Hindoo?—but no Bill Shazzer.

This should have been conclusive, but he decided on a third test. As by the three caskets, in Shakspeare, the suitors were tried, so, he determined, she should rise or fall on her cognition of the third question.

He fixed her with a gleam in his eyes



A Little Game of Bridge in Arizona.

which was evenly the result of fear and hope. The fear was an honest fear, the kind any loyal hubby should entertain for his loyal spouse under like trying circumstances; he really desired her to redeem her evident abysmal ignorance of things classical.

But the hope percentage was baldly, brazenly, shamefully unfaithful. Secretly he longed for another *faux pas*, so that he would have fair cause to launch a learned, sarcastic obloquy.

"Eve," he commenced, "be serious. Tell me, what is sabotage?"

She was offensively prompt with her answer.

"You mean footage, don't you?" she asked. "Why, it's the length of film feet!"—

He almost staggered in his retreat from her, his eyes wide with chagrined amazement.

"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin!" he quoted, and then she *knew* he was crazy. "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting!" He went on for five minutes, talking like the text of an armistice. He started from her early educational deprivations and finished with a scathing inference to her present status of what approached apathetic illiteracy. When he finished, it was for want of adequate nouns and adjectives. "Why," he sputtered, "you little—little booby!"

Then she answered.



"Boob?" she volleyed. "Then I suppose you're as wise as they make 'em. Well, so you are, only yours is the wrong kind of wisdom in this part of the country. But what good is it? Nobody here appreciates it but yourself. And why? Because it's the wrong dope. It might get by in Rome or Greenwich Village, but not in this little old town.

"I'll admit I don't know much—anything—about books and art and physics and all that junk. I don't know a peristyle from a pomegranate—but I do know the kind of world I'm living in. For one thing, I know the movies like Jack knew beans. I can name every star in the movie constellation—and that's more than you can do!

"Can you tell me what company Bill Hart is with?" she demanded.

"Can you say what shade Marguerite Clark's is? I can.

"Can you tell when is Mary Pickford's birthday?"—

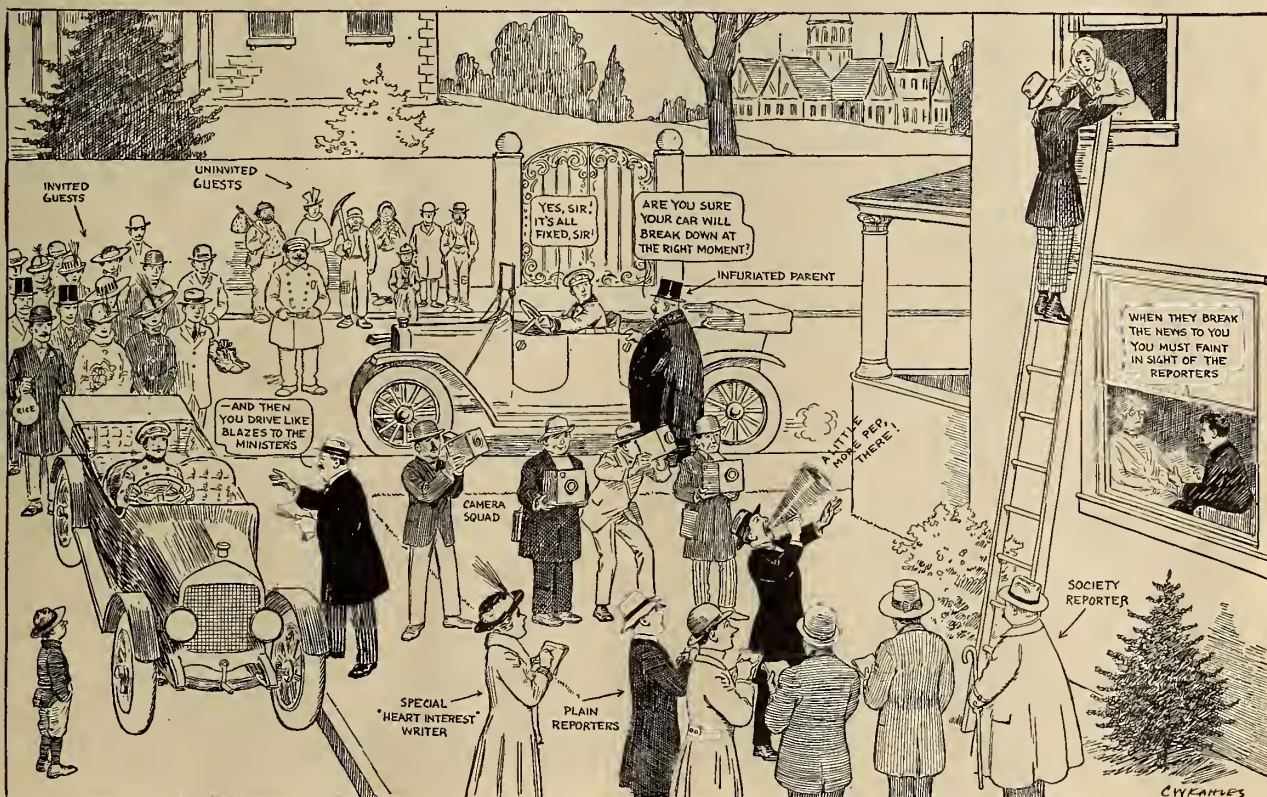
He waved a debilitated hand from the depths of the upholstered chair into which he had stumbled. "Stop—please stop!" he begged. "I—I perceive your point."

"Then take it all back!" she insisted combatively.

"I-do-take-it-all-back, unreservedly," he capitulated.

"Well, then," she relented, "get on your hat and coat and struggle into your cane—you educated boob! We're going to a movie."

And what did they do but just that.



To prevent bungling and to get the desired effect with the maximum of publicity, why not let the movie men manage your elopement?

"Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," Not Forgetting



1. Ali Baba, a poor wood-chopper (Georgie Stone) by chance discovers the treasure cave of a band of bandits, and the fact that it yields to the mystic phrase "Open sesame." Ali Baba helps himself and hastens home.



2. Here we see Ali Baba's rich and haughty brother forcing from Ali Baba the secret of the robbers' cave. Ali Baba rashly borrowed from brother a pot in which to measure his new-found wealth, and a gold piece stuck to the bottom of it.



3. Nothing would do but the rich brother must try the cave for himself. He gets in, but cannot remember the pass-word to get out; the robbers return, and something excessively unpleasant and final happens.



7. Morgianna puts on the kitchen fire a large pot of oil. Once it comes to a boil, she plans stealthily to pour it on the waiting robbers in the jars.



8. And here is the robber chief in Ali Baba's house, listening.



9. And, on the other side of the door, Ali Baba and Morgianna, likewise listening.

10. The stable court adjoining the house of Ali Baba. Morgianna, seeming guileless and innocent of suspicion, awaits the moment to give the concealed robbers in the background jars the surprise she has in store for them. Morgianna doesn't look old enough to stage a boiling-oil plot, but women mature early in those Oriental countries.



Morgianna; The Arabian Nights in Infant Sizes



5. By rescuing her from the cruel innkeeper, Ali Baba, now rich, and with a cave full of money to fall back on, has won the love of Morgianna, whose sole idea is to serve him. Ali Baba has caught the correct Oriental expression for one about to be worshipped.



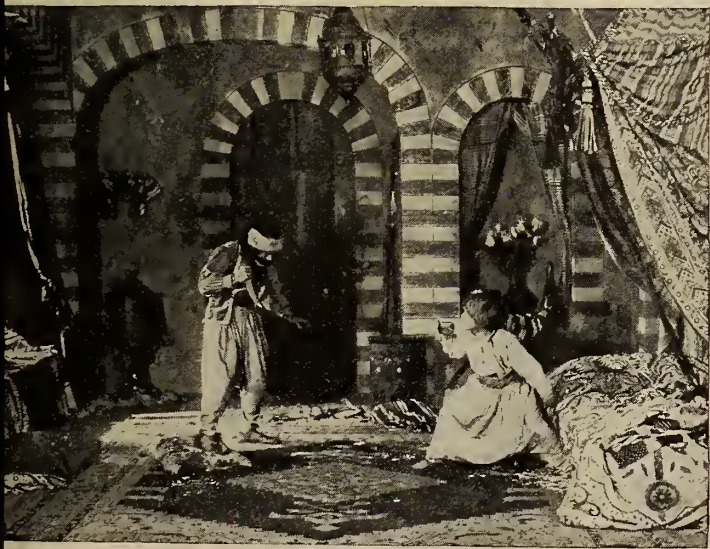
6. Meanwhile, the robbers have not forgotten that some one knows their secret, and the suspicions of the chief fall upon Ali Baba. The chief comes to Ali Baba's house in the guise of a merchant, but Morgianna discovers that each of the jars on the supposed merchant's mules contains a man. Although not in the original Arabic, it may be said that Morgianna is "wise to the robbers and is giving some of them the eye." An idea is occurring to her.



4. Enter Ali Baba and Morgianna (Gertrude Messinger). Morgianna is famed as a dancing girl, but is a slave to the owner of the inn. Her master is cruel to her, and Ali Baba befriends her and helps her to escape. All of which is not strictly in accord with "The Arabian Nights" version, but who cares?



FOX



The big scene: the battle to the death between Ali Baba and the robber chief. The latter's men are now en casserole, although the robber chief doesn't know it.

12. Ali Baba, his hair slightly mussed and minus his turban, puts the finishing touch upon the robber chief, Morgianna, of course, coming on for the final curtain.

"Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," Not Forgetting Morgianna; The Arabian Nights in Infant Sizes



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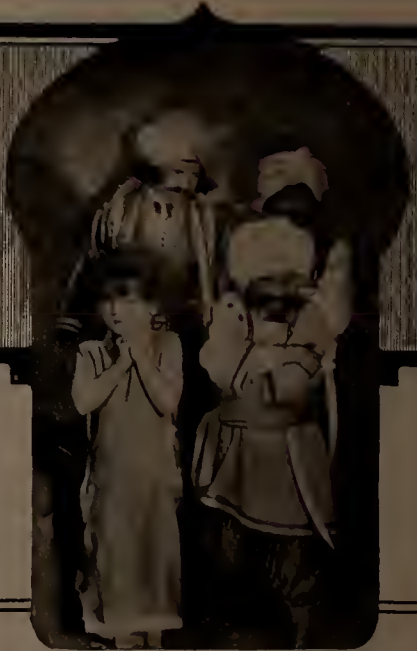
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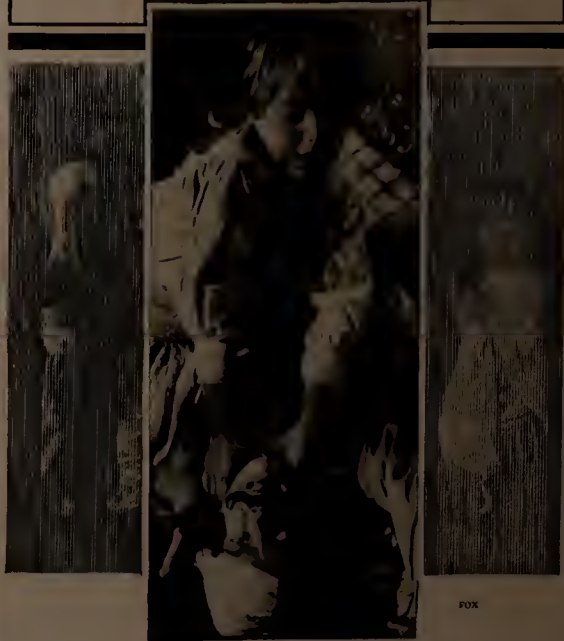
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Movies From Film Fun's Screen



GETTING RID OF A CAT: THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE

Some Movie Statistics

FOR years I have been gathering facts and figures
Regarding the moving picture business;
I have seen every story ever filmed—
From the time the first comic-opera policeman
Chased the first booze-laden tramp,
To the latest super-de-luxe releases of to-day.
Here is the net result of my years of study,
Succinctly set down for your edification.

IF all the films which show the handsome city chap
Promising the simple, but, oh, so beautiful country lass
That he would make her a leading lady in six months,
If she would only run away with him,
Were laid out flat and then placed end to end,
The resultant celluloid strip would stretch
From Bangor, Maine, to Lundy's Lane,
And across to Paraguay.

AND if the films which show the vicious vampire
Luring away the happily married man,
Only to really fall in love with her victim,
But finally give him up for his baby's sake,
Were piled one on top of the other,
The celluloid column would surely reach
The planet Mars, unless the stars
Blocked up the right of way.

IF all the films which show the poor young man
Arriving just in time to knock down the rich villain,
Who is trying to kiss the "woiking goil" heroine
Against her—will,
Were stretched across the boundless ocean,
They would form a bridge leading
From Boston, Mass., to Valparaz,
And across to Cochinchina.

AND if the war films which show the rejected lover
Saving the life of his successful rival,
By lugging him back to the Red Cross heroine
On his brave, manly, padded young shoulders,
Were tied together and rolled out,
The path of film thus made would extend
From Film Fort Lee to the Zeider Zee,
And thence to Asia Minor.

—Michael Gross.

The Cat in the Bag

Visitor—Who's the studio manager here?

Props—Don't tell anyone I said so, but it's the star.

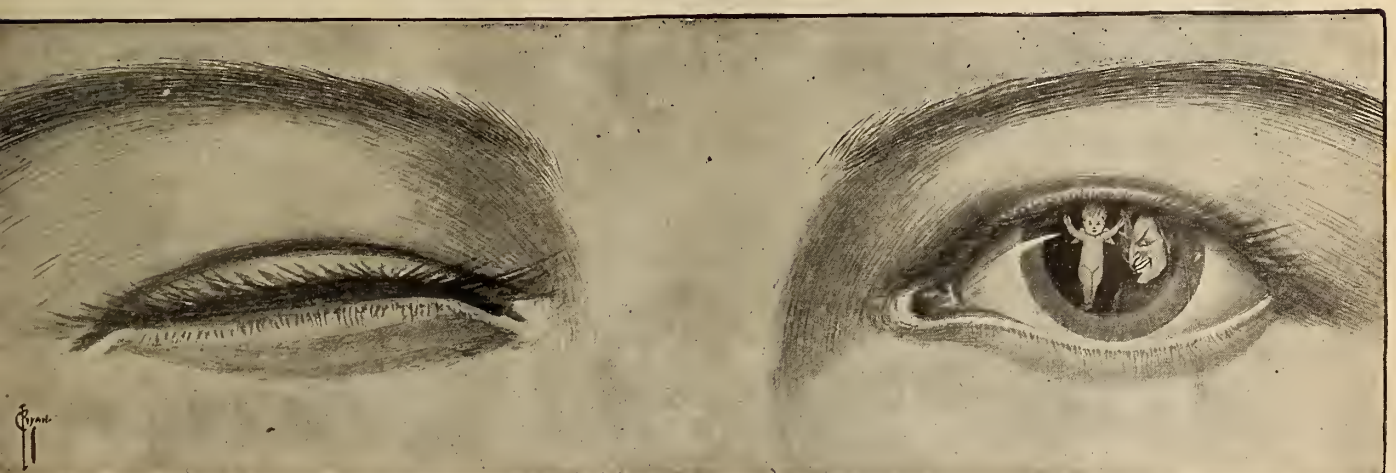


AS OUR ALLIES SEE THEM
Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, according to the
London Tatler.

The Balance of Power

"Why do the newspapers give so much space to the
movies?"

"They're afraid the movies will supplant them, too."



THE EYES OF A VAMPIRE

Qualifying for Bachelor of Cinema

By Warren Woodruff Lewis

THERE is about to come a great and important change in the lives of the motion picture public, as, having grafted several thousand pretty pink and blue ribbons with diplomas rolled inside of them, last year's crop of tender young bachelors of art, science and chiropody will please step aside for the Bachelors of Cinema, class 1919.

And why not? With doctors of letters and doctors of chiropody holding their own in the front ranks, there is no reason why movie fans can't matriculate for a sheepskin. Even the engineer of a peanut stand gets a diploma, but disciples of the silent drama don't get as much as a rain check.

When the movie art was in its infancy, people were contented to sit quietly in their seats and watch the shadows flicker on the screen. It didn't make any difference whether the hero used Shine-'em-Quick nail polish or cleaned his teeth with a whiskbroom, just so long as the movie had a beginning and an end. But the movies today cater to people who have had long years of training.

They know all about the little golden-haired star and her family, even back three and four generations. When Charlie throws a pie, his audience knows instantly whether it is a peach or a cranberry.

About the time when a young man's most cherished possession is a safety razor, he packs up his wardrobe and enters a foundry of knowledge. When he comes out, if he ever does, he leaves behind three or four carved-up desks, a couple of broken hearts and a bureau drawer full of empty bottles; but he's a bachelor of something or other, and nothing else matters.

After a while he gives up this degree and becomes something else. There are a lot of ex-bachelors struggling around who wish they could give up the something else and get their old degrees back. But it can't be done.

So far so good. This only goes to show how much time and study it takes (or doesn't take) to become a bachelor of laws or letters. It takes only four years to get a college degree, yet patrons of the cinema have been strug-

(Continued on page 30)



THE SUBURBANITE AT THE CITY MOVIES

His Wife—John, I hate to miss the last train; but I'm dying to know who stole the heroine's jewels.
Hubby—I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll ask one of the ushers.

miss, but the gainers of a wonderful pair of eyes, assets of which they are deeply sensible.

"My eyes got me my first work in pictures," said Miss Bara. "The director said they were unusual—well, that wasn't the word he used," she corrected herself smilingly. "He called them 'crooked'; but they aren't that—really!"

"Do you think they symbolize the vampire type?" I asked, but Miss Bara shook her head emphatically.

"No, indeed, I don't," she said. "They have come to be thought of in that way, but I don't believe for a moment that I have 'siren's eyes.' The vampire roles are very distasteful to me. I like the comedy parts or straight dramatic roles, but to the public I am always 'The Queen of Vampires,' and my eyes are responsible for it."

I invaded the Mack Sennett studios.

"Show me something in the way of distinctive features," I said to the publicity man, in the same tone one asks for a spool of thread.

"This way, please," he answered, in floorwalker fashion, and led me over to one of the big stages where a large swimming pool occupied the center of an elaborate "set."

"Take a look," he invited.

I took a couple of them—there were inducements a-plenty to take even more. The camera was aimed at the springboard, where, poised ready for graceful dives into the clear green pool, a dozen damsels in abbreviated bathing suits—the kind that commence late and end early—were waiting for the signal to "Go!"

"There you are," said the publicity man. "We make a specialty of the niftiest bathing beauties in pictures, and when we say we lead all other studios in this line, we have the figures to prove it!"

Just then Ben Turpin ambled by, apparently intent on an inspection of the Klieglights to the right of the bathing beauties, but considering the peculiarities of Ben's eyes and the attractions on the set, he



Doug's Own Smile.

couldn't have been looking at the lights—intentionally.

"Oh, that's Ben Turpin!" I murmured, as he sped by. "I'd know him anywhere by his eyes—and his neck."

He heard the remark and turned to grin at something in my general direction. "Me neck is an accident," he said, "but me beauteous eyes is me trade-mark!" Then he went on to the swimming pool.

When I spoke to Lillian Gish concerning individuality of feature, she surveyed me with a glint of humor in her Madonna-like eyes.

"Well, I hate to admit it," she said, "but my eyes and hair are like most everybody else's."

I tried to refute this, but she plunged on.

"The two things that no one else has, though, are my funny nose and mouth!" And she turned her profile

so that I could mark well one offending feature, and pursed her lips so that I could get a good look at the other. "My nose sort of sinks down in the middle," she continued, "and gets up courage at the end, and my mouth has a way of compressing itself that is very bad for 'close-ups.' Of course, they are all the nose and mouth I have, and maybe they are trade-marks—but I don't think much of them."

If that is her real opinion, she is alone in it. The rest of us fans would be desolated without the "funny" Gish nose and mouth.

"Don't leave out my trade-mark which I've spent years in acquiring," begged "Smiling" Bill Parsons, as he removed his hat and exhibited to my gaze a shining dome destitute of hair. "Let the sweet girlish and curlish stars have their crinkly tresses—and worry about 'em!" he declaimed. "As for me, my baldness will only increase as tempus fugits along, and the balder I am, the funnier it will be. That's logic, isn't it?"

I admitted that it was.

(Continued on page 30)



Charlie's Priceless Feet.



Hayakawa's Oriental Orbs.



ONE OF CALIFORNIA'S DRAWBACKS

Motion picture actresses forced to wade to work during the rainy season.

The Cut-back

By Miles Overholt

A MOVIE director was Percival Goof,
 Who'd shot everything that belongs under roof—
 A king on his throne, a wife in a hovel,
 An Indian palace, the subjects that grovel,
 Homes of the wealthy,
 Dens of the stealthy,
 Grand ladies, tramps and the lepers unhealthy,
 Parties and dances in homes of society,
 High-browish revels, yet ruled by propriety,
 Hoochie-ma-coochies and dens of iniquity,
 And thousands of "shots" of a boresome propinquity.

Outdoors was the same;
 Everything was so tame—
 He knew each "location" and called it by name:
 The hole in the rock that looked out on the ocean,
 And Indian camp, bands of reindeer in motion,
 Camouflaged boats,
 Castles and moats,
 Battles and trenches,
 Lakes and park benches,
 Street cars and autos and riots and wenches.
 He'd shot everything that was mentioned in books,
 Deserts and rivers and cool, shady nooks—
 Till one fateful day
 His soul passed away,
 Left him flat on his back, though 'twas filled
 with elation,
 And started out seeking a brand-new "location."

Eight beautiful ladies
 At the front door of Hades
 Led Percival Goof inside;
 They showed him the sights
 'Neath the twink-a-ling lights,
 But their visitor only sighed.

"It's the same old bluff, the same old stuff,"
 Said he, with a saddened face;
 "There's nothing new but a 'type' or two—
 Say, this is a h— of a place!"

In vain did they show him the devil's throne,
 The torturing, white-hot ice-cream cone,
 The ice-water pitchers of molten glass,
 A peep at the sulphur shov'lers' class,
 The pumpkin pie that was made of leather,
 And seventeen different kinds of weather.
 But to Percival Goof it was mild and tame—
 He'd been too long in the picture game.

So they let him go to another clime,
 Where it was springtime nearly all the time.
 An angel took him in hand
 And led him about the land.
 He showed him the streets that were paved with gold,
 Where nothing was old

Or hot
 Or cold;

He saw contentment on every side,
 He saw cool lakes and whispering trees,
 And beautiful rivers, deep and wide,
 And blossoms blown on the gentle breeze.
 There were palaces grand
 On the glittering strand—

But there wasn't a thing in that heavenly home,
 From the gilded stairs to the golden gate,
 That a property man with a working dome
 Couldn't easily duplicate.

The actorines round the bier of Goof shed many a tear
 for the dead;
 Not even the camera man held aloof—"He can't cuss
 me now," he said.

(Continued on opposite page)



Then the leading woman let out a screech
 That was heard clear down to the high-priced beach.
 For the "corpse" arose
 And donned his clothes,
 And yelled at the group to get busy;
 He'd thought of a spot
 That hadn't been "shot,"
 So, leaping aboard his tin lizzie,
 He led the way
 To a field of hay
 In which no maiden was raking that day;
 And he filmed a cliff in the broad daylight
 On which no fighters were staging a fight;

And a villain's face was his next big bet
 In which there wasn't a cigarette;
 But following that was the greatest test—
 A woman with nary a heaving breast!

Then the restless ghost of Percival Goof
 Took up the hoof,
 Flew through the roof,
 With a couple of grunts and an "Uuh" and an "Oof!"
 But the frown that made ugly the movie director
 Had quite disappeared from his facial sector.

Which shows us, dear children, if we can afford
 Original thoughts, we will get our reward!



SIMPLY A BAD ACTOR

The lady—*How did you come to be thrown out of employment?*
 The thespian—*'Tis a sad but soon-told tale, madam. An ape-like audience threw ancient eggs at muh; a mangy and mercenary theatrical manager threw muh down a flight of stairs; a dull-witted movie director threw muh out into the street; and a twice-cursed taxicab threw muh twenty feet. Thus it was lady.*

"Common Cause" Features Both Love and War



VITAGRAPH

1. At a fete, Palmer has discovered Wadsworth kissing his wife's hand.

2. Helene puts out the flame symbolic of the love that failed.



3. She throws herself into war service. The Red Cross auction.

By Way of Explanation

The names of Edward Wadsworth and Helene, the wife of Orrin Palmer, have long been associated by gossip. Palmer leaves, and unbeknown to his wife, sails for France as a captain of marines. Helene (Sylvia Breamer) is infatuated with Wadsworth, but tells him that their "petty love" should be forgotten in the war crisis, so he, too, enlists, and Helene goes as a nurse. The trio do not meet again until the fight at Chateau-Thierry. Wadsworth is wounded, and Palmer rescues him. Helene, in the clutches of a Hun general, is saved by two little French refugees. The wounded Wadsworth tells Helene that her husband still loves her, and that she must return to him, "as the pure flame of war has burned all the dross from their lives."



4. At Chateau-Thierry, Palmer brings in Wadsworth, wounded.



5. Cured of her infatuation for Wadsworth, and at the latter's urging, Helene returns to her husband.



6. The war unites them again in happiness, together with the little French refugees who saved Helene's life.

A Potential Half-dozen



BESSIE BARRISCALE



BILLIE RHODES



MARTIN JOHNSON'S
CANNIBALS
OF THE SOUTH
SEAS



HENRY B. WALTHALL



WILLIAM
DESMOND



SESSUE
HAYAKAWA

Cannibals of the South Seas	- - - -	December 15, 1918
Billie Rhodes	"Girl of My Dreams"	December 22, 1918
Henry B. Walthall	"And a Still Small Voice"	December 29, 1918
Bessie Barriscale	"All of a Sudden Norma"	January 5, 1919
William Desmond	"Life's a Funny Proposition"	January 12, 1919
Sessue Hayakawa	"Bonds of Honor"	January 19, 1919

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WHAT WAS ON HER MIND AS SHE WATCHED THE MOVIES

The Power of Thespia

RHODA CALVERT'S face was livid with passion. Her eyes gleamed like baleful stars before which all men involuntarily quailed.

"Answer me!" she screamed, clutching the deep crimson passion roses from her corsage and trampling them ruthlessly at her feet. "Will you do it?"

Roland Parke drew nearer to her, but the girl turned her beautiful, wilful face toward him with an imperious gesture.

"Do not come a step nearer unless you consent," she cried bitterly. "Unless you will do as I wish, I shall never see you again! You shall rue the day that you was born!"

Roland Parke knew but too well that the girl would keep her word. No power could stay the current of her

ungovernable self-will. No human being could hold in subjection the fierce, untamed temper of the beautiful tyrant.

With a sigh he dug up a dime and they passed into the moving picture parlor, where she wished to see if the scales of mercy and justice were still evenly balanced.

Proof

"Do you believe the motion pictures are improving?"

"Well, every press agent declares that his star's latest picture is the best she or he has ever done."

Anxious To Please

"Time and tide wait for no man."

"I'll bet they'd do it for a movie director."

How I Teach Piano

To More Persons Than Were Ever Taught by One Man Before

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You learn faster, *not* because anything is omitted, but because you use every possible scientific assistance—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for *generations*. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. It enables you, in your *third* lesson, to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. This one fact saves you *months* of valuable time. The COLOROTONE is patented and cannot be used by any other teacher or conservatory.

With my fifth lesson I send you another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX, a mechanical "movie." It shows you every movement of my wrists, hands and fingers at the keyboard. *You see the fingers move*, as clearly as if thrown on the moving picture screen. You do not have to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from your MEMORY—which naturally cannot be always accurate. Instead, you have the correct models *right before your eyes* during every minute of practise. You follow them minutely and exactly without any chance of error or misunderstanding. Without Quinn-dex much of your time (and your teacher's time) would be devoted to correcting bad habits acquired through faulty practise. This discourages more students and wastes more time than any other single factor. Quinn-dex does away with it entirely. You cannot obtain anything like Quinn-dex except from me. Moving pictures have never before been applied to piano

instruction. Quinn-dex is operated easily and simply by hand, and even a child can successfully use it. *It contains 684 separate pictures*. Quinn-dex is fully explained in my free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ." Write today.

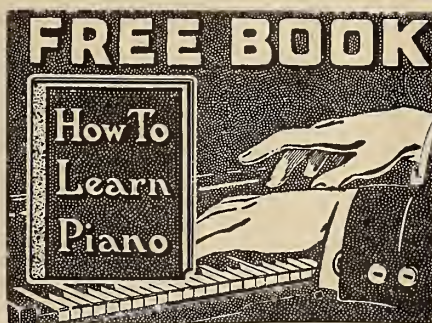


DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

The old way of studying with a so-called "private teacher" by the oral or "spoken" method is rapidly being discarded, and anybody can see why. If you want a teacher "all to yourself" and can afford only \$1 to \$5 a lesson, it goes without saying that you can obtain only *third-rate* instruction. No true authority could give you his *entire, exclusive* attention for so small a fee. Furthermore, by the old-fashioned oral method, at least half your "private teacher's" time is absolutely *thrown away* in giving you routine instructions about clef signs, measure bars, sharps, flats, the value of notes and rests, etc., etc., which are *necessarily* the same for all students and could just as easily be put into writing. Of course you can't remember a *quarter* of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by my WRITTEN METHOD. Your routine instructions are all in *writing* for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten nor needlessly repeated. You obtain as much of my time as *you really need*, and every minute of it is devoted to your *real guidance*, and *not* to routine instructions. In all *essential* ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is *far superior* to all others. Even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing *better* at *any* price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the *present* day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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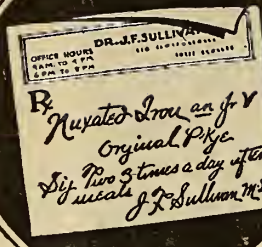
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Qualifying for Bachelor of Cinema

(Continued from page 20)

gling for twenty years with nobody paying any attention to them as yet.

And there's a spirit of honesty in the study of motion pictures that doesn't obtain in our most exclusive colleges. Any student who has had a hard night on the street is glad to crib a few lines from his neighbor the next morning, but the cinema fan grits his teeth and clinches his fist if a student in the row ahead whispers a little information to his friend in the next seat. Such honesty should never go unrewarded, but it does. Alas and alack, the producer and exhibitor alike will soon face the necessity of creating degrees for his patrons.

Something has got to be done, and without any further delay. Fancy a person having devoted ten years to the movies still sneaking around without any degree. Here's a man who can tell how many mustaches Mack Sennett wears out in a week, and how long it takes Olive Bell to massage her nose in the morning; but what do they get for knowing all this? Nothing.

It would be different if the people who support the movies didn't know anything about them, but there are very few cases where they don't know more than the producer and exhibitor combined. Take anybody out of the audience—pick 'em at random—and they'll tell you right away what's wrong with the film. Reward 'em, Mr. Producer! Reward 'em!

What kind of a degree? Well, that's for you to decide, but Bachelor of Cinema, C. O. D., sounds pretty good to me.

Traits and Trade-marks

(Continued from page 23)

Of course, there's only one Haya-kawa, and only one pair of slanting Oriental eyes to convey, from the screen, every emotion from love to bitterest hate without the movement of a facial muscle. Some stars acquire their trade-marks; he was born with his.

When I approached the Fairbanks studio, I had some benighted idea of sitting tete-a-tete with Doug for a nice, quiet interview! Perish the thought! I caught him in the act of darting from the publicity office to his dressing-room,

(Continued on page 32)

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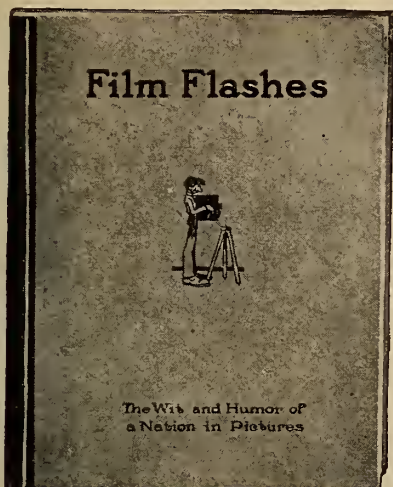
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LAUGHS!

LAUGHS!



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FILM FLASHES

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Lots of intimate secrets about film folks are revealed in such chapters as "On the Side Lines with the Director," "A Vampire Off Guard," "How to Become a Moving Picture Actress," "The Making of a Comedy," "Filmville Portraits." Douglas Fairbanks takes you into his confidence about his

mountainous mail, with several characteristic letters; Bessie Barrascale discourses about stock raising; Blanche Sweet tells of the joys of chicken farming and of her "darling pigs," and Marguerite Clark has a word or two to say in favor of the simple life.

A very human, likable lot you'll find these moving picture artists, and **FILM FLASHES** furnishes just the sort of background that will make you enjoy their work all the more when you see them on the screen.

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- When Movie-Actor-itis Breaks Out.
- In Search of Types.



SOME OF THE MANY STARS YOU'LL MEET IN FILM FLASHES

- | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|
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| Mary Miles Minter | Marie Shotwell | Max Linder | Douglas Fairbanks | Anna Little | Ethel Teare | Jane Grey |
| William S. Hart | June Caprice | Dorothy Kelly | Kathryn Williams | Gladys Brockwell | Ann Pennington | Mary Maurice |
| Hughey Mack | Bessie Love | Norma Talmadge | Bessie Barrascale | E. A. Sothern | Anita Stewart | Fanny Ward |
| Marguerite Clark | Bobby Connolly | Mabel Normand | Gladys Hulette | Dorothy Dalton | Blanche Sweet | William Farnum |
| Vivian Martin | Anita King | Victor Moore | Clara Williams | Helen Holmes | Rita Jolivet | Ann Murdock |
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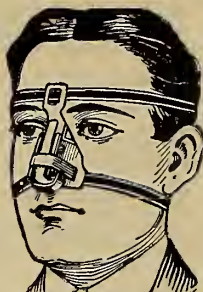
YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?



BEFORE



AFTER

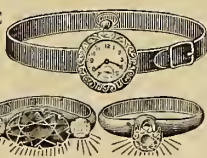


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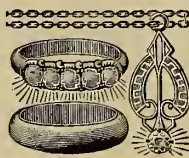
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Traits and Trade-marks

Continued from page 30

a few doors down the line, a bunch of telegrams in his hand.

"Would you tell me"—I commenced breathlessly, and as he dashed by I caught fragments of sentences thrown over his shoulder.

"Sure—anything—to-morrow! Just now—war work—you know how 'tis!" And he disappeared inside.

Bennie Ziedman, Doug's pocket-edition press agent, came to the rescue.

"Doug's trade-mark?" he echoed. "Oh, you know—pep, zip, punch, any old thing that's lively."

Just then Doug opened his door.

"You aren't sore, are you?" he called to me. "Come out again to-morrow—please!" And before the door closed again, I got a good, satisfying look at the Fairbanks trade-mark—his big, wholesome, friendly, all-out-of-doors SMILE!

The Funniest Man in the Movies

Continued from page 10

And this wistful-eyed, aging man was a maker of world-wide laughter! We reached for our hat; it was time to go

"As an artist, have you no unrealized ambition?" we chanced in parting.

The wistful eyes glowed.

"I have, yes," said the veteran; "but don't get me started on it. It is my crowning dream. I'm sick of comedy; I want to get into the legitimate."

"The legitimate?"

"Yes; to introduce the pie in Shakespeare. I know I could popularize him. Falstaff, the Taming of the Shrew, the fight between Macduff and Macbeth, Hamlet's soliloquy with a pie instead of a skull—the possibilities are limitless. Do you happen to know anyone with a little money?"

We didn't.

Presumption

"That movie comedian has got a lot of gall."

"Why?"

"He wanted me to write an insurance policy on his life."

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Director—This comedy script won't do.

Scenario Writer—Why not?

Director—There isn't a bathing beach scene in it.

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A Trench Spade



The Man in the Moon



Petticoats and Pants



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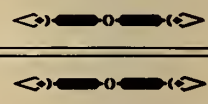
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Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

OUR idea of the ultimate sinecure in positions is the job of continuity writer for the Ziegfeld Follies.

If the forthcoming screen magazine promised by Educational Films really does reveal "Stars as They Are," maybe we can learn the salary secret and join the constellation. Stars as they *think* they are, is old stuff.

"It isn't possible to walk a few yards on Los Angeles Broadway without bumping into some screen celebrity," a news note declares. Shocking! And California gone dry, too!

Another reads: "Adda Gleason has been scoring in 'The Fool's Game.'" Is that a knock or a boost?

A ukelele decorated the walls of "A Doll's House" under Tournier's direction. No wonder Nora left home.

We wonder if "His Majesty Bunker Bean" is any relation to his late majesty "Bunko Bill"?

Privately we surmise that "The Lady of the Dug-out" is really "The Lady of the Dig-up."

We are all goin' to see Charlie Ray in "A Nine O'clock Town." We're anxious to learn what they do out so late.

Lige Tizzletop is anxious to see "Where the West Begins," for the average New Yorker, he says, seems to have an idea that it begins at Jersey City.

"The quaint and curious coffin shop in Peking wherein considerable of the action in the new Nazimova production takes place" does not seem to us to indicate that "The Red Lantern" is a cheerful sort of picture, now, does it?

The daring of screen stars reached a new high record

recently, when Josie Sedgwick announced she has **not** signed a contract at a fabulous salary, that she hates to be so unfashionable, but she needed that job. The way Josie can ride and handle a lasso, it is a safe bet she will have any contract she goes after roped and branded.

"A bucketful or two of tears would really not be half so bad as the fixed and ghastly grin which screenplayers seem to be wearing now," says a Los Angeles correspondent. Dick Willis's straightforwardness is such a joy!

"Madge Kennedy's characterization of 'A Perfect Lady' is surprisingly good," according to her press agent. But if she finds out he said it, how will she act?

Billy Garwood gardens a while in his California vineyard and then is snatched back to the American studios at Santa Barbara to work in pictures, but he's raisin' revenue in both these enterprises, so he needn't worry.

Winifred Westover has a dog, a duck and a small, white billy goat, all gifts from fan friends. She thinks her cast of pets for the new home is about made up.

Alfred Whitman, dressed in a regular lumberjack's outfit, including a heavy mackinaw, complains that registering the chill of frosty days with the studio ther-

момeter at 95 degrees or thereabouts is "some job."

Will Ritchey says new authors fail to produce successful photoplays because they shirk the hard work success demands. Authors of successful books which have been turned into photoplays say continuity writers reduce their stories to caricatures, and wonder if this is due to haste or shirking. The ultimate consumer seems doomed.



' FAMILY PORTRAIT

If Dick Turpin, the highwayman, had looked like Ben Turpin, the comedian.

EDITORIAL

The Big Five

A DISPATCH from Los Angeles states that David Wark Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and William S. Hart have formed an association and will produce their own pictures. Existing contracts may delay the plan somewhat. Chaplin is just now completing the third of eight pictures contracted for, and Mary Pickford is at work on the first of three she is pledged to produce for the same company. The new combine, it is said, will market its own features, eliminating the middlemen, many of whom have profited to the detriment of the business.

There is every reason for the satisfaction everywhere expressed at this arrangement. This group has dominated the motion picture field for a long time. Each is a master craftsman. They should know what the public wants, which they can provide far better than a commercial concern producing photoplays for profit can tell them. The people who pay are entitled to more consideration than they have been receiving.

The trend of the times is toward fewer and better pictures, to run, as stage successes do, as long as the public demands them. "Hearts of the World" played 370 performances at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York, where it was witnessed by 742,000 people, and then played for several weeks at another Broadway house. This play "Intolerance," "The Honor System," "Shoulder Arms" and others have earned enormous revenues and bid fair to continue in favor for years, while hundreds of pictures made in haste at great cost have passed quickly into a deserved oblivion. The new organization is likely to discourage overproduction and present plays the public will approve and support. It is a long stride forward.

When the Boys Come Home

THE film industry is entitled to praise and a bit of glory for its loyalty and devotion throughout the war, exemplified in every possible way. Men, money and service without stint were supplied willingly, in a way to warm the heart of everyone. Soon after the call came, twelve hundred expert camera men were in training at one camp for the signal corps, many being volunteers. It hampered the studio work, but the win-the-war spirit in filmland was such that twice the number would have been supplied. Many of the boys who went away will never come back. Lasting love and a gold star are all we can give them.

It will be a blot on this wonderful record and a lasting disgrace if the warmest kind of a welcome to the positions they left isn't given the boys who come back. In most establishments it is a matter of course. Let's make it unanimous. War stories will be in demand for a long while, and these boys can present them with greater fidelity than would be possible to the ablest star who never saw service. They wear uniforms faultlessly, are able, tireless workers and will raise the standard of efficiency everywhere. All they ask is a fair field and no favor, and by seeing that they get this, we maintain our high standard.



DOUG

D. W. GRIFFITH

CHARLIE

When five of the biggest movie stars group themselves in a single constellation, there is a stir in the motion picture universe. The new cluster will be visible from all parts of the earth, twelve months of the year, but will appear brightest in California latitudes.

MARY

BILL

You'll Like "Hoop-La" If You Like the Circus



1. The circus. Hoop-La has been asleep in a basket and has missed the grand entry.



2. For a trifle like her education, Hoop-La is indebted to the Bearded Lady.

The Story in a Tablet

Hoop-La (Billie Rhodes) is a comely young girl, who is star of a country circus. Her guardian is *Old Toodles*, a clown who "brought her up" from a baby. *Hoop-La* volunteers as a jockey and wins a race for *Joe McGee*, a cheap horseman who is eager to marry her. *Tony Barrows*, scion of a wealthy family, sees *Hoop-La* perform and also wants her. When *Hoop-La* learns that her father was of the *Charters* family, wealthy snobs, she marries *McGee* to save herself from a dull society life. She repents, however, and induces *McGee* to leave her. *McGee*, in a drunken debauch, starts a fire in a circus tent and is killed when the tent collapses. *Hoop-La* marries *Tony* and goes to live in her own home, her father's inheritance.



4. *Old Toodles*, the clown, parts with *Hoop-La*, who is leaving the circus for her inheritance.



3. *Tony* and his snobby friends, the *Charters*, who turn out to be *Hoop-La*'s rich relations.



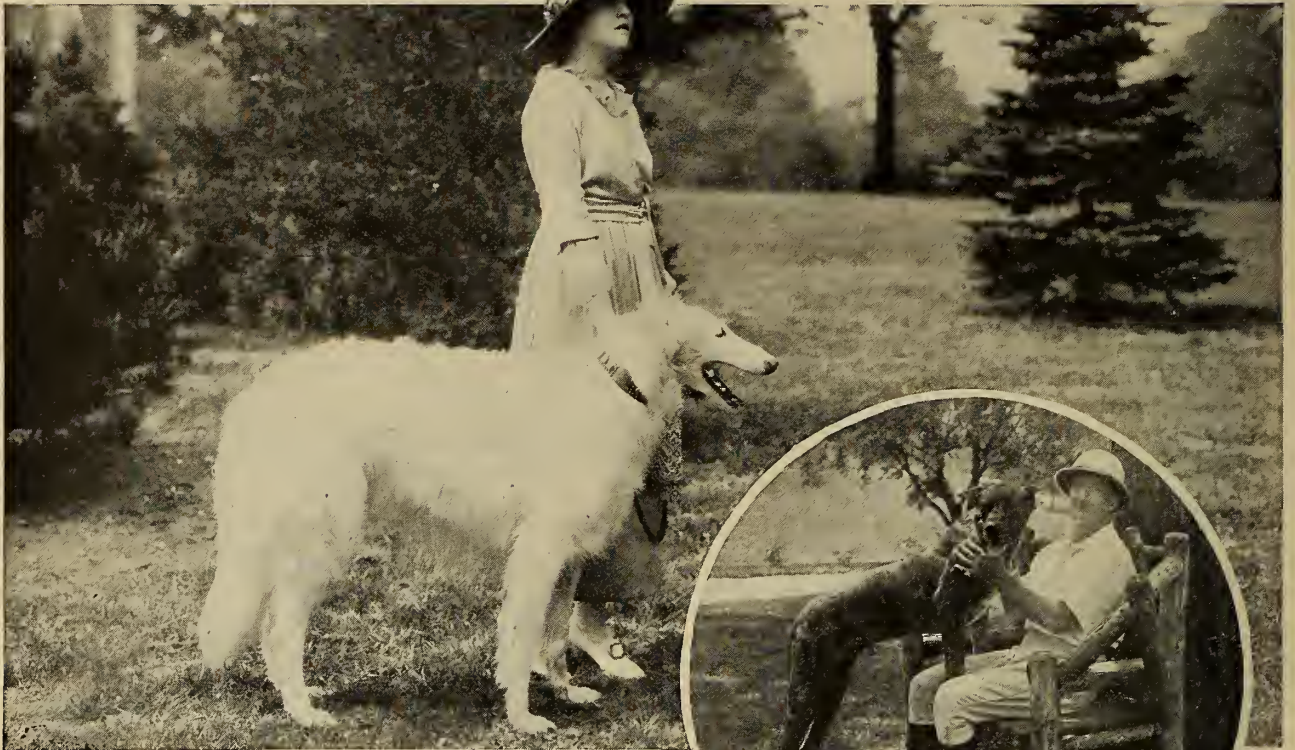
5. *Hoop-La*, bored by her new life, eagerly seizes a chance to invite all her old circus associates to luncheon in the family dining-room.



6. *Tony* proposes to *Hoop-La*, who tearfully tells him of her marriage to *McGee*. However, all ends happily — except for *McGee*. See synopsis.

ROBERTSON-COLE-EXHIBITORS MUTUAL

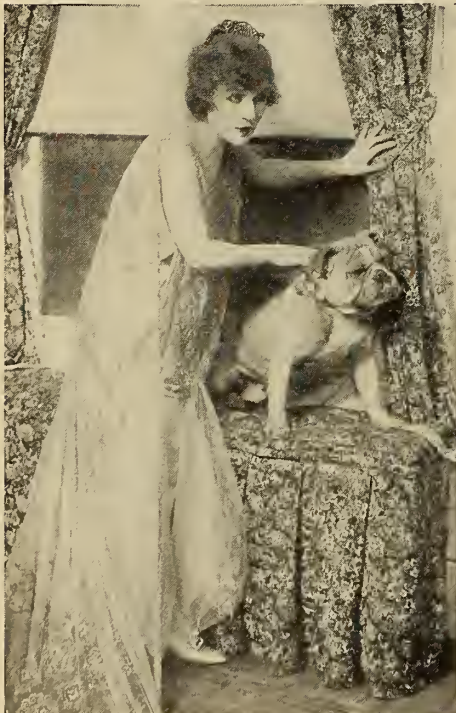
A Page of Lucky Dogs



Russia may be going to the dogs, but one of the dogs, at least, didn't wait for it. Vladimir came direct from Odessa to Madge Kennedy's country home. By his expression he suspects the presence of either Lenine or Trotsky behind the distant fringe of trees.



Francis X. Bushman photographed with two highly intelligent members of his company. From the way one is guarding them, you would think the Bushman feet were as precious as those of Charlie Chaplin.



Brutus, who travels with Emily Stevens, is a movie male who never worries about the wave of his hair.



Bert Lytell's dog, Santy, has ambitions to star for himself. Many an actor is less graceful than Santy in those he-and-she "clinch" pictures.



And here is "Daddy Short Legs" who, it is said, will play a part, although a lowly one, in Mary Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs."

Bill Casey

By Harry J. Smalley

OF all the harum-scarum guys
I ever knew, beneath the skies,
An "extra man" who worked for us
Was hard to beat—an Irish cuss
Named "Casey"!

This bird could ride and fight and swim;
All rough-house stuff was pie for him!
He never quailed at bumps and jars—
There was an awesome bunch of scars
On Casey!

When'er we had a part, though small,
That called for courage, brawn and gall,
Which "extra man" did we select
To pull the stuff? Well, I expect
'Twas Casey!

Who was it left us on the run
When Wilson, out in Washington,
Rolled up his sleeves to wallop Fritz?
Who said, "So long!" and up and quits?
This Casey!

Who was it joined with the Marines,
At Chateau-Thierry changed the scenes?
Who won much praise, a medal an'
The Cross of Valour? "Extra man"
Bill Casey!

But Casey's fighting days are o'er;
Back to the plant is he once more.
He's lost a leg, but not his grin,
And we are proud to squeeze the fin
Of Casey!

There is one guy that needn't fret
About a job, for you can bet
Long as he lives—God bless his soul!—
A name will be on our pay-roll—
"Bill Casey"!



DRAWN BY WILL CRAWFORD



FOX-LEHRMAN

In the Movie Lunchroom

By Harold Seton

THREE directors were working in the studio that day, so there was quite a crowd of "extra" people in the lunchroom at noontime, and a most incongruous crowd, to be sure! One picture concerned cowboys and Indians, another concerned factory men and women, while the third concerned ladies and gentlemen in evening clothes. And now a hundred or more of us were gathered in the movie eating place, partaking of the same fare. In some instances the table manners of the cowboys and Indians were better than those of the ladies and gentlemen. Beauty may be only skin deep, but make-up is not even as deep as that!

I sat at the long counter, rather than at a small table, and looked with interest at the assembled company. The spectacle was amusing, but those participating in it did not think so. They were too preoccupied with ham sandwiches, apple pies and cups of coffee. At my right sat a man in war paint, and at my left sat a man in a dress suit. They talked to me at the same time, but I managed to acquire certain information concerning their respective productions.

"This is a blamed rough picture we are in to-day!"

said the Indian. "Those shacks over on the lot are supposed to represent a wild Western ranch, and we Indians attack it, but of course are repulsed! Indians always get the worst of it, but personally I never got it quite so bad as this time! I must be black and blue—under my make-up! They knocked me down and beat me up, until I was mad enough to do some genuine scalping and not movie imitation!"

"Well, we haven't even started yet!" said the dress suit. "The call was for nine o'clock sharp, and here it is half-past twelve, and no sign of activity! Really, I'd much rather work than just hang around. You lose all interest! And, besides, these clothes are not the most comfortable things in the world for lolling about in! This stiff shirt and this tight collar, to say nothing of these patent-leather pumps! It simply ruins your good clothes wearing them in these dirty studios!"

"See that fellow over there talking to the fat woman?" said the Indian. "He told the casting director he was an expert at make-up, and then, in the dressing-room, he came and begged me to lend him grease



Movies make strange table-fellows.



With the director about to call, "Everybody on the set," the movie extra has scant time to Fletcherize his food.

paint, and then begged me to show him how to put it on! Isn't it the limit? Here am I with ten years' experience on the stage and three years' experience in the movies, getting five dollars a day, and here is this fellow, never been on the stage at all and only been in the pictures a few weeks, getting the same amount! It isn't fair!"

"Fair?" said the dress suit. "What is fair about the movies? Nothing that I know of! See that guy over there, drinking coffee out of the saucer? I wish you could see his dress suit! It is only fit for the rag bag! Old and dirty and torn! But he says it won't

show in the picture, and neither it will! But, just the same, he has got a nerve coming here that way! I wouldn't dare! I'd be scared the director would get wise and bawl me out! His shoes are down in the heel, and his necktie is all ruffled! But he gets away with it and is paid as much as I am!"

"That blond girl over in the corner," said the Indian. "She is supposed to be a tough girl at the cowboy's saloon. Well, you ought to talk to her or let her talk to you! You'd be astonished! Some education, believe me! High-brow, but not stuck-up! She was reading a book, while we were waiting for our scene, and I tried to kid her along. I asked her the title. I thought it was a dime-novel love story.

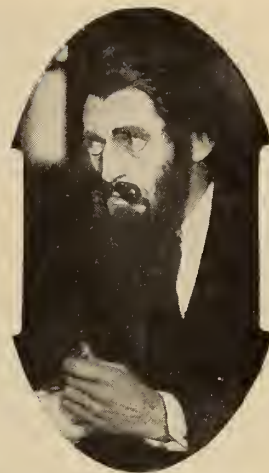
But it was 'In Tune with the Infinite,' and she started telling me all about New Thought and Mental Science!"

"Well, that dark girl talking to the cashier," said the dress suit. "She is supposed to be a society gir at a reception. She looks all right, but she sounds all wrong! As soon as she opens her mouth, she puts her foot in it! Slang? You can't imagine! And cuss words? She took my breath away! She says her regular job is cabaret singing at a chop suey joint. I believe it! It is a good thing language doesn't register on the film! The Board of Censorship would never pass that dame!"

I had had my ham sandwich and my piece of pie and my cup of coffee, so I paid my check and got up. At the door I ran into a girl I knew. We had been in a couple of pictures together. To-day she was in the factory scene.

"This is the first time I have ever worked with this star," said the girl, "but I hope it won't be the last. She is the dearest, sweetest little thing I have ever met! Modest and unassuming, not the least bit spoiled by success! She chatted with me just as though she were getting five dollars, instead of five hundred or five thousand or whatever it is they pay her! I don't begrudge her a cent of it! A girl as nice as she is deserves every penny!"

(Continued on page 29)

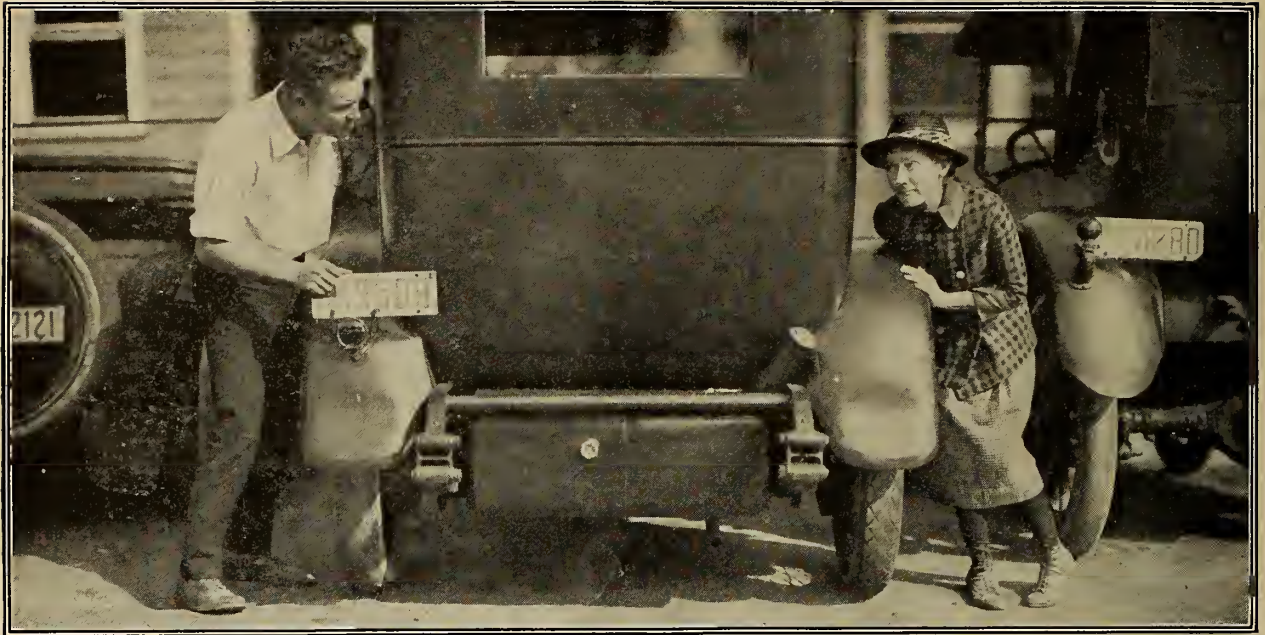


At the noon hour, the Scengali type relaxes; hypnotizing nothing more than the last piece of apple pie.



GOLDWYN

Madge Kennedy's smile makes a business luncheon "on location" look attractively like a picnic.



AND WHO DO YOU THINK THIS IS?

Well, you'll never guess, so we'll tell you. That tragic little figure peeking around the corner of the automobile is Miss Mary Pickford. And at the other side is Marshall Neilan, her director, who looks almost as much surprised as the reader.

Disadvantage

"It must be fine to live in Hollywood and see movie actors and actresses at work every day."
 "It isn't, though. You get bawled out every ten minutes for walking in front of a camera."

Punk

"That was a problem play you saw at the movie show, wasn't it?"
 "Yes; the problem was why was it produced."

Fastidious

Movie Actor—I won't play opposite her any more.
Director—Why not?
Movie Actor—I don't like the taste of the brand of lip rouge she uses.

A Movie Thought

The proof of the pudding may be in the eating, but the proof of the pie is in the throwing.

Fatal Error

"What's that director so mad about?"
 "He forgot himself for a moment and praised an actor."

Resourceful

"The movie star went on a spree, and when he reported at the studio he had three days' growth of hair on his face."
 "What did the director do? Send him home to shave?"
 "No; he started a desert island picture."

Movie Budget

Star . . .	80.0 per cent.
Director . . .	10.0 "
Properties . . .	5.0 "
Miscel. . .	4.9 "
Story . . .	0.1 "

Horrible

The movie actress awoke from a nap, with a scream.
 "What is it, madam?" inquired her maid solicitously.
 "I dreamed that for a whole day my name wasn't being printed anywhere."

His Forte

"What's become of Jim? He was such a poor speller that I always predicted he would become a failure."
 "He's a great success now. He writes the subtitles for a motion picture company."



Incidental music for scenes of sentiment.

"Little Women;" A Play for the Old-fashioned



1. Life at old Concord. Joe and Laurie surprise the lovers, Meg and John.

2. Joe's visit to the hair-dresser's to convert her locks into money.

The Story as Pictured

The filming of "Little Women" was done at Concord, Mass., the home of the author, Louisa M. Alcott. The scene of the play is laid in Civil War days, the pictures being full of the charm which made Miss Alcott's book such a favorite. *Mr. March*, father of the "Little Women," *Meg*, *Amy*, *Beth* and *Joe*, is at the front and ill in a hospital. *Joe* sacrifices her precious hair in order to raise money to pay her mother's expenses to his bedside. The sacrifice proves to be needless, as their rich *Aunt March* sends a generous check and the father is restored to his home. This photoplay brings in all the characters of the book, *Laurie*, *John Brooke*, *Prof. Baer*, as well as the most charming of "Little Women" in the quaint dress of the sixties.



3. Joe and Amy, downcast at thought of their father, ill at the battle front.



4. Mr. March, returned from the war, thanks Joe for her proof of affection.



5. Wooing of Joe by Professor Baer, the young school-master.

Meg. Amy. Beth. Joe.

6. The March family reunited; parents, lovers and "Little Women."

Why He Treated Them Rough

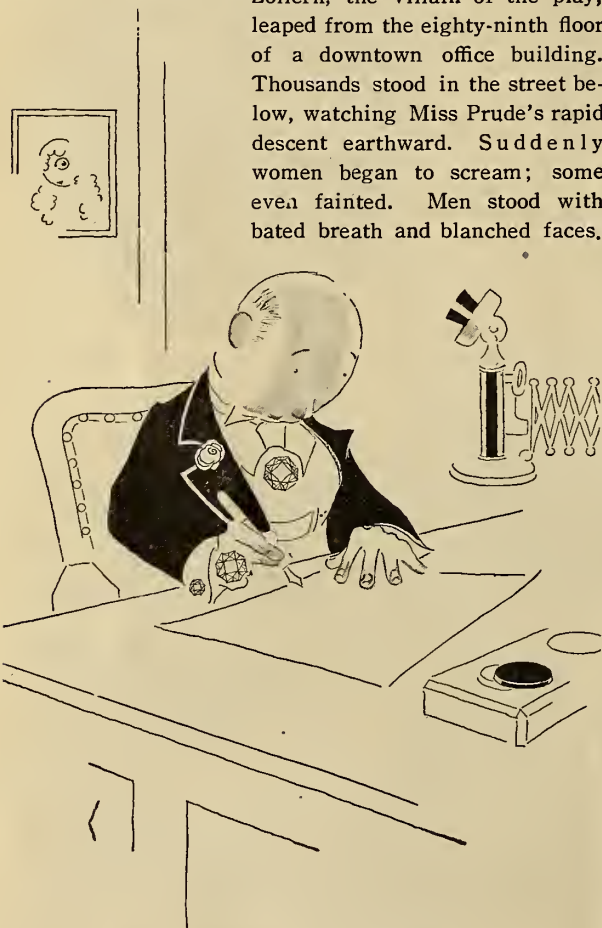
UPON his breast the war cross hung;
 His name and deed were on each tongue.
 Of wounds he bore near half a score;
 The Huns he got would number more.
 He fought all night through pit of hell,
 Though every comrade round him fell.
 I sought him out to learn just why
 He had fought on nor feared to die;
 What thought had steeled his arm and wrath
 Against the Huns that blocked his path.
 I asked to hear his tale so bold—
 The reason why he "knocked 'em cold."
 He cried: "Huh! I've no tale to tell.
 I just went in and give 'em hell;
 For, darn their hides, they spoiled my fun.
 We was called out near set o' sun,
 From billets where we'd hoped to rest
 And git amusement of the best.
 And so, you bet, I was some mad
 And give them Huns the best I had.
 The main why was"—here flashed his eye—
 "That night 'twas movies at the 'Y.'"

—Oscar H. Roesner.

A Star's Presence of Mind

While taking the leading part in the seventy-seventh episode of the popular serial picture, "The Piscatorial Pursuits of Prunella," Miss Prunella Prude had a narrow escape from death. Miss Prude, in escaping from Hohen

Zollern, the villain of the play, leaped from the eighty-ninth floor of a downtown office building. Thousands stood in the street below, watching Miss Prude's rapid descent earthward. Suddenly women began to scream; some even fainted. Men stood with bated breath and blanched faces.



FOR NINETY-NINE YEARS

Leading producing manager signing an order that all movie villains must be German instead of Spanish.



GOLDWYN

SOMETHING IN SPIRITUALISM?
 How would Madge Kennedy, looking through a glass door, suit you?

Miss Prude's dress had become caught on a nail on the window ledge of the thirty-seventh floor. Death seemed certain. But it was here that the heroine showed her rare presence of mind. Halting in her fall, she calmly unhooked the garment and proceeded on her downward plunge. Had she not exhibited this presence of mind, Miss Prude no doubt would have been dashed to death on the pavement below.

Moving Picture Syllables

Mary Pickford put the "pick" in "pictures."
 Charlie Chaplin put the "feet" in "features."
 Theda Bara put the "sin" in "cinema."
 William S. Hart put the "mask" in "masculine."
 Clara Kimball Young put the "purse" in "personality."
 Douglas Fairbanks put the "move" in "movies."
 Marguerite Clark put the "mite" in "mighty."
 Francis X. Bushman put the "x" in "xpression."
 Geraldine Farrar put the "track" in "attraction."
 William Farnum put the "muss" in "muscle."
 Julian Eltinge put the "miss" in "mystery."
 Samuel Goldfish put the "gold" in "Goldwyn."

Inconsistent!

I sent a great scenario I thought would be a hit;
 I told them I was poor and needed mon.
 The manager returned it with a slip on which he'd writ:
 "Your poverty is no disgrace, my son!"
 But on that slip were printed words, and after "POOR" a check
 Which fills me with a pain that will endure;
 After telling me that poverty was no disgrace, by hek!
 He turns my story down 'cause it is POOR!

Dodging

Movie Star—I'll have you understand that actors are born, not made.

Director—That's right. Shift the blame from yourself.

Movies Make the Ideal Relaxation



For the person with tired, overwrought nerves there is nothing so soothing as a quiet hour in the darkened auditorium when a few of these idyllic incidents are in progress.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



WOULD it be grammatical to say that Tully Marshall is more beautiful than Victor Potel and Ben Turpin put together?

After their marriage last fall, Charlie Chaplin moved himself and Mildred into a residence in Laughlin Park, Los Angeles. Whereupon the neighbors began to pronounce Laughlin Park the way it is spelled.

CREDIT must be given to Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties. During the war they saved to the country millions of dollars' worth of clothing. By not wearing it.

Mabel Normand confesses a fondness for black lace stockings. So do several million men. For hers!

ELLIOTT DEXTER wrote an article for a magazine entitled "Women I Have Kissed." The list contains nearly all the prominent and charming staresses. We don't blame him a bit for bragging!

LEADING ladies must be delicate damsels, indeed, if we are to believe the press agent. Every few days one of them becomes suddenly ill, which allows an unknown "extra girl" to slip into the part and gallop off with an armful of honors.

POME

*I wrote a great play of the war,
I spent many hours upon it,
But I guess you won't see it, for*

It was rejected by universal foxpathegoldwynparamountartcraft-famousplayerslaskeywetromutualtrianglevitagraph world and many others—and

The war quit a-warring, doggone it!

THEDA BARA says one may shape one's ends. Does she mean each of us should be our own manicure and chiropodist?

VIOLETA DANA, in "Blue Jeans," was cutely fascinating —if you know what that means; but, oh, if we could only see Olga Petrova in overalls!

(Continued on page 30)



UNIVERSAL

Miss Violet Mersereau in company with — can it be her leading man? Whoever he is, she is taking a mean advantage of him. That thing on his cheek is a stone tear, shed because he has no arms with which to reciprocate. The name of the play is "The Nature Girl."

"Hard Boiled;" A Title That Isn't Clear



1. The show stranded in Nilesburg. Corinne, Billy and Chorus.



2. Corinne declines Billy's offer to stake her to railroad fare.

What It's All About

Corinne Melrose (Dorothy Dalton) is prima donna of a stranded comic-opera company. Quarreling with her sweetheart, Billy Penrose, the tenor, she refuses his offer to help her out of town and remains in Nilesburg. With a little old lady, Miss Tiny Colvin, Corinne finds a home, and in return, by the use of her wits, she frees Aunt Tiny from the grasp of Deacon Simpson, the local money lender, who has taken advantage of her unworldliness. Billy returns, prosperous, and wants Corinne to marry him and take the road again. But Corinne loves Aunt Tiny too much to leave her, so Mr. and Mrs. Billy settle down in "the hick town" and keep a hotel.

3. She finds a friend in Aunt Tiny, who gives her a home.

4. She decides to match her wits against those of the scheming money lender.



5. Success. Corinne delivers to Aunt Tiny the promissory note. And—Oh, yes—Billy is back in town.



6. It is almost quite easy to tell what Billy and Corinne are about to do here. Also, that it's the end of the show.

How About the Movies? Are They To Go "Dry"?

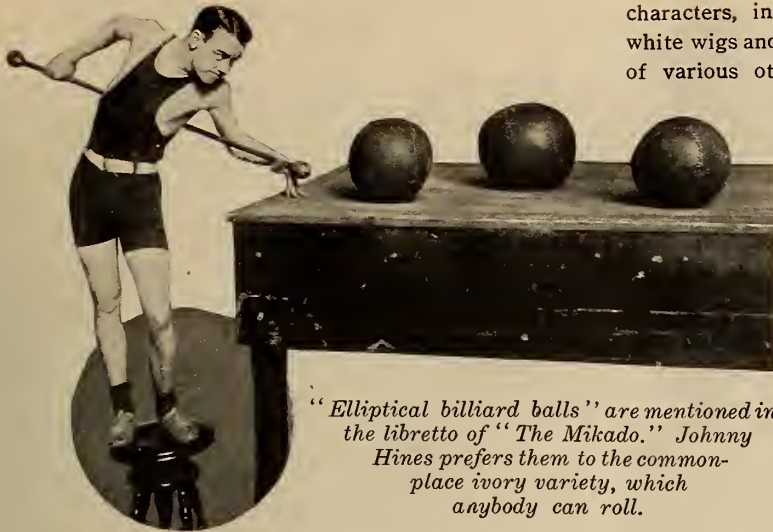


Now that Uncle Sam's territory is going bone-dry, scenes like these in a picture play may have to be cut out. The Drys won't like them, and the Wets won't be able to look at them without bursting into tears and having to be led, tottering, from the theater. Historically, of course, such bits of film will be of great value, showing, as they will to posterity, how a good time used to look. It is possible, too, that with a little Mental Suggestion, a picture like the above might quench a thirst.



Here we have what is destined to become a very rare picture indeed—nothing short of an expressman delivering a case of dark bottles for family use. In the not remote future, this little fragment of film may be bought and presented to some museum.

How scenario writers and directors are going to manage without this familiar "location," how underworld life is to be shown at soda fountains and tearooms, most awkwardly remains to be seen. And think of those tough Western barrooms, with the bad men tossing off sundaes at a gulp!



"Elliptical billiard balls" are mentioned in the libretto of "The Mikado." Johnny Hines prefers them to the commonplace ivory variety, which anybody can roll.

Movie Applicants

APPLICATION NUMBER ONE

EXAGGERATED PICTURES COMPANY:

Dear Sirs—I inclose a photograph of my little daughter, Georgette. Before she was born I had hopes that the child would be a boy, and resolved to name him George, after George Washington, the Father of his Country; but when the baby proved to be a girl, I decided to call her Georgette, which everybody thought was very pretty and very patriotic.

As you can see from the photograph, the child is five years of age and unusually attractive in appearance. She has curly yellow hair, big blue eyes and a small red mouth. She can sing and dance and recite, and gives imitations of everybody and everything, including her aunts and uncles and dogs and cats. In fact, she is a perfect little genius, if I do say it myself.

I have often seen children in the movies, and I am sure Georgette could act as well as any of them, and better than many. Her little mannerisms would film amusingly, such as poking out her tongue and biting her fingernails. Everyone would say, "How cute and cunning!" And her mischievous tricks would create merriment, such as sticking her fingers in the jam and washing the piano with soap and water.

Hoping to hear from you by return mail, I remain,
Yours very truly,

(MRS.) CAROLINE CRUST.

P.S.—Georgette has just spilled the ink bottle all over the photograph I was about to inclose. It is the only one I have and is absolutely ruined, so I will not inclose it after all.

APPLICATION NUMBER TWO

EXAGGERATED PICTURES COMPANY:

Dear Sirs—Last week I celebrated my ninety-eighth birthday. I am an inmate of the Nell Gwynn Home for Old Ladies, but I am in full possession of my faculties and take an active interest in all that goes on in the world, such as war and peace and moving pictures.

I recently read an item in a newspaper to the effect that producers of photoplays were so desirous of realistic effects that they were now engaging really old people to interpret such

characters, instead of youthful players tricked out with white wigs and penciled wrinkles. I called the attention of various other inmates of this home to the purport of the paragraph, and we all agreed that posing for one's picture would be a pleasant and profitable pastime. But I appeared to be the only person with sufficient initiative to pursue the matter.

Please do not think that I am a silly, stage-struck female, because such is not the case. I do not wish to play juvenile parts and do not seek to rival Mary Pickford or Billie Burke. But I could elucidate these questions if you would call some day. Visitors are received Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from two until five p. m.

Yours sincerely,

(MISS) DOROTHY DARE.

P. S.—Please notify me if Mrs. Beatrice Bloom writes to you. She stated emphatically that she would not do so, but I have my doubts, in spite of this assurance. She is ninety-nine, and looks every day of it, being feeble and incapacitated.

APPLICATION NUMBER THREE

EXAGGERATED PICTURES COMPANY:

Dear Surs—I goes to the movies rite along, and I ofen seen fites and ruffhouses in the fillems. Such stunts is my line exackly, as I am the champeen amerchewer pugerlist of dis nayberhood, noan as the tuffest sexhun in New York. Me reel name is Michael McGinnis, but the name I goes by is Kid Wallop, as many boobs and bums can testyfy. I have closed more eyes and opened more skulls than you could count, many of them twice me size.

Sumtimes at the pitcher shows the audience gets wise to the fakes, and laffs and kids when they is ment to be excited. I seen this many times in fitting fillems, and you can take it from me, youse guys order hire reel fifiers for reel fites. That is why I am hearwith offering me services.

(Continued on page 29)



JUST KNOCKS 'EM OUT

Prehistoric Writer—*Yep, I dictate all my scenarios. It's a lot easier than hacking them out in longhand.*



CORINNE GRIFFITH & CO.

A "close-up" that needn't be brought any closer up.

Film Libraries

WITHOUT doubt the time is not far distant when much film will be for sale outright. And the day is surely coming when a film history of the great war can be assembled, bit by bit, as the books we love are acquired for our book shelves, by anyone who has patience, discrimination and a limited amount of money to invest in the enterprise. Sooner or later motion pictures in the home will be as much the custom as music. What seems most needed now is a genius who will devote him-

self to perfecting paraphernalia for the purpose, and a librarian to compile and publish a complete catalogue of films.



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

This, it may be, is what Frank Mayo is telling a fellow actor in "The Girl and the Horses."

Pat's Part

"Now let's see," said the director, preparatory to taking a picture, "how many men we will need for this barroom scene." He scrutinized the scenario, then the players. "Eight will do. Joe, Jem, Jack and Mack—you four get busy with a deck of cards at one of the tables. You, Bud and Bill, understand your parts fairly well. That's six—two more. Bob, you help Bud behind the bar. Let's see, Pat—where will we put you?" He studied the scenario again.

"I'll tell you what," ventured Pat.

"What?" asked the director eagerly.

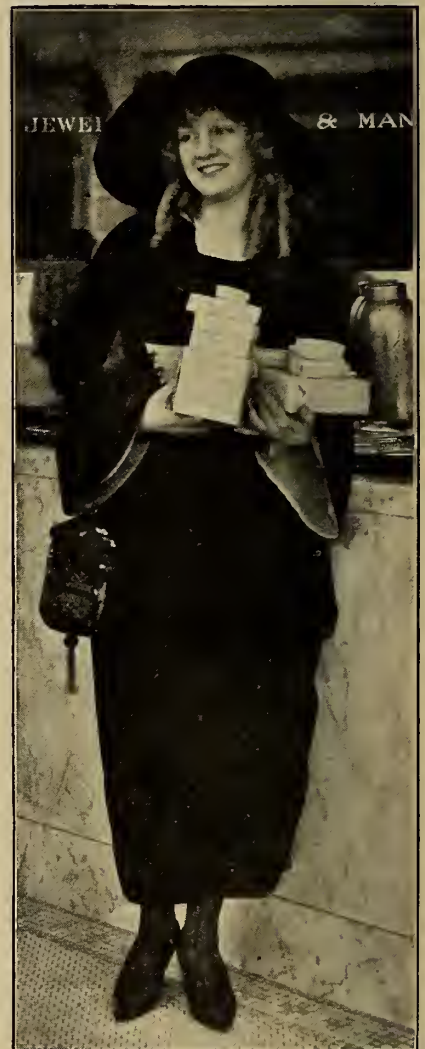
"I'll help Bill in front of the bar."

Studio Gossip

In "The Barefoot Pickaninny," in which he had the title role, Mr. Harry Lessey wore a pair of black patent leather shoes that have been handed down from generation to generation in the Lessey family.



Miss Alice Joy, star of Melak's three-part dramatic masterpiece, "The Green Persimmon," in which she had the title role, has added to her many graceful accomplishments the art of perspiring in the summertime. In fact, Miss Joy has been known to perspire as early in the season as the month of May. The latest accomplishment will no doubt increase Miss Joy's list of friends tenfold.



AMERICAN

Isn't it strange that Mary Miles Minter, who appears always in the very latest "creation," like this gorgeous velvet gown, wears always the same old smile?

Oh, But Movie Folks Are Superstitious!



Evelyn Greeley has a horror of walking under ladders and even more so of breaking a looking-glass. So has Johnny Hines. Just look at him standing under the ladder and making a swipe at the mirror. Miss Greeley is stunned.



Even big, good-natured Monty Love is superstitious. His valet handed him the left shoe first, and if Monty had not noticed it, his entire career would no doubt have come to a sudden end.



The coming pictures are bound to be a success if a horseshoe is nailed over the dressing-room door. So thinks Muriel Ostriche. In a dressing-room, a horseshoe to bring luck must be hung upside down.



WORLD
Don't whistle in the dressing-room. If you do, the entire studio is liable to fall on you. June Elvidge could scarcely believe her ears when Al Hart, who was waiting for her, started in to pipe a few bars. Al will never be allowed in that room again.

"Nix on the Double!"

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

THE director was explaining to Wallace Reid the "business" of "The Roaring Road," which is the working title of a whiz-bang feature in which Reid is to star.

"You see, you love this girl, played by Anne Little"—he commenced.

"Sounds good," admitted Wally, his eyes brightening.

"And you go into this road race for big stakes"—

"Getting better all the time!" applauded Wally.

"And you do this race, featuring the turn at 'Dead-man's Curve' on the Santa Monica track"—

"Yes, yes! Go on!" begged Wally, getting all excited.

"There will be thrilling skids, crashes and a final victory, and of course we'll have a double do the racing stunt"—

"A what?" demanded Wally, coming down to earth with a bump. "Where d'you get that stuff? I'll do the race myself! Nix on the doubles!"

And he did do the race. His heart-smashing features were camouflaged with hood and goggles, his dress-suit form was incased in a pair of jumpers and a specially built racing car, and he gave the spectators the thrill of their lives by taking the justly named "Dead-man's Curve" faster than it had ever been taken—with-
out a funeral following—and smashed records to bits by doing 110 miles in the final heat.

When the scenes were finished, Wally climbed out of the car jauntily if somewhat stiffly; but Guy Oliver, who played the part of the mechanic, crawled out, perspiring and trembling, registering a wet-rag expression.

"Say," he announced to the crowd at large, "the next time that speed demon drives, don't worry about getting a double for him—you get one for me!"

Would that all the stars had the Wallace Reid idea about doubles, which, laconically expressed, is nix on 'em! It would seem that if the "business" demanded by the sce-

nario overtaxed the capabilities of a star, that particular bit should be omitted or a star procured who is equal to it.

In a certain "super" feature, soon to be released, a certain star of the feminine gender was doubled for in a short dash on horseback, in being let down from a house by a rope and in a wild fandango on a table. *Now our personal opinion is that if a lady can neither ride, swing nor dance, she should either learn how or yield the palm of stardom to someone who can. One vastly advertised feature had as its piece de resistance a well-known dance on which the story hinges. The dance was performed by a double, and the careful "cutting" which ensued to veil the substitution made the dance as exciting as a Quaker minuet.

Naturally there are many stars who are "fake proof." Such a one is William Hart, who makes flying leaps to his horse from a window, cliff or from anywhere that the exigencies of the story demand, and in a knockdown fight he asks no mercy—and gives none.

William Farnum, William Desmond, Monroe Salisbury and others of the "Western" ilk are case-hardened veterans who do not cost their respective companies a cent for doubles, and as for the "Komedey Krowd" at the Sennett studio, Chester Conklin, Ben Turpin and the



"This fellow here," he said, pointing to Doug on the right, "is the only person who can double for this guy here," and he indicated Doug on the left.

others, their only doubles are occasional dummies that are dropped over cliffs, run over by trains and shot out of cannons. Anything less than this, they are equal to.

Charles Ray, while not in the "stunt" class, does some few hundred feet of thrills that many actors would balk at putting on celluloid. In "Greased Lightning" he was supposed to go over a fifty-foot embankment in a racing car, but at the last moment the story was changed to make him run into a tree instead. The "location" as well as the story had been changed, the tree standing almost at the edge of a 200-foot embankment, and Ray, in the excitement, forgot the last instructions of his director and

charged straight for the cliff, stopping just as the front wheels were scraping rocks down into the chasm.

Then, instead of shuddering alighting, he coolly backed up, signaled the camera man to grind and rammed the tree, going full speed ahead.

And take the case of Raymond Hatton, cast as a half-breed Mexican with Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona." He was supposed to jump up behind Doug on the

horse he was riding, said horse going at a twenty-five-mile gallop. Raymond does not pretend to be an expert horseman, and a double was offered for this stunt, but he declined. Five times he essayed the feat, and landed on the horse's back only to slide off and land with a dull, sickening thud. Once he landed on a rock, and again the horse kicked him for luck. The sixth time he made it—and stuck; but they *did* get a double for him in the ensuing scene, as Mr. Hatton couldn't sit down or walk—

Then there was Thurston Hall, who, in Cecil De Mille's "Squaw Man," had to be mauled by a lion. He submitted to the pummeling of the king of beasts—labeled "tame" by his owner, but who, Thurston says, hadn't had his nails manicured sufficiently, and in consequence of which he wore court plaster and bandages for several weeks following the scene.

The sterner sex cannot claim all the honors for daring



Wally Reid and his mechanic, Guy Oliver, in "Deadman's Curve."

and bravery. Anita King, the intrepid little star who came across the continent in her car, alone, on a wager, has taken every risk that heroines are heir to and that any director could think up. Her start in pictures was made as a double for—well, for a well-known star, and Anita was told to jump off the end of a pier into the ocean—quite a thrilling leap for a seventeen-year-old girl. She jumped—once, twice, thrice, since

the first two leaps hadn't registered correctly, and from then on she was a member of the company.

Clara Kimball Young, in "The Savage Woman," wore, during the first part of the picture, a leopard skin and her complexion. In this make-up she had to be chased through the rocky canons of San Bernardino, lassoed, fought with and dragged into captivity. And Miss Young, who spent her ensuing spare moments for a month applying soothing lotions to her feet and other portions of her anatomy, claims that "back to nature" pictures have their drawbacks.

There is Anne Little, who, in the old Biograph days, was the only white person in a company of Sioux Indians, and during this time she took enough wild rides, leaped over enough cliffs and fought enough red men to make a serial as long as an "endless chain" of prayers.

And talking about non-fake pictures; if any fan detects

(Continued on page 28)



The lion, said Thurston Hall, hadn't had his nails manicured sufficiently, and in consequence Thurston wore court plaster and bandages for several weeks following the scene.



PUTTING IT PROFESSIONALLY

Friend—*How did that election come off in which you were so interested?*
 Movie Star (defeated for alderman)—*The voters registered indifference.*

Fresh from the Studios

Two hundred pieces of the most modern artillery were borrowed from the government by the Nibul Film Company for use in its great, ninety-seven-part military feature, "The War of the Roses," soon to be released. This great picture shows all the principal battles of the War of the Roses and has all the atmosphere of that period. In order that this atmosphere might be obtained, the battle scenes were staged in the country and not inside the studio yard.

Wane Cilbur, who starred in Ehtap's "The Human Bloodhound," in five mammoth, massive, mastodonic parts, is a vegetarian. Mr. Cilbur says that the kindness of his congressman in sending him free garden seeds each year makes the life of a vegetarian very cheap.

Miss Helen Semloh had a narrow escape from being crushed between the wheels of a locomotive while taking part in the one hundred and thirty-seventh episode of "The Safety First Policy of Helen" serial. Miss Semloh had

just crossed a trestle in front of a locomotive, in which a fire had not been started for eight years, when another train going in the opposite direction passed on another track about two miles away. Miss Semloh suffered an attack of nervous prostration, but will be able to take part in the next episode, which is entitled "The Closed Stud-bridge."

Mr. Francis Bushwoman, who gave such a masterly interpretation to the part of the prune in Yanasse's three-part film drama of the underworld, "The Mystery of the Purple Prune," has refused a bequest of \$9,000,000 left him by an unknown uncle, who was in the gold rush of 1492-1915. Mr. Bushwoman requested that the money be given to the poor, thus proving that motion picture actors are human.

Miss Blanche Sour, who gained a township-wide reputation in the serial, "Xenialties of Xantippe," has fallen a victim to soft drink. Miss Sour drinks three or four soft beverages every day, and a feature of her new hobby lies in the fact that she always purchases her soft drinks either in bottles or from soda fountains.

"Cupid's Day Off;" A Hot Old Turpintime



1. Ben and Heinie, shoe merchants, have a show window in more than one sense.

A Few Mad Details

Ben and Heinie keep a shoe store, but they have other adventures on the side, running from love to high finance. They devise unique ways of advertising their wares—so unique as to put them out of business. Later they get mixed up with a tough gambling joint and discover a way to make dice behave. Everything booms until the proprietor happens to look under the table. (See picture No. 4.) The subsequent scenes of the comedy are laid in a house of many apartments, a convenience which mixes wives, husbands, police and the two partners. "Cupid's Day Off" is a good show to see if you believe in a place for everything and nothing in its place.

2. Business is fine—until one hapless day Heinie's wife drops in.



3. After that, business is better for Ben than it is for Heinie.



4. As gamblers, the pair achieve marvels of success. Note the magnet.

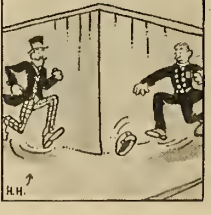
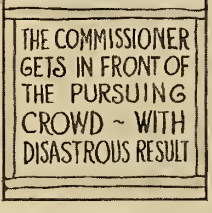
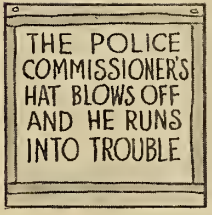
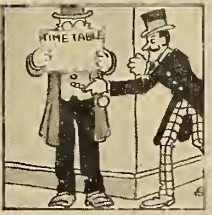
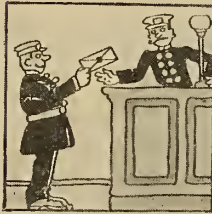
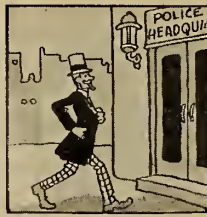


5. Some one unwelcome is always showing up, this time a husband. Please don't expect a consecutive, logical story of a Mack Sennett comedy.



6. It ends as happily in a cabaret as it logically began in a shoe store, the difference being that she wears tights instead of stockings.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



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in "WHAT EVERY
WOMAN WANTS"



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in "LIFE'S A
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SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "BONDS OF HONOR"

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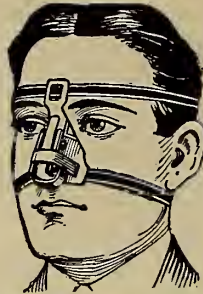
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ran serially for ten weeks in Leslie's and were quoted by more than 200 publications. If you sit in "the driver's seat," or merely plod along beside the wagon, whether you are a success or think yourself a failure, you will find this book full of hope, help and the right kind of inspiration.

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"Nix on the Double!"

(Continued from page 23)

Mme. Doralina having a substitute in any of the death-defying scenes which make up "The Charm of Nasoni," he or she can draw a big, fat prize at the box office. This petite danseuse is made of iron, it would seem, for in the thrilling fight on the cannibal island with Jay Morley, her leading man, a six-foot husky, she was gashed severely with the stone knife, and though bleeding from deep wounds, she picked him up, threw him over her shoulder and strode away to her "jungle hut," seemingly as fresh as when she entered the fray.

And, of course, there's Annette Kellermann, of the perfect 36 and other measurements, who simply couldn't be—and isn't—doubled for. Her stunts include everything from diving off a high tower to being dashed against the rocks in a stormy sea, and any double who could do Annette's work could star in her own right and give up doubling for life!

No story about fakeless stars would be complete without a word from Douglas Fairbanks. I have watched him somersault a horse, climb a church steeple, walk a wire and fight twelve men all at once, so it was somewhat of a shock to have him tell me confidentially, "Sh-h! I have a double!"

"Et tu, Brute!" I quoted in horror. "You, the standby of the films—you, the King of Daring—the"—

"Just a minute!" he said hastily. "Let me explain." And he brought out a picture of Doug Fairbanks selling War Savings Stamps to—Doug Fairbanks!

"This fellow here," he said, pointing to Doug on the right, "is the only person who can double for this guy here," and he indicated Doug on the left.

"Double crossed!" I said disgustedly.

"Double exposure!" he retorted airily.

A Wise Girl

There was a girl in our town,
And she was wondrous wise.
She went to see a picture show
And cried out both her eyes;
And when she saw her eyes were gone,
With all her might and main
She hurried to another show,
Which shocked them in again!

—Walter G. Doty.

In the Movie Lunchroom

(Continued from page 9)

Another girl I knew came along and joined us. She, too, was working in the factory picture, but she was a different sort of a girl from the other and saw things from a different angle entirely.

"I've been in a lot of pictures," said this girl, "and I've worked with a lot of stars, but I never saw such a nasty, horrid snip as the star in this here production! Who does she think she is, anyway? Everybody knows where she came from! Small-time vawde-ville! A cheap song-and-dance act! I remember her, and I'd like to tell her so! It makes me sick to see the airs she puts on, with her nose in the air, as though the rest of us were dirt under her feet!"

"Everybody on the set!" came the call from the studio. So we "extra" people, cowboys and Indians, factory men and women, fashionable ladies and gentlemen, hurried back to our respective places, in different corners of the glass-covered inclosure, where bits of scenery suggested a barroom, a ballroom and an office. Men in dress suits straightened their neckties, and men in war paint straightened their head feathers. Factory girls and society girls powdered their noses.

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and all kinds of people to make a picture!

Movie Applicants

(Continued from page 19)

Whenever I gives exhibishuns at the Solerplexus Atherletic Assosyshun I gets ten bucks a nite, and I would be satisfied to except the same for the fillems, altho I hears they pays lots more to regular ackters. I can give as reference Patrick O'Reilly, noan as Uppercut Pat, and Joseph Molinelli, noan as Dago Joe.

Yours respectfully,
MICHAEL MCGINNIS.

The Motive

The city editor stopped at the motion picture critic's desk.

"You used up all the adjectives in the dictionary in your column this morning," he observed. "'Spoils of Love' must be a great film."

"It isn't that," confessed the critic. "My wife wrote the scenario."

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I will gladly refer you to any number of my graduates who will soon convince you of the prompt and satisfying results they obtained with me. There seems no reason why you should not benefit in the same way, and I certainly urge you to investigate without obligation by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

Occasionally I still encounter a man or woman who is hesitant about learning by mail and feels that the methods of fifty years ago are "safer." This feeling is, perhaps, natural enough, but it is due to a misunderstanding as to what are the real problems in learning piano. You will learn much more rapidly by my scientific written method than by the old-fashioned "spoken" or oral method, which cannot be made really systematic. My free booklet will fully satisfy your mind in this regard and explain exactly how and why my method produces such truly surprising results.

My Course in Piano or Organ represents the best thought of the present day and makes use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. If you wanted to study with a so-called "private teacher" by the old-fashioned oral system, and yet could afford only \$1 to \$5 per lesson, you could obtain only third-rate instruction. No true authority could give you his entire, exclusive attention for so small a fee. Yet, as you know, one lesson with an authority is worth a dozen other lessons. By enrolling with this Conservatory and joining my Personal Instruction Class, your lessons cost less than 43 cents each, as part of the Complete Course. Yet every step you take is under my personal supervision, and in all essential ways, I am in as close touch with you as if I were stand-

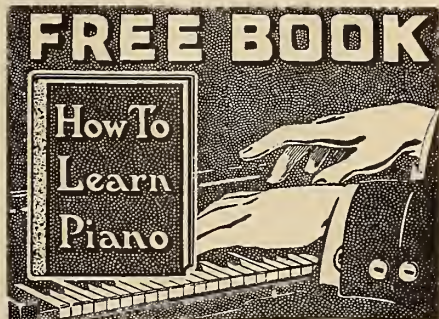


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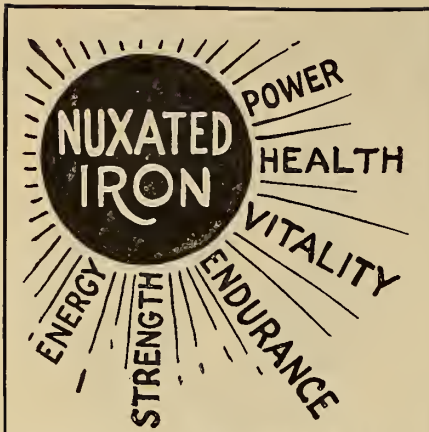
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While Marguerite Clark was working in the Famous Players studio the other day, two gentlemen from Japan asked permission to visit the studio so that they might see how pictures are made. The young man standing on Miss Clark's right is Seicho Naruse, one of the leading writers of new Japan. He is returning to Japan by way of the United States, after nine months in the war zone as a war correspondent of one of Tokio's leading dailies. The young man leaning over the chair is Kuneo Koga, a mechanical engineer. This was their first experience in motion pictures.

Whim-Whams and Wheezes

(Continued from page 14)

IN looking over the casts of picture plays produced during the past year, we find that all the villains are German. Now, how do you account for that?

We have just discovered why Ben Turpin is cross-eyed. His nose is so pretty that both eyes wish to look at it at the same time!

BEFORE he broke into the films, "Smiling Bill" Parsons says he sat down to figure how much greater a man Chaplin was than he. If you had asked us, Bill, we could have saved you all that time you spent a-figuring.

Marshall Neilan, director, advises actors not to bank upon their beauty. You're right, kid! If they did, Wally Reid would be worth five millions, Bill Hart would be broke and George Fawcett couldn't even make a deposit!

He Was an Actor

It was during the filming of the trench scenes in "The Heart of Humanity," Allen Holubar's superdrama. Realism was the keynote. The trenches were flooded with the water of many days' rain. Discomfort reigned supreme as hordes of soldiers rehearsed and rehearsed again the thrilling battle that was to be recorded by the camera. But there was always some little thing that fell short of perfection and which meant the scene would have to be repeated again. Finally the camera be-

gan clicking and the actual process of taking the scene was under way. Suddenly the watchful eye of Mr. Holubar discovered a flaw in a bit of detail work. Orders were given and the camera stopped. Again came the tedious interlude of rehearsing.

A long, lanky figure in khaki suddenly rose from his kneeling posture and threw his gun aside. "What are you doing?" demanded Mr. Holubar.

The khaki-clad one hardly waited to reply: "Say, you hired an actor, not a submarine diver. I'm quitting."

The Photoplay Philosopher

I am a moving picture fan, Have been since picture plays began,

So ev'ry night I hurry
To view whatever may be seen
Around the corner on the screen.

I thus forget all worry.

The program that is most complete
Has good and bad and sour and sweet,

One with the other blending!
But as peace follows after strife,
I like to think that real life

Will have "a happy ending"!

—Harold Seton

Sarcasm

"It's a good thing they put 'The End' at the finish of every feature," observed the man-inclined-to-be-cynical.

"Why?" we asked innocently.

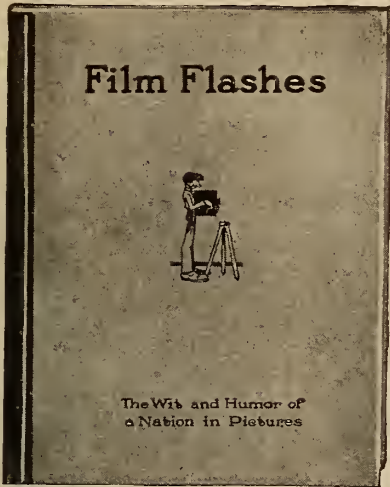
"Otherwise no one would know when the comedy started."

Heredity

Brown—What was the first thing your baby said?

White—"Charlie Chaplin."

LAUGHS! LAUGHS! LAUGHS!



HERE they are! Your favorite Fun Makers in their most characteristic roles—from the uproarious, side-splitting antics of "Fatty," Roscoe Arbuckle, and "Walrus," Chester Conklin, to the exquisite comedy of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark. You'll see them all in

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A big book brimful and running over with Laughs. Whenever you have a fit of the blues, a few minutes with FILM FLASHES will make you forget your troubles and generate a new zest for life. It's all good, wholesome American humor mingled with the most entertaining gossip about the screen favorites themselves. Linda A. Griffith (Mrs. D. W. Griffith) tells about the early struggles of many Motion Picture Stars who now scintillate brilliantly on princely salaries, but who were glad enough to work for \$3.00 per in the days of the "Old Biograph," as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb to dizzy heights in its studios.

Lots of intimate secrets about film folks are revealed in such chapters as "On the Side Lines with the Director," "A Vampire Off Guard," "How to Become a Moving Picture Actress," "The Making of a Comedy," "Film-ville Portraits." Douglas Fairbanks takes you into his confidence about his

mountainous mail, with several characteristic letters; Bessie Barrascale discourses about stock raising; Blanche Sweet tells of the joys of chicken farming and of her "darling pigs," and Marguerite Clark has a word or two to say in favor of the simple life.

A very human, likable lot you'll find these moving picture artists, and FILM FLASHES furnishes just the sort of background that will make you enjoy their work all the more when you see them on the screen.

A FEW OF MANY INTERESTING STORIES

- How Mary Pickford got her First Raise in Salary.
- A Day with Vivian Martin.
- Kissing Rules in the Movies.
- The Man who never saw a Moving Picture.
- The Best Laugh in the Pictures.
- "Shooting" the Thrills with Helen Holmes.
- When Movie-Actor-itis Breaks Out.
- In Search of Types.



SOME OF THE MANY STARS YOU'LL MEET IN FILM FLASHES

- | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|-----------------|----------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------|----------------|
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| Mary Miles Minter | Marie Shotwell | Max Linder | Douglas Fairbanks | Anna Little | Ethel Teare | Jane Grey |
| William S. Hart | June Caprice | Dorothy Kelly | Kathryn Williams | Gladys Brockwell | Ann Pennington | Mary Maurice |
| Hughy Mack | Bessie Love | Norma Talmadge | Bessie Barrascale | E. A. Sothern | Anita Stewart | Fanny Ward |
| Marguerite Clark | Bobby Connolly | Mabel Normand | Gladys Hulette | Dorothy Dalton | Blanche Sweet | William Farnum |
| Vivian Martin | Anita King | Victor Moore | Clara Williams | Helen Holmes | Rita Jolivet | Ann Murdock |
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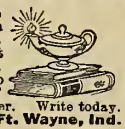
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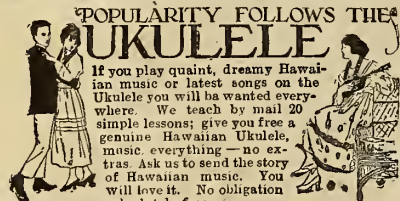


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PETROVA PICTURES

Mme. Olga Petrova says it is great fun playing farmerette and animal trainer at her country home at Great Neck. This speaking likeness, she says, was posed especially for Film Fun.

The Movie Hero Back from the Wars

I used to be known as a hero bold
On the moving picture screens,
And I mused not a hair as I did my share
Of rescuing movie queens;
But I've just come back from the fields of France,
Where I carried a blunderbuss,
And not even "Griff" could knock 'em as stiff
As the drama they staged for us.

It used to be pie in the days gone by
For me with my arm of steel
To grab up a maid and fight unafraid
'Gainst dozens of rogues per reel;
But there were no cameras where I have been,
And no "retake," you can bet,
While the cannons' roars was all the applause
That the "extras" and me could get.

My life was charmed and I lived unharmed
By danger—in movies, I mean—
But in dodging steel 'twixt reel and real
Is a helluva difference, I ween!
As one of the leads I have done brave deeds,
But now they will all seem tame,
For I've played the man, and the movie fan
Will say 'twas the bigger game!
—R. E. Smith.

When the Director Got Through

I wrote a sad scenario,
Chuck full of tragedy and woe.
But it appeared upon the screen.
As the funniest comedy I've seen.
—Vera Macbeth Jones.

Where Dreams Come True

Hoyle—Women have always talked too much!

Doyle—That is why men crowd into picture shows, where they can have the pleasure of looking at women without having the annoyance of listening to them!

Necessary

Visitor—What's the megaphone for?

Photographer—I've got to use that when I photograph motion picture actresses, otherwise they wouldn't pose naturally.

All Wool—and a Yard Wide

Mary had a little lamb;
She took it "on the screen."
She still has got her little lamb,
Also a LIMOUSINE!

And Then Some

"Hong Kong is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. You see every race on its streets."

"It's got nothing on Hollywood."

The Reason

Actress—I don't want to do comedies all my life. I want to play in features.

Director—My dear young lady, you haven't got the features.

Absent-minded

"What's the matter with the director? He looks sheepish."

"He went to church Sunday, and during the sermon he forgot himself, stood up and shouted to the minister: 'Come on! Put a little more pep in it!'"

Provocation

"I never saw an actress register such disdain as the star in the feature we saw to-night."

"Maybe she was looking at the director at the time."

But Her Clothes—

"The motion pictures are not true to life."

"Why not?"

"I've never seen a film actress change her mind in a picture."



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Piccolo	Mandolin	Ukelele
	Sight Singing	
Harmony and Composition. Hawaiian Steel Guitar, Tenor Banjo, Viola		

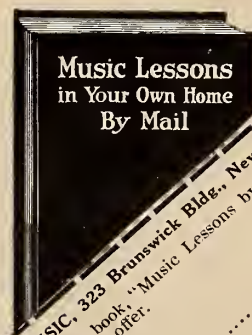


Louise Cowles, Epworth, Va., writes: “Received my teacher’s certificate. I highly recommend your school and wouldn’t take anything for the help it has given me.”



C. N. Pitts, Macon, Ga., writes: “Have completed your course on violin—now have 15 students.”

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Paramount and Arctcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions listed alphabetically, released up to January 31st. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"
 Enid Bennett in "PUSS AND FEATHERS" *
 Billie Burke in "THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"
 Lana Cavalieri in "A WOMAN OF IMPULSE"
 Marguerite Clark in "LITTLE MISS HOOVER"
 Ethel Clayton in "THE MYSTERY GIRL"
 Dorothy Dalton in "QUICKSAND" *
 Pauline Frederick in "OUT OF THE SHADOW"
 Dorothy Gish in "THE HOPE CREST"
 Lilla Lee in "THE SECRET GARDEN"
 Vivian Martin in "JANE GOES A-WOOLING"
 John Emerson-Amita Loos Production
 Shirley Mason and Ethel Thurston in "GOOD BYE BILL"
 Charles Ray in "STRING BEANS" *
 Wallace Reid in "THE DUB"
 Bryant Washburn in "VENUS IN THE EAST"

Paramount-Arctcraft Specials

"The Inn Within," with a Special Star Cast
 "Private Peat," Private Harold Peat
 "Sporting Life," Maurice Tourneur's Production
 "The Silver King," Starring William Faversham
 "Little Women," From Louisa M. Alcott's famous book
 A Wm. A. Brady Production
 "False Faces," A Thos. H. Ince Production

Arctcraft

Enrico Caruso in "MY COUSIN"
 George M. Cohan in "HIT THE TRAIL HOLIDAY"
 Cecil B. De Mille's Production
 "DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "ARIZONA"
 Elsie Ferguson in "HIS PARISIAN WIFE"
 D. W. Griffith's Production
 "THE ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY"
 William S. Hart in "BRANDING BROADWAY" *
 Mary Pickford in "JOHANNA ENLISTS"
 Fred Stone in "UNDER THE TOP"

* Supervision of Thos. H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arctcraft Comedy
 "CAMPING OUT"
 Paramount Mack Sennett Comedies
 "CUPID'S DAY OFF" "NEVER TOO OLD"
 Paramount-Flagg Comedy
 "IMPROFAGANDA"
 Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in
 Paramount-Drew Comedies
 Paramount-Bray Pictograph
 One each week
 Paramount-Burton Holmes
 Travel Pictures One each week

"You wouldn't know the Old Town now!"

TIME cannot blur some recollections. If you've ever *lived* around a small town, your memory needs no photograph of what it looked like *then*. Seen the Old Town *lately*? Or any other of ten thousand and more like it throughout America—any day or night in the week?

No, the "P. O." is no more the hub of all rural life. The 7:20 mail is no longer the big excitement out where they still breathe fresh air and own broad acres. Much more going on than the "Annual County Fair" or the good old Church Social.

In these times, whenever "Jones, the Farmer" hankers after a couple of hours' laughs and thrills, he goes just where "Brown, the City Banker" goes. And he sees just as fine motion pictures as Mr. Manhattan can see at Broadway's toniest theatre.

Just as fine, because just the same pictures!

The famous productions distributed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

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—Bigger Business for Local Merchants.

—Broader, Happier Life to Every Man, Woman and Child.

Paramount and Arctcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Arctcraft* Pictures — and the theatres that show them



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 ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
 NEW YORK



Film Fun

Price 15 Cents
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THE DRYS HAVE IT



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Here are their latest productions, listed alphabetically, released up to February 28th. Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "HERE COMES THE BRIDE"
 *Enid Bennett in "HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED"
 Billie Burke in "THE MAKE-BELIEVE WIFE"
 Lina Cavalieri in "THE TWO BRIDES"
 Marguerite Clark in "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH"
 Ethel Clayton in "MAGGIE PEPPER"
 *Dorothy Dalton in "HARD BOILED"
 Pauline Frederick in "PAID IN FULL"
 Dorothy Gish in "BOOTS"
 Lila Lee in "THE SECRET GARDEN"
 Vivian Martin in "YOU NEVER SAW SUCH A GIRL"
 Shirley Mason in "THE WINNING GIRL"
 *Charles Ray in "THE GIRL DODGERS"
 Wallace Reid in "THE DUB"
 Bryant Washburn in "VENUS IN THE EAST"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Within" with a Special Star Cast
 "Private Peat" with PRIVATE HAROLD PEAT
 "Sporting Life" A Maurice Tourneur Production
 "The Silver King" Starring William Faversham
 "Little Women" from Louisa M. Alcott's famous book A Wm. A. Brady Production
 "The False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in "MY COUSIN"
 George M. Cohan in "HIT THE TRAIL HOLIDAY"
 Cecil B. de Mille's Production
 "DON'T CHANGE YOUR HUSBAND"
 Douglas Fairbanks in "ARIZONA"
 Elsie Ferguson in "HIS PARISIAN WIFE"
 D. W. Griffith's Production
 "A ROMANCE OF HAPPY VALLEY"
 *William S. Hart in "BREED OF MEN"
 Mary Pickford in "JOHANNA ENLISTS"
 Fred Stone in "UNDER THE TOP"
 *Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Artcraft Comedy "LOVE"
 Paramount-Mack-Sennett Comedies
 "RIP AND STITCH—TAILORS"
 "EAST LYNNE WITH VARIATIONS"
 Paramount-Flagg Comedy
 "ONE EVERY MINUTE"
 Paramount-Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew
 Comedy "ROMANCE AND RINGS"

Paramount-Bray Pictograph One each week
 Paramount-Barton Holmes
 Travel Pictures One each week

"What's on tonight?"

SOMETIMES it's the man of the house and sometimes it's the woman that starts the ball a-rolling.

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Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them.



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 NEW YORK





There is something decidedly pleasing in the Oriental idea of a "Close-up." Jack Abbe, the Japanese juvenile, and his sweetheart, Tama.

Film Fun

225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

An Independent Illustrated Monthly Magazine
Devoted to the Best Interests of All
Motion Picture Art and Artists

APRIL - 1919

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GOLDWEX

MOVIE RAIN IS THE WETTEST THERE IS

For particulars, see article "Mechanical April Showers," on page 14.



The Explanation

By Oscar H. Roesner

WHY is the new director mad?
 Why does he sing no merry lay
 At sight of Western stuff he had
 Laid careful plans to film to-day?
 Why does he gaze with look so glum
 At Feeble Cow and Run-down Bull?
 Why does he "Haw!" and likewise "Hum!"
 At sight of doddering Chief Long Wool?

Why does he vainly now sigh for
 Young William Skunk and Charging Crow,
 Kills-in-the-Water, Come-from-War—
 Those bucks that have the pep and go?
 Well, this is why—and ain't it tough
 Enough to make a man resign?—
 The braves he needs for Western stuff
 Are all with Pershing on the Rhine.

Children of the Studios

By Harold Seton

Illustrated by W. E. Hill



"She can vamp already, and she is only seven!"

A CROWD of people were gathered together in the outer office of a moving picture studio, waiting their turn to interview the casting director or to be interviewed by him. There were males and females, young and old, types of comedy or tragedy, well dressed or poorly clad, but each and every one in search of a job. I found a seat beside two middle-aged women who were accompanied by two little girls. The mothers and daughters bore the unmistakable earmarks of the theatrical profession. I studied their faces and noted their remarks.

"Hullo, Mrs. Le Roy!"

"Hullo, Mrs. St. Clair!"

"Anything doing here to-day?"

"Not that I know of. Just dropped in to see."

"Gwendolen has been working for the Notorious Players Company."

"Angeline has been working for the Scandalous Film Corporation."

"Mr. O'Callahan, the director at the Notorious, said Gwendolen was the finest little actress he ever saw. He said she'd develop into a second Mary Pickford."

"Well, Mr. Rosenberger, at the Scandalous, said Angeline was one child in a million. He said she'd develop into a second Theda Bara. She can vamp already, and she is only seven!"

"Gwendolen is only six, but she has been in the movies for two years, so seems quite an oldtimer. She knows the whole business backward!"

"The other day Mr. Blumensteil, of the Patriotic, wanted Angeline for a picture with Archibald Montgomery, but he only offered me seven-fifty a day, and I told him I never accept less than ten. If he wants seven-fifty children, he can get the Bloomingdale kid! She has many hair and her front teeth are out!"

"Mr. Flannigan, at the Monumental, wanted Gwendolen for a picture with Rosabelle Lancaster, but it was to be cowboys and Indians and wild horses and rough stuff,

so I said nothing doing, not for my child! I won't have Gwendolen knocked down and trampled on—for seven-fifty or even for ten!"

"Before Angeline takes a job, I want to know exactly what's expected of her. I'll never forget the time they made her jump off a bridge and drown in a river! And only a half check extra! I told them that I'd sue for damages. But I didn't bother."

"Well, didn't they tie Gwendolen to a chair and set the room on fire! They told her to scream and yell, but it wasn't necessary. She had hysterics and almost had convulsions! She was a nervous wreck for a whole week afterward."

At this juncture I changed my seat, so as to be nearer the two children, the objects of this interesting discussion. The youngsters, like their elders, were engaged in earnest conversation, and, of course, were talking "shop."

"I was supposed to be a poor little girl, and I was dressed in rags, with holes in my shoes and stockings, and my hair all mussed up and tangled. But I had a rag doll to play with, and a poor lost dog, with a rope around its neck."

"I was supposed to be a rich little girl, with a pink silk dress and a pink satin coat. I had a maid and a footman

to wait on me, and I had real cake and ice cream to eat. But I was lonesome and cried for my mamma all the time."

"I like sad pictures best. I like people to be cruel to me, and I like to have vaseline tears smeared on my cheeks. When the film is shown, everybody feels sorry for me. I've been in theaters when people near me said, 'The poor little thing!' right out loud."

"I like funny pictures best. Chasing pictures, where everybody runs after everybody else, and cops fall down, and pies get thrown. I was in a film where we all sat on fly paper, and then got soaked with a hose."

"After I was in a picture with Reginald Winchester, he gave me a box of candy and said when I grew up he was going to marry me."

"Well, after I was in a picture with Sylvester Marlborough, he gave me a bottle of perfume and said, instead of me supporting him, he had been supporting me."

Just then the casting director came out from the inner office and faced the assembled company. There was a general rush in his direction. Comedians, tragedians, ingenues and vampires pressed forward. In the center of the throng were the two mothers and the two children. I was close beside them.

(Continued on page 29)



WHEN MAY ALLISON APPEARS IN TROUSERS

Miss Allison can't be expected to know all about men's apparel. George D. Baker, her director, comes to the rescue by fastening her cuff links, while his assistant, Charles Hundt, ties a nifty four-in-hand for the dainty Metro star. Miss Allison wears 'em—the trousers, that is—in her newest picture, "Peggy Does Her Darndest." She also wears the cute little mustache and demountable goatee, which she says does really tickle—honest.

Movies in Occupied Germany

THE doughboy of the American Army of Occupation, who spent the winter in Coblenz, went to German movies for entertainment. He was sure to be diverted, even though the "filmspiel" happened to be a heavy Boche tragedy. This was what an American lieutenant, yearning for the Rialto, wrote home under the caption, "Dem Choiman Movies":

"It costs three marks to see a nickel movie show, but it's worth less. Every time we want a good laugh, we take in a heavy tragedy. They print the scenario on the program, because otherwise you wouldn't know what it's all about. Hearing the natives read the letters aloud puts you in mind of somebody trying to recite the jabberwocky backward and then getting all mixed up. A German vampire must be a blonde weighing 250 pounds avoirdupois. A hero is generally fair and fat and partly baldheaded. You can always tell in the first act who is going to die in the next. If an actor puts his hand where his heart is supposed to be, you know 'tootsweet' he's going to pop off from 'herzschlag.'"

But a greater source of amusement was the program, translated into English by the management with more or less success. Read it and see if it's mostly less:

THE HOUR OF RETRIBUTION

The little Cabarett had a sensation. The young and beautiful dancer Rahel was debuting. Count Pedro an elegant gentleman had sketched her. The next day he showed the picture to the court-society, and everybody was in ecstasy, even the sovereign begged count Pedro to engage the artist for the court-ballet. Rahel lives quietly by her self and her lover Benjamin Kulper, a young scholar often visits her and both work together. One day count Pedro finds them, and made the proposition to Rahel of an engagement to the court-theatre. Rahel accepts it, and feeds the dejected Benjamin with hope for a better time. Months have past. To day Rahel has to produce a solo dance for the first time before the sovereign and his wife. The mother of Benjamin also appears. The artist met with a great succes and gets many flowers. Like before Benjamin intends to bring his sweetheart home after the performance, but Rahel has no more time for him and he acknowledges that she is lost for him. The favoured dancer enjoys great triumphs and at last marries count Pedro. One day Benjamin passes a beautiful castle and hears that this is a gift count Pedro's to his wife the past dancer Rahel. The countess has reception-day, and Benjamin mingles among the guests. Suddenly the countess discovers

him, wondering how he come here. He begs her to return to him, but she refuses to turn back to poverty. Now rich, she intends to enjoy her life. Distressed Benjamin tries to shake her, and is arrested as a thief, but is laking proofs is set free again.

Is Rahel real happy now? No, she finds out that richness is not the real happiness and often thinks of Benjamin. Some day she meets Benjamin in a forest, and he rescues her from an accident. Without accepting her thanks he went away. But soon Rahel has the occasion to make everything good to Benjamin. The sovereign is looking for a learned man to translate him an old chronical of that principality. Rahel proposed Benjamin, and he was engaged as the private secretary of the sovereign. Some day he found an document, verry valuable for the state. It is the suspicion that the important diagram was stolen. Benjamin has to cause the farther.

Rahel is working for the general weal, because her husband neglected her. One day she meets Benjamin in a saloon in the most ill-famed part of the city. Benjamin recognised her in spite of that she wears a dense veil. A gentleman and count Pedro is also in the publichouse. Benjamin watches him and displace him the exit; but Rahel stands between and Pedro passes unhindert. A dedectiv hears the words of Pedro: „Also at the Shrove-Tuesday!“ — Shrove-Tuesday! Rahel fullfills the message of her husband, goes as a black Pierrot to the ball, to receive of an other Pierrot a sealed parcel for to give this to a Torrero. She looks around the ball-room, and receives from a Pierrot the parcel. From a corner comes a Torrero, he takes of his mask and she recognises Benjamin. He tells her to leave at once the ball. Excitedly Rahel goes away, and hears the words: "Everything is betrayed, escape!"

An other Torrero was he who said these words to a Pierrot, who was count Pedro. Pedro runs to Rahel in her room and begs her the rescul him, because he should be arrested.

Scarsely she hides him and Benjamin enters. She denys count Pedro, but Benjamin has heart everything, ant goes quietly, because he does not like to make Rahel more unhappier.

On Ash-Wednesday knees Rahel by the corpse of her under roses biered up Husband.

Decollete

"Doesn't that movie actress put on airs?"

"Well, she ought to put on something."

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself has said:
"I could write a better photoplay than that"?"



Portrait of Pearl White.
(Hitherto unpublished.)



POPULAR
ASTRONOMY

Who wouldn't cry for the moon, now that Elsie Ferguson is on location there? A heavenly body? We'd say so.

Just Her Salary

"You are worth your weight in gold!" gushed the enamored youth.

"My dear boy," responded the movie star, "you are not very flattering. I get that much gold every week."

Suggestion

Actress—I'm too tired to work to-day. I'm fagged out.

Director—You probably have been reading your press agent's dope and made yourself believe you've done all he says you do.

"Restless Souls" and All That Sort of Thing



1. Comes the rich sister to take the poor one from her poverty.



2. The rich sister seeks relief from boredom in a love affair.



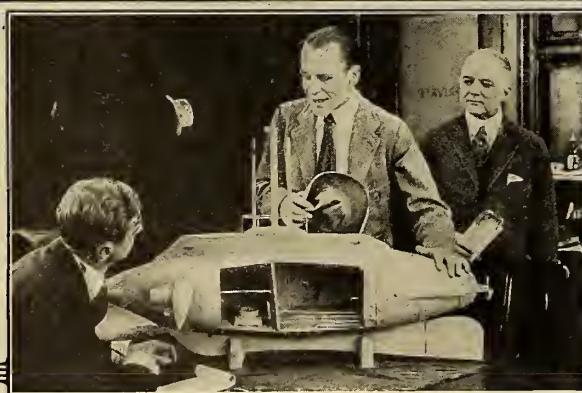
3. Judith plots to use poor Marion as a means to her own matrimonial freedom.

The Story in Brief

Marion (Alma Rübens) marries poverty, plus ambition. Judith, her sister, marries wealth. Hugh, Marion's husband, is absorbed in his work as an inventor, and Marion finds companionship and luxury at the home of Judith. Her husband and she drift slowly apart. Judith, the rich sister, has a lover who is not her husband, and in the hope of securing grounds for divorce, she plots to compromise Marion at a house party. She knows the looseness of her own husband's character, and it is with him that she proposes to entangle Marion. The latter awakens to the moral nature of those around her, and as her neglected spouse's invention turns out a success financially, reconciliation between them is especially happy and timely. And there is rest for at least two "restless souls."



4. Nor is Judith's husband at all averse to a little affair with another man's wife.



5. Meanwhile, plodding Hugh, husband of Marion, has put over his invention to some real money purpose.



6. And, cured of her fondness for life among the idle rich, Marion comes back to humble home and happiness.

"Romance and Arabella" Has Real Folks



1. Arabella and her Aunt Effie discuss the matrimonial outlook.



2. Romance as exemplified by the exponent of soul-mate ideas.



3. Next the mandolin-strumming, sighful type of wooer, a very young one.

Making It Clear

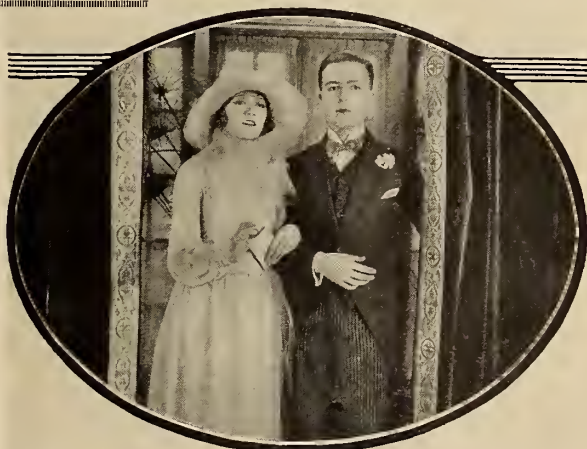
Mrs. Arabella Cadenhous (Constance Talmadge) is a young widow, who determines that her second husband must supply her with romance. Bill, a prosaic young man, who has known Arabella all her life, makes up his mind to marry her himself. He feeds her desire for romance by producing one counter-irritant after another, a faddist, a callow youth and a eugenist, until Arabella loses all illusions as to romantic men. Then Bill makes her Mrs. Bill, to her satisfaction.



4. The eugenist is a scientific and cold-blooded lover, so absent-minded that—



5. He forgets the hour of his own wedding, and gets his unconditional release from the bride.



6. Done with romance, Arabella marries old friend Bill, who intended she should all the while.

Mechanical April Showers

By Wyndham Simple



GOLDWYN

Just back from a movie rainstorm—Madge Kennedy at the extreme right.

THERE are mighty few motion picture directors of my acquaintance who can be trusted out of sight with a star, a leading man and a camera. And when I say out of sight, I mean out of sight of the producer—the Boss whose good thousands of dollars director and star and leading man draw on heavily every week in the course of a production. They're too apt to make silly asses of themselves, these directors who can't be trusted, and first thing the Boss knows, he'll find himself with five or six thousand feet of stuff that will thrill the susceptible marrow of Third Avenue audiences, but which is more likely to get laughs on Broadway. And you can imagine what an embarrassing situation that is, since pictures are shown on Broadway long, long before they get to Third Avenue.

I know a motion picture director who can insert a close-up of an orchid, and so impress that one blossom on the minds of his spectators that not one will have trouble fifteen minutes later picking it out of a bunch in the corsage of the star. I know one who can switch to a close-up of a single tear trickling down a beautiful lady's nose and tell a story another director would take 300 feet to get over. But these are the exceptions. They are the great. I'm dealing for the moment with the boobs—with the boobs and movie rainstorms.

I once worked in a corner of a studio—played in a picture, in fact—where a boob director presided. His script called for a rainstorm—an April shower. No ordinary April shower was going to do him. He announced that the minute he heard what was expected of him. He was going to have a novelty, something unusual, something finished, something so unmistakably Aprilish and shower-

ish that there could be left no doubt of what he was trying to get at.

He got it—got it by the simple expedient of multiplying fifty times the number of sprinkler pipes he should have used and half emptying the storage tank of water. Also he got the gate as soon as the president of the company, deluged in his sumptuous suite on the floor below, found out where the trouble was. And the man who developed the film vowed he never could tell what it was all about. All he could see was water.

Here's where the great director comes in. Give him an order for an April shower, and he'll get it with a baby sprinkling pot and drops of water flipped in the star's face with his fingers; ask for a November rain, and he'll produce it with a lead pipe fluted with small nail holes; demand a nor'wester, and he'll supply it with a hose, a coarse spray nozzle and an electric fan; require an equinoctial howler, and he'll give it to you with a standpipe and an airplane propeller driven by the studio motor.

I recall one picture—"Nearly Married" it was, made by Goldwyn, with Madge Kennedy in the star part—in which the director, whose name for the moment eludes me, was faced with the necessity of providing a whirling, beating rainstorm *outdoors*. He filmed it with the aid of an appliance controlled by an airplane propeller mounted on 2x4 struts and whirled by a belt driven by a motor. The only cost to the Boss was for the current that was needed. The star paid for her own ruined frock, cloak, hat, shoes and stockings—maybe even lingerie, the storm was that successful. The array of players presented (Miss Kennedy at the extreme right) shows not only the ef-

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"It's a Bear" Is All of That and More



1. Mr. Winthrop hands it hard to Orlando for not being more of a man.



2. Orlando surprises the family by announcing that he will run the ranch.

Just a Line on It

The Winthrops get their income from Western sheep ranches. They have a son, *Orlando*, a Harvard grad (Taylor Holmes), whom somewhat reluctantly they send West to look after their interests, which are jeopardized by a rascally foreman, *Cogney*. The latter tries to drive *Orlando* out of his new job by ridicule, but the ex-Harvard man outbluffs the ranch gang at cards, outdrinks them, and brings in, docile, a wild bear. After that, he foils the bandits whom *Cogney* has hired to drive the sheep over a cliff, and wins for an admiring wife the little schoolmistress, thus dishing *Cogney* twice. Happiness. Curtain.



3. *Cogney*, the foreman, and the little schoolteacher seem to think him funny.



4. The ranch, *Orlando* finds, is singularly lacking in bathrooms.



5. He electrifies the ranch crew by appearing in his new "roughing it" suit. But they learn to respect him.



6. He brings home the wild bear, which is but one of many surprises for the little schoolmistress, whom finally he marries.

Making the Movies Dry

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

NOT only is it to be criminal to drink, but it is to be almost criminal to show the act of drinking. Which brings us squarely to the effect that Prohibition will have upon the movies. Already has word been passed along to scenario writers and directors to cut out the strong stuff in picture plays, and here is what Bill Hart, Douglas Fairbanks and other equally noted screen stars think about it. Their opinions are given, first hand, to **FILM FUN**.

A dry screen means something which borders on the revolutionary. It means, of course, in its lowest terms, that no motion picture will show alcohol in any form, not even the two per cent. variety. It means that there will be no more bottles and decanters, and, very likely, no more sideboards. It means that wine will no longer be served at banquets in the great hall of the pasteboard chateau. It means that the handy practice of doping a hero with knockout drops in a saloon will have to be abandoned, for there will be no saloon in which to lure him. It means that those gay chianti parties in which members of an artists' col-

ony invariably indulge will have to be called off immediately, for it will not do to say that the scene is the Paris Latin Quarter, and that therefore a wine display is permissible. Whatever the scene, the "location" will be United States, and subject to drought without notice.

But if there is to be no tough saloon, if the villain cannot inflame himself with strong drink, what will induce him to commit the crime? If the little, unsuspecting girl from the country cannot be given her first cocktail, how is the scenario writer to start her on the path of perils? It's a knotty problem. It will have to work itself out. Suppose you listen while some of the big movie stars talk about it.

Bill Hart was the first star I encountered, and he was

sitting in a rocking chair in a hotel lobby set, ruining a perfectly good rug by roweling it with his spurs.

"Tell me," I said, "what are you going to do with the Demon Rum in your Western pictures? What is to take the place of the tough barroom scene in the mining camp, how are the dance-hall plots going to be hatched, and what, henceforth, is to be the bad man's tippie?"

Bill regarded me with that cold, steely glitter in his eye that makes the screen desperado cringe.

"Are you a prohibitionist?" he asked sternly, and I noticed that he was fingering the gun at his hip.

"I—er"—I commenced nervously, one eye on the gun and the other on the door marked "Exit." "I"—

"Because, if you are," he went on, "you may not like my language."

I breathed again. Oh, well, if it was just language—

"Do your worst!" I invited.

"Well," he commenced, "personally, I don't think prohibition will affect the movies one way or the other, for the simple reason that a picture has to be in keeping with the period in which it is placed. Western



"You can't get hilarious and shoot up a town while under the influence of an orangeade," says Bill Hart.

pictures—many of them, at least—are staged as being in a bygone day. If a film was made of Charlemagne's life, I suppose they'd dress the people according to the styles used at that time, wouldn't they, and in a Western picture you can't hatch a plot over a foaming beaker of chocolate soda or get hilarious and shoot up the town while under the influence of orangeade. I think that censoring drinking in pictures is bunk, and if you want to know what I think of the dry amendment itself"—

What he thought was a-plenty, and what he said was a-plenty. It was language, all right.

"And, furthermore," he added, having paused for breath, "I don't think it's constitutional or that it will



A TOUGH WESTERN BARROOM UNDER THE MOVIE REFORMATION

stick, because it's too drastic and destroys personal liberty. Mind you, I'm not in favor of the saloons; but to take from a sober, industrious man the privilege of having a glass of light wine or beer with his meals—it's"— And he talked some more.

Fatty Arbuckle, who claims to be a producer of Western pictures since he made "The Sheriff," claimed that the situation was serious—very serious. "I have it all figured out," he said, heaving a rotund sigh, "how it's going to mean the downfall of the movies. You see, first they remove strong drink from the films. Now that cuts off the vampire's chief source of help and assistance, and expurgates the villainous activities of the bad man to an alarming degree. Besides which, both characters are quite as undesirable as booze. So the next step will be the elimination of vampires, bad men, bandits and tough characters of all kinds. That will lead to the downfall of the drama, and

since only comedies will be left, the film fans will laugh themselves to death. It's a sad, sad thought!"

Doug Fairbanks was in the throes of planning a rodeo—yes, again—and admitted that he hadn't given a great deal of attention to the abdication of the Demon Rum.

"I don't drink and never have," he confessed, "so I know very little about the joys or sorrows of getting drunk. In my type of Western pictures I use drinking scarcely at

all, and to eliminate it altogether will be a cinch. I think prohibition is good for the country, and likewise for the films, because it will make scenario writers hustle for new effects and new plots. Bootlegging ought to be good now; all the villains can be smugglers of alcoholic spirits or moonshiners. The vampires will have to be twice as clever, because they'll have to rely on their own efforts to entice their victims to ruin, and the bad men will have to use shots in the arms or capsules to overcome

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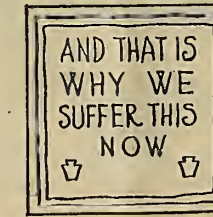
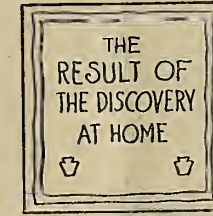
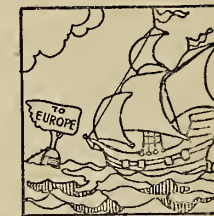
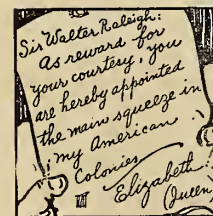
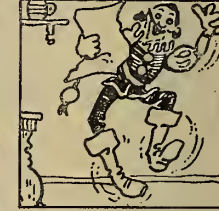
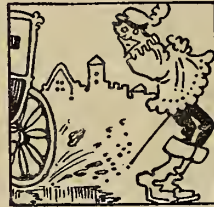
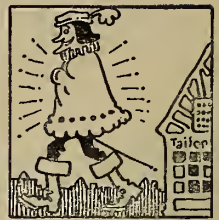
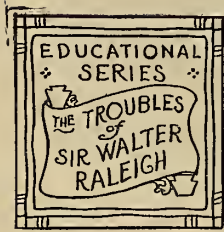


Dustin Farnum empties the Red

the last two bottles in Dog saloon.



Movies From Film Fun's Screen



The Troubles of Sir Walter Raleigh: The Moral of Which is, Don't Lose Your Head



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



BILL HART says he pensioned his horse, "Fritz," and hereafter the pinto will lead a filmless life of ease and oats. That's what Bill says. We heard differently. Someone told the pony that Bill once played *Romeo*, and Fritz quit him in cold disgust!

After completing a picture, many stars give the dresses worn in the play to the "extra girls." If Theda Bara did that with her "Salome" dresses, some "extra girl" at Fox's is going to accumulate either an awful cold or a bad case of sunburn.

OLGA PETROVA'S home is at Great Neck, Long Island, next door to George M. Cohan's estate.

Somehow, this fact recalls to our silly mind the contiguous hot and cold water faucets in our bathtub.

BETCHA LIFE!

*Mary has a lot of lambs,
And, gee! they love her so,
That when her pictures come to town
The lambs are sure to go!*

AGENT who deals out helpful hints to amateur scenario writers advises them: "Don't wear out your brain trying to think of unusual stories; keep simple." And most of 'em do!

THERE WOULD BE NO UNCLEAN PICTURES IF—

*You refused to see them, and
Exhibitors refused to show them, and
Actors refused to work in them, and
Directors refused to make them, and
Producers refused to buy them, and
Authors refused to write them, so
Let's get together!*

HOMELY little schoolgirls should take heart! Dorothy Dalton admits that she was the most non-beautiful kid in the third grade.

"Dimples" cannot be identified to-day by that peculiarity, and—

If it is a habit of film folks to undergo such a complete change as they grow up—

Toto must have been a remarkably beautiful boy!

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Movie Puzzle-Picture—Find the Wife of the Shoe Dealer

Movie Beards

By Robert C. Benchley



Something in Crepe Hair.

David Belasco, who, in his palmiest days of realism, was insisting on a bona-fide odor of onions arising from any stew which was supposed to be in the process of construction off-stage, never waxed so realistic but what he could see his way clear to allow David Warfield to stick on a little plot of bevo-whiskers every night and pull them off again after the performance. There was a limit beyond which stage realists would not go. Using a real baby on the stage, placing real flowers in a vase at every performance and growing real whiskers were the three points at which the stage managers alighted, saying, "After all, this is only a show."

Consequently, there were many types of imitation beards devised to give Nature a helping hand. These ranged in deceptive power from the everglade-moss strung on a wire frame, which draped over the ears like a pair of spectacles and were affected in amateur dramatic societies by low-comedy characters and detectives, to the curly horsehair which came in braids and which was stuck onto the desired sector of the face with spirit gum. In the absence of sufficient stage properties, a man with a full beard of horsehair could double for the parlor lounge if properly covered with a decorative rug.

There was a certain advantage in these eight-hour-day whiskers (time and a half for overtime), in that they allowed for rapid adaptation from one characterization to another. By a deft shift from chin to upper lip and the aid of a drop more of the spirit gum, the old rustic inventor who had been shamefully treated by the crafty city chaps could be transformed into Inspector Donovan of Headquarters and apprehend the culprits on the spot; or, if occasion demanded, the little wad of versatile hair could be divided into two teams and stationed, one under each ear, to give the illusion of a

THE superior qualities of the movies over the stage may be in some respects debatable, but there is no room for argument over the fact that the pictures have shown up the old-time stage whisker for the piker that it is (or are).

choleric justice who could try and sentence the rascals then and there. All this could be effected in the fairly long twinkling of an eye.

But the whole thing smacked of insincerity. There was always the feeling that, under the stress of the emotional scenes, the

spirit gum might lose its authority over one side of the King's Van Dyke and leave him, with a sort of unfinished look, like the victim of a moth atrocity. A false beard is a false beard, no matter how you look at it.



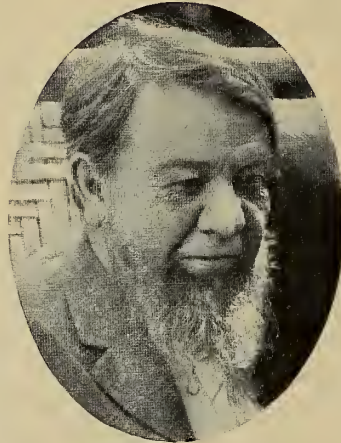
Sparse. But Real.

Into this department of art the movies have brought the clear, bright light of Truth. When whiskers are "indicated" in the script, they are planned ahead of time and grown on the actor's face itself, far enough in advance of the taking of the picture so that they are in a state of full bloom by the time the entrance cue is given. Just as roses are sometimes planted with a view to their coming into their prime for a wedding to be held on the estate on June 17th, so does the moving picture actor, like William Farnum playing *Jean Valjean* in "Les Miserables," for instance, deliberately chart out the mean rate at which his beard has been

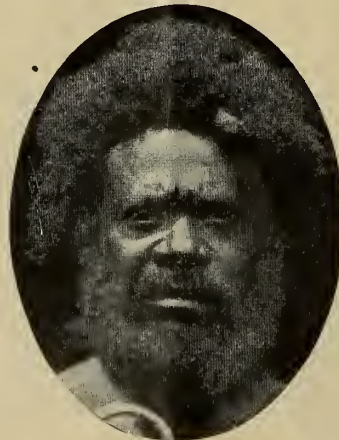
proven to grow under certain climatic conditions and lay his plans accordingly.

Some roles, of course, take longer than others to prepare for. If a scenario should ever be written calling for a picturization of the Smith Bros., the Cough Drop Boys, the actors cast for these parts would have to begin early in January to arrange the "location" and get started on the actual horticulture for a midsummer production. But, on the other hand, there are parts whose tonsorial arrangements could be made overnight by any man who at all lived up to the name.

There is, of course, a reason more practical than that of sheer devotion to one's art that makes Carlyle Blackwell, for instance, grow 'an honest-to-gosh whisker in "Love in a Hurry," or George Fawcett raise his own in "A Romance of Happy Valley." The fact is that under the pitiless lens the oldtime "just-as-



Said to be Genuine.



Quality Guaranteed.

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"Their Baby" Is as Cute as It Can Be



1. *Jim would name baby Theodore. Betty holds out for Maurice.*



2. *Things are going strong when Judge Brown arrives and suggests a divorce.*



3. *Snapshot of the baby in court with his father, Jim.*

Just a Little Prattle

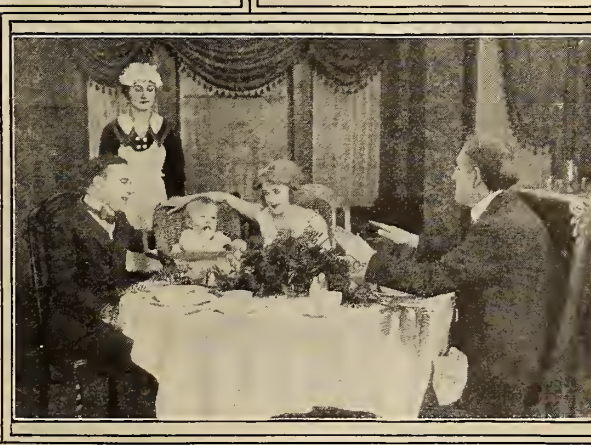
Jim and Betty have argued for six months, trying to find a suitable name for their son. Their friend, *Judge Brown*, comes to call and decides to settle the affair. He proposes that they come to him for a divorce. That afternoon they appear before the *Judge*, who duly declares them divorced and takes possession of the baby in the name of the court, forbidding that either should see the child. Naturally the parents' instinct to see their offspring becomes so great that they both start for *Judge Brown's* house and arrive together. Of course, the natural thing happens — they kiss the baby and each other. The *Judge* shows them that the paper they signed was an agreement to name the baby *Bill*. So they do.



4. *Denied the right to see baby, Betty does the next best thing.*



5. *Jim and Betty arrive together at the home of Judge Brown, he having "custody of the child."*



6. *The divorce is declared off. Married life is declared on. Baby is named Bill.*

Why Can't I Be a Hero?

The Wanderings of a Mind Unbalanced by the Movies

I ALWAYS know when I am wounded. When anybody shoots me, I never lose a minute in getting the bullet extracted. I am no good at carrying bullets around.

Being stabbed bothers me, too. When I am bleeding buckets full of blood from a stab wound, I try my best to toss the thing off carelessly and say, "It's nothing. 'Snothing at all," but I invariably wince under a dagger.

There was the time Sure Death Dan shot me in the heart in a saloon in the North Woods. I tried to laugh the matter off and invite everybody to have a drink, but I curled up in a wad and flopped to the floor and was in bed three days. When I felt the bullet, I didn't even take time to whirl around with my arms in the air and stretch out full length on the barroom floor.

When I hold up a train, I tell my men to go the limit. Try my best, I can't think of a single ethical touch. I tell my men to get everything they can and to cut the throat of every man or woman who resists robbery. "Cut the women's throats!" asked one of my men in astonishment, as I was instructing them for a robbery one day. "Yes," I replied. That very day I saw one of my men hitting a beautiful woman, as we were going through a parlor car, and something within me told me I ought to knock him flat and humiliate him, but, instead, I said: "That's the way to treat them, Oscar—when necessary." It probably made me unpopular with every woman on that car. At least, I have never been invited into any of their homes.

I never have any fun, either, when the police are after me. One time there were seven of them after me in a hotel in Los Angeles. I was in a room on the sixteenth floor. I heard them coming up the fire escape. I looked out of the window on the other side of the room, and I could have jumped twenty feet and landed on the roof of a twelve-story building on



INVERSE RATIO

Julia—Can Johnny come in for half price?
He's only got one eye.

Hattie—You'll have to pay double for him.
He'll want to see the show around twice.



"NERVE SPECIALISTS"

Not the kind that charges \$1.000 an hour; the kind that gets \$5 a day.

down a skylight three blocks away; but somehow I had the impulse to walk out of my room and go down in the elevator, and I *did*. I walked out the front door of the hotel and saw the police running around on top of all the buildings in the neighborhood. One of them was climbing a flagpole, thousands of feet above the street. It is that way with all my escapes. I positively abhor them—all of them.

The four times that I have fallen over precipices (twice in a Ford racer and twice on horseback), I have narrowly escaped death. I was never in the hospital less than five months. I always try to shake off the horse or the Ford (like a bed cover) and stagger to a nearby spring for complete revivification, but precipices put me out cold. It is always nauseating to me, and I get tangled up in the steering gear, with my hands all bent in under me and my head covered up so that my face doesn't show at all, and, usually, with my feet sticking up in the air. Beautiful women shun me when I fall off of cliffs. It is usually some rheumatic old farmer who picks me up.

One night a man who was, at that time, particularly obnoxious to me, was lighting a cigarette in an alcove in a 'dobe hut across the street from my hotel. I had a Maxim silencer on my revolver and thought it would be good sport to shoot the match out of his hand. It was one of the darkest nights I ever saw, and it was the opportunity of my lifetime. I shot. I hit a wooden pump thirty-five feet to the right of my enemy. I found the bullet there the next morning.

I am perhaps one of the hardest drinkers who ever dashed a glass of whiskey into his throat. I drink maliciously. Yet one of the saddest things in my life is my

(Continued on page 29)

What They're Wearing This Spring



Viola Dana wears this shady hat because Los Angeles sunshine calls for such protection.



A hula dancer? No, Shirley Mason, showing the chic Hawaiian styles.



Is it any wonder Vivian Martin looks happy if "Jane Goes a-Wooing" in garb like this?



"The very latest wrinkle in evening gowns," says Norma Talmadge. And she always knows.



Simplicity itself—robe, roses and girl. Constance Binney is a new star, discovered in "Sporting Life."



Gloria Swanson thinks one can overcome any peacock feather hoo-doo if a trained gown like this is available.

McAdoo of the Movies

CABINET officers, like lesser folks, are subject to the influences of the times. William G. McAdoo, throughout the war Secretary of the Treasury and Federal Controller of Railroads, has gone into the movies. Not as an actor or a director did he go, although that may happen later, but as legal guide and counselor to the new combination into which Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Bill Hart, Mary Pickford and D. W. Griffith have formed themselves. Mr. McAdoo left the public service to restore not only his own health, but that of his private purse, both of which had become depleted. The climate of California will do much for the former, and fees reported to be in the neighborhood of \$100,000 annually should accomplish wonders in a short time for the latter.

But how we are moving! One does not have to belong to a waning generation to remember when Cabinet officers left their

Washington portfolios for jobs of the frock-coat and silk-hat variety. Grover Cleveland, who appointed Cabinet officers in his time, chaperoned the reorganization of an insurance company. Leslie M. Shaw went in for banking. George B. Cortelyou became president of a gas company. These are but random instances, but they illustrate. The initiation of ex-Secretary McAdoo into the realm of films will not be evidence of a lowered professional standard among retiring Cabinet officers; it will remind us of the mounting dignity and importance of the motion picture industry in the business and professional world. Safely to steer a course among the shoals of movie rivalries requires a skill at



Doug and Mac, the Latest Movie Combination.

piloting for which the financing of a war and the readjustment of a railroad system will not have been too rigorous an apprenticeship.

Mr. McAdoo's new job is proof of the value of "mixing." He knew the right people. He knew Douglas Fairbanks. When scouting about for features to enliven the Liberty Loan drives, Mr. McAdoo and Mr. Fairbanks got together and evolved an air-flight idea, in which the latter was to be the hero. The untiring Doug sold many Liberty Bonds for Mr. McAdoo, and Mr. McAdoo, to look at the matter from another angle for a moment, provided Mr. Fairbanks's publicity man with some not altogether valueless press material. It was Fairbanks, we are told, who grabbed Mr. McAdoo out of his California environment of rest and steered him into the councils of the movie most high, and in no time at all Mr. McAdoo was out with a statement in which he spoke of the importance of securing "the artistic development of the motion picture industry." Which showed that Mr. McAdoo was right on his \$100,000 job.

You Know How It Is!

SHE sat beneath the greenwood shade,
Removed her shoes—this pretty maid—
To cross the brook.
"Aha!" says we; "a dimpled knee
Or two we're mighty soon to see.
Let's give a look!"

And then the guy in front of us
Rose to his feet—a husky cuss,
Wide as a boat!
He smoothed his hair, his hat did don,
And spent some time a-putting on
His overcoat!

And when at length, with vision keen,
We had a chance to view the screen—
Oh, me! Oh, my!
The girl had crossed the brook, and she
Had donned her hose and shoes—aw, gee!
Doggone that guy!

—Harry J. Smalley.



Bessie Barriscale, an actress who is not handicapped by narrow skirts.

The Relaxing Influence of the Movies



A Movie Thought

Shakespeare advised us to hold the mirror up to nature, but he never suggested holding the camera close-up to make-up.

Relative

"Is that the director's automobile in front of the studio?"
"No; that's the star's. The bicycle near it is the director's."



THE LOBBY OF A RAINY NIGHT

The coy one—*You can't tell me! Those fellows are standing there for nothing in the world but to see us cross the sidewalk.*

In Many Cases

Theater Owner—I haven't seen you in my theater for months. Don't you like pictures any more?

Patron—The pictures are all right, but I get tired of hearing the same music every night.

You've Seen 'Em

"What did you do last night?"

"Oh, I read for a couple of hours."

"I thought you were going to the movies."

"I did go. Ninety per cent. of the feature consisted of sub-titles."

Requisite

Director—But, my dear young lady, you cannot do comedy!

Actress—Why not?

Director—You cannot run fast enough.

Screen School

Mrs. Smythe—What a jewel of a butler you have! He must have had many years' experience.

Mrs. Browne—No; I learned just recently that all he knows he learned from movie butlers.

Competition

What's the use of traveling? Should you boast, why, you Hear some chap say: "I saw it In the movies, too."

So To Speak

It was a deathbed scene. but the director was not satisfied with the hero's acting "Come on!" he cried "Put more life in your dying!"

In Wrong

"Why did that movie director quit the business?"

"His wife saw sea-nymph stories he filmed."



AFTER THE PARADE

"Well, I cheered with the rest, but I didn't see a thing."
"What's the odds! We'll see it all to-morrow at the movies.—L'Illustration, Paris."

"Rip and Stitch," a Tailor-Maid Comedy



1. The dogs and the baby do a house-keeping stunt which is merely a preliminary.



2. There is a superfluity of wives and husbands while the tailor measures Myrtle.

Among Those Present

Dogs, cats, adults and a baby appear in this comedy. Measuring her for a suit, a tailor falls in love with Myrtle, another man's wife, and would elope with her. Myrtle shows the note he sends her to her husband, and they set a trap for the ardent tailor. Myrtle's husband demands \$500 hush money, which the tailor hasn't got, so he fakes a story about his baby being kidnaped by the Black Hand and hopes his wife will put up the coin. There is a "chase picture," involving the baby and the agitated tailor, and a home-coming in which wives and husbands have a way of appearing, much to the tailor's dismay. There is more "rip" than "stitch" to this Sennett comedy.



4. The fact that the trousers belong to the husband of one's lady love doesn't help matters, either.



3. Dogs are nuisances when the owner of the trousers is waiting trouserless for them to be pressed.



5. Like many another susceptible male, the tailor jollies himself into believing that a woman cares for him. Moral: Don't write.



6. When the tailor worked so heroically to elope, it was a shame to disappoint him, but unfortunately Myrtle loved her husband.

"The Prodigal Liar" Merits the Title



1. Hope dreams "romantic" dreams of her Western bad man.



2. Monte learns from Rainey of the role he is to play.



3. Jim explains to Hope that a blow on the head will cure aphasia.

Putting It Briefly

Monte Edwards (William Desmond) agrees to pose as a Western desperado in order to supply "romantic" atmosphere for the niece of his ranch pal, Jim Rainey. He poses as a bad man, is called upon to lie hard and often, and tells the girl, Hope Deering, he has "aphasia," which is the reason for his lawless actions. Being told that a blow on the head will cure his affliction, the guileless maid wallops him on the head with a hefty rock, almost braining him, because she loves him so. Monte comes to after a while, however, and saves the girl from a real bad man who has kidnapped her. There is a thrilling chase, then all goes well and lovingly.



4. Hope decides to "cure" the unsuspecting Monte. Bandit in back.



5. Monte takes the count, and the bandit takes the girl.



6. Hope retaken by Monte and posse, after a chase and a stratagem.

Children of the Studios

(Continued from page 9)

The casting director looked around for a moment. Then he pronounced the sentence.

"Is Mrs. Hackensack here to-day?" asked the casting director.

"Yes, sir," answered a buxom female.

"Is Cleopatra with you?" asked the casting director.

"Yes, sir," answered the buxom female.

"Well, bring her into my office. Nothing for anybody else. Come again Wednesday."

Mrs. Hackensack and her little daughter pushed their way into the inner office, and the rest of us pushed our way into the street. Mrs. Hackensack wore a triumphant smirk. The rest of us wore disgusted frowns.

"Kids! Kids! Kids!" snapped an old man. "The directors don't want people who can act. They don't want people with stage experience. They only want brats who can look 'cute' and 'cunning.' It makes me sick!"

"If this sort of thing keeps up, I'll have to get another job!" snarled another old man. "I've only had one day's work in a week. I used to work every day, as a doctor, a lawyer, a banker or a burglar. But kids are the fashion, gosh blame 'em!"

On the sidewalk I passed the two mothers and the two children.

"That Hackensack woman is a nasty, common creature, with her rhinestone combs and her soiled gloves!" said Mrs. Le Roy.

"Did you notice how her waist was ripped in the seams and how her skirt sagged in the back? I'd be ashamed to appear in public so sloppy and slouchy!" said Mrs. St. Clair.

"As for that youngster of hers—Cleopatra! The name used to be Bridget, and the face is Bridget still! Did you ever see such a turned-up nose on a child? It is positively pathetic!"

"And so up-stage and conceited! She won't even speak to Angeline! The other day, at the Scandalous, Angeline smiled real pleasant and said 'Hullo!' real ladylike, and Cleopatra said, 'Go away and mind your own business! You are only an extra child, but I play leading parts!' I could have slapped her ugly little face for her!"

"How could the child have manners when the mother hasn't any herself?"

If I do say it as shouldn't, my child is always polite and refined."

"So is mine. I never have to scold or correct her. She is always perfectly— Why, children, what are you quarreling about?"

"Boo-hoo! Gwendolen pinched me! She called me a liar!"

"Boo-hoo! Angeline kicked me! She called me a devil!"

Having heard enough, I beat a hasty retreat.

Why Can't I Be a Hero?

(Continued from page 22)

incapacity for strong drink. I remember one night in Mexico when I was particularly troubled about things. I had killed a banker, and things looked very bad for me. The next morning I must explain to his widowed mother. Just before the Crossbones Bar closed for the night, I bought a gallon and a half of their most potent whiskey and asked permission of the bartender to stand at the bar and drink all night, so that dawn would find me there at the bar with bowed head and an empty whiskey bottle at my finger tips—repentant, clear-headed, in fine fettle to meet the banker's mother and make an explanation. But the clock struck twelve-thirty, one, one-thirty—and that is the last I remember. I fell sound asleep and slept right through my appointment with the banker's mother and never did see her. And that's the way my life is. It's a darn dull life. I don't see why I can't be a hero. If I could just be wounded—just once—and never know it for a couple of weeks, and then have somebody else call my attention to the fact, preferably a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful girl, who, appreciating my nonchalance, would silhouette me to her bosom in the moonlight or ride with me on horseback across the desert out of sight of the eye!

Stumped

Location Man—I'll produce any location you desire.

Director—All right. Reserve the golden street in heaven for next Wednesday.

Mean

Friend—Animal pictures seem to have gone out of style. Has your company got any wild animals?

Actress—Only the directors.

Rest Assured Faultless

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mean the originality of everything in material, style and manufacture that is worthy, at a price which gives maximum value to the wearer.

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Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

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

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.

6 Popular Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Book White Slaves of N. Y.; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cents and 2 cents postage. ROYAL SALES CO., Box 10, South Norwalk, Ct.

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into the cellar. Under the bed or anywhere. The **Ventrilo** which fits into the mouth, will enable you to fool all your friends. **10 cts** by mail. with instructions. **ARDEE Pub. Co.** Box 11 Stamford Conn.

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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.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1160 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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 24) 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.

Whim-Whams and Wheezes

(Continued from page 19)

"MARY MILES MINTER, in 'The Eyes of Julia Deep,' displays her ability in role of humble department-store clerk" The fellow who wrote that ad. evidently has done little shopping. "Haughty" is the word, old chap—not "humble"!

Life, to Ruth Stonehouse, is more than a span—'tis a spread. She was born in the North, educated in the South, brought up in the West and married in the East. Considerable scatter!

IS MRS. ARBUCKLE IN THE HOUSE?

Your hubby's so round you can bound him, He'd make lots of hash if they ground him!

But, Minta Durfee,
Will you whisper to me—

WAS Roscoe that fat when you found him?

"A play to cause the heart to beat and the pulse to move." That ad. sounds kinda interesting, until you think it over. Then you realize that drinking a glass of water will have the same curious effect upon your system.

BESSIE BARRISCALE says that Mr. Husband-Director-Howard Hickman never shows symptoms of jealousy during the filming of her love scenes.

Thassall right, Bessie; even if Howard doesn't, about a million of us fellows DO!

Well, let's see: We've had "The Haunted House" and "The Enchanted Barn"; maybe next we'll have "The Occult Hencoop." And then "The Hired Man" would quit.

Humbled

"Does your new heavy act very independent?" inquired the studio manager.

"Not at all," answered the director. "He started a company of his own a short time ago and produced one picture himself."

The Educational Film

I love to hear her talking to The fellow she calls "Jim," About the troop of "calvary" That trots across the "fim." She loves to see their "hostlers" ("Holsters," I guess she means), And wonders if their "hemlets" Feel heavy on their "beans."

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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 Moving 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!

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WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG

We revise poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. **BROADWAY STUDIOS, 106D Fitzgerald Building, Broadway at 43d Street, New York.**

The Army and Navy Forever



Here's a picture, humorous as it seems, there appears to be an aspect of true American patriotism to it, and at this particular time of affairs it is making a tremendous hit.

Printed in three colors and mounted on heavy double mats it makes an ideal wall decoration, being all ready for framing.

Why not get a copy for your home, den, or club-room? Or, if you are considering fixing up that bungalow or cottage for the summer why not brighten up the walls with one of these art prints?

Send us twenty-five cents, cash or stamps, and we will forward a copy, postage prepaid.

Judge Art Print Department

225 Fifth Avenue

New York City

Making the Movies Dry

(Continued from page 17)

their dupes. Or maybe they'll hypnotize their victims and get drunk with excitement. Oh, there are lots of things they can do and be as bad as ever. We won't miss the Demon Rum—not a-tall!"

Tom Mix pooh-poohed the idea that Western pictures couldn't be made without the aid of Tom and Jerry, John Barleycorn and the rest of the Souse Familiee.

"Say, that's a hobby of mine. Don't get me started," he warned. "I preach to the boys so much about the effects of liquor that ever so often they put a placard on my dressing-room door that says, 'Rev. Thomas Mix, Temperance Lecturer and Evangelist.' I won't have a man in my company who drinks, and very few of my pictures have barroom scenes in them. The new condition of things will mean that there will be more realism in Western pictures, for, as a matter of fact, cow-punchers didn't hit the booze to any great extent. Their very lives depended on their having clear heads, and as for the bad men—say, I never saw one of those fellows even intoxicated! Of course, the miners had a great thirst; but even a mining story doesn't have to revolve around booze, and take it from me, the dirtiest schemes I ever saw hatched had no drink back of them at all, just a wild desire for land, money, revenge or a woman. Scenario writers will do well to cut out that dance-hall stuff from Western pictures. I never saw a dance hall where they had the short skirted girls farther south than Nevada. They had them, of course, in Alaska and the Yukon, but not in the Southwest, so maybe this change will make for a little much needed realism in pictures."

I found Dustin Farnum out on the lot, and he obligingly posed by a long-since-shot thirst emporium, the "Red Dog" saloon, with two empty bottles in his hands—the said bottles having been dug out of the paint shop, the rest of the studio being barren of liquid refreshments.

"This old shack is historic," he said, grinning. "It's the last barroom set that I expect to use for some time—in fact, until the dry amendment is amended or we put on a picture of the ancient vintage of 1918, before saloons were changed into soda-water fountains and hot-dog foundries. If people want

Demon Rum to get out of the country, I reckon he'd better hoof it from the pictures, too. The new generation growing up will come to look on drinking not as something common or to be countenanced, but as a drug that produces a certain effect and which should be shunned. That is bound to change the type of pictures put on, and it will spur writers to produce a substitute—Lord only knows what it will be! But as far as my experience goes, drink isn't essential to a Western picture. The one I just finished didn't have a drink in it from reel one to five, and there were some thrilling plots and fights in it, too. I've found that the meanest man isn't the drunk man; it's the man that's corrupt or just plain vicious. Fights can start from other things besides whiskey, and bad men can put together just as dastardly a plot over a ham sandwich as they can over a bottle of gin!"

I went to the Demon Rum and told him that there was no hope, not even in Western pictures.

"They can get along without you," I said, "and only a few seem to regret your going."

He sobbed damply and handed me a slip of paper.

"If the films find they can't get along without me," he gurgled, "they can send for me at that address. I'll be there indefinitely."

The slip bore, in large and scraggly letters:

"D. Rum. Temporary address, NOWHERE!"

Mechanical April Showers

(Continued from page 14)

fect of the storm, but the results of sloshing around in a muddy country road which the director himself had made that way because there hadn't been a rain recently.

I remember another picture—"The Beloved Traitor," I think it was—which demanded the rescue of the heroine, Mae Marsh, from the raging seas at the height of a storm off Marblehead, Mass. For four days a "location" man from the studios sat on the rocks at the famous resort, waiting for a storm to blow up. The company, packed and ready, waited at home. But no storm came. So the company journeyed to Marblehead anyway, the scenes with the star in them were photographed in

(Continued on page 32)

Is Your Blood Starving For Want of Iron?

Iron is Red-Blood Food — Nuxated Iron Helps Put Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Strength and Energy Into the Veins of Men.

If you were to go without eating until you become weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally starve for want of iron—iron that gives it strength and power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. Without plenty of iron in the blood, no matter how much or what you eat, your food simply passes through you without doing you any good—you don't get the strength out of it and instead of being filled with youthful strength and energy you are weak, nervous and all run-down. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can walk or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks, then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form. But don't take the old kinds of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like Nuxated Iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. You can procure Nuxated Iron from your druggist on an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or your money will be refunded.

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The woman with long lashes is always envied. They give special charm to any face. Add beauty to the eyes. Long lashes and perfect eyebrows can easily be acquired. Use Lashneen once a day. Results quick and sure. Lashneen stimulates the growth of lashes and brows by keeping them in a vigorous condition. Prepared from famous Oriental formula. 100,000 women use it every day. Myrtle Stedman says: "I find Lashneen very effective. I can sincerely recommend it."

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Bingo Co. Dept. 101, Binghamton, N.Y.

You Cannot Go Back

DO YOU remember when the American First Army met the war-worn French in desperate retreat at Chateau-Thierry and the French Commander besought them to go back?

The American Commander's laconic reply was "Go back—hell! We just got here and my orders are to go forward."

Has somebody said to you "The war is over. Now you can go back to your old life?"

Don't believe it. There is no going back. The old order has changed. What you learned from the war, what you did and thought and sacrificed for the war and during the war, has become now your everyday life. You cannot help it.

When the Armistice was signed was that the end? Was that our goal? Was that what we had fought and saved and worked and suffered for—just to make Germany stop fighting, just to get an Armistice signed?

"Go back now! We only just got here! The orders are to go forward."

What you did and gave during the war was only the beginning of what you will do and give from now on.

The Fifth—The Victory Liberty Loan will soon be here. Don't think you will ignore it. You will not. Don't think you have lost your interest in it. You have not. Your honor—the honor of your country is bound up in it.

Men of vision—you cannot go back to the old unheeding way. You are called to take your stand with a regenerated world. So much of sacrifice and pain and suffering do not belong alone to the yesterday of war that is past. They are the foundation upon which the reborn world is building its future—its hope of happiness, its guarantee of prosperity and peace.

Bonds of the Victory Liberty Loan represent America's share—and *your* share—in that future.

Government Loan Organization
Second Federal Reserve District
Liberty Loan Committee
120 Broadway, New York

Mechanical April Showers

Continued from page 31

a calm sea, some "storm stuff" was purchased from a company dealing in scenic films, and the rescue was performed in the studio tank. Not a critic failed to remark on the mighty beauty of the storm scenes and the thrilling vividness of the rescue. Director and film editor—the man who patched the pieces to make the thing look real—shared the credit for that.

I was away from California when the accompanying pictures of Tom Moore and his leading lady, Seena Owen, were made for "A Man and His Money." But my guess is that the unmistakably wet result was achieved with a shower-bath ring above the heads of the players and a row of perforated pipes set in the top of the open porch.

Movie Beards

(Continued from page 20)

good" whisker simply will not go. A piece of blond horsehair, with the help of gum, footlights, grease paint and powder, may get away with a fair imitation of a German admiral's beard, fooling the people in the Family Circle. But in the movies there is no Family Circle. Everyone is sitting in AA and using opera glasses, and an attempt on Jo Ryan's part to pull any villain stuff with a spirit-gum make-up would result, under the camera's eye, in an effect similar to that of a nervous man eating Julienne potatoes.

So, then, as far as the movies are concerned, the false beard may go back to the sofa from whence it sprung, unwept, unhonored and unstrung.

Vicious

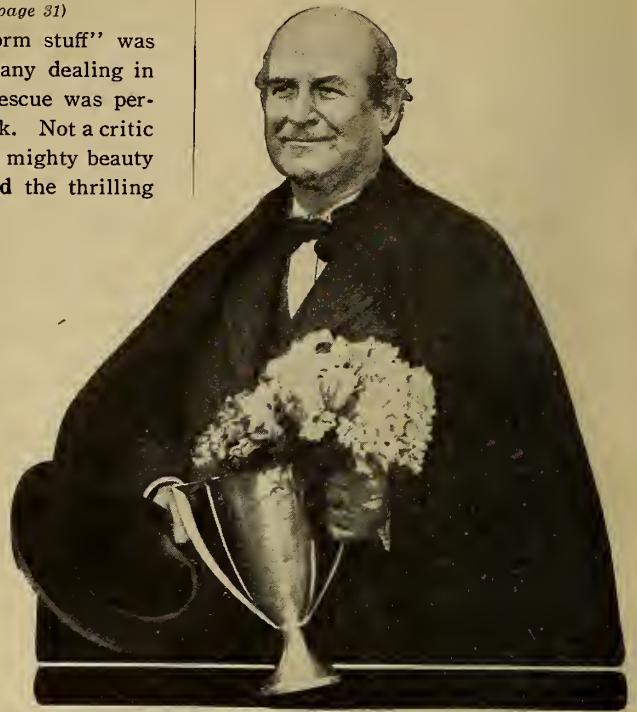
"What is a super-feature?"
"Generally you'll find that the star of one should have been one of the supers in it."

Coming to It

Manager—What's the matter with the star to-night?

Movie Director—She insists on appearing alone in the whole five reels.

Making Men Virtuous by Law



INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

This picture of William Jennings Bryan was taken upon the recent occasion when a committee of temperance union officials presented the great commoner with this loving cup in recognition of his able aid in securing adoption of the prohibition amendment. He doesn't look as if he ever thought of "pressing down upon the brow of Labor this new crown of thorns," does he? Nevertheless, the "No Beer, No Bonds" slogan promulgated by unions indicates how a good many folks feel about the measure. The presentation ceremony was filmed and shown as part of a news reel exhibited throughout the country. New York audiences, which included at the time a large number of soldiers and sailors, greeted this feature with groans, hisses, catcalls and laughter.

Tragic

"Prohibition will hurt the motion picture business."

"In what way?"

"It will knock out about one-half the scenario writers' stock plots."

The Why of It

"Why aren't any more war movies produced?"

"With so many actors back from France, a director would feel silly showing them how to act as soldiers."

Making a Dollar Go Some

EVERYBODY admires an attractive picture. And here's an opportunity to get five attractive pictures for an exceptionally low price. Judge readers all know what fine works of art adorned the front covers of "The Happy Medium" during the past year, and so do many others.

The five pictures here illustrated are all full color reproductions, are mounted on heavy mats, size 11 x 14 inches, ready for framing, and make excellent wall decorations for the home, den, club-room, bungalow or camp.

Why not surprise the home-coming soldier by decorating his room with some of these appropriate pictures!



A Tribute From France



A Trench Spade



The Man in the Moon



Petticoats and Pants



"Good-Bye, Old Pal!"

The regular price of these art prints is twenty-five cents a copy. We are offering this assortment of five different clever subjects for \$1.00. You will have to make your dollar go some to get a better bargain.

Just fill your name and address in the coupon below, pin a bill, money order or stamps to it and upon receipt of same we will forward to you, postage paid, the complete assortment.

Art Print Department,
JUDGE
The Happy Medium
 225 Fifth Avenue
 New York City

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 New York City

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Nothing Whatever to Pay Unless You
Are Satisfied.

How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings, some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson

to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music by mail—in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don't need to know the first thing about music to begin — don't need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers. The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can't go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A B C. My method makes each step so easy to understand and practice that even children only 7 to 10 years old have quickly become accomplished players or singers under my direction by mail. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 70 years old—including many who had never before tried to play any instrument or taken a lesson of any kind—have found my method equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach



you to play or sing by note. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 225,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world, and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Read the

enthusiastic letters from some of them, which you will find printed at the right—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My file contains thousands of such letters. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not

satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your

music and everything also included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard.

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"When I started with you I knew nothing about the Cornet or music, but now I can play almost any piece of music."—Kasson Swan, Denmark, Col. Co., Nova Scotia.

"I want to extend the heartiest approval of your Piano Course. It has done more for me than years of other lessons."—Moxie N. Lewis, 319 Jefferson, Neosha, Mo.

"The folks at home are delighted to hear me play the Organ so well. You have a wonderful system of teaching music."—M. F. Allard, Carquet, N. B.

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APR 11 1919

Film Fun

Price 15 Cents

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"Studio Clothes"

With Illustrations by

W. E. HILL



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"DOG-GONE DRY"



"HERE'S WHERE!"

A GREAT number of people have discovered a way of knowing a fine motion picture *before* seeing it!

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- D. W. Griffith's Production
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- Paramount Comedies**
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- "LOVE"
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Claire Du Brey, whose latest address is care of the Lewis Stone Producing Co., Los Angeles. Seemingly, she has discovered the secret of how to be happy though shoeless.

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15c a Copy



Here is Mildred Harris. She looks a bit alarmed. Perhaps she is frightened by the publicity she has had since she married Charlie Chaplin.



CAMPBELL PHOTO

What could be more precious than rubies? It's hard to venture a guess after contemplating this portrait of Ruby De Remer. A combination of Ruby and Goldwyn sounds rich, anyway.



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

APEDA PHOTO

Yes, this is Fatty Arbuckle. *The name part in his recent screen-scream, "Love," seems seriously to have affected his temperament.*

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

ALL that makes some stars do the stunts they do is the fear of being double-crossed by a double.

Gale Henry's press agent is nothing if not timely. He parades her in print as "Bullseye Film Corporation's comedy ace." Some flight, that!

A one-reel Hooligan cartoon, entitled "A Smash-up in China," is among the week's releases announced by Educational Film Corporation. Doubtless it has been passed by the School Board of Censors.

Trade journals are invaluable as stimulants to hope. Here's one telling of the "synchronization of the music to the action and the spirit of the play." What a bright dream it is!

World Pictures will distribute Dawley's "Ghost of Slumber Mountain," in which monsters of the prehistoric age, in their fight for supremacy, live, breathe and move for the first time in the knowledge of living men. Think of a scenario acted by the pelycosaur, the ichthyosaurus, the dinosaur and the dodo! The complete cast isn't announced, but it seems fair to assume that the Whangdoodle has a fat part.

"The Belle of New York," in story form, to run serially in thirteen newspapers," was a recent announcement. Thirteen may be Marion Davies's lucky number, inasmuch as there are just that many Hearst newspapers.

"East is East, and West is West," but recently the twain did meet, Kipling to the contrary notwithstanding. An enterprising exhibitor invited all clergymen in Rochester and vicinity to a showing of "Hell Roarin' Reform," in which Tom Mix, cowboy, undertakes the reformation of a bad camp. Most of the clergymen attended, many expressed approbation, and

screen and pulpit both gained headway in the affections of citizens in that community. The like could occur profitably in other localities if there were more such pictures. They say of it that it has "more laughs to the minute than there are Germans out of luck."

"Yankee Doodle in Berlin," a five-part comedy release, is a rapid-fire presentation of things as they are not, and it will not be surprising if "the boys," when they see it, decide to subject it to the cowboy treatment of "taking it apart to see how it's made."

The Sholom Aleichem picture, "Khavah," is ready for release. Zion Films, Inc., are distributors. Now you understand, don't you?

"What Every Woman Wants," according to remarks we overheard, is not so much the gorgeous gowns Grace Darmond wears as it is her chance to wear them on the screen.

Letters to screen heroes are apt to contain weird suggestions, but the limit was reached recently when one of Wally Reid's admirers asked why he can't give other men lessons in the art of love making. Just as though he doesn't, in every picture he plays.

Photoplay publishes this, and we feel it our patriotic duty to pass the word along: "Do you know of a good-looking screeness about the age of nineteen who would like to be shipmates with a gob who can swim, ride, sing, is a good oarsman, can use a brace of six guns, also rifle, and can love like a full-rigger lies to a 20-knot wind?"

Clara Joel, after a long and successful stage season, is appearing in pictures, opposite E. K. Lincoln, in "Stars of Glory." "Business before Pleasure" — why, of course!



PARAMOUNT-MACK SENNETT

"Full many a gem of purest Ræ serene" might have been written about this very picture, but from there on you lose the likeness. for Marvel Ræ, as you can see for yourself, is no flower "born to blush unseen," although she does believe in being careful of her complexion.

EDITORIAL

A Battle of the Giants

MILLIONS of patrons of the movies are interested in what promises to be a strenuous contest for supremacy in the photoplay industry. Two strong contestants are arraying their forces for the struggle. On the one side stands a prominent newspaper publisher with unlimited resources, and on the other a group of successful and popular artists.

It may be there is place for both these organizations and that competition between them will be for the greatest good to the greatest number, but in the interval before a conclusion is reached on this point the public is likely to benefit, because rivalry will result in better pictures and better service. We can all help the cause by withholding patronage from pictures and from theaters that we do not really and truly like, enjoy and approve. Hitherto we have paid too much for pictures we did not want.

As Strong as Its Weakest Link

THIS old saw can very well be applied to photoplays. As long as vicious plays are produced, no matter on how limited a scale, there will be condemnation for the entire industry, and questions of censorship, Sunday closing and the like will continue to vex us. It is a good time for us to wake up, clean house and exact for this great, new enterprise the respect due all but a very, very few of those engaged in it. It seems particularly urgent that we do this now, so that all our affairs may be in good working order for the new responsibility for promoting the happiness of our fellow-men that we must assume after July 1st.

Build Ye More Stately Mansions

WE do not hold with those prohibition enthusiasts who advocate turning the saloons into picture theaters. New wine in old bottles is always disastrous. The cost of rebuilding is an item to be considered, and besides that, our pleasure places ought to be entirely free from any

shadow of a questionable past. The sensible thing will be the construction of new, beautiful and commodious picture theaters appropriate to the needs of the business. Probably their arrangement in circuits similar to vaudeville circuits as now in operation will be the next logical step in development. One such project for a string of picture theaters has been launched. Complete organization of the whole country might provide a palliative for prohibition.

Cinema Salesmanship

MOVING pictures are valuable testimony and convincing. As an aid in reconstruction and readjustment they are proving of inestimable value, but our allies are making better use of this fact than we are, according to a statement made by Secretary of Commerce Redfield. Foreign folks are sending, in advance of their salesmen, into countries where trade relations are to be extended or adjusted, films showing their industries and their facilities. They afford a solid, practical working basis for negotiations, and films of this sort are coming into both Americas from all over the world. It behooves us to see to it that our own excellence in all lines of endeavor is presented everywhere for comparison. We can win, on worth, a fair share

of the world's business, if we go after it. Whatever may be said of over-production of films, here is one rich field that has hardly been touched.

Joining in the Good Work

NOT long ago on this page we mentioned the "masher" and his obnoxious behavior. Since the story appeared, other magazines of wide circulation and influence have enlisted in the crusade, which should have the most active support of everyone. These creatures are few in number, but they are less to be tolerated than adders or tarantulas. Not even one should be allowed at large. A recent remedy proposes that pictures shall be shown in lighted auditoriums. This may be one way of abating the nuisance, but also we advocate plenty of publicity.



A STUDIO MYSTERY

The Camera Man—Say! Where'd that fellow go?
I wanted to take a close-up of him.

"A Man and His Money" Has Thrills



1. Harry and Betty; Harry's business—by day—being polo.

2. When it is too late in the day for polo, there are other diversions.



3. It is this sort of thing, reports of which reach her, that causes Betty to break their engagement.

In a Few Words

Harry Lothrop (Tom Moore), a rich young society man, realizes the aimlessness of his life when Betty, his fiancee, breaks their engagement. Promptly assigning his income to his lawyer, he decides to work for a living. Forced by necessity, he becomes caretaker of a wealthy woman's pet dogs, only to discover that the woman is Betty's aunt. Betty is socially pursued by Walter Randall, whom she has refused, but who seeks, through a serving-maid accomplice, to lure her from her aunt's home to his mountain lodge. He decoys Betty away in his car—with Harry clinging to the back of the machine. Harry rescues Betty from a desperate situation at Randall's lodge, and restores himself to love and self-respect.



4. Harry assigns his income to his lawyer, and says he is going to get a job.



GOLDWYN

5. Matters do not improve when it turns out that the woman for whom Harry is dog-nurse is Betty's aunt.



6. Preface to a happy ending, though it doesn't look happy. Harry foils Randall in his plot against Betty.

Studio Clothes and Those Who Wear 'Em

By Harold Seton

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

IN stage productions the costumes are generally provided by the management, but in moving pictures it is a different proposition, and the actors and actresses supply their own attire. This expense is of comparatively small concern to the leading man or the leading woman, who receive very liberal salaries; but to the humble "extra" it is a serious proposition. The "extra" gets five dollars a day, and perhaps only obtains one or two days a week, seldom more than three or four days, and trials and tribulations are encountered before these engagements are secured. In New York there are calls to be paid uptown and



Fellows with ill-fitting dress suits passed by in favor of undersized chaps with immaculate attire.

downtown, with trips to Fort Lee, Yonkers and Brooklyn. Or, if one depends upon an agent, there are commissions to be deducted. Some agents guarantee four dollars, but some only guarantee three dollars. So it is certainly a problem for the "extra" to make both ends meet!

And yet it is really surprising how well dressed these men and women manage to appear. They have apparel suitable for each and every occasion—street clothes, sport clothes, evening clothes and bathing suits; in fact, whatever is intimated in the script of the scenario. The usual mode of procedure is to visit the office of one casting director after another, until a job is landed. If one is of the type demanded, well and good! One will be told to report the next morning at nine o'clock, made up and ready. If one does not succeed at first, one must try, try again. Personally, I have on more than one occasion gone the rounds, and then started in all over again, finally being accepted at the first office, where I was previously rejected. Such is the irony of Fate! When one is told to report, one is also told what clothes to bring.

"Street clothes, for an office scene," or "sport clothes, for a country club," or "evening clothes, for a ballroom scene." The casting director makes a point of remember-

ing not only our physical appearance, but also our sartorial embellishments. A girl with a pretty face but a shabby wardrobe may have to make way for a girl not so attractive of feature but more fashionably gowned. The same with the men. I have seen fine, strapping fellows with ill-fitting dress suits passed by in favor of undersized chaps with immaculate attire.

Some of the five-dollar-a-day men earn barely enough to pay for board and lodging, and are compelled to hire dress suits whenever such apparel is called for. But others make a very little go a long way, and possess not only a swallow-tail coat,

but also a dinner jacket and a cutaway coat and a Norfolk jacket, and heaven knows what not! How they manage is a mystery.

One chap, frequently encountered at the various studios, has been nicknamed "Dick the Dude," because of his apparently inexhaustible wardrobe. For five dollars a day he will blossom forth in a silk hat and white spats or riding breeches or tennis togs. His morning clothes and his evening clothes are the envy of the leading men, as are also his tight-fitting or loose-fitting overcoats, his silk shirts and brocaded cravats.

Another character, nicknamed "Wardrobe Willie," goes to the trouble of hauling a suitcase along with him on his early-morning pilgrimages to Fort Lee, on the chance of stepping into the shoes of someone who has not showed up. It frequently occurs that, for some reason or other, there are not sufficient people for the set. If street clothes are needed, men and women can always be picked up at Fort Lee. But if dress suits or ball gowns are required, there must be considerable delay in sending to New York. That is where "Wardrobe Willie" comes in. He always has evening clothes in his suitcase, in addition to the street clothes on his back. One day I heard a casting director

say, "What we need now is a chap to play a waiter." To which Willie responded, "I have a dinner coat and a waiter's necktie in my bag." And, sure enough, he had! So, of course, he landed the job.

It has been said, "Clothes make the man." It might also be added, "Clothes make the woman." Sometimes, too, paradoxical as it may sound, the woman makes the clothes! Many studio habitues are as clever with their

needles as with their powder puffs and put together every stitch they wear. I know a girl who for fifteen or twenty dollars can copy a costume costing fifty or sixty. Many moving picture "extra" women secure their frocks and frills at secondhand, from establishments patronized by women of wealth. Thus, if Miss Smith or Miss Jones is to impersonate a society woman, she may actually be wearing a frock designed for Mrs. Astor or Mrs. Vanderbilt!

On the other hand, I have been in three different pictures with a well-known star, whose costumes must cost very little. I have been astonished to note that the gowns of this celebrity are

Ready to overwhelm the casting director.

sometimes surpassed by those of mere "extra" women. But her ladyship has an instinct for stage effect and is an expert at camouflage. With the assistance of a maid, she will wear a frock consisting of yards and yards of material, clinging silk or satin, fastened together with pins, so that an endless variety of styles is assured, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. Once I saw her swathed

in yellow silk, set off with bits of jet on the shoulders and around the waist. Again I saw her swathed in the same silk, differently draped and tricked out with festoons of flowers at the corsage and hem.

Then there is another star who is a great attraction and who must make a lot of money. Nevertheless, she seems reluctant to invest in wearing apparel, and year after year is viewed in the same old habiliments. Her figure is superb, and she prefers styles that accentuate her lines. But in one of her recently released films I recognized a gown that has been in constant use for at least six seasons.

No "extra" girl would dare attempt such an experiment!

Moving pictures are very hard on one's clothes—much harder, in fact, than actual life. For instance, when I started my investigation of studio conditions, I wore a dress suit that had served for two years and was in perfect condition. But after a series of scenes in ballrooms and cabarets, and after a series of stains from grease paint and powder, the suit was entirely ruined. The same way with my tennis flannels. One outdoor picture called for a crawl on hands and knees, and another called for a roll down a grassy bank. As a result, my natty white flannels became shabby green flannels!

And when it comes to falling into rivers, lakes or fountains! But, of course, one receives a half-check extra for such performances. But one deserves it! No amount of pressing and cleaning will ever restore one's garments to their pristine glory. During a panic scene, my coat was torn and my hat was smashed. When I subsequently expostulated with the director, I was told not to be so "fussy," and it was intimated that any number of fellows were ready and willing to take my place. So there you are!



And when it comes to falling in rivers, lakes or fountains!

Force of Film Habit

Flora—You say your director went hunting and was bit by a bear?

Fauna—Yes; instead of shooting when the bear charged him, he shouted, "Cut!"

Its Mission

'Twas slapstick stuff. The highbrow frowned.

"Such nonsense!" muttered he.

But it brought the smiles to weary eyes

Which little pleasure see.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



'TIS a good thing for Will Rogers that beauty is only skin deep. If his went down much deeper, 'twould be fatal.

❖
LOUISE HUFF in 'Heart of Gold'—exhilarating as champagne—a sparkling comedy-drama that sends people home full of the best of spirits." (Adv.)
 Hurry up and see it before July 1st!

THE ACTOR'S VERSION

*"He that fights and runs away
 May turn and fight another day,
 And he that's in the battle slain
 Will also rise to fight again!"*

❖
BILLIE RHODES and her company voyaged to Honolulu to secure local color for her next production.

When you view this picture, you will have no difficulty in locating the l. c. 'Tis brown, and adorns the beauteous 'billierhodes' limbs. Also, ever afterward, you'll pronounce that word "Honey Lu Lu"!

❖
WALTER LAW, after portraying for years social outlaws and all-round villainous screen characters,

is now playing a limb of the law in "The Thirteenth Chair." His delineation of the detective in this play arrests your attention at once—indeed, Walter, recalling his past screen scoundrelisma, is tempted at times to arrest himself.

❖
WHEN, in order to view your favorite in a five-real feature, you discover you must also watch a two-reel comedy of the brand you particularly dislike, aren't you tempted to paraphrase the ancient chant of the bridesmaids:

*"Something old and nothing new,
 Something borrowed and something blue,"*

the last word referring, of course, to your mental condition while the "comedy" is gloomily glumping along to the welcome "The End"?

❖
THE rapid growth of the motion picture industry is so astounding that it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see it some day supplanting the post office, for instance, as a public institution.

With that gigantic idea in mind, I fearlessly predict that future congressmen, endeavoring to please

(Continued on page 40)



Sitting in the conventional living-room when he calls on a young lady is altogether too lame for Douglas Fairbanks. Majorie Daw is Doug's idea of the ideal hostess.

Bill Hart

Plus Some of His Pals

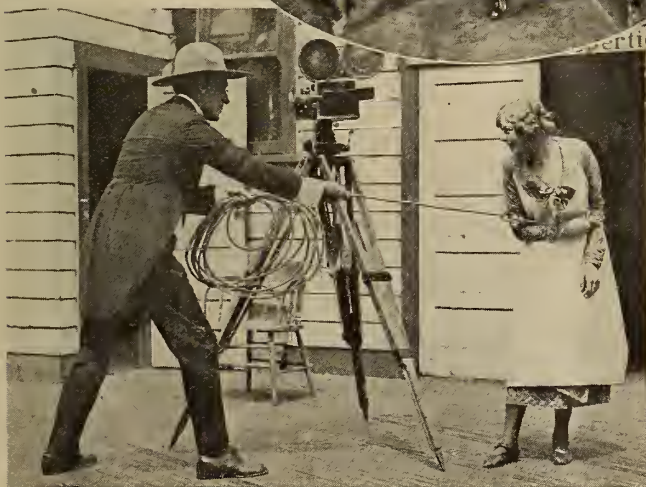


"Shake hands," says Bill to his pinto pony. No, Bill's favorite horse hasn't worked in pictures since "The Narrow Trail." But he comes out to frolic with his master.

One way to tame a bad man is to scare him to death. When the Arizona gentleman succumbed to the lure of Broadway, he was lost. Whoever dreamed that Bill Hart would try chorus steps?



Bill admires Australia. He is congratulating the champion boxing kangaroo who has just knocked out a man. Bill says it pays to be friendly with this critter.



When Seena Owen saw Bill Hart in a dress suit she thought he looked awfully funny, so Bill roped her. Only her plea of innocence saved a "chapping."

When the Studio Wires Are Busy



Evelyn Greeley's face is troubled. It seems to have dawned upon her that possibly the wrong man is on the other end of the wire.



"Here's your party," said Central to June Elridge, but apparently the lines were still crossed. It is evident that Miss Elridge doesn't get quite all that "her party" is saying.



WORLD

Screen idols, like matinee idols, receive numerous "mash" calls, as well as "mash" letters. Witness the little flapper who is telling Carlyle Blackwell that she thinks he is "perfectly adorable."

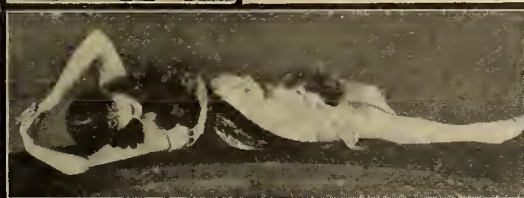
A Reel Letter

WHEN Hiram went a-visiting, his ma felt great alarm, lest in the wicked city her son should come to harm, and wrung from him a promise, before she gave consent, that he would write and tell her how the Sabbath Day was spent. And how anxiously she waited until the happy day when the postman brought the letter that wiped her fears away!

"Dear mother," Hiram wrote her, "the days have flown so fast, it seems I scarce can realize a week has nearly past. But now it's Sunday evening—and right late, I'm afraid—but I have just remembered the promise that I made.

"Well, to-day I spent some hours with a most attentive throng, in an edifice imposing (it seemed an acre long!) where an organ grand was pealing in tones so clear and sweet, and the day's theme was presented in a manner most unique. The subject was King Herod and the dancing girl, Salome, and given in a manner quite different from at home. If you and pa had been there, I know you would have said there's more to that old story than the little bit you've read! And I'm going back next Sunday, and perhaps some evenings, too, for you see they hold like meetings in the city all week through."

And when ma read this letter, she shed real tears of joy, for she felt contamination had indeed been spared her boy; and Hiram didn't mention it was a movie show, with *Salome* the big attraction, and, of course, she'll never know!



The Millennium

Visitor—What is your conception of an ideal photoplay?

Director—One that can be produced without actors, actresses or scenario writers.

All's Fair

Movie Magnate—Why, even your grand opera stars are now playing in our silent dramas.

Grand Opera Magnate—But I am going to get even with you. I'm having a grand opera composed for Charlie Chaplin; it's called "Wriggiletto."

The Movie Metropolis

Some say it with a sort of wheeze
And long drawn out: *Loss Angelees*.

Some others end it with a hiss,
As though to ask: *Loss Angeliss?*

While cultured ones, by twos and threes,
Affect it thus: *Lohs Onhaylees*.

For those whose time is on the flit,
Los Anglis shortens it a bit.

But for myself, I've found a way;
To play it safe, just say *L. A.!*

—Otis C. Little.

The Magnet

The real movie magnate is the star
that draws the crowds.

Far Fetched

The *Green Room Magazine* of Australia gives an enormous cake each year to a favorite film or stage player. Charles Chaplin has been awarded one of the famous cakes.

That Charlie Chaplin took the cake
Will not seem strange, I trow,
For everybody knows that he
Receives a lot of "dough"!

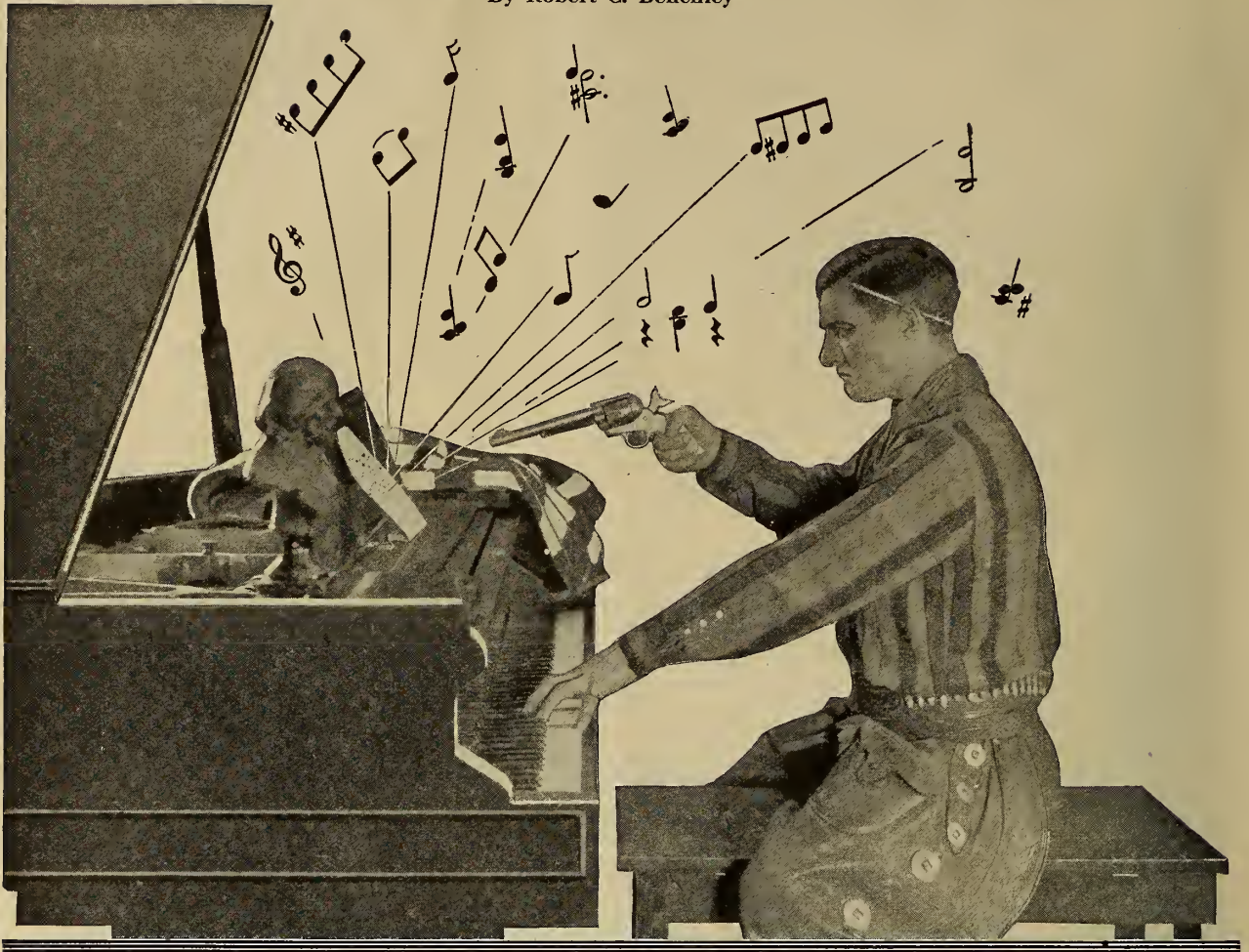
Tough Luck

There was sadness among the boys
of the neighborhood, for the motion
picture theater had burned down during
the night.

"Why couldn't it be the school?"
they wailed.

Musical Time-Tables

By Robert C. Benchley



For real primitive rough stuff, Tom Mix provides his own incidental music.

TO those pessimists who believe that a League of Nations is not practicable, who despair of human nature ever lending itself to any regulation in times of emotional stress, I would present the case of the movie pianist. In his field we have witnessed, in the past few years, a reform which would have been scoffed at as "Furbush's Folly" had a man named Furbush had the temerity to suggest it five years ago. To be comparatively brief: the movie pianist has now been shown a way in which to follow the action on the screen with appropriate tunes!

Most children of to-day will easily recall the time when the movie pianist considered his work well done when he had kept a certain amount of noise issuing from the keyboard during the showing of a reel. His was a care-free life. All he needed was a copy of "The Four Jolly Robbers March" and "Narcissus," a good stock of Juicy Fruit gum, and a pair of strong wrists, and he was set for an afternoon of murder, passion, death-bed scenes (with perhaps a bar or two from "Hearts and Flowers" to hurry the old party along), or any emotion that the screen is heir to. Once in a while, in the event of a bit of gay life in the

picture, the pianist might coyly insert a strain from a popular song, just to show that he was in touch with the outside world; but never, by any chance, were music and action co-ordinated to any greater extent than a tactful refraining from playing "Good-by, Girls, I'm Through," at the death of Cardinal Richelieu, or ragging a betrayal scene.

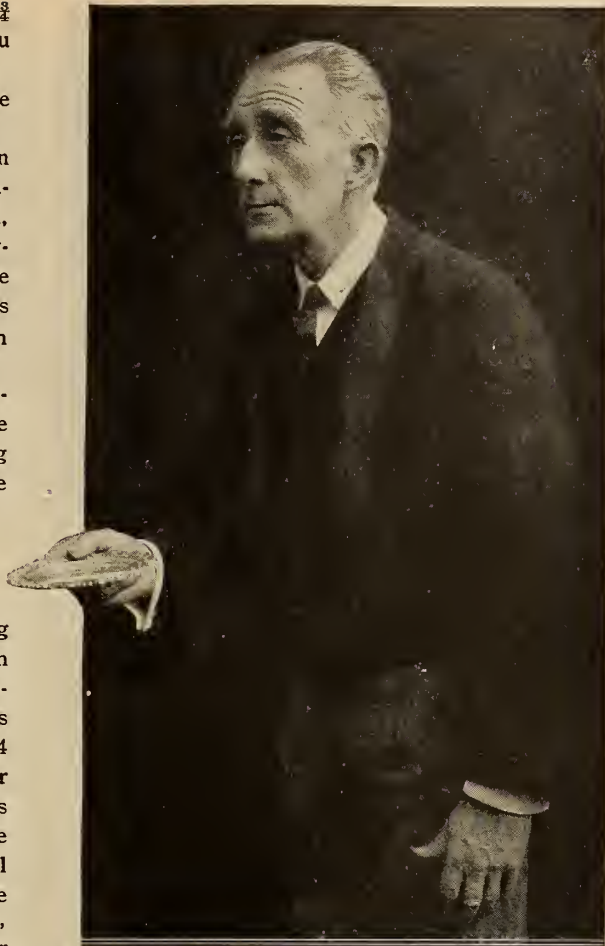
But now the thing is simple. Thanks to the painstaking efforts of experts who have graduated from research courses in Music Cue Schedules, all the pianist has to do is keep his eye on a little time-table which comes with each picture presented at his house, telling just what music to play and at just what points in the film to play it, with the running time figured out to seconds, indicating when he must shift from "Shadows of Night," Oriental stuff, to Dramatic Tension No. 3, etc. Further than that, so that he can't go wrong, he has the sub-titles all charted out for him in a parallel column, in case he should not be quick at reading numbers. Thus, when the film has been running 19¾ minutes, and the sub-title, "Who Are You? How Dare You?" has flashed on, the most inexperienced pianist can tell that he should be playing Dramatic Tension No.

44—Borch, and that he should continue to play it for 2½ minutes (which is considerable dramatic tension, when you come to think of it).

It will be seen from this that there is little or no excuse for mismated music and action, unless——

And that *unless* is ominous. Supposing a film has been all charted for its music possibilities, and its "Dance Caprices" and "Rustles of Spring" all tabulated to accord, in fractions of seconds, with its tender moments and stirrings of primal emotions, and then, after the running time has been set down, some censorious-minded official decides to cut out about 250 feet of film, so that the picture can be shown in Boston. What then?

Let us picture a conscientious pianist, with little imagination and bi-focal lenses, equipped with a music-cue schedule and a sublime faith. He starts out on the stirring picture, "The Midnight Trail," with his eyes glued to the time-table. At the first turn he is neck and neck with the story, playing "Sweet Idleness Waltz," by Hosmer (6-8 Commodo), while *Jack Woodford*, the young millionaire, sits dreaming of *Alice Moreland*, the rector's daughter. So far, so good. But little does our hero know that waiting for him, beyond the next fifty feet of film, is a cut which will throw his schedule out by one minute and three-quarters! Little does he realize, even now, as he drifts jocularly into "Wooden Shoe Dance Fantastique" (4-4 Allegro molto vivace), that *Jack's* poor, broken-down mother is on her knees before her son, begging him to give up this life of dissipation. According to the schedule it should be the start of the auto race. But listen! Will no one tell him that while he, intent on his chart, is rendering "The Funeral March of a Marionette" (Andante pathétique), the young millionaire has long since left his dying father and is now dancing in a crowded ballroom with young ladies in fancy dress, who seem never to have learned anything but the two-step, but who are performing that with incredible agility in spite of the music? What will he say when



When an actor picks a part in which he must be servile, preferring it to a role in which he may look kingly, he is entitled to have his picture in the paper. His name is Alec B. Francis, and he plays butler to Mae Marsh.



When Bill Hart clinches his lips and bunches his brows like this, it is a sign that the villain in the play is about to earn his money.

he finds out that, while *Harvey Faxon*, the gambler, was forcing a kiss from the unwilling lips of the struggling *Elsie*, he, the conscientious pianist, was accompanying the dastardly act with "Do It Again, Bo, Do It Again!" and that all the feeling which he was capable of throwing into "Under the Leaves" (Poco agitato) was wasted on a colored slide showing a pink and green picture of *Fatty Arbuckle*, who comes to this theater next Thursday?

The answer to all this is, I suppose, that it couldn't happen, because they adjust the schedules to the cuts. Isn't that just like these efficient guys, to go and spoil a good story?

At the Movies

"I understand the star and her leading man are married."

"You must be wrong. Didn't you notice how ardent they were in the love scenes?"

Dead

"Do you think the old one-reel days will return?"

"No. After running the case and the names of the author, scenarioist, camera man, etc., one reel is gone."



PARAMOUNT-INC

Enid Bennett giving an imitation of a man who has succumbed to golf fever. We think it likely that husband-director Fred Niblo supplied the inspiration for this sketch.

had taken lunch in a cafe and hailed a taxi to return to the hotel. Lillian doesn't speak French, so she was merely an interested onlooker at the spirited dialogue staged by Mlle. Suzanne and the taxi driver. It appeared that he was in a furious rage about something or other; he shrugged his shoulders, he shook his fists, he snapped his fingers under mademoiselle's pretty nose, and Lillian watched with rising wrath what appeared to be an effort on the part of the Parisian chauffeur to browbeat the placid little Mlle. Suzanne, who seemed quite unconcerned at the former's threatening attitude. After fifteen minutes of uninterrupted vituperation, and when the man seemed about to wax violent, Lillian interfered.

"Come, mademoiselle," she said firmly, "I won't have you insulted by that man! What is he saying?"

Mademoiselle gave a typically Gallic shrug.

"He say, hees motor, she is broke down," she explained apologetically.

THE Gish family is generally considered to be an ideally happy one, but, hush! speak softly! there is one discordant note in the ensemble. It is furnished by John, the parrot, who tolerates Mrs. Gish, worships Lillian, and hates Dorothy with a deep-rooted Prussian venom. Dorothy says there's no reason for John's disliking her. Of course she pulls his tail feathers, makes faces at him, and mimics him when he talks; but she doesn't see why he should object to that—no one else minds Dorothy's pranks, but John does, most emphatically! He shocked the family the other day by saying, with a resigned air, when he saw Dorothy coming into the room, "Oh, hell, here comes that pest!" John can be relied on to announce the ringing of the 'phone, for he calls shrilly to the maid, "'Phone! Answer the 'phone!" Then adds, sotto voce, "I'm not in—tell 'em I'm out." He gets the family to dinner every evening by calling, "Moth-er! Lill-ian! Doro-thee-ee!" But Dorothy says she is sure he doesn't know whom he is calling when he includes her, or he'd let her starve.

MANY people have wondered from what source has come Charlie Chaplin's fertile fun inspirations; one would think that he got them from jazz music or perhaps from a lively musical comedy, but nothing of the sort. If you go along the streets of Los Angeles at the hour of eleven-thirty p. m. or thereabouts, you may see a rather small, dapper young man in an inconspicuous overcoat and cap, stalking along with head bent as if in deep meditation, taking no cognizance of anything or anyone. And if you trail him long enough, you may be rewarded by seeing him stop suddenly, throw up his head and chuckle, then hastily scribble something in a notebook; and then you may be sure that from somewhere in the night air an idea has entered the Chaplin brain that you will see later on the screen. Sometimes he stops outside a theater and watches the crowds come out; a word caught in passing, a mannerism, a trifling incident are all that are needed to make a full-fledged idea. Or, again, he may pause by a store window, and an inspection of the articles displayed may suggest something in the comedy line. I saw him once dodge a man who came out of a building with a ladder, preparatory to washing the windows. Chaplin stopped

and laughed outright; it gave him an idea, which came out later in the screamingly funny ladder episodes of "The Pawnshop."

DOUG FAIRBANKS, if he keeps on, will have quite a menagerie on his lot. He recently bought a mountain lion cub, which was christened Dynamite, and which caused a periodic sensation at the studio by breaking gaol and wandering around the lot. Now he has acquired a small, mangy-looking bear, with the euphonious name of Hyacinth. Doug describes Hyacinth as being "temperamental, but not vicious"; but if his—yes, despite the name, the bear is a he—if his temperament expresses itself in trying to chew the leg off a camera man, as he was engaged in doing when we were out at the studio, or running to cover an inoffensive extra man who was applying for a job—well, then, sez we, if that's temperament, give us viciousness.

GLADYS BROCKWELL is one of the few stars who doesn't stand on her dignity even with such lowly persons as extras. She will hail a little three-dollar-a-day girl with just as much camaraderie as she will greet the director or the president of the company. The other day we noted a crowd around a Brockwell set, at the Fox studio, from which rose loud laughter at frequent intervals. We thought it might be a comedy that was being filmed, but it wasn't. Gladys was in the center of a gang of studio carpenters, character actors, extras and stenographers, and had instituted, while waiting for the set to be ready, a ceremony called "Joining the Navy." An unsuspecting person would be lured to the set and told to pick up a pin on the floor, thereby becoming a member of the order. As the initiate stooped, Gladys would rip a piece of cloth behind his back, and the stooper would straighten up with a gasp and start to sidle out of the set before the assembled throng would break into hilarious laughter. No one was spared, from the leading man to the electrician—even the executive offices were raided to recruit new members for the "Navy," and everyone stayed to see the trick played on someone else, hence the crowd. We sneaked away before Gladys spotted us, and brought away our editorial dignity intact; we don't believe in promiscuous "j'ining."

GEORGE McDANIEL, the husky new star who has just finished taking the part of *Young Matt* in Harold Bell Wright's "Shepherd of the Hills," says he lost the name part of "Daddy Long-Legs," with Mary Pickford, because he cast too big a shadow; it looked more like an octopus than a spider, sezsee.

When George came back to Los Angeles one night after three months spent in the mountain fastnesses making the picture, he went to his house, found it locked from stem to stern, and remembered that his wife was spending the week-end at the beach. He tried to get in and failed; he searched for the key under the mat, under the steps and in the window box. He spent the night on the front porch, expecting that at any minute a cop would take him for a burglar. At cold dawn he grew desperate and broke in the front door. There he found on the table a note from Friend Wife: "Dear George, the key is in the mail box."

Bill Hart Without a Cow-Puncher Make-Up



1. Hairpin Harry, the convict, dreams of release, and of the woman waiting for him.

2. Shortly afterward, his pal tells him of his wife's faithlessness. He is alone.



3. His wife, Polly, the Poppy Girl, as he remembered her, and hoped to find her.

"The Poppy Girl's Husband"

Hairpin Harry Dutton (William S. Hart) is serving a term for burglary. He dreams of the day when, released, he may return to his wife and boy. When that day comes, an old pal tells him that his wife, known as Polly, the Poppy Girl, deserted him and married the detective who "framed" him. A broken man, Dutton plans vengeance; but one day he meets his own son, a little chap, and a comradeship springs up between them which saves the mother from a terrible fate. For her faithlessness he intends to brand her, and one night has chloroformed her for the purpose, when his boy's sobbing voice calls him to his senses. He and the boy leave the unconscious woman, and far away, in the hills, find their land of dreams.



4. Playtime with his son, whom he meets by chance on the street near his home.



5. The night of vengeance. The ex-convict prepares to brand Polly with a copper-plate which he has made.



6. The sound of his son's voice, calling from another room, stays his hand. He leaves, taking the boy with him.

"Six Cylinder Love" Is High Speed All the Way



1. Colonel and Mrs. Bean hear by telegram that niece Violet is coming.



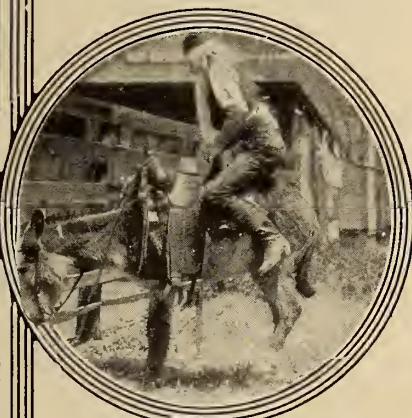
2. Buck, the cow-puncher, who is delegated as Violet's escort to the ranch.



3. Percy, the Bean's dog, shows a friendly attachment for Buck when he goes over the cliff.

Some Idea of It

Uproarious Western burlesque. Buck Saunders starts for the station to welcome Violet, niece of Colonel Bean. There is the inevitable bad man, Steve Jordan, who determines to hold up the stage and capture the girl. While Buck is getting Violet's trunk, the stage goes off with Violet and a colored "mammy" in it. Buck starts in pursuit on pony back, dragging the trunk after him. Because it is the wrong trunk, the aged station master also gives chase. And there is a prolonged climax in which Buck catches and loses the stage, Steve captures and loses the girl, the station master gets the trunk, and nearly everybody gets a fall over a cliff with a bull at the foot. Oh, yes; and there is a sheriff who rounds up "the bad men."



4. The aged station master arrives on his mule at the scene of Buck's troubles.

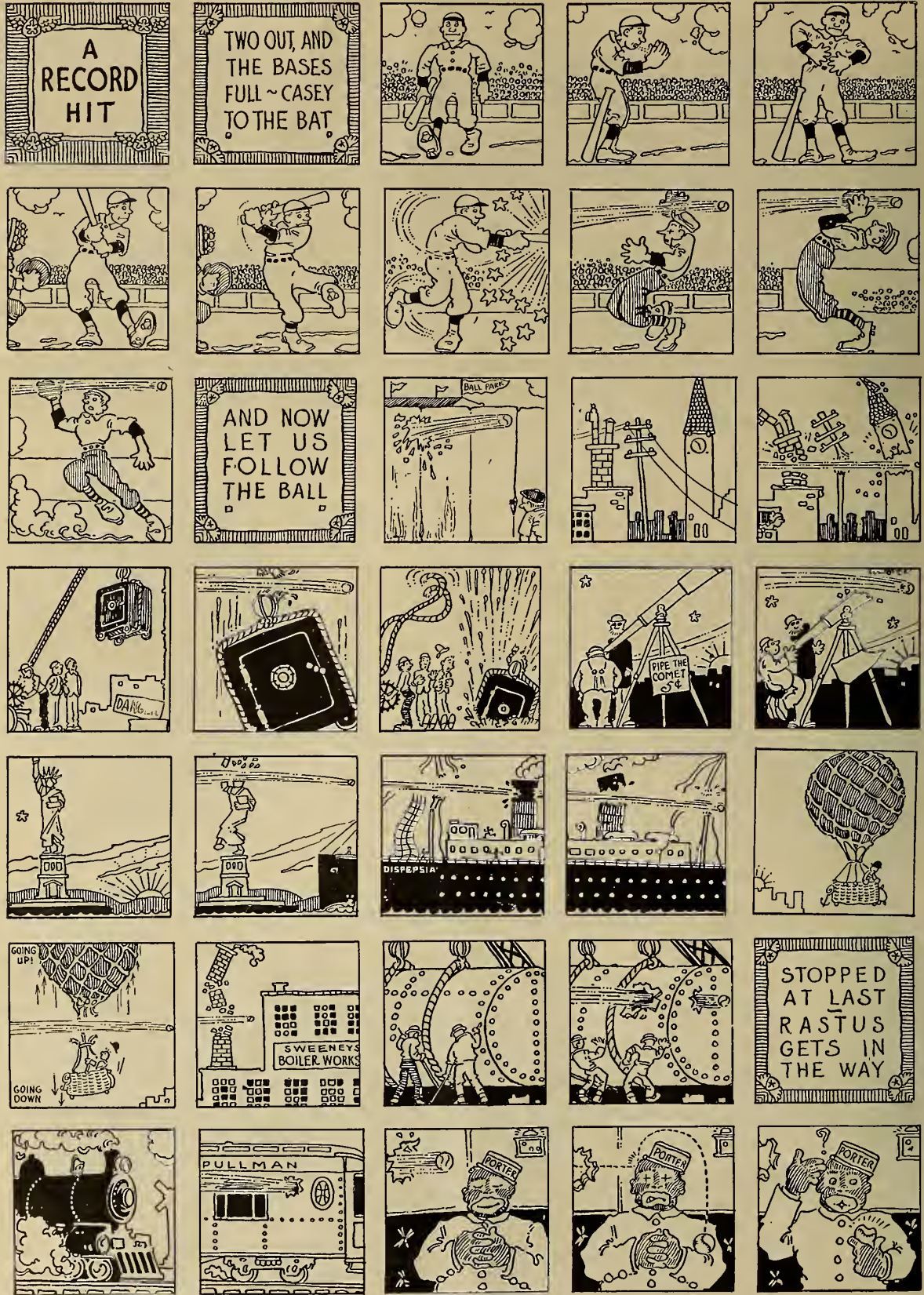


5. The station master and mammy draw Buck to safety with the aid of a handy windlass.



6. Violet is safe, thanks to Buck, and here are Steve and the other bandits all treed by the sheriff.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



"A Record Hit"; or, When the Mighty Casey Did Not Strike Out



WORLD

THE PROPERTY MAN'S DREAM

A Movie Marvel

Dinks—I notice Binks spends all his spare time at the pictures since his wife became a movie actress.

Jinks—Yes; he thinks it's perfectly wonderful to see her carrying on for two mortal hours and never hear a word out of her.

No Desk Job

Physician—You need more exercise.

Patient—You're crazy! Why, I am the hero of a motion picture serial.

The Limit

"There is no such word as impossible," remarked the person fond of platitudes.

"Oh, yes, there is," responded the other. "It is impossible to imagine William S. Hart as a chorus man."

Alike

"Did you see that movie comedy to-night?"

"Yes, and also every week for the past two years."

All Caught by the Craze

Jimmie (extra)—Come on, Johnnie! De director wants us to finish dat fillum to-day.

Johnnie (child movie marvel)—Aw, go tell him I can't spare de time. I gotta write de nex' chapter in me otter-bography for a movie mag.

Strange

She—My sister is a character woman in the movies. She always takes the part of the village gossip.

He—In the silent drama?

Their Status

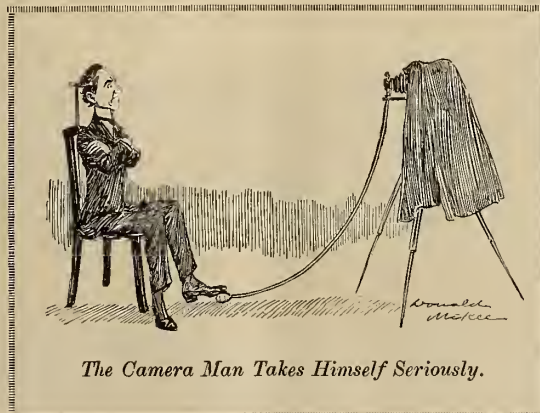
Friend—Are you the author of that picture?

Photoplaywright—Well, I am of the scenario; but the director is author of the film.

Assuring a Future

Flora—What line of training would you advise me to take up to assure my success as an emotional actress in the movies?

Fauna—Deep breathing exercises!



The Camera Man Takes Himself Seriously.



SELECT

NORMA TALMADGE

*A picture you may look at as long as you like is sometimes better than a moving picture.
This is one of the times.*

The Moving Picture Fan

WITH face expressive of delight,
The moving picture fan
Seeks out his special place each night.
The moving picture fan
Has got the habit! No mistake!
A habit naught on earth can break!
He'll stare until his eyeballs ache—
The moving picture fan!

He's seated when the show begins—
The moving picture fan!
At one-reel comedies he grins—
The moving picture fan!
Hearst-Pathe Weekly holds him fast;
The special feature, all-star cast,
Enthralls him from the first to last—
The moving picture fan!

But hark to what I tell about
The moving picture fan!
He's wise, so you need never doubt
The moving picture fan!
A little lady, sweet and shy,
With clinging hand and soulful eye,
Is always sitting close up by
The moving picture fan!

—Harold Seton.

In the Air

Caller—What film company are you with now?

Movie Actor—I don't know. I haven't heard yet what to-day's merger rumors are.

Horrors

Returned Soldier—I tell you, war is awful!

His Sweetheart—It certainly is. For a time the motion picture theaters were closed one day a week.

Such Liberties as These Movie Folks Take!

1. Old-timers! Look to the right and see what Ben Turpin does with your favorite "mother and chee-ild" scene!



2. And in the picture below, how he lays flippant hands upon one of the most sacred traditions of melodrama—the railroad rescue.



3. We do not know whether this is Eliza about to cross on the ice, or whether it is a despairing plunge into a watery grave. But if the latter, Ben and Heinie contemplate a painless rescue, having made a hammock out of the nearest wave.



4. And this too, with some terror, the old saw-mill from "Blue Jeans," evokes but a mild and slightly bored interest from the lady. Oh, stage, where are thy thrills?

The Unwild West

NOW that the movies are to be "dry"—and we know that they are, because Prohibition extends to pictured rum as well as to the real alcoholic article—what is to become of the wild Western film play? Here we find dives, low-down haunts of desperados and fugitives from justice. Prospectors from Nome hobnob with road agents on their day off. And always, and invariably, with glasses and bottles between them. Where is the plot hatched to rob the coach? In the tough frontier saloon. Where does the gun fight start over the girl? In the same. Like Damon and Pythias, they have been one and inseparable. Is prohibition to dissolve the congenial partnership? It looks so.

And what is to be the consequence? What are movie patrons who like their West wild and brutal to see in substitution? Perhaps we shall have such locations as the

Tea Room of Murderer's Gulch. Perhaps there will be hideously repulsive close-ups of a two-gun bad man, standing before an orange-ade cooler, scowling the while and forcing some trembling tenderfoot to drink with him. Hard-faced "extras" in cowboy rig will toss off sundaes at a gulp. Gamblers, flushed with a smile of fortune, will summon the crowd about them and open quarts of pasteurized but popless milk. Yea, it will be worth while to sit in at the picture shows of 1920 and thereafter.

Perhaps it is all for the best. The standards of screen art are rising; the realism of the screen, in the best pictures, is startling. It would be more than a lover of "beer and light wines" could endure if, thirsty himself, he suddenly saw upon the square of white a perfect "party" with all the trimmings. The elimination



Only a pretty woman would dare to dress like this. Alice Howell dares to dress like this. Alice Howell is a pretty woman.



THE MOVIE VARIETY

Willie reads in his history that a certain king was "very fond of the chase." Being fond of "chase" pictures himself, this is Willie's idea of the royal enjoyment.

of alcohol from the screen; that, or a nation-wide Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Rummies.

Ye Gods!

Can you imagine a photoplay depicting the life of Olympus, Home of the Gods, produced with the following cast?

- Jupiter, All Highest of Olympus —Ben Turpin.
- Juno, statuesque Queen of Heaven —Ann Pennington.
- Vulcan, misshapen god of the forge —Harold Lockwood.
- Mercury, light-footed messenger of the gods —Roscoe Arbuckle.
- Venus, exquisite goddess of beauty —Polly Moran.
- Neptune, bewhiskered keeper of the fishes —Jack Pickford.
- Minerva, staid goddess of wisdom —Fay Tincher.
- Cupid, chubby, dimpled little god of Love —Al St. John.

Easter Reflections of Screen Stars



SELECT BRADLEY PHOTO

Norma Talmadge's popularity is due to "artifice, trick and device."



PARAMOUNT-INGE EVANS PHOTO

Dorothy Dalton wants to quit vamping, she says; but how can we believe this of one who wears such artfully simple headgear.



FATHE EVANS PHOTO

One of 52 varieties selected by Fannie Ward at the National Milliners' Annual Convention, 1919.



PARAMOUNT APEDA PHOTO

Julia Faye chooses hats that enhance her charm.



SELECT

Constance Talmadge believes in looking before—and after—and that one is all right who fights Fate with proper weapons—thus.



SELECT

Bond buyers, beware! "Marie, Ltd.," with Alice Brady giving demonstrations such as this, is dangerous. But almost any woman likes to be led into such temptation.

“AND, in conclusion,” said the movie man, “though you have interviewed many stars, your career is not complete until you have seen and interviewed Lizzie!”

I came to life with a jerk. Was there such a thing, I demanded, as a star named “Lizzie”? The name itself was frightfully intriguing. I had talked with Thedas, Wandas and Colleens; interviewed Ermininies, Glorias, Lilas and Mercedeses; but never in all my interviewial career had I come upon a star with such a “handle” in the temple of the silent art; lived with it, worked with it, saw it emblazoned on billboards—LIZZIE!

“I certainly want to meet her!” I said, with alacrity. “The sooner the quicker.”

From the dim and cluttered recesses of the big room came a dismal creaking, a complaining screech and a grumbling rumble, and out into the light, propelled by the property man, came what looked to be a badly made chiffonier minus the mirror, or a crude cabinet put together hurriedly, with a set of drawers gaping widely like so many mouths, and on top a miscellany of humble and unlovely articles, old gloves, screw drivers, nails, assorted thumb tacks, a watering can and a bottle of glue.

“This,” said the movie man, with a flourish, “is Lizzie!”

I stared, open-mouthed.

“But I thought you said Lizzie was a star!” I managed to articulate.

“Well, so I was!” came a rickety voice from the interior of the contraption. “I may not have been featured in the pictures, but just the same they couldn’t have been made without me. I have worked in as many as five pictures at once, and that’s more than any other star can say! And I never got fits of temperament, either, and refused to go on the set; I didn’t mind working all night, and I didn’t growl if the director sat on me—which is, again, more than any other star can say! And yet, in spite

Lizzie, the Silent Star

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

This is a story of a piece of “movie” furniture, a veteran piece which has appeared with many of the best known stars. The Players’ Club, in New York, cherishes relics of Edwin Booth. Who ventures to say that properties which have appeared with screen celebrities will not be as highly prized?—this chest of drawers, for instance, nicknamed by the screen-folk, Lizzie.

of my six years of steady service, I’ve never once been interviewed or had my picture in the paper! A rotten deal, I call it!”

And one of the half-open drawers shut with a vicious

snap. I rose nobly to the occasion and got out my notebook and fountain pen.

“The first thing to ask you,” I said, in the businesslike tone which I use when interviewing celebrities, “is how do you like California?”

“I am a Native Daughter!” she said proudly. “I come of famous old Redwood stock; my ancestors pioneered in the forests of northern California, and I may say, without undue boasting, that I am a chip of the old block.”

“Ah, yes,” I assented politely. “And your first picture was?”

“The Squaw Man,” she replied impressively. “That was Lasky’s first production, ’way back in the year 1913, and it was my film debut. I may say that that picture made me; or, rather, that I was made for the picture. I carried guns and whiskey bottles for the bar-room scenes in my upper drawers, and tapestries and wall paper for the English manor scenes in my lower ones.

“I don’t suppose you know—since interviewers are notoriously ignorant persons—that in those days the studios did not have the large force of men they have nowadays to decorate the sets. No, indeed; Bill, the property man, and I did it all. I carried almost everything that was needed for fixing up the sets, including cans of paint and vases for flowers. Bill would paper the walls, paint the floors, put down rugs, hang up pictures—all with my assistance, don’t forget; then the carpenters would move the furniture in, and the set was ready.

“In those days I carried satins for boudoir scenes, packages of snow for northern sets and the glittering paste jewels of the Queen! In those days it was ‘Lizzie, this,’ and ‘Lizzie, that’—and whatever was wanted, from a double-



“Lizzie” and Katherine McDonald.



You would never guess what this was unless we told you. It is a scene in a deep, cavernous, horrid sewer, 'way under ground, but for purposes of clear photography, the movie folks built it on a roof, which is where you see it.

barrel shotgun to an ivory toilet set, I carried. I was the catch-all, the what-not, the dray-horse of the studio.

"Those were the days when I worked from morning till night, being, as I may say, pushed from pillar to post, and often pushed to the wall! But at least I was in demand; everyone, from the star down to the gatekeeper, knew me and respected me. Geraldine Farrar used to leave her lace mantilla in my care when she made 'Carmen,' and Mary Pickford, as *Glad* in 'The Dawn of a Tomorrow,' used to leave her glad rags in my charge. When Sessue Hayakawa and Fannie Ward made 'The Cheat,' I kept the precious seal on which the story hinged—you know, the one he brands her with. Where, I ask you, would that picture have been if I hadn't kept track of that seal?

"And how Dustin Farnum respected me! When he was making 'The Virginian,' and the school-house scene came off where they bring the babies to the country dance, one of the mothers wanted to go to the office, but didn't want to leave her infant on the set.

"Give it to me," said Dusty. 'I'll put it in Lizzie's care. She cares for everything else around the studio; I'm sure she won't mind.' And the mother went off perfectly satisfied, while Dusty de-

posited the youngster on top of me, telling me to be a good nursemaid and not to flirt with the electrician!

"You can see how it galls my soul, after my brilliant career, to have to retire thus into private life and have only bottles of glue and screw drivers for intimates. I used to have so many visitors, and now Katherine McDonald is the only one who comes to see me, and though I appreciate her kindness, I have a suspicion that she covets my Redwood exterior for a chiffonier for her dressing-room!"



HENRY WOODWARD
Latest leading man of the Hollywood set.

Vain

Friend—How do you manage to shed real tears when you're acting?

Movie Actress—I just think of the millions who have died without seeing me on the screen.

Call the Censor

Flora—I hear De Ruyter has just finished another sex script.

Fauna—Yes; he calls it his latest obscenarior!

Why They Go Insane

Director—Say, you!

Scenario Writer—Yes, sir.

Director—Write me a story which will make the women cry and the men laugh.

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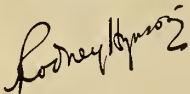
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Screen Scrapple

By H. R.

THIS is a lazy era. Victrolas have robbed us of the good old-fashioned desire to play the piano, autos carry us about and make the once-useful art of walking a crude accomplishment, and then, of course, there is the movie to relieve us of the arduous task of thinking. The brains of movie fans run in well-regulated grooves and could warble to the film, "You made me what I am to-day. I hope you're satisfied."

Not long ago in a certain production Irving Cummings, who has always been associated with heroics, was cast as the villain, while George McQuarrie, that purveyor of screen evil, was, for once in his life, given the chance to act the hero. And the public got all mixed up and over-exerted, wondering why the villain was kissing the heroine. This shows the laxity and selfishness on the part of the producers, who could have supplied an illuminating caption at the beginning to call attention to the switch. This would have saved patrons the necessity of coming out of their lethargy. No doubt if Theda Bara were to do *Pollyanna* on the screen, the fans would squirm at her wickedness, while if Mary Pickford should appear as *Salome*, the children would flock to see her. In due time the photoplay will have accomplished its mission, and having robbed the populace of even the brains to know that it wants amusement, will have killed that which gave it life, and so expire.

And yet it would be a crime to sacrifice the blind faith of some of the fans I know. One sat in back of me at a private showing of a serial the other day. Marguerite Marsh happened to be the leading lady, and a sub-title was flashed to the effect that "You are eighteen years old to-day, my dear." The fan behind me nudged her companion in a perfect frenzy of perturbation. "Oh," she said, "that's not true! I happen to know she's only seventeen!" Such people are the cause of serials.

William Fox, who brought the vamping into vogue and is still at large, recently sailed for France with a staff of his officials. It is noised around Broadway that his object is to sign up Bill Hohenzollern to appear in some of the more serious comedies for which the Fox name is famous.

And speaking of William Fox re-

minds us of the billing of Evelyn Nesbitt's newest picture, entitled "Thou Shalt Not"—the story of a girl who came back. I call that adding insult to injury! And her last picture was called "I Want To Forget." So does the public! Not that it wouldn't have forgiven her if she only hadn't come back pushing her past before her.

Agnes Ayres, the Vitagraph O. Henry girl, has decided that pride is an unbecoming trait. She had been making personal appearances in New York and neighboring towns, and, much impressed with her own popularity, had decided that the public was not without acumen and discernment. After one of her little speeches she was approached by a dear young thing, an ardent fan, who lisped for a photograph of the star. Agnes radiated appreciation of the girl's good taste and invited her to the hotel where she was stopping. The girl trotted along, chattering spiritedly, telling Miss Ayres delectable things about her beauty, how she just *loved* her acting, how she never missed *one* of her pictures, and how she just *adored* to see her on the screen. Then, receiving the photograph, she thanked the star sincerely, powdered her nose, flipped her skirts, lisped good-by, and, ye gods! called her by the name of another star! A transitory thing is pride!

A tribute to Bill Farnum's acting was paid by a fan the other day, who at the same time disclosed her own unusual gifts. Farnum was in the act of tossing a few extras around like bread crumbs. "Oh," said the fan, "he's mad! I can tell it just as plain!"

Those sensitive patrons who revel in the lighter moods of Bill Farnum, as playfully depicted in clouts on the jaw and an eagerness to strike below the belt, will be pleased with "The Man Hunter," a dainty offering of hatred and revenge. Farnum's histrionic ability is manifested in timely wallops and well-directed blows, mixed with a goodly spattering of seething paint. It is rumored that in his more active moments the star is practicing girth control, but this story was denied by one who has recently seen him.

We are informed in a breath that the income tax of the leading picture people in Los Angeles approximates \$3,-200,000. And yet the stars have made

their fortunes quite honestly and gently, with the casualties in the camps of the attacked limited to a few fits of hysteria, acute nausea and premature grayness. Of course the above figures are roughly given and may be erroneous to the extent of \$200,000 or so. But, pooh! what are a few hundred thousand when you're speaking of pictures?

Looking over the long list of pretty leading ladies, there seems to be no one that Bill Hart has overlooked. This may have something to do with the persistent rumors from out of the West to the effect that the Two-gun Man is to retire. Having sampled the industry's prettiest and daintiest, life can hold but little for him, unless a sympathetic somebody can discover a new fall crop of leading ladies. Bill Hart, unlike history, never repeats.

Charlie Chaplin gave his wife, Mildred Harris, so much good publicity by marrying her that her popularity increased all over the world. If Charlie were of a charitable turn of mind, he might start a harem to give the poor and unappreciated movie actresses a chance for fame and fortune.

One of the most notable improvements of the silent drama is noticeable in the decoration of sub-titles. It is oftentimes a simple matter to understand just what they mean. For instance, you can't go wrong on the lily or the little devil peering over the champagne glass, and you can pretty much tell what a picture's about, too, when you see the title decorated with bags of gold. The spider and the web intricately mingled with the caption often make it unnecessary for Gladys to sit through the entire picture, and the moth and the flame is a story in itself and barely needs the accompanying drama. There is often more suspense in a cluster of orange blossoms than there is in the play. This high art has been carried to the pinnacle of perfection by those who have aimed to improve the industry, and it has reduced scenario writing to the merest formality. A real, good photoplay can easily be told in a couple of dozen sub-title decorations.

Proof

"Is your son ambitious?"

"Not at all. He's never tried to write a motion picture scenario."



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The Cutting Room

The Answer Man's waste basket yields many discarded ideas as interesting as the bits clipped from a feature film at the behest of the censors. A Messenger has compiled some of these. Let us know if you like them.

Discouraged: Why? There's no doubt, if you are pretty and persistent as you say, that fifty thousand dollars will secure you a star part in a photo-play. If, after completion, the picture is never released, you may be sure there are many to keep it company, like Maxine Elliott's "Eternal Magdalene" and the unnamed play starring the mysterious "Mona Lisa." When this happens, the star is supposed to comfort herself with the hope that future generations will recognize work too fine for the strenuous folks of our times. If your fifty thousand is administered by somebody who understands salesmanship, your chances are better.

Scenarist: I'm not surprised. Nearly everybody believes he could write a play. Better have yours out. The operation is usually more or less painful. Not all cases are curable. As a first aid, saturate your system with the idea that a string of incidents doesn't make a plot, although many features nowadays appear to get along without either. The best anybody can do is to

work over the old plot ideas from new angles. Above all things, be reasonable and let real people carry the action along logically. Would a sample plot be a help to you?

Harty: We've heard that some progress has been made with the process, but so far as we can find out, asbestos notepaper is not yet on the market. We would be glad to give you better news, for we know the danger and discomfort of having so much inflammable material around the studios. Home happiness is often marred by the kind of letters against which you seek protection, and we suggest, as a trouble-saving device, a printed form reply. You have our deepest sympathy.

Bonnie Baby: For your barefoot camera dance any kind of feet will do, although the long, flat, narrow type seems just now to be in favor. The courage to come out flat-footed has been a trait in womankind from the beginning of time, and not one of 'em but has received masculine assurance that her wee tootsies were the loveliest on earth. So that part is all right; but if you're going in for it, you ought to learn to really dance. So many neglect this little detail.

Rural: Chicken farming on Broad-

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EXHIBITORS-MUTUAL

WOODBURY PHOTO

She wants what she wants when she wants it, and usually Bessie Barriscale gets it, whether it be success, fame, fluffy ruffles, or garden truck. She has attained such eminence as a screen star that New York is claiming her as a native daughter. Maybe so, but she's a voluntary Californian.

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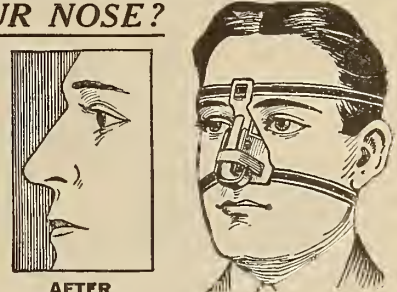


Elinor Fair's admirable work in Strand-Mutual Comedies has led her to a star part in "Married in Haste." This picture seems to prove she will have no trouble in living down her comedy past.

way never pays. Fewer people are going in for it since war began, but if nothing but experience will satisfy you, Broadway will accommodate you, and the variety of types of show girl sure she'd film well is practically endless. It will save you time and trouble to advertise in advance of your arrival something like this: "Youngster with ambition and \$25,000 wants to enter films." (They're all youngsters on Broadway.) This will get you in, believe me. A smaller amount might be less painful to lose, or a larger sum represent a more complicated system, but the end is the same in either case.

Clothes: It's easy enough when you know how. You "discover" some ambitious but not yet famous dressmaker and persuade her you can make her so if she will study your style and create the gowns for your pictures. For these you agree to pay a quarter or a third the ordinary price, promising as offset to this concession that your press agent shall herald descriptions of these gowns throughout the universe. The plan hasn't changed much since Dickens and Thackeray wrote it up, but it seems to find followers as readily as ever.

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BEFORE

AFTER

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UNITED PICTURES

Dustin Farnum having his little joke about Big Guns and Little Guns with Director Warde, when at work on "A Man in the Open."

Popularity Contest: As the boy said about the core of his apple, "There ain't a goin' to be any." When we see trouble looming ahead a long way off, we do not go to meet it. We are considering the advisability of a scenario contest. Everybody writes them, and we incline to the belief such a contest might set a lot of ideas to circulating that now are idle. Watch out for a later announcement.

Whim-Whams and Wheezes

(Continued from page 10)

the "folks back home," will put through their pork appropriations for picture palaces instead of post offices! (Applause.)

HEALTH NOTE: Mabel Normand has entirely (we hope) recovered from a severe attack of polite-dramatis and is tomboying again as sprightly as ever. Hooray for "Mickey"!

C. K. Y.

*Though she was born young, it is queer
She wasn't born Young, so I hear;
For as older she grew,
She became Young, it's true,
By wedding young Young. Is it clear?*

THE National Board of Reviews, the Supreme Court of filmdom,

said among other things that the costumes worn by Theda Bara in "Salome" were "fine." Consulting the dictionary, I learned that "fine" meant "thin, small, slight, slender." Whereupon I rushed out and viewed "Salome."

AS a positive cure for insomnia, I advise the reading of an interview with a film star in which she dissertates upon the heterogeneous hypothesis of the ultimate homogeneous physiology.

Especially if it happens that you attended school with the lady, back some years, and know just how strong she was for that stuff!

LITERARY NOTE: Gladys Leslie, who looks like Mary Pickford and doesn't want to, says her favorite book is her bankbook. Your choice is a good one, Gladys, if the book be well illustrated. Ours is blank.

ACERTAIN film star says she wears gowns to match her soul. Strolling along this psychological pathway, we bump into Fatty Arbuckle. Now, if his trousers are any criterion, Roscoe must have a soul as large as a barrel.

But isn't this line of reasoning rather rough on Mack Sennett's bathing girls?



It was all because of the great prune strike—

Prunes three times a day were more than human flesh would stand. So Judy (Mary Pickford) led the orphans in a strike against prunes. All the kids except Judy and Tommy soon gave up and went back to prunes. Being true juvenile Bolsheviki, Judy and Tommy "stuck." But nature is nature, and they just had to eat something—hence one of the funniest scenes in pictures.

Watch for it at your theatre.

It will be advertised under her own signature, thus:

Mary Pickford
in Jean Webster's famous story and Play
"DADDY LONG LEGS"

Miss Pickford, with her mother as business manager, is now producing her own pictures at her own studios. She has long wanted to give her friends the kind of photoplays she believes they will like best. In order to accomplish her ideal she has gone into business for herself and offers this famous play as an example of the kind of pictures she will personally produce.

The screen rights alone to "Daddy Long Legs" cost more than many photoplays in their entirety. Some theatres will have to raise their prices in order to show "Daddy Long Legs," but you will agree when you see it that they are justified.

Her first three photoplays from her own studios including this one, will be distributed for her by

The First National Exhibitors Circuit, Inc.,

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To More Persons Than Were Ever Taught by One Man Before

I make good players of them in *quarter* the usual time, at *quarter* the usual cost, and all by *correspondence*.



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You learn faster, *not* because anything is omitted, but because you use every possible scientific assistance—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for *generations*. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. It enables you, in your *third* lesson, to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. This one fact saves you *months* of valuable time. The COLOROTONE is patented and cannot be used by any other teacher or conservatory.

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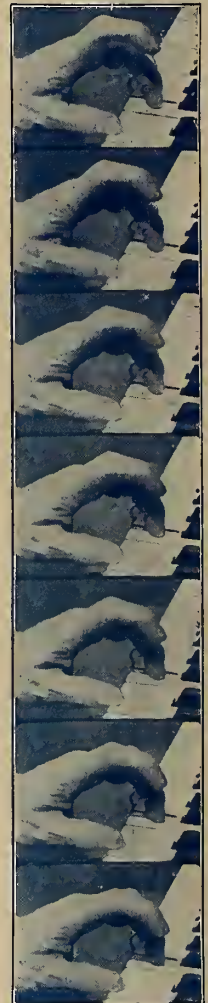
You follow them minutely and exactly without any chance of error or misunderstanding. Without Quinn-dex much of your time (and your teacher's time) would be devoted to correcting bad habits acquired through faulty practise. This discourages more students and wastes more time

than any other single factor.

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Celluloid Celebrities

In This Number

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NEW YORK



Paramount and Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to April 30th.
Save the list! And see the pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in
"THE TEST OF HONOR"
*Eid Bennett in
"THE LAW OF MEN"
Billie Burke in
"GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELL"
Lina Cavalieri in
"THE TWO BRIDES"
Marguerite Clark in
"LET'S FLOPE"
Ethel Clayton in
"PETTIGREW'S GIRL"
*Dorothy Dalton in
"THE HOMEBREAKER"
Pauline Frederick in
"PAID IN FULL"
Dorothy Gish in
"PEPPY POLLY"
Lilla Lee in
"RUSTLING A BRIDE"
Vivian Martin in
"LITTLE CONRADE"
Shirley Mason in
"THE RESCUING ANGEL"
*Charles Ray in
"GREASED LIGHTNING"
Wallace Reid in
"THE ROARING ROAD"
Bryant Washburn in
"SOMETHING TO DO"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"The Hun Whirl"
with a Special Star Cust
"Little Women" from Louisa
M. Alcott's famous book
A Wm. A. Brady Production
*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

And remember that any *Paramount* or *Artcraft* picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

"Private Pent"
with Private HAROLD PEAT
"Sporting Life"
A Maurice Tourneur Production
"The Silver King"
starring William Faversham
"The False Faces"
A Thomas H. Ince Production

Artcraft

Enrico Caruso in
"MY COUSIN"
George M. Cohan in
"HIT THE TRAIL HOLIDAY"
Cecil B. de Mille's Production
"FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in
"ARIZONA"
Elsie Ferguson in
"EYES OF THE SOUL"
D. W. Griffith's Production
"THE GIRL WHO STAYED AT HOME"
*William S. Hart in
"THE POPPY GIRL'S HUSBAND"
Mary Pickford in
"CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."

Paramount Comedies Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy

"LOVE"
Paramount-Mack Sennett
Comedies
"THE FOOLISH AGE"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"THE LITTLE WIDOW"
"THE LAST BOTTLE"
Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in
"THE AMATEUR LIAR"

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A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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METRO

Nazimova, in "The Red Lantern," though doleful, is decorative. For the New York Follies, she would be a trifle over-dressed, but they are more conservative in the Orient.



ROBERTSON-COLE

LEWIS SMITH PHOTO

H. B. Warner, whose "Sleeping Partners" was one of the season's successes, has deserted stage for screen. His first picture, "The Man Who Turned White," is a tale of the desert and of caravans, in which Warner plays a double role—Captain Rand of the Foreign Legion, and Ali Zaman, leader of a band of Bedouin bandits. Scenes in the photoplay bear a strange likeness to occurrences in the recent Egyptian uprising which transpired while the picture was being filmed in California.



What Q stands for in Anna Q. Nilsson nobody has told us. We should venture that it stood for Queenly, were not that so many queens are formal, fat and frumpish. Likely enough, Quality is the best bet, and the demand for Miss Nilsson's services by various producing companies bears this out.



The Mercereau Sisters, Violet and Claire, the kitten being an adopted member of the family. Claire, on the right, lately forsook the screen for the role of "Pollyanna" on the stage, and smiles accordingly. Violet's smile is accounted for by the fact that she may soon leave for Paris, and there make pictures in a new Paris studio.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

JACK PICKFORD, we are told, has just completed "In Wrong." We're all glad to hear it.

A news note from Los Angeles says the Anita Stewart Company has gone to San Francisco for a few days, "to get some city and logging scenes." Whoever chose that location erred grievously. San Francisco is a good camp, but when the native sons up there read that story, they are likely to cry, "T-i-m-b-e-r-r-r!" as is done in logging operations when a tree is falling, so folks can keep from getting hurt.

What would you think if told that "Genius is twenty per cent. ideas, thirty per cent. talent and fifty per cent. initiative. Ideas are small in themselves when reduced to brass tacks, but when we put the steam behind, they often turn into something tremendous"? We thought it was tacky. But, then, Doug says he never said it, so there!

"Those who laugh are happy. Laughter is more or less of a habit. To some it comes only with practice. But what's to hinder practicing?"

Napoleon would never have desired a crown could he have seen a movie actor's idea of a king.

Antony might have been lured away from Cleopatra to see a Mack Sennett comedy.

Salome could have turned so many heads as a movie queen that she wouldn't have bothered about John's.

Solomon's wisdom would have passed unnoticed beside the wisdom displayed by Mary Pickford in signing a contract.

Demosthenes wouldn't have gone to the beach to hold pebbles in his mouth. He would have learned that some of our most popular actors are tongue-tied.

William Shakespeare under the star system would never have thought of saying, "The play's the thing."

Queen Elizabeth, on seeing Walter Raleigh lay down

his cloak in the mud, would have said, "Pooh! Movie stuff!"

Methuselah would have stopped his bragging on learning the ages of the time-worn dames who still do ingenue parts.

Diogenes would have quit his search for an honest man upon meeting Theda Bara's press agent.

Elijah could never have gotten away with that ascension stuff. Fans know too much about trick photography.

Jonah's story of the whale would never have caused a ripple. Movie fans swallow greater bunk than Jonah with each new photoplay.

S. M. Berg, writing in a trade journal, states that "with the Prohibition Amendment shortly going into force and the Peace Treaty in Europe about to be signed, there is every likelihood that good times will be enjoyed by all." We don't know "where he gets that stuff." Everywhere we travel the idea seems to prevail that after July 1st it is going to require ceaseless, strenuous effort to "register joy."

As from Colonial days, they're still striving after harmony in Pennsylvania. When it came to the attention of the manager that Lenten observances were decreasing attendance at the Blaine Theater in McAdoo, he rearranged the schedule so the second

show started a half hour after church services were concluded and advertised this fact. Result, increased attendance at both churches and theater, with everyone pleased.

A project for free pictures as a summer attraction in Indianapolis parks is receiving favorable consideration. By that time films of the South Polar expedition will be available, and probably several features filmed at Truckee's midwinter snow carnival, and skate, skii and toboggan pictures. These would tend to relieve heat victims. This might be tried in New York's East Side if an overhead screen were used.



UNIVERSAL

No doubt working as a "Wildcat" enabled Priscilla Dean to scramble after blossoms so gracefully, but she ought to take care or that blithesome gown may have to be unscrambled.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

SAYS the Kansas City *Star*: "Mainly because they were known as great singers, Caruso, Mme. Farrar, Anna Case and others have been offered large sums to appear in the movies, and they have responded graciously. The public also has borne the event graciously. Thus far there is no indication that the public would not pay willingly for a good film showing Josef Hoffman playing the piano, and another of Fritz Kreisler playing the violin. So why is it not done?" All things come to him who waits, so perhaps it will be done. Advices from the Paramount office, stating that the second Caruso picture and a Cavaliere picture would be shelved because they were not up to standard, seem to point a turn in the road. The first Caruso picture was not the financial success the producers expected it to be. With sufficient pecuniary losses on films which exploit stars from other fields of art who have no qualifications whatever for screen stardom, producers may be prevailed upon to stop the ridiculous custom. The box office will eventually tell the story.

A New Type of Vamp

"The Test," in which the Paramount offers John Barrymore in his first dramatic picture, is one of the most artistic and high-grade photoplays seen hereabouts in many a moon. It is like a cool, refreshing shower after a drought. While morbid in theme, it is splendidly acted. The picture brings two faces new to the screen in prominent parts. Constance Binney, one of the newcomers, now winning laurels for her work in Rachel Crother's new play, "39 East," is a darling little person with a lovely face and a winning personality. The petite stars of the screen need to look to their laurels, for a substantial rival looms large on the horizon. Miss Binney is adorable. She has youth, beauty, personality and a simple, unaffected, direct style of acting. Marcia Manon, who has been seen heretofore in less prominent parts than the one of *Lady Ruth Ferris* in "The Test," portrays a new type of vamp and a welcome one. It was much needed. She is a very stunning woman, who wears her hair in a daring fashion (for the screen) and displays some striking costumes. Her face is sensitive and capable of great play of expression. Most of all, she both



CAMPBELL STUDIOS

LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

appears intelligent and acts so. I should say she had a good running chance to outvamp all the movie "vamps." Physically Miss Manon is much like Clara Kimball Young, but to my mind she has a more interesting and intellectual face. John Barrymore gives an excellent performance. His work is quite as telling on the screen as on the stage. He rises to great dramatic heights. His "make-ups" are works of art, but that prison wig, worn for a few short scenes, was, as they always are, very bad. This wig is so utterly different to Mr. Barrymore's hair immediately before and after prison. Cannot the wig makers turn out something to better represent "cropped hair"? Photography good, direction also, though not up to the high standard of the acting, for that is one hundred per cent. There are a few trite sub-titles for which other more up-to-date captions might well be substituted.

Putting Over "Youth" in the Movies

It is generally conceded that the older we grow the less active we become, our movements slow down, our steps slacken their pace, with conscious deliberation we rise from our easy chair, and with equal deliberation we gently sink into its downy depths. All of which is just as true as it is not true. There are numbers of young men over sixty—yes, over eighty—of fine, keen mentality, with equally keen and alert bodies, active leaders in public life. And no doubt just as many in private life. I have a father, some forty-five years my senior, who can beat me all hollow climbing the steep hills of San Francisco. Now there seems to be a similar fallacy regarding "youth," and that is that it is never "still." It never walks, but jumps, hops and skips, and is never quiet for one moment of its wakeful hours. Some children and some youths do so deport themselves, but is it not more a matter of temperament than of one's numbered days on earth? On the screen this "youth" is portrayed by a staccato jerkiness of head, arms, legs and feet. I have seen small boys work quietly for hours over some mechanical toy, and in the same quiet way little girls "playing house" with their dolls and tea things. But the movie ingenue alone must appear as some wild, untamed creature, who never sits on a chair, but

prefers to slide down over the back of it; she leaps over tables, and even does a handspring down the center of the drawing-room. Most young women who live in drawing-rooms are taught to walk gently and as gracefully as possible. Quite like monkeys in a zoo do some movie ingenues gyrate. At times the audience might be easily forgiven for thinking the "sweet young thing" has the St. Vitus dance. Is it a fear that she might be thought a few days past the fatal movie age of seventeen that she frisks about until one's nerves are quite on edge?

There are times when the actress portraying a young girl of fourteen up to twenty be called upon to interpret a sprightly, muchly animated miss. There should be a reason for it, as is shown in that splendid photoplay, "Out of the Fog," in which Nazimova played the natural, untamed child of the elements, one whose playmates had been the storm-tossed sea and the jagged rocks that set off the lonely lighthouse where she lived alone with a crabbed, austere uncle. Nazimova is probably some few summers past seventeen (I have no idea how many and it doesn't matter), but the youngest movie star could sit at the feet of Nazimova and learn how to portray "youth." Hers was not a self-conscious imitation of her director's playing of the scene, as if to say, "Now I jump—one, two, three; and now I hop—one, two, three." Intelligence does count for something on the screen, and it is quite as necessary to be able to feel "youth" as to be young in years when interpreting "youth" for the screen—granted that the face be not old and haggard. This, of course, holds equally true for the stage, for who among the youngest leading men of to-day could play "Peer Gynt" as that genius, Richard Mansfield, played it?

In another recent picture where animated youth held forth, Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," a newcomer, by name Clarice Seymour, as *Cutie Beautiful*, lived up to her character by giving a very beautiful performance of a little miss who simply couldn't keep her feet still. She just had to dance. When her lover went "overseas" to fight, she knitted him socks in time to the same record on her Victrola to which the two had danced in happier hours. Her character was a sincere creation, and she played it with great feeling and sincerity. When parts call for this wild abandon of youth, if they can be interpreted by intelligent actresses or by artists, all well and good. Nothing makes the movie ingenue appear more ridiculous and more boring than when she is supposed to be bubbling over with the joy of life and youth, and the poor thing's knowledge of

life and feeling for life is simply nil. Futile attempts to be animated are always pathetic, whether on the screen or in life. There are young women of both the highest and lowest social rating who are quiet and gentle and reposeful. Why not try them in the movies for a change?

Not for the Screen

I did not expect much of "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" for how could this brilliant play, the work of Claire Kummer, be intelligently or entertainingly transferred to the screen? It cannot be done, but as I am informed that that is sometimes the last consideration of the producer, no one should be surprised at the result. I defy anyone who had not seen the play to tell what this movie story was about. Miss Burke is charming and she has a tremendous following throughout the country. "Good Gracious, Annabelle!" was a delight as a play, brilliant and most enjoyable. It was never meant for the screen, as everyone who has seen this movie can testify.

An Irreparable Loss

An irreparable loss to motion picture advancement and to the big public who do dearly loved him comes with the passing of Sidney Drew. He was the only one in the industry to put out a program of clean, consistent, refined comedies. The stories were slight in theme, but always wholesome and happy. Mr. and Mrs. Drew as "Henry and Polly" were like human relations that one was fond of. They were so "homey." Mr. Drew proved that simple, clean comedy could be made to pay and that there was a public for other comedies than those made up of coarse comedians and nude bathing girls, with a "mad chase" as a wind-up. The vacancy left by Mr. Drew's death will be hard to fill. Since the beginning of pictures he was the only one to succeed in his class of screen comedy, by all odds the very hardest line of the work in which to "make good."

A Lost Charm

Why have the "Anita Stewart" pictures fallen so far short of all expectation? Here is an actress who some few years ago bid fair to become the biggest woman in motion pictures. That was at the time of Vitagraph's pretentious serial, "The Goddess." 'Way back to the time of "A Million Bid," Miss Stewart contributed splendid work to the screen. That was in the day when Ralph Ince was her director. Then came big offers to Miss Stewart, new contracts, broken contracts, resulant litigation and

(Continued on page 34)



PARAMOUNT-GRIFFITH

Clarice Seymour, "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," with Dick Barthelmess. Who Wouldn't?

A Woman Hater Becomes "A Regular Fellow"



1. Grandfather's ultimatum—The woman hater must marry.



2. He meets "the girl." Woman hater goes in the discard.



3. With a goddess now to worship, Dalion decides to smash his false gods.

A Peep at the Plot

Dalion Pemberton (Taylor Holmes) is a woman hater. When told by his grandfather that he must marry *Virginia Christy*, he runs away to South America. There he meets a girl who makes him forget about woman hating. When she sails for New York, he sails, too—as a stowaway—and is arrested on arrival. Two cellmates force him to break jail with them and plan a robbery. They find that the wealthy home of their designs is already being "worked" by thieves, and all sorts of blows are struck before Pemberton can wriggle out of bad company. He is amazed to find that the home the crooks had planned to rob is that of the girl of the steamer. Also, that the girl is *Virginia Christy*, to avoid marrying whom he fled to South America. Joyous ending.



4. On the same steamer with "the girl," but in a different—such a different—cabin.



5. Crooks in plenty. Rid of one set, Dalion finds himself in the presence of another, a pair of adventurers with designs upon "the girl." They met her on the boat, coming to New York.



6. Timid as a "woman hater," Dalion develops into something of a fighter when "the girl" is concerned. And no grandfather's ultimatum is necessary to make him marry her finally.

Marion Davies in "Getting Mary Married"



1. *Mary is practically a prisoner in the richly furnished home of her stepfather.*



2. *John Bussard reproves Mary for her lack of taste in framing her mother's portrait.*



3. *Mary's meeting with the poor widow whose money was lost through Bussard.*

The Story Briefly Put

Mary (Marion Davies) is the stepdaughter of old *John Bussard*. Everything *Mary* does is "bad form," so he trains her for his own exalted circle. One day he dies, and *Mary* hears that she is to inherit his fortune if she will but live a year with the Boston *Bussards*, so as to acquire more culture. About to refuse, she meets a poor widow who lost her money through *Bussard's* unscrupulousness. That money, *Mary* decides, must be paid back, so to Boston she goes. There she meets *James Winthrop*, rich and eligible, who learns *Mary's* story and loves her. He works the market so that the widow is reimbursed out of the *Bussard* fortune. Before the year is up, *Winthrop* gets *Mary*, and the *Bussards* get the "fortune"—which now amounts to 36 cents.



4. *Mary and her dog get rather a chilly reception from the "cultured" Boston Bussards.*



5. *James Winthrop, "the most desirable catch of the Boston season," becomes "interested" in Mary. The interest deepens into love.*



6. *With a telegram from the widow—poor no longer—Winthrop convinces Mary that she need not stay the year out in the Bussard home.*

Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.



Douglas Fairbanks personally superintending the education of "Hyacinth."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Juliette* didn't seem to know the answer to the question, "What's in a name?" but Theda Bara does. Vibrations are in a name, says she. Miss Bara is a student of occult lore and claims that each letter of the alphabet has its vibration for good or evil, and that when the right ones are combined correctly, the ensuing etheric vibrations make for the success of the person adopting the name thus evolved. It has worked in Miss Bara's case, at least. Her name used to be Theodosia Goodman, and the etheric convolutions in "Theda Bara" certainly brought success and fortune. Her sister, who in private life is "Esther," now has a fancy set of vibrations as "Loro," and her scenario writer and designer, who was once just plain George Hopkins, now is traveling on the road to fame with "Neje" wished on him from out of the ether. This name, Miss Bara declares, is a particularly potent one, so we may expect great things from George—we mean Neje. The name, by the way, is in two syllables, with the first "e" sounded like "a," and the last one reminiscent of the "u" in "bug."

WHO would ever believe that there was a time when Charlie Chaplin was considered "punk"! Yet it is really true, for in the old Keystone days Charlie was the white elephant of the studio; no one wanted to direct him, because he had such "queér ideas" of how things should be done and of what comedy consisted. He insisted on introducing his own brand of comedy, and the directors looked askance at him and wondered why he was ever hired.



Gladys Brockwell, Fox star, has become very much attached to little Nancy Caswell, the five-year-old actress.

When "Tilly's Punctured Romance" was cast, Ford Sterling was to have had the lead opposite Marie Dressler and Mabel Normand; but Ford took sick, and there was no one else to take the part—no one but "that fellow, Chaplin."

"Oh, well," said the director, "he'll be rotten, but the rest of the cast will be good. Put him in and let's do the best we can."

The picture made Charlie — and Charlie made the picture. After that, the directors went around telling each other, "Didn't I say so? Isn't he a scream? Didn't I always say he'd make good?"

KIPLING might have been less positive of his statement that East and West can never meet if he had seen little Haru Onuki, the Japanese prima donna of the San Carlos Opera Company, being received by Bill Hart at his studio when the little Oriental star visited Los Angeles.

When Haru found that she was to sing "Madame Butterfly" in the premier movie city of the land, she expressed a heartfelt desire to meet her favorite star. Was it Chaplin or Mary Pickford or Douglas Fairbanks? No; it was Bill Hart, who to her is the "ideal Westerner."

The admiration was mutual, for Hart had heard the little songbird many times in her vaudeville tours and also in Puccini's famous opera. So the representatives of the East and the West spent the time paying each other compliments, and Miss Onuki carried away from the studio a dozen or more autographed photos of her favorite movie actor.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is personally superin-



Haru Onuki, the Japanese prima donna, thinks Bill Hart the star of stars.

tending the education of Hyacinth, the brown bear who is the latest acquisition to the Fairbanks menagerie, and the lady, who is called Hi for short, certainly needs her morals corrected.

Some unprincipled wretch introduced Hyacinth to the joys of the little brown jug, and the result was a little brown jag, with Hyacinth careening bibulously over the lot and sportively chasing every camera man and director to cover—and this with prohibition in the offing, too!

So Doug has put Hi on the milk diet, and she takes to it kindly, even enthusiastically. She is also becoming a fast boxer, under Doug's tutelage, and can climb a church steeple almost as fast as he can.

✧
WANDA HAWLEY, the bewitching little Paramount star who is now making a picture of Civil War times called "Secret Service," spends every leisure moment at the piano, for she does not intend to lose the skill which her supple fingers acquired long before she ever thought of entering pictures.

Before Wanda went into the movies, her life ambition was to become a musician, and with this purpose in mind she went to New York to study music, both vocal and instrumental. She accompanied for Albert Spaulding and was preparing to appear in a concert, when her voice failed her on account of laryngitis.

She found success awaiting her in motion pictures, but she has never forgotten her first love—music—and spends from three to five hours a day, when possible, at her grand piano, with Friend Husband, Burton Hawley, as an interested audience.

✧
ANNE LITTLE, who is noted for her characterization of Indian roles, and who recently did such a wonderful piece of work in De Mille's "Squaw Man," likes to reminisce about her early experiences in pictures, which were mostly under the direction of Thomas Ince.

Anne was the only white girl in a company of Sioux Indians, and the tribe undertook her education in the Sioux language. One of the braves would teach Anne a phrase, and when she could repeat it correctly, she would be induced to spring it on one of the other redskins, and the result was always startling and mystifying to Anne. The one addressed would lose his usual composure and burst into hilarious laughter, after which he would painstakingly instruct the puzzled girl in another sentence for her to repeat to someone else.



Wanda Hawley has never forgotten her first love—music.

✧
WHEN William Farnum isn't doing heroics on the screen, he is out fishing, for that is his favorite recreation. Lately the company went to Florida for several locations, and Bill was in his glory.

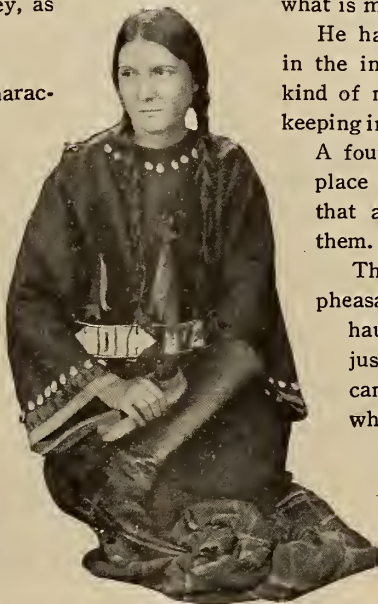
He returns now with a tale of having caught all sorts of finny things, from man-eating sharks to tropical flying fish. Sounds like a fish story, doesn't it? But, then, Bill has the pictures to prove it, and so—

✧
WE know a lot of stars who like birds—usually grilled and on toast; but George Larkin, the Serial King of the Astra company, playing opposite Ruth Roland, likes 'em alive and flying around.

Out in Glendale, Calif., where he and Olive Kirkby, his bride of a year, have a cunning little bungalow and are as happy as the two proverbial love birds, George has built an aviary larger than his own house, and it is stocked with many rare and beautifully colored songsters, for birds are George's hobby, and he knows every one by name—and what is more, they know him.

He has planted numerous shrubs and trees in the inclosure and has seen to it that every kind of nest a bird could want to set up house-keeping in is at the disposal of his winged friends. A fountain in the center furnishes a bathing place for the birds, and they are so tame that almost anyone can handle them and pet them.

The bully of the aviary is a large silver pheasant, whose splendor almost excuses his haughty, naughty behavior, and who has just disgraced himself by killing a baby canary and badly hurting the father canary who tried to defend his youngster. The bold, bad pheasant is now exiled to an aviary of his own, and for all his value is thought much less of, by George and Olive, than the valiant little yellow bird, who is being nursed back to health "as if he was a child or something useful," says Olive.



Anne Little was the only white girl in a company of Sioux Indians.

"Brass Buttons," Starring William Russell



1. Hollister begs the uniform in order to woo the blonde beauty.



2. The blonde is game enough to play up to the handsome cop.

The Essence of It

Kingdon Hollister (William Russell) loves at sight a beautiful blonde. He follows her home, learns from the cop she's a lady's maid, and coaxes Officer Callahan to lend his uniform. She is really Bernice Cleveland—mistress, not maid—he keeps that to herself. The mayor of Sawtooth, seeking a chief of police, engages Jake, the Priest. First, however, the latter, a gunman, insists on "getting" Callahan. He attacks Hollister in the borrowed uniform and is knocked silly. The mayor transfers his appointment to Hollister, who, challenged by Bernice, agrees to clean up the town if she will marry him. He succeeds. The two unmask. The wedding is interrupted by Jake, the Priest, who chases the bridegroom with a gun—his wedding gift.



3. The bogus cop explains his plan for cleaning up the woolly town.



4. The bad men are treated to some of their own stunts.



5. While the bogus cop hugs the bogus maid, the really-truly cop practices tact.



6. The true maid's unprepossessing sweetheart chases the bridegroom with his astonishing wedding gift.

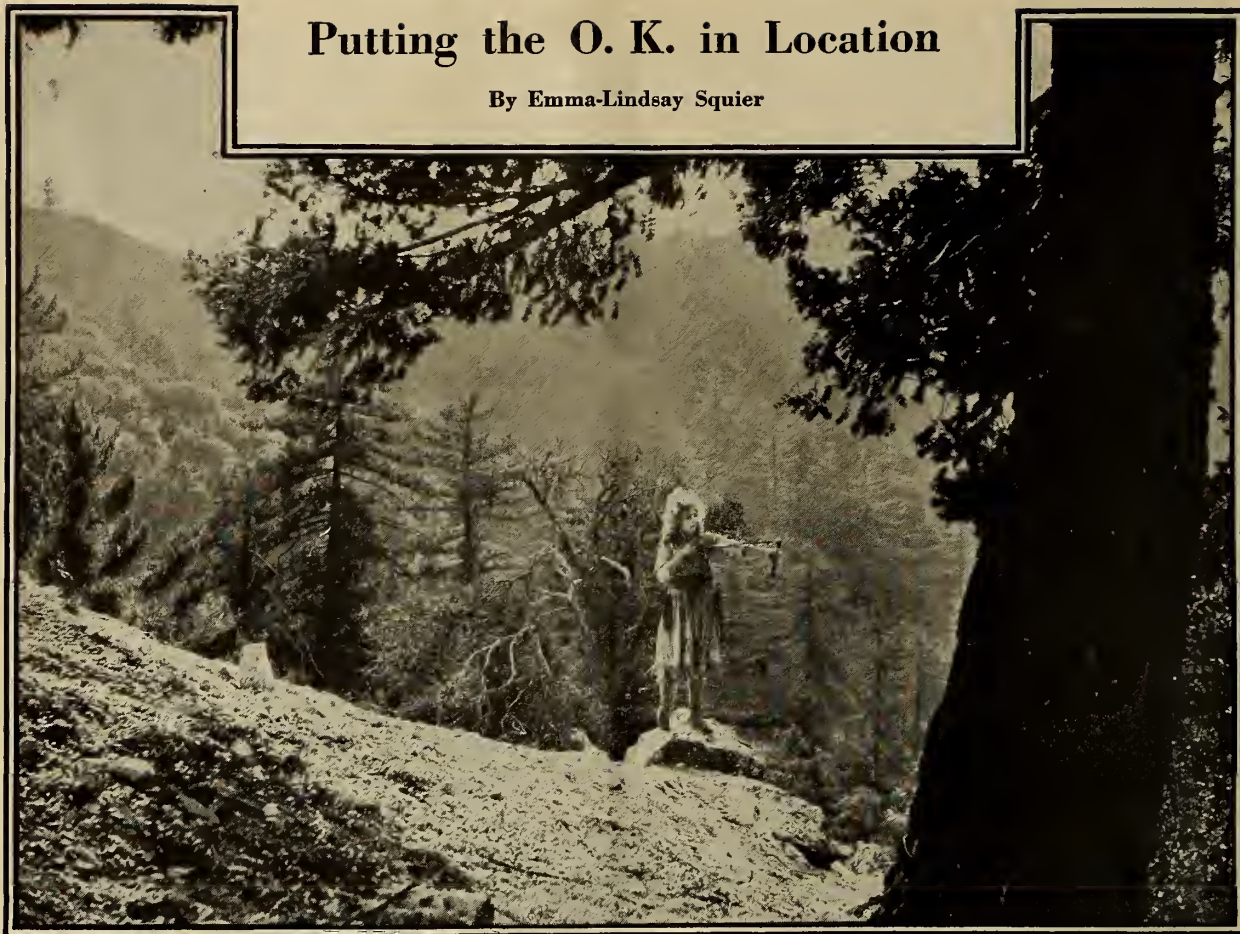


PARAMOUNT

It is a good prophecy that if this pose of Miss Shirley Mason could be circulated widely in the mysterious East, a whole lot of squatting Buddhas would be thrown in the discard and a new idol installed in hitherto Buddhist households. And why not?

Putting the O. K. in Location

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



Mary Pickford on location for "M'Liss." A spot out in the wilderness, forty miles from nowhere, that appeals as being the last word in scenery.

IT remains for some yet undiscovered Webster to compile a dictionary of cinemese definitions for a world not yet entirely composed of movie fans. There are still a few people who think that "shooting" can be done only with a gun, that a "still" is a place for the illicit manufacture of whiskey, and that "set" refers only to a hen's preliminary egg-hatching process. Yes, indeed, there are those who think that "props" are posts used to support houses and tunnels, and as for "location"—well, we'll have to forgive the uninitiated for their ignorance concerning this term, as there seems to be a difference of opinion concerning it, even in the best-informed film circles.

Now, to the Innocent Bystander, "location" means simply a place away from the studio where a moving picture scene is taken—any place; it may be in the next block, and it may be in the next county. It may be the front steps of a church, or it may be on top of the Mt. Wilson Observatory. So far, there seems to be little difficulty in getting the meaning; but if you ask the various powers-that-be in any film company, you will get a variety of versions that will put the immortal 57 to shame.

Out at the Mary Pickford studio I came across "Buck" Ewing, the head electrician who chaperons the Cooper-Hewitts and the Klieglights. Buck is an old-timer and can be depended on to give an interesting—even though

somewhat colored—version about anything in the studio, from the camera man's eccentricities to the front office gossip.

"Anyone can tell you what location is," he commenced, shifting gears on a plug of Navy Special; "but take it from one who knows, the hardest job in the world, outside of taking the germ out of Germany, is putting the O. K. in location. Everyone takes a whack at it, from the star to the property man, and no two have the same ideas about it.

"This here 'Daddy Long-Legs' picture that Miss Pickford's doing now has a lot of location work in it, and we've been on the move considerable getting the proper places to shoot. F'rinstance, Micky Neilan picks a spot out in the wilderness, forty miles from nowhere, that appeals to him as being the last word in scenery, and he says to me, 'Buck,' he says, 'we'll shoot this overhanging mountain cliff at night. It's a bear of a location; just room for two people on it—deep chasm below—thick shadows all around—great stuff—what?'

"'Sure!' I says. 'But if there's just room for two people there, how do I get the lights set up?'

"'I dunno,' says he. 'That's your business, not mine.'"

"'Very interesting,'" I said politely. "But tell me, just how would you define 'location'?"

"A location," he started out impressively, while the Navy Special went from high into low, "is a place fifteen miles from the studio, where the company is going to work all night. All the lights in the studio and a dynamo have to be loaded into trucks and carted to this place, and when they arrive they have to be lifted out by hand. Each one weighs three hundred and fifty pounds and takes three men to move 'em, and anyone who thinks that's a light job has another thought a-coming, you can bet."



Mary Pickford and Douglas McLean in "Captain Kidd, Jr." This is an ideal location in more ways than one.

"And do you have anything to say about selecting the place?" I asked him next.

"Well," he cogitated, "I generally do have something to say, but I couldn't tell you what it is—you being a lady and everything."

Just then I spied Marshall Neilan, alias "Micky," who is Mary Pickford's director, and I left Buck and his plug for the more artistic company of the director, who, on having the location proposition put up to him, began polishing his shell-rimmed glasses.

"A location is best described as a place of conflict between the star and the director," he said thoughtfully. "It is refereed by a wailing scenario writer, umpired by a protesting camera man, and egged on by a horde of minor thespians. The place is bounded on the north by the ingenue's admiring relations, on the south by the extras who know they could do what the star does if they had the chance. It is entirely surrounded by curious citizens who squeeze inside the camera lines, and is watched from afar by a helpless property owner, who in a thoughtless moment allowed the company to invade his premises and despoil them for art's sake.

"In the old days," he went on, taking a final swipe at the glasses, "locations were tracked to their lair by the location man, and no one else had a say-so about it; but location men got too careless to satisfy an exacting public. They were apt to let telephone posts stray into the foreground of Colonial pictures and to pick a healthy



"A location is best described as a place of conflict between the star and the director."

eucalyptus grove for a South African forest scene. So now the sole remaining function of a location man is to get permission from the owner to use the place—after it has been found."

"But surely," I protested, "it isn't hard to find places to take pictures. Why, Southern California has the most marvelous scenery"—

If looks could have killed, I would have been in condition for an epitaph.

"Scenery—humph!" grunted Micky sardonically. "Oh, sure, the State is full of scenery, and streets are full of

houses; but do you realize that it's next to impossible to get places around here that haven't been shot full of holes by a camera? The public is hypercritical about locations—they demand them fresh off the griddle; and when you realize that thousands of out-of-door scenes are being shot every day by some of the many film companies in Southern California, you can get some slight idea of what it means to pick out a place that has never faced the camera.

"It means that the camera man and I take in hand a large red automobile and go forth together in pursuit of the elusive location. We follow some dirt road that leads off the main highway for many bumpy miles. Maybe we're hunting a locale for a backwoods picture. Well, then, no telephone posts, transformers or advertising signboards must intrude. We spend a day searching for a place to take one scene, and when we've found it and are ready to put our brand on it, up chugs another machine with a load of made-up stars, perspiring directors and worried-looking camera men—and they ask us will we please leave, as they found that location last week.

"Then, if we want a particular house in the city, we scout around for a day, and finally pick out one away out in the suburbs, where we're sure no camera and tripod have ever trodden before. We ask the lady of the house can we borrow her porch for a scene or two, and she says yes, certainly—BUT—it has been taken three times that week already—so, on we go!"

Most stars wouldn't have anything to say about the location chosen for their pictures, but Mary has, by right of being a corporation of one, bossing her own company and its production. So I surmised that she might have a few ideas of her own about what is a location, nor was I mistaken.

She was at luncheon—a typical Mary Pickford luncheon, in which she was gormandizing on a lettuce leaf and a piece of cheese the size of a dime. She was in her *Judy* make-up for "Daddy Long-Legs" and was wearing a checked gingham frock that came to her knees. Her lustrous curls were confined for the moment into flaxen braids that came down over her shoulders and almost to her waist.

She echoed my question with a little quirky smile.

"What is location? Listen: You start at six o'clock in the morning; you ride miles, *miles*, MILES! The wind blows, your make-up is spoiled, your hair disarranged, your temper uncertain. The road is rough; you have a puncture. It is either February or July. If it's February, you are working on a summer story and are dressed in organdie or thin silk; and if it's July, you're working on a winter story and bundled up in furs to slowly broil in the sun. When you get there, the branches catch in your hair, and you nearly fall off a cliff; you think you see a rattlesnake, and a tree has fallen just where the camera man wanted to shoot. You work all day and ride back after dark, glad it's over. The next day you are told you have to go back,

because the scenes were unsatisfactory and have to be shot over. That is location!

"Now, in this picture, 'Daddy Long-Legs,'" she pursued, "we wanted a typical New England farm, and the director and camera man looked for a week before they found one they told me was ideal. Of course we were all delighted and hurried out with cameras, costumes and props, and Micky Neilan was proudly showing me his 'find,' when he stopped and gave a cry of horror! Right there in the front yard, where the camera couldn't possibly shoot from any angle without including it, was a clump of banana trees! Poor Micky! He had overlooked it the day before in his exuberance about the rest of the place; but there it was, and we simply couldn't make the scenes there, for who ever heard of a banana tree growing in the doorway of a down-East farmhouse?"

Just then I saw Charlie Rosher, the camera man, streaking it across the set, attired in the conventional woollen shirt, khaki trousers and puttees without which no self-respecting camera can be operated. I made my excuses to Mary and hailed Charlie with the same question I had inflicted on the others, and he twisted his cap around with the vizor to the back, as is the custom of camera men, and turned his mind to the subject in hand.

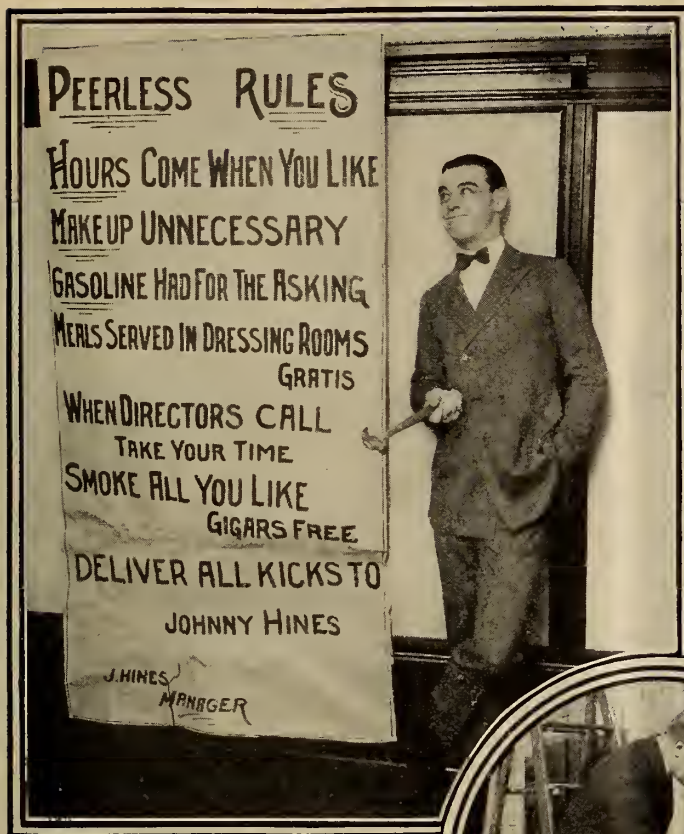
"Oh, yes, a location," he ruminated. "Well, it's generally something you're looking for and can't find. When

(Continued on page 40)



A location from "Daddy Long Legs," Mary Pickford's first picture for the First National. Miss Pickford as *Judy*; Mahlon Hamilton as *Daddy Long Legs*.

If the Stars Ran the Movie Studios



Carlisle Blackwell, were he his own boss, would potter around as a stage carpenter, making sets. But an unfeeling director says, No.

Anyone doubting Johnny Hines' ability to run a studio has only to read Johnny's idea of studio rules. He'd have his pick of all the best people in the business, but—it's a question if many pictures would be filmed.

As for big Monte Love, he'd pass up acting any day for a scene-painter's job, asking only that it pay as well.



WORLD
 Little Madge Evans is to be pitied? Not at all. She'd do this from choice, just because she is a natural-born housekeeper, and likes to see a studio kept neat.



Evelyn Greeley's idea of a soft snap is perhaps the most surprising. To wish to "work the spot" upon other people is, for an actress, a sensationally unusual desire.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



AS soon as the Government removed its restrictions on the over-use of timber, Chaplin contracted for a wagon-load of wood to cut up in his studio.

Thomas A. Wood is the name of the actor chosen to fill Eric Campbell's shoes. Mr. Wood weighs 500 pounds and is built like a tree—limbs and trunk and everything—AND is fond of peace and quiet.

Oh, the poor fellow!

WOULD never do for us to play opposite Katherine McDonald. When it came to the clinch-and-kiss thing, we just KNOW we'd over-act!

PRISCILLA DEAN

*Pep! Dynamite! Tabasco! Bim-bam!
Ice cream! Tamales and ginger and jam!
Cyclones and strawberries!
Paprika and cherries!
Electricity! Cayenne and zam!*

OFTENTIMES we have been nearly overcome with sympathy and sorrow for Job. But if he was anything like this here Job in Nazimova's "Out of the Fog"—by gollies, he got all that was coming to him! Of all the ornery, measly, low-down, cantankerous—

Well, you saw him, didn't you? You finish it!

AN ad says this of Marie Walcamp in "The Red Glove": "The dare-devil girl of the screen—no one has been able to take her measure!"

Poor Marie! Forever doomed to wear ready-mades!

MODERN VERSION OF AN ANCIENT COUPLET

*Five hours to work; to soothing slumber, seven;
Twelve to the films allot—ah, that is heaven!*

GOODNESS! AREN'T WE BECOMING PRIM?

"Virtuous Wives" (First National).

"Virtuous Men" (Ralph Ince).

"The Unkissed Bride" (Excel).

FOX advertises "The Man Hunter" as "a story of hypocrisy and the sea." Gosh! and we thought the sea was always on the level!

AND the publicity writer for "The Indestructible Wife," starring Alice Brady, asks: "What would you do if your wife kept three cities ahead of you on your honeymoon?"

Why, we'd keep on our lonely lope until we reached Reno!

AGENT who selects plays for a Certain Co. says he had to quit his favorite barber because the lad o' lather insisted on selling him scenarios he had written between "Nexts!"

Reviewing some of the Certain Co.'s recent perpetrations, we cannot stifle the wish that the gent had listened to the barber.

The barber's could have been no worse!

LEARNED economist, Teodore Rodriguez, remarks: "Like everything that is inexhaustible, it is wanting in value, as it is not desired by anybody, since no one desires what he has at his disposal in a superabundant quantity to such an extent that he can never be in want of it."

The Prof. was referring to air.

But while reading those words of wisdom above, didn't you feel that Roddy was commenting on those two-reel comedies of the brand you do not care for?



This is not a spider or a monkey: it's merely Doug Fairbanks doing a hand-spring on the beach.

You Meet All Sorts of Pets in the Movies



Norma Talmadge's pet quadruped is "Dinky," the latter being both noun and adjective. Dinky has won four blue ribbons, and looks as if he knew it.

Water Colors

Flora—Why did they have to have a retake on that "dissolve"?

Fauna—Just when the director was ready, it began to rain, and the star's complexion dissolved before the scene did!

Tamed

"You're lucky. You have a very obedient and gentle wife. How do you do it?"

"Oh, she went through the mill in the movies as an 'extra.'"

We're Not Bragging, But—

Flora—The directors think they could act better than the actors, and the actors are sure they could direct better than the directors.

Fauna—Yes, and the film fans just know they could do better than either!



It may be the influence of sombrero, chaps and ranch-rig generally that leads Bessie Barriscale to "go in" for pork instead of pedigree.



As for Tom Mix, he couldn't think of chumming with anything gentler than a (trained and chained) bear.

Standards

First Censor—Why did you reject that picture?

Second Censor—It's based on the same story as that naughty play which is packing the Orpheum Theater. I've seen it twice.

Right?

Judging from recent ones we've seen, many motion picture scenarios

are born in this manner:

Director—I want a new script to start work on at once.

Scenario Writer—Wait a minute and I'll write one for you.

Its Good Point

"Don't you hate to go into a movie theater during the middle of the feature?"

"No; if the ending isn't good, I don't have to stay to see the whole picture."

'Tis "Love" That Makes the World Go Round



By way of introduction, Fatty rescues his love's father from the well.

Father dismisses Fatty in favor of the lover on the extreme right.



3. Fatty returns in the make-up of a hired girl. Father proves flirtatious.

Telling It in Few Words

When the course of true "Love" fails to run smooth, *Fatty Arbuckle* brings strategy and brains to bear, and the result is a happy ending. The beginning is on a farm. *Fatty* is smitten with the girl of the place, but is given the frigid shoulder by her father, who is determined she shall marry another. *Fatty* departs, but returns in the character of a hired girl, so as to be near his beloved. The latter's marriage with hated rival is all arranged, but a rehearsal is necessary, and in the absence of the groom-to-be, "the hired girl" takes his place and goes through the ceremony, word for word, with the bride. When the day set for the wedding arrives, *Fatty* and the girl break up the proceedings by announcing that they are already married.



4. Fatty and his sweetheart discuss the plot which is to make them one.



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCLE

5. The wedding day: "the bride enters on the arm of her father." Groom in the pepper-and-salt pants.



6. Two minutes later: Fatty announces his marriage the day before; the rehearsal was the real thing.

Madge Kennedy Pleases in "Daughter of Mine"



1. Papa Mendelsohn does not take kindly to poet George as a son-in-law.



2. Rayberg offers Rosie, restaurant cashier, a place in his publishing house.



3. Rosie as "Lady Diantha," the heroine of her own story of thwarted love.

Two Plays in One

Rosie Mendelsohn (Madge Kennedy), a girl of the East Side, loves George Howard, a poor young poet, but as her father approves not, she gives George up. George disappears, and Rosie, who has become secretary to Joseph Rayberg, a publisher, plans to bring him back to her. She pretends to have found a manuscript of a story and reads it to Rayberg. The story is her own story, in another age and setting. She coaxes Rayberg into printing it and offering a prize for the right ending. George sees the story in print, and reading between the lines, submits the remainder. He brings it to the office, when Rosie, letting Rayberg into the secret, rushes into George's arms. Rosie's father relents and—you may guess the right ending yourselves.



4. Rosie (as herself) realizes that the longed-for has come; a manuscript from George.



5. In Rosie's story, "Lady Diantha" would willingly have gone to prison rather than give her hand to one whom she did not love.



6. But, fortunately, in Rosie's own case, this was not necessary. Here are George and she, united in Rayberg's own office.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



Balm for a Wounded Heart ; or, There is Something Besides Music which has a Soothing Effect.

Seasonable Suggestions by Screen Stars

Lowell Never Would Have Wondered "What is so Rare as a Day in June" if He Had Seen the Marvels Wrought by Studio Lights on Frocks Such as These



One of Marguerite Clark's costumes in "Come Out of the Kitchen."



Dorothy Dalton's working clothes for the summer include this creation.



Madlaine Travers wears this gown and wrap created by Paquin in "The Love That Dares."



This picture of May Allison explains why the play is called "Peggy Does Her Darndest."



PARAMOUNT-FOX-METRO-SELECT
Dorothy Gish posed this exclusively for Film Fun.



Constance Talmadge wears this wrap in "The Veiled Adventure."



Gloria Swanson in evening gown of blue and silver net.



May Allison, whose picture this is, has nothing to fear from a camera. Were we her press agent, we should have something to say about her eyes and hands, but not being such, we print simply that she is to star in "Orchestra D 2" for Metro.

Over the Top With Griffith

By W. G. Macdonald



D. W. Griffith (on extreme right) conferring with his "staff."



"Batteries of 50-50s." Two of these pieces of ordnance in the foreground.

SHORTLY before the signing of the armistice, David Wark Griffith motored down from Filmtown to Camp Kearney, California, with a tonneau full of low explosives, tin hats and 50-50 guns. He came seeking more "Hearts of the World" to conquer, and having borrowed the Twenty-first Regiment from Colonel Uhline, advanced upon what came near being his Waterloo.

Having peppered the "middle distance" with fifty-seven varieties of smoke-producing fireworks, he personally supervised the emplacement of the 50-50s. These camouflaged propellers of camouflage were dubbed 50-50s because it was 50 they would and 50 they wouldn't. While

they were being "hauled" into position, one of the doughboys called to a pal, "What are those sections of six-inch pipe for?" "Don't spoil the picture, Brick," replied his companion. "Them's cannon."

When the "battery" was finally in position, several

salvos of "shrapnel" were let go by way of experiment. Griffith then wished to undergo his baptism of fire, so he instructed the "gunners" to put a "barrage" over his head when he signaled to them from the middle of "No Man's Land." Griffith loped over the terrain unescorted and

alone, while the Twenty-first gave him their moral support from a safe distance behind the 50-50s. Seventy-five yards out he stopped and signaled for the "barrage." The gunners gunned, the 50-50s barked, but the barrage didn't barrage, each cardboard shell making a beeline for the person of D. W. G., who disappeared in their dense black smoke!



Over the top on the very extreme western front (California). Might pass as real war stuff if someone's technique hadn't slipped and permitted campaign hats to litter "No Man's Land."

He emerged, evidently none the worse for his experience; but there are those who claim that he was severely wounded in his technique, for shortly after he permitted the Twenty-first to go over the top and across a No Man's Land strewn with campaign hats!

Fear

Caller—What's the matter? You look nervous.

Cafe Owner—I am. That's a movie comedian at the table near the window. I'm always afraid he'll forget where he is and break the dishes.

Possible

"He stutters, but he is a great actor."

"Quit your kidding!"

"I'm not kidding; he's in the movies."

You Know the Kind

"Did the picture you saw last night have a happy ending?"

"Decidedly. Everybody in the theater was happy when it ended."

In the Blood

Friend—Where did you spend your vacation?

Movie Actor—To tell the truth, most of the time in motion picture theaters.

What It Means To Be "Movie-Struck"

By Harold Seton

Illustrations by W. E. Hill



The maid was called aside by the studio manager.

IF "stage-struck," why not "movie-struck"? There are quite as many men and women with longings to act in a studio as those with longings to act in a theater. Personally I have encountered scores of them—people who are in the pictures from choice, and not from necessity.

Quite apart from the actors and actresses recruited from the stage, artists of more or less experience and ability, are those individuals who sally forth from comfortable homes, cozy flats or handsome residences, and hop into a taxicab or private motor, speeding off to this or that film corporation, there to interview a casting director, with a view to obtaining a job, generally mere "extra" work, at five dollars a day.

There is a woman whom I have encountered on various occasions who might be considered typical of this species. She told me her story, and seemed glad to do so, as she declared the other "extra" people, the men as well as the women, were jealous of her and resentful of her presence. In fact, many of them would not even speak to her. As a matter of fact, it certainly was rather provoking, after the rest of us had climbed on and off a trolley car, on and off a ferryboat, and on and off another trolley car, lugging along a suitcase and a hatbox, to see his aristocrat alight from her limousine, her chauffeur carrying her bags into the studio, and later carrying them out again!

She told me that she was a widow and independently wealthy. While still in mourning for her departed hus-

band, living in conventional retirement, she had become restless and nervous. So one day, yielding to an impulse, she had "gone on" as an "extra," in order to have something to do—something to think of. Finding the adventure amusing, she had kept it up ever since. As she insisted: "It is more fun than shopping or playing cards or idly gossiping, as so many women do."

I have met another woman who not only arrives in her own car, with a chauffeur in livery, but who is also accompanied by a maid. It seems paradoxical to find her ladyship standing in line, at the end of the day, waiting for the cashier to hand her a five-dollar bill! I have not heard this woman's story. She confides in no one. But that she is "movie-struck" is self-evident. She wears jewelry worth thousands. The "extra" people refer to her sarcastically as "Mrs. Tiffany."

A curious case of which I have been told on good authority is that of a wealthy woman who appeared at a studio accompanied by a pretty maid. The heiress was permitted to "go on" because of her handsome clothes, but the maid was also engaged because of her pleasing features. Madame protested, but was overruled. The maid was called aside by the studio manager. Shortly afterward she gave up her job in domestic service and is now playing prominent parts in photoplays.

A society girl who accepted a few engagements as an "extra" became friendly with a girl who depended upon the two or three days a week she was able to secure by

calling at the offices or visiting an agent. The society girl was shown how to make up her face, how to express various emotions—in fact, was initiated into the various tricks of the trade. In return for these valued hints from the humble “extra,” she gave the girl two gowns and a cloak of the finest material and only slightly worn. Later, when the professional “extra” girl appeared in this new finery, she created such a favorable impression, her natural charms being set off to additional advantage, that she was straightway lifted out of the background and landed in the foreground, her salary jumping from five a day to ten! The society girl was not able to rise above five, so finally gave up in despair. The girl she befriended is still doing very nicely. All she needed was a chance.

As for the men, they are quite as likely to be “movie-struck” as the women. I know a young chap who is a college graduate and has always been interested in acting. While still a student he took part in the varsity show, and later appeared as a “supe” in a Broadway production. Then he drifted into the movies, and although he has been at it for almost a year, he has not yet advanced from “extra” work. He has refused offers to enter his father’s offices, where excellent opportunities would be afforded him. He says “business” does not appeal to him.

Another man has accepted small “bits” in various pictures because he, too, is “movie-struck,” although he is well known in society in New York and London, as well as in Baltimore, where he was born, and in Washington, where his sister married a millionaire philanthropist. This man is very artistic, having exhibited miniatures he has painted of celebrities here and abroad. He “screens” well and ought to make good in the films, if he sticks to it.

Rather more unusual than either of these instances of “movie-struck” men is that of a man somewhat past middle age, of distinguished appearance and manner,

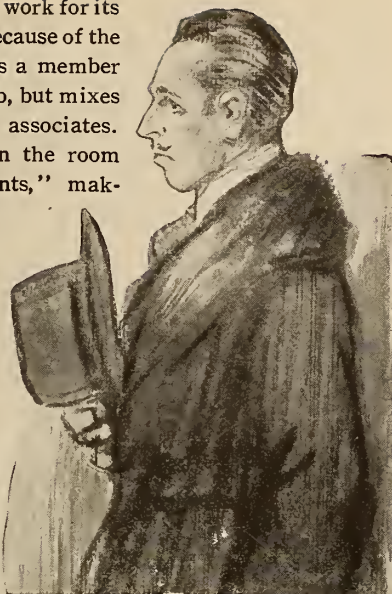
who enjoys “extra” work for its own sake, and not because of the five dollars. He is a member of a fashionable club, but mixes freely with studio associates. I have seen him in the room marked “Extra Gents,” making up with a crowd of nondescripts, and have also seen him dining at a smart hotel accompanied by ladies and gentlemen of refinement.

In another class are those individuals who really need the five a day, but who would rather earn it at a studio than in an office or a factory. I know a girl who never growls or grumbles, no matter how long the hours or how hard the work. The rest of us mumble and mutter, but this girl declares, with obvious sincerity, that she “simply loves it!” She was formerly at a telephone switchboard in a big hotel, but always yearned for the movies.

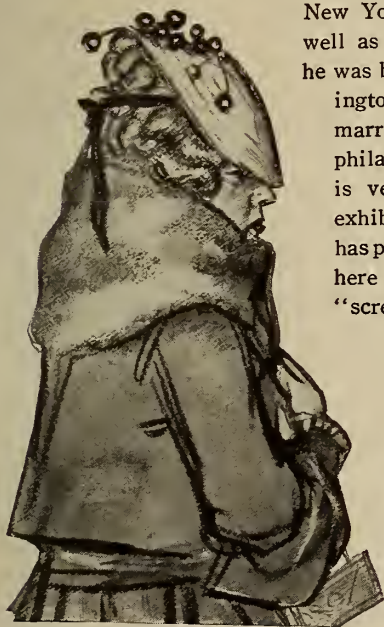
Another girl told me that she was born and bred on a farm up New York State, but ran away and came to the big town for the express purpose of becoming a movie star. She has not yet attained anything like stardom, but she gets small “bits” to do, quite on her own merits, and is keenly enthusiastic. I have met her in ballroom and cabaret scenes, and have marveled at her adaptability. All traces of “the farm” have been eliminated from her personality.

A young man at one of the studios has never worked at any job but the movies. He was attracted to the pictures from the first. He played hooky from school and “went on” in scenes where youngsters were required. At first his parents objected, but when he brought home one five-dollar bill after another, they reluctantly relented. Later on he got a chance in a college picture, and now plays juvenile leads.

There is assuredly a fascination about the studios, an air of romance, and there are also possibilities for big money and much fame—for those who make good. On the other hand, the greatest pessimists in the whole world are the studio hangers-on, the agency down-and-outs, who have been disappointed and disheartened. Perhaps they, too, were “movie-struck”—once upon a time!



“Business” does not appeal to him.



The extra people refer to her as “Mrs. Tiffany.”

Qualified

He was applying for a position as attendant in an insane asylum.

“Have you had any experience handling irrational persons?” he was asked.

“Some,” was his response. “I was a motion picture director for several years.”

And he was hired forthwith.

Social Scale

“Why are motion picture directors generally so humble in the presence of their stars?”

“The old story of capital and labor, old chap.”

Judging from the Way They Do It

The pay-roll is the only role some actors really enjoy playing.

Charlie Chaplin, as Sweden Sees Him



How, with shaving soap, lather and a razor, he transforms a fur ulster into a natty spring-coat.
 Reprinted from Sandags Nisse, Stockholm.



INCIDENTAL MUSIC AT THE HICK'OWN MOVIES

Trombone—*What do we play during the chase after the highwaymen, Si?* Tuba—*Grand Gallop.*
 Trombone—*Gosh, I just played that.*

Gangway for the Movies!

By E. L. S.



This scene with Fay Tincher and Harry Depp blocked Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, for twenty minutes—and nobody cared.

A SUNLIT road in California, a humming engine in a Studebaker Five, an important engagement ahead, and a speed of forty-five miles an hour without a cop in sight. Suddenly a man steps forth into the road. He waves his arms and gesticulates wildly for you to stop. You gather from his actions, as you jam on the brakes and strip your gears, that something between a murder and an auto wreck is taking place farther up the road where you see a crowd of people—or maybe it's a hold-up, you think to yourself, and this man is a dangerous criminal escaping—

"It's a MOVIE!" he tells you solemnly. "You can't go by here now, because they're making a scene"—

If you happen to come from any place besides Los Angeles, *you* make a scene forthwith, and ask what the blankety-blank he means by stopping you, and why the fire-and-brimstone should a movie scene interfere with your important engagement, and who the place-where-the-Kaiser-is-going is he, anyhow, to stop you, and so forth, ad finitum. But if you are a seasoned Angeleno, and the man says that you will have to pause for half an hour or so on account of a MOVIE, you say, "OH!" comprehendingly and shut off your motor. The engagement may be important, but a movie—well, you would as soon think of speeding by that distant camera in defiance of the gentleman's

request as you would of careening into a church with your machine and going down the aisle in high.

For the movies, in Los Angeles, the premier cinema city of the land, have the right of way, and they take precedence over sick calls, police calls and social calls. You will find them in the heart of the city, in the busiest "marts of trade," the studio men calmly setting up cameras and reflectors in the middle of Broadway, while specially detailed traffic cops keep the crowds back from the camera lines, and street cars, automobiles and pedestrians stop respectfully while the director calls out megaphoned orders for an actor to come out of the building and walk across the street.

You will find them in Pasadena at the fashionable hotels, where they take possession of the hostelry's lobby, dining-room or patio, and three-dollar-a-day extras lounge gratefully in luxuriously upholstered chairs, while the twenty-dollar-a-day guests are told sternly by a spectacled director that they can't come through the lobby to get their mail just yet. Of course, they've paid their money for that privilege, but, as he gently points out to them, this is a MOVIE, and so will they please stand aside and not block the entrance of the electrician who wants to set up the Klieglights?

You will find them on the road from Los Angeles to the

Much Besides Wash in "Reilly's Wash Day"



1. Reilly's dog-power saw at work on a piece of pipe. One of Reilly's busy days.



2. Occasionally, in desperation, Mrs. Reilly forces her husband to be of a little use in the world.

Room for a Hint Only

In Paramount-Sennett comedies plots are not as vital as pep. There is no pep, however, in *Reilly*, who is the laziest plumber in captivity. *Reilly* (Charles Murray) lets his wife and his dog support him, his wife taking in washing, and his dog operating a treadmill which reduces *Reilly's* personal labor to a minimum. This gives him time for sightseeing. One day, in his character of a plumber, he meets *Marie*, a flirtatious young wife, and a spoony gentleman. *Reilly* is apologizing when another man appears and says that the spoony one is not *Marie's* husband. A long line of male visitors culminates in an animated suit of armor which contains a detective. *Reilly* gets himself in a fine mix, but the arrival of the real husband at last lets him out.



3. Reilly's meeting with the flirtatious Marie and her spoony companion.



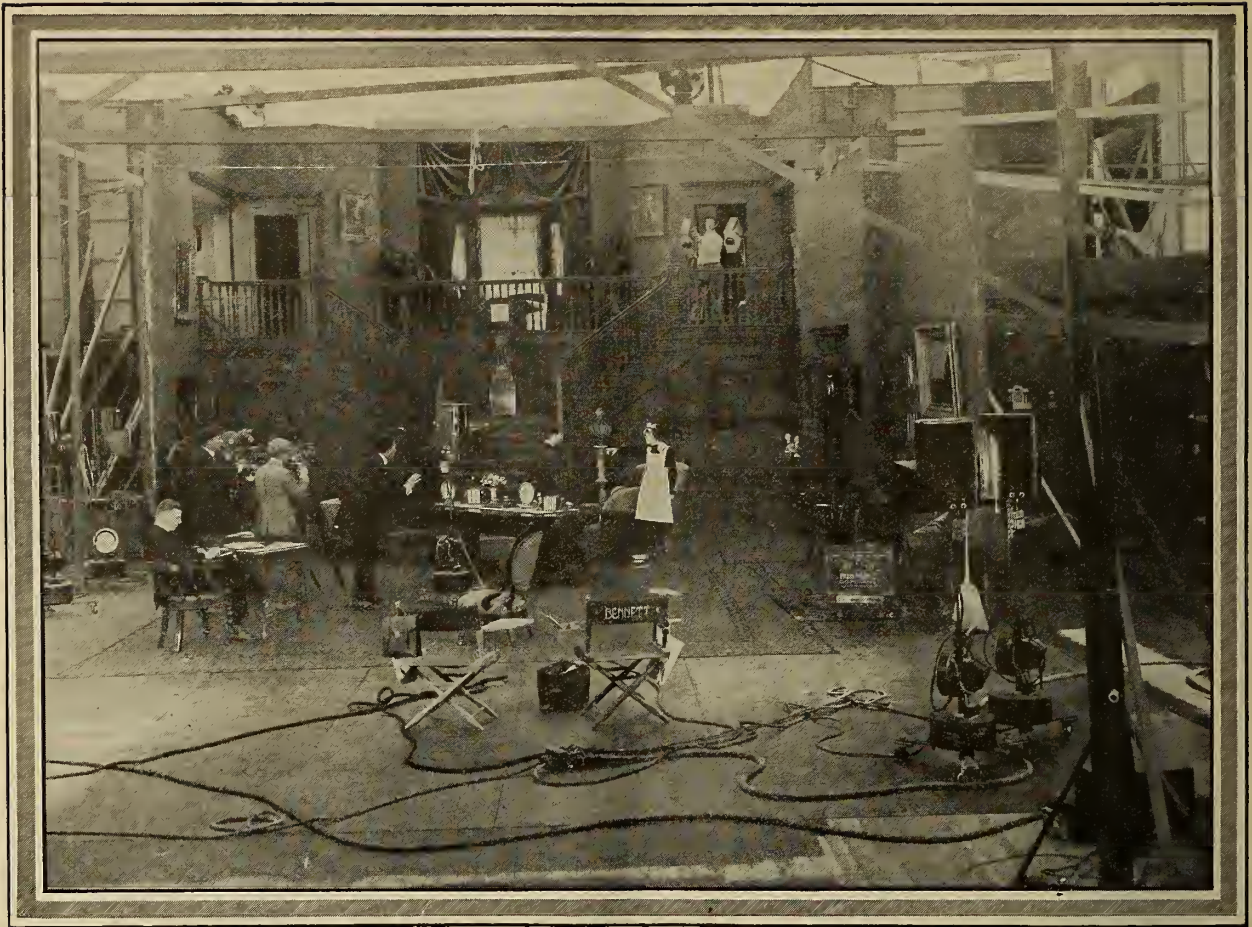
4. The animated suit of armor's meeting with Reilly. Slightly unnerving.



5. The suit of armor, in its detective work about the house, creates something of a panic in the kitchen.



6. By the time the real husband arrives, there is quite a houseful of company; too full for Reilly and Marie.



PARAMOUNT-INCE

The movies are solving the housing problem, so troublesome everywhere, for this eight-room set on the Ince studio stage at Culver City is equipped with everything needful, assembled and installed in two days.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

(Continued from page 7)

an absence from the screen for several years. A return is heralded by much advertising. At last Miss Stewart reappears under new management in costly productions. The Anita Stewart of old is not there. It quite gives one the blues to see her in such dreadful pictures. I do not think it is Miss Stewart's fault, for in the old days she contributed so much fine work to the screen. Perhaps if the directing force surrounding her were changed, the Anita of a few years back may be once more "in our midst."

Those Awful Movies!

Says Mrs. O'Grady, deputy commissioner of New York City: "The clergy, judges, educators and welfare workers of all kinds might as well lock up the churches, shut the books and close the courts, if they are going to continue to permit the showing of the filthy pictures that are being put on the screen in New York and through the country. It is a shame on our decency and civilization that this thing has been tolerated so long. Juvenile delinquency has increased in the last eight or nine years, and I know it is owing to these pictures. I am in a position to know, as I have the confidence of the young people who fall into our hands."

Whew! I hope Mrs. O'G. got it all out of her system with this outburst. It does "sound like a woman," espe-

cially a woman with a job that gives her authority to publicly express her opinion. To think that the movies are so demoralized that "clergy, judges, educators and welfare workers" strive in vain toward a high moral standard for the youth of our country! It doesn't say much for this quartet of reformers that their combined strength can do nothing to mitigate the evil. But Mrs. O'Grady is reckless in her remarks, and we beg to controvert her unjust assertions. It was to be expected that she would drag in the juvenile delinquency thing. That is quite the old gag. Many a small boy has no doubt confessed to the judge that he did what he "hadn't ought to" because he learned about it in the movies. But Mrs. O'Grady *knows*, because she has "the confidence of the young people who fall into her hands." If Mrs. O'G. knew anything about human nature, she would understand that many young people have wild and wonderful imaginations and can tell quite convincing stories that have not a particle of truth. Of course, yellow journals and suggestive sex stories, in contrast with the demoralizing motion picture, have a very uplifting influence on the youth of the land! All the young people of the country are pure and stainless until they come in contact with the movies. Having once seen a movie, they immediately do something vicious, are haled to court and become inmates of reform schools. But the movies will be with us when Mrs. O'Grady has been retired and is a commissioner no more.

Learning Piano by Correspondence Seemed Odd to Me at First

"But I decided to try it for two reasons. First: I was very busy and did not care to be tied down to certain fixed hours for my lessons. Second: I was older than most students and preferred not to occasion gossip by having a teacher call personally at my home.

"Somewhat to my surprise, I made steady and rapid progress from the very start. Not only did I learn to play rapidly and easily at sight, but also to interpret the meaning of the composer and to bring out beauties of expression which the vast majority of players are never taught to see. This made the work intensely interesting, and showed me the truth of the saying, 'one lesson with an authority is worth a dozen other lessons.' My old feeling that I needed a teacher 'at my side to show me how' vanished completely, because it was based on a misunderstanding as to what the real problems in learning piano actually are."—Quoted from a personal experience of one of my students.

Experiences like the above are not at all unusual among my students. Quite a number of them started my course in piano or organ with at least some misgiving. It is a relic of the prejudice against studying by correspondence which was so strong 25 years ago—when I started—that it very nearly lost me the fight.

But gradually the tide turned, and every year since then I have increased the number of my students until today many hundreds of men and women are studying with me in all quarters of the globe.

Every state of the Union contains scores of accomplished players of piano or organ who obtained their entire training from me by mail, and at quarter the usual cost and effort.

I will gladly refer you to any number of my graduates who will soon convince you of the surprising results they obtained by my scientific method. Write for my 64-page Free Booklet, "How To Learn Piano or Organ."

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You learn faster, *not* because anything is omitted, but because you use every possible scientific assistance—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. It enables you, in your *third* lesson, to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well. This one fact saves you months of valuable time. The COLOROTONE is patented and cannot be used by any other teacher or conservatory.

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Lessons 43 Cents Each

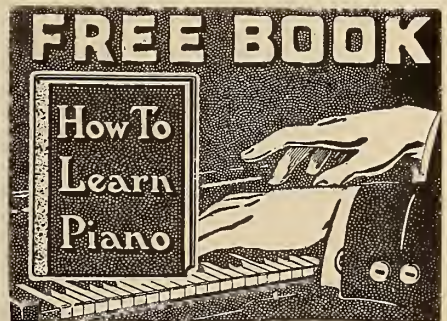
The old way of studying with a so-called "private teacher" by the oral or spoken method possesses many obvious disadvantages. If you want a teacher "all to yourself" and yet can afford only \$1 to \$3 a lesson, you naturally cannot expect the highest grade of instruction. To obtain the entire exclusive attention of a real authority for so small a fee would usually be impossible. Furthermore, by the old-fashioned oral method, at least half your "private teacher's" time is absolutely thrown away in giving you routine instructions about clef signs, measure bars, sharps, flats, the value of notes and rests, etc., etc., which are necessarily the same for all students and could just as easily be put into writing. Of course you can't remember a *quarter* of what he tells you, so most of your next lesson is taken up going over the same material again. This truly sinful waste is entirely done away with by my WRITTEN METHOD. Your routine instructions are all in writing for reference any time, day or night. Nothing is forgotten nor needlessly repeated. You obtain as much of my time as you really need, and every minute of it is devoted to your real guidance, and not to routine instructions. In all essential ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching. For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is far superior to all others, even for the wealthiest student, there is nothing better at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

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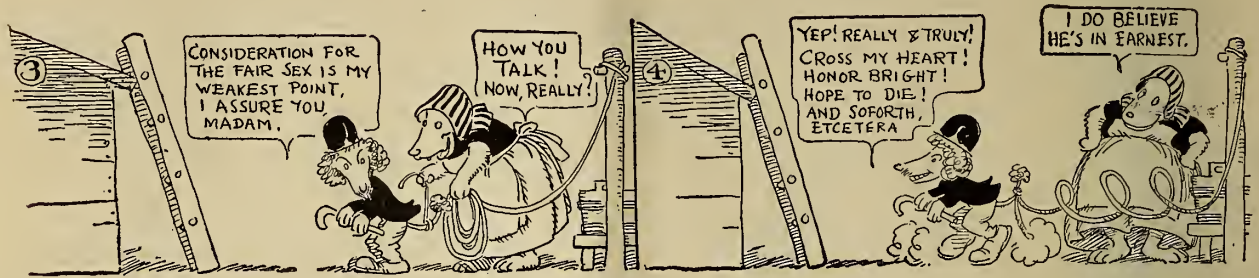
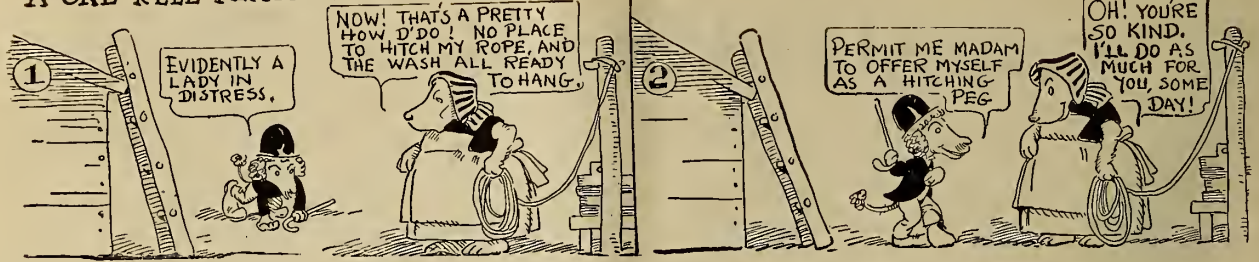
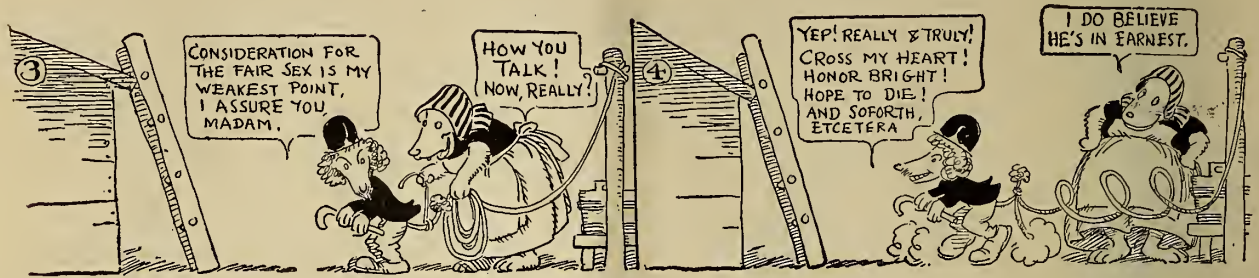
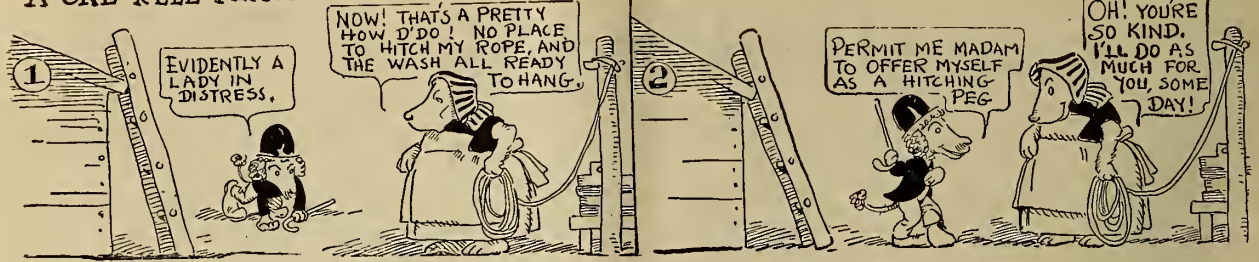
Studio ZS

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Boston, Mass.

A ONE REEL FEATURE FILM.

By CHAWLIE OF DOGLAND.



Gangway for the Movies!

(Continued from page 31)

the monkey could be shown springing onto it as it passed by the organ grinder, and get some comedy out of the monk at the wheel, or whatever it is they steer street cars with.

Whereupon Joe calmly flagged the next incoming interurban and asked the motorman and conductor if they would volunteer their services in running the little car onto the main line for a few minutes.

"Sall right with us if the company says so," the twain answered in chorus.

Joe called up the company and said the magic word "MOVIES" into the telephone.

"Sall right with us," said the obliging company.

So the interurban was stopped, and the make-believe car took the right-of-way, while all the passengers got out to watch, and the conductors of other street cars, blockaded for the sake of art, spent a good fifteen minutes of the company's time—and money—watching Joe direct a sassy little monkey, in a red hat and coat, collect a nickel from pretty Pearl Chappelle, leading woman, and frighten the bibulous comedy-motorman into a "Never-again" repentance. There is red tape, of course, in all such proceedings, but there is never any difficulty in cutting through it if the magical word "movies" is used.

Is it any wonder that Los Angeles is blase so far as thrills go? Pedestrians are not intimidated by the sight of painted Indians racing along Hollywood Boulevard on pinto ponies, nor are they alarmed when an auto-load of striped convicts goes by. It's just a movie outfit.

Perhaps a timid, frightened girl is being forced into a waiting machine against her will; but her cries for help are ignored. The passer-by only looks around to be sure that he hasn't gotten in front of the camera. And if a policeman is seen to chase a masked ruffian down the street with a drawn revolver and waving club, the innocent bystander continues to stand by; otherwise he would bring upon himself the wrath of the director, who is following in an auto, urging both chaser and chasee to "C'mon! put some pep in it!"

"They couldn't get away with that high-handed stuff in St. Louis, where I came from!" sputtered a disgruntled tourist, who found himself locked in a

(Continued on page 40)

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ARISTOCRAT
OF ALL
JEWELS

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WITHIN
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OF ALL

Are the peer of any imitation pearls in this country, and in beauty, lustre and permanence equal ANY pearls in the world.

This beautiful necklace, 18 inches long, with 14-Kt. Gold clasp, will be sent to any address in the United States, upon receipt of \$10.00.

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"Parisian Pearls," exquisite in coloring, of a subdued iridescence and delicate lustre, compare most favorably with the finest and most costly Oriental Pearls.

Send us \$10.00 for the necklace illustrated above. Examine it as carefully as you like. Compare it with a necklace of genuine pearls. Show it to your friends—to your jeweler. Then, if you are not satisfied in every way, return it to us within three days and we will refund your money.

The length of the necklace illustrated is 18 inches; if any extra length is required, the cost is \$1.00 per inch. We make a specialty of long ropes of "Parisian Pearls."

Let us send you our descriptive booklet with prices, showing other articles in which "Parisian Pearls" predominate.

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ran serially for ten weeks in Leslie's and were quoted by more than 200 publications. If you sit in "the driver's seat," or merely plod along beside the wagon, whether you are a success or think yourself a failure, you will find this book full of hope, help and the right kind of inspiration.

If you believe that it is more important to know why ten thousand fail rather than why one man succeeds, read this book. The Letters are written in epigrammatic style with a touch of irresistible humor, and they impart a system of quaint philosophy that will appeal to everyone regardless of age, sex or station. Price \$1.00.

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Screen Scapple

By H. R.

I HAVE seen the new William Fox photoplay, "Pitfalls of a Big City," and it has nothing to do with New York's subway system.

On second thought there is a reason for the popularity of the vampire picture. Every woman at heart believes herself a siren and sees in the vampire of the screen the replica of what she could have been had she been given the chance. Even Theda Bara feels this way about it.

The subject of vampires brings us quite naturally to Louise Glaum. She is of the school which believes that veils are everything in the life of a vampire. Her trust in them is really a beautiful thing—but I wish she would rely more upon such trivial details as story and facial expression.

The man who goes to the movies only to see the educational subjects is second cousin to the man who goes to the circus just to please the kids.

I read of a film star the other day who admitted the ripe old age of twenty, which remarkable antiquity immediately made me lose interest.

Sammy Shipman, the playwright, boasts that he wrote his new play, "Lambs and Lions," in four days. We hope his candor won't prompt the scenarists to admit the length of time required to turn out some of their compositions. It helps the illusion not to know what they do with their spare moments.

Perhaps no character is so grossly misrepresented in celluloid as the village gossip. I am one who believes in gossiping as a great institution and in giving credit where credit is due. Why, a first-rate feminine gossip (the word feminine being superfluous) can do more damage than a boa constrictor, yet she is always subordinated to the city villain who leads the ingenue astray.

Why do mothers and sons of the photoplay drama invariably flirt and coquette with each other? I have seen them show all the symptoms of a broken heart when about to part for an hour or so. Can it be that some of

our well-known directors never had a mother?

There are times in her newest photoplay, "Thou Shalt Not!" when Evelyn Nesbitt comes nigh unto dying from sheer girlish innocence and embarrassment. The first close-up of her hiding demurely behind a floppy hat is followed by a caption which explains the difficult situation. It runs: "She hardly knew she was a woman, so sweetly she grew." The star bears the onrush of chastity bravely and emerges from the picture with a goodly show of serenity, wearing a determined expression and doing her best to look like an advertisement of that popular song, "I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home."

Virtue seems to be holding its ground this season after having been slighted by authors for a decade or more. We now have "Virtuous Wives" and "Virtuous Men," and the box office would seem to indicate that virtue is its own reward. Patrons are showing a desire to learn something of this long-neglected and unfamiliar accomplishment.

The heartlessness shown by directors and script writers in killing off characters—particularly aged ones—is appalling! They think nothing of killing mother in order to allow daughter a peep at the city and of killing father for some equally selfish reason. And these pretty death-bed close-ups always cheer one so, sort of furnishing the light, pleasant touch that finishes the perfect day.



PARAMOUNT

We all enjoy ghost stories, and they are likely to gain favor if gentle "haunts" of this sort are encountered. It is Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom."

Someone has observed, and not without acumen, that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, which comforting thought accounts in a measure for various people who at very first glance fail to soak up any of our enthusiasm. Take, for instance, the person who knows for a certainty that Mary Pickford doesn't make a million a year, and that Gene O'Brien hasn't a natural wave in his hair. Such lack of imagination only hurts the industry ostensibly. Can't you see how its very injustice serves to fire the enthusiastic press agent to even greater heights than he has ever known?

A law should be passed to prevent the reckless use of firearms on the screen. This would safeguard the future of the budding young scenarist, who labors under the delusion at present that a few shots make a drama. Just as a few swallows don't make a summer, so a few conveniently placed revolvers do not make a play. I am one who has the future of the youthful scribe at heart, and I object to having older authors impose upon him. A recent photoplay by a well-known author which exploited an international star turned helplessly to the revolver on the slightest provocation. And the thousands of aspiring scenario writers who watched hung on the shots, poisoned their minds with the smoking powder, and went home to write a script for Geraldine Farrar.

Now that all is over but the shouting, the Government announces that the heretofore censored war films can now be shown to the public. Here is a splendid chance for the people to learn all those little, intimate war "secrets" which were hitherto only known to the enemy.

Film Fun

No. 362—JUNE, 1919

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The Cutting Room

The Answer Man's waste basket yields many discarded ideas as interesting as the bits clipped from a feature film at the behest of the censors. A. Messinger has compiled some of these. Let us know if you like them.

Ambitious: Extras are not in demand, and unless you need discipline in patience, we advise you to hunt an easier job. Lucky applicants usually average about one day a week, although frequently they deem it expedient to "boost" their luck by an application of coin-in-the-palm. Five dollars a day is no longer standard. Many agencies supply all the extras a director requires, receiving pay at the rate of three dollars a day, out of which one dollar is retained as commission, leaving but two dollars for the extra. Sad, but true. And this break is due to an invasion of "fans" who like the work and can afford to put in as much time as required for two dollars a week!

Scadsky: Yes, there is room for you in the picture game. A million will last you quite a while. The best way in is by the production entrance. You can make good pictures by spending anywhere from five thousand a reel up to—the sky limit. Many pictures are put on nowadays for less than five thousand dollars a reel, but I take it you want to sell yours after they are made. You stand a chance of succeeding with only one play, if your leads are clever and your scenario a good one; but a series is better, because the well-laid plans of producers do not invariably succeed in this business, and in a series a shock absorber is provided for.

Can't Get a Job: Then, if I were you, I'd make one of my own. A few square miles of land you couldn't farm for anything else under heaven will yield handsome returns as a "location," if you can interest the proper parties. It is worth considering. The limited area hitherto in such general use and demand is becoming so familiar to fans that a change would be welcomed.

Otherwise

"What a lot of motion picture actresses and directors are married to each other! That proves"——

"That they got married before they entered the business."

The Army and Navy Forever



Here's a picture, humorous as it seems, there appears to be an aspect of true American patriotism to it, and at this particular time of affairs it is making a tremendous hit.

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Gangway for the Movies!

(Continued from page 37)

traffic jam while a movie queen emoted in the middle of the street.

"Of course they couldn't," retorted a seasoned native son of California, who was also waiting, but philosophically. "What's more, they don't go there. They stay here in Los Angeles, where the slogan is 'Gangway for the MOVIES!'"

Putting the O. K. in Location

(Continued from page 16)

discovered, it's generally on top of a mountain, and the camera has to be carried up there. There are always power wires in the way, and when you look around for a place to set up, you find there isn't room for both the camera and the company, so the company leaves.

"You sometimes get a peach of a location—let us say, a mountain hut—and you schedule the scene, only to be told by a morose property man that if he is expected to get an auto-truck load of props up the side of that Woolworth Building, you'll have to furnish him with an elevator or give him wings.

"Then the director will sometimes pick out a lovely shaded nook in which the star is to be made love to, and it is so beautifully shaded that not a ray of light can get into it—which makes it worthless for photographic purposes, even if it does fit the script."

"Well, then, it's quite impossible to satisfy everyone about locations?" I asked.

"No, not exactly impossible, but highly improbable," he answered cautiously. "Someone, of course, has to put the O. K. in location, but no one seems to know who it is!"

The Other Side of Motion Pictures

Homer Croy, the well-known humorist and novelist, has produced, in "How Motion Pictures Are Made," a book which will interest hosts of readers. Many theater-goers have wondered at the realistic effects in some of the great movie performances. Mr. Croy "lets the cat out of the bag" and tells in extremely interesting fashion how these remarkable scenes are prepared for and produced. Some of the scenes, the mystery of which he unveils, are glimpses of Venice, Oriental cities, railroad accidents, plunges down cataclysms, mine explosions, battles, etc. The volume distinctly brings out the marvelous ingenuity of the scenic artists and mechanics of the modern stage. As nearly everybody is interested in moving pictures, these pages should command a large circle of readers. **New York, Harper & Bros. Price, \$4 net.**

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LEGAL NOTICE.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, etc., required by Act of Congress of August 24th, 1912. Film Fun, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1st, 1919.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Reuben P. Sreicher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Film Fun and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jessie Niles Burnett, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, A. H. Folwell, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sreicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sreicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sreicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sreicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Reuben P. Sreicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and securityholders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. **REUBEN P. SREICHER.** (Signature of the Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of March, 1919. **A. E. ROLLAUER**, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 201; New York County Register's No. 9165; Commission Expires March 30th, 1919.

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FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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J. ARAMOUNT

It might be an old miniature on ivory of Grandmother Gish, instead of an up-to-the-minute Hartsook study of the sprightly Dorothy. Fashions in loveliness "carry on."



TALMADGE-SELECT

AEBE PHOTO

Twenty-five Yale seniors, completing their course in the higher arts, demonstrated their fitness to be judges of beauty by naming Norma Talmadge as their favorite actress. In this very recent portrait, Miss Talmadge is registering approval. Her admirers are not confined to the Yale campus, we might add.



APEDA PHOTO

Dolores Cassinelli, sometimes called "The Cameo Girl," has her own ideas about picture gowns and how to wear them. The success of this simple one-piece frock of blue and silver is due to the artistic combination of fabrics. Try it on your own dress form, with Mandarin sleeves of lace or figured tissue, tunic of some lustrous plain material, and skirt of some rough, dull stuff of a contrasting color. And don't overlook the needlework design that joins tunic and skirt.



Curls and girls have been pals for ages, but it remained for Mary Pickford to give the curl strictly modern publicity; in other words, to capitalize it. Imitation is the sincerest flattery, and the number of curls, worn in imitation of Mary Pickford's, if placed in a curly line, would reach from Hollywood to Fort Lee.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

WILLIAM FOX has discovered what ails movies. He says that commercialism, and not art, dominates the mind of most producers. The basis for this conclusion is doubtless his artistic foresight in having a film of "Wilson at the Paris Conference" ready for release before the President's ship had left New York Harbor on the first trip. Or it may be his picture presentation of the De Saulles murder or the Cailleaux case or the life story of General Pershing is proof that he's ready with a real remedy. 'Ave a 'art, William, 'ave a 'art!

Tom Terriss—may his tribe increase—has written a photoplay without sub-titles. Seems as if the dear public has waited quite long enough for this testimonial to its intelligence.

The eleventh episode of "The Trail of the Tiger" is to be filmed at Santa Cruz. It is called "In the Breakers," and George Larkin says it's a sure thing they'll come back "broke"; all pilgrims to this location do.

Can any bright fan enlighten us as to what a "refined dark blue" really looks like? One of the film folks out on the coast has an auto distinguished in that way. We got on all right with "ivory and brown," "dull blue and silver," "maroon" and "dull gray"; but "refined" blue is a novelty, and everybody will want it.

It's becoming a fad with directors who are paid from three hundred to as many thousand dollars a week to speak pridefully of past performances. Rollin Sturgeon relates that he was Vitagraph's first scenario editor, and his weekly pay envelope contained just three five-dollar bills, and he considered himself one of the high-salaried efficient of the force. Some pictures are pleasing only in the haze of long, long ago.

The chap who wanted to know "what's in a name" can find the answer in the cast of "The Right to Happiness." Maxine Elliott Hicks is it.

Who dares to say there are no locations that haven't been used in pictures? Mary MacLaren says some of the scenes in "The Weaker Vessel" were made in a little California town where she went out and bought boots bearing the manufacture date 1868. She says they're square-toed, with half-inch heels, and look as funny as the picture will fifty years from now.

Among the new pictures is a two-reel Western, "The Last Outlaw." This is good news, if true, and quite likely it is. Your real desperado is tough and can stand considerable strain, but anyone who knows the breed can realize that the film outlaw would just naturally make an end of it!

An all-star cast has been assembled for production of "A Little Brother of the Rich." It's star stuff, all right, but looks like hitherto the "extras" always got cast for the part.

Frances Marion found a baby's shoe in a French dugout, and the reaction caused her to write a ripping comedy. We ventured the suggestion that if she attended a screen comedy, she would write a tragedy. She says, however, that too many of the movie comedies are tragedies.

Louise Lovely, leading lady in "Wolves of the Night," was the first woman to fly in an airship in Australia. We suppose Mother Eve was the first woman to fly in a tantrum.

Gladys Brockwell is to be seen in "The Forbidden Room." Bluebeard must be away chumming with the Kaiser.

The other night, after a hard day's work in the studio, Doralina dreamed she danced before King George and Queen Mary. She says it's a great life if you don't waken.

Charles Ray declares that despots are disappearing so rapidly that soon there will be only movie directors and Pullman porters left.



This is Fatty—no, this is Magnate Roscoe Arbuckle, president and owner of the Vernon Club of the Pacific Coast League. He is signaling to the pitcher to put a little custard pie on his fast one.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

NOW that the war is over and normal conditions are gradually being restored to the nations and peoples of the world, prominent among the many pre-war activities soon to be resumed, and new ones to be developed, is the production of the motion picture in foreign countries. This is something that, regrettably, has been too long deferred. For four years we have been surfeited with the output of American companies. The world was theirs, and as far as the public was concerned, it was a case of "take it or leave it" as one pleased. Had there been competition with a foreign output, possibly the cinema dramas of our own United States might have progressed in a more even way. Wonderful has been the development of this industry, the story of which is quite familiar to all. The growth on the whole has been, however, more along commercial lines than art lines. The money earned and the money spent in the production of the "movie," seemingly, has occupied more "space" in the minds of those engaged in the production than an earnest desire to make a contribution to "art."

As has been written of before in these columns, there is no great complaint as to acting, direction or photography. Better stories there undoubtedly should be. The "screen author" must become a personality, and the dominating one in the production of motion pictures, if the photoplay is ever to take its place among the fine arts of literature, music, painting and sculpture. The author is the creator; the rest, interpreters. When, as obtains in the motion picture, the great creative mind is of less consideration than the exploitation of a doll-faced, curly blond head, quite empty within, is it any surprise that so many impossible, inane stories are shown on the motion picture screens?

In a French picture magazine, *Le Film*, very pertinent things are said to the American producer. The writer, Henri Diamant-Berger, concedes the degree of perfection to which our producers have attained in every department of the business except the story. On that subject he says: "But the Americans, now, must be obliged to see that this is not enough; one cannot make pictures without authors. It is not a question of dramatic authors, but of screen authors. The Americans have no screen authors. They have manufacturers of scenario who work on meas-



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

ure." It is to be hoped—and there is sufficient encouragement to hope—that the French producers and other foreign producers will soon be able to send to our wearisome screens something fresh in thought and interpretation. Mr. Berger warns the French producer in no uncertain terms, when he concludes, by saying: "If the French film does not wake up, the cinemas will be forced to yield in public preference to other spectacles." Now that the war is over, the French film will wake up. There is no need to worry. If ten years ago "Pathe" could produce such an art gem as his "Assassination of the Duc de Guise," we can rest assured the future will bring others. And let us hope the "Gaumont" trade-mark will once more flash on our screens and show us other beautiful dramas of the sea. Gaumont told on the screen stories of the sea as only Conrad tells of them between the cover of a book. Along these lines it is of great interest to note that a company has been formed to produce novels and dramas of Jewish historical life that lend themselves to screen interpretation. A story by David Pinski, one of the most renowned Yiddish writers in America, called "The Rebirth of a People," has been selected. It depicts the important events in the life of the Jewish people from the time of Moses to the present day. Many scenes are to be taken in Palestine. This is a good indication of motion picture activity in

foreign countries. It is also what the industry has sadly lacked—the interpretation of drama which will be in the hands of those who have the understanding and sympathetic feeling necessary to a convincing portrayal.

The first Swedish photoplay to be shown in New York City, "The Girl from the Marsh Croft," gives great promise. In that careless day some years ago when we didn't bother about royalties, I was very enthused over this Nobel prize story of Selma Lagerlof's, as having wonderful screen possibilities; and being equally anxious to play the part of *Helga*, I quietly made a scenario of it. I do not remember whether it ever was made into a picture. I have no recollection whatever of it ever being done. It matters little, for it would have been one short reel of quite crude, conventional drama. Now, after having seen this beautiful production, which was taken in Dalecarlia, Sweden, I can see how funny my scenario would have been. Here the

author, director and actors—the creator and all the interpreters of this great book in its transition to the screen—are Swedish. They knew what they were doing and did it as it should have been done. Aside from the many beautiful scenes of Swedish life and the splendid acting of the entire company, there was a story always consistently logical. The scenes at the little country courthouse, the groups of villagers in native costumes, the interesting interiors and the wedding festivities were most delightful sketches of intimate Swedish life. One scene was of unequalled beauty, and at Carnegie Hall, where the picture was shown, it brought a round of applause. It brought the “church boats” to the wedding. Both buggies and boats brought the guests (Sweden being so islandy). The boats came over the lake laden with men, women and children in native costume, with birch boughs trailing over the sides of the boats into the water and some carried upright. The picture could be helped considerably by a little closer trimming and an elimination of a few sub-titles. The program states, “Dramatized by Victor Sjöström and filmed by the Swedish Biograph Co.” If more foreign films of the intrinsic merit of “The Girl from the Marsh Croft” find their way to our shores and are given Broadway showings, the motion picture industry will surely profit thereby. Especially will the art of the film reach higher levels. England, France, Italy, Spain, Belgium and Russia have each their literature, music, painting and sculpture. Art is universal, and the artist of each country interprets in these different art forms the life of that country. Is the cinema alone not to be a universally recognized “art” form?

Something Nobody Knew

Mr. David Lawrence, that interesting writer on the New York *Evening Post*, has deigned to say a word regarding the motion picture industry. He visited Los Angeles on his tour of the West and seemed to be greatly impressed by the tremendous development and resultant wealth the “film” has brought to that Western city. He tells us a lot about the movies that everybody knows. He tells us one thing that nobody knew. I quote from the New York *Evening Post* of May 3d: “There are many reasons why the ‘Big Four,’ as they are called—Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford and *William Hart*—found it advisable to organize so that they could get more direct control of productions and profits, and they wanted a man of organizing capacity to do the job.” I think I would be a bit “peevish” if I were paying a quarter of \$200,000 per year to Mr. McAdoo, and the credit for my generosity were given to someone who didn’t even belong to the “Big Four”! Mr. D. W. Griffith, and not Mr. Hart, belongs to this particular “Big Four.”

Commercializing the Movies

Profit is necessary to carry on. Money is the reason why most of us strive, for we must have a place to sleep and food to eat. Cannot there be a little less talk of “money” among the moving picture people and a little more sincerity in the work? In this regard, those who write for the movies and those who write novels and plays that are sold to the movie people are more to be pitied than

censured if they have developed too much commercialism. That czar of moviedom, the director, has killed any ambition sincere writers may have had to submit literary material for screen adoption or to write stories conceived especially for the screen. In the beginning, writers were interested in what was to be done with their story or play, but they soon found they were considered a nuisance around the studio. They were not invited to make suggestions and were promptly sat upon if they did. When the time came for the screen version of their work to be shown, they went eager to see it in its new art form, but became so discouraged at the crude changes, at the unforgivable reconstruction of plot and character, that the majority no longer cared to see their made-over plays or stories. They took the money and let it go at that.

Why Do We Wave the Red?

While the Government is censoring, as it properly should, all Bolsheviki plays, taking the red rags out of them, which pleases every patriotic heart, why in the name of common sense did it approve the use of the color “red” for the advertising of the Victory Loan? The color that signifies “revolution,” the use of which in the form of a flag is prohibited in this country, would hardly seem a wise choice of color to use for driving home the purpose and necessity of the Victory Loan. The huge splashes of “red” with a white “V” can too easily be misunderstood by the large number of ignorant foreigners in the United States (natives, too, for that matter), who would be justified in associating the “red” with a revolutionary meaning only. There are many other effective colors besides “red” which might appropriately and intelligently have been used. There is “blue,” with which Nature paints the cloudless sky; or “green,” the favorite color of our Irish friends and the color which Mother Earth so generously displays; “yellow,” the fresh color of the spring flowers and of the life-giving sunshine; or even “purple,” which is now somewhat in vogue since our Democratic President dines off royalty’s solid-gold plate. And there is “white,” the emblem of innocence; but, after all, why not “red, white and blue”?

Fashions in the Movies

The stars take pride in their looks. They wear pretty clothes. Indeed, “Lucille” gowns have become so usual they do not even cause a ripple in the audience any more. Stories have been sacrificed, and acting, too, in some pictures, so that the “star” could leisurely display herself in French gowns and expensive furs and hats. In New York City we can see these gratis at the fashion shows. Of those engaged in studio work, the one the press agents have told us the least about and whose bank roll we are most in ignorance of is the photographer. To him should be given the greatest credit for the advancement of the motion picture. It is the one department of the industry that has maintained a slow, steady, continuous advance. To analyze coldly certain pictures one has enjoyed would result in a unanimous verdict that beautiful photography alone made the picture a success. And the greatest of motion picture photographers does not receive more than the salary of the average motion picture star.

Climbing Stairs to Stardom

By Michael Gross

Illustration by W. E. Hill



AGATHA Cynthia Pansy Hawkins,
Of Ryeville Center, New York, N. Y.,
Had the asthma so bad
That she couldn't walk two steps
Without starting to breathe heavy;
So Doctor Swoggins sent her to California
To get some new climate into her.

II.

IT took all the money she had
To buy the ticket;
So when Agatha hit Los Angeles,
She went to apply for a position
In a moving picture studio.
It was two long, steep flights up
To the director's office,
And when Agatha reached it,
She was swallowing her breath
In bucketfuls.

III.

THE director caught sight of her
Puffing like a grampus,
And knew that he had stumbled upon
The greatest movie sensation
Of the century.
He hired Agatha at once,
Gave her a few lessons in movie acting,
And then made her the leading lady
In an emotional, sob-heavy picture,
"Cold Gray Ashes of Burning Love."

IV.

JUST by being able to heave
Her breath from the knees up,
Agatha could carry off
The most dramatic situations.
And to-day, only a year later,
Whenever you see a billboard featuring
Miss Val de Vere Vallance,
The celebrated dramatic movie actress,
You know it means Agatha Cynthia Pansy Hawkins,
Who had the asthma so bad
That she had to leave Ryeville, New York,
To get some new climate into her.

Moral:

WHICH shows us that even our misfortunes
May sometimes be only blessings
In disguise.

*He knew he had stumbled on
the greatest movie sensa-
tion of the century.*

Needed

"Did you ever notice that motion pictures have vogues?
For instance, vampire, Western and society stories are
popular at different times."

"I wish there would be a good picture vogue."

The Matter with the Movies

Too many films are made of flimsy plots and filmy
gowns.

Horrors

Visitor—Why did you discharge your shipping clerk?

Exchange Manager—He sent a Theda Bara film, instead
of an educational, to a church affair.

Nothing To Fear

Visitor—Oh, I stepped on that man's foot:

Studio Manager—Never mind. That wasn't the star;
it was only the president of the company.

Amenities

Vaudeville Theater Owner—The movies! Bah!

Movie Theater Owner—Well, we don't have to issue
passes to fill our theaters.

Hodge Podge

"Pa, what is a nightmare?"

"It's something that men who write comedy motion
picture scenarios get very frequently."

"The Money Corral" is Bill Hart's Own Story



1. Lem Beeson, who can drive a hole through a dime in mid-air, wins the shoot.



2. Gregory Collins, financier, wants Lem as guardian of his bank vault.



3. In Chicago, on the job, Lem receives mysterious warning that his life will be forfeit if he sticks.

What It Is About

Lem Beeson (Bill Hart) is offered a job as guardian of a Chicago bank vault, when he wins a shooting contest in Montana. Gregory Collins, financier, makes the offer. Lem cares nothing for the idea till he meets Rose, a poor relation of the Gregories. Rival interests plot to rob the Collins vault of certain papers, and Lem is mysteriously threatened with death. He tells Bruler, Collins's manager, who is false to his employer, and Bruler endeavors to have Lem put out of the way. They do not succeed, but home sickness for Montana drives Lem off the job long enough for Bruler to think the coast clear. Lem is there with his gun, however, in time to break up the robbery, and when he goes West, he takes Rose with him.



4. Lem and Rose, "the poor relation." But for her he would not have left his beloved West.



5. Lem warns Collins of the threat against his life. Bruler (at the left) hears, and lays his plans to have Lem, the watchman, put away for keeps.



6. The reverse happens. Lem tells Collins that he has killed one robber, wounded another, and made Bruler prisoner in the bank vault.

Pettigrew's "Girl" Is Too Good To Be True



1. Pettigrew, having bought Daisy's picture, sees her from Row A.

2. Millionaire Varick claims that money is no obstacle to marriage.



Told Without Trimmings

A lonely soldier is *William Pettigrew*, stationed at an embarkation camp near New York. In a shop window he sees a photo of *Daisy Heath* (Ethel Clayton), a popular show girl, and buys it. Later he sees the original on the stage and waits outside to tell her of his admiration. *Daisy* has a millionaire friend, *Hugh Varick*, who wants to marry her, and till the lonely *Pettigrew* crossed her path, *Daisy* didn't think it a half-bad idea. But the more she sees of *Pettigrew*, the better she likes him, and when her lonely soldier tells her that he loves her, she breaks—honest she does!—with the millionaire, confessing she merely tolerated him for his coin's sake. Then she waits patiently until "her man" returns from France.



3. The lonely Pettigrew gets Daisy to autograph the portrait of her he has bought.

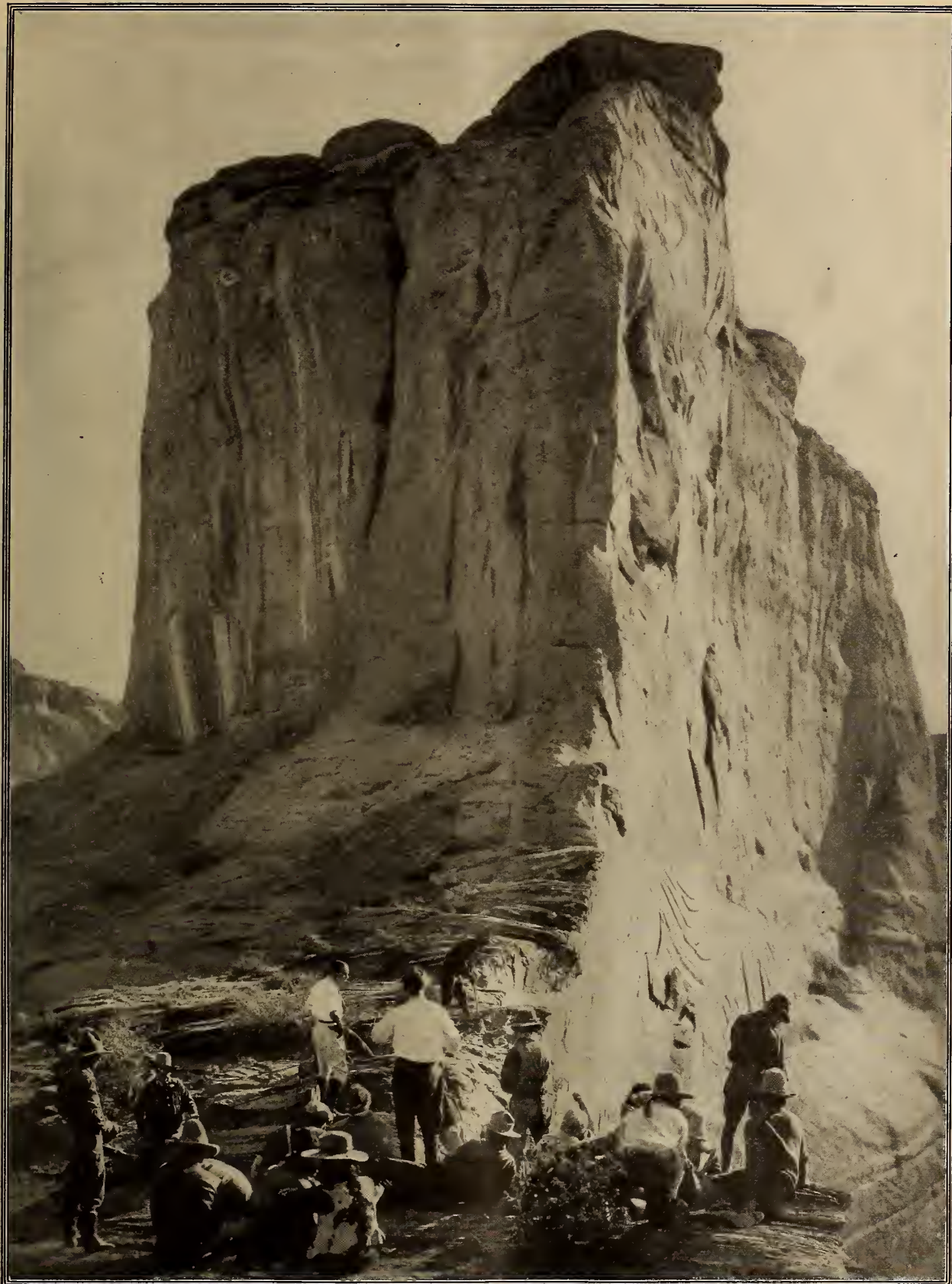
4. Daisy feels that Pettigrew "has brought something new into her life."



PARAMOUNT AIRCRAFT

5. Before her soldier sails for France, she breaks dates with the millionaire, in order to spend whole days with the lad in khaki.

6. And it is a little war-worker who greets Pettigrew upon his glad return from the fighting zone. What show has a mere millionaire?



STAGING A FAIRBANKS PICTURE

A leap from this rock to a pony's back will keep an audience in thrills for at least an evening.

Childhood Favorites Filmed

By Robert C. Benchley



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HELD, JR.

*Lupo, the Wolf, throws off his boudoir cap and stands leering at Little Red Riding-Hood.
"The Beast Shows His True Colors."*

SCENARIO writers can expect little sympathy in their arduous search for subjects and plots so long as they leave untouched the most obvious of all plot orchards—the nursery books. You would have thought that some one of them, instead of rewriting the scenario about the horse thief who saved the sheriff's daughter, would have gone one step nearer childhood and worked Little Red Riding-Hood into a screen drama. But no. They have seen fit to keep on playing variations on the same old stories that were thrown on the screen in the days when it was called the "biograph" and flickered like a man with winking St. Vitus's Dance. It therefore remains for us to lead the way to an even older and better class of plots. Our first release will be:

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD

Cast

The Girl.....Theda Bara
The Wolf.....Francis X. Bushman
The Grandmother.....Marguerite Clark
The Youngest Policeman....William Russell
Thugs, passers-by and other policemen

Little Red Riding-Hood leaves her home, bound for her Grandmother's with a basket of food. Her Mother kisses her as she goes out the gate. "Good-by and God bless you!" On the corner she meets the Wolf, dressed in tweeds and driving a roadster. He almost runs her down, at which she registers apprehension. Wolf stops car and comes back to her. "Can I give you a lift?" "No, thank you. I'm only going to my Grandmother's, two blocks over and one to the left."

Inspiration. Wolf hops into car and speeds away. Speeding down one block. Speeding down another block. Speeding one block to left. Draws up in front of Grand-

mother's house. Looks up street. Looks down street. Looks down alley and signals. Two thugs appear. Together they mount the steps to Grandmother's house and ring the bell. Grandmother opens door and is set upon by thugs. They bind and gag her and throw her down the dumbwaiter. "Now for the young one!"

The Wolf puts on the Grandmother's boudoir cap and kimono and gets into bed. (Can be changed by censorship board to davenport without interfering with story.) "And now, as the day draws toward its close, Little Red Riding-Hood, all unsuspecting, enters into the trap laid for her by the cruellest of all beasts of the wood, Lupo the Wolf."

Little Red Riding-Hood comes down the street. Looks inquiringly at the numbers on the doors. Discovers Grandmother's number and registers "Eureka!" Trips gayly up the steps and rings the bell. Door opened by thug disguised as maid. "Your Grandmama is waiting for you, Missy."

She enters Grandmother's room. Registers surprise at seeing Grandmother with waxed mustache. Looks apprehensively around the room.

"Why the Wilton Lackaye make-up, Grandmama?"

"The better to lure you with, my dear."

Somewhat reassured, she draws near the bed (or davenport) and offers Wolf a stuffed olive. He leaps up and throws off the boudoir cap and stands leering at Little Red Riding-Hood. "The Beast Shows His True Colors."

Little Red Riding-Hood picks up a lamp from the table and throws it at Wolf. He chases her around the table, knocking over the telephone and throwing the receiver off the hook. Close-up of telephone on floor.

"At the Central Exchange." Close-up of central dozing at switchboard. Signal flashes. "Number, please?" No answer. Central registers, "What is this I am hear-

ing over the wire? A man chasing a beautiful girl around a table!" Plugs in for police connection.

"At the Station House." Close-up of sergeant dozing at desk. Answers telephone languidly. Sudden interest at message. Calls in four officers and gives hurried instructions.

Back at Grandmother's house. Wolf and L. R. R. H. struggling in front hall. Thug disguised as maid rushes in and grabs her from behind.

Policemen speeding up street in automobile.

Back at Grandma's. Second thug rushes in and grabs her from the side.

Policemen speeding over one block to left. Draw up in front of house and rush up steps, battering in the door.

Arrest of Wolf and two thugs. Rescue of Grandma from dumbwaiter shaft. Love at first sight between Little Red Riding-Hood and youngest policeman. Clinch.

JACK AND JILL

Cast

Jack Fatty Arbuckle
 Jill Mabel Normand
 Jack's Employer Frank Keenan
 Jill's Employer Pearl White
 Policeman Smiling Bill Parsons

Jack starts out from the country store with a pail for some water. Comic storekeeper shakes fist at him.

Jill starts out from farmhouse with pail for water. Comic mistress shakes fist at her.

Jack and Jill meet at corner. "Love's Young Dream." Business of flirtation. They walk up hill together, swinging pails. Reach top and see fat policeman leaning over edge of well. Jack pushes him in.

They let down their buckets, bringing up policeman's shoe, then his hat, then his trousers, finally his false teeth. They fill their pails with water and stand with their backs to the well, laughing immoderately.

Head of policeman appears over top of well. Comic storekeeper and

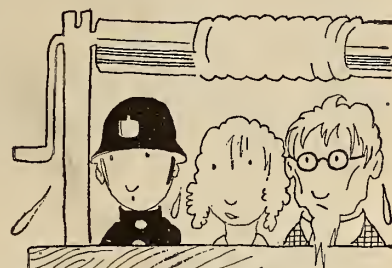
comic mistress come up the other slope of the hill, registering impatience. See policeman's head, and storekeeper throws chunk of sod at it, knocking it down well again. Storekeeper and mistress run to look over edge. Jack sees them and registers roguish intention. Crawls up behind them and pushes them in.

Jack and Jill stand laughing with their backs to the well. Three heads appear over the top, blowing water. Jack turns, startled. Starts to run and falls on head, rolling down hill. Jill trips over him and rolls down after him. Policeman, storekeeper and mistress hop out of well and start chasing down the hill, policeman tripping over Jill, storekeeper over policeman, and mistress over storekeeper. All roll down hill and into pond at the foot.

Jack and Jill appear, dripping, but embracing. The rest appear dripping and shaking their fists.

Fade-out of Jack and Jill in embrace.

Three heads appear over the top, blowing water. Jack turns, startled. Starts to run and falls on head, rolling down hill. Jill trips over him and rolls down after him.





PARAMOUNT

THE GENTLE ART OF STRANGLING A WIFE

Some men are born stranglers, others achieve the knack after long practice. Here, Warner Oland is showing his skill at the art, George Fitzmaurice, director, is egging him on, but Wyndham Standing does not believe he has the idea at all; says he isn't brutal enough. Elsie Ferguson, the victim, is the only one who isn't interested.

No Courting Aloud

The semi-darkness of the movies and the atmosphere of romance produced by the scenes upon the screen have led to many a whispered word of love. Now comes the appalling news that one of the Chicago motion picture theaters has been equipped with loud-speaking telephones, transmitters being distributed so that the manager in his office can hear patrons' comments on the pictures shown.

The statement as given out by the press does not say whether there is an automatic attachment permitting the manager to hear only what pertains to the pictures. Until this attachment is obtained and its constant use guaranteed, those desiring to court will have to confine their expressions of affection to handclaps and soulful glances.

Not a Travelogue

A film gathered before his eyes, but he didn't have any difficulty in seeing, because — well, it was a film showing Mack Sennett's bathing girls.

Reel Two

"What's the star so mad about?"

"During the cafe scene he forgot himself and tipped the waiter with real money."



Looking at this picture of Olive Thomas, you might imagine she thought she had a pretty pair of arms. Very likely, you'd be right.

Dangerous Business

One of the many films purporting to show actual scenes of combat in the recent world-wide war in Europe has on its display posters the following phrase: "Photographed at the Risk of Life."

After sitting through an hour and a half of it, one feels apprehensive of the safety of the manager of the show, who thus plays upon the patience of the long-suffering but oft-times uprising public, and one feels that this addition to the poster might be appropriate: "And Displayed at the Further Risk of Life, also Limb, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

Dreadful Threat

"Late again!" cried the irate moving picture director to the members of his company. "Do you actors think that you can stroll into the studio at half-past ten every morning and get away with it? This isn't a national bank. But, by humphrey! I'll get even with you! To-morrow we start filming that Alpine drama with the fog and cloud effects. Report at the old quarry at 4:30 a.m. You are all going to be shot at sunrise every morning for a week." Being shot at sunrise is harder hardship for a movie actor than it is for a prisoner of war.

"The Crimson Gardenia," a Rex Beach Thriller



1. "The Gardenia" convinces Madelon that the man wearing it is her cousin. Fete costumes for everybody.

Down to Brass Tacks

Roland Van Dam, because of a gardenia he wears, is mistaken by Madelon Dorette (Heda Nova) for her cousin, whom she had never seen, at a New Orleans fete. The flower is mere chance in the case of Roland, but it was the mark by which Madelon was to know her cousin Emile, one of a band of counterfeiters. The latter set upon Roland, likewise mistaking him for Emile, and finding their error, kill Emile, believing he betrayed them to the Secret Service. The girl is told by the gang that Roland caused her cousin's death, so she entices the man she had begun to love to their den, where quick (movie) thinking saves him. Unhooking a telephone receiver, Roland permits the talk to be heard by Central, who puts the police on the trail.

2. The wearer of the gardenia is taken by the counterfeiters to be a Secret Service man.



3. The counterfeiters discover that the man they have killed is one of their number.



4. Madelon is used to lure Roland to the gang's den, she believing he killed her cousin.



GOLDWIN

5. The exceptionally intelligent telephone operator overhears the den conversation and gives the alarm to the police.



6. The real Secret Service men come in the nick of time to save Roland from a finish that would have been no counterfeit.

"Deliverance"—Helen Keller's Message to



"Soldiers of Democracy. Ten million dead, and other millions that survived as these, one blind, one maimed, to save civilization! Can the world ever repay the debt?"



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Helen Keller makes a flight three thousand feet for her picture. "A symbol of deliverance!" she exclaims.



"In the Land of Romance." Herbert Heyes as the Great Lover, and Ann Mason as Miss Keller.



Helen Keller with her two little stars, Etna Ross and Tula Bell, the principal players in Act I, "Childhood." Etna Ross impersonates the child Helen.



Helen with her mother and aviator

(A short story of the p

Mankind Conveyed by a Thrilling Drama

rebel is
conception
physical self
personality.



Helen Keller, a modern Joan d'Arc, leads the struggling peoples of the world to Deliverance. A thrilling climax.



Phillips Brooks Keller, in the aerial service, and Mrs. Kate Adams Keller, her brother and mother, with Helen Keller. A dramatic moment in the picture.



Helen Keller giving expression to her belief that music lends wings to the soul so it may fly at will from any prisonhouse of pain to freedom.



her with whom she made her flight.

will be found on page 22.)



The powers of love and hate, which fought for possession of the soul of the child Helen.

"Deliverance"—Helen Keller's Message to Mankind Conveyed by a Thrilling Drama



"Soldiers of Democracy. Ten million dead, and other millions that survived as these, one blind, one maimed, to save civilization! Can the world ever repay the debt?"



Helen Keller makes a flight three thousand feet for her picture. "A symbol of deliverance!" she exclaims.

This winsome rebel is Helen Keller's conception of the mortal, physical self in her dual personality.



Helen Keller, a modern Joan d'Arc, leads the struggling peoples of the world to Deliverance. A thrilling climax.



Phillips Brooks Keller, in the aerial service, and Mrs. Kate Adams Keller, her brother and mother, with Helen Keller. A dramatic moment in the picture.



"In the Land of Romance." Herbert Heyes as the Great Lover, and Ann Mason as Miss Keller.



Helen Keller with her two little stars, Etna Ross and Tula Bell, the principal players in Act I, "Childhood." Etna Ross impersonates the child Helen.



Helen Keller giving expression to her belief that music lends wings to the soul so it may fly at will from any prisonhouse of pain to freedom.



Helen with her mother and aviator brother with whom she made her flight.

(A short story of the play will be found on page 22.)



The powers of love and hate, which fought for possession of the soul of the child Helen.

“THERE is a story going the rounds that it was through vibration that Helen Keller was able to follow my direction in playing the exacting and at times difficult role required of her in ‘Deliverance.’ It is stated that a code which I tapped with my feet was grasped as it were intuitively by her and translated by her into the necessary action.”

It was thus that George Foster Platt, who directed Miss Keller in this thrilling dramatization of her life and achievement, began his story of the production and the steps in its making.

“That is all very interesting,” he continued, “and I admired the ingenuity with which that point, so likely to appeal to readers, was played up. But it was as far as possible from the facts, and I mention this first of all, because from the very beginning up to the present time—and it is now a year since I became identified with the undertaking—there has been nothing even remotely suggesting the supernatural. To regard it as other than an intensely interesting drama of natural processes of development would rob its message of all meaning.

“The story is the life of Helen Keller. The message is that there is no hindrance which cannot be overcome, no obstacle that can halt for long the progress of one who truly seeks the light.

“Reduced to story form and with the scenes arranged quite in the ordinary way, we proceeded somewhat as follows: First, the action was studied carefully. What it required was conveyed to Miss Keller by the methods to which she is accustomed—either spelled in the sign language on her palm or read by her placing her fingertips on the lips of the speaker. She is an adept in both, her comprehension quick and keen, and she talks easily and readily.

“Having mastered a scene, it was rehearsed, several times perhaps. Then, of course, when it came to staging the action before the camera, some means for conveying the cues to a principal player, deprived of both sight and hearing, had to be devised, and the tapping with the foot served admirably.

“So, you see, the story of the vibrations is all right when you put it in the right place.

“The principal players are Helen Keller, her



mother, her brother, Phillips Brooks Keller, and Mrs. Macy, who has been her teacher and constant companion for thirty-two years. Her marvel of devotion, depth of understanding, of patience, and wealth of love that have never failed or faltered from the time Mrs. Macy's task was undertaken in Helen Keller's childhood, cannot be told in words. She was Miss Sullivan then, and herself blind for seventeen years, but she has since overcome this

affliction to the extent that she now has her sight.

“Other players were needed, of course. The child Helen is impersonated by Etna Ross, and the tense moment when she rises from her teacher's knee and speaks her first sentence, ‘I am not dumb now,’ marks the coming of the soul into possession of its own.

“The drama is in three acts—childhood, maidenhood and womanhood. The maiden Helen is impersonated by Ann Mason, and the Radcliffe College life, with its trials and triumphs, leads logically to the conclusions arrived at in the last act.

“The keenest interest will center on the third act, in which throughout Helen Keller herself is seen as a Red Cross nurse, as comrade to the unfortunate, as an aviator, as leader in the onward sweep of the peoples of the earth, and, best of all, as the woman of wide spiritual vision, who has found an answer to the great problems of life that trouble us all. The demons within have to yield to control; the monsters of selfishness and greed that trouble from without have to be overcome; love opens the gate and leads the way. This is the message which she offers for the use of her fellows.

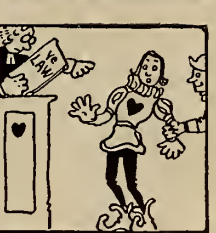
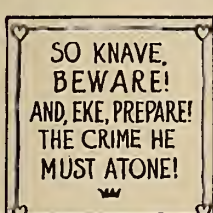
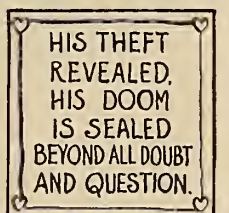
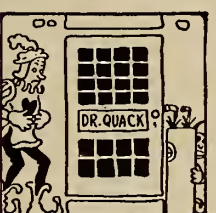
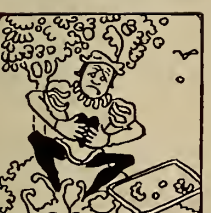
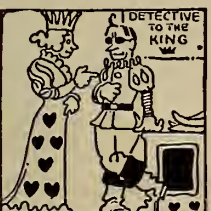
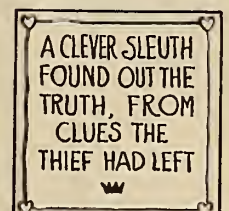
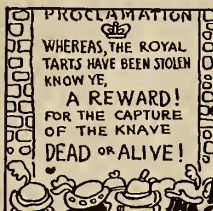
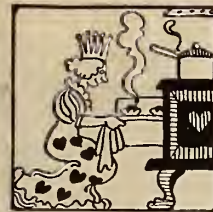
“It may be of interest to know that Miss Keller considered propositions made to her at different times to publish the message through the medium of the stage, as a drama or in musical setting. She chose the screen, partly because it seemed best adapted to her limitations, but principally because of the greater audience that could be reached in this way.”



Helen Keller and Anne Sullivan Macy.

Will we heed the message? Perhaps. We will ponder, surely, for this drama of real people who “have vanquished the demon that tempts us within” is vividly interesting and rich in happy thoughts.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



The Queen of Hearts : or, Make the Punishment Fit the Crime

Will You Lunch With Mary Pickford?



Gorging herself on a lettuce sandwich, prepared by Mother Pickford's own hands.

WHEN the clock strikes the witching hour of noon at the Mary Pickford studio, does the dainty little star sit down in the privacy of her rose and gold dressing-room and dally with a six-course luncheon served by a flunky resplendent in gold buttons and braid? She does—not!

Mary is a human dynamo of energy, and her lunch hour is her time for holding a court reception for the studio staff and wrestling with the knotty details of producing her own pictures.

She eats lunch in whatever set she happens to be working in at the time. It may be a tenement house or the foyer of a theater or the reception room of a dentist's office, and from all the menu of goodies prepared by Mother

Pickford's own hands, Mary gorges herself—by munching a lettuce sandwich and sipping a cup of chocolate!

At the luncheon hour Mary may sometimes be found surrounded by her secretary, who talks about the morning's mail, her modiste, who displays sketches for frocks to be worn in the ensuing scenes, her scenario writer, who brings out a book for the star's perusal, and her director of publicity, who wants to know about pictures, interviews and personal appearances.

When the company is out on location, Mary usually manages to get outside of a bottle of milk, a lettuce sandwich and an apple. No wonder that she merely flicks the scales at a hundred pounds! Ladies who have wished to look like Mary Pickford, have you ever tried this diet?

Frenzied, But Not Financial

The mild-mannered man with the washed-out blue eyes wanted a job. "What was your last position?" asked the manager of the Slapdash Philm Company.

"I was a dummy director."

"Good heavens, man, this isn't the financial department! And I don't believe this concern needs any such article."

"You don't understand," rebuked the man softly. "I had charge of those dummies that they throw out of third-story windows and put under express trains."

Those Bathing Girls

Moving Picture Director (showing an English friend around the plant)—After taking the pictures, the film is run through a bath containing the photographic developer.

Englishman—I say, old man, you should have seen the jolly film I saw lawst evening! They must have run the bally thing through a barth before developing.

Cause for Pride

"Have you ever met that motion picture actor?"

"No; but I know his valet's secretary."

Elsie Ferguson in "Eyes of the Soul"



1. Gloria's feeling of pity for the blind soldier; Judge Malvin, seemingly, not sharing it.



2. Pity is kin to love; Gloria reads to Larry and takes him for wheel-chair outings.



3. She is moved by evidence of the affection which young and old have for "the blind wreck."

The Story in Outline

Gloria Swann (Elsie Ferguson), while in Judge Malvin's auto, nearly runs down Larry Gibson, a blind soldier, in his wheel chair. The two meet frequently thereafter, and Gloria falls in love with him. Judge Malvin, loving Gloria, alludes to her soldier as "the blind wreck," but the girl is not to be won over. When Larry's finances get low, Gloria takes some songs he has written to a music publisher, and later, being herself a cabaret singer, gets a hearing for them at the Palm Garden. The songs make a hit, and Larry signs a contract with the publisher. Instead of starting life with Judge Malvin in a mansion, Gloria begins it with Larry in a boarding house. Both are happy. Larry is reconciled to the loss of his sight, for he sees through "the eyes of the soul."



4. Larry singing his soldier songs to the kiddies. Gloria has an inspiration. Judge Malvin, a grouch.



PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

5. Gloria gives Larry's songs a private "try-out" before the music publishers and the proprietors of the Palm Garden where she sings.



6. The introduction of Larry's songs to the Palm Garden public is just as successful as the private "try-out." The lady in the spotlight is Gloria.

The "Low-down" on the Movies

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

"IF you want to get the 'low-down' on the movies," said my knowing friend, "don't ask exhibitors or high-brow fans; get your dope from the fellow on the street. Ask the newsboys!"

After it had been duly explained to me that "the low-down" had nothing to do with "roughneck," but meant merely the straight and simple facts concerning a proposition, it occurred to me that even a press agent might tell the truth—once; so into the busy marts of Los Angeles I plunged, to gather unto myself a group of urchins of the genus newsie, to obtain from them a "different" angle on the movie favorites, the best sellers among pictures and the future of the screen.

The gang that I had picked by hand filed into my office, and the youngsters, ranging in age from seven to twelve, seated themselves in a prim row on the couch, uncomfortably silent, until some pieces of candy, judiciously distributed, loosened the tension.

"I seen Jul'an Eltinge in a pitcher yisterday," remarked Micky, who is twelve, sophisticated and Irish. "He's de guy what plays women's parts; but, say, dat bo couldn't fool me in de dark wid de light behind him!"

"Aw, git out!" scorned Abie, whose nose turns down as much as Micky's tilts up. "I seen him, too, and when he's dressed up in skoits, youse ud t'ink he was a dame, sure!"

"I would not!" contradicted Micky vehemently. "Say, in dat pitcher he needed a shave s'bad dat his face scratched de screen!"

"Ah-h!" sneered Abie.

"Ah-h, yerself!" retorted Micky, making a pass at his coat sleeve.

"Just a moment!" I said hastily, passing the candy again. "Who is your favorite movie actor, and why?"

There was an instant's silence, then a babble of voices, shrill from street work, confusedly and insistently shouted their favorites.

"Cha'lie Chaplin!" "Mary Pickford!" "Bill



Micky, who is twelve and sophisticated.

Hart!" "Cha'lie Chaplin's de best of 'em all!" "Aw, git out! He hasn't a look-in wid Doug Fairbanks!" "Bill Hart kin put it over all of 'em!" "Chase yer-self! What about William Desmond!" "Listen here! They ain't none of 'em as good as dat Japacter!" "Beat it! I say Cha'lie Chaplin!" "Fergit it! Fatty Arbuckle's funnier!" "Aw, g'wan! Youse guys is bugs if ya don't like Bill Hart!" "Say, he can't climb a house, kin he? Well, Doug"—"Ya poor fish, d'ja ever see Chaplin walk? Well"—"Aw, dry up!" "Aw"—

It seemed time to interfere, and I did—with another round of candy. When the din had died down, I broached, very gently, the subject of feminine screen favorites, stipulating that the choice be given in solo instead of in chorus form.

"I like Mary Pickford," spoke up Alec, whose face is a collection of choice freckles. "She's a good actor, and she has a lot of adopted sons in the army. My uncle's in the army. He had a dog and he was hit in the leg in France and he was a tailor and he's going to make me a khaki hat and some pants. I gotta brother in the army, too—he ain't my real brother—my sister married him—

he"—

"We were discussing Mary Pickford," I broke in gently, but before he could speak, Eddie interrupted with:

"Say, Gladys Brockwell kin draw circles around all dat bunch fer acting. Didja see her in 'Culter'?"

"'Culter'?" I echoed. "I don't think"—

"Sure! 'K-u-l-t-u-r,' Culter. She falls fer dis guy, but she throws money in his face when he sees her in dis cafee, and he gits out of a secret door and he rescues her and she won't go wid him and he shoots de man and dey shoot her. It's a swell pitcher!"

From the description, I'd say it was.

"I like dat little goil about so high"—Abie specified with his hand two feet from the floor—



Get your "dope" from the fellows on the street; ask the newsboys.

Saturday Night Tubs—Two Kinds



UNIVERSAL

Making good a bluff that she is a celebrated dancer, Mae Murray, in "A Delicious Little Devil," is installed in the dancer's quarters. This is her private pool, while below—

"you know who she is, doncha? She has two sisters and a dog and a blue machine."

I confessed that I could not identify the young lady, but Micky helped me out.

"He means Baby Marie Osborn," he said. "But say, I like 'em grown up; I don't give a whoop fer dese here kid actors. I tell you who I like—dat woman who's about eighty years old and takes girl parts—she ain't no chicken—but, believe me, she kin act!"

I tactfully ignored the reference, and Louie, the youngest of the crowd, broke in with his contribution.

"I seen Lillian Gish and Bill Hart play one night"——

"Betcha didn't!" jeered Eddie. "Dey don't play t'gether!"

"Betcha I did!" stoutly defended Louie. "I seen 'em de same night—



—Is the private pool to which she had formerly been accustomed.

in different t'eaters! Say, is Bill Hart married?" he appealed suddenly to me.

"Not yet," I told him. "At least, I haven't heard of it."

"Well, I guess he is, all right," Louie insisted. "Yeah, I know he is! I seen him in de pitcher and he wuz after dese Mexicans and de lady was held by a woman wid a knife at her neck and dey tried t' stop him and he shot 'em and dey were shut up in a cellar and she shot him and he jumped on his horse from a wall and got her away wid him and he shot 'em and he married her—it showed it in de pitcher!"

There was a loud and raucous chorus of: "Ah-h, ya poor rummy, dat ain't *real*!" "Where'ja git dat stuff?" "Doncha know *actin'* when ya see it?"

And high above the scoffing rose Louie's voice, shrilly and passionately.

(Continued on page 36)

How To Tell the Villain from the Hero

By Helen Rockwell

IT is quite a simple task to tell the hero from the villain in the movies once you really delve *deep* into the subject. One of the most satisfactory methods used is a close examination of the hair. While the hero's is often brown, red, gray, black or nil (if the hero has no hair, you know the picture's a comedy), the villain's must be sleek and black. If both the hero and villain have black hair, note carefully which one will be wearing a cap in youthful contrast to a derby or silk hat worn by the other. The cap is a sign of cleanliness of purpose as well as of youth, and is worn by the hero. The cap also denotes jauntness. Villains are never jaunty. They may be anticipatory at times, but jauntness is proof of a clean conscience.

Did you ever see a villain sit on a table and swing his legs? Of course not! That is a sure way of distinguishing the hero. If he doesn't do this, he will probably assert himself by vaulting over a hedge or out of an automobile. Heroes are given to vaulting, while the eyebrow is the villain's most active and potent force. A well-trained eyebrow can, by a cool lift, show that the hiding place of the papers has been discovered, that the heroine is about to be compromised, or that a best friend is about to be double-crossed. On the other hand, the hero seldom uses the eyebrow, keeping it well under control even when introduced to the heroine for the first time. The motionless eyebrow designates respect and chaste intentions. When the villain

raises his eyebrow, with his hat, upon introduction to the ingenue, you immediately can bet that he doesn't mean right by her.

A villain never has family connections, and he lives by himself, with only one man servant who can let the heroine in when she comes at a compromising hour to plead for her old love letters. Sometimes the man servant suffers a burst of conscience at the finish and shoots the villain through the portiere. This ending is only used when the director can't think of a better way of letting the hero dispose of him. When the servant does revolt,



The Arbuckle Roadster.
(1919 model.)



"BILIOUS" AND "DYSPEPSIA"
Stuffed Pathe stars which do such dirty work as falling over cliffs when flesh and blood stars balk.

it's because the villain ruined his daughter years before, and he's been planning revenge ever since. He waits for revenge just long enough to fill five reels.

A hero can have an overflow of relatives—mostly poor—if he wants them. If he does live alone and isn't struggling over an invention or a manuscript in a back hall bedroom, he has an eminently respectable and elderly female housekeeper, who has been in the family for years and no doubt nursed him as a baby.

Then, when the heroine has an automobile accident outside the hero's door, and you see a close-up of her with her head hanging becomingly upside down with hair nicely disarranged, you know she's still safe as a babe.

Single villains are slim and inclined toward tiny mustaches, but married ones are thickset and bulldoggy. At times when business claims the married ones to the extent they don't notice their wife's infatuation for young Dick Frothingham, they are degenerately fat. This would make him sufficiently hateful, even if he hadn't forgotten that this was his wife's wedding anniversary. Even a villain, when married, loses some of his aplomb and isn't as vicious as a single one. Single ones commit the most atrocious crimes, which consist of ruining the ingenue with curls in different ways. Married villains never do anything more alarming than bursting into their wife's bedroom when intoxicated or standing in the way of her marrying the hero with the close-up lolling before the open fire.

Once you get onto the thing, it's an easy matter and you can't go wrong. And it makes watching the movies so much more restful and compact, as it were! It's like taking a bouillon cube for your luncheon. You know beforehand just how good it is for you and how it's going to taste. And it saves so much time!

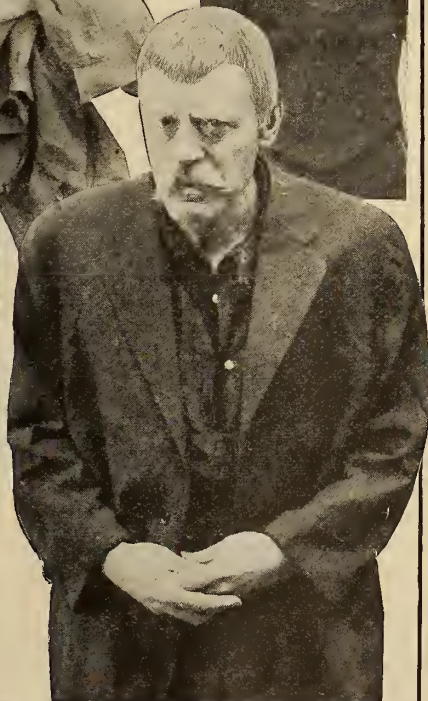
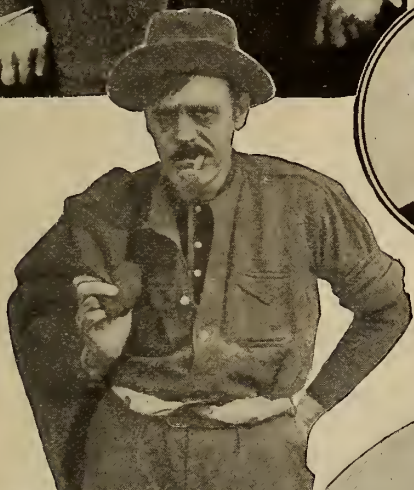
The Movie Extra

By Harold Seton

I WANDER here, I wander there—
 For dollars five a day!
 In fact, I wander ev'rywhere—
 For dollars five a day!
 Made up like someone young or old,
 Arrayed for weather hot or cold,
 I humbly beg or crossly scold—
 For dollars five a day!

I am a banker or a tramp—
 For dollars five a day!
 I am a hero or a scamp—
 For dollars five a day!
 I draw a sketch or write a book,
 I am a waiter or a cook,
 I am a copper or a crook—
 For dollars five a day!

I tend a farm or live in town—
 For dollars five a day!
 I am 'way up or else 'way down—
 For dollars five a day!
 I walk or ride, I sell or buy,
 I eat or drink, I laugh or cry,
 I work or play, I live or die—
 For dollars five a day!



Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.

MARY PICKFORD has a car that she chooses to call a "flivver," although it is distinctly not in that class at all, being one of those high-brow Cadillac Sixes or Sevens or something. Anyway, it's a roadster, and Mary drives it herself, and Mother Pickford thinks so little of her daughter's chauffing that she always stipulates that Mary must call her up every time she arrives where she has set out to go and report herself intact.

Mary says the real aristocrats of the Pickford automobile family are the imported cars owned by Jack and Lottie, and her "flivver" is the poor relation and has to stand outside the garage in the night dews, while the other two are comfortable and sheltered.

"Lottie and Jack have high-sounding names for their cars," says Mary, "but I call mine Job—just plain Job. Why? Oh, because he has so many boils!"

CHARLES RAY, in his moments of leisure, takes to the water—to be in the swim, as an audacious press agent might put it. Charles is an expert in aquatic feats, and it is hinted that one of his later pictures will give him an opportunity to display his talents in this respect.

ENID BENNETT'S pet fad is the collecting of animals. She has several dogs, a parrot, a canary, a Catalina mountain goat, and the latest acquisition to her menagerie is a small wild cat, which was brought to her from South America by a sailor fan.

The wild cat, in spite of its lack of Puritanism, has been christened Prudence, and that name, says Miss Bennett, ought to domesticate even a wild cat!

MARGARITA FISHER, of the bronze-gold hair and smoke-gray eyes, has mastered almost every out-of-door sport on the calendar, but the gentle art of bicycle riding has been beyond her. Now her education is being taken in hand by her young niece, Catherine Fisher, aged

12 (affectionately called Kathy by her lovely aunt), and Kathy is showing Aunt Margarita just how it is done. Auntie M. is getting along fairly well, but has discontinued the practicing except at the studio. The other evening Kathy insisted that the lesson take place out in front of the Fisher residence, and Margarita, having more confidence than skill, consented to try and ride the bicycle the length of the block. A regular "comedy" spill took place, with Margarita underneath the bicycle, Friend Niece standing by shrilly inquiring why she hadn't put the coast brake on, Mother Fisher inquiring from the porch if she was hurt, and a score of interested bystanders who gathered round scenting a "movie" scene.

"There is such a thing as too much publicity," says Margarita. "I will finish my cycling education in the privacy of the studio."

BILL HART, not contented with successfully invading the speaking stage and the silver screen, now turns his attention to becoming an author and has published a book called "Pinto Ben," which is a compilation of stories he and his sister, Mary Hart, have written.

The only other two artistic occupations that he has not taken up, says Mr. Hart, are painting and music.

"I couldn't even paint the town red, with prohibition coming in," he says, "and I never could coax my hair to grow long enough to be a musician!"



Margarita Fisher and Niece Kathy, who taught her to ride a bicycle—almost.

BILL RUSSELL, the versatile American film star, has a summer home in Santa Barbara, bounded by a chocolate king's estate on one side, a soap emperor's palace on the other, the ocean in front and a pine woods behind.

His place is called "Las Olas," which means "The Palms," and Bill says that the name applies not only to the ones in the yard, but likewise to those attached to tourists, picture fans and souvenir hounds, who want everything from autographed photos to photographed autos—very flattering, of course, but very expensive!

Bill enjoys "puttering" around the grounds with the

flowers and is very proud of his success at amateur Burbanking. Nor does he disdain to do the more menial labor of mowing the lawn.

A few days ago he was engaged in this pastime, garbed nattily in the latest thing in dilapidated trousers and flannel shirt.

A haughty car, manned by equally haughty tourists, stopped in front of him.

"My good man," said one of the ladies, addressing Bill patronizingly, "does William Russell, the film star, live here?"

"He does," answered Bill, wiping his hot forehead with a hand by no means lily white.

"And where is he at the present time?" the lady went on eagerly.

"Right here, manicuring the lawn," Bill responded, with his most engaging smile.

The lady put



Bill Russell at his favorite job of manicuring the lawn of his Santa Barbara home.

up her lorgnette and surveyed him icily.

"I should like to tell Mr. Russell of your impudence!" she said coldly. "He would certainly discharge you! James, drive on!" And James drove on.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN, having completed the last grueling scenes of "Sunnyside," has gone to Catalina Island for a vacation, there to indulge in his favorite pastime of fishing. We may expect that when he returns it will be with a brand-new idea for an aquatic comedy, in which the heroine goldfish will bombard the villainous shark with sponge pies, the swordfish will stage a fencing bout, and the catfish say nasty things about each other.

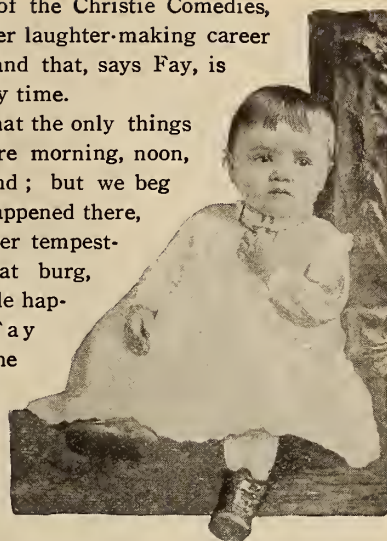
And think of what the fish will have to say after Charlie has left! "Listen to this man story!" we can imagine an aged tuna saying to his grandfishlets as they gather at his fins. "I had Charlie Chaplin at the pole, and he was a mile long, a half a mile wide — and he got away!"

FAY TINCHER, of the Christie Comedies, commenced her laughter-making career in Topeka, Kan., and that, says Fay, is good for a laugh any time.

She maintains that the only things that happen there are morning, noon, night and high wind; but we beg to differ—for Fay happened there, and judging from her tempestuous youth in that burg, there were some little happenings. For Fay wanted to go on the stage, and the family forbade it.

So Fay started a stock company of children and gave plays in the barn, always with Fay as the leading woman, stage manager, ticket seller and general property man. But once they put on a fire scene that became a real one, the barn burned down, and Father Tinchler said many bitter words about his daughter's talent.

"So I went to New York and started in to be a star," says Fay. "In less than a week I had decided that I didn't want a 'position,' just a plain 'job' would look pretty good, and by the end of a month I was glad to get a job in the chorus. I'd like to say that I went into the movies for artistic reasons, but I didn't. I went in the movies to get three square meals a day!"



Fay Tinchler, aged fifteen months, shortly before her decision to go on the stage.

GLADYS BROCKWELL, Fox star, has become very much attached to little Nancy Caswell, the five-year-old actress who has been playing with her in "The Call of the Soul." Nancy can't keep her feet still, and whenever music is played on the lot for anyone to "emote" to, Nancy is right there, doing a series of interpretive dances that doesn't help any with the work.

Miss Brockwell has recognized the little girl's talent, and has given her a season ticket for lessons under the personal supervision of Ruth St. Denis.

BILL DUNCAN is a fiend for cigars and smokes constantly when he isn't working. Therefore, a surefire barometer of Bill's activities during the day is the number of long black cigars in his vest pocket at the setting of each day's sun. If the voluminous pocket is empty, then it's been an easy day, with little to do; but if only one or two are gone — well, then, it's been SOME day!



The movies, it will be observed, have been able to do to Jim Corbett's face what neither Fitz nor Jeffries was able to accomplish.



APPRAISING VIRTUE

"'Bout how much does it count towards goin' to heaven, mother, if a fellow feels like sneakin' out and goin' to the movies, but doesn't do it?"

The Encore Fiend in Eclipse

THE inroads of the film on the audiences of the legitimate theater quite naturally lead on to the query:

"What has become of the encore fiend?"

One can imagine how ill at ease this variety of fiend must be in the presence of those silent dramas that go right along, as surely as fate, without an instant's pause. How it must irritate his proud soul not to be able to smite his mighty hands together and call back the performance for an encore at the slightest pretext. For nowadays, though he try his maddest palm smiting, he cannot fetch so much as a single curtain call.

Somehow we cannot help but feel sorry for the encore fiend in these days, much as we used to hate him before the film shows came. He was an honest, hard-working soul, and he blistered his hands in expressing approval of what he looked upon as art. Besides, he exemplified the doctrine of getting a lot for one's money. If he could stretch a two-hour performance to two hours and forty-five minutes, through the mere act of bringing one palm against the other and securing certain dynamic effects thereby, he could not be blamed for feeling that he had extracted the ultimate from his two dollars and had proved himself to be a true economist. He filled his place noisily, but if the legitimate drama does come back, as its devotees prophesy, let us hope the encore fiend does not come with it.

The Magnet

"Jack seems to have become popular very suddenly with all the fellows. What's the reason?"

"A censor friend gave him a lot of film cutouts."

On the Screen

The sheriff'll shoot up a highwayman bold;

An engine will run off the track.
A girl to the wandering Arabs is sold;
The traitor is stabbed from the back.
All sorts of gun play,
"Coming next Sunday."

The bridge will be blown up, enemies tricked;

A submarine dives in the drink.
A villain shows up, a hero is picked;
They fight on the precipice brink.
With much weeps and sorrow,
"Shown here to-morrow."

Precept

Nan—Congratulate me! Bill proposed last night.

Ann—How in the world did he get up the courage?

Nan—We went to a movie show last night and saw a delicious love scene in the picture.

If Wishes Were Passes

Willie—Gee! I wish I had a million dollars! I'd go to the picture show every day.

Tommy—You'd take me with you, wouldn't you, Willie?

Willie—Naw! If you're too lazy to wish a little for yourself, you can stay at home!

Cutting

Many a movie actor's feelings are badly lacerated in the cutting-room.

Features

Even the poorest photoplay has features in its close-ups.



YOUNG CHAPLIN VS. KID FAIRBANKS

There is not nearly as much luck in a horseshoe over a door as in a horseshoe stuffed in a boxing glove.

"Charge It To Me" Abounds In Warnings



1. Winnie and her friends start on a shopping tour—on the charge-it-to-me plan.



2. The elderly clubman serves as model for the dressing-gown Winnie is making for hubby's birthday.



3. Hubby is furious at finding Winnie's boudoir running over with men. Her explanations do not explain.

Tabloid Synopsis

Winnie Davis (Margarita Fisher) is a young wife with no allowance, her husband telling her to "charge everything." To get some real money to buy hubby a birthday present, she takes out her car as a taxi and soon has plenty of male patrons, running from an elderly clubman to a burglar. Her husband finds them all in the house at once one day and gets excited. His agitation grows when *Howard Weston*, a former rival, forces him to face financial ruin. Nor does it subside when stolen goods, belonging to *Weston*, are found in *Winnie's* room, brought there as a present by *Winnie's* friend, the burglar. Everything is ultimately explained, however, the stolen goods are returned, and the wind-up is a birthday party for *Winnie's* long-suffering husband.



4. The crowd extends to the kitchen, where there is an overflow meeting, with the police called in.



AMERICAN

5. The burglar's gift has been found and detectives declare the place a "fence." Hubby, disgusted with life, assumes the blame, and is about to be hustled off to jail.



6. A corner of the birthday dinner table, with the principals in the late mix-up as guests. The reformed burglar bids hubby grin and be happy. When explanations follow, he does.

Chawlie of Dogland



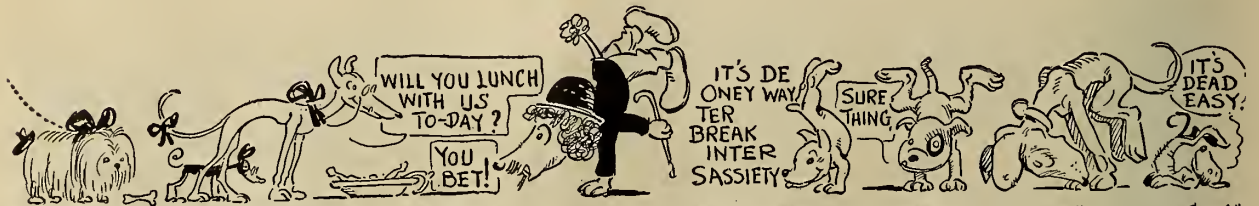
THERE ARE LOTS OF DOGS WHO DO NOUGHT BUT BARK, WHEN ONE OF THEIR ILK HAPPENS TO STUMBLE INTO THE LIME-LIGHT:



AND TRAIL HIM ABOUT THE STREETS TO BOAST AND JEER OVER THEIR EARLY ACQUAINTANCEHIP



BUT IT WAS BY HIS WONDERFUL GENIUS THAT HE WAS ABLE TO CORRAL THE COIN OF THE REALM



SO, CHAWLIE, BY HIS SUPERIOR TALENTS BECAME THE IDOL OF SWELL SOCIETY AND THE ENVY OF THE "GAS HOUSE GANG"



THERE'S ONE SURE ROAD TO WIN BACK THE ESTEEM OF THE DISGRUNTLED,-THE STOMACH! SO HE FILLED EM WITH BONES WHILE HE REELED OFF A FILM.

Here Is Fatty Arbuckle, Variously "Vamping"



PARAMOUNT-ARBUCKLE

All the world knows that Fatty Arbuckle can throw a pie, and here is pictorial proof that he can also throw a glance. Lucky for Theda Bara that Fatty does not "vamp" regularly; otherwise her prestige as a lurist would be in serious danger.

Polite Fiction

THE great scenario author's favorite Hero gazed upon the favorite Heroine with the hideous ferocity of real love. "You cannot refuse me," he sniffled. "My love is too great to be resisted."

She sneered. "That is a mere epigram."

"An epigram is an eternal crystallization of the truth."

"On, no. An epigram is a lie so well said that we wish it might be truth."

He began biting his nails in triumph. "You admit, then, that you at least wish my love could overpower you."

"I admit nothing." She was cryptic, mysterious, wonderful. "The price of admission is more than I can pay."

He spoke like a man gone broke with great emotion. "Have you ever thought what life would be without me?"

"Often. It is my fondest dream."

"You dismiss me, then?"

"No. I marry you. That's the end of the story, and I get rid of you."

The Hero laughed pitilessly. "You cannot escape so easily. We shall meet again in our Author's next scenario. He cannot get along without us."

"I suppose we must expect that. But at least we may be strangers for a few scenes before we begin this sort of thing all over again. I have only one hope."

"You hope you may some day learn to care for me?"

"Never! I hope our Author may get a really new idea and chuck us both forever." She resumed her pose of haughty incompatibility, and the show went on.

Flicker, Flicker

Flicker, flicker, movie star,
How I wonder what you are!
My illusion is destroy'd;
You are naught but celluloid!

In the Rough Stuff

Some directors can't seem to get over the idea that local color means black and blue.

Grief

Usher—A man in the audience is really crying.

Ticket Taker—Maybe he wrote the play.



WORLD

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

These worthies have been six million years getting into the movies, but they are in them at last.

The "Low-down" on the Movies

(Continued from page 27)

"He is, too, married! T'ink I don't know a wedding when I see one?"

I owned up to being rather surprised myself. I had not imagined that in this sophisticated age a juvenile, no matter how young, would take the movies seriously.

"And what kind of pictures do you like best?" I asked, when the tumult had subsided somewhat.

"Cowboy pitchers where dey ride off cliffs!" asserted Abie.

"I like de fights!" said Micky, pushing out his underlip.

"I like dese here spy pitchers," Eddie broke in, "where dey got sliding doors and floors dat sink in and where dey put people in cellars wid rats and snakes!" Eddie evidently possesses a blood-thirsty disposition.

"Dese war pitchers is good!" chimed in Alec. "I like 'em where de man slaps de Kaiser's face and dey take him out to shoot him and de girl comes and dey go to shoot her and the Americans come and shoot up de whole works!"

Another gentle disposition fostered by the movies.

"I like funny ones!" shrilled Louie. "Didja see Cha'lie Chaplin in 'Shoulder Arms'? Gee, I t'ought he was going t' drown in dat water—I bet he *did* pretty near drown!"

"I know Cha'lie Chaplin *personally!*" announced Micky impressively; but the chorus, instead of being abashed, added their bit loudly.

"Well, didn't I sell Fatty Arbuckle a paper?" "Say, Babe Daniels gimme a nickel oncest!" "Aw, say, I held Fairbanks's dawg fer him one day!" "Listen! I gotta cousin dat woiks fer Mary Pickford!"—

"As you were saying, Micky," I said, quieting the vocal melange, "you know Chaplin personally?"

"Sure I do! I seen him on location oncest, taking a pitcher, and dere was a cat in de hood of his machine an' I got it out and it yowled like everyt'ing and he talked t' me and gimme a dime.

"I gotta cousin whose husband used to be a buyer for de movies!" Micky boasted.

"A buyer?" I repeated vaguely.

"Sure! Dey'd tell him what dey wanted fer a scene, and he'd go out and buy it. But he's promoted now; he's a watcher."



A HARD-WORKED STAR

"What! Made up at 8:30 again to-morrow? Oh, have a heart!" cries Charlie Ray.

"A watchman, do you mean?" I asked.

"Naw, nothing like dat," he scoffed.

"He watches 'em make a scene, and if he don't like de way dey do it, he tells 'em so, and dey have to do it over."

And, by the same token, Micky's relative-in-law is probably some kind of a director.

"Tell me what you think of the future of the screen," I suggested.

The majority of the gang were stumped at the word, but Micky, the ever-ready, came to the bat.

"I t'ink people is goin' to git awfully tired of pitchers unless dey change a lot," he said, with the grave air of an expert. "Say, when I go to see a pitcher, I kin purty near tell from the first reel what's goin' t' happen between dat and the clinch."

Before the gang left, I asked them to write out their sentiments concerning their movie favorites. They did so with much labor. Louie said he couldn't "write very good," but that he could print on the typewriter, provided I told him where the letters

were and which ones to use. So he essayed the feat, stating that Mary Pickford was his ideal, because of the way she acts. The last word bothered all of them, Eddie contending that it was spelled "a-c-s," Micky holding out for "a-x-s," and Louie compromised by spelling it "ax."

When they filed out, I bestowed on each of them a shiny dime, and I heard their piercing voices as they clumped down the stairs: "Sure we kin git a front seat fer a dime!" "Aw, let's go see dat wild West pitcher on Main Street!" "I don't care! I bet Bill Hart is married!" "Ah-h, gwan!"—

Exactly fifteen minutes later a knock advised me of a visitor, and the door, when opened, disclosed Abie with a dirty-faced urchin in tow.

"Say, lady," he burst out, without giving me time to speak, "dis kid knows a lot of movie actors. Tell her who ya like best." He nudged the blushing youngster.

"Marvel Ray and William Farnum is my favrits." The newcomer spoke up mechanically and parrot-like, having evidently been carefully primed.

"Why Marvel Ray?" I inquired.

"Well, she lives on our street, and I've seen her lots of times."

"And William Farnum?" I pursued.

He hesitated and looked questioning-ly at Abie.

"Spill it!" said the latter impatiently. "Tell 'er ya like him 'cause he plays in good pitchers."

"Sure!" said the other.

I paid the late arrival two nickels for his information and signature, and from my window, which faces on the hall, I saw them stop in a parley by the elevator, and Abie's voice came sharp and threatening: "Come across! Don't try t' hold out on me! I got youse in on it, didn't I?"

Film Fun

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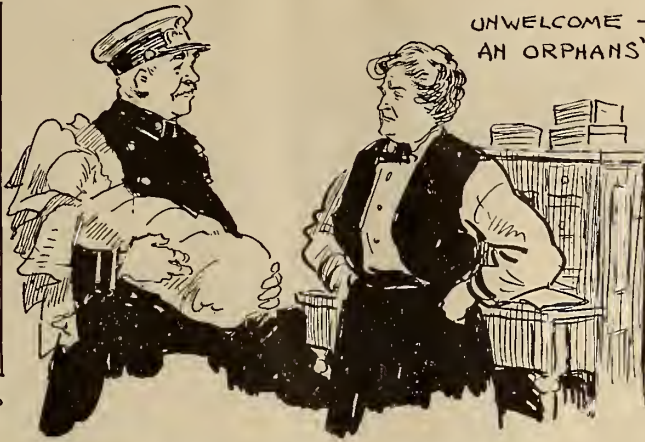
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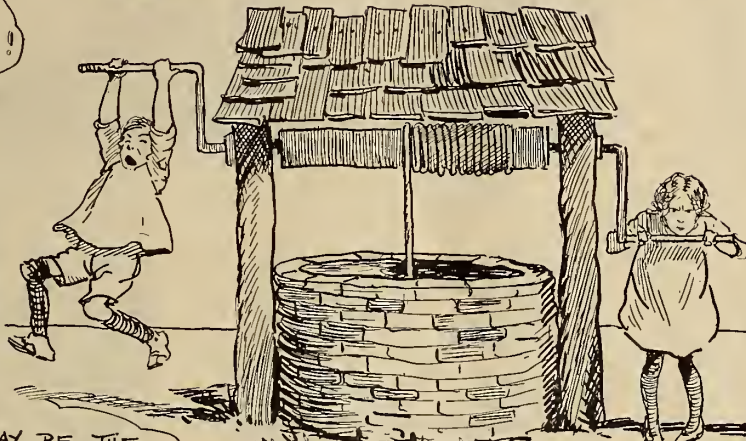
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UNITED

Dusty in his den; Dusty being California dialect for Dustin Farnum.

Screen Scrapple

Observations, wise and otherwise, of New York studio folks and their doings.

By H. R.

THERE are three kinds of moving picture actresses—those who appear as vampires, those who wear curls, and those you never heard of.

On the other hand, there are all kinds of actors—those who brilliantine their hair, those who vaseline their hair, those who marcel their hair, those who comb their hair—and Bill Farnum.

The Seven Deadly Virtues of the Movies are the heroine who visits a man's apartments, alone, at midnight, at his request—and doesn't know what it means—and the six others in various pictures who do the same thing.

After an interview with any second leading lady, one becomes convinced that all of the feminine stars in film-dom are conspiring to crush her, because they KNOW she can walk away with the picture.

The Seven Deadly Sins of the Movies are:

The one the scenario writer commits against the author when he mutilates his script.

The one the director commits against

the scenario writer in changing his version.

The one the star commits against the director in "hogging" all the scenes.

The one the camera man commits against the star in not giving her a sufficient number of close-ups.

The one the electrician commits against the camera man by not having the lights in proper working order.

The one the critic commits against the picture when he pans it.

The one for which no one is responsible when the picture is bad.

"Some Liar" is the frank title of William Russel's newest feature, and not an allusion to his press agent, as might be surmised offhand. The star's lies are the big moments of the picture. It is refreshing to see a star come right out like that and not pretend he's doing anything else but lying.

Some of the news weekly views of the war are so enlightening! How arresting and instructive it will be in later years to view the great scenes of conflict, taken at risk of life and limb, and point out to your children and children's children the important part played in the war by the 111th Engineers, who kept the company bicycles oiled; the sacrifice of the children of Bjklumbpa as they hand a drummer of the 3333d Division a garland of sweet

patooties; the rubbish heap found in the wake of the retreating enemy; a month's supply of "canned Willie" taken on a station platform 200 miles back of the lines, and the importance in war times of keeping up the morale of the army by teaching the schoolchildren back home to sing the war hymns of the Allied countries. Truly, the men who faced such dangers that Kaiserism might be crushed deserve high rewards. What more fitting tribute than to invite them to witness their own handiwork!



Jewish humor of vaudeville has for long meant everything to us, and now comes Sholom Aleichem, the Jewish Mark Twain, to spread his geniality through the movies. Alice Hastings is supported in the picture by Giacomo Masuroff and Alex Tenenholz. The



BRENTWOOD

Za Su Pitts, as Nancy Scroggs, in "Better Times."

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name of the piece is "Khava." I don't know, but right on the face of it, it doesn't sound like any laughing matter to me!

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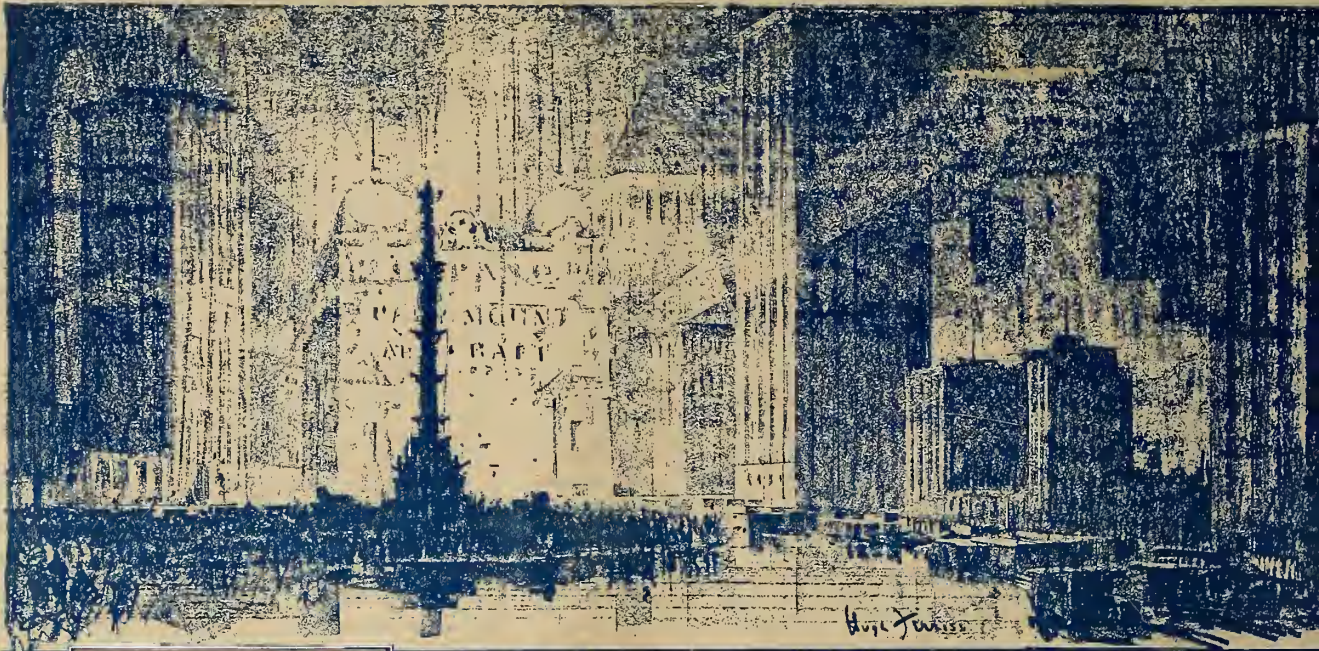
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NEW YORK



Film Fun

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"SUNNYSIDE"

Latest and Greatest of
Chaplin Comedies—Page 7



DISCHARGED!



"ONCE UPON A TIME—"

ILLUSTRATION BY F. R. GRUGER



HE children's hour—filmed! There is hardly any pleasure so keen as taking children to the motion picture theatre.

Heavens above, how they *do* enjoy themselves.

Mother used to set aside a regular children's hour, and read or tell stories.

But now, they go to one of the better theatres where Paramount-Artcraft Pictures are playing.

To tell the truth, Mother vastly prefers this to the old children's hour.

Because *she* enjoys it, too. Doubly, in fact,—the children's enjoyment and her own as well.

The public has sensed the fact that Famous Players-Lasky Corporation can be depended on to keep *Paramount-Artcraft* Pictures just what all parents would like them to be—both for themselves and for the youngsters.

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ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Director General
NEW YORK



Paramount-Artcraft Stars' Latest Productions

Listed alphabetically, released up to June 30th. Save the List! And see the Pictures!

Paramount

John Barrymore in "THE TEST OF HONOR"
*Enid Bennett in "THE HAUNTED BEDROOM"
Billie Burke in "GOOD GRACIOUS ANNABELLE"
Marguerite Clark in "GIRLS"
Ebel Clayton in "MEN, WOMEN AND MONEY"
*Dorothy Dalton in "OTHER MEN'S WIVES"
Dorothy Gish in "I'LL GET HIM YET"
Lila Lee in "A DAUGHTER OF THE WOLF"
"Oh! You Women"
A John Emerson-Anita Loos Production
Vivian Martin in "AN INNOCENT ADVENTURE"
Shirley Mason in "THE FINAL CLOSE-UP"
*Charles Ray in "HAY FOOT, STRAW FOOT"
Wallace Reid in "YOU'RE FIRED"
Bryant Washburn in "PUTTING IT OVER"

Paramount-Artcraft Specials

"Little Women"
From *Louisa M. Alcott's famous book*
A William A. Brady Production
Maurice Tourneur's Production "SPORTING LIFE"
"The Silver King" Scripting William Faversham
"False Faces" A Thomas H. Ince Production
"The Woman Thon Guvest Me"
Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER"
starring Robert Warwick

Artcraft

Cecil B. de Mille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in "THE KNICKERBOCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson in "THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production "TRUE HEART SUSIE"
*Viv. S. Hart in "SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON"
Mary Pickford in "CAPTAIN KIDD, JR."
Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Artcraft Comedy "A DESERT HERO"
Paramount-Black Sennett Comedies "HEARTS AND FLOWERS"
"NO MOTHER TO GUIDE HIM"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy "THE 'CON' IN ECONOMY"
Paramount-Drew Comedy "SQUARED"
*Supervision of Thomas H. Ince
Paramount-Bray Pictograph—One each week
Paramount-Holmes Travel Pictures—One each week

And remember that any *Paramount* or *Artcraft* Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

JUL 11 1919

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FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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Here, in a cluster of blossoms, is Marion Davies. Nature (or the property man) has parted the branches so as to give Miss Davies the center of the orchard stage. The picture is symbolic of "April Folly," her latest film play.



PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

One look at this photograph of Wanda Hawley and we realize that there must be any quantity of "Wanda-ing" boys among the movie fans of America. Indeed, Film Fun's latest fan letter, frankly confessing unbounded admiration for her, came from one of Uncle Sam's soldiers in Hawaii. Miss Hawley is a Seattle girl, who began with Fox, and is now with Artercraft. Her first picture was "The Derelict." She has appeared with both Douglas Fairbanks and Bill Hart.



BLANCHE SWEET FILM CO

FAIRCHILD PHOTO

The trouble with a girl with eyes like these is that you don't know whether she is going to laugh or cry. On the theory that she is going to laugh, this page of Film Fun is given to Blanche Sweet. She is a Chicago girl, educated in California, so the movie atmosphere of Los Angeles just naturally came up to Berkeley and enveloped her. Her first screen appearance was in Griffith's "Judith of Bethulia." Her latest is "The Unpardonable Sin," which may, in a measure, account for her expression.



ARTCRAFT

This shows Elsie Ferguson, Famous Player-Lasky star, in the same general attitude which Noah assumed when he released the dove from the Ark. Had Miss Ferguson been on the Ark, the dove would have come back, land or no land. This coincidental pose happens to be from "Eyes of the Soul," probably the most satisfactory of Miss Ferguson's pictures to date. Lest any of our male readers decide to fall in love with her, we add for their guidance that Miss Ferguson already has a perfectly satisfactory husband.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

SOMEONE asked the other day if Ben Turpin really got cross-eyed trying to look at all the Mack-Sennett girls at once.

Having heard of the difficulties of getting accommodations in New York's hostleries of late, a man from the middle West inquired for a statement of facts from a recent visitor to the metropolis. "Oh, I found a place to sleep all right," the traveler answered pleasantly. "I went to the movies."

Well, no one has ever denied that the purpose of the movie is to make one dream dreams, and if it accomplishes its purpose two ways, so much the better!

To prove that movie magnates have imagination! Two of them met in the Hotel Astor the other day, and one, who had just witnessed Nazimova in her latest offering, was filled with enthusiasm. "Have you seen Nazimova in the 'Red Lantern'?" he asked. "No," answered the other, with a superior air and a yawn. "I don't think these railroad drammers are much good."

A lot of publicity was given the other day to a woman who claims she always keeps her eyes shut during the movies, as she has only to listen to the music to understand the plot. Evidently that woman never went to the theater around the corner from my house, where the pianist thinks that the hero's evening with his wife is a cue for "A Little Bit of Heaven."

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who used to rave about Maurice Costello?

In her newest picture, "A Woman There Was," Theda Bara takes the part of a wild woman of the South Sea Isles, who, strange to say, speaks a Broadway jar-

gon. But it was the wild women of Broadway,—was it not?—who started the jargon, and perhaps all wild women speak a universal language.

Until we saw the picture called "The Girl of Hell's Agony," we wondered what "Hell's Agony" might be. After seeing the picture, we used our own interpretation.

Someone's been trying to get Agnes Ayre's goat, she says. No, not the one you think! It's the one she keeps in her Flatbush backyard—the one sent to her from the family farm in Pennsylvania when it was a kid.

Can you remember back as far as the times when you used to sneak to a moving picture with the great fear that someone would see you? When "the best people" scorned the movies and refused to patronize them? Well, times haven't changed so much, have they?

Someone watched Doug Fairbanks pivot on one ear, turn a half dozen back flops and land on his little finger. "Just think," said the person; "he gets a million dollars a year for just doing that!" "Yes," said her friend; "but think of the girl who gets a thousand a week for playing opposite Wallace Reid!"

There are three stages of drama—the drama, the melo-drama and the mellowest drama. It is the mellowest drama that you all like. That is the one that contains the mortgage on the old home and baby's bootie. And at least once in every reel the heroine is to be seen gazing into the moonlight from her bedroom window. Oh, boy! that's the kind of picture you want to write!

Have you ever noticed that when a motion picture actress goes on the legitimate stage, she soon returns to the movies?



PARAMOUNT

There's nothing better than a true sense of proportion. Bryant Washburn had it when he brought the big idea to his "Boss." Did it ever occur to you?

"Upside Down" Is Rightside Up at Last



1. Juliet wearies of domestic monotony and wants "grounds" for a divorce.



2. Obliging her, Pim butts into the Tammers' dinner party, playing the gay dog.



3. Still further obliging her, he endeavors to arrange an elopement with Mrs. Tammers.

In Compressed Form

Archibald Pim (Taylor Holmes) loves his wife dearly, but Juliet resents his slavery to habit which makes him take for granted her content. She begs the horror-stricken husband to release her, to seek a "reason" for her divorce. Pim does. He attempts to elope with Mrs. Tammers, wife of a wealthy acquaintance. That failing, he joins an all-night party Tammers is giving some chorus girls — all excellent "reasons." By keeping the drunken Tammers asleep all next day, Pim manipulates the stock market to gain control of most of the sleeper's wealth. When Tammers wakes up, he consents to sell him back some of his own stock, at which point Juliet arrives in search of Pim, convinced that she loves her husband.



4. Not precisely succeeding, he sits in at Tammers' all-night chorus girl riot.



5. Keeping the millionaire Tammers asleep while he manipulates the stock market all next day is a considerable job, but Pim does it. There's money in it.



6. The end is much like the beginning, except that Pim's wife now prizes what was formerly scorned, and Pim is wiser as to woman's whims.

"Sunnyside," the Latest Chaplin Laugh Potion



1. Charlie and his employer, who would rather kick his faithful drudge than go to church.



2. Charlie and the wood nymphs; his dream after a cow jars him into happy unconsciousness.



3. Edna, love for whom fills Charlie's waking hours—he has twenty every day.

A Compressed Version

Charlie is drudge in a country hotel, working from 4 a. m. till midnight. The one bright spot in his life is Edna, daughter of a neighboring farmer. One evening, when out after the cows, Charlie is bumped into a ditch by an unruly Bossy, and for a few blissful moments he dreams that he has been rescued by wood nymphs. Back to consciousness and slavery, his next adventure is with the victim of an auto accident in the village street. The mishap is not serious, and the handsome stranger fills Charlie's cup of misery to the brim by flirting with Edna, who, flattered, forgets the poor hotel drudge in her liking for the city chap. Charlie tries to rival the latter in dress, and failing dismally in this, is about to throw himself under a ruthless auto—when he wakes up. It is 4 a. m.



4. Charlie sympathetically tends to the city chap, hurt in the auto smash.



5. There is no sympathy in Charlie's eye now, only hatred and despair. The city chap has been winning Edna. Sheriff at left.



6. AND 'T WAS BUT A DREAM.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

MME. NAZIMOVA, in "The Red Lantern," proved quite a disappointment to her many admirers. After scoring so heavily in that beautiful photoplay, "Out of the Fog," it was logical to conclude that her subsequent efforts would at least equal, if not surpass, her former clever achievement. But such was not the case. Mme. Nazimova, who plays two parts in this picture—that of *Mahlee*, the Eurasian, and her white half-sister, *Blanche*—brings no spark of genius to either characterization. Something is wrong, and that something is the story. The story is cheap, vulgar, banal trash. Even an artist of Nazimova's acknowledged ability could do nothing to save it. She couldn't even save herself from being dead dull. There were some beautiful flashes of Chinese street scenes with interesting Chinese characters, excellently well done, but they did not blend into the picture. They were so out of "key" as to seem like "scenics," such as "Street scenes in Canton—or Shanghai," interspersed throughout the picture. "The Red Lantern" doesn't fail of one thing, and that is to show what a very simple matter it is to start a Boxer rebellion in China. According to this movie, it is far easier than to get aboard a subway car in New York City during rush hours. The scenes where Mme. Nazimova, as Princess of the Red Lantern, garbed in more than semi-nudity, encounters the half-white, half-Chinese who so passionately desires her might easily be eliminated, for they are nothing less than bald and downright disgusting. On the whole, "The Red Lantern" is lurid melodrama, and no attempt is made to disguise the fact. This is one motion picture that proves that a star cannot be greater than the story and that she cannot even be clever without a vehicle. Nazimova, in "The Red Lantern," falls far below the artistic heights she reached in "Out of the Fog." But no one would say it is her fault.

"Broken Blossoms" Strikes a High Note

From the ridiculous to the sublime is the long road traveled from "The Red Lantern" to "Broken Blossoms," Mr. Griffith's latest offering. As "Broken Blossoms," like "The Red Lantern," has a strongly flavored Chinese atmosphere, it is not so much amiss to speak of them relatively, but any discussion pro and con of artistic values



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

would leave the scale so unevenly balanced as to entirely preclude debate. "Broken Blossoms" is a simple, exquisite tragedy, with not a false or theatrical note throughout its eight reels. It is told in a series of beautiful etchings which record the quite perfect acting of the different characters. 'Tis being said that the drama has taken on a new lease of life and that good, old-fashioned acting, such as Booth and Mansfield and Jefferson contributed in a bygone day, is to be revived. It is being revived with the splendid work of the brothers Barrymore in "The Jest." When magnificent productions such as "The Jest" come to refresh starved souls hungry for fine dramatic fare, the thought arises, "Why cannot there be motion pictures of similar classic mold?" and one sighs regretfully and admits that the stage and the movies will always remain a long ways apart. And just as one becomes reconciled, along comes "Broken Blossoms" and upsets all convictions and theories. This magnificent screen tragedy is something so out of the ordinary, it is so different from the general run of photoplays, as to seem not a motion picture at all, but something new that had never been seen before. And the writer can offer no higher tribute than to say that "Broken Blossoms" is "The Jest" of the screen.

Mary Pickford's Hit

Mary Pickford, as *Judy Abbot* in "Daddy Long Legs," comes once again on the screen to gladden the hearts of her numberless followers. Under the capable direction of Marshall Neilan and with a clever supporting cast, Miss Pickford's latest offering becomes a most happy and entertaining motion picture. How far the picture follows Miss Webster's popular book, the writer cannot say, not having read it. That matters little in this instance. "Daddy Long Legs," with Miss Pickford as *Judy*, is a sweet, wholesome, cheerful and mighty interesting photoplay. The contented, pleased expression of the multitudes that filled the theater to overflowing gave evidence of universal approval. Clean, happy pictures like "Daddy Long Legs" are almost a necessity in these Bolshevik days. Let there be more of them!

A Bad Rule Broken

That the motion picture is progressing, not only along

artistic lines but in the manner of presentment, is shown by the announcement of a new policy to be inaugurated in two of New York City's finest motion picture theaters—the Rialto and the Rivoli. These have just recently changed hands, and the new management announces that the ironclad rule that a motion picture be shown for a week, no matter whether it be the "worst ever" or have the greatest merit, is to rule no more. A photoplay will hereafter be retained as long as there is a demand to see same. It seems odd that so long a time has been necessary to bring about this most needed change. Especially in New York will the new arrangement be a great blessing. Here it often happens that, with all the attractions a week may offer, a picture one earnestly desires to see, like Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms," runs its little week and disappears to parts unknown before one has had a chance to see it. It is quite like trying to find a needle in a haystack to locate a picture once it takes its departure after the first run. The movies are surely coming more and more into line with the theater. If a play is bad, it lasts a few days or weeks and then is withdrawn; if it makes good, it stays until everyone who wishes to has a chance to see it. Why should not the same rule obtain with a stupid, inferior motion picture as with the stupid play, and, vice versa, the good?

Norma Talmadge's Moonshine

"The New Moon," a recent offering with that versatile star, Norma Talmadge, is a wearisome motion picture. It is sufficiently boresome to make one desire complete emancipation from the movies. After seeing a picture like "The New Moon," say I to myself, "Never again! I'm through with the movies! Life is too short to voluntarily inflict upon oneself hours of torture." Why a silly little paper moon hung on a studio drop (or painted there rather) representing a night sky? This is an age of

advancement even in the movies! And when the "moon" in "The New Moon" is so tremendously featured and plays such a psychological part in the picture, why could there not be beautiful night scenes of a real moon—or, if done in the studio, why no attempt to disguise the fact? "The New Moon" shows one scene that, whether meant for comedy or tragedy, is so revolting to any sensitive person, it should be eliminated. It must have been a rather coarse mind to think up such and want to show it. That is the scene where the women are registering their names following the edict proclaiming the nationalization of women in Russia. A poor old woman of sixty years or more, seeing a number of women gathered about the registering booth, comes to put her name down also. If this is meant for subtlety, let it be a little more subtle and cut it out entirely. It is, to say the least, extremely bad taste.

Not as Advertised

Perhaps, as advertised, Sholom Aleicham may be "The Jewish Mark Twain," but no one would ever want to be guilty of saying so after seeing "Khavah," the first offering of the Zion Films, Inc. A fresh note, something new in thought and feeling, could excusably have been anticipated from this new concern. With all the wealth of Jewish literature to choose from, and the acknowledged high place held by the Jew as an artist, why this "Khavah"? It tells the old, old story of intermarriage, and caustic remarks are passed from Jew to Christian. Certainly *Khavah's* love for *Fedka*, the Christian elder of the village, was of gossamer strength. All it took to undo it was to see her husband dance at their wedding. This causes the righteous *Khavah* to say to herself (sub-title), "My mother never gave herself to such hilarity," and "*Khavah*" straightaway becomes so disgusted with the "hilarity" as to sneak back to her Jewish parents, who, in true, unforgiving Jewish style, will have none of her. She is a lost soul! Away with her! Another custom of the Christians which was quite revolting to *Khavah's* sensitive Jewish soul was to see her Christian mother-in-law wash clothes in the brook! Filthy custom that!

"No one can take the place of one's mother, and least of all, my own," says Madge Kennedy, the Goldwyn star. The scene is a daily one when she rests in the garden of her California home at the end of a day's work before the camera.

(Continued on
page 36)





Houdini, whose stage specialty is breaking out of things, with equally conspicuous success, broke into the movies, and has no wish to break out. He can wriggle free of handcuffs, steamer trunks and packing cases, but here is a chain that defies him. Seemingly he is suffering no pangs of humiliation.

Reviews of Motion Pictures

As the "Extras" in the Cast Think They Should Be Written

By Frank H. Williams

THREE SCREAMS AT MIDNIGHT—This picture is lifted into the superlatively good class by the distinguished acting of Phineas McSwat, the veteran screen player, who appears in a flash in the second reel as a butler. Outside of Mr. McSwat's work the picture is very bad.

WOW!—This farce comedy is made hilariously funny by the manner in which Muriel Pippin receives a custard pie full in the face in the second reel. Miss Pippin shows class, a fine sense of refined humor, and gives promise of a wonderful screen career by her work in this little scene, which, short as it is, makes the comedy thoroughly worth while. Let 'em hit you with more custard pies, Muriel! You're great!

THE BOILERMAKER'S ADOPTED DAUGHTER—We must confess to a keen sense of disappointment in this picture. Of course the work of the star, Fairchild Douglas,

is good, as usual, and the settings are splendid and all that, and the story is unusual and entertaining; but still we must say that we were sadly disappointed in this production. All through it we keep looking for someone, and looking in vain. We wanted to see Lochinvar O'Sweeney—the one and only O'Sweeney, who never fails to give life and animation to a mob scene. Where was O'Sweeney in the two mob scenes in "The Boilermaker's Daughter"? He wasn't there, and because he was missing, the whole picture was a disappointment to us.

THE FIFTH MURDER—Thank heavens, here is a picture that has been cast with intelligence. Certainly the casting director should be praised for giving the sort of a cast to this picture that the strength of the story deserved. We refer particularly to the casting director's wisdom in

(Continued on page 36)

"Putting It Over" Mingles Work With Play



1. There is nothing shy about Robert in business hours at the store.



2. At the clerks' ball, one of his jokes is about to make Mary faint.



3. Over her fright, Mary listens to Robert's tale of his own importance in the business world.

The Story in Brief

Robert Marsh (Bryant Washburn) comes to New York with nothing but his nerve and a weakness for practical joking. He gets a job as a soda-fountain clerk and boards at the house of Mrs. Peeler, whose daughter he escorts to the drug clerks' ball. There he meets Mary (Shirley Mason) and falls in love with her, cutting Miss Peeler cold. He tells her he is making \$50 a week, which is 40 more than the real figures. Mrs. Peeler turns him out for non-payment of room rent, and his employer is about to let him go because of slack trade, when a brilliant business idea hits Robert, which brings so much money to the store that his employer is glad to make the bluff salary a fact. And we might add that Miss Mary becomes Mrs. Robert straightway.



4. Later, Robert listens to his landlady's final ultimatum, pay or get out.



PARAMOUNT

5. Robert, investing his last shekels in a luncheon for Mary, conceives the big idea which makes his fortune at the store.



6. Something cute in conclusion. Reprimanded by the cop for spooning in the park, Robert calls attention to Mary's wedding ring.

Headliners on Fashion's Program



GOLDWYN

Madge Kennedy choose this frock because of its Grecian lines. Sleeveless, you see, with bodice of tulle.



AMERICAN

Margarita Fisher likes this frock of pale blue organdie with bands of pale pink ribbon.



CHRISTIE

"I'm happiest in a sport suit," confesses Fay Tincher.



GOLDWYN

This ball gown, worn by Pauline Frederick, is of turquoise velvet, the skirt draped up to the bodice. The sleeves are strings of cut crystals held by a velvet band.



FOX

Elinor Fair has heaps of faith in gingham, simple but correct.



ARTCRAFT

Edna Mae Cooper believes it is accessories that count; a gorgeous feather fan, a single long-stemmed rose, or mayhap an antique girdle. This gown worn in "Old Wives for New."



GOLDWYN

Mabel Normand offers, in evidence of the soundness of her unusual theories, this afternoon frock of pale blue chiffon over a foundation of the same shade, with rows of narrow Alice blue ribbon.

Filming the Fashions

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



Pauline Frederick.

"SPEAKING of bromides," said Mabel Normand of the Goldwyn studio, though we really hadn't said a word about such things, "the guy that pulled that one about clothes making the man could have made his proverb even more popular if he had strung off something like this: 'Styles are made by men, but *style* is made by women.' Deep stuff—eh, wot?" And with that she

breezed away to get on the daily set.

I couldn't agree as to the depth of the "stuff," but it did sound reasonable, so much so that I later flagged the volatile Mabel after she had finished the scene and was starting for her dressing-room to change costumes and asked for some expansion of the subject.

"C'mon up," she invited, "and while I dress, I'll say something for publication."

Her dressing-room is hung with chintz—or maybe it's cretonne; anyhow, it's very bright and Mabelish, and while her maid unfastened the street gown she was wearing, the vivacious star expounded her ideas on the subject of dress.

"You see, I figure that style is only a relative term. A bunch of men get together and dope out what will be the rage for the coming season, and the *styles* are made, right off the bat; but not *style*—not by a darn sight." Yes, I'm obliged to admit that Mabel, on occasion, *can* and *does* use slang.

"One woman gets inside a Paquin gown and strolls down Peacock Alley; the Social Angoras give her the once over and say to each other, 'My dear, what a deplorable absence of style!' Another woman will put on a two-by-four gingham with a string of beads around her neck, and the same Knockers' Chorus will have to admit grudgingly that she certainly *has* style!

"Why? Because one knows her type and the other doesn't. The Paquin lady probably has a gingham soul, but doesn't dress to it; and the gingham girl, though she may yearn for an imported outfit, has sense enough to stick to the homespun."

"And what kind of things do *you* wear?" I asked pointedly, though it was really unnecessary, since Miss Normand was already being hooked into an afternoon frock of pale blue chiffon over a foundation of the same shade, with very

long sleeves, and with row on row of Alice blue velvet ribbon, very narrow, trimming the skirt and bodice, and with a wider girdle of peacock blue velvet caught at the side with a bunch of French flowers. This was topped by a hat of pale blue georgette trimmed with an old rose ribbon.

"Well, if you *must* be personal," she answered, "this is the kind of a dress I like best, because it expresses youth and simplicity. The skirt, you see, isn't at all narrow; it suggests vigor and freedom of motion—and perhaps you've noticed that I need lots of room to move around."

We said we had noticed it.

"And since you're asking," Miss Normand went on, "blue is my favorite color, and I think brunettes ought to wear it instead of red; not for tall, vampish brunettes, of course, but cute little ones like"——

"Like you?" I finished, and Mabel winked at me.

Of course you know that a style story without Pauline Frederick in it would be "pas bon," so I crossed a number of stages and lots to find the beautiful film star, and when I came upon her, she was in a tiny bedroom set, sitting on the bed and looking disconsolately at an ivory toilet set, doubtless wondering what Uncle Ike would give for it. She was shedding real tears—and when I say real, I mean that they were not induced by glycerin or sad music played on the side lines. Miss Frederick is one of the few emotional actresses whose emoting does not require a rendition of "Hearts and Flowers" or "The Miserere" by the studio orchestra.

When she had finished her silent weep, she came from the set, clad very shabbily in an old suit that fitted none too well, but which could not hide the regal lines nor detract from her graceful carriage.

"Oh, this is a terrible time to talk of style!" she laughed, indicating her costume. "But if you want to know how I dress—well, I find that my particular style demands a combination of the conventional and the bizarre—a combination of the puritan and pagan, I might say. For instance, take a ball gown I wore in 'The Fear Woman' as characteristic of what I mean. It is of turquoise chiffon velvet, with the front and back of the skirt draped up to the bodice—nothing unusual about that, you see; but the striking touch is that the sleeves are made of strings of cut crystals, held with a band of velvet,



Seena Owens.



Louise Glaum.

(Continued on page 37)

Movie Mirrors Play Curious Tricks



Rodney Le Rocque is suddenly and supernaturally reminded that he owes his landlady money.

Shocked

"The director has fainted. What happened?"

"The star smiled at him."

Rare

The resident of Los Angeles was showing a visitor the sights of the town.

"That house has an odd history," he said, pointing to a residence.

"In what way?" inquired the visitor.

"It has never been photographed by the film companies."



Hugh Thompson (in the circle) has better luck. He has no kick against a looking glass which reflects him as Evelyn Greeley.

Speed

"Time flies doesn't it?"

"I should say so. The movies can cover twenty years in one foot of sub-title."

A Prophet of Profits

It's a wise producer who knows what the public wants when the public doesn't know itself.

"Motion picture wedding scenes are never true to life." "Why?"
"The bridegroom never looks scared."

Screen Scrapple

By H. R.

Observations, wise and otherwise, of
New York studio folks and their doings.

ONE often stops to wonder what a movie plot would be worth

without an automobile. The automobile is the panacea for all sick plots. Faithful Old Dog Tray had nothing on the auto. It is the auto that carries suspense and the vampire over a cliff, so that life ahead looms rosy for the hero and heroine; it is the auto that gives the villain a speaking acquaintance with the country ingenue (and all a villain needs is a speaking acquaintance, and all a country ingenue needs is to be spoken to); it is the auto that brings the irate parent to the scene of the runaway marriage, thus making a complete climax with all the principals grouped at center left; it is the auto that puts a marcel wave in your spinal cord when it (the auto) clears the crossing just as the midnight express thunders by. And then, too, think how dull life would be without that auto full of Keystone cops to the rescue!

THOSE fans who have worked themselves into a frenzy wondering how the Western drama could survive after July 1st will find a solution to the problem in "Barefisted Gallagher," which features William Desmond. The story is the

wildest of the wildest and as woolly as can be, and it is all done on Coca-Cola. It has no town saloon to be shot up, it can't boast a single dance-hall girl, and its villain is fully as vituperous as if he took his whiskey straight. We have always known that the Western drama was virile, but we figured that something, some time, would put a stop to its long life. If it can't be crippled by the loss of a saloon and the atmosphere which made it famous, it will, no

doubt, like the babbling brook, so graphically described by the late

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, continue on forever and forever.

TEXAS GUINAN, as the two-gun woman of the screen, has created a new type of heroine—but it is to be hoped the screen doesn't become congested with more like it. Disporting herself frolicsomenly in trousers, she presents a hybrid phenomenon without feminine charms or masculine beauty. And incidentally, Texas wasn't built

for trousers. The suspense of the picture is when she mounts her horse.

MISS GUINAN has taken Bill Hart for her model and flips a gun and squares a jaw in regulation style. In view of Miss Guinan's proportions, it would have done her a lot more good to have kept Eddie Polo in mind.

AND speaking of Eddie Polo reminds us that his leading lady's name is Peggy Aarup. According to our idea of the fitness of things and names, they should appear in a picture with a title like "Upstairs and Down."

FANNIE WARD has no dry time of it in her

newest release, "The Profiteers." Her copious tears fill fully three reels and make one uneasily recall Alice-in-Wonderland, who was obliged to swim around in a pool of weepings. There are times when one fosters prohibition.

THERE are three reasons why an ingenue should wear curls—the importance of looking innocent, the need of looking youthful, and Mary Pickford.



More people would go in for poultry raising if eggs yielded something on the May Allison model.

Whence Come These Movie Tears?

By Robert C. Benchley



Almost everyone has some bit of music which stimulates the tear glands to the point of inundation.

SOME optimist has said, with considerable point, that there is enough sadness in the world as it is without paying good money to go and see a moving picture of a woman crying herself into the heavens. This dislike on the part of the general public for surplus sorrow is probably the reason why ninety million inhabitants of these United States go regularly to see Gail Kane or Pauline Frederick cry all over the screen. If Mr. Griffith ever decides to film Greek mythology, it is a safe bet that the female lead will be Niobe, winner of the Amateur Olympian weep-stakes in 1000 B. C., for, whatever else is taken away from them, the American woman must have her full quota of sobs to be really happy.

The ability of so many of our screen stars to cry on short notice and cater to this love of vicarious sorrow on the part of the public, by letting themselves be filmed with large, globular tears trickling down their cheeks, has been the cause of much wonderment on the part of those in the audience who are able to cry only under the stimulus of a clout across the bridge of the nose or the death of a favorite canary. They can't understand how it is done. And when an audience can't understand how a thing is done, the first thing they do is to concoct a theory of their own.

Consequently, stories are circulated to the effect that the way Mae Marsh makes herself cry when the script demands it is to go outside and have Louis Lee Arms, her sporting husband, beat her with a golf club. This explanation, however, would hardly seem adequate to account

for a whole season's successful weeping, for by the end of the picture the star would have to be pushed about in a wheel chair.

As a matter of fact, inquiry among a group of our most lachrymose heroines brings forth the fact that their crying is simply a matter of putting themselves in a crying frame of mind, and then removing all economic barriers on the tear ducts and letting the glistening drops gush forth as they will. The only trouble with this method, according to Gail Kane, is that real, producer-to-consumer tears seldom shape up very well on the way down the cheeks, but are apt to smear against the side of the nose and disappear in a moist blur. For good, solid beads of tear drops, which keep their shape all the way down to the corners of the mouth, glycerine is the accepted ingredient.

An eyecup containing glycerine or boracic acid should always be on hand, in case the star cannot become sufficiently wrought up to squeeze out the requisite number of real tears. The picture can then be stopped while the glass is applied to the eye, and then continue as the sparkling pearls of glycerine course down her cheeks with as much verisimilitude as if she had just been told that she is getting fat.

The glycerine and boracic acid treatment, however, is considered small-time stuff by the real weepers of the screen, who feel that it should be genuine tears or none at all. Real tears are induced to flow in a variety of ways, most all of an emotional nature. Almost everyone has

some bit of music which stimulates the tear glands to the point of inundating the shirt front. (Our own special stimulus is, for instance, "Juanita," rendered at the other end of a lake at night by a male quartet.) Mary Pickford is rendered blind in both eyes by Dvorak's "Humoresque," played on the 'cello. Pauline Frederick can always get her effect if a violinist who pulls a mean whine on his D string is stationed somewhere near. And it is stated that Bert Lytell, in "Blackie's Redemption," is susceptible to the stirring tinkle of the saxophone.

Other stars are able to weep simply by taking a mental posture which makes their eyes think that some great sorrow has descended upon their owner and causes them to function accordingly. They simply shut out all thoughts that would tend to make them happy and stir themselves into a perfect maelstrom of emotion on the inside, then wink once or twice very hard—and there you are, trickle-trickle!

This method has its disadvantages, however, according again to Gail Kane, who was our special authority in this research. Many a time Miss Kane has succeeded, by dint of thinking of old people leaving their homes for the poorhouse and wayward girls being cast out into snowstorms, in filling her eyes with tears to the point of running over, only to have the director announce that the scene would have to be reset at that point or that lunch was served. And there she would be, with an eye-



For good, solid beads of tear drops, which keep their shape, glycerine is the accepted ingredient.

ful of perfectly legitimate tears for which there was no market. A tear duct which has any pride in its work will stand for just so much of such trifling, and then some fine day will refuse to function and call a drought.

Movie fans are becoming more and more exacting every day, however, and are beginning to demand real tears, regardless of the cost in time and labor. Glycerine was all right in its day and is still winked at when used in Sennett comedies and such-like emotional debauches, along with the onion cut in the shape of a tuberose and concealed in a bouquet to be sniffed whenever an attack of deep sorrow is felt coming on; but for high-class, heartbreaking tragedy, at fifty-eight cents a throw, including war tax, the public insists on being served with Grade A tears.

Considering which, and the strain upon the nerve centers of those young women who have to tear themselves into emotional shreds several times a day, we may soon expect to be asked to contribute to a fund for the erection of a psychopathic hospital on the sandy coast of California or the rocky cliffs of Fort Lee, to which may resort the dozens of wan, curly-headed heroines, with large, moist eyes, who will, in a short while, find themselves emotional wrecks. Let them look to the brimming eyecup while there is yet time!

—
An actor will tell you that the crank on the camera isn't the only one around the studio.

Infinite Revenue

"I've got a scheme to pay off the country's war debt."
"What is it?"

"Impose a tax of two cents on every motion picture scenario written."

Thirty Seconds for Repairs

Flora—In the most interesting part of a magazine story, you always find it's to be continued in the next issue.

Fauna—Yes, and the most thrilling point in a photograph is always where the film breaks.

Especially the Staresses

Movie Fan—Don't you think the star system will have to be abolished sooner or later?

Professor of Astronomy—Abolish the stars? Why, no man on earth can do that!

A Super-serial

Flora—Is that new film serial of Viva Voce's proving a success?

Fauna—It's too soon to tell. She's just released the hundred and forty-third episode!

Kiddies of Screendom Who Play Home L



A family "close-up" which is full of inspiration for Taylor Holmes. The boys are Phillips and Ralph, the elder being eleven. The young lady, who takes after her father, is Madelene, aged five.



Jack Mulhall, Jr., son of Jack Mulhall, leading man at Universal for many years. The wife and mother's professional name is Laura Mulhall. Fox followers will recognize her.



Douglas Fairbanks, Robert, aged eleven, say which is which, their ponies in those paring for a canter



Dorothy Phillips (Mrs. Alan Holubar) and her daughter, Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn is teaching mother to register sympathy—for the doll. The latter's name and pedigree were not sent us. Nor was the make of Gwendolyn's roadster.



s to the Adoring Support of Star Parents



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ld be unnecessary to
Fairbanks boys had
and were just pre-
the park at Denver.



Jane Novak's baby, Virginia, called "Jinny" by those who know her well. "Jinny" is twenty-two months old. Notice the eyes — Jane right over again.



Miriam Cooper and Jack, the little chap whom she and her husband, Raoul Walsh, adopted from among the survivors of the Halifax disaster. Jack is nine years old.



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Thomas Ince and his three youngsters, all three being chips of the old block; or, as one might appropriately say of such offspring, chips of the old film. The family cast is as follows: camera man, "Bill" Ince; assistant director, "Dick" Ince; director with megaphone and commanding manner, "Tom" Ince, Jr.; the actor on the set, Father Ince.



William Wallace Reid, Jr., who, except on formal occasions, is called "Billy." Mrs. Reid is Dorothy Davenport of the long famous Davenport family of stage folks.

Kiddies of Screendom Who Play Home Leads to the Adoring Support of Star Parents



A family "close-up" which is full of inspiration for Taylor Holmes. The boys are Phillips and Ralph, the elder being eleven. The young lady, who takes after her father, is Madeleine, aged five.



Jack Mulhall, Jr., son of Jack Mulhall, leading man at Universal for many years. The wife and mother's professional name is Laura Mulhall. Fox followers will recognize her.



Douglas Fairbanks, aged nine, and his brother, Robert, aged eleven. It should be unnecessary to say which is which. The Fairbanks boys had their ponies in those days, and were just preparing for a canter through the park at Denver.



Jane Novak's baby, Virginia, called "Jimmy" by those who know her well. "Jimmy" is twenty-two months old. Notice the eyes — Jane right over again.



Miriam Cooper and Jack, the little chap whom she and her husband, Raoul Walsh, adopted from among the survivors of the Halifax disaster. Jack is nine years old.



Dorothy Phillips (Mrs. Alan Hobubar) and her daughter, Gwendolyn. Gwendolyn is teaching mother to register sympathy—for the doll. The latter's name and pedigree were not sent us. Nor was the make of Gwendolyn's roadster.



There is a real, human ho-boy in the home of Bryant Washburn, if this picture of "Sonny" speaks with accuracy.



Thomas Ince and his three youngsters, all three being chips of the old block, or, as one might appropriately say of such offspring, chips of the old film. The family cast is as follows: camera man, "Bill" Ince; assistant director, "Dick" Ince; director with megaphone and commanding manner, "Tom" Ince, Jr.; the actor on the set, Father Ince.



William Wallace Reid, Jr., who, except on formal occasions, is called "Billy," Mrs. Reid is Dorothy Davenport of the long famous Davenport family of stage folks.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



Jack and His Famous Beanstalk; or, Everything Which Goes Up Must Eventually Come Down



WORLD

"MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE"

Screen stars, like roses, bud and bloom, droop and wither. Justine Johnson, late of the Follies, has just passed the budding stage; the drooping stage being, happily, a long way off. That she takes her ambition seriously is shown by her choice of a summer stock company as a training school; and summer stock is no bed of roses.

More Important

Friend—Do you expect your new book to become a best seller?

Novelist—I don't care how many copies are sold as long as I can dispose of the motion picture rights.

Lucky

"That man is acquainted with all the movie stars in Los Angeles."

"Who is he?"

"The income tax collector."

He Has Much To Learn

The Movie Fan—This movie actor fellow gets more salary than the President of the United States.

His Wife—Yes, but the President can't do those excruciating falls and make those funny faces.

Sane

"Pa, give me a quarter."

"No; you'll only spend it foolishly."

"Honestly I won't. I want it for the movies."

"Here it is."

Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.

YOU know the bromide about imitation being the sincerest flattery—well, Charlie Chaplin can tell you that, while it may be agreeable in one way, it can be mighty inconvenient at times.

Take, for instance, the incident of the Los Angeles movie theater which was showing a Chaplin picture, and which, as a side attraction, was staging a Chaplin imitation contest. There were all sorts and varieties of pseudo-Charlies out in front—four-foot Charlies and six-foot Charlies, all with canes, mustaches, derby hats and turned-up shoes. It seemed as if all the youngsters in town had congregated by the theater to out-Chaplin Chaplin. There was a huge crowd around the place, shouting encouragement to the would-be Charlies, who were all doing their best to win the prize offered for the best imitation of the famous comedian, and then—

A slight, inconspicuous young man elbowed his way through the throng and addressed the ticket taker deferentially:

"May I go inside to see my picture? I'm Charles Chaplin."

The ticket taker gave the young man the once over and sniffed in a sort of tired way.

"Yes, I've no doubt you're Chaplin," he said ironically. "You're the seventh fellow who's tried to pull that on me in the last hour, and if you'll look at the crowd out there, you'll know better than to tell me you're Chaplin—without a mustache."

"But, really"—the young man commenced.

"Really nothing!" the ticket man exploded. "Get out of here before I call a cop! If Chaplin ever saw you, he'd laugh himself to death to think you had an idea you looked like him."

The mild young man seemed to struggle with a desire to burst into apoplectic laughter, but he turned away obediently and purchased a ticket.

"Didja see who went in just now?" an usherette asked the ticket man. "That was Charlie Chaplin."

PAULINE FREDERICK owns a wonderful home out near Beverly, Calif., an automobile and all the luxurious accessories that go with a place in stardom and a starry salary; but her dearest possession is her black Pomeranian, Stocker, who looks like an animated penwiper and who thinks himself a competent guardian for his lovely mistress.

Miss Frederick first saw Stocker at a dog show in New York, and it was love at first sight with both of them. The little dog—then just a puppy—tried to follow her home, and, of course, that was enough for Miss Frederick. She went back the next day and bought him, and when she took him to her apartment he adopted the place as his home, and the next morning he was lying on the rug outside her bedroom door, in a correct "Beware the Watchdog" attitude.

She brought him to the coast with her in a specially arranged suitcase, and not even the porter knew he was on the train—at least, says Miss Frederick, if he did know, he forgot all about it—silver dollars are wonderful memory eradicators. So the little dog accompanies his mistress to and from the Goldwyn studios, annoys the Goldwyn cats and chews up the Goldwyn scenery. He has been in several pictures with Goldwyn stars, having been "borrowed" for that purpose, and Miss Frederick used him in "The Fear Woman." The first thing we know, Stocker will be having his name on the billboards and be advertised as "A Rising Young Dog-Star."



Pauline Frederick's dearest possession is Stocker, her Pomeranian. She first saw him at the New York dog show and it was a case of love at first sight with both of them.

THE latest addition to the ranks of the stars is Minnie (surname unknown), the Indian princess of mastodonic proportions who worked with Mabel Normand in "Mickey," and who is now making a picture with Madaline Traverse called "Until Eternity."

Minnie's press agent says she is a princess, so it must be true; but the point of this story is that Minnie has temperament, so much so that it is unwise for a director to tamper unduly with her prejudices and opinions.

Harry Millard is directing the picture, and the other day, he was trying to get Minnie to describe a husband beating up his wife. The lady got the idea all right, but the motions she made with her hands resembled the ones which Uncle Abie uses when he says, "It cost me seventy dollars, but you can have it for fifty cents," and Millard accused Minnie of being Yiddish.

Now "Yiddish" might have been a vegetable for all Minnie knew, but she thought she had been handed a verbal lemon, and she turned on Director Millard with a scowl that was distinctly not in the script.

(Continued on page 40)

"Hearts and Flowers" In a Setting of Comedy



1. Phyllis (on the extreme right) fascinated by Ford, the orchestra leader.

In Part as Follows

Ford, a musical genius, is leader of a hotel orchestra and something of a ladykiller. By his charming airs and graces, he wins Phyllis away from Billy, and the latter, for revenge, fakes a letter which makes Ford think that Louise, the lowly hotel flower girl whom he has scorned, has money in bunches. That is enough. He makes a play for Louise and cares not for the jealousy of Phyllis. He proposes and is accepted. Ford and Louise are about to be wed, regardless of her formidable and terrifying family, whom he meets one by one, when he learns that the girl has no money at all. Ford makes a wild dash to get away, but Louise's three brothers give him plenty of nerve strain in the process. Louise marries Jack, a faithful former worshiper.

2. Louise (on the extreme left) gets never a look from the adorable Ford until—



3. It is apparently true that she is rich. Then Ford swallows hard and proposes.



4. Louise holds Ford tight when the engaged couple meet Phyllis on the beach.



PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

5. It comes hard for Ford to give up a Phyllis for a Louise, coin or no coin. The soldierly thing on the left is Jack, a would-be steady of Louise.

6. And here is what Ford faced without flinching—the family of Louise—until he learned her wealth was a myth. Then it was exit Ford hastily.



WORLD

Of good results in the making of picture plays, the most important essential is for the director to have his star under full control. Nothing could better illustrate the necessary team work than this scene from the day's labor of June Elwidge and Director Johnson.

Snide Talks With Girls

By Malaria Miggs, the Movie Star

GIRLS, girls, I beseech you, don't go into the motion picture profession. I tell you this for my own good. There are too many in it now, so many, in fact, that some of us hardly know where our next limousine is coming from.

If you have a nice soft job in a glue factory, stick to it.

I know motion picture work carries with it certain fascinations. Every girl wants to know how she would look in a picture registering grief, with her mouth pulled around under her left ear and an imitation tear about the size of an English walnut rolling down her nose. I know it is a temptation, and the money is large—oh, yes, very, very large. But money isn't everything.

I have often wished that, instead of becoming a great screen actress, I had married a policeman and settled down in a three-room kitchenette with a par-

lor full of installment furniture and an endless clothesline full of khaki shirts. Yes, I have.

The pictures are full of illusions. The leading men don't really make love to one, you know. Oh, by no means! I wouldn't marry any leading man I ever worked with. As soon as you marry one of them, he stops working.

They are very annoying, really. Last week I was working with Spencerian Fortesque, and in the place where he

takes me in his arms and the sub-title says, "Queen of my heart, my angel Amaryllis!" he really said, "For Gawd's sake break your clinch! Don't you know it's a hot day?" After he said that, I had to pull a pensive expression full of love, gazing enraptured into his eyes, and say, "Harold, I have loved you always!" but I didn't say that. I mur-

(Continued on page 39)



"Come out into the moonlight, fellers, and get in the movies—here comes a camera-man."

"Love's False Faces," Comedy Broad and Long



1. Charlotte, the vampish boarder, arrives. The scheming Chester hints that Jimmy will bear watching.



2. A table full of real money, Marie's inheritance. Chester and Jimmy more than interested in same.



3. Chester, the barkeep, plants in Marie's mind the idea that her husband is faithless.

A Gallon in a Pint

When Webster's dictionary can be printed on a postage stamp, it will be possible to describe a Mack Sennett comedy in this space. "Love's False Faces" flits from a boarding house to a barroom (obsolete term) and back again. When the characters are not falling down, they are framing up. The story revolves around Marie, a boarding-house keeper who is left money, Jimmy, her husband, and Chester, the barkeep, who plots to cut Jimmy out when Marie inherits riches. Chester tries to compromise Jimmy with Charlotte, a vampish boarder in Marie's house. Charlotte finds a long-lost husband, Chester's schemes to queer Jimmy fail, Marie suspects everybody, detectives roam the house, and the finish is a fight and Jimmy's triumph.



4. With so many millions to guard, it was but natural for Marie to hire a sleuth. Here he is.



5. Jimmy does a little sleuthing on his own account, as a close examination of the gentleman on the left will disclose.



6. The vampish Charlotte finds her husband, which is the beginning of the unravelling that leads to a snappy, happy ending.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



THE most thrilling indoor sport among many of our producers is titling a picture. The rules for playing this fascinating game are not at all complex. In fact, there is but one rule, and it is so simple it is silly. The basic idea is that the title must never, never have any possible bearing upon the play.

BILL HART'S publicity man blooms forth with nine stills of Bill demonstrating the Indian sign language. Not being a Piute, I don't exactly get the message Bill is endeavoring to convey. Looks to me as though Bill is reciting "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," with the usual last-day-of-school gestures.

FUNNY how cities get their names! F'rinstance, Grand Rapids, Mich., was once just Rapids, Mich. When Vivian Martin selected it for her birthplace, they added the "Grand."

IF ever the time comes that we must Hooverize on printer's ink, I have a suggestion to sugg. Restrict publicity men to the use of adjectives of less than three syllables when busily boosting their stock of stars. According to my figures, this would mean a saving of ten thousand barrels annually of the precious fluid.

IF Fairbanks told you that he thought Chaplin was, with one exception, the greatest of film comedians, and Chaplin told you that the films had but two real comedians, and that Doug beyond a question was one of them, wouldn't you agree with both of them? So would I!

VISITORS in Los Angeles greatly marvel upon the domestic felicity of the married movie folk. 'Tis easily explained. All the married actors live either in flats

or bungalows. They have no chance to call each other down!

A MENU FOR ME 'N' YOU

*Those dainty, delectable Gishes
Are sweet as ice cream on the dishes!
I would like to eat both—
So I would, nothing loth—
But they'd probably object to my wishes!*

THERE are just four jobs in the pictures I would wish for: Wardrobe man for Mack Sennett's Beauty Squad.

Mabel Normand's maid.
Mary Pickford's mirror.
Kicking Billy West.

A CERTAIN State's prison installed motion pictures to entertain the inmates. When the citizens outside discovered that the pictures inside were better than the ones outside, a wave of crime swept over the city. The whole town was trying to get pinched!

SOME days Chaplin works but three hours on a picture. BUT in those three hours is often jammed all the fervor of a Fourth of July, an old-time Donnybrook Fair and a busy day in Petrogradovitchski.

THE ukele was the last musical instrument invented, and Wally Reid learned to play on it. He also performs upon every other musical instrument invented before the ukele. Dorothy Davenport sometimes imagines she married an orchestra!



THROUGH ENGLISH EYES

Here are the Gish girls, Lillian and Dorothy, as they look to the London Tatler. The gentleman of the smoke rings is D. W. Griffith.

ELSIE FERGUSON says she cannot develop properly in the studio and will return to the stage because she wants to go on developing. Is she seeking dark rooms or—horrible thought!—does Elsie contemplate competition to the superbly developed Arbuckle?



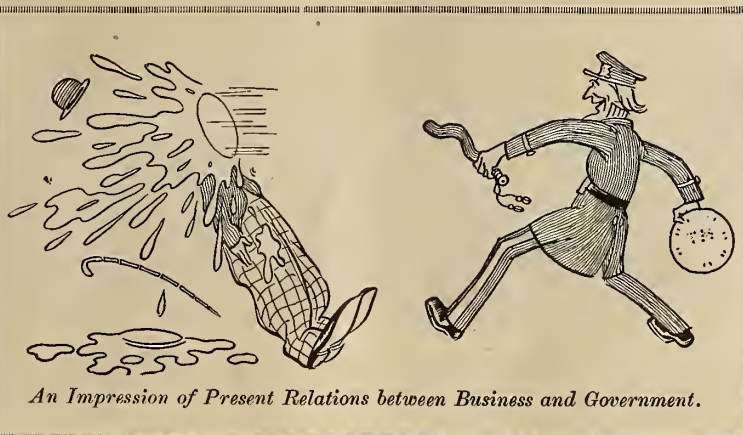
THE GIRL OF THE GOLDWYN WEST

Madge Kennedy takes her "Leave It to Susan" company for a picnic in the Mojave Desert on a brass bound rattler. Miss Kennedy is in the left foreground beside the kneeling gunman. In her newest picture she brings four of them to her feet.

ROXANA MCGOWAN, who is one of the ingredients in that famous eye tonic known as Mack Sennett's Beauty Squad, wears a bathing suit that contains all the colors of the rainbow. The beauty of a suit of this kind is that it really doesn't matter if the colors DO run. The more they run, the more rainbowish the suit.

"MOVING" PICTURES!

- "Up the Flue" (Star).
- "Upstairs and Down" (Selznick).
- "Through the Wall" (Am. Mutual).
- "Over the Garden Wall" (Mutual).
- "In Again, Out Again" (Artcraft).
- "Upside Down" (Triangle).
- "Headin' South" (Paramount).



An Impression of Present Relations between Business and Government.

GET-RICH-QUICK TIP: In "The Lion's Den," Bert Lytell needs a large sum of money. Does he burgle a bank? Nope! He starts a grocery store and accumulates the kale easily, quickly and much!

SILLY RIDDLE: If Doug Fairbanks ever had the toothache, what kind of a toothache would it be? Jumping? How on earth, did you ever guess it?

ART NOTE: Eugene Pallette, after doing his bit with the colors, returned to Metro Studios and resumed his picture making.

William S. Hart's pictures of the wild and woolly West have created a wild and woolly East.

Fay Tincher Is Resourceful in "Mary Moves In"



1. Mary is not pleased to see her Jack in the automobile with the soulful-eyed blonde.



2. The chary expression on Jack's face is due to Mary's talk of Father and the promised check.

The Story at a Glance

Mary Graceston (Fay Tincher) was in love and proud of it, but her fiance was being vamped by a blonde with soulful eyes. Mary marries Jack on nerve—and the strength of Father's promise of a \$10,000 check. The blonde vamp also married. Mary and Jack bought furniture on credit and planned a housewarming. When the furniture men demanded their stuff when Father failed to come through at the crucial moment, Mary diverted the vans of "the other couple" to her own flat. The housewarming would have been all right with "the other couple's" furniture had they not discovered it and made the removal just as Father was signing the check. Father thought Mary was loaning the furniture out of kindness. The barn dance was "such a clever idea."



3. Married life is a bit swift when one has to build a barricade against the furniture men.



4. Father arrives as the last rug is going, and is just a trifling unceremoniously handled.



5. Mary's great head has saved the day, or rather night. There being no furniture left, she turns her housewarming into a barn dance.



6. Mary and Jack contemplate each other after the guests have gone. A few holes of hay worried off exposure—these and two pair of overalls.

CHRISTIE GARDNER

Griffith's Season of Summer Repertory



"The Mountain Maid" (Constance Talmadge) encounters "Prince Belshazzar" (Alfred Paget).



In "Babylon" all the pomp and splendor of that episode of "Intolerance" are amplified to make it a complete photodrama.

D. W. GRIFFITH continues first in every new field of motion picture endeavor. He recently opened in New York a repertory season at the Cohan Theater on Broadway. The first play presented was "Broken Blossoms," founded on a story from "Limehouse Nights." Lillian Gish plays *The Child*, Donald Crisp as *The Battler* (her father) is most consistently a brute, and Dick Barthelmes as *The Chink* is excellent. The play, being a tragedy, is permitted to develop at a tempo which allows the beholder to follow the drama's unfolding in a way most unusual hitherto in pictures. And the photography is marvelously beautiful, with a number of new touches, notably the color which is used almost as the "motif" in an opera, to lead to the unfoldment of the story. The only suggestion of real humor in the play is the zeal of the young chink to go as missionary to the English, and one of the most impressive bits is the



Strange sanctuary this—a coil of cable in the shelter of waterfront shadows—but "the Girl" (Lillian Gish) could find no other, and this was all she knew of peace or play.

ceremonies which precede his departure. New York has received the drama with the greatest enthusiasm. Even during the hot spell hundreds had to be turned away nightly, and it seems possible that this will have a longer run here than "Hearts of the World," which broke the record for continuous runs, only two stage plays having given a greater consecutive number of presentations. A like season was opened in Boston, about two weeks after the New York first showing, and then a season in Chicago was begun. A string of theaters across the country may be acquired and operated much as the K & E and Shubert chains. This would seem reasonable as a first step in the operations of the "Associated Artists," which is to be in full operation by September 1st, according to announcements. Following "Broken Blossoms" there will be a presentation of "Babylon" and "The Mother and the Law."

Utopia

The visitor to the motion picture studio, watching a tender love scene, was visibly impressed.

"And do they really get paid for doing that?" he asked incredulously.

Worthy the Name

"There doesn't seem to be as many explorers nowadays as there were years ago."

"There are many more; you forget the movie location men."



SPLITTING FIFTY-FIFTY

Willie, who is a juvenile movie fan, cannot understand what Grandpa means when he says he was once an old-time Vamp, and ran with the Volunteer Fire Department. Willie knows but one kind of Vamp, so his conception of Grandpa on the way to a fire is somewhat mixed.

Making the Movies

By Warren Woodruff Lewis

MAKING a moving picture is one of the easiest things in the world. Almost anybody with average intelligence can do one. There are only a few things required for the job. The star is one of the most important, although some of the extras who play the mob scene parts are apt to tell you that their role is more important than the lead.

Making a movie is like making a cake or a plum pudding. The first thing, of course, is the receipt, and the receipt for the movie, is a story. After you have read about seven or eight hundred stories and have found one that suits you, the next thing to do is to find somebody who will lend you enough money to engage the cast. It is impossible to make an up-to-date movie without a cast. The star is part of the cast, and most of the money is spent engaging this luminary, but if you have average good fortune you will find that you've got almost enough left to engage the director.

From the viewpoint of the star a director is the most inhuman monster on the face of the earth. The director is the person who tells you how to spend your money. He generally has a great deal to say about the selection of the cast, and a great deal more to say as to how the story shall begin and end. Even the author of the story will agree with this statement. However, in the making of a movie

the author is the least considered person of all. It is a wise author who recognizes his own story after it has passed through the hands of a director.

Another important figure in connection with movie making is the man who turns the crank of the machine which takes the picture. This individual is called the camera man, but there are occasions during the making of the average movie when he is called several other names. When the picture is finished, he has the privilege of seeing his name in small letters on the first reel of the film. It is also said that he gets a small amount of money for his labor, but this item, of course, is secondary. Camera men are supposed to be temperamental, with a love for the artistic in life.

The camera man also has an assistant, but this member of the company is called an assistant photographer, because the word photographer is not as expensive as camera man. If you are going to produce a movie, it will be cheaper to hire a couple of ordinary photographers.

After you have assembled this collection of artists and have also made arrangements with a technical director to map out the



Old Comedian—Well, if you were such a great Hamlet, why not induce some movie manager to film the tragedy with you in the role?

Old Tragedian—It would be sacrilege, my friend—sacrilege! It is the lines that count, sir, the text!

Old Comedian—Perhaps. But the screen would be a protection against the impulses of audiences to throw things!

technique of the story, you engage an art director whose duty it is to tell you what color curtains to hang in the bathroom. You are then ready to engage the property man. The property man is the person who keeps track of the revolvers and swords. He is also the man who supplies the villain with the papers. The property man generally buys these things himself, but you will get a bill for them later. When you



FATHER TIME, THE CAMERA MAN

are at last ready to start, the property man buys a megaphone for the director. The director uses a megaphone to yell at the camera man and the star. Its selection is one of the most important items in the production of a picture. A great many pictures have been spoiled because the director's megaphone was too small.

If you have attended to these few details, you are now ready to make a real start on the production. The length of time that it takes to make a picture varies from six weeks to three months, but unless your bank account gives out, the director will not trouble you about this. If the

bank account lasts and the star does not become temperamental and throw up her job, your picture will be finished in six or seven weeks. It is then ready for the cutter.

The cutter is a peculiar person. He works with a pair of scissors, a pencil and a pad of paper. The chief delight of a cutter is to mutilate the picture so that the director will fail to recognize it when he sees it on the screen. Thus you

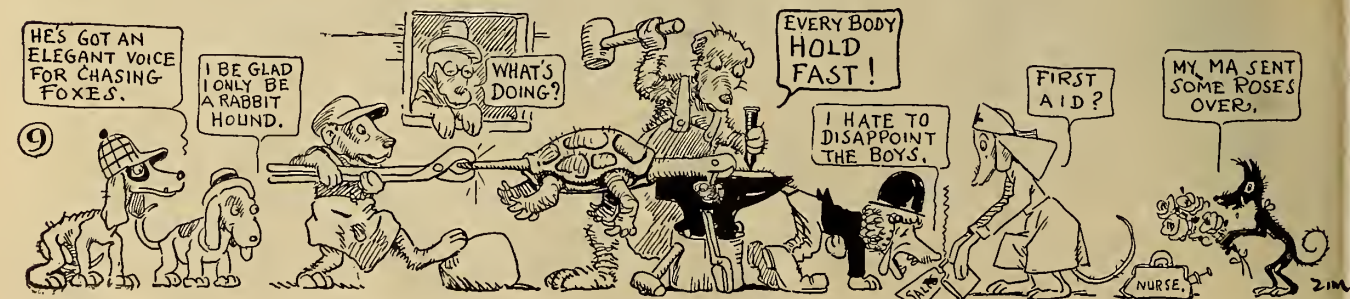
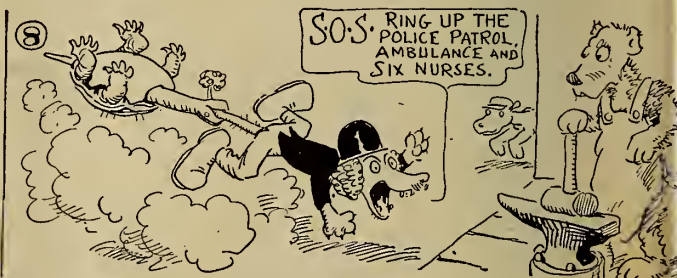
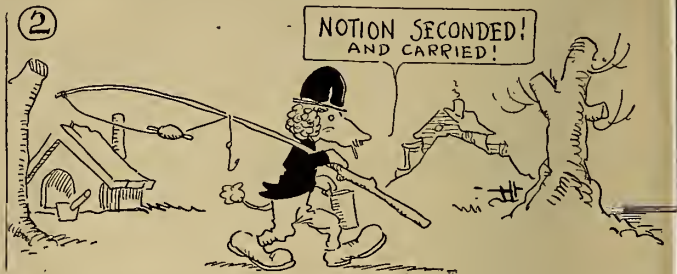
find a sort of system of evolution. The director changes the story around so the author wouldn't know it, and the cutter cuts out all the choice scenes the director puts in.

At this stage it is time to have another look at the bankbook, and if there is still enough balance, you engage a theater and advertise the first showing for Monday night. You are then half way over the fence. If the critics say it is a bad picture, you will totter back into the chasm of poverty; but if they say it is a good picture, you will make almost enough money to get back what it cost you to make it.



Movies of this sort are admirable summer sedatives. They are guaranteed to reduce the temperature of the theater showing them at least twenty degrees. This is real snow on the lower slopes of Mount Shasta. New York State has a handy "Siberia" or "Alaska" but a few hours from the metropolis, in the Adirondacks. It is equipped with everything an Arctic scenario might need, from Eskimo dogs to a lumber camp. Blizzards in season.

Life is Dull in Dogville





EVOLUTION OF THE MOVIE COMEDY

Elementary Facts

THE best station agents are always pretty young girls in a white shirtwaist and short dress.

Letters are always crushed in one's hand if they contain bad news and kissed if otherwise.

The incriminating papers are always put in the lady's bosom if they wish to keep the bad man from getting them. As if—

Villains are always either well dressed or to the other extreme, with no happy medium villain yet to be heard from.

When in doubt of how to pass the time until the entrance of a character or to make up one's mind, people either light a cigarette, take a drink, or pick up and throw down immediately again a book.

A crying lady always finds a door to lean against, with her head against her arm. Oh, the door leaners of the movies!

Bad men always, in the West, are very generous with their money and invariably invite hundreds of men to drink with them and are ready to murder the good one who won't drink with him, despite the fact that the latter is saving him thereby some few cents. Oh, dry law, where is thy sting?

Doctors and judge inevitably wear long white beards, for dignity's sake, no doubt, microbes to the contrary. It isn't done, Oswald; it is *not* performed!

Query and Answer

This combination,
What could beat—
Doug Fairbanks's smile and
Chaplin's feet?

This combination,
I declare—
T. Bara's eyes and
Pickford's hair!

Praise Indeed

"Has he got a pretty home?"
"Pretty! Why, the rooms
look almost as good as motion
picture sets!"

Alas for Art!

From prohibition to art seems a far cry, but that the latter will inevitably be affected by the former is the gloomy prediction of Vincent Mannerling. Vincent, be it understood, is justly considered one of the leading "heavies" in all filmdom, and like all genuine artists he is strong for the proper setting and atmosphere. Right here lies his opposition to prohibition, for—but to use his own words:

"It can't be done," he says; "it simply can't be done. Just picture me trying to register villainy in an ice-cream parlor, surrounded by marble-topped tables, paper napkins and white-coated 'soda-jerks'! Just picture," he went on disgustedly, "a trio of desperate criminals perfecting the details of a diabolical plot over a couple of nut sundaes and a Boston egg flip.

It's all wrong!" he added, tossing his perfumed cigarette into the gutter; "it's all wrong!"



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The signing of the peace pact at Versailles, and the signing of a Pathe contract by Ruth Roland, were the chief feats of penmanship for the past month. There is still some difference of opinion as to which event was the more important. Incidentally, this is the first snapshot ever taken in America of Charles Pathe.

Picture Play Poems

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village blacksmith stands!
His picture soon the folks will see
In many foreign lands!

Listen, my children!
There will appear
A photoplay
Of Paul Revere!

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
The children go off to the movies
And have a good time for an hour!

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled!
"A splendid bit of work, by heck!"
The great director said.

A soldier of the Legion
Lay dying in Algiers!
The audience in silence shed
Most sympathetic tears!

—Harold Seton.

Reviews of Motion Pictures

(Continued from page 10)

placing that eminent "bartender," Mr. Richard Barthelmess Penobscot, behind the mahogany counter in the big saloon

scene in this production. Mr. Penobscot has been enacting the role of bartender for five or six years now in the movies, and in each production in which we see him, we see a distinct gain in his power of portrayal and an increased finesse in juggling the bar glasses and slipping the customer's change across the counter. Oh, for a producer wise enough and farsighted enough to star Mr. Penobscot in the role of a bartender in a six-reel production! For our part we would gladly sit through ten reels, if every foot of them showed Mr. Penobscot, wholly at ease, doing the customary things behind a bar.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 9)

However, it never bothered *Khavah* to give and accept before the assemblage at her wedding the passionate kisses and embraces of her husband. With better taste this might have been trans-

ferred to the privacy of their own apartment. There is no place for a picture such as this "Khavah" in a day that is beginning to believe in the brotherhood of man, or is at least kidding itself into such a belief. The acting was good, and the sets apparently faithful reproductions, but there were too few of them. The portrayal of old manners and customs as well as the costuming gave the picture its only interest—at least its only interest as far as the Christian might be concerned.

When the Star Is Late

What the Others at the Studio Have To Say on Such an Occasion

By Frank H. Williams

The Extra Man—Pretty soft! And me hanging around here since six o'clock this morning just to get a job for the day!

The Director—Confound it! ——— It's a ——— shame! Look at this wonderful light, and there's a cloud coming up in the west like a house afire! Another day shot to pieces!

The Camera Man—Oh, well, I should fret! It's nothing in my young life! I'm going outside for a smoke!

The Leading Man—Now, if they'd only make a star out of me, I'd be Johnny-on-the-job right on the dot every day in the week. That's what they get making stars out of temperamental women instead of making stars out of real artists like myself.

The Studio Manager—For heaven's sake, somebody get her on the 'phone and see if she's started! Ye gods, this thing of holding up the picture this way has got to stop! It's costing us millions, I tell you—it's costing us millions for delays!

The Actor Who Has a Contract To Work in the Picture at So Much per Day—I hope she doesn't show up for a week!

The Property Man—Gee, this is a life saver! Mebbe I can get those costumes done before she needs 'em now.

Coming to It

"The star wants another raise. She says she needs the money."

"Good heavens! What for?"

"She wants to maintain a personal press agent in every city in the country."



INTERNATIONAL

Marion Davies, after a flight over Staten Island in her very own aeroplane. She expects to do her own driving in a very short while, traveling to and from her work at the studio.

Filming the Fashions

(Continued from page 15)

and the crystals are also used, veiled with tulle, for the bodice.

"My street clothes are always plain to the point of severity. I never wear bright colors except in linings. I have one dove-gray dress and cape, both cut along conventional lines, but the cape is lined with flaming Victory red—pagan and puritan—do you see?"

Miss Frederick designs most of her gowns for both screen and private wear, and she likes to sew—she would make her own clothes if she had the time.

Over on another stage Madge Kennedy was having some "stills" made from "Leave It to Susan," and since she was wearing one of the most delightful little frocks I had seen for a long time, I stopped to ask her about it.

"If there's anything in reincarnation," she said, smiling, "I must have lived in Greece, for I love everything about the country, especially the clothes. I chose this frock because of its Grecian lines; it is sleeveless, as you can see, and the bodice of tulle is divided at the waist and caught up on the shoulders with tiny rosebuds. Then the tulle is used to veil slightly the satin skirt with its stripes of iridescent sequins and the flounces of gold-embroidered lace; then the blue ribbon girdle at the waist keeps the whole ef-

fect very simple and girlish. But I really can't tell you about styles; I only know what I like, and that's what I wear."

Leave it to Margarita Fisher to find some new "quirk" for a dress. When she came down to Los Angeles recently from Santa Barbara, she was wearing one of the daintiest, most summery frocks you could imagine. It was of pale blue organdie—Miss Fisher likes blue also—and it was trimmed with the most enticing bands of pale pink ribbon edged with lace and with rosettes of handmade lace set in a line down the skirt from waist to hem; but the striking thing about the costume was the sleeveless jacket of pale canary chiffon edged with—what do you think?—brown fur! It sounds like a paradox, but the effect was wonderful! And to finish it off, the versatile American star wore a hat of pale blue georgette, very droopy around the face, trimmed with white lilacs, and she carried a parasol with a shepherdess handle, also touched up with the same flowers.

"Of course I spend a lot of time thinking about my clothes," she admitted, when I accused her of it to her face. "Every film actress has to. I like bright colors, but I very seldom wear them except in sport suits, and then I go the limit. My favorite sport outfit has a skirt of baronette satin with

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big purple checks and a purple tricolette jacket to go with it. But in my pictures I try to keep to the light, fluffy things. No, I can't say that I like very simple things. I have a type that requires a few fluffs and frills, and so I wear them. Anyone ought to who has curly hair; plain, severe things look out of place with curls."

On the contrary, Enid Bennett, one of the Ince stars, believes in absolute simplicity. I found her in a set at the studio, accepting, somewhat reluctantly, a dinner invitation from her employer—her film employer, I mean, of course—and the frock she wore was one

of those perfectly simple—and simply perfect—things. It was of gingham and percale, the gingham being of checked lavender and white, and the percale was fastened to the gingham at the hips with big pearl buttons. Little bows of wistaria ribbon at the collar and cuffs completed the dress, and any stenographer who would wear such a creation to the office shouldn't be surprised at a dinner invitation.

"This is the style of dress I generally wear," said Miss Bennett. "Not always gingham, but something extremely simple. I want beauty of fabric and line; then, no matter how simple it is, the effect will always be good."

Blondes, says Miss Bennett, should always wear delicate colors, with black for evening. Red on a blonde—oh, well, we won't talk about it, because the very thought makes Miss Bennett ill.

Not all film stars go in for graceful, stately or fluffy things. There is Fay Tincher, the Tomboy-girl of the Christie Comedies, who wears nothing but tailored things and mannish ones.

"I'm happiest in a sport suit," says Fay. She has the most fascinating eyebrows that sort of play hide and seek between her eyes and her hair when she is talking. "When I get into an even-



PARAMOUNT-INCE

"Touch a tiger kitten for luck," says Enid Bennett, "and get all you can of a good thing while your luck holds."

ing dress with lots of frills and fluffs on it, I look like Bertha, the Beautiful Boiler Maker. So does any girl whose type is 'boyish,' only most of them don't know it. Of course we all have to wear evening clothes, but the girl who wears mannish things the best should choose evening gowns that are very plain and that aren't baby-stare things."

I'm willing to bet that Fay would look like a gold mine in any kind of a gown whatsoever, but if she says not, we'll let it go at that. Anyhow, she wears sport suits with plaid wool skirts and velvet jackets, and her hat usually has a touch of blue on it—and Fay is a brunette, too. I found one screen beauty whose fetish in the way of clothes—I almost said clothes line—is not so much the gown itself as the accessories. She is Edna Mae Cooper, one of Cecil B. De Mille's finds, and she is now making "Peg o' My Heart" with Wanda Hawley.

"One beautiful evening gown looks pretty much like another," said Miss Cooper. "To my mind it's the accessories that count; it may be a gorgeous ostrich feather fan, it may be a single long-stemmed American Beauty rose, or it may be an antique girdle.

"When I played the blond vampire

in 'Old Wives for New,' I wore a wonderful black scarf of Spanish lace, which came over my shoulders and fell to the hem of my gown, which was of orchid satin. The effect, when draped over the arms, was striking and very beautiful."

So all of this goes to prove, after it is summed up—well, I don't know just exactly what it does prove; but, as Mark Twain was wont to say, it's an excellent example of something!

Snide Talks With Girls

(Continued from page 26)

mured, "You big stiff, if it wasn't for me, you'd be working in a boiler factory for twenty bucks per!"

No, girls. It's a hard life. It is not a path of roses. It took me three months to learn how to become a screen actress after I left the O. K. Restaurant in Oklahoma City.

If I could do anything else, I wouldn't be in the pictures to-day. Only a finely attuned nervous system and a strong artistic temperament can stand being butted off a cliff by a goat, run over by a string of freight cars, blown through a roof, tossed over a barn by an automobile and thrown into a box of mortar all within five minutes. And we, of the movies, stars like myself, would call it a dull five minutes at that.

Cunning

Friend—I hear you've sold a scenario. How did you do it?

Scenario Writer—I named the hero after the scenario editor.

Answered

"Why is there no national association of scenario writers?"

"How can scenario writers afford to pay dues?"

Film Fun

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TRIANGLE

They have dancing contests out at Hollywood occasionally. Olive Thomas appears to be popular, and her smile and winning ways were never more in evidence.

Celluloid Celebrities

(Continued from page 24)

"I guess I know how Indians do," she said grimly. "And if you want to find out how Indians beat up people" —

She advanced on him like an avenging tank, and he took refuge behind the camera man, announcing from behind the improvised shelter that she was right, abso-tively, and that Yiddish gestures in Indian pictures were strictly according to Hoyle.

So, when you see the picture, it's a safe bet that part of Minnie's part will be done according to Minnie's ideas and *not* the director's!

ERIC VON STROHEIM, that Prince of Villains and Horrible Huns, is now directing an after-the-war picture for which he wrote the story and in which he takes his customary role of a blackguard Prussian officer.

It must be confessed that he looks the part he takes, although in real life he is as charming a person as one could

hope to meet, and his smile, which on the screen is the last word in frightfulness, is in reality a friendly, wholesome one and is the visible symbol of a rare sense of humor. Von Stroheim is a naturalized American citizen and served in the army until released by the government to help in making propaganda pictures; but despite the fact that his patriotism has been Simon pure, he is daily the recipient of vitriolic letters berating him for his sinfulness and general cussedness.

"Why, the other day, when I went into a store where I had traded for five years," said Von Stroheim ruefully, "the girl refused to wait on me, because she said that anyone who would throw a baby out of the window—she was referring to my part in 'The Heart of Humanity'—wasn't fit to associate with decent people!"

So, says Mr. Von Stroheim, he thinks he is entitled to wear a wound stripe, as his feelings have been lacerated so frequently. He has been hissed on Hollywood Boulevard, snubbed in Pasadena by a bellhop, and has had a brick thrown at him by a fervent small boy who had also seen him in "The Heart of Humanity."

Evidently a villain's life is a hard one, on or off the screen.

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LOUISE FAZENDA, star comedienne of the Mack Sennett aggregation, has a hobby that occupies her in moments of leisure or between throwing pies and falling downstairs. It is bead work, and Miss Fazenda comes by her talent naturally, for her grandmother, who was an Italian—yes, "Fazenda" is a real name and not an assumed one—was an expert in this line, and Louise finds nothing more interesting than to work out intricate patterns on purses and dresses.

Also—this is apropos to nothing at all—Louise is such an untheatrical-looking person that it is hard to believe she has stellar fun-making capabilities.

I happened to be talking with her landlord, and he assured me that there were no "movie folks" in his apartment house.

"But," said I, "I thought that Louise Fazenda and her mother and father lived here?"

"Oh, her!" he confided to me. "She isn't an actress; she's a lady!"

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FROM the time I was a child, I have always had a yearning and longing to play the piano.

Often I felt that I would gladly give up half of my life if some kind fairy would only turn my wish into a fact. You see I had begun to think I was too old to learn, that only some sort of fairy story magic

could give me the ability to play. I was 35 years old—and the mother of a small family—before I knew one note from another.

Until I learned to play, hearing music—especially the piano—always gave me almost as much pain as pleasure. My enjoyment of it was always somewhat soured by envy and regret—envy of those who could entertain and charm with their playing, regret because I myself had to be a mere listener. And I suppose it is that way with every one who has to be satisfied with hearing

music instead of playing it. Again and again, parties and other social gatherings have been all but spoiled for me. I could enjoy myself until some one suggested music or singing; then I felt "left out"—a lonesome wall flower—a mere looker on instead of part of the party. I was missing half the fun.

It was often almost as bad when callers came. It is so much easier to

entertain people—particularly if you don't know them well—if one can turn to the piano to fill the gaps when conversation lags. But until recently our piano was only a piece of furniture. We bought it three years ago, simply to have it in the house while waiting for our two little girls to reach the age for beginning lessons—for I was determined that they should never be denied the full enjoyment of music the way I had been.

But as it turned out, I learned to play before my girls did—in fact, I myself am now their teacher.

The way I have suddenly blossomed out in music (almost over night, you might say) has been a big surprise to all who know me, and to myself as well. My friends seem to think it must be that I had a previously undiscovered genius for the piano. But if there was any genius about it it wasn't on my part, but in the lessons I took—a new and simplified method that makes it remarkably easy for any one to add music or singing to their daily lives. Any one anywhere can now learn to play any instrument or learn to sing just as easily as I did. All the hard part, all the big expense, all the old difficulties, have been swept away by this simple new method.

I learned entirely by home study—in my spare time—from fascinating Print-and-Picture lessons that make everything so simple and easy that one simply can't go wrong on them. I call it a short-cut way to learn—it is so much simpler and so entirely different from the old and hard-to-understand methods. I know that I made better and faster progress than I ever could by bothering with a private teacher or joining a class. In fact, while I don't like to brag, within six months after I took my first lesson, my playing was better than that of many of my friends who had studied two or three years under private teachers—not because I was any more apt than they, but simply because the wonderful Print-and-Picture lessons sent me by the U. S. School of Music were so easy to understand.

Then they were so interesting that study and practice were more like a pastime than a task or duty. And so convenient; you can study and practice just as it happens handy, instead of tying yourself down to set hours. And no strangers around to embarrass you or make you nervous.

Within a year after I took my first lesson, I began teaching my two little girls to play—using exactly the same lessons I myself had studied. And



I notice that both of them seem to be getting along better than any of their playmates who have private teachers. In addition, I am saving the money it would cost to have a private teacher—and I figure it would cost at least \$3 to \$5 a lesson to have a teacher whose instruction could compare with that contained in the printed lessons from the U. S. School. Yet from the first lesson to the last, the total cost of learning the way I did amounts to only a few cents a day—and nothing whatever unless you are satisfied; the U. S. School of Music guarantees satisfaction or no charge.

My only regret is that I didn't know of this really wonderful method years before. The ability to play is such a great comfort. No matter how much I am alone, I never get lonesome—I can always turn to my piano for amusement. I am never at a loss for a way to entertain callers. I no longer feel that I am "out of it" at social gatherings. Do you wonder that I so gladly recommend the method that has brought me so much pleasure and satisfaction?

* * * * *

This woman's experience is by no means unusual. Over 225,000 others—from school children to men and women of 50 to 70—have learned to play their favorite instrument or learned to sing in the same way this young woman did. Read the enthusiastic letters which you will find printed here—samples of the kind of letters we are receiving in practically every mail. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, we have built up the largest school of music in the world.

Whether for beginners or advanced pupils, our method is a revolutionary improvement over the old and hard-to-learn methods used by private teachers. And our method is as thorough as it is simple and easy. We teach you in the only right way—teach you to play or sing entirely **by note**. No "trick" music, no "numbers," no makeshifts of any kind. Yet it is a short-cut method, simply because every step is made so simple and clear.

But we don't ask you to judge our method by what others say or by what we ourselves say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. We guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let us send you our free book that tells you all about our methods? We know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now we are making a short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a post-card.

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FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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"Don't fire till you see the whites of their eyes," is a celebrated admonition. But delays are dangerous; eyes like those of Constance Binney can fire back. Indeed, they often fire first, and with deadly aim.



This is not Priscilla, the maid of Plymouth, in the act of asking, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" It is Madge Kennedy, one of the maids of the Goldwyn studios in California. If Madge had lived 300 years ago in Massachusetts, we think Priscilla would have had a rival. And it is not altogether a matter of Puritan cuffs and collar, either.



Looking at this picture, he would indeed be a dolt who could not discover excellent and ample reasons why May Allison was cast as a "Beauty" in the screen production of "Everywoman." Her newest offering is a timely comedy entitled "The Uplifters," the uplift apparently beginning with her eyes. If so, it is a decidedly successful debut.



Priscilla Dean, shown in what press agents delight to call the "simple home life." It may be, doubtless is, purely accidental that the words "Star" and "Triumph" appear rather prominently upon one of the stove doors. What is Priscilla cooking? We were not informed, but whatever it is, we venture to guess that she put plenty of pepper and spice in it. For that's her way.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

WM. G. McADOO weighs his salary on Fairbanks scales.

There's only one fitting punishment for the Kaiser—make him a policeman in a Keystone comedy.

And the Clown Prince deserves to be made to play the villain in a picture in which Fatty Arbuckle is the manly hero who wins out by falling on the villain in the last reel.

The moving picture business is getting to be a great thing. They can show you a picture of something that never happened as easily as of something that never will.

Posters advertising one of the German atrocity thrillers are headed "Extra Attraction." Why not "Sextra Attraction," and get things more to the point?

"Plot pirates have overlooked a rare opportunity in not turning to the Bible," says Lem Parton. "I'm thinking of beating them to it with a scenario based on Eugenesis and Sexodus."

A movie trade magazine that is fond of statistics runs a page headed "Screen Figures." And on this page has never appeared one word about the Mack Sennett bathing beauties, yet we defy the editor to produce any better "screen figures."

Marriage is like the movies in just one thing: the people that are in stay

in because it is so much trouble to get out, and the people who are out fail to see the trouble in their anxiety to get in.

That's why folks who are both married and in the movies need never go to church. St. Peter will never deny that they have earned the right to front row seats in Paradise.

No wonder stout people have lost faith in the efficacy of exercise as a means of reducing weight. Who gets more bumps than the "fat folks" of the movies, we'd like to know, or practices deeper breathing, swifter footwork, and the like, and yet they never seem to lose an ounce?

And the vampires are always reclining sinuously on a divan, munching rich chocolate creams out of a five-pound box, and yet they never put on an ounce. 'S a funny world—the movies.

Milburn Moranti, leading man with Gale Henry, suggests that all near-beer be labeled "Willard Punch." It has no "kick."

No press agent these days is properly equipped without a letter to his star from some admirer in far Japan. But Dick Willis contributes to the gayety of nations with this culled from Mary Anderson's mail: Upper left on the envelope it says: "If Miss Anderson are not at your studios please to send her home." Translated, this means: "Please forward."



DRAWN BY W. E. HILL

WASTED EFFORT

"Boo-hoo! What's the use of me going to Sunday school when I means to be a movie vampire when I grows up!"

Charlie Chaplin at the Front

By Homer Croy

(Author of the book, "How Motion Pictures Are Made")



Upper left—Filming *No Man's Land* was all in the day's work.

Detail from the interior of the continuous motion picture theater in Coblenz. It's not an altar! It's a German stove!

Upper right—American movie photographers hopping a British Tank.

HAVING just returned from France, where we were engaged in showing motion pictures to the troops, the author speaks with some emotion as to the part played in the war already passed into history

by motion pictures. They were the biggest thing in the way of entertainment that we had over there. Motion pictures were everywhere. In fact, some men had more motion pictures than they had war. A good many of

the boys standing around the Owl Drug Store, telling how We Won the War, saw more film than they did Germans. They had motion pictures from the time they signed up till they got their sixty dollars. Motion pictures were in the training camps on this side, on board ships, in the ports in France awaiting their arrival and followed them to their quarters over there and into the fighting area.

The conditions that we put the pictures on under would make Sam Rothaphel turn gray over night. Anything, at first, that would generate a light we used to project pictures. We had gas machines alongside of which a white bean would have to put on dimmers. These we carried around on trucks, and, drawing them up to where men were, we would start the show going. Just about the time the hero would go to take the girl into his arms, something would go wrong with the machinery. We would get out a monkey wrench and a hammer and go after it until it sounded like Hog Island. When we got enough light for the boys to see the film again, the girl would be the mother of three babies. It was disconcerting. The audience could never tell whether the girl had shot the man or promised to love and obey him.

But as fast as we could we eliminated these handicaps and put in better machines, until at last we were putting on shows that would look pretty well in Webb City, Mo.

The job of showing motion pictures to the troops abroad was handled by the Community Motion Picture Bureau of New York, and to them belongs the credit. They tackled a hard job and put it over. They put on the pictures for the different welfare organizations under contract, so that all a Y. M. C. A. hut or Salvation Army tent had to do was to advertise "Movies To-night," and their troubles were over. The Community Motion Picture Bureau was the one that had to walk the floor and tear its hair.

The writer can only say in this respect that when he went over he was comparatively well thatched, but when he came back no one but his wife knew the old homestead. We doubt if any other person gave more sofa cushions to his country than we did. We were never a handsome author, and now with this handicap people rarely or never ask us for something to wear in their lockets. In fact, search as you will, inquire as you may, you will find very few of our pictures in the lockets of art lovers. But to return to France. When we were going full blast, we were putting on 4,600 motion picture shows a week for the American troops. Admission was not charged. This is

the world's record for showing motion pictures, and the writer is proud to have had a small part in it. It was almost worth the hair!

We tried out everything — English, French, Italian and American stories. The last named were the ones that got the hands. We tried some French comedies, and they would have gone well except the boys didn't know they were comedies. If we had played them up as tragedies, we might have got away with it. We don't like their comedies, but they like ours. The comedian that fills their theaters is Charlie Chaplin, except that they do not call him that. To the French he is simply "Charlot." Thousands in France do not know him by any other name. If they heard someone speak of Mr. Chaplin, they wouldn't know who it was he meant. Of all the films his most popular one was "Shoulder Arms." It was Charlie and it was war. The combination knocked them cold, especially the camouflage scene.

We kept our films as far forward as we could, but the commanding officers would not let us go too far, because to show a light was to invite disaster. An aeroplane would come over, see the light and sail away again. Back pretty soon would come a bombing plane and drop a bomb. That is no way to close a show. The old-fashioned way of letting them walk out is better.

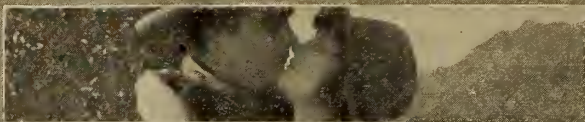
When the troops marched into Germany, we kept up with them, and sometimes we got into a town first. We would string a light-trough, and the boys would be able to write the first letter home in weeks.

As we marched into Germany, we took over the German theaters and put our own shows in them. The German theater owners did not like this, although they were getting paid for their theaters. They had a way, after the show, of slipping back to the projection room, disconnecting the lamps and cutting the wires, so that when our men came stumbling back in the dark they would pick up a live wire. This happened once too often, and suddenly one day a German theater proprietor found himself in the Rhine. The Rhine is a beautiful stream, but it is no place to be in January! And it is our deduction that when he came out he wanted to confine his interest in the classic stream to the shore, as his teeth sounded like Jack Dempsey trying to play the harpsichord. You could hear them clear to Toledo.

That was the end of the curative waters. After that we had no more trouble with exposed wires, and our shows went without a hitch.



The Touch that held them to home.



The Movie Hero

HE'S handsome to look at, he's graceful and fair,
 He's built like an athlete and wears wavy hair;
 His clothes are the best the producer can buy,
 And he's always attractive to feminine eye.
 He puts in his time making love to some dame,
 Who is dainty and pretty and has a French name;
 The film always ends with the pair in a clinch,
 And the rascal gets *paid* for it—oh, what a cinch!

Now I can see why actors have to draw cash
 Before they'll fall over a cliff with a crash,
 And it doesn't take brains for a fellow to see
 That a man should be paid ere he fractures his knee
 In a dive from a window. It's worth a great deal
 To take all the chances in that sort of reel;
 But why should he draw a big salary check
 For letting a girl throw her arms round his neck?

Now I'm not an actor, but this I know well:
 In that end-of-the-film stuff my work would be swell.
 I'm good in a porch swing; I'm very much there
 In making the girls say, "Stop musing my hair!"
 So it gets my angora to see on the screen
 A dainty young doll nestling calm and serene
 In the arms of some clothes-horse who's drawing a fee.
 Just give me the job, and I'll do his work *free*!

—David B. Weller.



Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

IF "The Fear Woman," Goldwyn's latest release, is meant as a timely argument for the Prohibition party, its ridiculous inconsistencies are quite in keeping with the vague logic of the "Drys." The story shows a wealthy young woman, the only child of a widowed father. Father's fear is "drink." He has struggled vainly to overcome his weakness. One evening, having imbibed a bit freely, he falls down the stairs and is killed. The daughter had previously become happily engaged to a quite charming young man. But father was not satisfied to quit this vale of tears without wishing misery on those he leaves behind him. He leaves a letter for his daughter, in which he tells her of the curse of drink that has run for so many generations in his family. He urges her to consider thoughtfully what this might mean, should she marry, to any children that might be born to her. They would surely grow up to be little drunkards. A terrible fear seizes the young woman—not a fear that she herself might become a liquor addict, but that her children might. She really believes she has more power than God, in that she could transmit from the past generations to the future ones an excessive indulgence in liquor. So, to save the innocent unborn, she puts marriage out of her life. Her lover brokenheartedly departs to a distant land, to lose himself in work.

The woman seems to divert herself by donning numerous attractive costumes. She becomes apparently quite athletic. She tennises and horsebacks. She also performs some heroics in shielding, to her own hurt afterward, the questionable conduct of a woman friend. She flirts with *Bubbles*, the fat boy. *Bubbles's* oil-wealthy mother doesn't like it and calls in her attorney to help nip in the bud her son's mad infatuation. Of course, attorney, when he arrives, proves to be none other than the *Fear Woman's* renounced young lover. Later, a party is in order. There are many guests, among whom are the *Fear Woman*, attorney lover and *Bubbles*. *Bubbles* imbibes a bit freely and announces his engagement to *Fear Woman*. Now comes the crucial moment. *Fear Woman* begins to drink hard liquid! Shush! Everyone was wise (in the theater). She becomes intoxicated. *Bubbles* becomes disgusted and flees. Old-time lover does become disgusted and does not flee. *Fear Woman* gets it all at a glance.



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

She laughs—ha, ha! 'Twas only grape juice that she drank, and her intoxication was feigned. But in that moment, in some mysterious way, she had peered far into the future and satisfied herself that her children would not grow up to be drunkards after all. The audience surely could not tell, for, as far as it could see, the children were still unborn.

But perhaps being at a party and being strong-minded enough to pass up the Cliquot or Chateau La Fite for Father Bryan's grape juice, *Fear Woman* became satisfied that the taint had died. As she apparently has never been much worried about any such weakness in herself, but only in her power to transmit the curse to the innocent unborn, the *Fear Woman's* logic is beyond the normal mind to fathom. No doubt she suddenly grew weary of silly, unreal problems. A human loneliness probably got the better of her scruples, and she no longer felt like passing up faithful old lover because of the ridiculous warnings and prophecies of dear departed father. A lover's embrace closes the picture. Pauline Frederick, who plays the name part, is past the kittenish age. Neither is she of the type to play with puppy dogs and coyly toy with the ribbons that dangle from her pretty hat.

Chaplin's "Sunny" Not So Funny

The long-awaited Chaplin picture, "Sunnyside," did not prove to be very sunny nor very funny, but it is worth seeing all the same. Not often has the king of comedians failed to amuse his public. This time he does, except in spots. But with the long record of successes to Mr. Chaplin's credit, the disappointment of "Sunnyside" can be easily borne by his numerous admirers. The writer has always contended that Charles Chaplin is no mere low comedy clown. He is an artist. As such he must continue to do better and better work. He can do it. Of that there is no question, but he must have stories. Let someone write a screen comedy worthy of Chaplin's art as a screen comedian, and the motion picture public will see something it can never forget, and motion picture art will advance to a new high level.

Bacon's Chance

Frank Bacon tells the story of how he almost sold "Lightnin'" for \$700 to a movie producer. No doubt

Mr. Bacon will in some not too remote day appear in a picture version of his great success. When he does, he will probably get 70 times \$700 for the screen rights of his delightful play. According to prices paid for rights of successful Broadway plays, the sky should be the limit.

The Dawn of Understanding

"The Uplifters," arranged from a story by Wallace Irwin that was published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is interesting and timely. It tells a story of Parlor Bull-sheviki that has more truth than poetry about it. There is satire that is delightful, and on the whole the picture is a thoroughly enjoyable one. To be noted with interest is the fact that the screen for once shows a wealthy young man who is not full of sin and is not a dissipated and immoral wretch. He does not lie in wait to seduce his father's stenographer, as most rich men's sons (in the movies) do. He genuinely loves the girl and marries her. There have been altogether too many films showing the rich as dissolute, wicked, ungenerous and lustful. The poor have always been idealized, no matter what their sins. The simple fact of having money meant a total lack of virtue. This story of "The Uplifters" makes mighty fine present-day propaganda, especially now that so few homes are without a Bolsheviki. Counting the iceman and the laundress, most homes can boast of two.

The Methodists and the Movies

Anyone who knows a Methodist knows that they do not approve of dancing, card playing or going to the theater, and a conscientious Methodist never participates in any of the above worldly pleasures. We all know that they go to the movies. They can view the film dramas with the satisfying sanction of their church. If "Daddy Long Legs" as a spoken play, with Mary Pickford (in the flesh) impersonating *Judy Abbott*, were showing at a theater, a good Methodist would not view the play. Were a cinema version of "Daddy Long Legs," with Mary Pickford (her screen self) disporting as *Judy Abbott*, showing at a near-by theater, the Methodists would all be there. Nor need the motion picture be of the highly virtuous flavor of "Daddy Long Legs" nor the heroine reflect the girlish innocence and sweetness of a Pickford. I would hazard a bet that more than one Methodist had seen Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick or Virginia Pearson. Certainly they are not told just what pictures they may see, and a choice that runs from "Pollyanna" and "Peg O' My Heart" to "Zaza" and "Where Are My Children?" would offer quite a variety.

Most reformers, outside the Methodists, believe the screen far more influential in leading frail humans to a life of sin or crime than the theater. The Methodist, forbidding the theater, must believe it to be the more influential. One reads continually in the dailies of the screen's pernicious effect on young boys and girls, who become the object of the court's attention through wrongdoing induced by witnessing (as the youths always swear) motion pictures. Has anyone ever heard of a young girl who took to a life of sin because she had seen Frances Starr in "The Easiest Way" or Mary Nash in "The Man Who Came Back"? Has anyone ever heard of a young miss who, after having seen "Pollyanna," became so boresomely

sweet you wouldn't want to live with her? Why do Methodists go to the movies and look with disdain upon the theater? Surely a great play influences the thinking mind more than the average movie, for the average movie would put a thinking mind to sleep through sheer boredom. The writer asked a Methodist for an explanation. The answer is simple. The Methodist Discipline, which was written many years before the movie was born, forbids, among other modern diversions, the theater. Now the question arises—Would the Discipline forbid the movies were the Discipline to be written to-day? There is some talk of its being revised. It would be quite in line with ruling modern thought of to-day if, instead of broadening this antiquated rule and permitting the theater, the restrictions were narrowed and the motion picture made "taboo." We live in an age of reform.

Interpreting the Movies

According to the branch manager of Selects's Exchange, at St. Louis, small boys in Herrin, Ill., are paid to go to the movies. They are paid to go as interpreters of movie sub-titles to the large class of older Italians there who have not mastered the English language, but have succumbed to the lure of the movies. This same state of affairs can often be observed in the motion picture houses of San Francisco, in which city there is such a large Italian population. It is a cause of great annoyance to the adjacent spectators. The movies should use an Esperanto. Better yet, they should tell their stories without sub-titles and be just what they are termed—"moving pictures."

Feature the Author

Gertrude Atherton, speaking of Eminent Authors Pictures, says the author is to be featured instead of the actor. That is easier said than done. A playwright or scenarioright, as far as the general public is concerned, is of no particular interest. They want the good stories, but the interest is in the star. The actor or actress is the ever-present personality, the one the public sees, whether in the flesh or as a flickering shadow on the screen. Fay Bainter is known the country wide as the winsome Chinese girl in "East Is West," but not many people could tell you who wrote the play. No one would be the least bit interested in seeing the authors' pictures in the paper, nor would the movie fan. A movie star's picture could be run every day in the week. Her pictures are cut out of magazines by thousands of loving admirers and framed when the 25 cents is not to be had for an autographed one. Few producers except David Belasco have been able to keep in the limelight, and David Griffith is the only motion picture director who has successfully starred himself. The motion picture public is made up of so many children and young folks, and they have no interest in the author. Perhaps now that the Eminent Authors are on the job, we may have theaters that advertise pictures for intelligent adults and show pictures for intelligent adults. Many old-time followers of the movies, in utter discouragement at the piffling quality of most of the motion pictures of to-day, have given them up as a bad lot; but if they felt a little sincerity were to be injected in picture production, they would gladly return to the fold.

The Five--Count Them!--Senses

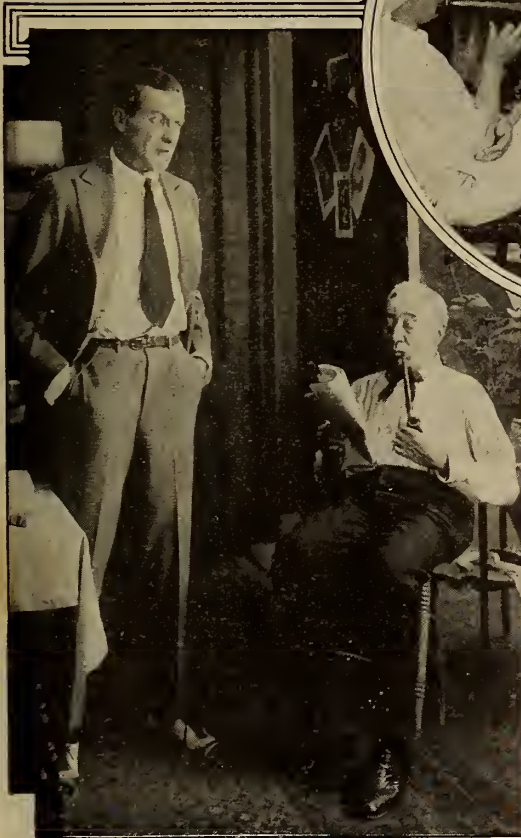


SIGHT

TASTE



HEARING



SMELL



TOUCH

Specially posed for Film Fun by Arthur Ashley, World Film Star.





You'd suppose Mme. Nazimova's car would be terribly spectacular, but it isn't.

Stars and

Written and Illustrated

SOMEONE with a sense of humor once sprung a Biblical paraphrase about movie stars, to the effect that "by their cars ye shall know them." He was alluding, no doubt, to a belief that the prevailing fashion in Cinemaland decrees that film stars shall paint their cars to match their temperament—and in that case some very motley effects would result.

We wouldn't get personal for the world, and, besides, according to our personal observation, the gentleman who quoted the above was wrong; but we will have to admit that Los Angeles does have some rather startling four-wheelers on her more or less fair streets—and it takes something to startle Los Angeles at that.

When Fannie Ward was in the West, she had a limousine of a most ethereal lavender, and it was upholstered inside with a peacock design in which the prevailing shades were purple and green. Ruth Roland had until recently a car of vivid Killarney green, and to guard against it being mistaken for anyone else's, her name was emblazoned on the sides. Tom Mix, when he feels like "seeing red," drives around in a flame-colored vehicle that would put to shame the most blushing lobster that ever graced a boiling pot; and Dustin Farnum has a car which in color reminds one of the jaundice, and which has so much speed that, when it is in full

motion, no one can tell the color. One merely wonders what that was that went by.

But we are not saying that these more or less vivid-



Mary MacLaren's car matches her eyes, being of a heavenly shade of blue.

ly shaded cars express their owners' temperament—far be it from such! According to that, Sessue Hayakawa and his little butterfly wife, Tsuru Aoki, should drive about in a car with a bamboo top and upholstered in Japanese crape; but they don't. They have a mild-appearing sedan which is chauffeured by a gentleman from Japan, and one has to look twice before one realizes that the perfectly dressed lady and gentleman in the back are the renowned Oriental film star and starette.

Mary Pickford, by rights, ought to have a pink and blue roadster trimmed with baby ribbons and Kewpies, with a dash of yellow somewhere about to match her curls; but she doesn't. She has a severely smart limousine, done entirely in gray, and the car, which she drives herself and which she calls a "flivver," notwithstanding the fact that it is a Cadillac something or other, does not reflect her personality a-tall! It is quite as deceiving as Mary herself is, for, when she appears in public, her curls are put up out of sight, her dress takes on a most grown-up effect, and it is very rarely that anyone recognizes her—not even the traffic cops know who it is that they tell so severely to "Get back, lady! You can't cross now!"

Pauline Frederick's car doesn't look a bit emotional or tragic. It is battleship gray and has long, svelte lines—well, in that respect, of course, it does resemble the lovely Pauline; but she calls it—you'd never guess—"Gertrude"! There are times, she admits, when she calls it something even worse.

Dainty May Allison "drives her own," to paraphrase a cigarette advertisement.



Their Cars

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Viola Dana, being petite and ingenuish, ought to have a cunning little car to match—if cars *did* match; but she, like Mrs. D. W. Griffith, has a luxurious Cadillac Sedan, upholstered in gray and black plush, and she uses it as a dressing room, lunch room and sleeping room when she's out on location.

Mary MacLaren drives her own car, a Franklin, I think she said it was, and if I'm right, the Franklin people will please remit for the publicity. It does match Mary's eyes, being of a heavenly shade of blue, and the top is of mottled gray that makes a perfect setting.

Nell Shipman is a born mechanical expert and can repair anything on the car from a flat tire to a burned-out bearing. Baree, her best-beloved dog, is on the job constantly as assistant driver and mascot, and I should hate to be the motor cop who would hail Miss Shipman without due respect and consideration.

Dainty May Allison, of the Metro studio, "drives her own," to paraphrase a well-known cigarette advertisement; but it doesn't look a bit like her, except that it always has an optimistic shine about it—caught, doubtless, from May's radiant smile—and it is always willing to do anything at any time—another of its owner's characteristics.

You'd suppose that Mme. Nazimova's car would be terribly spectacular—you wouldn't be surprised to learn that it was hung with costly silks from the Orient and had little jeweled lanterns for head-

Nell Shipman and Baree, her assistant driver and mascot.



Viola Dana uses her Cadillac Sedan as a dressing room.

Mary Pickford has a smart limousine, done in gray, which she drives herself.



lights; but, again, it isn't—and it hasn't. Nazimova doesn't drive; she sits tucked away in the back seat, looking quite infinitesimal

in the luxurious recess of the big car, and no one would ever dream that the little lady dressed so unob-

trusively was the great Nazimova. It is sometimes difficult for the public to divorce the screen personality from the real one of a favorite star.

Wanda Hawley has an Auburn Special which, she complains, is never in condition to use, as Friend Husband owns a garage, and he has a habit of taking out Wanda's car to tow in parties who have sent an SOS call.

Douglas Fairbanks is, of course, his own driver, but it's hard to determine what kind of a car he has, since he changes his mind—and the model—on an average of once a month.

Charlie Chaplin has a Jap chauffeur and a car that hides him effectively when he goes out, for the world's greatest comedian has a horror of being pointed out as such. Once some fellow-motorist did spot him—he was driving his own car at the time—and began following him; another car joined in the procession, and in a few moments another tagged along. By the time that Charlie realized that he was not alone upon the highway, he had an attendant train of no less than eight cars.

It took him a half hour to shake off his pursuers, and ever since that time he has let a chauffeur do the driving.

"I felt like a circus parade," said Charlie.

"The Lion's Den," Another Word for Business



1. The Rev. Sam decides that the need of the town boys is a club of their own.

2. For the boys' club building fund, Stedman, the tightwad grocer, contributes all of \$25.

By Way of Synopsis

The Rev. Sam Webber (Bert Lytell) seeks to raise money to build a boys' club for his town. His efforts are not successful, and when Stedman, the leading grocer, gives him a check for but \$25, the minister determines to get the money in another way. He goes into the grocery business himself, and, with the aid of the boys, drums up such a trade that Stedman becomes alarmed for his. Taking desperate measures, Stedman has the young minister put out of his church for his "commercialism." One night the Stedman store catches fire, and the boys, led by the clergyman, save the place from ruin. Ashamed of his former attitude, Stedman offers to build the club; more, offers to take the dominie into partnership. P.S. The minister marries Stedman's daughter.



META



3. With the boys' aid and co-operation, the minister's venture in business is a sensational success.

4. So much so, that Stedman, his rival in groceries, has Rev. Sam removed from his pulpit charge.



METRO

5. Fire in Stedman's grocery. Also "coals of fire." The Rev. Sam, aided by the boys, have the blaze out by the time the town department arrives. The Chief of the department is registering surprise.

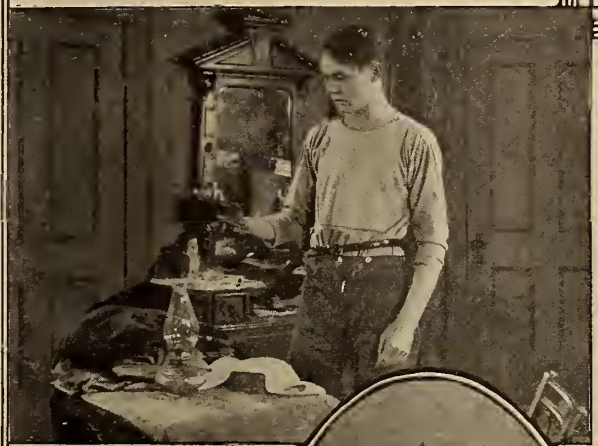


6. The ideally happy ending: Stedman, radiating benevolence, agrees to build the boys' club; his daughter hugs him for that and also because his objections to the minister as a son-in-law have been removed.

"Hay Foot, Straw Foot," an Echo of the War



1. Ulysses is shown how they did it back in the Civil War days.



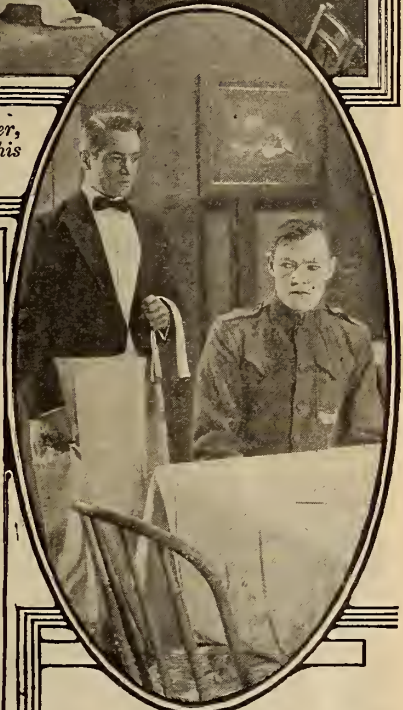
2. Off to lick the Kaiser, the boy receives his granddad's '61 outfit.



3. At the camp entertainment, Ulysses proves that a correspondence course is no way to learn magic.

A Glimpse of the Story

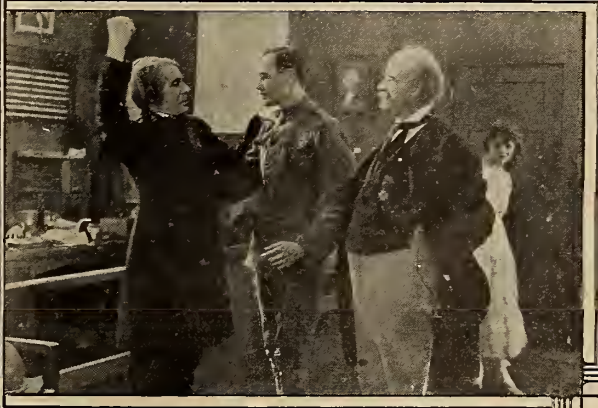
Ulysses S. Grant Briggs (Charles Ray) is a farm boy, brought up by his grandfather, a Union veteran. When the war with Germany breaks out, the latter patches up his feud with *Jeff Hanan*, a Confederate vet and neighbor, and together they sic *U. S. Grant Briggs* on the Kaiser. The boy's greenness makes him a joke at training camp, but smitten with *Betty Martin*, a girl who dances professionally, he is the ultimate hero of an act of fine chivalry. He saves *Betty* from the clutches of *Harry Weller*, and is himself court-martialed for going to a forbidden roadhouse, where he knew the girl was imprisoned. Tried by the M. P., he refuses explanation, but *Betty* confesses that his silence is to save her. The officer congratulates *Ulysses* on being a gentleman as well as a soldier.



4. At the forbidden roadhouse; Ulysses having followed *Weller* and his prey, *Betty*.



5. The court-martial. *Ulysses* persists in silence; he will not clear himself at the expense of *Betty* whom he saved from a ruffian. He was found at the roadhouse by the M. P.



6. *Betty* (in the background) about to rush forward with her confession. When *Ulysses* is cleared, his grandfather declares that General *Grant* himself could not have done better.

PARAMOUNT

Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.



Mary MacLaren indulges in her favorite whim, croquet, between working hours at the studio.

Jim Corbett likes croquet, too, as a studio diversion, but prefers to shoot it, pool fashion.

"Quit Blackstone for Touchstone" Neal Burns' director tells him. Neal studies law in odd moments.

Monroe Salisbury, in his "hours of ease," seeks the briny deep, not for inspiration, but for fish.

IF we could peep into Mary Pickford's mail bag some day without fear of difficulty with the Federal authorities, we would get an even better idea than we have now of the little star's popularity in this and foreign countries.

She is in daily receipt of letters from all over the world—from Sweden, Russia, Africa, Australia, and even Iceland. And none of the "fan" letters are more quaintly worded or express more unbounded admiration for her and her art than do those from the Flowery Kingdom of Japan—and the letters she receives from there are very flowery.

One from an admirer in Tokio smacks of vers libre and futuristic poetry and is to the effect that—

"My Dear Mrs. Pickford.

I cannot write English well. Please read me. I can very like a

Kinematograph and sometime I go to see.

One day I went to the park, and saw your art.

Flowers the like roses in the kinematograph and I do

Consider it the world over the queen.

I very like your art that is pretty.

It is welcome in every part of the world.

Is your arts welcome to many people in the Japan.

Please give me your photo and letter.

I am in the end to pray to a deity your health and happy.

Bloom cherry's from Japan.

I love you.

You are a cheerful woman.

I like the cheerful woman.

I am to desire earnestly.

An intimate friend of Yours."

PRISCILLA DEAN owns up to having three hobbies—hats, shoes and cooking. In her wardrobe closet there is a tier of drawers devoted especially to chapeaux, and there is an overflow meeting on the top shelves. There are big hats and small hats, droopy hats and close-fitting hats. The latest arrival in the "lid family," as Priscilla calls the miscellany of headgear, is a small black straw turban with a jet pin sticking saucily out above one ear.

"I don't care much about the 'in-between' part of my wardrobe," says Priscilla, "if I can just have enough hats and shoes."

As to the other part of her hobby, Priscilla tells this on herself:

"A newspaper man met me out at the studio and said to me: 'I imagine that you're the kind of girl who curls up in a rocker and eats chocolates when she gets home.' I said nothing to the contrary, because, you know, you must let newspaper people believe what they please about you. But the next day he came to interview me at my house—and when I opened the door, he thought at first glimpse that I was the maid. I had been baking biscuits, and I had had trouble with the oven, so I was mottled alternately with flour and soot. I took him out in the kitchen, and we finished the biscuits and the interview there. Next to making biscuits I like making fudge; but mother says you can't call that really cooking. She says it's just fussing around!"

OUT at Universal City a most exciting and what threatened at first to be a fruitless search for a pair of twins has finally been ended through newspaper methods.

Dorothy Phillips plays a dual role in her latest feature, "The Right to Happiness," and had need of a pair of twin girls to take the part of the Russian sisters when they were children. The casting director made known his needs at every cinema exchange in the city, and though there were plenty of twins to be had, no pair filled the specific requirements, i. e., that they be girls, both dark and foreign-looking, and not older than three years.

Then Ham Beal, head of the Publicity Department, got on the job. He had been in the newspaper game for many years and knew the tricks of the trade. He got the birth records of Los Angeles County for three years ago, went through them systematically for twins of the feminine gender, and sent automobiles out to locate the addresses given. It proved a long and tiresome job. Most of the families had moved away, or else the twins were blondes and thus unavailable. When the twin crop of Los Angeles County had been exhausted, neighboring counties were subjected to the same minute search; and at last, in Alhambra, the twins were discovered, Rachel and Esther Molene, daughters of Russo-Italian parents, and just three years old.

Now the twins are on the Universal lot, portraying the childhood of Dorothy Phillips, who takes the "grown-up" roles herself, and all is well.

There's nothing like having a newspaper brain, says Ham Beal.



IT is rumored that Bill Hart and Anne Little are going to collaborate in writing a popular song, with some

such title as "Down Beneath the Sheltering Yucca," or "Carrie, My Cactus Queen."

When the company was on the desert getting locations for "Square Deal Sanderson," Hart got the inspiration for such a song, as he claimed that every kind of wooing had been exploited, from moonlight serenades in Venice to Hula Hula love-making on the beach at Waikiki; but the possibilities of the yucca, sage brush and cactus have been overlooked.

"The trouble is," objected Anne, "methods of wooing on the desert are so restricted. You can't bask in the shade of the yucca, because it doesn't give a shade; you can't sit down and talk it over on the cushion of a cactus, because it's darn prickly sitting; and if you offered your adored one a bouquet of sage brush, she'd probably send you a healthy rattlesnake in return. Anyhow," Anne finished, "you can't find a word that will rhyme with 'yucca.'"

"Oh, yes," replied Bill Hart thoughtfully; "there's 'stuck-a.'"



MARY MACLAREN'S favorite sport, besides motoring, is playing croquet, and she has a fine lawn set out in front of her dressing-room at Universal, where she can indulge in her whim between hours of working.

Jim Corbett, who makes serials at Universal, also uses Mary's croquet grounds occasionally, but he plays in a way all his own. He insists on handling the mallet handle like a billiard cue, and in putting the balls through the wickets with a reverse English. He's ruining the morale of the place, says Mary MacLaren.

(Continued on page 38)



Pauline Frederick answers her own "fan letters" instead of letting a secretary do it.



The twins who were located after a month's search in Los Angeles for a "special type."

"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

By "Briggs"

WHEN the opportunity came to enter the motion picture field, I had a lot of new ideas that I thought the public ought to know about. I still have them, in spite of the directors and others of the motion picture world who tried to assure me that MY ideas of what a picture on the screen should be were really a liability, not an asset, so far as they were concerned. With a dozen or more completed films of assorted lengths, I still have the ideas intact, though slightly battered from ill treatment at the cruel hands of directors and things.

When I was just about to begin operations, I sought the advice of a man who was then the head of one of the biggest picture concerns in the country. I told him all about what I had in mind as to what a picture should be in the comedy field and in my particular line of comedy, which is the comedy that comes naturally in showing childhood days in a natural manner. He not only approved of all my thoughts, but assured me that that was what he had been attempting to do for years, but so far had only partly succeeded. He was a bit discouraging when he informed me of all the discouragements I would meet at the hands of those who had been in the game so long that they were making pictures by a formula. He claimed that if I could get 50 per cent. of my own stuff in the films, they would be a success. He held out little hope that I would be able to get more than that. Now that the pictures have "gone over," I am not able to say whether or not it was because of my percentage or the director's. I know there is no doubt in the director's mind as to why they went over.

I have steadily maintained that, to obtain child comedy in particular, one must not



I HAVE THREE SLAVE DRIVERS
SYNDICATE MANAGER -
FRIEND WIFE AND JOHNNY
KELLETTE - DIRECTOR

BRIGGS
1919

put over some of the sweetness of childhood in the quaint comedies we have all experienced, I shall feel that I have really given something worth while to the already crowded screen, that will help us all to "carry on."



John Carr as "Skinny," Myra Brooks as his mother, in Paramount-Briggs Comedy "The Photo Gallery."

seek comedy. Treat the subject in all seriousness, naturally, and the comedy will come in spite of you. The tragedies of childhood appear to us now as comedy, but they must be taken with the camera as tragedy, with all the seriousness of tragedy. I suppose others who have entered the comedy field have said they would never—no, never—yield to the slapstick. That has been my one obsession since going into the game. In other words, I shall not have comedy dragged in by the heels and hold it up to the audience and say, "Now laugh, darn you!" If my audience does not care to laugh at my kind of comedy, it is perfectly all right with me, but I know I shall get a sincere smile and a chuckle that means more than a loud guffaw. I know that I shall never see a film of my own direction that will be entirely satisfactory to me. I hope I never shall; it would be fatal to success. BUT if I can

There is a common purpose between the cartoon of the daily paper and the film. Directors have disputed that with me, claiming that methods of presentation are so vastly different that one who is accustomed to making cartoons and dealing directly with the public must realize in the moving picture one must think differently. But to me it is only a difference in mechanics. If the same atmosphere is retained in the film that has made the cartoon popular, I know the public will like it. Pictures is pictures and Public is Public. My reading public is the same public that is to see my work on the screen. If the M. P. Public do not like my

(Continued on page 36)

Ellen Terry in "Her Greatest Performance"



1. The setting in which Ellen Terry makes her debut in the movies.



2. The son of the old actress discovers that murder has been done.



3. The actress (Miss Terry) learns from the dying dresser the name of the real culprit.

The Scenario in Brief

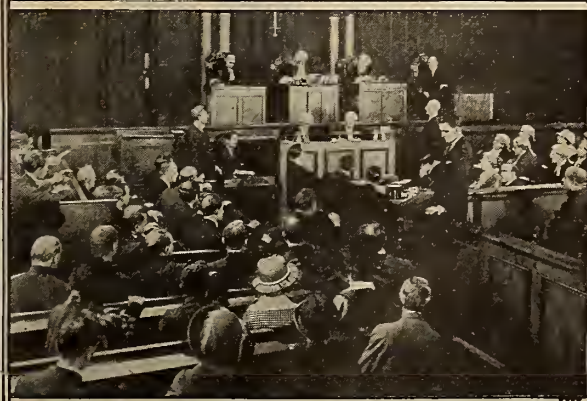
The story is of a young actor who is wrongly accused of murder. His mother, a retired actress (Ellen Terry), is informed by a dying woman, her old "dresser," as to who the real culprit is. The dresser had put her knowledge to profitable use by blackmailing the real murderer. The mother, to obtain her son's release, adopts a remarkable expedient. She garbs herself in the dead woman's clothes, makes up to resemble her, and then proceeds to the culprit's house, with the ostensible object of extracting more blackmail. It is not until the culprit (who is unaware of the dresser's death) hopelessly implicates himself that he awakens in terror to the true identity of the woman before him. Detectives in hiding in a neighboring room do the rest.



4. Her son accused, she plans the stratagem by which she hopes to prove his innocence.



5. In the murderer's rooms. Miss Terry impersonates the old blackmailing dresser and secures the proof she sought.



6. The trial scene in a British court room. The son is cleared through the pluck and skill of the mother.

Fact That They Spend So Little Time Bathing



The principal advantage of a bathing suit like this is that by letting down the skirt just a trifle, one may make of it a most charming gown for winter evening wear.

Just suppose that in '49, the year gold was discovered in California, girls had been discovered there, talk about the rush to the Coast! of Pike's Peak, prairie schooner might have borne the legend, Long or Bust! The Forty-Niners were long way ahead of their time. Not merely gold. There was nobody there to spend it on.



The Best Thing About These Bathing Girls is the Fact That They Spend So Little Time Bathing



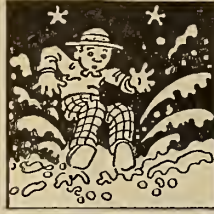
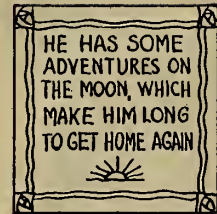
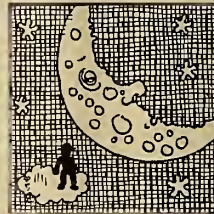
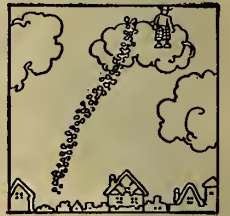
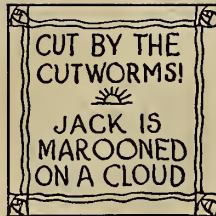
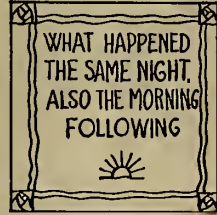
It has been suggested, elsewhere in Film Fun, that the reason for Ben Turpin's crossed eyes may lurk in the fact that he tried to look at all of the Sennett girls at once. It sounds reasonable to us. How does it strike you?

"A camera man is approaching up the beach. All those in favor of putting on bath-robes and running for cover, signify it by saying, aye. Motion lost. All in favor of sticking around, no matter what happens, signify by raising the hand and smiling. Motion carried."

Now, just suppose that in '49, the year when gold was discovered in California, bathing girls had been discovered there, too! Talk about the rush to the Coast! Instead of Pike's Peak, prairie schooners might have borne the legend, Long Beach or Bust! The Forty-Niners were born a long way ahead of their time. They got merely gold. There was nobody there to spend it on.

The principal advantage of a bathing suit like this is that by letting down the skirt just a trifle, one may make of it a most charming gown for winter evening wear.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen

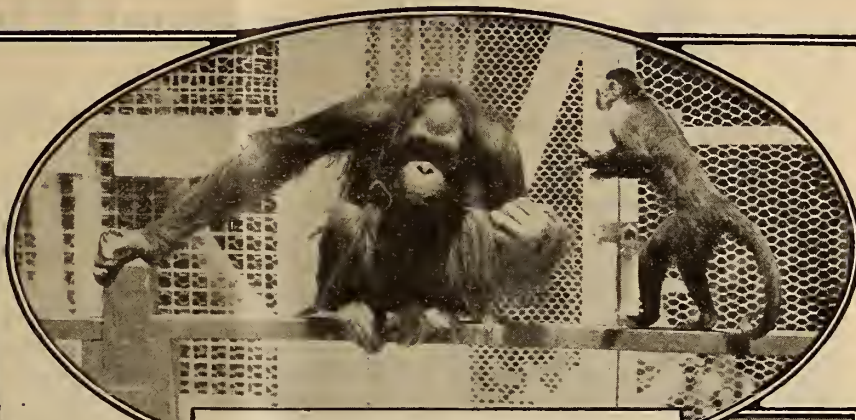


Jack and His Famous Beanstalk; or, Everything Which Goes Up Must Eventually Come Down

Joe Martin, a Monkey Who Has Succeeded



1. He wears his clothes with a certain distinction.



2. In off-hours at home, he makes a delightful host.

In cataloguing the versatile actors of the movie world, let nobody forget Joe Martin of Universal. Men who make monkeys of themselves on the screen are many; monkeys who make men of themselves are few. Joe Martin is at the top of his profession. He is as much at home in polite society drama as in low comedy roles, and he is a "swell dresser, on and off." His home life is unmarred by scandal, and his enormous salary, his contract calling for one million best quality Virginia peanuts, has not spoiled him for association with humbler screen folk. The affability with which he greets a mere assistant director or lowly extra is charming to see.



3. Occasionally, he essays a purely feminine role, rivaling Julian Eltinge.

4. To the left—His recreation is baseball; when weary of using his hands, he twirls with his feet.

Hard Work

Manager—When are you going to start shooting that mining camp story?

Director—As soon as I can convince the star that a miner doesn't wear a full dress suit.

Coming

The great motion picture producer retired from the business in disgust.

For a board of censors had ordered a lot of cutouts in a Biblical photoplay.

Reincarnations

Assuming that the ancient Egyptians were correct in their pleasing little theory, would it be unreasonable to expect to find the following in some future reincarnation:

Norma Talmadge as an exquisite, satin-winged butterfly?

Ben Turpin as a genial dodo?

Marguerite Clark as a very lovable and very fluffy kitten?

Roscoe Arbuckle as a rather ungainly but very good-natured hippo?

Pauline Frederick as a gorgeously plumed bird of paradise?

William Farnum as a great, tawny-maned lion?

Theda Bara as an alluring, dangerously beautiful serpent?

Mlle. Petrova as a splendid, lithe leopardess?

Chester Conklin as a serious-minded walrus?

A certain matinee idol as a pampered little lapdog?

A certain notorious Chaplin imitator as an obnoxious, long-eared donkey?

At It Again

Star (haughtily)—Actors are born—not made.

Director (savagely)—You must be right. I've never been able to teach any of them anything.

The Cue

"Did you hear about the trouble at the studio?"

"No; what was it?"

"The director hired a bunch of real cowboys, and when he shouted, 'Camera, action, shoot!' they shot up the place."



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



THEDA BARA seems to be rather hard on dogs. She has had seven of various varied variety, and they all died at seven various times. Why not try a dachshund, Theda? They live long. Or a Mexican hairless hound. They can't dye.

WE are told of Jess Willard, in "The Challenge of Chance": "He tosses the villain—a man six-foot-three—across the corral." They're building villains wide this year!

THE UNDERTAKER'S ENEMY

*"Care to our coffins adds a nail, no doubt,
And ev'ry grin so merry draws one out."
So wrote one Dr. Wolcott long ago,
And in these movie days I find it so.
That's why, whenever I am forced to see
A (you know the kind) two-reel com-i-dee,
I hasten out with sour-visaged mug
And beat it to a place they're showing Doug!*

FRANCIS X. remarks: "The only thing about my pictures that I am proud of so far is that not a single one has ever been disapproved by the censors." On the other hand, or the same foot, some physicians claim mush-and-milk is not absolutely necessary for anyone.

ON top of the news of "Smiling Bill" Parson's marriage to Billie Rhodes came the announcement of his company—the National Film Corporation—that Bill would make but thirteen instead of the usual twenty-six comedies the coming year. Darn housekeeping, anyway!

THROUGHOUT the West graze countless flocks of sheep. It being preposterous to think that all of them could ever be eaten, we wondered what they were for. We have at last discovered the reason for all these sheep. They are raised to produce hairy pants for the movie cowboys!

AFTER you have seen Ann Little demonstrate the poetry of motion on horseback, you go home and sing a hymn of hate to your automobile.

AN actress can hardly be called "an artiste to her finger tips" when close-ups of her in a slavey role disclose beautifully manicured digits.

WOOF! WOOF! HERE COMES THE PACK!

*"The She Wolf" (Frohman).
"Wolves of the Rail" (Artcraft).
"Wolves of the Night" (Fox).
"Wolf Lowry" (Triangle).
"The Wolf Woman" (Triangle).
"Wolves of Kultur" (Pathe).
"The Lone Wolf" (Brenon).
"The Wolf and His Mate" (Universal).
"The Daughter of the Wolf" (Paramount).*

PEARL WHITE has written the story of her life, and, strange to say, it is not a serial. For one so young, Pearl has lived a whole lot of life, reely.

A MAGAZINE advised budding photoplay writers to hold their scenarios and sell them later at a higher figure. This is good business sense. Just think what corner lots on Broadway were worth two hundred years ago and what they are worth now! And just think of the awful plays we'd miss! Hold 'em, boys!

EDITH STOREY shipped her white poodle by express from New York to Los Angeles. When it arrived, it was mostly black. Don't blame the pup. It had to pass through Pitts. and Chi.

FAIRBANKS claims it took him six solid months to make "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo." Those months just HAD to be solid! If they had been ordinary mushy months, they'd have fallen apart under the assaults of Doug!

BILL HART'S "The Money Corral" reeks with coin. Bill shoots the date out of a dime, cleans up the worst quarter in Chicago, gets on the scent of crooks and grabs a bad one—finishing up by winning a better half.

THE only way grand opera can ever square itself with us for that Caruso business is to take Toto and Billy West and make songbirds outa them.



Three guesses as to who this inverted centaur is. Yes, Annabel, you're right first time; it's Doug.



In these days of aerial photography, it is difficult to tell at a glance whether this is an interminable herd of sheep or a war field studded with shell-holes. That it is neither, but the genuine sagebrush setting of the latest Bill Hart photoplay, "Wagon Tracks," is vouched for by those who know sagebrush when they see it, and whose tongues grow parched from alkali dust at the mere sight of such a picture. Certainly, it is no picture to flaunt upon the screen just when the country has gone dry.

ONE can call it a day well spent—no matter how difficult the task—when one has dodged a picture containing one of those dual roles where a fellow impersonates his twin brother for some alarming reason, and, in the course of the plot, completely deceives the fiancée of said brother. We wish one of the bright young authors who think up such plots would try this stunt on his own best girl.

PRODUCTIONS in the past few weeks have shown a decided advance in technique. At least four villains, easily recalled, were shot in new places, while the villain in the Fannie Ward picture, "The Profiteers," elegantly fell on a paperweight spike and fatally punctured his stomach. There is nothing like these dainty scenes for making one's hours at the movies fully enjoyable.

THE public and its theatrical loves is not far different from a Sultan and his harem—he must have all sorts, colors and sizes of beauties to satisfy his various

Screen Scrapple

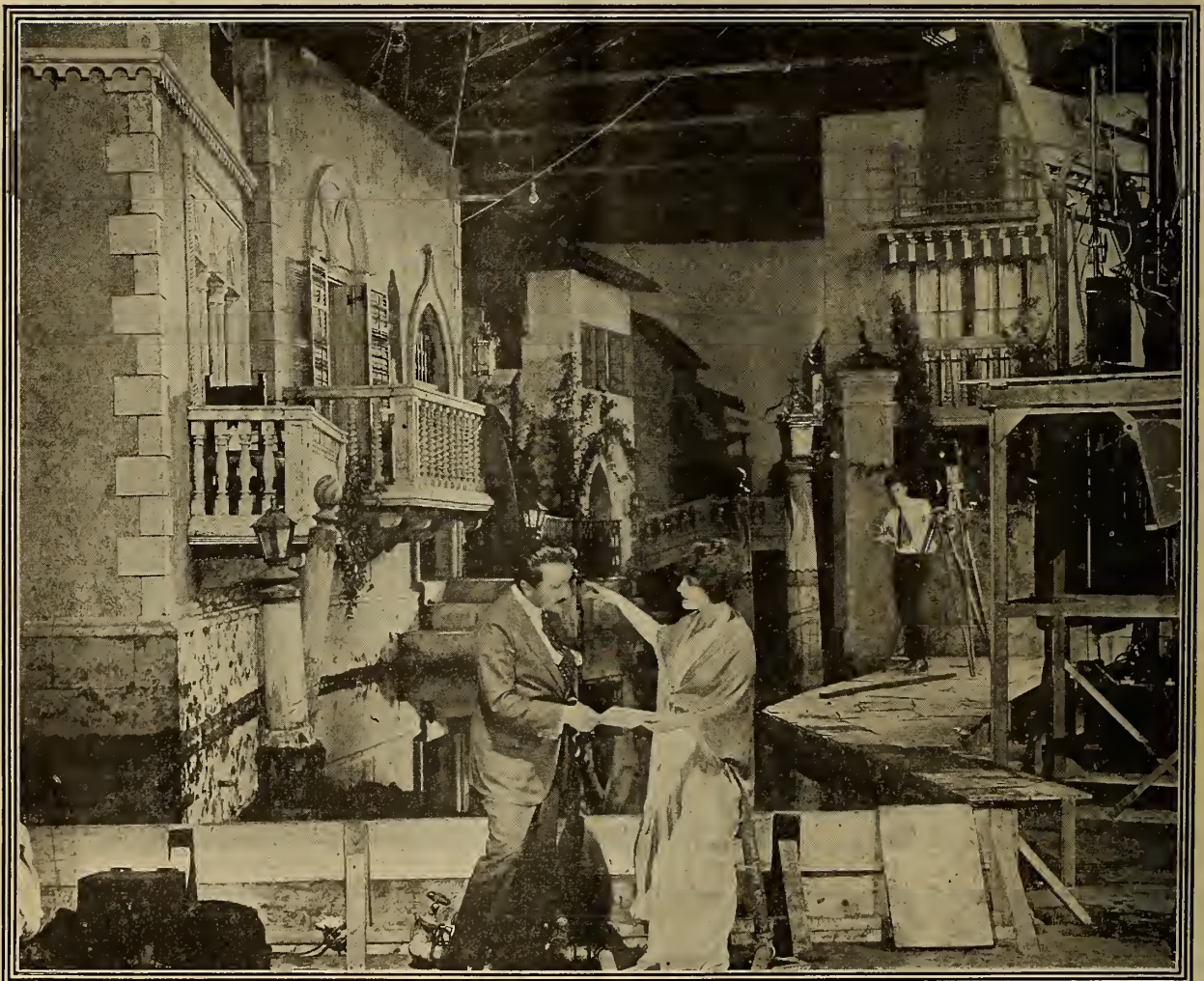
By Helen Rockwell

moods. New York, like a fickle Sultan, is at present satisfying its two extremest moods and paying court to the ridiculous and the sublime of the motion picture endeavors. D. W. Griffith's

"Broken Blossoms" breaks all records at one theater, while two blocks away Mack Sennett's "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" needs police protection to keep the people from trampling each other down.

"BROKEN BLOSSOMS" proves that there is nothing so sad as a violation of one's ideals. "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" proves that a kick directed at the seat of a man's pants is the most beautifully funny thing in the world. The public loves, adores, devours both. What's the answer?

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned movie hero who used to capture the Kaiser? Perhaps he is explaining to his small son how badly he wanted to get into the army, but that his stern duty to the moving picture trenches prevented.



"Of course, you must have roses on the balcony if it's to be my wedding day in Venice," said Elsie Ferguson. So there were roses, bushels of 'em.

Consolation Prizes in Warm Weather Contests



FOX
Madlaine Traversé's winning smile is justified by this "creation" of blue and silver.



SELECT
Capt. C. A. Van Auken is costumed for his June journey to Mt. Shasta, where "Jacques of the Silver North" was filmed.



PATHE-PEARSON
Virginia Pearson, or any wearer of an evening wrap like this, in peach-blow or apricot charmeuse, is a prize package.



PARAMOUNT-ARICRAFT
Temperature has no terrors for one who wears raiment like this simple dress of crepe de chine, worn by Vivian Martin.



PARAMOUNT
Wanda Hawley may have had "roses and raptures" in mind when she chose this—rose pink and white brocade.

PARAMOUNT
Black-and-white brocade is this dream-come-true of Ethel Clayton. Note the new drapery.



Puzzle Picture—Why Does this Man Wear a Disgruntled, Discontented Expression?

“A Perfectly Lovely Two Hours and a Half”

By A. T.

THE rain was commencing to fall, and we had an hour and a half in town with nothing to do before dinner. As usual, Helen started making suggestions.

“I know!” she cried triumphantly. “We’ll drop into the movies!”

“But, my dear,” I remonstrated, “surely you know that I haven’t been to one of those places in years! I never go to the things.”

“How perfectly ridiculous! Besides, Brenda Sweetness is playing”—she called my attention to a lurid, life-size picture which decorated a fence across the street—“she’s playing with Rockwell Ford in ‘Purple Passion.’ Oh, I really must see that!”

All of which merely serves to explain how a few minutes later she was steering me through an extravagantly ornamental doorway into an arena of semi-darkness, where a youth in a pink Eton suit, holding two cabalistic fingers aloft, led us down a steep incline, past rows of more or less amorous couples. After falling over sixteen pairs of feet, I found my seat.

I glanced at the screen. A stereopticon picture was being shown, depicting an enormous girl with a cerise complexion and blue hair, who was consuming the contents of a glass of ice-cream soda; she wore a self-conscious smile, and beneath her ran a legend:

If You Want To
Get in Strong
With Your Girl,

Take Her to the Center Drug Store After the Show.

And yet they say the modern girl is spoiled.

Then came an announcement warning lady patrons to remove their hats, and another to the effect that next week a Giltedge masterpiece in three reels, entitled “The Cute Little Sinner” and featuring Pinkie Darling, would be presented. By the time they were announcing the attractions for the coming winter, my head began to swim.

“It’s about time,” I remarked gently, “that our own show began.”

“Hush!” said Helen. “They always do this sort of thing.”

From somewhere aloft commenced the reassuring click of the motion picture machine; I settled down to succumb to the charms of Brenda. Apparently my joy was premature, for there flashed across the screen the following:

The Wonders of
Industry. Number
6. How Soda Foun-
tain Straws Are
Made.

A lad in front of me squirmed restlessly in his seat; his partner chewed her program and displayed general apathy.

“Look here, Helen,” I began. “I thought”——

“Do be still, George. They always have one of these; they’re very educational.”

However, I had no consuming desire to know the secrets of the straw-making trade; neither did the rest of the audience apparently,



Sage Brush Steve Shoots the Villain in the Nick of Time

yet somebody must appreciate these things, or they wouldn't have them. We were shown the interior of a factory and a close view of a pudgy-faced girl producing thousands of straws from a complicated mass of machinery. "6,795 Girls," the film told us, "Working Eight Hours a Day, Turn Out 3,334,587 Straws a Week. These Straws, if Placed End to End, Would Cover Seventeen and a Half Times the Height of the Woolworth Building."

"Now I realize why people go on strike," I murmured.

When we had seen several billion straws made, packed and shipped, and the film had vanished, I had renewed hopes of seeing Brenda. But, alas! there came instead the Weekly World Review.

"This ought to be interesting," said Helen.

The first picture of international importance depicted in minute and horrible detail the bee industry of Cochin China; the second showed the arrival of the Nicaraguan delegation at the Paris Peace Conference; the third showed the launching of the latest dredger for the Norwegian navy and was quite thrilling. In five minutes my views on the relative importance of things had been revolutionized, but, nevertheless, I was beginning to grow restless again.

Moments fled by, and then at last the magic words:

PURPLE PASSION. A Perfection-Triumph Film in Six Reels.

I straightened up in my seat with a thrill, but slumped back almost immediately. Another announcement followed:

The Scenario by Henry Remington Scribble. Adapted from the Novel by Martha Washington Shortcake. And then another:

The Photography by J. Bronx Martini. Art Titles by Henri Vinrouge.

Followed by a statement that seemed to impress:



Ruby de Remer, her new car, and her twin sister. As a matter of fact, it is really only Ruby herself, photographed in double exposure.



Stage successes renew their lease of life on the screen. Anita Stewart, as the jockey "In Old Kentucky," helps much in the come-back of the famous old melodrama. No, she does NOT ride a dog.

Produced Under the Supervision of Henry K. Cinch.

When the honors were over—and they lasted a considerable time—a piece of decorated script appeared:

Long, Long Ago, When the Sun Rose Upon a World Yet Young, There Lived on the Banks of the Nile a Rich Despot Whose Life Was One Crime Upon Another.

THE DESPOT . . . C. ROCKWELL FORD.

We were shown C. Rockwell, full-face, profile, three-quarters and close up. He looked the part, all right.

With a sudden evil foreboding I took a surreptitious glance at my watch. It was a quarter to nine!

And the Despot's Vicious Eyes Used To Gaze Longingly Upon the Fair Form of a Beautiful Young Egyptian Girl.

"Helen," I whispered, stifling a sob, "we've been here two hours and a half. I'm afraid we've got to go."

To my surprise she jumped up with alacrity. As we walked up the aisle, I could not resist glancing back at the screen, for I knew Brenda must be there.

But This Girl's Real Lover Was a Strong Young Warrior Whom She Adored With All the Rosy Dreams of Young Girlhood.

THE WARRIOR . . . TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN.

Outside the door I murmured:

"Helen, I'm sorry"—

"Why, I've had a perfectly lovely time!" she answered, with a sweet smile.

Will That Scene Get a Laugh?

By Taylor Holmes



WILL that scene get a laugh? It ought to. It looked funny, and it felt funny, while we were playing it—but I don't really know what an audience will like.

This is our constant perplexity. There is so much that is indefinite about the "jumpies." Uncertainty is a bigger joker in the game of moving pictures than it is in a game of poker. In poker you play with only fifty-two cards. Your sub-title cards in a five-reeler are unlimited, and their force uncertain until the show-down to an audience.

Did you ever miss a train by a moment, and wonder whom you would have met if you had caught it?

Did you ever buy stocks positively guaranteed by some personal-friend-of-the-president-of-the-concern to rise five points on the following day, and wonder what made them drop ten?

Did you ever buy a bargain and find later that you hadn't?

The element of suspense in these little experiences prevents the mind from becoming absolutely stale from placidity, but if you feel that you are not getting your money's worth out of this life, and would like to give yourself the treat of a continuous mental volcano, invest your shekels in the producing of modern movies and watch for the suspense. It will come. Oh, you'll get it!

Will your leading lady who suddenly got married to-day finish the picture, or will she do as her husband wishes and go to Europe, making it necessary to "shoot" all her scenes over again with someone else of her type, after you have found that someone?

How about that new heavy man who was recommended so highly? Will his sunken eyes register, or can't you tell whether they are open or shut? Well, wait—the camera will tell us.

Will the sun shine to-morrow so we can take exteriors? That's always a nice question to answer.

Is the church set ready for this afternoon, or do we work in the jail?

If that girl can't swim, won't we have to cut the scene? Or can we double?

Can you imagine taking forty people up into the mountains to take scenes for two days, and have it rain continuously for two weeks after your arrival? Your expense account gets thrilled, all by itself.

Think feelingly, if you will, of jumping off the rocks at Newport in a bathing suit on January 13th and acting all over the ocean, to be told when your frosted body is dragged out of the water that the scene must be retaken because the camera man ran out of film just as you hit the water.

Or imagine, if you can, just how it would affect you, after training a rooster for a month to crow on an exact cue, to be told just as you were ready to take the scene that the ingenue's pretty bull pup had playfully wrung the bird's neck.

Anybody in pictures can tell you, out of his own experiences, incidents even more strangely thrilling than these. We rarely get through a day without one or more "re-takes" necessitated by "buckling" or some such eccentricity of the camera, so we come to regard that as "all in the day's work."

And we're philosophical, more or less, about most things, although, of course, we kick and complain, just like good soldiers always do.

There are occasions, though, that transcend the limits of language. We had to take some of the scenes for "Ruggles of Red Gap" in the Grand Canyon of Arizona. It is a three-hour trip down, and three years coming up,

(Continued on page 36)



Horace Greeley (whose claim to fame is based upon his relationship to Evelyn Greeley) said, "Go West, young man," when asked for advice on how to succeed. Ellen Cassity, a fellow player of Miss Greeley at the World Studios, Fort Lee, chose "Go East, young woman," as the correct success maxim. Her first appearance, since deserting the coast, was in "Through the Toils," in which she acted with Montagu Love.

Mabel the Moviatic

By Arthur C. Brooks

“LOOK, Lucy! There’s George Walsh now! Don’t you love him? I do. I think he’s a second Doug Fairbanks, and a first one, too, if you want my honest-truesy opinion. He’s so strong and mastiff! Just see those arteries and tenders budge out when he performs the elastics! What was the name of that picture, do you remember? I don’t, either. But, anyway, it doesn’t matter; they’re all so internally similar. You would think a lot of automobile-washers wrote the scripts for the pictures nowadays, they’re so punk and *passee*. Of course, not all of them, but you know what I mean.

“Isn’t it funny how Mr. Art Craft or some other movie magnut will bullyhoo a picture from Maine to Miami as the play that will knock your eye right out, and you’d better go and see it, or you’ll be sorry

when your little grandson climbs upon your lap and says, ‘Gammmy, what did you do when ‘The Happiness Bird’ was turning ‘em away?’

Isn’t it funny, I’m saying, how a reducer will fuss and



Like poets, medicine-ball tossers are born, not made. Sylvia Ashton, for example, is a born medicine-ball tosser—

furore getting a star cast together, and pops and sets and everything, and send them all to Borneo for a real local, and spend an eighth of a million

—While Carolyn Rankin is one to whom the robust art will ever come hard—too blame hard.

for the ads—but only pay about a dollar and a half for the story, if he doesn’t lift it from a magazine altogether? Wouldn’t it get your ninny? They must think we’re a bunch of Boshes to be led around like a cow with a ring in his nose.

“But I don’t come to see the stories; I’m more interested in the personal. I know all about the flim folks. I’m not like a lot of superficial people that think they’re flams because they can recognize a few of the old guard, like Mary Miles Pickford or William Walthall or Henry Desmond. I go in for the new and *nom de plume*, and you’d be surprised at the talent that’s congealed in them. They’re like peanuts—you have to crack the shell before you get the nut. You see, the veterinarys get kind of tired of the game, but they don’t want us to, though.

“Did you hear the Dolly Sisters were going to sign up for the screen? Aren’t they just as alike as two knees? Now the Gish Sisters will have a

couple of Hungarian rivals; but I suppose they should bubble. They’ve made their refutation, and now life is one big, sweet sing. But the Dolly girls have one drawing-room card; they’re two genuine, *bon ami* twins. They look alike, dress, act alike, and have the same temperatures. But the Gish girls are as different as plums and prunes. Lillian is quiet and series. Dorothy is active and veracious. I’m waiting to see how the final finale comes out.

“Where was I, anyway? Oh, yes! I was going to say, what do you think about the talent getting married? I don’t think they should. When a man enters husbandry, he should give all his time to it, and not go galloping all over California. And then it’s an awful blow to the female flim flams to find out a matinee idler is not at liberty. I’ll never forget the time I sent a mauve mash note to Jack Pickford, and then someone told me he was married to Olive Thomas. My dear, I thought I’d die! Yes, I know. Some are happily hitched, but they’re only inceptions to the golden rule, don’t you think?

“What’s that, Usheress? We’ll have to stop annoying the audience or go out? Well, I like that! We were only enjoying a quiet little *vis-a-vis*. Oh, surely, of course, if you insist. . . .”



Here is half a portrait of Miss Dorothy Gish. When, in the presence of a camera, an actress hides herself behind a curtain—well, there are some mysteries which will ever be mysteries, we fear.

There's Lots of Heart Trouble in "Heart Trouble"



1. The henpecked visitor is fascinated by this glimpse of hospital life.



2. By shamming illness, he plans to have a "vision" all to himself.



3. The illness is shammed as planned, but the nurse assigned is no vision. She's a sight.

A Word or Two Tells It

A henpecked husband visits a hospital to see a sick friend. A bevy of beautiful nurses flock around the sick man, and the visitor decides to get sick himself. He throws a fit and is brought to the hospital for treatment, but, alas! the nurse assigned to him has a face of the "fried egg" type. After a series of attempts to get rid of this nurse, relief comes to both boys by a clandestine ball given on the hospital roof. Rheumatism, crutches, splints and discipline are thrown to the winds, but a bomb is thrown into the jazz party by the sudden appearance of the sham sick man's furious wife, backed by the higher-ups of the hospital. The hilarity changes to a free-for-all fight—with pillows.



4. Hospital life seems a lot rosier when news of the ball on the roof is broken to him.

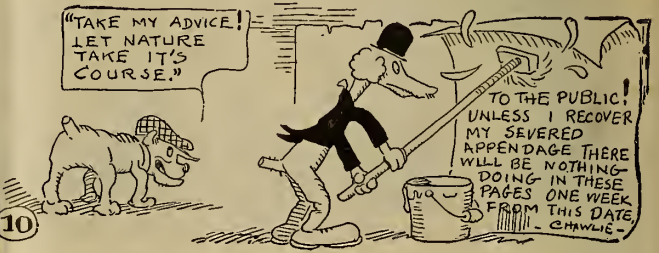
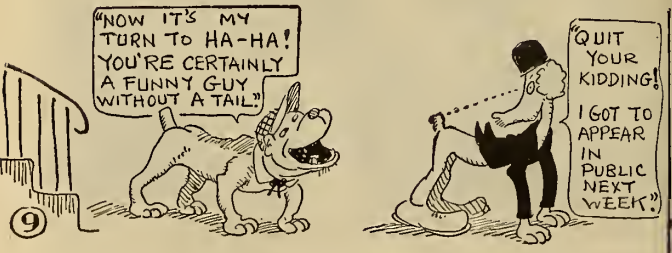
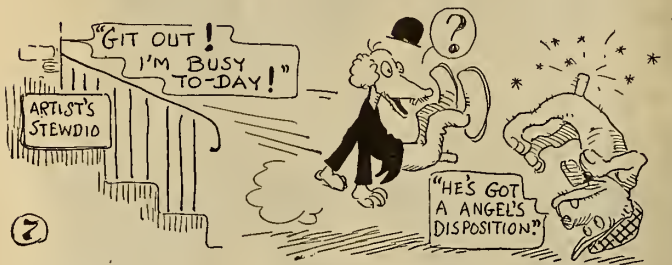
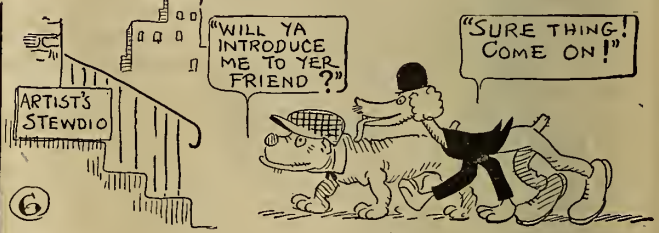
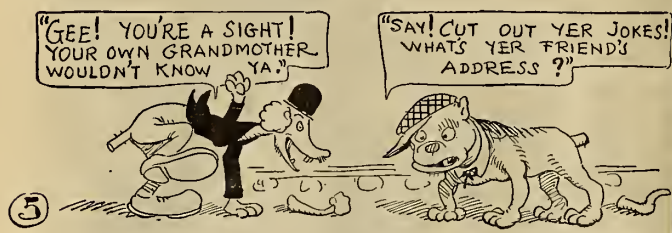
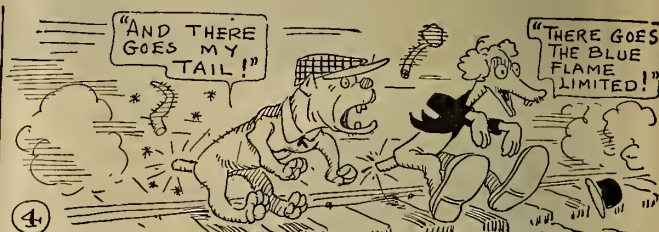
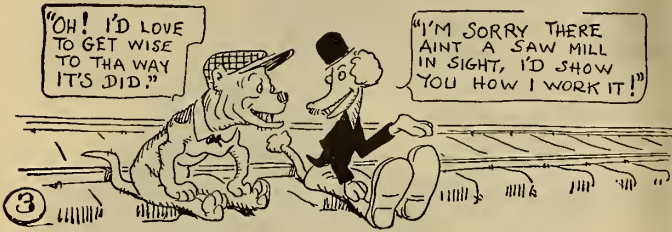
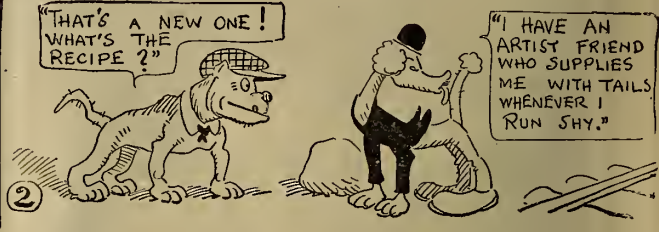
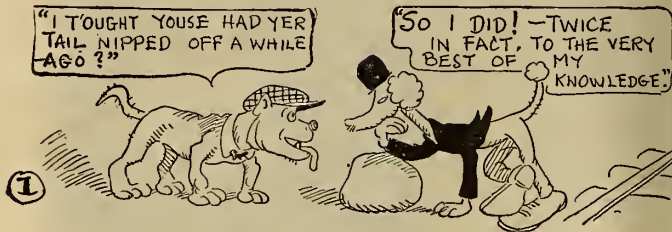


5. At the ball, there are visions in plenty, more than enough to go round.



6. And then all the jazz is taken out of life by the appearance of the scandalized wife.

A SHORT TALE OF 2 SHORT TAILS → ONE REEL FEATURE. *By Charlie Dog.*





WHAT YOU SEE ON THE SCREEN AND WHAT YOU DON'T

Photographing a baby—one too young to be impressed by the advantages of publicity—requires a lot of experimenting. It wastes film, and film is money To avoid experiment, June Elvidge is fondling a megaphone until the director is quite sure how little precious will photograph best.

The Diary of a Movie Story

By Frank H. Williams

MONDAY—Hooray! I'm so happy! I'm a popular novel, and I've just been purchased by a big motion picture concern to be made into a movie! I suppose they'll film me just as I am. I just know I'll screen well.

TUESDAY—Two strange men have been working over me all day, cutting off parts of me here and there and patching on bits of "business," until, I declare, I hardly recognize myself. They call themselves "scenario writers," but I think they're brutes!

WEDNESDAY—Well, I'm being filmed—but the director has been doing things to my plot. I hate to have anyone monkey with this important section of my anatomy, but he does it with apparently never a worry or care. I hate him!

TUESDAY (A WEEK LATER)—Once more I've had things done to me. One of my characters has been eliminated at the request of the star, who said it interfered with her role! I'm mighty glad there's still something of the real ME left—I still have my Purpose and my Name.

THURSDAY (TWO WEEKS LATER)—These film people are heartless

wretches! Here I am, such as is left of me, all nicely filmed and ready to be exhibited, and then, at the last minute, the producer butts in and changes my Purpose entirely! I had a perfectly dandy Purpose when I started out, and now they've hitched one to me that I'm ashamed to own!

FRIDAY—Something dreadful happened to-day. They turned me over to the film editor, and he cut out my Purpose entirely! He says people don't want pictures with a purpose nowadays. Oh, dear, I could cry! The only thing left of me now is my Name!

SATURDAY—The worst thing in the world has happened to me. The sales manager looked at me to-day, and after he'd seen all of me, he said my Name would have to be changed, that it had no sales value! So they took his advice and changed it! Oh, dear, I wish I'd never broken into the movies!

Kill Him

Manager—Now what is the trouble?

Director—The star refused to go on that desert location unless we take along a barber, a manicure and a bathtub.



When a commonplace thing—like cleaning an automobile—is done by a movie star, it at once becomes "an original bit of comedy," because a movie star does it. This, by the way, is George Larkins.

Will That Scene Get a Laugh?

(Continued from page 30)

judging by the way we felt. One goes down with the owner of the mules riding in front of the party, assuring everybody within sound of his voice that the mules *never* slip, and at the same time the man riding directly back of me was relating how, the last time he made the trip, a bee stung one of the mules just as the party was rounding that point ahead there. What the mule did, and what happened to the rest of that band of tourists, wasn't exactly calculated to quiet one's nerves; it didn't help me any about getting right down to work.

But we kept moving. If you've been there, you'll understand. If you haven't, you can take my word for it; there's no hanging back on the trail down. We shot about thirty scenes. It was most strenuous labor, covering several hours. The arrival of the luncheon interval was greeted with joyful acclaim.

And then it was discovered that the property man had forgotten the lunch. A few of the knowing ones had provided themselves with stay and comfort in one form or another — chocolate, principally — and these oddments, cheerfully contributed to a common fund, constituted the sole and only sustenance for completion of the scenes and the return trip. Do you wonder the way seemed long? And yet I think the film shows spirited action and sustained enthusiasm on the part of every player.

The ordinary element of chance that enters into all location work is often augmented by the unforeseen. Going out to Roosevelt Dam from Phoenix, to film more "Ruggles" scenes, we traveled over a gorgeous road. Before we came back, the rains descended, as they do in that part of the country, and the floods came, and the road disappeared very suddenly. We started to drive slowly over what we thought and hoped was the road, through about six inches of perfectly good water, when, apropos of nothing at all, the right side of our car gave an unadvertised and extremely rapid slump down about four feet in the general direction of China and stopped—oh, very much stopped! The engine didn't seem to know just exactly what had happened and continued running merrily, precisely as if we were approaching Phoenix and food. Stupid, some engines are—really! The ladies screamed, and to comfort them we men swore like heroes; but we couldn't move the car an inch. We were surrounded by water and miles from civilization.

After talking brilliantly for an hour about what we should do—but doing nothing—two undersized little men, one a Mexican and the other an Indian, came sauntering along on sleepy-looking little ponies, and without addressing us at all, they each fastened a slender, silly-looking leather lariat to our front axle, and winding the other ends of the lariats around the pummels of their saddles, they started in to curse their steeds, and to my amazement our big automobile began to ponderously move out of the muddy pool and up on the firm road. How it was done we didn't know, and it wouldn't be any earthly use to try and tell you if we did, or how we felt at the time, and, besides, it was now after eight o'clock at night, and no dinner—nothing to sustain us but the memory of a dainty lunch at

the noon hour. We got another, however, not quite so dainty, at midnight, in a night lunch wagon, and turned in at one o'clock, with a six o'clock call which would compel us to arise and fare forth to another location.

There's a good deal that is thrilling, too, in our association with the animal stars now so popular. The bruin that was cast for the name part in "It's a Bear" wasn't any bottle-raised baby pet. It was a real, honest-to-goodness wild bear. A barber had bought it from a fellow who had trapped it, full grown. They'd handled it some and gave me all the benefit they could from their experience. Jelly beans, it seems, tamed him better than anything else they had discovered. I traveled with my pockets full of jelly beans and my mind full of what was likely to happen to me if the supply gave out. Any fellow that thinks he can outrun a bear hasn't had any opportunity for acquiring bear information. And what this one might take a notion to do was beyond anyone's guessing. But we kept him well fed and good-natured, and the jelly-bean crop held out. The film itself is proof, I think, that the real thing in pictures is worth any work necessary in securing it.

Instances like this could be related without end, but there is a limit to space. Whether the scene gets a laugh will continue to be our problem. The work will always have thrills enough to satisfy the most adventurous, and there will always be hazard sufficient for the gambler's instinct that is in most of us. But with it all, I doubt if there is any moving picture actor, who makes any type of motion picture, whose soul does not thrill when the time comes to go to work "on location."

"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

(Continued from page 18)

screen comedies, then they do not like them, and that is all there is to it. I know there is no use of my attempting comedy along the beaten paths and inventing new ways to kick a man in the face or new ways to throw pies and things to get the laugh.

Not that I am in the comedy reform business either. There is all kinds of laugh-producing films, and I am one of those who can enjoy occasional slapstick stuff. But I think the Public have had a surfeit of it and are going to keep right on getting it. If Old George Public says he cannot get a laugh out of my stuff, let it go at that, and I shall hope his brother Bill can. His appreciation is worth just as much to me. There is no comedy that appeals to all people alike. I reckon Charlie Chaplin comes as near the universal comedian as anyone in the public eye to-day. But that is his own bright little corner, and he has brightened it up in his own inimitable way.

I hope I shall be able to brighten up a corner for someone. I know there are a lot of corners that need it, and if I can do it through the medium of kids, I shall feel that I have done much in the cinema world that should have been done long ago.

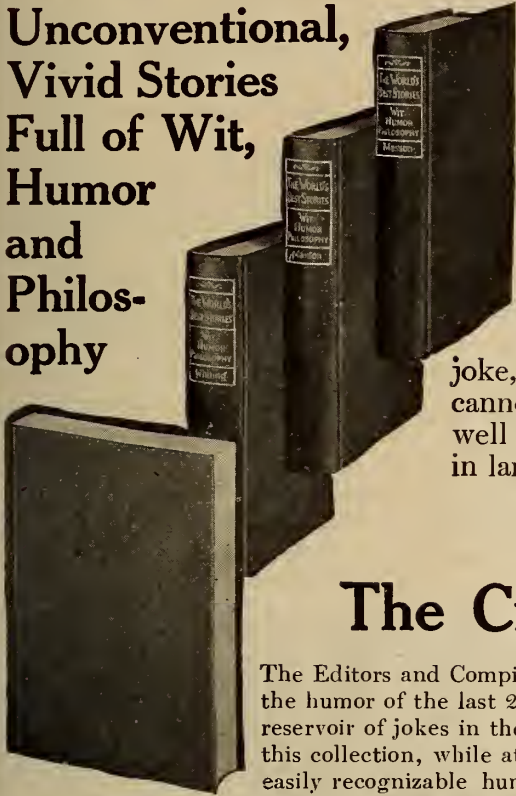
Howell—Her face is her fortune!

Powell—Then I'll take her at her face value!

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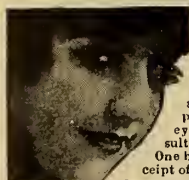
Alice Joyce says: See her
brother Frank at the

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Celluloid Celebrities

(Continued from page 17)

PAULINE FREDERICK, the lovely Goldwyn star, is one of the few who attends to her own mail instead of giving it into the more or less tender care of a secretary. And this does not indicate that Miss Frederick's mail bag is a small one, either; but she maintains that if people are nice enough to write and express appreciation of her work, it is up to her to reciprocate by personal letters.

Not all letters are answered, of course, for some merely ask for photographs; but many contain thoughtful criticisms of her work, and these are always more than welcome.

"When you can't stand criticism," says Miss Frederick, "then it's time to quit."

MONROE SALISBURY, in his "hours of ease," which are few and far between, seeks the briny deep, not for inspiration, but for fish. At this season of the year surf fishing is especially good at Santa Monica and other beaches near Los Angeles, and Monroe is there from sunup to sundown, with rod and reel, and usually manages to bring back a full basket to the studio.

The other day he caught a fifteen-pound tuna—or maybe it was a yellow-tail; anyhow, it was an awfully big fish, and when he exhibited it at the studio:

"Old stuff!" remarked Harry Carey, who is also an enthusiastic but not always successful fisherman. "I brought home one, too, the other day. Mine cost me six bits; how much was yours?"

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS'S pet diversion in summertime is to go down by the sad sea waves and give them something to laugh about. But he, not being satisfied with the mild amusements offered by surf riding, fishing or swimming, limbers up a bit by performing all sorts of stunts, from doing handsprings on the beach to carelessly diving off the Venice pier and thus thrilling the beholders. He sometimes takes with him, on these watery pilgrimages, Cherokee, a beautiful white horse who worked with him in "Bound in Morocco," and whom Doug purchased after the picture was finished.

On Cherokee's broad back the come-

dian goes through a variety of performances, from standing on his head to turning cartwheels in rapid succession, and the horse stands for it with the utmost equanimity. Boys will be boys, he probably says to himself.

IT is not recorded how many lawyers wish they were movie stars—the number probably runs into the millions. But it is safe to say that there is only *one* movie star who wants to be a lawyer—and that is Neal Burns, the clever Universal comedian and leading man.

Yes, it's true. Neal is studying law every spare minute of his time, off the set when he is resting, and on the set while waiting for the camera to be set up. And, what is more, he intends to hang out his shingle as soon as he has mastered all the mysteries of legal lore.

"Come on, Neal! Leave Blackstone for 'Touchstone'!" implores Al Santell, the director, for the young man is generally so engrossed that he is oblivious to a mere trifle like acting. "Touchstone" is his latest picture; and, of course, everyone knows who—and what—Blackstone is.

CLARA HORTON, the little sixteen-year-old actress who takes the leading role in Rex Beach's "The Girl from the Outside," is a Christian Scientist and takes "Science and Health" with her on locations and everywhere.

In making the Rex Beach picture, which has lots of northern atmosphere and in which a number of rainstorms and sea work were scheduled, most of the company were under the weather as a result of the exposure; but Clara and her mother—for Mrs. Horton is always with her daughter—stood all the severe tests which the exigencies of the plot demanded, and Clara didn't even sneeze once. No, this isn't propaganda; I'm just telling what Clara told me.

His Place

They had been working on desert stuff, and the hard-boiled extra was as dry as Maine. As a consequence, his patience gave out when the man ahead of him at the water cooler poured four glasses into an apparently bottomless void and showed signs of wanting more.

"Say, guy," he burst out, "you'd make a hit in th' Tank Corps, you would!"

The Reason

In the pictures we find:

The hero's blazing eyes,
The villain's burning gaze,
The girl's hot anger,
The heroine's flaming cheeks,
Her father's fiery temper,
The lovers' heated quarrel,
The youth's scorching retort,
And others.

Which may explain why the movies are so constantly being roasted.

Not Overjoyed

Sweet Young Thing—Oh, don't you just love to see a splendid comeback?

Scribbler—Not if it chances to be one of my scenarios.

Lucky Man

"There's a motion picture director who has never complained about actors' lack of brains."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; he produces animal pictures."

Con-fidential

It's generally the press agent who puts the con in his star's contract.

One on Me

By Frank H. Williams

MY sweetie and her maw and I
Into a movie palace hie.
My sweetie has the seat next me;
Her maw sits next to her, I see.
The lights go out; the pictures start.
A bold plan leaps into my heart.
While saying that the film's a peach,
For sweetie's hand I slyly reach.
I grab it, hold it, squeeze it, too—
You fellows know the way we do!
I wish the film would last a week;
Some tender words I think I'll speak.
And then, alas! on comes the light,
And maw and sweetie laugh outright.
I wonder what the joke's about—
The joke's on me, without a doubt.
My sweetie went and fixed it so
I held maw's hand through all the show!

Seeing Double

"I hear Bill has signed the pledge."

"Yes; you see, he went to the movies after a gay time, and he thought he had 'em when he saw a double exposure scene."

Recipe

Take ten girls in bathing suits;
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Add a fat man, and you've got
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First One—Well, yesterday he was a Jew—and I was a Bolshevist!

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 “In what way?”
 “The hero borrows matches and really works once in a while.”

Unethical

“Why was the director discharged?”
 “He went and wasted a plot on a comedy. Think of it!”

Habit

“What’s the matter with that woman? She’s acted queerly ever since that organ grinder began to play.”
 “She’s a motion picture actress, and every time she sees someone turn a handle, she becomes stagey.”

Too Much

Friend—Why did you quit your job?
Scenario Writer—The last straw. The director got hold of a strip of film showing an eclipse of the sun, and he wanted me to write a scenario around it.

The Lesson

“What would you do if you inherited a million dollars?”
 “Go to the movies every day for a month.”
 “Quit your kidding!”
 “Really. I’d want to learn how to act in high society.”

Film Fun

No. 365—SEPTEMBER, 1919

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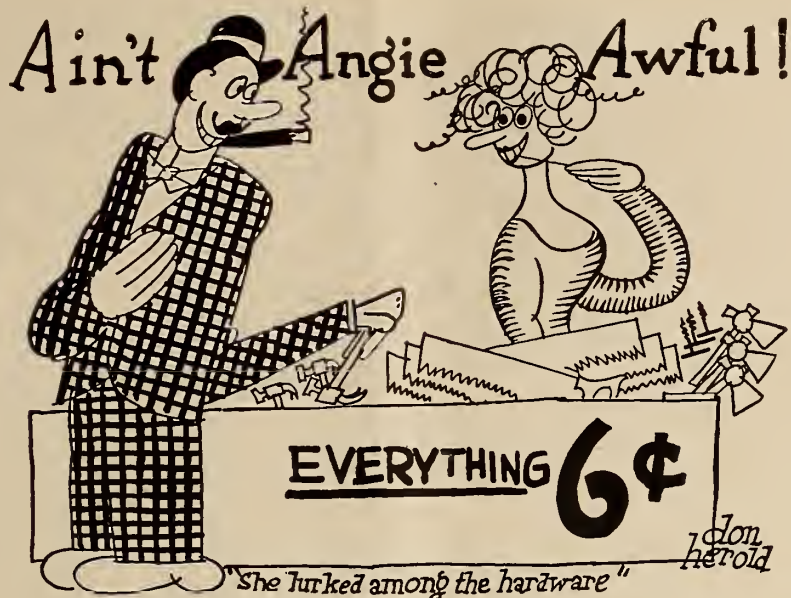
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"The Firing Line" starring Irene Castle
"The Woman Thou Gavest Me"
Hugh Ford's Production of Hall Caine's Novel "The Career of Katherine Bush" starring Catherine Calvert
"Secret Service" starring Robert Warwick
Maurice Tourneur's Production "THE WHITE HEATHER"
"The Dark Star" A Cosmopolitan Production

Artcraft

Cecil B. deMille's Production "FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE"
Douglas Fairbanks in "THE KNIC REEFCKER BUCKAROO"
Elsie Ferguson in "THE AVALANCHE"
D. W. Griffith's Production "TREE HEART SUSIE"
Wm. S. Hart in "WAGON TRACES"
Mary Pickford in "CAPTAIN KIDD JR."
Fred Stone in "JOHNNY GET YOUR GUN"

Supervision of Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy: "A DYSERT HERO"
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies
"TRAIN TO GET ALONG" "AMONG THOSE PRESENT"
Paramount-Flagg Comedy
"THE IMMORTAL GUEST"
Paramount-Drew Comedy
"BUNKERED"

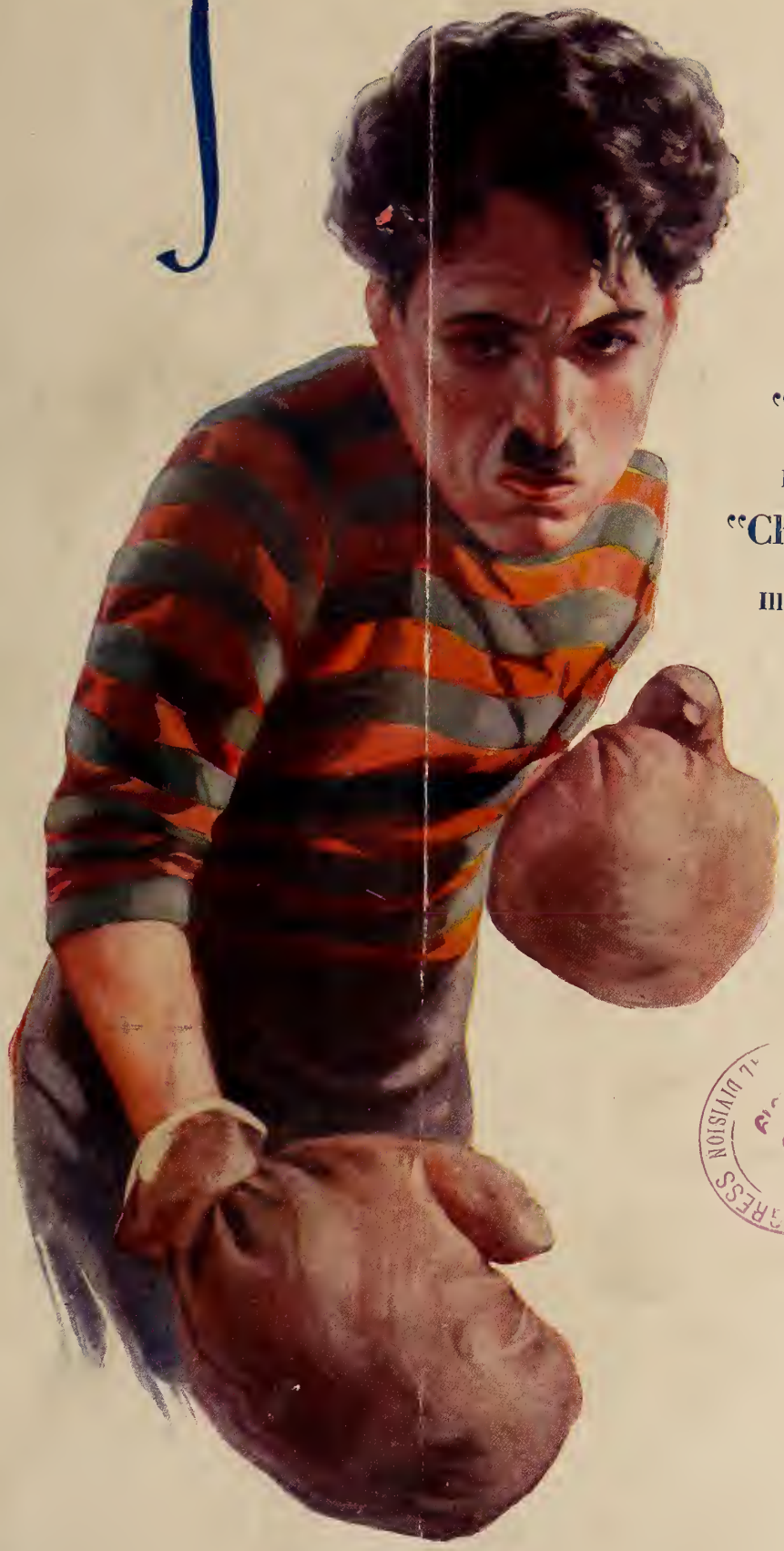
Film Fun

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"Studio Types"

By F. C. Blakeslee

Illustrated by W. E. Hill

"Chasing the Serial"

By Harry J. Smalley

Illustrated by Ralph Barton





The End of a Perfect Day



IN your ordinary daily round of activity you feel as though you were in something like a cage. It is the special virtue of Paramount-Artcraft Pictures that they free you from this cage.

The adventurous heart of mankind everywhere presses against the bars of monotony for larger flights into the blue.

Can any Corporation anywhere set before itself a grander and more sublimely serviceable ideal than this repeated liberation of humanity's heart?

When the show is over—the last touch of Paramount-Artcraft magic vanished—you stroll away richly content. A fitting end for a perfect day.

Paramount - Artcraft Motion Pictures

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ADOLPH ZUKOR, Pres. JESSE L. LASKY, Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE, Director General
NEW YORK



The New Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

Listed alphabetically, released up to September 30th. Save the List! And see the Pictures!

- Billie Burke in "The Misleading Widow"
- Marguerite Clark in "Widow by Proxy"
- Elsie Ferguson in "The Witness for the Defense"
- Vivian Martin in "The Third Kiss"
- Wallace Reed in "The Valley of the Giants"
- Robert Warwick in "Told in the Hills"
- George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"
- Thomas H. Ince Productions
- Enid Bennett in "Stepping Out"
- Dorothy Dalton in "The Market of Souls"
- Charles Ray in "The Egg Crate Wallop"
- Paramount Comedies
- Paramount-Arbuckle Comedy one each month
- Paramount-Briggs Comedy one each week
- Paramount-MACK SENNETT Comedies two each month
- Paramount Magazine issued weekly
- Paramount-Post Nature Pictures issued every other week
- Paramount-Burton Homes Travel Pictures one each week

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SEP 12 1919

Volume 31
\$1.50 a Year

FILM FUN

A MONTHLY REEL OF LAUGHS

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GOLDWYN

"Heartsease" is an appropriate name for a photoplay with a leading lady like this. Helene Chadwick plays opposite Tom Moore, and you can make your own guess as to the value of the combination.



Gladys Leslie, as most everybody knows, is the charming young star of the Vitagraph studios. Vita is a Latin word, meaning life. Taking their cue from the classics, the chrysanthemums murmur, Hoc est vita, which is more Latin, and which means, This is the life. If you were in their position, wouldn't you feel that way about it? The camera doesn't flatter Miss Leslie a bit.



GOLDWYN

Peace of mind is reflected in the eyes of Naomi Childers; peace and content, with perhaps a touch of aspiration and higher movie things. Still, a brand new three-year contract with Goldwyn—forty weeks to the year—is a pretty fair aspiration realized, and that is the news Miss Childers brought her New York friends when she came East a-visiting.



METRO

This—reading from left to right—is Nazimova. Another view of her may be obtained by turning the page lengthwise. Euclid himself could never have imagined a more fascinating right angle. There is something about her expression which suggests one of Nazimova's screen successes, "An Eye for An Eye."

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

JEAN PAIGE lost her make-up box and couldn't proceed with her new play. She hadn't the face to do it.

Hale Hamilton is the proud possessor of a new dog. He has named him Summer Resort, because he harbors so many insects.

Mary Pickford has been married so often under the Cooper-Hewitts that she declares she's afraid to look a bridal veil in the lace.

The Parisian Tigress acts more like a badly abused kitten than the lady of the jungle.

A meteor of exceeding brilliance was seen near Los Angeles a short time ago. Jealous of the stars gathered there, evidently.

Wonder if George Walsh, in "Help! Help! Police!" yelled loud enough to wake the policeman up.

The slogan of the producers for the fall drive is "Fewer and Better Pictures." Helen Pollock, a New York critic, malignantly adds: "Yes, the fewer the better."

"Three Black Eyes" for Taylor Holmes is a Triangle announcement. It does seem as if these producing companies should refrain from printing their brawls broadcast. There's nothing they won't stoop to for advertising purposes.

The prohibitionist was snooping around the studio, looking for something or someone to reform. "Well, I'm glad those 'stills' are finished," he heard the camera man say to the director. "Now watch me do a 'reel' before going home." And the report forwarded that night by the prohibitionist read: "Believe whiskey is secretly being made in Acme Studio. Start rigid investigation at once."

Sidney Chaplin recently sailed for France to stage the first of eight comedies he is making under contract with Famous Players-Lasky. We believe this, but when his press agent goes on to tell that from France Sidney will continue on to Persia, on invitation from the Shah—oh, pshah!

World's screen rights to Justin Huntley McCarthy's romance, "If I Were King," were recently purchased by Fox for William Farnum. The play had a stage run of five years, with E. H. Sothern as star. With Farnum—oh, five reels, of course!

Pearl White has written a book, the taking title of which is "Just Me." She ought to know her subject.

What's in a name? Well, see here: A new theater, to be known as the "Jewish Art Theater," is soon to be opened. Emanuel Reicher is to be art director, and his associates are Binah Abramowitz, Celia Adler, Ben Ami, Yechiel, Lazar Fried, Hyman Mysell, Joseph Schoengold and others. That ought to answer the question.

Earl Williams, sued by Roma Raymond for breach of promise, must pay the lady fifty thousand dollars, according to the decision of a Los Angeles judge. A pretty heavy luxury tax on his bride, isn't it?

May Allison, after her day with the Bolsheviki, framed some rules for

their department, among which we find this: "Never slice bread—Bolshevists are whole loafers."

Old-timers, on hearing that "Evangeline" has been filmed, inquire whether it is Longfellow's or Rice's that has been put on the screen.



UNITED ARTISTS
Visitors to the Grand Canyon necessarily acquire much desert wisdom and cactus lore. Douglas Fairbanks must have learned immediately after mounting this giant cactus that "Broncho Busting" is a tame and comfortable undertaking in comparison.

What Would Press Agents Do Without Pets?



One way to break into the movies, and to break in soft, is to be an Eskimo dog. Witness the look of sweet content on these pals of Mitchell Lewis in "Jacques of the Silver North."



Bert Lytell's taste in pets runs to baby donkeys, and the affection seems to be mutual.

Cause

Assistant—What's the director so mad about?

Scenario Editor—I gave him a scenario which is so good that he cannot improve upon it.



Charles Roy's pup, Whiskers, is a wire-haired terrier; live-wired-haired.

Gladys Brockwell's wrinkly chum looks like one of those Indians who can remember Washington.

Demand

"Jim has become rich, I hear."

"How?"

"He's making blank cartridges to be used only in motion picture serials."

CHASING THE SERIAL

BY HARRY J. SMALLEY

RALPH
BARTON

I am a trav'ling-man—with fervor undiminished
The motion-pictures daily I do see.
But hereafter I shall view a play that's finished
Right then and there—no serials for me!

In Kalamazoo I saw the op'ning spasm,
It ended with the Hero on a cliff
Hanging by his finger-tips above a chasm—
The Villain sneaking up to land a biff!

I saw Episode The Third while out in Whitey—
While trav'ling 'round I'd missed the second one—
And it opened with the Hero in his nightie
A-wrestling in a parlor with a Hun!

And, while watching this and trying hard to reason
How he escaped the Villain on the rock;
It finished with the Hero pinched for treason,
Because the Villain registered a knock!

I saw Episode The Fifth in Kansas City;
I never knew just what was Chapter Four!
For in ev'ry town I hit, it was a pity,
The serial had shown the day before!

And here's my noble Hero on a schooner
A-being wrecked somewhere in Hazatiz!
It's very interesting, but I'd sooner
Be told some more about that treason biz!

Well, it ended with the Hero in a shanty
The cannibals upon him were to dine.
I saw Episode The Tenth in Ypsilanti,
For I had missed Six, Seven, Eight and Nine!

And, behold, there was my Hero in an alley!
In little old New York the scene was laid.
He broke down a dozen doors to save his Sallie,
And faced a gang of gun-men, unafraid.

My attention, while I viewed this, was confounded
By efforts on my part to figure straight.
How he'd escaped the heathen while surrounded,
And how the deuce he'd kept from being ate?

So, before I was aware of it, the ending
Of Episode The Tenth came into sight,
And the Hero, awful moments was a-spending,
Tied in a hut with tons of dynamite!

Then, from Michigan to Maine, for Screen Eleven
I chased, but never quite caught up with it!
And the next I saw was Chapter Twenty-Seven,
Which also was the last one that would flit!

Well, I saw the Hero wed (just how he'd cheated
That dynamite is still beyond my ken!)
But hereafter, me for plays that are completed—
The serial isn't meant for trav'ling-men.





Lila Lee and some of the trophies she presented to the winners in the Famous Players-Lasky Invitation Golf Tourney.

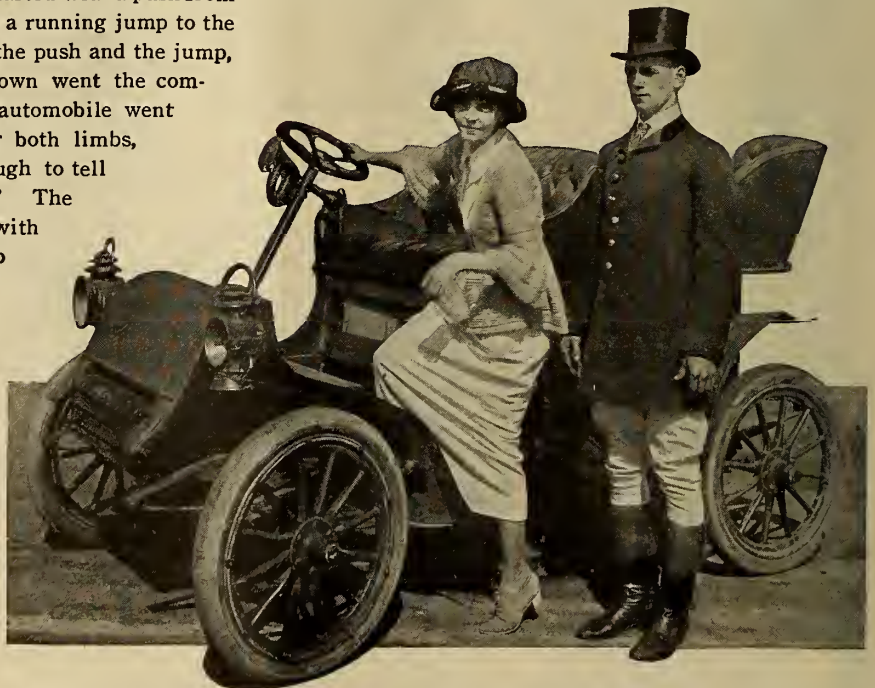
POLLY MORAN, the energetic comedienne who is making pictures at the Fox studio, says that this comedy business isn't all it's cracked up to be. During the making of her latest feature, "Sheriff Nell's Come-back," she was to ride in a trick automobile of thirty-two candlepower, said machine having to be started with a push from behind to get the engine going, and a running jump to the seat while under way. Polly gave the push and the jump, but on the latter she slipped, and down went the comedienne under the wheels, and the automobile went neatly over her le—that is, over both limbs, and the director was heartless enough to tell her that the scene lacked "pep." The next day she appeared on the set with bandages extending from ankle to knee, and did a little stunt sliding down a rope from the top of the building to the ground. The rope slipped from its moorings and Polly came down with a dull thud and counted stars. The director told her that the scene would have to be retaken because her expression had not been good. The same day she was to be dragged by a horse for a block or so, and the beast went seven blocks on his own account before he could be stopped. This time the director told her that the

Celluloid

scene hadn't registered on account of the dust she had raised. It might be added that Miss Moran is at present taking a vacation—in bed.

DOUg FAIRBANKS, having bought himself a new studio, is building a brand new house on Beverly Hills, outside of Hollywood, and he has everything in it that anyone ever thought of, and a few things that no one ever did. There is an out-of-doors swimming pool with a bath house, an artificial beach with real sand, and in his house there is a built-in concrete projecting room, so that any evening Doug desires, he can have a private showing of his own films, or amuse himself with travelogues and scenic pictures, for which he has a great liking. Another feature of the new Fairbanks mansion is the large area sown to grass, and a generous-sized well which has been drilled on the premises. Water, as any Californian will tell you, is worth a million dollars a dribble—for irrigation purposes, I mean—and, to be explicit, water purchased for municipal purposes is paid for at the rate of \$3,500 per inch. The well which Doug drilled, donated twenty-six inches, and as he needed only five for watering his place, he sold the remaining nineteen to the city, and nineteen times \$3,500 is—well, you figure it out; unto him who hath shall be given.

THE newest star out at Universal City is Joe Martin, the famous ape—or maybe he's a chimpanzee—anyway, he is more human than some people, says "Curly" Stecker, his trainer, and when it comes to using his head, Joe doesn't always rely on the brains of others to think for him. He lives in the same cage with a sassy little monk called Skipper, who imposes on the good-natured chimp



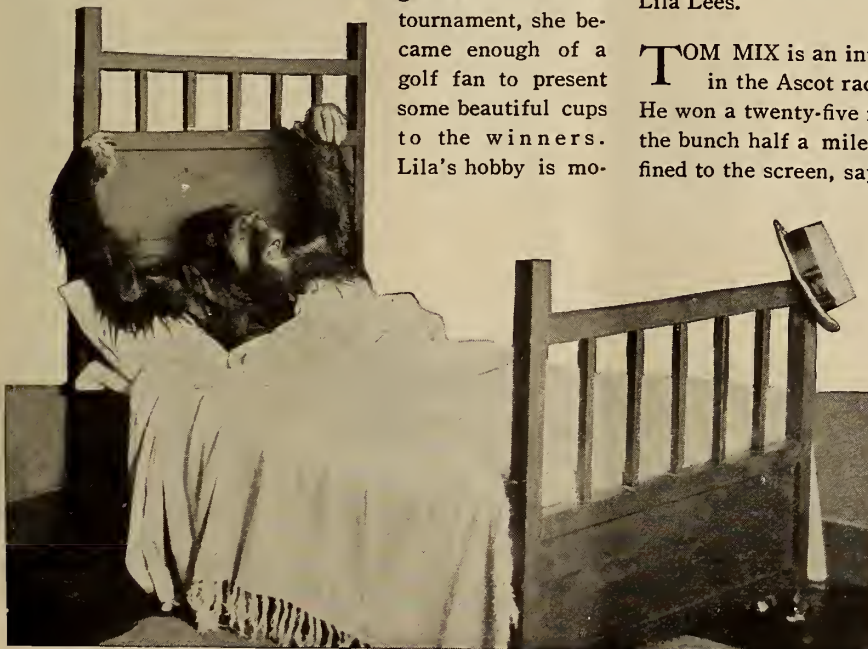
Zasu Pitts—she of the original name—entered her ancient Tin Lizzie in the Ascot Park races for motion picture people recently. She is about to take her position at the tape.

Celebrities

by stealing his food and annoying him generally. In an animal comedy, called "Monkey Stuff," in which Joe took the lead, he had to smoke a cigar, and he got away with it, but was green-eyed for an hour afterward. When he went into his cage that night, he begged another lighted cigar from a studio carpenter, who gave it to him, observing that Joe had "got the habit." But Joe had something different from a habit—he had an idea. He puffed ecstatically for a moment, during which time Skipper chattered and cursed, seeing that Joe had something which he hadn't, and at last he snatched the lighted weed and started in on it. Those watching, say that Joe observed him with saturnine joy, and, by pretending to take the cigar away, bluffed Skipper into smoking all of it. What resulted was, of course, inevitable. The robber monkey curled up in a ball of misery and alternately suffered from *mal de mere* and attacks of cramps. Since then, he has not molested Joe's belongings, and peace reigns in the house of Martin.

ZASU PITTS, she of the ginger-snap name, was asked to enter a car in the Ascot races held recently in Los Angeles. Her "entry" was a Ford of Colonial vintage and temperamental qualities. Outside of refusing to start at all, then going backwards for fifty yards, running into a fence and blowing out a tire, it got along famously. Everything would have been lovely, says Zasu, only she forgot her nail file with which she repairs the car's innards; then, too, some joker filled the gasoline tank with Bevo.

LILA LEE confesses that she doesn't play much golf—just kind of "walks around the green," she says. But when the Famous Players of the Lasky corporation gave an invitational tournament, she became enough of a golf fan to present some beautiful cups to the winners. Lila's hobby is mo-



Joe Martin, voicing the sentiment that "it's nice to get up in the morning, but it's nicer to lie in bed." "He is more human than some people," says "Curly" Stecker, his trainer, and Joe doesn't always rely on the brains of others to think for him.



Chester Conklin as he looks when away from *Slapstick Comedies*.

toring, and—she admits it—she likes to speed. The other day she was stopped on Hollywood Boulevard by a motor cop, but she turned her sweetest "Cuddles" smile full upon him, and he murmured some advice about going slower in the future, and she promised him an autographed picture. Even cops, it appears, are human, but then we are not all Lila Lees.

TOM MIX is an inveterate speedster, and entered a car in the Ascot races. Did he win? We'll say he did. He won a twenty-five mile race, finishing with the rest of the bunch half a mile behind. Tom's speed is not confined to the screen, say we. While we're on the subject of Tom Mix, we might remark that among his numerous fan letters, he received one the other day from a young admirer in a boys' school. The epistle was to this effect:

"Dere Tom Mix,

"I have wrote you many times befor but the teecher always gets them becaz of my bad spelling wich is poor. but if this gets out will you send me a pitcher becaz i like you very much in pitchers and i hope to be a acter sometime miself. plese send yor pitcher to genrul delivry and i will sneke

(Continued on page 37)



It is unusual to see terror registered on the face of either Charlie Chaplin or Douglas Fairbanks, but here it is, undoubtedly; the camera cannot lie. Readers seeking a reason will be let into the secret that the leaning tower at the left of the picture is Jack Dempsey.

ON some rainy afternoon when you're looking for excitement, try running into a picture house and hooking up the title of the picture with the play. There's nothing like it for genuine stimulation.

Sometimes you can almost see where the title fits in, and at other times the mystery is as deliciously engulfing as a Coney Island wave. William Fox, our pedagogical producer, stands alone in his campaign of better titles for the film. Throwing aside the popular guessing game idea, he is putting an almost spiritual inspiration into his titles. One of his new ones is "Love is Love." There is a title of real value. He might have called his picture "Beer is Beer" or "Nuts are Nuts," but he preferred the subtlety of "Love is Love." And William Fox is right, for after all, you know, love *is* love, and there are no two ways of arguing about it. If producers would all put the same dash and go and depth into their titles, there is no doubt but that the M. P. industry would be greatly improved—but Lord knows what it would

Screen Scrapple

By Helen Rockwell

do to that rainy afternoon idea!

AN exhibitor explains that he advertised Kate Gordon in "Playthings of Passion" as wearing \$250,000

worth of clothes. It seems like an awful lot of clothes for Kate to be wearing. If, for instance, the exhibitor had cut down the sum by something like \$249,999, so that one wouldn't have to be compelled to picture Kate's back fairly struggling for expression under so much weight, wouldn't it have been a better business stroke?

NO doubt feeling that hero stuff is just what the movies lack and need, Pathe has burst out into originality and provided a new feature for William Russell, called plainly, "This Hero Stuff." It will be something a little different to see a handsome male star playing a real heroic role, rescuing heroines and vanquishing villains ad infinitum. We can fairly imagine it! There is nothing really

(Continued on page 36)



At first glance this might be taken for an example of futurist art, but it isn't. The truth of the matter is this: The camera man snapped the picture and developed the plate, then put it in the rack to dry. In order to facilitate drying, some artificial heat was applied. The emulsion on the plate melted and the freak "still" resulted. Stuart Holmes is standing on the extreme left, all in proper shape except one foot. Next to him is John P. Wade, somewhat resembling a Japanese Samurai. The last of the standing trio is John Stevens. Kneeling on the floor is Frances Mann, holding the head of Wilfred Lytell in her lap. William Welsh is asleep in the chair, unscathed by Futurism.

Types In Movieland

By F. C. Blakeslee

Illustrated By W. E. Hill



THE BAD CITY WOMAN



THE GOOD COUNTRY GIRL

I WONDER why it is that in the movies nearly all country people are good and nearly all city people are bad. Personally, being a city man myself, I rather resent seeing my type always luring innocent girls to ruin. Strange as it may seem, I actually know city people who have never done this; in fact, I have never done it myself. I have no first-hand knowledge of country life, but I am told that some of the Ten Commandments are occasionally strained even "down on the farm."

It is true that there seems to be one exception to the general wickedness of the city men, and that is the civil engineer. If you see a man in the country wearing a drab shirt open at the neck and with sleeves rolled up, khaki trousers and stained leather puttees, you know at once that he is a civil engineer and all right, even if he does come from the city; but if you see a man in a dark coat, whipcord riding breeches and spotless boots strolling down a country lane, carrying a riding crop, watch out for him. Sometimes, also, you will see an author or a newspaper man depicted upon the screen as a fairly decent human being; but this is probably policy, as the managers doubtless feel that they have to stand in more or less with these undesirable citizens.

According to the films the average city business man seems to keep, or try to keep, a stenographer for personal rather than business purposes, and the time these poor

girls have in trying to repel the advances of their employers and keep their jobs would make your heart ache, if you didn't know something about conditions in actual business offices.

City women in movieland seem to be divided into two general classes, poor ones who are good and rich ones who are bad. Life for the poor girl is one long struggle to prevent rich men forcing automobiles and sable coats upon her, while for the rich woman it is one round of teas, dances and bridge parties, usually in the company of some other man than her husband. Of course, the city woman loses a lot of money at bridge and doesn't tell her husband, and this places her in the power of the villain, who seems to be irresistible to the fair sex, no matter where they hail from. The bridge debt in the city is the camouflaged mortgage on the old farm of the rural drama.

Country girls are charming little things as seen upon the screen, but one wonders if their quaint methods of eating and other little rural tricks would seem as delightful in city surroundings, for, of course, they all marry handsome and rich civil engineers and move to the city, where it is presumed that they eventually degenerate into bridge fiends and get into all kinds of trouble. Perhaps some day a manager will run a sequel and show us what happens to one of them "Ten Years Later."

While we are discussing the country, let us turn to an-

other well-known type—the rich old miser who seeks to foreclose the mortgage on the gray-haired widow (sometimes in the midst of a howling snowstorm), and would do so, if the long-absent son did not turn up in the nick of time with a bundle of banknotes. It is hard to understand how such a grasping, unlovable nature could have been developed in the surroundings of the country, amidst but-tercups and daisies. The only explanation that I can think of is that in his youth he must have lived in the city for a while and thus warped his soul.

For some people the height of dramatic art is to see a man wash up at a horse trough, while the sight of a load of hay will move them almost to tears. For them the line in "Way Down East," "You let *him* sit at your table, but you drive *me* from your door," when accompanied by a good stage snowstorm and the vigorous working of the wind machine, surpasses anything that Shakespeare ever wrote.



There is one exception to the general wickedness of city men and that is the civil engineer.

Speaking of "Way Down East" reminds me of a criticism of "Ben-Hur" which I once heard. In the scene in that play where the mother and sister of Ben-Hur are

cured of leprosy by Christ, a strong ray of light is used, which is supposed to radiate from the body of the Savior (Who is not seen) and cleanse the bodies of the women who are kneeling in its midst. In order to enhance the effect of the ray, minute pieces of mica were sifted through it from above, to give the effect of desert dust. It was a powerful and impressive scene and the house was absorbed in it. Suddenly a rube sitting next to me turned and remarked in a disgusted manner, "Say, this *snowstorm* doesn't begin to touch the one in 'Way Down East'!"

Back to nature is the cry, and in the spoken drama they do endeavor to depict natural types, but in the motion picture often the scenery is the only thing which can be said to truthfully represent things as they are.

Overheard at the Movies

"Who is that fellow over there roasting the picture so loudly? Doesn't he know that he's disturbing the people around him?"

"Why, that's Diggs, the great man who wrote the scenario!"

"You don't mean to tell me he'd roast his own picture that way in public?"

"Sh! He doesn't know it's his!"

Too Frank About It

First "Extra"—Why didn't you play that part the director assigned you to-day? Because it called for an old-maid make-up?

Second "Extra"—No, I didn't mind that but I was insulted. He said he selected me because I looked natural.

Ample Proof

"I wonder how it happened that King Solomon forgot to mention moving pictures?"

"Why, they hadn't been invented."

"Hadn't been invented! Sure, I saw with my own eyes the night before last a moving picture of King Solomon himself!"

The Secret

Expensive frocks don't make a leadin' lady;
Just bein' tough won't make a vampire shady;
Short skirts and curls can't make an ingenue.
It ain't the dress or looks; it's what you DO.
A perfect thirty-six won't bring the boodle,
Unless you've got gray matter in your noodle.
A pretty face alone won't make a star;
It ain't just what you WANT; it's what you ARE.

—Richard Willis

Tom Mix in "Rough Riding Romance"



1. Introducing Phineas at his ranch. Rich but living a simple life.

2. Getting his bearings after answering "the girl's" summons.



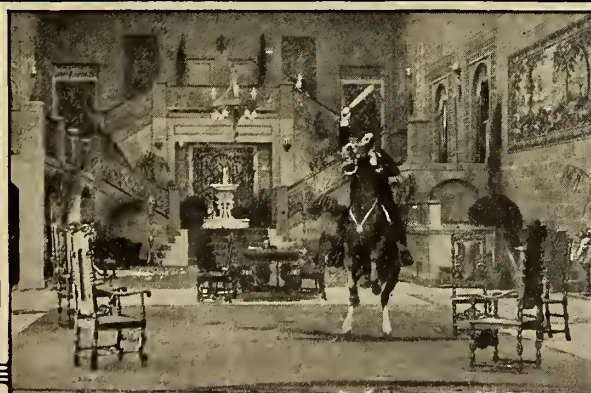
3. Struggling with the problem of correct evening dress before going "rescuing."

The Story Compressed

Phineas Dobbs (Tom Mix) is a Cow Hollow ranchman who becomes rich when oil is found on his land. Then comes a girl—held up at the town by brief railroad trouble. Phineas rescues her from the Cow Hollow bad man, and because of his bravery, she begs him to follow her to San Francisco, where she'll need him. Phineas goes. The girl's father turns out to be a Balkan king and she a real princess, both held by conspirators hoping to obtain ransom. After a series of Tom-mixups, Phineas liberates them. Then, bold in rescue but shy in love, he returns sadly to the modest hamlet he calls home, believing that "love stuff" does not come true. But the princess follows Phineas to little Cow Hollow, and he soon changes his opinion.



4. Phineas and the princess. Having come on a horse, he wears spurs with his "soup-and-fish."



5. Phineas, his horse, and in the background the stairway. He rides four times up and down the latter, routing the conspirators and escaping with the princess.



6. Before the open fire at the ranch in Cow Hollow, whither the princess followed him. She doesn't actually propose to Phineas, but the ending is mutually satisfactory.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

RUPERT HUGHES, in the New York *Times*, contributes an article on the author's recognition in the movies that is a most interesting and intelligent survey of this much debated topic. Mr. Hughes tells of receiving \$10,000 each in cash for several stories which, when made into motion pictures, had not "one entire incident, theme or characterization" that could be recognized by him. There are a generous company of authors to keep Mr. Hughes company in this respect. The utter destruction of fine literary material by studio mechanics has been no less than criminal. It has reached a stage where lovers of good books couldn't be dragged into a theater to see the stories they are fond of, in their movie-ized versions. One of the first popular novels to be produced as a motion picture was Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way." It featured Wm. Faversham and Jane Grey. It was a monstrous abortion. It need not have been, for surely "The Right of Way" was full of characterizations and situations essentially suited to the screen. But from that early day to this, the directors and scenario writers have gone on their merry slaughtering way.

The "Eminent Authors Pictures," a recent organization, promises to taboo this prevalent method of flagrant violation of literary construction and theme, and make from their stories motion pictures that will live up to the author's name. Mr. Rex Beach has laid down seven points in the production of Eminent Authors Pictures that should certainly insure the very best in picture production. The seventh point alone, if lived up to, cannot fail to give the people the very best in motion pictures. This seventh point reads as follows: "This is the day of whole-hearted co-operation between author, director and actor to make consistently good pictures out of the best stories of the most popular authors." The authors whose works are to be picturized are Rex Beach, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott, Gouverneur Marris and Mary Roberts Rinehart.

Now as to this co-operation between author and director. Mr. Hughes, having had practical experience about the studio, has an understanding of the situation that not all authors have. He realizes that not every author is willing to get up at 4 a. m. and drive fifty miles out in the coun-



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

try to be present at a sunrise effect. Nor would he be any too willing to spend a hot August day leaping from crag to crag and crawling Indian fashion on narrow, altitudinous ledges of rock in order to get a needed mountain atmosphere, or to put in a cold, bleak, windy day in the Mojave desert getting sandstorm scenes. If the author is to thoroughly co-operate with the director, he must be there. Not being there, what is to prevent the director (unless there be the most Christianlike understanding and reciprocity between them) off on such locations hundreds of miles away from author in his cozy studio, busy on an expensive new story for the *Saturday Evening Post*, from doctoring and doping and fixing things *his way*, when he has such a wonderful chance to do so without the author's interference? The literary temperament is not often so strenuous as the motion picture temperament. Says Mr. Hughes along these lines: "Rex Beach is an unusual author. In addition to his abilities as a writer of fiction, he had enjoyed a special training in the Klondike and other rough spots of the earth. It stood him in good stead now. He liked to wrestle with walruses, to lasso polar bears and draw them closer to him. He went out before breakfast and took an avalanche on his shoulders instead of a shower-bath. He could live for weeks on an ice floe, eating snowball and blubber. He was uniquely qualified to explore

the cinemarctic circle, to beard the sealions in their studios, and to make the savage Eskimangers listen to reason for their own good." There is the essence of truth as well as merry persiflage in the above lines.

It is going to be a far different proposition for an author to keep tab on the director in the making of a motion picture than on a director rehearsing a play in a theater. There the hours are regular, the place is comfortable and food can be had. If changes are made when the author is not present, he notices same at the next rehearsal he attends. Not so with missing several days of picture taking. The author would not know what had been done until the film was shown in the projection room months later. Then, if the author doesn't approve certain scenes he didn't see taken, and should want them retaken, the leading actor may have died, and as he might have appeared in 450 other scenes, the picture could not possibly be changed.

Those Sixteen-year-old Stars

AT the recent meeting of the Motion Picture and Theatrical Association, in the Hotel Astor, Amelia Bingham relieved herself of pent-up bitternesses against the motion picture. One thing she would like particularly to see is the elimination of the inexperienced sixteen-year-olds who are foisted upon the public as great actresses and featured as bright and shining stars. "These youngsters," as Miss Bingham said, "do not and should not know how to portray emotion." Not many of them are called upon to portray emotion. The producers do not want them to portray emotion, for they are not "pretty" when they "emote." And to be "pretty" is the ironclad rule of stardom in the movies. No one but Pauline Frederick, Emily Stevens and Nazimova dares to portray emotion, and when these actresses screw their faces into tense knots and pull down the corners of their mouths, the picture is not the prettiest one to have to look upon. Nazimova seems to have come to this realization. Something seems changed in her face. It has become quite plastic. This tragedienne seems to be competing for honors in the ingenue class.

But as far as the sixteen-year-old star portraying emotion is concerned, none of them attempt it or are allowed to attempt it. If there is an emotional scene in the scenario, it is changed; the "action" is merely suggested—the scene is "cut" just before the climax is reached. When Mary Pickford, who is a few years past sixteen, portrayed *Madam Butterfly* (which she never should have done), the scene where she stabs herself was changed. Instead of a dramatic "stabbing" scene, Miss Pickford merely walked, back to audience, out to the depths of a lake and drowned herself. Drowning in such fashion does not require the portrayal of deep, tragic feeling. Perhaps the Board of Censors would not allow the stabbing. Who are the sixteen-year-old stars who portray all this emotion that Miss Bingham quarrels about? Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Constance Talmadge, Vivian Martin, Bessie Love, Dorothy Gish, June Caprice, Mae Marsh—are any of these sixteen? Many of them look it, but aren't. However, no one *makes* the public go to see either the genuine or imitation sixteen-year-old article. No, nor never will, unless it become a national prohibition to view them older. The dimes and quarters that pass over the counter tell the story, and no actress remains a star when she ceases to be a paying proposition.

Many of the real artists in motion pictures are not "money-makers." Some who have little claim to "art," such as Theda Bara, are big commercial successes. As yet there is only one thing we must do we may not want to, and that is drink tea, coffee, Coca-Cola or fruit punch with our dinner. We are free to choose our stars, and no one is forced to see Constance Talmadge when George Beban would be preferred. If the public is gullible enough to accept crude, inexperienced young women as great actresses because the press agent says they are, what are you going to do about it? Scold the public, not the sixteen-year-old ingenue. Of all concerned, she is the least responsible.

The Decadence of the Movies

IS there much pride in doing good work among the makers of motion pictures to-day? Has not the almighty dollar been so flouted and advertised in its connection with the "movie" that one is much more impressed by the fact that Elsie Ferguson receives \$6,000 a week than by her acting? Strange, we are not more impressed upon hearing what income tax Caruso paid for 1918 than we are when we are privileged to hear him sing. In fact, what income tax he paid makes but the slightest impression, but it is unforgettable that Miss Ferguson receives \$6,000 per. I read the amount of Caruso's income tax in all the papers, but for the life of me I do not recall whether it was \$1,900, \$25,000 or \$359,000. Whether Vicente Blasco Ibanez, the Spanish novelist, has made one or two fortunes on his magnificent story of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," I have never read in print. I do not know whether he maintains a yacht in the blue Mediterranean, a Swiss chalet or a French chateau or two, but I shall never forget his description of the battle of the Marne. True, we have Robert W. Chambers in our midst, but we don't *have* to read him.

There is enough of fine literature and splendid opera and music every day in New York City to more than justify the hungriest appetite. But how about the movies? If I venture forth to-day in quest of a high-class screen play, I am mighty lucky if there happens to be a single one to be really enjoyed and taken seriously. There may be, in small, out-of-the-way theaters, "gems born to blush unseen," but I doubt it. I doubt it very much. Now, by "makers" of motion pictures, I mean all those that have contributed to the finished product shown upon the screen in the form of a photoplay. After witnessing for several consecutive weeks the general "run" of features shown in three of New York City's finest theaters, the Strand, Rivoli and Rialto, I for one feel that "pride" is sadly lacking. In a month's journeyings to the above-named theaters, only three pictures show any pride of workmanship. They are "Out of the Fog," with the incomparable Nazimova; Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," and "The Test."

Why do people go into the movies? The majority, to earn a living. They feel they have an aptitude for whatever branch of the work they desire to enter, whether it be as promoter to sell stock for some new corporation, to cut and splice film, or as humble "extra" with "stardom" in view. Time was, in the early days of 1909 and '10, that one should have been ashamed to have had pride in this then so-considered bastard art. But, strange to say, *then* we did have pride, a great deal of pride, a jealous, hurt pride, because we were so genuinely sincere in bringing the best that was in us every day to our work, and no one cared. The Lord knows we weren't getting rich on our salaries. We had faith in what we were doing and wanted recognition. We weren't getting it.

How anxious we all were in that little old Biograph studio, numbering among those present the now brilliant millionaire stars, Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett and Mabel Normand, to make suggestions, and what pride we took in

(Continued on page 33)

"The Microbe" That Turned Out a Bookworm



1. *The Microbe* (center) with two of the members of her gang.



2. *De Witt's* housekeeper has her doubts about the "boy" before her.



3. *The Microbe* transformed. (Education works wonders speedily in the movies.) *Judith* is jealous.

The Plot at a Glance

The Microbe (Viola Dana), a waif, attracts the notice of *De Witt Spense*, an author. He thinks her a boy and takes her home. He learns she is a girl from his housekeeper. Daintily clothed, *The Microbe* develops unexpected charms, so much so that *Judith*, a widow fond of *De Witt*, plots her downfall. *The Microbe* runs away and gets work in a factory. To *De Witt* come anonymously letters of high literary value, which *Judith* tells him she wrote, thinking to win him. He finds inspiration in them for a book, but the truth is they came from *The Microbe*. Word that the latter is ill in a hospital brings author and ex-waif together. *De Witt* learns who was the real inspiration for his book and — happy finis for both.



4. *Judith* succeeds in convincing *The Microbe* that she is no longer wanted in *De Witt's* home.



5. *The Microbe* at her employment in the factory. Separated from *De Witt*, loving him, the letters she writes him anonymously are her only solace.



6. *The Microbe's* joy at seeing *De Witt's* new book, based on the letters she has sent him. The rest of the play is illness, reunion, confession and matrimony.



"WEEP, AND YOU WEEP ALONE!"

But not necessarily, for here is a close-up of Louise Glaum "weeping" in the presence of the director, the press agent, the camera men, the stage hands and a near-orchestra whose strains are to help her "emote."



Censorship

Yes, really, we are very sure
We want our motion pictures pure;
Cut out those parts that look obscene
Before you throw them on the screen.
Just cover up the limbs of trees
And legs of tables, if you please.
Think twice, and then three times be-
ware

Before you show a grizzly "bare."
When you show dogs, show too their "pants,"
And if you must release, perchance
The start of things without its "close,"
You're apt to gain a host of foes.
Be careful now and do not try
To throw on screens the naked eye.
We ask these things because we're sure
You also want the pictures pure.

—Raymond L. Kurtz.

The Diary of a Movie Villain

MONDAY—Shot two men, poisoned a third and cracked a safe to-day. Spent the evening quietly at home playing with the baby.

TUESDAY—Blew up a Sunday school this morning. Nothing much to do this afternoon—brained an old man, that's all. Played with the baby again this evening.

WEDNESDAY—This morning I threw two old women into a deep well and knifed a bridegroom. Spent the afternoon trying on new mustaches and a new way of flicking

the ashes from my cigarette which the director wants to try out. Played checkers with the wife in the evening.

THURSDAY—Broke up a happy family, abducted a young girl and got over my new cigarette flick with great success to-day. More checkers with the wife to-night.

FRIDAY—Slit a man's throat in the morning and kicked a boy to death this afternoon. Played with the baby again this evening.

SATURDAY—Nothing much doing to-day—murdered a few people and broke into a house and took the family jewels. Played with the baby and then played checkers with the wife to-night. Ho hum, this is a stale life. Guess I'll have to get into something beside the movies—something where things aren't so monotonous and there's more excitement.

Tragedy

Roars of anger arose from the comedy director as he strode up and down the studio.

"What's the matter?" asked his assistant.

"We can't shoot to-day!" he raged. "Somebody ate the pies!"

Proof

"Why are you so positive in your assertion that he is a poor actor?"

"Haven't you noticed that he is always the one selected when somebody has to die in the first reel?"

Hunting Big Game With a Movie Camera



Two canoes lashed together give firm footing to the camera.



It is second nature to a woodsman to choose a picturesque spot to camp.



This is not "Fawn Afraid." He's fond of his keeper.



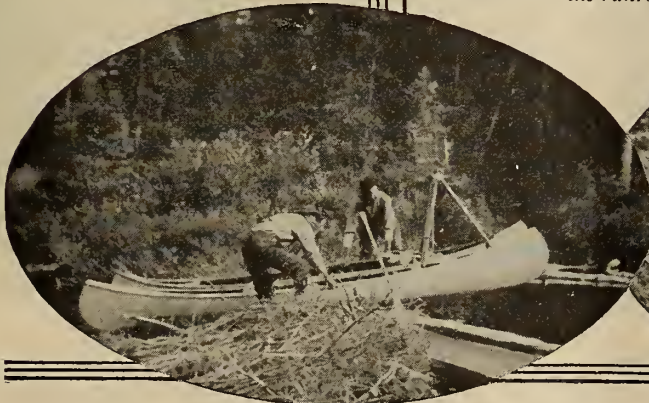
Two guides paddle the canoes. Two legs of tripod in one canoe, one in the other.



C. L. CHESTER, INC. VANDER VEER PHOTOS
His majesty the moose views with alarm any approaching camera man. This shot was obtained 75 miles beyond the end of the railroad.



He doesn't consider this so difficult as taking pictures of enemy operations in war time.



Passing a beaver dam, but finding no beavers at home.



The end of a perfect day is like its beginning.

"Draperies Any Way That Pleases You" Is How



FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS
Constance Talmadge meets this stressful moment in a tailor gown of fawn color, trimmed with silk braid of the same shade.



UNIVERSAL
Priscilla Dean is sure her restoration to the day she donned this snowy robe her She could play "Juliet" in it, sh



VITAGRAPH
This gold net, embroidered with gold braid over a foundation of gold cloth makes Corinne Griffith wish color photography had been perfected.

FOX
Elinor Fair would be glad if all the responsibilities of being a star rested as lightly as this frock of old ivory, with polonaise of silver lace.



VITAGRAPH
Alice Joyce, in pensive pose and a pretty hat, seems to be saying good-by to summer. Shadow brims are shown in autumn styles, however.



GOLDWYN-REX BEACH
Beautiful Betty Blythe likes this wisteria chiffon over pale yellow tassels of gold.

These Stars Interpret Dame Fashion's Latest Decree



PARAMOUNT

HARTSOOK PHOTO

The dimple and the smile had as much to do with getting this space for Wanda Hawley as the modish sailor hat of rough straw.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS

Norma Talmadge's gown is white, with gold underskirt and pearl beaded trimmings, while sister Constance is wearing a rose-colored frock with silver lace petticoat.



UNIVERSAL

Tsuro Aoki, wife of Sessue Hayakawa, in her choice of this embroidered Japanese costume, and the way she wears it, shows the genius which has made her a first favorite with "fans."



GLAUM-J. PARKER READ, JR., PRODUCTIONS

Louise Glaum wears this "creation" in "Sahara." Desert wastes should have no terrors for one so appareled.



VITAGRAPH

At present prices for fabrics, waste is wicked, and Corinne Griffith, in this dress of silver fishnet over silver cloth, has utilized black satin in one strip for sleeves, drapery and train.

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"Draperies Any Way That Pleases You" Is How These Stars Interpret Dame Fashion's Latest Decree



FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS
Constance Talmadge meets this stressful moment in a tailor gown of fawn color, trimmed with silk braid of the same shade.



FOX
Elinor Fair would be glad if all the responsibilities of being a star rested as lightly as this frock of old ivory, with polonaise of silver lace.



UNIVERSAL
Priscilla Dean is sure her restoration to health dates from the day she donned this snowy robe her mother designed. She could play "Juliet" in it, she thinks.



FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS
Norma Talmadge's gown is white, with gold underskirt and pearl beaded trimmings, while sister Constance is wearing a rose-colored frock with silver lace petticoat.



PARAMOUNT HARTBOKE PHOTO
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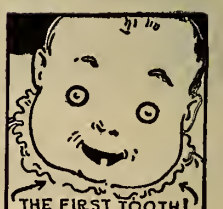
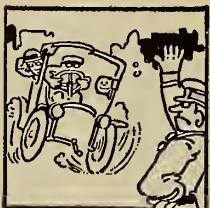
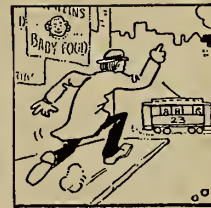
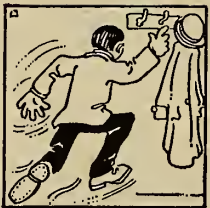
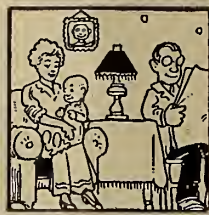


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Tsuro Aoki, wife of Sessiu Hayakawa, in her choice of this embroidered Japanese costume, and the way she wears it, shows the genius which has made her a first favorite with "fans."



VITAGRAPH
At present prices for fabrics, waste is wicked, and Corinne Griffith, in this dress of silver finished over silver cloth, has utilized black satin in one strip for sleeves, drapery and train.

Movies From Film Fun's Screen



Something of Importance: or, A Few Futile Fears of a Fond Father



Not all nymphs of the California studios are as sparsely garbed as the Sennett bathing girls. Here are two—Evelyn Nelson and Blanche White of the Bull's Eye Follies—who prove that the femininity loses none of its charm by being modestly clad.

What a Director Thinks of When He Takes a Railroad Trip

"That conductor would screen well except for his whiskers—I'd make him comb 'em out and square them off. The woman he's taking the ticket from looks as though she'd like to bite him. That would make a good scene—the woman leaps up, grabs the conductor by the whiskers and bites his ear. The conductor yells for help and the fat man in the next seat separates them. No—no good—too much farce. The woman suddenly draws a gun on the conductor, while the fat man, who turns out to be her partner, holds up the coach and goes through the passengers getting a hat full of wallets and jewelry. A strong wind blows in through that open window and dashes the conductor's whiskers into the woman's eyes, temporarily blinding her. The conductor grabs the woman's gun, shoots the fat man in the back and grabs up the hat of valuables and leaps out of the train. It seems that he was a crook himself all the time, had planned to rob the train himself and had cleverly disguised himself as a crook with the aid of the whiskers. No—no—too much whiskers

again! Dawgone it, I wish that guy would shave 'em off, they're getting on my nerves. Who the Dickens ever invented railroad trips anyhow? Nothing ever happens on them—except in the movies!"

He Finished It

Crittler (viewing *Scribbler's* brainchild on screen)—I think it were better had your scenario never appeared on the screen.

Scribbler—Oh, the scenario wasn't so bad when I submitted it, but the director went over it. He gave it the finishing touches.

Room for Improvements

"Does the director often make comments on the work you 'extras' do?"

"Does he! When we don't carry out a part according to his directions he says it couldn't have been played worse."

"And when you portray it as he wishes?"

"Why, then he'll say the part could have been played better."

How to Write a Western Drama

By Helen Rockwell



THE more one goes to the movies, the more one is convinced that it is quite a simple task to write a Western picture. There are a few rules to follow, of course, but for the most part you can just let go of your head and run wild. All one needs is a little assurance, a speaking acquaintance with assorted firearms and a rather harassed digestion. You can write them anywhere, and the more distracted you are and the noisier the surroundings, the better the results. Try writing one on the margin of your newspaper as you hang to the trolley strap after a busy day at the office. It will make your ride profitable as well as fleeting. For the benefit of those who have never written a Western scenario, we are typing a few suggestions.

Remember that one thing only is essential. The story must be based on the way the hero "gets" the villain before the villain "gets" him. An early sub-title must explain this so the audience will know just what to expect. Something like this from the mouth of the villain will do: "I'll get you for this, Rob Denton!"

It is imperative that the bad man stalk through five reels in search of the hero, although it will be unnecessary to explain why he wants to get him. The bad man must be wise to every move of the hero's and must have a henchman on guard, but it is an ingenious stroke on the part of the author to have the hero laugh in this clumsy though vicious fellow's face, unnerving him so that it is a simple task to take his gun away. At present the popular fancy is to have the hero return the gun with severe politeness and then walk with dignity from the scene. Western bad men fall for all this sort of thing. They must be totally unable to cope with bravado, agility and mental alertness, and they must always operate in broad daylight.

Another thing that is important in Western dramas is awkwardness on the part of the hero—that is, awkwardness in amour. A Western picture is seldom successful if the hero does not appear as a tongue-tied oaf. His brains are all in his six-shooter. On the other hand, the heroine is a well-educated and fastidious creature, who cutely overlooks the fact the hero sleeps in his clothes and lets his hair be combed by the wind. If you

can arrange to have the heroine fall from her horse, it is a clever way of introducing her to the hero. Otherwise you will have a hard time getting the fellow to speak to the girl. He is ever so coy.

At least once during the action some nice old saloon frequenter must be killed by the bad man. This gives the extras a chance to remove their hats while grouped around the unfortunate, as the hero, with a sudden grinding of the jaw, slowly breaks through the crowd with a determined glint in his eye and an expressive hand on his hip. Then there is only one fight more necessary to the picture.

When you are stumped as to what to do next, it is always a good bet to put in a scene of cowboys dashing wildly down the Main Street. Show the townspeople scurrying out of their way. There is no reason why the townspeople should all be out on the street at this particular moment, but that is inconsequential. It provides the note of recklessness necessary to the Western picture.

You are not limited to any number of fight scenes as long as you make them lengthy, plentiful and bloody. The more men you have the hero kill, the better the public will like it. Have him graze the bad man now and then with a bullet, but although he is aiming right at the fellow, on no consideration let him kill him until the last five minutes. This is suspense-provoking.

If you can arrange to have the hero swing from a chandelier or jump from the property bar into the bad man's face, you have a sure success. These athletic scenes require expensive actors, however, and if you desire to give your scenario a selling point on the grounds of cheap production, you can fill up the picture with long shots of grazing cattle. Almost any kind-hearted farmer will let you go out and photograph his cows for practically a ticket or two. Every now and then suggest cattle-rustling, oil lands or poisoned water. They don't have to connect up with anything or be explained.

It will be unnecessary to hire a title writer. Use the word "locoed" plentifully, so that folks will see that you know the West, and have the hero speak of being "plumb glad" to see the heroine. Bring in some-

(Continued on page 30)





Old Timers, don't say it! You're about to guess wrong. She isn't Edna May of "Belle of New York" fame, but Jean Paige, a brand new and dainty leading lady of the movies, a member of the Vitagraph force. Individual success in a part in "Too Many Cooks," supporting Gladys Leslie, gave her a lift to leading ladyhood.

Seized From the Celluloid

By Don Herold

PREFATORY NOTE BY THE AUTHOR: I can not sit in a movie and weave myself socks or sweaters. Not that textiles do not interest me; it is simply that men do not weave in public places. I think it was in the middle of the winter of 1910-11 that I realized that I would have to do something at the movies, or stay away. Staying away was not so easy, with public opinion tugging at me every other evening, or oftener, tugging me movieward — the opinion of one wife, two sons and one daughter— which became public enough if I resisted it. One night, at our neighborhood theatre, I chanced to read a few of the subtitles — between the pictures proper, you know. I don't know why I had never noticed them before. They interested me. I jotted down a couple. That was my start. I believe I now have the largest private collection of moving picture subtitles in the United States if not, as is said, in the world. At first I relied on my own rapid pencil. But I discovered that many of the rare ones were escaping me. So I employed a stenographer to take them down in shorthand as I read them. Someone is always reading them, if your own breath fails you. I started with one stenographer. Now I have stenographic agents in all first-run movie theatres in New York on every first night. I employ three young ladies for filing, alone, in the warehouse I have built to house my subtitles. I am now considering negotiating with all the producers for advance copies of the subtitles of all scenarios. Then the work of my own organization will consist only of sorting and eliminating. However, little elimination will be necessary. It is surprising how many of the subtitles are *good*. I do not care how many other people collect movie subtitles. Anybody may have the

idea. I am telling it to the world with the hope that it will lesson suffering. I go to the movies, now, with a light step, almost eagerly, with my family on one side and three stenographers on the other. I have only this word of advice to prospective collectors: do not copy every subtitle. Some are better than others. Here are a few examples, taken at random, from my collection of almost a half million:



This is not a Newport couple outside their Summer villa on the cliff. It is Mabel Normand and Tom Ince on the steps of the latter's modest little studio in California.

“Madge's soul grew sick as Cora expounded her cynical knowledge of life.”

“With each flight of stairs a load was lifted from Blake's heart.”

“Untrained in any craft, the whole workaday world seemed to turn its back upon her.”

“Bennet was a forceful man and he had a way with him that women could not resist.”

“Her father and mother had never understood the child they had brought into the world.”

“Deep into the mire of debt in a pitiful attempt to pull herself up into the sunshine of love.”

“Ah, so fortunate you have arrived in Paris in time for my costume ball to-night. Arlette will be there.”

“I'm just making some tests of waterproofing for the sunken garden.” (Laboratory scene.)

“Then came the night and tense waiting —when moments seemed eternities.”

“And then at last—a ray of hope.”

“Next to mules and women, I reckon inventions is the most onery.”

“Out into the night, you thing of darkness.”

“I had a little daughter just like you, but that was a long, long time ago. Stay here and make an old man's heart glad.”

“Under penalty of death—days that drag as if fettered —yet all too swift.”

Many are the rainy Sunday afternoons I spend in my warehouse among my movie subtitles.

Evelyn Greeley Breaks In a New Leading Man



1. The first thing is to get him to sit up in a chair, no small stunt for 450 pounds of bear meat.



2. Once settled in the chair, the big job now is to maintain a proper balance.



3. Refreshments are next in order; the eighteenth amendment not limiting quadrupeds to 2.75 stuff.



4. Having brought him up to—not on—the bottle, the ensuing step is teaching him to stop.



5. Fondling a baby bear—a stuffed one—bores him most to death.



6. And just one—Count it!—lump of sugar for all that work!

WORLD

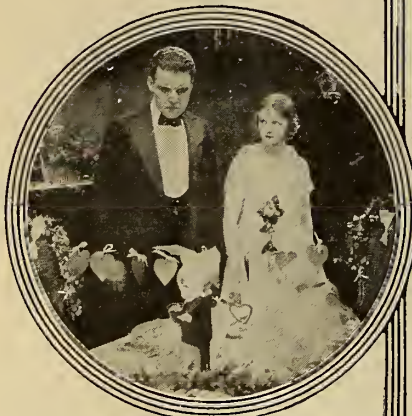
"His Official Fiancee's" Sham Love Grows Real



1. From her environment as a business girl, Monica becomes "officially" engaged.



2. Regret is registered when she is forced to tell an old lover of her "engagement."



3. Believing their engagement real, Waters' sister and uncle make matters embarrassing.

The Story in Outline

Monica Trant (Vivian Martin) is asked by her employer, William Waters, to pose for a certain period as his fiancee, it being necessary for business reasons that he appear engaged. Monica agrees, but meets an old lover, Sydney Vandelour, and regrets her decision. She visits the home of her official fiancee, where embarrassing incidents occur. From indifference, Monica's feelings for Waters grow into real affection, and she is disturbed at his apparent interest in a French girl who visits them. The end, notwithstanding, is happy, as Waters does not love the French maid; Sydney marries Monica's chum, and when her duties as official fiancee are over, Monica becomes genuinely engaged to her employer.



4. At the seashore, Monica's mock affection becomes real. The central person is but a figurehead.



5. Waters sees Monica meet Sydney on the train (an English one) and thinks she is still in love with him.

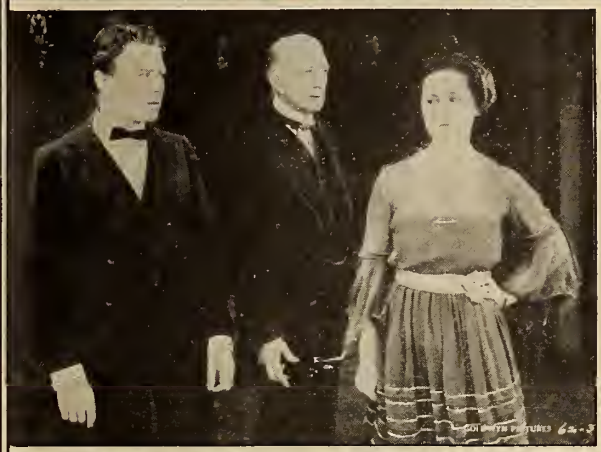


6. Waters tells Monica that her duties as "official fiancee" are all over—but he puts the ring back on her finger.

"Heartsease," an Old Play in a New Setting



1. Eric plays for Margaret the aria which later is to mean so much to them.



2. Lady Neville is ordered to return to Eric the score of his opera, "Heartsease."



3. Eric is assaulted in the home of Sir Geoffrey when he seeks to regain his mss.

Told While You Wait

Eric Temple (Tom Moore) is a composer in love with Margaret Neville, whose mother aids him by paying his debts to a money lender. Her act results in an attack upon her in a newspaper, inspired by Sir Geoffrey Pomfret, anxious to win Margaret. Eric is ordered from the house and Lady Neville to return the mss. of his opera, "Heartsease." She obeys this command of her husband, but by mistake sends the mss. to Pomfret's house. When Eric calls there he is assaulted by Major Twombly, a pal of Pomfret's, and loses his memory. The nobleman has the opera produced as his own. Margaret recognizes an aria which Eric had played and is convinced of the fraud, while Eric regains his memory hearing his music. Eric is recognized and Pomfret is punished.



4. A victim of unprovoked attack, Eric is a sufferer from complete loss of memory.



5. The clearing of Eric's mind. With Margaret, he hears and recognizes the music of his aria.



6. The base Sir Geoffrey gets what is coming to him. Eric has recovered his memory—and his punch.

GOLDWYN



Here is one girl, at least, who is not particular about the size glove she wears. Yes, it is May Allison!

A Show-window Movie

WE do not know the lady personally, although we have seen her frequently. She is a colored lady of middle age and neat appearance, who "demonstrates" a couch bed in a show window. We first observed her in the spring of 1916, three years ago, and we stopped to watch her. Since then we have not stopped to watch her, but every time we pass her, we think about her. She fascinates us. The mathematical possibilities—nay, certainties—of her daily calling likewise fascinate us.

Let us say that this lady of the demonstration makes and remakes her employer's show-window couch bed once every fifteen minutes. Four round trips an hour does not seem an unreasonable supposition. Assuming that the colored lady's working day is of eight hours' duration, this would mean that she made and remade the bed 32 times between arrival and quitting. In one week of six working days her score is 192, allowing for a full day on Saturday. Fifty-two times 192 gives a total for the year of 9,984 round trips with the couch bed—9,984 sessions with sheets and springs and pillows and tucking in and pulling out. Now for the grand total! In three years, on the basis of this computation, this placid demonstrator has gone through the process of couch bed making 29,952 times!

Now, work is work, and you may say perhaps that it makes no difference to the woman whether her job is to make and remake a bed, or toss flapjacks, or to press-agent a hair tonic. But it does make a difference—a vital difference. When the whistle blows for a flapjack tosser or a tonic booster, she may seek her bed for rest. But what suggestion of rest does a bed hold out to a woman whose daily job is bed? There is the rub. She quits at the show window and goes home—to what? To bed? At least we know that she gets up in the morning and goes to bed. Getting out of bed, she leaves the bed to air, perhaps, un-

til her return at night, and the first thing she does after making and remaking a bed all day is to make up her own bed for the night. Very likely she has thought many times of quitting her job, because it interfered with her rest. And then, likely, the alternative has occurred to her—the advisability of quitting her rest on the plausible ground that it interfered with her job.

The requirement for most of us is that we go to bed. She must go to bed both night and morning; and what perhaps is worse must reconcile herself to the thought that, for her, there is no such thing as the satisfaction of seeing a finished product. Her labor is to pull down as well as to build up. She makes a bed but to unmake it; unmakes it but to remake it. Having made her bed, she may not even lie on it. Her employer does not believe in carrying demonstration that far. And as a result, when she goes home, she snatches little dozes, standing up, like a horse or a policeman.

Often, as we pass her window, we wonder at her placid expression. Maybe it is resignation. Most likely it is. We hope so. The inventor of the couch bed has much to answer for.

Feline

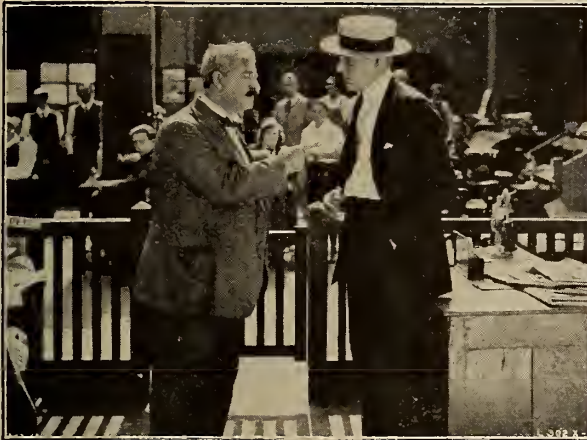
"I've seen just twenty summers," simpered the very mature ingenue to the casting director.

"Ah," murmured the peroxide blonde behind her sweetly; "and how long were you blind, dear?"



Viola Dana waiting for the camera man to get through so she can plunge in the tank. The girl already in is not a Sennett girl; she's a marble statue.

"The Lottery Man" with Wallace as the Prize



1. Jack is fired by the city editor after one of his notorious gambling escapades.



2. The idea of the marriage lottery is explained to the boss; show a feature a day.



3. Helen, THE girl. For reasons self evident, Jack does his best to stop the lottery. Too late!

A Glimpse of the Story

Jack Wright (Wallace Reid), a gambler by nature, gets in hot water through the loss of \$500 borrowed from Foxhall Payton, a college friend who owns the newspaper for which Jack writes. To cover the loss, he evolves the idea of a marriage lottery, with himself as the prize, chances \$1 each. The idea, tried out by the paper, goes big. Jack meets Helen, Peyton's pretty cousin, and falls in love with her, but may not marry her, as he is pledged in advance to the winner of the lottery. He is saved by luck, the winning coupon being claimed by two girls, by one who bought it and by another who found it where it was hidden. Neither will give Jack up, so half of the lottery money is divided between them, the other half, \$150,000, going to Jack to start his married life—with Helen



4. Daily occurrence in Jack's life about town. Having bought a coupon, this lady's chances are as good as anybody's.



5. A moving picture of real money, the business office of Jack's newspaper checking up one day's lottery loot.



6. Lastly—for details see synopsis—the inevitable happy ending. Jack and Helen decide upon a marriage lottery of their own.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



PRODUCERS are continually being exasperated by the fragility of their camera men. According to "Hollywood Hokum," Mitchell Lewis, while shooting a picture up in the mountains, wired to headquarters: "Rush another camera. Jones fell 500 feet with ours. Camera ruined. Also send another camera man."

HE EATS 'EM ALIVE!

*"Bring on your villains, I'll larn 'em
To bother the heroine, darn 'em!*

I have beat up a lot

In my plots, have I not?

And I'm ready for more!" says Bill Farnum.

"SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE" makes a strong bid for the patronage of bookkeeping fans: "1800 men and 400 horses figured in the battle scenes."

THEDA BARA always tries her allest to give her admirers a good show. That is why, perhaps, in "A Woman There Was," she offered us an eyeful of Fifth Avenue lingerie underneath her shredded-wheat skirt of the South-Sea Islander.

THE film critic of the New York *Sun* believes: "Jules Verne himself could not outdo the undersea fight in Paramount's 'The White Heather.'" Mebbe so; but one must give credit to Jules for starting all these undersea fights, even if he did not live to finish them.

BILLIE RHODES owns a thousand-acre sugar beet farm in Ventura Co., Calif. Goodness, gracious, Billie, when do you EVER get time to hoe it?

DOROTHY DALTON, in "The Homebreaker," plays a traveling woman who is "speedy but not fast." Which distinction-with-a-difference thing reminds us that



Here's an answer to the celebrated sigh of Robert Burns, "O, wad some power the giftie gie us to see oursels as ithers see us!" The power has been found in the movies. Witness this picture of June Elvidge, World Star, and Earl Metcalfe, watching a reel of film in which they have just posed. Boy, page Robert Burns!



MRS. SIDNEY DREW IN HER NEW COMEDY, "BUNKERED."

we have an absent relative who is very close, and who refers to us as being a low person who flies high.



THE picture game as well as baseball occasionally has its triple-play. In making his pictures

Tom Mix's strenuous stunts were often vetoed by his directors on the ground that they were too dangerous to be undertaken. And did Tom bow to their mandates? Nix for Mix! He gobbled the entire responsibility by becoming author, director and star!



REALISM is rapidly becoming rampant in the films. In making "Blackie's Redemption," Bert Lytell actually starved himself to within a foot of the Pearly Gates—just because the script called for it! Yessir, the day will come when screen villains will be really killed and Bill Hart's love-making will be as gooey as the genuine article! The latter will indeed be realism rampant.



SLOW DOWN!

When pinched for speeding, Evelyn Greeley works a "close-up" on the village constable.

CECIL DE MILLE owns four autos, an airplane and a steam yacht. Also, he isn't exactly purchasing his groceries at one of Mr. Woolworth's stores. Now, if it was one of those pesky profiteering plutes of whom we were writing—our typewriter would have been

soused in vitriol, but—Cecil has clearly earned all these luxurious joys because he has given us pictures that were also l j. So, nobody's mad at him.

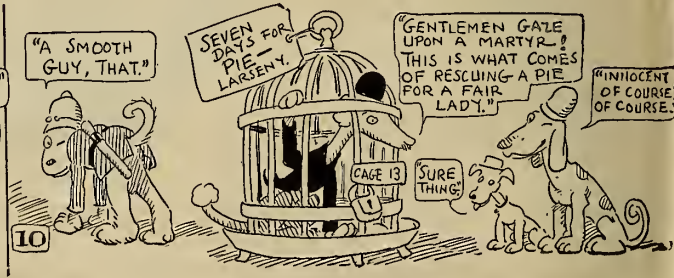
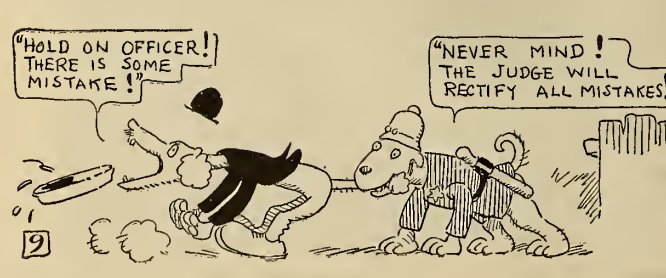
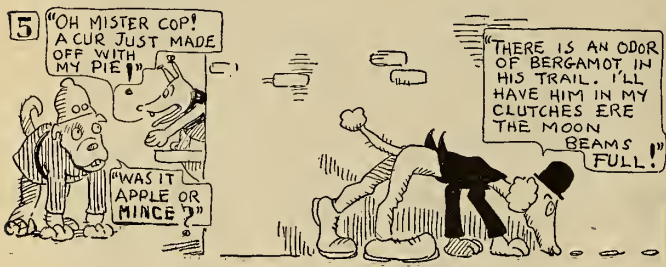
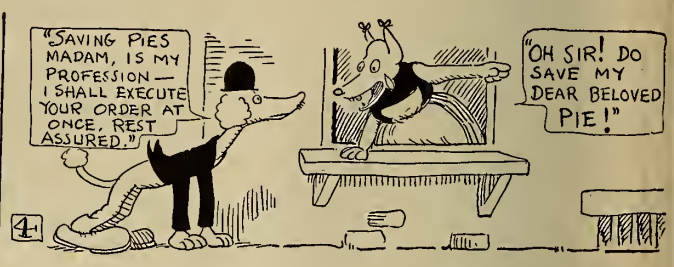
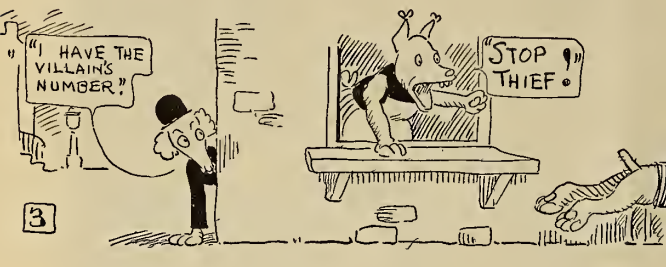
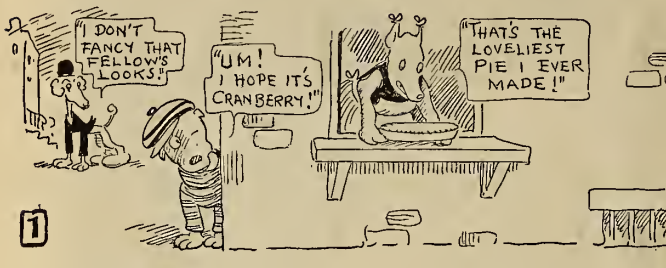


A PARTY of Hollywood scenario writers recently partook of a tuna dinner. Yes, we admit that fish is considered a brain food, but—why waste it on scenario writers?



MILLIONS of us believed Priscilla Dean's wonderful popularity was due mostly to her own charming efforts. To show you how badly mistaken we were, list to the modest words of her employers: "She was lifted to stardom by the com-
(Continued on page 39)

THE VANISHED PIE OR THE MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE. | By Our Dog CHAWLIE.



A CALL FOR 3,000 NEW PHOTOPLAYS

Moving Picture Stars and Producers are Searching the
Country for New Suitable Scenario -Read
How This New Well Paid Art is Mastered
More Easily Than You May Think



Cecil B. DeMille

THE moving picture industry is facing a famine—a famine in story plots—photoplays. Higher prices than ever before—\$500. to \$1000.—are being paid today for 5 reel dramatic script; \$100. to \$500. for clever short comedies. For the Studios—around Los Angeles alone—need approximately 3000 new stories each year. Producers must have material—new plots, especially written for the screen.



Mabel Normand

And now a plan—the first to be indorsed by the leading stars and producers—has been designed to teach you how to prepare your ideas for the screen. The plan was created by Frederick Palmer, formerly of Universal—the man who wrote 52 scenarios in 9 months—more than one a week—all accepted. Mr. Palmer furnishes you with a handbook and cross references to scenarios that have been PRODUCED. Both drama and comedy are represented. Since we started a little over a year ago, many of our students have sold their plays, some for as high as \$1000. A number of others have already taken positions at the Studios.

Roscoe (Fatty)
Arbuckle

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Olive Thomas

Write for this booklet now. It will show you the great opportunity in photoplay writing. This book is filled with autograph letters from the biggest stars and producers, strongly indorsing the Palmer Plan of Photoplay Writing, urging us to do our best to develop photoplay writers.

Have you ever thought you could write a better plot than some you have seen at the theatres? If so, send for this booklet. It will show you how to get it produced. If you believe you have an idea for a scenario, this booklet will tell you how to turn it into money. For photoplay writing is not difficult, once you have learned a few basic principals. Genius is not required. A simple story with one good thought is enough. For moving pictures are made for the masses. Never was there such an opportunity to turn simple story-ideas into money and reputation. The field is uncrowded. The demand is growing greater each day. Write for the booklet. It's free. No obligation. Just fill out the coupon and mail to us.

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FROM films shot full of homicide, The underworld's more seamy side, The gutter-orphan's boundless pride— Deliver us!

From low-brow "gents" in full-dress suits, Press agents' grammar-crazing toots, And films that star the jungle brutes— Oh, shield us!

From long—hold!—every kissing scene, From baby stars too young to wean, And each and all and every "queen"— Close Thou our eyes!

From comics based on custard pie, All versions of the angle "Tri," Front seats, Bushwaa, the ill-timed sigh— Turn out the light!

From glasses rimmed with tortoise shell, Poor damsels who have souls to sell; From hats that block the view as well— Oh, censor Thou!

From bores, next seat, with lots to say; From notes that give the plot away; From notes the orchestra doth slay— Show us the door!

From year-one stuff in modern dress; From nudes in none—or even less; The poor-but-good-boy's sure success— Vouchsafe deliverance!

—Arthur Bowie Chrisman.

Screen Scrapple

(Continued from page 11)

more inspiring than a moving picture actor "carrying on"—laying himself open to criticism and bravely facing popularity that the photoplay may be made safe for exhibitors. Pathe has hit upon a unique idea and one that should not be condemned or underestimated by other concerns.

IT is William Fox who always has the betterment of the photoplay at heart. Now he has accepted a scenario written by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, called "Evangeline," said to be a thing of striking beauty. It is not known for certain, but through association of ideas Broadway is expecting Theda Bara to appear in the name part.

IN his new serial, "The Midnight Man," Gentleman Jim Corbett is called "the man with a hundred faces," because he wears a different mask each time he appears. There is no one we can name offhand to whom a mask is more becoming. It would be pleasant if he would adopt the idea of wearing one in all of his forthcoming releases.

How to Write a Western Drama

(Continued from page 24)

thing like this at the finish: "And then comes the golden glow of the Western sunshine." Use a sunset shot of the hero and heroine riding into the great wastes, and your picture is complete. You will have no difficulty in selling it if you sign any well-known author's name.

Big Prices for Movie Names

THE method of buying stories and well-known plays and novels for the screen has become so demoralized that the screen possibilities of material submitted are in some instances not even considered in the purchase of a play or novel for the screen. Producers are perfectly willing to pay from \$10,000 to \$40,000 for a well-known book or play, even if what is between the covers is dumped in the discard and an original story by a mechanical continuity writer is manufactured out of whole cloth. "The name of the star, the book and the author will carry the picture to success," says the manufacturer. Yes, "names" are carrying pictures, but not to artistic heights, but to a deep, dark and lonesome grave. A louder trumpet than the angel "Gabriel's" will have to sound to herald a resurrection.

"That's Different"

Caller—Why don't you buy the rights to some of those farces running on Broadway?

Scenario Editor—If we filmed them, the censors would put us out of business.

Film Fun

No. 366—OCTOBER, 1919

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MIGHTY LIKE A PICNIC

The Paramount Briggs Comedy Company taking a rest while on location. In the front row, left to right, are Rosemary Carr, Director Kelleite and John Carr, who plays Skinny.

Celluoid Celebrities

(Continued from page 9)
to the p.o. and get it.

"Yors, John Mason."

Needless to say, John got the "pitcher."

CHESTER CONKLIN, who used to be one of the prize Sennett comedians, and who is now featured in Sunshine Comedies, is a very different person off the screen—that is to say, he has no stove-brush mustache, and he might easily be taken for a gentleman druggist or an assistant camera man. His hobby is tennis, and he is a good player; we know, because he told us.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, not content with being funny for publication, continues his antics even when he isn't working—for the sake of his figure, he explains. Almost any day at the noon hour, a visitor to the studio will be regaled with the sight of "Fatty," decked out in feminine apparel—or, perhaps it will be an exaggerated Oriental costume—entertaining the company while they munch their sandwiches and drink their coffee. It may be a cabaret that he will stage, extempore, and again, he may put on a two-round boxing match with a bantam-weight assistant director. Whatever

it is, it is always funny, and anyone working with Roscoe will tell you that it's a three-ringed circus all the time. Fatty's latest noon-day entertainment consisted of a loud and festive bathing suit and doing an annettekellerman into the studio pool. He would have repeated the stunt for the gratification of the onlookers, but, says Roscoe, "after that first splash, there wasn't water enough left for a baby humming bird to take a foot-bath."

WILLIAM DESMOND and Mary McIvor are the latest to screen newly-weds, and they are very devoted to each other. But, says Mary, "even devotion has its limits." She and Bill took a week-end trip to Catalina Island the other day, and the sea was quite choppy. She, being a good sailor, was enjoying the trip immensely, but Friend Husband, sitting in a deck chair with his cap pulled down over his eyes, didn't seem quite so happy.

"Darling," said Mary sweetly.

Bill shook his head and indicated that conversation was not in his line just then.

"Darling!" Mary spoke up again. A haggard look from William and a gesture of inability to respond.

"Darling!" insisted his little wife.

"Here's a nice banana for you."—

(Continued on page 38)



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Marguerite Clark in "Luck in Pawn" a Paramount Aircraft Picture

What Friend Husband replied was: "Run away, Sweet-heart"—

But he said it between "clenched teeth," and "if looks would kill," says Mary, "she'd now be wearing a lilla on her chest."



GALE HENRY, the peer of eccentric comedienne, has been working on a picture in which a bear figures prominently. Some of the scenes were taken at the Los Angeles river bottom, and the bear, released from ball and chain, became slightly restive and hard to control.

Now Bruno Becker is Gale's husband and director, and so, when she heard a voice, hoarse with rage, come from behind a neighboring rock—

"Listen here, you Bruno, I'll take no monkey-business from you. I'll knock your block off in two seconds"—She did a marathon over to where the voice was coming from.

"Here, you," she ordered as she went, "don't you start anything with my husband"—

"Husband—hell!" Came a disgusted voice from behind the rock, "I'm talking to the bear!"

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 16)

doing any little bit that we were told to do! What I call slavish devotion to "art" was the hot July and August nights we devoted to locating our pictures in dinky little theaters and seeing how they "went." Why, from such a sincere beginning, has the motion picture industry become more commercial than the United States Steel Corporation? The answer is that the feeling grew it had to be dignified by money. "Money" would cause comment, "money" would bring attention. The world of art, represented by the actors, actresses and stage directors and managers of the theaters of New York, was very snippy toward us. So it was said to these exponents of dramatic art, by the movie chief, "Ah, ha, we will hit you in your Achilles heel! Here's a little bait on which you might like to nibble." They nibbled and swallowed bait and all. The bait, needless to say, was "mazuma." When actors who were getting a few hundred a week were offered that many thousand to ap-

pear in the movies, the answer came, "Why, yes, they would consider it!" If they "made good," a long-term contract at a climbing scale of salary was entered into, and then the actor and actress began immediately to write or have the press agent write long articles for the papers and magazines upon "The Wonderful Art of the Movies!" and "How Much More I Love the Movies Than I Ever Did the Stage!" No, it would never do to expect stage stars to work in the movies for the salary they received on the stage. Did H. B. Warner, now involved in the customary litigation, leave the cast of "Sleeping Partners" during the height of a tremendous metropolitan success to work in the movies because he loved the stage less or because he loved his supposititious salary of \$2,500 per week more?

A Little Pome of Big People

(Illustrated)
TO illustrate this little verse,
 The printer helps me out,
 And this is how we show to you
 Miss Mary Pickford's pout:

Here is a sketch he made for me,
 This printer, full of whims;
 You'll see at once it plainly shows
 Tom Mix's nether lim's:

And here is one that is immense,
 Although that joke is thin;
 It represents, as you can see,
 Arbuckle's double chin:

Now, look at this! It's pulsing with
 The genius she endows—
 So lifelike that it startled me—
 It's O. Petrova's brows:

In this, I think, the printer shows
 How wondrous is his art;
 You'll recognize it readily—
 The smile of William Hart:

At drawing features harsh and tense,
 This printer is the lad;
 For instance, gaze on Keenan's mug,
 When Frank is feeling bad:

At sketching lifelike images,
 This printer can't be beat;
 I call your close attention
 To his "Charlie Chaplin's Feet":

—Harry J. Smalley.

Whim-Whams and Wheezes

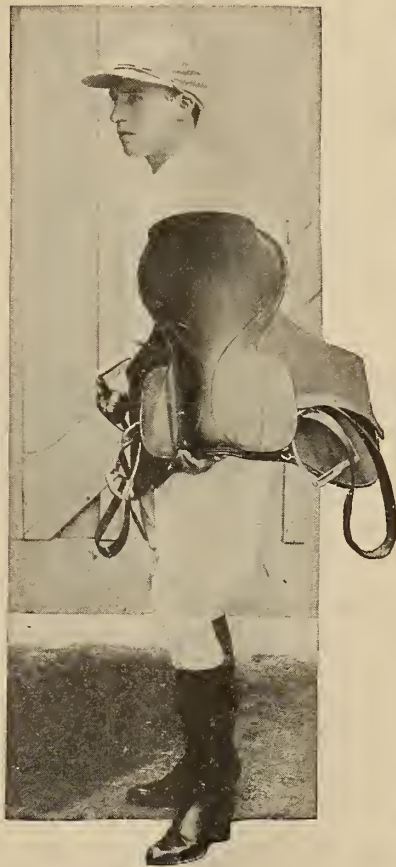
(Continued from page 33)

bined efforts of the Universal brains,
 Universal enterprise and Universal
 money."

In a magazine article Dorothy Gish is made to say: "I believe a vocabulary made up of popular idioms is bound to give very little scope to the individual's potential intellectual activity. Slang is the lazy man's substitute for phrase-making." Our belief in Dorothy's unstilted humaness leads us to believe that she does not really believe all the magazines would have us believe she believes she believes. And while our believer is working, allow us to remark that George Ade is a fairly busy chap.

THE Governor of Michigan doesn't like movies and demands a rigid censorship. His name is Sleeper. Roll your own wheeze!

THE study of mankind is less complex to-day than it was twenty years ago. Now, there are but two kinds of people in the world. The merry multitude that attends the movies and the foolish few that don't.



"One of my youthful ambitions," says Charlie Chaplin — "was to be a famous jockey. I rode one horse three minutes before it discovered that I was on its back. He put his forefeet foremost and I became an actor."



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Petka Stanaysvitch, a Serbian refugee, adopted by Geraldine Farrar. He will be brought to America and added—perhaps—to Miss Farrar's publicity department.

To Mary

By Oscar Northway-Meyer

THERE is a shrine I worship at
Whene'er the signs are right,
Announcing "Mary Pickford's here
Upon the screen to-day."

I hustle through my frugal meal,
Imperiling my life,
To get a seat well up in front,
Alone with my dear thoughts.

And when the winsome Mary comes,
And my attention grips,
I always wish I had the chance
To press her dainty hands.

Each time she smiles—*right out at me*—
I fall for all her charms;
I have a secret I would tell,
If she were in my confidence.

For if she'd move her feet and knees
Less like a doll's stiff pegs,
I'm quite inclined to think that I
Might rave about her walk.

So now you know—sweet Mary mine—
What thought of you I've carried.
If I have erred in what I've done,
Please pardon—for I'm interested.

"Who portrayed that insane character in the last scene? He played it nobly."

"Oh, him? The director couldn't get anyone to portray the part properly, so he undertook to play it himself."

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AFTER

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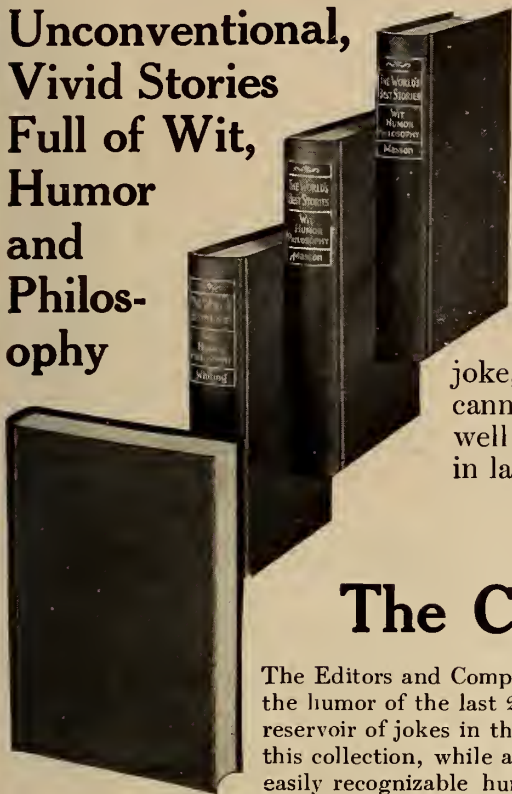
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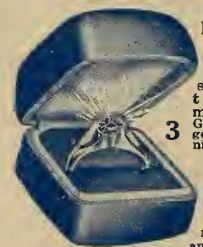
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Wm. S. Hart in "John Petticoats"

Vivian Martin in
"The Third Kiss"

Wallace Reid in
"His Official Piancée"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"The Life Line"

George Loane Tucker's
Production
"The Miracle Man"

"The Teeth of The Tiger"

With a star cast
Robert Warwick in
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"In Mizzoura"

Bryant Washburn in
"Why Smith Left Home"

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Travel Pictures—one each week

New Stomachs for Old in 48 Hours

By R. S. Thompson

THOUSANDS of people who suffered for years with all sorts of stomach trouble are walking around today with entirely re-made stomachs—stomachs which have been re-made in from 48 to 72 hours! They enjoy their meals and never have a thought of indigestion, constipation or any of the serious illnesses with which they formerly suffered and which are directly traceable to the stomach.

And these surprising results have been produced not by drugs or medicines of any kind, not by foregoing substantial foods, not by eating specially prepared or patented foods of any kind, but by eating the plainest, simplest foods **correctly combined!**

These facts were forcibly brought to my mind by Eugene Christian, the eminent Food Scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people with foods alone!

As Christian says, man is what he eats. What we take into our stomachs today, we are tomorrow. Food is the source of all power, yet not one person in a hundred knows the chemistry of foods as related to the chemistry of the body. The result is we are a nation of "stomach sufferers."

Christian has proved that to eat good, simple, nourishing food is not necessarily to eat correctly. In the first place, many of the foods which we have come to regard as good are in reality about the worst things we can eat, while others that we regard as harmful have the most food value.

But perhaps the greatest harm which comes from eating blindly is the fact that very often two perfectly good foods when eaten at the same meal form a chemical reaction in the stomach and literally explode, liberating dangerous toxic poisons which are absorbed by the blood and circulate throughout the system, forming the root of all or nearly all sickness, the first indications of which are acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and many other sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods quickly create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. In my talk with Eugene Christian, he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food—just a few instances out of the more than 23,000 cases he has on record.

One case which interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation, resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal

gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it, he was not 50 per cent. efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in 24 hours, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation was relieved, although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 pounds. In addition to this, he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do almost overnight was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment, believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight within a few hours, regaining his normal figure in a matter of weeks, but all signs of rheumatism disappearing, and he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste, and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating, and wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man of 70 years old, who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago, and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished almost overnight. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste, and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. Almost immediately after following Christian's advice this man

could see results, and after six months he was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, everyone of which was fully as interesting, and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

I know of several instances where rich men and women have been so pleased with what he has done for them that they have sent him a check for \$500 or \$1,000 in addition to the amount of the bill when paying him.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health strength and efficiency. This course is published by The Corrective Eating Society of New York.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates, and seasons.

Reasons are given for every recommendation based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice although technical terms have been avoided. Every point is explained so clearly that there can be no possible misunderstanding.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons, and you will find that you secure results with the first meal. This, of course, does not mean that complicated illnesses can be removed at one meal, but it does mean that real results can nearly always be seen in 48 hours or less.

If you would like to examine these 24 little Lessons in Corrective Eating, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 11211, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial, with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3.00, the small fee asked.

The reasons that the Society is willing to send the lessons on free examination without money in advance is because they want to remove every obstacle to putting this knowledge in the hands of the many interested people as soon as possible, knowing full well that a test of some of the menus in the lessons themselves is more convincing than anything that can possibly be said about them.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the blank adopted by the Society, and will be honored at once.

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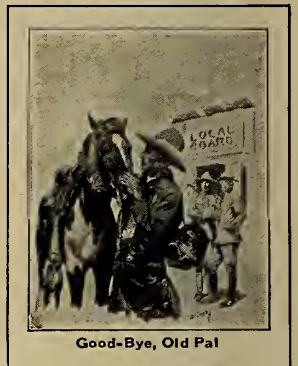
Navy Blue



A Tribute From France



A Baby Bond



Good-Bye, Old Pal



A Present from Her Sailor Friend



Telling It to the Marines



War Babies



Petticoats and Pants



A Trench Spade



A Jill for a Jack



HILL STUDIOS

Here, in effective pose, plus a fan of ostrich plumes, is Frankie Mann, a young person of the screen whose future is not behind her. Something about the arrangement of her apparel reminds us of the once famous drama, "Arms and the Mann." Shoulder arms, one might almost say.



On with the Dance, is no motto of Corinne Griffith's. A professional dancer, she was off with it and into the movies with the nimblest of steps. She did her first location work in the br-r-r-r-r-some winter of 1917-18. Literally, she "broke the ice." Now she is a Vitagraph star. And with perhaps the ambition to be a Lone Star, for she hails from the Lone Star State.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

MARY MILES MINTER'S new contract, we are told, provides that she is not to be seen in public with stage or screen folks and must not receive interviewers. She may have been peeved when she signed such conditions. If not, we predict she will be. Interviewers are so appreciative.

Photoplays which feature big mob scenes could be called "commotion pictures."

A news note from the Coast says: "Clara Whipple Young is to be groomed, it is reported, as a stellar successor of Clara Kimball Young. The former is the wife of James Young, who succeeded the latter in that relation to him. Mr. Young is an able director and thinks he can repeat the success he had with his quondam partner." A reel flash back, don't you think?

There will be no trouble about booking the new series in which "every woman in the cast is a Venus, every man a Hercules," all garbed to prove that the claim made for them is valid. But how can Comstock rest under provocation such as this?

And only on the next page is announcement of a forthcoming "Decameron Nights." What do you think about censors, anyhow?

"Isn't it awful?" says May Allison, in reference to the prohibition outlook. "It was George Washington who cut the cherry for the first Manhattan cocktail, and now look at the motto the 'drys' have taken: 'Thirst in war, thirst in peace, and thirst in the throats of our countrymen.'"

"There's always a way out," says David Ferris Kirby.

"Take the case of those movie actors who used to impersonate drunken men so successfully. Well, right after prohibition, along comes the flock of scenarios based on the Texas oil boom, and these same actors are in demand to take the part of men dying from thirst in the desert."



METRO

Nazimova, all dressed up for the "rabbit dance," which is a feature in "The Brat," makes one deeply regret that the "bunny hug" is no longer permitted.

Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; but if he had lived in these times, he would have been more careful of his moving picture rights.

It does not necessarily follow, because Charlie Chaplin's feet are his fortune, that they are his sole means of support.

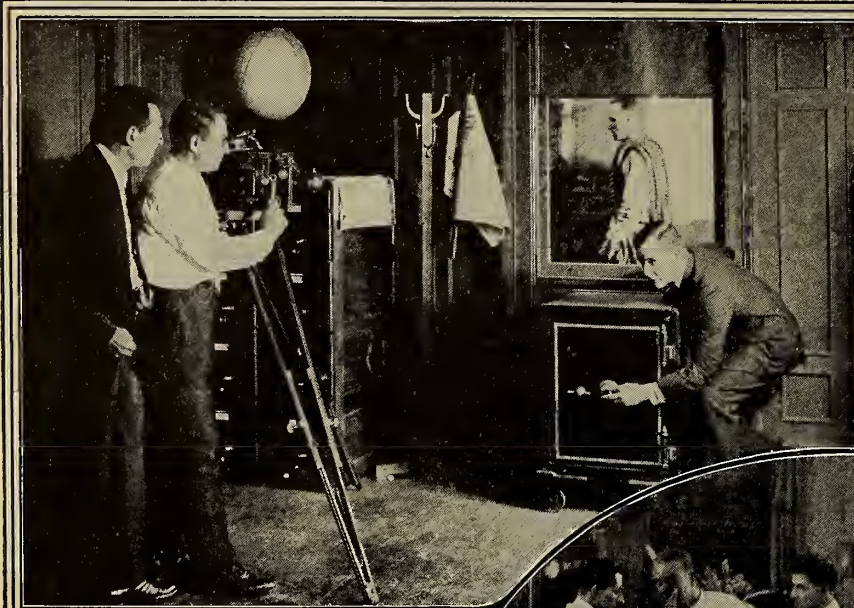
Too many moving pictures to-day are moving in the wrong direction.

It does seem that an advertisement like this ought to bring results: "Wanted, at once, less reel stories by reel writers; more real stories by real writers."

Critics will always manage to discover something to be fussy about. We think they go too far sometimes. They are very woeful just now over a story that during the recent engagement of the Sennett Bathing Girls at Broadway Theater in New York, somebody gave them a party at a perfectly good country place down Long Island way, where there's a swimming pool 'n' everything. And it is said this led to the discovery that not one of the famous bathing beauties could swim a stroke. But, flashing back to the facts, who ever claimed they could?

Minneapolis is claiming to be the last resting place of the "jitney" theater, the sole survivor having passed out recently. Prohibition is held to account for this. What a thirst it must be that moving pictures can quench!

Have Pity on the Poor Director; He Needs It



When the camera is grinding away at a scene on the twentieth floor of an office building, it really annoys the director if a property man walks past the window.

What It's All About

During the period of from four to six weeks which is required to assemble the average five-reel picture, the director has all the worry. To him, time means everything, so when something unforeseen, or that might have been avoided, persists in happening, the director is sore all over. It might be said, parenthetically, that he is likely to be sore a good portion of the day, as these pictures from the World's studio at Fort Lee indicate.



June Elvige blissfully breakfasts, indifferent to waiting director, actor, assistant director, camera man and electrician.



Here sits Evelyn Greeley, and like any other actress, she must stop and fuss. Sometimes it takes a minute, sometimes longer, meanwhile the director makes the best of it.



WORLD FILMS

Waiting for Virginia Hammond to finish fooling with the phonograph. He has asked her to stop before, but no man likes to be rough with such a charming young person as Miss Hammond.

How Well Do You Know Your Movies?



For example, how well do you know this comedian? There is something about his breadth which ought to inform you.



And this broad-brimmed gentleman? He, really, is an easy one. We feel that we might as well tell you right out.



This baseball person is a trifle more of a puzzle. Yet something must be put in to make a puzzle hard.



Anybody who has a hard time guessing this one — Oh, look at his feet! We nearly told.



As for this combination of alluring curves it is the spotless silhouette of — well, think it over. Who is the movie world's most irresistible vamp?

THE only feline star of the film firmament, Pepper, the Mack Sennett cat, got a "fan" letter the other day. It was addressed to "Mr. Pepper Cat," and was from a little girl who told the actress cat about her kitties at home, how much they enjoyed seeing her act, and asked if Pepper would kindly send an autographed photo of herself. This Pepper did, with the assistance of the lady in the mailing department, and the little girl was made happy by a picture of the gray cat, with the ink print of her paw in the lower right-hand corner, and the words, "Pepper, Her Mark."

MAY ALLISON is an enthusiastic baseball fan and finds time outside of her studio duties to mascot for the Metro nine. She has a "tailor-made" suit which she wears when a game is on with another studio, complete with cap, spiked shoes 'n' everything. She says she is even learning to "play ball," and while at present her curves the baseball ones, I mean—are not all that Ty Cobb could desire, she hopes in time to really pitch a game some day—when the team doesn't care if it loses, she adds.

MONROE SALISBURY has a namesake of whom he is very proud. Monroe Salisbury Costo is a little Mexican Indian, the son of one of the actor's cowboys. When he was born, Monroe was the proud godfather at the

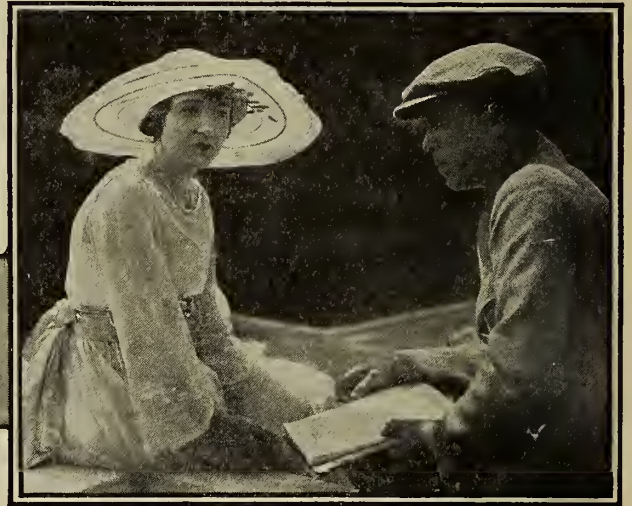


Al Jennings (left) and his brother Frank. Mr. Jennings is filming the story of his career as a "bad man" of the early west and his subsequent regeneration.

christening, and heard with amazement his own name given to the swarthy youngster. Now

he is taking the small Indian's education in hand and promises to make anything of him that he wishes to be—an actor or a streetcar conductor. Up to date, Monroe Junior's ambition is to be a bandit, so Monroe Senior thinks he will make an excellent taxi driver or perhaps a head waiter.

AL JENNINGS, the ex-outlaw who broke into pictures via "The Lady of the Dugout," a five-reeler depicting some of his exploits before his incarceration and reformation, is making a series of twenty-four two-reel pictures, illustrating some of the events of his career as put forth in the *Saturday Evening Post* story, "Beating Back." In his younger days he was O. Henry's boon companion, when that writer was simply Sidney Porter. The two



Florence Vidor is known to supply much of the inspiration which results in a steady run of successful pictures for her director-husband.

served time together in the Federal Prison at Columbus, Ohio, and it was there that O. Henry conceived many of the plots for stories which later made him famous.

Now Mr. Jennings doesn't mind admitting that he was once a bandit, but he doesn't exactly relish being called "Outlaw Al," as some people try to dub him, and at times his buried past becomes unburied in a way that is, to say the least, embarrassing.

The other day he was invited to a tea given by prominent society women, all of whom knew him simply as a film actor—he doesn't pretend to be a star. All went well until in came another guest, "Shorty" Blair, a cowboy actor at Universal.

"Have you met Mr. Jennings?" solicitously inquired the hostess

"Have I met him?" boomed "Shorty," for all the world to hear "Why, him and me robbed the Tucson stage in '98! He's the darndest little robber in the world—he"

But his eulogy was cut short; the crowd had thinned miraculously.

Celluloid

Celebrities

GALE HENRY, the elongated comedienne who has recently be-

come a producer of her own comedies, has a novel way of getting "comedy" costumes. She invades the Salvation Army stores and selects the most bizarre of the clothes she finds there, and they need no alteration—except fumigation. Once when she was in one of the stores sorting over miscellaneous garments, a woman came in, carrying a bundle of old clothes to sell. From head to foot she was a scream—only she didn't know it. But Gale did, and while the storekeeper was looking over the bundle, she offered the woman twenty-five dollars for the clothes she was wearing. The woman consented in a daze, and the bargain was made.

"That was the best comedy outfit I ever had," said Miss Henry. "My director complimented me on 'designing' such an outlandish combination, and could hardly be-



Monroe Salisbury and his Indian namesake and godson, Monroe Salisbury Castro.

lieve it when I told him that it was literally a 'hand-me-down.'"

FLORENCE VIDOR owns up to having three hobbies, and only three—home, husband and baby. It makes quite a nice combination, too, for the Vidor place is one of those hospitable affairs that one thinks of instinctively as a "home," not a mere "house." And King Vidor, her husband-director, is the kind of a man who likes to putter around in the garden when he comes from the studio and mend a broken chair on the back porch. Suzanne, the little princess of the Vidor household, has her mother's eyes and her father's smile, and, as I said before, it makes a wonderful combination—a sort of three-in-one hobby.

ANNA Q. NILLSON, the Scandinavian beauty of the film world, has for a chum—the blown-in-the-bottle kind, too—Rosemary Theby, whose dark, vampirish type contrasts sharply with Anna Q.'s blond loveliness. If they had deliberately picked each other out as foils for their respective types, they couldn't have done better, for when they are together, the bromide about being the cynosure of



Gale Henry in one of the costumes purchased at a rummage sale. Nothing was changed to make it a comedy outfit. Even the safety pin in the hat was left "as was."

all eyes holds good; no better way to say it. They both seem to have a limitless stock of hats, for the simple reason that they wear each other's, and it is even rumored that they trade cavaliers with the same impartiality; there is no sterner test of friendship than that.

WHEN Mary Pickford went on "location" to Big Bear, a fashionable California mountain and lake resort, some very happy people went with her who weren't scheduled to work in the scenes of "The Heart of the Hills." Little Mary seems to get her chief pleasure in life in doing good for others, and she took with her, just for the outing, the wardrobe mistress of the studio and her little girl, her French teacher and her daughter, and the children of the studio carpenters. Needless to say, a la small-town papers, "a pleasant time was had by all."

MRS. BILL DESMOND, who until very recently was Mary McIvor, has a hobby that is utterly in a class by itself; she collects bottles. I don't mean the kind in which John Barleycorn used to be stored, but antiques and oddities in the bottle line. She has several hundred from all parts of the world, and some of the collection are priceless. One dates from medieval times and is the shape of a pilgrim. It was used for carrying Jordan water from Jerusalem. Another is an exact imitation of a pretzel, even to the salty grains on it, and was used for perfume back in early Saxon days; and another is reported to have belonged to Lucrezia Borgia, the famous poison expert. It

is a tiny thing of green glass, and the stopper is, very appropriately, the head of a serpent, with diamond eyes. Bill Desmond says, of course, anything Mary does is all right with him, but he *does* wish she wouldn't collect bottles—it gives him such a sinking feeling!

GLORIA SWANSON hasn't forgotten that before she became a Paramount star, she was a Sennett bathing beauty. She keeps up her out-of-door exercise rigorously, partly because she likes it, and partly because it keeps down any tendency to embonpoint—if you know what I mean.

She rides horseback, motors and swims, and is agitating the question of having a swimming pool built in the middle of the Lasky lot like the one they have at the Sennett studio. It is said that the men are unanimously in favor of it.

WHEN we were out at the Universal studios we were introduced to Jim Corbett's dog. Corbett was doing a serial there, "The Midnight Man," and it is brim full of



Bryant Washburn and his pet Marmoset, Chico, which means "nut."

opportunities for his pugilistic talents. His chow dog's name is Fu, and when first seen was in company with his valet.

"That dog belongs to Jim Corbett," announced the press agent. "For fighting you can't beat that fellow"—

We told the man, somewhat coldly, that we knew Corbett was a fighter—we occasionally read the papers; but the P. A. said no, he meant the dog. The chow pup holds the canine championship of the studio, if not of the world, inherits his fighting tendencies from his master, explained the P. A.

THE latest addition to the screen menagerie is Chico, the tiny marmoset recently given Bryant Washburn by a sailor on the *Mississippi* when the fleet visited Los Angeles. I suppose everyone knows that a marmoset belongs to the monkey family. This one is particularly small, giving the effect of a monkey looked at through the wrong end of a telescope. He recognizes Bryant as his master and clings affectionately to his collar—which is hard on the collar, says Bryant. It was Mrs. Washburn who named the monk. Chico is an Indian word meaning "nut."

Two Marys

I SING you a song of two Marys! Behold,
My story is brief and will quickly be told!
Not only they're known by the same Christian name,
They both have been favored by fortune and fame;
They both have blue eyes, and they both have gold hair,
They both have a charming yet dignified air.
And each has a scepter, for each is a Queen—
The one of Great Britain, and one of the Screen!

One's over in England, in London so gray;
One's out on the Coast, in the fair U. S. A.
One lives in a palace reserved for Blood Roy'
One lives in a palace earned by her own toil.
And each one is greeted with cheer after cheer
Whenever she happens on view to appear.
All hail to Great Britain! All hail to the Screen!
Come, join in the chorus of "God Save the Queen!"
—Harold Seton.

All Butt

Extra—Are you trying to make me the goat of this studio?

Manager—That would be impossible. If you were a goat, you'd have sense enough to use your head.

What Ails the Movies

Too little real life in too many reels.

Ringin' Them Up

Flora—Geisha Goldilocks's press agent has figured out that she receives an average of ten dollars every time she registers before the camera.

Fauna—Gee! a regular cash register, I'd say!

Comparisons

Friend—You are so popular, you ought to run for President.

Movie Star—I would do it, but I'm so used to my castle in California that I couldn't live in such a small shack as the White House.



Bessie Love Puts the Kick in Cannon.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

A NEW stunt that promises much of interest to numbers of people all over the United States is being exploited by the Bureau of Commercial Economics of Washington, D. C. A combination of the country's two leading industries, the automobile and the motion picture, has been developed so as to evolve a veritable motion picture show on wheels. The automobile is equipped with all necessary paraphernalia, projection machines and such, and the pictures are to be shown in parks and public squares or on the main streets of the smaller villages and towns. Industrial conditions, trade revivals as an aftermath of two years of war and other interesting topics of the present vital and pregnant times are to be treated in short, snappy films. One, it is said, treats of the wool industry, and Governor Smith, of New York State, has promised to show himself in a brand-new fall suit (or at least he should have one for the picture), in a short reel, entitled "From the Sheep's Back to the Governor's Back." Sounds quite pert. What is being done industrially in the East is to be shown to the people of the middle West, and vice versa. This clever idea would seem to be worth developing. It offers a way to bring the movies to those very small towns that boast no picture theater, and where the town hall, if there be one, has no equipment for the installation of a projection machine. In this way the movies could be brought to any locality where the roads were fairly passable, and so be enjoyed by the most remotely domiciled ranchmen, miners, their families and other isolated peoples.

The Movies and Prohibition

MR. WILLIAM FOX, president of the Fox Film Corporation, says motion pictures hastened Prohibition and overcame the saloon by substituting a safer and saner form of relaxation. What strange logic could have brought about such a conclusion? Whatever motion pictures may be guilty of having accomplished, surely Prohibition is not one of their sins. Any possible relation between the two is quite indiscernible. According to Mr. Fox's reasoning, the men who formerly frequented bars are now going to make a mad rush for the box office of the motion picture theater. The mad rush, as in the past, will con-



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who are either striving for its downfall or working for its advancement.

tinue to be made by the conventional movie fan. There are four rather distinct types: The housewife is one. She goes to the movies to forget the drudgery and monotony of the daily grind, and to imagine for the time that the thrilling experiences of the "movie queen" are her own. The others are made up largely of the children who love Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark, the small boys who hope some day to emulate the "strong men" of the screen, such as William S. Hart, Douglas Fairbanks and William Farnum, and the pink-organdied misses who think Wallace Reid is just a "darling." The normal, intelligent man, whether total abstainer, moderate drinker or plain "boozer," is not the type of which "movie fans" are made. Rather will the "drinking man" be solacing himself with a "home brew," drinking Coca-Cola at the drug-store fountain, or sipping White Rock at his club while he plans a trip to Cuba. It is Mr. Fox's opinion that "liquor's use through the ages has been more as a relief from sorrow or care or worry than as an amusement," and the amusement offered by the movies is now to be the antidote. Mr. Fox says that a man who sold liquor seldom drank it himself. Nor does a candy salesman indulge in the tempting bonbons that fill his counters. Perhaps Mr. Fox, to follow his argument, being a maker and seller of motion pictures, never sees any himself. Never seeing any,

one can understand how he can be so mixed about their place in life. It must be some comfort to one so humanitarily inclined to feel that his pictures are to solace a man for his loss of liquor and give him relief from worry through the comfort of Mr. William Farnum's manly smile! An intemperate or temperate honest-to-God man might forget his worries in a motion picture theater, but it would be through the solace and forgetfulness of a nice, refreshing sleep. This method of relaxation has been observed even in Mr. Fox's temples of motion picture art. A good Chaplin comedy thrown on the screen—well, that would be a different story.

Why be so optimistic about this matter, Mr. Fox? Your enthusiasm cannot be due to the few extra nickels and dimes that may be coming your way, you think. You ask, "What will Prohibition do to motion pictures?" And you answer:

It will crowd the picture houses.

It will call for the building of better and finer theaters.

It will increase the number of theaters, because amusement and recreation, relief from sorrow, worry and care, are essential. With the exhilaration of liquor gone—and, I believe, gone forever—the general public must be provided for.

It would behoove the motion picture producers not to be unmindful of the fact that among the reformers are fanatics and hypocrites. If to-day a Constitutional Amendment such as the Eighteenth, that violates the fundamental principles of personal liberty upon which the United States of America is founded, can be effected, instead of rejoicing, motion picture producers might well tremble in their boots for the future. Because extremists and weaklings have, through their excesses, abused a healthful and time-honored social custom, is the sole reason why to-day a sober, self-respecting citizen cannot enjoy a glass of nourishing ale with his roast beef dinner, which custom may have been a part of that citizen's mode of life. Apply similar ethics to the motion picture industry. What about Sunday closing? What about censoring of films? What a field for their activities the movies will offer when the narrow-minded, bigoted reformers get around to them!

An Impossible Evangeline

IF any there be who, in the romantic days of their early youth, wept over the fate of Longfellow's unhappy *Evangeline*, let him see the photoplay that has been fashioned of this sad tale and dry up even the remembrance of those early tears. Better let the dusty volumes of our New England poets, beloved of old, rest undisturbed on their dusty shelves. Times change. To-day is the day of doing things, of being busy. With the millions of young men sacrificed during the war, what a world of sorrow it would be if all the young wives and sweethearts that were bereft of their loved ones should carry on as did this heroine of a day long gone in far-away Arcadie! Unhappy love tales, told in verse, will live longer if they are not made into movies. Whoever chances to see this photoplay version of "Evangeline" that had not read the poem previously

would not bother to do it afterward. *Evangeline* wanders aimlessly about through all the reels with a vapid, blank expression upon her face. Her lover, who wore an impossible, silly grin through many scenes, might just as well have died before the picture began. So might have Mr. Spottiswood Aiken, *Evangeline's* father. They seemed to be principally engaged in a fly-catching contest. Wide-open mouths are not pretty things, even on a motion picture screen. "Evangeline" should have been protected from motion picture production by a prohibitive royalty. But being free to all, Mr. Fox possibly feels called upon to educate the masses by reviving the classics.

"Kathleen Mavourneen," with Theda Bara, followed, but the writer followed the nearest exit before it began.

British and American Movies

THE daily papers, the dramatic weeklies, the large family of motion picture magazines and sundry and various other pamphlets have had much to say on the rather bitter situation that has developed in the film relations of Britain and America. From *Land and Water* comes this paragraph:

The attempts of the large American cinematograph film companies to obtain complete control of the industry in this country by building their own theaters to exhibit their films, in case our firms should not care for their conditions, have at length led to concerted action here. Last week a big meeting of those interested in the British film industry, at which Mr. A. E. Newbould, M. P., presided, unanimously decided to give support to any action which the British organization might take in the dispute, the proposal being that a boycott should be established of all films of the American company in question, unless it should renounce its intention of building theaters here.

The American company in question, from information at hand, would seem to be none other than the Famous Players-Lasky Company. Is it not fit and proper, if the F. P.-L. Co. have or can raise the money to build theaters in England (the popularity of their pictures there so warranting), that they should do so? Such a boycott seems a bit out of place now that we are making the world "safe for democracy." Think of putting Charlie Chaplin on

(Continued on page 30)



Miriam Cooper as *Evangeline* in the screen version of Longfellow's poem.



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley



A PROMINENT novelist once remarked in a press interview: "Motion pictures are becoming worse and worse!" A few weeks later he sold the picture rights to one of his stories for more money than we make in a whole month. NOW he twitters in a recent interview: "Motion pictures are improving wonderfully!"

MR. LAEMMLE, of Universal, says: "The public demands pleasurable, interesting and absorbing comedies and dramas." Yes, yes, go on, Carl! You interest us strangely! Were you thinking of giving us something like that?

WATCHING some of the comedies that are turned out "Every Other Monday—Twenty-six a Year," we marvel it took so long to build them, considering their vacuity. Rome was not built in a day, nor can you make Rome howl with laughter if you feed it an alleged comedy "every other Monday." Charlie Chaplin's system of semi-occasionally release is the result of a profound psychological study on Charlie's part. Anticipation, suspense and ultimate joy are three of the three thousand reasons why Charlie's pictures are popular.

GEOURGE WALSH says he spends his Sunday entertaining his dog. Now, let us have the dog's side of it. (Thought we were going to say "tale," didn't you?) We have an idea that pup puts in a mighty strenuous Sabbath!

JUANITA HANSON says she hopes to live down her bathing-suit record with Keystone. No chance with us, Juanita! Our memory is too pleasantly keen to those—in a manner of speaking—double exposures! As Mr. Keats nearly remarked: "Two things of beauty are a joy forever!"

LAST summer June Mathis was given a vacation of four days—one for each year she has worked for Metro. Who says corporations have no souls?

ITEMS OF INTEREST

FATTY ARBUCKLE eats food once or more daily.

Wm. S. Hart can ride a horse.

Mary Pickford received a letter last week from an admirer.

Douglas Fairbanks is inclined to be athletic.

A film comedian named Charlie Chaplin is appearing in comedies of real merit. Watch this young man. Competent critics all believe he'll be famous some day.

THEDA BARA says she tries SO hard to show the soul of her characters. Mebby that is the reason Theda is so careful not to obstruct our vision with dry goods.

AS an example of the sublime and the ridiculous going hand in hand, it may be noted that Lincoln, Neb., is the birthplace of Pauline Frederick and William Jennings Bryan. This is enough glory for any town.



Sullivan came out with a rush and missed a long overhand left to the face. He plunged in again, but Jim danced away laughingly. Corbett parried a thrust and danced away again. His footwork was—But what are we doing? Here we're printing a bit of his fight with Sullivan under a picture of Corbett paired with a charming young movie lady. The pose of her right hand suggests that she is "counting Jim out."

"The Day Resurgent," a Picture That's Different



1. *Danny at home, with his mother and his blind father, whom he idolizes.*



2. *He is his father's "eyes," spending his evenings reading to him until—*



3. *A pair of bright, not sightless, eyes came into Danny's life.*

From an O. Henry Story

Danny, the truckman (Webster Campbell), has a blind father to whom he devotes about all his leisure—all, that is, until the Irish eyes of *Kate Conlan* come into *Danny's* life. *Danny's* year of happiness in *Katie's* company is an eternity of loneliness to the man who cannot see and who misses sadly his boy. But through *Danny's* happiness there runs a current of unrest. It shows itself in his manner, so much so that *Katie* is for breaking their engagement. This unrest follows *Danny* until, one Eastertide, light comes to him in the words of a street preacher that "resurrection does not mean a new creation, but a new life arising from the old." Application of this truth to his own home and his blind father means new life for *Danny*. And light dawns for *Katie*, also.



4. *This scene is a long way from the flat where the father sits in darkness.*



VITAGRAPH

5. *Danny learns from the street preacher the meaning of his unrest; also, the meaning of resurrection.*



6. *Something unusual in happy endings. Usually, they concern two persons; here four are included.*



What's in a name? Well, there's a good deal of descriptive accuracy in the name Elinor Fair. Just a trifle solemn, you will say? Well, perhaps it is because of her recent elevation to star parts by Fox. When one is used to cavorting in comedy, star parts present a terrific responsibility. Then, too, there is the added strain of wearing a pearl necklace around one's little finger.

"Breaking Into the Movies"—and Out Again

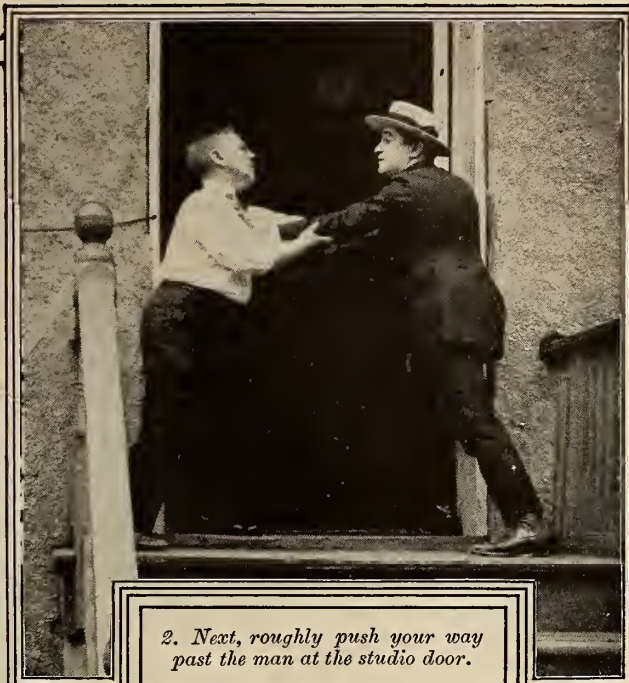
Missouri Valley, Ia.
1919

Dear Mr. Earl Metcalf,

I have much
admired your work on the moving
picture screen and am quite sure
that if I was showed how to act
for a screen I would make a peach
of a actor.

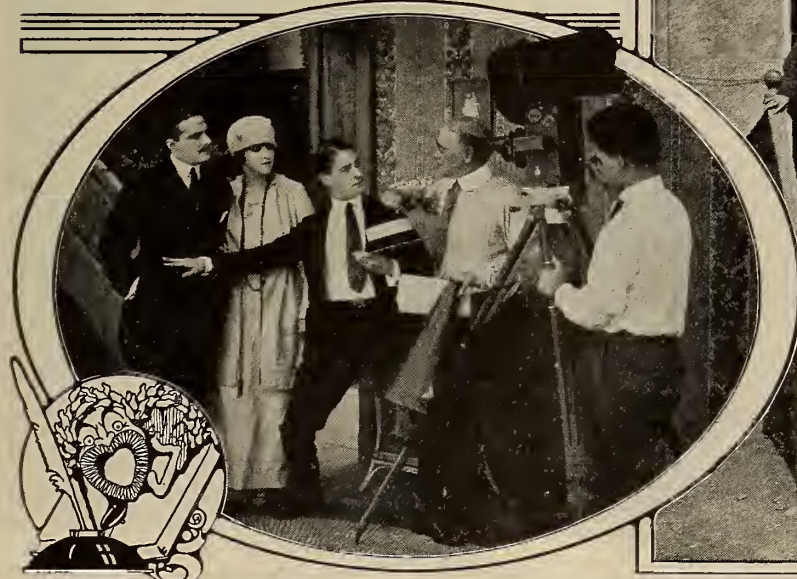


1. Having written a letter like the above, the first step is to jump the fence into the studio lot.



2. Next, roughly push your way past the man at the studio door.

Every film star gets letters by the dozen, asking him (or her, as the case may be) for a short cut to screen success. These letters come from ambitious amateurs, very, very few of whom are willing to start at the foot of the studio ladder. In the accompanying pictures, Earle Metcalfe, World star, shows how a beginner who has his nerve with him may "break into the movies." It is a simple, direct way and can be done, but it is only for those too talented to begin at the beginning and work up.



WORLD FILMS

3. Then, if the road be clear, make one grand dash for the studio and plant yourself before the camera. Should the star be posing for a close-up in a love scene, don't let it phase you.



4. The one big obstacle to it all is that the venture may end in this manner. In which event there is nothing to do but to begin as an "extra," instead of starting, right off, as a star.

Screen Scrapple

By Helen Rockwell

THERE is nothing quite like the educational features for enlightenment. Just the other day we were shown in a breath the proper method of extricating shoe buttons from baby's nose, how to carve handles on furnace doors, and the proper way of combing the hair if it is over a yard long and a foot thick, all of which priceless information one could hardly afford to overlook and still remain a figure in the neighborhood. Before long, no doubt, when the movies have reached all ages and classes of people, some original person will picturize broadcast the data on how to take a bath though over eighty, how to wipe your fork on your napkin without being seen by the hostess, and the most direct methods of lifting toothpicks at Childs'. The idea of doing away with schools entirely and sending the children to the movies for an hour or so each day is being widely discussed by educators.

WILLIAM DESMOND'S next feature is called "Dangerous Waters." It can't have anything to do with the 2.75 per cent. kind.

AS an advertising stunt to exploit Olive Thomas in "Upstairs and Down," a contest was recently held, and the beauty who most resembled the Selznick star was given a ride over the city of Omaha in an airplane. Some people have limited notions about suitable rewards. Why didn't the publicity man show a little ingenuity and dangle a tarantula over the lucky girl's head, or allow her to enter a den of roaring lions, or invite her to balance herself on the edge of a vat of boiling oil? To allow the winner to risk her life in such a tame way, merely because she happened to look like Olive Thomas, was the height of poor press work.

FOX has brushed the cobwebs off David Belasco's play, "La Belle Russe," and it is being used as a picture for Theda Bara. The Fox press books will tell you that Belasco beat all records and wrote this play in six weeks. After seeing the picture, we are inclined to suggest that if he had written the play in the days of type-



SAFE OR OUT?

The Base-runner, Bessie Barriscale, watches impromptu motion pictures, the motions provided by Camera Man Gandio and Director Hickman.

writers, he could have doubtless beaten his own record by about five weeks and six days.

THE moral of "The Perfect Lover," which stars Eugene O'Brien, appears to be that if you are one, there is still a slight chance for you. It is the sort of picture to make brave men stagger into Huyler's and go the limit. Take a tip from Gene, boys, and remove the three topmost buttons from your sport shirt if you would have the ladies in your power.

"THE Perfect Lover" has the loveliest plot! Gene O'Brien is the toast of the town! Women smother him with attentions, cry for his caresses, and do their wickedest to seduce him from the paths of manliness. They offer him Rolls-Royces and diamonds (figuratively), and — he falls! He sinks to the depths of lounge lizardry, but is rescued by the beautiful, uplifting love of the heroine, whom he marries. He tells you his sad story himself in the picture—tells in detail just how fascinating and irresistible he is to the ladies, tells you that wicked and insatiable women are waiting at every corner to drag him down and down! And while he is giving this Ode on Poor Gene, his

wife is in the next room becoming a mother. Of course, the story of his rise and fall and rise again melts the heart of the big, rough detective who is detaining him for theft, and all ends happily.



CALIFORNIA BEACH PLUMS
*If planted deep, they are sure to thrive,
take it from Louise Glaum.*

And the sixteen-year-old girls emerge from the picture house feverish to mail that lavender epistle they wrote in the morning, and the men emerge—oh, but they emerged an hour ago!

THE Pennsylvania censors, notorious for their Pecksniffian hypocrisy, have played a fine one on *Katherine Bush*. *Katherine*, as you know, is the Broby heroine of the Elinor Glyn novel and the piece de resistance of the Paramount picture, "The Career of Katherine Bush." It appears that part of *Katherine's* career was devoted to living

out of matrimony with a certain *Lord Algy* for the experience it yielded. Later she marries a perfectly good lord or duke or something and settles down and probably becomes a law-abiding citizeness—at least according to the Paramount version. But the Pennsylvania censors, coming in from a grape-juice debauch, would have none of it. They insisted upon a hasty marriage between *Katherine* and *Lord Algy*, thus compelling her to commit bigamy in the last reel. Which only goes to show that even Censor Boards have pet vices of which they approve. Bigamy is so much safer than the Rolls-Royce kind of a life.



ONE PLUS ONE EQUALS ONE

In arithmetic, no. But in this picture, yes. Both the poor one and the rich one is Dorothy Phillips, who plays a dual role in "The Right to Happiness."

The Immortal Uncle Tom—Without the Cabin



1. The beginning—a parade of the Uncle Tom company—is strictly according to stage tradition.

The Mad, Mad Details

A combination of Ben Turpin and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" all but defies description. As a starter, we have an *Uncle Tom* who is cross-eyed! Of course, there is a *Simon Legree*, and it is played by Charlie Lynn. He beats up *Uncle Ben*—we mean *Tom*—so effectively that *Tom* jumps the job. Marie Prevost plays the dual role of *Little Eva* and *Eliza*. In the latter part she crosses the river and loses her skirt because of a nail in a block of ice. She trips across in silk bloomers. Somehow a race track gets mixed in the show, cross-eyed *Uncle Tom* having become a jockey with bewildering suddenness. Somebody explodes firecrackers under the horse and—but why continue?

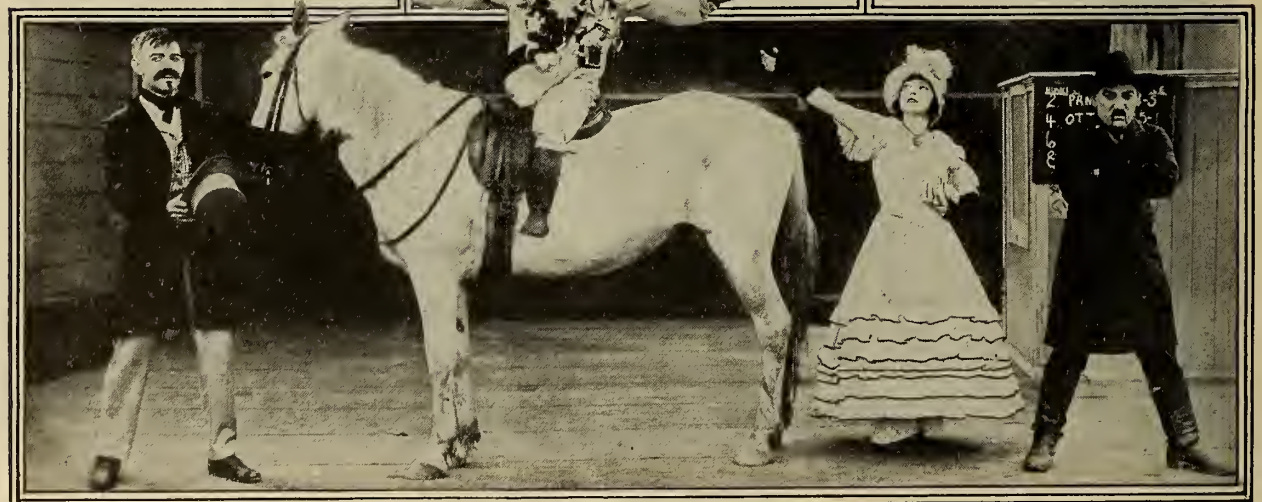
2. But a few liberties are taken with tradition when Simon Legree maniacures the "bloodhound."



3. Sobful scene when Eliza—observe the gown—desperately resolves to escape with "Little Harry."



4. The bloodhound helps Eliza repair damages after her skirt is torn on a nail in the ice.



5. Instead of joining Little Eva in heaven, Uncle Tom becomes a fearful and wonderful jockey, which almost anyone will admit is a far less weepy ending than being snake-whipped to death by Simon Legree. But don't ask us why!



Proof, by Margarita Fisher, that no girl is ever too big to play with dolls. But hold! It may not be that at all. She may be designing costumes for next year's Mack Sennett troupe.

Must Be a Live Wire

The manager was engaging a camera man for the news movies. "Young man," he barked at the applicant, "our camera men have got to be full of pep! When we want a picture, we want it! For example, when I send you out to film a tornado destroying a Western town, I shall expect you to work from sunrise to sunset. I shall not be satis-

fied with the tornado working in only one town. You must go right along with the tornado."

Changing History

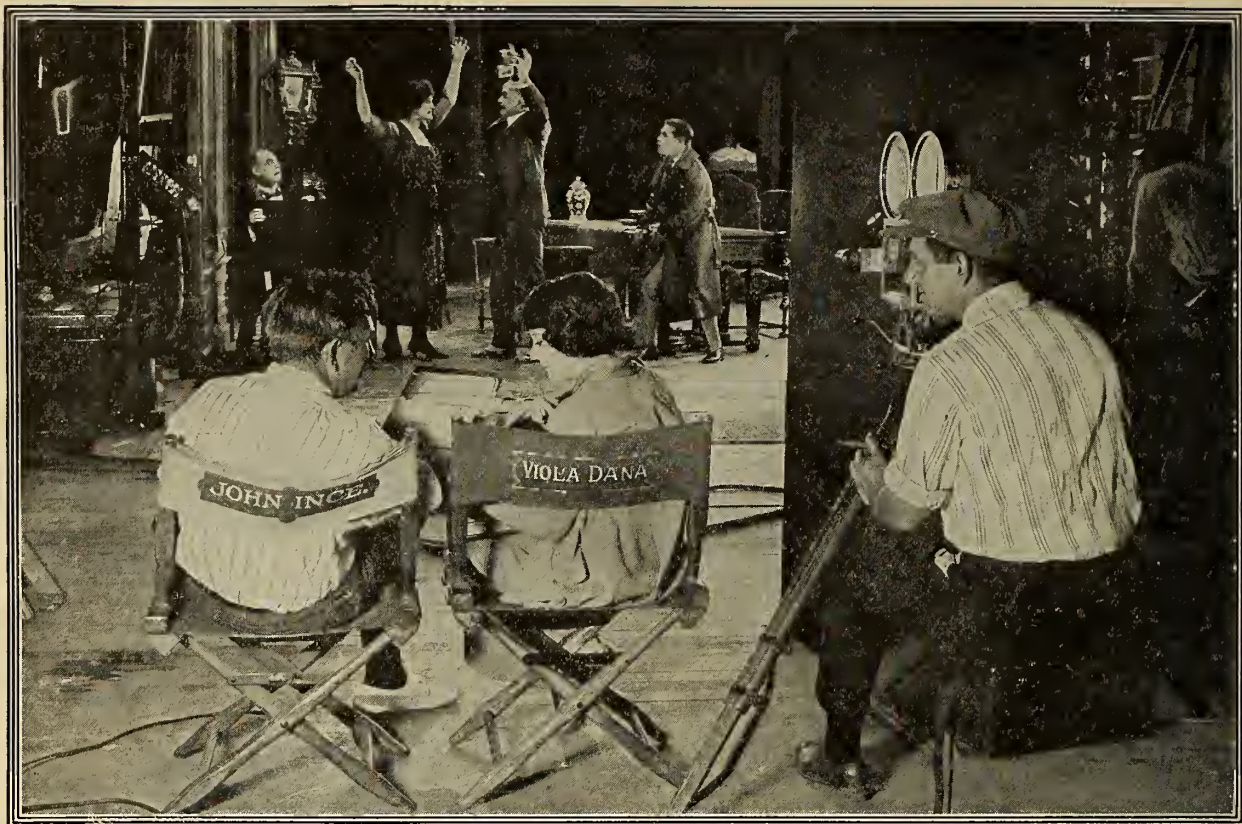
Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

"I hope they won't have to retake this scene," he mused, as the heat became intense.



WHERE OUTDOORS IS INDOORS

Cover it, top and sides, with your hands, and how realistic it looks! It might be on any one of a thousand Main Streets. Curb, sidewalk, cycle-rack, telephone wires, show-windows dressed to the last trifle. And yet, as the wide-angle camera proves, it is raised, like mushrooms, "under glass," a street in a studio. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones—but they may safely throw pies.



HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY IN THE STUDIO

But nobody puts faith in it, apparently, as not even chairs are there when you want them unless plainly lettered with the owners' names. Here are director John Ince and star Viola Dana enjoying the luxury of watching other people work. The scene is a rehearsal of the play, "Please Get Married."

Some Chords and Discords

By Robert Hage



THE gray-haired mother is dying. Gathered about the bedside, her children are weeping bitterly. The mother feebly places her hand on the head of her youngest, and in her eyes there shines—

What is that?

It is the lilting cadence of "Valse Caprice."

How incongruous, you say. You are right. But it happens every day throughout the length and breadth of this land.

For the owner of the motion picture theater wherein this situation took place didn't care what his pianist played or when she played it, as long as she kept on pounding the ivory keys. And there are hundreds like him.

Generally the pianist is a relative of the owner and acquainted with many of the theater's patrons, so one must be charitable and admit that courtesy demands that at frequent intervals she nod at someone in the audience. And any fair-minded person must give her credit for her endurance in being able to "play" and chew gum simultane-

ously and continuously, from the start of the first reel to the end of the fifth.

Accompanying tender scenes on the screen she plays ragtime, dancing with sacred music, comedy with "Il Trovatore." She cannot be expected to watch the picture constantly. She has seen it once, but then she was so interested that she kept on strumming automatically. After that she glances at it infrequently. Besides, she knows only about ten "pieces," so these must suffice to "put over" the film.

At another theater there is an "orchestra" ranging from three to nine members. Each generally is under the impression that he is playing a solo; each plays in his own time.

And their library is decidedly small, so the patrons of this theater hear the same selections night after night, until finally, in self-defense, they seek another temple of the silent art.

These statements are not the products of imagination. They state the facts. And the owner of a theater of this kind wonders why a rival is "crowding them in" with no better pictures than his.

It Is Always Summer Where Movies Are Made



VITAGRAPH

Fair Alice Joyce (until recently brunette) recommends this for Palm Beach or California winter wear.



FOX

Becoming bare-skin suit and furs worn by Jaue Lee.



GOLDWYN

HILL PHOTO

Madge Kennedy tells us the color is lavender and that "it's a perfect dream of a dress."



PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT

Lila Lee has disregarded Peter Pan's example; she has grown up, you see, and loves lacy, frilly frocks, and Paris hats.



GOLDWYN

Geraldine Farvar's Paris frock of white charmeuse has ocerdress richly embroidered in crystal, with border of monkey fur.



GOLDWYN

Mabel Ncrmand is garbed for the serpentine danc, prettier than the "shimmie," but the costume is nothing for economy. Still, if you wish to copy it, buy eight hundred yards of shecrvest tissue silk, and proceed. It is very simple.



FOR ADULTS ONLY

Older Sister—No! No! You mustn't see that reel. I saw it yesterday.
It isn't good for little girls like you!

**Idealism and
Realism**

**THIS ONE WAS THE
LETTER SENT:**

Superlative Film Co.

Dear Madam—We return,
herewith, the scenario
submitted,

As we find it, on close re-
view, to our present need
not fitted.

You can understand how
limited we are in our
selection,

And unavailability in no
way casts reflection.

But the editor regrets that
he is oft forced to de-
cline

Material most excellent,
yet not quite in his
line.

**THIS ONE TELLS US
WHAT IT MEANT:**

Superlative Film Co.

Dear Madam—Here's the
awful script with which
you bothered us—

The usual type of nonde-
script and one we won't
discuss,

Except to say we wonder
that you care to waste
a stamp

To let us know your brain's
impaired with chronic
writer's cramp.

Now if a scribe you just
must be, one field for
you we know:

Make epitaphs your spe-
cialty—the dead will
never know!

**Inexhaustible
Store**

"I read that you had a
bad fire in your town."

"Yes; about fifty fam-
ilies lost everything they
had but a local motion
picture concern furnished
homes for them out of its
property room."

Habit

The motion picture di-
rector, walking along the
street, saw a crowd gath-
ered about a victim of an
automobile accident. For-
getting himself, he
shouted:

"Action, camera,
shoot!"

For You, Mrs. or Miss, A Charming Personality

IF YOU WISH

SO many women, particularly young girls, imagine that charm is a rare gift accorded by the fairies at birth. If the gay sprites have put their mark of favor upon you, you are singularly fortunate, but if they passed you by you are just plain, unlucky, and there is nothing you can do about it. Girls, dear girls, this is wrong, so wrong. The secret of charm, of a winning personality, of a presence which draws others to you as the magnet draws the needle, can be gained by any woman who truly wishes it.

WHY I KNOW

I make this statement confidentially, for I know whereof I speak. During my years, both here in America and abroad, I had boundless opportunity to study intimately women in all walks of life, women of high and low degree, the grande dame wrapped in priceless furs, motoring in the Bois du Boulogne, and the chic little milliner from the specialty shop on the Rue de la Paix. So many wonderful things have come out of France that it is scarcely surprising that her women have the ability to enwrap life and those about them with a rose-colored glow which is one of the many secrets of the French woman's irresistible attraction.

THE MAGIC WAND

If you had the ability to remake yourself, if you could wave a wand and be just what you have always dreamed, would you do it? I am sure you would. Now, I have this wand, this magic stick which has so often transformed the ugliest duckling into a beautiful swan. I may be the Fairy Godmother to your dearest dreams. Possibly it is some trifling habit that stands in the way of your having a truly winning personality. If you only put the proper rules into use you should improve amazingly.

You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to obtain admiration, to command attention, to become winsome—to succeed in your aims.

HOW TO HOLD MEN'S INTEREST

For all they are so confident and masterful, men are "only boys grown tall." They are not so hard to please—if you know how! Often you will hear someone ask: "What do big men see in those tiny fluffy women?" The tiny fluffy women have, possibly, the gift of adaptability. They know how to fit into a man's moods—to hearten him when he is down, to charm him when he is glum.

THE FRENCH WOMAN'S ALLURE

This ability is native born with most French girls and is another of their secrets of attraction. What they have done and do is possible for you, also. It does not require any great skill or expense. It takes only two things—the desire to accomplish plus understanding. The desire to accomplish must come from you. The understanding I can give you, if you will let me.

HOW TO WIN

You should adopt some of these secrets of the French woman. They are easily acquired.



JULIETTE FARA

I WANT TO HELP YOU

After coming back from abroad I decided that, beyond everything else, I wanted to see the American girl wear a world-wide crown as "The Girl with Super-charm." So I collected all the data, methods and experiences I had obtained in France to put at your disposal. I wanted every American woman and American girl to share with me the secret of fascination.

I have put some of my secrets into a little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send without delay for this free book "How." I know that you want to possess happiness and contentment and gain all these good things of life which come to you as the result of having a winning personality. "How" will show you the way.

IMPORTANT To obtain Madame Fara's little book "How" free, you may fill out the coupon and send in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:
GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE, 615 West 43d Street, New York, N. Y.

YOU CAN BE ATTRACTIVE

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really homely woman, surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self-made girl, one who has perhaps only just managed to finish grammar school, the most feted and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Deane, who, apparently without effort became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes. She's only a plain little thing! How did she get him?"

Oh, yes! Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a skirt that was shabby, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

CULTIVATE WINSOMENESS

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Dozens of times I have felt like going up to some woman and saying: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well so accost a stranger, could I?"



IRENE BORDONI

*The Exquisite French Actress
Now in America*

See what this lovely woman has to say about Madame Juliette Fara's Course of Instruction:

"One who wishes to make a success in any profession, or even in her social and home life, will find that very much indeed depends upon her appearance, her poise and the general way in which she comports herself. Secrets that are imparted by Madame Juliette Fara in her course, 'Winning Personality for Women,' are such as any ambitious woman will find of untold value. Yet this wonderful galaxy of confidential information costs a mere trifle."

Julie Bordoni

But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the hosts of eager-eyed girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you profit by my experience. I know it will benefit you and make you happier and more alive, as well as markedly successful.

VALUE OF PERSONALITY

I have been astounded at the difference in outlook, in opportunity, that the absence of personality makes in the lives of those who, lacking this one necessary attribute, really lack everything. I have made an exhaustive study of this subject—in railway carriages, on board ship, in the dining-rooms of the great hotels, not only in England and the Continent, but right here in our own America. I know that there are hundreds of women who need certain private information to change from wall flowers and failures to popularity and success.

OVERCOME IMPERFECTIONS

If you are shy and bashful I can show you how to overcome these failings.

If you are aggressive and brusque I can show you how to tone down so that you will attract where heretofore you have repelled. If you are vain, or boastful, or one of those who, without earning it, demand that you be the center of attention, I can give you a friendly, helping hand, so that you will be sought after rather than snubbed.

Mail the Coupon for Free Book



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New York, N. Y.

Name.....
Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."
Address.....

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with its innumerable crevices between the teeth, makes an ideal breeding place for germs. Here in these protected places they can lurk by the million, safely out of reach of any tooth brush ever made.

Absorbine Jr. THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

used morning and night in diluted form as a mouth wash kills germs and makes the mouth aseptic. It is as pleasant as it is effective—so clean and refreshing in smell and taste.

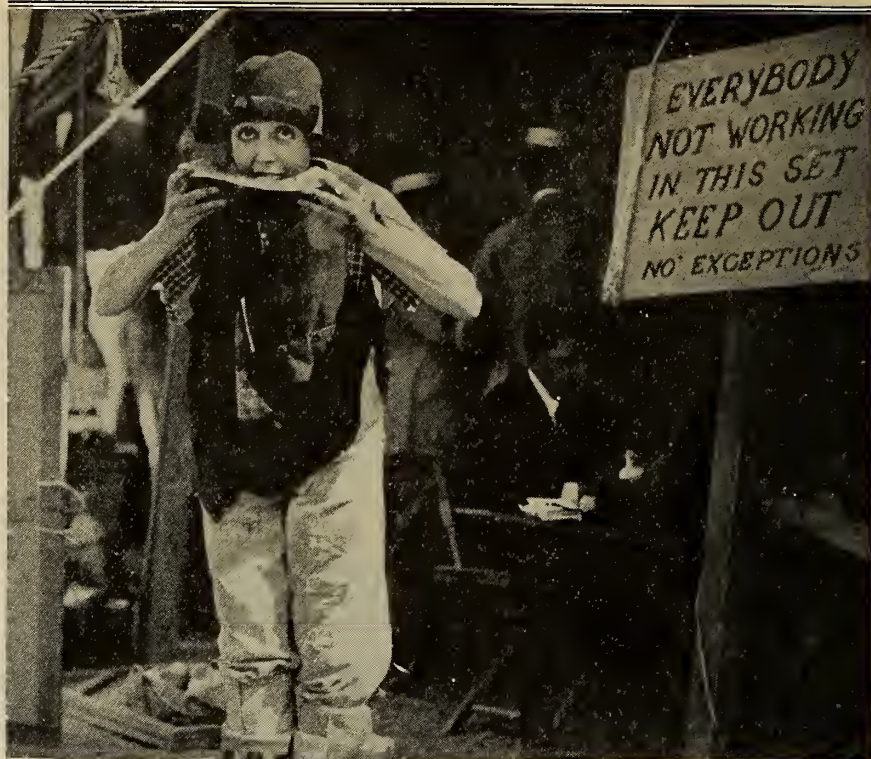


In this diluted form it makes a dependable gargle for sore throat, preventing infection and allaying inflammation and soreness. It is healing, soothing and cooling.

Absorbine, Jr., \$1.25 a bottle at most druggists or postpaid.

Liberal trial bottle will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
474 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



Mabel Normand, happy in the comfortably ragged garments she wears as a circus performer off duty in "Jinx," her new Goldwyn picture, finds watermelon excellent between-scenes refreshment.



DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

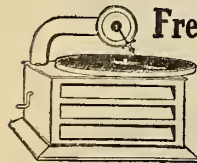
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Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 15)

the black list simply because he had made a success of the movie game in America!

If British picture producers have been hard hit by five years of war, what had they done before the war? Picture production in England and by the English has never been a serious consideration. In the spring of 1912, when the writer spent some time in London and went frequently to the movies, there were no English pictures shown. Night after night the program would consist of the old-time one- and two-reelers of the American Biograph, Vitagraph, Esanay, Edison and the other few picture companies of that day. Why weren't the English on the job then? Americans in England, as in America, would have been only too happy to see pictures of English life and scenes taken in England and England's numerous, large and prosperous colonies. Surely the American producer had nothing up his sleeve that far back. The development of the picture industry has no

doubt been as much of a surprise to him as to the more conservative English producer. That Americans have quite complete control of the picture industry to-day is because they had faith in the motion pictures in the beginning, have worked long and hard and spared no expense in their productions. Notwithstanding, any picture to-day, as in the past, that is a good picture, whether it be British or Swedish or Chinese or Spanish, will find a means and a way to exhibition in American theaters and will make money. "Cabiria" was not an American film, but it packed a Broadway house for many weeks and made a fortune. And what about "Quo Vadis?" America did not shut the door to the British film. Britain never sent us any films. We made our own, sent them broadcast, everywhere they were welcome, and everywhere people asked for more. And now the English are sore and are going to boycott the American film and are saying nasty things about us, such as this other sweet little paragraph from *Land and Water*:

Apart from the merits of the dispute,

(Continued on page 32)

Swear Off Tobacco



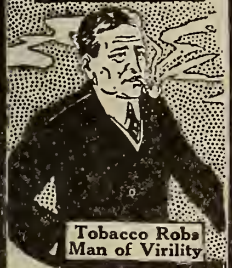
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Tobacco Ruins Digestion



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Tobacco Robs Man of Virility



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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.

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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 at the right or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 662 St. Louis, Mo.



Free Booklet Coupon

NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 662

St. Louis, Mo.

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Address

City.....State.....

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 30)

we must confess that we think that the country would be none the worse for fewer American films. We have no love for the stereotyped puppets which they offer us as characters, the still, strong men who grab telephones as a starving man might catch a ham bone, the wicked women who, originally known as "vampires," have now become merely "vamps," so that a lady is described as "America's Premier Vamp Actress." Worst of all are the English dukes in their tiny rooms crowded with "carved oak" furniture on which the varnish can almost be seen drying, the English undergraduates in clothes which would provoke a riot in any English university town.

Well, there might be a few such "riots" in our university towns should the boys ever get a chance to see themselves as the English do. The one and only English picture the writer recalls having seen in New York City was a supposedly Wild West affair, very popular with the English as representing a large and true type of America to-day. The cowboys were dressed in proper enough Western costume. They did some Wild West riding. Instead of frontier plains showing dry alkali soil, with cacti the only vegetation, or endless mountain ranges, the English cowboys merrily galloped over the beautiful, soft English downs!

George Cohan's Miracle

IT has taken a long time for Frank Packard's clever novel, "The Mir-

(Continued on page 33)

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Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 32)

acle Man," to reach the screen. When the book was published, some six or seven years ago, ambitious picture producers then talked of its great screen possibilities and would have given their souls almost for a chance to picturize the story. Mr. George M. Cohan shortly afterward secured the rights to dramatize the same and so tied up the picture rights. He made a very bad play of it—missed the very essence of the story's greatness. The play was very much of an artistic failure. Is that the reason why now, when it is at last made into a motion picture, Mr. Cohan's name is dragged in by the heels and every artifice worked to give him alone all the credit for Mr. Packard's great story? A George Cohan miracle! What has Mr. Cohan's very bad dramatization to do with Mr. George Loane Tucker's motion picture production of Frank L. Packard's novel? Why Mr. Cohan's name in big type all over the programs and the

(Continued on page 34)



Dorothy Dalton—and other flowers of
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Seven Hundred Dollar Mistake

MADE HIM GET GLASSES

The moral is self-evident in the following very pointed illustration of what it cost an Eastern lace concern because their salesman did not wear glasses.

The traveling salesman in question sold a large bill of laces at \$1½ per yard, while the firm's printed quotation was \$1¼. The order was a large one. The loss resulting from the mistake was seven hundred dollars.

As soon as the order was received by the firm a telegram was sent immediately to the salesman: "G E T

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The salesman never before realized that he needed glasses, but took the telegram to an Optometrist with the request for an examination. He was found to need glasses badly.

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You who tire easily; are pale, haggard and worn; nervous or irritable; who are subject to fits of melancholy or the "blues," get your blood examined for iron deficiency. Nuxated Iron taken three times a day after meals will increase your strength and endurance in two weeks' time in many cases.—Ferdinand King, M. D.



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Being a male dressmaker is a tough job. Bert Lytell, as Tito Lombardi, in his Screen Classics Production of Lombardi, Ltd., is wondering how the dickens he is going to drape yards of silks on Thea Talbot.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 33)

screen? Mr. Tucker's picture is well done. The prologue shows the different characters in their depraved mode of life; each of the four principals is well planted and sufficiently differentiated to make logical the change in the characters and their final conversion to clean, upright living. "The Miracle Man" is fundamentally a story of a great faith and its unescapable effect on a quartet of crooks, who plan to work an astounding trick, but remain to have a trick astound them. The theme of this story can be developed in a motion picture far more effectively than in a play. The screen play in its numberless scenes takes the time to

show the gradual change that is worked in each character as, little by little, he rises from the mire and his evil ways fall from him. That is why "The Miracle Man" as a photoplay is a far more artistic and consistent work than "The Miracle Man" as a play. The same holds true of other plays that, on the stage, show similar sudden conversions, such as "The Servant in the House" and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It takes more than the mere waving of a magic wand to make the selfish unselfish, the cross and ill-tempered gentle and sweet, the liar a truthful man, and the thief an honest one. These scenes showing the gradual changes of character, and the tremendously effective scene where the

(Continued on page 35)

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 34)

little cripple boy, after witnessing a magnificently acted false cure, throws away his crutch and stands unaided for a breathless moment, then walks hesitantly, and finally runs into the Patriarch's arms, constitute the better part of Mr. Tucker's picture. The healing of the little crippled boy is a triumph of motion picture acting and direction. It is regrettable that it comes so early in the story and that it should be followed by the quite trite love scenes of the girl and the millionaire, the same old conventional bunk that must, it seems, be dragged somewhere into the finest motion picture to give it "punch." The cast is an excellent one and acting honors are evenly divided. The photography is more than satisfying.

A Protest Against the Nudes

THE following letter from one who evidently keeps in close touch with the movies and holds them in high regard voices a sentiment that has been expressed by other "fans" in communications that have reached me:

MY DEAR MRS. GRIFFITH—After reading your editorial to-day in FILM FUN, I was glad to know someone in the theatrical profession objected to the semineude costume of Nazimova in "The Red Lantern." But why stop with her? I have seen so much of a lack of modesty among screen stars that I do not care for the majority of them any more.

I recently saw Farrar in "Shadows." The only modest gowns she wore were at the end of the play and in one other scene. The rest of her costumes consisted of a skirt, girdle and straps to hold that up. Her back was mostly bare. And then, in the last number of "Classic," she speaks of her responsibility toward her audiences—the impression she may make upon her young admirers! Elsie Ferguson, in "Under the Greenwood Tree," undressed in the gypsy wagon. What point there was to that, we who expected to see a good picture could not decide. I never got to see her now, no matter how much she is advertised. Pauline Frederick, Billie Burke, Norma Talmadge, Florence Reed—hardly any are excepted. Why they do not strive to appeal to the better emotions of their audiences, I do not understand. But, of course, a protest from a fan is considered prudery. All these editorials on "Cleaner Films" make no impression on me. How can they be clean, even though the plot is worth while, when the actresses are half dressed?

Continued on page 36

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But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in *quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.*

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I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are *entirely unknown* to the average teacher. My patented invention, the **COLOR-TONE**, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, **QUINN-DEX**.

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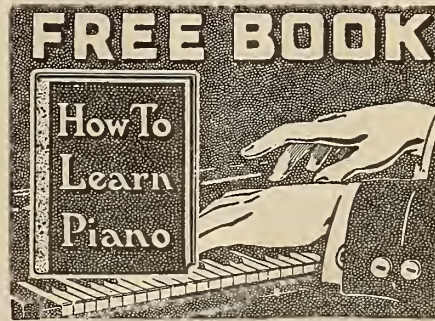
DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. *You actually see the fingers move.* Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from **MEMORY**—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The **COLOR-TONE** and **QUINN-DEX** save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained *only from me* and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

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London Bowles, Epworth, Va., writes: "Received my certificate. I highly recommend your school and wouldn't take anything for the help it has given me."

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
5211 Brunswick Bldg., New York

Comments and Criticisms of a Free Lance

(Continued from page 35)

"True-hearted Susie" is billed at one of our theaters for this week. Clarine Seymour is in it. I have seen a picture of her and Robert Harron, very sweet and appealing. The other day I ran across a picture of her in a film magazine where she looks like one of those Mack Sennett vulgarities, and my good impression of her is gone.

A high-school girl said to me not long ago: "I think it is repulsive the way movie actresses dress." Another said: "I used to love Louise Huff, but I saw such a vulgar picture of her in a movie book, where two actors are holding her, that I don't care for her now."

Mary Pickford—what a lovely, sweet thing she has been and still is! I wish there were more like her. She is always modest and her plays are clean. Will you not write an editorial along these lines and let some of the stars know that all of us do not approve of them? If the morals of a nation depend upon its standard of womanhood, then I believe we are falling behind, if one judge by the movie actresses' dress and the audiences who care for them so. What a responsibility they have!

SINCERELY YOURS FOR CLEANER MOVIES THROUGH MORE CLOTHES.

was also proved that she used to snatch the morning paper and read it aloud to him while he was breakfasting. It was pointed out that she used to tell jokes about him and in his presence to visitors to their home. In public she used to chide him on his table manners and correct his grammar. She used to call him down before the servants.

The case seemed about lost when the plaintiff's counselor was seized with an idea.

"If it please your honor," said he, "I would like to put my man on the stand again."

"Now isn't it true," he asked, when the husband was seated in the witness chair, "that every time your wife came home from a moving picture show, she used to relate to you in detail the photoplay she had seen?"

"Yes," replied the plaintiff. Immediately the judge became interested.

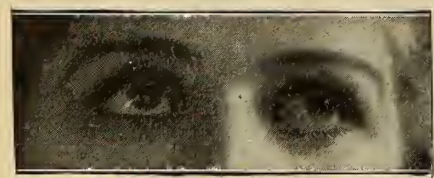
"That's enough," he said. "The decree is granted and the plaintiff is absolved from having to pay alimony."

The Quail

I WANDERED through the russet fields,
And on the autumn gale
Arose a clear and merry note,
The piping of the quail—
The sound that brings on bracing days
A thrill of pure delight
To every hunter's heart; but, lo!
It did not say "Bob White."

I listened with attentive ear.
From where the rows of corn
Like tattered troops saluted still
The bright and breezy morn,
And from the weedy pasture land,
And from the wooded height,
I plainly heard the cheery call.
Behold! it said "Pearl White."
—Minna Irving.

O, Those Eyes!



Make your lashes and eyebrows the envy of your friends by using SILKENLASH, a harmless and sure treatment. Long silky lashes and beautifully formed eyebrows enhance the depth and charm of your eyes. SILKENLASH has been used successfully for years, and is sold on the unreserved guarantee, satisfaction assured or your money back. It consists of a sable pencil, eyebrow brush, lash cream, eyebrow cream (double strength) beauty leaflet giving detailed directions and "What the Eyes and Brows Signify." We now offer SILKENLASH, a big \$2.00 value, for only \$1.00. Just pin a dollar bill, stamps or money order to this ad., mail to us at once and this wonderful treatment will be sent you in plain wrapper, prepaid.

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Running through a pile of "stills" on my desk gives concrete evidence of a wave of semi-nudity among the women stars. Pajamas and nighties of all descriptions seem to be particularly favored, with abbreviated bathing costumes and weird, mostly nude dressing-room "get-ups" running a close second. Do the stars think they win admirers by revealing themselves thus? No star could desire more than to have a following like Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clark. They never saw the necessity of arraying themselves like the pictures in the *Police Gazette*. Nor does any actress gain much by adopting such risque accouterments. Modesty is always becoming and has a universal appeal, whether the spectator be an innocent child, young girl in school, young man in college, older home folks or the most notorious woman or hardened roue.

Grounds for Fair

The divorce suit was rapidly drawing to a close; the judge appeared bored, the plaintiff at the end of his masculine resources, and the fair defendant was smiling triumphantly.

It had been shown that the defendant made her husband surrender his poker winnings every time he played. It

Film Fun

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A Facial Receivership

Flora—Eddie Extraguy told me that he had been appointed receiver for a moving picture company.

Fauna—How's that?

Flora—Why, he receives all the custard pies direct from the hands of the leading comedian!

Fatal Omission

Studio Manager—Why is the star throwing such a fit?

Director—You forgot to tell her today how good she is.

The Movie Moon

By Arthur C. Brooks

IMMEDIATELY following the ceremony, he had taken her to a movie in lieu of the wonted and eagerly expected on her part honeymoon.

"The reason I do this, dear," he

(Continued on page 38)



Yes, it's pretty shallow water for a dive, but after all, the main thing in diving is to get your picture taken. Which Helen Ferguson accomplished.

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Colleen Moore in her room at Universal City. If this be a night robe—and rumor so has it—it is obvious that night dress may easily be more modest than evening dress. A few hours make a lot of difference.

The Movie Moon

(Continued from page 37)

explained, in response to her surprisingly vigorous protestations, "is to save money and get our little cozy housie all the sooner. See?"

"But, Homer, you darn boob!" she cried, "what will all the girls say?"

"I didn't marry a harem, Gratia," he returned coolly, and under his breath added, "Thank goodness for that!"

She stamped her two-and-a-half trilby and frowned ferociously with the pretty forehead he had kissed so often.

"Homer Hardboiled," she persisted, "what about your promise? Didn't you tell mother and me you would take me to Niagara Falls or Palm Beach and pay all expenses?"

"No," he denied, realizing with a gulp that this was their first quarrel. "I didn't"—

"Why, Homer"— She commenced to tear the hem of her handkerchief.

"One moment, please," he interrupted. "I was going to say that I didn't say it just as you just said that I said it. I said"—

"Oh, go ahead and say it, you big bonehead!" she hurried, giving him a push. "I don't believe it, anyway!"

"Gratia," he scolded sternly, "don't make me mad!"

"Mad!" she rebuked heartlessly. "You haven't spirit enough to get as mad as one of pappah's chickens! Hahahahaha!"

The special officer was gazing at them inquiringly, so they hurried into the theater and found seats, as near the front as possible, at his suggestion, so as not to miss anything.

After they were seated, he extracted

(Continued on page 39)

The Movie Moon

(Continued from page 38)

a peanut from his vest pocket, cracked it, and gave her one of the kernels while he put the other in his mouth. Then he opened her bag and dropped the shells into it.

"What are these for?" she sulked, taking them out.

"For our little hennery, dearie, when we get our little housie, love," he explained, smiling. "A penny saved is a penny earned, you know."

She threw the shells on the floor.

"Tell me," she demanded, "what you were going to explain about that promise you made."

"Simply that you didn't get it all," he retorted. "I didn't say just Niagara Falls or Palm Beach. I said Niagara Falls or Palm Beach—or some other place."

"What's the difference?" she questioned, her nose in the air.

"All the difference there is between Alaska and Africa. Look!"

The next picture was a travelogue. The leader announced a sight-seeing trip through the Bahamas.

"There!" declared the green groom. "There's your wedding trip! Through the beautiful Bam-hahas! Think of it!"

"So this is"—

"Sure!" he agreed. "All the enjoyment without the bother and discomfort of traveling and seasickness."

"And is this our honeymoon?" She was on the brink of tears.

"Why, yes," he defended. "Think of the money we save! No inconvenience, comfortable seats, little expense. Why, it's like reading a good adventure story at home, without the exertion of experience. Gratia!" he pleaded, his eyes moist.

Her lips were as tight as an oyster. "Are you all through?"

"No." He hurried frantically to make amende. "Think, dearest," he begged. "We're getting more for our money! Why, the Islands are easily three and a half inches from Niagara and a good inch farther than Florida!"

"Inches? What are you talking about?" she whispered angrily. "Have I married a squirrel?"

"No," he assured. "You see, I measured the distances on my pocket map!"

He snickered behind his hand.

"You wait till I get you home!" she threatened.

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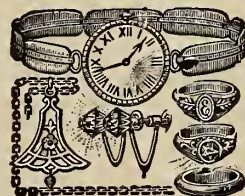
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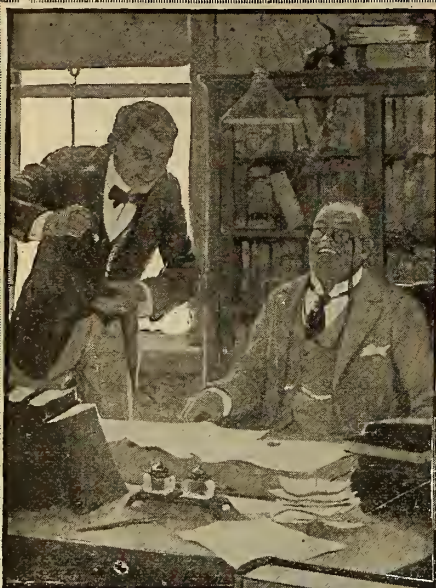
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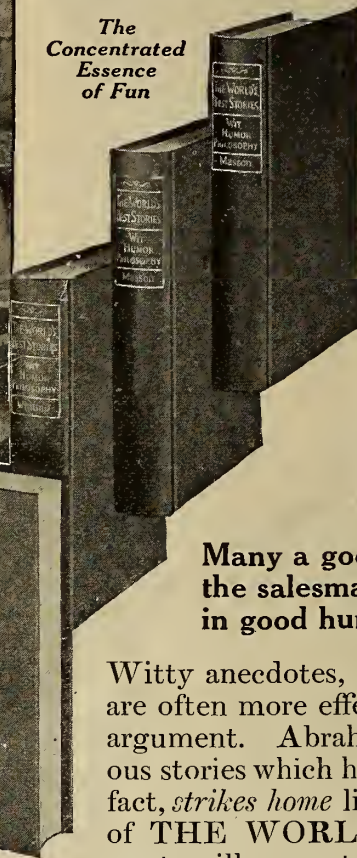


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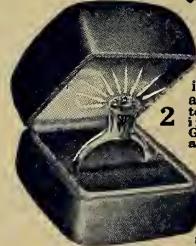
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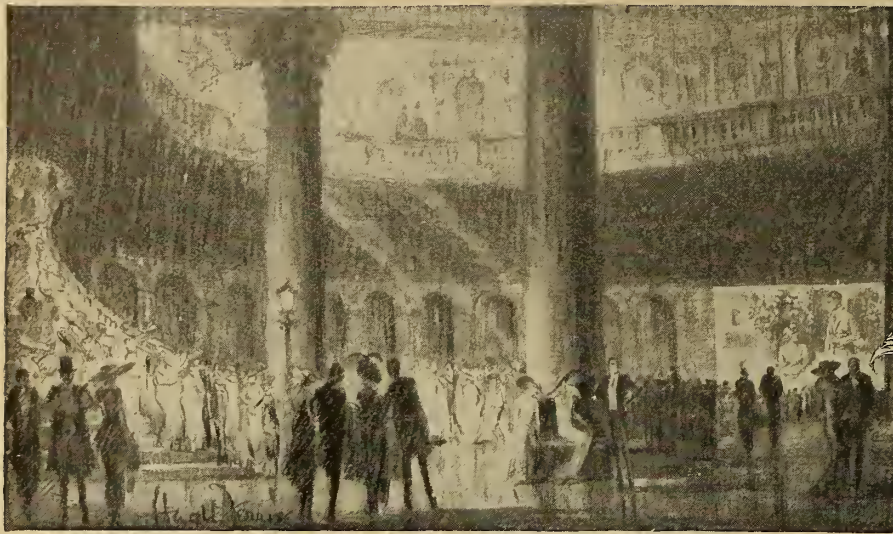
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The Secret of Making People Like You

"Getting people to like you is the quick road to success—it's more important than ability," says this man. It surely did wonders for him. How he does it—a simple method which anyone can use instantly

ALL the office was talking about it and we were wondering which one of us would be the lucky man.

There was an important job to be filled—as Assistant-to-the-President. According to the general run of salaries in the office, this one would easily pay from \$7,000 to \$10,000 a year.

The main requisite, as we understood it, was striking personality and the ability to meet even the biggest men in their offices, their clubs and their homes on a basis of absolute equality. This the firm considered of even more importance than knowledge of the business.

YOU know just what happens when news of this sort gets around an office. The boys got to picking the man among themselves. They had the choice all narrowed down to two men—Harrison and myself. That was the way I felt about it, too. Harrison was big enough for the job, and could undoubtedly make a success of it. But personally, I felt that I had the edge on him in lots of ways. And I was sure that the firm knew it, too.

Never shall I forget my thrill of pleasure when the president's secretary came into my office with a cheery smile, looked at me meaningly, handed me a bulletin, and said, "Mr. Frazer here is the news about the new Assistant-to-the-President." There seemed to be a new note of added respect in her attitude toward me. I smiled my appreciation as she left my desk.

At last I had come into my own! Never did the sun shine so brightly as on that morning, and never did it seem so good to be alive! These were my thoughts as I gazed out of the window, seeing not the hurrying throngs, but vivid pictures of my new position flashing before me. And then for a further joyous thrill I read the bulletin. It said, "Effective January 1, Mr. Henry J. Peters, of our Cleveland office, will assume the duties of Assistant-to-the-President at the home office."

PETERS! Peters!—surely it *could not* be Peters! Why, this fellow Peters was only a branch-office salesman. . . . *Personality!* Why, he was only five feet four inches high, and had no more personality than a mouse. Stack him up against a big man and he would look like an office boy. I knew Peters well and there was nothing to him, nothing at all.

January the first came and Peters assumed his new duties. All the boys were openly hostile to him. Naturally, I felt very keenly about it, and did not exactly go out of my way to make things pleasant for him—not exactly!

But our open opposition did not seem to bother Peters. He went right on with his work and began to make good. Soon I noticed that despite my feeling against him, I was secretly beginning to admire him. He was winning over the other boys, too. It

wasn't long before we all buried our little hatchets and palled up with Peters.

The funny thing about it was the big hit he made with the people we did business with. I never saw anything like it. They would come in and write in and telephone in to the firm and praise Peters to the skies. They insisted on doing business with him, and gave him orders of a size that made us dizzy to look at. And offers of positions!—why, Peters had almost as many fancy-figure positions offered to him as a dictionary has words.

WHAT I could not get in to my mind was how a little, unassuming, ordinary-to-look-at chap like Peters would make such an impression with everyone—especially with influential men. He seemed to have an uncanny influence over people. The mastery Peters of today was an altogether different man from the commonplace Peters I had first met years ago. I could not figure it out, nor could the other boys.

One day at luncheon I came right out and asked Peters how he did it. I half expected him to evade. But he didn't. He let me in on the secret. He said he was not afraid to do it because there was always plenty of room at the top.

What Peters told me acted on my mind in exactly the same way as when you stand on a hill and look through binocular glasses at objects in the far distance. Many things I could not see before suddenly leaped into my mind with startling clearness. A new sense of power surged through me. And I felt the urge to put it into action.

Within a month I was getting remarkable results. *I had suddenly become popular.* Business men of importance who had formerly given me only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for my friendship. I was invited into the most select social circles. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for me. At first I was astounded at my new power over men and women. Not only could I get them to do what I wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated my wishes and seemed eager to please me.

One of our biggest customers had a grievance against the firm. He held off payment of a big bill and switched to one of our competitors. I was sent to see him. He met me like a cornered tiger. A few words and I calmed him. Inside of fifteen minutes he was showering me with apologies. He gave me a check in full payment, another big order, and promised to continue giving us all his business.

I could tell you dozens of similar instances, but they all tell the same story—the ability to make people like you, believe what you want them to believe, and to do what you want them to do. I take no personal credit for what I have done. All the credit I give to the method Peters told me about. We have both told it to lots of our friends, and it has enabled them to do just as remarkable things as Peters and I have done.

BUT YOU want to know what method I used to do all these remarkable things. It is this: You know that everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. What pleases one offends another. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant hit with anyone if you say the things they want you to say, and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you, and believe in you, and will go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. Written on every man, woman and child are signs, as clearly and distinctly as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and to do to please them—to get them to believe what you want them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

Knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—of making friends, of business and social advancement. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he is a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you. And you will want to use it for no other reason than to protect yourself against others.

WHAT Peters told me at luncheon that day was this: Get Dr. Blackford's "Reading Character at Sight." I did so. This is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about.

You have heard of Dr. Blackford, the Master Character Analyst. Many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker Vawter Company, Scott Paper Company and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple seven-lesson course entitled "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half-hour's reading of this remarkable course will give you an insight into human nature and a power over people which will surprise you.

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Published monthly by Leslie-Judge Company, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City

New York, December, 1919



Here, in the midst of woolly stuff, is Clara Horton, who plays the lead in the first Goldwyn eminent author production, "The Girl from Outside," by Rex Beach. Miss Horton is dressed for Rex Beach weather, which usually has all the "outside" there is.



UNIVERSAL

What's in a name? Lots. Could you think of a better name for Miss Merriam than the one she was born with? She lives up to it with both her smile and her eyes. The fact that she is leading woman for Lyons and Moran may help some, too, of course. They do not specialize in gloom. The rest of her name is Charlotte.

Flash Backs

Some News Nuggets and Critical Quips

THE announcement of Viola Dana's picture, "Nearly Married," worried us until she came along as "Some Bride," and we were relieved to see that everything was conventional, after all.

Two Japanese players of great popularity in their own country have formed a company to produce pictures in America. They are Uraaji Yanahawa and Sojin Kamiyama, said to be the Sothern and Marlowe of Nippon. It would be hazardous to guess whether it is Uraaji or Sojin who closely resembles our Julia.

"A Scream in the Night" is the title of a new Select drama. Can it have anything to do with busted water pipes?

Street railway strikes make pessimism in plenty, but one may always be thankful that street traffic is not supervised by Sunshine Comedy cops.

The long interval between Chaplin productions may possibly be explained by means of a celebrated fable. The smaller animals of the jungle claimed superiority over the lioness because their offspring were so much more numerous.

"True," replied the lioness calmly, "I may have but one child at a time; but remember, please, that one is a lion." We donate this without charge to the Chaplin publicity foundry.

One of the more engaging announcements of the theatrical season reaches us as we shimmy to press. It is to the effect that Sol Lesser, one of our more or less Hebrew press agents, who is at present busy exploiting Mack Sennett's "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" and personally conducting the Sennett Bathing Beauties on their country-wide tour, is also engaged in the same official capacity for the famous Vatican Choir. The Choir left Rome under the direction of the Catholic Church, with the Pontifical bless-

ing of the Pope and everything. "Boys, boys, what are you coming to! And only a few weeks from home!"

One of our best little scenario writers answers blithely to the name of A. Stringer. It appears to be a mighty comprehensive name for a best little scenario writer to flaunt.

"Common Property" is the title of a new Universal picture. If they don't look out, they'll find a title some day to offend somebody.

The Central Park Theater at Allentown, Pa., has money scattered all around in odd places, for visitors to discover and keep. Well, almost anything helps to take one's mind off the pictures.

There is an actor hereabouts rejoicing in the name of Lloyd Bacon. A gushy young thing, desirous of airing her erudition in the fond hope of making a hit with the handsome actor, asked him recently if the rumor were really true that he wrote all of Shakespeare's lovely stuff.

Certain "extra" people encourage their incomes by going at the job with enthusiasm. When they are cast in a rough-and-tumble fight, each aims for his adversary's most disreputable item of apparel and gives it the grand wallop, because the owner thereof can then call upon the management for renewal of demolished hat, coat or shirt, or money com-

pensation therefor. In "Three Black Eyes" one fight had seven re-takes. All of the cast in that scene but the star was 'way to the good.

The oracles of old have nothing on "The Answer Man." He tells one of his trusting friends: "I can't tell you why you are unable to market your scenarios; I haven't read your scenarios." After that, who can doubt his wisdom?



Among the celebrities out at Universal City are four who are not listed on the pay roll, but who take up a great deal of attention, never-the-less. They include a father and mother humming bird and two baby humming birdlets, who set up house-keeping in the eyelet of a wire cable running from the top of a telephone post to the ground. The Universal studio force assists the parents in supplying tiny worms and bugs for the infants, which help is received in the same spirit in which it is offered.

Putting the Public Wise to Sculpture



PARAMOUNT-SENNETT

Ben Turpin, Charles Lynn and Marie Prevost engaged in the noble work of bringing Art to the masses through the medium of the movies. The educational film is playing a part of increasing importance.

No Wonder

The moving picture director was consulting his family physician. He had been overworking himself for the past six months and was on the verge of a mental breakdown. It was all because his actors and actresses were too temperamental; they pretty nearly had him crazy.

"You say you have spells every so often during which you have hallucinations," mused the physician. "That's very strange for a man of your type. Just what kind of hallucinations do you have?"

The moving picture director looked wildly about. "I see stars!" he answered.

It's a Hard Life, Mates

It was four p. m., and the great movie comedian was resting after a hard day's work. Since noontime he had kicked 17 extras in the cafe scene, washed the faces of 22

more extras with over-ripe custard pies, and made love to 27 additional extras of the opposite sex. No wonder the poor man was exhausted. Suddenly remembering that it was pay-day, he called the transfer company on the 'phone and told them to send up two of their strongest trucks to remove his weekly wages to the bank. Then, after refusing to see the Secretary of the Treasury, he picked his favorite Stradivarius out of the waste basket and rendered, with characteristic feeling and pathos, that touching little ballad, "If I Had All the World and Its Gold."

The Re-writers

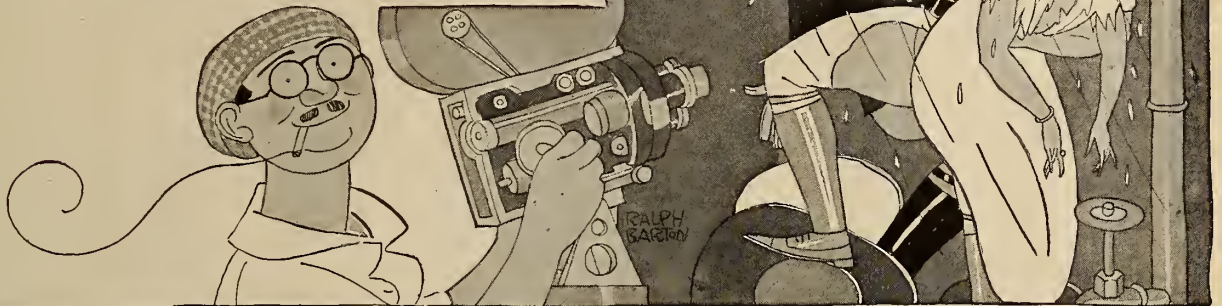
Flora—I wonder why the audience never cries "Author!" at the first showing of a photoplay, like it does at a stage play?

Fauna—Oh, it would be almost impossible to decide between the claims of the scenario editor and the director as to which should have the credit.

BEHIND THE LINES

THE rain comes down in a swirly mass, with a whale of a gale behind her! Heroine's lost on the mountain pass, and the hero is out to find her! He finds her soaked—in the villain's paws—while the rain on 'em both is spillin'! Then the soggy hero clamps his jaws, and he soaks that soak of a villain!

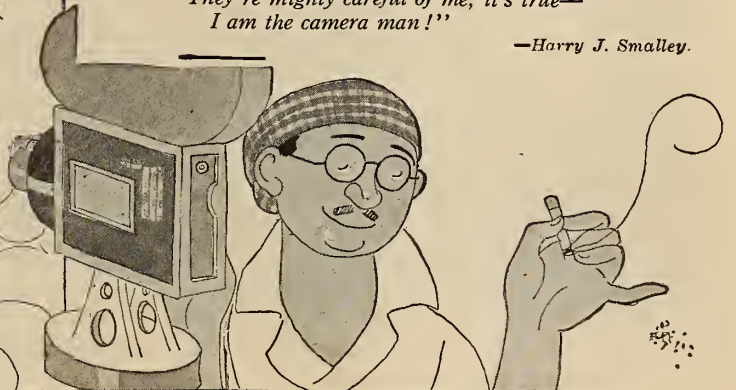
*"All this I see, but I don't get wet,
For I am a lucky guy, you bet—
I am the camera man!
You see, the pipes where the rain is sprayed
Are above the set; they are not layed
Over the camera man!
The fan that makes the water whiz
Lays offen me; it would queer the biz
If it fanned the cam'ra man!
Though the star is soaked and the staress, too,
And the villain moistened through and through,
I'm as dry as a guy in Timbuctoo—
I am the camera man!"*



A dance-hall fight, and the air is thick with bullets and fists and benches! It surely looks to a peaceful hick like a busy day in the trenches! It seems the guy in the hairy pants was strong for the gal named Lizzie. But Liz with another guy WOULD dance, so that cowboy sure got busy!

*"All this I see, but I don't get shot,
And I'm right there where the shooting's hot—
I am the camera man!
Bottles are smashed and the lamp shot out,
Heads are punched, but there's nary a clout
Lands on the camera man!
The six guns pop and the bullets spit—
You know they're real, 'cause you see 'em hit—
But not the camera man!
If they shot me, they would have to do
The blamed fight over again anew.
They're mighty careful of me, it's true—
I am the camera man!"*

—Harry J. Smalley.



Celluloid Celebrities

By M. L. E.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG'S hobbies are all four-footed, except the ones that have only two feet. She loves birds and animals, and has an amateur menagerie, part of which is at her home and part at the Garson studio, where she has her company. Foremost among her favorites is Wang, a yellow Chow dog, who has an ingrowing dislike for having his picture taken, and who occasionally reverts to type by killing a studio cat or bringing a bone of ancient vintage into the ivory and blue dressing-room of his mistress. Then there is Pretty-Pol, a white cockatoo with a green topknot, and he felt the call of the wild recently and escaped from his perch to the top branches of a eucalyptus tree near the studio, and for two whole days refused the entreaties and blandishments of Miss Young and the entire company who tried to coax him back into captivity. When his lovely mistress called to him, he cocked his head, winked a naughty eye and said, "Hello, Clara! Ha, ha!" But when the director tried moral "suasion," Pretty-Pol told him sharply to go to a certain warm climate. He was finally captured by a small boy who climbed the tree, and was restored to his perch—this time with a string around his leg. Miss Young has a fine collection of goldfish, Finnish Giant rabbits, Indian parrakeets and Angora cats.

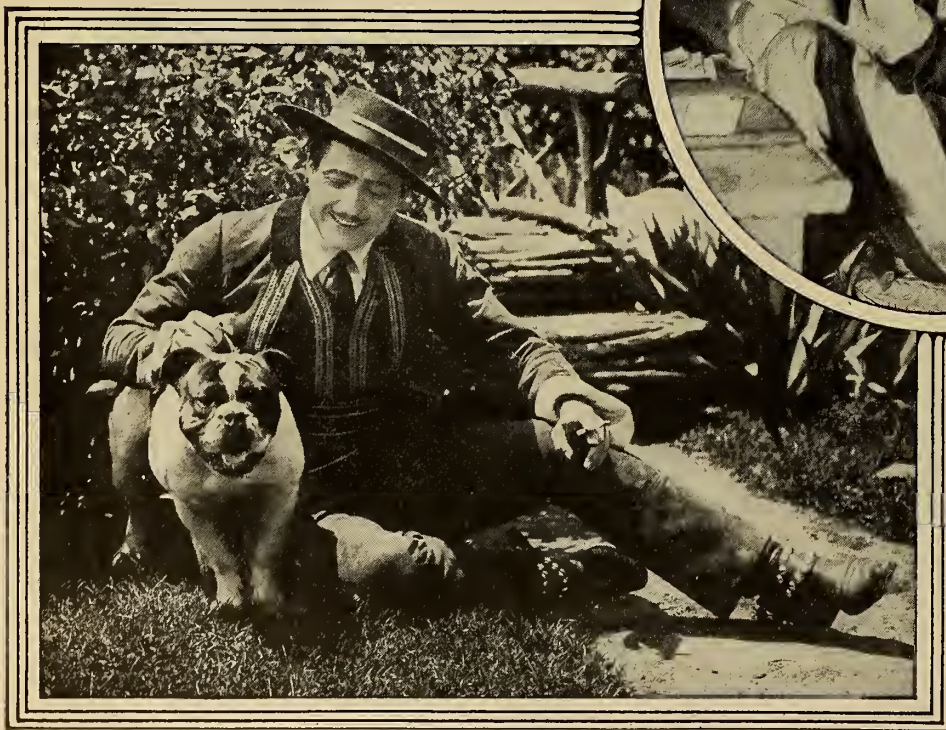
Her other hobby is gardening—or, to be exact, "Fussing around the place," as she calls it. She and her father, Edward Kimball, take a great pride in their Hollywood

home, and the lovely Clara dons overalls and a slouch hat and helps him paint a fence, water the lawn and trim the rose bushes. It's lots of fun, says the star, and, besides, it's an excellent way to reduce.

MARIE PREVOST, of the Mack Sennett studio, is one of the few bathing beauties whose aptitude for athletics does not stop short at posing on the beach in a sad-sea-wave concoction that was never meant for contact with the briny deep. She was born in the backwoods of Canada, and her father taught her to swim, skate, sail a boat, and also to ride a surf-board. There is more to this last sport than there seems to be on first glance. It looks easy, but— Anyway, Marie is an expert at it and loves it. While over at Catalina Island for a vacation, she was one of the few who dared surf riding behind a hydroplane going at a thousand knots an hour—at least, it seemed to be that fast, says Marie.



Alice Lake in the midst of an inspiration for a screen thriller.



Warren Kerrigan and his dog, Jerry, presented to him by Jack London.

Talk about luck! She didn't even apply for a job. She and her father were visiting in Los Angeles, and were standing outside the Sennett studio watching the men load props and actors into a machine for a trip on location. A director saw Marie, stared openly, and

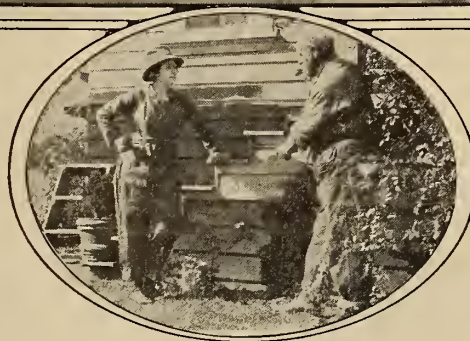


Clara Kimball Young in tight ones and loose ones. In the former, she is chumming with her chow dog, Wang. In the latter,

at last approached the two and asked if the "young lady" was looking for work. Marie said she wasn't. The director said he was sorry, because if she was— Marie said, well, maybe she was. The director introduced her to Mack Sennett—and that's how the comedy screen got "Sweet Marie."

LEE MORAN, of the comedy team of Lyons and Moran, is the proud father of a baby girl named Mary. He maintains that she already shows symptoms of becoming a famous comedienne, but Mrs. Moran says nothing doing, that one professional in a family is enough, and that father can wear the laurels for the crowd.

Since mentioning Lee Moran, it will be necessary to say something about Eddie Lyons, because they are chummiest than the Siamese twins and are rarely apart. Eddie

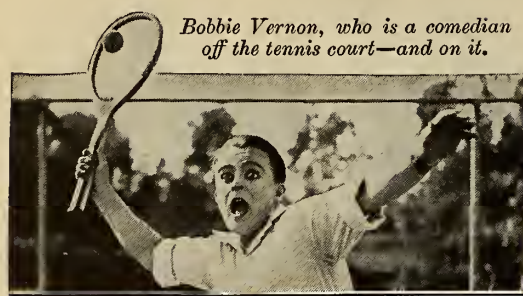


(the oval) she is engaged, recreatively, in painting a house. By loose ones we mean overalls, of course. She loves to tinker.

got two letters from a Japanese fan the other day. One was from a girl, saying that she would like to meet him up in her room face to face with his handwriting—which, being interpreted, he took to mean that she wanted his autographed picture for her boudoir. The other was from a male admirer and read thusly: "My Dear Mr. Eddie Lyons. May I have the pleasure of communicating to you? But I am afraid if you can hardly read poor my letter, perhaps you would be greatly pained when you received this which was sent from a really stranger to you. I have heard that you are a most popular star in your country. Your high reputation has spread beyond the sea. I saw in Japan all the movies in which you played some parts. As I should like have your memento, please send me immediately your latest pose which you signed your name."



Fay Tincher, as she headed the Wild West parade in Seattle.



Bobbie Vernon, who is a comedian off the tennis court—and on it.



Catherine Curtis, who will head her own company for producing screen features.



Mr. and Mrs. Lee Moran and baby Mary Moran.

THE latest addition to the ranks of women stars producing their own pictures is Cathrine Curtis, who took the part of *Sammy Lane* in Harold Bell Wright's production of his book, "The Shepherd of the Hills." It was her first picture, and the noted author picked her as the type for his heroine when he met her socially in Arizona. Her success was such that she was urged by various companies to sign contracts; but being independently wealthy in her own right, she set out to make her own features and is at the head of a corporation which will feature her. She is physically a very "different" screen type, being tall and of Junoesque proportions. If the public admires her type of beauty, it may mean the general exodus of the petite heroines who up to date have been in vogue. In other words, perhaps Cathrine will start a new style in heroines. There are those who hope she will.

WHEN Fay Tincher was in Seattle at the film convention held there recently, she headed the "Wild West" parade and galloped at the head of it, leading a band of Indians and cowboys. The admiring pedestrians who lined the walks to cheer the peppy little star never dreamed that she wasn't born and bred in a saddle; but, one year ago, a horse was a strange animal to Fay, in the same class with tigers and Wall Street bulls. The extent of her riding experience was on a wooden horse in a merry-go-round. Then Al Christie put her in a Wild West picture, "Rowdy Ann," and the script called for riding—real

riding. Fay wasn't going to let a double do her work for her, so she learned to ride. She was thrown off twice, stepped on once, was so sore after the first lesson that she couldn't walk the next day—but she learned how to ride. Any cowboy will tell you that now Fay is *some* cowgirl. The press of Seattle commented upon the fact that she was a "typical Western girl," to whom riding came "as naturally as breathing." Aside from the fact that Fay was brought up in Chicago and until very recently didn't know which side of a horse to mount, the story was absolutely correct.

ALICE LAKE, the versatile comedienne, is writing screen stories in her leisure moments. And, paradoxically, they aren't comedies. Alice likes blood and thunder, buckets of blug and a gory ending with all the characters draped around the stage in a dead and dying condition. Alice admits that she hasn't sold any scenarios yet, but she is still in hopes; and when she does get one over, she says, it will make the Jesse James episodes look like sugar-coated fairy tales.

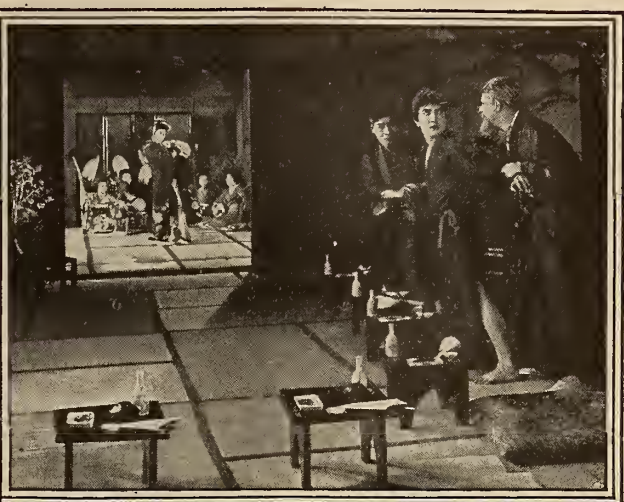
WARREN KERRIGAN is the proud owner of a dog presented to him by Jack London, when the noted author visited him shortly before his death. Jerry is a bulldog and is named for the famous dog of London's story. The dog is in constant attendance at his master's

(Continued on page 46)

"The Dragon Painter" is Pure Japanese



1. The last of the dragon painter and his daughter, the dragon maid.



2. The old painter plays his trump card; a glimpse of the girl.



3. Kano gives Tatsu the lovely Ume Ko in marriage.

Told in a Moment

In "The Dragon Painter," Hayakawa plays the part of *Tatsu* a Japanese artist, a dweller in the wilds, who dreams some day of meeting his "Dragon Princess," the embodiment of his ideals of beauty and love. He scorns the amenities of civilization and is prevented from fleeing back to the wilderness only by a glimpse of the daughter of an old dragon painter *Kano*. Love for the new-found girl proves stronger than love for his art and so intense is that love, it hampers his work with brush and colors. The Japanese wife, convinced that it is she who retards his success, leaves him, for his sake. She returns, however, for a happy Nippon ending when an applauding art world hails the new painter and her lover's genius is proven.



4. The course of genius does not run smooth, with love competing.



ROBERTSON-COLE

5. To *Tatsu* in his dreams comes the girl to give him strength to strive on.



6. Which, we take it, is the Japanese equivalent of a studio tea. Genius wife.

Comments and Criticisms of a Free-Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

(Mrs. David W. Griffith)

How the Movies Solve It

CAPITAL and Labor is the theme of "The Right to Happiness," a Universal photoplay starring Dorothy Phillips. How motion picture producers do love the subject! The biggest brains in the world are struggling for a solution of it and finding it quite the biggest job they have ever tackled. College presidents, writers, philosophers, experienced executives in the different industries, men prominent in the business and financial world are getting old and gray through their struggles to bring normal conditions out of the present chaos. Not so the movie director! He knows the solution! To him it is a simple matter—merely co-operation. So get "co-operation," and you will have no more problem. Allen Holubar will show you the way. He pulls the trick in "The Right to Happiness." There are factory scenes showing discontented workmen and strikes and things, but before the picture is over, the discontent has given place to great joy. Labor exchanges their dirty, worn suits for freshly laundered overalls, and as they swarm through the big gates of the factory yard at morning, noon and night, with broad, glad smiles, they seem like little angels fresh from heaven—they are so happy, sweet and pure.

All this happiness is brought about by one of a pair of Russian-born twins. It is not stated whether the twins were born in Russia or merely lived there as children. They were about three years old when a terrible massacre took place, and the twins were separated. One of the twins is found and reunited to her very wealthy father; the other is lost and becomes adopted by a peasant woman. The father leaves Russia with his only daughter and is later shown domiciled in a marble palace on Long Island. The other daughter has found her way to America and become a soap-box orator. She lives with her devoted foster-brother, apparently in the East Side of New York, but from the proximity to her father's mansion, we would judge this East Side to be located at Islip or Huntington, Long Island. However, to make a long story short, *Sonia*, the lost daughter, now an agitator and leader of labor riots, innocently



LINDA A. GRIFFITH

Editor's Note.—The writer, who began her career with the Biograph Company, is well known in the moving picture world. Her latest success was as star in her own striking sociological play "Charity." She is a keen critic and analyst of all that pertains to motion picture art, and tells the truth about those who either strive for its downfall or work for its advancement.

heads a mob to the very door of her long-lost father's home. Her father is a magnate who employs thousands of men, but he doesn't treat 'em right. *Sonia* is going to change all this. As the mob surges up the steps, led by *Sonia*, the magnificent sister *Vivian*, in a million dollars' worth of clothes, is struggling to reach safety. She was just returning from a visit to the factory to see how the poor wretches who worked for her father were treated. She is nearly demolished when a pistol flashes near by. *Sonia*, to protect the pretty lady in the beautiful clothes, steps to the front and is shot. So heroically does the poor little Russian emigrant on the steps of her father's mansion, all unknown, give her life. She receives the bullet, saying "Death is easy!" They bring her into the house to die. She never learns the magnificent lady is her sister, nor that the big, strong, selfish magnate is her father. But the father and daughter learn it is the long-lost *Sonia*. Her father recognizes his child, and the foster-brother is there to tell the story of the adoption by his mother at the time of the massacre. Shortly afterward co-operation is introduced in the father's factories. There is no more labor problem!

Stupid as it is, and useless, unnecessary and untrue, the picture would have been greatly helped if Miss Phillips, who plays both sisters, had any ideas of characteriza-

tion. She seemed to think that smoking cigarettes was all that was needed to make her work as the agitator effective. She played the part like a tough East Side kid. Granting the cheap, trite story, a picturesque personality in this part would have helped a lot. *Nazimova* would have brought sincerity to the part and made it convincing. As the wealthy twin sister, Miss Phillips wore many gowns and featured ponderous headdresses. She even wore ermine on a visit to her father's factory.

Music and the Movies!

GEORGE EASTMAN'S gift of \$3,500,000 to the University of Rochester for the development of the music side of motion picture entertainment is another evidence of the almost unbelievable growth of the motion

picture art. It is but ten short years ago that about the best one could find as a musical accompaniment to a motion picture was a shrieking, banging electric piano. Other theaters maintained a piano and a player. Which was preferable, it was hard to say. Some of the pianists were very temperamental and played whatever suited their particular fancy. What was taking place on the screen was no concern of theirs. If the player liked Tosti's "Good-bye," he was going to play it. What matter that it accompanied a scene of wild joy in a '49 mining camp? Were the pianist of the "jazz" temperament, the audience would be treated to "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," even though, on the screen, *Little Eva* might be dying. What a part in the betterment of picture presentation music has played! In the early days the music was so poor and unsuitable, the fear was it would kill whatever artistic merit the picture might possess. Nowadays many pictures have a hard time living up to the musical accompaniment. Mr. Eastman's generous gift would seem to presage the development of the two arts to such a degree as to tremendously enhance the patron's pleasure. Dr. Rush Rhees, head of the University of Rochester, in speaking of the project, makes this interesting prediction: "Just as music wedded to drama has made opera, which is probably one of the drama's highest forms, the time may come when the alliance of music with the motion picture will carry in its train compositions to accompany certain significant pictures and pictures that are adapted to certain musical compositions. So there may come in the development of the motion picture something comparable to the development of the opera." Not a bit improbable, but who would have dared even think it ten years ago?

The Mystery of the Buttonless Gown

OCCASIONALLY we find a motion picture with a genuinely unsolvable mystery. Though it came rather late in the story, it held me close and eager to the very end. The gown was most becoming in cut and color, and Elsie Ferguson wore it gracefully. As she raised her arms to hide her sobs, I thought the solution was there; but no, it didn't button down the side. The slight shadow for the moment misled me. It

was plain that she would soon stride majestically out of the home of her lover, to which his hard-hearted father had intriguingly invited her for the week-end, in an effort with gossip to calm the son's ardor. She strode. But a full view of her back showed no sign of button, hook or fastener. And so the mystery of the buttonless gown remains locked in the bosom of Elsie Ferguson.

A series of scenes preceded the gown. In them Elsie was carried from her true love, at the behest of a selfish father, to far-away India and the arms of a drunkard, whom she married to relieve her father's poverty and her lover's impediment of a poor wife in the upbuilding of an ambitious career. The frequency with which the husband produced precious bottled liquids would have justified his death at the hands of any one of the envious hundreds in the audience in whom the labels aroused sad retrospect. But who actually did kill him was a mystery which gave opportunity for "The Witness for the Defense." The testimony of this Witness for the Defense secured the wife's acquittal upon the charge of murder. He then made advances which only a villain would make and a virtuous widow would reject. So she retreated from the Orient to the Occident. It was a long way to London, but thither the villain pursued her. Nothing is as true as true love, however, and the play ends as the villain reaches for his hat and the lover for his adored one, gown and all.

The picture is particularly noteworthy for the lightning-

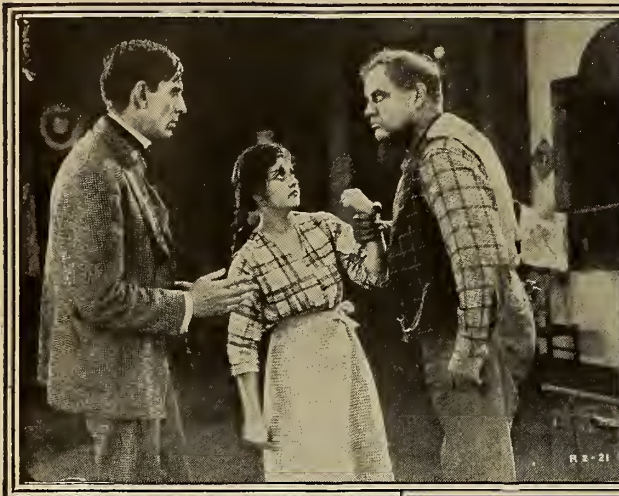
like contiguity of thought and event. Flash! Villain decides upon a hunt in order to meet *Mrs. Ballantine*, knowing her husband's proclivity for drink stronger than ale. Presto, flash! Villain and hunters soon returning from a serafi, carrying a dead leopard. This animation extended itself even into the vegetable kingdom, for flowery petals fell in profusion as well in season as out with remarkable regularity and as if consciously posing for the pictures, in each and every one of the several "flashes" of the trained London garden to which we were treated. It is getting tiresome to have to see pictures which consist of a jumble of scenes tied together with a thread so slender that even a spider might well hesitate to venture upon it.



Folks in Vermont and Rhode Island think they know something about turkey raising, but when it comes to the real, finished article, like that which Naomi Childers is about to carve, you have to pass the laurels to the property man.

(Continued on page 32)

"Erstwhile Susan," a Back-Country Comedy



1. Buchter, the loutish schoolmaster, sues for the hand of Barnabetta, the household drudge.

2. Juliet, Dreary's new wife, undertakes to teach Barnabetta "manners."

The Plot in Miniature

Barnabetta (Constance Binney) is an orphan drudge in the family of Barnaby Dreary, a farmer. When Barnaby marries Juliet Miller, Barnabetta's life becomes a trifle less irksome. Juliet tries to educate her, but in a queer, old-fashioned way. Going to a small college, Barnabetta's mannerisms soon wear off, and graduating, she becomes secretary to a senator, Jordan. Returning to the farm, she is wooed by Jordan, Dr. Barrett, president of the college, and Buchter, the local schoolmaster. She invites them all to dinner with her uncouth family and watches their reactions. Dr. Barrett's blue blood rebels, but Jordan realizes he is in love with her more than ever, because of the fight she has waged to win her way.



3. Juliet brings Barnabetta to the little back-country college.



4. The idol of the college, she is "discovered" by Dr. Barrett, the president.

REALART PICTURES



5. Barnabetta's test of her suitors; she makes all three of them face her family. The senator stands it best.



6. Love makes a difference. The emancipated "drudge" presses the trousers of her husband, the senator.



Those wishing proof that there is charm in simplicity are referred to this portrait of Jane Novak. Blue eyes and blond hair are descriptive details hardly necessary to add; they seem part of the plans and specifications. Miss Novak has wept, laughed and loved in company with some of the screen's best leading men. She is now leading woman for Herbert Bosworth. Lucky Herbert!



Madge Kennedy has won her popularity by steadily "climbing up the Goldwyn stairs." There really is no need of all that fur. The welcome given a Madge movie is tropic in its warmth, no matter on what parallel of latitude it may be shown. We can't believe she's cold. The pose is a ruse to get a pretty hand in the focus.

Look Here for Christmas Hints



As evidence of peace and plenty, you may like a copy of this one of Alice Brady's new hats.



Or Julia Faye's crepe frock trimmed with wool flowers of brilliant hues.

If it suits your style and your purse you may copy this costume of Billy Burke—fur from hat to boots. Seal, squirrel, or mole-skin may be used.



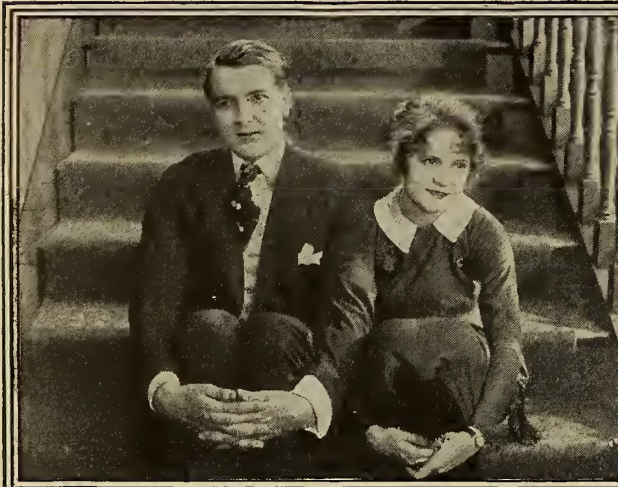
Sometimes a Jack Frost creation such as this worn of Pauline Bush will win.

Happy thoughts are often awakened by an ermine wrap like Dorothy Phillips'.

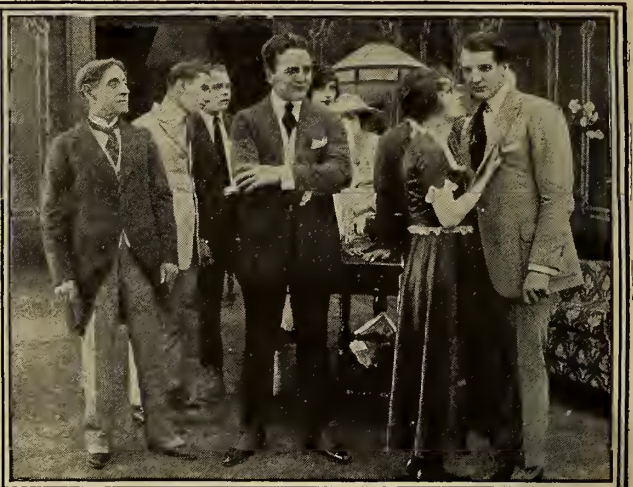
Dorothy Dalton's gown has metal embroideries, blending gold, silver, copper and bronze.

Star gazing Ethel Clayton suggests silver fox is suitable.

Fitly Is It Called "Shades of Shakespeare"



1. Alice had written the love scenes expressly for Earle and herself.



2. Earle is not pleased on hearing that he must be the villain.



3. Between two lovers. Gene is the happy one; he plays the hero.

The Plot Briefly Told

Gene and Earle were both in love with Alice (Alice Lake), and when they decided to put on a homemade war play, each wished to be hero. Alice had written the love scenes for Earle and herself, but as Gene's father owned the opera house, they had to let Gene be the American officer, while Earle was the Hun captain. The eve of the show, Gene tries to sandbag Earle, but is himself knocked out, whereupon Earle changes uniforms with him, so as to get in the love scenes with Alice. Gene, in revenge, bribes the German army to quit, and when the local firemen are substituted, lures them away with a false alarm. They return, only to be met by a sneezing powder of Gene's devising. This busts the show, but a proposal (from Earle) serve to comfort Alice.



4. Things go badly behind scenes when the German army deserts.

CHRISTIE COMEDY CO.



5. But a new German army is recruited from the local fire department. All is o. k. until the alarm bell rings.



6. The sneezing powder breaks up the show for keeps. Audience, actors, even "the dead" rise up and kerchoo.

The Girl in the Glass House

By Helen G. Smith

AN oft-repeated statement that a certain place gave its inhabitants "as much privacy as a goldfish" applies with equal force to my job! I am not a goldfish, but a cashier in a movie theater, and when I climb daily into my glass caboose in front of the chief amusement center, I feel like the main exhibit at the aquarium.

For a front-row seat at the comedy called life, I recommend this outlook. No better conception of the people who make up our citizenry could be had than by spending a time selling them tickets to a movie. I early discovered that one of the main requisites for a successful tenure of my position was ability to say "How many?" forty thousand times a day without losing my voice.

I have seldom if ever heard a patron of the theater say how many tickets he wanted when he laid down a coin or a bill that was larger than the price of one ticket. I have come to the conclusion that our customers must be scared to death or something. Maybe they think I am on exhibit and just to look at, not to speak to. That's how they act, anyhow. There are two prices of seats here, and customers never say which without being asked. I wonder why. The only time they enter into conversation with me is when they have seen the picture and come out and quarrel with me about it. As if I were to blame if the show is fierce! I only work here—I don't have to see the pictures!

Another thing these funny folks do. Often, when the waiting line stretches far out past my booth, the ticket buyer will struggle right through it to get a ticket, and then come back and want his money because he has to stand and wait for a seat! Can you begin to tie that? Naturally, he couldn't see the line. I suppose he thought the line was walking out backward!

The tickets are good for a year here, but do you think they'd keep 'em and use 'em next day or at a later date? Not they! They don't care to invest. The theater might burn down or something. They want it back right then and there.

Some women refuse to take any money unless it is absolutely fresh and clean. The war tax has been wrinkling the brains of folks, too. It has been in existence only a couple of years,

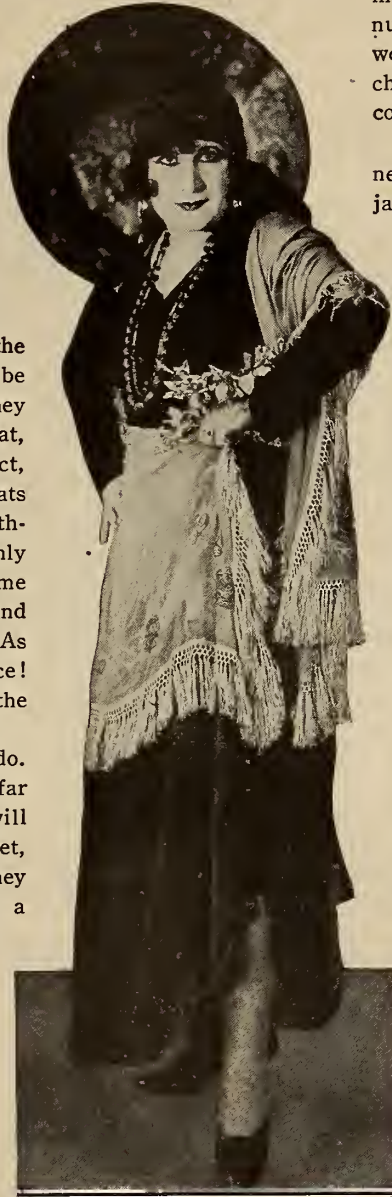
but most people haven't heard about it yet, I guess. They still argue with me about it and want to know what it's for.

The movie cashier is a "mark" for the careless handler of money—especially for the women. Every time a woman is short-changed in a store or restaurant, she seems to make a beeline for the movie booth to get it back, claiming that it must have happened there. I have had the manager count the cash in my money drawer and on me several times and check it up with the numbered tickets sold, to satisfy a wild woman who insisted she had been short-changed or had left her change on the counter.

The latter occasionally happens, but I never can bother with it. With patrons jamming in and laying down money, I have to leave it to the patron to pick up his ticket and change and go on. I suppose they think I ought to put the ticket in their hand, put the change in their purse and escort them into their seats, seeing that no one picks their pocket on the way in!

The only time I got anything but bawlings out was from a farmer who put down a five-dollar bill one day, and I didn't have the change. I swept the bill into the drawer before I found out I was short of change, and near it was a two-dollar greenback. I gave him this by mistake and told him to get it changed across the street and come back. He went away and came back soon to tell me I had made a mistake. I found he was right and gave him the five back. He had been scared-stiff for fear he wouldn't get it. He'd heard all about the wicked city and fully expected that he had been "trimmed," and he was so relieved to find an honest person in the big city that he never forgot it. Next time he came to town he brought me a pound of country butter, and the next time some fresh eggs. Every trip he made he brought me something from the farm.

Oh, it's a public life and oftener funnier than the comedies within, if you have a sense of humor. One has to have the latter to stand it.



GERALDINE'S SPARRING PARTNER

That is, if ladies may be said to have sparring partners. At any rate, Rose Dione, whose picture this is, had a terrific tussle with Geraldine Farrar in "The World and Its Woman," so the press agent says.

Vicious

Visitor—Do you waste a lot of film?
Director—That depends on the actors. Sometimes all of it is wasted.

Vacation Aftermaths

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

THIS is the time of the vacation aftermath. All the stars have had their vacations and are back on the old jobs, and some of them are willing to be frank and tell how vacationing is not unmitigated bliss. Some of them, I say; a few stick to the old story that everything was perfectly lovely, including spiders, bumpy beds and fever blisters that won't heal.

There's Wanda Hawley, for instance, who went up to Big Bear for a much-needed "rest." She and Friend Husband had a cottage which, they hoped, would insure peace and privacy. The first night there was a dance in the pavilion which lasted until midnight; then the stage came in at two a. m., with horns tooting and cheerful tourists shouting. At four a. m. the fishermen in the next cabin got up to go fishing and told the world about it. And, to make the night perfect, a skunk wandered into the camp and got frightened at something. At six-thirty the next morning a gong was pounded until everyone was awake; at seven-thirty it was pounded again to announce breakfast and to thoroughly arouse those who had dropped off to sleep after the first alarm. They had ham for breakfast and went out fishing on the lake. Wanda had a thirst and wanted to come into shore, but husband had a bite and wouldn't. They both got sunburned, and Wanda was chased by a temperamental cow. It was a wonderful rest—she told me so herself.

Wallace Reid spent his vacation back in St. Louis, where he was born, and he telegraphed that he was enjoying every minute of the time. Now that it's over, however, he can be induced to tell the truth about it. This is what happened. On the last lap of the journey, there was a train wreck. Wally, with his usual luck, escaped unhurt; but as the collision happened at night, he found himself minus his daylight wearing apparel. The Mayor of St. Louis and a Reception Committee were waiting to receive him, but Wally, not being exactly in a receiving condition, sneaked into town via a taxi and

got into a hotel. Not without being recognized, however; and it wasn't but a few minutes that someone carried the word to the Reception Committee at the station, and the R. C. was on its way to do its duty. Wally was told of their arrival when they were outside his door, and he, being immersed in a tub of hot water, threw a Turkish towel about his manly form and received the Mayor and his gang with as much dignity as the costume permitted.

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Desmond planned a sort of honeymoon vacation on Catalina Island, and to make it more exciting, arranged to fly over from Los Angeles Harbor in

a hydroplane. The start was beautiful; but about half way over something happened to the engine, and the pilot had to descend to the water. Now, drifting around in a hydroplane on a calm and glassy sea is very well; but when the sea is neither calm nor glassy, when it is, to say the least, choppy, drifting around loses its charm. Add to that, a dearth of edibles and drinkables, a high wind and a steady course for the open sea, and you will have a picture of a happy couple—not. The damage was finally repaired, and the plane landed at Catalina fourteen hours after it had left Los Angeles Harbor. And when I asked Mrs. Bill about the vacation, she said it had been *perfect!* Mr. Bill told the truth about it.

Priscilla Dean was literally "up in the air" on her vacation. She went up to Canada as the guest of the Canadian Aerial League, and the

fair Priscilla christened the plain—I mean the *plane*—Priscilla, and was taken up in it to do all sorts of stunts, zooms, nose dives, tail spins and double loops. She had three proposals, two escapes from drowning, got lost in the woods and had a wonderful time. Up to date she's stuck to the same story.

Douglas Fairbanks went up into the mountains for a week's "rest and relaxation," with a Ford, a camping outfit, two friends and his Japanese valet, Naka. The latter went ahead of the party to make camp and put up the tent.



Wanda Hawley on vacation-location.



Catalina Island as Nature made it and left it, some years before Movies were thought of.

When Doug and the men with him started up the trail, they heard the Jap calling wildly to them to keep away, but they disregarded the warning and kept on going. They found him standing on the cot, in a marooned condition, with rattlesnakes crawling happily over the bundles of bedding. Doug and the men narrowly escaped being bitten by the excitable rattlers, whose colony had been invaded, and they managed to get back to the Ford, which was driven up the trail and to the cot,

where the trembling Naka was rescued. The tents and bedding are still there if anyone cares to go after them.

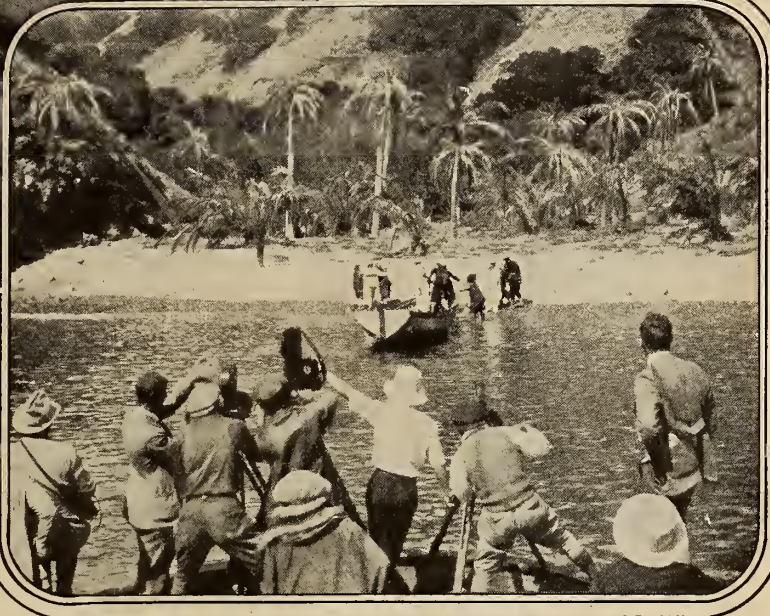
Mary MacLaren is still talking about her wonderful vacation at Lake Tahoe, but it takes a sister to tell the truth about some things. The family, including Mrs. McDonald, Katherine McDonald, Mary MacLaren and Miriam MacLaren, went to spend the summer at the lake. On the first day Mary almost tipped over in

a canoe. On the second day she did it, and on the third she gathered some poison oak for decoration. On the fourth day they came back.

Dorothy Phillips talked in such glowing terms about the lovely time she'd had during her vacation that I asked for particulars, and what do you suppose she had been doing? Going to see moving pictures! It reminded me of the boy who was sent to town with a carload of apples, and when he was given a quarter for his trouble, he went to the store and bought—a bag of apples! But Miss Phillips maintains that while she is working she has little time for going to movies, and that she welcomes the op-

(Continued on page 47)

If movie folks don't see what they want, they make it—even if they have to take liberties with Mother Nature's face. For example, Catalina Island, California, needed only palm trees to become a perfectly good equatorial "location," so palms were what the movie folks put there to make it look the part.



The Island, showing palms and vegetation transplanted to make it tropical. The palms are a fifty-fifty split between Nature and the property man.



Nazimova in a happy mood. Possibly because her cigarette is drawing well.



Facial expression plays no part in Fay Tincher's young life. She is ambitious to be a shooting star.

"The Eternal Triangle," Demonstrated by Dogs



1. Maggie, wife and mother, whose "place is in the home."

2. Alexander Airdale, a young pup-about-town, and a homewrecker.



3. A young lady who repulses unmistakably the advances of Alexander.

4. But alas, guileless Maggie falls for his rakish love-making.

5. Their elopement is observed; even the ashcans on the street have ears and eyes.



6. And what a scandalized pack of gossips follows them! This is a world without privacy.

7. Domesticity once more. Maggie, free of the spell of Alexander, returns to home and forgiving husband, Jerry.

UNIVERSAL

Hard Is the Life of a Publicity Photographer



1. Strange as it may seem, stars hate to pose for "stills." They seldom can be found when the "still" man heaves in sight with his camera.



2. They don't mind posing all day in front of a movie camera, but they're "too busy" to bother with the other kind. Here are some of the busiest.



3. The camera man sits for ages, with a vision of his Stars before him, trying to think up a new idea, some pose which will interest the "fan." It all comes back to the "He and She" clinch.

WORLD FILMS



4. The only sure way to get the picture is to back 'em into a corner like this and have it out, now or never.



5. After the battle finally is won, the photographer gets his ideas together, which in this case represents the Studio Eternal Triangle; namely, the director (Frank Reicher), the leading lady (June Elvidge), and the leading man (Earl Metcalfe).



Whim-Whams and Wheezes

By Harry J. Smalley

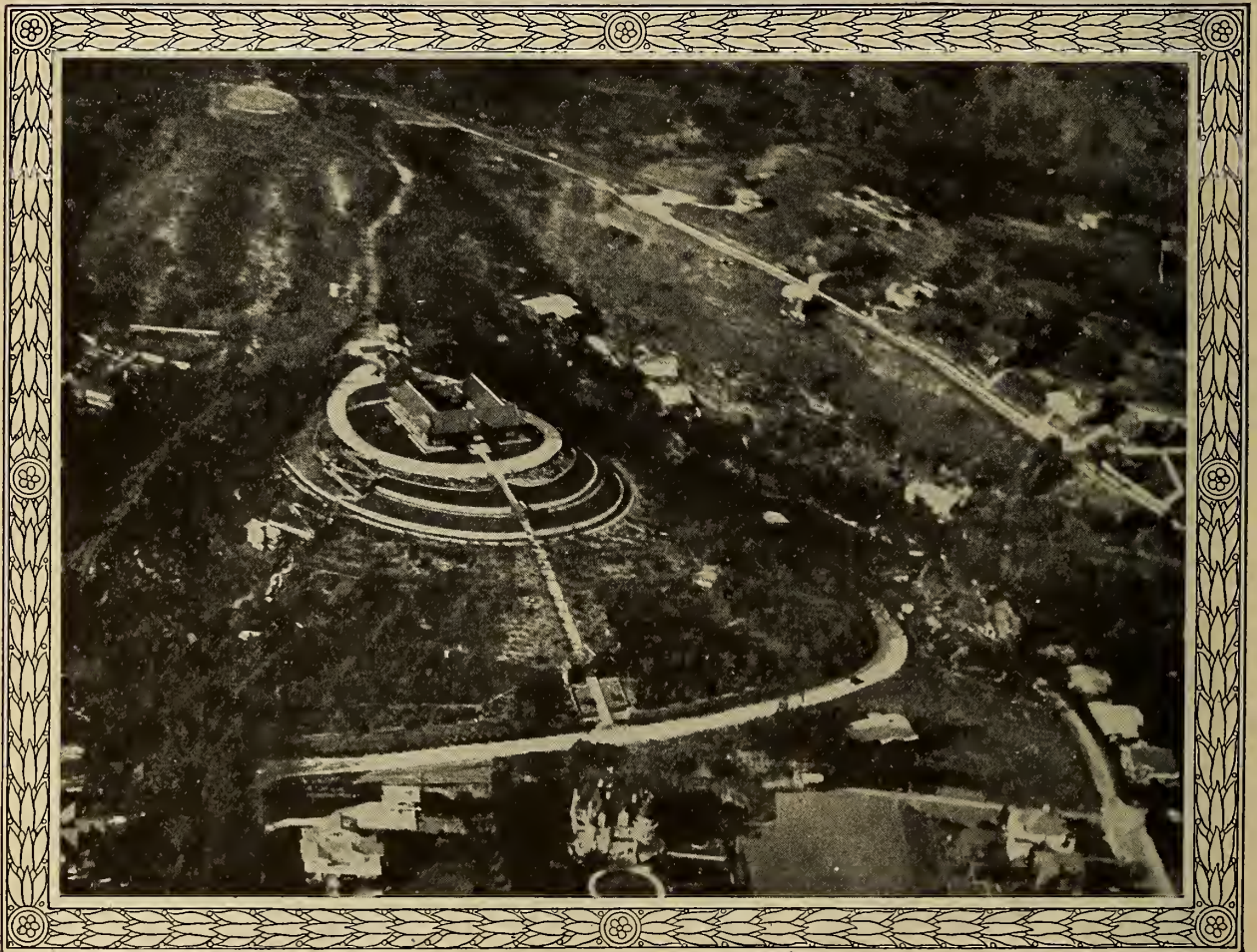


ARTCRAFT continually refers to the "baffling beauty" of Elsie Ferguson. Whadda you mean, "baffling"? It never fooled us. We saw right away she was pretty!

MICKEY NEILAN remarked during an interview: "Since the war people have thought more and felt more, and consequently are demanding more." Which, properly interpreted, probably means, these high-cost days, that we think more because thinking is about the most inexpensive thing a fellow can do. Also, we are obliged to feel more often for our pocketbook than before the war. Consequently, we are demanding more, for—heaven knows we need it!

OF Geraldine Farrar's "The World and Its Woman," 'tis said: "A fight between the star and another woman is a gripping incident." Ho, hum! Ya-a-as! But, oh, how much more gripping would it be if we did not know the outcome of the battle as soon as it starts! Lady stars NEVER lose a film battle with another lady.

MR. CAMPEAU, who scoundrels opposite Fairbanks, says he has scars on his person named after every strenuous dougplay in which he has appeared. Cheer up, Frank! If Fay Tincher tried to name all the bumps and bruises she has received in the filming of Christie Comedies, she'd have a catalogue as hefty as Rears Sobuck's!



CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S LITTLE PLACE IN CALIFORNIA

It pays pretty well to "walk like Charlie Chaplin," particularly if you happen to be Charlie Chaplin. Out of his savings, Charlie has purchased a \$3,000,000 home on the crest of Hollywood's choicest hill. It is one of the finest estates in the world, having been developed by two eccentric and, needless to remark, wealthy bachelors. Art treasures from all parts of the globe fill the house and the grounds reflect the full glory of Southern California fruits and flowers. The photograph shows an airplane view of this magnificent place, overlooking miles of fragrant orange groves.

"Squabs and Squabbles," or, What's in a Name?



1. Jimmy at the mission snores steadily, with his wide-open eyes staring straight ahead.



2. Jimmy's left eye looks out from under his false optic. There's a reason on the right.



3. Jimmy tells a lie in the presence of Washington's portrait—which promptly falls.

Guide to the Laughs

Homeless Jimmy picks a mission meeting as a good place to take a nap. He paints a pair of eyes upon his eyelids, so he may sleep without interruption. He is awakened by the rustle of money; his neighbor is counting a huge roll. Jimmy tries to divert the roll to his own pocket, but fails. Later he is making off with the collection box, when he is stopped by a charming young missionary. He tells a lie, and a picture of Washington falls to the floor. She believes him, however, and gets him a job in a restaurant where she is cashier. Jimmy redeems himself by following two crooks—comedy variety—who had robbed the till, and, dressed in an overseas uniform, he holds them up and recovers the funds. (Note Jimmy's double optic in picture No. 2.)



4. His benefactor, the pretty cashier, gets him a job in the restaurant where she works.



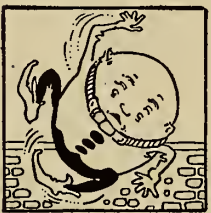
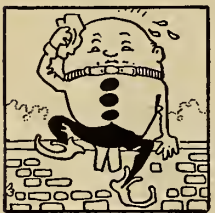
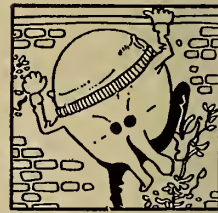
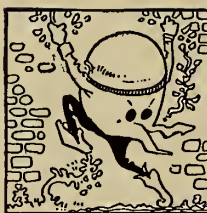
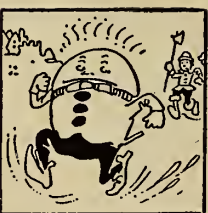
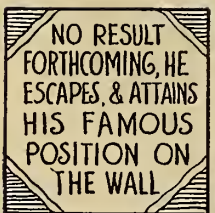
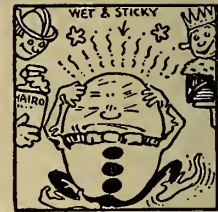
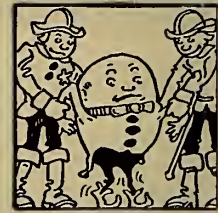
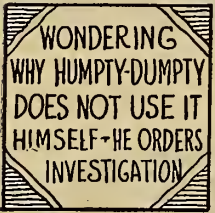
VITAGRAPH

5. There, among other escapades, Jimmy and the chef indulge in a game of quoits with the restaurant's best china.



6. Jimmy captures the restaurant robbers. But this being a comedy, everyone is smeared with spaghetti and pie before the word, *finis*.

Features on Film Fun's Screen



The Fall and Rise of Humpty Dumpty that Was No Fault of His

Millville, Ill., An Old Town That Is Brand New



LIONEL BARRYMORE

THE difference between a gold rush and a motion picture company is that the former builds brand-new towns almost overnight, while the latter builds old ones. Here, for example, is Millville, Ill., built by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, in Borough of Queens, City of New York. Millville is the setting for Lionel Barrymore, who is to star in "The Copperhead." It is a bit of 1846 planted squarely in the midst of 1919. To be precise as to its location, it grew up on farmland at East Elmhurst, Long Island, in a section which, frankly, is more concerned with whether the Corona Elevated Line is to be extended to Flushing than

with the political issues preceding the Mexican War. Unlike most movie sets, Millville's church, courthouse and dwellings have each four complete sides, all properly weather stained and beaten in the best 1846 manner. The folks all over the place are "extras," one thousand of them. For the horses, there is an 1846 blacksmith shop with a real flaming forge.

The dust is real, too; genuine Elmhurst. When the plot of "The Copperhead" moves on to the Civil War—some fifteen years later—the streets of Millville will be slicked up a bit and some sidewalks laid, to indicate activity by the Millville Commissioner of Public Works.

The System

The visitor to the motion picture studio looked into a room where fifty young men were pounding typewriters feverishly.

"Ah, your scenario department," he hazarded.

"No," corrected his guide. "That's the publicity department. Our scenario force quit last week, because we wouldn't give him an eight-hour day."

For Rent: One Poet's Attic

"My boy used to have literary ambitions."

"He's lost them now, has he?"

"Yes, poor boy! He took to writing moving pictures, and now he is getting \$300 a week."

Hopeful Henry Has His Hunch

PUNK PRODUCTION PLAYERS,
Paresis, Philmafornia.

Very Gentle-men—Some say your checks are large and fat; some say they're thin and small. I've worked *unchecked* for many years, but know them not at all. I've used ten gross of foolscap up, a thousand watts of think, and many stamps—oh, many stamps!—yea, bo! and quarts of ink.

I had a friend who had a friend who knew a man who knew a man who read a book about a man you sent one to. No man now knows how large the check you sent to this poor gink, so long ago that some folks say he was the Missing Link!

Scenarioly yours, HOPEFUL HENRY.

Screen Scrapple

By Helen Rockwell

COUNT that day lost when the news weekly camera man fails to get a snap of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

AMERICAN stuntists had better look to their laurels. News reaches us that Harry Piel, a Dutch star, does nothing more than make a parachute descent on horseback from a balloon. What a thorough way of taking one's mind off the h. c. o. l.!

ERICH VON STROHEIM, our best little German villain, without whom no war picture was complete, is still practicing his Hunnish villainy in "Blind Husbands," a picture without an atom of war other than the domestic kind. He still wears the hated uniform, still flaunts a monocle, and still closely resembles the Crown Prince. He is perfect. One couldn't hate him more if the war were still on. He has started a new style in villains, and he is a lot more fascinating even than the Bad Man of the West, the City Dude Who Pursues the Country Ingenue, and the Husband Who Doesn't Understand His Wife.

THEY all do it sooner or later—succumb to the lure of the dual role. One of the latest to take the plunge is Margarita Fisher, and the idea took hold of her so completely that she wandered with it far from comedy fields and into tragedy. As a tragedienne Margarita demonstrates just how preferable her comedy can be. "The Hellion" is one of the sweeter forms of entertainment, one of its heroines being a maniac who eventually is maltreated to the suicidal point. If you are feeling too gay and merry to be good company for your friends, drop in to see this picture and retain your savage balance.

THE Pathe releases are running to maniacs and insane asylums and dual roles. Mae Murray, in "The Twin Pawns," battles with all those things. We could find the maniacs irresistibly enjoyable, but the dual role is asking too much.

ONE of the scenes from "The Twin Pawns" is designed to take home in the form of a souvenir. It is a pleasant little ghost scene where the villain arrays himself in a white sheet, steals into the poor heroine's bedroom and scares her to death—the heroine being possessed of a weak heart. You can see for your-

self just how overworked the poor scenario writers are. Couldn't someone persuade them to strike for shorter hours and more pay—shorter hours at any rate? Although more pay might bring talent to the fold.

I HATE actors—
They have no sense of humor.

They take their parts seriously
And talk about them.
They allow themselves to be
Interviewed—just like statesmen
And royalty—and they don't think
It's funny. They go in for everything
Literary—in their interviews—
And modestly try to make you think
They think you think they think they are.
They pay a press agent fifty dollars
A week and believe every word he writes,
And forget he is a press agent. They believe
Everything in the papers about them
Was written because of
Popular demand.

I hate actors—
They have no sense of humor.

THERE is nothing so depressing as the innocence of some of the moving picture heroines one encounters. The ultimate is reached by the heroine of the Fox special, "Should a Husband Forgive?" She allows a man to install her in a gorgeous apartment and shower her with diamonds and furs, hardly knowing what he means. She is appalled when she learns the wicked truth. Yet any small boy or girl in the gallery could "wise" her in a second. As one remarked while seeing the picture: "Gee, everyone knows that!"

OLIVE THOMAS never worries and believes no one has a right to be proud, sez she. Certainly, Olive, certainly—but just look what you have done to these fellows! We worry because your pictures are not more plentiful, and we are positive that Jack Pickford has the best right in the world to be proud. Just look at that girl he married!

Superseded

"Paris sets the fashion, doesn't it?"

"Not any more. Movie actresses do it now."



Some stars, when up against a perilous situation, have the camera stopped and a substitute put in to face the danger. Tom Moore prefers to take this risk in person.

HAIR SERUM

Grew This

HAIR



New Hair Grown on
Bald Scalp With
"HAIR SERUM"
in Four Months.



Hair Has Grown This
Length in Four
Months More Without
Further Treatment.

(The subject shown above is 55 years of age.)

"HAIR SERUM" is the result of seventeen years of research work, and was perfected and put into use in 1916.

"HAIR SERUM" stops the hair falling. Removes the conditions which cause dandruff. Relieves tightness of the scalp and increases the circulation of blood to the hair roots. As a Result of These Things the Hair Grows and we have had no failures in any case.

This discovery now makes it possible to save the hair and regrow it when lost. A full course or single treatment once a week is usually sufficient to grow the hair. Interesting booklet "F" on hair with photographs sent on request.

NATIONAL BIO-CHEMICAL LABORATORIES
NEW YORK

452-5TH Ave. and 18 W. 34TH St.

KNOX BLDG., Entrance on 40th St.
'Phone Vanderbilt 2058

Adjacent WALDORF-ASTORIA
'Phone Pennsylvania 771

"Ready-Made Dudes" Are Unmade By a Dog



1. Eddie and Lee dress for the party; last-minute aid by a hot iron.

2. But all is still well as they ride along in their (motor-truck) taxi.



3. Lee is of the opinion that Eddie is keeping the coat—and the girl—too long.

The Main Laughing Points

Eddie and Lee are the ready-made dudes. Invited to a dance, they dress in their dinky hallroom and depart. At the door of the mansion a grouch of a dog takes a fancy to Lee's coat and makes off with part of it. Eddie only is fit to enter, so it is decided that he shall go in, meet the girls, Mildred and Charlotte, and then, when chance offers, drop his dress coat out the window to Lee, so the latter may appear. They work this shift with increasing difficulty till Buster, the dog, manages to wreck the second coat as he did the first. Eddie and Lee, both coatless, are contemplating flight, when the girls and the dog come upon them together. Buster's next objective is Lee's trousers. In panic, the boys flee, roosting on a telegraph pole in the moonlight.



4. Charlotte and Mildred are not quite sure what it is they see before them.



5. Buster, the dog, having wrecked the coats, thinks there is no place like the ball-room for beginning on the trousers.



6. Section of friendly telegraph pole about ten feet from the ground. The boys sit out the last few dances.

UNIVERSAL

Christmas Suggestion

For the folks who are wondering what to send their relatives for Christmas, also the folks who have very little time to do their shopping, could anything be more welcome than a framed set of Judge covers? Make your selection.



Navy Blue



A Tribute From France

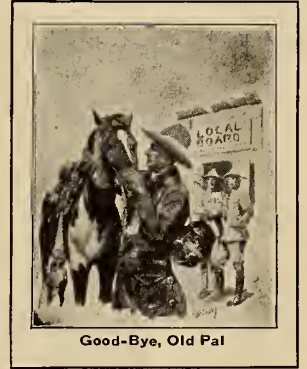


A Baby Bond

As every one is a reproduction, *in full colors*, of a Judge front cover, it would be obvious for us to go into detail in explaining that they are all clever and attractive pieces of art work made by the most prominent artists of the present day. You would not want a better wall decoration for your home, bungalow, den, clubroom, cabin or camp! And what is more, they are all ready for framing, being mounted on heavy double mats, size 11 x 14 inches.

The regular price of these art prints is twenty-five cents a copy. We are offering any five you may select for \$1.00, or the entire assortment of ten for \$2.00. Why not surprise the home-coming soldier or sailor by decorating his room with some of these appropriate pictures!

Just fill in your name and address on the coupon below, put a check or a cross next to the names of the pictures you select, pin a bill, money order or stamps to it, and upon receipt of same we will send them to you, postage prepaid.



Good-Bye, Old Pal

Judge Art Print Department
225 Fifth Avenue New York City



A Present from Her Sailor Friend



Petticoats and Pants



A Trench Spade



Telling It to the Marines



War Babies



A Jill for a Jack

Judge Art Print Department
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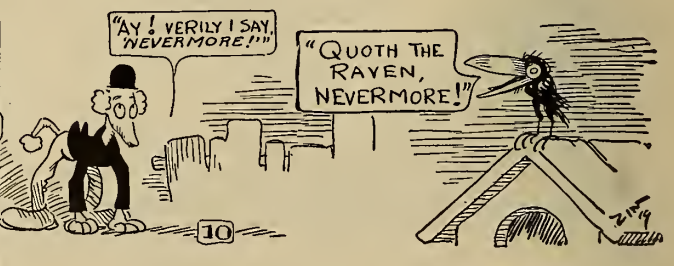
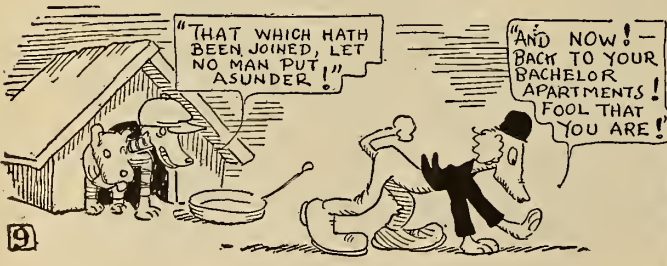
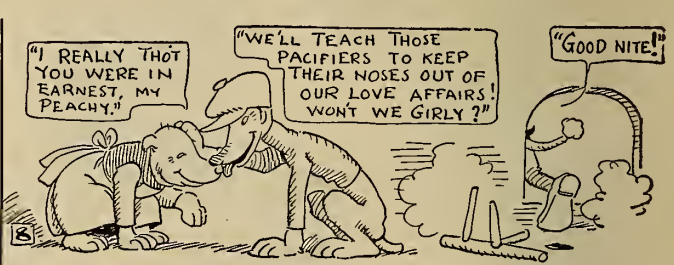
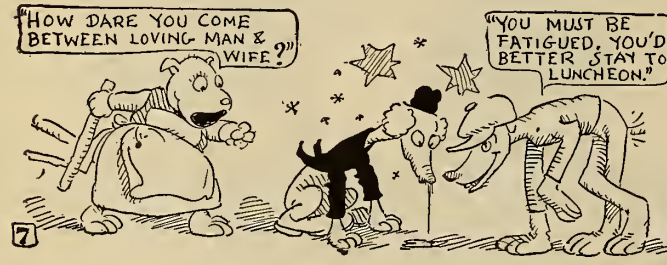
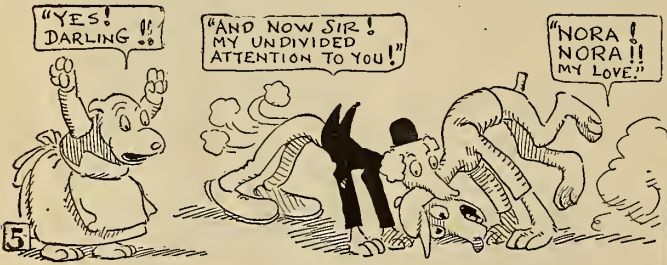
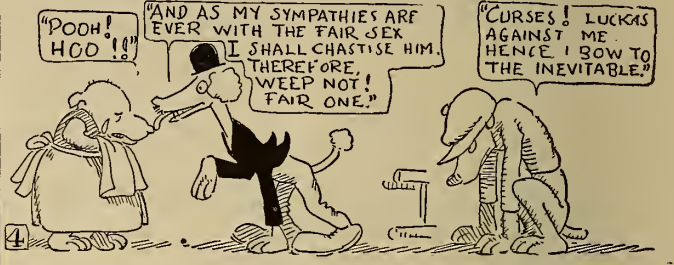
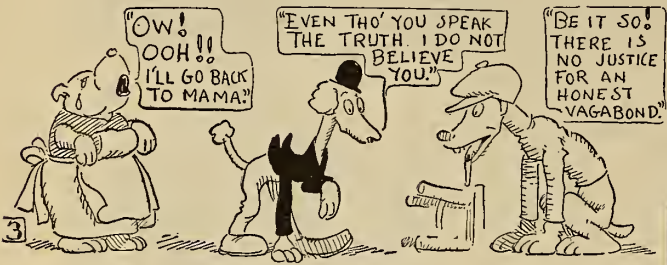
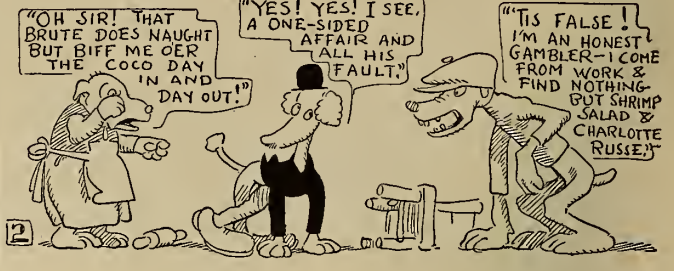
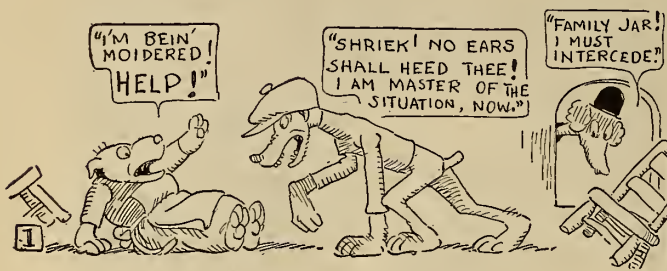
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- A Jill for a Jack.
- A Trench Spade.



ONE REEL CHAWLIE, THE- FEATURE -SELF APPOINTED



PEACE COMMISSIONER



be the result of the amateurish efforts of a wife or daughter who has indulged in a course of lectures on interior decorating. Daughter's bedroom would never be complete without the inevitable *chaise longue*, with its myriad of fussy pillows and crepe de chine or georgette coverlet with ribbons and lace and gobs of French flowers. More like a movie star's newly acquired chamber or a well-set-up chorus girl's, it would



With this chilly photo came the explanation: "Kathleen O'Connor sets a new fad in personal decoration." Our choice of a caption would be: "Kathleen O'Connor With something stuck on her."

appear to be. If a rich man drinks, not one bottle is brought, but a dozen; Scotch, rye, vermouth, gin and brandy are all hugging each other on the tray. Huge humidors full of long black cigars are everywhere about. The only way to appear wealthy in the movies, according to what is shown on the screen, is to acquire numberless "things" and be completely surrounded by inanimate objects. Many people who have more than one million live in very simple homes. It is very hard to tell who really has the million dollars and who the million cents. An elegant simplicity both in one's surroundings and in one's mode of life denotes "wealth" far more effectively than an overdone luxuriousness and vulgar display. Rich people are not necessarily extravagant. They do not continually overdo. They are more often very simple in their method of life and its pleasures, and are human and real. Is it because so many graduated from among the poorest?

You Can't Teach Piano by Correspondence, Dr. Quinn

Many people told me this, when I first started, OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

But now, after more than a quarter century of steady growth, and with my successful graduates scattered all over the world, this "old-fogy" prejudice against learning by mail has nearly vanished.

I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of piano or organ who obtained their entire training from me. They learned in quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost. I will gladly refer you to any number who will soon convince you of the excellent results they gained from my instruction. My free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," will interest and inform you. But don't send for it if you're afraid of being convinced.



My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent entirely away from the keyboard—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger gymnastics. When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another im-

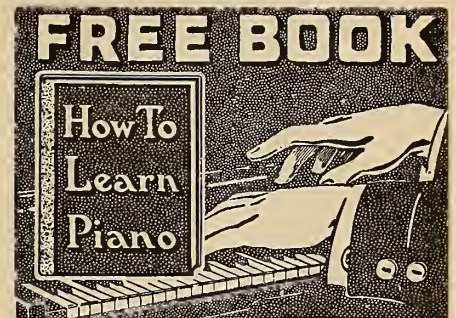


DR. QUINN AT HIS PIANO—From the famous sketch by Schneider, exhibited at the St. Louis Exposition.

portant and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

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As there is a continually growing demand for the animated cartoon, I have made a sample reel of the Zim series, to show its screen value as an animated subject and would like to arrange for the manufacture and release of this series.

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W. E. STARK

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David Belasco Speaks

IN "The Gold Diggers," David Belasco's latest theatrical offering, a reference is made to the movies that, in view of the generally immoral tone of Mr. Belasco's production, is, to say the least, quite amusing. The chorus girls—who are the "Gold Diggers"—are shown in this cheap, banal play as having no moral sense whatever, parasites whose sole aim in life is to get, by hook or crook, money from men. Now, the idea seems to be, judging from the conversation of these ultra-worldly-wise young women in Mr. Belasco's play, that no longer can the innocent country girl who comes to the big city and goes into the chorus of a musical show be surprised or shocked by any phase of her new life; the raw conversations, the experiences with men, and all that the great, big, wicked world—New York City—may hold for her—all this, according to Belasco, she has previously learned from the movies in her little home town before she ever



Katherine Lewis, of Strand Comedies, tickling herself so as to get a laugh.

struck the Gay White Way. If Mr. Belasco's play were a little less artificial, if it were a bit consistent, if it were not such an impossible, boresome contraption, devotees to the motion picture might rise in wrath and tell Mr. Belasco just where he gets off. But it isn't taken that seriously. One thing is sure. No young girl who views "The Gold Diggers" could ever after be shocked by anything the movies might offer.

A Logical Story
NOT having had the time to read the program before the theater darkened, who had prepared the scenario of "Stepping Out" was not known to me as the story opened. It had not progressed far before the bets were up on C. Gardner Sullivan for author. What Thos. H. Ince might have accomplished in the motion picture world without Mr. Sullivan's invaluable aid is a matter for speculation. A producer of mediocre ability could not fail of success if he had the well-written and logical scenarios to film that Mr. Sullivan writes. "Stepping Out" is a charming story of a young couple, even though it tells the oft-told tale of a selfish, conceited prig of a husband and an unselfish, devoted wife. It is told here with a difference and with more than a semblance of reality. The wife in "Stepping Out" has a brain as well as a heart, even if her devotion were a bit slavish. She handles her problem



Next time Gloria Swansen is photographed with a deer of her own killing, she should see that the property man makes a little better job of it. Deer are not wearing square cut sack coats this season.

Don't Be a Sickly Failure!



Are you dragging yourself about from day to day, always tired and despirited; suffering from backache, indigestion, constipation; your biliousness showing in your face, your lack of energy in your eyes, your good-for-nothing physical condition in the hang-dog air with which you meet your fellowmen? Have you about given up hope—and has your wife given up all hope—that you will ever get ahead and amount to anything in the world?

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in a masterful way. When she finds how unappreciative her husband has been; how on nights when he told her he had to work at the office he visited the movies with his pert young stenographer; how he fabricates lies to justify his conduct—when she learns all this, she quietly "steps out" and gives her young husband time to come to his senses. This, of course, he does. Penitently he "steps back" at the finish and is forgiven. One felt that this brave little wife received him more for the sake of their little son than for her



Bessie Love demonstrating the amiable theory of Mr. Euclid that the sum of two sides of a triangle is greater than the third side.

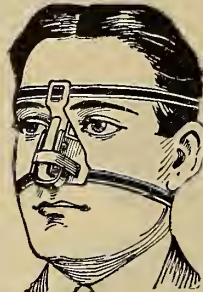
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own. She had been too deeply hurt; it would never be quite the same to her. The story is developed by a capable company, the star of which is Enid Bennett. She is very appealing and brings to the portrayal of the young wife such quiet, restrained, thoughtful acting as to make the part of *June Hillary* a very real person indeed. She satisfies the eye and puts over the author's meaning with an intelligence quite as rare as the logic shown in the sub-titles. This is nowhere better done than when the husband comes back,

and the wife with a plaintive look says to him, "I *want* to love you; I *hope* I still do." With so many photoplay stories manufactured out of sheer idiocy, this Paramount picture, "Stepping Out," is refreshing, interesting and enjoyable throughout its five reels.

Why Art Titles?

JOAN BENEDICT, the New York *Post* columnist, says that it "seems to her" that: "The only trouble about 'art titles' made much of by the movies lately is (1) there is no art about them, (2) they have small value as titles, and (3) instead of interpreting the pictures, they impede their progress and distract the understanding." It seems that way to so many, why not dispense with the labor and expense necessary for their execution and do away with them altogether?

An Acquaintance Begun in the Movies

THE friendship that sprang up everywhere between the American Doughboy A. E. F. and the French child is commented upon in a very interesting article contributed to the *New York Times* on "The Mind of the Doughboy A. E. F.," by Captain Arthur E. Hartzell. A French officer gave him this explanation of the friendship: "In the last ten years or so your Wild West moving pictures and stories have had a great vogue in France, so that all the children know them. In fact, it is the American picture as we know it. When your troops arrived, many people remarked on their wonderful physique and their general appearance, which bespoke the open plains of your great

West. The French boy, therefore, saw the hero of the drama or novel that had particularly thrilled him appear before him in real life. His joy and admiration were unbounded. He could worship his hero in the flesh."

Movies To Tell the True Story

THE motion picture is to be used to bring harmony to the warring factions of Mexico, to promote understanding between the people of its different states, who, owing to poor traveling facilities and inadequate schools, have remained in ignorance of each other's problems and characteristics. By the same means people of America are to be informed of conditions in Mexico to-day. So amazing have been the uses to which the motion picture has been put, it would seem the future could hold but little that was new for it to accomplish. Here is "Darkest Mexico," a land of ancient culture, of romance, of wealth, with a capital whose brilliant social life not many years ago vied with that of Paris and Vienna. Who would to-day venture into this land of brigands, of treachery, assault and murder? Who would think of touring Mexico now? The motion picture is to be used by the Carranza government to show the people of America other conditions in Mexico today to offset the idea of lawlessness that has been rampant there the past years. These pictures show the normal side of Mexican life, social and educational. There are pictures of fine buildings, beautiful scenery and thriving industries. Other films are to be used for the education and improvement of the Mexicans themselves.



No, this is not Papa and Mama Moreno but Mr. Tony Moreno and Miss Pauline Curley, his leading woman, spending an afternoon with a family of famous Lilliputians.



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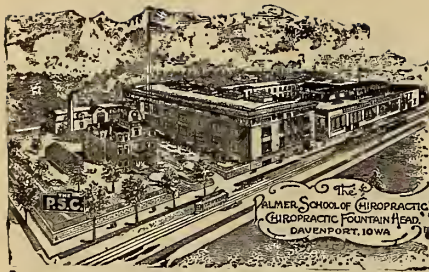
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Celluloid Celebrities

(Continued from page 14)

heels, whether said heels be at the Brunton studio or in the garden of Kerrigan's handsome Hollywood home.

The popular actor's diversion when away from the studio is in digging around his garden, of which he is very proud. Passers-by, seeing him so engaged, in dirty overalls and a brimless hat, take him to be the gardener or the hired man—never "Handsome Jack" Kerrigan, the film star.

BOBBY VERNON'S favorite amusement, outside of signing pay check receipts, is playing tennis. He and three other young men of the Hollywood film colony have induced the landlord of the apartment where they live to install a tennis court on the roof, and it is rumored that Bobby is fast approaching a state of excellence which will make Johnson blink with envy. The only people who aren't enthusiastic about the roof court are the tenants who live on the floor beneath. You can't please everybody, says Bobby.

Shocking

The picture, a travelogue, showed scenes of a tropical river, the waters of which were fairly swarming with electric eels.

"Gee!" murmured the Chronic Idiot in the audience. "I'll bet there's a dickens of a strong current in that creek."

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Vacation Aftermaths

(Continued from page 25)

portunity of seeing a lot of them; besides—she admits it—she’s a fan!

Harry Carey took advantage of his vacation to give his cowboys an outing at the beach, and instead of riding bucking broncos, they rode inflated “surf fish,” and found them more difficult than outlaw cayuses. Harry Carey is reported to have “pulled leather” several times when his mount submerged.

Jim Corbett took his vacation directly after the Willard-Dempsey fight, and, like Grape-Nuts, it would seem that “there’s a reason.” He was betting on Willard and advised everyone around the studio to go and do likewise, with the result that a large amount of money was put up on Jess. Corbett maintains that the fight—or, rather, the fiasco—had nothing to do with his leaving the studio when he did; but there are some—especially among the losers—who intimate that when he comes back, it will have to be with a bodyguard.

The best vacation story I have heard came through publicity channels, and, therefore, should perhaps be discounted; but, anyway, here it is. I am told that Dustin Farnum took a party of people to Catalina on his steam yacht, and coming back, they ran out of steam or whatever it is propels such highbrow boats. The yacht began to drift toward what looked to be a large rock, but, on closer approach, it was seen to be no less than a sleeping whale. Now, a whale wakened suddenly is a dangerous proposition, and the men, rising to the occasion, jumped overboard, and by swimming vigorously and pushing against the sides of the yacht, managed to steer it away from his whale-ship. They spent practically the whole day in the water, until the engine could be made to work; and it was a tired and bedraggled bunch that finally landed in Los Angeles. I won’t vouch for the truth of it, because “Dusty” told me he’d had a magnificent time; but, anyhow, it’s a whale of a story.

Poor Guy!

“That man standing there has more enemies than any other person in Los Angeles.”

“Who is he?”

“A motion picture casting director.”

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Curious

Why is it—

That a motion picture company generally goes out of business several weeks after it advertises for scenarios, offering to pay from \$1,000 to \$20,000 for them?

Catastrophe

Friend—I thought you liked that extra. Why did you fire him?

Director—He got rattled during a wedding scene, and instead of throwing rice, he threw a pie.

Directors, Notice

"There's one point in which the motion pictures aren't true to life."

"What is that?"

"I never see any radiators in the interior sets, even if it is a winter picture."

Can You Imagine—

William Fox filming the "Elsie" books with Theda Bara in the title role?

Geraldine Farrar signing up with Keystone?

A fight scene between William Farnum and Ernest Truex?

A love scene between Alla Nazimova and Chester Conklin?

Ben Turpin in the dagger scene from "Macbeth"?

Mack Sennett producing a comedy with an Alaskan setting?

A Vamp Has No Soul

Cards picturing a movie actress and a lady's dress shoe were posted side by side in a street car.

"Some vamp, I'll tell the world!" remarked the movie fan, raising his eyes soulfully to the star's profile.

"Yes, but barely the trace of a sole," agreed his companion, the shoe clerk, surveying the latest in milady's footwear.

Ow!

Scenario Writer—What did you do with that drama I sent you?

Director—Ye gods! Was that a drama? I made a comedy picture of it!

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Alice knew she was in Wonderland because she saw—

Bili Hart without a gun.
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A Griffith picture without kittens.
A Fox comedy without skidding automobiles.
Charles Ray in a full-dress suit.
Theda Bara acting like a human being.
A Mack Sennett comedy without well-filled bathing suits.
Charlie Chaplin wearing a pair of tight oxfords.

Friendless Monarch!

Director (to movie actor applying for a job)—Give your experience.

Actor—I've been on the road eight years, and I took the part of Napoleon at St. Helena in—

Director—I guess I'll hire you. You're the only man I ever heard of who took his part.

So Ordered

Break, break, break
On his head those china dishes
(For this is a slapstick movie film To suit the public's wishes).

No Brains Need Apply

Flora—Whatever became of that simple-minded friend of yours?

Fauna—Oh, he's doing well now, writing explanatory sub-titles for the movies.

Film Fun

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- How to make long, thick eye-lashes and eyebrows;
- How to remove superfluous hair;
- How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
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- How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
- How to darken grey hair and stop hair falling;
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And sat down beside her,
And both of 'em got up and ran.

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"What's the matter with that chap?
He's looking behind him every three or four steps."

"He's a movie star, and he cannot understand why there isn't a crowd following him."

A New Problem

Director—Where's the location man?

Assistant—He hasn't been down for three days.

Director—Is he sick?

Assistant—No; he's looking for a new flat.

No Chance

"Why so gloomy, Bill?"

"It's just this—a fellow's got a hard time of it when his girl adopts a movie actor as her ideal."

Too Much

Friend—Why did you quit your job?

Director—The boss wanted me to produce a film based on the flood and Noah's Ark.

Seems So

"What kind of motion pictures are most popular now?"

"Emotion pictures."

The Villain

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And he poisoned one in Troy;
He killed the husky captain
Of the pearly Eddie Foy.
He sandbagged two policemen
On the night he robbed the mails,
And knifed a wealthy farmer
Ere he tied him to the rails.

He kidnapped several kiddies
For a wicked gypsy band,
And bombed a king according
To a nihilist command;
And yet unapprehended
In our midst is daily seen,
For he is the leading villain
Of a play upon the screen.

—Minna Irving.

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State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Jessie Niles Burness, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of Film Fun and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24th, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit: 1.—That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager, are: Publisher, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Jessie Niles Burness, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, A. H. Folwell, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y. 2.—That the owner is, and stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of total amount of stock, are: Owner, Leslie-Judge Company, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Stockholders, John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y., Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall St., New York, N. Y. 3.—That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities, are: John A. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; Mary Peckham Sleicher, 710 Madison Ave., Albany, N. Y.; Reuben P. Sleicher, 225 5th Ave., New York, N. Y.; City Real Estate Company, 176 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Anthony N. Brady Estate, 54 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 4.—That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bonafide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by her. JESSIE NILES BURNESS. (Signature of the Editor.)

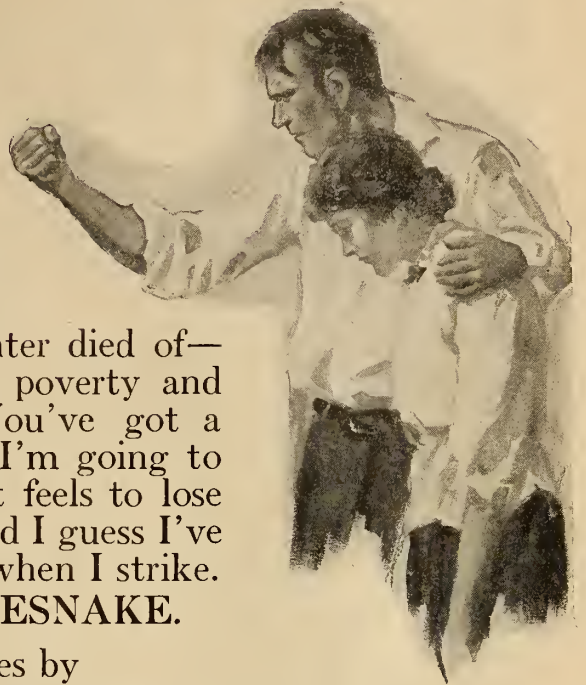
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of September, 1919. A. E. ROLLAUER, Notary Public, Queens County No. 962; Certificate filed in New York County No. 173; New York County Register's No. 1254; Commission Expires March 30th, 1921.

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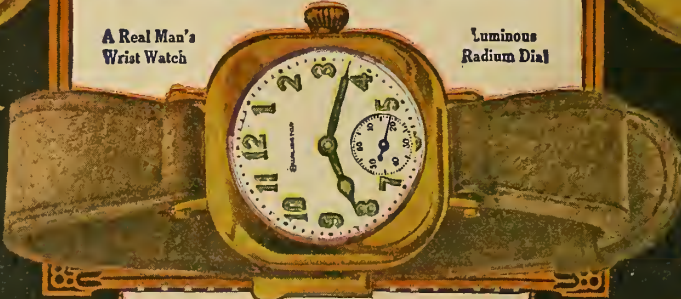
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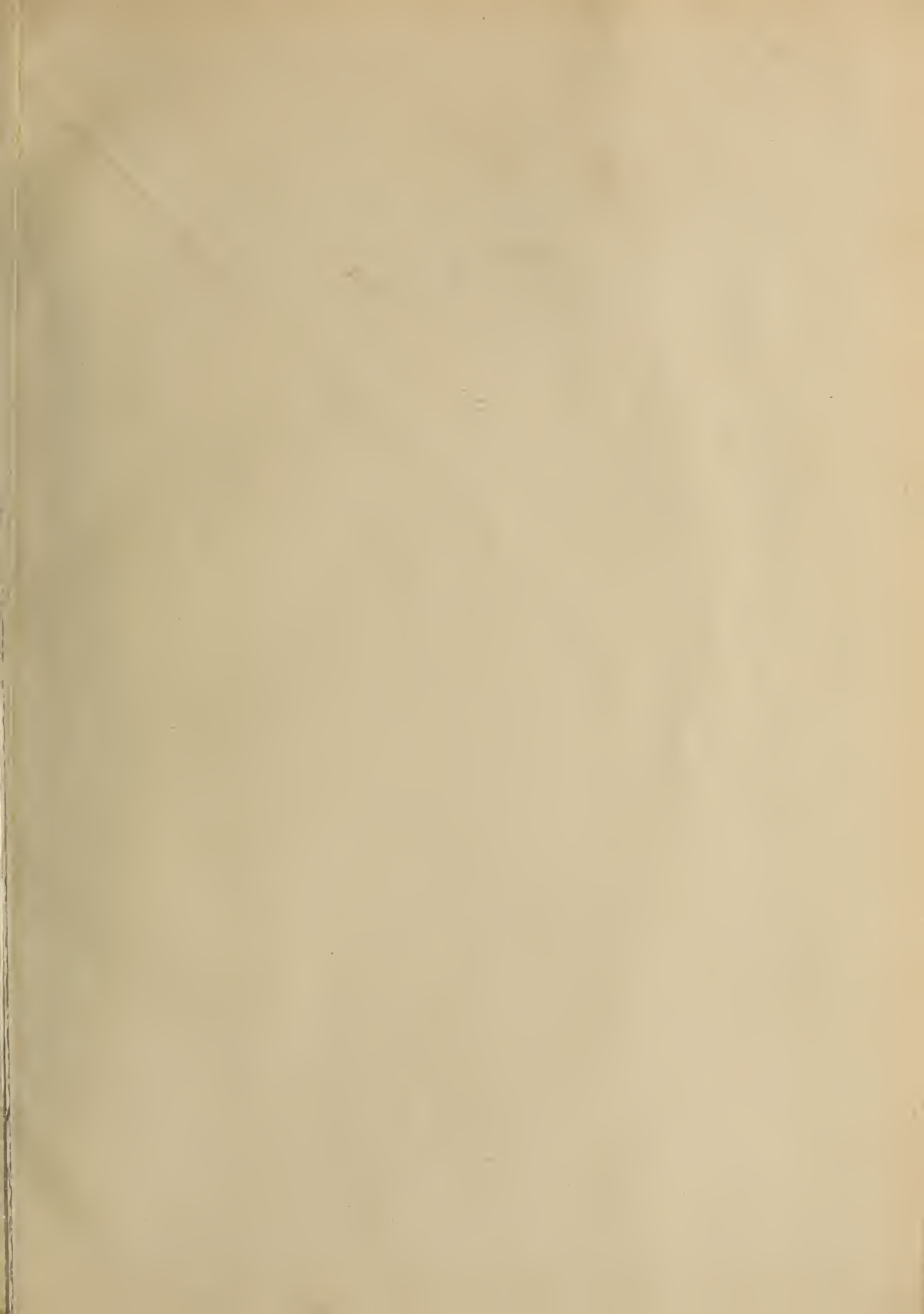
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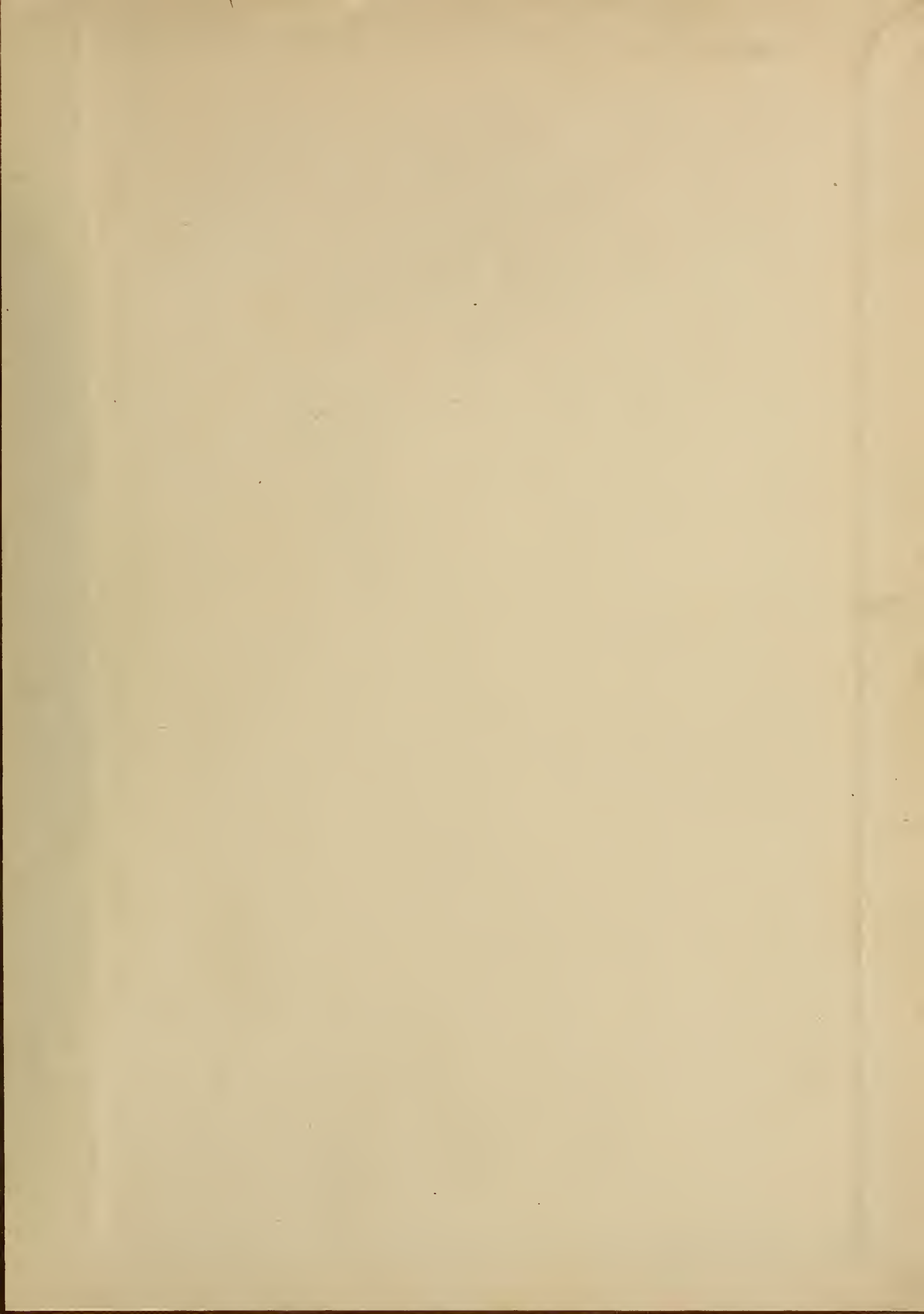
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