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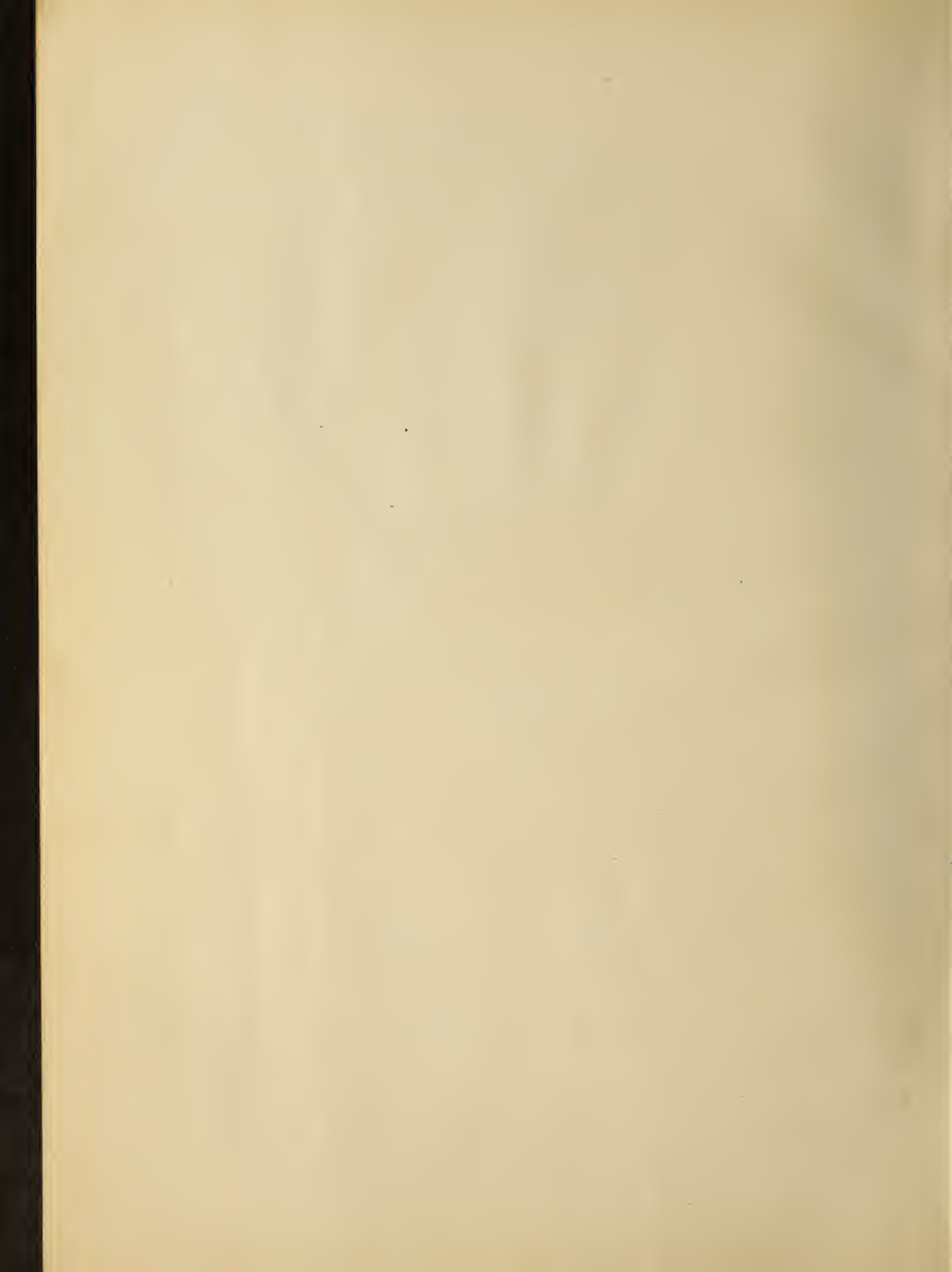
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America's Favorite Magazine of the Screen

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

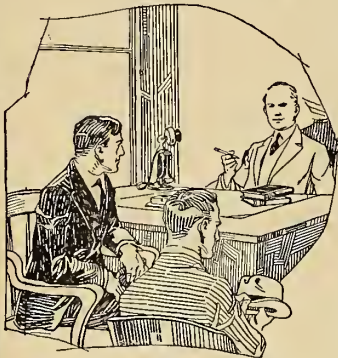
SEPT. 1921
25 CENTS



BETTY COMPSON

How Charles Wilson Jumped to \$600 a Month

One morning, three years ago, two brothers, Charles and John Wilson, dropped into my office for a little man-to-man talk on the future. At that time John was driving a delivery wagon—



Charles was a clerk in a grocery store. Both were earning about \$20.00 a week

and could see nothing ahead except long hours at small pay.

Having heard of the big opportunities in the Electrical Field, and my easy home-study Course in practical electricity, they came to me for advice.

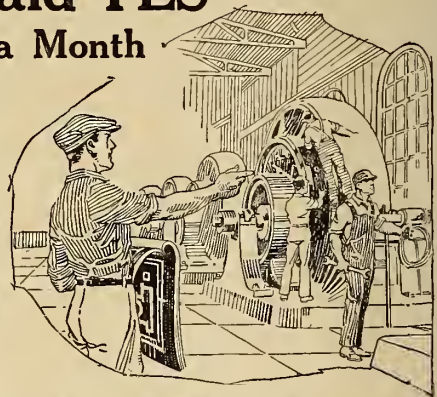
"Boys," I told them, "if you will follow my easy course of training, which I will outline for you, you can qualify in a very short time as Electrical Experts and be ready to earn at least \$75 to \$100 a week."

Charles Wilson Said YES And Today Earns \$600 a Month

Charles Wilson promptly agreed to follow my instructions, and that week took up the study of my course in Practical Electricity. He made rapid progress with the various lessons. And, by doing practical work on the side, with the tools which I gave him, more than paid for the course through spare-time work.

He graduated as an Electrical Expert in less than a year. And in the two years since he finished my course has made wonderful progress. Today he earns \$600 a month as an Electrical Expert.

A prompt *yes*, three years ago, coupled with back-bone and the determination to get ahead, has brought him big success.

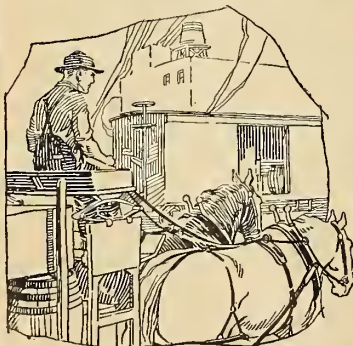


John Wilson Said NO And Still Earns \$85 a Month

John Wilson, the younger of the two brothers, could not see the big possibilities of my plan—he wanted to "think it over," "talk to his friends," "would come back and see me again," etc. And, as is usually the case when a man delays action, he failed to do anything definite. He drifted along, month after month in the same old job, at the same old pay.

The other day John Wilson dropped into my office again. "Mr Cooke," he said, "three years of foolish indecision have cost me thousands of dollars, I say this because Charles, who wrote me yesterday of his new position, is now earning \$600 a month as an Electrical Expert.

I have simply wasted three years. Now I want you to start in and do for me just what you did for Charles. I want to start today to make up for lost time."



You, Too, Can Earn \$600 a Month—Even More

How long will *you* stay in the "John Wilson" class? Why should *you* work for \$20 to \$30 a week when with a few months training under me, through my Home Study

Course in Practical Electricity you too can quickly fit yourself for a big-pay job and be ready to earn *your* \$3500 to \$10,000 a year.

I know exactly the kind of training you need for a big-pay job. And I give you that training. I furnish you with a complete set of fine electrical tools and instruments *free of charge*. I positively guarantee your success and satisfaction.

Fill in the coupon and mail it today for my Big *Free* Book, "How to Become an Electrical Expert," and full particulars on my course in Electricity.

Do It TODAY! It's the first step towards bigger pay. Yours for success!

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer,
Chicago Engineering Works, Dept. 449
1918 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Sir: Send me at once your Big Free Book: "How to Become an Electrical Expert" and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully pre-paid, without obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

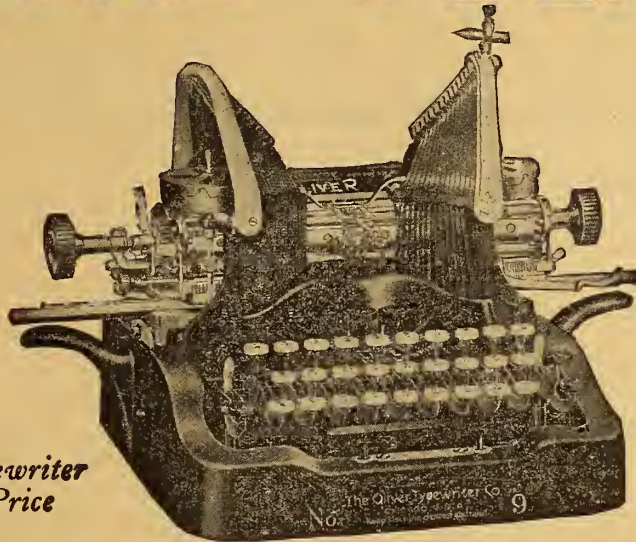
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Do not confuse this with offers of earlier models, rebuilt or second-hand. Note the signature of this advertisement. This is a \$2,000,000 concern.

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This is the first time in history that a new standard \$100 typewriter has been offered for \$64. Remember, we do not offer a substitute model, cheaper nor different. But the same splendid Oliver used by the big concerns. Over 900,000 Olivers have been sold.

We ship direct from the factory to you. No money down—no red-tape. Try the Oliver Nine at our expense. If you decide to keep it, send us \$4 per month. If you return it, we even refund the out-going transportation charges. You are not placed under the slightest obligation. That's our whole plan.

We rely on your judgment. We know you don't want to pay double. And who wants a lesser typewriter? You may have an Oliver for free trial by checking the coupon below. Or you may ask for further information.

An Amazing Book

All the secrets of the typewriter world are revealed in our startling book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy"—sent free if you mail the coupon now. Also our catalog. Order your free-trial Oliver—or ask for further information at once. Canadian Price, \$82.00

The **OLIVER**
Typewriter Company

125-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish



THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,

125-C Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$64 at the rate of \$4 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....
This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

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Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer; GEORGE G. SMITH, Jr., Secretary. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.36. Foreign, \$2.72.

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Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

- Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle In
"The Traveling Salesman"
From James Forbes' popular farce.
- Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.
- Thomas Meighan In
"White and Unmarried"
A whimsical and romantic comedy
By John D. Swain.
- "Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production.
Made In England. With David Powell.
- Thomas H. Ince Special, "The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance.
- Douglas MacLean In "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.
- Ethel Clayton In "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.
- George Melford's production, "A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest.
- Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.
- Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty by Byron Morgan.
"The Mystery Road"
- A British production with David Powell
From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
A Paul Powell Production.
- William A. Brady's production "Life"
By Thompson Buchanan.
- Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
An adaptation of the famous novel by
E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes."
- Gloria Swanson In Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks."
- William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.
- William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production
A Western story with an unforgettable punch.
"The Princess of New York"
A British production from the novel by
Cosmo Hamilton.
- Douglas MacLean In "Passing Thru"
By Agnes Christine Johnston
Thos. H. Ince production.
- Thomas Meighan In
"The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington.
- Ethel Clayton In "Wealth"
By Cosmo Hamilton
A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.
- Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle In
"Crazy to Marry," By Frank Condon
From the hilarious
Saturday Evening Post story.

Coming

**4TH ANNUAL
Paramount
WEEK**

SEPTEMBER 1921

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

**"PARAMOUNT NIGHT
is Our Night too!"**

PARAMOUNT Nights at your theatre are the modern equivalent of the Thousand and One Nights' Entertainment.

Each Paramount Picture you see gives birth to a desire to see the next—an endless chain of happy evenings.

It does not matter which evenings in the week you go, or how often, as long as you choose the Paramount Nights,

—nights bright with the subtlest magic of modern screen art,

—nights planned and plotted and acted by the greatest dramatists, directors and actors of Europe and America,

—dressed and staged and photographed by the most eminent technicians in the film world,

—nights rich with your own

reactions to the vivid, audacious life of the photoplay.

It is a whole world of both realism and fantasy that Paramount Pictures perpetually create for your pleasure, a world as real as this and yet borne more magnificently forward on the shining wings of romance.

Paramount offers you a portal through which you may at any time escape to the Land of Magnificent Entertainment.

That portal is the entrance to the proud theatre that announces it shows Paramount Pictures.

11,200 of these theatres perpetually have "the best show in town".

That's why people say "Paramount Night is Our Night Too!"

They KNOW!

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"Aw, They Like to Be Bunked!"



THE old-fashioned press agent who blurted out those words had just had the shock of his life. We had declined a story about a star which he had offered to us, and we had told him frankly that we didn't use stuff of that sort—stuff which we knew at a glance to be without any foundation of truth—a story which was obviously sheer invention; a so-called interview with a star whom either he had never interviewed on the subject in question, or if he had, who had never made the ob-

servations with which he had credited her, so silly and unconvincing were they.

"I know it's the same old stuff," he admitted, "but you know they eat it up. Why, they—"

"We know nothing of the sort," we replied warmly. "You're years behind the times—as out of date as the story of Theda Bara being born in the Sahara. We know that *our readers don't like to be bunked!* And if you had so much as looked over a single copy of our magazine you would know that that is why we engage such writers as Helen Christine Bennett, one of the best-known investigators and magazine writers in the country, whom no magazine could induce to write anything except the truth as she sees it! That that is why we have used so many stories by Emma-Lindsay Squier, a young woman who has begun to attain a wide recognition for the feeling and *sincerity* of her stories, whether they are about the movie stars, every-day folks, people of other lands, or animals. That that is why we took Ethel Sands, an enthusiastic and observing but inexperienced girl who had never been inside a studio or a magazine office, and brought her to New York, to see for herself every phase of movie making, and to write her impressions in *her own way from the point of view of a typical fan.* That that is why we engaged Grace Kingsley, movie editor of the Los Angeles 'Times,' who knows the home life of every star of note as well as she knows the studios, to tell the stories of their romances. That that is why we gave Herbert Howe—undoubtedly the most brilliant and best-informed man writ-



ing anywhere about the movies—a department of his own in which the lid is off, where there are no restrictions, where he can record the impressions of a clever sophisticated 'Man About Hollywood.' That that is why—"

"Wait a minute," the old-fashioned press agent interrupted. "I guess I better look over a copy of your magazine and come back again."

We encouraged him to do so, but we doubt if he did. Certainly he never came back. And for our part we're just as well satisfied. For you can't teach an old dog new tricks.

And we know that *our readers don't want to be bunked.*

How Many Pounds Would YOU Like to Lose Next Week?

Three pounds, five pounds, seven pounds, ten pounds? How many? One woman lost thirteen the first week through this remarkable new discovery. Thousands lose from three to seven pounds weekly, without inconvenience.

AN amazing new discovery takes off flesh almost like magic, without medicine, special baths, starving or strenuous exercise, and without the slightest discomfort. Most people begin to lose weight right away. A great many see results in 48 hours. All who have used it have reached their ideal weight through this simple new secret.

Yet they have not starved themselves. They have not punished themselves with strenuous exercises, with hot baths, with bitter self-denials. They ate food they liked and did fully as much as they pleased, following only the one simple little natural law that has recently been discovered. And their superfluous weight disappeared, melted away—by a rapid, natural, safe process.

"I am glad I tried your way of reducing weight," writes one delighted woman from Montana. "I lost fifty pounds and feel so much better." Still another writes, "I have taken off twenty pounds of my surplus flesh. I find that I am able to reduce just as fast or as slow as I desire. And one man who reports that he has always been 25 pounds overweight writes an enthusiastic letter in which he says, 'I have reduced my weight 25 pounds without discomfort.'"

Scientists have been searching for this very secret of weight control for years. It is not a fad or a theory. It is not an expensive "treatment" or a series of self-sacrifices and denials. It's just a simple little natural law that anyone can follow with ease.

You Too Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right away, the moment you make up your mind, to lose as much weight as you wish. You can so regulate this remarkable new law that has been discovered, that you can reach your ideal weight in a definite time. You can take off just as much or as little fat as you please—and whenever you please. When you reach your normal, perfect weight you can retain it without gaining or losing another ounce.

Some people report that they have reduced weight at the rate of ten pounds a week. Others arrange to take off a pound of fat a day. Some apply this new method so that they reach their ideal weight in a month's time—taking it more gradually. For instance, one man who lives in Hickory, N. C., writes: "I arranged to lose three pounds per week, and by the middle of May I weighed just what I wanted to—175 pounds." Only a short while before he had weighed 205 pounds.

The Secret Explained

Everyone knows that food causes fat. But why do some people become fat and others remain thin? Why may thin people eat whatever they please without seeming to gain an ounce, while fat people who deny themselves the food they would like to eat, continue to put on flesh? Specialists realized that there must be some vital natural law of food upon which the whole secret of weight control is based.

It was to discover this secret that Eugene Christian, the world's foremost food specialist, began his remarkable experiments. For a long time the secret remained hidden, because of its very simplicity. But now that Christian has made his important discovery, it exceeds even his greatest hopes. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it! Certain food combinations cause fat; others consume fat. If you eat certain kinds of food together at the same meal, they are converted into fat in the body. But if you eat these

very same two foods at different times, they are converted into blood and muscle, and the fat you already have is used up in energy!

Eat Off Flesh by New Method

And now people are actually eating off weight! Men who were formerly so stout that they puffed when they walked quickly, men who had to deny themselves many pleasures because of their burdensome flesh, report that their return to normal weight and youthful energy was amazingly rapid. Stout women who always felt tired and listless, who had to deny themselves the colorful, fluffy clothes they would like to wear, marvel that this one simple little rule should enable them to attain their ideal weight so quickly. And not only have they eaten down to normal, but they enjoy their meals more than ever before, they feel refreshed, brightened, strengthened.

A delighted woman writes, "I now weigh 137 pounds—just what I should weigh. I feel so splendid, and everyone says how 'just-right' I am." Remember, you don't have to starve yourself, or follow a rigid diet, or put yourself to any discomfort through this new method of flesh reduction. You eat off the fat you want to lose; eat it off as quickly or as slowly as you wish. You control your weight just as you control your speech or the pace at which you walk.

Weight Control the Basis of Health



Everyone Can Now Have the Attractive Grace of a Slender Figure Through the New Discovery of Science.

Read What Others Say:

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurray! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days), and am feeling fine. I used to be in bed an hour or so before I could go to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."
Mrs. _____, New York City.

Loses 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost forty pounds."
Mrs. _____, Glen Falls, N. Y.

20 Pounds Lighter

"Eugene Christian's course has done for me just what it said it would do. I reduced twenty pounds. . . . I will need to reduce some more, and I am sure that of the Course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and the Course."
Mr. _____, Detroit, Mich.

100 Per Cent Improvement

"Weighed 215 pounds when I started, and today I weigh 153 pounds. I can safely say that I feel 100 per cent better than I did when I was fat, and am sure that I look much better also."
Mrs. _____, Ryder, North Dakota.

Weights 34 Pounds Less

"I reduced from 207 pounds to 173 pounds in three months without the slightest inconvenience, and still retain this weight by following your course. It's a godsend to people who suffer from corpulence."
Mrs. _____, Palestine, Texas.

Lost 25 Pounds

"I have found your Course in Weight Control very satisfactory. Have lost about twenty-five pounds in weight, and expect to lose a few more in order to bring my weight down to normal."
Mrs. _____, Tacoma, Washington.

Reduces 6 Pounds in One Week

"The first week I lost six pounds."
Mrs. _____, Kokuk, Iowa.

48½ Pounds Taken Off

"After studying the lessons carefully I began to apply them to myself, and as proof of results will say that I lost just 48½ pounds."
Mrs. _____, Colville, Washington.

(Note. The letters are in most cases too long to print in full. The above are merely excerpts.)

Mr. Christian has incorporated his remarkable food revelations in 12 simple lessons which he calls "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." And to enable everyone, everywhere, to profit by his valuable discovery, he offers to send his complete course on trial to anyone sending for it.

You have always wanted to reduce weight to attain the ideal weight for your height. Here is your opportunity to prove to yourself that you can do it, and without discomfort, without denials or sacrifices! Here is your opportunity to take off just as much flesh as you wish, and yet eat delicious foods, many of which you may now be denying yourself. And it need not cost you one cent to make the test.

No Money in Advance

Just put your name and address on the coupon to the right. Don't pay any money. The coupon alone will bring Eugene Christian's complete course to your door, where \$1.97 (plus postage) paid to the postman will make it your property, with the understanding that if it doesn't do all we claim or if you are not fully satisfied in every way, you may return the course within five days and your money will be instantly refunded.

As soon as the course arrives, weigh yourself. Then glance through the lessons carefully, and read all about the startling revelations regarding weight, food and health. Now make up your mind as to how much weight you want to lose the first week, and each week following. Then put the course to the test. Try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the very next day or so and notice the marked result. Still, you've taken no medicines, put yourself to no hardships, done almost nothing you would not ordinarily have done. You'll be as happily surprised as are the thousands

of others who are quickly regaining normal, beautiful figures in this new scientific way.

Mail the coupon NOW. No money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Dr. Christian's wonderful discovery. The course will be sent in a plain container.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.

Dept. W-1959, 43 W. 16th St., New York City

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.,

Dept. W-1959, 43 West 16th St., N. Y. City.

You may send me prepaid in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course. "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," complete in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival, but I am to have the privilege of returning the course after a 5 day trial and have my money refunded, if I am not entirely satisfied.

Name
(Please print name and address)
Street Address
City State

CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS



Facts and Figures

To any one who is skeptical as to the future of motion-picture production and the natural need of countless stories—the story being the basis of every photo play—some statistics, culled from the *Literary Digest* and at random, will prove disconcerting. A recent canvass of moving-picture playhouses in the United States by the George Loane Tucker Company showed 19,966 film theaters. The *Literary Digest* says there are approximately 17,500 theaters of all kinds in the rest of the world. Theaters in this country have a seating capacity of more than 5,400,000, and most of them hold from four to six shows a day. The records of the commissioner of internal revenue for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1920, show a ten-per-cent admission tax amounting to \$76,733,647, which would indicate that last year's box-office receipts must have totaled over 767 millions of dollars. After all American demands had been filled, more than 47,000 miles of film were exported in 1920; counted in footage, the 1920 export figure totals 175 million, a gain of 18 million over 1919. The total import in 1920 amounted to 106 million feet of film, or about 60 per cent of the export. Surely, the Yankee screen writer has nothing to feel perturbed or alarmed over.

A Hot Shot

A well-known scenario editor, who has asked me to withhold his name lest some simple scribe in the back country or the corn belt fall upon him with sharpened pen and burning ink, has threatened future "wholesome love stories about Jasper and Sarah Ann and the buttercups" with the studio incinerator. He vows that a story, to be wholesome, does not need to hail from the hinterland. He believes "Main Street" has proven the case against "hick idealism." He swore by the beards of sundry prophets that he had met as many "fine, wholesome people" in the mazes of the metropoli as he had ever encountered in the R. F. D. districts. After that galvanic outburst, he inbreathed a few billion powerful molecules, and at the risk of stirring the choler of such philanthropists as Baron Rothschild and the war profiteers, defies another scenario to elude his vigilance and escape to the luminous square which deals with a poor girl who preserves her virtue and is rewarded by rolling out of the final flickers of the fifth reel in a Fells-Royce—as the bride of a chaste and monogamous young millionaire. Photo dramatists, check yourselves! We are living in

A. D., 1921, in a Renaissance of the "What You Are" Age; the "What You Have" era belongs to the past of eternity. To-day the man with a million dollars keeps the fact dark; even the magazines devoted to success and getting ahead are laying off from facts and figures, and dealing more with a successful business man's attainments from the standpoint of his idealism and his hewing to convictions. The artist within the young American of to-day is struggling for assertion; the creative instinct is supplanting the exploitative. There are more people who would rather write photo plays than own banking systems—than vice versa.

For our readers who wish to engage in screen writing we publish a booklet called "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" which covers about every point on which beginners wish to be informed, and which will be sent for ten cents in stamps. For those who have written stories which they wish to submit to producers we publish a Market Booklet giving the addresses of all the leading companies, and telling what kind of stories they want. This booklet will be sent for six cents. Orders for these booklets should be addressed to the Scenario Writers' Department, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City. Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.

Mental Wanderlust

The Morosco studios in Los Angeles recently received a story from a man in Alaska, the locale of which was Ecuador! An examination of the script promptly revealed the author's ignorance of the little South American country. Since O. Henry, every one—including young photo dramatists—seems to essay a South American story garnished with a few revolutions, et cetera. The recipe is invariably the same. Why should a man living in as romantic a country as Alaska allow his noodle to wander off into Ecuador? Hasn't every authority on every form of art warned the tyro against attempting to describe or depict that which he has never seen or experienced? It is never necessary to so warn the masters; they haven't the temerity of the beginner.

Thompson Buchanan Opines

Thompson Buchanan, author and playwright, and now supervising director at the Famous Players-Lasky studio in Hollywood, recently told the writer of this department that he believed every conscientious playwright should go to school to the screen. He believes that the screen plays of the past two years have surpassed the stage plays in point of depth and subtlety, and accounts for the fact in the greater significance and revelation possible through pantomime than through the spoken word. A gesture or a bodily movement may indicate vast areas of plot, theme, and individual and predilections—according to Buchanan—which could not be expressed in hours of dialogue. Buchanan, the author of "Civilian Clothes" and "Life," two of the most successful stage plays ever written, is convinced that what the stage needs is economy of dialogue. He says: "Words are cheap—and will

Continued on page 10



HELENE CHADWICK - CLARA WILLIAMS - LOUISE FAZENDA - RUTH ROLAND - RUTH STONEHOUSE - MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you **ABSOLUTELY FREE**, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—

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"With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BRIGHAMTON PRESS.

"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$80 a week. Always having to work with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much excitement that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$600, the other for \$450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINDON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful **FREE** book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own

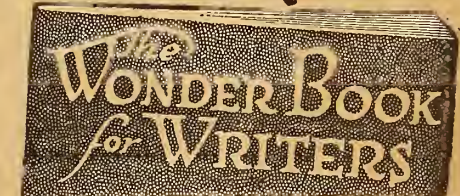
Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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Continued from page 8

never express the more exalted or poignant moments of life; in life crises words fail, where a glance or a gesture tells everything."

It Can't Be Done

I have before me a complaint from a young photo dramatist who claims that the brain child of his fondest dreams has been warped out of all recognition by one of our best-known directors. I should like to sympathize with this young screen writer, who is a very likable and idealistic young chap, but I cannot. The condition he speaks of can no more be changed than the positions of the moon and stars—that is, by mere mortals. No screen author can ever expect to see his brain child exactly as he visualized it—in the ultimate photo play. No two humans see anything the same; if a thousand painters read a masterful descriptive passage in a book, and then essayed to interpret the passage through the medium of the brush and easel, we should find a thousand widely variant depictions. Directors will perfectly interpret photo dramatists when elephants roost in trees and the aurora borealis shakes hands with the procession of the equinoxes.

Who Can Write Photo Plays?

The number of people actually writing scenarios and submitting them to the studios has been grossly exaggerated from many misinformed sources. A recent checking of the files of the representative West Coast studios revealed the fact that only slightly over ten thousand different names are on tap as having submitted original scenarios. The Thomas H. Ince studio, during the past two years of intensive activity, has, for instance, received only 3,100 "originals." Of course, many of the people writing for the screen send their manuscripts to various studios; a story turned down by Ince may be sent to a studio that the photo dramatist believes is more sympathetic toward the type of story being submitted. Among the ten thousand screen writers are many who have written dozens or even hundreds of photo plays. How many of them are actually qualified to write for the cinema?

An institution which teaches the photo dramatist's art by correspondence has recently sent out a questionnaire, prepared by a former instructor in English composition and short-story writing in Northwestern University, and a noted photo-play author-producer. The purpose of

the questionnaire is to determine the extent of the individual's dramatic insight and creative imagination.

In this questionnaire, those aspiring to write photo plays were asked their age, favorite author and favorite books; extent of schooling; favorite subjects in school; average number of books read a month; favorite current magazines. What is your vocation? What your avocation? Special hobbies, special ideals, ambitions? These and other pertinent questions were asked; a condensed dramatic plot presented, and two incidents related—all to specifically test the aspirant's intellectual background, dramatic perception, and creative faculty.

Of the first hundred questionnaires returned, ten were from boys and girls under eighteen who wrote in a spirit of curiosity; thirty-two gave evidence of insufficient education; thirty-nine evidenced a moderate gift; nine indicated an entire lack of earnest purpose, and ten passed with distinction. This test would indicate that ten per cent of the adult population of the United States possess the fundamental stuff out of which successful photo dramatists are made. It does not follow, however, that ten per cent of the population of America could become *financially successful* screen writers, any more than that any boy who can qualify for law school can make a successful lawyer, or that any girl who can qualify to enter and graduate from a conservatory of music can attain success on the concert platform, or the operatic stage. The individual gift is the determining factor in the practical success of any one who achieves distinction in any of the arts. Those who have it are the ones who, feeling that they have it, study, work, and fight their way past all obstacles.

Do They Want Originals?

Inquiry among twenty-eight scenario editors of the West Coast studios resulted in a landslide vote favoring original stories for filming, according to Jay Chapman of the Brunton studios, who conducted the investigation. The editors agreed that outside scenarios are in more demand than ever, while very few are coming in.

In a recent number of the *Los Angeles Times*, Marshall Neilan says:

For some time I have contended that the original scenario can be made into as big a box-office attraction as the story or play known to thousands. The mad scramble and foolish expenditure of fortunes for well-known books and plays has been entirely unnecessary. Had the producer shown more zeal in the pro-

duction of his picture and less energy in competing with his fellow producers in purchasing well-known works as screen material, the enormous prices now demanded for well-known works would not exist.

Nocturnal Concentration

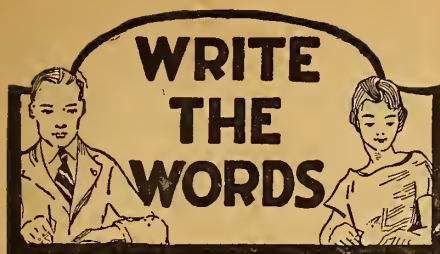
A tyro recently wrote me that he found concentration difficult, inasmuch as he is constantly disturbed by visitors while attempting to conceive and pen photo plays. Alas, the life force is disturbing at times—at most times. In the process of chemicalization, there is oodles of confusion resultant from the interplay of various personalities—with their differing intellectual and emotional diffusions—upon any sensitive, thoughtful person. I believe the nocturnal hours spent alone in one's room at home are most productive of creative efforts. The quieter the home the better. When the babbling, scrambling, intense world has simmered down, and the hundred and one distractions of traffic, conversation, and general activity have subsided, then can one listen to the message of his own soul; then, with the wide plateaus of the mind depopulated, the great white birds of thought will come swirling down from the far-away corners of consciousness, to be translated into lettered sounds at the will of the writer.

Clever Comedy Titles

There is no gain-saying the fact that an appealing title will help a story's chances with a scenario editor. The success of such stories written directly for the screen as "Don't Change Your Husband," "Why Change Your Wife?" "Charge It," "The Gilded Lily," and "The Turn in the Road" in attracting immediate audiences was due to the titles. Now the comedy companies are using such titles as "Robinson's Trousseau," "The Reckless Sex," and "Assault and Flattery."

Will the Song Writer Do?

The writer of a series of successful popular songs must of necessity be pretty well attuned to the public consciousness; if he turn his attention to the art of writing photo plays, and succeeds in mastering the technique, he should come pretty close to piercing the bull's-eye—especially in the comedy field. On the above hypothesis, Harold Lloyd has signed Jean Havez as a staff scenario writer. Havez is the composer of over two thousand popular songs, notably the famous "Everybody Works But Father."



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and tried to ride a bike for the very first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

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News Notes from the Studios



Items of interest about motion-picture players and the productions in which they appear.

LILLIAN and Dorothy Gish will share honors in "The Two Orphans," a D. W. Griffith production, with Joseph Schildkraut and Julia Arthur, both prominent on the speaking stage.

The long-heralded production of "The Rubaiyat" to be made by Frederick Pinney Earle, has at last been begun. Hedwig Reicher, world-famous for her performance of "Iphigenia" in the universal language, Esperanto, will play a leading rôle, as will Edwin Stevens and Frederick Warde.

Marshall Neilan has corralled three famous American authors to work with him on his productions. George Ade has written the special titles for "The Lotus Eaters," the John Barrymore picture which Mr. Neilan directed, Donn Byrne is collaborating with him on "The Stranger's Banquet," and Hugh Wiley is at work with Mr. Neilan on "Bits of Life," a special production that weaves several stories into one main theme. Rockcliffe Fellowes plays a leading part in "Bits of Life," and Lon Chaney and Teddy Sampson also appear in important rôles.

Gale Henry minus her star make-up is appearing in the first Gareth Hughes star play for Metro.

Galsworthy's "Justice" is to be screened by the Selznick company, with William Faversham in the leading rôle.

"The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows" will be the second Kipling picture to be filmed by Pathé.

"Assault and Flattery" is the title of a Gayety comedy which is soon to be released by Educational. Teddy Sampson plays the leading part.

Because of the popularity she has achieved as leading woman in Paramount pictures, Agnes Ayres is to be made a star. On the completion of "Cappy Ricks," in which she plays opposite Thomas Meighan, she will go to Hollywood and begin work on her first star production. Jack Holt is also to be made a Paramount star in the near future.

A special performance of "The Queen of Sheba" was recently given for President Harding, who professed to enjoy it immensely. "The Connecticut Yankee" was shown in Buckingham Palace, and "The Four Horsemen" before the King of Spain, making movie fans of many of the notables present.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, and Elliott Dexter will appear in a Cecil De Mille special production which is to be started as soon as "Peter Ibbetson" is completed.

Eighteen crocodiles play an important part in one episode of "Fool's Paradise," the Cecil De Mille adaptation of Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady." Mildred Harris, Conrad Nagel, and John Davidson share honors with the reptiles, and so far as they are concerned they would have been glad enough to let the animals monopolize the screen. It isn't particularly pleasant to be near these animals, especially at meal time, as the troupe requires one hundred pounds of raw meat at each meal.

Seena Owen and Matt Moore will appear in "Back Pay," a Fanny Hurst story, presented by Cosmopolitan. Frank Borzage who directed "Humoresque" is also the director of this production.

Collette Forbes, a famous English beauty, will appear opposite Hobart Bosworth in the second picture of his independent star series, "Renunciation."

William Desmond is the star of H. H. van Loan's story, "Fightin' Mad," a modernized version in Western setting of "The Three Musketeers."

Rosemary Theby, Doris Pawn, and Virginia Brown Faire appear in support of the star.

Mae Busch who plays an important part in Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" will appear in support of Ethel Clayton in her new Paramount picture, "Her Own Money."

That there is no villainy too vile for him to play with unction, Lowell Sherman will prove in Mabel Normand's picture, "Molly-O." Jacqueline Logan will also take an unscrupulous part.

The all-star cast of "Lucky Damage," a coming Thomas H. Ince production, includes Florence Vidor, Marcia Manon, Milton Sills, Tully Marshall, and Charles Clary.

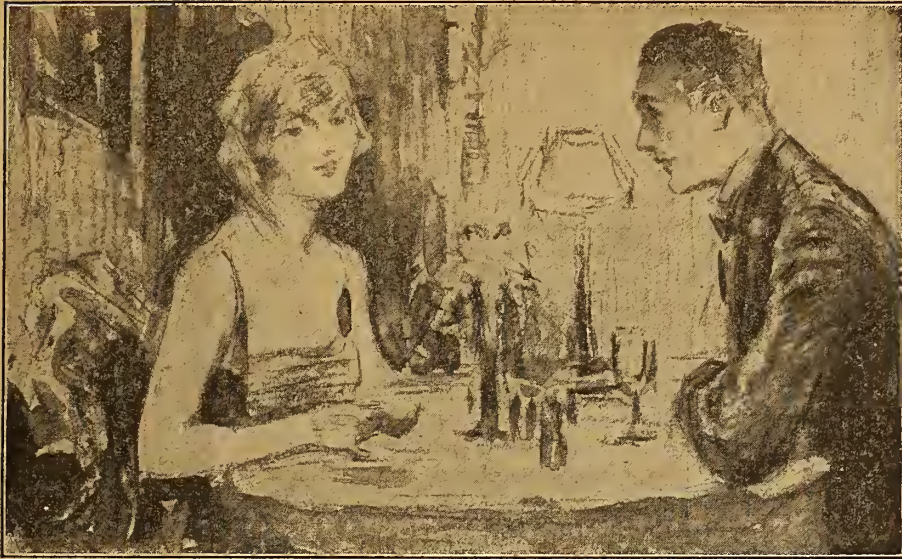
George Walsh will appear in the leading rôle of Peter B. Kyne's "Kindred of the Dust," and having glanced at some of the requirements of the story he offers up thanks for his athletic training.

After "The Hunch," in which Gareth Hughes will make his first appearance as a star, he will appear in two more George D. Baker productions for Metro. "Garments of Truth" will be the first one, and the second, a story of barnstorming life, will be called, "Little Eva Ascends."

As reward for his brilliant work in "Shame," the Fox special production which was directed by Emmet J. Flynn—who directed "A Connecticut Yankee"—Jack Gilbert is to become a star under the Fox management.



Much as he loved playing "Peter Ibbetson" Wallace Reid loved even more the opportunity that working in the East gave him of running down to see his mother occasionally at the old Reid home at Atlantic Highlands. The camera man pursued him even there, however, as this picture shows.



A Discovery that Suddenly Made My Skin Beautiful

PERHAPS it was the glow of the lamp-shaded candle on our table. Perhaps it was the quaintness of our surroundings, in the little restaurant. It may, even, have been the striking contrast of the vivid orange blouse I was wearing. At any rate, Will became suddenly eloquent.

"How exquisite you look with the candle-light playing on your face!" he whispered. "Do you know," he added earnestly, "you remind me of a rare old cameo—so delicate and pearly that you seem almost transparent."

I smiled—and dropped my eyes so that Will could not see, in their brightness, how exultant I was, how elated. If he only knew the secret hidden behind my beauty, behind my cameo-like complexion!

But how could he know that only three months ago I despaired of ever having a good complexion. How could he know that I had tried treatment after treatment, and that after each my skin seemed to be more unlovely than before.

Then one day I made an amazing discovery, and the result is that today my complexion is all—yes, all—that Will said it was.

Three Types of Skin—The Secret

Here's the way it all happened. I was reading a magazine, one day, and I noticed an announcement by a famous specialist that there are three distinct types of skin—oily, dry and normal; and that the preparations that benefit a Dry Skin are absolutely harmful to an Oily Skin. Thus, the blonde whose skin is dry cannot use a powder meant for a brunette whose skin is usually oily. In other words, all women have one of three types of skin—dry, oily or normal—and each type requires a special kind of treatment with the correct preparations.

This seemed very logical to me. I knew that my skin was quite dry and flaky. Whenever I went out in the wind it would smart and chap. Powder caused a drawn feeling. It was easy to see that such a skin would require different cosmetics than one which was oily or normal.

Which Is YOUR Type of Skin?

Oily Skin Has a greasy, shiny appearance—a tendency towards enlarged pores and blackheads. Looks coarse: powder does not stay on. Needs special preparations for proper cleansing and to remove excess oil and refreshen the tone and texture of the skin.

Dry Skin Flakes off like fine dandruff because it lacks oil. Skin wrinkles and is affected by the wind and by the use of ordinary soap. Very sensitive—requires soothing cleansers and special creams to supply extra nourishment and make it smooth and soft.

Normal Skin Clear, firm, delicately-colored. Soft and smooth. Looks almost transparent in artificial light. Wrong treatments cause normal skin to become either too dry or too oily. Proper care retains beauty.

But where was I to go to find anyone who could tell me just what to use? The problem was solved for me, one day, quite unexpectedly. I was passing the toilet counter in one of the large department stores, and I heard a woman talking about the care of the different types of skin. She was offering certain Combination Preparations made especially for each type. Just what I was looking for.

Eagerly I asked the young woman what to use for my skin. She took an immediate interest. "You have been using the wrong preparations, my dear," she said. And then she told me all about the beauty specialist who had been working for years on this very problem. She explained why oily skins, that have a tendency toward enlarged pores and blackheads, need particular skin preparations made especially for its care. And she explained why the woman with a dry skin would require just the opposite kind of preparations. It was all so clear and simple and sensible that I easily understood why my dry skin had always become coarse and flaky when I used powder. Needless to say, I bought one

of the Luxtone Combinations especially designed for the dry skin.

And that was what led to Will's remark in the little restaurant. It was true. My skin is now like a pearly cameo, all because I am using preparations designed specially for my kind of complexion.

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In order that women everywhere may benefit by this new discovery of science, the makers of the Luxtone Beauty Preparations have asked me to make this announcement. They have prepared a special outfit which they will send, together with valuable information regarding the use of soap on the face, how to massage, how to make the most of the hidden beauty in your complexion—by mail, on approval. They have also created a special department of experts who will answer any questions regarding the care of peculiar skin conditions.

There is a treatment for each type of skin. Just mention in the coupon which kind of skin you have, and the treatment will be sent by return post. In this Luxtone Beauty Combination you will find everything you need for complete care of your complexion—soap, day and night creams, and a jar of the famous Luxtone Beauty Secret which is a powder and cream in one. The preparations will last a full month. And with it you will receive a book of startling facts about the skin—facts that will be of value to you always.

Send no money with your order on this introductory offer. Simply mail the coupon and the outfit will be shipped. When it arrives, just pay the postman \$2.00. If, after 5 days' use, you can't see a remarkable improvement in your complexion, just write and your money will be instantly refunded.

But it is urgent that you mail the coupon at once, as this is a special offer that may be withdrawn at any moment. Be sure and specify your type of skin. The Luxtone Co., Dept. 29, 2703 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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FOR DRY
 NORMAL (Please check your type of skin)
 OILY

Name

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News Notes from the Studios

Continued from page 12

Some of the most remarkable double exposures ever taken appear in Mary Pickford's production of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." In them she plays a double rôle and appears to be several inches taller in one character than she is in the other.

After finishing "The Secret of the Hills," Antonio Moreno will go to Honolulu for a vacation. Many of the scenes for this picture were taken at LaJolla, one of the most beautiful sections near San Diego, California.

As soon as her scenes in "Over the Wire" are completed, Alice Lake will start work on "The Infamous Miss Revell" for Metro.

When Viola Dana filmed scenes for "The Match Breaker" at Coronado Beach, such crowds were attracted there that the peanut and popcorn merchants prospered even more than usual. Out of gratitude to the little star for booming their trade, they have notified her that if she ever returns they will gladly supply her free with all the peanuts, popcorn, and hot dogs that she wants.

"Oh, Buddy" has been selected as the title for the Christie comedy to follow "Nothing Like It," the first of the Christie Comedy Features to be released by Educational.

"Good for Nothing," which is said to be the funniest scenario ever written by John Emerson and Anita Loos, will be Constance Talmadge's next starring vehicle. The vivacious young star has been resting in Lakewood, New Jersey, from her strenuous year of picture making and bridal gayeries, and promises to bring greater freshness and vigor than ever to this production.

Several scenes for "The Poverty of Riches," in which Leatrice Joy and Richard Dix play the leading rôles, have been filmed at the Lewelyn Iron Works in Los Angeles.

Harriet Hammond has been loaned by the Mack Sennett company to appear in support of Fatty Arbuckle in "Should a Man Marry?" Mary Thurman, who was also once a member of the Sennett bathing contingent, plays opposite the star in this picture.

"The Shulamite," based on the play by Edward Knoblock and Claude Askwel will be Gloria Swanson's second starring vehicle.

Shannon Day who appears in William De Mille's production of Rita Weiman's story, "The Stage Door," had ample training for such parts in the Ziegfeld Follies and Frolic, where she played three years.

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FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. R, Jackson, Mich.



Photo by Puffer

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt as she appears in support of Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing." Mrs. Hoyt created a sensation when she announced that she was going to appear in motion pictures, for she has long been one of the leaders of New York society. Now it is rumored that fortified with the many points the beautiful Norma taught her about screen acting, she will soon launch her own company.

Great changes have taken place in the personnel of the Mack Sennett studios. Charlie Murray and Kalla Pasha are the last to go, following Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda, John Henry, Jr., Teddy the Great Dane, and Marie Prevost. In their places Ethel Grey Terry, Jack Mulhall, and other prominent players have come into the company to appear in the more dramatic offerings that Mr. Sennett plans to make from now on. He is not abandoning comedies, however. He will star Ben Turpin in a series of two-reel comedies, the first of which will be "Love's Outcast."

"Find the Woman," a Cosmopolitan production, will present for the first time on the screen Eileen Huban, hailed by dramatic critics a few seasons ago as one of the most charming and gifted young actresses on the American stage. The cast also includes Seena Owen and Ethel Duray.

"The Beauty Shop" is to be made into a picture play, with Raymond Hitchcock as the star.

An original screen story by Rupert Hughes, called "From the Ground Up," is Tom Moore's latest starring vehicle for Goldwyn. Helene Chadwick plays opposite the star in this picture.

Ruby de Remer will play the leading rôle in "Passersby," a film version of E. Phillips Oppenheim's famous story. The title of the picture will be changed as a previous production by another author has already used this title. Raymond Hatton, Lewis Stone, and Kathleen Kirkham will appear in support of the star, who has been called by Paul Helleu, the famous French artist, "America's most beautiful blonde."

Anita Stewart's next picture will be "A Question of Romance."

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Actual photograph of turquoise blue silk sweater after a season's wear and 15 washings with Ivory Flakes. Statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble office.

15 washings—yet this blue silk sweater is like new!

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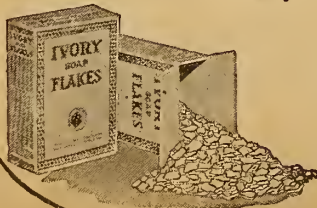
The sweater in the picture was photographed *after* a season's wear and 15 launderings. It is as lustrous, shapely and colorful as new and there is not even one break in the delicate open-work mesh of the weave. It shows that it is possible to keep knitted outerwear as clean and attractive as ordinary wash fabrics.

The owner attributes the present beauty of the sweater—and her success in washing other silks—to Ivory Soap Flakes.

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JUL 29 1921

Picture-Play Magazine

SEPTEMBER 1921

Volume XV. Number 1



Announcing Eugenie Grandet

EVER since "The Four Horsemen" burst upon the screen and was acclaimed one of the finest motion-picture productions ever made, there has been a good deal of interest in what Rex Ingram, who directed it, would do next.

His next picture is to be based on Balzac's immortal "Eugenie Grandet," one of the greatest novels of all time, which is built upon the theme of a girl's martyrdom to unselfish love. The screen version is to be called, "The Conquering Power." *Eugenie* is exquisitely portrayed by Alice Terry, who is shown here as she appears in the rôle.



Photo by Rice



As Shakespeare Would Not Have Said—

Balconies may have been all right in *Romeo's* day, but now *Juliet* must have a cellar. Will Rogers is superintending the metamorphosis of *Romeo*, a part of which process is described below.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier



"We can't do 'Romeo and Juliet' any worse than it has been done," Will Rogers as "Romeo" consoled Sylvia Breamer as "Juliet."

IT was the balcony scene of "Romeo and Juliet." Everything was perfect, the slow, throbbing music that the orchestra was playing, the white-robed *Juliet* leaning from her tapestried balcony to throw a rose and a kiss to her lover who waited beneath—

Romeo was speaking. But he was not declaiming his passion in the immortal words of the Bard of Avon, he was not murmuring his wish to be a glove so that he might touch *Juliet's* silken cheek—instead, he was strumming a ukulele, and was singing, more or less tunelessly:

"Oh, *Juliet*, what a lovely balcony you have!"

And she, I regret to say, instead of asking

him wherefore he was *Romeo*, as Will Shakespeare most certainly intended her to do, replied, with a swooning smile of love:

"Yes, Romey dear, but just wait until you see my cellar!"

It may be that Shakespeare, or Bacon, or whoever it was wrote the immortal love drama turned over in his Westminster niche just then. But such a thought did not worry Will Rogers, who was playing *Romeo* to Sylvia Breamer's *Juliet*, in his latest Goldwyn feature, "Doubling For *Romeo*."

"We know our lines as well as most Shakespearean actors do," he drawled, as the director called "Cut!" "And there's one consolation, we can't do 'Romeo and Juliet' any worse than it has been done."

We were on the spacious lot of the Goldwyn studio, where, out of doors, a balcony had been erected, with an impressionistic pine tree silhouetted against the Maxfield Parrish sky, and Sylvia Breamer was lovelier than *Juliet* ever dreamed of being, in a brocaded white satin gown, and a cap of pearls holding her darks curls in place.

And, whether you believe me or not, Will Rogers didn't make the worst-looking *Romeo* in the world. I've seen less appealing ones both in opera and in drama. To begin with, he has as noble a pair of legs as ever graced a pair of tights. I understand that the company waited breathlessly and with some trepidation for him to make his first appearance in the silk and velvet

Continued on page 96

His lariat was snatched away from him, but Will Rogers was allowed to retain his ukulele between scenes.



Can You Break Into the Movies?

The second of two articles which answer, from every angle, the above question. The first, published last month, told what you need by way of equipment before attempting to "break into" the movies. This article tells you what you will find on reaching Hollywood, what to avoid, and what you must do to get a foothold there.

By Helen Christine Bennett

SOME day New York and Los Angeles are going to have a fight to the finish, the stakes being the reputation of standing as the first city of fakers, bunko steerers and swindlers in general. Whichever city wins, the other will run a close second. So if you have packed your trunk and are waiting for this article to come to the Mecca of moviedom, come prepared to look out for yourself.

Look out for anybody who promises you "training" for motion pictures with a job at the end. No one can guarantee you a job. Nobody at this time can give you any training that the studios will respect. All producers and directors issue warnings to keep away from all schools professing to teach "movie acting." Now none of that money you have determined to venture ought to be wasted—so *avoid all such schools and all offers of instruction.* Girls and young men come to Hollywood and promptly join a "school"—there are a number of them right near the studios—confident that being on the spot these schools mean something worth while. After a time they go away, their purses lighter and their hearts heavier. Give yourself a fair chance. One of the first things you will hear is that you must know how to make up, that you cannot get a job unless you know how to make up. It certainly is wise to learn this first, so take five dollars of your money and offer it to some girl or man working as an extra. For that sum, which represents a day's work in the studio, any experienced actor can teach you to make up in an hour. If you feel it is worth it, pay double. That is a safe, sane, and legitimate way of spending money. And insist upon paying your way.

One of the most important questions is where to live. Los Angeles is a great crab of a city, sprawling out in all directions. I had supposed that all I had to do in Hollywood was to skip lightly from one studio to another, but when I arrived I found to my great surprise that even when studios were in or near Hollywood they were anywhere from one to five miles apart and that many of them were away off, on sides of the city remote from Hollywood. Street-car lines do not run direct to the studios, and one needs to be a good walker. In and about Hollywood, however, are the majority of the studios, although quite a

large group is located at Culver City, some miles away. For real convenience the most practical plan is to live in the city itself, and rooms are undoubtedly cheaper there, but because Hollywood is the place where you meet folks in the profession, and like attracts like, most newcomers at least prefer to locate in Hollywood. This is a half hour's ride from the center of the city and is a charming and delightful place in which to live.

They tell me that Los Angeles has been frightfully overcrowded, but ever since I have been here there has been no difficulty in securing a decent place in which to live with a rental far lower than anything I have known in the East for similar accommodations. What is known as the Studio Club is the headquarters for the girls who come to Hollywood. This is a branch of the Young Women's Christian Association and operates on the same lines as other branches except that it is restricted to girls working in some capacity in motion-picture companies. The Studio Club has a fine large house, but it can shelter only twenty girls and offer table board to only about that number more. As it always has a waiting list of from thirty to forty applicants there is little hope of a girl securing accommodations there. But she can get a list of approved and investigated rooming and boarding houses which will help her to find a resting place. The manager of the club and several directors estimated that board and room would cost fifteen dollars a week, this to include laundry.

Get yourself established then and set out to find work. From this point on the directions apply to young men as well as to girls. The first thing to do is to go into Los Angeles and register at the Motion Picture Producers' Service Bureau, which is a kind of exchange maintained by twenty-odd companies for the

supplying of extras and types for small parts. It seems one must do this, but, between you and me, it is of very little use. For the same casting director who told me to insist that one must sign there added hastily:

"Of course there are so many who do register that it doesn't count for much, although we do send there in emergencies and get girls and men from there. But if a girl comes to an office and sees a casting director he may be impressed by her, and naturally she secures preference over a girl who is merely a name on a list."

So register and expect nothing, and then get on your



You probably won't be able to hire Lila Lee to instruct you in making up, but you can find some one who will do it for a small fee.

nicest clothes and prepare to walk miles and miles visiting studios. How shall you dress? As well as you can. Look as young as you can and not look foolish, be you girl or man. Don't make up too much; any casting director knows what an eyebrow pencil, lip stick, and rouge will do. On the other hand, if these things improve you greatly, by all means use them. Above all, male or female, be spick-and-span and have your shoes polished. Wear the kind of clothes that will look well after sitting around hours in crowded waiting rooms. Don't expect to be welcomed. As far as I have observed, even as a visitor with an introduction, the studios have a glittering stare for any one daring to approach them. The doormen have not yet learned the universal rule of all big corporations, which requires the turning down of applicants with such courtesy that the victim feels he has been crowned. Nothing like that at the studios. You will be received as a suspicious character; prepare for it. But don't worry. These people are human underneath, even if some strange policy makes them think they can work better for not showing it. In course of time you will get to the casting director, and then *use that talent you believe you possess. Impress him! Try anything you can think of to do it.* I can't tell you how. No doubt some girls get in by looking pensive and sweet, and others by looking flippant and tough, and still others by seeming honest and sincere. And doubtless men get in by looking aggressive and pugilistic, and others by looking and seeming world-worn and weary and blasé. They need all kinds for motion pictures, and the casting director has to try out all types. Do your best, and if it doesn't work try a new stunt the next time. For you will come back, doubtless. The people who succeed in this business are those who continue to come back and come back and back until some one tries them in desperation, if he doesn't try them for qualities of their own. But if you have all the assets I have enumerated you will get a trial. Now for a little help.

The most besieged offices of any are those of the Famous Players-Lasky. Not considering the reputation of that corporation as makers of fine pictures, there are certain practical points that make them desirable. They are in the center of Hollywood, two blocks from a car line, easy to walk to. They keep a stock company of players working on annual salaries, which is a very desirable end in itself, as most companies engage from picture to picture, and there will be days and weeks of idleness in between. They are the only producers who furnish all costumes. Well, then, they can get the pick of the extras; their studio is far more crowded with applicants than any other, and they rarely take a girl without experience. On the other hand, Universal City is so far away that you have to take a bus and pay a fifty-cent round-trip fare to get there. But Universal is the largest studio in the world. At the time I write it has twenty-five companies, all working, and this number is rather low. It offers the biggest market of any studio. Mr. Fred Dagit, the casting director, who kindly gave me much of the most helpful information in this article, says that, like all other studios, they are overcrowded with applicants; but any one can see that relative chances here are good. Watch the newspapers for advertisements for needed actors. Some of these are fakes, but there are many genuine ones. Do not

imagine that you will be the only one to watch the ads. Mr. Harry B. Harris, a director at Universal, was putting on a picture featuring Gladys Walton when Miss Walton hurt her toe and was unable to walk. Mr. Harris advertised for a girl to act as a double for Miss Walton, to be used in the scenes where walking was required. To spare applicants the expense of a trip to Universal City he directed that they call at the Motion Picture Producers' Service Bureau. When he arrived the street was full of women "aged," said Mr. Harris, "anywhere from sixteen to sixty—Miss Walton is eighteen—and two of them actually had babies in their arms. I interviewed, I think, about five hundred, and selected seventeen for a tryout before the camera. Of these seventeen just one photographed like Miss Walton. She herself did not really look very much like Miss Walton, but the photograph was so like her that no one could tell them apart." That is the history of any such newspaper advertisement, a host of applicants and a line wait.

Perhaps the best chance a man or girl has to break in is with the comedy companies. There are over a hundred of these, and they do what the fake schools cannot do—they teach the mechanics of acting. They are a hard training school, but one of the best the profession offers, and they have graduated so many successful actors and actresses that the list would be a long one. Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Bebe Daniels, Billie Rhodes, and several others—as you know—began in comedies. Now, sooner or later, you are going to get a chance. You will get in, as an extra, you will have a chance to act, to find out how well you screen. We will have to assume that you pass the test and screen well, for if you do not go home at once or get a job at something else. If you do not screen well you are done for as a motion-picture possibility.

You are "in" then as an extra. You get engagements in mob scenes and in crowds, help to fill up dance halls and ballrooms and restaurants and so forth. What are your chances for getting ahead? They depend on your ability to learn the mechanics of screen acting, to do what a director tells you, to portray accurately what is demanded of you. If you can do this much and will work as hard and as intelligently as you can you will in time arrive at small parts. Do you have to have a "pull" to go farther?

I should say that most of the stars have a very active pull, but it is not the kind of thing that you are thinking of. It is the pull of chance. All people who engage in artistic professions are impressionable. They have to keep impressionable to keep going on producing live, active, attractive features. Motion-picture directors and producers are perhaps the most impressionable people in the world. Well, then—

Given two girls or two young men who have worked themselves into about equal parts. Let's assume that they are working for a director who is going to need a new leading lady. One of the two impresses him with charm, with potential possibilities. The other does not. Heaven only knows why one appeals to him more than the other. *He* doesn't. He just "can't see one" and he can see the other, that is all. The other girl or the other man may appeal to another director, but never to him. Henceforth this girl or man who makes the appeal has a pull with that particular director. All over the motion-picture world this kind of thing is recognized.

IS THERE DANGER

for a girl in the motion-picture business?

"There is much more danger for a girl in the motion-picture or theatrical business than in any of which I know, except trained nursing," is Mrs. Bennett's reply to this question.

But no danger can imperil the person who is forewarned; and you will find in this article just what the dangers are, and how they may be avoided.



Don't expect to be welcomed. The studios have a glittering stare for any one daring to approach them. These are extras waiting at the Lasky studios.

Every one knows that Mary A. has a pull with one director, Helen B. with another, John C. with a third. It is a perfectly legitimate pull, and it is going to last just as long as the profession. All it means is that the director has to believe in some one, as he simply has to believe to keep on working and that Mary A. or Helen B. or John C. has somehow impressed him that there is a big future there if he will work for it. The whole motion-picture profession knows how suddenly a director will take hold of a hitherto unknown or little-known actor or actress and "make" him or her. Nobody can explain why it wasn't done before or why it was ever done. The only thing left for you is to pray some director will discover you some day and make you. Then you will have a pull with that director, who will rave over you, believe in you, and work with you while other folks wonder how you did it, and you, if you are honest, will wonder a bit yourself.

There are other kinds of pull in this business without a doubt. Any one with money can put a girl on the screen—many have done it—but no one can make her last. The thing that gave the pull with the director is, after all, something honestly worth while, something that will make a hit with a motion-picture audience. If the girl financed into pictures has it she will last. Without it she will be off the screen before long. In the matter of pull the odds are even.

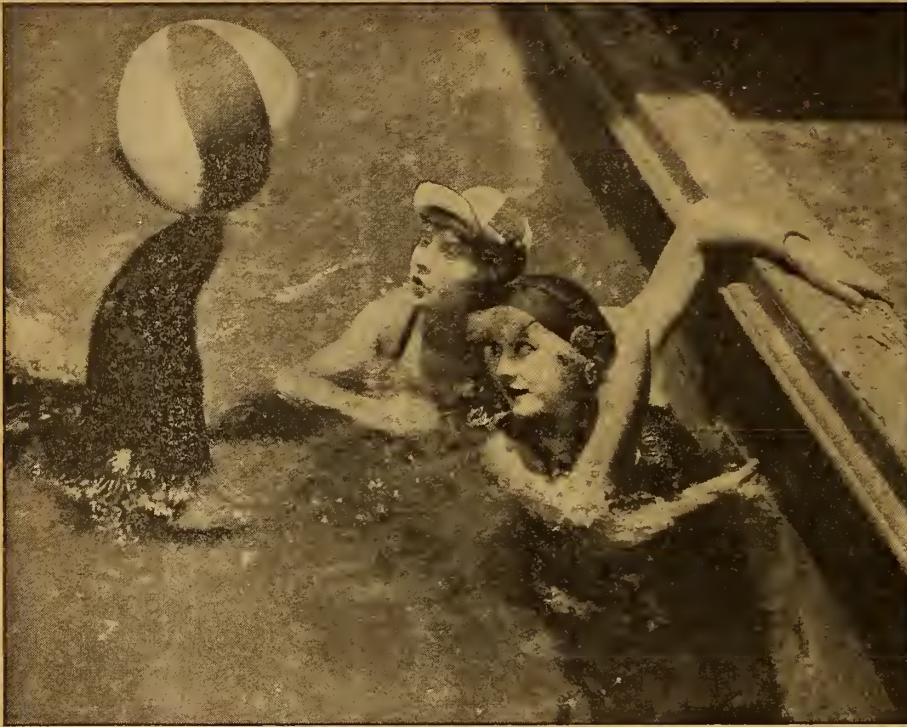
Is there danger for a girl in the motion-picture business? Danger in this connection means just one thing—danger of bartering one's virtue for a job or promotion or of losing it for nothing. In a recent magazine article Mr. Benjamin B. Hampton, himself a producer, states that "a girl runs no more risk in the movies than she would encounter in the shoe factories of Lynn, Massachusetts; the carpet factories of Yonkers, New York; or a wholesale drug establishment in Atlanta, Georgia."

I am not acquainted with these particular geographical spots and cannot tell the reason that led Mr. Hampton to this particular selection, but, assuming that they are merely ordinary industrial centers of their kind and no worse than others, I am going to disagree with him. There is much more danger for a girl in the motion-picture and theatrical profession than in any of which I know except trained nursing. And the reason is this—that the people in the motion-picture and theatrical profession, whatever their standard for morals, are, for the most part, such charming, lovable people that their personalities loom larger than their conventional worth.

The girl who, in her teens, goes from home life into pictures is almost sure to know that there are two classes of people—those who are "nice," and those who are "not nice." When she gets into pictures she finds many people who, according to her ideas, are "not nice" and yet who are awfully jolly, lovable human beings. If she met a real stage or screen villain she would repulse him sternly, but she will meet folks much kinder perhaps than any she has known—so good to her that she is disarmed. They have, moreover, no intention of doing her harm; indeed they do not know her idea of "harm" as she knows it. This insidious changing of standards, this toppling over of her own artificial world of "nice" and "not nice" leaves many a young girl honestly so perplexed that she is likely to flounder badly. A girl like this recently applied for a job at one of the big studios. The director asked her to raise her skirts to her knees as he had to have short-skirted girls in the picture. She complied and he engaged her. But she hesitated.

"What do I have to do?" she asked. The director explained, but although the matter was merely one of short skirts she still hesitated.

"Are the girls in this picture good girls?" she asked.



A comedy company is a hard training school, but they offer the best opportunities, perhaps, for the beginner.

The director quashed her engagement. He said he could not take care of her morals or of those of the other girls in the picture. She had to do that. But that girl was in the position of trying to put her "nice" world into the studios. It can't be done. By patient weeding you will find your kind of people in the studios, for the studios are big enough to have all kinds of people. But you will have to take them as you find them and know every one as you go along. The risk comes in many ways, partly because girls have to think constantly of their bodies, partly because they have to do a good deal of semipublic dressing and undressing, which is certainly not a part of the business of shoe factories or carpet factories or wholesale drug shops. And if a girl is as attractive as she ought to be to be in pictures at all, men are going to like her and make all kinds of advances to her. She will have these from two sets of men, those inside the studio and those out. There is no question that there are studio hangers-on, as there are stage hangers-on, and women who have worked long with clubs for girls at Hollywood say frankly that there is a set of men, some very rich, some moderately so, who hang about, waiting to get acquainted with the girls who work at the studios. A wise girl will leave them entirely alone. Men in high-powered touring cars are not safe playmates for working girls. Then there are the men who are her companions, who work with her. She can very soon and very easily make them understand just where she stands. She may be a bit lonely for a time, but she will find her own kind of men sooner or later. She won't have to buy promotion or a place with her body; that is certain. She may do it if she wants to; perhaps there are still directors and assistant directors who do that kind of thing, but as a whole the industry is worked along clean lines, and any girl who believes anything else is foolish indeed.

If it were my daughter who was starting in I would say to her:

"Decide where you intend to stand. Decide that people can be lovable and pleasant and yet far from conventional morality. Steer clear of such until after many years you can take them at their real worth. You cannot

now. Decide that because you have to undress in semipublic manner in the studios is no reason for being careless of your body at any other time. Try not to be a prig or a prude, but don't be the least afraid of being called one."

Mr. Hampton advises bringing your mother, aunt, or some motherly, elderly lady with you. This is always good advice—I wonder if he would give it about the carpet factories—but many, many girls, and young men, too, who would be better off for their mothers will have to come alone.

Lack of money and confessing failure are the two most potent reasons for a girl going wrong. Don't come without the money. And if you are going to be ashamed when you fail don't tell the neighbors why you are coming. Tell them you are coming out for your health. It is better far to lie about that than to stick on and on and do unmentionable things because you are ashamed to face them. And when you have failed don't hang about one mo-

ment. Go home, or go somewhere else and earn your living. It's fatal to morals, to your whole progress, to hang on and on.

How can you tell? Mr. Louis M. Goodstadt, casting director at Famous Players-Lasky, who supplied me with much information for this article, says that this is the test. I quote him:

"After six months you should have engagements as an extra, enough of them to provide a wardrobe and help pay for your board, if not wholly pay for it. You began on five dollars a day; you ought to be getting from seven and a half to ten dollars a day as an extra. After the first year you ought to be getting small parts at from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. If you are doing this you have the right to hang on."

At the end of two years you will know whether you want to stay on, even if you never become a star or a player of prominence. There are some men and women who like the profession in itself and who are willing to keep on whether they succeed or not, beyond the making of a comfortable income, which is a success in itself. Los Angeles is a pleasant place in which to live, a thing which many former stage actresses and actors have already found out. For this reason older people stand little chance of getting into the business. There are always on hand ex-vaudevillians enough to give a goodly supply for the older parts, experienced people, and to these are added every year screen actresses and actors who are growing old.

With every motion-picture company using three men to one woman, a young man is likely to know his chances long before two years have passed. Now—suppose you like the profession and want to work about motion pictures and you cannot make good as an actor or actress. Is there anything else you can do? Yes. A mighty poor actor sometimes makes an excellent director. There are assistant directors who become directors who have started as actors. Many of the camera men, electricians, scenery men, carpenters, et cetera, have been would-be actors at one time. Although there are few women

The Wildest Day in Hollywood

When all Hollywood turns out to hold carnival it is *some show!* You'll be thrilled by this description of the greatest of all movie carnivals, and interested in learning what your favorites contributed to the gayety of the affair.

By Herbert Howe

THERE has been a bloodless revolution in the film capital, as recorded in the Grill of this issue. I suspect Petrograd was like this after the czar took bootlegger's leave and the muzhiks cut out vodka to put on their own show. Many of the Hollywood nobles have gone into retirement, and those who remain have cast off formality. Daniel Frohman is the great leader who succeeded in staging a real democratic demonstration—of the players, by the players, for the players. Princes smiled at proletariats, and one man's money was as good as another's.

Heretofore if a star recognized me upon second meeting I asked him for an autographed photograph. I have five such. But now—oh, my dear!—they *wave* at you. Sometimes they even offer to pick you up in their equipages. But that's dangerous. You never know how many payments have been made. The sheriff is likely to evict you at any moment and leave you hanging on the brow of Lookout Mountain or clasping the epidermis of the Arroyo Seco. Only yesterday I saw Eddie Sutherland and May MacAvoy sitting on the curb.

"What's happened to your *droshtky*?" I cried gayly to Eddie.

He said they were just resting.

That's what most actors are doing now. Unlike Mr. Sutherland and Miss MacAvoy, however, the majority are in no need of rest. Those who tell you they are "between pictures" have been so for five months.

No longer are there two weeks' vacation between stellar efforts, no matter what contracts may say. Either one works all the time or one vacates permanently. Those who have not joined the great democracy of the unemployed are fearful of the draft.

Hence Mr. Frohman caught Hollywood in a fraternal mood. Naturally there was sympathy for the Actors' Fund charity. No actor knows at what time he may be journeying to the Thespian home in the East. A few months ago the million-a-minute men would have scorned the need for a fund to protect them against possible poverty. But now, with palaces and motor cars and other necessities of life going at auction, the spirit of sweet charity comes into her own.

The carnival for the benefit of the Actors' Fund was held in the hippodromic stadium in Beverly Hills. It was a regular actors' fair. All the birds and the eggs were there. The hyperbole "all-star" was never so literally true.

The Lady Who Does Not Care and I set forth in a piratical fliv just as cafeteria trays rang out high noon in Hollywood. Although we arrived early we had to dock the tug about three miles out—and it wasn't because we carried anything either. Ranged for leagues and fathoms and kilometers about were handsome machines, richly upholstered and mortgaged. Lowering ourselves over the sides, we soon were struggling in the tides of humanity, as the subtitle would say. "Human-



Elinor Glyn, attired as an Egyptian seeress, officiated as a fortune teller.

ity," sniffed the Lady Who Does Not Care. "Well, if this is what the war was fought for, I'm a conscientious objector."

The head of a family platoon had just taken a stand on the rhinestone buckle of my lady's slipper.

I fear the Lady Who Does Not Care will never become a true democrat short of the guillotine. As for me, 'twas a glorious sight. Not even in France have I seen such a splendidly undisciplined army. All the tourist populace of Los Angeles had responded to the call. Iowa must have gone way over its quota.

The first onslaught was staged by the program sellers at the gate, and well-nigh routed the shock troops from Missouri. The next attack almost caused dissension in



A snapshot taken at the rodeo, showing Tony Moreno, in Spanish costume, and at his right, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Pickford.

the ranks. Ann Forrest made a brilliant sally and landed with her cigarette tray right in the middle of a large agrarian family. She placed a gold-tipped fag between her lips, lit it, and handed it to the patriarch of the clan.

"Yours for a quarter!" she cried.

"We give no quarter!" cried the valiant wife of the patriarch.

But, despite his right guide, the old rascal dug into his wallet after good butter-and-egg indemnity.

"Silas!" screamed his helpmate. "Remember you're a deacon!"

Silas trembled for a moment, rallied, and bravely paid his tribute.

"Somebody's pew rent gone for a pill," muttered the Lady Who Does Not Care, still suffering under her rhinestones.

I already had one of my favorite-emmas in my mouth, but it was unlit. Ann snatched it away and put it in working order for half a dollar, which I thought cheap, considering I didn't have to take a gold tip.

"Thank you!" shouted Ann, and was off after Samantha Allen. Samantha lowered her specs like a drawbridge, recognized Ann as the sweet little girl of the movies, and took one. Oh, what a scandal there would be in Thompkinsville if the villagers could have seen Sister Samantha purchasing a pill!

"Write your name on it, will you, honey?" asked Samantha, true to her bargain instinct if not her moral.

The vast bowl of the stadium was circled by side shows and concession booths, while mingling in the concourse were huckstresses, some in Parisian frocks, some in riding habits, and some in harem trousers. If spirits of departed mortals still hover over the earth, the shades of the Pharaohs and P. T. Barnum must have been doing tail spins over the stadium that day. It was ideal circus weather with the sun turned on full, breeding a lust for pink pop and ice-cream cones. Aéroplanes played in the skies and dropped paper. But when some confetti chanced to lodge in the imperial chapeau of the Lady Who Does Not Care she let out a squawk that would have made you think they were dropping window weights or ten-day eggs.

The squawk so frightened the monkey who was assisting Raymond Hatton at the hand organ that he spilled his tin cup, and I was compelled to dig trenches looking for the change.

With Mabel Normand as guide, we then did double time around the track, Mabel pointing out the sights. There was the Uplifters' '49 camp with dance hall, bar, dancing girls, et cetera—much winking over the et cetera—Sid Grauman's Million Dollar Beauty Show

with orchestra; Dick Ferris' Harem Show with its hundred-thousand-dollar collection of "art in the nude," which was exerting a potent lure on the gentlemen from Missouri; Mrs. William De Mille's art studio with living artists on display; a cage full of trained and untrained authors in charge of Mrs. Rupert Hughes; Charlie Ray's country store with Charlie as hick clerk, assisted by "Los Angeles society girls" who seemed quite at home behind the counter; Mrs. Charles Ray's embroidery booth; a Spanish restaurant and fandango palace; Charlie Murray's '49 camp with bathing girls, vaudeville show, and a mastodontic she-blonde, dubbed the

Golden Nugget, who sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold" in a near-beer tremolo; a Blue Law street patrolled by ex-bandit Al Jennings; Dan Frohman's art theater with "The Triangle" drama enacted every thirty seconds; an American bar with a home-brew tenor as rival to the *Golden Nugget* in Murray's place.

"See the world's greatest authoress and have your fortune told!" bawled a ballyhoo.

Sure enough, 'twas Elinor Glyn with an Egyptian front! That is, her tent had an Egyptian bodice that made it look like the bungalow of Mr. and Mrs. Cheops. Elinor gave psychic demonstrations and proved a perfect charlatan.

A full-bosomed matron steamed up, towing a rubber-collared gentleman and seven lollypopped offspring. She all but stormed Elinor's tent before the barker could yell, "Tickets here—only three dollars." The dreadnaught made an about-face in half a count. "We'll be back later," she said, and away steamed the convoy as though it had sighted a submarine.

Rubye de Remer, golden and chic, paid the grand-opera price and waited her turn, chatting with Gloria Swanson, a symphony in gray.

Business was not rushing for Elinor, so Bert Lytell took the platform as barker. Bert seized the megaphone and yelled:

"Come on in! Elinor Glyn! Palms down on the tiger skin!"

Hearing this, Madame Glyn drained off a flagon of oolong.

"Who is that vulgah puhson that shouteth without?" she demanded when sufficiently revived. When I passed the place an hour later Bert was not there.

Next to Little Egypt's hangar was the house of the famous authors. The Lady Who Does Not Care insisted upon going in to have a look at Lord Byron. I guess she thought it was a waxworks. I asked her if she wouldn't like to take a peep at Chaucer's carcass also. Ignoring, as is her custom, she vamped the gatekeeper and entered. I followed, hoping to see Ring Lardner and F. Scott Fitzgerald. But the only ones who seemed to be eminent among the samples on display were Rob Wagner and Upton Sinclair. Up didn't look at all like the hero of "The Brass Check." He looked like a Humphry Ward gallant in cream dimity. The only person of distinction I saw was the girl who waited on our table.

"Oh, I'm the only nobody here!" she said in a pretty English accent to match her complexion.

"I knew you were distinguished," I said. Later I discovered her to be the daughter of Cleveland Moffet, whom I now esteem a great author.

After young Miss Moffet had served us ale and cheese we staggered outside, where the One-and-Only was being raffled off. The One-and-Only is a volume of original manuscripts from forty-five famous authors. Among the renowned literati who contributed are Perley Poore Sheehan, Paderewski, Bayard Veiller, Judge Ben Lindsay, Upton Sinclair, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin. I was wishing George Jean Nathan could have been there. He would have mortgaged his cellar to get that classic. But I refused to take a chance because Ring and Fitz hadn't been counted in.

"Only a dollar!" pleaded the ballyhoo.

"I'd like to read what Paderewski wrote," said the Lady Who Does Not Care.

"Ya, and you'd probably want to play it," said I, refusing to grasp the hint.

"I wonder if Doug Fairbanks put any of his 'Laugh and Live' in it?" continued the Lady, who does not give up easily.

"I dunno," said I. "But I can laugh and live a darned sight better if I don't read it. And as for what Charlie Chaplin's press agent wrote, I read his last fiction about Charlie being burned and it was too morbid for my happy temperament."

"Only a dollar!"

Samantha Allen heaved forward with hand bag hoisted.

"How many copies for the dollar?" she inquired. When informed that she was buying only a chance, Samantha hauled down the purse and said she'd wait until the *Poultry Journal* put it in a clubbing offer.

The Lady Who Does Not Care scornfully remarked that she bet old Samantha never read anything but the books by Sears-Roebuck and an occasional seed catalogue. I knew the jab was meant for me, but I swore I'd rather buy a dollar's worth of hot dogs than the same amount of literature. A lot of others seemed to be feeling the same, because the lottery had to be continued after the festival. Eventually, however, the book brought five thousand dollars, which is only a trifle more than I spent giving my friends copies of "This Side of Paradise."

"Come right in and dance with your favorite movie star for ten cents," whispered a barker in my ear. It was the actors' dancing pavilion, but the only movie star I saw around was Kala Pasha and I didn't think I'd get a thrill shimmying with Kala. So we moved on to where Bill Russell was bellowing for Dan Frohman's "The Triangle." Every thirty seconds the cast changed, players being drafted from those who patronized. I saw the show put on by Bert Lytell, Robert Edeson, Lois Wilson, Rubye de Remer, Herbert Rawlinson, Walter MacGrail, Aimee Torriana, Eileen Percy, and several other Barrymores and Bernhardt's of the dumb drama. The Lady Who Does Not Care performed five different times before her dramatic thirst had been quenched and we could go outside to view the track events.

Antonio Moreno in his cootie roadster was to race Tod Sloan in a big fliv, but Tod didn't show up. Undaunted, Tony raced alone, then donated his pet car to be raffled off for the fund.

There was a wild-West rodeo in which Douglas Fairbanks, Dustin Farnum, Will Rogers, "Hoot" Gibson, Roy Stewart, Antonio Moreno, Bill Hart, "Buck" Jones, Harry Carey, and Jack Holt were supposed to participate under the direction of Tom Mix. I didn't see it, but it may have taken place while I was watching the Lady, lest she light-finger some of the embroidery in Mrs. Ray's booth or gamble away her savings of a lifetime on the

numerous lotteries. While thus engaged I espied the mercantile Ann Forrest charging the crowd again, this time swinging a batik wrapper. "Fits any figger!" screamed Ann. "Fifty cents a chance!" Stuart Holmes won it.

Just as the excitement was dying out we were assaulted by newsgirls shouting, "Extra! Extra! Nazi-mova kidnaped!"

I hastily purchased a paper, which proved to be *The Spotlight*, with screamer headlines that would do credit to William Randolph Hearst. The big story, of course, was the kidnaping of Alla by Daniel Frohman, who had been seen with the struggling young Russian actress lying across the pommel of his motor cycle as he sped for his retreat in Laurel Cañon.

Another head carried the news that Pauline Frederick had applied for police protection against herself. Pauline had called up headquarters and said she had the peculiar feeling that she was going to remarry Willard Mack and she wanted the cops to come right out and stop her. The paper stated that a cordon of braves had been placed about the Frederick cote with orders to stop any suspicious-looking party who might be carrying a marriage license on his hip.

The sun was slinking behind Dick Ferris' harem—probably with Olive Alcorn, the shapely danseuse—when the Lady Who Does Not Care declared she would perish if she didn't have a hot dog. Colleen Moore arrived with a tray just in time to check the death rattle.

The moon came out at last with a signal to bring on the women, and the night spectacle, "The Eternal Feminine," a vision of The Adornment of Woman and the Awakening of Romance was staged in the center of the

Continued on page 108

For further details concerning how Colleen Moore was pressed into service at the wild-West tavern, see *Fanny the Fan*.



The Revelations of a Star's Wife

The fifth installment of a true story about motion-picture players which tells for the first time the real story of the romance of one of the most prominent screen vampires and a popular young juvenile.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

CHAPTER X.

CLAUDIA DORVENN, I could shake you to think you don't go on the stage!" I told my lovely hostess, when she joined me on the south terrace the next noon. "Your looks are simply wasted on the screen!"

"Don't encourage me," she answered, stretching out in a long wicker chair and staring down across the rose gardens. "I want to do it so much, but I simply haven't any voice for stage work, you know; I couldn't be heard back of the third row. I'm studying all the time, of course, but—oh, my dear!"

Turned as she leaped to her feet, just in time to see my young son plunge headlong into the shallow pool, on the edge of which he had been sitting dangling his bare feet in the water, and trying to scoop up a goldfish in the big water-lily pad which he held.

He landed on all fours, staggered to his feet, and then, as Claudia and I dashed to the water's edge, he laughingly made his way among the water lilies to the very center of the pool and stood there shouting gleefully at us.

"Junior, come back here this instant!" I commanded. But young as he was, he must have realized my impotence to make him mind, for he just planted his sturdy little legs wide apart and defied me, for the first time in his life.

Hugh could have made him mind, I'm sure, but Hugh had driven to the railway station to meet Danny Gardner. Claudia and I stood there staring at each other, trying not to encourage Junior by laughing at him, and thoroughly disgusted with our inability to handle the situation.

"We'll have to get him out at once, or he'll be chilled through, even though the day is so warm," I declared. "I'll just have to wade in after him, I suppose."

"No—wait a minute; you needn't do that—it would ruin your gorgeous frock, and I know a better way, I think," Claudia cut in, as I sat down on the grass and began to untie one pump.

And there followed one of the funniest scenes I've ever played audience to—it was delicious. For Claudia Dorvenn, famous on several continents as one of the most beguiling vampires on the screen, knelt down on the wide marble rim that encircled the pool and devoted all her artistry to enticing that two-year-old son of mine back to dry land.

She held out her hands and coaxed, cajoled, and

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

THERE is no class of people more misunderstood by the public than the very motion-picture stars they love the most, the author of this amazing narrative discovered soon after her husband went into motion pictures. At first it amused her to hear the comments on the life of motion-picture players that were made by the people who did not really know them. But later on the realization came to her that the great public only believed lies about motion-picture players because they did not know the truth. So she started this gripping series of disclosures about motion-picture life as she has known it, determined to give fans a true picture of the people they admired.

Hugh Beresford—the name she has given her famous husband—depends on her so much for advice and sympathy and helpful suggestions that his friends too fall into the habit of making her their confidante. There was Danny Gardner, for instance, who fell in love with Hugh's leading woman. He thought his life was wrecked when her mother persuaded her to give him up, but Sally—who is telling the story—decided to try her hand at match-making and invited him to join her and Hugh at the home of Claudia Dorvenn, who had proved not to be the vampire that the screen and many rumors had painted her.

New stories of prominent film players are constantly being interwoven in this narrative, as their lives touch those of Sally and Hugh. Even if you have missed the opening installments, read the story now. You may find your favorite in this and succeeding parts of the story.

cooed at him in a low, warm voice with a hint of laughter in it, that made Hughie gurgle with delight. She caught up two or three of the gorgeous lilies and tossed them to him, and he shouted joyously and tossed them back. His mutiny had turned into a game, but he didn't know it. She praised him extravagantly, and he beamed with pride and splashed so hard that he nearly lost his balance.

Then, quite suddenly, she lost interest in him. She turned away, picked a great yellow rose from the bush beside her, and devoted all her attention to it. Hughie didn't care for this at all. He shouted to her, threw the lilies around, and waited for her to laugh, but she didn't even see him. He shouted again, but she gave no sign that she had heard. Finally, half anxious and half disgusted, he went stumbling through the lily pads to where she sat, put his damp little arms around her neck, and tried to wheedle her into being friendly again.

"Oh, you darling infant!" she cried, catching him up in her arms, "I adore you—and how I wish you belonged to me!"

And just then Hugh and

Danny came upon us, through the clematis-hung arbor. They had seen the whole thing.

So that was how Danny and Claudia met—she with my bedraggled son clinging to her neck, so that her eyes met Danny's over Junior's dripping curls. And when I saw how Danny's face lighted up, and how Claudia's eyes widened, I felt exactly like Old Lady Fate. Our gorgeous vampire was going to have a beau at last, like any dear little country girl!

Hugh had had Danny bring him the script of his first picture—the continuity writer had just finished with it—and Hugh and I wanted to go over it together. So we were busy most of the time, and Claudia, with Danny and Junior, wandered through the gorgeous gardens or went motoring. It was heavenly weather, and if there ever was a more perfect setting for a love affair, I don't know what it could have been.

"You ought to call this place 'Garden of Eden,' Claudia," Hugh told her, one evening, when we were having dinner out in the pergola that faced the hills.

"It is almost perfect enough for that, isn't it?" she agreed. "And yet I want to get out of it to-night. There's going to be a dance at that big hotel in Lenox, really a gorgeous affair for charity, with a lot of the diplomats and other summer people as guests, and I thought—that is, I wondered—"

"Of course—let's go!" I cried, knowing how she'd love it. "And let's not go as ourselves; in such a crowd as that nobody will recognize you celebrities!"

"Marvelous—I'm going to be Pamela Hicks! Yes, I am!" Claudia insisted, facing our storm of protest. "Being named Hicks will be just like eating bread and butter after having nothing but cream puffs."

"All right—I shall turn my back on 'Daniel' forever and call myself Putnam Wellington—if *you* scorn distinction, I'm going to have it," declared Danny. I've forgotten what names Hugh and I chose, but they were so unlike our own that Hugh wrote them down on his cuff so we'd be able to remember them.

It was a gorgeous dance, and Claudia looked absolutely marvelous. Her gown was a very simple little thing of white net, caught up with garlands of French flowers, and her red hair and violet eyes had never been more beautiful, I felt sure. I was so proud of her when we entered the ballroom and every one turned and stared.

And she was as happy as any young girl at her first party. She simply glowed. As for Danny, he raved his head off about her, nor could any one have blamed him.

"She's the loveliest thing I've ever known!" he told me once when we were dancing together. "She's so beautiful, and has such character, and such a really wonderful disposition——"

"And what about Carol Burnet, Danny?" I asked. "Was I right when I told you that you weren't really in love with her, and that when the hurt was over you'd find that you hadn't cared so awfully much after all?"

"You're always right, Sally," he answered with the boyish grin that is so endearing. "But I was crazy about Claudia from the minute I saw her coaxing Junior out of that lily pond. She was so wonderful about it—she certainly loves children and knows a lot about them, doesn't she?"

I smiled a bit to myself at that, for Claudia has said to me shortly after that little episode:

"I'm sorry that your nice Danny saw me trying the vampire tactics of the screen on Junior; he'll be like the other men I've met, I'm afraid, and think that I'm a professional charmer off the screen as well as on."

"He'll never recognize the vamping part—try it on him," I'd advised, but she'd laughed and answered, "I'd never be able to; I like him too well, and, anyway, I'm too bashful in real life to do the things that succeed on the screen. Anyway, they have to succeed there because the scenario arranges that they shall; I'm certain that half the wiles that go in the movies never would get across with a regular man!" And I thought of that, of course, when Danny began talking about her.

That party was such a success that Claudia and Danny went crazy over the idea of repeating it. They went to another one the next night, and came home per-



factly hilarious over their success in discarding their fame.

"A man did ask me, though, if any one had ever told me that I looked like Claudia Dorveen," Claudia laughed, when they were telling Hugh and me about it. "And when I asked who she was, and he said she was a famous and very wicked woman, I was horribly shocked!" And she went off into gales of laughter.

She was still chuckling over that when she came into my room the next morning, while I was dressing Hughie Junior.

"Please let me borrow your son, Sally," she begged. "Danny and I are going off in the car, and I adore having the baby, you know. Can't he come?"

"Of course—will you be home for luncheon?" I answered, endeavoring to lasso the squirming Junior with his sailor tie.

"Yes, indeed—we're just going down to Stockbridge for some candy," she answered, and went off downstairs with the boy bouncing along beside her.

But they weren't back for luncheon. They weren't back for dinner, either, and Hugh, pretending that he only did it because I was worried, and not at all because he was pretty anxious himself, phoned everywhere that they could possibly have gone to see if there'd been an accident. But he couldn't get any trace of them.

Nine o'clock came, and ten. Hugh's face got grimmer and grimmer, and I choked down so many sobs that my throat felt swollen. I could just see the roadster overturned in a ditch somewhere, and the mutilated body of my baby boy lying in the mud and brackish water.

The telephone bell's jangling summons had never been so welcome to me before as when it brought Hugh and me running in from the terrace where we'd been anxiously watching the drive. Hugh reached it first, but turned and handed the receiver to me—I think he thought I'd go mad if I had to wait an instant for the news.

"Hello—hello, Sally?" It was Danny's voice. "Say, will you and Hugh come down here to Grantstown and bail us out? We're in jail!"

CHAPTER XI.

While Hugh ran to the garage and got one of the cars I slipped into my warmest coat and got a sweater for him and one for Junior; almost before I had mine buttoned up Hugh had driven around to the door, and we were off down the drive—but my thoughts had raced far ahead of even the speeding car.

It was a gorgeous night—rather cool, and with a full moon that showed whenever the wind subsided enough to leave it clear of the little clouds that went scudding across it. We seemed to fly before the wind, too—I felt as if we had wings.

"I thought I knew Danny Gardner from A to Z," Hugh exclaimed, as we tore along a deserted road, beside one of those long, white fences that mark New England for the motorist. "But what crazy thing he's done now it's beyond me to imagine."

"I should have asked him, I suppose, but just as soon as I found out where they were my one thought was to get started," I answered. "If this ever gets out people will say: 'Isn't that exactly like motion-picture people, though?' no matter how it came about."

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Hugh. "Sometimes I think we'd better bring Junior up to be something staid and dependable—a plumber, for choice. Gosh, what a view, Sally—look off across that valley!"

"I will when we pass it on the way home," I answered, trying to pin down my flying hair. "I can appreciate it better when I have Son in my arms."

"All right—but let's remember it; it's just the thing for that stunning long shot I've wanted for the picture."

We talked shop all the rest of the way; not because we were so completely absorbed in the subject, but because we both wanted to keep our minds off the prospect that confronted us. Having two of your friends in jail isn't exactly comforting.

I think every one in the town of Grantstown was grouped around the jail when we arrived; anyway, there was a mob crowding around the narrow, barred windows and trying to peek through. My heart stood still.

"Good heavens—are they trying to lynch 'em?" gasped Hugh, as he swung the car around into a vacant space at one side of the jail. "Danny must have run over somebody, or something like that."

I was frightened at first; then he laughed and said he'd been joking, as he lifted me over the door—that was the quickest way out—and hustled me along toward the steps of the ramshackle little building.

Somehow we got through the crowd and into the office inside, though the fussy little man who was keeping the crowd back didn't want to let us in. But Hugh convinced him that we'd come on official business, so he opened the doors, and we pushed into a stuffy, glaringly lighted little room.

And there sat Claudia, on a tumble-down old couch, with Junior in her lap. I didn't even see Danny at first; all I could see was that son of mine, who was sleeping as peacefully as if he'd been in his crib at home. Claudia thrust him into my arms, and then sank back in a corner of the couch with a sigh that came straight from her heart.

"Don't look so frightened, Sally," she begged. "You're whiter than any ghost! Beware, though—you're associating with an impostor."

"Yes'm," Danny chimed in, hunching himself up on a kitchen chair that stood on my other side. "You're in the company of criminals; will you bail us out first and hear the horrible details later, or leave us here to suffer till court convenes?"

"I'll do the bailing out while you tell Sally the facts," offered Hugh, who'd been having a word or two with him while I settled down with my son. And so Danny launched forth on his tale.

"We headed for Stockbridge," he began. "And then I got to trying to persuade Claudia—well, that is, I——"

"You needn't look so sheepish about it; you were asking her to marry you, of course; I can see it by the way you're both blushing," I cut in.

"Your insight is nothing if not amazing," declared Danny with a grin, dragging his chair over to where he could be beside Claudia. "As it happens, you're right. And somehow, we got off the main road, and took a lane that was awfully pretty, and then switched off on another road, and after a while we got lost. And we couldn't find a telephone, to call you folks, and then we had a blow-out, and had it fixed at a garage, and then discovered that I'd left my money in my other clothes and Claudia hadn't brought a pocketbook.

"So we couldn't pay the man who'd sold us the new tire—of course, this would all happen when we hadn't a spare along, and not one of the old ones was worth patching. The financial situation didn't worry me any, though; I remarked with all the nonchalance in the world, 'Sorry I haven't any money, but I'll give you my card, and when I get home I'll mail you a check.' And with that I started to drive off——"

"And the garage man stopped us!" Claudia burst in. "He was horribly ugly, the minute he looked at Danny's card, and he said: 'No, siree, young man, you don't

Freeze-Outs De Luxe

Snow scenes and luxury go hand in hand for those who make movies in California.

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll



TWO assistant directors sat on a snowbank and watched Eva Novak, bundled in furs, battle her way through the seven-foot snowdrifts—the beautiful heroine lost and despairing in the wilds of the frozen North.

“Gosh,” remarked one assistant director to the other. “I wish they’d finish that scene and call it a day. I’ve got my mind all made up for oysters on the half shell and chicken à la king for dinner, and there’s going to be a dance to-night.”

It’s a strenuous life in the movies, but not for the Western players when they go to the Yosemite Valley. Location work for “Alaskan” scenes made there is very different from that done by members of Eastern companies who have to endure the rigors of “Arctic City.”

Yosemite was designed, and the Sentinel Hotel was built long before studios started card indexing the scenery, but if it had been done with an eye to locations, it could not have been improved upon. Wilderness of the wildest and civilization of the most luxurious nestle cozily side by side. Does the combination appeal to screen actors? It does. Many a scene of the “trackless Northwest” has Yosemite for its home address. Camp life is all very well for summer location work, but in winter there is a certain appeal about being able to spend the day clambering over seven feet of snow and the evening in a comfortable hotel lobby.

However, there is plenty of strenuous work to be done to get those scenes full of crisp winter cold that flash so gratefully before the eyes of an audience in a summer-heated theater. In “The Cave Girl,” a Jesse D. Hampton picture filmed in Yosemite last winter, there are a few scenes that only those who have visited the valley and climbed the eleven miles of trail to Glacier Point will be able to appreciate thoroughly. They are scenes without any actors at all, and the real hero never appears except in one brief line on the screen—“Photography by Victor Milner.”

From Glacier Point there is a superb view of the valley, miles on miles of glittering snow-covered slopes, dark patches of forest, huge cliffs shouldering through the snow, and the great Sierras beyond. The director knew how much it would add to the scenic beauty of the picture; also he knew how much Bell-Howells weigh. He realized that it was a tough job, but—

Well, Milner set out on his eleven-mile stroll over the drifts, and when he came back he had safely "canned" some of the most beautiful panoramic views of Yosemite Valley in winter that were ever taken.

But that was a night when Milner was mighty glad to tuck his feet under a regular dinner table, instead of sitting on a hard log by a camp fire, and to have all the season's dainties set before him instead of stowing away bacon and beans.

Every actor who has worked in Yosemite Valley has tender memories of those Yosemite meals. Something in the crisp air of the valley does amazing things to theatrical appetites, traditionally active, anyway. Even Hampton, who under ordinary circumstances "must be careful, or—" that threatening phrase of doctors, left Yosemite a fatter and a happier man.

Civilization may furnish snowy table linen, polished silver, and steam-heated hotel rooms, but scenario writers have a habit of putting into their stories of the frozen North, rude, rough things like bears and wolves, to say nothing of dog teams. Yosemite has an extensive repertoire of wild life, and the Yosemite forest rangers have never yet been baffled by unexpected demands.

While the Hampton company was filming "The Cave Girl," it dawned upon the director that the cast was incomplete. He needed a bear, a large, shaggy, businesslike bear to meet the hero face to face on a narrow trail—whereupon the two were to stage a mutual flight in opposite directions. Chief Ranger Forrest S. Townsley was called into conference.

"Say, Townsley," pleaded the director, "we've got to have a bear, a regular honest-to-goodness bear. How about it?"


"Bear?" said Townsley. "Sure. When do you want him?"

Of course, self-respecting bears are not supposed to be wandering abroad in the winter, but it may be that the lure of getting into the movies had penetrated into the depths of a nice warm cave and disturbed the winter's sleep of the candidate that Townsley brought in, but when the time came for the bear's scene, there was the bear.

Collaborating with an inexperienced bear on his native heath is fairly risky business, but this bear played his part like a veteran of the Kliegs. Bear and man met face to face, registered mutual alarm, and in a

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THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

The Survival of the Fittest

They say that forty thousand persons connected with motion pictures are out of work in Los Angeles. In New York City, only a few studios are open. So slack is production that the theater managers are beginning to wonder where they will get their pictures next fall. Certainly we are going to have fewer pictures. Whether they will be better remains to be seen.

Salaries are slumping, and some of the minor-league stars are glad to work as mere leading men and women at five hundred dollars a week or less. It is a case of survival of the fittest, and our guess is that next winter there will be a resumption of the star system by most of the companies that have been depending a great deal upon a good story, a good director, and a good all-around starless cast.

The really big pictures—the sort like “The Miracle Man,” “Way Down East,” “Over the Hill,” and “Humoresque”—will be starless or genuinely all star like Cecil De Mille’s ten-star edition of “Anatol.” But the pictures that keep us going to the theater week after week will be the star pictures. The star will mean more to us, for the slump of 1921 has wiped out the folks who didn’t have the goods. Gone, for the most part, is the young lady or young man who was a star only because some producer said so. Instead, a list of real stars has been established, selected by the public.

It has been a stormy summer for the producers, and in the storm the weak ones are being tossed overboard. It’s tough on those who can’t swim, but we’ve seen a good many so-called “stars” that we’d rather drown than feed. Haven’t you?

Folks Who Are “Sensible”

Censorship of motion pictures is a fact in New York and Massachusetts now, and doubtless all crime in Boston and New York City will cease instantly. Governor Miller has announced that he will appoint for New York a censorship board of “sensible” folk, which he seems to believe, makes everything all right.

Sensible people are not difficult to find. You are one, for instance, and The Observer is another. So is every soul in this world who agrees with us in whatever opinions we may advance. But when they stop agreeing with us, they are sensible no longer.

The man who sees labor’s side of the problem, for instance, is sensible according to the judgments of labor. To capital he is anything but sane. The Pennsylvania Censorship Board is made up of sensible people according to the judgment of certain classes. But we doubt if they are sensible under the standards set by Samuel Gompers. If a censorship board cuts out of motion pictures the principles with which you do not agree, you hang a medal on the board and say censorship is a great

thing. If it cuts out the things you want left in, you brand the board as tyrannical.

Doubtless the men and women comprising the Pennsylvania board would poll a heavy vote if they were running for a place in the Congress of sensible people. But would they be elected, after the following evidence of eliminations from Bill Hart’s picture, “The Whistle,” were submitted as evidence of a fair and unbiased mind:

Eliminate: Foreword: “Since the day of Plato and Socrates there have been many men of wisdom, but none sage enough to solve the struggle eternal between capital and labor.”

Substitute: Foreword: “Since the day of Plato and Socrates there have been many men of wisdom, but none, sage enough to solve one of the eternal struggles of life.”

This, remember, is the story of a working man, presenting his side more forcibly than the side of capital. In Pennsylvania, don’t admit that there is any struggle between capital and labor.

Here’s another elimination and a title substituted that shows how the board’s sympathies lie:

Eliminate subtitle: “The Chapple Home, a realm which does not jump at the imperious call of the whistle.”

Substitute: “The Chapple Home, the domicile of a manufacturer not typical of those of to-day; a man not bad of heart, yet who does not realize his interest lies in seeing that the interests of his employees are equally as well protected as his own.”

And note this one:

Eliminate: “Conner’s widow came to you, and you sent her away with a few filthy dollars when you killed her husband.”

Substitute: “When Conner’s widow came to you, why didn’t you act like the decent bosses of to-day?”

Another along the same line:

Eliminate: “The thing you took from her your rotten money won’t bring back.”

Substitute: “Men like you belong to the past.”

There are other eliminations, some of which we would call “sensible” for we agreed with the board that Bill Hart has rather oversupplied “The Whistle” with cuss words.

We are not arguing here, either for labor or for capital. And we must admit that there were several things in “The Whistle” that we did not care for particularly. But that’s no reason why the right of free speech should be denied in Pennsylvania, when that speech is thrown upon a screen instead of being spoken from a platform or printed in a newspaper.

We should be just as het up about the thing if the Pennsylvania board had altered a picture so as to give capital more the better of it than the author intended. What we object to is the altering of ideas to make them jibe with those of the censor board’s.

If a censor board can alter pictures to make them

favorable to capital, why can't they bar pictures that deal with the advantages of electing a Democratic president, if they happen to be Republican in viewpoint? Why can't they throw out scenes showing the eating of meat, if they happen to be vegetarians?

"The Whistle" was shown in New York City just as Bill Hart turned it out originally, and the struggle between capital and labor does not seem to have been affected in any way whatsoever.

It may surprise the Pennsylvania board to know that the human race is so constituted that all the propaganda in the world won't make a laborer believe bosses are benevolent, unless his particular boss is so. And if he is being treated right, he can look all the rest of his life at pictures showing bosses who "belong to the past," as the Pennsylvania board puts it, and he never will become restless about the wrongs that he is told are being perpetrated upon person who work in other parts of the country.

Jack Reads Picture-Play Jack Dempsey's favorite magazine appears to be PICTURE-PLAY, according to Heywood Brown in the New York Tribune, which news caused a hasty change of certain plans that The Observer had for this issue.

We had thought of making a few remarks about Jack's acting, as demonstrated in the films showing him in training at Atlantic City, but if Jack is going to see it—that's a different matter.

It might be that some day we would meet this Dempsey and somebody would remark: "Mr. Dempsey, shake hands with Mr. Observer."

And Mr. Dempsey would say, with a wicked, laughless chuckle: "Ah, ha-ah! So you're the guy that said I wasn't as good an actor as Bull Montana, are you. Well, let me—"

And then—well, we might as well be honest and admit that the chances are that the publishers of PICTURE-PLAY would be looking around for some one else to write The Observer until we got out of the hospital and could hobble about.

So we merely pause to call attention to the fact that the prize fighters are becoming more discriminating in their literary tastes and will omit the remarks we had prepared along the lines that the motion-picture producers were becoming less discriminating in selecting their actors.

Why Not Include Theater Managers? The Cleveland School of Education has added a "Course in Visual Instruction" to its summer school courses, this being, we believe, the pioneer in starting to teach teachers how to use pictures in educational work. The course includes instruction in the operation of motion-picture machines, selection of films, and when a teacher finishes the course he knows what films he should get for his students, where to get them, and how to show them—which is more than some theater managers know.

Most teachers are eager to use the motion picture in helping to teach their pupils, but they are helpless in not understanding the method of showing them. This course should help start things going.

The De Mille Influence Is Cecil B. De Mille the man who is making the American woman gown herself more prettily? That's a first-class question for a debating society. Somebody brought it up at an author's luncheon the other day.

"De Mille shows women that in order to capture and

hold the male, they must fix their hair prettily and be sure their stockings don't wrinkle at the ankle. He's a public benefactor."

The speaker was a bachelor.

"Don't fool yourself," said a married man, "he gives the wives an excuse for buying more clothes, and the husband, therefore, hasn't any money, and the home is wrecked."

What do you think?

No Leading Men There is only one type of actor who is not going to be forced to take a substantial cut in salary as a result of the slump in the making of motion pictures.

That fellow is the leading man, the good leading man, and you can count all of them on the fingers of two hands.

What's happened to the fine-looking young fellows who used to make love to the women stars? Some have become stars themselves and the remainder seem to have grown old or have lost their charm in some other way. Mainly, the young men who have had their chance and who have failed have let their popularity go to their heads. "Swelled up" is a brand that has killed many prospects. If the flappers once get the idea that a leading man thinks he is all that they think he is, out he goes. Only the unspoiled remain popular with the girls who do everything in their power to spoil them.

Think over the leading men who have supported our best women stars. Who was the last film sweetheart for Mary Pickford, the Talmadges, Elsie Ferguson? Go down the list and see if you can pick out as fine a lot as when Wally Reid, Tom Meighan, Eugene O'Brien, Richard Barthelmess, and the other nice young stars of to-day were nothing but leading men.

It's a desperate situation. Where are we going to get our men stars when the present crop grows old?

Are the likable young fellows passing out? There are a lot of five-hundred-dollar to fifteen-hundred-dollar jobs waiting for the right ones.

Why? We Ask Boston saw "The Birth of a Nation" when it was first released. Now that it is being reissued, it is decreed by the authorities that it shall not be shown there, since the negroes object to it.

The question of censorship seems to be one of moods. If the picture was all right for Boston five years ago, why isn't it all right for Boston now? The film has not changed. The people of Boston are about the same. But evidently the folks in control aren't.

The Movie Lure Here's a new way of using motion pictures as a lure. Out in Lecompton, Kansas, it was found that something had to be done to get the farmers and their wives into town on Saturday afternoons, as they do in most places.

The idea wasn't so much to help the farmers as it was to help the local merchants, for when farmers come to town, especially with their wives, they spend money.

Somebody thought of having a free motion-picture show. It was done. The free show was advertised, and the farmers in their cars, with their whole families, came chugging in to see the pictures. The show was open only to out-of-town folks, and enough came to fill the theater. And they liked the idea so well that they said they'd like to have it repeated.

Now it is to be a regular thing. The performance starts plenty early, so that the wives will have time to do their shopping after the performance.

And no one loses by it!

Moranimated News

Of the Universal star who from this day forth will play without a costar, but who will share laughing honors with his scenario writer.

By H. C. Witwer

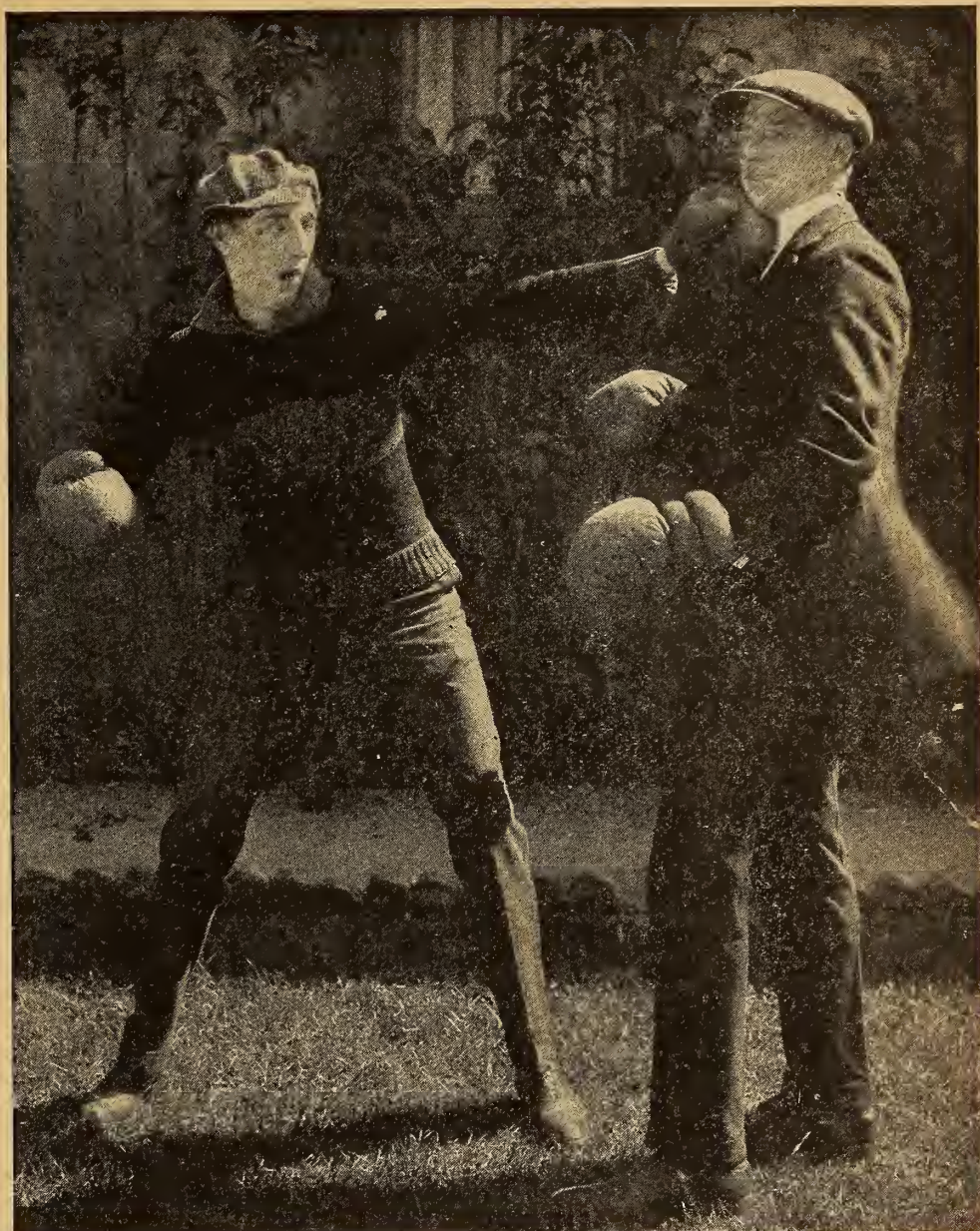
To My Gigantic Followin'
Dear Sir or Madame:

Well, I have just had the exotic pleasure of seein' a short story by my favorite author made into a movin' picture. The deed was done by a comedian with two eccentricities which makes him somethin' of a curiosity in his profession. The eccentricities is as follows, viz: 1. He does not claim at each and every opportunity that he is one of the funniest giggle developers which ever cavorted before a camera. 2. He *is!*

This remarkable young man's name in round numbers is Lee Moran, form'ly of the firm of Lyons & Moran and now in the wholesale chuckle business for himself at dear old Universal's City in the land of California, or as the noble-hearted Westerners from New York and Boston says: "God's Own Country!" How the so ever, Lee has a cute little combination office and dressin' room all to himself with his name and the line he is in painted on the door and a equally cute little secretary with—well, apart from that, I talked to her over the phone and as she had never read none of my stories why a interview was arranged in four jiffys and a twinklin'.

In a voluptuous tourin' car of a well-known brand, or to get disgustin'ly frank, one of them boilers which has been the plot of manys the joke, I was hustled out to the studio with the break-your-neck speed. The horseless carriage, by the ways, was furnished by no less than myself at a total cost of upwards of twelve berries, and the first time I get around to it I am goin' to ask Eric Stroheim to get the jack back for me from Carl Laemmle.

Well, as they is no doubt that whoever is readin' this document is no more interested in my personal affairs than my wife is, I will get back to the Right Hon. Lee Moran, the victim of this interview. I found the defendant sittin' in the conventional chair readin' the continuity of "Robinson's Trousseau," a short story recently bought for him at a price which wouldst make gibberin' idiots out of all the profiteers in the world if they ever heard the amount. I am not at liberty to name the exact sum, but I am sure that either Mack



One knock-out that the scenario hadn't provided for came when H. C. Witwer volunteered to show Lee Moran just how a regular prize-fighter would act.

Sennett or Al Christie will be glad to disclose the figure, as that is a old hobby of theirs. How the so ever, I identified myself to Mister Moran, as I familiarly call him, mainly by my long and intelligent nose and as it was nigh two years since I laid a eye on the boy why we devoted possibly a hour and possibly not to praisin' the Golden West to each other. It is silly to try and bring up any topic out here besides California, as they is not nobody extant which will waste as much as a adverb with you on any other subject. If a guy fell out of a airplane and landed on Santa Monica Boulevard the first baby to rush to his assistance wouldst holler in his battered ear: "Ain't this a wonderful climate, hey?"

As the matter of fact, it *is!* I don't blame a Californian for throwin' out his chest—accept it from me, we got the greatest country out here in the world, bar none and—eh—no bars. I say *we*, because I am goin' to take the plunge and become a permanent resident of Hollywood the minute I can raffle off my igloo in the Far East.

Funny how I keep gettin' away from my subject, to

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PREDICTIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

There will be a marked increase this month in the attendance at matinées in movie theaters located near school buildings. Owing to the censorship scare of last winter the fall season promises to be mild and temperate. The storms aroused over the German pictures are expected to have died down, save for occasional local flurries.



- 1—Th.—Reginald Barker appeared as *Jonathan Wise* in "The Mormon Wife," at the Central Theater, San Francisco, 1902.
- 2—Fr.—Viola Dana (then a precocious stage child) was *Celeste Bergeret* in "The Model," Harris Theater, New York, 1912.
- 3—Sa.—Griffith's "Way Down East" opened in New York, the best seats selling for ten dollars each, 1920.
- 4—Su.—Bert Lytell was leading man of the Blaney Stock Company, Brooklyn, appearing as *John Nazare* in "The Cherry Pickers," 1902.
- 5—M.—"Intolerance," the Griffith spectacle was shown for the first time in New York, at the Liberty Theater, 1915. Bobbie Harron died, 1920.
- 6—Tu.—Douglas Fairbanks was *Eddie*, an office boy, in "A Duel in Wall Street," with the stock company at Manhattan Beach, Denver, 1898.
- 7—W.—Tsuru Aoki born, 1892.
- 8—Th.—Alice Brady was warbling sweetly as *Hebe* in "Pinafore," at the Casino Theater, New York, 1911.
- 9—Fr.—Herbert Brenon was appearing as *Hon. Thomas Fenwick* in "In a Woman's Power," a melodrama, at Heuck's Theater, Cincinnati, 1901.
- 10—Sa.—Olive Thomas died in Paris, 1920.
- 11—Su.—A serious fire almost wiped out the Famous Players studios on West Twenty-sixth Street, New York, 1915.
- 12—M.—Mabel Ballin was *Pippins* in "Sergeant Brue," supporting Frank Daniels, at the Jefferson Theater, Portland, Maine, 1906.
- 13—Tu.—Anita Stewart saw herself upon the screen as *Josephine Blake* in the Vitagraph picture, "The Lost Millionaire," 1913.
- 14—W.—Famous Players two million dollar studio on Long Island opened, 1920.
- 15—Th.—"Buster" Keaton was starting a vaudeville tour with his parents, Joe and Myra, at the Orpheum Theater, Kansas City, 1901.
- 16—Fr.—Lew Cody was *Signor D'Orelli* in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," with the Poli Stock Company, Worcester, Massachusetts, 1910.
- 17—Sa.—Elliott Dexter appeared as *De Castro* in "The Man from Missouri," with Tim Murphy, at the Academy of Music, Selma, Alabama, 1903.
- 18—Su.—Ethel Sands began her "adventures in movieland," 1920.
- 19—M.—Bessie Barriscale was cast as *Pauline* in "Frou Frou," with the Proctor Stock Company, One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Theater, New York, 1904.
- 20—Tu.—Constance Talmadge gave the order "not at home" to all suitors except John Pialoglou, 1920.
- 21—W.—The Oracle answers for the one thousand five hundred and eighty-seventh time the question, "Does Pearl White wear a wig?" 1920.
- 22—Th.—Dorothy Dalton born, 1893.
- 23—Fr.—Milton Sills, Charles Richman, and Theodore Roberts were leading lights in "Diplomacy," at Maxine Elliott's Theater, New York, 1910.
- 24—Sa.—Pauline Frederick was skipping merrily in the chorus of "The Rogers Brothers in Harvard," at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, 1902.
- 25—Su.—Elsie Ferguson enchanted all as *Greeba* in "The Bondman," with Wilton Lackaye, at the Bijou Theater, Evansville, Indiana, 1907.
- 26—M.—A convention of hair dressers offered Mary Pickford twenty-five thousand dollars if she would give a testimonial to the effect that her curls were supplied by them, not nature, 1916.
- 27—Tu.—Hedda Hopper was an imposing *Mrs. Grey* in "A Matinée Idol," supporting De Wolf Hopper, at the Grand Opera House, London, Ontario, 1909.
- 28—W.—Conway Tearle played *Paul de Lahne* in "The Best of Friends," at Drury Lane Theater, London, 1902.
- 29—Th.—Fannie Ward and John W. Dean headed the cast of a play entitled "A Fool and a Girl," written by a man named David Wark Griffith, which this date received its première at the Columbia Theater, Washington, D. C., 1907.
- 30—Fr.—Herbert Howe started for New York, after a year in Los Angeles, 1920.

OUR MONTHLY RECIPE.

Cream Puff.

Use the cream of the acting profession. Hero's heart must be tender though shell may seem rough.

Lots of dough must be there.

This is cooked with hot air.

For the press agents furnish the puff.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

About ten years ago, David Belasco, the famous theatrical producer, was in Rochester, New York. He went behind the scenes in a theater and found a child of seven years sitting alone on a chair and crying as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter?" asked the kindly Mr. Belasco.

No answer except sobs. Mr. B. put his hand on her head. Then he took her in

his arms and sat down in the chair. In a quavering voice, choked with tears, she told him that the Rochester Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children had refused to permit her to appear on the stage that night, because she was too young.

"And I—I love to a-act so much!" sobbed the child.

"Never mind," said Mr. Belasco. "Some day you'll be a big girl and a star."

Well, she isn't such a big girl now and she isn't a star, but she's gone far. The kiddie David Belasco held in his arms was Lila Lee.

SQUINTING BACKWARD.

When motion pictures were first shown in New York, the manager of one theater predicted that in ten years vaudeville would be dead. And yet we understand that Eva Tanguay is still drawing a small salary every week.

And back in '92, a fellow by the name of William S. Hart was doing Shakespearean rôles.

Whereas, in 1888, when the circus came to town, New York papers complained that "Barnum's parade hurt theatrical business all over town."

Going a little farther back, we notice

that in 1866, when Forrest opened an engagement in San Francisco, the first ticket for the opening brought \$500. Regular present-day speculator prices, evidently.

Readjusting the telescope for another squint, we learn that in 1776, the city fathers of Providence, Rhode Island, passed an "Act to Prevent Stage Plays and other Theatrical entertainments," because they caused "great and unnecessary expenses."

"The star system in the theater is doomed," sighed Daniel Frohman in 1903. Guess again, Daniel!

A film censor is but one step removed from the income-tax collector in point of popularity. The two couldn't win a vote in an election even if they ran for a dog catcher.



FAVORITE PICTURE PLAYERS



Photo by C. Smith Gardner

THE LAST DOOR" was the one through which Martha Mansfield passed to stardom, and incidentally the title of the last picture in which she played opposite Eugene O'Brien. "The Fourth Sin," her first star picture, will appear early this fall.



7—W
8—Th
9—F

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

WHAT is said to be the most highly romantic rôle she has ever had is provided for Dorothy Phillips in her next First National picture, whose exterior scenes will probably be filmed in Italy.



Photo by C. E. Day

DOROTHY DEVORE is another whom comedies made what she is to-day, and she, for one, is satisfied with the dramatic situations they provide. In "Nothing Like It," her latest Christie comedy, she plays a village maiden who outdoes *Cleopatra*.



THE answer to "What's Your Reputation Worth" was many new admirers for Corinne Griffith. Now she is sharing stellar honors with Catherine Calvert in "Moral Fiber."

Photo by Ira L. Hill



Photo by George M. Keaslere

THE supreme artist of the screen—as fellow-professionals and the public alike have acclaimed Lillian Gish, is soon to appear in D. W. Griffith's production of "The Two Orphans."



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

AGNES AYRES is one of those players whose elusive charm is so devoid of eccentricities that her public is never quite sure that it knows her. Catching her off guard, our interviewer came to know a side of her personality that the screen does not reveal. The article that follows will make you feel that you really know her.

The Lonesomest Girl in Town

Even stardom doesn't make a girl immune to loneliness, says Agnes Ayres.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IT was the sunlight of June that brought the shades of O. Henry to Boston town. Of that much I am certain. It all will look fairly fictitious in cold print, but the bus driver and the lady behind us are witnesses to the veracity of our tale.

The weather invited pleasure riding: circumstances frowned upon a touring car or even a taxi; temperament rebelled at thought of a street car, and so, happily enough, I decided to join the proletariat on a Royal Blue Liner that promised to show all the historic points of interest. Once aboard the bus, next the driver, I settled back to enjoy the regal journey. In front of the Copley-Plaza we stopped to take on a single fare. A fair fare. The profile was familiar, the smile even more familiar. It was pleasant to find her occupying the remaining third of the broad front seat that I shared with the driver. Secretly I studied the slender lady beside me. O. Henry—Neilan—Cecil himself—Ayres—Agnes Ayres! This was Agnes Ayres seeing the historic points of interest—this the swimming vision of *Anatol* gracing a Royal Blue Line bus seeing Boston! Here was novelty in duvetyn—smartly tailored romance.

Hat in hand, I murmured: "Aren't you pretty far from Hollywood?"

She blushed, smiled, and put a warning finger to her lips. "Incog!" she whispered.

During the remainder of the ride we talked of shoes and ships and sealing wax and Paul Revere and the Boston tea party and the Einstein theory and high heels and Faneuil Hall and the Ware glass flowers and the Cabots and the Lowells and other things that one never talks of when "interviewing" a picture star. And when we had made the trip we alighted at the Copley.

"This," Miss Ayres was reminded, "would never do for an interview."

"I'm glad you respected the incognito," she smiled. "I dread being pointed out and stared at. I engaged the front seat on the bus just to make recognition impossible. Or next to impossible. You see it was so dull about the hotel—and I didn't know any one—and I *hadn't* seen Boston—so I just—"

A real, tea-for-two, tête-à-tête interview appointment was arranged for the following day. The Copley, it was decided, furnished an admirable setting.

The only thing that reminded me that Agnes Ayres was a movie star was the fact that she was fifteen minutes late. In every other respect she was above reproach. She was dressed quietly, but, ah! noticeably well. She was beautiful, but not in five-color calendar style. She was interesting, but she attempted no monologues—no five-minute discourses on, "What I Think of the Screen" and "How I Would Play *Juliet*."

She looks astonishingly like Alice Joyce. Strangely enough she started at Vitagraph, too, when the radiant

Joyce was beginning to star. The O. Henry cycle introduced Agnes to the camera man. Every one, I suppose, knows that. And every one also is aware of her switch to the Coast, where Mickey Neilan employed her gentle graces in his nonstop record-breaking "Go and Get It." And, for that matter, who will start in surprise at the news that De Mille picked her to supplant the glorious Swanson when the latter decided to star? "Forbidden Fruit" marked the Ayres début before a Lasky lens. "Anatol" followed. Here she was, in Boston, getting San Francisco dock scenes with Tommy Meighan for the forthcoming "Cappy Ricks." Not a lengthy history; hardly a sensational one. Like Agnes, perhaps. She is not very tall, and she is anything but sensational. She is essentially well-bred, naturally eye-filling, indubitably charming. Even her years of picture experience did not detract from her personality as revealed by the cross-questioning process popular among all professional probers. So many stars grow calloused to interviews—so many repeat themselves and everybody else. Not so Agnes Ayres.

"It's wonderful to be a star," she assured me, "but I cannot understand why being one makes one a piece of public property. Actors are people, you know. They eat and drink and dance and hate the dentist and wait for hours at the telephone to be told the line's busy.

"What would Mrs. Smith say if she were interviewed? Who cares? What if I *do* like ravioli and beige motor coats and pecans and skiing? What if I can't enjoy Dickens, and devour Conrad, and—and, well, what of it? I love to act, and some day I want to act right out in public, footlights and all, but honestly, Mister Magazine Man, I'm just an average sort of person."

(If only average persons were half so easy to look at!)

Pressed further, the Ayres confession acknowledged Laurette Taylor as the favorite actress, and the debonair Lionel Atwill as the idolized actor. The Barrymores, be it said, were rated high, also, and interestingly enough, Lionel was accorded a niche above John. But Atwill and Taylor would be the leads in the Never-Never Theater.

"I enjoyed 'Liliom' when I was in New York," she added. "Metro is making it 'A Trip to Paradise.' The picture will probably resemble the Molnar play just as much as the title resembles Molnar's title."

And yet Miss Ayres declared that it was fair to modify Schnitzler to make a De Mille holiday. She is still another of the Cecilists—loud in her praise of the put-ted producer of purple pictures.

"He is in a class by himself," he said. "I have never worked under a greater artist, and I never expect to. To have him suggest a scene clarifies the action per-

Continued on page 98

ANOTHER BEAUTY

One of the first letters we received in response to our invitation last month to name your favorite film beauties, was one that extolled the loveliness of Agnes Ayres.

"She has the freshness and roseate beauty of a June morning," this correspondent wrote, "and her eyes hold the tranquil peace of deep pools in the woodland. She must have a sweet disposition, for it is mirrored in her face. I would love to know her, wouldn't you?"

This article will make you acquainted with the lovely Miss Ayres.



Real Chinese gamblers were gathered together from the depths of the Los Angeles Chinatown and told to "Go to it" on the big Lasky stage during the filming of Betty Compson's picture, "At the End of the World."

HOLLYWOOD picture studios of late seem to have gone gambling mad. You hear the calls of the French *croupier* in the "Camille" sets at Metro, where Nazimova has been at work, the guttural Chinese sounds on the Betty Compson set at Lasky's, the cosmopolitan babel and rattle of chips on the Von Stroheim set of Monte Carlo at Universal City, not to mention the peculiar noises made in the big C. B. De Mille set showing a gambling den of Tia Juana—and others.

Gambling, in large and small doses, will be handed the public allopathically for the next few months to show why gambling is an evil habit, and one to be avoided. You won't, of course, hear the sounds referred to, but you will watch the wheels go round—which is much more interesting. Everything is shown in full. Take that gambling scene in Betty Compson's picture, for example. You are led by the hand into a sublimated Chinese "joint" in Shanghai, where the blooming Betty is a calla lily among crocuses. Penrhyn Stanlaws, while directing the picture, was not content to subtitle Betty into that atmosphere and out again—he showed the

If You Don't

You may enjoy watching others do so. That, at
of the motion-picture producers when they

By Gordon

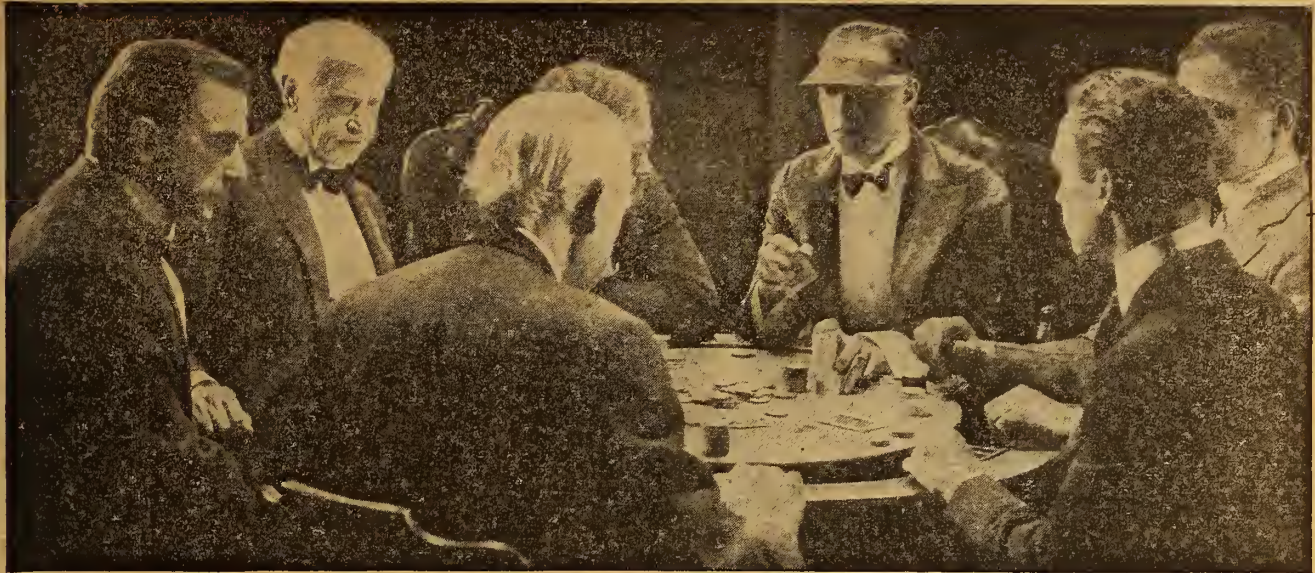
gambling den in actual operation, fan-tan and all. Real Chinese gamblers were gathered together from the depths of the Los Angeles Chinatown and told to "go to it" on the big Lasky stage where all the necessary paraphernalia was put at their disposal.

A Chinaman would rather gamble than do laundry, and there is nothing on which he will not gamble, from the number of holes he can rub in your silk shirt to the probable contents of a bowl of chop suey. Between "shots" on this picture, the Chinese actors worked pretty hard on some heavy games of dominos.

Any earnest, hard-working gambler will tell you that the essence of real gambling is the artistic touch. That, too, has always been my experience. Whenever I have lost to a professional gambler I usually found that I had been artistically touched. The "Cherokee Kid," otherwise known as Mr. Scott Turner, while engaged in helping direct the Monte Carlo gambling scenes for the Von Stroheim picture at Universal City, pointed out the difference between this artistic touch, and the clumsy, or amateurish in gambling. Your amateur will handle poker chips, he pointed out, as he would hot, fried potatoes, while the artistic professional—possibly planning a touch—will handle them as



Pauline Frederick recently spent two hours a day for two weeks learning how to turn a roulette wheel.



Gambling experts were called in to supervise such scenes as this one in "The Witching Hour."

Gamble—

least, seems to have been agreed upon by several began some of their recently made films.

Gassaway

he would twenty-dollar gold pieces, buttered on both sides.

The Cherokee Kid, once the most noted professional gambler in the world, is now kept busy putting the gambol in gambling for the motion-picture studios in Hollywood and Culver City.

Our greatest trouble in the beautiful Monte Carlo set has been to keep the extras from—er—spitting on the floor. You see, they have worked in so many Nevada and Arizona gambling saloons, that they hardly know how to act in a Monte Carlo salon. It is only recently that such elegant gambling sets have been reproduced for the screen with the object in view of saving the world from destruction.

I have never yet seen a gambling house correctly reproduced on the screen. There is always something wrong. The public, largely through films, has gained a distorted idea of the professional gambler. I'll bet you—no, I won't bet you, because I'm through with gambling—but I am willing to state that the average picturegoer sees in his mind a gambler as a gentleman with a wicked little black mustache, a high, silk hat, and a long, black coat, with prissy manners. I have been a gambler since 1870, and never in all my travels around the world did I see any gambler in a

"The Old Nest," a Goldwyn production, is another picture which reproduces a gambling joint and peoples it with real gambler types.

get-up like that. David Belasco started that style himself in "The Girl of the Golden West," and every director and stage manager has stuck to it ever since.

Now, the next time you see a wild West gambling scene in a picture, notice whether or not the players are sitting on chairs or on stools. If they are using stools, then the atmosphere is correct. If they are using chairs, it is all wrong. In Western gambling halls, they always used stools, because the stools could be shoved under a table when a player "went broke" or cashed in and left the game. A chair with a back to it, could not be pushed under the table.

Pauline Frederick recently spent two hours a day for a period of two weeks learning how to turn a roulette wheel properly, and then she almost gave up in despair before she began to work on the picture in which it was to be used when she learned that it takes months and even years to perfect the artistic touches which makes one a professional at it. In the old days—about three years ago—gambling scenes were thrust into motion pictures without any thought as to whether they

Continued on page 104



Over the

East or West, home is best so long as it is a motion-home. Other times, Fanny the Fan prefers a

By The



Photo by White

Vivian Martin has gone on the stage and is rapidly acquiring a hunted look from playing in one of those farces where the heroine is always having people drop into her room by mistake.

WHAT is that woman out there yelling about?" I demanded of Fanny. "I might have known that you would come along just in time to find out."

"She's shouting, 'Women and children first.' There's a stampede because some one said that Wallace Reid was in an automobile that was passing. The crowd surged out into the street, they've stopped traffic, and she's lamenting because she can't get near enough to introduce him to Mary Pickford Gazooks, her baby daughter, whom she is sure Wally would like to put in pictures."

"He ought to be thankful she doesn't want to kiss his hand," I offered. "She would if he were in his 'Peter Ibbetson' costume!"

Then I remembered that I had intended upstaging Fanny for keeping me waiting; the excitement over Wally had made me forget.

"Pardon me," I remarked coldly. "But what time is it?"

"I don't know," Fanny answered airily. "And furthermore that's a caustic way of calling me down for being late. I simply couldn't help it. First I had a letter from Colleen Moore, and that reminded me that she told me before she went West that I simply must see Vivian Martin on the stage in 'Just Married,' so I did, and she was so darling that I went around behind the scenes afterward to see her, and it's a wonder that I showed up at all. Vivian's wonderful on the stage; she's acquiring a sort of hunted look though, for the play is one of those farces in which the heroine is always having people drop into her room by mistake. It makes you perfectly breathless the way she gets into scrapes faster than she can get out of them. She loves the stage, but she hasn't lost interest in pictures at all. She has just made a Goldwyn picture, 'Pardon My French,' and as soon as she feels able to play on the stage and in pictures at the same time—not exactly at the same time, but you know what I mean—she

Katherine MacDonald hates to read the mail marked "Important," so when her manager isn't watching her, she pushes that aside and delves into her fan letters which she loves.



Teacups

picture star's home, and so long as the star is at studio or one of the tea-time haunts of the stars.

Bystander

is going to do pictures again. She has the loveliest, softest voice."

"And how about Colleen?" I put in impatiently. "What did she write?"

"All about the Actors' Fund Fair," Fanny answered, beaming as she always does at mention of her favorite. "Just listen to it!" And she pulled the top off of the Japanese wicker basket she was carrying under her arm, and started pawing around among the papers.

"What on earth is that?" I knew that some star was responsible for the idea.

"Oh, Lillian Gish has one, and it is so convenient to carry papers around in that I got one, too."

"Not that you wanted to be as much like Lillian as possible," I mentioned.

"You're just jealous because you didn't think of it first. But you can go to-morrow where Dorothy is getting reduced and then we'll be even. You'll need to if you keep on stuffing with that peach ice cream. Here's the letter.

"The pageant was *beautiful*, and Mary Pickford as *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was the hit of the show," she read. "For hours I tried to get into Charlie Ray's country store; finally gave up and went to the

Kathryn Perry has done splendid work in Selznick pictures, but people insist on referring to her, not as an actress, but as the girl Owen Moore is going to marry.



The great outdoors calls loudly to Alice Cathoun nowadays, but not quite so loudly as the studio, so she takes only a day's rest between pictures—and it's a strictly original way of resting, as Fanny can testify.



gambling house run by Charlie Murray and the Sennett people, and that was almost as crowded. There were side shows and a De Mille set with C. B. directing. You would have loved Ben Turpin's show. I was terribly sorry not to get out here in time really to be a part of the show, but every one was awfully nice and a place was found for me serving drinks at the American bar. Pauline Frederick was there in the afternoon in a riding habit, looking almost as marvelous as she did in the pageant at night. Of course every one in pictures was in that, and they all looked gorgeous, but I remember Dorothy Phillips best. Her dress was made of plumes and mirrors."



Photo copyright by Evans

Hope Hampton, wearying a little of being recognized only as the most gorgeously dressed woman at play openings craves new honors as well. She is having her voice trained, and will soon appear on the stage.

"I'd like to see Colleen serving drinks at a bar," I edged in. "It would be about as appropriate as using a violin as a baseball bat."

Of course Fanny wasn't listening to me. "Colleen was so happy about being back in Los Angeles for a while that she frantically telegraphed everybody to come and see her right away, and then the first thing she knew the whole 'Slippy McGee com-

pany was ordered to Mississippi," Fanny told me breathlessly, "and she had to go away."

"Go away," I echoed. "How I hate those words!"

"Yes; every one's doing it, aren't they? Mary Miles Minter went abroad and then Alice Brady went, and now if Constance Binney goes the Realart studio will be simply deserted. Dorothy Phillips and Colleen Moore may go in the fall, and speaking of Colleen reminds me I've had a letter from my friend Jane, who lives in Cleveland."

"But why?" I asked. "She doesn't know her."

"She knows her just as well as you did a few months ago, and that means she just adores her pictures. Jane's favorite is 'When Dawn Came.' She has seen it three times. A newspaper critic out West who hadn't particularly liked Colleen before he saw that wrote 'Miss Moore's impersonation is a thing not only of marvelous beauty because Miss Moore is beautiful, but is transcendently lovely as breathing sweetness and spirituality.' Wouldn't you think that would make her conceited?"

"Not Colleen. She probably read it and said, 'Oh, what a kick I got out of that!' But what did Jane say?"

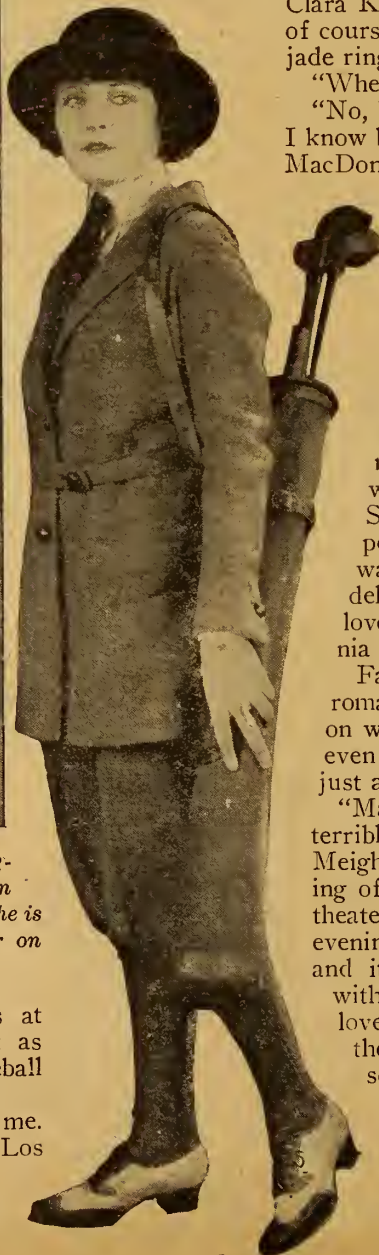
"She said that Ralph Graves had been back there for a visit when 'Dream Street' opened. He and Alice Calhoun both came from Cleveland, you know. Ralph told Jane that it was great fun playing the bully in 'Dream Street,' knowing that he could slam any one and they couldn't hit him back. Clara Kimball Young had been there, too, and of course Jane lost her heart to that wonderful jade ring that Miss Young wears."

"Where's yours? Have you lost it?"

"No, but jewelry doesn't go with this dress. I know because I copied it from one Katherine MacDonald wears in 'Stranger Than Fiction,' and she didn't wear any. Katherine's taste is so perfect that you can't go wrong when you copy her. And speaking of her reminds me I haven't heard from her for ages. She is terribly busy making pictures, every one says, but then Katherine always is busy with the business affairs of her company and everything. She always has heaps of mail on her desk to be taken care of when she doesn't have to be acting. She hates to read the mail marked 'important,' so when her manager isn't watching her she pushes that aside and delves into her fan letters, which she loves. But the latest news from California is about May MacAvoy."

Fanny beamed so that I knew there was romance in the air, and she was so intent on what she was telling me that she didn't even see that Elliott Dexter had sat down just a few tables away.

"May MacAvoy and Eddie Sutherland are terribly interested in each other; he's Tommy Meighan's nephew, you know. And, speaking of romance, I saw Kathryn Perry at the theater the other night in the most beautiful evening coat. It was midnight-blue satin, and it had big, gold-colored flowers on it with embroidered centers. She looked very lovely. I should think she'd be discouraged though. She has done splendid work in some Selznick pictures, and still every



The quaint little town of Forest Hills, Long Island, used to be noted for its English architecture, but now it is known to fame as the place where Martha Mansfield introduces such charming sports costumes as this.

one insists on mentioning her as the girl Owen Moore is going to marry."

"Well, don't you?" But Fanny didn't pay any attention to my remark, so I asked her if she had seen Alice Calhoun lately.

"I spent the day with her a while ago, and I'll never forget it," Fanny told me distractedly. "She had only one day's rest between making 'Peggy Puts It Over' and starting 'The Matrimonial Web,' and I spent that with her. It may be *her* idea of rest, but it would kill me. She tried on dresses for hours, and then she had to go to the photographer's. It wasn't quite lunch time when we dashed up Riverside Drive toward her apartment, so she suggested going out in her motor boat. We did—she keeps it at the pier just a short distance from her home, you know—and we started off with such a spurt that I thought we'd arrive in Albany in no time. After we went home and had luncheon there were more clothes to try on, and then a friend of hers came over to sing with Alice. She's an excellent musician in addition to everything else, you know, so they played and sang for a long time. Then she rushed me out to see a picture she was particularly interested in, and downtown to do some shopping. By dinner time I felt like a wreck, but not Alice. She told the maid she could go out to the movies, and Alice insisted on washing the dishes herself. I never saw any one so industrious in my life.

"She had the funniest experience out on location last week. Her new roadster is red—and there were to be bulls in the exterior scenes of her picture. She didn't know that until she drove up in their vicinity.

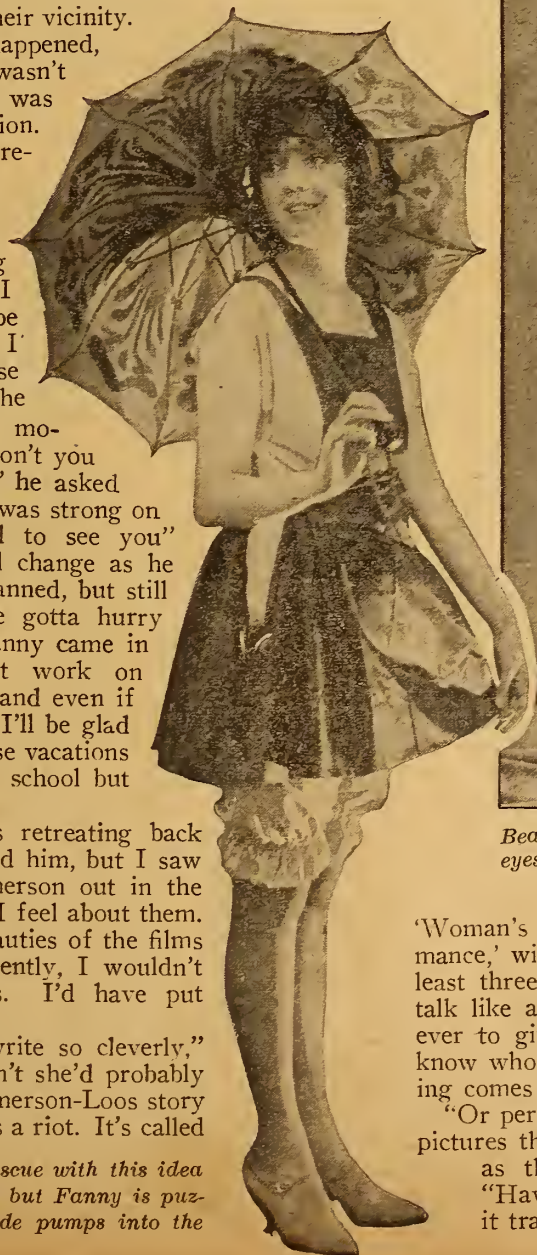
You can imagine what happened, but fortunately Alice wasn't hurt. The property man was the hero of the occasion. Alice's rich uncle ought to remember him in his will."

A moment later Fanny had darted away from the table where we were sitting and out into the lobby. I wondered who it might be that she had seen, but I didn't follow her because Wesley Barry went past the window just then and I motioned him to come in. "Don't you ever do anything but eat?" he asked disgustedly. Wesley never was strong on these "My, but I'm glad to see you" speeches, but perhaps he'll change as he grows older. He looked tanned, but still a little melancholy. "I've gotta hurry along," he said just as Fanny came in sight. "I'm gonna start work on 'School Days' to-morrow, and even if Mr. Neilan isn't directing I'll be glad to be working again. These vacations are all right for people in school but I hate 'em!"

Fanny looked after his retreating back sadly. "I'm sorry I missed him, but I saw Anita Loos and John Emerson out in the lobby, and you know how I feel about them. If I had been choosing beauties of the films as Herbert Howe did recently, I wouldn't have chosen all actresses. I'd have put Anita Loos in."

"It is a pity she can write so cleverly," I observed; "if she couldn't she'd probably act. They say the new Emerson-Loos story for Constance Talmadge is a riot. It's called

Lila Lee came to Fanny's rescue with this idea for an original bathing suit, but Fanny is puzzled about wearing the suede pumps into the water.



Beautiful Claire Windsor is the cynosure of all eyes, even in Hollywood where strikingly beautiful girls abound.

'Woman's Place.' Their own picture, 'Red-hot Romance,' will be out soon, too, and I'll go to see it at least three times. It is the ambition of my life to talk like an Anita Loos subtitle, and I don't intend ever to give it up as hopeless. The only person I know who does it is Constance, and being entertaining comes naturally to her."

"Or perhaps she has played in so many Anita Loos pictures that they've affected her," Fanny remarked, as though anything could change Constance. "Have you seen her? Is she still so thin? Isn't it tragic that none of the stars are just the size



Hobart Bosworth portrays another of the rugged characters his public likes.

Thar She Blows

An ill wind strikes the plot of the first Hobart Bosworth production bringing mutiny, bloodshed, and terror into it. How some of its thrilling scenes were filmed at sea is told in this story.

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll

FIGHTING his way through the struggling ranks of his mutinous crew, the captain of the whaler sprang to the after-deck. Close behind him came the ringleader of the mutiny. The two men grappled and swayed on the unguarded edge of the deck. The captain's huge arm drew back. Crash! His fist landed in the sailor's face, and the man sprawled limply back-

ward, toppling upside into the water twenty feet below.

Then there rose a plaintive wail from a man who danced frantically on a little platform extending over the ship's rail and waved a megaphone.

"Who—*who*—WHO moved that line?" he demanded of the world in general. "Let him grab it himself; don't fish for him! Now we gotta do the whole thing over again."

Dripping and shivering—for the waters of San Francisco Bay are not the warmest waters in the world—Harry Kearley crouched on the edge of the deck, and let Hobart Bosworth knock him overboard for a second time.

A Bosworth picture is no place for any one who is looking for a mild and peaceful existence.

Bosworth, with Bessie Love, his leading woman, Emory Johnson, Jack Curtis and the rest of his company spent two weeks in San Francisco recently, making scenes for the first of the series of six pictures he will offer as Hobart Bosworth productions. They will probably be sea stories of the rugged type in which the public likes him, and judging from the lively times aboard the schooner *Oregon* where the first scenes were filmed, there will be plenty of thrills.

Captain A. R. Paulsen of the *Oregon* transformed his schooner into a whaler for the picture. Extra davits were added, and



Captain Bosworth gets undeniably rough with his seamen.



Bessie Love amuses herself on deck while she reflects that later on she will have to be thrown about and dragged through portholes.

whaleboats borrowed from the *Caroline Francis*, a famous whaler that made a record of seventy-one whales last season. Captain Paulsen's cabin became a dressing room with grease paint and make-up strewn over the desk where his charts usually repose. Several of his regular crew were drafted into service as extras while the rest lent a hand at the ropes or sat in a row on the rail and grinned at the strange antics of the "movie people."

A day aboard ship with Bosworth is an entertaining combination of exciting moments and naps snatched on the sunny deck while a camera is being hoisted to the main truck for a long shot down the deck; of blood-smearing mutineers lunching on lettuce sandwiches and red-shirted bucko mates quoting Shakespeare; of Bessie Love in faded blue overalls and a sable cape.

Bosworth retires into the cabin dressing room to make up for the second act of the fight with the crew. He emerges, a fearsome figure in tattered garments, face, chest and arms smeared with blood. To the horror of Mrs. Bosworth, who has come along to enjoy the day, he calmly licks the "blood" from his arm and remarks that it is the best blood he ever tasted.

He is quite right, for the gore that streams over him is nothing more nor less than innocent raspberry jelly, rather soft jelly that makes wonderfully realistic blood.

Jack Curtis, looking like all the pirates of the Seven Seas in his red shirt and dilapidated trousers, suggests that it might add a novel touch to the fight scene if the combatants should stop at intervals to lick each other's wounds.

As solemn as a judge, Bosworth turns to him.

"Jack," he says, "I've thought of a good touch for the finish of that fight. It gives you a close-up."

Curtis looks interested. Bosworth goes on.

"After the crew has chased me up on the after-deck, you follow me, and I knock you down the companion-way. You fall on your back, and I make a running jump and land on your face with both feet——"

It dawns on Curtis that the incorrigible Bosworth is having his little joke.

Lunch time arrives. A camera platform serves as a table for Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth, Bessie Love, Rowland Lee, the director, and stray guests. The "crew" makes itself comfortable on the tarpaulined hatches in the sun. Lunch boxes are distributed, and everybody is happy. Bosworth, clad in the deep-sea garb of the whaler captain, waves a banana as he quotes Shakespeare—speech after speech from "The Taming of the Shrew," done with gestures *ad lib*.

Lunch over, the company goes back to work. It appears that Bessie Love is to be dragged through a porthole into a whaleboat, to be hidden under a tarpaulin and there to lie concealed while the boat starts off, presumably after whales. Emory Johnson, the handsome young hero of the tale, is chief dragger. He gets Miss Love safely under the tarpaulin, and the boat starts off. It is a grand day for small-boat sailing, and with sail set, the whaleboat sails like a witch. Very reluctantly, and only in response to mad megaphonings, do they come back. Johnson, who incidentally is not only hero but author of the story, returns with the firm determination to write in some more scenes like that.

While Mate Curtis is doing a *Simon Legree* with the crew at the pumps—the whaler springs a leak at the dramatic moment—and Captain Bosworth is being undeniably rough with Apprentice Seaman Johnson for using fresh water to wash his face in, Bessie Love curls up on the hatch with her embroidery. She is wearing her torn blue overalls, an ancient blue jersey, brogans, and a sou'wester, and the embroidery is rather out of the picture.

"How do you happen to be escaping the fights?" we inquire.

"Oh, he hasn't started with me yet," Miss Love replies as she deftly decorates a luncheon set with silken

Continued on page 107

RIGHT OFF THE GRILL

There is no more fearless, frank, fair, and fully informed comment to or on the movies than the writer of this department—and there is no one who writes more entertainingly upon the subject of the cinema and its people.



By Herbert Howe

IS the movietropolis suffering the fate of Sodom or just that of Petrograd?

It certainly is suffering something dreadful, judging by the groans one hears along Hollywood Boulevard.

Many a cordovan now treads the concrete that formerly stepped on the gas.

For more than six months the entire picture industry has been shaking harder than old Frisco or young Gilda Grey.

Every day brings its casualties.

You can't count fast enough to count the falling stars.

And falling stars don't mean money out here. They mean bankruptcy.

Various causes are given for the chaos.

- Some say—
- Overproduction.
- Financial depression.
- Monopoly.
- Foreign invasion.

A few eminent jackasses blame it all on the four German pictures imported and seek to remedy matters by braying. They would sink the continent of Europe so they might continue to draw about ten times what they are worth. That's like self-centered addlepates. Wars may go on forever so long as they don't vitally affect salaries. The average actor is only interested in world events so far as they may affect him. He doesn't try to

grasp the international theories of H. G. Wells with the vision of a world state. He only wants to know if the Wells "do-dingus" will raise his salary from seven-fifty to fifteen hundred per week. He doesn't stop to reason that other goods than films are being imported and that other mechanics have to face competition. He says, "Well, the Germans won't let in more than fifteen per cent of our pictures, so why should we let in theirs?" So far not more than one per cent of pictures shown have been from abroad. And I dare say a tariff will be forthcoming, but whatever that tariff may be it is a cinch we are going to have the best of the foreign-made pictures at any price. The screen is taking on an international aspect.

No, the reason for the blow-up is not to be attributed to four or five continental productions nor the possibility of more. There has been overproduction. There has been financial depression. And there has been a gradual concentration of distributing business until now the majority of the theaters are controlled by Paramount



Gareth Hughes, an actor who is on the ascent, as he appears in his new picture, "The Hunch."

and First National. Unless pictures can measure up to the specifications laid down by these two great organizations they haven't much chance for big profits. A murderess can't rush into pictures now and expect to peddle her film to any theater. No more can the inefficient producer.

We are witnessing to-day the climax of movie history.

It is a conflict for the survival of the fittest.

The old order changeth and changeth on the run.

The first to go are the employees—actors, directors, camera men, and the like. But before the smoke has cleared I predict that high thrones will topple. Unless certain czars abdicate there can be no hope of improvement.

The day of high salaries is over, saith the pessimist. This is true to some extent. I never could see any reason for paying a man seven-fifty or a thousand a week for the use of his face when there were men in the publicity and scenario departments using their brains for two hundred and less. I agree that artists deserve greater remuneration than mere hack writers, but where, pray, are the artists? There are very few among the players of the picture industry. And art is not confined to facial expression. Scenario writing is also an art, and I happen to know that some excellent scenario

writers on the staff of the largest producing organization are not getting four hundred a week, while leading men in that same company are drawing down seven-fifty and a thousand, say nothing of the stars.

So the day of reckoning has come.

The artist will receive high pay always. The public will award that through the medium of the box office, just as it awards it to writers whose names are an asset to magazines. The actress who has the drawing power of Mary Roberts Rinehart will receive a corresponding return for her efforts.

No player can enjoy the same popularity forever. Thus some excellent pantomimists have passed from the screen. Others have had their contracts expire during the revolution and now await events. The stage is coming back as a competitor to the screen and offering tempting money. It is generally supposed that the stage cannot match salaries with the screen. Yet Miss Marilyn Miller, the season's hit of New York and as lovely, a charmer as the screen can boast, receives a minimum

of twenty-five hundred dollars and a percentage that has brought her weekly wage up to thirty-five hundred.

At this writing we find—

Lillian Gish returning to the stage to co-star with Arnold Daly.

Dorothy Gish, with her husband, James Rennie, trying out the stage preparatory to a Broadway footlight debut in the fall.

Bessie Barriscale about to star in a play written by her husband, Howard Hickman, while her Los Angeles home is being placed on auction.

Mae Marsh rehearsing a spoken play for Broadway production.

H. B. Warner and his wife, Rita Stanwood, returning to their first love.

Elsie Ferguson contemplating starring in the latest Zoe Akins opus.

Frank Keenan touring the country by stage.

Madge Kennedy continuing with the speakies.

Pauline Frederick considering the lure of the "spot."

Mildred Harris Chaplin threatening vaudeville.

Crane Wilbur and Martha Mansfield in a vaudeville act.

May Allison, at leisure after the expiration of her Metro contract, considering both stage and screen.

Alla Nazimova unable to announce her plans, having departed from Metro.

Carmel Myers out of Universal and likely to try musical comedy again.

Mabel Normand going abroad for a vacation.

Will Rogers quitting Goldwyn for parts unknown.

Dorothy Dalton eastward bound, with the stage a possibility.

Enid Bennet and husband, Niblo, planning to tour.

Mary Miles Minter at liberty in Europe, but promising to return.

Bryant Washburn touring the country in personal appearances.

Pearl White voyaging.

Louise Glauam at home.

Blanche Sweet resting.

Gladys Brockwell among the missing.

Theda Bara A. W. O. L. in France.

Clara Kimball Young receiving stage offers.

hard at five dollars a day loafing about the sets, Freddy sits down in his hall bedroom and writes notes of sincere appreciation to the kindly critics. He wishes he might send them diamond studs and fancy waistcoats. But the time will come! He buys himself a five-thousand-dollar speedster, making an initial payment of two hundred dollars.

ACT II.—Freddy gets a leading rôle in support of Tensie Thompson. Of course he doesn't have a chance. Tensie is insanely jealous and cuts out all his good stuff. He had one close-up, and when she saw it in the projection room she had to be carried to a sanitarium for two weeks' rest—"nervous breakdown," the papers said, "operation probably necessary." The operation is performed in the cutting room and Tensie comes back to the studio. "Just you wait until I'm a star," says Freddy. "I'll give everybody a chance." He gets his first interview, reads it as he never read a script, and puts it in his scrapbook. Buys a closed car, making an initial payment of one hundred dollars.

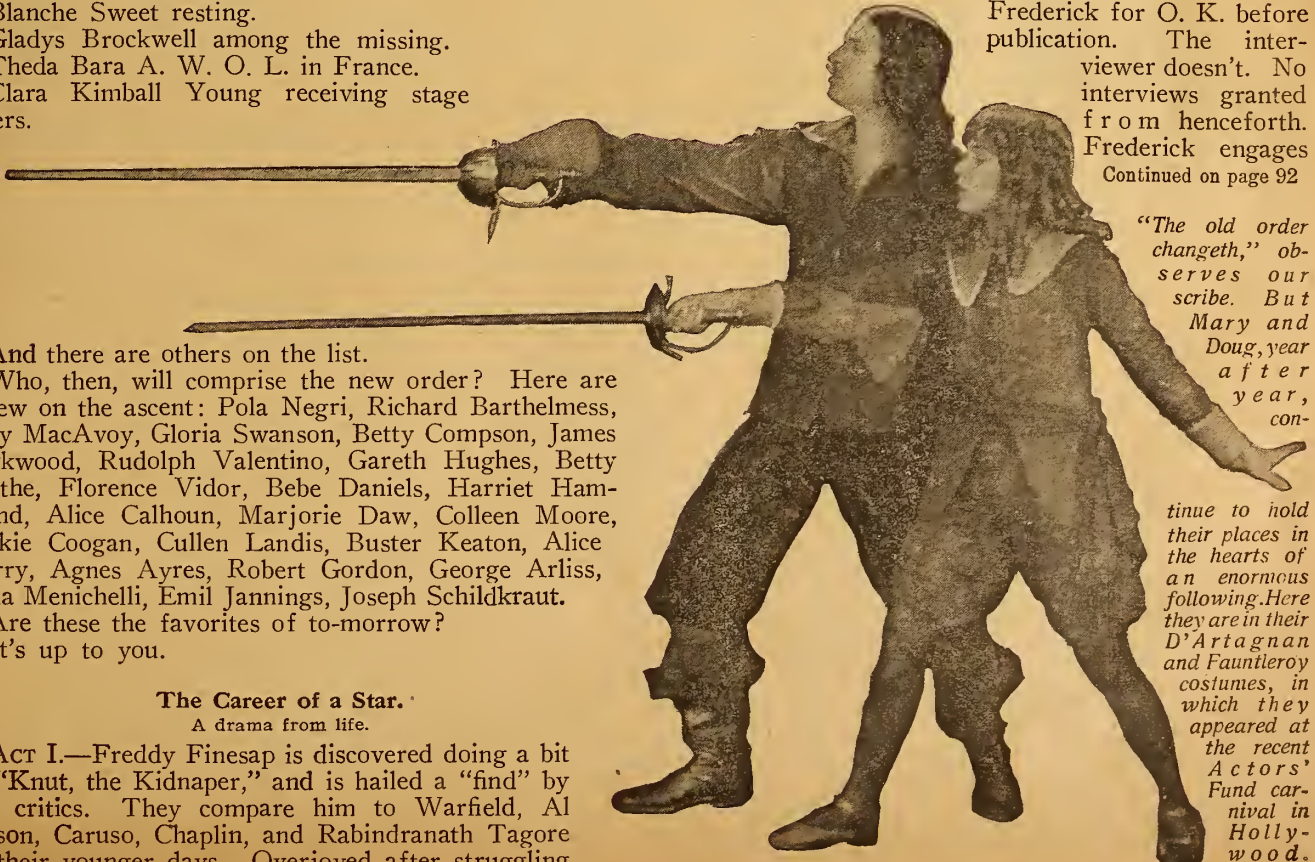
ACT III.—With tears in his eyes Freddy thanks the producer for making him a star and raising his salary from two hundred to six hundred. If ever a boy was appreciative and unspoiled it's Freddy. Of course they hand him a rotten story—no one could do anything with the part—and a punk director. Nobody ever gets a chance at the studio except the producer's pet. So Freddy tells an interviewer and asks him not to print it. Freddy buys a fifty-thousand-dollar home, paying down five thousand and mortgaging it to buy a new model limousine with a gold-winged victory on the hood.

ACT IV.—Freddy forms his own company because the producer fails to appreciate his value and won't give him three thousand a week, although Freddy has inside dope to prove he's earning the producer not less than two hundred thousand a picture. Freddy is careful to get a good organization, hiring only those who admire him intensely and tell him so each day. "Harmony is everything," said Frederick to an interviewer, who must submit his interview to Frederick for O. K. before publication. The interviewer doesn't. No interviews granted from henceforth. Frederick engages

Continued on page 92

"The old order changeth," observes our scribe. But Mary and Doug, year after year, con-

tinue to hold their places in the hearts of an enormous following. Here they are in their D'Artagnan and Fauntleroy costumes, in which they appeared at the recent Actors' Fund carnival in Hollywood.



And there are others on the list.

Who, then, will comprise the new order? Here are a few on the ascent: Pola Negri, Richard Barthelmess, May MacAvoy, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, James Kirkwood, Rudolph Valentino, Gareth Hughes, Betty Blythe, Florence Vidor, Bebe Daniels, Harriet Hammond, Alice Calhoun, Marjorie Daw, Colleen Moore, Jackie Coogan, Cullen Landis, Buster Keaton, Alice Terry, Agnes Ayres, Robert Gordon, George Arliss, Pina Menichelli, Emil Jannings, Joseph Schildkraut.

Are these the favorites of to-morrow?

It's up to you.

The Career of a Star.
A drama from life.

ACT I.—Freddy Finesap is discovered doing a bit in "Knut, the Kidnaper," and is hailed a "find" by the critics. They compare him to Warfield, Al Jolson, Caruso, Chaplin, and Rabindranath Tagore in their younger days. Overjoyed after struggling

Beach o' Dreams

The Sennett Studio is a fairyland from which good little actresses are whisked away to become dramatic stars. How the present incumbents feel about their futures is here presented.

By Gordon Gassaway

THE waves were only paint that had dried on the canvas, and the beach sand was the grime of the studio floor, but here dreams were born.

After all, it was a magic beach, and the paint and the grime didn't matter. We were standing on the selfsame spot where Louise Fazenda once had dreamed of owning her very own company and becoming the Queen of Slapstick. We stood where Gloria Swanson had once posed for a bathing-suit close-up. Where Marie Prevost and Mary Thurman had dreamed dreams of the day when they would break out of the Kingdom of Slapstick and become queens in the Land of Drama. Where Mabel Normand, as a little girl, had had visions of becoming the greatest screen comedienne in the world.

Now others are dreaming there, and contemplating flights from the nest which even Father Sennett wots not of.

It was a jolly day at the great Edendale, California, Sennett studio when I arrived. Work was starting up again in all departments, and big sister Mabel was back again, beginning work on "Molly-O"—a new Normand, plump and happy again, after her rest cure.

Een Turpin was rehearsing over in one corner of the studio, while Charlie Murray was muttering to himself and others in another corner. The studio cafeteria, upstairs, where we lunched, was bustling with activity, and the white-coated chef was grinning with glee because his "children" were back.

I was led through the maze of tables to one in the farthest corner, where two young people were already seated. And then we were introduced. I caught my breath and blinked my eyes—almost blinded by beauty. It was Harriet Hammond and Phyllis Haver! I had never before noticed that these girls had faces! And such faces! No wonder Mack Sennett has decided to do away with bathing scenes.

There are four best bets now in the Edendale fold. These are Kathryn McGuire, Phyllis Haver, Harriett Hammond, and Mildred June. They were the fledglings of the nest when Mabel Normand and Louise Fazenda were preening their wings for flight. And now these are dreaming dreams—of what?

"I don't like comedy and I hate pie, particularly in the face, and I want to be a great dramatic, emotional actress." All this was gulped out at once when Harriett and I were comfortably seated on some old saw-horses in the coolest spot the studio could boast, which was over near the big property room, where, strange as it may seem, there hung a canvas on which were painted some weary waves and a bit of crackling beach—a relic of other Sennett days, for Sennett has turned over a new leaf in the book of fashion, and will never again produce a bathing comedy.

"Then how did you ever happen to start work at this studio?" I asked, knowing that she never had been in pictures before coming to this home of slapstick.

"I lived at Santa Monica, and an assistant director or some one connected with this studio saw me in swimming one day and asked my mother if she would let me pose for some pictures. She did, and that is how it started. But I am not a comedienne, and I just love to cry. I'd almost rather cry than spend money, and no one knows except the stores on Broadway how much I like to spend money.

"So there's no use asking me if I intend to give up pictures, because I don't. I am going to stay in pictures as long as they want me and make money while my face shines. I've had a taste of emotional work over at Roberston-Cole in a picture, and I know I like it."

I am not exaggerating when I say that one needs dark glasses if he intends to gaze long or intently at Miss Hammond, particularly upon just discovering that any of the Sennett girls really have faces. This one reminds you of what 'Elsie Ferguson must have been some years ago. She is so dazzlingly beautiful.

"My contract has some years yet to run with Mr. Sennett, so I am not planning much—only dreaming now and then that he will be a dear and loan me out to other studios



Photo by Abbe

that are making emotional dramas so I can cry real sad tears, and not funny tears like we have to shed here. Now if you will pardon me, I must go and rehearse with Mr. Turpin!" So our cozy meeting on the beach o' dreams was broken up.

A moment later I found myself sitting face to face with Phyllis Haver on the very same spot. She was twitching her short little veil into place.

"Shut your eyes and dream out loud for me a minute," I asked her quietly. "Tell me what you want to do when your contract here is up next December."

"I re-ally think I *ought* to be a good comedienne after doing this sort of thing"—she waved her hand to where some pies were cooling on a shelf—"for five years, don't you?" she drawled, with a fascinating lisp.

"I expect to re-ally be a comedienne next year, but I hope it will be with Mr. Sennett. I don't want to go anywhere else like Gloria Swanson or Miss Fazenda. I will re-ally have to be pushed out of this place."

She is a most complacent little person, this most famous of all water babies. One feels that she will take whatever comes along, just as she took the pies and things in the rougher and older days of slapstick. Here re-al dreams are more concerned with chocolate creams and delicious short-cake than with her future. This she admits with a sidelong glance at the pies cooling on the shelf. It dawned upon me that she would always have preferred to eat them rather than have thrown them!

Kathryn McGuire, she of the short golden curls and the babyest face in films, is the baby of the Sennett flock. She has not quite found her *métier* yet. I suggested this to her, when her turn at the canvas dream beach came.

"I've got the comedy meter on now, if that's what you mean," she said, "and Mr. Sennett's quarter is in it, so he's letting me run along to see how I turn out.

"I'm in a daze most of the time here, dodging things, and when I signed my contract I wasn't quite sure whether or not I was funny, although my brother had said I looked that way when I bobbed my hair. I think that I am not funny, and I know that I would rather emote like Lillian Gish than anything I know, but

Continued on page 109



Photo by Abbe

Ask Ma—She Knows!

By William Warren

SAYS ma to pa: "I'd like to go
Downtown to see a movie show.
The table's cleared, the dishes done,
I guess I've earned a mite o' fun."
Says pa to ma: "That hits me strong,
We'll take the whole darned fam'ly 'long,
An' now we're fixed an' fancy free
What movie are we goin' to see?"

"Oh, joy!" pronounces Sister Sue,
"I wantee see, 'When Women Woo.'
It's full o' vamps an' furbelows,
They sport all sorts o' 'spensive clothes."
"Lay off that stuff," says Brother Bill,
"The one fer me's, 'The Two-Gun Kill,'
I wantee see a wild shebang,
An' cowboys' pistols goin'—*bang!*"

"Well, now," says ma, "I kinder lean
To seein' 'Simple Seventeen.'
It's peacefullike the papers say,
A sweet an' real old rustic play."
"Sweet mush!" says pa, "I'd ruther spy
Somebody slingin' custard pie.
Gi' me some action in my plots,
We'll go see 'All Tied Up in Knots.'"

"'When Women Woo!'" "Aw, ma, 'Two Gun!'"
"I'm goin' to see some comics done."
"Oh, pa!" "Aw, ma!" "Swell clothes!" "Gee whizz,
Real bronchos kickin' wild as is!"
"A funny film'd give you roars—"
"It's 'Simple Seventeen'—a pause—"
"We go to see," says ma to pa.
"You think you're right," says he—"you are."

The Screen in

As a guide to motion pictures, this department of the author, her clean-cut criticisms, —not to mention her deft and clever touches will be repaid for following it in selecting

By Agnes



"The Old Nest" is the most sincere and worthy picture that Goldwyn has ever made.

THE early-fall styles in motion pictures are as inclusive as the early-fall styles in dress. We have some dashing models, copied from the foreign creations, cleverly adapted for the American trade. We have some comfortable, staid, home-made models, guaranteed to wear and give general satisfaction. And we have some exquisite importations that are likely to be a little too extreme for general popularity.

Plots will be longer, and although they are fashioned on standard models they will be heavily trimmed. In fact, except for a few conservative creations, most of them will be overelaborate. Star decorations are popular. Some of the more daring designers of motion pictures are going in extensively for the all-star model, embroidered heavily with expensive settings. The extreme lavishness—that is a popular word with the producers—of these pictures indicates that there will be a reaction during the winter in favor of the simpler and better production.

—“THE OLD NEST.”

As a good, all-around, useful model there is “The

Old Nest.” It is all wool and seven reels long. Written by the somewhat flippant Rupert Hughes, it proves that Mr. Hughes has a heart of goldwyn. It is a story of family life, and it reminds you of “Over the Hill.” But it is much better than the Fox production because its humor is sharper, clearer, and less hackneyed and because it goes beyond mere sentimentality.

The story of “The Old Nest” is quite simple. Drawn from life, it is singularly undramatic. But the most uninteresting parts of the picture are its movie thrills. Evidently they were thrown in by Reginald Barker just as a matter of form. All directors believe that if a picture is to be entertaining something has to happen. As a matter of fact, many of the most enjoyable pictures are those in which nothing happens at all.

As for “The Old Nest:” Were you ever the member of a large family in which mother and father did all the work and the children had all the fun? Did it ever occur to you how many sacrifices mother and father had to make so that sister could have pretty clothes to wear to dances, so that brother could go away to study, and so that the black sheep of the group might have enough money to pay his bills? And did you ever stop to think how lonely father and mother must be when all the children have left the old nest and successfully established themselves in a world of their own? “The Old Nest” will make you stop and remember that father and mother deserve something more than

perfunctory gratitude and respect.

The action of the picture centers around Mary Alden, who is seen as the mother. A few months ago I wished that Miss Alden would have the opportunity to play a real acting part. She has that chance in “The Old Nest.” The mother sketched by Mr. Hughes is not the modern mother, who leads her own life and wears her daughter’s clothes. She is the old-fashioned mother; the sort of woman who slaved, cheated, and lied, if need be, for her children, who ruled them by her affections and not by the latest theories on how to bring up children, the woman who submerged herself completely in her family. Miss Alden’s performance is a fine and sympathetic one. Miss Alden is not a type actress; that is to say, she is not in motion pictures because she happens to look like a certain genus of human being. She acts with her brains, not merely by her looks. The rest of the cast includes Dwight Crittenden, Cullen Landis, Louise Lovely, Helene Chadwick, Molly Malone, and the popular children of the Edgar comedies, Johnny Jones, Lucille Rickson, Buddy Messenger, and Robert de Vilbiss.

If producers want to send American pictures to

Review

ment is unequalled. The sinher freedom from restrictions—are what make it so. You your screen entertainment.

Smith

Europe to give the Europeans a representative idea of life in the wilds of North America, the reviewer recommends "The Old Nest." Mr. Hughes is a wonderful reporter and he has a great eye for details. The picture is filled with those wistful memories that amuse us and make us a little sad. For instance, do you remember the snapshots of the family taken on the front porch? Do you remember the hired girl, harsh and hard working? Do you remember the negro man who was called in to cut the grass? Do you remember the gossip school-teacher? Do you remember the humiliation of being "late for school?" "The Old Nest" is just like getting out the family album and looking at the faded pictures of your youth back home. It is worth seeing because it is the most sincere and worthy picture Goldwyn ever has made.

"THE GOLEM."

You will find traditions of a different sort in "The Golem," a picture brought to this country from Germany and sponsored by Hugo Riesenfeld. With "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari" and "Deception," it ranks as one of the most important artistic achievements of the year. Its peculiar distinction is that it brings to the screen from the obscurity of centuries a legend that is almost as old as the Jewish race.

In Yiddish the word "golem" is slang for a dummy. Its original meaning is "idol." The *Golem* is a Frankenstein monster created, according to the story, by Jewish magicians who practiced the black arts in the city of Prague in the fourteenth century. At that time Prague, only half civilized, was the center of Jewish persecutions. The Jews were herded in a ghetto, forced to worship underground, and treated very much in the fashion the early Christians were treated by the pagan Romans.

Where there is oppression vices exist both among the masters and the slaves. A group of Jews versed in the black arts debased the fine traditions of the religion of Moses and brought to life the *Golem*, an unhuman figure destined to frighten their savage masters. The legend is old and steeped in Jewish folklore. The picture is lit by the fires of centuries of racial feeling and centuries of religious fidelity. It is marvelously produced. Paul Wegener, who directed it and acted in it, is a disciple of Max Reinhardt's theater in Berlin. Like the producer of "Doctor Caligari," he brings to the screen the immense imaginative pos-



"Without Benefit of Clergy," in the Pathe production, makes a deep appeal to the sympathies.

sibilities of the futurist school of dramatic expression.*

Perhaps "The Golem" will not be wildly popular with those who merely "go to the movies." The average person doesn't want to strain his mind by looking at scenic effects to which he is not accustomed, and he doesn't want to strain his brain by thinking back as far as the fourteenth century. But if those who are responsible for the presentation of pictures like "The Golem" are persistent enough they will succeed in making the public care for something better than the shallow, trite, so-called society drama in which the personages behave just as disgracefully as do the society folk who figure in front-page scandals in the newspapers. If the screen can cultivate true sentiment, imagination, and humor among its followers, then it may properly be called the eighth art. As it is we have—

"THE AFFAIRS OF ANATOL."

"The Affairs of Anatol" was produced by Cecil B. De Mille, written by Jeanie MacPherson, and suggested—in fact, merely hinted at—by Arthur Schnitzler. A great many persons will see the film amalgamation of "The Affairs of Anatol." Fortunately, few of that number have read the book or seen the play. And so Mr. De Mille stands small chance of being shot at sunrise. Schnitzler's play was a light, sophisticated comedy that concerned the affairs of a charming young man who lived in a formerly blithe and naughty city called Vienna.

To make the comedy a respectable evening's entertainment for American audiences, Mr. De Mille and Miss MacPherson, by some paradoxical form of reasoning, have made it about three times as vulgar as the

* Scenes from "The Golem" will be found on pages 80 and 81, in the second rotogravure section.



In "The Road to London" Bryant Washburn takes us to the real English countryside.

original. *Anatol* is an American and married when the story opens. Evidently he lives on Riverside Drive. His wife is played by Gloria Swanson, and Miss Swanson absolutely outglorifies herself in this picture. Her clothes are enough to make an innocent schoolgirl steal papa's Liberty Bonds and cut loose.

The high spots of the picture are many. There is the scene in which Wallace Reid, as *Anatol*, breaks up a million dollars' worth of furniture. There are Gloria Swanson's legs. There is Bebe Daniels as *Satan Synne*, "the most wicked woman in New York." Consider the name—*Satan Synne*. As reader to critic, can you beat it? There is the cabaret scene—bigger, brighter, and more glorious than any cabaret scene ever filmed. There are Elinor Glyn and Lady Parker seen as "extras" in a bridge-party scene. There are the decorated subtitles, done in colors, that look like lantern slides for illustrated songs.

The picture is calculated to knock your eye out. It is the most glittering section of celluloid ever turned loose on a public that spends most of its time trying to figure out how to pay the butcher's bill. The censors may say that it is naughty; but it is no more wicked than a two-hundred-and-fifty-pound woman covered with jewels and riding around in a limousine.

"The Affairs of *Anatol*" has one clever episode. It is the adventure of *Anatol* with the farmer's wife.

Mabel Ballin brings her delicate charm to the leading rôle in her husband's picture, "The Journey's End."



After watching Miss Swanson, Miss Daniels, and Wanda Hawley wearing clothes that would put a deficit in any expense account, it was a real relief to see Agnes Ayres in a gingham dress. While Wallace Reid and the other two hundred and fifty-nine stars emerge with much celluloid and glory, Miss Ayres does the best bit of acting in the picture. However, as I said, maybe it was the gingham dress.

De Mille's latest, released of course by Famous Players-Lasky, is going to cause more comment than the Einstein theory. Only twelve persons in the world can appreciate the Einstein theory. But we are all born with eyes.

"WITHOUT BENEFIT OF CLERGY."

"Without Benefit of Clergy" serves to demonstrate that the author of the story is not such a dub and a handicap as he is pictured. In fact, the little fellow often can be a great help to the producer. When Pathé planned to film a story by Rudyard Kipling, it sent Randolph Lewis to England to gather a few of Kipling's ideas on the subject.

Mr. Lewis, being a scholar and a gentleman, carefully followed Rudyard's ideas when he wrote the scenario, and he saw to it that Robert Brunton created the real city of Lahore in his studio. The result? A fine picture.

The story tells of the love affair of an Indian girl

and an Englishman. It is a poetic and idealistic romance that shimmers with the beauty of the magic of the Near East. Just as a story, it is better than "Madame Butterfly." "Madame Butterfly" smacks of the dramatic and operatic stage. "Without Benefit of Clergy" makes a deeper appeal to our sympathies. Unfortunately, because of the ubiquitous censors, the hero and heroine are married by a brief, informal but picturesque native ceremony. The craze for respectability has become a mania.

The picture has beauty, grace, and charm; the settings are convincing without being obnoxiously pretentious. Virginia Brown Faire, as *Ameera*, reminds you of Mary Pickford, so simple and touching is her acting.

"THE JOURNEY'S END."

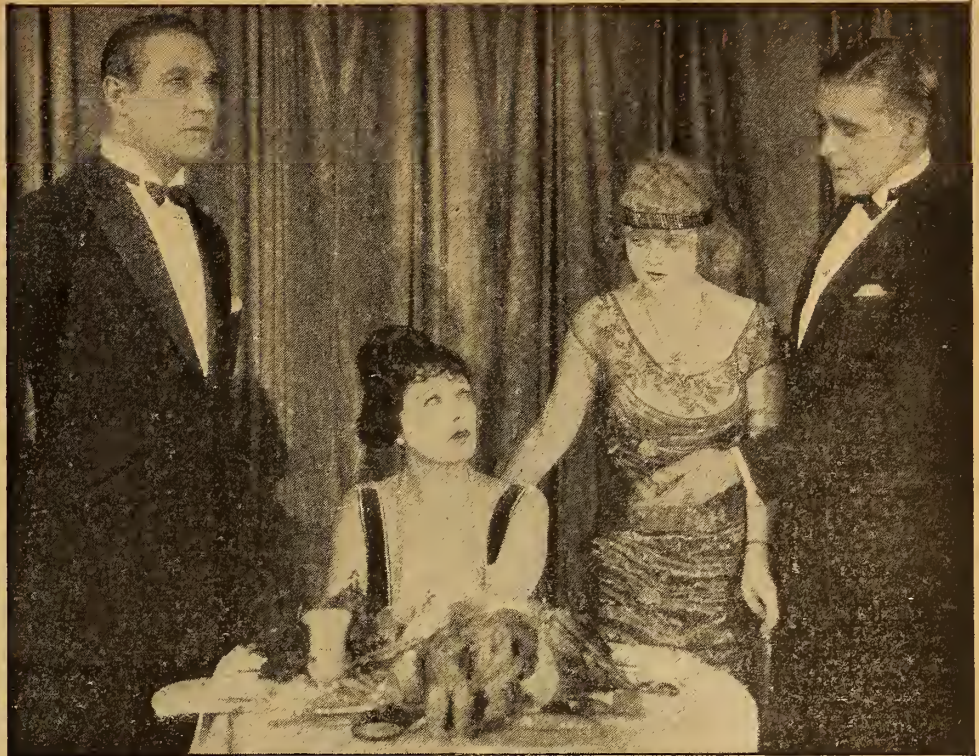
Hugo Ballin's pictures are getting better and better. At the risk of sacrificing a little drama, he steers clear of the rocks of vulgarity. His latest production, "The Journey's End," was written by a Dominican nun. Its chief asset is the fact that it tells a trite story in an original way. You may be tired of the married woman who "loves another," but see "The Journey's End," anyway. The story is told without the aid of subtitles, because Mr. Ballin believes that the term motion picture should be taken literally. Luckily, Mr. Ballin is an expert at grouping pictures. Mabel Ballin brings her delicate charm to the leading rôle, while George Bancroft, new to the screen, gives such a good performance that undoubtedly you will see him frequently.

"EXPERIENCE."

After seeing "Experience," the reviewer smiled slightly and let it go at that. This "morality play" was written by George V. Hobart and presented on the stage with such success that it has made almost as much money as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Hobart used the ingenious device of giving all his characters such names as *Youth, Beauty, Pleasure, Wealth, and Temptation*, and then he wrote a straightforward "Shadows of a Great City" melodrama. But with the new monikers on the characters, "Experience" is highly moral and uplifting and not just a plain "ten-twenty-thirty" show about a boy who comes to the city, treads the primrose path, goes to Chinatown and then returns to the little home in the country where love is waiting for him.

George Fitzmaurice has made for Paramount an elaborate production of this prize quarter-snatcher. It is full of goody-goody platitudes and wild scenes of night life, so it is sure to please every one. Except for the fact that Mr. Fitzmaurice has treated us to some unusual pictorial effects, "Experience" is just like the old shows you used to enjoy at the local stock company before the movies changed the theatrical map.

The players in "Experience" do the best that they can. May I risk the fury of the fans and say that Richard Barthelmess, as *Youth*, gives a negative performance? Marjorie Daw is ideally cast as *Love*.



"The Affairs of Anatol" is going to cause more comment than the Einstein theory.

Nita Naldi, as *Temptation*, lives up to requirements. *Beauty* is played by Edna Wheaton, who works under the handicap of winning the beauty prize in a contest.

OTHER PRODUCTIONS.

"A Broken Doll" was produced by Alan Dwan. It is as pure as the driven snow and so filled with simple, kindly interest that the whole family can see it and come away refreshed. The outstanding feature of the picture is Monte Blue's performance of a farm hand whose devotion to a little crippled girl forms the basis of a heart-interest plot. Mary Jane Irving is the little girl and Mary Thurman is the lovely young lady who is inevitable, on the screen as well as off.

"The Mother Heart," a Fox production, is another picture that can be put on your white list. It has more genuine qualities than many of the bigger pictures that are so widely exploited. The unfortunate part of this business of getting pictures before the public is that the good films are sneaked on and off the screen while the large, luscious cabbages are advertised as world-beaters. Another picture that is good entertainment is "Scrap Iron," which introduces Charles Ray as actor, director, and prize fighter, all combined. But why take the trouble to recommend a Ray picture? I know of women who would rather miss their own wedding than fail to see Ray's latest.

Shirley Mason's sister, Viola Dana, pulls a lot of funny tricks in "Home Stuff." It is a trick picture, anyway, and contains an amusing burlesque on "Way Down East" and all the gol-darned plays that were ever written. "Thunder Island," with Edith Roberts, is a gorgeous melodrama, beautifully photographed. It is one of the best hot tamales that has come out in a long time. "The Last Door" has Eugene O'Brien and Martha Mansfield in it. Isn't that enough for any one picture? It's a crook story.

"Carnival" is the forerunner of many non-German European pictures. It was directed by Harley Knoles,

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Temperamental Actors

Jim Kirkwood knows about them because he has directed the biggest, and right now he's one of them.

By Bruce Reid

JAMES KIRKWOOD commands male admiration. He's a fine loafer. There's nothing half-hearted about it. It's finished loafing. Telephonic irritations, which send some of us off our merry orbits, only elicit from him a casual "damn." His concentration is perfect.

I offer no apology for idleness. Stevenson has scooped me. Yet I feel that Mr. Stevenson's excuse was somewhat ineffectual. When recently I sketched Wally Reid at ease—in typical male dishabille—a lady rebuked me in Spartan fashion. She informed me that it was hard enough for a mother to coerce the offspring into washing neck and ears and doing chores without having some big stiff like Wally being held up as an ideal. Being feminine gender, she of course did not blame the charming Wally. She said she knew that he was no such good-for-nothing. It was all my fault. I was a lazy interviewer in quest of novelty who shamelessly made a goat of the chaste Sir Wallace. Nothing would convince the lady that Wally did not resemble at all times a nifty pantalooned Apollo sitting about in graceful postures, improving his mind.

Mr. Stevenson warns us not to spend all our leisure in reading, else we will have no time for thought. Idleness, he says, induces thought. Jim Kirkwood, as well as Wally, heeds the advice. The morning of my visitation at the Kirkwood domus Jim was neatly attired in pajamas and bath robe. I had been invited to breakfast, served just as the sun dawned on high noon.

There was nothing idle about breakfast. The one small Jap boy staggered to and fro through swinging doors, weighted with frigates of wheat cakes, omelets, hot porridge, fruit, and dainty caldrons of coffee. We performed like athletes. After the last cake had been vanquished we retired to the living room for Turkish contemplation. Kirkwood had just finished a somewhat arduous eight weeks on the Lasky production of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Money Master," aptly retitled "The Wise Fool." He had submitted his ripe red beard, raised for the occasion, to the well-honed scythe of the barber. Thus another reason for staying indoors.

Kirkwood, I'm told, is a great favorite of the ladies. But only the day before I heard him gently promising to behead the entire Lasky publicity department if it ever again called him a matinée idol. Therefore I hasten



Kirkwood doesn't suggest by his appearance temperament as it's usually understood, for he is a man of heroic proportions, with a profile like those on old Roman coins.

to contradict myself. He's a male of powerful make, ridiculously incongruous with the title, "ladies' favorite." But I'm told that styles in matinée idols are changing. Daintiness no longer is in fashion. Kirkwood is of heroic proportions. His head bears a family resemblance to those profiles you see on Roman coins. He's a Cæsar of the Martian period. And, like most conquerors of men who hold fascination for the fair, his strength is tempered with tenderness. There's nothing so potent as the strength which controls itself.

His speech is slow and clean cut, his thoughts well formulated before expressed. The sheen of Irish humor is omnipresent, as well as the Irish sympathy and poetic quality. I trust that Jim Kirkwood in idle dally is not an evil example for urchins. His repose is that of Rodin's "Thinker." His calm is as imperturbable as that of a well-fed lion. One catches no glints of the brimstone temperament peculiar to the actor or director, yet Kirkwood has been both. He was an actor with Griffith in one and two-reel days, and he was the first man chosen to direct under Griffith supervision. He has directed Mary Pickford, John Barrymore, Blanche Sweet, Dorothy Gish, Lionel Barrymore, Antonio Moreno, Henry B. Walthall, Billie Burke, Thomas Meighan, Mary Miles Minter—in fact it once was said that one did not become a member of the film four hundred until directed by Kirkwood. Since returning to the screen a little more than a year ago, Kirkwood has played the leading male rôles in "The Luck of the Irish," "Man, Woman, and Marriage," "The Scoffer," "Bob Hampton of Placer," "Love," "The Heart of a Fool," "The Wise Fool," and soon he will be featured in George Melford's production of "The Great Impersonation," by E. Phillips Oppenheim.

If any man should know about that mystic thing called *temperament* Kirkwood certainly should. Has it not been said that the lordly John Barrymore bristles with it? Kirkwood directed him in several pictures. Scarcely a star has risen immune from imputations of *temperament*. I wondered how the masterful Jim had met it. The wonder, backed by query, caused him to reflect.

"Talk about the great white light that beats on a throne," he remarked after musing. "It is not in it

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Puzzles for the Property Man

How to make cats' eyes shine in the dark, how to make goats climb trees, and how to get a picture of the star's hands, feet, or shoulders when she is far away are only a few of the usual ones.

By
Gordon
Gassaway



There are only a few girls around the Hollywood studios whose blood photographs light enough in close-ups of hands, and they are always in great demand at the studios.

WHAT are they doing over there?" I asked. "They are photographing Miss Swanson's ankles," Sam Wood, the director, answered matter-of-factly.

"But that isn't Miss Swanson," I muttered to myself, looking at the young woman whose ankles were posing for the picture camera and thinking that I was being politely spoofed.

"Oh, no," he admitted naïvely, "but those are her ankles. At least they are a very fine pair of ankles, and when you see the close-up of them on the screen you will think they are the ankles of the star, for those are the same shoes and stockings that Miss Swanson wears in this picture.

"We simply can't take up Gloria Swanson's time or patience for takes and retakes of mere ankles, so we use one of Mr. De Mille's stenographers instead. This girl's ankles have appeared as 'doubles' for the star in seven recent Lasky pictures. If you look closely you may understand why."

A great light began to dawn upon my somnolent consciousness, and all kinds of possibilities and questions began to bob up and down in my mind. What about stars' hands and arms and—er—legs and shoulders? But the answer to some of these questions was already coming from Mr. Woods' lips.

"One of the most important parts of a

picture to-day is the 'insert,'" he went on. "By that I mean, of course, the flash of a beautiful hand on which a wedding or engagement ring is being placed, or a more elaborate insert where a whole dream is shown on the screen.

"The most costly and elaborate insert ever made was that of the Cinderella Ball in Mr. De Mille's 'Forbidden Fruit,' where the ballroom was constructed out of thirty thousand dollars' worth of plate glass. But the humble insert, even if it is only a flash lasting not more than five seconds, is most important."

In Hollywood there are girls who are used for nothing else but to pose in the place of stars for close-ups of various portions of the anatomy. They have more constant employment and make more money than the average popular extra. There is one girl who is much in demand on account of her beautiful hand. Unfortunately her face is scarred and is impossible for straight picture rôles, though she often plays character bits.

Another girl has a particularly beautiful throat and shoulders, and when Pauline Frederick or May Allison are too tired to pose for an insert showing their arms or shoulders this girl is called and paid a very respectable sum for taking their place.

Perhaps the most interesting inserts are those showing a fly crawling over the leading man's nose or a cat tipping over

This girl's ankles have appeared as "Doubles" for Gloria Swanson's in seven Lasky pictures.



an ink bottle—anything which is apparently difficult to photograph.

A common or ordinary variety of house fly—drat him!—is a delight to the camera man. This is something new I learned from Sam Wood. One of the biggest laughs in a recent picture was caused by the antics of a fly on the forehead of a comedian in the picture. How did they get a fly to go through its paces? Perfectly simple when you know the Wood method.

They stretched the comedian out on a bed and covered the bed, the camera, the director, and dozens of flies all over with a fine net. Then they delicately smeared some marmalade on the comedian's forehead. In a moment one of the flies was right on the job licking up the marmalade, and the comedian, supposed to be half asleep, tried to brush the fly away. Hence the laugh.

A cat is the most difficult animal to photograph for an insert. There was Pep, of course, the Sennett cat, but that cat was an exception. She loved to be photographed better than to eat. But every other cat yet tried has caused trouble. Usually strenuous methods have to be resorted to. Every one remembers the little white kitten in Griffith's "Way Down East" and how it drowsed dreamily on the porch of the country store. That cat, it is said, was shut up in a dark box for a while, and then it was suddenly put in the bright sunlight. As soon as it was taken out the box and put on the porch in the sun it blinked sleepily, and the camera did the rest.

Who is there who can't remember the close-up insert of the star reading a letter in which the unattractive finger tips created a sudden feeling of repulsion? Could those hands belong to the beautiful Jane? No, of course they didn't. The close-up of the letter was taken perhaps near the property room, and the fingers belonged to Jim, the property man, obliging his friend the camera man. But nowadays if Viola Dana is supposed to be

reading a letter, and they want a close-up of it showing her thumbs at the edge of the paper, and Miss Dana is too busy to pose for such a trifle, they get a girl with beautiful hands to take Miss Dana's place.

But it is not easy to photograph hands in close-ups, I learned from Mr. Wood. Human blood, under the skin, is peculiar photographically. For instance, the blood of one person photographs very black, while that of another comes out on the screen very light. There are only a few girls around the Hollywood colony whose blood photographs light enough in close-ups of hands and thumbs, and they are always in great demand at the studios. The hands of Lila Lee are the most photographed hands on the Lasky lot, by the way.

In "Peck's Bad Boy" the director needed a close-up insert of some garden ants moving in single file across a sidewalk. He instructed his assistant to get a picture of ants acting that way.

"But there are no ants in California at this time of year," protested the assistant. "They come out of the ground only in the summer. They are hibernating now."

"That doesn't make any difference; we aren't going to keep Jackie Coogan here until summer to get those ants. Go get 'em!" And the assistant got the ants! He got them by heating the ground in the corner of his back yard around some old ant nests and then baiting the little beasts with molasses. Then he put them in a bottle and lured them to walk from it across the sidewalk, and the picture was saved and released on time.

While directing one of Wally Reid's pictures Mr. Wood found that he needed to get the effect of some cats' eyes shining in a dark room. He tried every breed of cat in Hollywood, but with no success further than to disprove the myth that cats' eyes shine in the dark. But the insert was provided for in the script, and must be made.

One day Wally suggested that they try Rufus, the

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Breakfast at Eleven

During which Conway Tearle comments on his work, as does the family parrot.

By Harriette Underhill



Conway and Mrs. Tearle.

CONWAY TEARLE has a parrot; it swears fluently and eloquently. Conway enjoys it immensely; Mrs. Conway pretends to be shocked, for she doesn't dare to encourage the bird. We enjoy the performance just as much as Conway does and get ourself invited over to the Tearle apartment as often as we can. It isn't only to hear the parrot swear, although he is second to none in his line. He is the most profane, although not the most amusing, member of the Tearle family.

When Conway Tearle married Adele Rowland we, for one, were delighted. Not that we knew either of them or ever expected to, but we had seen them many times on the stage and worshiped them from afar. We weren't writing interviews then. We were on the stage, too, but never happened to be in a company with either of them, and if we had they wouldn't have known it because they were stars, while we were still saying "Tea is served."

And then we became an interviewer and Conway Tearle became a movie star—not quite simultaneously, however—and the first person we asked to interview was Mr. Tearle. At that time he was playing opposite Constance Talmadge, and as Connie was an old friend she invited us over to luncheon. Luncheon at

the Talmadge studio used to be a most unceremonious meal. It was brought in in a box and unpacked on a trunk or on the floor of the dressing room. Heretofore we had thought of Mr. Tearle as a romantic, blasé, rather unhappy hero who perhaps never ate at all, or, if he did, who ate listlessly from a Limoges plate with a mysterious Japanese butler at his elbow. But that day at the studio our illusions were all shattered. When luncheon was brought in Conway called loudly for the hard-boiled eggs and the sandwiches, and he ate so much that he hardly left anything for Connie and me. Right there our idea anent Conway Tearle's living on natural ambrosia suffered a rude shock, and it seems as though every time we have done a regular interview with him since it has been to see him eat. The second time we were scheduled to hold him up and say "Stand and deliver your life's secrets" it was after the first performance of his wife, Adele Rowland, in "Irene" and the rendezvous was the "Midnight Frolic," on top of the New Amsterdam Theater in New York. That was also the first time we had met Mrs. Tearle. It has remained in our memory that we all ate lobster Newberg and got along famously. And then the other day the editor of this magazine said: "Write me a story about Conway Tearle. You know him so well that it ought to be an easy one to do."

"Now it's strange, but no matter how well we know any one, every time that we are called upon to write the story of his life we insist on "interviewing" him again. Otherwise it would seem as though one was merely writing



Perhaps one of these pictures was sent to you.



the same thing over and over. So we called up the man who presides over the professional engagements of the Selznick stars and asked him to arrange something for us. We had learned that it was useless to try to find Mr. Tearle unassisted. If you called up the

He doesn't always look so serious.

studio in Fort Lee they told you that he had just gone out on location. If you called up the Friars they told you that he had left that moment to go home, and if you called up home the maid said that Mr. and Mrs. Tearle had just gone to the theater. So we decided to "let George do it," and it just happens that the publicity director's name is George. Well, George called us back in fifteen minutes and said: "Mr. Tearle isn't working to-morrow and he wants you to take breakfast with them at eleven o'clock."

At eleven we presented ourselves at the Tearle apartment on Fifty-fourth Street, and then it was that we made the acquaintance of the new member of the family, Polly. "Go to hell!" said Polly in answer to our inquiries as to his—or her—health, and how we envied him his privilege of speaking as he felt!

"That's not a pretty way to talk," chided Mrs. Tearle gently from her strategic position back of the coffee urn.

"What makes him so unpleasant and yet so frank?" And before either of his foster parents could answer he shrieked, "I'm a movie director, I'm a movie director," over and over.

"Has he ever been in a movie studio?" we asked suspiciously, and then the grapefruit was brought in. This was the first time we had talked to Mr. Tearle since he became a star, and we wondered how he liked it.

"Not so much," he said in answer to our question. "It's a responsibility, you know, which you do not have when you are merely a leading man playing opposite a woman star."

"But think of how nice it is to see your name and your face out in electric lights. And think of the money!"

"But there isn't so much more money in it. Good leading men now get as much money as stars, and then one never gets quite enough to live on, no matter what one's salary is, you know. As

soon as your pay envelope swells so does your expense account. We're always poor."

"Always poor, always poor," groaned Polly, and then he went into wild shrieks of hysterical laughter.

"Are you going back to the stage?" we asked, not because we were doing an interview, but because we missed Mr. Tearle on Broadway.

"I hope so, indeed. I want to go back next season, and am reading plays now. Here is one of Samuel Shipman's," he said, picking up a fat manuscript, "that sounds promising, although I haven't finished reading it."

"And give up pictures?"

"Never," said Mr. Tearle decidedly. "I am only just getting to be known, and I should hate to give it up now."

"Only getting to be known!" we exclaimed incredulously. "Why, every one knows of you! You have been on the stage always, haven't you?"

"Ever since I was five years old, but, you know, a Broadway reputation doesn't help at all on the screen. It is only what you have done in pictures that counts."

"But you have made a lot of pictures, haven't you?"

"Yes, I have, but do you know that I worked for one whole year without having a single picture exhibited? It seemed as though every picture I made, for some reason or other, was put on the shelf. That was before I made my present affiliation."

"There wasn't anything wrong with the pictures, was there?" we ventured.

"No," answered Mrs. Tearle; "it was just a stroke of hard luck."

"Hard luck, hard luck!" groaned Polly.

"What is the greatest difficulty you have to encounter in being a star?"

"Why, I think the lack of good stories. It's appalling when you realize what the directors have to work with sometimes. And of course, no matter what goes wrong, the star is always to blame in the eyes of the public. You see all the plays; haven't you any idea for a good story for me?"

"Why don't you do 'The Champion?' That ought to make a fine screen play with you in Grant Mitchell's rôle."

"So," said Mrs. Tearle laughingly, "you know his guilty secret. He was once a prize fighter, just like the young man in the play."

"Not a prize fighter, dear," said Mr. Tearle modestly.

"A boxer. That isn't the same thing at all."

"Not at all," shrieked Polly triumphantly.

"But were you really a boxer, and when?" we asked incredulously. "Thought you were always on the stage."

"I was. I started in my father's company as soon as I was old enough to walk on, and I played small parts until I was fifteen. Then I got so tall and ungainly that I felt I had missed my vocation and I mourned

over my lack of personal pulchritude in secret. Boys of that age are extremely introspective, though one seldom guesses it. Failing, as I thought, to make good in my inherited profession, I decided to be a boxer. I seemed to be pretty good at it, and from the time I was seventeen until I was nineteen I earned my living in the ring."

"Why didn't you continue to be a prize fighter, as your wife calls you?"

"Because, by the time he was nineteen, he began to shown signs of the manly beauty which has since made

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IF YOU ENJOY

Grace Kingsley's "Romances of Famous Film Folk" don't miss the one about Will Rogers which will appear in our next issue.

It is one of the most interesting, and certainly the most human and appealing stories we have read in some time. You'll like it, we know!

FILM CLIPPINGS

By Nat N. Dorfman

The millennium is due any minute now. A well-known movie star is reported to have refused an interview to a newspaper man because she had nothing new to say!

Nobody seems to know just where heaven seems to be located geographically, but from the large number of bathing beauties we see disporting in the movies the average man offhand will give its location as "somewhere in California."

Uneasy lies the head at which a custard pie is aimed.

Some fans seem to think that all a movie star has to think about all day long is how to get a larger contract. But this isn't at all true. The movie stars also think about this all night long.

Time and tide wait for no man. Neither does the movie vamp when she gets going.

Tough on the Hero.

The old-fashioned hero who used to kiss the heroine in the last few feet of film is denied this privilege in several States where the censor is very strict. So while he may still enjoy her warm kisses in New York, the farthest the censor will let him get with her in Pennsylvania is to hold her hand.

Cy Hopkins, the Oshkosh philosopher, can't understand why they call it the silent drama when so many women are in it.

A Fairy Tale.

Once upon a time a scenario was accepted in which the villain won the hand of the fair maiden just as it often happens in real life.

Authors who are running dry on movie plots have little to worry about in comparison to the fellows who are running dry on their liquor supply.

There's one thing about a curious woman and the movies, anyway. She can't turn to the last fifty feet of film on the last reel to see the end of the picture as she does with the last few pages of a new novel she's about to commence reading.

We often wondered why the Turks went in for harems until we saw some of the one-piece-bathing-suit maidens in the movies.

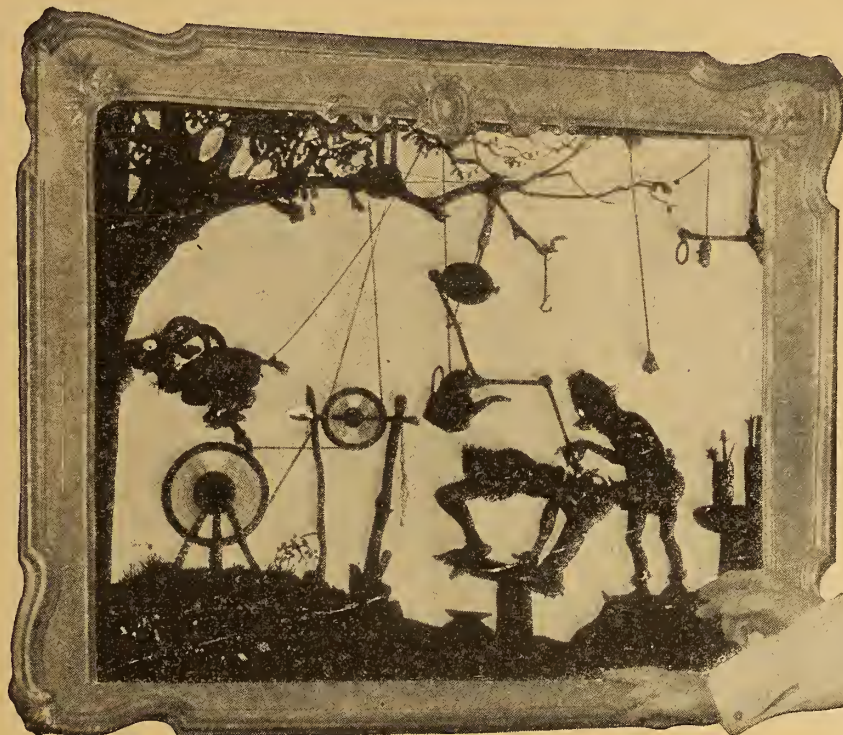
They say curiosity once killed a cat, yet in spite of that many of us would like to know just how much Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks earn a year together.

The Toy-Maker of Times Square

Because a famous magazine illustrator amused himself in his spare time making toys, and because he is a man of great inventiveness and striking humor, the screen has a sensational novelty—"Tony Sarg's Almanac."

By
Helen
Klumph

Tony Sarg has a miniature theater in his studio where he shows his "Almanac" to his friends.



I DON'T like to take any of the credit for "Tony Sarg's Almanac" away from Tony Sarg himself, because he deserves the sensational success that his irrepressible little screen children are enjoying—but in the interests of truth I must tell you. His grandfather really started it. It was like this:

Grandfather Sarg was a merry old soul whose hobby was collecting rare and beautiful toys. It horrified his friends, for though collecting Limoges plates or first editions was quite all right, who had ever heard of such a thing as collecting toys? No one had, apparently, and that is why the collection of toys that is now Tony Sarg's is unique and extremely valuable. And it is love for the dear old grandfather as well as pride in the toys themselves that makes Tony Sarg turn down whatever fabulous sum the British Museum offers him for his collection.

It may have been one of the old sailing ships in his collection, carved by hand, and with every tiny sail an exact replica of its bigger brothers that were made in the sixteen hundreds, or it may have been the toy guillotine made during the French Revolution, that beheads a pig labeled Louis Seize, that first inspired Tony Sarg to make toys. He doesn't recall just how or when it started. He only knows that after a long day's work at his drawing board—he is, you know, one of the most prominent magazine illustrators—he craved amusement. And he couldn't find it along any of the well-trodden paths up Broadway, or the less-traveled paths through the studios of his own Greenwich Village. So he started playing with his toys, and somehow drifted into studying the Marionette Theaters of the Continent. The result was the Tony Sarg Marionette Theater which delighted Broadway for two seasons and then went out on the road. For three seasons they have been playing all over the country, in big towns and small, in churches and theaters, in schools and in homes. They have been

the chief attraction at big charity fêtes in millionaires' homes, where they earned much money for the poor, and they have played to packed houses at sixty cents a ticket in the Neighborhood Playhouse in the lower East Side section of New York.

During the war these marionettes became Red Cross troupers, and last year they helped to swell the funds of the Smith College Endowment. But even though they have been so phenomenally successful their inventor still looks upon them as an experiment, and he is constantly inventing some means of making them more pliable, more expressive. While audiences everywhere hail them and his motion-picture "Almanac" as the last word in ingenuity, he is tirelessly inventing new means of making them still more agile. And the more free in movement they become, the funnier they are. The marionettes and the characters in the "Almanac" have made many friends and much money, but of far greater importance is the fact that they have made known to

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A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

Part VIII. She attends a luncheon given for Mary Miles Minter and her friends who write and spends a rapturous afternoon with the little star, visiting many other famous stars.

By Ethel Sands

JUST when I begin to feel sure that I know a lot about motion-picture stars something always happens that proves to me that there are many wonderfully interesting things in their lives that I've never even heard of that are accepted as a matter of course by them. It surprises me so—why after I had met several stars at their homes and studios and gone shopping and to the matinee with them, it seemed as though I must have found out the most pleasant things about their careers. I hadn't though, and it was Mary Miles Minter's luncheon that convinced me of that. It didn't mean much to Mary—but, oh, what it meant to me!

It was like this. Mary Miles Minter was going to be in New York for a few days before she went abroad, and some one in the Realart company thought it would be nice for them to give a farewell luncheon for her and invite all her friends on the newspapers and magazines around New York. It seems the companies often do that for their stars. Realart did, and by some lucky chance they invited me, even though I had never met Mary. Perhaps some one had told them how much I've always admired her, though who it could have been I can't imagine.

When the day came I was ready hours before noon,

and I must have tried my hair a dozen or more ways before I finally finished fussing with it. Then I was so disappointed with it that I just pulled my hat down tight and tried to console myself by thinking that no one would see me with Mary around, anyway. I fidgeted all the way to New York; the train seemed slow, and it seemed as though all the dust in New Jersey came in my window and settled on me. I could have cried. I guess it was all nervousness over going to such a swell affair as Mary Miles Minter's luncheon, though, for when I got off the train and caught a glimpse of myself in a mirror, I didn't look nearly so bad as I'd imagined.

I was supposed to meet Emma-Lindsay Squier at the PICTURE-PLAY office and go to the luncheon with her, and I felt almost as excited over meeting her as I would have been over a star, having enjoyed her stories for so long. But she was just moving, and had an awful time finding out whether the clothes she wanted to wear were in her former or future home, so she didn't get there on time. I was so afraid that I wasn't going to get to the luncheon—I am always afraid that something will come up to prevent these adventures of mine among the stars until they really happen, you know—that Eliza-

beth Peterson, who was there, took pity on me and took me up with her. It seemed awfully nice to be with some one I knew—I had met her when she was Pearl White's press agent, so she knew about how excited I get over meeting one of my favorites.

We went to the Biltmore Hotel where the luncheon was to be held, and when we went in from the crowded street to the elegant and quiet coolness of the lobby I just held my breath. There were lots of people hurrying about and bell boys looking for people, but it didn't seem a bit bustly or noisy. People sat around on the most beautiful chairs as though they were quite used to them at home, and I was the only person who seemed a bit interested in stopping to stare at everything. Over the buzz of voices a low orchestra could be heard. I guess there must have been a dining room somewhere near there, but I didn't see it though I did peek in all the doors we passed. Everywhere there were just lots of palms like a big wedding, and magnificently upholstered dark-colored chairs and lounges where people sat and talked.

A man in a uniform stunning enough to be leading man in a movie about royalty directed us to a private dining room where he said Mary Miles Minter's luncheon was to be held. He didn't seem to be at all surprised or impressed because we were going there. I couldn't help wondering what *would* impress a man who worked in an elegant place like that where great celebrities from all over the world come and go every day.

At the end of a thick-carpeted corridor we went into a room furnished with luxurious lounges and chairs, where several groups of men and women were standing about chatting. I felt awfully shy about going in among them, for I knew that all the rest were brilliant writers, but an awfully nice girl came out to the door to meet us and was so cordial that I felt much less strange. She introduced us around to everybody, but I was so busy glancing about and trying to locate Mary Miles Minter that I hardly noticed any one else. And when I met her she fairly took my breath away, she looked so pretty in the extremely short dark taffeta dress that she wore with a bunch of sweet peas at her waist. She seemed so animated—she fairly sparkled with life and freshness which you wouldn't expect in a young person whose entire life had been spent in the atmosphere of the theater. I thought she would be much more blasé, and wearylike.

Miss Minter is beautiful—she looks exactly like her movie self, even to her height and build. I can't understand that, for most players look somewhat different off screen than on, thinner and smaller usually. Her complexion is exquisite, and her wide, grayish-blue eyes and pearly-white teeth make her exceptionally lovely. She was talking about her grandmother when we met her. She spoke of her as being "Such a dear!" Then she went on to tell how young and full of pep her grandmother is. You could see she just worshiped her.

While we were talking, Emma-Lindsay Squier entered! You know, I was awfully anxious to see what she and some of the other writers whose stories I had read were like. I thought they ought to look a little



I felt like stopping every one to tell them that Mary Miles Minter had given me my flowers and that she had actually worn them for a while, too.

different from regular people, wear mannish costumes and horn-rimmed spectacles, but none of them at this luncheon seemed like that. They were mostly all young girls dressed in the latest fashion, and the men didn't look at all like reporters or long-haired writers. You can surmise from Miss Squier's interviews that she is lively and pleasant, and you know from the pictures of her with stars she interviews that she is young and pretty. When I asked her if it weren't wonderful to live out in Hollywood right in the midst of the movie people—she laughed. I suppose that living among them

they get to seem just like any one else, and it ceases to be wonderful just knowing them. I can't imagine that time ever coming in my life though, no matter how much I saw of movie stars.

Luncheon was announced by a man dressed as a waiter, maybe they're called butlers like in private homes when they serve in a private dining room, but, anyway, he looked like a regular waiter. I stuck by Miss Peterson because I wanted to be near some one I knew, for there were so many people there it seemed as though it would be easy to get lost among them. I never imagined that luncheons were such big affairs, it seemed more like a banquet to me. We sat at a handsomely decorated table that was so long and wide that the other side of it seemed like across the street. Fern leaves were arranged artistically across the white tablecloth and five big bowls of beautiful cut flowers of all colors and kinds were set the length of the table. It seemed as though there were a dozen or more waiters serving us, quietly laying one course after another. There were so many courses that I didn't have any more appetite left before we were halfway through. The dainty menu card read:

Cup Lola
 Cream of Asparagus
 Soft Shell Crabs Murat
 Broiled Breast of Chicken
 Maitre d'Hôtel
 Salad Melrose
 Fancy Ice Cream
 Cakes
 Demi Tasse

so I suppose that is what we had to eat, though I never should have recognized any of the things except possibly the ice cream, they were so wonderfully fixed. It hardly seemed real—me at the Biltmore being served royally at such a magnificent table, and Mary Miles Minter herself sitting across from me, laughing and talking and glancing over at me now and then.

At the close of the luncheon some one suggested that Miss Minter make a speech. She didn't want to, but she got up, anyway, and made a very nice speech on how pleased she was that the luncheon had been such a success, with every one congenial and friendly and not stiff and formal, as luncheons sometimes are. Can you imagine any one not enjoying herself at such a marvelous luncheon? I can't, but Mary evidently knows some people like that. There were other speeches, too, all very complimentary to Mary and her sister and her mother, who looks just like her and who was an actress some years ago herself.

At last the luncheon was over and all the guests left except me, for I was informed that I was to have the added pleasure of going for a drive with Miss Minter! It made me feel so important I could hardly keep from gloating over all the others. When we started to go up to her suite in the hotel a man followed us bringing her a tiny demi-tasse cup, saucer, and spoon to keep as a souvenir of the luncheon, which pleased her beyond measure. She laughed and danced around the room calling to her mother and sister to come and see it. Margaret Shelby won my heart at once. "Most all of the souvenirs we could manage to get from the different hotels were only towels," she said. "That's why Mary is so pleased at their giving her a cup and saucer."

While Mary was so pleased over her souvenir, it seemed to me a good time to ask her to autograph my menu card for me, so I did. Now I shall keep that

with my treasured picture that she sent me in answer to a fan letter long ago, and they will always recall to me what pleasure each one brought.

Miss Minter told me that she had never really played herself on the screen, and I believe it, for she seems a great deal different when you meet her. She doesn't act at all the ingénue she does in pictures except when she skips happily around in girlish fashion while seeing to little duties. Most times she amazes you by talking wisely, and seems so perfectly poised and unselfconscious that she doesn't seem like a young girl at all. I noticed that sometimes she would seem slightly depressed, but only for a second. Then, she would be abounding with enthusiasm and full of life again.

While I was watching her intently while she put her hat on before the mirror she surprised me by giving me the corsage of lavender sweet peas and lilies of the valley tied with satin ribbon that she had worn. Somehow the fragrant, delicate blossoms reminded me of herself. All the way home I felt like stopping people to tell them that Mary Miles Minter had given me those flowers and that she had actually worn them for a while, too. I put them in water and kept them for days, and now I have them pressed.

When we went out of the Biltmore a photographer took our pictures. There was no doubt about the pedestrians recognizing Mary! They simply flocked around our carriage in droves. I could see how thrilled they were at just getting a glimpse of her, and I knew that they envied me for being with her.

We drove up Fifth Avenue in an open carriage in the bright sunshine, and Mary told me about her future plans, making me feel like the luckiest fan in the world. She was to sail for Europe in three days, and it was her first trip there, too.

"I'm really going over to study the European people," she told me. "I consider the American people best, of course, but I want to study the Latin temperament—their vividness and colorful personalities. There can be no happiness without knowing human nature."

She sighed in pity at a little lame boy we passed and remarked that people who had their health ought not to be discouraged or blue because their troubles could all be changed by a bit of good fortune, while cripples had little to look forward to.

I looked at her in awe. How many fans would expect an actress with youth and beauty and fame and fortune in her hands to give a thought to anything but having good times? And Mary Miles Minter rarely seems to think of enjoying herself.

When I told her that I liked her in "Anne of Green Gables" best, she told me that was her favorite, too. And she called me "Ethel," which thrilled me a lot. She told me that she didn't want to be "America's Mother" or "America's Sweetheart;" she just wanted to play America growing up.

"Oh, Ethel," she said impulsively, "I don't want people to look on me as a *star!* I want to be just a sort of mirror reflecting other peoples' lives for them. And I want people to *like* me."

It seemed funny for me—just one of her thousands of fans—to be assuring her that she needn't worry about that, as we liked her just as she was.

By this time we were back at the hotel, where we

ON LOCATION!

For years Ethel Sands had read of location trips, and at last she had an opportunity to join a company on location, to see how they work. This adventure took place on the wonderful out-of-door set that was constructed for the Fox special picture, "Footfalls," a replica of an old New England village, a picture of which is printed on page 82 of this issue. In our next issue she tells what happened on that memorable day, and of her impressions of Tom Douglas and Estelle Taylor, whom she met there.

The Girl You Never Know

Claire Windsor upsets all your ideas about types, because she has the best characteristics of all of them.

By Helen Rockwell

TAKING Claire Windsor out must hold the fascination of having the whole Follies chorus to yourself. For she is a whole roomful of beautiful women rolled into one. And she doesn't look the same any way you look at her, or twice in succession.

I first saw her at Frank's well-known restaurant in Hollywood. Even in this gathering place of the blessedly beautiful I was struck by a distinctive girl and inquired who she might be. She wore a tailored suit in a way to make you envious.

"Why that is Claire Windsor," was the enlightening reply.

A day or so later I was struck by the beauty of a girl who rode past in a machine. I was impressed by the way she looked in a sweater. I asked her name.

My companion—who had been my companion the day I had my first glimpse of Miss Windsor—looked at me suspiciously and then deciding that I looked guileless explained:

"Why that's Claire Windsor."

It couldn't have been more than three nights later when I sat enthralled watching a beautiful girl dancing in the Grill Room at the Ambassador Hotel. She was exquisite in evening clothes.

"Do you know that girl, and what is her name?" I asked my companion. Said companion on this occasion showed disgust.

"Good heavens," was the reply I received, "You'd better take a memory course. That girl is still Claire Windsor."

I have since seen Claire Windsor on any number of occasions, and each time I see a different type of beauty. She is the type you wouldn't tire of seeing day in and day out, and I am of the opinion that when one's physical appearance changes, it is due to a process of cerebration. The more you change, the more pronounced your mental gymnastics must be, and so Claire Windsor upsets my American Credo concerning beautiful women. Or perhaps she's the exception which proves the rule.

She is sweet to meet and extremely proud of her success in pictures. If she were less excited about her success she would be unnatural.

"Only a year ago I was an extra girl with Alan Dwan's company," she told me. "I worked very hard and don't want any one to believe that I merely fell into good fortune. I like to feel that I am really deserving of my success."

Motion-picture fans first became acquainted with her in Lois Weber's "To Please One Woman," and since that time she has appeared in all the Lois Weber productions: "What's Worth While," "What Do Men Want?" and "Married Strangers." She is worthy of joining the distinguished ranks of Lois Weber discov-



Photo by Nelson Evans

One Claire Windsor is equal to an assorted box of the usual cinema confections.

eries, which include Mary MacLaren, Mildred Harris, and Lois Wilson.

"All of us in the Weber studio avoid all semblance of acting," Miss Windsor told me. "Miss Weber insists above all else on naturalness. She is never cross when she directs, but I always know when a scene is not going well, for then she walks up and down the set instead of sitting in her easy chair.

"While working in a picture I keep my eyes constantly on her. I try to read her thoughts, to anticipate what she wants me to do. My aim is to be as plastic as possible in her hands, and that is not difficult, because Miss Weber literally takes one's personality away from one."

She is Lois Weber's one and only star, but if others see Claire Windsor as an optical illusion as I do, she doesn't need to acquire any more. One Claire Windsor is equal to an assorted box of the usual cinema confections.

I wonder if I shall know her when I meet her again!



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

After unrelenting Scotch plaids had long been relegated to the limbo of storm coats, May MacAvoy revived them in this suit and tam, and under the softening spell of her eyes, her fluffy hair, and lustrous sable skins they acquired a new charm.

Flapper Fancies

With the dignity of years offset by the irrepressible twinkle of fifteen, May MacAvoy decides that the old rules of fashion for the young girl are no more suited to the modern flapper than hoop skirts would be for swimming. Whether you boast the arrant sophistication of the little Realart star's lips or the serenity and depth of her eyes, her selection of clothes will be a good guide for you.

By Louise Williams

"LET'S get out," the girl in front of me said to her companion, "before they show the girl back at boarding school. Loyalty to the Alma Mater that taught me to love clothes forbids that I sit through a scene where the pupils at a fashionable finishing school wear home-made middies and hair ribbons."

"What?" her companion remarked superciliously. "Where have you been? They don't do it any more even in the movies. Besides, this is a May MacAvoy picture."

Her tone spoke volumes of praise. So did her friend's later when she remarked, "This ought not to be called 'The Truth About Husbands.' It's 'The Truth About Clothes.'"

Sometimes she wears frocks that belie all her frothy whimsicalities but make the most of the smoldering tenderness in her eyes.

And they were right. Almost as interesting as her wily gift for characterization and her glowing charm is May MacAvoy's taste in dress. She has brought to the screen the tasteful flapper—a personality as elusive as a firefly and kaleidoscopic in its moods. She represents the resourceful modern girl who can be efficient without being officious and original without being bizarre. She is To-day—she is jazz music played in a cathedral—she is a ripple of genuine laughter celebrating the close of the epoch that considered a new embroidery stitch sufficient adventure for any nice young girl. And because she is all that—and because she brings out her many-sided personality in the selection of her clothes with such unerring good taste, you ought to study her. Perhaps, after a while, she will cast the same spell over you that she has over a friend of mine—a prominent designer. This woman goes twice to see every picture that May MacAvoy appears in—the first time to look at the picture as a whole, and then to look at May MacAvoy, her clothes, and the way she wears them.

This is why she does it. There is no type that is harder to dress than the modern flapper, and May MacAvoy has proved that she knows how to do it. From the shaggy suit of Scotch plaid that is topped with a jaunty tam-o'-shanter to an evening frock of softest chiffon, her clothes sing a song of sophistication tempered with ingenuousness. They are colorful without being loud, and as daringly demure as a sun-bonnet. I couple



"Daring" with "Demureness" because it takes a real spirit of recklessness for a girl with the responsibilities of being a star to wear clothes that would make the least show of fatigue or boredom show up like an awning stripe on a fat woman.

Sometimes it is one feature, sometimes another that provides the keynote of a May MacAvoy costume. If the eyes have it, she wears such simple frocks as the one of midnight-blue velours, shown in the illustration at the left, frocks that be-

lie all her frothy whimsicalities and make the most of the smoldering tenderness in her eyes. This dress is artful in its very artlessness, for the simplicity of the dress brings out the multiplicity of charms in the girl.

You have noticed probably what straight lines all of May MacAvoy's frocks have. You may have thought at first that she would appear more graceful if the lines of her figure were more accentuated by the lines of her clothes. But study her well, and you will see that she is wiser to emphasize her boyish slenderness. The modern flapper is a curious and baffling mixture of wary self-possession and unbridled glibness; she wavers between tremulous audacity and disarming poise—all qualities that prove attractive only so long as they seem sincere, unstudied. And likewise the flapper can wear striking colors, unusual designs only so long as the frocks are made on the most youthful and simple lines.

Long ago unrelenting Scotch plaids were relegated to the limbo of storm coats and children's ulsters, probably because they were so harsh that nothing short of the merriest blue eyes and the fluffiest of blond hair could offset them. But May MacAvoy revived such a plaid for a walking suit, and under the softening spell of her eyes, her fluffy hair, and lustrous sable skins it acquired a new charm.

For evening wear she discards all the ruffles and lace, the tulle and crystal so beloved by the more pert flapper type, and wears a frock of deep turquoise-blue chiffon embroidered delicately in soft pinks, yellows, and greens, and finished at the side of the waist with two



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Such a suit as this makes heavy demands on its wearer; it demands perfect grooming, grace of movement, and vivid coloring.



For sports wear May MacAvoy discards all the stiffly-starched concoctions that are a joy only to laundries, and wears a knitted frock that is soft as fur and as light as thistledown.

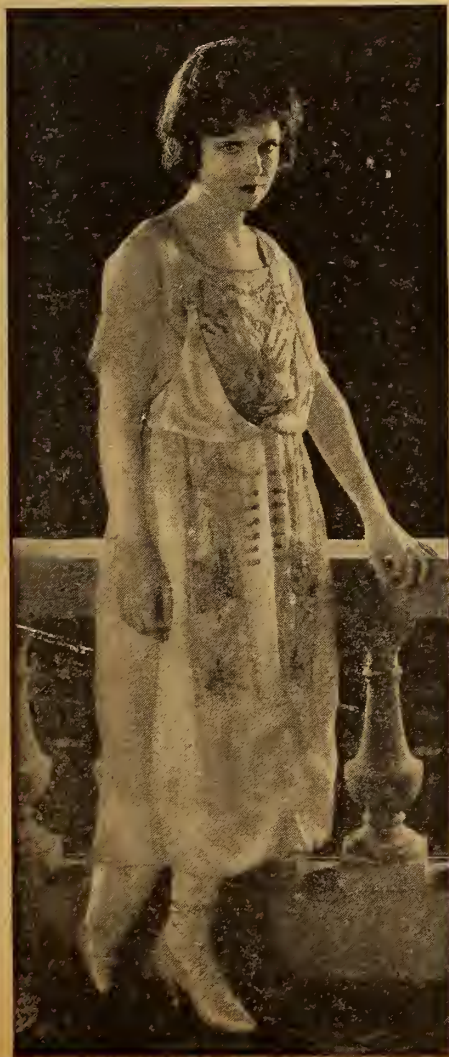
pieces of lustrous soft satin of palest coral-pink. This dress presents May MacAvoy, the serene, the little lady of bewitching poise—a far more sedate and grown-up young woman than she appears in most of her clothes. "But you can't get over feeling grown up when you go to parties at night," a flapper friend of mine remarked. "And even though May MacAvoy is a star, she hasn't forgotten her 'bed-at-nine-thirty' days by a long sight." That may be the explanation—or it may be just because the deep-blue of the dress brings out the slumbering intensity of her eyes that she chose it.

When it comes to sports clothes, May MacAvoy discards all the stiffly starched concoctions that are a joy only to laundries and wears one

of the new knitted frocks that is as soft as fur and as light as thistledown. The dress is gray—a gray that no girl could wear unless she had a complexion as glowing and clear as the little Realart star's, for it is a blue gray that deadens flesh tints. The border at the neck and hem is a vivid king's blue, as is the border on her hat. Her sports shoes are of white buckskin banded with gray leather that matches her stockings and dress. Altogether it is one of the most attractive sports costumes that has been seen in the California studios. It takes bubbling high spirits to live up to this dress—but there could be no better choice than this for a flapper with the exuberance of May MacAvoy.

Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

For evening wear she discards all the ruffles and lace, the tulle and crystal so beloved by the more pert flapper type, and wears a frock of deep turquoise-blue chiffon.



WHAT THE FANS THINK



Impressions That Last.

It seems to me that motion-picture players come in for a lot more praise than they rightfully deserve, for in many cases it isn't the player that makes a scene memorable, but the combined ability of the author and director. When I look back over the many picture plays I have seen, it is the *scenes* rather than individual players that I remember. Of course, if these scenes hadn't been well played they wouldn't have been effective—but that's beside my point. I only want to tell what scenes have made a lasting impression on me and ask if there are others who agree with me. A few years ago, as you probably remember, Amelia Bingham had an act in vaudeville made up of "Great Moments from Great Plays." When I recall how satisfying it was to go and see again some of the scenes that had thrilled me, I wish that something of the sort might be done in motion pictures. I suppose the plan isn't feasible—but it is nice to arrange the program in one's mind at least, for such a performance. Here are the scenes from some recent pictures that seem to me memorable.

Most thrilling: the ice scene in "Way Down East."

Most emotional: the courtroom scene in "Madame X."

Most gruesome: *Cesare* stealing the girl from her bed in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

Most impressive: the circling-in of Indians around Custer's army in "Bob Hampton of Placer."

Funniest: Charlie Chaplin's dream of Heaven in "The Kid."

Most touching: *Grizel* rocking her mother to sleep in "Sentimental Tommy."

There are lots of others, of course, but these are the ones I remember best. Does any one agree with me?

Bethel, Maine. GLADYS M. VAN TUYL.

They Have Long Programs in Malaya!

I was absolutely amazed by an article in your April issue, entitled "Our New Temples of Art," by John Addison Elliott. I could hardly believe some of the figures. Just to think the Capitol Theater in New York, for instance, which seats fifty-three hundred persons and spends five hundred thousand dollars on music a year, whereas our Victory Theater, which is the largest and grandest of Malaya, seats only one thousand persons and spends only nine thousand dollars on music a year. And the other two, Scala and Estana can seat only five hundred persons each and spend only six hundred dollars on music a month. My, if I could,

as I hope some day to spend a few weeks in New York, I would go to the Capitol for every change of program! What are the admission fees? Ours are from twenty cents up to four dollars. And the program? I dare say ours are stronger. Every theater here changes its program twice a week, and every program must be at least eighteen parts. The Victory sometimes goes as far as to show twenty-three parts, a five-and-a-half-hour entertainment from seven-thirty to one a. m. It's *terribly* tiresome to sit through the entire program! Fortunately the seats are comfortable enough, or I could never do it.

LUCY MARKS.

K. Lumpur, Selangor, Malay Peninsula.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE

to express what you think about motion pictures, for this department belongs to you. If there is any instance in which you think critics have been unfair, if there is anything about motion pictures that you would like to discuss with congenial friends, or if you have praise, blame, applause or comment to offer this is the place to do it. Only the most interesting communications can be published each month—but your chance to break in is as good as the next man's. Why don't you try?

In Defense of Critics.

In the April number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE "A Serial Fan" says: "Banish all the critics!"

I wish to defend the critics, especially those who write for PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. "J. M. H." in the May issue praises Herbert Howe in far choicer words than I have at my command, so I shall only add a hearty second to all J. M. H. said. But why did he fail to mention Agnes Smith? I think she is one of the most refreshing of writers, and I notice that one fan whose letter was printed in the May issue appreciates her as I do, and so I echo the words of "B. A. S." who says, "more power to her biting pen."

As for PICTURE-PLAY, I look forward to each number as I do to the showing of some important picture.

If I had to live on the African veldt or on the Sahara Desert I could do so with fortitude if I could have PICTURE-PLAY regularly. When my copy arrives I usually read The Observer first, not that I enjoy that department more than the others, but because I feel that in it I get in touch with the general situation regarding the latest developments of interest in the movie world. I love the fashion articles by Louise Williams, and Ethel Sands writes as all true fans feel, but few can put into words. Her enthusiasm bubbles out so naturally that no one can grudge her the wonderful experiences she is having, for she appreciates every one, I am sure.

"PENIEL."

Boston, Massachusetts.

Norma Is This Fan's Queen.

Being a constant reader of your magazine, which I think is simply great, I feel that I should like to tell you and all fans who are ardent worshipers of Norma

Continued on page 100

When in Doubt, Mention Bullfights

Star and writer engage in a near-bloody dispute over real bloody ones. The victor? Well, Miss Squier drives off in Tony's car and doesn't want to leave it. But we mustn't spoil the suspense—

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

THIS interview threatened to be one of those "in-name-only" affairs. That is to say, the interview was mostly a monologue—by me. Tony Moreno is supposed to be a sure-fire subject; I was told that he would talk brightly, quotably, continuously, that I would only have to listen.

But, I think he had been out too late the night before. Or perhaps he was in the lethargic grip of that "between-pictures" feeling. At any rate, the only talking he did was to order the luncheon, rebuke the waiter for spilling coffee on him, and reply monosyllabically to my questions and observations:

I (brightly): "Do you know, I thought you'd speak with a Spanish accent?"

He (gloomily): "No, I've been in this country too long."

A conversational chasm, which he bridged by ordering a Spanish omelet.

I (with enthusiasm): "Oh, do you like Spanish food? I know a wonderful place where they have chicken tamales—"

He (just as gloomily): "No, I don't like 'em."

I tried in quick succession the subjects of "Will the star system be abolished?" "What do you think of 'Passion?'" "Are serials more interesting than feature pictures?"

Absolute ennui.

Then one of us mentioned bullfights. I don't know which one it was, but I came forth with a statement to the effect that bullfights were brutal, that they were relics of barbarism, the national sport of a decadent people—and Tony woke up. He didn't exactly hit the roof, but he came within a few inches of it. His brown eyes snapped, he waved his hands like an opera singer, he skidded occasionally on a Spanish accent.

"Brutal—no! How can you say so? It is a test of skill, marvelous, superb! Do you mean to tell me that there is not something magnificent in a man, unarmed, holding a piece of red cloth a yard long, standing before a huge, jet-black bull with horns like needle points—kneeling before him, touching him on the neck, the nose, the forehead—playing with him like a baby—sitting in a rocking chair while the bull charges—leaping over him to safety—can't you see the thrill in that?"

"But the horses!" I argued.

"Yes," he admitted, "that is true. I feel sorry for the horses, who are often gouged terribly by the bulls. But remember, they are old hacks, ready for the bone yard, and when one is injured, even a little—it is a pistol against his head, and his suffering is over. As for brutality—what about your American sports? Two men stand up and hammer the blood out of each other with



A typical Spaniard in looks, Antonio Moreno has the energy and assertiveness of the typical American.

their fists—or they twist each other's arms and legs out of place or—what about football! Isn't that brutal?"

"No," I defended weakly, "I don't think it is."

"You *don't*? You think it is right for men to step on each other's faces, to kick each other in the ribs—look at the fine young men who have been killed or crippled for life—"

Well, there was more of the same. Just what he said doesn't matter. The point is, that Mr. Moreno was jerked out of his melancholy mood, and stayed out.

From that moment the interview really became one. He lived up to previous plans and specifications without a single slackening. His brown eyes became humorous, pleasant, his smile was infectious. He used his hands with true Latin frequency. He was as unconscious of self as a child.

(Continued on page 86)



Instead of just dashing about in her old, mad, elfin way, Mabel is to appear in a rôle that has real emotional touches.

Watch Out for "Molly-O!"

For that's the picture that's to bring Mabel Normand back to the screen. It's her first really dramatic attempt, very different from anything she has ever done before.

By Grace Kingsley

ISN'T there a story about a little elf who wanted so much to become a human being that by and by they let her?

I don't know whether they have girl elves or not, but I suppose they do, and if there isn't any such story there ought to be. Because that's what has happened to that jazz comedy elf, Mabel Normand, who was a very cute little elf, to be sure, but not half so lovely as this human maid who has emerged.

"'Molly-O' is across the street." You naturally look across, expecting to hear the noise of Charlie Murray breaking something with Ben Turpin, or to hear the shrieks of the professional mermaids as the studio goat chases them into the water, or to see a trick auto soaring aloft in some of the comic miracles they pull off over there.

"When's Mabel going to take her high dive?" you ask.

"There isn't any high dive!"

"Well, when does she fall off the horse?"

"There isn't any horse—anyway not to be fallen off of."

"Well, then——"

Just then you find yourself in the annex, and there isn't a bit of noise to guide your footsteps in the labyrinth of sets that confronts you except the faint wail of a violin and organ playing Mabel Normand's favorite sob music.

"She is having a scene with a baby, and you can't see her!" somebody tiptoes out of the set to tell you.

"Well," you reflect, "who wants to see a person who is having a scene with a baby, anyhow?"

You steal gingerly over to a place near the set, and, by and by, when the baby has done its worst, they let you in. Then you rub your eyes.

Where are the pies of yesteryear? All gone—given to the poor maybe.

Where is Mabel's bathing suit? Gone to the dry cleaner's perhaps; at any rate, nowhere to be seen.

You peep around the set, and there, in the dainty drawing-room, is Mabel, clad like the lilies of the field. But instead of dashing wildly about in the old, mad, elfin way, there is Mabel in a corner, drooping pathetically over a baby, who is reaching its tiny arms up to her!

And Mabel is weeping! For the first time in her whole professional career Mabel is weeping. If you don't look out you'll be weeping, too. It's being done these days at the Sennett studio, during the progress of "Molly-O," so poignantly effective is this, Miss Normand's first dramatic work on the screen. "I get married right in the middle of the picture," says Mabel, "and marriage always does give a chance for drama, doesn't it?" she says with an impish little grin.

Oh, the comic irony of fate! That it should be at the Sennett studio, dedicated to the comic god, Jazz, that Mabel Normand becomes a dramatic actress!

Not that the whole picture is like that. Not by any means. Can you imagine a Mabel Normand picture without comedy? At the first she's a little washerwoman's daughter, joyously mischievous. But the comedy is of the whimsical, natural, incidental sort—not the hokum that's

dragged in by the heels. Mack Sennett indeed is boasting that there isn't a bit of hokum in the whole picture.

Did you ever hear of a picture which epitomized the actress herself? Well, that's "Molly-O."

"Molly-O" is going to be Mabel Normand. The real Mabel whom the world has never quite seen. Out of elfland she has brought a rich store of whimsical humor, which is going to make you adore her in "Molly-O" as you have never adored her before. Mabel is Irish, and there's going to be all the tenderness and wit and humor and poetry and human appeal and love of adventure which characterizes the rich Irish nature in "Molly-O."

Mack Sennett, it seems, doesn't want Mabel to be as funny as she thinks the part calls for to get the story over properly. The two have frequent arguments on the subject, and after she has reasoned with him quite seriously for an hour or two on the subject, he nearly always ends by coming over to her point of view.

What a picture of health is the Mabel who is playing "Molly-O!"

When she left the Goldwyn studios she was thin and white and overworked. She went back to New York for a vacation, but developed a cough that never left her, and somebody told her about the milk treatment. She went to a milk farm at Lake Saranac and took the treatment, and came home looking as round and



Photo by Mandeville



Mabel Normand, returned from her long vacation, is round and rosy and even prettier than ever. Back at the Sennett studio where her first great success was made she is making "Molly-O," a picture in which she hopes to crowd the tenderness and wit, the humor and poetry, the human appeal and love which characterize the rich Irish nature. The picture above shows Mabel as she is; below, as she appears in "Molly-O."



The Three

Those of us who love romance with a capital R, of the swash-buckling, doublet and hose variety, will be leaning forward in our seats at the theater soon, a-quiver with all the thrills that always accompany this most beloved of Dumas' tales, on the screen version of which Douglas Fairbanks has been working for several months.

As the famous *D'Artagnan*, Doug will have ample opportunity to display his usual agility and "death-defying feats of daring,"



Musketeers

and the production, it is said, is the most spectacular and ambitious one which he has ever made.

The pictures on these pages show him, first as he appears in the story—a French country lad, green, but courageous, bound for Paris—while the others show him after he has become a guardsman. The lady—*D'Artagnan's* sweetheart, a maid-in-waiting to the queen—is played by Margaret De La Motte. *The Queen* is played by Mary MacLaren.

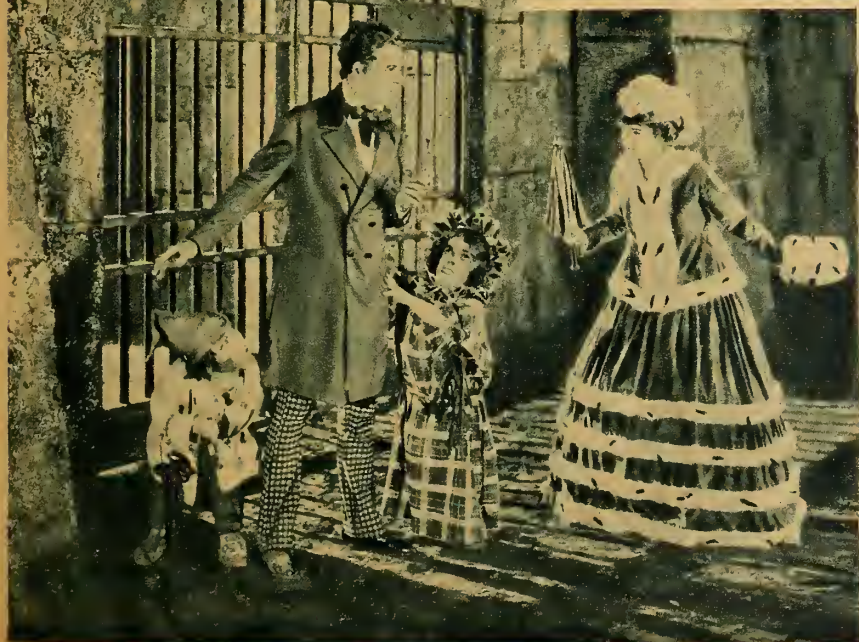




A Classic in Pictures

Stories that successive generations have enshrined in their hearts are being brought in all their potent beauty to the screen. Of these, Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" will seem to many most important, for the poignant loveliness of its dream scenes are unforgettable and offer unusual possibilities for settings of great delicacy. Above is shown the old garden at Passy where *Mimsy* and *Gogo* played as children, and at the left are *Elsie Ferguson* as the *Duchess of Towers* and *Wallace Reid* as *Peter Ibbetson*.

This film version of "Peter Ibbetson," directed for Famous Players-Lasky by George Fitzmaurice, promises to be one of the outstanding features of a year crowded with brilliant film offerings.



As these scenes show, the lyric beauty of the book's many famous passages has been translated into pictures, preserving the profound feeling of the original story. Wallace Reid as *Peter*, shown above, has a rôle of greater depth than any he has hitherto portrayed, and in the dream episodes the beginning of which is shown at the left, he and Elsie Ferguson invest their rôles with picturesque beauty and poetic intensity.



Sensational success is predicted for "The Golem," the latest foreign-made film to be shown in this country, under the auspices of Adolph Zukor, and from which the scenes on this page are taken. It tells the story of an ancient Hebrew legend—the story of a figure of clay that came to life bringing terror to the hearts of the people. The scenes are laid in Prague in ancient times.

The Golem

One of the most important European productions to be seen in this country based on an ancient Hebrew legend and told in the terms of the modern film artist.





"The Golem" introduces to America the work of a prominent artist, Richard Wegener. Long one of Europe's most important artists of the theater, he has invested this production with a curious haunting beauty. The story concerns a rabbi who is alchemist and seer and who makes the clay image that dominates this strange story. The picture above shows "The Golem" on his appearance at the king's feast, which is one of the most notable scenes of this amazing story.





At the left are shown Tyrone Power in the rôle of the blind cobbler and Tom Douglas as his son. Below is a glimpse of the charming reproduction of an old New England village which is the setting of this remarkable story.

Footfalls

An innovation unique in the history of motion pictures is the basis of the story of this Fox special production. It is an attempt to mirror in the minds of the audience the impression of various sounds on a blind man—the tragic impact of a murderer's feet and the joyous reaction to the coming of friends. It is an intensely human story in which Tom Douglas and Estelle Taylor reveal themselves as character actors of the first rank.



The Art of Mabel

Much has been written about the "Art of Hugo Ballin." But there is something to be said about the art of his wife, who is here presented in a new light.

By Helen Rockwell

CAMERA!"

It was Hugo Ballin giving orders, and immediately a pair of calico curtains parted with the dignity of brocades and showed by their perkiness that they were conscious of the picture they were about to reveal.

A balcony scene set in a gold frame could not be mistaken, and Mabel Ballin as a bobbed-haired *Juliet* came forth with a "where-art-thou-Romeo" expression. In answer to her mute appeal Wyndham Standing with a blond wig and elegant blue legs swung perilously up a festooned ladder and boldly embraced the lady. The embrace was worthy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*.

"Cut!"

"Now we'll try that over, Mabel."

You can see for yourself what a peculiarly nerveless man Hugo Ballin is! Directing one's own wife in love scenes and commanding her to put more energy into her embrace of a handsome man must prove a sore trial at times, but Mr. Ballin never faltered in his pursuit of art for art's sake.

Mabel Ballin as a bobbed-haired "Juliet" came out with a "Where-Art-Thou-Romeo" expression



Photo by Victor Georg

Mabel Ballin would rather play parts for her husband than to be starred by some one else.

Of course, another explanation might be that Mr. Ballin isn't affected the way I am by Wyndham Standing.

I held my breath when *Romeo* and *Juliet* embraced again and only let it out when the calico curtains rolled proudly into place. Mr. Ballin was quite calm.

"That will do, thank you!"

In a minute Mabel Ballin, resplendent in *Juliet's* white satin and seed pearls, picked her way daintily over an endless assortment of wires to meet me. She reminded me of a full-grown magnolia blossom stirred by a soft spring breeze, if you go in for that sort of description.

I had intended doing a severe and conventional interview based on "The Art of Hugo Ballin." Everybody's done an article under that title and I understood the tempo. I had defi-

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The laurels of stardom sit lightly on Alice Lake's brow.

Alice's Folks

A striking and unusual off-stage view of Alice Lake, which proves that even a motion-picture luminary can have a regular home.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

MOST movie stars have mothers. A few have mam-*ahs*, and two or three have parents, one of each sex. The latter class are in the minority. Fathers, as a rule, are not done in movie circles. But Alice Lake has—folks. You know what I mean, a comfortable father and mother, who know that a movie parent's place is in the home, and who don't

go running around handling daughter's contracts and denying her marriage announcements. Her mother has brown eyes and a pleasant plumpness of figure, and Mr. Lake has a nice kind face with twinkling blue-gray eyes. They came out to California from their home in Brooklyn at Alice's earnest solicitation. And the cozy little white bungalow where they have settled down is not at all the average fan's idea of the average movie star's home.

It is just that—a home. There is a comfortable front room with a wide fireplace, and a tiled hearth that is studded with huge silver cups—prizes which Alice has won for her dancing. There is a breakfast room with curtains of blue cretonne, and a white-enamelled kitchen that is the pride of Mother Lake's heart.

"The house is so small that I haven't a room for a maid," Alice said to me, "and I can't get any one to work by the day and go home at night."

"I'm glad of it," her mother interrupted placidly. "I like housework, and I'd rather do the cooking myself. Papa will wipe the dishes for me, and you can set the table."

Papa and Alice assented cheerfully. So there you have a family of movieites who are just "folks." It's very unorthodox, but very refreshing—very! Especially as I had just heard that morning of how Rubye de Remer had leased a palatial home in Hollywood with Heaven knows how many servants, a gold-plate dinner service, and a true-to-film-type butler, who has sideburns, says "Yes, madam"—and everything.

We sat and chatted in the cozy living room. A piano was loaded down with the latest jazz tunes from New York. Alice owned up that she played, a little. Her mother was more specific.

"She plays very well," she told me with that "I-must-be-modest-about-it" air that every mother assumes when she is bursting with pride because of her child. "She studied music when we lived in Brooklyn, and if she had kept it up I think she would have been a fine musician. Her teacher told me that Alice had a wonderful sense of rhythm."

Alice made a little grimace. Just the way all daughters do when mother is praising them to a stranger.

"Oh, I wasn't so much in the musical way," she said, "dancing was my big stunt. I have always been crazy about it. I danced at the Waldorf for a whole season—professionally, I mean, when I was just starting in pictures at Vitagraph, and even now I dance whenever I get a chance."

She indicated the silver cups on the tiled hearth.

"I got all those for dancing prizes, that biggest one was offered by Fatty Arbuckle one night down at Sunset Inn—and I won it."

"Yes," her mother cut in, "and when Pavlowa was here, Madame Nazimova gave a party in her honor, and Alice was invited. They wanted her to dance the Argentine tango with Rudolph Valentino, and she did."

"Can you imagine my nerve?" Alice demanded. "Getting up there before all those celebrities—Pavlowa



It's very unorthodox, but very refreshing—this family of moviettes who are just "folks." Reading, as custom prescribes, from left to right, you find the Lake family and the interviewer.

and her whole ballet—and 'showing off' like that? Yes, they did say they liked it—but then they had to be polite."

I asked if there weren't some baby pictures of Alice. Alice thought not, but mother remembered where they were—mothers always do.

We laughed over them together. There was Alice's first portrait, wherein she had pudgy cheeks, fuzzy black hair, and sucked her thumb. Six months was the age, I believe. Then there was Alice with hair carefully curled for the occasion, smiling at the photographer with a smug Daisy Ashford expression; and Alice wearing a straw hat wreathed with daisies, holding on to a chair, and looking very dignified because she had achieved the age of seven years.

Her father was proudest of a picture which showed Alice perched up on a horse, her short legs sticking out over his wide flanks.

"She always loved horses," he told me, "never was afraid of them. I used to sell and trade horses, that was my business when she was a little girl. At one time I owned Sam Patch, nephew of Dan Patch. Yes, sir, if Alice had kept on, she would have made a wonderful horsewoman."

Did I detect a tinge of regret that Alice had become only a movie star?

"Did you want her to go into the movies?" I asked of them collectively. The orthodox cinema parents, you know, always disapproved. Oh, yes, strongly!

Papa Lake answered me.

"No, not at all. I figured that Alice knew what she wanted to be, and we were always glad to encourage her in whatever seemed best. She is our only child, you know."

"I began going to the Vitagraph studio when we

lived in Brooklyn," Alice explained. "I would go after school with a girl chum to see if I could get extra work. It was hard, uphill work for several years. It was only when I came West that I really began to get ahead. I worked at Universal, did some comedies at Christie's, and finally got some wonderful parts at Metro. Then they starred me, and when that happened I just told myself that mother and father had to be out here and share the good times. I hadn't seen them for four years! That's too long to be away from your folks."

Papa Lake looked at his talented daughter, and his gray eyes twinkled.

"Yes, I figured that it would be cheaper to come to California to live than to stay in Brooklyn," he said. "Alice cost me a lot of money there."

"How come, papa?" Alice wanted to know.

"Well, every time one of your pictures came to the neighborhood theater mamma and I went to see it every night, and we would always have to take from six to eight friends. Then there was a magazine merchant who used to keep track of every picture or story that came out about you. He'd come in to my store and say, 'Well, I have something that you'll want to buy, Mr. Lake,' and he'd pull out the magazine. Of course, I'd buy it—and a half a dozen like it. That man must have made a small fortune off of me."

There is no pretense about any of the Lake family. The laurels of stardom sit lightly on Alice's brow, and as for Mother and Father Lake—they don't think of her as a movie queen, she is—"our baby." I've no doubt that she is told not to stay out too late, and to wear her rubbers in rainy weather. And I'm sure, too, that Alice takes these parental admonitions in the same spirit in which they are given. Because, as I've said before, they are all—just "folks."

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"When in doubt, mention bullfights," I marked to myself for future reference.

Tony M. somehow reminds you of a sn-up little boy. He doesn't pose like him or you needn't. He tells things with the utmost candor—big things, things you could not get in the interview because he would not understand, yet he never once says: "This is just between ourselves, I wouldn't want it to get out." He trusts even a magazine writer!

He is, in many ways, a paradox. A typical Spaniard in looks, he has energy and assertiveness of the typical American.

The reason he was grouchy, he informed me presently, was because they aren't working him hard enough at the Vitagraph studio.

"If they would just put me to nailing boards or something," he said plaintively. "Just anything at all. I hate being lazy!"

Yet we have come to think of the Spaniard as indolent and ease-loving.

He has been in America since he was fourteen, can speak Spanish only with an effort—unless angry or excited—yet he has never become nat-

uralized. He never will be. He loves Spain with an ardor that manifests itself in assisting any one and every one who has an Español look.

Tony's life is as interesting as a book, and indeed it is now being made into one. Born in Madrid, he went with his mother and stepfather to Campamento, where he won the friendship of two American men who brought him to the United States and put him in school. He often ran away to play hooky, he admits, and when old enough, quit school entirely to work at odd jobs. One of these was as electrician in a Massachusetts town where he understudied the theater electrician and got his first glimpse of the magic world of the footlights. He suped in Maude Adams' company, and also for Mrs. Leslie Carter. Later he played in her company. Then came pictures, with Griffith, Biograph, Vitagraph. His first part was as a comedy son-in-law with Sidney Drew.

Serials followed, and now he has left them to be featured in straight dramas. His next will probably be a Western.

"When I get out of debt I am going back to Spain," he told me. "I lost a lot in stocks, and borrowed—oh, from everybody. But I have it

nearly all paid back now, and when I clean it all up—then Spain!

"Do you know what I want?" He leaned over to me boyishly. "I want to go back there and meet a blue-eyed Spanish girl—oh, yes, they have them, and they are wonderful—I want to meet her and marry her. Maybe stay over there and maybe come back here. Only one thing I would not like; being known. I would like to go incognito; I hate to be pointed at, slapped on the back."

After luncheon he put me in his specially designed Cadillac which has a sort of trick drop tonneau which you have to open with a can opener and ease yourself into with a shoe horn. Once you're in, it's hard to leave—and that is a compliment as well as a criticism. So I spent the rest of the afternoon having the chauffeur drive me around where I thought I'd see people I knew. I tried to look as if I owned the car. After that I can forgive Tony anything—even his fondness for bullfights. If he can overlook my hobby for football—

After all it's just a matter of taste.

P. S. Editor's Note: You'll observe that our Emily is not in sympathy with Tony's wish to be incognito!

Temperamental Actors

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with the light that beats on the stage and screen."

He paused to pass the cigarettes. Again there was that periodic silence so frequent in Kirkwood's conversation. You never know whether or not he will resume. My curiosity hung mid-air, ready to pounce if he didn't.

"Take this matter of temperament," he finally came back. "Actors are supposed to be reeking with it. And the word as applied to them really means temper. Just consider the thing for a minute. Some time ago when a well-known actor manager was playing a quiet scene some people in a box talked loudly of their own affairs. The actor stood it as long as he could, then advanced to the footlights and said that the play would be stopped until the people had finished their conversation. They left the theater in a huff, and everybody shrieked to heaven about the temperament of the actor. They never stopped to think that the rudeness of the talkers had been an insult to them as well as to him.

"Suppose that a number of finan-

ciars are discussing a momentous business question. Two men who are supposed to be interested start debating with heat their respective merits as golfers. How long do you suppose the other financiers would stand for this talk? If the chairman called them to order would there be any holler about temperament? No.

"Or, say a ditch digger was at work and some gentlemen paused on the edge of the ditch to discuss the relative merits of Messieurs Dempsey and Carpentier, meantime kicking in the dirt which the digger had neatly piled. How long before there would be a 'temperamental' outbreak from the artisan below?"

The Irish humor glanced in the blue eyes as Kirkwood paused in his serious deliberation.

"This talk about temper," he said, "recalls the world-famed answer of the little boy who was industriously scratching himself and whose friend demanded:

"Why, Bill, have you got fleas?"

"Of course I be," said Bill.

"I am not saying that temperament is utterly lacking among us, any more

than it is among members of any other profession, but that it is rare. Unlike the automobile, it is indulged in only by those who can afford it. You don't find an actor with a small part and a large family having temperament."

Kirkwood has neither a small part nor a large family. He lives in bachelor comfort on an income that is the largest paid any actor in pictures who is not a star. In "The Great Impersonation" he will be featured and will receive, I'm reliably informed, two thousand dollars a week. On that amount he ought to be able to afford a little temper, particularly since George Melford declares his work in "The Wise Fool" is the finest ever registered by a camera.

Jim is no paragon. He is temperamental. He gives way to fierce outbreaks. But they don't occur when acting; they occur when golfing. And it is my observation that golfers invariably are temperamental. Which of us isn't? As Shakespeare said, all the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players—golfers or actors. they all have *temperament*.

Versus—P.T. Barnum

The man who thought that the public liked to be fooled had never met George Arliss. If he had, he would have been convinced that the public likes the glitter of real gold best.

By Marion Lee King

THE queen in person will confer upon you the Order of the Bath," the stentorian voice of the director boomed from within the building. The sleepy group under the trees sat up attentively.

"What's that about a bath in there?" the property man bestirred himself to ask. "There can't be anything like that in *this* picture." The others agreed, so they returned to their noon-hour snooze. No need to worry about George Arliss doing anything incongruous. The prop men had learned that in the few days he had been working at the studio, and when *they* give a man their approval—he's faultless.

At first they hadn't known just what to make of all the Victorian atmosphere that was seeping into their domain. The sets called for were simple, but everything had to be genuine, even to the massive copy of a painting of *Victoria* as a young girl. And, too, there was a certain unusual austerity about everything, which they understood better after they had seen Mr. Arliss at work. He wasn't playing *Disraeli*, the gifted prime minister; he *was* *Disraeli*. There was no assumption of regal manners when he went on the set, no passing from slang to courtly speech. From his first entrance into the studio they knew that they had among them a personage of rare insight, of still rarer poise. His was the grand manner, not assumed for the occasion, but bestowed at birth with the best traditions of generations of distinguished forbears.

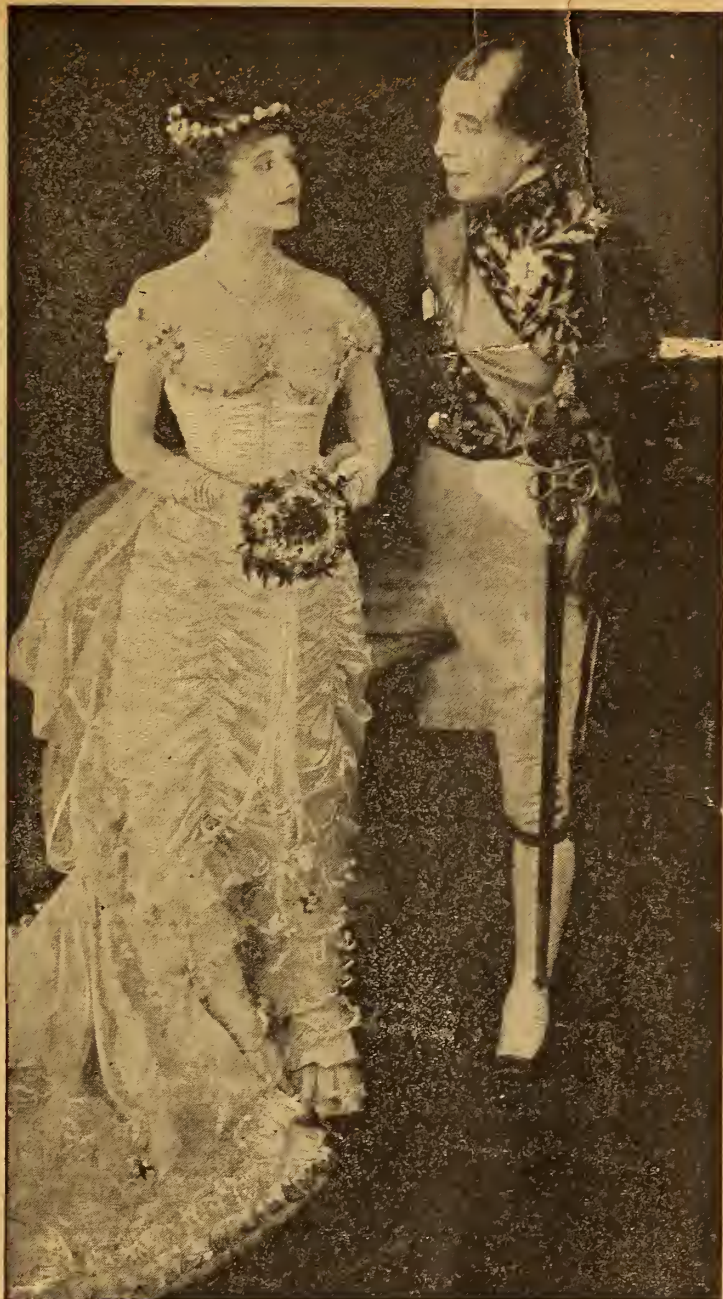
While the prop men outside drowsed away, the final scene of "*Disraeli*" was being filmed, the famous scene where *Disraeli*, at the moment of his greatest triumph at the court of Queen Victoria, fears that his wife is dying. There was majesty and a sort of gripping power in the scene.

"There's too much rush and sensation in it," Mr. Arliss complained to the director. "We must have more poise. We are in the reception hall of the queen, you know."

As he resumed his place, pretty little Louise Huff, almost hidden in a fluffy confection of pink tulle, spoke up plaintively: "Do tell me, Mr. Arliss, did I do that right? Or should I be a little more this way?" And she moved back on the set and took her position.

"Don't worry, child," he said. "Just remember that you are in the reception hall of the queen and you will act that scene as it should be." His manner was that of *Disraeli*—kindly, yet regal; sympathetic, but aloof from sympathy or camaraderie. From time to time he went just off the set to where Mrs. Arliss was sitting to ask her advice. Their dependence on each other and their tremendous mutual admiration is akin to that of the parts of *Disraeli* and *Lady Beaconsfield* that they play. To her he is always the cavalier, and only she knows that side of his personality.

A dozen times or more they rehearsed a bit of action, and each time Mr. Arliss coached the players in his



"Don't worry, child," George Arliss said to pretty little Louise Huff in his courtly way. "Just remember that you are in the reception hall of the queen, and you will act this scene as it should be."

concise way. No detail was too slight to be given his searching scrutiny.

You who saw him in "*The Devil*" know something of the great artistry that has made him one of the most admired actors of his day. But "*The Devil*" carried only a hint of what he is capable of. He is the character actor par excellence of this day; he is the suave, scintillant prototype of the great men of previous generations that he depicts. His *Disraeli* is matchless in the annals of modern theatrical history. His *Paganini* is beloved by all who saw it. Even when he essays such unworthy rôles as the burbling bolshevist *Poldekin* his characterization is enthralling.

Now you who worship Wallace Reid and Eugene O'Brien and Antonio Moreno and other matinée idols may think that you would not care for Mr. Arliss. But if for no other reason, his work should appeal to you because it represents the fulfillment of the ideals and ambitions of these young stars.

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piled into a limousine to go over to the Famous Players-Lasky studio on Long Island. This was the first time that she had visited the completed studio, and I couldn't help wondering if it would seem anywhere near as wonderful to her as it did to me the first time that I saw it. Apparently it did, for she kept saying that it simply fascinated her. She said she wished she could work there.

The first set we walked through on the big floor was a marvelous reproduction of a street in Japan for an Alice Brady picture, and it seemed wonderful to have all the people on it staring at us instead of expecting us to stare at them. Then we came to a most charming garden scene laid out with grass and blossoming trees and everything. Two little children in quaint, old-fashioned costumes played and tumbled around on the studio lawn while Elsie Ferguson, also dressed in character, sat in the garden ready for her scenes. This was for "Peter Ibbetson," which is said to be the picture play of 1921. I was so entranced with the pretty scenes that it was some time before I took notice of the young actor Mary Miles was talking to. And then I

certainly did take notice! He was so handsome I just stared and stared, because it was none other than Wallace Reid. I thought sure I would have to be carried out as Herbert Howe predicted I would be if I ever met Wally Reid. But that was one of Mr. Howe's predictions that went wrong, because I finally didn't. Then, before I had time to recover from that shock, Miss Minter introduced me to Elliott Dexter, whom any fan would describe as "just grand." There I stood in the center of all those famous people—no wonder I was dazzled! There was Elsie Ferguson and Mary Miles Minter to the left of me, and Wallace Reid and Elliott Dexter to the right of me, and George Fitzmaurice, the director, just ahead. It was like one of those dreams movie fans are subject to, being in the midst of a lot of film celebrities like that. I don't expect even again to be in such a group.

Then I went downstairs where there were some more gorgeous Japanese sets and I met Alice Brady. Like Mary Miles Minter, she is just like she is on the screen with that winning smile of hers.

A very pleasant lady showed us through Agnes Ayres' and Constance Binney's dressing rooms. I was interested to see these lovely rooms furnished with wicker furniture, a tiny dressing room, sitting room, bath, and big roomy closet for each star, but what thrilled me most was to find my interview with Miss Binney on her table! It was so nice to think that she had read what I said about her.

Then we left the studio and sped away from Long Island City to the bridge that leads to New York. I have crossed that bridge several times now, and each time with movie players, so it would seem unnatural if I came over it with just ordinary people. Corinne Griffith remarked when we crossed it one afternoon at dusk about how pretty the twinkling lights of the city were from there, and it seemed significant to me. That bridge is my frontier of the stars, for it leads me back from the reality of knowing them to where I just see them twinkling far away. And Mary Miles Minter is one of the brightest stars who has sped toward that frontier with me.

Watch Out for "Molly-O!"

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rosy and even prettier than the old Mabel.

It's amusing to hear her tell of that milk-farm life.

"We had to go to bed at eight o'clock because there wasn't anything else to do. And, besides, trying to sneak off to go to a dance or anything like that didn't do you a bit of good. They only made you go to bed an hour earlier the next night and take twice as much milk. *I know!*"

"It was pretty awful to have to run on a schedule like that. 'I don't want any milk to-day,' I'd object mildly, hoping to get out of it for once. But they didn't care. And they did look so big and strong! So I drank it.

"Of course a person simply can't stay in bed all day, so I used to get up with the sun and go to play golf or ride horseback."

It isn't easy to interview Mabel Normand concerning her work, because she doesn't seem to care in the least to talk about herself in a personal way. In the first place, she seems not to have a single trace of restless vanity about her. Perhaps that's why one doesn't somehow think of describing Mabel Normand super-

ficially. Any other girl as pretty as Mabel Normand you would describe in the usual flaming phrases. But somehow it's Miss Normand's quick and brilliant mind that interests you.

Her home life also is very interesting. She lives in a roomy and sunny apartment, in her own apartment house. For Miss Normand, though generous to a fault almost, is counted a rich woman. There, when not going out to a party or to work, she reads and sews by the hour. She's a very quick reader and a very quick seamstress, and the results are many noteworthy books perused and many gifts of pretty lingerie to her friends. She's simply a jitney dynamo of energy, is Mabel, and she has a mind that never misses a tick concerning all matters of current interest. She can run an automobile as well as her chauffeur, and she knows how to "contoggle" it quite as well, too.

But there's always something slightly mysterious about Mabel's personality. Maybe it's that characteristic trick of turning the interview on yourself that gives you that impression. You always feel there is something behind those big brown eyes that you can't quite get at.

How she can retire into that indi-

viduality of hers indeed! You could eat with her, live with her, work with her, and there'd still always be that baffling something about her.

Were the people at the Sennett studio glad to see Mabel come back? I'll say so! From Charlie Murray to the prop boys—not to mention Jimmie, the blacksmith, and the old gateman—they were all delighted when Mabel hung up her hat on the old peg behind the door. The gateman brings her a flower every day. And maybe she appreciates it more than orchids. I believe she does, for she can buy orchids herself, but the old gatemen are always particular about their friends. To Mabel the prop boys are Sammy, Jim, Tom, and Bill. I don't see how she knows 'em apart. But she does, and she knows all about their families, too.

If you don't believe that Mabel means business about the elimination of those pies I'll tell you something. She's going to make a picture of the story of Nell Gwynn.

And she's going to play it in a human way, you may be sure, so humanly you'll forget it's a costume play. Nell Gwynn will step right out of the pages of history for you, smile—and maybe wink—at you!

Little Boy Butler

Another Griffith discovery has grown in popular favor until his own producing company is the reward. But he hasn't grown up, or upstage, as this interview shows.

By Celia Brynn

THIS," said David Butler, pointing down the Bolshevikfilm street, "is the Nevski Prospekt."

It was nearly noon, and I was more interested in eating than in looking over the location of the "Sophie Seminoff" company, picturesque though it was.

"And what is the Prospekt of lunch?" I wanted to know.

"Wait by this Pole, and it will come a-Rushin'," David answered me in kind, and added something to the effect that we would "Finish" the interview after lunch.

If a pun constitutes the lowest form of wit, as some writers aver, our humor was about three miles underground. But David Butler sort of makes you that way. That is not intended as a slam. Quite the opposite. He is so big-boyish that you feel youthful and irresponsible when you're with him. You know that if you suggested a game of tag he'd be with you; if you could think of a joke to play on the camera man or the director—who is his right reverend father—he would help you with the details and devise a few of his own.

The location for the Russian scenes in which he was working, was the old Inceville lot by the roaring sea waves north of Santa Monica. Flanking the street were Western sets, now deserted and dilapidated, and just a little to the north was the lighthouse tower from which many a celluloid signal has been flashed to film ships on a cinema sea. But just here where we stood, was Russia, the Russia of the Bolshevik régime. Crudely lettered Slavic signs hung above the stores, and named the avenue which lay before us. A flock of light open carriages which the Russians call 'drogi' and which we pronounce "droshki," lined the curbs. Shaggy little ponies were hitched to them. At our right, a stone archway led into the courtyard of a fortress, a courtyard in which, a little later, Helen Ferguson was to be nearly shot, but saved in the nick of time by David Butler, as the well meaning, but blundering, American doughboy.

Every one calls David Butler "Dave." No one ever thinks of saying "Mister" to him after the first five minutes. He is so big and lumbering, his imitations of chorus girls and opera singers are so suggestive of the overgrown sportiveness of a St. Bernard puppy, that one finds it hard to treat him with the respect that is due his years of experience on stage and screen—yes, and the respect which is due his very excellent acting.



David Butler is so big-boyish that you feel youthful and irresponsible when you are with him.

A shaggy Russian extra man was investigating the contents of his lunch box. David hailed him joyously.

"Ub ge wub?" he questioned.

The man nodded blankly.

"Yes?" persisted David.

Again the stupefied nod.

"No?" David asked earnestly.

The extra blinked and inclined his head once more.

David turned to me triumphantly.

"You see?" he said, "that makes us both Elks!"

David Butler is one of those rare creatures, a native son of California. He was born in San Francisco, and went to college at Stanford. His father, Fred Butler, is a veteran actor and stage manager; they were together for many seasons at the Alcazar Theater in Frisco. Then Butler, senior, came down to Los Angeles to be stage manager of the Morosco Theater, and Butler, junior, came along, to play juvenile leads and character parts.

"It was Griffith who got me into pictures," David told me over a ham sandwich and a pint of milk. "I had been playing in 'Yes or No' at the Morosco Theater, and one morning there was a phone call. A man's voice said that Mr. Griffith wanted to know if I could come out that afternoon to rehearse the part of *Monsieur Bebe* in 'The Greatest Thing in Life.' I thought some one was kidding me, so I said, 'Sure, I'll be right out, tell Mr. Griffith to send a machine for me.' And imagine how I felt when the voice said respectfully, 'At what time, please?'"

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pull any of that stuff on me! Only yesterday you tried that game over in Westhampton and got away with it, but you can't fool me!" And he grabbed Danny by the shoulder the minute we stopped and hauled him out of the car."

"Oh, it was simple enough to see what had happened, of course," Danny went on, laughing. "Some chap's been going around here saying he was Dan Gardner, and cleaning up; probably he'd recognized me, though why he didn't pick somebody who was better known I can't see. And there's been a girl with him who claimed to be Claudia Dorveen, who's been cleaning up everywhere—buying things at the antique shops around here, and staying at hotels and not paying her bills—especially in Lenox and Stockbridge and Pittsfield and the other big towns.

"So when Claudia cut in and said she was herself and would identify me, that settled things. But what put the finishing touch on the whole party was when the man said with contempt that I'd give a lot to be able to imitate, 'I suppose this kid's a celebrity, too,' and Claudia said that he was Hugh's son!"

"That really made him mad," laughed Claudia. "He simply raved, and that's when he marched us off to jail. Danny thought the whole thing was screamingly funny, of course, and we planned to phone you at once to come and identify us, but when we got to the courthouse in this town, there was the man who took tickets at that dance Danny and I went to the other evening. And my dear, he identified us as Pamela Hicks and Putnam Wellington!"

"And that enraged the constable so that he was all for shipping us off to Sing Sing or somewhere and getting a big reward for capturing us as impostors," Danny continued. "It seems that these other people have been cashing checks that were forged with our names, in addition to their various other crimes; certainly it must have been some one who had seen us around near Claudia's and so knew that we were both up here. But that's all the tale there is, folks—except that there's a wedding booked for to-morrow morning, if you can get us out of jail and home in time for the ceremony!"

"Ye gods!" murmured Hugh, as, having carried out various transactions with the stuffy little man in charge and convinced him that Claudia and Danny were themselves, he led the way out to the car. "All I can think of to say is what Sally claims the public always remarks

about folks like us—'Isn't that exactly like motion-picture actors!'"

CHAPTER XII.

Hugh and I officiated as best man and matron of honor at the wedding ceremony on the south terrace the next day at noon; then we departed for New York and work. I wasn't sorry to go, delightful though the time had been that we'd spent at Claudia's, and I could see that Hugh was wild to get back and jump into things.

While he was away arrangements had been made, through an agent, for him to lease a studio near New York, in a pretty little town on Long Island Sound, and a friend of ours had looked up the dearest little house there and taken it for the summer for us. I felt at home the instant I crossed its delightful garden and went into the wide, cool hall, with its great bowls of flowers, and dark, beautifully polished mahogany.

"It's really home, Hugh!" I cried. "Let's send West for the servants and settle down here."

But Hugh didn't answer, and when I turned around I realized that I was alone. However, before I could go back to the door he came in and hurried over to me.

"I think you'd better go out and see the girl who's waiting in the garden, Sally," he said, and his voice was so grave that it frightened me. "She's been hanging around here for hours—said she'd heard that we were coming up here to-day, and that she simply had to see you. It's awful to think that——" Then he broke off, and patted me on the shoulder, with the kind little look in his eyes that means more to me than a million pretty speeches could. "It's Mary Serolla who's waiting out there, dear," he went on. "And she needs you pretty badly, I think."

I went to her at once. She was crouched down on the little stone seat that stood near the sundial, and the poplar trees at the edge of our yard threw long, sinister shadows across her, like pointing fingers. I had a spooky sort of feeling as I crossed the grass and sat down beside her.

I have never seen a more hopeless face than the one she lifted to me. It was terribly thin and drawn, and about her great blue eyes were deep circles, that made her look like an old woman. She had taken off her hat, and her yellow hair fell across her forehead in a heavy wave; she still wore it as she had in the days when her name—I mean her real one, of course; not the one I have given her—was on every one's lips.

That's not so awfully long ago, either, as motion-picture history goes. It was when Hugh and I first went out to the Coast that she was reaching the very height of her power. But a friend of mine—even then predicted the end that came to Mary Serolla's day of glory, the end that she confessed to me there in that quiet little garden.

"Everybody out here knows her history, of course; I'm not repeating scandal when I tell it to you," this friend told me, one afternoon when we were out driving, and Mary Serolla has just whizzed past us in a big, imported car with her monogram on the door. "She was in musical comedy in New York last winter; came up from some little mining town down in West Virginia, as winner of a beauty contest, and somehow got into a Broadway show. She's so awfully pretty, and so clever and entertaining that as soon as she flipped out on the stage and began to dance, the critics picked her out of the chorus and began to rave. They featured her in their reviews of the show, giving her more space than they did the stars of the piece, and after that she was known as 'The pretty chorus girl,' and people went to the play just to see her.

"After it had been running about a month she began to play around with an awfully gay crowd, mostly young college chaps who came down to New York and thought it was rather gay to take a chorus girl out. And one of them asked her to marry him. Curiously enough, he hadn't much money, but he was remarkably good looking, and they say Mary was mad about him from the first time they met. "His mother was an Englishwoman, and when the war broke out he joined the Royal Air Force and went off overseas. And Mary was left to play around with just any one. 'Any one' happened to be a big theatrical producer in her case—a man who writes bright, rather snappy plays, such as the one in which she made her debut on the stage, and who makes no secret of the fact that he gets his inspiration and most of his material from intimate association with just such girls as Mary; girls of the world in between good people and bad people, girls who know the latest slang and the latest drink and the latest dance—the girls people go to Broadway to see.

"So he cultivated Mary's society, and after a while he wrote a play around her. He gave her marvelous presents, and furnished an apartment for her that was said to be a perfect Arabian Nights' dream, in the top of a building that looked out over New York, so that the city lay

at her feet. Imagine that for a little girl of seventeen who'd never seen a big city until about eight months before. No wonder it went to her head!

"Then she got word that her fiancé had been wounded and was coming home. She didn't know what to do. She still cared for the boy in her way, but she couldn't bear to give up the beautiful home that the older man had given her. And she couldn't explain it to the boy, of course.

"They say she looked like a ghost from the time he cabled that he was on his way home until word came that his ship was in. She knew that he would go to the boarding house where she had been living when he went away. She put on a plain suit and hat and started down there, to be there when he'd come, and stopped on the way, at a drug store in Times Square, to telephone the producer that that was what she'd decided to do. He'd spent half the night before trying to persuade her not to do it, you see.

"And then—well, it was raining, and her feet got wet, and people jostled her, and I suppose she thought of the crowded, stuffy little apartment that was the best the boy would be able to give her—and she called a taxi and went back to the gorgeous apartment she'd just left.

"The producer gave a wild party that night; to celebrate her return, he said. In the midst of it Mary wrote a note—which he dictated—to the boy, telling him the truth about the situation. In it was mentioned the fact that the producer had just finished a new musical play. Mary was led to believe that she would be starred in it. But when the party broke up the producer stayed behind, and with him stayed a very pretty, rather common girl who'd been in the chorus when Mary was. And the producer took the keys to the apartment from Mary's hand bag and gave them to the girl. To Mary he suggested that she go back to her boarding house."

"Oh, how cruel!" I cried. "What a horrible way to treat a girl! She had done wrong, of course—and yet she was so young, and things had happened to her so fast—"

"Yes—but she had to learn a lesson, evidently. Well, she turned to the telephone and called a man who'd been begging her to marry him, a young actor who was related to some big motion-picture people. He came over to the apartment at once, and they went out and had breakfast, routed out a justice of the peace, and were married.

"That was about six months ago. She went into the movies at once, and

has done amazingly well, considering how her face has aged. Her pictures go wonderfully. But her experience has embittered her dreadfully. She's convinced that there's nothing to life but having a good time while she's young and able to enjoy it, and she goes rushing around, drinking and jamming about till all hours—she can't last long at this pace."

Hugh and I often saw her in Los Angeles after that—always the center of a wild party, with her young husband the wildest of the lot. He was learning to be a director, they said, but I don't know when he worked at it. She had an amazing way of sobering up when she was wanted, and as she was really a wonderful dancer, and had a piquant, in-

DARE-DEVILS ALL

One of the most fascinating villains of modern fiction—a group of chorus girls who see life only in terms of luxury—and the author of these Revelations are pitted against each other in the struggle to save Mary Serolla, whose story begins to unfold in this installment. The giddy life that borders the New York theaters—the studios—the cabarets, flashes across the idyllic love story of Sally and Hugh Beresford in next month's installment, providing one of the most colorful and exciting episodes of this remarkable story.

triguing sort of beauty that photographed unusually well, she managed to burn the candle at both ends successfully.

I couldn't dislike her; she was charming to meet, and to me she always seemed like a pathetic little thing to whom life had happened far too swiftly. She would never tell anything about her life back in West Virginia, but I know that she came from the humblest, most squalid sort of home. Not many girls who'd started out in that way, without any training to help them be halfway decent, would be able to keep their heads when everything they'd longed for was thrown at their feet.

Yet I regretted her way of doing things terribly. For of course girls all over the country would read about her beauty, and her success, and know about the wild way in which she lived, and the many admirers she had, and think that if they could only follow her example they'd have everything that was desirable, too.

She wasn't happy, however. I went to a photographer's one day, for some prints of pictures of Hugh's and she was huddled down on a couch in the dressing room, sobbing as if her heart would break. The attendants couldn't do anything with her, so I'd tried to quiet her down, but, though she just kept crying that she wished she was dead because she was so miserable, she wouldn't tell me why. She'd come to have some photographs made, and had just suddenly collapsed, her maid told me. Finally she let me put on her wraps and take her to her apartment, and after that she used to feel that we were friends, evidently, for she always spoke most graciously when we met, and when Hughie was born she sent me gorgeous flowers and presents.

Hugh wanted to throw them out, but I wouldn't let him. There aren't many girls like Mary Serolla in pictures, thank goodness, and I hate to think of their being even a few. But I don't see that for you and me to condemn them is going to help either them or us. All we can do is to try to prevent careers like theirs being glorified on the screen, and so keep our young girls from trying to follow their example.

Mary's health broke after a few years, and when Hugh and I were in Florida I read in the newspapers that she and her husband, who had finally become a full-fledged director, had gone abroad. The tales that came back weren't any help to Mary; doubtless they were exaggerated; nearly all such stories are, but according to nearly all of them Mary had taken to drugs, and never would be able to pull up again.

I didn't believe that, somehow. I'd always contended that there was something fine about the girl, if somebody would only be patient enough to dig for it, but certainly I'd never thought I'd be the person to prove that theory.

So it was a shock when, as we sat there in the garden in the twilight, she turned to me and said:

"I guess you're the only friend I've got. All the way back from Paris I've been hanging on to the thought of you. I've taken to dope, you know. Can you help pull me out of it—or shall I slide back and go to the devil again?"

I pushed back her short, curly hair, that made her look somehow like a little child. And I took her face in my hands and looked down deep into those great, weary eyes of hers.

"You're not going to slide back, Mary dear," I told her.

Continued from page 49

they want to be? Some of them, like Constance and Anita Stewart and Mabel Normand, are always taking milk cures and things to get fatter, and the rest are always looking for some new way to get thin. Priscilla Dean has succeeded in losing thirty pounds by going on a diet of baked potatoes, but it almost broke her heart because it meant giving up the *spaghetti Italiane* she loves so. Anna Q. Nilsson writes that it is even harder to diet over in Sweden than it is here because they make such wonderful pastries there. I'd hate to have them any better than these, though," and Fanny helped herself to another pineapple tart from the fast-diminishing tray before her.

"Do stand on your chair or something to wigwag to Hope Hampton that we are over here. She won't stop long, I know, because she's moved way up to Yonkers so that the dogs can have plenty of fresh air, and it takes her hours to get home."

Fanny was right. The only time that one can ever see Hope Hampton for long is at home or between the acts at first nights.

"She's going on the stage," Fanny told me just after she left us. "She has been having her voice trained—she sings beautifully, you know—and she's going into vaudeville right away. After a few weeks of that she'll know how she likes it, and if she likes it as well as she expects to she may go into musical comedy or light opera next winter."

"Why speak of winter," I interposed, "when Matt Moore is out there looking as though summer was invented so that he could wear white flannels? He looks like a tennis champion or a life-saver. I don't see why casting directors looking for handsome types don't go around to the bathing beaches. The best-looking men I've seen have been life-savers."

"And speaking of swimming,"

Fanny paused to stare at Mae Murray, who had just come in and who looked like a boarding-school flapper in her deep rose-colored organdie, "I thought I'd never find an attractive bathing suit, but Lila Lee came to my rescue. She sent her picture in the most fetching costume you ever saw, and I had it copied. She wore suede pumps, though, and I don't know whether she intended wearing those in the water or not. Surely she wouldn't go to a bathing beach just as part of a fashion parade!"

"Perish the thought," I reassured her, "especially when Lois Wilson has just ordered a surf board from Honolulu. She'll want to get one, too. Every one else is getting ukuleles, but Lois is naturally quiet, so she took the surf board. Ruth Roland has formed a quartet in her company, and now for the sad scenes that none of them are in they provide the music. She sings beautifully, but—oh, what I'd give to hear her yodel again! All the stars seem to have some other talent besides acting. Look at Martha Mansfield!"

I looked around, but didn't see any one but Thomas Meighan. He was just passing outside, and I didn't tell Fanny so because she would have been off in hot pursuit.

"Aren't there any romances?" I asked despairingly.

"Not many," Fanny admitted with a sigh. "Of course, you know that Leatrice Joy, out at Goldwyn, married Jack Gilbert, who is going to be a Fox star, and of course there is always the Charlie Chaplin-May Collins rumor. And Ethel Clayton dines and dances a lot with a tall, handsome, dark man, but she won't admit that she's engaged."

"But about Charlie Chaplin—" I tried to edge into the conversation.

"I bet you've heard that he's been seen about with Claire Windsor," Fanny interrupted. "Well, he has,

but that is no cause for comment. Any man would be glad to be seen with her, and besides she is just teaching him some new dance steps. Claire Windsor is so beautiful that she is the cynosure of all eyes even in Hollywood, where beautiful girls are as common as fake motion-picture producing companies and correspondence schools that teach acting.

"There has been one real romance though, lately. That was Betty Ross Clark's marriage to Lieutenant Arthur Collins. He was rumored to be engaged to Lila Lee, but when he met Betty Ross Clark there could be no one else for him. She's going to stay in pictures, but may find time for a honeymoon abroad this summer."

"Oh, don't tell me about any one else going away!" I protested.

"Elsie Ferguson is," Fanny defied me. "Just as soon as she finishes 'Peter Ibbetson' she's going abroad. She says that the only time that she can enjoy a game of bridge is on shipboard."

"You're a regular crape hanger," I objected. "All you can talk about to-day is friends who are going away or are gone already."

"Yes, and illness, too," Fanny cut in. "Leatrice Joy and Sylvia Breamer went to a Chinese restaurant and ate something that gave them ptomaine poisoning. But cheer up. I'll tell you something pleasant. If you'll hurry I'll take you with me and have you made beautiful. I'll get you an Eminent Author's Face."

"A what?"

"An Eminent Author's Face," she repeated. "Gouverneur Morris is a Goldwyn Eminent Author, and his wife has started a wonderful beauty shop, so of course when one goes there it is to get an Eminent Author's Face. Come and see."

And marveling at the way Fanny can link up the movies with everything she does, from massage cream to tea, I meekly followed her.

Right Off the Grill

Continued from page 53

six servants and builds a fifty-thousand-dollar addition to his house to accommodate them.

ACT V.—Frederick decides to direct himself in order to bring out the best that's in him. Proves his business ability by hiring a cast not one of which gets over a hundred a week and a long shot. Critics roast Frederick. That's because he doesn't bribe them with meals and presents like all the other stars do. He has to fire his leading woman because she's careless about making up the

back of her neck and is always trying to turn around. Everybody has it in for him. No one appreciates. Frederick is miserable. Buys himself another diamond, divorces his wife, builds a Roman bath and hires a personal masseur and chiropodist.

ACT VI.—Hall bedroom same as in Act I, except that it is decorated with "stills" and portraits of Frederick Finesap, also has a splendid library of scrapbooks. Frederick sits down to write letters, each in a different hand, to the answer and que-

ries departments of the magazines asking what has become of Frederick Finesap and demanding his immediate return to the screen. Each letter is signed "Finesap Fan." Frederick also writes note to the papers stating that he has had innumerable offers and that he may be lured from retirement.

(CURTAIN.)

Enter Mr. Barthelmess, Star.

Richard Barthelmess is to star in pictures made by the Inspiration Pic-

tures Company and released by First National. It is well for Mr. Barthelmess and the public that it is not one of those his-own-company effects, than which there is no finer mausoleum. Mr. Barthelmess' salary is said to be greater than that of any male star with the exception of those who roll their own. While not a betting man, I am willing to wager a ruble that within a year Mr. Barthelmess will prove the most popular male star, Charlie Chaplin eliminated.

"Mickey" Normand Comes Back.

"Mickey" Normand has taken an encore. No star has a greater following of personal friends than Mabel Normand, and few could match her fan popularity when she was "Mickey" on the Sennett lot. Then she entered the den of the Goldwyn lion, from which few stars have escaped intact. For several long years her comedy was entombed in concrete sets. But a rescue has been effected. The Mabel of old again blooms on Sennett soil.

The Land of the Free.

"The Birth of a Nation," the most popular film classic made in America, is barred from Boston.

"The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," an innovation in film art made in Germany, is mobbed from Los Angeles.

Pola Negri to Marry.

According to a letter received by a friend of Pola Negri, the famous Polish delineator of *Carmen* and *Du Barry* is to become the bride of a wealthy German person. I am cabling Marshal Foch to take action at once. America should get something out of the war.

Because of the mob attack on "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," it is not deemed safe to present Pola Negri's "Gypsy Blood" in Los Angeles. John McCormack, representative of First National, arranged a private showing of the film, however, in the Hotel Ambassador. Among those who risked their citizenship by attending were Mabel Normand, Katherine MacDonald and her mother, Buster Keaton and his bride, Virginia Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Storm, Mabel Condon, Edwin Schallert, and several hundred other scribes and pharisees.

Pola Negri is the first *Carmen* since Calve and the only one the screen has reflected. Farrar dressed up in a mantilla and draped a rose over her molars a few years ago. Bara also appeared in a mask-ball version. But la Negri is *Merimée's Carmen*. Her performance is a kohinoor in a phony setting, but it is sufficient to hold you entranced. If you are not so fortunate as to live in the patriotic movie settlement you

may have seen this picture or will have the opportunity. In southern California one must be content with lemons and such native products.

The Great Impersonations.

Mr. James Kirkwood, a great impersonator, is soon to come forward with "The Great Impersonation." This moves me to present the Grill's menu of the greatest impersonations to date:

Lillian Gish's *Anna* of "Way Down East."

Lillian Gish's *Lucy* of "Broken Blossoms."

Pola Negri's *Du Barry*.

Pola Negri's *Carmen*.

Dorothy Gish's *Little Disturber* of "Hearts of the World."

Alla Nazimova's *Joline* of "Revelation."

Mary Pickford's *Stella Maris*.

Richard Barthelmess' *Cheng Huan* of "Broken Blossoms."

John Barrymore's *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*.

Henry B. Walthall's *Little Colonel* of "The Birth of a Nation."

Charles Ray's *The Coward* of "The Coward."

Charles Chaplin's *father* of *The Kid*.

Emil Jannings' *Henry VIII* in "Deception."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 59

an American, and it brings Matheson Lang, an excellent English actor, before American audiences. It reeks with Old World splendor, and the Venetian scenes are particularly fine. If you want to be strictly up to date in your film entertainment you can't afford to miss it. It is more of a treat to the eyes than any scenic picture you ever saw.

Those lively Fox stars, Buck Jones and William Russell, appear, respectively, in "Straight from the Shoulder" and "Children of the Night." The boys have plenty of pep and vigor, and their pictures fairly bristle all over with what is known as "American vitality" and "good clean Yankee humor." Edith Storey, one of my earliest favorites, has rather hard sledding in "The Greater Profit." Miss Storey is wasting her time in bad plays. Anita Stewart wastes a little time herself in "Sowing the Wind," a clap-trap, "you-don't-say-so" melodrama. In this particular picture she is seen as a young girl who is suffering from a "past." To make matters worse, the "past" is not hers, but her

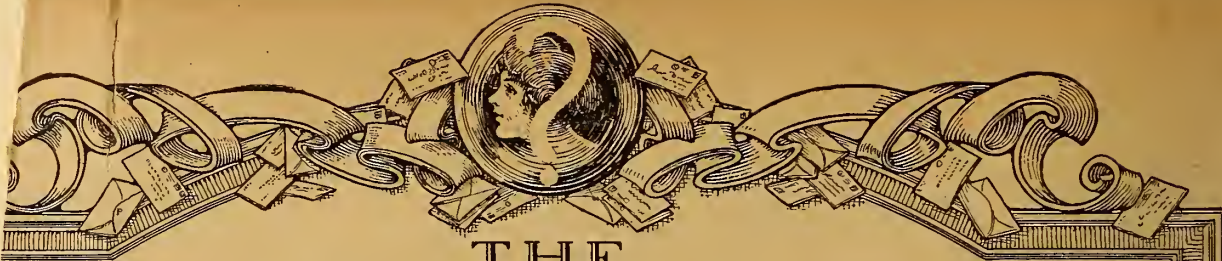
mother's. It reminds me of one of Miss Stewart's first successes, "The Sins of the Mothers," only it isn't as interesting because the characters are such unbelievable persons.

Poor May MacAvoy is now a star and is taking the consequences. "A Private Scandal" is as routine a picture as I ever saw. Miss MacAvoy does her best, and manages to put a little life in a dead-and-gone story. "A Kiss in Time," with Wanda Hawley, is amusing because T. Roy Barnes and Walter Hiers do their best to make it so.

"Home Talent" is Mack Sennett not quite at his best. However, the reviewer saw it in a projection room—one of those terrible stuffy little boxes where the companies hold the private showings of their pictures—and was nearly thrown out for laughing. It is extremely bad manners to laugh in a projection room because critics are supposed to be solemn and highbrow. "Home Talent" is rough and genial, even if it isn't so sharply clever as some of Mr. Sennett's satires. Ben Turpin heads the cast. Maurice Tourneur has filmed

Donn Byrne's story, "The Foolish Matrons." Though it isn't on the same level with some of Mr. Tourneur's more ambitious productions, it proves that the director can give us good character studies. It also proves that he can skip over delicate situations without offending the most captious. The picture is an intimate study of domestic life, but there are a few cabaret scenes thrown in to please the children. Doris May and Kathleen Kirkham have important feminine rôles.

As for the other pictures, here are a few you might enjoy: "Lessons in Love," taught by Constance Talmadge; "Not Guilty," an adaptation of "Parrot and Company," directed by Sidney Franklin and revealing the lovely Sylvia Breamer in a congenial rôle; "Fine Feathers," another version of Eugene Walter's stage play; "A Divorce of Convenience," a farce with Owen Moore; "A Voice in the Dark," which is not as good as it should be; and "The Silver Car," an old-fashioned Balkan story starring Earle Williams.



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

GRAY EYES.—I cannot help any one to get into pictures, sell a scenario, get passes to theaters, get rid of freckles, find a husband, or grow taller. And this goes for a lot of other correspondents, too. But don't think that I am cross. I love to get your letters, even when you ask me a question I cannot answer, so write again, as often as you please!

MISS L. H.—Nigel Barrie played the part of *Philip Poynter* opposite Alma Rubens in "Diane of the Green Van."

DONALD P.—Surely, we'll be friends! But where have you been? Juanita Hansen played opposite Tom Mix in "A Roughriding Romance." You will have to write him personally for his picture. I can't say whether you will be successful or not. His latest picture is called "Hands Off" and the cast follows: Tom Mix plays the part of *Tex Roberts*, Pauline Curley plays the part of *Ramona Wadley*, Charles K. French plays the part of *Clint Wadley*, Lloyd Bacon plays the part of *Ford Wadley*, Frank Clark plays the part of *Captain Jim Ellison*, Sid Jordan plays the part of *Pete Dinsmore*, William McCormick plays the part of *Tony Alviro*, Virginia Warwick plays the part of *Bonita*, J. Webster Dill plays the part of *Stupe Simpson*, and Marvin Loback plays the part of *Jumbo*.

EARLE WILLIAMS FAN.—You are mistaken. I have nothing to do with the interviews. You will have to write to the editor about that. Earle Williams is married. His wife is Florenz Walz. He was born February 23, 1880.

CARROLL.—Sidney Drew, Olive Thomas, Harold Lockwood, Robert Harron, Clarence Seymour, Lieutenant Locklear, and Jean Gaudio have all passed away. Colleen Moore played in "Dinty." "Sentimental Tommy" was released in April. Eugene O'Brien was born in 1884. "Worlds Apart" is one of his latest pictures.

MARY M.—Hazel Dawn is not on the screen at present. Harold Lloyd has not left pictures. His latest picture is "Now or Never." Mildred Davis is his leading lady. He is unmarried. Jack Pickford has left the screen, at least for the present. He is directing his sister, Mary, with the aid of Al Green. Harry is "Snub" Pollard's correct name. The actresses dress themselves according to the character they portray and there is no set rule as to what kind of clothes or how many they wear in their pictures.

H. M. L.—"Jiggs and Maggie" were put into pictures by the Christie Comedy Company. I never heard of that picture you asked about. The cast that you wanted is given elsewhere in the columns.

JAMES HENRY H., JR.—Your letter to Pauline Starke was forwarded.

MISS BERNARDINE I.—Harrison Ford is in New York, playing opposite either Norma or Constance Talmadge. He has signed a contract to appear exclusively with them.

MISS AGATHA W.—There are a good many studios in New York. In fact, New York and Los Angeles boast of having practically all of the studios in the United States. If you will write the editor and inclose six cents in stamps, he will mail you a copy of the "Market Booklet," which contains the names and ad-

resses of all the principal studios. Yes, the Gish girls lived in Dayton, Ohio. In fact, Dorothy was born in Dayton. Lillian was born in Springfield, Ohio. Viola Dana was born in 1898. Dorothy was born in the same year. It is not necessary to be a millionaire to become a movie star. I know of no player who was one at the time of entering pictures, and there aren't so many who now are millionaires, either. Who told you that impossible story? I can't help you with your career. Mary Miles Minter was born April Fool's Day, 1902. She is just nineteen.

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THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

GUSSIE.—Lila Lee's correct name is Gussie Appel. Her mother is living. Lila

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A. S., THE JEWISH THUNDERBOLT.—It is very hard to get permission to visit the studios. They are very strict about guests. I am sorry, but I can't help you.

ELINOR M.—Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. He was on the stage about four and one-half years prior to entering pictures. He started with Ince and made his name there. He now has his own studio. His latest picture is "Scrap Iron." He is six feet one-half inch tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. He has dark-brown hair and brown eyes. Mrs. Charles Ray was Clara Grant. They have no children. Albert Ray is his cousin, not his brother. Tom Moore's latest picture is "Beating the Game." Helene Chadwick will play opposite him. She appeared with Mr. Moore in one of his recent pictures, "Made in Heaven." He lately married René Adoree. Tom was born in County Meath, Ireland. His stage career consisted of about seven years of playing in stock. His screen career commenced about six years ago with Kalem. He is five feet ten and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds. He has light-brown hair and blue eyes.

MARIE L.—Mollie King was born in New York in 1898. In private life she is Mrs. Alexander. She has a small son, Kenneth. Erich von Stroheim directs and also plays in "Foolish Wives." Viola Dana is a widow.

MRS. IDA D.—Betty Compson played *Rose*, Thomas Meighan played *Tom Burke*, Lon Chaney played *The Frog*, J. M. Dumont played *The Dope*, W. Lawson Butt played *Richard King*, Elinor Fair played his sister, *Claire*, Joseph J. Dowling played *The Patriarch* in "The Miracle Man."

IRENE D.—Will Rogers was born near Claremore, Indiana. Your other questions have already been answered.

HELEN C.—Kenneth Harlan is married. He is playing opposite the Talmadge sisters in their latest pictures. He is now in New York.

MISS ALICE M. K.—Helen Ferguson was born in 1901.

CINCINNATI READER.—Your questions have been answered. I don't know who you mean by the tall, blond girl. There are several.

MRS. E. J. R.—Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis in 1890. He is married. He has been on the screen quite some time. He played in "The Perfect Crime," an Alan Dwan production. He is to appear in Alan Dwan's next picture with Mary Thurman. I don't know who you mean by Be Dell. You will have to write to some concern that sells reproductions of the players' pictures in order to obtain Robert Harron's photograph.

M. PICKFORD.—Douglas Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully. They had one son, Douglas, Jr. He lives with his mother. Violet Heming played *Everywoman* in the picturization of that play. She is not on the screen now.

MISS GLADYS F.—Henry G. Sell was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1889.

I. M. CURIOUS.—"Civilization" was a Thomas H. Ince picture and not D. W. Griffith's. Howard Hickman, George Fisher, and Enid Markey had the leads. Gareth Hughes is not married. Elsie Ferguson's most recent picture is "Foot-lights."

Continued on page 111



Posed by May Allison, a Metro motion picture star, and enthusiastic motorist, Miss Allison is one of many beautiful women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion

Do hot sun and dusty wind play havoc with your complexion?

Can you enjoy motoring without fear of a reddened, coarsened skin?

AN hour's drive in the afternoon sun—a cloud of dust from another car—a swift rush of wind as you speed down a hill—*what happens to your complexion?*

You can protect your skin from the ravages of sun, dust and wind if you use Ingram's Milkweed Cream regularly. Ingram's Milkweed Cream guards the skin against the coarsening effects of the elements. More than that, it preserves the complexion, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up"—*revitalizes*—the clogged, sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. You will find that its special therapeutic property will soon soothe away redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections—that its regular use will protect your skin from sun and wind, will keep your complexion as soft and clear as you have always hoped to have it.

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure

that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—it will mean so much to you.

Ingram's Rouge—"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium, and Dark—50c.

Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder—A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

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Gentlemen—Enclosed, please find one dime, in return for which please send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eider-down powder pad, sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zodenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

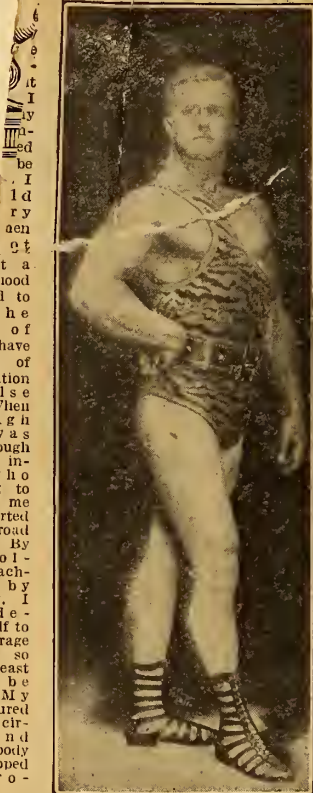
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....



As Shakespeare Would Not Have Said—

Continued from page 18

I INCREASED
M 6 1/2 INCHES



made. What a terrible falsehood this is. And to think of the thousands of people who have been robbed of their ambition by these false teachings. When I entered High School I was fortunate enough to meet an instructor, who was willing to work with me and who started me on my road to success. By faithfully following his teachings and by hard work, I gradually developed myself to have an average sized body so that I at least need not be ashamed. My arm measured 10 inches in circumference and my whole body had developed into fair proportions.

The Secret Discovered

I was so pleased with these results that I decided to make this my life study so I bought all the books I could obtain on "human anatomy" and tested various forms of exercise to see what their effects would be on my body. I finally discovered the real secret of progressive exercise and I want to say right here that never was a man more happy than I. I knew at once my fondest hopes were realized. I could feel real fun and vigor thrilling my veins and was soon able to accomplish feats of strength which I had thought impossible.

Friends who met me on the street began to look at me in astonishment. The boys started to call me the strong man and you can imagine how delighted this made me.

The Result

As I mentioned before, my biceps measured but 10 inches before I made this discovery. Today they are exactly 16 1/2 inches. This is not only far beyond that of the average strong man of today but is conclusive proof to me that my secret method far surpasses that of any other system.

Numerous demands were soon made of me to appear in public displaying my wonderful development and also perform the numerous strength tests which I was able to accomplish. After traveling throughout the country as the headliner in the various theatrical houses, I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Today my pupils run into the thousands and I receive letters daily from other men who have sprung into prominence like myself by following my guidance and instructions.

What This Means to You

You too can have this powerful physique and abounding health if you wish it. I don't care how weak you are. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest and give you the same powerful arms and legs which I have developed for myself and thousands of others. Don't take my word for it, make me prove it.

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It tells the secret, and is handsomely illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and splendid offer will be sent you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover wrapping and mailing. The sooner you get started on the road to health and strength, the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag along one day longer—mail the coupon today.

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EARLE E. LIEDERMAN,

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Dear Sir—I enclose herewith 10 cents for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name
Address
City State.....

togs which went out of style a few hundred years ago, doubtless because there were so many knock-kneed and bow-legged gentlemen who couldn't be beautiful and stylish at the same time. But, lo and behold, Will was quite a perfect thirty-six, or whatever the measurement is for correct legs.

"Sure," he drawled, when they complimented him about it, "how do you suppose I stayed in the 'Follies' for five years; on account of my face?"

But there the characterization of *Romco* ended. His walk was still the cowboy slouch for which he is famous, he kept his rich velvet mantle wrapped around him like a bath robe, and the dinky little cap with its jaunty feather looked less at home than his battered hat would have done. He made continual furtive reaches for his rope, which he would twirl blissfully for a few moments, only to have it fairly snatched from his hand by an implacable director who was afraid he would soil his lovely new costume.

However, he was allowed to retain his ukulele between scenes, and he would slouch down in a camp chair, one long leg swung over the other, and commence a popular song, to which the studio orchestra, consisting of an organ, a violin, and a saxophone made harmonious and toe-tickling accompaniment.

The publicity man told him he had to take me to lunch and talk to me about Shakespeare. Mr. Rogers regarded me sadly and somewhat timorously. If there is one thing in the world he hates, it is a woman interviewer. To have to talk to one is bad enough, to take one to lunch is—well, what Sherman said war was.

He did take me to lunch, though, and I tried my best to be noninter-vivial. But he was plainly ill at ease, and kept thumping the table with his fork. He also addressed me as "ma'am," which somehow made me feel very important.

He indicated a young woman at a near-by table who was publicly busy with a baby-grand vanity bag. She was applying the bloom of youth where it would do the most good.

"Some come in here to eat, and some to make up," remarked Mr. Rogers.

I commented upon his make-up. I thought he might say something humorous about it. But he merely said that Lon Chaney had done it for him. It is practically his first experience in grease paint.

I led the conversation around to Shakespeare by easy stages. I had to be careful. If I hadn't been, Will would either have fled the premises or emulated the talkative clam.

"Say, it's a funny thing," he broke in suddenly, "it was Shakespeare who got me into the 'Follies.'"

I didn't know whether I was supposed to laugh or not. That is one of the difficulties in interviewing a professional humorist. I compromised on a polite smile; just enough to show that I had a sense of humor if his remark was intended for a joke.

"Yes, ma'am," he went on, seriously, "he did just that. You see, I was doing a stunt on the roof, at the time of the Shakespearean revival. They did some burlesques of his plays downstairs at the 'Midnight Follies,' and Ziegfeld wanted me to go down and do an impromptu act, kidding Shakespeare. The act flopped. He was too deep for the crowd, and he was a dead one. So I switched to Wilson and Bryan, who were just as dead, but not yet buried. People knew who they were, and the act went over big. Ziegfeld liked my stuff so well that he signed me up regular for the 'Follies,' and that's how come."

There was silence, while I tried to think of the least offensive way of getting some humorous remarks anent the late lamented bard. Mr. Rogers voluntarily relieved me of my anxiety.

"Well, I have quite a respect for Shakespeare," he said, with his slow, half-nasal drawl. "He was the George Cohan of his time. He always fixed a late entrance for himself in the first act so he could have time to count the money before he came on. He acted at the old Globe Theater—and he was a success because he didn't have competition. The reason he's lasted so long is because they didn't have continuity writers in those days to improve his stuff."

I asked him if he thought Bacon or Shakespeare wrote the plays.

"It's too late to argue about that now," he answered. "There ain't any royalties any more. I understand that they still argue that question in college, but college boys have to argue about something while they take time off to color their meer-schaum pipes."

"I don't suppose you ever thought you'd be playing *Romeo*, did you?" I asked cautiously.

"Well, no, but then I thought I might as well have a try at it. Every one else has done it except me and Bull Montana."

The story, he explained to me, was that of a cowboy who loves a girl who craves romance. She wants him to be *Romeo* to her *Juliet*. So, after combing the small town to get a copy of the play, he goes to sleep reading it, and dreams that he is the hero of the drama to the characters of the play. The girl he loves is *Juliet*; the drug-store clerk, his rival, becomes *Paris*—played by Raymond Hatton—and his cow-puncher friends are transformed by tights and velvet cloaks. The episode is played rather broadly, with modern subtitles, many of which Mr. Rogers himself has supplied. The story is more than half his own, he having given the suggestion for it to Elmer Rice who put it in continuity form.

"I have to fence in this picture. The only fencing I ever did before was with barbed wire and a pair of pliers.

"The French fencing instructor got excited trying to show me how to handle the foil, and shouted, 'Lunge!' Darned if all the company didn't stop work and run for the restaurant."

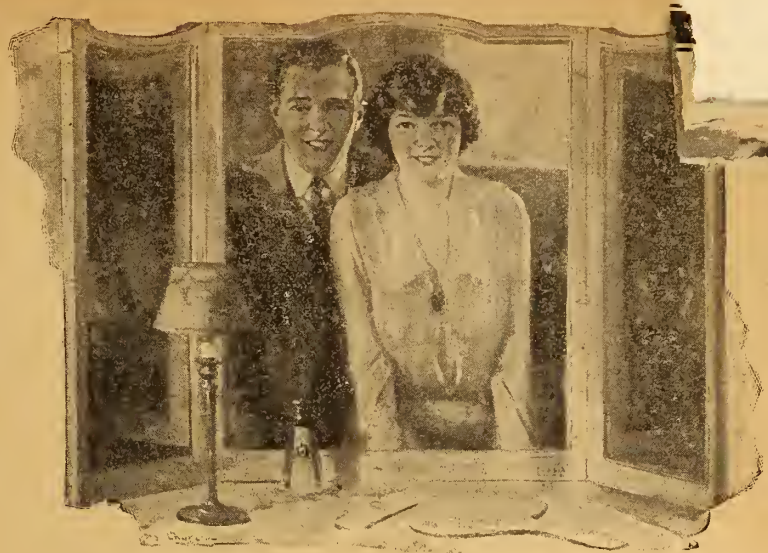
He sidetracked back to the subject of "improving" a picture.

"They have a habit around here of offering twenty-five dollars reward to any one who can think up a better title for a picture than the one it already has. They bought 'The Poor Relation' the other day for my next picture. And there on the billboard was the notice, 'Twenty-five dollars reward for a better title.' I wrote underneath it, 'Twenty-five hundred dollars reward for a better title than 'The Poor Relation.' And I see t'-day that they're goin' to let it ride."

Will Rogers is the same off the screen as on. Simple, straightforward, shy with women, a regular fellow with men. His pet stamping ground is the Goldwyn barber shop, where he always drops in after lunch, and where the studio force gathers to hear the latest Rogersisms. They all call him "Bill."

"Makes me feel like the first of the month," he remarked. When lunch was over—happily over for him, I've no doubt—he gathered his velvet mantle around him awkwardly and started for the door. Raymond Hatton was coming into the dining room. Will Rogers surveyed him intently.

"So this is *Paris*!" he said.



Try This Way

See how your teeth look then

Here is a new way of teeth cleaning—a modern, scientific way. Authorities approve it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

Ask for this ten-day test. Watch the results of it. See for yourself what it means to your teeth—what it means in your home.

The film problem

Film has been the great tooth problem. A viscous film clings to your teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old ways of brushing do not effectively combat it. So millions of teeth are dimmed and ruined by it.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Combat it daily

Dental science has now found ways to daily combat that film. Careful tests have amply proved them. They are now embodied, with other most important factors, in a dentifrice called Pepsodent.

Millions of people now use this tooth paste, largely by dental advice. A 10-Day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

Its five effects

Pepsodent combats the film in two effective ways. It highly polishes the teeth, so film less easily adheres.

It stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

Modern authorities deem these effects essential. Every use of Pepsodent brings them all.

See the results

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

This test, we believe, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. And benefits you never had before. Mail coupon now.

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A scientific film combatant, whose every application brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

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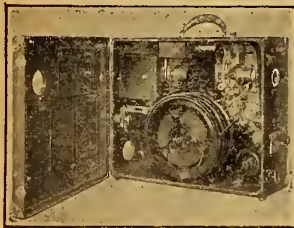
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TO BE OUTSTANDING \$500,000
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COMMON STOCK
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WE RECOMMEND THE PURCHASE OF THIS SECURITY FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS

- 1—This Corporation manufactures what is claimed to be the only safe, fireproof, portable projecting machine on the market.
- 2—Its safety features are unique, the most important of which is its water screen which absorbs the heat rays, prevents heat reaching the film and makes possible the use of motion picture film for stereopticon purposes.
- 3—The Corporation has an almost unlimited field for its products.
- 4—The dividends on the Preferred Stock will be paid quarterly.
- 5—Its estimated earnings, based on contracts and orders now on hand, approximate three times its dividend requirements for 1921, this without taking into consideration orders to be obtained during the balance of this year.
- 6—Financial statements, before and after giving effect to this financing, are by W. A. Fleming & Co., Public Accountants and Byrnes & Baker, Certified Public Accountants, both of New York.
- 7—Its plant has been favorably reported on by Moses, Pope and Trainer, Consulting Engineers, New York. The machine has been inspected and favorably reported on by J. Verrier of Verrier, Eddy Co. and by practical men of the motion picture industry.
- 8—The original owners are receiving only stock in the Company for the interests they held prior to the organization of this Corporation.
- 9—The exceptional field for the company's product, the exceptional demand for a machine of this character and the large margin of profit create, in our opinion, exceedingly attractive earning possibilities for the Common Stock.
- 10—Taken from a report by Byrnes & Baker, Certified Public Accountants, the statement of the Company, after giving effect to this financing, shows



Tangible Assets	\$393,483.29
Total Liabilities	4,596.81

The following comments are quoted in full from the report of Byrnes & Baker, Certified Public Accountants:

"We call your attention to the fact that, according to the foregoing Balance Sheet on completion of the proposed financing, the company will show an exceptionally strong cash position. Its cash resources alone will be \$276,737.60, while total current assets, including cash, accounts receivable and inventories, will amount to \$332,836.67. We have your assurance that the accounts receivable and inventories have been guaranteed by the party from whom the assets are being purchased. Against this, the total liabilities of the company, consisting of current accounts payable, will be only \$4,596.81. There will be no loans from the bank, no accrued interest or taxes, nor current indebtedness of any kind, with the exception of the relatively small item of accounts payable. The company has therefore adequate working capital with which to conduct its business and provide for the expansion that growing business will necessitate.

Fixed Assets of the company, comprising machinery and tools installed in the factory, and furniture in the office, amount to \$60,646.62. Adding the above to the current assets, the total tangible assets aggregate \$393,483.29, without allowing for patents, models, and similar assets, on which it is difficult to place a tangible valuation although they are undoubtedly of value if the product which they protect has merit.

"Summarizing, the tangible assets of the company, exclusive of patents and intangibles, are \$393,483.29 against total liabilities of \$4,596.81.

"Deferred Charges represent rent, insurance, and printing paid in advance, which are properly chargeable to future operation.

"There are no bonds or funded indebtedness of any kind outstanding, and accordingly, the stockholders will have sole claim to the net earnings of the company remaining after payment of operating expenses."

The business of the Corporation is the manufacture of portable motion picture projectors.

Paramount projectors produce a picture as efficiently and as clear and flickerless as the large stationary machines used in motion picture theatres. It is built in compact form to give portability and is absolutely safe and most efficient for use in schools, churches, institutions and the home. Its Spherical Reflector and Reflecting Lens are supreme in their field. The Condensing Lens is a special heat-resisting glass designed to give the maximum amount of illumination. The WATER SCREEN, an exclusive feature, assures safety from fire by absorbing the heat rays, yet permits the unobstructed passage of the light rays. The film may be threaded with the light oil and may be stopped at any point to project any particular scene of a picture for an indefinite period of time with absolute safety. The machine uses standard film, has a capacity of 1,000 feet, and at 70 feet throws a clear, sharp picture 9 feet by 12 feet in size. The demand for such a portable projector is tremendous and world wide. Estimated on orders and contracts now on hand, the corporation should market not less than 5,000 machines per year, which represents a profit of \$250,000. Contracts already closed call for the delivery of 2,500 machines.

FERGUSON-GOODSELL & CO., Inc. 28 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen—
 I am interested in securing, without obligation on my part, further details on Paramount Projector Corporation.
 Name
 Address

The Lonesomest Girl in Town

Continued from page 43

fectly. To have him criticize opens the way to better acting. He is quiet, moderate, thoughtful. He doesn't shriek and tear his hair and shout: 'Camera!' He builds wonderful photo plays."

Incidentally, "Forbidden Fruit" is her favorite picture. It gave her tears and triumph, rags and royal raiment, worn, of course, for virtue's sake, and moreover, it gave her opportunity to be a child as well as a woman. As she herself put it, "What more could one ask of a scenario?"

And, according to Agnes, "you should see the new Ambassador! It's exactly like the Grand Central Station except that there is no green line to follow. It has a patent-leather grill, and a purple dining room, and liveried waiters, and phones at the tables. It takes hours to get in, and untold wealth to get out. As a picture-player magnet, it's 'way ahead of the Sunset Inn."

Her enthusiasm was infectious; her smile contagious. She was not bored or overbearing; she was amused, perhaps, at any one's interest in her and her ideas, but there was no doubting her sincerity. Here was no affected hand painting—here no celluloid queen of the cold cream. Agnes was Agnes, in movies or out.

"I love to make public appearances at the theaters showing our pictures, but I never know what to say. It thrills me, though. And people are so affable and friendly toward us. The only trouble is the publicity of the thing. I confess I can't enjoy being pointed out as I walk along Tremont Street or tea at the Touraine. Now here we're pretty much alone, it happens, but on the street it's awfully embarrassing at times."

This Ayres creature, you see, is a human sort of star, a flesh-and-blood luminary lady. And imagine her boarding a sight-seeing bus in Boston because she was so desperately lonesome! That proves she's a regular girl. For whoever heard of a star being lonesome?

The Author's Day Is Here!

Motion pictures have passed through the phase where they were a curiosity—through the days when the success of a picture depended on a star. The author's day is here.

What promise does this hold for those who want to write? Helen Christine Bennett will tell you. What she did for the aspiring actor in "Can You Break Into the Movies?" she will do for the ambitious author in this article. You can depend on her. She gets the facts—and tells them entertainingly and convincingly.

Moranimated News

Continued from page 33

wit, Lee Moran. You'd think my name was Lyons, hey? Well, anyways, the first thing on the program I appeared in a brief movie with Lee for the News Weekly. This drama was written and directed by Lee and was based on the Annual Crop Report, I think. The plot run thusly: Made up to resemble H. C. Witwer, I walk in on the scene, shake hands with Lee, and, after we have exchanged a few bon mots and like that before the camera, I resort to the use of pantomime to make known the fact that it is beastly hot in Universal's City and I wouldst fain quaff off a drink. Lee then smiles and motions me into his office, and here, gently reader, the film ends. So's they will not be no epidemic of deaths from curiosity, I will come out with the bald statement that the liquid which was served to me in Lee's office is chiefly noted as bein' the main ingredient of Niagara Falls.

Irving Thalberg, the youthful and popular heavy boss of the entire works, strolled along as we finished the first movie I ever appeared in, claimed he was glad to know me and made me a present of the freedom of the lot. As I had nothin' adequate with me to offer in return, I bowed and borrowed a cigarette from him to cover my embarrassment. Well, that bein' all settled, Lee asked me wouldst I like to see him makin' "Robinson's Trousseau." I answered in the pro-affirmative, as havin' read the yarn I was greatly interested in seein' just how close he wouldst stick to the author's text. The story is a tale of the prize ring, and I will not spoil the gently reader's enjoyment of the film by relatin' the plot here as I have completely forgot it. Never's the less, as in some circles—notably in my own imagination—I am credited with bein' quite a authority on the manly art of assault and battery for pennies, Lee was anxious to get my opinion of *his* idea of a fighter. Well, he sidled into his dressin' room with the admonition that he wouldst be out in a second and about two hours later he come out caparisoned in a sweater, a cap, and a pair of boxin' gloves, with trousers to match. Strikin' a unique attitude, he asked me how do I like it, and I kind of evaded the issue. So Lee says will I put on a pair of

gloves and show him just how a real fighter wouldst act. With gracious good nature I obliged, and, standin' before him, I put his arms in the correct position, and I says I am goin' to jab him with my left and when I do he is to cross his right over to my jaw. Of course my jaw won't be there, but that will give him the idea. Well, gently reader, I jabbed Lee with my left as advertised, and he crossed his right to my jaw as instructed, and they was fifteen minutes bringin' your correspondent back to life. It seems I forgot to move my jaw.

That wound up the athletic events, and to top off the day, Lee took me over to a snow-covered "set" and showed me a horseless sleigh which he claims he has been workin' on for months, and he has fin'ly got every-thing about it perfected except one minor detail. I failed to find any motor or other means of locomotion about the thing, and I asked Lee what made it go. He says that's the one minor detail which as yet he has not been able to perfect. Followin' that, I took the air.

But all apple sauce to one side, Lee Moran can no more help makin' a first-class impression on you than the writer of the above and the below can help abusin' the "I" key, once he sits down to a typewriter. Lee's a pleasant, modest, wide-awake lookin' young guy with a world of personality, a unusually keen sense of humor and one more asset, undoubtedly the thing which put him across—he's intelligent enough to accept advice and has enough imagination to use and identify the valuable suggestions from the idiotic "tips" which every young star is deluged with. Briefly, Lee Moran will keep on hittin' 1000 because he can be *told!* He don't think he knows it all and he confines his actin' to the screen. Since the firm of Lyons & Moran dissolved, the boy has a big opportunity ahead of him now—standin' forth on his own, facin' the eternally interestin', romantic, and terrific battle to get to the top in a tough game. Lee Moran is a nice clean kid, and I certainly wish him the best of luck. I'm sure you wouldst, too, if you knew him. Make no mistake, he has the stuff!

In the excitement I nearly forgot to mention that "Robinson's Trousseau," the picture Lee was makin' when I seen him, was written by, Yours truly, H. C. WITWER.
Loose Angeles, Kentucky.



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"Brown, I've been putting the axe to the pay-roll. I've cut out a lot of dead wood—unskilled men we can replace tomorrow if necessary.

"But—keep these men whose names I have checked. They draw big pay but they know their work. They are the men who looked ahead and trained themselves to do some one thing better than any one else. We can't afford to lose them."

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 72



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IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem. De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs. De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine De Miracle has a money back guarantee in each package. FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

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Talmadge how very much we English girls adore her. To countless hundreds of us she is the Queen of Film-land. My greatest wish is that I might have an autographed photo or letter from her, one that I could really and truly believe she signed herself. She must have so many thousands of letters though that it would be impossible to expect her to answer all personally.

Have you any suggestion to offer as to how I could be sure of getting one? I have been longing to write to her for two long years, but that one thing has kept me back. If ever she comes to visit our "Isle" she will get a tremendous reception from us.
N. R.
Camp Hill, Birmingham, England.

Once More—the German Films.

When I read the letter from H. Kenworth Johnson in the last number of PICTURE-PLAY answering my letter of the previous month in regard to the propaganda-trend of the German films, my first impulse was to write a lengthy answer to him reiterating my stand. But what's the use? The question is not one for him and me to impose any further on the readers of PICTURE-PLAY. I am convinced that most persons will view the German films as I do—as malicious and insidious propaganda, and am willing to let it go at that.

But there was one minor point that he made, which deserves a reply. He said: "If showing unsavory incidents in the history of a nation is propaganda against that nation, then Bill Hart is doing us a lot of harm in letting his pictures go abroad."

Well, he's right. If he had ever lived in Montana, as I have, and had to entertain people from abroad and set them right about the honesty of our sturdy pioneers, he would appreciate the misunderstanding that those pictures have fostered. And Bill Hart was portraying only a type—not a ruler and predecessor of the present king. There's a difference, you know.
H. C. WORTZELL.
Detroit, Michigan.

From Another English Girl.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE:

As an English movie fan who lives in a country that cannot boast of a really first-rate movie magazine, I am greatly interested in PICTURE-PLAY, and especially in What the Fans Think. I just love Miss Ethel Sands' contributions. She writes as I think I would if I had her opportunities, and she puts into words just what we fans feel but cannot express instead of using high-flown flowery phrases such as "she reminded me of a rose leaf in the summer rain" or some equally idiotic expression. No doubt that sort of thing sounds all right to some, but to my mind it doesn't get anywhere. Miss Sands tells us just what we really want to know about the movie folk and makes them seem very real people indeed. Another thing is, why do most of the interviewers ask the stars what their philosophy of life is, and then credit them with saying the most marvelous things about their viewpoints on this and their theories on that, et cetera, which I'm just sure no sane human being ever uttered? I'm getting just about "fed-up" with that kind of interview. Miss Sands and also Miss Squier and Miss Harriette Underhill are refreshing exceptions to the rule.

Now about the stars themselves. Monte Blue is my favorite. I would rather walk fifty dusty miles to see Monte than be taken in a Rolls-Royce just across the street to see any one else. The reason is that Mr. Blue always gives a fair sincere performance, and I have never yet seen anything he has done that wasn't worthy of the highest praise. In such films as "Pettigrew's Girl" he absolutely outshone the star, and in "Johanna Enlists" he made the three other leading men, clever as they are, look colorless. I wish him the success he so truly merits. Another male player I like is Rod la Roque, who always gives a commendable performance—also Rudolph Valentino, who surely is one of the screen's most colorful players.

Of course I like Charles Ray, but I'm getting a trifle tired of the "wishy-washy" plays he's been appearing in of late.

Among the ladies—well! Mary Pickford used to be my favorite, but we so seldom see her films here that I've nearly forgotten what she's like. The greatest favorites over here are Norma and Constance—no need to mention their surname! Norma is one of the most beautiful emotional actresses in pictures, and as for Connie, well, there isn't another comedienne on the screen to touch her. They're both splendid, and we love them.

And now I've had my little say I must "ring off."
London, England. BETTY PHILLIPS.

This Fan Doesn't Like Mary!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE:

I suppose there will be no possible chance of this being published, nevertheless I intend to free my mind about Mary Pickford.

How any one can sit for an hour or more watching such a senseless, un-sightly, and distressing slapstick picture as "Suds," and then proclaim Mary Pickford a queen of the stars, is more than I can understand. Miss Pickford may have been, and I believe was, a delightful actress at one time, but that time is past.

So you fans—however few—who still remain loyal, please remember that, although every one doesn't write his likes and dislikes, there are a great many sane, movie-attending people who do not care one snap for that haughty little lady in California.

I saw an advertisement something like this:

Tom Mix also Mary Pickford

We fans who admit that we do not like Miss Pickford are willing to see anything else rather than a ridiculous "falling-in-a-tub-of-soapy-water" picture which is as bad as a custard-pie comedy. Why, Mary Miles Minter is as sweet and as beautiful as Mary Pickford ever was and is still youthful.

I would like to have this printed. If What the Fans Think is not partial, I believe it will be.
RUTH WERST.
Sidney, Ohio.

To This One Mary Is Queen.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE:

As a follower of motion pictures since 'way back in the days when Mary Pickford was "knee-high to a grasshopper"—and, by the way, she never did get much higher—and Florence Laurence was our first popular idol playing oppo-

site Arthur Johnson, I think it is about time for me to express my sincere appreciation for the many happy hours given me by my old friends of the silver screen.

Every movie fan now and again gets a "wild, wild crush" on his or her favorite star, so as I am no exception to the rule. I have had for many years a most enduring love and affection, which has never wavered, for that wonderful actress, Mary Pickford, and I'm here to tell the world she has it all over them *all* in anything she has ever attempted. She is a rightful queen reigning on a rightfully earned throne, and her subjects are legion.

There are many that through beauty, or grace, or charm, some have all three, plus ability, and by hard endeavor, have earned their right to stardom—and I am glad to see them shine and twinkle—but there will never be another to take the place in my heart that is now occupied by "Our Mary," truthfully called "America's Sweetheart."

A word more about our first love—Florence Laurence. It has been many years since she has favored us with her charming presence on the screen, and now I hear she is coming back, but seems to think we have forgotten her. She will find she still has her old loyal friends, and I am, with many others, only too glad she hasn't forgotten us. Hail to the return of Florence. May she soon prove me right.

I can't close without making some mention of the crush I have on Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, and Charles Ray. Thomas Meighan in "The Miracle Man" fairly won my heart and almost my hand—too bad we're all married—isn't it, and before I adjourn I want to ask why more people don't rave about a very artistic comedian who doesn't receive as many press notices as I want him to—in other words Douglas McLean.

Some day he will be to the screen what Harry Fox is to vaudeville, and when that day comes I'm going to holler so you'll hear me clear from Mexico.

I told you so—

NELLIE R. CORNELIUS.

Tampico, Mexico.

We Also Hope That "M. D. W." Will Write Again.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE:

What the Fans Think is a very interesting part of your very interesting magazine. I usually read it first, and almost always find a letter which expresses my views on some subject. In the June number it was the one from "M. D. W." who "started with the stars." I'm sure I'm not the only one who hopes she will treat us again with some of her reminiscences. I agree with her fannerites—all except one, whom I've never been able to like, somehow.

But, odeer! M. D. W. forgot to mention Herbert Howe!!! And he's *there!*

Your Oracle is delightful. What patience and wisdom he has! (He?) Am I correct? There seems to be some doubt about it, among his "family" members. I'll bet he's glad William Duncan and Edith Johnson are married, at last.

Last, but not least, I should like Miss Sands to know how very much I enjoy her "Adventures," more, indeed, than if I were taking them myself—for I should be more severely affected with stage fright than she is—the very *thought* of seeing Dick Barthelmess would simply bowl me over! (This from a married woman who loves her husband!)

Newport, New Hampshire. M. B. B.



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gray hair
banished
in
30 minutes*

The Art of Hair Coloring Revolutionized

The glory of permanent youth is now possible through the discovery of Dr. Emile, Physician-Scientist of the Pasteur Institute, Paris.

This scientific formula, Inecto Rapid, employs an entirely new principle ranking in importance with other discoveries of the Pasteur Institute.

It gives streaked or faded hair the original or desired color, banishes gray hair in 30 minutes and brings back the original beauty and lustre to hair which has been damaged by ordinary "dyes."

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public under the following specific guarantees:

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Please send me at once your "Beauty Analysis Chart" Form M and full details of INECTO RAPID.

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The Toy Maker of Times Square

Continued from page 65

theater audiences Tony Sarg, the irrepressible humorist.

Many of you may have seen his marionettes, but for the benefit of those who haven't let the late B. L. T. of the Chicago *Tribune* tell you of their ephemeral charm.

TO TONY SARG:

Tony, dear deity of blocks and strings, Whose hand draws back the curtain of the years!

Through cloud and mist of memory appears

A happy vision of departed things. Your tiny actors with their gesturings, Their puppet passions and their mimic fears—

Rip and his wife, his dog, his daughter's tears—

O, what a vanished joy the whole play brings!

While little people in your audience Shout out in pleasure at Nick Vedder's fun

Or watch gray Hudson's sprites, with features tense,

We elders gaze along a vista, whence From our young past there smiles on every one

The kind old features of Joe Jefferson!

Now all of this may seem a long way from motion pictures in general and even "Tony Sarg's Almanac" in particular. It isn't, though, for it was his experience in making these marionettes that made it possible for

him to make his motion pictures without the tedious labor attendant on making animated cartoons. He constructed little cardboard figures, so cleverly jointed that they move as people do, instead of in jerks, and made them act before the camera. Pictures that would require twelve thousand separate drawings to be made by the old animated-cartoon process, can be made with his little dolls with comparative ease. But the big advantage of them to you and me out in front is that they are capable of so much more than the animated cartoons were. In those the movement was concentrated in one or two figures. *Everything* in a Tony Sarg picture acts, even to the little birdie in his cage. The accompanying illustration shows the second installment of the "Almanac," "The First Dentist." In its pantomime it is one of the most excruciatingly funny scenes ever screened and decoratively it is a joy. One of the later episodes introduces a romantic *Lochinvar* that once seen will never be forgotten.

Tony Sarg has stepped right into the ranks of the screen's great humorists—where Charlie Chaplin has so long marched almost alone.

Puzzles for the Property Man

Continued from page 62

Lasky negro bootblack. They did, and found that his eyes actually did shine in the dark, and, what's more, the camera caught the shine!

When I asked him how he defined an insert he said, "An 'insert' is something that doesn't want to work when you want it to work, but will always work when you don't want it to. When Mr. De Mille was filming 'Male and Female' last year we had to get a close-up insert of some goats climbing a tree. We tried every humane method, and some not

so humane, to get those goats to climb the inclined trunk of a tree. They wouldn't do it. We were in despair, and many days passed. Then one day when we were working out on the island where the shipwreck took place I noticed some wild goats leaping up the trunk of a tree after a certain growth much like mistletoe. The problem was solved. I took some of this goat weed back to the studio with me, and, whatever it was, it was powerful enough to make a goat climb a tree—and that was all we wanted!"

Breakfast at Eleven

Continued from page 64

him famous," said his wife teasingly, "and his mother persuaded him to go back on the stage. Thus was the career of a famous welterweight switched from its course."

"How do you know I should have been famous?" said Conway modestly.

"Because," said Adele sweetly, "you'd be famous in whatever you did."

"Your wife likes you, doesn't she?" we asked, thinking to tease him, as we all arose from the little table where breakfast had been laid in the

bay window in the sun. "I had always been led to believe that stars didn't make good husbands."

"I don't look like a long-suffering wife, do I?" Mrs. Tearle asked by way of reply. "Well, I'm not. I am a most tyrannical person, and I am sure all of our friends think that poor Conway ought to take a course in 'The Taming of the Shrew.'"

And, as a matter of fact, if you really wish to know the truth, the Tearles are an answer to that question, "Can you be happy though married?"



"—Not One Gray Hair, Now"

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

"A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

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DR. THOMAS LAWTON
120 West 70th St. Dept. 186 New York

Flapper Fancies

Continued from page 71

Perhaps the most interesting fact of Miss MacAvoy's many-sided personality is the one that is brought out in the trim suit of sleek broadcloth which she wears in the Realart picture, "A Private Scandal." Its straight box jacket is youthful, but for the rest the costume is as Parisian as the dainty light suede pumps that accompany it. This outfit presents the flapper in one of her most bewildering and attractive guises, for it masks the gentleness and witchery of the young girl in unrelieved and sophisticated severity. Such a suit as this makes heavy demands on its wearer; it demands perfect grooming, grace of movement, and vivid coloring.

The touches of black on it, and the black toque that she wears with it are truly Parisian. Paris demands its touch of black on everything this season, and wisely, for nothing else can so successfully lift a suit out of mediocrity of style and give it distinction. And no one without distinction can wear it.

Now you may not rejoice in such a many-sided personality and such a variance of moods as May MacAvoy has; if so, do not attempt to wear as many totally different styles of clothes as she does. But if you are young and pretty you are fairly sure to be like her in one of her moods. And when you find out what it is you will find many a hint for you tucked away in her costumes.

Freeze-Outs De Luxe

Continued from page 30

moment bruin was departing from that place as fast as four sturdy legs could carry him.

Speaking of animal Thespians, the dogs that went to Yosemite with Eva Novak have no doubt about their professional standing. They know they are actors; they get into the valley because they are. It happens that dogs are decidedly unwelcome in the valley under ordinary circumstances because of the care given the wild life there, but Norman Dawn, Miss Novak's director, declined to let a little thing like that stand in his way.

So vividly did he lay the case before the authorities, pleading the absolute necessity of the dogs, that permits for their entrance were granted; but they were permits for the entrance of dog actors, not just plain dogs. No nonprofessional Fido will be able to plead precedent because the Universal dogs got in.



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If You Don't Gamble—

Continued from page 45

were correct or not, just so they afforded the hero and maybe the heroine a chance to get gay with a six-shooter and to wear such picturesque costumes as were never actually seen on land or sea. Now the motion-picture studios on the Coast always hire from one to four real professional gamblers to see if everything is ship-shape, and to act as supervisors. When Universal City produced "Renunciation" from the story by Peter B. Kyne, four of the best-known gamblers in America were constantly employed to supervise the Western gambling scenes. The "Montana Kid"—known on the pay roll as George Blair—"The Cherokee Kid," Charles Brinley, who managed gambling halls in Reno and Goldfield in

the palmy days of those places, and Lee Glowner, a New York gambler, handled the situation.

Nazimova, in "Camille," was not content until she had devised an ornate French gambling scene to "jazz" the picture up a bit, and to provide a stunning locale in which to give Armand the grand razzoo, as the third assistant camera man expressed it.

With the frown of the law on open gambling in the United States, and the proximity of Tia Juana to Hollywood, the Coast has become the haven for the one-time professional gambler, and he now rusticates in a Los Angeles vine-covered cottage and admits making more money directing pictures than he did over the gaming tables.

Little Boy Butler

Continued from page 89

"Well, when I finally got it through my head that the whole thing wasn't a joke, I went out to the studio—yes, they sent a car for me—and Mr. Griffith was on the stage with Lillian Gish. He gave me an idea of the part, and encouraged me by saying that nine other actors had been tried out for it, and had failed. Of course, that made me feel fine, but I went at it. Mr. Griffith would watch me, then walk the length of the set, and once he made a noise that sounded like a cross between a grunt and a sneeze. It was his way of registering mirth.

"I got the part, and he thought I made good in it, so much so that he cast me in his next picture. I left the stage then for good. I don't think I'll ever go back."

A lady fan described his pictures to me as "clean and wholesome. The kind of a picture that makes you forget that the theater is stuffy." "Sitting on the World" and "Smiling all the Way" are his best-known releases.

"I like to play 'boob' parts," he confided. "Where the fellow is blundering but good-natured. I don't like 'sex' pictures, and I'm never going to make one. This story we're doing now illustrates what I mean. The hero is a happy-go-lucky rich

fellow in San Francisco, who has never done a stroke of work in his life. He enlists, after a row with his family, and is sent to Russia. The Bolshevist government orders all women to be married. The fellow has met an attractive Russian girl; when he hears that she is to be shot because she won't marry the man that the government picked out for her, he beats it for the scene of the execution, driving a hundred-year-old horse, and arrives just in time. He bribes the commanding officer, and asks the girl if she wouldn't as soon marry him as get shot. She says yes, and they get married. But when he brings her to America, his family snubs her. So they set up house-keeping very simply, he goes to work, and she finally makes a real man of him. Then it is discovered that she is a princess, the family apologize and everything ends happily."

Father Butler strolled up just then to tell "Dave" that the camera was ready. The last thing I heard David saying, as I climbed into the car that was to take me back to town, was a paraphrase of his proposal to Helen Ferguson—"Wouldn't you just as soon get shot as marry me?" And I heard the laughter of the company when she nodded her head emphatically.

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The Art of Mabel

Continued from page 83

nately decided to be technical and make extensive use of the word "artistic," I was alive to the excellence and fascination of the Ballin backgrounds, and I was prepared to be enthusiastic.

And I was.

But my feet are of clay.

My enthusiasm centered on "the art of Mabel Ballin's eyes."

Her eyes remind you how painfully inadequate are your own and all the other eyes you have ever seen. She makes you realize that your friends have eyes, but only after a fashion.

And they are not "limpid pools" or "wells of softness." They suggest nothing so untrained. They are sophisticated and artful, and she does the right things with them at the right time. They are quite heady, and I should think Wyndham Standing would forget his lines. All of Hugo Ballin's best effects in lighting and tones are really amateurish compared to the effect Mabel creates when she artfully looks at you artlessly and droops her eyelids ever so slightly.

She can do all sorts of tricks with her eyes. Not that she is the least bit obvious or flirtatious or frivolous with them, but she is generous. Her eyes suggest everything in the world and in their depths one may discover all of the feminine wisdom of the ages. I suggest that mothers with marriageable daughters send them to study Mabel's eyes before inviting Freddie Astorbilt up for dinner. Her eyes are really an education, and a study of them would benefit a girl much more than a course at Vassar. I might add that I was completely charmed by Mrs. Ballin after I discovered that she was aware of her eyes. I have no use for the listless beauty that doesn't recognize itself. I find a woman in a Tappé hat at the Ritz infinitely more engaging than Hannah in a hayfield.

When I recovered from the first suffusion of Mabel's introductory glance I heard her saying:

"Wasn't it funny?"

I forced an eyebrow up under my bangs in interrogatory fashion.

"Why, the balcony scene," she explained. "It's supposed to be funny. You see the people in a little mining town are giving tableaux which are supposed to be quite crude. Wasn't it funny?" she repeated a bit fearfully.

I tried my hardest to see something funny in Mabel Ballin and Wyndham as *Romeo and Juliet*. If they had both used the balcony for

an exhibition of the Chicago Toddlers I would merely have thought that they were sure showing up Shakespeare.

"If that was funny," I said, "I'll learn to laugh in church."

I had been told that Mabel Ballin was probably the only living actress who could be starred who wouldn't. I asked her about it. Or rather I asked her why she didn't want to be a star.

"Oh, but I do," she said, opening her eyes so wide that I feared for them. "The truth is merely this. I would rather play parts for my husband than be starred by some one else."

"And hubby won't star you?"

"He doesn't believe in stars. Or rather it isn't that he believes in stars less, but that he believes in uniform casts more. He doesn't think that the public is ready to accept me as a star yet—that stars should be made by popular approval and not by doting husbands.

"As a matter of fact I have had offers from other companies which have wished to star me, but I have such faith in my husband's future that for the present I wish to remain with him. This is only his second picture as an independent producer. The first was 'Pagan Love.'"

I liked her enthusiasm and her point of view. It was not all sentiment which kept her with her husband. It was half admiration and keen insight. Hugo Ballin, for some time art director for the Goldwyn company has long been identified with artistry in motion pictures. He has been one of a few to make decorative art an established fact in the motion-picture world, and he undoubtedly has a big future.

The picture of the *Romeo and Juliet* tableau has a history. It is called "Ava Maria," and it was written by a nun, the late Sister Eileen of the Sisters of St. Dominic. Mr. Ballin told me that he was consulting a priest on some ecclesiastical detail and was told about a story found among the effects of Sister Eileen. The priest believed the story would make a good motion picture and added that if Mr. Ballin were interested in it the purchase price could be donated to Sister Eileen's favorite charities, that being her wish. Mr. Ballin found the story suitable for the screen. In fact he thinks it the best story for picture purposes he has read in some time. It has a thoroughly modern setting and is not religious in theme, although it points a moral as all good movies should.

Another thing I liked about Mabel Ballin was her enthusiasm concerning various members of the company doing bits. She was sweet in her praise of them and helpful in the few suggestions she offered. There was genuine admiration when a very lovely girl posed as Liberty and attracted approving eyes.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she said, as pleased apparently as if the approval had been centered upon her. Still, when one has eyes like Mabel's one can afford to keep the cat out of one's nature.

I don't mind telling Hugo Ballin that nice as I think his art is I really prefer Mabel's. And, though I never had a wife I'm sure if I had one, and I were her director, and she had eyes like Mabel's, I'd force her to play opposite Roscoe Arbuckle or Larry Semon.

Thar She Blows

Continued from page 51

blossoms. "He throws me through a door, I know, and I think there are some more scenes like that, but I don't remember all of them."

Five o'clock arrives, and a launch comes chugging out from San Francisco to ferry the company to land. Johnson and his crew are out in the whaleboat again. Johnson poised in the bow with the whale gun. Jack Curtis springs to the rail and gestures violently. Obediently Johnson points the whale gun this way and that until the boat comes close enough for him to see that there isn't a camera in sight. Curtis is having a bit of fun, that's all.

Waiting for Johnson and his crew, Bosworth and Curtis fall to comparing notes on their costumes. Curtis remarks that the ancient trousers he

is wearing date back to the first picture he made with Bosworth. Nobody disputes him; they look it.

Bosworth exhibits the worn leather belt he wears. There is a bit of tradition attached thereto. "The Sea Wolf" was Bosworth's great success in the spoken drama, and now he always manages to wear some bit of the costume he wore in that play. Often, as now, it is only the belt, but he is taking no chances on breaking his luck.

Johnson and his crew clamber overside and shed their oilskins. Cameras, film boxes, and company are packed into the launch, and she chugs away from the *Oregon*, leaving her watchman waving good-by over the rail.

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The Wildest Day in Hollywood

Continued from page 25



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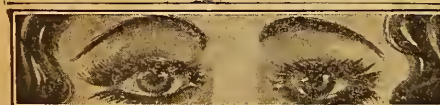
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stadium. Virtually every rag, bone, and hank of hair was there. For hours the divinities of filmland streamed across the stage in glittering pageant, while in the heavens above the aeroplanes, like shadowy birds, showered petals of colored fire.

An inspired ballyhoo, who must have spent the afternoon at Murray's bar, judging by his inaccuracy of speech and vision, would scream out:

"Here comes Miss Pauline Frederick as *Luxury*!"

Whereupon Miss Louise Fazenda would stumble on, looking like *The Curse of Poverty*.

Quite imperturbed, the ballyhoo then yelled:

"*Rainbow of Beauty*—" and Ben Turpin galloped forth in the place of Grace Darmond.

The *Mystery of Woman* was a stream of flowing gold on which grapes floated. 'Twas America's most beautiful blonde, according to Helleu—Miss Rubye de Remer. Marjorie Daw came piquantly forth as *Pandora*, Kathleen Clifford as *Semiramis, Queen of the East*; Gladys Brockwell as *Cleopatra*, Edith Storey as *Scheherazade*, Mary Thurman as *Salome*, Florence Stone as *Empress Theodora*, Kathlyn Williams as *Judith*, Ethel Grey Terry as *Ishtar*, Ruth Roland as *Astarte*, Eva Novak as *The Art of Beauty*, Shirley Mason as *Perfume*, Priscilla Dean as *Star of the East*, Mrs. Wallace Reid as *Dream of the East*, Dagmar Godowsky as *Flower of Babylon*, May Allison as *Venus*, Claire Windsor as *The Eternal Feminine*, Lois Lee as *Rose of Persia*, Doris Pavn as *Flower of Greece*, Helen Ferguson as *Beauty Adorned*, Rosemary Theby as *Queen of Sheba*, Margaret Loomis as *The Grace of Woman*.

Ted Shawn and his dancers led *Egypt*, in which power pays homage to the eternal feminine. Margaret Loomis appeared as *Isis* surrounded by slave maidens.

Then came Dorothy Phillips as *Vanity*, Pauline Frederick as *Luxury*, and the Marion Morgan dancers as *Bacchantes*.

Ethel Clayton, with stately tread, portrayed *The Spirit of Fashion*.

The Charm of Woman was led by Mabel Normand, followed by Kathleen Clifford as *Flower of Love*, Ruth Renick as *Butterfly*, Alice Terry as *Allure*, Grace Darmond as *Rainbow of Beauty*, Virginia O'Dare as *Spring*, Ella Hall as *Loveliness*, Ann May as *The Bloom of Youth*, and Carmel Myers as *Fascination*.

The Whims of Style were personified by Tom Moore, Cullen Landis,

Will Rogers, Raymond Hatton, Leatrice Joy, Rene Adoree, Helen Chadwick, Molly Malone, Mabel Julienne Scott, Mary Alden, Louise Lovely, and Phoebe Hunt.

The bathing girls proved the *Folly of Style*. And every man agreed with such samples as Harriet Hammond, Phyllis Haver, Katherine Maguire, Mildred June, Viora Daniels, Vera Steadman, Dorothy Devore, and Helen Darling.

Romance was presented by The Three Musketeers of Douglas Fairbanks' company. Doug appeared as *D'Artagnan*, Jean Pallette as *Aramis*, Leon Bary as *Athos*, George Seigmann as *Porthos*, Barbara la Marr as *Milday*, Mary MacLaren as *Queen*, Marguerite de la Motte as *Constance*, Nigel de Brulier as *Cardinal Richelieu*, and Thomas Holding as *Buckingham*.

Cecil De Mille's productions furnished *Woman's Dream of Beauty*, with Lois Wilson as *A Dream*, Shannon Day as *Beauty in Bed*, Carmen Phillips as *Neglige of Night*, Ruth Miller as *Dream of the Sea*, Julia Faye as *Imperishable Loveliness*, and Barbara Gurney as *Lovely Dream*.

Shopping in Dreamland was made attractive by Lila Lee as the *Dream of Beautiful Fabric*, Mildred Harris as *Love of Luxury*, Bebe Daniels as *The Temptation of Luxury*, Fontaine la Rue as *Luxury of Night*, Ann Forrest as *Luxury's Dream*, Betty Compson as *A Dream of Fashion*, May MacAvoy as *A Dream of Youth*, Wanda Hawley as *A Dream of Diamonds*, Betty Francisco as *Unforgettable Dreams*, and Gloria Swanson as *Woman's Fairest Dream—A Pearl*.

It was midnight when I escorted the Lady Who Does Not Care, wearied and weighted with her lottery winnings, toward our barouche. As we passed through the gates Betty Compson informed us that the festival had taken in a hundred thousand dollars. My companion commenced weeping softly into her armful of prizes.

"A hundred thousand dollars," she moaned as she wearily stumbled into the fiacre. "I spent half that much and look what I got!"

Her lottery winnings consisted of a Japanese parasol, a gooseberry pie, and a framed picture of Eddy Polo.

"Democracy pays," I said grimly, stepping on the gas and the pie simultaneously.

"Shut up!" said the Lady Who Does Not Care.

Beach o' Dreams

Continued from page 55

then, Eddie Foy always wanted to play *Hamlet*."

Why is it that all the funniest people are the saddest? Honestly, the Sennett studio is more like a morgue than a comedy factory. Not a sound is to be heard there except now and then the dull splash of a pie against some one's face, or the thud of a cream puff against the wall.

And here all but one of Sennett's feminine funsters dreams of being a tragedienne!

Mildred June is shy about interviews, but after a search she was prevailed upon to take her seat upon the beach of dreams.

There was a tear in the corner of her eye. I wanted to know why.

"Because I feel like that little Duck Baby up at the Exposition in San Francisco—after the lights went out. She was only a little statue, but she didn't like it when they closed the Fair, and put the lights out. You see, I—er—love to swim! I think bathing suits are attractive, don't you?"

I agreed that most certainly I did. It was too bad, I had to admit, that Mr. Sennett was going to go out for a reputation as maker of highbrow films, except that—

"Yes, I know," she finished for me, "except that now we will have a chance to use our faces. But bathing comedies are so easy. All you have to do is to put on a cute little bathing suit and skip along a beach until Mr. Turpin or some one sees you and starts to chase you, then you fall down, and that's all there is to it.

"But now that we are playing in these regular highbrow dramas like 'A Small-Town Idol' and 'Heart-balm,' you have no idea how hard we have to work! They actually take close-ups of our faces, and it seems so shocking to have the camera pointed right at your face where you think your thoughts and everything. It almost makes me feel positively naked.

"I should think some of these thinking actresses like Nazimova would be fussed to death all the time! I would just like to make bathing comedies always. I can't dream about anything else."

Poor little water babies. They are all like ducklings out of water, rather uncertain of their next step. But they are keeping at least half an eye on the careers of those who have gone before, and as Marie Prevost said when she signed her contract with Universal City—

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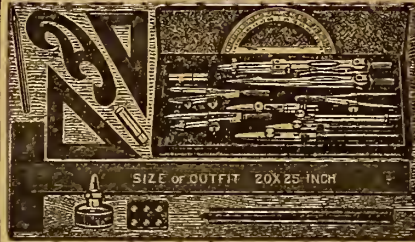
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Can You Break Into the Movies?

Continued from page 22

directors and no camera women, there is no real reason why women should not aspire to and attain either of these offices. I think myself that women directors are sorely needed in the industry, which would be much improved by using them. In the offices there are numerous positions for girls and men. From the frosty clerk who takes your name at the door to the highly paid scenario writer there are many and diverse positions. The telephone girls make perhaps fifteen dollars a week, and the continuity writers from one hundred to four hundred, sometimes more. But most of these positions demand some education, some ability, some special training. They use trained stenographers and accountants in the business offices of motion pictures just as any firm does, and you stand a chance, if you are trained, of getting a job here just as at any other place. By all means, if you like the work, make all the friends you can, and if you do not succeed as an actress you may be able to work with, if not in, motion pictures.

I am writing this in the year 1921. These are conditions as I see them. It is not fair to conclude these articles without two additions. The motion-picture industry has just passed through a very dull season. It, like all business, has suffered in the general depression that has followed the war. It has not yet completely recovered. With all good wishes to you who wish to break into the movies I must tell you this. Your chances this year are slimmer than usual.

And lastly. This industry is in a chaotic and changing state. It is very poorly organized, very badly managed, and will have to change—indeed will have to be almost made over—within the next few years. And it is going to be made over for the better. The people who come to the studios these days are a far more intelligent, higher-calibered set of human beings than the average of five years ago. Standards are rising. The mother who is planning a motion-picture career for her son or daughter need not feel that I have settled the matter. In two years the problem may be very different. But the mother or the girl or the young man who is thinking to-day of entering the motion-picture field, of *breaking into it*, has here the truth as nearly as I can see and write it.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

MR. ROBERT S.—I have already answered your question concerning that company.

DAN B.—I do not give home addresses of the players or producers.

BILLIE T.—Charles Ray was born in 1891. Lila Lee has no sister or brother who is playing in pictures. William Fairbanks is not a star. I don't know of the Miss Darnell you ask about.

U. No.—The cast for "The Palace of Darkened Windows" follows: Claire Anderson plays *Arlee*; Arthur E. Carew plays *The Rajah*, Gerald Pring plays *Captain Falconer*, Jay Belasco plays *Billy Hill*, Adele Farrington plays *Eva Eversham*, Christine Mayo plays *Acade*, Virginia Caldwell plays *Mispah*, Nicholas Dunaev plays *Snake Charmer*. In "The Beggar Prince" Sessue Hayakawa plays both the part of *The Prince* and of *Niki*, Beatrice la Plante plays the part of *Olala*, Thelma Percy plays the part of *Sosad*, Bert Hadley plays the part of the *Grand Vizier*, Robert Bolder plays the part of *Bunko*, Joseph Swickard plays *Nodo*, and Buddy Post plays *The Murderer*.

DOROTHY M.—Corinne Griffith is married to Webster Campbell. That is her correct name. Kenneth Harlan is the player you refer to.

YUKI-KO JAPAN.—Your questions could not possibly be answered in the limited space I am allowed, I am very sorry to say.

WASHINGTON.—Creighton Hale played Mary Hay's sweetheart in "Way Down East." Clara Kimball Young was married. She was the wife of James Young. They have been divorced. James Young directed George Arliss in "The Devil." They are very strict about allowing visitors in the various studios. I think you would find it next to impossible to gain an entrance.

ISABELLE V.—William Desmond is married and they have a small daughter. His wife is Mary MacIvor. Your other questions have been answered. Buck Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana.

PICTURE-PLAY FAN.—George Walsh was born in New York in 1892. He is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. He has been playing at the New York Fox studios, but is to work on the coast for a while at least. He is appearing in the productions of his brother, Raoul Walsh, opposite Mrs. Raoul Walsh, known on the screen as Miriam Cooper.

PATIENCE.—Perhaps you wouldn't be so interested if you knew my identity. Isn't it lots more fun surmising? Wallace MacDonald was born in Nova Scotia in 1891. He was educated in Sydney, Nova Scotia. His stage career consisted of playing in stock at Vancouver, British Columbia, and in San Francisco, California, Phoenix, Arizona, and El Paso, Texas. His screen career has been with Triangle and Vitagraph, playing opposite such well-known stars as Pauline Frederick, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, Marguerite Clark, Mary Miles Minter, Olive Thomas, and Anita Stewart. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and forty-two pounds. His hair is dark brown, as are his eyes. He is engaged to marry Doris May.

MISS BEATRICE C.—May Allison was born in Georgia. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, April 1, 1902. Constance Talmadge is the one who recently married. December 26th was the date of her marriage and John Pialoglou was the groom. She and Dorothy Gish had a double wedding. Dorothy became Mrs. James Rennie. Natalie, the youngest Talmadge girl, is to marry Buster Keaton, the comedian, in the near future. In fact, the wedding may have taken place before you read this. Katherine MacDonald has several sisters. The one who appears on the screen is Mary MacLaren. She used to be a star with Universal. "Shoes" was her first big screen success. She is to appear in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Three Musketeers." Katherine has just signed with First National for two more years, so you will continue to see her under that banner. Mary Miles Minter is not married. Her sister, Marguerite Shelby, has played on the screen. Helen Darling appears in Christie Comedies, taking the leading feminine rôles. She is unmarried. That is a matter of taste, as to which is the prettiest. That would be a hard question for any one to decide. "The American Beauty" is the title Katherine MacDonald is known by. Her latest picture is "Trust Your Wife."

JOHN C.—May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901. She is four feet eleven and weighs ninety-four pounds. Her hair is dark and her eyes are blue. "Sentimental Tommy" is her latest release. That picture was released some time in April. Since appearing in that picture she has become a Realart star. Nazimova is five feet three. Mary Miles Minter is an inch shorter than Nazimova. Pearl White is four inches taller than Mary. Martha Mansfield was born in Mansfield, Ohio, in 1899. She is two inches shorter than Pearl. She has signed with Selznick Pictures Corporation. Sessue Hayakawa is appearing in Robertson-Cole productions. He recently had to stop work on account of a serious operation that had to be performed, but he is well once again and back at work. Mabel Normand was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She is appearing in "Molly-O," under the Mack Sennett banner. She has finished her Goldwyn contract. The Mack Sennett studios are on the coast. Sennett has no New York studio. Neither Mary Miles Minter, Mabel Normand, nor May McAvoy is married. The "Market Booklet" has been mailed to you and probably by this time you have received it.

J. G. G.—D. W. Griffith produced "The Fall of Babylon."

THERESA A.—Richard Barthelmess is married. Mary Hay is his wife. She is appearing in New York on the stage. Rudolph Valentino is still making pictures. He has finished "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and is working on another Metro production. He was born in Taranto, Italy. He received his education in Italy. Pearl White is not Italian. She was born in Missouri.

MISS JUNE H.—You will find all your questions concerning Wallace MacDonald have been answered elsewhere.

CLARA S.—Baby Marie Osborne and Zoe Rae have not appeared in any pictures of late.

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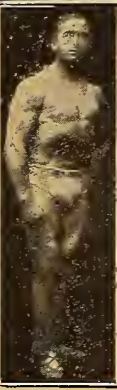
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THE PHANTOM QUESTIONER.—I have seen you somewhere before this month. Pretty soft—two answers in one month while others are waiting in line! Send twenty-five cents in stamps to the circulation department of PICTURE-PLAY and you can secure that back number you desire. Thelma Percy is unmarried. She is still in her teens. William Duncan's latest serial is called "Fighting Fate." Edith Johnson, his wife in private life, plays his leading lady in it. They are to appear together in Bill's next picture, which is to be a seven-reel feature.

B. W. W.—I don't know the Beverly you refer to. Sorry I can't help you.

JUST ADDIE.—All of Olive Thomas' pictures have been released. The last one she made was "Everybody's Sweetheart." It has been out for some time. That is Ethel Clayton's correct name. I explained that answer concerning Ella Hall's husband elsewhere in these columns. If you look it up you will see how you misinterpreted it. I am glad you spoke of it.

PRUDIE.—Well, Prudie, if you just stick long enough and wait your turn you'll always get your answers. Fair enough? Here they are, then: Tom Mix is about five feet eleven. Your other questions concerning him have already been answered. Dustin Farnum is about five feet ten and one-half. Harry Carey was born in the year 1880, and has grown to the height of six feet even. William Russell is two inches taller than Harry. Betty Blythe stands five feet eight inches in her "Queen of Sheba" clothes. Anita Stewart was born in 1896 and she is about five feet six. That didn't take a year, did it?

MISS BLANCHE R.—Wallace MacDonald was born in 1891. He is married to Doris May. George Walsh was born a year later than Wallace. He is married to Seena Owen.

S. O. TOPNESS.—Anita Stewart has not left the screen. She has been making pictures regularly. I have given her latest pictures elsewhere in the columns. She has had no stage career. Her screen career dates back several years. She started with the old Vitagraph. "The Wood Violet" was her first picture. Vera Stedman is not appearing in Christie Comedies any more. She appears in Charles R.'s latest picture, "Scrap Iron." She works by the picture now. I never heard of the serial you asked about. I don't think there has ever been one by that name.

A THOMAS CARRIGAN FAN OF NEW ENGLAND.—Those pictures you sent for identification are: Number 1, Mary Pickford; 11, Elsie Ferguson; 48, Anna Q. Nilsson; 50, Alice Joyce; 51, Montague Love; 52, Bessie Love; 15, Will Rogers; 41, Otis Skinner; and 42, Constance Binney. Neither Marguerite Snow nor Lillian Walker are at present in pictures. Justine Johnstone has only recently entered pictures. She has only been with Realart Pictures. "Blackbirds" was her first release.

M. W.—Herbert Rawlinson was born in Brighton, England, in 1885. He is married. Your other question was answered.

HELEN H.—Tom Moore was not in "Jenny Be Good" with Mary Miles Minter. He wouldn't be appearing in a small part such as you described, anyway. Tom is a star in Goldwyn pictures.

MISS HELEN G.—I know of no such book that can be obtained free of charge.

ROBERT W. S.—Barbara Bedford plays the lead in "The Last of the Mohicans." John Barrymore played both the rôle of Mr. Hyde and of Doctor Jekyll in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Charles Lane was Doctor Lanyon.

LUCIA E.—Wallace Reid only finishes one picture to start another. I think that is keeping pretty busy. There is very little time for vacationing. His son, "Billy," is about four years old. Sometimes players change their names for one that is easier to remember or to pronounce.

ADOLPH S.—I would hardly say that any particular type of player is the most important. Some are more popular than others. Pauline Frederick is a very popular actress. She does not devote her art to portraying just mother rôles, however. She has only depicted a few such characters.

JEANNE S.—You will have to write those players personally for their pictures.

H. W. F. D.—Lieutenant Ormer Locklear was making the last scenes for "The Skywayman" when he was killed. That is the only picture he made. It was a Fox production.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Buster Keaton, Helen Ferguson, Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California. Also Gareth Hughes.

Mary Thurman, Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Clare Adams, Niles Welch, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Marguerite Dela Motte at the Brunton Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Farnum, Estelle Taylor, and Pearl White at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Ben Wilson, Helen Holmes, and Neva Gerber at the Berwillia Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Katherine MacDonald and Roy Stewart at the Katherine MacDonald Studios, Los Angeles, California.

George Chesboro and Texas Guinan at the Francis Ford Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, and Charles Murray at the Mack Sennett Studios, Allessandro Street, Edendale, California.

James Corbett and Percy Marmont at the Lambs' Club, New York City. Also Carlyle Blackwell.

Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Phillips, Miriam Cooper, and Gladys Leslie at the First National Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Gertrude McCoy at the Gaumont Company, 101 West Forty-second Street.

Wyndham Standing, Mabel Ballin, and Irene Castle at the W. W. Hodkinson Pictures Corporation, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

William Desmond, Thomas Meighan, and Antonio Moreno at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Gloria Hope, Claire Anderson, Rosemary Theby, Elinor Fair, Vola Vale, Frank Clark, Paul Willis, ZaSu Pitts, Francis Billington, Wallace MacDonald, Doris May, Kathleen Kirkham, Juanita Hansen, Mitchell Lewis, Ann May, and James Morrison, care of Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California, or Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California.

Address Gloria Swanson, Theodore Roberts, Wallace Reid, Ethel Clayton, Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, Henry Woodward, Clyde Fillmore, and Margaret Loomis at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Phillips, Pat O'Malley, and Margorie Day at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Jay Belasco, Grace Darmond, and Vera Stedman at Christie Studios, Sunset and Gower, Hollywood, California.

Jean Paige, Earle Williams, Joe Ryan, William Duncan, Antonio Moreno, and Edith Johnson at Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Marguerite Courtot, Juanita Hansen, George B. Seitz at Pathé Exchange, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Will Rogers, Helene Chadwick, Barbara Castleton, Molly Malone, Leatrice Joy, Sylvia Bremer Richard Dix and Tom Moore at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Are You Interested in O. HENRY?

The September issue of

AINSLEE'S

THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS

is dedicated and devoted in large part to this short story genius, whom this magazine discovered. You'll find in the September AINSLEE'S interesting and intimate details about O. Henry, the man, as well as a reprint of one of his best earlier tales, "*The Shamrock and the Palm.*"

And, besides the foregoing unique material, September AINSLEE'S contains, among others, the following stories:

- THE FUSING FLAME by Constance Lindsay Skinner
(Complete Novelette)
- THE MOS' BEAUTSIFUL GIRL IN NEW YORK, by Sophie Kerr
- THE HINDERMATE by Gilbert Frankau
- A CHANCE TO COME BACK by Alice L. Tildesley
- THE ROMANTIC LADY by Winston Bouvé
- WHAT NO MAN KNOWS by Marie Beynon Ray

Ainslee's for September

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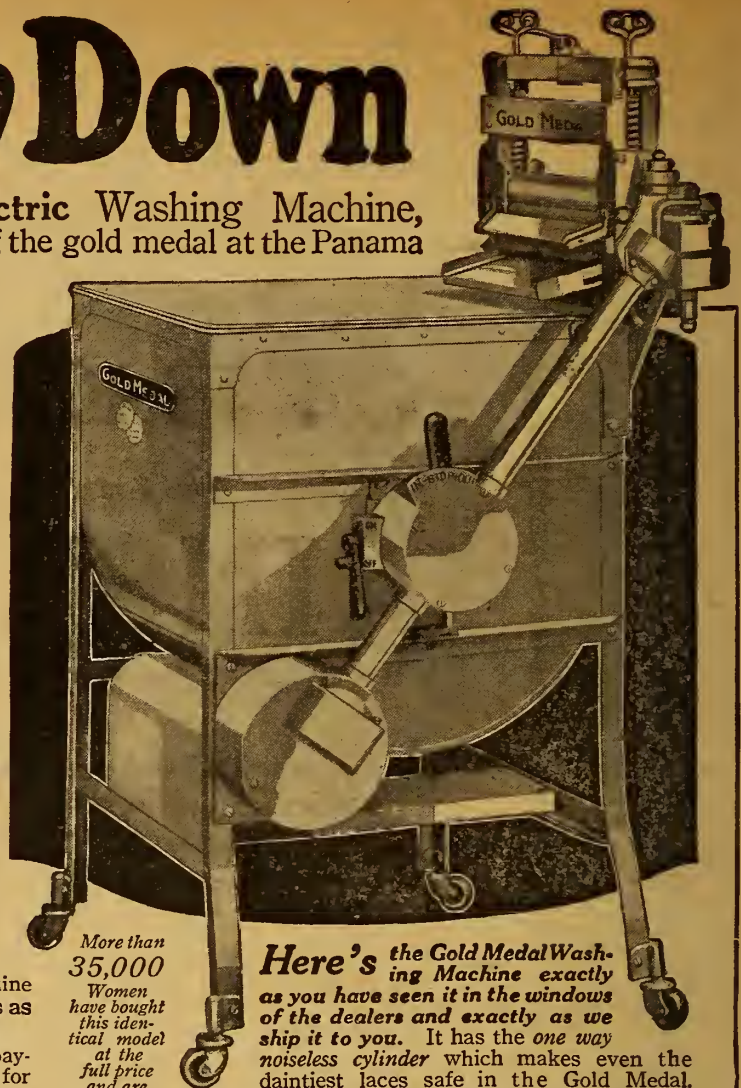
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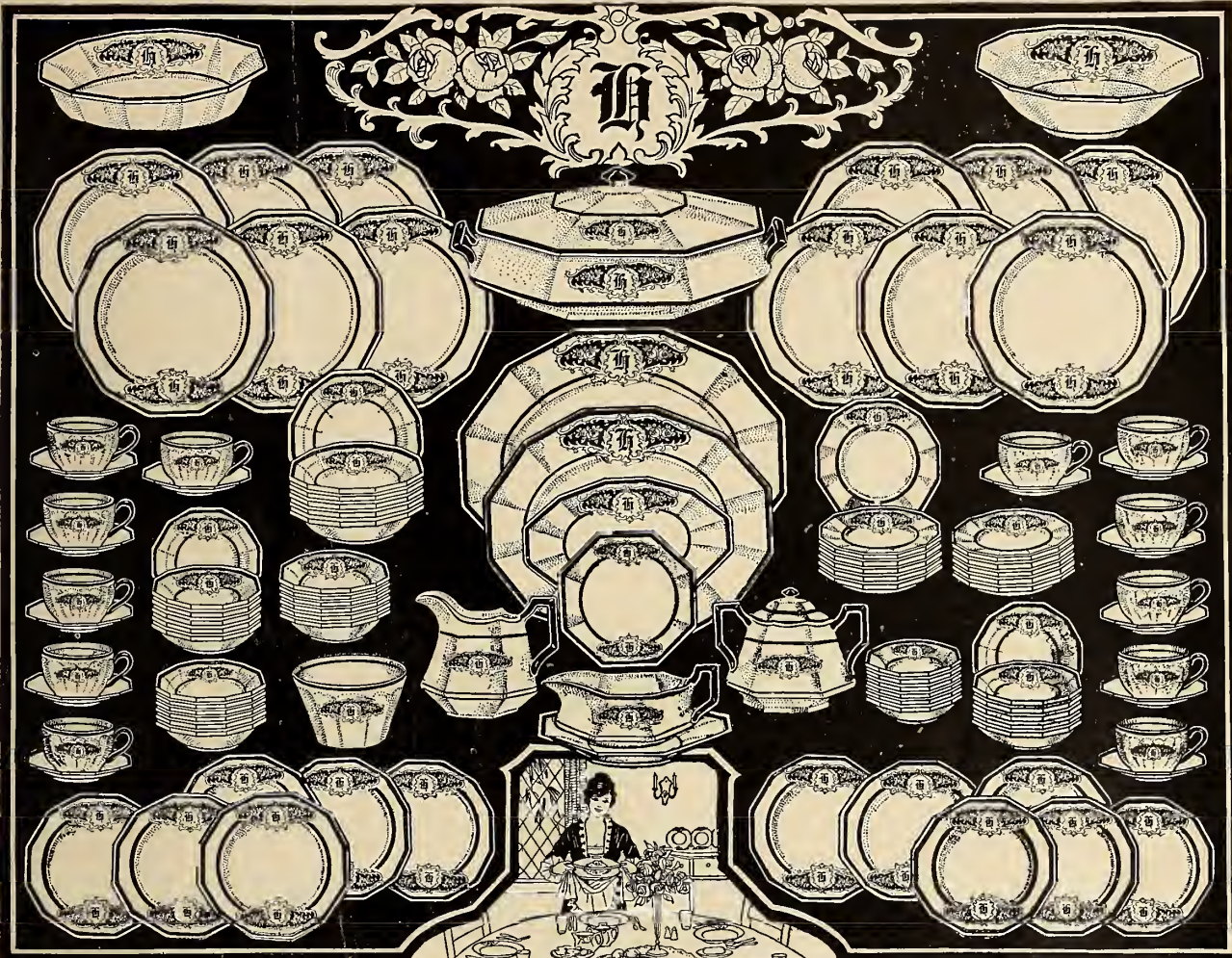
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1 Sauce Boat Tray, 7 1/2 inches
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 1 Vegetable Dish, 10 1/2 inches with lid (2 pieces)
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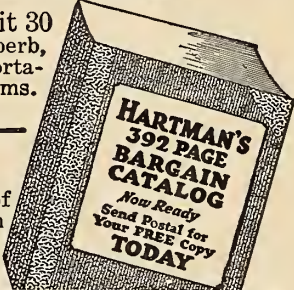
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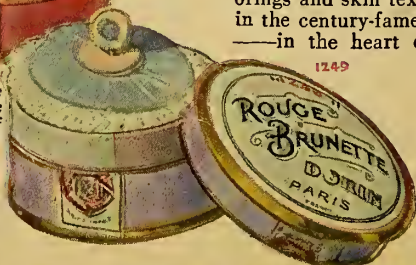
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OCT. 1921
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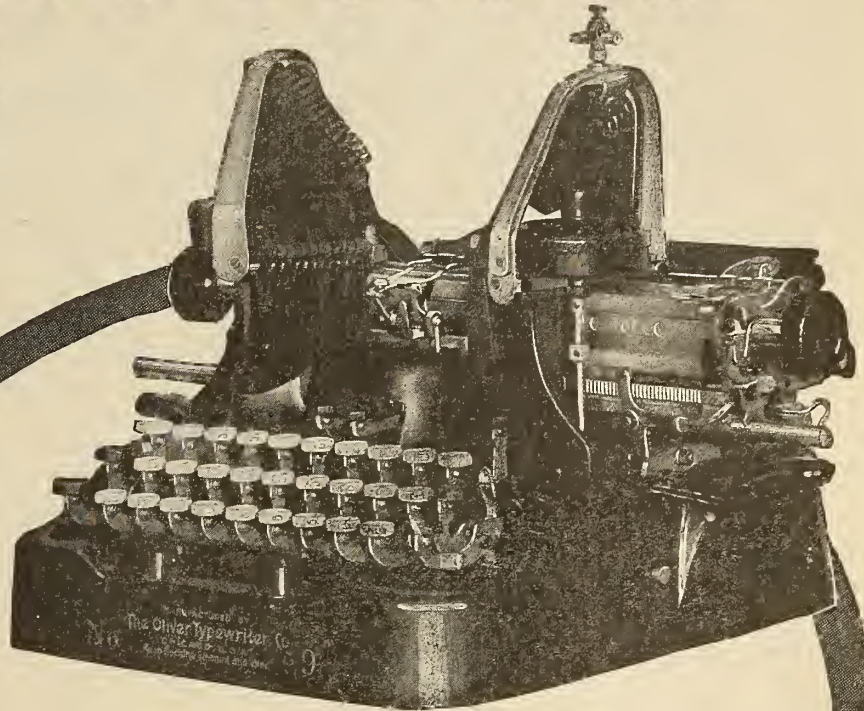
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Twenty Miles Each Way and worth it!

THERE are still places in America where the audience arrives in the saddle and the hitching post does more than support the figure of a loafer.

The Paramount dramas of luxurious life in the mansions of Fifth Avenue, the castles of old England and the chateaux of the Riviera are as wonderful to these tanned horsemen as photoplays of *their* lives are to the metropolitan fans.

Paramount Pictures draw people from longer distances than any other photoplays.

"Twenty miles each way *and worth it!*" for the folks of the open country might be translated: "Twenty blocks each way *and worth it!*" to the city dweller, who may pass three or four ordinary theatres en route.

Unremitting devotion to the ideal of better entertainment, better motion pictures, has not gone unrewarded.

You people with an ounce of discrimination know that Paramount Pictures are everlastingly *there*.

You know by your own business gumption and experience that more than 11,200 theatres are not showing Paramount Pictures regularly merely because someone *said* they were better.

And you know that the greatest organization in the screen industry—with magnificent studios in England and America and with a reputation for success so magnetic as to draw the greatest talent in directing, acting, authorship and screen technique—did not just happen, like the mushroom, overnight, but was laboriously cut and polished, like the diamond.

And like the diamond, the brilliance of Paramount Pictures is indestructible, making men and women tireless in quest of them, knowing as they do that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release

June 1, 1921 to September 1, 1921

Ask your theatre manager when he will show them

- Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman"
From James Forbes' popular farce.
Cosmopolitan production
"The Wild Goose"
By Gouverneur Morris.
- Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried"
A whimsical and romantic comedy
By John D. Swain.
- "Appearances," by Edward Knoblock
A Donald Crisp production
Made in England. With David Powell.
Thomas H. Ince Special,
"The Bronze Bell"
By Louis Joseph Vance.
- Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute"
Thos. H. Ince production
Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.
- Ethel Clayton in "Sham"
By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner
- George Melford's production "A Wise Fool"
By Sir Gilbert Parker
A drama of the Northwest
Cosmopolitan production
"The Woman God Changed"
By Donn Byrne.
- Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed"
A comedy novelty, by Byron Morgan.
"The Mystery Road"
A British production with David Powell, from E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.
A Paul Powell production.
- William A. Brady's productions, "Life," by Thompson Buchanan
- Dorothy Dalton in "Behind Masks"
an adaptation of the famous novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim
"Jeanne of the Marshes"
- Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's "The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks"
- William de Mille's "The Lost Romance"
By Edward Knoblock.
- William S. Hart in "The Whistle"
A Hart production
A story with an unforgettable punch.
"The Princess of New York"
with David Powell
- A Donald Crisp British production from the novel by Cosmo Hamilton
- Douglas MacLean in "Passing Thru"
By Agnes Christine Johnston
Thos. H. Ince production.
- Thomas Meighan in "The Conquest of Canaan"
By Booth Tarkington
- Ethel Clayton in "Wealth"
By Cosmo Hamilton
A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.
- Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in "Crazy to Marry"
By Frank Condon
From the hilarious Saturday Evening Post story.

Coming

4TH ANNUAL
Paramount WEEK
SEPTEMBER 1921

MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	SUN
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Paramount Pictures

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town



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Making the Whole World Kin



"I never realized until I began reading your 'What the Fans Think' department what a tremendous thing the movies are doing in making the whole world kin."

That was the beginning of a letter that came tumbling out of our mail pouch recently. "I've been going to the movies for some years, off and on," the letter continued, "and of late I've become more and more interested in them. But I never had thought much of them except as something that showed at our town theaters. But since I've been reading the letters in your magazine *from all over the world*—

from Canada, Europe, Brazil, China, from places like Malaya—I looked that one up in the atlas to find where it was, for I couldn't have established even its general location—I've been deeply impressed with what a wonderful, widespread influence the movies are.

"And it seems to me that, next to the movies themselves, your magazine is doing as much as anything connected with them toward establishing a sort of kinship between the people who are interested in them. It isn't only that your magazine is



a sort of melting pot for the ideas of your readers from all over the world, but there's an intimacy about the way you do things, a human touch, a feeling of sincerity that appeals to me and makes me feel as though I were really getting acquainted with my screen friends through the eyes of Ethel Sands and your other writers."

That letter expresses, as well as anything that we could have written, what we are trying to do. And we hope that what we are doing appeals to you in the same way.



A prize-winning
Mellin's Food
Baby



Her mother writes:

"I am enclosing a picture of my baby, Ruth Adelaide Mason, age one year, who took the prize in baby contest held in Akron, Ohio, for most beautiful and perfect baby.

"I feel that we owe it all to Mellin's Food."

*Mrs. J. E. Mason,
Akron, Ohio.*

Thousands of mothers testify that the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification solved their infant feeding problems.

Send today for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company,

Boston, Mass.

CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS



Film Tendencies

Now that Will Rogers, an acknowledged front-rank favorite of the five-reel photo drama, announces that he will appear in a series of two-reel "intimate" human stories, and Marshall Neilan is following in the wake of "While New York Sleeps" with "Bits of Life"—a feature consisting of four separate stories, each running about two reels in length—there can be no question as to the fact that the two-reel renaissance is upon us. Sam Rork and Colonel Selig have secured an excellent release for their series of two-reel stories. It looks as though the prevalent American taste for fulgurous sketches of character and locale must find expression in the condensed screen story, an ineluctable evolution out of the tedious, padded five-reeler. With the Yankee still somewhat quixotic, it will behoove screen writers to avoid the tenebrous depths of the Russian school of short-story writers. Uncle Sam's nephews are too busy warding off the wolf to cherish anything savoring of the saturnine, and screen writers who woo success in this duo-reel field will infuse dash and sparkle in their photo-play miniatures, leaving the unwieldy, somnolent, and dreary passages to the creators of full-length photo dramas. Marshall Neilan has struck the keynote of American psychology in offering our read-and-run, vaudeville-scurrying public "Bits of Life." If these morsels of existence do not tamper with popular illusions, Mr. Neilan will accomplish a huge financial success and open up a highly fecund form of art expression. However, the screen writer must exercise a finer art in creating these intimate close-ups of life than in evolving a number of sequences in a five-reel photoplay. He will have to paint in bold, true colors—avoiding entirely the factitious and illogical, which appear the more glaring in ratio to the compression or concentration of the channel of expression.

Kinds of Stories

The present tendency toward spectacles, costume photo plays, et cetera, will probably be checked in the immediate future, if for no other reason than the forthcoming general economic adjustment of the motion-picture art industry. The public must be entertained three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, and production must be uniformly improved, rather than that the producers should put all their eggs in a few baskets. The reascent two-reeler may bring about a Little Theater movement of the screen. Everything is against the so-called super feature. From chats

with various studio scenario editors, it would seem that stories of the great American West are still in some demand, although one would think the public would be satiated by this time; sea stories are in big demand, with a few being received—the screen has yet to evolve a scenarioist who can tell in sequential pictorial terms what Conrad, McFee, and Jack London created through the printed word. One producer is anxious to film a business-girl romance, another believes stories dealing with the early years of marriage would prove timely screen material. Ingénue comedy dramas and straight dramas of mother love are still in vogue. Capital-and-labor stories seem to be taboo, and the erstwhile popular faith-healing and spiritistic photo play is apparently passing. Perhaps, after all, a "good" story on any theme is acceptable; but there is no disputing the advantages of timeliness.

Prize Winners

Frances White Elijah won the first prize of twenty-five hundred dollars in the J. Parker Read, junior, national scenario contest, carried on in representative American cities through the Newspaper Enterprise Association. Mrs. Elijah, a young Chicago society matron, wrote her story, "A One Man Woman," while vacationing at Del Monte, California. The second prize of fifteen hundred dollars was won by A. Earl Kauffman of York, Pennsylvania; the third prize of one thousand dollars was won by Mrs. Anna B. Mezquida of San Francisco. Over ten thousand scenarios were received by the J. Parker Read organization during the run of the contest, some from prominent American novelists and short-story writers. Strange to relate, Mrs. Elijah, the winner, had never written a novel or short story; however, about six months previous, she had sold her first photo play, "Wagered Love," to D. W. Griffith.

How Dreadful

Bayard Veiller, playwright, photo dramatist, and producer-director for Metro pictures, is in a quandary. He has written the National Board of Review and Censorship Boards as to whether it is permissible for him to film a close-up of a young girl who insists on exposing her ears! All screen writers had better take heed of this matter and forgo writing of ear-revealing women until the board has decided Mr. Veiller's question. Of course, it is probably still commensurate with morals and good taste



FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH, Chicago War Worker, whose photoplay, "The One Man Woman," won First Prize of \$2,500. Mrs. Elijah writes:

"You can understand how grateful I feel to Mr. Read for giving me an opportunity to succeed and how thankful I am to the Palmer institution for having given me a training which made the success possible."



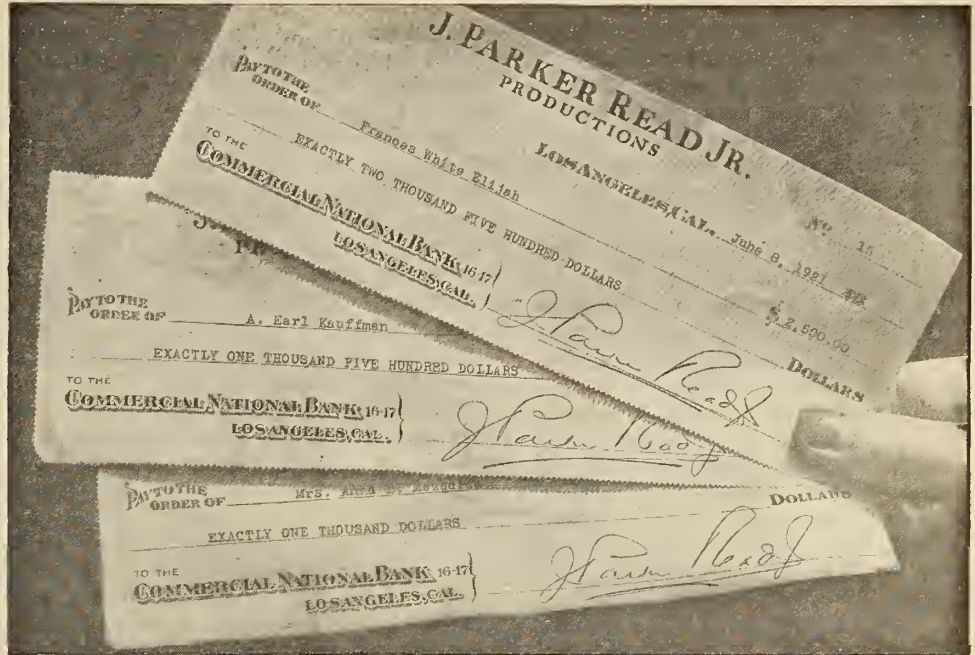
A. EARL KAUFFMAN, Secretary to the Mayor of York, Penna., whose photoplay "The Leopard Lily," won Second Prize of \$1,500. Mr. Kauffman writes:

"I didn't win the \$1,500 prize. The Palmer Plan won it. But I'm going to spend it."



ANNA B. MEZQUIDA, of San Francisco, short story writer and poet, whose photoplay "The Charm Trader," won Third Prize of \$1,000. Mrs. Mezquida writes:

"I should not have known how to go about preparing an acceptable scenario without the Palmer Plan to point the way. Screen technique is so different from that of the short story that they must be learned separately."



Palmer students capture every prize

All three winners in the J. Parker Read, Jr., \$5,000 scenario contest attribute their success to the Palmer Course and Service.

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION construes the success of these three students, against a field of nearly 10,000 scenarios submitted, as complete justification for every claim its advertising has made.

You have read that advertising. You know that it has always been our confident claim—and we now renew it with increased faith—that any person possessed of creative imagination, or story telling ability, can be developed into a writer of saleable scenarios by the Palmer Course and Service.

That story-telling gift, which we have discovered in farm houses, city offices, average homes and industrial plants, often exists unknown to its possessor until it has been revealed by the unique test which we require of every applicant before accepting enrollment for the Course.

Developing native story telling ability

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation did not endow Mrs. Elijah, Mr. Kauffman, and Miss Mezquida with their gift; no human agency could do that. What the Course and Service did was to develop it—to teach these students how to use native ability to their lasting satisfaction and profit; and they took the training at home during their spare hours.

And what we did for these three, we

have done for many others who are today enjoying fame and income as successful photoplaywrights.

Will you let us test you, free?

If you have ever felt the urge to tell a story for the screen, this may prove the most interesting offer you ever read. In its nation-wide search for story-telling ability suited to the screen, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly send you without cost or obligation the Van Loan Questionnaire. It is the test that started the three photoplaywrights whose pictures appear on this page on the road to success. From it, we can tell you whether or not you possess the talent we seek. The test is confidential. If you lack the requisite ability, we shall frankly tell you so. We accept for training only those who show real promise of success. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

We invite you to send for the Van Loan Questionnaire. It may open the way to fame and fortune, and establish you in the most fascinating industry in the world. Use the coupon below, and do it before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

THE PALMER PHOTOPLAY CORPORATION is primarily a clearing house for the sale of photoplays to producers. It is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Its Department of Education is a training school for the development of men and women whose ability is worth training. This department is literally combing the country for the right kind of story telling talent.

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

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, Y-10
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....

Continued from page 8

to depict young female characters whose ears are partly concealed; in fact, this is in keeping with the highest æsthetic feeling which dictates that a beautifully formed girl in the half-revealed, half-concealed state is far more attractive than the same demoiselle in the altogether.

Congratulations

Following his statement that he would, in addition to a cash advance, give all authors of stories chosen by him a certain percentage of the receipts of the ultimate photo-play production, Ray C. Smallwood—motion-picture producer—received over a hundred congratulatory letters and telegrams from prominent screen writers. He ought to also receive a congratulatory spiritogram from Karl Marx.

The Box Office

There are two ways of writing for the box office; one consists of introducing a number of thrills and sure-fire sentimentality, in which case the motion picture will probably become a fairly successful program feature; the other way is to draw your characters with an intimate and sympathetic insight, placing them in situations which confront the average man or woman at some time or other, laying bare those inmost impulses and motives which constitute the essence of drama. The "all too human" public will respond in huge droves to a photo play which reveals them to themselves—which makes each individual wonder what he or she might do under the same circumstances confronting a character in the play. The surest way of writing for the box office is to ignore the box office, in the certainty that what is interesting and real to the majority of human beings is bound to attract them.

Knowing Life

We hear so much about the good screen writers "knowing life." Just who knows life? Is it not really a question of knowing those aspects and elements of life that are most interesting to the greatest number? That is, if popularity and monetary reward are the criteria of achievement. It seems to me that it is not the knowledge of the various underlying forces that govern human activity or the expensive knowledge of varied forms of living and being, but the exposition of phases of life which all would like to experience—phases idealized and magnified, rather

than real. In fact—again within the creed of material gain—it is unwise to plumb life too deeply; strange, disturbing depths are apt to be sounded, complacency disturbed, illusions unveiled. The successful screen writer—from the commercial viewpoint—will be the one whose mental and spiritual development parallels the popular novelist's; one whose achievement will be upon the plane of the leading magazine writers and popular fictionists of the day, rather than in the realms of Flaubert, Balzac, Andreyev, Gorki, Dreiser, Conrad, Pierre Loti, Anatol France, et al. The realist of the photo drama will come upon the scene when we have evolved the Little Theater of the screen.

Remuneration

In certain quarters there has been some talk of giving royalties to photo dramatists. This thought seed may germinate. The idea is highly feasible and would result in screen writers putting their hearts and minds wholly and solidly in their works, making each photo play written the very best possible. Novelists and playwrights are at present enjoying royalties; why should not the authors of screen plays?

The Screen Writers' Guild

The Screen Writers' Guild held its first meeting at its new clubhouse at Las Palmas and Sunset Boulevards, Los Angeles, California, the evening of July 14th. Its purpose primarily is the upholding of its members' rights in their dealings with the motion-picture-producing organizations. However, the guild is also striving for fuller recognition for the screen writer in relation to the exploitation of photo plays he has created. The members of the guild have recently organized The Screen Writers' Club. Those desiring further information regarding the guild activities are referred to *The Photodramatist*, the official organ of The Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America. Thompson Buchanan, who gave "Life" and "Civilian Clothes" to the stage and screen, is president of the guild.

Author Collaboration

In a recent magazine article, Elinor Glyn comes forward with the following: "I shall never consent to the filming of any of my novels unless I am to be on the ground, to cooperate in the direction, assembling, and cutting of the cinema

version. The public should be spared disillusion, disappointment. I do not mean to be intellectually snobbish, to infer that no director can make a screen drama equal to the book. He might surpass it! But it can rarely ever be a faithful interpretation of the book—the director's viewpoints, his temperament, differ in many cases from the author's. No two persons have the same mental image of any character or locale in a book. Misinterpretations and misconceptions are bound to be. Only with the author being on hand to guard against revisions and interpolations, and the introduction of false psychology, is it possible to film a novel—so that the public will see in the cinema the same meaning and intent as in the novel."

In the same article, Mrs. Glyn states that it is not absolutely necessary for the screen writer to collaborate with the director. She here refers to the writer of originals, as she says: "If the director misinterprets an 'original' no one is disappointed except the photo dramatist. The public does not read the scenario, and therefore has no preconceived idea of the story or the characters."

Elinor Glyn takes a very philosophical viewpoint, if not one of positive altruism. She would have the public's feelings spared, believing—and justly—that it is better to invite the wrath or dismay of the writer than the disappointment of the audiences. This seems to be a pretty good argument in favor of the original screen story.

The Chameleon

Entertainment of the people, that world-old problem of him who would make mankind happier and better, is so kaleidoscopic in its nature that only he who Paddocks may read. The writer who seeks to provide first aid in the business of giving the movie lover what he wants to-day—and especially to-morrow—should be the first to read the signs of the times. The popular demand in this direction now seems to have turned heavily to the comedy drama. It has been discovered that it is not always the great theme that cleans up. Somewhat to the surprise of the manufacturer himself, it now is found that a sparkling feature, chock-full of entertainment value, is the money-maker of the season, even though the cheer-'em-up photo play hasn't much of a plot. It is the secret the writer should hug up, the one embodied in that meaningful word, "entertainment." Smother your subjects with sunshine and make them laugh. Gloom never cured an ailment.



HELENE CHADWICK - CLARA WILLIAMS - LOUISE FAZENDA - RUTH ROLAND - RUTH STONEHOUSE - MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers— they are coming, coming — a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding type-writers, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it."—MARY WATSON, FAIRMONT, W. VA.
 "It is worth its weight in gold."—G. MOCKWITZ, NEW CASTLE, WASH.
 "Every obstacle that menaces success can be mastered through this simple but thorough system."—MRS. OLIVE MICHAUX, CHARLESTON, PA.
 "It contains a gold mine of valuable suggestions."—LENA BAILEY, Mr. VERNON, ILL.
 "I can only say that I am amazed that it is possible to set forth the principles of short story and photoplay writing in such a clear, concise manner."—GORDON MATHEWS, MONTREAL, CAN.
 "I received your Irving System some time ago. It is the most remarkable thing I have ever seen. Mr. Irving certainly has made story and play writing amazingly simple and easy."—ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.
 "Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—HAZEL SIMPSON, N. Y. L. O. LITERARY EDITOR, METRON PICTURE MAGAZINE.
 "With this volume before him, the veriest novice should be able to build stories or photoplays that will find a ready market. The best treatise of its kind I have encountered in 24 years of newspaper and literary work."—H. PIERCE WELLS, MANAGING EDITOR, THE BINGHAMPTON PRESS.
 "When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$40. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELEN KINNON, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own

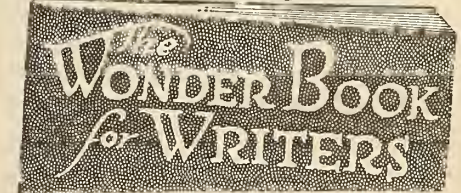
Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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News Notes from the Studios



Items of interest about motion-picture players and productions in which they appear.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO will play the title rôle in "The Sheik," a Famous Players-Lasky production, directed by George Melford, and Agnes Ayres will play opposite him.

Guy Bates Post, a stage favorite, is going to appear in the film production of "Omar the Tentmaker," which was one of his most popular successes on the stage. The production will be made under the supervision of Richard Walton Tully, who wrote the play.

Richard Barthelmess' first star picture to be produced by his own company is "Tol'able David," from the story by Joseph Hergesheimer. It is being filmed in the Virginia mountains, where Mr. Hergesheimer wrote the story, and many of the locations used are the ones actually described in the story. Gladys Hulette plays opposite the star.

Marion Davies has signed a five-year contract to appear in Cosmopolitan productions. Under her new contract she will be able to make several ambitious productions which she has long contemplated. The first of these is to be an elaborate presentation of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Violet Mersereau has sailed for Italy, where she will appear in a Fox production, the story of which is based on the life of Nero.

Norman Trevor will appear with Mabel Ballin in the next Hugo Ballin production, a film adaptation of "Jane Eyre."

Marshall Neilan has not appeared on the screen since "Daddy Long Legs," having contented himself with directorial honors only. But in the midst of making "Bits of Life" he became so interested that he just had to give himself a part in it. "Bits of Life" promises to be a novelty, being made up of four separate stories, each the work of a well-known author. The cast includes Wesley Barry, Lon Chaney, Rockcliffe Fellowes, Teddy Sampson, and Harriet Hammond.

The first Rex Beach picture to be made for release by United Artists is "The Iron Trail," in which Wyndham Standing, Thurston Hall, Reginald Denny, Alma Tell, and Betty Carpenter will appear. Mining-camp scenes will be made in a little-known locality near New York City, the iron mines near Tuxedo Park, which have been in operation ever since Revolutionary times,

when a part of the Hudson River Chain which stopped the British fleet, was made there.

While many players are taking long vacations, made necessary by business depression, Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery are rejoicing in the formation of their own producing company. A banker in Santa Cruz, which is Mrs. Zasu Pitts Gallery's home town, persuaded San Francisco capitalists to put up the money for their productions, and they recently started work at the King Vidor studios.

Louise Glaum's next picture is to be called "Greater Than Love."

A film adaptation of "Three Live Ghosts" will be made at the London studios of Famous Players-Lasky by George Fitzmaurice.

Will Rogers believes that brevity is the soul of wit even in motion pictures, so he has formed his own company to make two-reel comedies. These will be released by Pathé. When Will Rogers finished "The Poor Relation," his last five-reel picture, for Goldwyn, and prepared to leave for his own studio, he felt so bad over leaving his old friends that he persuaded director, camera man, and entire technical staff to go with him.

"Under the Lash" is the new title of Gloria Swanson's second star picture. It is an adaptation of Edward Knoblock's "The Shulamite," in which Mahlon Hamilton plays opposite the star.

Corinne Griffith is forsaking a screen life of ease and luxury and is appearing in calico in her newest production, "The Single Track." Richard Travers, long a popular favorite, appears in her support.

In the interest of economy Cecil B. De Mille has bet that he can complete a picture in four weeks. At first glance this seems impossible, but Mr. De Mille wants to call all scoffers' attention to the fact that two of the best pictures he ever made, "The Cheat" and "The Golden Chance," were made in little more time than that, and, what is more, they were produced during the same period—one during the day, the other at night.

Henry B. Walthall will return to the screen in a Vitagraph special, "Flower of the North," a James Oliver Curwood story, to be filmed by David Smith, who



Between pictures Irene Castle Treman goes up to her home at Ithaca, New York, where she and her husband—both enthusiastic sportsmen—have daily swimming contests in their own swimming pool. Her next picture is "The Broadway Bride," to be released by Hodkinson.

The Only Sure Way to Avoid Embarrassment



Do you know the correct thing to say in this embarrassing situation?



Do you know the correct thing to wear to every social occasion?



Do you know how to word invitations, acceptances, etc.?



Do you know how to create conversation when left alone with a noted person?



Do you know what to say when you arrive late at an entertainment?

WE have all had our embarrassing moments. We all suffered moments of keen humiliation, when we wished that we had not done or said a certain thing. We have all longed, at some time or other, to know just what the right thing was to do, or say, or write.

Every day, in our business and social life, puzzling little questions of good conduct arise. We know that people judge us by our actions, and we want to do and say only what is absolutely in good form. But, oh, the embarrassing blunders that are made every day by people who do not know!

The Only Way

There is only one sure way to be calm and well-poised at all times—to be respected, honored and admired wherever you happen to be. And that is by knowing definitely, positively, the correct thing to do on all occasions. Whether you are dining in the most exclusive restaurant or at the most humble home, whether you are at the most elaborate ball or the most simple barn-dance, whether you are in the company of brilliant celebrities or ordinary people, you will be immune to all embarrassment, you will be safe from all blundering mistakes—if you know the simple rules of etiquette.

What Is Etiquette?

Etiquette is not a fad. It is not a principle or theory or belief. It is meant not merely for the very wealthy or for the extremely well-educated. It is meant for all people, who, in the course of their everyday life, find it necessary to keep themselves well in hand; to impress by their culture, their dignity; to know how to be trusted and respected in business, and admired in the social world; and for women who wish to be considered at all times cultured and charming.

It is embarrassing to overturn a cup of coffee and not know just what to say to the hostess. It is embarrassing to arrive late to an entertainment, and not know the correct way to excuse yourself. It is embarrassing to be introduced to some brilliant celebrity, and not know how to acknowledge the introduction and lead subtly to channels of interesting conversation.

The man who is polished, impressive, and the woman who is cultured, will find the doors of the most exclusive society opened to admit them. But the world is a harsh judge—and he who does not know what to do and say and wear on all occasions will find himself barred, ignored.

You have often wondered how to word invitations, how to acknowledge introductions, how to ask a lady to dance, how to act at the wedding, the funeral, the theatre, the opera. Here is your opportunity to find out the absolutely correct thing to do, say, write and wear on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette, in two large volumes, covers every detail of everyday etiquette. It tells you how to act at the dinner table, how to

excuse yourself if you drop a fork, how to accept and refuse a dance, how to write and answer invitations, how to make and acknowledge introductions. It tells you what to wear to the dinner, the dance, the party, what to take on week-end trips and on extended Summer trips.

You cannot do without the Book of Etiquette. You need it to refer to whenever some important event is pending. You need it to refer to whenever you are in doubt, whenever you are puzzled, anxious. It corrects the blunders you have perhaps unknowingly been making; helps you to avoid all embarrassment; shows you the way to be always, at all times, cultured, impressive and charming.

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You will immediately realize that the Book of Etiquette is a wonderful help to you.

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Do you know the correct way to introduce people?



Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at exclusive restaurants?



Do you know the correct etiquette of the theatre and opera?

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- if you arrived late at an entertainment?
- if you overturned a cup of coffee on your hostess' table-linen?
- if you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left with him, or her, alone?
- if you were not asked to dance at a ball?
- if you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair?

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News Notes from the Studios

Continued from page 12



SELLING SECRETS That Bring This Man \$10,000 a Year

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directed "Black Beauty." Pauline Starke will play opposite him.

Rupert Hughes has attained such popularity with motion-picture fans that his productions are awaited with almost as much interest now as the most popular of actors. Following "The Old Nest," which has been acclaimed as the finest of "mother" pictures, Goldwyn will release "Dangerous Curve Ahead," in which Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix play the leading rôles, and "From the Ground Up," starring Tom Moore, both from the pen of Mr. Hughes.

Tom Mix gave the metropolis almost as many thrills as it gave him when he visited New York City recently. He brought his famous horse with him, rode up to a theater where one of his pictures was showing, dashed right into the theater and up the main aisle to the stage on horseback and made a speech. The audience liked it so well that he had to repeat the performance at several theaters. He has now returned to Los

Angeles, where he is at work on another picture.

"Rainbow's End" is the title of the Famous Players-Lasky special production in which Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, and Elliott Dexter will appear.

House Peters heads the cast of "The Man from Lost River," an original story by Katherine Newlin Burt, which Frank Lloyd is producing for Goldwyn.

Louise Fazenda, who is starring in a series of comedies for Educational, has written one of her own scenarios. Natalie Talmadge has also been seized with a desire to see "Scenario by ——" introducing her name on the screen, so she has written a starring vehicle for her husband, Buster Keaton. It will be one of his first comedies to be released by Associated First National Exhibitors.

Cleo Ridgely, an old favorite among picture players, has returned to the Lasky studio to play a leading rôle in the Clyde Fitch play, "The



Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry followed the fashion of eloping to Greenwich recently, and now they have taken possession of a little home in Douglaston, Long Island. They appear together in "A Divorce of Convenience" and will continue to work together in pictures.



The names of Rex Ingram, who stands on one side of his art director, Ralph Barton, and Alice Terry, who sits on the other side, have long been linked by fans because their great successes, "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power," have been made together. Now their partnership is to be more than professional—for they have announced their engagement. They will be married in the fall, and will at once start work on "Turn to the Right."

Woman in the Case," in which Betty Compson will star. Casson Ferguson, William P. Carleton, and Helen Dunbar are also in the cast.

Edythe Chapman, whose specialty is playing mother to many of the most prominent stars on the screen, will next be seen with Bert Lytell in "Lady Fingers," which will be directed by Bayard Vieller.

Juanita Hansen is to be starred in serials by the Foremost Photoplays Company.

Charles Gilpin, a negro, who scored a phenomenal hit on the stage in New York last season, is to make his debut in pictures soon. In his support many well-known players will appear, the cast of his first production including Marguerite Courtot and Lilyan Tashman.

Edna Purviance will be loaned to the Goldwyn Company on completion of the next Chaplin picture, to play the leading rôle in "Grand Larceny." This does not mean that she will no longer play opposite the great comedian; it only means that during the weeks between productions, when he is cutting and titling his pictures, she will make excursions into drama.

Marshall Neilan bids fair to become the popular hero of the motion-picture fans, for as soon as his present feature picture, "Bits of Life," is completed he will direct a picture

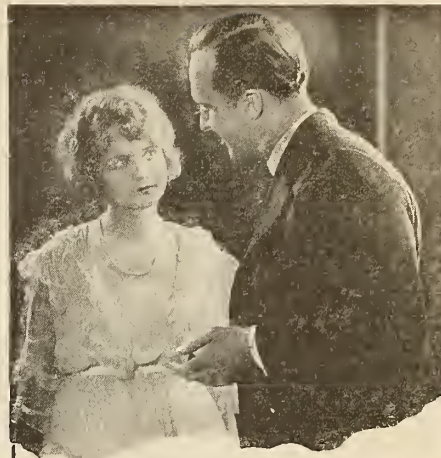
which he has written for the Public Rights League of America ridiculing censorship. No less a person than Rupert Hughes will write the subtitles, the Goldwyn Company having generously loaned him for the occasion. Prominent stars have volunteered to appear in this production, which will be exhibited in theaters all over the country at no cost to the exhibitor.

A new type of serial is to be produced by Universal which promises to arouse great interest. It is an account of the adventures of Captain John C. Frémont on his trail-blazing trip from Booneville, Missouri, to Sutter's Creek, California, in 1848. "Winners of the West," this serial will be called, and Art Acord will play the leading rôle.

May Collins will play the leading rôle in "Little Eva Ascends," a Metro picture in which Gareth Hughes stars.

Marguerite de la Motte will play one of the leading rôles in "The Daughter of Brahma," a Frothingham production.

H. C. Witwer's short stories, over two hundred of which have appeared in popular fiction magazines, are to be made into motion pictures by the H. C. Witwer Stories Productions, Inc. The first one will be a two-reel comedy called "You Can Do It."



What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? She has not forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It makes young wives old before their time—it brings bitterness into homes where happiness should rule.

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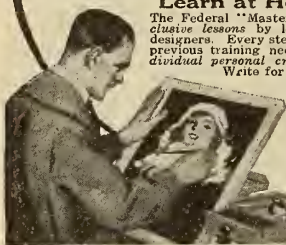
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The Ride of Pearl Revere

(As Longfellow might have done it for the Movies.)

By Harry Hamilton

Listen, my children, and you shall hear

Of the movie ride of Pearl Revere,
Daughter of Paul, an engineer.

A local freight, and a heavy one,
Paul used to pull on his daily run
To Concord town and Lexington.

A band of bandits bad, one day,
Robbed the train in a bandit way;
Villainous band of bandits, they!

The engineer with ropes they tied;
Opened the engine's throttle wide,
Cut off the car and let 'er slide!

Now comes Pearl to the track to wait;
Time for Paul and his local freight;
What is the matter? Dad is late.

Out of the distance, something black
Rearing along the westbound track—
Runaway engine—dad's!—stand back!

One wild glimpse of her parent's plight;
One close-up to register fright,
Then, to the saddle, vaulting light.

Off on her mustang dashes Pearl,
Hair awry and her skirt awhirl,
After the engine. *Go it, gir-r-r-ll!*

Ten miles by track as engines go,
But five, no more, as flies the crow,
To Concord Bridge and the river's flow.

Five miles of dust and grit and grime;
Five miles of rugged hills to climb;
Then—Heav'n be praised! There yet is time.

Down once more to the railroad track,
She flings herself from the mustang's back,
As looms to view the smoking stack.

Mounting the bridge's frame of steel,
Ticklish job for a high French heel,
She gains the top, come woe or weal.

Now, o'er the westbound track she stands;
Now, swings in air by her lily hands;
Now drops! Ah, 'tis as Fate commands!

You know the rest from the reels you've seen;
Pearl times her fall with an optic keen,
And all but lands on her father's bean.

She gains the cab, applies the air,
Unties her dad, half fainting there,
Then coils, with dainty touch, her hair.

This is the ride of Pearl Revere;
Also, of Paul, the engineer—
Four shows daily, readers, dear!

Picture Phrases

By Harold Seton

Charles is a Ray of sunshine.

William S. Hart knows that "beauty is only skin deep," so he goes much deeper.

Billie Burke is so kittenish that she drinks milk out of a saucer.

Louise Fazenda is making a fortune by making faces.

Charles Chaplin always gets two rounds of applause, one for each leg.

Norma Talmadge is a musician who plays on one's heartstrings.

Young ladies hold hands with their male escorts while watching Wallace Reid make love.

Nazimova's actions speak louder than words.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven prove that "good goods come in small packages."

Louise Glaum has stepped into Theda Bara's shoes, but has had them considerably repaired.

Thomas Meighan acts so convincingly that it is hard to realize he is acting at all.

Mae Murray began as a dancer, but developed into an actress. Some feat!

After Clara Kimball Young registers hope, fear, love, hate, she cash registers.

D. W. Griffith believes in miracles. Naturally, because he believes in himself!



Mrs. George Guiterman, the day she started reducing the new way



Mrs. George Guiterman, 8 days later. Note the wonderful improvement.

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days Through New Discovery

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"HURRAH! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine," writes Mrs. George Guiterman, of 420 East 66th St., New York City, whose photographs are shown above. "I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down and I can sleep from 8 to 9 hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

Best of all, Mrs. Guiterman can continue to reduce her weight, rapidly or slowly, just as she pleases. When she reaches the exact weight she desires she can retain it—no increase, no further reduction. This is all under her own control.

Gains Health, Vigor and Appearance Also

Study again the two photographs taken only 8 days apart. They are exactly as taken by the camera—no alteration—no re-touching. Even in this short period, folds and facial lines have vanished. Notice particularly the improvement in the eyes. The heaviness and listlessness which, sooner or later, appears in the eyes of stout people have gone. In their place is a brightness which shows that the years have disappeared with the flesh. You see in the eyes the most convincing evidence of the additional benefits which come when unhealthy, dangerous fat is removed by the proper methods. Increased health and vigor; deep restful slumber; soothed nerves; all these are the result of this wonderful new method which, because it follows

Nature's own law brings youthful spirits and energy as well as youthful form.

Results in 48 Hours

Even in so short a time as 48 hours there is a considerable reduction of weight, a clearing of the skin, a brighter eye and a firmer step which shows you that at last you have found the one safe, easy, natural way to regain youthful form and vigor. Yet you make no change in your daily routine. You continue to eat the food you like. In fact you will be able to eat many dishes which you have denied yourself in the past—for you will be shown how to avoid their fattening qualities. All you have to do is to follow one of Nature's simple laws—in return Nature gives all and exacts nothing.

You can regulate your rate of reduction—can reach your normal weight on a date set by yourself. Then you can retain that ideal weight—no further gain or loss. Men who were so stout that even walking was a torture—women who had been forced to deny themselves fluffy, colorful, stylish clothes, marvel at their quick return to normal weight and the health, energy and vitality secured also.

The Secret Explained

Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, discovered, after years of experiment the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining healthful normal weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain foods cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you have already stored up is used up in energy. There is

nothing complicated, nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to properly combine your food.

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Elated with his discovery and with the new hope, the renewed vigor it would bring to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated his method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is offered on free trial. Send no money; just mail the coupon or a letter if you prefer. See your own unnecessary flesh vanish. See how your complexion improves, your eyes brighten, your step become more springy. See how it brings you charm, grace, attractiveness—all naturally and without the slightest harm. As soon as the course arrives weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose the first week and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the next day and note the remarkable result. Still you've taken no medicine, undergone no hardships or self denial. You'll be as happily surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a beautiful, normal figure in this new, delightful, scientific way.

Mail coupon or letter now. Course will be mailed in PLAIN CONTAINER. And \$1.97 (plus postage) paid to the postman makes it yours. But if you are not satisfied with it in every particular, return it within five days after its receipt and we'll gladly refund your money. Act to-day before you overlook it. Think of the surprise and envy you will create among your friends by your renewed appearance in just one short week after the course arrives.

Read What Others Say

Takes off 20 pounds
"Eugene Christian's Course has done for me just what it said it would. I reduced twenty pounds. . . . I will need to reduce some more, and with the directions of the course I can do that as fast or as slow as I desire. Many thanks for your interest and 'the course.'"
Mr. — Detroit, Mich.

Now 40 pounds lighter
"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. . . . I lost 40 pounds. . . ."
Mrs. — Glens Falls, N. Y.

Reduces 32 pounds
"Both my husband and myself were benefited by following the suggestions given in Weight Control. I lost thirty-two pounds. . . . We find our general health very much benefited."
Mr. — Charleston, W. Va.

Weights 39 pounds less
"Am thankful that my attention was called to your course on Weight Control. Since January 30th of this year I have reduced 39 pounds. . . . I have taken off five inches around my 'silo,' which helps some. . . ."
"When I first started reading weight control I weighed 267 pounds, and could hardly walk a block without resting. I now walk ten miles by section lines every morning, weather permitting, and do it easily."
Mr. — Holton, Kansas.

The names are withheld out of deference to our subscribers, but will be furnished to any one, sending for the course on free trial, who requests them.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Inc.
Dept. W-19510, 43 West 16th St., New York City

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, INC.

Dept. W-19510, 43 West 16th St., New York City:
You may send me, postpaid, in PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health" in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I return the course.

Name
(Please print name and address)

Address

City

State

If you prefer to write a letter, copy wording of coupon in a letter or on a post-card.



Actual photograph of Georgette Blouse after 155 washings with Ivory Flakes. Blouse and letter from original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

155 launderings for this Georgette Blouse before this photograph was taken—and there are months of wear in it still!

THE Kansas City woman who owned this blouse sent it to the manufacturers of Ivory Soap Flakes with this letter:

"I attribute the length of service I have had from this blouse to the safe laundering of Ivory Soap Flakes. The Flakes really are wonderful. Their cleansing is as easy and quick as it is harmless. I simply make a lukewarm suds of the flakes, and dip my blouse up and down a number of times after a short soaking. Then I squeeze out the suds, rinse the blouse in lukewarm water, roll it up tightly in a Turkish towel for a while, then press it out with a warm iron while still damp, stretching it into shape as I iron."

The perfect condition of this Georgette Blouse after its scores of launderings is eloquent proof that the quick cleansing of Ivory Flakes is harmless to the finest fabrics. That Ivory Flakes cleanses without rubbing is

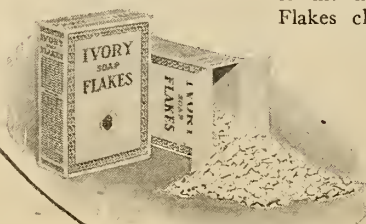
shown by the fact that the heavy braiding has not torn loose from the sheer fabric, as it would have done if it had been subjected to rubbing the many times it was washed.

Ivory Flakes does for all fine fabrics what it has done for this blouse. It preserves the luster and smoothness of richly finished silks. It keeps sheer materials crisp and charming. It keeps the most delicate colors bright, if they can stand the touch of clean water alone. It makes blouses and silk undergarments, silk hose and sweaters, fresh and lovely after just a few minutes in the bathroom washbowl.

If you want to get the utmost satisfaction and service out of your pretty clothes, wash them with these flakes that have proven their safety on thousands of delicate garments.

Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the easy care of delicate garments that you would be afraid to wash the ordinary way. Address Section 47-J.F., Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Makes pretty clothes last longer



PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XV

OCTOBER, 1921

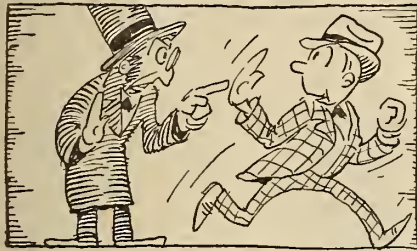
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THE MOVIE ALMANAC

OCTOBER

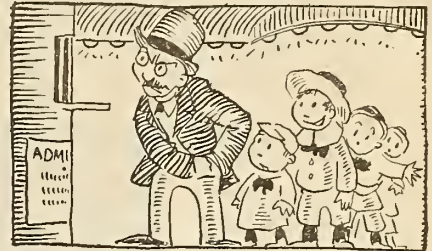
Edited and Illustrated by CHARLES GATCHELL

1921



PREDICTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Reports this month will show that the 1921 crop of motion pictures will be considerably below that of the last few years. Blue-law agitators will continue to demand "no movies on Sunday," to which little attention will be paid. Despite the cutting of stars' salaries the price of seeing a picture will remain the same.



- 1—Sa.—Elsie Ferguson was decorating the chorus of "The Belle of New York," at the Grand Opera House, Augusta, Georgia, 1900.
- 2—Su.—William Farnum was doing his best as *Humbert* in "Two Little Vagrants," at the Museum Theater, Boston, 1896.
- 3—M.—The Capitol Theater, largest movie theater in the world, opened, in New York City, 1919.
- 4—Tu.—Pauline Frederick was a dazzling *Lady Rowena* in "When Knights Were Bold," with Francis Wilson, at the Garrick Theater, New York, 1907.
- 5—W.—Rudyard Kipling signed with Pathé, 1920.
- 6—Th.—Herbert Brenon played a small part in "The Choir Invisible," at the Lafayette Square Opera House, Washington, D. C., 1899.
- 7—Fr.—Marguerite Clark was an exquisitely dainty *Mary Lamb* in "The New Yorkers," at the Herald Square Theater, New York, 1901.
- 8—Sa.—Thomas Meighan was juvenile man with the Boyle Stock Company, Grand Opera House, Nashville, Tennessee, where the stage director was J. Gordon Edwards, 1901.
- 9—Su.—Tsuru Aoki born, 1892.
- 10—M.—An American picture was picketed in Berlin by members of the Deutscher Soldats Verein, 1921.
- 11—Tu.—Earle Williams was a properly sinister *Count Karloff* in "The Man on the Box," at the Belasco Theater, Pittsburgh, 1905.
- 12—W.—D. W. Griffith returned to America after seven months on the European battle front, gathering material for "Hearts of the World," 1917.
- 13—Th.—Eileen Percy was one of the numerous children prancing about in "The Blue Bird," at the New Theater, New York, 1910.
- 14—Fr.—Mae Murray did well as *Eleanor Winton* in "Such a Little Queen," at the Liberty Theater, New York, 1913.
- 15—Sa.—Monroe Salisbury was an able *Percival Clutterbuck* in "The Genius and the Model," at the Southern Theater, Columbus, Ohio, 1905.
- 16—Su.—Charles Ray and Webster Campbell shared honors in "The Word of His People," a Kay-Bee picture—remember 'em?—released this date, 1914.
- 17—M.—Theodore Roberts made his first appearance on the New York stage, at the Fifth Avenue Theater, in "Our Bachelors," 1881.
- 18—Tu.—George Beban was cutting capers with the Social Maids Burlesquers, at the Olympic Theater, Providence, Rhode Island, 1899.
- 19—W.—Harold Lockwood died, 1918.
- 20—Th.—"Fatty" Arbuckle hurled his first custard pie for Mack Sennett, 1913.
- 21—Fr.—Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore, directed by Alan Dwan, began work upon a new Griffith-Triangle picture, at Yonkers, New York, 1915.
- 22—Sa.—Influenza epidemic was closing theaters in many sections of the country, 1918.
- 23—Su.—Ethel Clayton was an excellent *Alice Pope* in "The Brute," at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York, 1912.
- 24—M.—Thomas H. Ince was *Blanc* in the number two company of "Zaza," on this date at the Academy of Music, Reading, Pennsylvania, 1899.
- 25—Tu.—David Wark Griffith opened an engagement with the Meffert-Eagle Stock Company, at the Temple Theater, Louisville, Kentucky, 1897.
- 26—W.—Cecil De Mille was uplifting the drama in "Alice of Old Vincennes," with Virginia Harned, at the Euclid Avenue Opera House, Cleveland, 1901.
- 27—Th.—A man rattled a pair of stirrups and shot a gun off in front of Bill Hart's house. Bill decided to come back to the screen, 1921.
- 28—Fr.—Billie Burke was an exquisite—of course!—*Lisette* in "The Duchess of Dantzic," at the Lyric Theater, London, 1903.
- 29—Sa.—Wallace Reid was a clerk in a hotel run by Buffalo Bill's sister, at Cody, Wyoming, 1909.
- 30—Su.—John Barrymore made his first appearance on the stage as *Max* in "Magda," at the Cleveland Theater, Chicago, 1903.
- 31—M.—Norma Talmadge married Joseph M. Schenck at Stamford, Connecticut, 1916.

FILM TITLES EXPLAINED.

"Secret Service"—When the waiter, in exchange for a wink and a ten-spot, brings you "something" under his napkin.
 "The Golden Snare"—A blond chorus girl.
 "Scrap Iron"—Last year's flivver.
 "The Conquering Power"—\$ \$ \$.
 "Too Much Speed"—Ten dollars or ten days.



"The Call of Youth"—Honk! Honk!
 "The Great Day"—Pay day.

HISTORICAL FACT.

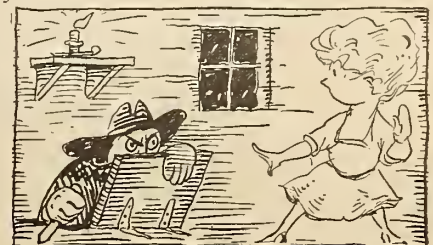
A wise mother once sent her daughter to fencing school for the combined purpose of improving her health and knocking out of her head a foolish notion that she wanted to go upon the stage. The girl enjoyed fencing, but she met a fellow-student who interested her still more. This fellow-student was a girl who was "on the stage"—in a musical comedy. The two became fast friends.

One day the girl who was "on the stage" took the wise mother's daughter to rehearsal with her. While there, they met the manager, and he, knowing beauty when he saw it, offered a job on the stage to the girl who had been sent to fencing school to forget the stage. Even-

tually she persuaded her mother to allow her to accept it.

Later, both mother and daughter were glad things had happened as they had. For the girl's name was Elsie Ferguson, and soon she became a great star.

A villain crushed to earth in the last episode of a serial will rise to earth in the first reel of a new one as sure as you're born!



WHEN FANS GET TOGETHER

Here are fans who get far more out of a motion picture than an evening's entertainment. Some of them want to get into the movies, some of them want to write scenarios, but most of them just enjoy movies and take the keenest interest in learning about their favorite motion-picture players. If you belong to a club that has motion-picture programs or that attempts to influence the motion-picture exhibitors in your town, you will enjoy reading this account of what others are doing. If you do not belong to such an organization, this may inspire you to start one. And if you have never belonged to such a club—or never even heard of one—this article holds many delightful surprises for you. These girls are enjoying motion pictures to the utmost. Are you?

By Marjorie Powell Fohn

IN a great many cities and towns, scattered throughout the United States, a spontaneous movement has been growing of late among the younger motion-picture devotees. This movement is the forming, here and there, of clubs generally known as Fan Clubs, but formed for any one or more of several purposes. Having been adviser to a number of these clubs, and having seen the splendid results of their different undertakings, I have become convinced that this movement is one that is going to have a tremendous growth in the near future, as soon as the fans throughout the country learn what lots of fun a really live Fan Club is.

These Fan Clubs, for the most part, are made up of the younger generation—those who aren't too old to have "crushes" on favorites, or to have aspirations to become a screen star, for example. A club may only consist of "crushites," as they sometimes are called, or it may consist of screen aspirants or of the "all-around" fans, who are merely interested in pictures and everything pertaining to them, and who like to meet with others sharing their hobby, for mutual discussions, exchange of opinions, to help boost the cause of the kind of pictures they want especially to see, and—for a good time generally. That last is perhaps one of the most important features of a successful Fan Club.

The "Crushites."

The "Gish-Douglas Club," of San Antonio, Texas, is a good example of the "crushites." The members are "Fan Flappers" in every sense of the word. I recently attended one of their meetings, held in a rose-covered summerhouse on the lawn, where I found framed pic-



Some of the members of the "Mile-o-Minter" club of Oakdale, La., snapped at one of their fancy-dress parties. Beginning at the left, they are Ida Dixon, Loring Terrell, Gladys Steinhoff, Alma Hughes, and Nell Wise.

tures of stars hung on the lattice walls, cleverly arranged shelves which held stacks of cinema magazines, and a well-filled scrapbook on a small stool which, apparently, had been more often consulted than *The Oracle*. The pride of the club sat in state on the table—a small cabinet holding answers to the letters written to favorite players.

"Our purpose is pleasure, our motto 'pep,' and we spend most of our meeting evenings at the theater. We frequently entertain our friends with burlesque movie parties, our 'line' includes a general knowledge of moving-picture gossip. Our club crushes are Dorothy Gish and Tom Douglas. The individual ones are too numerous to name. The screen as a whole? We agree with old R. L. S. that 'romance herself has a dwelling among men' and let it go at that," summed up the president in answer to my queries concerning the club.

The Talmadge-Reid Fans of the same city have a club of the second type. Recently I met one of the members and we had a short talk about the club.

Help for Screen Aspirants.

"Have you ever known," she asked, "a girl who hasn't at some time in her life wanted to be an actress? Why, let the editor put the announcement 'How to Break in the Movies' on his magazine cover and there's an instant literary bargain sale. Well, we're going to help the girls who are really earnest in their ambitions. Put an imaginary sign, 'How to be a motion-picture actress,' let's say, on the club door."

"But how will you do it?" I inquired.

"Here's a rough sketch of our plan. The club chooses four girls. At the end of two years, the one having the best record of club work and who has fulfilled

several necessary requirements, will have her expenses paid to some studio center and for a short time afterward. This money and an emergency fund will be obtained by the club in various ways during the two years. All available information regarding personal welfare, the best practical method of finding employment, and other subjects of help to the screen aspirant will be secured and discussed. If the girl succeeds, she is to return the money and a written account of her experiences to aid the next member. We are enthusiastic over our plan, the co-operation of the neighborhood has given us a splendid start, and we've increased our membership from the five charter members to twenty girls within two months. But I must tell you of our paper, the *Talreco*. It's typewritten, and issued monthly. The whole membership contributes to it, and it's composed of editorials concerning the cinema. I always stumble over that word," she added naively; it's a 'company' one with us; for everyday use we rely on 'movies.' But about the paper. Oh, yes! We have reviews of photo plays, drawings, poetry, personal bits, and moving-picture news. Later we intend to exchange papers with some of the other clubs.

Just now we are busy increasing our membership to thirty girls; then we will be the largest of the clubs.

All-around Fans.

As an example of the third type, I quote part of a letter received from Ida Dixon, of Oakdale, Louisiana.

"We six girls are members of the 'Mile-O-Minter Fan Colony,' named after Mary Miles Minter, as she is a Louisianian and an advocate of our policy for clean, good comedy and the best in all pictures. I suppose you would call us all-round fans, as we are interested in everything pertaining to moving pictures. We have wonderful times at our meetings. Our chaperon, Mrs. L. Fitzgerald, is a writer; she won the thousand-dollar prize offered by a Chicago paper in 1911 for the solution of the mystery story, 'The Black Secret,' and she can plan most original programs. We also exchange letters with several of the other Fan Clubs, and find it interesting to get their points of view concerning players, photo plays, and directors. All in all, we've a far better knowledge of motion pictures than we had when we first organized. At the end of the year, like

Abou Ben Adhem of the old poem, we want our name to lead all the rest, though personally I'm a little dubious concerning Abou Ben, since Irvin S. Cobb declared any one whose initials were A. B. A. would naturally head a list, referring to the telephone book and city register for proof. Still, it's the spirit we're after and we intend to make our club instructive, lively, and interesting enough to lead. We are proud of it as it is."

These clubs are growing in number and purpose. They intend to express their opinion on censorship, blue Sundays, and other motion-picture problems. They are giving their attention to the cinema while their interest in unjaded and their enthusiasm is high, not waiting until, as Heywood Broun has said, "films will be on view in the museums and carefully studied under the direction of learned professors in university extension courses."

JUST FOR FUN!

That's what some movie Fan Clubs are organized for—and what wonderful opportunities the members have for enjoyment! You've no idea what an uproariously good time a crowd can have making speeches, playing games, and gossiping—unless you belong to a movie Fan Club. Just read about the good times they have and see if you don't think they're a great idea.



A group at one of the outdoor meetings of the "Gish-Douglas" club of San Antonio, Texas. From left to right are: Dorothy Marsh, Irene Hudspeth, Maura Townsend, Bell Townsend, and Laura Powell.

Full Enjoyment from the Movies.

Now that Mrs. Bennett has told you how to break into the movies, and William Lord Wright how to write for them, I'm going to tell you how to enjoy them.

"Tell us how to enjoy the movies!" you that are fans cry indignantly.

I retract; you already enjoy them. But do you get your full share of pleasure from them?

A HELPING HAND

There are Fan Clubs that have more serious aims than merely entertaining their members, though, of course, they do that too. This article tells you about the Talmadge-Reid club of San Antonio, Texas, which has a wonderful scheme for helping girls get a start in motion pictures. It tells about some others that plan to influence the exhibitors in their town. One of them is sure to appeal to you.

You read favorable comments of some special screen play, and you want to see it, but you wait in vain for the picture to appear at your local theater. Possibly, a good share of the time, you are compelled to view mediocre pictures there or to stay away altogether. There are times, too, when you have been so interested in a good screen production that you would have liked to discuss the salient points of the acting and plot, but could find no opportunity to do so, no group of persons who were interested. These are

only a few of the small things that detract from general motion-picture enjoyment. You are, as a fan, being cheated by them, but how can you help it?

First, let us diagnose your case.

You attend the movie theater regularly, and watch the pictures with an observant eye. You read your favorite moving-picture magazine from cover to cover. You discourse volubly upon favorite players. In short, as an outside observer, you are an authority on motion pictures.

There are some sixty thousand others like you.

Yet it takes the American Legion or the Mothers' Club in your community to stop an undesirable photo play from being shown, while you fans, who are the backbone of the audience, can do nothing if you disapprove of a picture but stay away. Moreover, and this is even more important, you have no means of using your influence to get the pictures you want. You lack what the others have—coöperation.

Staying away from the theater, or sitting through a poor picture is not enjoying the movies. So, you see, if you would have all that is coming to you in the way of motion-picture enjoyment, you must coöperate. Hunt out the portion of sixty thousand fans that live in your neighborhood, or among your friends, then "combine for the promotion of some common object" which is Webster's definition of a club, and "motion-picture enjoyment," which is your definition of the object.

How to Form a Fan Club.

Having once gathered your prospective members, discuss the possibilities of such a club. One topic of interest will be some picture you wanted to see that never came. Perhaps you even wrote the exhibitor, but he weighed your single appeal against the many he did *not* receive and decided against it. Suppose there had been twelve or fifteen names attached to the request, do you think it would have gone to the wastebasket so quickly?

An Innovation—à la Dick Barthelmess.

The next best thing to knowing something interesting is to tell it. All of us like to express our thoughts and ideas, and how we do like to plan! What an opportunity there is in arranging original programs. There are so many things you can do to add color to the social side of the club. Recently, at a Richard Barthelmess meeting of a club composed of eight girls, I was surprised at the novelty of the plate favors. They were nine small china dolls dressed in crape paper, black hair painted on in the approved Barthelmess style. The real Dick came first in an evening suit; then followed eight of his screen characterizations. I recognized the little brother of "War Brides" in a Russian blouse, the reporter of "Boots," with horn-rimmed glasses and an overcoat, the uniformed soldier of "The Little Girl Who Stayed at Home," the slant-eyed *Cheng Huan* of "Broken Blossoms" in a Chinese jacket, the mustached Spaniard of "Scarlet Days," the adventurer of "The Love Flower" in canvas trousers and a yachting cap, the ragged beach comber of "The Idol Dancer," the farmer boy of "Way Down East" in rough clothes and a cap with ear flaps. They were so cleverly done

that the fans of the neighborhood have made a fad out of them, substituting them for the kewpies on their dressing tables.

Use Your Influence.

It is such clubs as yours would be that let the exhibitor, and the producer in his turn, know what you want. You have a voice as it is, fellow fans, but it isn't loud enough. "In heaven," said George Bernard Shaw, "an angel is nobody in particular." Neither is one more dissatisfied fan among hundreds of others, each of whom is crying for a different thing. Stop those around you and talk it over, then unite in *one* cry and see the difference. Be careful, however, that you do not proceed like the people in the old fable, who were going to make the greatest noise ever heard by each shouting their loudest, but when the signal came to start—there wasn't a sound. Every one was listening to hear what kind of a noise the other fellow would make.

How to Organize.

I have enumerated only a few of the possibilities of organization; you can, most likely, think of a great many others. After you have discussed these thoroughly you should begin to organize. I am going to give you some suggestions gathered from my experience with fan clubs that might help you in becoming a coöperative club of fans of the kind that will add to your enjoyment of the movies.

First you must have a name. You are to be a distinctive club of fans. In California they call the place the motion-picture players gather "Hollywood Cinema Colony," and if you would have a hint of the movie world about you call your club "Fan Colony." You might adopt the surnames of an actor, actress, or both, for

your club, such as: "Reid Fan Colony," "Pickford-Ray Fan Colony," or whatever your preference might be. Several of the clubs already formed have adopted this type of name.

Now the purpose of your club is most important. Generally speaking, it is to promote a broader understanding, an encouragement of sincere ability, and a desire for the best in all phases of motion pictures. But you must have an especial purpose also; something concerning the cinema in your own community. Discover the particular grievance of the fans in your club and make it your purpose to eliminate it.

"Viola Dana is our club's favorite actress," a friend said the other day, "but we used to have to wait ages to see her pictures. Finally we gave a Viola Dana entertainment and went out of our way to persuade people

Continued on page 102

NOW—HOW ABOUT YOU?

Are you satisfied with just watching motion pictures and talking about them occasionally, or do you feel a closer interest in them?

Motion pictures are made, not to give players a chance to act, or writers to write, but to entertain fans. But, sometimes, as you sit watching a picture or reading about the players, don't you wish that the movie world wasn't quite so far out of your reach; that if you liked a player you could show your like, to his advantage, or, if you disliked one that your reasons would gain some attention; that you could help a picture you thought wasn't getting the praise it deserved?

One fan alone can't do much—but a group of fans can. Better still, a number of groups all over the country combined in one big organization can wield great influence. What fans need is coöperation.

This article tells you how some fans are coöperating, and what mighty good times their clubs are bringing them. Wouldn't you like to belong to a Fan Club? Wouldn't you like to exchange ideas with other fans about your favorite players and ways of getting the best pictures shown in your town, and any other interesting points about motion pictures that might occur to you? Of course, you would.

HERE'S A CHANCE TO WIN A PRIZE.

Organizing a club isn't always an easy matter, but our Fan Club Editor can make it easy for you. She has had lots of experience with fan clubs, and wants to give you the benefit of it. She has interesting plans in mind for the Fan Clubs. You will want to be in on them. Write to her to-day—Fan Club Editor, "Picture-Play Magazine," 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City—and she will tell you all about forming a Fan Club. Furthermore, we will offer prizes of twenty-five dollars, fifteen dollars, and ten dollars for the three best letters describing the organization or activities of a Fan Club. The letters are to be selected—not on literary merit—but on their novelty, originality, sincerity, intelligence, and thoughtfulness. Any member of any club—new or old—is eligible to enter this contest. Letters entered in this contest must reach the Fan Club Editor by November first. Write to her to-day about starting to organize.

GET YOUR SHARE OF FAN CLUB FUN.

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

An All- Woman Picture

Nazimova's proposal to make a picture in which all the characters will be women brings a request from a reader for information as to whether any full-length play or motion picture ever has been produced without the use of men in the cast.

The Observer never has heard of such, and—with all due respect to Nazimova and her proposed picture—will venture the prediction that there never will be one.

Keen Censor- ship

An example of the way Pennsylvania keeps the motion pictures from ruining the morals of its citizens: A letter from a Pennsylvanian tells us that the censors cut a lot of footage out of "Midsummer Madness," leaving the story so that the audience believed that two of the characters had sinned, eliminating the scene that proved that they were innocent of wrongdoing. Better, according to the censors, to have the people *think* of sin than to *see* the resisting of temptation.

The Show Business

"How's the show business?" somebody asked a producer the other day. "Whatta you mean 'business?'" he replied.

And there he told it all. There is no such thing as business in the theaters these days. The folks aren't going to see the shows, and that's all there is to it. In New York at this writing there are hardly enough theaters open to keep a visitor amused for a week. Throughout the country, outside of Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, even vaudeville theaters are closing for the summer.

Motion-picture theaters are hard hit, but are suffering probably less than the legitimate houses. Fine "million-dollar" cinema palaces are not making enough money to pay their rent, but the fellow with a medium-class house, who is playing to moderate prices and who has not, through panic, cut the quality of his show, is about breaking even.

They used to say "business is always bad for a bad show, and a good one never needs to worry."

Yet the Ziegfeld Follies, the sure-fire success, is suffering so greatly that on hot nights in New York City you can buy Follies tickets around eight p. m. from the "cut-rate" shops. The box-office price of an orchestra seat for the Follies—one seat, not two—is five dollars and fifty cents, which is one reason why business over there is not what it usually is.

Theater owners are trying frantically to get out from under. A year ago theaters were as hard to get as houses to live in. Now every fellow wants to sell his show shop.

They've recently been accusing Adolph Zukor, of Famous Players, of trying to buy up all the theaters

in the country, and Mr. Zukor's answer was that if he really wanted theaters he could buy a thousand of them in a week and that the main complaint from exhibitors was not that he was buying theaters but that he wasn't.

The reaction on the producer is resulting in a cutting down in production. He can't get the money to keep going at his old pace.

Marcus Loew, who owns Metro, recently stated that the success of "The Four Horsemen" was about all that kept him from shutting up the Metro shop. If "The Four Horsemen" had been a failure he would have put the lock on the studio door.

Jesse L. Lasky announced that the whole motion-picture business would go to pot unless extravagances in the studios were ended, and he gathered his forces about him and told them to stop wasting money or get new jobs.

What About It?

All of which means what, to all of us—we fans who certainly don't want our motion-picture supply to be cut off? We have no desire to see the builders of fine theaters discouraged. We don't want them to be forced to cut the quality of their pictures and the size of their orchestras.

It means a readjustment in motion pictures, no different from the readjustment that is taking place in every other industry, as a result of inflation during the war and the resulting deflation. It means better business methods in every branch, from the hiring of the actor to the selling of the ticket. The weak and incompetent will be weeded out, and if this is properly accomplished the motion-picture fan is the fellow who will profit. You might say that the fan is the one that all this fuss is about.

Just after the war, when you had plenty of money and no worries, you went to see almost any picture show and you went often. Now some of you are out of jobs and the others are worrying over whether or not you'll ever get a raise. It's not so easy to get money, and you've been saving more than you did last year. Perhaps you were saving it for your vacation, perhaps for payments on a house. Anyway, you're not the spendthrift you were last year. Besides that, the weather has been hot and you've been learning to play golf or you have a new car and you don't care much about going into a theater during the summer.

And so the show business suffers.

They have to please you in order to live, and be assured they are trying.

They have to make better pictures at lower cost. That's the big problem. The producer who doesn't do this is going to go into bankruptcy, for right here and now The Observer rises up to predict that the prices of motion-picture shows will drop. They won't fall in the small towns, where they never were exor-

bitant, but they will go down in the cities where the prices have been as high as two dollars, plus war tax. About seventy-five cents will be the limit for the theaters with the big orchestras and the elaborate preparations, while you'll see the return of the twenty-five-cent picture show in the smaller cities.

You don't need to worry. The producers and theater managers are doing that for you. They know they have to please you and they are bending every effort to do so.

The show business used to be the only business in which every person in it would tell you that he knew everything there was to know about it. You couldn't tell an actor anything about directing, and every camera man knew just what was the trouble with the managers of the theaters. Every fellow was so busy criticizing the other that he had no time to think about getting a little advice along his own line.

Now they're getting down to work and are letting up on their campaign for general improvement of other people's business and are trying mighty hard to do as much for themselves as they tried to do for others. Until now there has been little coöperation in the making of motion pictures. It was each man for himself, take advice from no one, but give advice to everybody. Knock all the rest and boost yourself, was the general motto.

A change has come, brought about by the fear of losing a good job. There is less temperament and more work about the studios, more striving to please somebody besides yourself, and a general spirit of buckling down to the job for a coöperative effort to give the picture patron something that he will pay money to see.

Out With the Close-up

There used to be a theory that people tired if a scene ran more than thirty or forty feet without being broken by a close-up or a title. So the directors ran amuck with the close-up. Now it is being so abused that scene after scene is ruined because directors want to show every teardrop and every twitch of the mouth. Let's throw this close-up theory out of the window and get some real direction.

A film doctor tells us that the director uses the close-up to cover faulty directing.

"It takes a good director to carry a scene to the finish without a break," he says, "and few of them seem to know how to make actors express emotion by suggestion. The secret of great acting is to suggest the effect you want to get over, and to let your audience imagine the rest. The most effective scenes on the stage are those that are underacted, in which the actor merely suggests the feeling and the mind of the spectator furnishes the details."

We believe that Mack Sennett knows this better than any other director. Charlie Chaplin is a close second. They realize that comedy is a matter of suggestion rather than actual description, and you get the greatest laughs from Chaplin and Sennett in long shots and not in close-ups. When they start a scene they go through with it with few breaks. They know that what they don't show is stronger than what they do.

Most directors feel that they must furnish you with a pair of opera glasses, which are the greatest of all destroyers of emotional effects. At the theater, if in a scene in which the actor is trying to make you cry you pick up your glasses and look to see if he really is crying you destroy every appeal the actor is making. You get out of tune with the scene; you become a proof-reader, looking for errors, instead of a person enjoying a well-told story.

So with the close-up. The director who uses it, except in rare instances, admits thereby that he cannot tell his story without putting you on a shuttle that shoots you first up close to the camera, then jerks you back.

The close-up, used as most directors employ it, makes a picture a series of shots, a tour of inspection of actors and settings, instead of a definite telling of a story.

The German Pictures

The general feeling among motion-picture distributors is that the public doesn't actually want German pictures, but that it will go to see them if they don't come too fast. That is, Wallace Reid or Norma Talmadge will not lose patronage if they are in the theaters on one side of the street and "Deception" and "Passion" are on the other. The public has patronized the German pictures thus far because they were different. They went much as they would attend a showing of captured German guns, and admired their workmanship in much the same way.

Demand for German pictures, there is none. The Negri is a drawing card because she is a curiosity. She doesn't get admiring letters from the girl fans, and there is little interest in her home life or her favorite flower. Nobody goes up to the box office and says, "Please show some more German pictures," but the public does appreciate the fact that the five or six German pictures that have been shown have been well worth seeing and that competition—German, French, or English—is a healthy thing for the American director.

Regarding which, let us quote Charles E. Whittaker, American scenario writer, who is now investigating conditions in Europe:

Our producers—directors, actors, scenario writers—being, in the mass, uninstructed in the rudiments of their own professions, few of them students of literature or drama, are going to be driven off the map if they are not careful, by others—possibly Germans, or French, or English—who do know what they are doing because they have passed through a definite apprenticeship to their craft.

This is not a plea for scholastic training; but is an argument for technical training in a gigantic industry. We need more directors like Cecil and William De Mille and John Emerson, all of them men of high scholastic attainments, dramatists, in whom learning has not swamped the human sympathies—and fewer directors of the type of but names of the other type will occur to anybody who thinks for a moment.

When it comes to a question of modern stories, we can breathe more easily. In a wilderness of pictures I have seen in Berlin, I can only say that my outstanding impression is one of general tragedy and gloomy endings. The worst picture I have seen was a German-made picture of life in Arizona. It proved conclusively as other German pictures of America have proved, that the German has a desperately poor comprehension of other countries.

So far as modern pictures are concerned therefore, the embargo advocates need have no fear; but, if our public has developed a taste for historical pageant or spectacle, the European is going to make us weep tears of blood; and if he ever gets to understand modern life as we know it, what with his better and more powerful stories, his intelligent directors, and above all his excellent actors and actresses, the Has-Beens of our industry, now hanging on merely because they look wise or shout loudly, can kiss themselves good-by.

The Big Scenes

When Julia Faye shot Theodore Roberts in "Old Wives for New," Cecil De Mille staged what The Observer believes to be the finest dramatic scene ever put into a motion picture. And, as we remember it, there wasn't a close-up, a soft-focus shot, or a vision in it.

Now comes a reader who says the finest scene is the one in "The Kid," where Charlie Chaplin debates with himself whether he shall drop the baby down the man-hole.

What's your favorite scene?

Romances of Famous Film Folk

You like Will Rogers, we know. You will like him a lot better after reading the story of his romance, and his home life.

By Grace Kingsley

TAFFY pulling is sure some great American sport, ain't it? And I'm glad to see the game to-night is all square and aboveboard. Don't see why folks need the excitement of gambling and horse racing, anyway, when you can pull taffy and win whichever side you're on!"

Pretty Betty Blake looked up, puzzled, into the face of Will Rogers, but his expression told her nothing. Was he kidding? she wondered.

"Come on!" she exclaimed to cover her puzzlement. "Let's get this lump finished before it gets too cold."

Then her partner's face broke into its characteristically quick, sunshiny grin that the picture fans have all learned to know and like, and Betty Blake gave a quick stamp of her foot. Just to think she hadn't "got" him right away!

She wore a white dress, even if it was wintertime, and young Will Rogers thought she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

It was back in Ooglah, Oklahoma, where Betty was visiting her married sister from her own home in Arkansas, and the sister was giving the candy pull by way of introducing Miss Blake to the social circles of Ooglah. Will Rogers, having heard, with the other ranchers thereabouts, that there was that fascinating personage, a "new girl," in town, had saddled his horse and had ridden over to get a look at her. Oh, my, yes, they were formally introduced to each other at that candy pull. There was never anything informal about social gatherings in Ooglah.

"Oh, Betty," Miss Blake's sister had said, "Will Rogers is over there, and he wants to know if he can have the honor of pulling taffy with you." And Betty had looked up to behold a bashful-looking young man who was gazing admiringly at her. He had grown embarrassed when she looked at him, and maybe that's why she liked him. At any rate, there had been such a boyishly appealing look in his eyes that she couldn't resist him.

"Pleased to meet you," Miss Blake had said graciously.

"Pleased to meet you!" Will Rogers had echoed.

They were very young then, Betty and Will—oh, around sixteen or seventeen—and Will Rogers never from that day to this paid court to any

other girl. Doesn't it seem natural, when you come to think of it, that Will Rogers should marry a sensible girl with a sensible name like Betty Blake?

That's what I thought as I sat *en famille* with Mr. and Mrs. Rogers the other night in the big, homelike living room of their handsome yet entirely homy house in Beverley Hills.

It seems that Betty Blake didn't take the matter so seriously; anyway not just at first. As to the final "yes," they were both so delightfully shy about it I just couldn't find the heart to pry into the matter of the actual proposal.

"She took an awfully long time to make up her mind!" Will Rogers laughed an embarrassed little laugh.

"Did he propose lots of times?" I mustered up courage to inquire of Mrs. Rogers.

"I suppose he did." Mrs. Rogers smiled with a shy sort of pride and happiness.

So I let it go at that.

"But we weren't married for a long time after I first met my wife," Mr. Rogers vouchsafed. "I went to South America after Betty went home from her visit to her sister, and from there

I worked my passage to Australia. I didn't write to Betty that trip—somehow I was never much for letter writing. But when I came home I met her again. That's when it became serious between us—eh, Betty?" Betty blushed, but didn't say anything. Right here let me remark that Mrs. Rogers has a very pretty, girlish, transparent skin, which shows blushes very becomingly.

"She was visiting her sister again. I had a lot of horses on the ranch, and I used to ride a different horse over pretty nearly every day when I went to see her. I used to do roping and riding tricks out in front of her house. I always hoped she was looking out of the window when I did 'em."

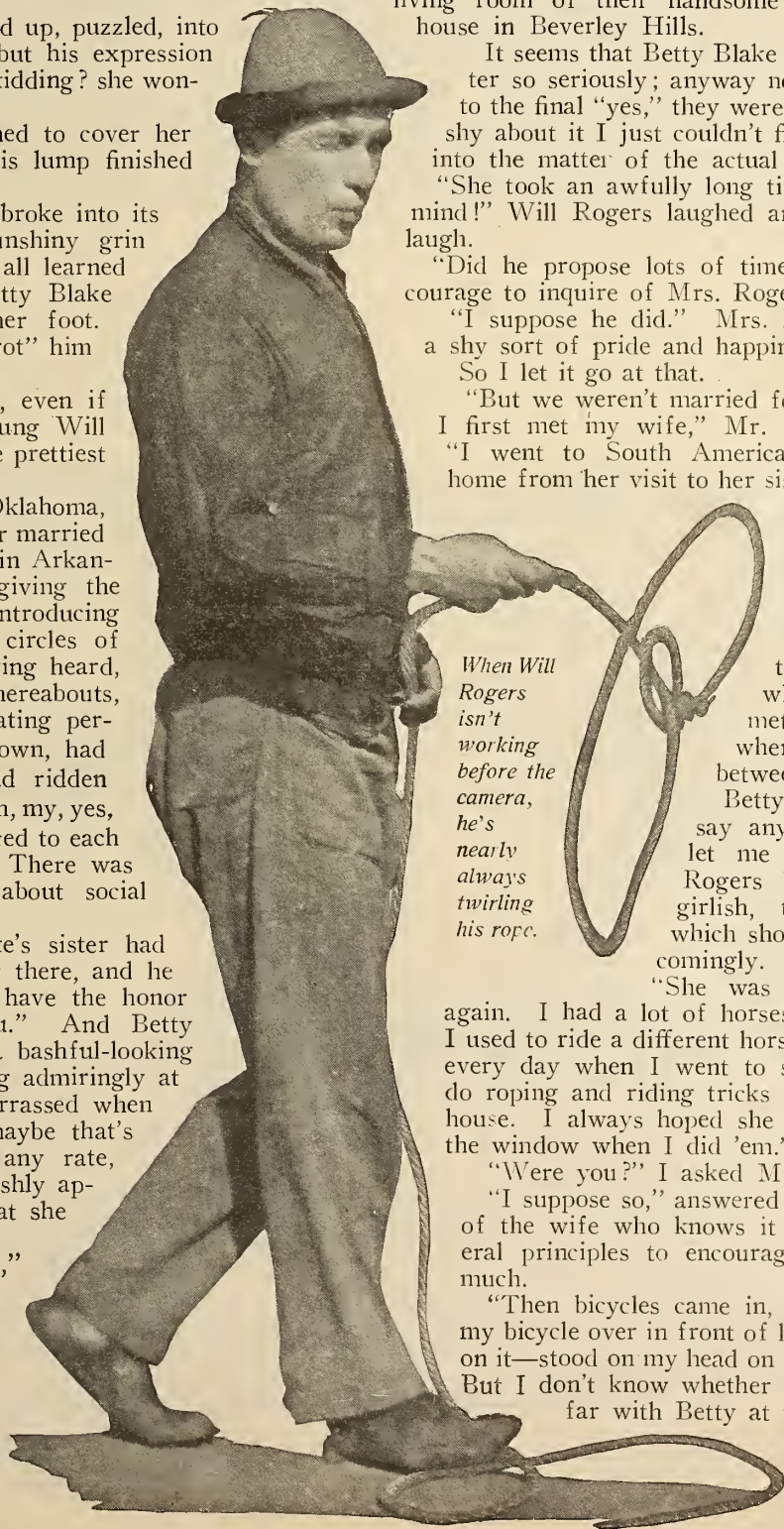
"Were you?" I asked Mrs. Rogers.

"I suppose so," answered the lady in the tone of the wife who knows it doesn't do on general principles to encourage her husband *too* much.

"Then bicycles came in, and I used to ride my bicycle over in front of her house; did tricks on it—stood on my head on the saddle, et cetera. But I don't know whether it ever got me very far with Betty at that." And Rogers

scratched his head thoughtfully.

Finally, at any rate, Betty Blake



When Will Rogers isn't working before the camera, he's nearly always twirling his rope.

did say yes. But it wasn't until Rogers came home to announce he had gone into the show business. He became a showman when he went broke down there in South America, and when he came back to New York he went into vaudeville.

Just then in came the maid to tell us dinner was served.

And of course Mr. Rogers wore that inevitable sweater of his, even to dine in.

"He wouldn't dress up if the president were coming to see him!" cried Mrs. Rogers with a smile, not in the least embarrassed. In fact, I think she feels that sweater in a way epitomizes Rogers' attitude toward life and that she is proud of it and glad the habit of wearing it has never ceased to be. There's no swagger about the way he does it, no aggressive pose, no arrogant flying in the face of the conventions just because he can get away with it on account of being Will Rogers, but instead there is a simple naturalness which goes with all the rest of him—the rest being preëminently fine and clean and strong and masculine.

You feel somehow that it's that plain-dressing habit of his which has kept Rogers away from the midnight suppers and the hectic night life and all the rest of the things that mean "speed" in the metropolitan world. And you feel vaguely, too, somehow that, despite his simple ease of manner, it took character and poise and the strongest individuality to maintain that aloofness, yet remain the best of friends, as he always was, with the girls and boys of the Follies during four long years.

Now that he's in pictures it's the same way. Whatever unduly gay parties there may be, you may be quite sure that Will Rogers and his wife will not be among those present, yet they number many film people among their friends.

Not that there is anything in the least Puritanical or priggish about them, either. They entertain and are entertained by the artists of the film world, but they remain the most human, natural, simple-mannered home bodies in the world. It's simply that they prefer home and each other and their children to anything else.

To me there is something in Rogers' wit that's akin to that of Lincoln in its quaint keenness, the kindly humor which characterizes it despite its rapierlike quality of going to the heart of his subject. Sometimes he is like Mark Twain, too. Maybe nothing he has ever said illustrates the quality of his wit better than his humorous commentary on his married life:

"I'm about the only actor out here," said Rogers with his twinkle and drawl, "who has the same wife I started out with. I have a different child every year, but the same wife!"

Indeed, in all picturedom, and perhaps in all the world, there isn't a more beautiful and genuine romance than that of the Rogerses.

While it's due largely to his natural bashfulness probably, do you know that Will Rogers won't kiss a woman in a picture? Fact! They found it out on the Goldwyn lot the very first picture Rogers made for them. He was so shy he wouldn't embrace her, so they had her



The Rogers family spend their evenings getting acquainted with Dickens, Thackeray, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte.

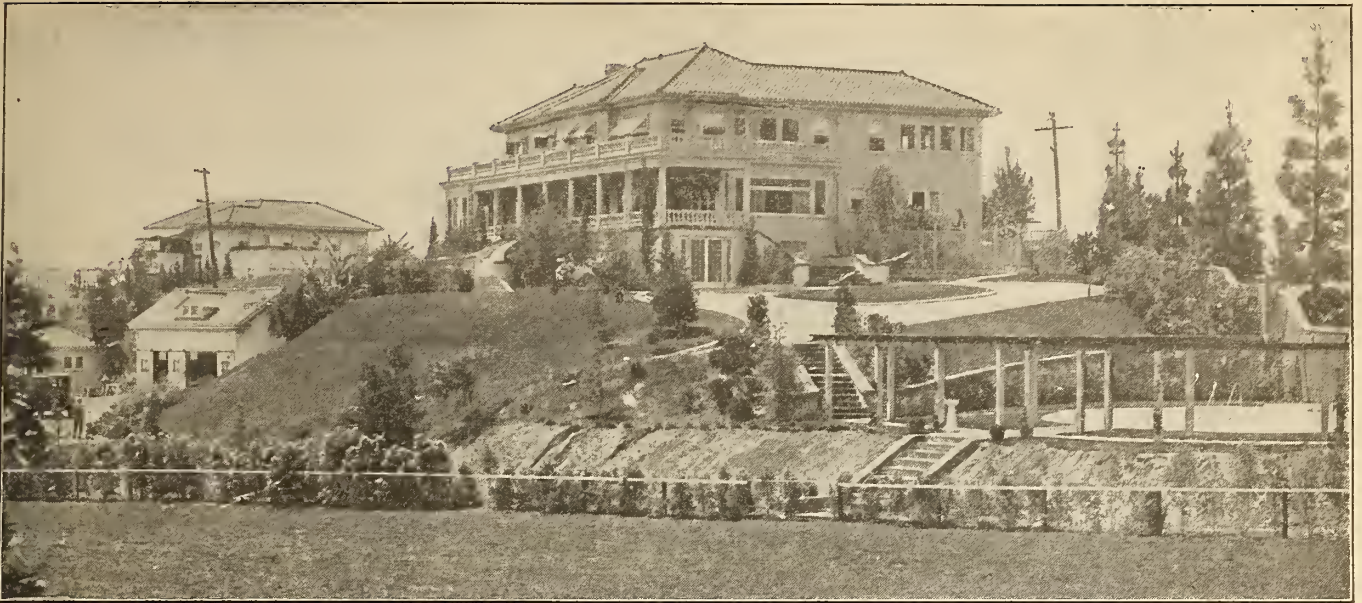


Photo by Stagg

The Rogers family are mighty proud of their new home out in Beverley Hills—as they might well be.

embrace him—which made him blush like a school-boy.

As for Mrs. Rogers—Betty—she is a quiet, well-bred, cultured, home-loving woman whose principal interest right now is the renovating of the handsome home they have just bought. Regarding her husband's humor, while doubtless she relishes it, she rarely more than smiles a quiet little smile at his whimsicalities, even when the rest of us are shouting at his quips. I think she feels she must mother her boyish husband as well as her children and that to be too hilarious over his jokes would make her lose a little of her dignity.

While the children were with her mother, back in New York, she and Rogers took long trips through California, but now that they are with her she won't leave them with the servants. Though she has three servants, she looks after the children's work and play and study herself.

The youngsters were with us that evening at dinner—Bill, Mary, and Jimmie—all wholesome children who live up to their wholesome names. Big Bill, by the way, is "Billy" to his wife, while little Billy is "Bill." Speaking of the children, there was another—a year-old baby boy. You will remember the *Illiterate Digest*, perhaps, full of caustic and humorous observations on current events and matters of human concern, which used to accompany his pictures as an additional feature? Well, he hasn't written any of these since his baby passed away, about a year ago. He took that loss very heavily, it is said, and the world as a result has temporarily at least lost the *Illiterate Digest*.

We all ate dinner, quite delightfully and informally, in the cozy breakfast room, instead of in the big dining room, which I considered a very subtle compliment; but afterward, as we went about looking at the new house of which both are so proud, we took a look at the somewhat impressive, handsomely carved dining-room furniture. The table is a long one, and the chairs high and stately.

"Looks like the peace table, don't it?" inquired Will Rogers with a grin. "And," he went on, "I got to be more prosperous than I am now before I'll feel at home sitting in them chairs!"

By the way, Rogers made a trip back to his old home in Oklahoma a few weeks ago. Everybody made a big fuss over him.

"There's one town," he exclaimed with a humorous

twinkle as he told me about it at dinner, "where I can be sure of getting a meal without having to tell a joke for it."

It was Mrs. Rogers, it seems, who suggested the running fire of jokes which Rogers uses during the course of the roping act, which, more than even the roping itself, has made Mr. Rogers famous. It all came about when Rogers, who was working in the Follies, and getting off the same line of funnyisms night after night, came home one day and told his wife he was afraid the jokes were getting stale.

They were sitting on the couch before their big open fireplace when they told me about that feature of his work, and Rogers leaned over and touched his wife's cheek with a shy, beautiful sort of tenderness as he explained:

"It was Betty here who suggested the changing of the jokes daily. I used almost the same line of jokes all the time in vaudeville. Funny thing, too," he digressed, "I began using talk to explain my stunts early in the vaudeville days. But one performance soon after I began it the audience laughed. I thought they were guying me, and I didn't talk for a long time after that. One day the management came to me and asked: 'Will, why don't you talk any more in your act?' 'Ain't my act good enough?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said, 'but folks liked that talk that day.' So I decided maybe it wasn't so bad after all. Later on, when I complained of my jokes in the Follies getting stale, Betty answered, 'Well, the whole world keeps moving. There are things in the papers every day that you can comment on.'"

Thereafter Rogers spent hours daily reading the papers, reading all sides of the questions he commented on, so that the result would be a striking of fire from his own mind in the form of an epigram or a joke. Then, before the audience at night, he would make those apparently nonchalant and spontaneous remarks on current events.

Not that he isn't spontaneously witty and quick as a flash. They follow him around with a pad and pencil all day when he's working on a set, putting down his remarks and using them for subtitles. That's why the subtitles of his pictures usually ring the bell.

When Rogers isn't working before the camera, he's nearly always twirling that rope. He has a bunch of goats which he practices roping at the studio, and when

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PITY THE POOR PRODUCERS

This is not an impassioned appeal for funds to relieve the starving Zukors, Goldwyns, and Schencks. As yet, they are still helping Mr. Hoover, not beseeching his aid. So, with no danger of being led into pledging yourself to give something monthly for the next five years, read on.

By Helen Klumph



Producers will probably manage in some way to save their stock-pattern villains, queens, cowboys, Wall-street Wizards, detectives, reporters, and all the rest.

PITY the poor producers!

Their business is to give the public what it wants, and frequently—all too frequently—you do not want it. You go to see their pictures, some of you laugh and cry, and some of you even applaud mildly when the dastardly Lowell Sherman or Joseph Kilgour is circumvented. But do you go out of the theater with a smile of gratitude on your face and murmur to the starry heavens that you are thankful for motion-picture producers? Do you write paeans of praise to the producers?

For the most part, you do not.

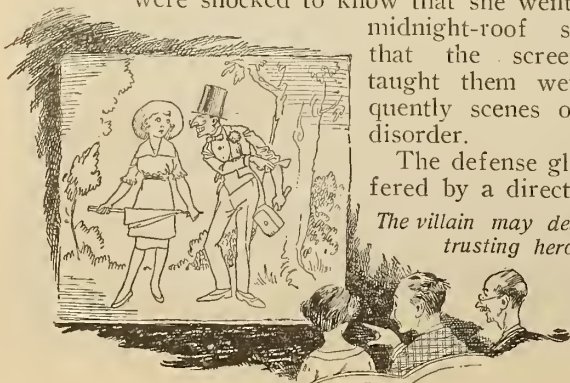
A glance at PICTURE-PLAY'S mail bag suggests that you would have things done differently in motion pictures, oh, quite differently.

In a recent issue of this magazine there appeared two letters chosen from among hundreds of similar ones received. One was from a girl who lived in New York City. She was all wrought up over the way New York restaurants are reproduced on the screen. She said that friends coming from out of town were disappointed at not finding the wild life they had seen pictured. And her more conservative friends were shocked to know that she went to the

midnight-roof shows that the screen had taught them were frequently scenes of lurid disorder.

The defense glibly offered by a director who

The villain may deceive the trusting heroine, but he must not deceive you.



specializes in such scenes is that his screen plays represent life, not as it is, but as it might be. He insists that his productions would not conjure the quarters out of persons' pockets if he pictured the New Amsterdam Roof as it really is, with the exciting event of the evening being the arrival of Mary Hay, from the cast of "Sally," which plays in the theater downstairs, and, if he went further, and showed her with Dick Barthelmess, her husband, quite obviously enjoying each other's society, the thrill-hungry public would be dismayed.

The other letter was from a girl in Texas, who objected strenuously to the way life in Texas is depicted on the screen. She pointed out that there were sizable towns in Texas where one did not have to flag trains to make them stop; that there were automobiles and cabarets and fashionable clothes in profusion; that a stagecoach would be as much of a curiosity in Texas as in New York.

What she did not take into account is that most Western pictures of the wild and woolly type are supposed to represent conditions in the days when Texas was a frontier. But neither do other people in the audiences. Canvass any Eastern audience and see how many people think that these pictures are typical of the West of to-day. The result would probably be appalling. Many have seen the educational possibilities of motion pictures. Give a thought to them now as purveyors of misunderstanding. And at the same time, shed a tear for the producer who puts these pictures out as representative of Western life in the '60's and '70's—and is promptly reviled by Westerners, who object because it is not like the life they know to-day.

William S. Hart is said to be hated by Westerners, but don't think that his position is unique. He makes Western pictures that Westerners don't like; others make New York pictures that make New Yorkers writhe with pain and chortle with glee. The Canadian Mounted Police feel like wearing a band of crape whenever a

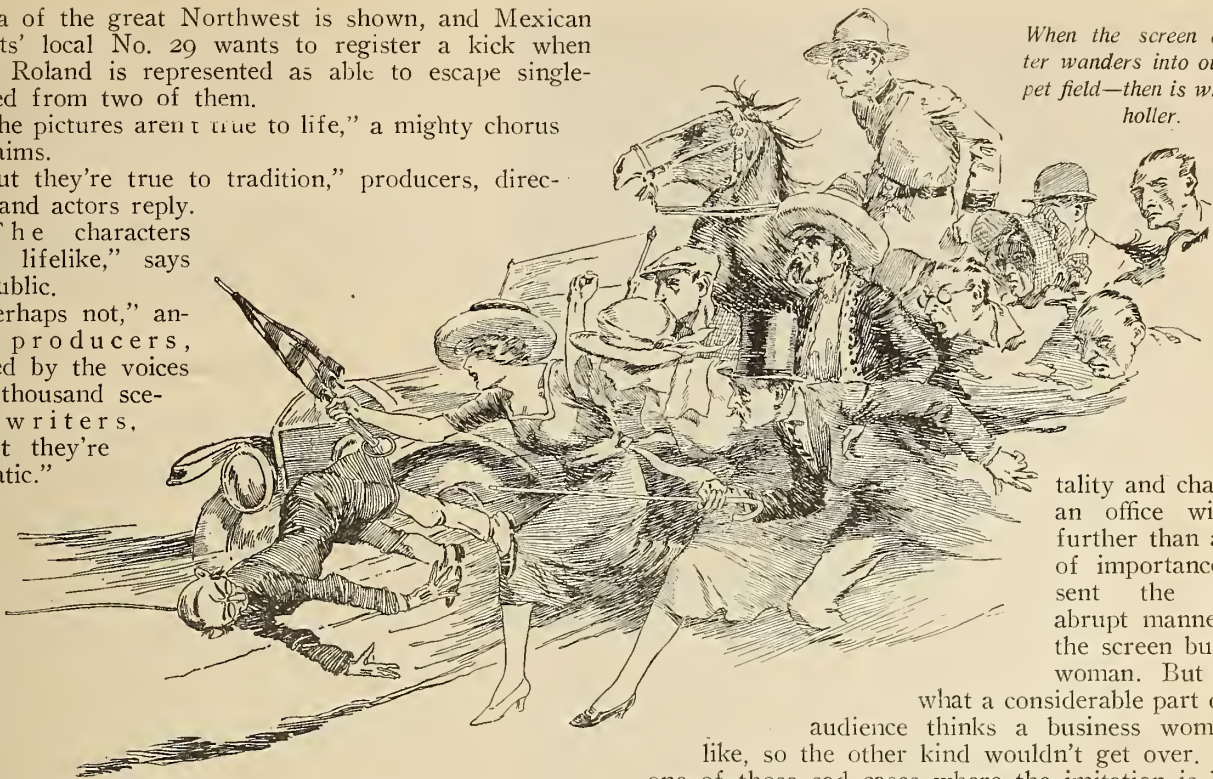
drama of the great Northwest is shown, and Mexican bandits' local No. 29 wants to register a kick when Ruth Roland is represented as able to escape single-handed from two of them.

"The pictures aren't true to life," a mighty chorus proclaims.

"But they're true to tradition," producers, directors, and actors reply.

"The characters aren't lifelike," says the public.

"Perhaps not," answer producers, swelled by the voices of a thousand scenario writers. "but they're dramatic."



When the screen character wanders into our own pet field—then is when we holler.

tality and charm in an office will go further than an air of importance, resent the brisk, abrupt manners of the screen business woman. But that's

what a considerable part of the audience thinks a business woman is like, so the other kind wouldn't get over. It is one of those sad cases where the imitation is better than the real.

I haven't a doubt in the world that producers—as well as chorus girls—are weary of these tinsel-and-gilt chorus girls that have a heart of gold underneath, that are so popular on the screen. I suspect that some of them have met chorus girls who weren't like that. But having built up an illusion in the public mind—a very well-paying illusion, incidentally—they hesitate to knock it down. And so, we may expect more heroines like the ones in "The Plaything of Broadway," and "The Gilded Lily."

Society people make up so small a part of the motion-picture-going population that producers don't need to take their point of view very seriously. A little girl from a town in New Jersey summed up the point of view that the producers do contend with when she said: "I don't like the kind of society pictures Famous Players put on. Gloria Swanson and the rest of 'em are pretty, but they act so kind of nice that they don't seem natural. But when Alice Lake dresses up like a society lady, it almost seems as though I was there myself." So, the poor producer must continue to give us society types as we think they are—and hope that the doors of society will not forever be closed to him because of it. He must continue to mirror certain phases of life with about as much verisimilitude as Charlie Chaplin's idea of heaven in "The Kid" conforms to present-day theology.

While we are on the subject we must admit that sometimes the producer is slightly at fault. Occasionally, as one of our correspondents points out, he departs from the truth just a little too far in an effort to be dramatic. Bill Gowan, of Tonopah, Nevada, writes as follows:

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After the entrance of the vamp, you can relapse into a coma until the big moment comes.



And there the argument stands, and probably will stand for some time to come. Job-lot, stock-pattern villains, queens, cowboys, Wall Street wizards, detectives, reporters, bell boys, business women, and uplifters will probably always be with us. It is easier—not for the producer—but for the public. "Oh," you say, as a sinuous form, mantled in peacock feathers, glides into the scene, "Here's the vamp." Then you can relapse into a coma again until the big moment when she lures the hero on to the hearth rug, secure in the knowledge that you are in the presence of an old friend. Now the producer of that picture could have made that same girl come on the screen and show you in a few incidents that she was a vampire, not exactly pure and simple. That would have been the more artistic thing to do. On the speaking stage it is more effective to have a lion roar offstage than to have him amble on, and likewise in the movies it is better to have a trick horse do tricks than merely to come out in full circus regalia, but you—the audience—want your types easily recognizable. The villain may deceive the trusting heroine, but he must not deceive you. You want to know him from waxed mustache to button shoes the moment he flashes on the screen.

But curiously enough, you and I, and the rest of the motion-picture-going public aren't consistent on this point. Those of us who aren't vampires in real life don't demand that vampires on the screen should conform to the Gold Diggers' Rules of Order or the Marquis of Anybody's Rules. Those of us who aren't villains, reporters, Wall Street, magnates, politicians, scholars, or waitresses in quick-lunch rooms, don't mind the patterns on which their screen prototypes are cut. But when the screen character wanders into our own pet field and steps on our own toes—then is when we holler.

Physicians can look on with enthusiasm while the crowd in a courtroom on the screen rises and cheers, but can a lawyer? And likewise a lawyer's attention is hardly distracted from a story when a physician stops to chat with a nurse during a critical operation. But the doctor? His woe at the way his profession is being misrepresented is illimitable. In the same way, business women, who have found that homelike hospi-

A GIRL'S AD MOVIE

She visits a quaint little New England vil-
lage not far from New York City just for the
there she makes friends with two of the

By Ethel

Estelle Taylor and Tom Douglas were the
two players I had the good fortune to meet,
and I can't see now how I had ever happened
to miss them in pictures. They are two of
the most likable people I've ever become ac-
quainted with.

On the way to the location I was glad of
the chance to drop in at the Fox Manhattan
studios again, because the first time I went
there I was so excited at the prospect of
meeting Pearl White that I hardly got a clear
idea of anything else. However, every single
company was working out of doors that day,
so we just waited in the publicity office. There
were great piles of photographs and publicity
magazines that are sent out to exhibitors lying
on the desk in front of me. I couldn't resist
looking at them, as I wanted to see the pic-
tures of Estelle Taylor that were in them, so
that I might recognize Miss Taylor when I
saw her.

It was almost a full hour's ride out to the
location. Part of the way we went through
Central Park and some of the spots were so
pretty, with the lakes and rolling ground and
the people horseback riding, that it was hard
to believe it was in the heart of a great met-
ropolis. Some parts were more picturesque

than many a real rural section of the country can boast
of. Then after a long trip through a less-interesting
section farther on, we at last reached a country road
and suddenly turned off into what looked like a regular
little village. I knew at once that it was the motion-
picture set, for there was a long line of cars parked
near by and the telltale camera right in the middle of
the road. I couldn't get out of the car quick enough
I was so anxious to see everything. There were quite
a lot of people around, but I didn't recognize any one
and I didn't know who to speak to, not wanting to
mistake a star player for an extra, or vice versa.

This didn't last long, however, because some one hur-
ried right up to us, and I was introduced to a young
man who was dressed in country costume. It was
Tom Douglas! The first thing I knew he was shaking
hands warmly and praising my stories before I had a
chance to say anything to him, so that he almost made
me feel as if I were the movie player instead of him-
self! He has the same friendly manner that Constance
Binney has—you feel at ease with either of them right
away. You don't get awed at all; you just feel very
glad that you know them. So I knew right away that
I was going to be a Tom Douglas fan from then on.
He's a great lad, not a bit like an actor, just a regular,
natural boy, like any I might know back home. He's
quite tall and well built, with brown eyes, and light-
brown hair, and is good looking in a wholesome, boyish
way. In some ways Tom Douglas reminds you of



Tom Douglas has such a friendly manner that he makes you feel at ease right away.

WHENEVER I've seen a picture on the screen
that looked as though it might have been taken
in a little town like the one where I live, I
think of how exciting it would be to walk down the
street and suddenly find a motion-picture company tak-
ing scenes there. The idea of whole companies travel-
ing miles away to make scenes in just the right location
seems wonderful to me, and I always wonder about a
lot of little details connected with working that way—
whether the star took her maid along, for instance,
where they all ate lunch, and particularly whether they
used the location just as they found it or built additions.

So perhaps you can imagine how excited I was when
I was invited to make a location trip with the Fox
company that was making "Footfalls." You see, this
picture is supposed to be taken in a little old New
England village, and I'd been told that the location near
City Island—which is near New York City—had been
chosen because of the wonderful old trees and natural
surroundings.

Another interesting thing was that I was to meet two
movie players I had never seen on the screen, though
their names were very familiar to me. This was un-
usual for me, since I've always prided myself on hav-
ing seen about every well-known player on the silver-
sheet. The fact that they were of the movies, though,
was reason enough for me to be more than anxious to
meet them, even if they hadn't been working in such a
wonderfully interesting place.

VENTURES IN LAND

lage which has settled under sheltering trees during the duration of the filming of "Footfalls," and most engaging young players on the screen.

Sands

Charlie Ray. But while he admires Ray immensely he doesn't want to be compared to him. "I've even stopped going to see Charles Ray's pictures," he told me, "because I'm afraid I might get to imitate him, and I want to be original. You can never hope really to reach the top if you're not." Which proves, I think, that Tom Douglas has the right idea.

We strolled up the village street. They had built the sets right along the side of the road so the trees and grass were right handy and didn't have to be "planted," and this all helped to give it a natural look. There was a cobbler's shop and stores with windows filled with merchandise, several little cottages, the town hall, and at the end the church. Most of the sets had just the sides and fronts, but the cobbler's shop was much more complete, and even finished inside, as most of the action takes place around there. From the foot of the road the set gave the illusion of a real little village—but when we got up by the church and looked down we got quite a different effect. All we saw was queer framework, props to hold up the houses, and black curtains. I didn't see any sense of looking at things from their worst angle, though, and it was easy to imagine there *was* something behind those fronts—so we walked back again.

An automobile came down the road from the old farmhouse in the background. A very blond young man was driving, and I recognized him instantly as Gladden James, who used to play in Vitagraph pictures so often and with Norma Talmadge in "The Heart of Wetona." The girl who sat in the back I recognized as Estelle Taylor. It is so thrilling to meet the different movie players—you wonder if they'll be nice, and if you'll be glad you met them afterward or disappointed.

Miss Taylor presented a different picture from any I had seen of her, for she wore her dark hair, which was very pretty and silky, in short curls. She had on a plain, short little dress with a frilly scarf tied around her shoulders, a little old-fashioned straw hat, worn one-strap slippers, and *cotton* stockings. She looked like a real country girl in that costume—and I had expected to see a sophisticated vampire! It *was* a surprise. She doesn't act a bit like a vamp, either, in real life, though she has dark hair and big brown eyes, is well rounded and of medium height. Estelle Taylor was like Tom Douglas in being unaffected and natural, so much like a regular honest-to-goodness person that if it wasn't for the make-up you'd never think she was an actress at all. I asked her how she felt wearing her hair in curls like that, and she confessed that it seemed strange and a little silly.

"I've been in the movies only about a year and a half," she told me. "'When New York Sleeps' and



Estelle Taylor looked like a real country girl, and I had expected to see a sophisticated vampire!

'Blind Wives' were my most notable plays. Did you see them?"

I had to admit that I had only seen the "still" photographs of her in those pictures.

"Oh, did you see those awful stills, with me looking so wild? Weren't they *terrible*?"

But I hadn't thought so.

"In this picture, called 'Footfalls,' I play a different part from any I'm used to—that of a little country girl. Gladden James is the city villain, and Tom Douglas plays the country boy who is in love with me."

Then we got to talking about the most ordinary things—Miss Taylor hardly said a word about herself. She doesn't try to impress you a bit with her importance; she's exceptionally modest about her achievements, considering how far she has climbed in such a brief while. I kept wishing that she'd tell me more about herself; but she didn't. Somehow, I hadn't supposed that emotional actresses would act like ordinary people. I imagined they'd be rather serious and sad looking and very aloof and stately—but I haven't met any yet that were.

They took a lot of pictures of all of us—Tom Douglas, Gladden James and Miss Taylor and myself; it wasn't hard to pose with so many. Only when we stood in the shade they placed some big boards that were covered with something that looked like tinfoil at an angle that would reflect the sun on us. They use these reflectors a great deal in taking the out-of-door movies,



Here are three views of the "Footfalls" set—two as it will appear on the screen, and one as it will not. Above, you see one of the little houses, apparently a completely finished, solid house—with the writer on the steps, being told "all about the movies" by Tommy.

I learned. It isn't very pleasant, either, for the reflected sunshine all but blinds you and roasts you to death. I didn't envy the players that had to act with that light cast on them! It was all I could do even to try to look natural, just being under it a few minutes.

As it was time to eat we all piled in Mr. James' car and went to a farmhouse down the road a little way for lunch. The extras and helpers ate in a large room in back, and the principals were served in the front room. Usually when the companies work out on location they eat at some near-by restaurant; if there's no restaurant they may bring equipment along to prepare food, army fashion, or sometimes they have lunches made up in parcels, choosing the method that seems to be the most practical, according to the circumstances.

This modest, old-fashioned farmhouse seemed such an odd place to be lunching with movie players; it seemed almost like a setting for the picture they were making. It was so different from the day before, when I had eaten in the grand Biltmore Hotel amid splendor that seemed the natural setting for movie stars. But this was all so friendly

and informal, passing around the dishes to each other, and hearing them relate their experiences of working out on location. Miss Taylor was telling how one time, after working hard all day, they had to work at night and a storm came up and drenched them, and then their car broke down, I think, and the man they went to for help didn't know what to make of them. "My make-up was half washed off, mascara was running down from my eyes, and we all looked a sight. When we said, 'We're in the movies,' the man looked at us as if he thought we were crazy."

Somebody passed the remark that Miss Taylor was much better looking without her make-up, but it was hard to convince her.

"To tell the truth, I don't, do I?" But every one agreed that she did. And I believe them, because she uses such heavy make-up. She uses a great deal of red over her eyes and on her throat to make shadows.

There wasn't much time for eating because they were needed back on the set, so most of them only took a cup of tea and a piece of cake or a sandwich.

This was to be the last day the company was to work on this location. They were to take the rest of the exterior scenes way up in Provincetown. They had filmed a great many scenes at night on this set. Now, would you ever think that they took movies outdoors at night? But they do, I discovered. Tom Douglas told me they strung the studio lights up over the street and it made it look so pretty with the lighted windows in the little houses. People would come from all the near-by places to watch them work. Of course, their buggies, hitched

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By carefully comparing these views you will be able to identify the little house where the writer and Tommy are sitting as the one just back of the shop with the ice-cream sign in the picture looking straight down the street. The third view shows the same house, taken from behind the buildings on the right side of the road, and also shows how these sets are made to appear realistic only where they will be seen by the motion-picture camera's eye.



Here Is Beauty!

"There is no rank in beauty" PICTURE-PLAY proclaimed a short time ago when it dared to print a choice of eight reigning beauties of the screen. "There *is* rank in beauty—and one unquestionably leads them all" chorused our readers in reply. And that one—but read and learn what the members of the audiences from Hoboken to Hongkong think of beauty as mirrored on the screen.

By Readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

WE recently imposed on a single member of our staff the thankless task of selecting eight leading beauties of the screen. We knew—as he did—that no man's judgment in such a matter is final or even authoritative. What is one man's Venus is another's Flora Finch. And so, as we expected, the man we elected to don the robes of Paris and act as judge of beauty has been the target of bitterest invectives. Perhaps he, too, now will keep silent on the subject, as does The Oracle. You have noticed, perhaps, that the relative beauty of this, that, or the other film favorite is one subject which The Oracle always side-steps and declines to discuss, or even offer an opinion. The Oracle is wise.

We and our Paris knew that we would get protests; we invited them. A popular vote was called for, the results of which are herein presented. It will be interesting to those who read the other list to learn that although many of our readers indorsed the majority of the chosen beauties, and that although every one mentioned there was favorably commented upon by some fans, there was only one of the eight stars who seemed to fulfill the majority of our readers' requirements for beauty. That was Katherine Macdonald.*

There was agreement, too, on the subject of magnetic stars, who are more alluring, the writer said, than those who could really be considered beautiful. Our Paris declared that "Nazimova holds me in an optic trance." Scores of our correspondents adopted his phrase—but they all declared that it was Gloria Swanson who so affected them!

Now when the robes of Paris were stretched to include thousands of our readers one might have expected a shower of golden apples. So far the motion-picture-going public lived up to expectations, for hardly a prominent star but received some tributes. But the fans acted with one accord, surprisingly, in awarding the fairest apple of them all to one great favorite.

Exit Venus—Enter Lillian Gish.

It will be a severe blow to many who think that they have unusual penetration to learn that Lillian is also the admired of the many as well as of the few. Some there are who thought that they alone could appreciate her. "Of course she is not a popular type," was often remarked, "but to me she is the loveliest of all."

That illusion may now be cast away, for if the hundreds of letters which we received from the fans mean anything she has proved to be the popular favorite among the screen beauties. The Venus type has departed, not to give place to the luscious beauty of a bathing nymph, but to yield to the more potent charm of ethereal loveliness such as Lillian's.

John Barrymore has paid high tribute to her "Enchaining loveliness." Paul Helleu has found her most bewitching of subjects for his dry-point etchings, but

no greater tribute can come to her than that of little Grace Ogden of Fredericksburg, Texas, who says:

"To me Lillian Gish is the most beautiful, not only of screen actresses, but of all women I have ever seen. She reminds me of all the hauntingly lovely things I have ever known, of violin music and flowers, and many-faceted jewels. I have not seen many of her pictures, but any one of them would have been sufficient to convince me that she is the screen's greatest beauty.

"I don't know what the standards are that one is supposed to judge beauty by, but I should think that the most beautiful person would be the one who inspired the most beautiful thoughts in people, and if that is so, Lillian Gish stands supreme."

And Ethel Rodriguez, of Plainfield, New Jersey, extols her "not so much for the symmetry of her features, but for the beautiful expression of her eyes and lips of supreme faith and trustfulness, and her deliciously quaint, birdlike daintiness. Ethereal, perhaps, but embodying the only sort of beauty worth while—the outer characterization of inner loveliness that gives her subtle appeal."

What Counts in Beauty's Score.

"I see we are asked to give our reasons for our selection," says H. A. Kennedy, of Ottawa, Canada. "The only reason that can be formulated is a woman's 'because.' That settles it in our agile, shallow mind. Miss MacDonal is beautiful because she *is* beautiful. I defy any deep, logical, manly mind to do better. No one can define beauty, that most elusive, illusive, vague, immaterial, indescribable, indefinable, impalpable quality. It doesn't lie in perfect features or coloring, expression is by no means a requisite, though an immense addition. It's the perfume of a flower, the bloom on a fruit, the purple of distant hills.

"Lack of 'soul' cannot quench it, though it mars. Soulless beauty is an accepted term. It is a materialized radiance that hovers over like a mist that softens and adds glamour to a full moon."

Beauty of face and form do not impress our readers so much as personality. It is that elusive thing called charm that constitutes real beauty in the majority of opinions expressed. And so—the tape measure is no longer the score card of beauty; it is something ineffable, something of the spirit that goes to make up beauty's score.

Physical grace counts for much; hardly a tribute but contained such expressions as "Lightly poised as a bird prepared for flight," or "Fleet with the grace of a tiger," or "Moving with the airy grace of a dancer." Coloring counts for little or for naught, for these writers know their beauties only from the black and white of the screen.

Perhaps the most interesting letter of all came from Madge W. Buck, of Harlan, Iowa, because she was the only person who could not select as many as eight beauties—most correspondents named ten or twelve, unable to narrow their choice down to eight—and because the seven she selected were all among the winning eight.

*The other seven were, in alphabetical order, Betty Blythe, Betty Compson, Corinne Griffith, Harriett Hammond, Mary Pickford, Anita Stewart, and Florence Vidor.

Her choice is interesting, too, because of her reasons for making it. She wrote:

"When I tried to decide which eight of the many beautiful women on the screen were the most beautiful I was completely at sea. It was not until I thought of the things in the world that I consider the most beautiful, and then thought of the screen actresses who remind me most of those things that I could determine my favorites. The things I decided upon were: Harp music, rubies, peacocks, butterflies, iris blossoms, and the fresh radiance of sunrise. The stars, in corresponding order, are Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Rubye de Remer, Mary Miles Minter, Mildred Harris, and Justine Johnstone."

The Favorite Type of Beauty.

From the eight beauties who evoked the most generous praise no general conclusion can be drawn. They are of no one type—each is strongly differentiated from the others. If blondes find any comfort in the fact that the majority of the chosen beauties are blondes—let them make the most of it. The brunettes can console themselves by magnifying the brilliance of the beauty of Norma Talmadge.

The Eight Chosen Beauties.

The eight most beautiful women on the screen—as chosen by our readers—are:

Lillian Gish, Norma Talmadge, Mary Miles Minter, Claire Windsor, Mildred Harris, Anna Q. Nilsson, Justine Johnstone, and Rubye de Remer.

Could there have been one more choice it would have been closely contested between Agnes Ayres, Elsie Ferguson, Sylvia Breamer, Marjorie Daw, and Colleen Moore. Pauline Frederick and May MacAvoy had many enthusiastic supporters, and to only a slightly less degree were May Allison and Pearl White extolled. Hardly a prominent player but had her enthusiastic cohorts of admirers who sang her praises in the most glowing terms. While most of them extolled the ethereal loveliness of Lillian Gish and others, one alone paid tribute to a star because, as he put it, "she is so gloriously physical." The writer, Harold Dyson, of Toronto, Canada, was referring to Priscilla Dean.

Beauty on the Screen—and Off.

"The man who chose the first eight beauties didn't play fair at all," Roger B. Walton, of Salt Lake City, complained. "He considered them both on the screen and off, and most of us haven't had that advantage. As for myself—I've seen some of my favorites off the screen and promptly disowned them. Furthermore, our standards of beauty for screen stars aren't our standards for our sisters and friends.

"I have a weakness for Mae Murray on the screen. I think she is lovely to look at, but I wouldn't be seen walking down the street with a girl who had her mouth made up that way. And I think Constance Talmadge is the cutest-looking thing in pictures—and I think cuteness is the greater part of beauty. But if my sister dared to use her eyes the way Connie does, I tell you she'd hear a lecture—and it wouldn't be on beauty either!

"So there you are. We judge not beauty on the screen, but personality. And the same personalities we like on the screen we don't like off. So when I make my choice I play safe, naming four beauties I really admire on the screen, and four I'd like to pal around with off screen."

His first four favorites were Constance Talmadge, Mae Murray, Dorothy Dalton, and Marion Davies, and the second four were Lillian Gish, Anna Q. Nilsson, Sylvia Breamer, and Constance Binney.

But others did not feel as Mr. Walton did. Their choices represented their ideals of beauty both on the screen and off. Girls, take heed of these favorites; are you like one of them?

Transcendent Lillian Gish.

Here is a poignant beauty, all voters agree. Her wistfulness and fragility play no small part in entrancing her audiences, but many—like Rudolph Carr, of Grandport, Louisiana—think that in her happy moods her beauty reaches the most sublime heights. And Edith Markell, of Bayside, Long Island, voices the sentiment of many when she says, "Her beauty makes you not only admire her from afar, but want to draw near to her and protect her." Her *Anna Moore* in "Way Down East," her *Child* in "Broken Blossoms," her rôles in "Hearts of the World," "True Heart Susie," and "The Birth of a Nation"—none of the rôles designated

merely as a frame for beauty—have toppled over the old standards of beauty and established the standard of inner radiance. "Prettiness is on the outside," as many of our readers pointed out, "but beauty shines from within." And many of them added, "And Lillian Gish has both."

Brilliant Norma Talmadge.

"Because the alluring mold of her features and force and fire of her personality lend a colorful charm to her rich, dark beauty," Carol McDermott, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, pays tribute to Norma Talmadge. And her voice is only one of a great chorus, for Norma Talmadge is—next to Lillian Gish—most prized as the favorite beauty of the screen. "Fire," "brilliance," "magnetism"—all are mentioned as the qualities that make the beautiful Norma admired, and her quick, graceful movements come in for considerable praise.

From far-away China come many tributes, and from South America, too, showing that Norma's beauty has wide appeal. From one of her earliest star pictures, "Panthea," her finest impression seems to have been made, for more correspondents mention that picture than any other.

Sunshiny Mary Miles Minter.

"Mary Miles Minter is just deliciously, indescribably beautiful," Hortense J. Bowes writes from Denver, Colorado. "Hers is the delicate, radiant beauty of sunshine, of youth, and of hope."

The roguish camaraderie of "The Little Clown" attracted many, the tempestuous moods of "Don't Call Me Little Girl" pleased her admirers, but it was the

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HERE ARE THE TWO LISTS

At the left the one which was printed in our July issue as the eight who lead the ranks of the screen beauties. At the right is the new list, a composite selection, made up from the votes of our readers:

Betty Blythe	Lillian Gish
Betty Compson	Norma Talmadge
Corinne Griffith	Mary Miles Minter
Harriett Hammond	Claire Windsor
Katherine MacDonald	Mildred Harris
Mary Pickford	Anna Q. Nilsson
Anita Stewart	Justine Johnstone
Florence Vidor	Rubye de Remer

The portraits in rotogravure on the pages following are those of the stars elected by our readers as the screen's leading beauties.



Photo by Kenneth Alexander

ETHEREAL and yet poignant is the loveliness of Lillian Gish, who has been acclaimed the favorite beauty of our readers. Her beauty appeals first to the heart—and then to the eye—because a haunting tenderness possesses her.



THE beauty of Norma Talmadge is the beauty of a ruby; warm, glowing, deep. She is so magnetic with an inner fire that one almost forgets to note the perfect modeling of her features.

Photo by Puffer



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

THE demure simplicity of Justine Johnstone makes her orchidlike beauty more alluring. She is a symphony of elegance—composed of sables, jewels and soft silks, a beauty free of any trace of disillusionment.



MARY MILES MINTER glories in the radiance of springtime. Here is a guileless beauty, fresh, un-studied. "Camera-perfect" are her features, yet they are not more perfect than their twinkling grace.

Photo copyright by Melbourne Spurr



Photo by Evans

A NNA Q. NILSSON is the goddess of the north country—striking in the keenness of her blond beauty. Her features have the perfect loveliness which her eyes seem always to be seeking.



CLAIRE WINDSOR is patrician—dainty, reserved and unaffected in her manner. Cameolike are her features. "She walks in beauty," her very perfection seeming to detach her from all others.

Photo by Hoover Art Studios



Photo by Hoover Art Studios

MILDRED HARRIS' beauty lies in her responsiveness, her haunting expression of vagrant moods as soft as the stirrings of a midnight breeze upon æolian harps. She is delicately modeled.



RUBY DE REMER is the delicate Norse type of beauty, of exquisite fragility in pearl and gold. Hers is a personality of which the screen tells little; on the page that follows will be found an interview which gives you as fine a picture of her personality as the screen does of her beauty.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Rubye—and Her Vertebrae

The delicate Norse star, whose picture appears on its opposite page as one of the eight beauties selected by our readers, displays some characteristics unusual for a player as you'll observe.

By Doris Smith

WOULDN'T it make you mad?"

Rubye de Remer's gray eyes flashed. She was too excited over a scene in a recent picture to wait for my reply.

"We weren't really fighting until that man knocked off my hat—and I had put it on to stay for the day. What would you expect me to do under the circumstances? I fought like a wild woman. Hence the displaced vertebrae." And Rubye wriggled about on a very hard chair.

"And the worst of it is that every one thinks I had a double in that scene! Can you understand that?"

That happened to be the one thing Rubye said that I *could* understand. It would be hard to imagine this frail, lovely blonde roused to such pugilistic endeavor. Later I discovered it to be characteristic of Rubye to know just exactly what she wants and doesn't want and to act accordingly. What matter a few vertebrae more or less?

"I'm so glad to have some one to talk to. Every one around the studio is maintaining a frigid silence. I certainly am 'in wrong.' We saw the 'rushes' of the picture this morning, and, my dear, I look a positive fright!"

Rubye's small hand cut the air in a breezy, emphatic gesture. Then she bubbled on: "A friend remarked quite audibly, 'Are those test pictures, Rubye?' Just as audibly I told her she couldn't be blamed for the mistake. The camera man heard me, and I've spent the rest of the day looking for an arbitration committee."

Apparently Rubye had decided that she wasn't in form yet for another fistic bout. The vertebrae advised her of more amicable methods.

"I told the director," she admitted casually, "that I knew I could look a great deal nicer. He said nothing would please him more." Then, as if it had just occurred to her: "If he wasn't always so perfectly nice, I'd suspect him of sarcastic intent."

And I had the amazing experience of hearing a star laugh at herself. At last I'd found a screen luminary who claimed no "old Southern aristocrat" at the base of the family tree!

"I suppose," Rubye suggested, "that this sounds like the raving of a conceited woman. But Helleu, the French artist, spoiled me. He painted me the way I want to look and then was diplomatic enough to say it resembled me. After thoroughly indulging my fancies, he packed up the portrait and carted it back to France."

"But he gave it to you, didn't he?" I countered, eager to have Rubye realize that I did read the papers occasionally.

"Indeed he did!" I was assured. "But when I called with a truck to take it home he nearly cried in French. At least I imagine that was what he was doing. After much concentration, I gathered that it was his 'inspiration' and he couldn't bear to part with it. But I could consider it mine."

I suggested that all this was very flattering, but frankly Rubye didn't give a hang about the flattery. She wanted the picture on this side of the ocean, and told me so. I had no wish whatever to argue with any woman of her established determination and was content when the talk turned to motion pictures instead of still ones.

She wanted to know if I liked "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." And I wanted to dodge the issue. I thought of telling her that I was the interviewer—but didn't dare. So I stammered: "Not—not altogether."

Rubye took it quite mildly. Her gray-blue eyes widened to a new interest in me. "Well, did you like 'Passion?'"

"Yes, altogether."

I had disappointed her. "Oh, I thought surely you wouldn't like that either!" she expostulated. "I didn't. I left before it was over."

"But, Miss de Remer, you're one out of five hundred!"

"I know, but I talk enough for two," she insisted vibrantly. "It irritates me terribly to hear every one raving over Pola Negri." There was a dangerous ring to her voice. I hitched my chair back a few inches.

"Think of our own actresses who have made pictures what they are to-day! Think of Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick! To hear the remarks going the rounds about these foreign players you'd imagine they were responsible for all the good acting in the world."

Rubye was gesticulating as emotionally as though the camera were facing her instead of my humble self. I feared the vertebrae might register protest just as emphatically, so queried to offset the possibility: "You prefer drama to anything else?"

"Of course. I don't care for comedy or comedy drama. I want to do emotional parts—as emotional as I'm capable of. But don't judge my ability from to-day's work when I tell you that I've actually made two 'walking scenes'—and a lot of sitting scenes out of camera range." Again that chuckle at her own expense.

It was all very charming and entertaining, but really the interview wasn't shaping itself according to the usual form. I hadn't had any opportunity to ask this star if she preferred California to any place else or if she considered acting before the camera the highest form of art. And if I had, the irrepressible Rubye would undoubtedly have made a joke out of it.

I thought perhaps I could flatter her into a thoughtful mood and then pop the questions. It has been done before with stars of less astronomical certainty than Rubye. So I hauled out the old propaganda about her sweetness in letting me take up so much of her time and ranted on considerably with saccharine aforethought.

An absolutely sincere amazement rebuked me.

"Why on earth *should* I be 'up stage?'" Rubye paused, and I could fairly see a mischievous gleam shadow her astonishment. I knew before she spoke that

DONT YOU LIKE

to form your own impression of a star from what she actually says, rather than to have the writer analyze her personality for you?

If you do you'll enjoy this interview, for it leaves you something to read between the lines. You'll find it interesting, too, after drawing your own conclusions, to compare your conclusions with those of others who have read the interview, to see in what respects they tally and in what ones they differ.

her sense of humor was running riot again. You simply couldn't prophesy effects on Ruby.

"You know, I'm really nothing but a factory hand. Whenever I'm supposed to 'emote,' a siren blows and the carpenters stop hammering. When I've shed enough tears to move even the sternest of directors, the siren whistles again and the carpenters lay to!"

I gave up! Ruby was something new in stars. She escaped classification—and interviewing! With a feeble last effort I asked her to tell me about her first starring experience.

"Well," Ruby replied rather dubiously, "it will only mean another person to laugh about the beginning of my young career."

I showed no inclination to let her off. And Ruby began her story:

"It was when I was first given the lead in a play in New York, five years ago, that I was the proudest creature in the world. I spent all my time between rehearsals looking at my name in big letters outside the theater. You know how it is," she apologized. "I had never been so happy. But the night before the play was to open the manager announced that all bets were

off. There wasn't enough money to buy shoes for the cast.

"I was heartbroken. I hated to see my name torn off the boards. You can imagine what it meant to me," and Ruby smiled ruefully. "Well, my bank account was pathetically small, but it was enough. I spent every cent I owned for shoes."

"So the show opened after all?" I anticipated hopefully.

"Yes, it opened all right"—she hesitated—"but even my violent enthusiasm couldn't keep it alive, and it closed in three days. At least, it died with its shoes on!" She laughed. And it's a safe wager that she had laughed five years ago, too.

Ruby had given me the title of my interview. It had nothing to do with her delicately etched features, her goldy hair, or the intensity of her eyes. It was concerned with Ruby's backbone—that sturdy spinal column that had carried her through disappointment, struggle—yes, and fights—to the actress she had determined to be. And even as I said good-by, those stubbornly dislocated vertebrae made Ruby twitch about on a very hard chair!

Boom Towns of Filmland

The motion-picture industry is not old, but it has its deserted villages, its shattered ruins. In the Pompeii of picture-plays wild flowers grow where once mighty crises shook and sundered lives; but the almost forgotten old scenes still cast a spell of romance in recalling the feats and favorites of yesterday.

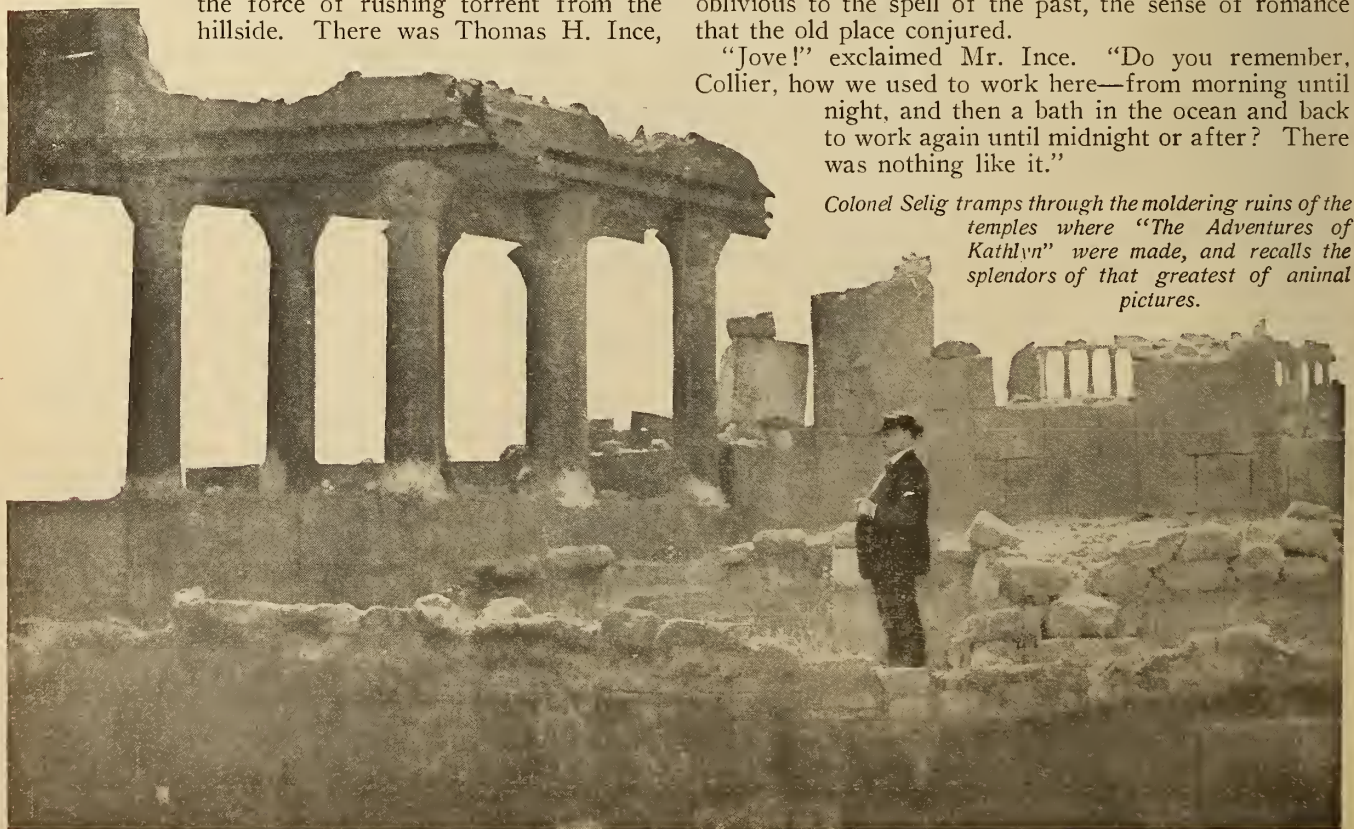
By Edwin Schallert

WE had come to view a ghost city of filmland, its ruins and its shambles, its flotsam and jetsam of castle and cabin, left to disintegrate under the sweep of wind from the sea and the force of rushing torrent from the hillside. There was Thomas H. Ince,

the producer; William Collier, the farceur of the stage; Buster Collier, of the screen juvenilia, all of whom had been in the studio during its heyday, and myself. We stood at the gateway of Inceville, and none of us was oblivious to the spell of the past, the sense of romance that the old place conjured.

"Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Ince. "Do you remember, Collier, how we used to work here—from morning until night, and then a bath in the ocean and back to work again until midnight or after? There was nothing like it."

Colonel Selig tramps through the moldering ruins of the temples where "The Adventures of Kathlyn" were made, and recalls the splendors of that greatest of animal pictures.





The old church set and Scotch street used in Billie Burke's first starring vehicle, "Peggy," are weather-beaten but curiously preserved.

Mr. Collier was all enthusiasm in a moment. "I should say I do!" he replied. "And do you know, Tom, I did something here that I never did in my life before—ate a breakfast one morning at six o'clock and came back at eight and had another."

On our right reposed the Scotch church from "Peggy," Billie Burke's first picture—weather-beaten, but curiously preserved. The sunlight had seared the ivy that formerly adorned the walls, while blood-red geraniums were springing up to take the place of the vines. To our left, along the shore line, stretched a twisting street, with quaint, moldering dwellings. They culminated in a gaunt lighthouse—a part of "Civilization." Directly in front of us was the road leading to the stage and dressing rooms, all stripped of their adornments and conceits—deserted, barren, decaying. Beyond—the portals of some grandee's great hacienda—the uncertain semblance of a temple, vague outlines that suggested palaces and courtyards of desolation.

As they reminisced, we made a tour of the dressing rooms. We were viewing Billie Burke's, and Mr. Ince was vividly relating what a wonderful abode the star had at that time.

"I tell you," he said, shaking his head something like Gareth Hughes does in "Sentimental Tommy." "They all thought it was pretty fine!"

I took a glance in.

Two little rooms! Nowadays stars have a whole house sometimes and think nothing of it.

The other dressing rooms, however, were mere cubby-holes. I could see why every one had felt envious of the exclusive privileges Miss Burke enjoyed.

What memories those rooms recalled. Here and there we found a stray picture, a name scratched on the door, a visiting card pinned on the wall. In one room somebody had sketched a skull and crossbones with the legend over it, "Take my make-up box if you dare." Elsewhere we found initials cut in the wall just as young lovers are accustomed to grave them on trees. They

brought to mind the romances of Inceville, how Reginald Barker met and married Clara Williams there; how Charlie Ray smiled at a pretty girl one day, who smiled back at him and later became his wife; how Bill Desmond and Mary McIvor first discovered that they had many tastes in common.

It was like conducting a search into the romantic legends of some lost Pompeii—of glorious, golden history. And such indeed was the history of Inceville, beside the blue Pacific, and at the foot of the green-clad mountains from 1912 to 1916. Stars and planets, meteors and comets of the screen and stage climbed to a meridian of fame there. Bill Hart made his first pictures—and some of his most famous, like "The Two-gun Man," "Hell's Hinges," and "Between Men." Charles Ray and Frank Keenan were doing their famous series of father-and-son features, when Ray soared to the zenith of dramatic success as the costar of "The Coward." It was here that Sessue Hayakawa started his career, I believe, appearing with Gladys Brockwell in "The Typhoon." It was here that Dorothy Dalton dared the Alaskan wilds in "The Flame of the Yukon," thrilling thousands. It was here that Dustin Farnum impressed his admirers with his vigor and his dramatic power in "The Iron Strain," one of his greatest films, while George Beban, too, caused thousands to weep with him in "The Sign of the Rose."

In the lunch room, at the noon hour, Orrin Johnson, star of the stage, would come stalking in, wearing the sword and buckler of "D'Artagnan;" Bill Hart would clank in with his spurs, garbed in chaps and rough wool shirt and carrying huge revolvers; George Fisher would have on the white mantle for "Civilization;" Dorothy Dalton would be dressed in a dance-hall costume; Frank Keenan would be in Confederate uniform; Billie Burke would jauntily make her entrance in a riding habit, while Desmond wore the frock of a minister. Lew Stone, H. B. Warner, Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glum, Julia Dean, Catherine Calvert, Enid Markey, Bessie

Love, Tsuru Aoki—they were all present at one time or another.

Indians and cowboys flocked about the place. Scores of them were camped on the hillsides. The red men had their powwows and their squabbles; the cowboys their camp fires and their anecdotes of the plains, their tourneys with the lariat and rifle. Several of them were quite smitten with Mildred Harris at the time, I am told. She used to canter to the studio every morning on a pony, and canter back home again in the evening, and she always had an escort of the choicest cowboys on her departure.

Mr. Ince himself lived right at the studio. His former home still stands on the brow of the hill, back about a mile from the sea. He tried to buy the place about a year ago for its recollections.

At the foot of the hill is the great corral where the stagecoaches used in the Bill Hart pictures and the big carryall that took the extras to location are now covered with dust and cobwebs. They look even more prehistoric than they are. Yet they are still great picture props, as Mr. Ince and the Colliers determined by staging a mock holdup.

Beyond is the Aztec palace used first in "The Captive God," starring Hart and Dorothy Dalton, and later by William Collier in "Willie's Wabby Way," which he made at Inceville, and still farther from the ocean the remains of the "Civilization" setting, now nearly vanished except for the monument with the horse that stood in front of the temple.

Inceville is now controlled by Robertson-Cole, but is little used except as a location. It was essentially an outdoor studio. It was abandoned chiefly because of its distance and inaccessibility and because of the fact that interiors have come to play so important a part in modern picture making. It is, however, distinguished among the dead cities of filmdom because so much of it has been left undisturbed except by the elements. The rule of the present is to tear down what you build as soon as possible, leave nothing for the other fellow to profit by. But the rule of the past was to let your cities live until they perished.

The lure of the unexplored held a fascination, too, for all companies then. Everything was exteriors and sunshine. Filmland had not yet clustered around its capital.

Kalem tried a location away up in the hills, far from everything. Melies built a temporary studio at Santa Paula, about fifty miles from Los Angeles; Vitagraph chose Santa Monica for their home, not far from the site of Inceville. So, too, did a second Kalem company, in which Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan then played.

The most venturesome probably was Essanay. They located at Niles, forty miles or so from San Francisco and some four hundred from Hollywood, which was not then known as the cinema metropolis. Thither came Charlie Chaplin to make his famous comedy, "The Tramp." Thither came also Edna Purviance to be his leading woman, she having previously been a stenographer in Oakland.

"Broncho Billy" Anderson was the leader of the expedition to the Land of Promise for Essanay. Twice did he make tours westward in search of sunshine and locations, using a portable stage. On the first trip Ben Turpin was with him as a prop boy, and Clara Williams played leads. Later Victor Potel and Gus Carney, then making "Hank and Lank" comedies, came West with Anderson. Their first stop was in Colorado. They stayed there until the first snow, and then caravanned westward, finally settling at Niles, where they found different and beautiful locations and plenty of sunshine and cheap ground. The studio they built is still a model

of its kind, although deserted except for the casual location seeker.

Niles was a movie town de luxe in its time. Ambitions ran so high among the inhabitants who took part as extras that one lady threatened to leave her husband and go down to Los Angeles to star independently. The independent craze was evidently on then just as it is now.

Victor Potel remained at Niles the longest, I believe, appearing in the "Slippery Slim" comedies with buxom Margaret Joslin opposite. In the stock company at one time were Evelyn Selbie, who recently portrayed the *Mother of Amecra* in "Without Benefit of Clergy," and Marguerite Clayton, well-known leading woman, besides Harry Todd, Bud Anderson, and others popular then and now. In Chaplin's company were Pat MacGuire, Ben Turpin, Billy Armstrong, John Rand, and Bud Jamison.

Mr. Potel told me that they all lived in houses that looked just alike, right back of the studio. "I remember coming home late one night and getting into a lady's bedroom by mistake," he said. "I got out in a hurry, too, but I'd kicked her cat off the porch on entering, and the result was she wouldn't speak to me for a week. Told everybody what a mean man I was. After that I hung a green lantern on my porch so I'd know it."

The American was another company that traveled nomad fashion before settling at Santa Barbara, about one hundred miles from Los Angeles. The studio at the seaside town is shut down at present, but I believe its abandonment is only temporary. In days gone by such stars have appeared there as Richard Bennett, Mary Miles Minter, Margarita Fisher, William Russell, J. Warren Kerrigan, the late Harold Lockwood, Charlotte Walker, Beatriz Michelena, and Gail Kane. Remember, too, those famous serials, "The Diamond from the Sky," with Lottie Pickford and Irving Cummings, and "The Secret of the Submarine," with Earl Humphreys and Juanita Hansen. They were filmed at this studio.

Abandoned studios are, of course, nowhere near as numerous as abandoned locations in California. You will find remnants of many of the great settings of long ago. Even a walk in some unfrequented part of the hills near Los Angeles will bring you unexpectedly upon some castle or trading post, pagoda or temple, or even a town. The sensation produced is strange and eerie, like coming across a deserted settlement in an old mining district, where everything remains intact, yet silent and devoid of life.

I remember coming across a lake setting once, used, I believe, in some serial, just about twilight. It was isolated from habitation. So curious did the sudden vista of water, gondolas, and pavilion appear in the dusk that it seemed for a moment like a mirage.

How many of you remember "The Adventures of Kathlyn," that greatest of all wild-animal serials, in which Kathleen Williams starred a decade ago? Or can you ever forget the picture? The ruins of the City of Lions are still extant, and—

They say the lion and lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep—

My own impression is that the lizards only inhabit the ancient ruins. The lions have all died of old age or else are locked up in their cages, and the tunnels through which they appeared in terrifying manner are crumbling to dust.

The great Babylonian setting of Griffith's "Intolerance," long present in the midst of Hollywood residences, became such an unsightly affair that it was finally torn

Over the Teacups

All sentences lead to comment on motion-picture stars in the case of Fanny, the Fan, to whom tea time is the hour sacred to gossip.

By The Bystander



Fan mail never received a more enthusiastic reception than Colleen Moore gave hers when she was laid up by the heat during the filming of "Slippy McGee" in Natchez, Mississippi.

IF I had a husband," Fanny launched at me without even congratulating me on getting the center table at the Algonquin, from which the parade of motion-picture stars through the lobby and into the restaurant can best be seen, "and he was a motion-picture magnate, I'd make him promise never to star any one but Ben Turpin and 'Bull' Montana, and perhaps Gale Henry and Flora Finch."

I sniffed scornfully, feeling very proud of myself that I didn't have to ask her who made her think of that.

"But Gloria Swanson's different!" I protested. "Her husband can star any one in the whole motion-picture business—yes, Juanita Hansen included—and people will still talk about how stunning his wife is, and not how attractive his star is."

"Who mentioned Gloria, anyway?" Fanny countered. "But, speaking of husbands, did you ever hear of so many weddings? Every time I go through Greenwich I expect to meet some motion-picture star proudly leading his blushing bride out of Justice of the Peace Meade's house.

Ever since Constance Talmadge and Dorothy Gish started it, and Virginia Valli followed their example, the rush of engaged couples to Greenwich has been terrible. Theda Bara and Charles Brabin were married there and then went off on a motor trip without giving any one their address. Owen Moore and Kathryn Perry followed soon after, but they took their friends along, and every one knew that they were going to get married. Owen had taken a house down on Long Island and was getting it all fixed up fit for a bride, and they had both been utterly oblivious to the rest of the Selznick studio for weeks.

"Rex Ingram has announced his engagement to Alice Terry—maybe the men do it in motion-picture circles—and Mary Miles Minter is rumored to be engaged to Orville Erringer, of Seattle. She isn't back from abroad yet, so I couldn't ask her if it was true. And if I did, she would probably just smile and say, 'What a dear romantic you are!' in that grown-up way of hers."

Miriam Cooper was so enraptured with the Spanish laces that she wore in "Serenade" that she insists she is going to adopt them for evening wear from now on.





Photo by Victor Georg

There will never be another home as dear to Richard Barthelmess' heart as the little one in Harrison, New York, where he and Mary Hay, his wife, live.

"What will the newspapers do if Mary gets married?" I asked her. "They won't have anything left to print rumors about, now that the Talmadges are all married. Let them worry about that, though. I bet I know what the Metro Company is giving Rex Ingram for a wedding present."

"One of them, you mean," Fanny insisted. "I know. They're going to let him direct Alice Terry in 'Turn to the Right,' the most expensive scenario they ever bought. And all I remember about the play is that somebody got rich making peach marmalade! I can't see Alice Terry hanging over a kitchen stove. Incidentally, Lucy Cotton played it on the stage, and you can hardly associate her with kitchen stoves, either."

"They can all do it in pictures," I interrupted

in my scrutiny of the woman at the next table to remark. Was it Dorothy Dalton, or wasn't it?

"Don't be sarcastic," Fanny ordered in her most superior manner, and intuition, rather than real thought, told me that she was modeling her manner after the *Queen of Sheba*. "Some of the loveliest of them can do it in real life. And if you don't believe it, go up to see Betty Blythe. She got so tired of living in a hotel that she's taken a little apartment in the West Fifties, and whenever she has time she plays around in the kitchen and entertains her friends at luncheon or dinner. She's wonderful at that, but of course she would be. And speaking of homes—Lillian Gish has rented a house in New Rochelle. Her mother's been ill in the hospital, and Lillian's spent every minute there that she didn't have to be in the studio. As soon as she found out that her mother would be well enough to leave the hospital in a few days, she rushed up to New Rochelle and found this house. Dorothy and her husband will be there most of the time, though they plan to go to Canada for a few weeks to try out a play on the speaking stage. Can't you imagine Dorothy at the last moment before the curtain rises getting so shy that she refuses to go on the stage? She'd probably act on the stage just as she did at the tea parties she gave last winter—perfectly happy so long as she was concealed behind something. The tea service protected her nobly then.

Gladys Hulette is back in pictures, playing opposite Richard Barthelmess.

Photo by Apeda



I suppose she'll stipulate that they provide one in the play."

"Faire Binney's gone on the stage," I volunteered, craning my neck to prolong a glimpse of Irene Castle Treman gliding into the elevator. There was a hubbub throughout the lobby as one of her griffons escaped from her arm and dodged in and out among the chairs, and for the next few minutes the restaurant and the lobby of the hotel were transformed into a sort of three-ring circus while every one tried to recover her dog for her.

"Looks as though her picture ought to be taken from life and called 'The Broadway Dog Catcher,' instead of 'The Broadway Bride,'" Fanny volunteered. "She's just finished it, and now she's going up to Ithaca to stay for a while. She simply won't allow pictures to interfere with her home life very much. She told me that she danced until all hours of the night so long when Castle House was at its height that now she longs just to be a nine-o'clock girl in a nine-o'clock town."

"That's all very well," I retorted. "But Irene Castle would be herself no matter where she was or when. Why, she'd hardly been in Ithaca at all before the Elks asked her to put on a show. She did—designed the costumes, trained the dancers and all, and it was a wonderful success. I do hope, though, that she'll stay in pictures now that she's back."

"And that goes for Alma Rubens and Jackie Saunders," Fanny added. "Alma Rubens is playing in a Cosmopolitan production, 'Find the Woman,' and Jackie Saunders is playing in an Alice Lake picture, 'The Infamous Miss Revell.'"

Dorothy Hall is so deliciously pretty and moves with such grace that directors find her a joy to work with.

Photo by George M. Kessler, B. P.



Photo by Witzel

Alice Lake has never photographed better than she does in "The Infamous Miss Revell," but she is not entirely happy because Viola Dana has cut out parties lately and that spoils any occasion for her friend Alice.

"But speaking of Faire Binney, I saw her on the stage in Stamford, Connecticut, where they tried out her play. She was simply darling, and about half of the motion-picture players in the East motored up there to applaud her. Constance was there, and so was Alice Brady."

"Yes, Alice Brady played in that same theater for two nights when she was making a picture in the neighborhood. Stamford will never forget her. About half of the small boys in the town played extra parts in the picture she made there—'Little Italy'—and they grew so fond of her that now nothing suits them but an Alice Brady picture. And they expect all stars to sing beautifully, just because she could."

"Well, there aren't many that wouldn't disillusion them in a hurry," Fanny remarked caustically. "Hope Hampton would be all right, though. She has a lovely voice. She's appearing in person with her pictures now, and the audiences are so surprised to find that she really can sing that they applaud her wildly. They are used to having stars come out and mumble a few words and run off the stage." Her words dwindled to a whisper as she followed my gaze to the woman at the next table. It did look like Dorothy Dalton.

"I don't believe it is," Fanny offered. "And I wish it was. Her friends are simply distracted. She was supposed to get to New York several weeks ago, but no one has seen her, and her phone's disconnected and no one has heard from her. And after what happened to Claire Windsor, you might expect anything. She disappeared, you know, and search parties were out for three days before they located her. She had been horseback riding, and was thrown down into a cañon, where she lay unconscious until she was found. Charlie Chaplin offered a thousand dollars reward to the person who could find out about her, and he wasn't a bit more worried and anxious about her than the rest of Hollywood. She's such a favorite!"

"Speaking of favorites," I broke in, "I know you've simply haunted the Griffith studio since Lillian Gish has been making 'The Two Orphans,' but what about Colleen Moore?"

"I feel so bad over her being away," Fanny sighed, dabbing at her eyes in true dramatic fashion, "that I can't even think of her without being lonesome. Sometimes I think she's never coming back to New York. I had a letter from her just before she left Natchez, Mississippi—she was making 'Slippy McGee' there, you know, and she said she was almost dead from the heat. All the time she wasn't acting and dancing she was in bed reading letters. Never did fan mail get a more enthusiastic reception. I'd read you her letter, but I know it by heart. She says she knows every one in Natchez, and loves it, takes a keen interest in the arrival of trains and



Photo by Brotherton

In Katherine MacDonald's new picture, "Peachie," she wears twenty complete changes of costume, and in each one she looks as charming as this.

Helene Chadwick has acquired a pet monkey in "From the Ground Up" and The Bystander would like to know if she, like Fanny the Fan, calls hers Rudolph Valentino.



improvements on Main Street, and consumes as many ice-cream sodas as she and Pauline Starke did when they romped around the Fine Arts studio years ago. She and Wheeler Oakman and Wesley Ruggles gave a dance for their Natchez friends—had about two hundred guests—and Colleen declares she loved it much more than any of the gorgeous parties she went to in New York.

"And speaking of letters—I had one from Rubye de Remer yesterday. She's not coming back to New York for a while, either. She says that she is making such strenuous efforts to recover from a nervous breakdown that she's afraid she'll bring on another. She's finished 'Pilgrims of the Night,' and now she declares she's rushing from author to author and from book to book in an effort to find a story for her next picture. Talk about the poor, struggling young authors," Fanny continued, even after I reminded her that there was no reason in the world for talking about poor, struggling young authors when we might be talking to or about Anita Loos, who was sitting not ten feet away, looking even more radiant than usual. "Where do they conceal themselves? Every one I know is looking frantically for stories. I'm simply distracted trying to think up excuses why I've never written a scenario, or even recognized one in the rough when I saw it in a novel or stage play. My only salvation is to look so frivolous that no one can accuse me of being able to do anything."

I claim that it is to my credit that I didn't assure Fanny that she succeeded admirably without trying, but Carol Dempster came in at that moment and we forgot everything else. She had a darling Pomeranian she had brought from abroad, but the startling thing about her was her clothes. Carol, the school-girl beauty, had disappeared, and we had Carol, the vision of Paris, instead. "Just wait till you see what's in my trunk," Carol confided, in her old self in manner if not in appearance. "The skirts are so long! Every one in Paris is

Continued on page 104



RIGHT OFF THE GRILL

Recent happenings in Hollywood, told with a dash of wit, and commented on without fear or favor.



By Herbert Howe

NOT to be outdone by Daniel Frohman, who staged the great festival for the benefit of the Actors' Fund, Pauline Frederick originated a rodeo this month for the benefit of the crippled children's hospital in Los Angeles.

Miss Frederick has a magnificent estate on the road to Beverly Hills. On the day of the rodeo it resembled a field meet of movie kings and queens. Poor, indeed, was the player who didn't park a car at Polly's place. A great field at the side of the house was walled by canvas, and within this inclosure performed the greatest stars in captivity.

Will Rogers was the star of stars. But he took unfair advantage by augmenting his attraction with the entire Rogers family. The three young Rogerses, standing on the deck of a fiery steed, rode behind Will as he galloped around the course. There was also Will's famous goat-roping stunt; only most of the goats leaped over the wall and ran for Tahiti before Will's rope could get in action. Will said they didn't like the company he kept.

On a stand constructed alongside the field were thirty-five pathetic little cripples from the orthopedic hospital. Allan Boone, general manager of the Robertson-Cole studios, acted as their representative and explained to them all the activities of the day.

Pauline Frederick served as ringmaster. She was attired in cowboy outfit, which included a blouse of flaming orange—her favorite color—and shiny black boots. George Beban was the announcer. He also rode in a race with Ruth Roland. George won—but they say his horse ran away with him. George was hailed "the champion of Italy."

"Fatty" Arbuckle arrived, and, to the delight of the kiddies, proceeded to swing a wicked baton as leader of the kiltie band.

"Snowy" Baker of Australia performed some daredevil stunts on his famous horse, Boomerang. Art Acord, "Buck" Jones, and "Hoot" Gibson rode bucking bronchos. But not one was more daring than the brave Ben Turpin, who served in many capacities. Larry Semon also supplied comedy touches.

A program containing the autographs of all the celebrities present was auctioned off by Charlie Murray.

Mabel Normand purchased it for five hundred dollars. Among the names that glittered on its pages were those of Alla Nazimova, her husband Charles Bryant, Rudolph Valentino, Roscoe Arbuckle, Tom Moore, Renee Adoree, Mrs. and Mrs. Hobart Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Buster Keaton, Jackie Coogan, Eddie Polo, Charles Ray, Antonio Moreno, Harold Lloyd, Julian Eltinge, Fay Bainter, Noah Beery, Rubye de Remer, and the players who participated in the events already listed.

Tickets for the event sold for high sums. Marshall Neilan paid a hundred dollars for his. Another gentleman paid two hundred dollars for the privilege of having it autographed by Miss Frederick. The revenue from pop and peanuts would have savored of profiteering were it not for the cause. Every cent went to the orthopedic hospital.

Thirty-five crippled kiddies were given a great day. And they, with many others, will share in the benefits of the ten thousand dollars which Pauline Frederick and her stellar friends raised.

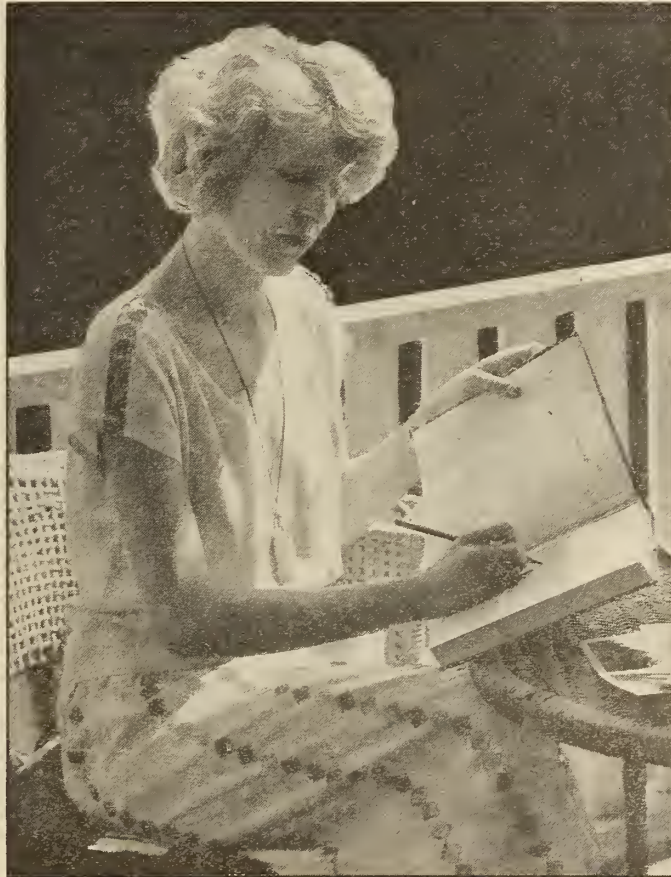


Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Rubye de Remer autographing her favorite book—her check book.

Nights at the Inn.

The Eastern taverns have followed the fashion of the Western resorts in celebrating photo players' nights.

The fashionable Delmonico of Fifth Avenue has inaugurated a series of these soirées. Wallace Reid was host at the first, and Betty Blythe was hostess the following week.

Out on the Pacific the nocturnal cafenehs have been increasing in number. The Ship, which burned down last year, has been rebuilt. And several other electric joy boats dot the shore. Sunset Inn, with its Thursday-night gambols of players, continues the most popular.

Pauline Frederick was hostess at Sunset recently. She looked very slender and graceful in jade-green silk with jade pendants swinging from her ears. It was a dignified evening—for Sunset. The stellar aristocracy was well represented. The dance contest resulted in three favorites—Anita Stewart, Rubye de Remer, and Clara Horton. The cup was awarded to Miss Horton. Larry Semon made himself evident as usual by cutting up antics to his own amusement if to no one else's. Also among those present were Bebe Daniels, Bessie Love, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gordon, John McCormick, Eileen

Percy, Ruth Roland and her omnipresent ex-husband, Dagmar Godowsky, with Frank Mayo, Grant MacKaye, Anita Stewart with husband, Rudy Cameron, Rose Mints, Lottie Pickford, Harold Lloyd with Mildred Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Buck Jones, Shirley Mason and husband Durning.

The next Thursday night found a merry concourse at the Hollywood hotel—now known as the British embassy because of the English "atmosphere" supplied by Elinor Glyn and her countrymen. Madame Glyn danced conscientiously. Gloria Swanson danced continuously with Dana Todd. Others of lesser rank who were seen now and then were Marjorie Daw, Betty Compson, Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel, Mildred Considine, Mr. and Mrs. Rex Taylor, Edward Knoblock, Wanda Hawley, and Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Storm.

Our Star of the Month.

After seeing "Reputation" I was on the verge of declaring Priscilla Dean the finest actress of the screen. Certainly she belongs to the select group that includes Lillian Gish, Betty Compson, Nazimova, and Pola Negri. She has high-voltage magnetism. Her performance in "Reputation" is one of the finest characterizations I have seen in a long time. Here is a genuine star.

The Happy Hunting Ground.

Speaking of a conspicuous cowboy star, Bessie Love said:

"He's had wonderful experiences. He used to hunt with Roosevelt."

"He ought to be hunting with him now," replied Rubye de Remer, powdering her patrician nose.

Bara Coming Back?

Now that Theda Bara has married her former director, Mr. Brabin, there are rumors that she will again vamp for us. I believe the producer who would make a good production with Miss Bara would clean up. She is a singularly interesting woman who is not to be judged by her Fox "past." Given sane pictures, with characters that suited her strange personality, she would attract. No name in screen lexicography is so potent, save that of Mary Pickford.

They Wear Tickets Now.

The salutation of the Thespian fraternity along Hollywood boulevard used to be:

"Where yuh working?"

Now it is:

"When d'yuh work last?"

The Angeles *fcullitons* are full of such items as:

"Tillie Tutabear, favorite of thousands, is taking a well-earned vacation."

No doubt it is well-earned, but ill-afforded. Yet read on:

"Miss Tutabear is considering numerous offers from the biggest film companies in the business, some of which want to star her at the head of her own company, but Miss Tutabear refuses to be annoyed while on her vacation."

How is Miss Tutabear spending her well-earned vacation? You will find a clew, perhaps, in another part of the paper:

"By popular request, Miss Tutabear is disposing of her rare jewels, motor cars, and personal effects at a sale arranged by the popular sheriff this week."

It might be a tragedy were it not that the Tillies are born comédiennes. It is hard to transfer from the cushions to the rods, but not so hard when one transferred from the rods to the cushions only a few years ago.

One of the Tillies said to me the other day:

"Well, all me diamonds are gone and all I got to wear is a string of tickets—and they don't read 'In care of the conductor,' either."

Stars Seek New Vocations.

If you miss your favorite from the screen you may find him pursuing one of the following arts:

Selling real estate.

Selling suit lengths.

Picking fruit in San Fernando Valley.

The Salary Slashers.

Stars and directors have been forced to take heavy cuts in salaries even where they are under contract. One star took a cut that amounts to fifty thousand dollars on the life of her three-year contract. Another star, whose contract at two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars a week expired this month, was offered five hundred dollars a week.

He accepted. Each train that leaves Los Angeles carries its cargo of stars and lunch boxes.

Stars always have been blamed for the high cost of pictures. They are the goats. The H. C. has been due to the inefficiency, extravagances, and chicanery of the company officials for the most part. While cutting the salaries of bum stars it might be wise to cut the salaries of the movie magnates who are to blame for the bum stars. But I have heard nothing of this. I presume I am sacrilegious in suggesting it. The magnates go on their high-powered way, making more stars. Three dumb-bells were raised to stardom this month.

Revolution Needed.

A complete revolution is needed. And it may take place. It should be a radical, red-red revolution. But unlike the Russian revolution it should be a deposition of mental proletarianism in favor of mental aristocracy.

Art or Business?

The question before the movie industry to-day is: Art or Business? The movies as a business, masquerading as an art, have failed. Art is a breaking away from limitations of the medium. The great pictures have been those who dared adventure from the beaten way: "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms," "The Miracle Man," "Passion," and "The Kid."

The movie industry has been simply a cannery. It canned film in neat tins. It attempted to standardize pictures under a trade-mark just as beans are canned. Yet secretly the producers must have known that the



Mabel Normand was Miss Frederick's guest at the rodeo.

movies should be art, for they masqueraded as such in publicity. Had the producers known of a gentleman by the name of George Moore they might have learned that "Art is not mathematics; it is individuality."

The Case of Nazimova.

Alla Nazimova, an individualist, who dared to do Ibsen on the stage—and therefore succeeded—came into pictures. She was a great success. Then she became absorbed by the pictures and adopted their standards. Instead of making what Nazimova believed in, she made pictures which she believed the public wanted. She failed sadly. Instead of being satisfied with Nazimova's style, she adopted that of Mary Pickford, and did "The Brat," "The Heart of a Child," and "Billions." She lost her following, who loved the Nazimova type, and she did not gain a following from those who loved the Pickford type.

Cullen Landis.

Goldwyn probably has managed to put more personalities into eclipse than any other company. In return, it has discovered but one, so far as I know. Cullen Landis is a personality. He is not a great actor, yet as great as many who now star. Mr. Landis' opportunity has come accidentally. Tom Moore saw fit to "resign" at the very moment when Director Frank Lloyd was prepared to shoot "The Man With Two Mothers." Cullen Landis was hastily summoned from "vacation" and given the part.

Stellar Stock Quotations.

Who are the stars and substars having the greatest box-office value to-day? In plain cinema patois, who gets the dough for the exhibitor? Sleuthing among theaters and film exchanges, we get these somewhat reliable reports on the various companies:

Paramount: Wallace Reid is head and shoulders above all other stars on this program. First National would like to have him. High hopes are also maintained for Betty Compson and Gloria Swanson, who have yet to try their stellar wings.

Realart: Bebe Daniels is running ahead of all Realart stars as a box-office attraction, although a Los Angeles newspaper recently revealed her salary to be only three hundred a week. May MacAvoy is a potential best seller, judging by her first Realart picture.

Metro: Viola Dana is the champion of this circuit, with Bert Lytell second.

United Artists: Mary Pickford in the lead, followed by husband Fairbanks.

Vitagraph: Corinne Griffith is the feminine attraction supreme, only limited by the Vitagraph circulation. An-

tonio Moreno, who also would do justice to a larger organization, leads the males.

Universal: Priscilla Dean, a great actress of personality, far outshines all others. Eddy Polo is a serial hero of wide popularity, particularly in foreign countries.

Sennett: Mabel Normand comes back to save the day for Sennett, now that Doctor Crafts has chased the bathing girls out of the screen surf.

First National: Norma and Constance Talmadge are the financial mainstays of this organization, with Charles Ray a few points below. Charlie Chaplin and Pola Negri are cleaning up for franchise holders, but they are not permanent possessions. Richard Barthelmess is destined to become First National's competitor against Paramount's Wallace Reid.

Associated Producers: Florence Vidor, Louise Glaum, and Rubye de Remer are the only featured players at present. The producers intend to feature themselves,

but they'll need stellar personalities before they get through.

William Fox: Tom Mix is the ace, but "Buck" Jones is giving him a run for the money. William Russell is the only other star of consequence.

Neither Qualified.

The society woman's ambition: To become a well-known film star.

The film star's ambition: To become a well-known society woman.

Salary Quotations.

There are still some stars who can afford platinum and gasoline. While it is impossible to view the books, the following figures are close to authoritative:

Mabel Normand is reputed to be the highest-salaried movie star, receiving seventy-eight hundred dollars a week during the course of "Molly-O" at Sennett's.

Anita Stewart is quoted at forty-five hundred dollars per week straight salary.

Pauline Frederick has been receiving forty-five hundred dollars from Robertson-Cole, but it remains to be seen whether she will remain in pictures or return to the stage.

Mary Miles Minter is said to be receiving a fabulous wage, quoted all the way from four thousand to seven thousand dollars.

Gloria Swanson is generally listed at twenty-five hundred dollars.

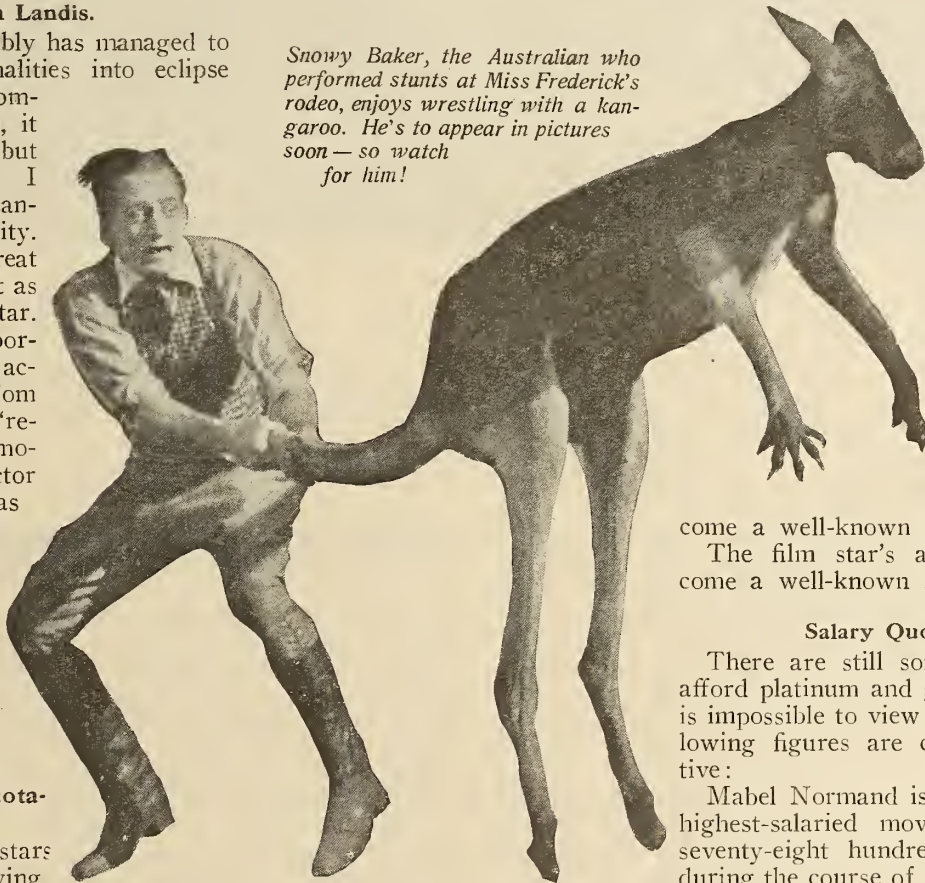
Richard Barthelmess is quoted at twenty-five hundred dollars.

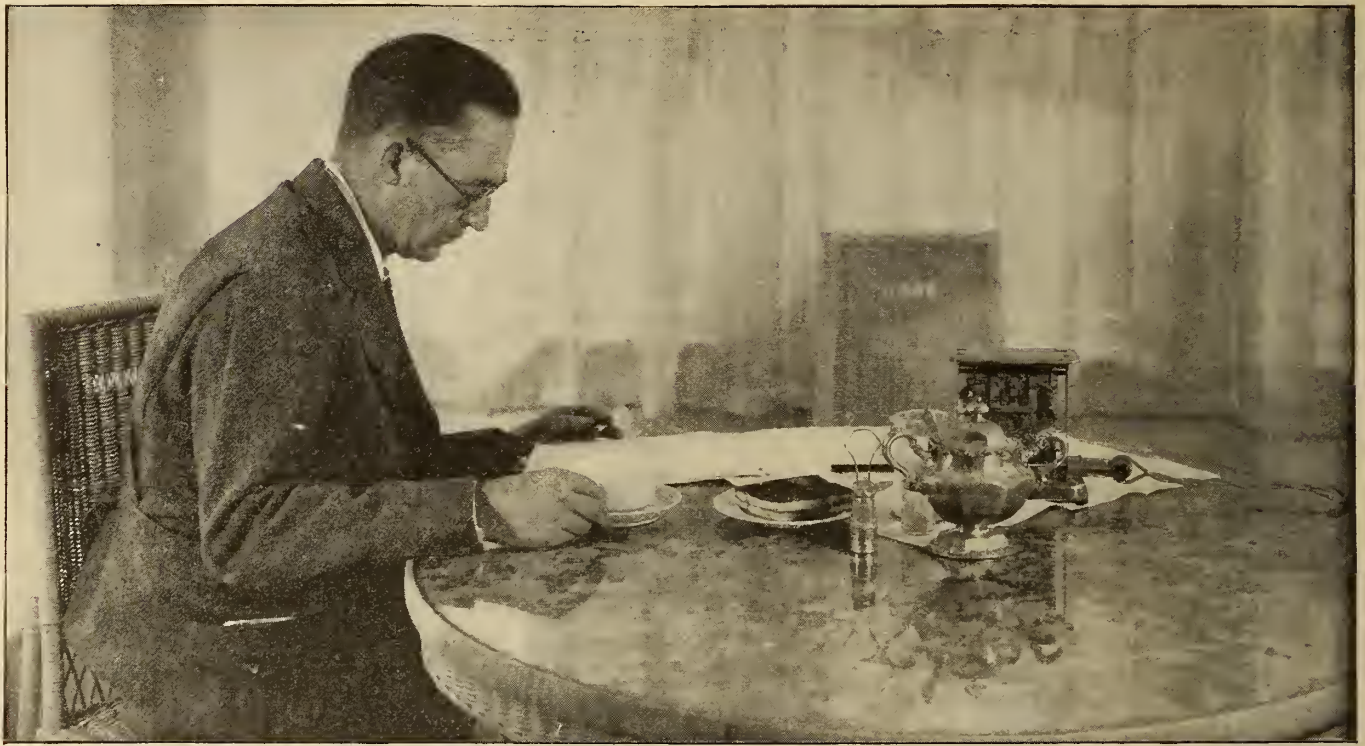
Viola Dana has been receiving around two thousand two hundred and fifty dollars.

Wallace Reid has been considered a Lasky bargain. It is said that he receives only a little over two thousand dollars, although the leading male attraction of the screen, with the exception of Chaplin.

Continued on page 101

Snowy Baker, the Australian who performed stunts at Miss Frederick's rodeo, enjoys wrestling with a kangaroo. He's to appear in pictures soon—so watch for him!





Gouverneur Morris is one of the famous authors who was sought by the Goldwyn company, not only to write direct for the screen, but to stay at the studio and see his productions through.

What About

Just what is his position in the motion-picture world?
the present outlook for the newcomer—the outsider?
ingly in

By Helen Chris

WHEN I arrived at the center of the motion-picture industry, which, despite all attempts to the contrary, is, and is likely to continue to be, Los Angeles, I found that authors were very much in fashion. Authors had preceded me to the Coast, authors accompanied me, and authors came soon after. Almost every author of my personal acquaintance had caught the fever and threatened to come. It seemed to be generally felt among writers that now or never was the time to conquer the field of motion pictures. I can testify that now is the time, but I have my doubts as to the never. I believe that the author in picture plays has come to stay—provided he is adaptable enough to learn a new medium. Beyond doubt this is the day of the author, and becoming more so every passing moment.

Among the older figures in the world of motion pictures the advent of the author is regarded with skepticism. Every one frankly admits the need of some one to make stories for picture plays, but frankly there is where most of those engaged in the industry prefer the author's work to stop. One veteran in motion pictures talked to me quite seriously of the lack of understanding of authors of the limitations and technique of the screen and the utter impossibility of any writer ever learning it. Considering the fact that the motion-picture industry is less than a score of years old, that most of the people now engaged in it have been with it less than four years, and that its limitations are constantly being extended and its technique is even now in the process of making, that seems rather hard on the authors. But this prejudice exists, and nothing but the active work of writers can scare it away.

Despite this prejudice, the industry wants authors. It proves it by parting with real money for authors. I have been hunting, but I have not yet found a case where an author's remuneration approximates that of a star or of a successful producer, but it has been increased so much that the motion-picture industry can outbid any field of the writer's work, excepting possibly

the stage, and here the element of risk is not so great.

Writers who can please great numbers of readers are in demand. The magazines with the largest circulations confer a special motion-picture halo on their writers. A managing director of one of the largest companies on the Coast said to me frankly that he deduced that any one who could please one million people writing stories was a good gamble on pleasing the twelve millions who go daily to motion-picture shows. Two companies have already demonstrated their faith in authors by contracting with a number of writers of reputation for original screen stories. The writers come out to the Coast to do the stories, presumably to see them through. At Goldwyn's they actually do see them through. Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott, Rita Weiman, and Gouverneur Morris are working there at the present writing. Mary Roberts Rinehart has just left, and Alice Duer Miller is on her way. At Famous Players-Lasky, Sir Gilbert Parker, Elinor Glyn, Edward Knoblock, and George Pattullo are working, and there are more to come. Most of the other companies have contented themselves with buying the motion-picture rights to published stories, instead of buying the author, for a time, outright. Any company will proudly repeat a list of at least a dozen names of writers more or less well known, whose stories have been purchased more or less because of the name and reputation of the writer as well as the possibilities of the story. The prices paid for such rights vary from one thousand to one hundred thousand dollars—



Photo by Famous Players-Lasky

the Author?

What are his financial rewards, and, above all, what is These questions are answered completely and convincingly in this article.

tine Bennett

I have only rumor to vouch for the last sum. The motion-picture industry does not seem to have arrived at a point where any one tells the truth about the price paid for a story unless it is for advertising purposes. But in any event, the sum paid for motion-picture rights to a story is far in excess of any sum paid for serial rights, anywhere from five to twenty times as much. Small wonder authors are flocking to Los Angeles!

Now, what is happening as a result of all this? For one thing, a good many ex-stage hands, sceneshifters, made-over-night directors, who both wrote and directed, are out of jobs. As any one who has followed the development of motion pictures has guessed, there was a time when any one could, and did, write for the screen. Pictures were photographic displays of what could be done with a camera, and interesting from that standpoint only. The connecting links between the photographs were so weak that they often broke entirely, and the resultant hodgepodge was in no sense a story of any kind. Then followed the day of the star, of the personality so compelling that it could create a following. Then the day of the post-card idea, when companies openly announced that they would pay for an idea sent in on a post card. They did this, actually, but that day, too, is over. The only thing a motion-picture producer wants now is a developed idea.

This may sound discouraging to any one who is ambitious to write for the motion pictures, but in reality it is most encouraging. The fact that one has to work on an idea cuts out all the post-card writers. It also

The unknown writer has no such avenue open to him; he must consider the weary first reader, who reads manuscripts all day, week in and week out.

has diminished the large body of employees employed by the companies to write stories. A few years ago the majority of stories made into pictures were written by people in the offices of the companies, who were there to write stories. The said stories having been written, they were produced as a matter of course. Those people are fading away rapidly. In every studio which I have visited, with the exception of those tied up, at present, with authors, the heads of the scenario departments have quoted a percentage of from seventy-five to ninety of stories or screen scripts bought from outside. So that, despite the advent of the authors who have made their way in print, there is a chance that never before offered for the newcomer who can develop ideas suitable for the screen. There is money waiting, too. The post-card idea brought a few dollars; the developed screen script will bring hundreds of dollars even to an unknown.

What is a person who is little known or unknown to do with a story written directly for the screen? It is the most difficult thing to get replies from directors and producers which are of any assistance to any one wanting to write. I have been shown successful original stories as long as eighteen thousand words, and yet every one tells me to have them made short, as short as is possible. I almost despaired of getting anything helpful along this line until I talked with Mr. Lucien Hubbard, head of the scenario department at Universal City.

"If I were working on stories for the screen," said Mr. Hubbard, "I would consider the psychology of the first reader. Every studio has readers, but it is the first reader who counts. Now she, or he, has to read manuscripts all day, week in and week out. You've got to calculate that she is pretty tired of reading and has to have things made easy for her. She isn't as likely to hold out on a story of fifteen thousand words, with a pile of manuscript waiting for her, as she is one of five thousand. If the long manuscript isn't very interesting she finds it palling on her and puts it down

as worth less than the next short one. She can't help that, and there isn't any way of getting over it. She is a most important person to outside writers, that first reader, and to my mind she ought to be well nourished and have plenty of exercise and take a fresh, wholesome, contented view of life—we ought to take better care of her than we do."

As I listened I couldn't for the life of me help visualizing a tea for first readers, dinners, dances, et cetera. What an idea for those of us who want our scripts accepted! Only in the event of such popularity the companies would probably cage them. But Mr. Hubbard is quite right. For I was once a first reader, in a magazine office, not a motion-picture one, but the case was just as he put it. I read one hundred and twenty-five short stories a day, and I found out many things. Manuscripts in pale-blue or yellow or red ink hurt my eyes at the end of the day, and I skimmed them, do what I would. Writers who used the typewriter ribbon to the last bit of ink on it paid for their economy. I read impatiently; I could not help it. Long manuscripts had to be extra good or I found myself skipping bits here and there. So as an ex-first reader I agree with Mr. Hubbard and add to his warning, use good ink and black or heavy blue on your typewriter ribbon and do not fold manuscripts at all, but send flat and well protected—the first reader is more likely to send you on.

How long? It seems to be generally agreed among motion-picture people that any story can be told for the screen in five thousands words. It may be told in many less. As one editor put it:

"We have a lot of stories coming in that drive us distracted. Suppose it's a mystery story. The writer takes the heroine into some awful mix-up and then calmly says:

"'And then by a clever trick she escaped.' That kills that story. We can't think up the clever trick any more than the writer could. On the other hand, some writers say that Mary Jane is a handsome, light-hearted schoolgirl, and proceed to take up pages showing that Mary Jane is handsome and how her friends admire her and what she does because she is light-hearted, just to show her light-heartedness. We can show Mary Jane is handsome in one picture, and the story either shows her light-hearted or not. The thing is to get in all the business and all the characterization needed to develop the major points of the story and cut out everything else."

Mr. Frank E. Woods, chief supervising director for a number of the Famous Player-Lasky companies, advises that any one sending in a manuscript send also a hundred-word synopsis of the manuscript to save time. This may save time, but I don't think I agree with Mr. Woods that it is a writer's best chance. That first reader has dislikes and likes. If the topic does not appeal to her she might not read the whole script. I myself have become converted to many a story through the reading of it.

There aren't two directors, producers, or editors connected with motion pictures, as far as I can find out, who will give you exactly the same advice on how to

write a story for the screen. But I did find out one thing from looking at a story of Rupert Hughes'. The first few lines read something like this:

"Adelaide was in the dickens of a pickle; there was no doubt about it. She had promised to go to the dance with two young men."

I am sure the first reader would have read on. In straight writing—that is, writing that is not fiction—most people would begin with a description of Adelaide, her family history, or so on. But Hughes put his first picture of Adelaide in action, in the pickle, and any first reader, or second for that matter, would want to know how she got out of it. I want to know myself.

At the present writing, thanks to the dread of censorship, motion pictures are more limited than usual with regard to subject matter. Studios do not want stories dealing with the underworld, troubles of capital and labor, or anything involving capital and labor, religion, and color problem or distinction. These restrictions, absurd as they are, are holding in a good many studios—in fact, most of them. Some day they will be as anxious for films on these subjects as they are now anxious to avoid them, so save your ideas for that day.

What chance does an unknown or little-known writer have? As good a chance as in the magazine world or in any other business where he is a novice. Every company has readers who read, or try to read, every manuscript which comes in to that company. If an unknown sends in a manuscript which is just as good as, but no better than, one by a known author, naturally the known author gets the preference. But when there is a real worth-while story from outside it has every chance of getting over. There are not many of these, but every producer I have yet seen has assured me that he wouldn't stop reading on that account because some day he may discover a genius. One good story thus discovered was that of the "Hitching Post," in which Frank Mayo starred. "The Hitching Post" came into the Universal office unsolicited and was written by an unknown, H. S. Shumate, of St. Louis.

Every producer says he wants big stories. But the great story in movies, to my mind, has to be a rare one. Most of the movie producers talk as if they wanted—as one said—to be the Bernard Shaws of moviedom. But Bernard Shaw is a cocktail, and the motion-picture theaters are filled with people who come too often to flourish on cocktails. And most folks don't like cocktails very often. The big picture will always be the rare picture because an audience which goes to be entertained as often as a motion-picture audience cannot stand being stirred to its utmost depths more than so often. Between times it wants to be amused, and for one picture that touches humanity at its lowest or highest there will have to be ten that run along easily. This does not mean that such pictures will not be good, or cannot be good, I should say, but it does mean that they will not be great.

Any reader of the popular magazines knows that the great stories come now and then nicely wedged in between light, clean, well-constructed stories that make no attempt to be anything but just what they are. In a

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

An enraged lion pursues the girl and forces her into a corner from which she cannot escape.

You hold your breath in the face of this terrible danger. Each time the lion snarls and starts toward her, you clench your fists in terror. Each moment threatens to be her last.

But to-morrow night you can see her again in another picture, you know she is safe, and yet it terrifies you just to see the lions and tigers and leopards on the screen.

How do they do it? Is it really dangerous or is there some trick of making those pictures?

Helen Christine Bennett went out to the Selig-Rork studios and the Selig Zoo to try to find out about the making of scenes in which wild animals appear. She was amazed at what she found out—and you will be, too.

Don't miss reading her next great article, "How Do They Do It?" in the next number of "Picture-Play."

How Doth the Busy Little Bebe

The famous humorist is almost—but not quite—unnerved by the glowing gorgeousness of Bebe Daniels. But read what he has to say about it.

By H. C. Witwer

TO MY CONSTANT READER.

Dear Madam: Well, I trust you spent a pleasantly summer and was not bothered by the mosquitoes or in fact anything of a botherin' nature. No doubt you are back and settled down to the daily grind of eatin', sleepin', and what-not in your own home and the daily knittin' tourneys on the hotel porch is now a thing of the past, hey? The reason I apparently know so much about what does the speaker sex do at a summer hotel, gently reader, is because I had the rare pleasure this summer of havin' a attack of what I have decided to nickname rheumatism and as the result I was forced to confine my athletic activities to openin' mail and sittin' around on the veranda watchin' the girl purlin' a cruel stitch, the while pretendin' it was nothin' to me that my charmin' young helpmeet acted like it was against the law for her to miss a single dance.

Nevers the less, it's all fun, as Admiral Sims says to Secretary Denby, and I am now carryin' on smartly again, though I am still a little stiff. I mean physically, not literarily. Whilst opinions differ as

to exactly what caused me to get well and I understand the matter is to come up before Congress the week after next, I wish to personally go on record right here with the wide statement that I owe my recovery to one interview with a young lady which wouldst of made Mark Antony throw away Cleopatra's phone number, to the *i. e.*, Bebe Daniels.

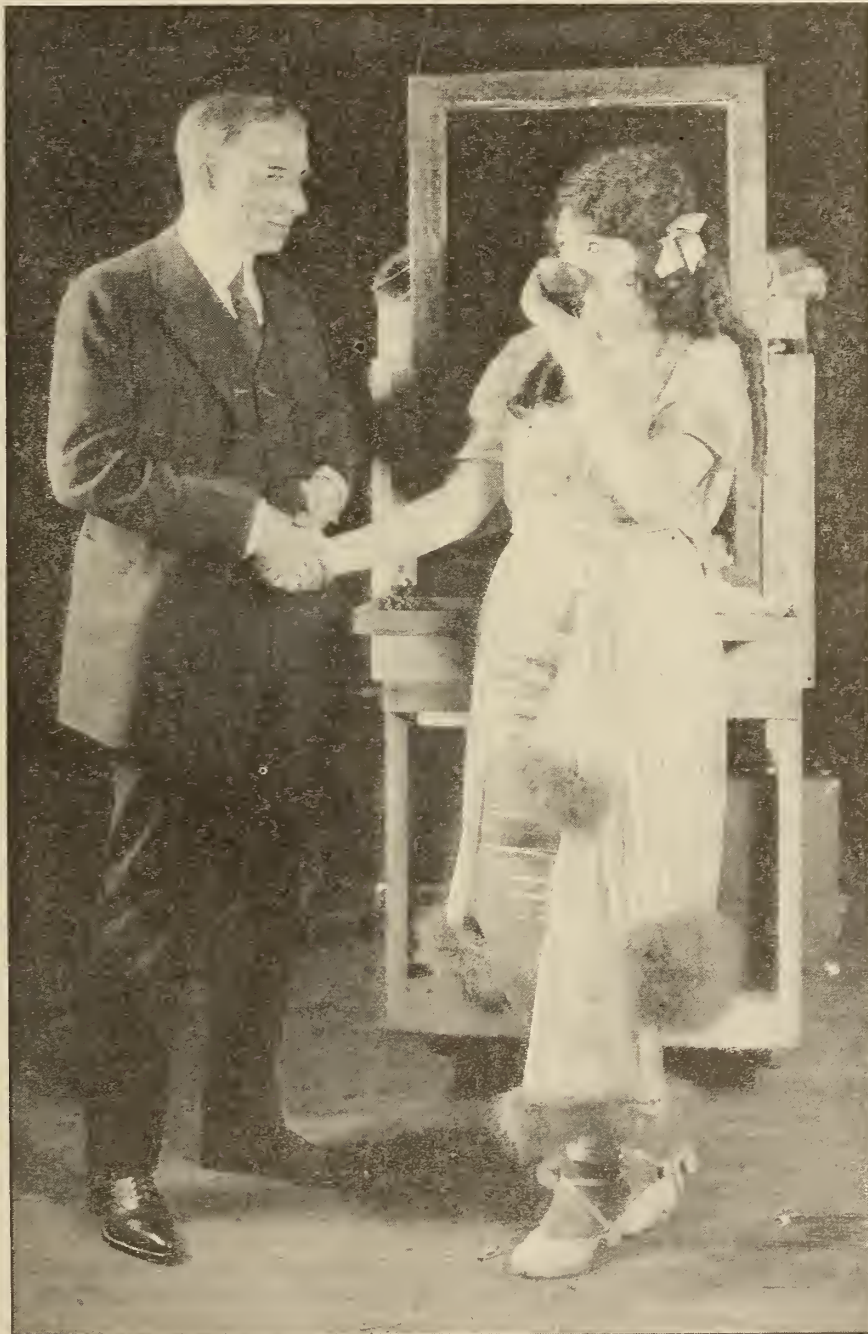
Woof—what a sweet damsel she *is!*

I can now understand why the eminent jurist of dear old Santa Ana gave Bebe ten days in the Bastile because she thought her speedometer was tryin' to kid her when it registered fifty-five miles the hour. If I had of been his worship and had his chance of keepin' Bebe in my town, I wouldst of made it life and then traded jobs with the warden.

Well, my interview with Bebe was run off at the Realart studio, where Miss Daniels toils, and followin' my annoyin' practice, I called on her whilst she was in the midst of makin' a picture. I managed to gum up traffic for the next twenty minutes, thereby addin' Mawreeeee Campbell to the rapidly growin' list of directors which hopes I find the California climate unsuitable to my wishes. How the so ever, regardless of what the directors think—and some of 'em do—I believe that the best way to get a line on any one or anything is to see 'em in action. For the example, if you'd of had a chance to see the burnin' of Rome, why you

wouldst of wanted to see it about the time they was sendin' in the third alarm and not three or four days afterward when they was all chasin' around lookin' for Nero, hey?

But to return to Miss Daniels—and who wouldn't?—I was guided to one of the scenes in the picture which



Bebe gazed up at me till I got so dizzy you couldst of amputated my left arm and I wouldst never of knew nothing about it—and cared a great deal less!

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

Further disclosures about motion-picture people
in one of the most fascinating stories ever told.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

CHAPTER XIII.

IT was a hard fight to interest Mary Sorello in life again; she felt that she had nothing to go on for, and would alternate between fits of despondency and the wildest abandon, when nothing was too foolish for her to do.

Hugh and I had persuaded her to stay with us for a while. He wanted to give her a part in his picture, and arranged to do so, difficult though that would be, since the cast had already been engaged. But a screen test proved at once that the only way that Mary could return to pictures at that time was as a character woman; her beauty had gone all to pieces and she would have fallen flat in a part that called for good looks.

"Oh, I'm about done for!" she remarked to me one morning when we were sitting out in the garden. "I'm absolutely no good—life isn't worth going on with as far as I'm concerned."

"You have your husband; you could work with him, directing pictures."

She gave me a queer little look, her dark eyes narrowed in amusement.

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that he and I mean anything to each other," she answered after a moment. "We aren't like you and Hugh, remember. All he cares about is interviewing pretty girls and judging their value in pictures—and in doing pictures like Mae Murray's 'On With the Dance,' only his are all shot to pieces when they get by the censors. No, I'd hardly bank on a happy future with him. Come on—let's go into town; I want to see some of the girls."

I'd rather have done almost anything else than go into New York that morning; I was making some rompers for Hughie, and his nurse had asked me if she might have the afternoon off, as she wanted to spend it with her sister in Mamaroneck. But Mary's mood rather worried me, so I made the necessary arrangements for getting away, and by eleven o'clock she and I were dashing along in my little car, halfway to town.

I wish you could have seen the apartment that was our destination. It was owned by two of Broadway's most famous chorus girls; that is, they'd started in the chorus a year or so before, and had gone up, until now each had a song or two in one of the midnight roof shows, posed in very beautiful and undressed tableaux in that same show, and spent the rest of their time spending money so fast that no one man could have paid the bills unless he happened to be a millionaire.

For instance, take this apartment. It was in a stun-

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Like caravans in the desert that meet at oases and camp together for a while, drawn closer together by their very isolation and moved to exchange confidences, the players in motion-picture companies who work now here, now there, look deep sometimes into each other's lives. Because she is among them—and yet not one of them—Sally Beresford, the name the author of this story has adopted, comes to know the players better perhaps than any other of their associates. She is confident, adviser, and audience to them all. In this story she tells you of their hopes and struggles, their eccentricities and allurements. Many of the incidents about your favorites you may recognize. Some of the episodes have been commented upon in newspapers and magazines, but never before has the true story all been told by one who knows. The author takes you behind the screen and shows you the high points in the careers of some of the most striking personalities before the public to-day. This installment concerns Mary Sorello, one time a famous beauty, and now still young but largely disillusioned. Though Mary is still dazzled by the brilliance and sensation of the most pernicious influences of Broadway, she begs Sally to help her back to the health and success her sensation-seeking career had robbed her of. Here the story continues.

ning big building at the edge of Central Park, in which you could buy your own apartment, just as if it had been a house. There was an unusually good restaurant in the building; there was also a wonderful swimming pool, in which more than one gay crowd was quite likely to be disporting itself when the wee, small hours rolled around. In fact, for a while the approved end of every riotous party was a swim in the pool and a breakfast of wheat cakes at one of the restaurants near by.

Mary and I arrived at noon, just in time to share breakfast with the girls whom she'd come to see. They were both amazingly pretty, and the strange part of it, to any one who didn't know their type of girl, was that theirs was the fresh, clear-eyed loveliness commonly supposed to belong only to country girls who go to bed at eight and are up with the sun. Of course, the popular type of chorus girl has changed; no longer is the "hard-

boiled"—looking girl so high in favor as she once was. Nowadays it's the slim little thing who uses make-up only on the stage and who is wide-eyed and charming looking, no matter how shrewd she may be underneath, who wins out on Broadway.

One of these girls was very blond—not peroxide blond, but quite obviously naturally so. Her hair was that soft, wheat-colored yellow, and her deep-gray eyes had straight, thick, light lashes that lay down on her cheek when she dropped her eyes. Her name was Cynthia Mayo, and she had come to New York just two years before, when she was sixteen, from Detroit.

The other girl, Vance Eaton, had wonderful dark-brown eyes and this curly, fluffy black hair that winds itself into delightful little ringlets. They lay on her white neck—she wore her hair bobbed—and two or three of them clung to her forehead; the rest tumbled in a great mass over her head, and occasionally she would run her fingers through it, inspiring any one who watched her with a sudden desire to do likewise.

I had heard something of her the summer before, when a charming and very conventional woman, the mother of a rather pretty eighteen-year-old girl, had poured out to me her tale of woe.

"What chance have girls like my daughter?" she had demanded. "They're simply nowhere when one of these chorus girls comes along. Now, down at the beach there were a number of attractive young chaps—college men, business men—all types. But my daughter and the girls like her were crowded out by that Vance Eaton. I don't know how she holds the men, but you can't tear them

away from her. I think she's a public menace. What *does* she do?"

And so I, who had never met Vance Eaton, was tremendously interested in seeing her this morning. And her remarks, after Mary and I had settled down with our hostesses in big wicker chairs, on the balcony overlooking the park, gave me the answer to the question that harassed mother had asked me.

"I'm a rag this morning," she declared, refilling her coffee cup. "Honestly, I worked like a slave last night—it was ghastly!"

"Where'd you go after you left the roof?" inquired Cynthia languidly.

"Oh, that man Chalmers waited for me after the show, and we had supper at an awful place in Greenwich Village—one of these holes that you go down an alley and through a basement to get to, where you give the high sign to get in and your pocketbook to get out. Awful! He's the boob kind that thinks all that sort of thing is exciting—just about as exciting as the Culture Club in Keokuk, if you ask me! Why, the place is under police protection, and I got put off the floor there once for doing the shimmy!"

"Well, after that we started for Shanley's, in Yonkers; it was three then, and the man and woman who joined us in this joint in the Village wanted to have a wild time. So we rushed up to Yonkers and danced for an hour up there. And this guy with me, he kept telling me how he'd kicked the bottom out of his private stock that night just to show how much he loved me, and all the time he kept bringing out bottles, and I'd pour mine into the ice bucket or on the floor or anywhere to get rid of it. If he'd known how I hate liquor!"

"And he talked all the time. Lord, how he talked! I listened adoringly, and then I found that I could listen with a little less attention, and finally I just turned my eyes his way and didn't listen at all.

"But let me tell you one thing!" She leaned forward among the green-and-primrose-colored cushions of her chair and looked at us impressively, and I learned what that woman friend of mine had wanted to know. "Some day I'm going out and find me a man who'll let me talk. And I'm going to begin with the days when I was in the cradle and go right down the line to the present. Oh, I know you can get any man or any number of them if you're willing to listen, but I'm so darned sick of it that I'd rather be an old maid and hear my own voice once in a while than be so blooming popular and have to spend my days and nights listening."

"I heard that that Chalmers fellow was a regular cave man," Mary cut in, and her voice was soft and her eyes were guileless. "I heard that he locked you in a room and refused to let you out till you'd promised to marry him."

Vance Eaton's eyes narrowed just a trifle. I knew that her mind was working like lightning. If she denied it, neither of the other girls would believe her. If she admitted it, her stock would go down with the young millionaire whom Mary had told me she was angling for. Then, after the almost imperceptible hesitation, she answered wistfully:

"Oh, my dear, I wish he had!"

It was perfect, of course. Nobody could have doubted her. And Mary acknowledged it by laughing softly as she broached another subject.

"What I came to see you girls about is work," she began. "I've got to get a job. Oh, I know I look like the wrath of the gods, but I've got to have something to do. Hugh's offered to give me a job in his picture, but I'm a mess on the screen. So—what can you do for me in the way of a chance to get in as a high-class extra? I'll be ready to work again after a while, if Sally's prescription of sleep and eggs and milk does what she says it will. But I've got to have something to do in the meantime. And when I went abroad last year you girls were all cleaning up as 'hand-picked extras'—going over to the studios and dancing a bit and getting pretty good pay for it. What's the chance of my doing it now?"

"You might——" answered Cynthia doubtfully. "But I don't know; the producers are always cutting down on expenses, you know, and they've found that they can do about as well with just regular extras as they can with more expensive ones. You might try it, though, if you want to; I'll give you a bunch of introductions. Who is it, Chloe?" she raised her voice to ask as the doorbell rang, and the colored maid ushered a young man into the living room that opened on our balcony.

"It's Mr. Benito," answered the maid.

And I congratulated myself that I'd come. For I'd heard a good deal of Armand Benito, who'd made one of the biggest sensations of the year on the screen. I'd seen him in the picture in which he made his hit, and was eager to learn whether he lived up to every one's description of him or not. And now here he was, dark and devil-may-care looking as I'd imagined him.

"Hello, girls," he remarked as he ran up the steps to the balcony. "I—oh, how do you do!" He bent to kiss my hand as we were introduced; then, as his lifted eyes met mine, I felt oddly shivery and excited. A moment later I was thoroughly dis-

gusted with myself. Was I going to be an idiot and fall in love with a popular actor, like any schoolgirl?

CHAPTER XIV.

Armand Benito was one of the most charming irresponsibles in New York. I firmly believe. He had never had enough money to get on quite without working, but what work he did had apparently been done when he could get nobody to play with him. He came from Honolulu, and theoretically was established as an artist in New York; in reality he painted casually once in a while, and his work brought him success quite out of proportion to his labors.

Occasionally you'd see an unusually good poster, advertising some new play or motion picture, signed with his initials. Or it might be a magazine cover or a series of tableaux which he'd arranged for some big benefit performance that reminded you of his existence. He frequented the roof shows, knew all the girls, danced better than most professionals, was known everywhere.

It was as the result of a bet that he went into motion pictures. One of the big producers had watched him one evening at a huge costume ball that was given at

SHE WANTED TO KNOW

What made men prefer the striking-looking chorus girl to her attractive young daughter. "I don't know how she holds the men," the mother complained, "but you can't tear them away from her. What does she do?"

Even Sally, the author of these Revelations, was curious to know the secret of this girl's charm. She had known professional vampires and found them shy, retiring natures in real life; she had delved under the crusty exterior of self-important actors and found ingenuous hearts, but she was not prepared for the surprise Vance Eaton gave her.

What Sally found out about the winning ways of a famous chorus beauty is set forth in this installment of the Revelations.



I watched him that morning as he sat at Mary Sorello's feet,

one of the hotels. Benito, dressed as a Spanish gypsy, was rather outdoing himself with a pretty little dancer from the Winter Garden. With a fine eye for effect, neither of them danced with any one else, and when they were on the floor the other dancers promptly be-

came converted into an audience. Slim, lithe, remarkably graceful, they moved so beautifully that the motion-picture producer I've already mentioned was entranced. Half an hour after he'd first caught sight of them he was offering Benito an engagement as leading man to



smoking innumerable cigarettes and exchanging the latest gossip with the girls.

play opposite one of his prettiest stars in what promised to be one of the season's biggest pictures.

Benito refused at first. But one of his friends slapped him on the back and cried, "Oh, you don't dare, Benno; at last we've found something you're afraid of! Bet

you wouldn't make good—bet you're afraid to tackle it!"

And Benito borrowed his partner's lip stick and signed his name with a fine flourish of crimson across the contract which the producer had hastily drawn up on

hotel stationery. Affected, of course—but just the thing to make an effect in that crowd.

He screened unusually well—his dark eyes, clear-cut features, and, above all, his mocking, devil-may-care smile were so effective on the screen that there was little need of his acting. But it was soon discovered that he was equal to playing even the big emotional scenes which the producer had been quite willing to cut if Benito couldn't put them over. Quite obviously, the ability to act was included in his large list of talents, and Benito, as much surprised as any one, took this success rather seriously.

I watched him that morning, as he sat there on the brilliant cushions that were piled at Mary Sorello's feet, and, smoking innumerable cigarettes, exchanged the latest gossip with the girls. And two significant little words that kept creeping into his talk were a revelation to me. For always with Benito it was "my work." And the serious way in which he evidently regarded it, the unconcerned way in which he refused Cynthia's invitation to a jamboree that night because he was going to study the script of his new picture, I found amazingly interesting. It was so clear that unexpected success in a serious rôle had turned this charming butterfly into a worker.

"I wish you'd look the story over with me, Mrs. Sally," he said suddenly, turning to me. "Your husband does regular stuff, and you've helped him so much, every one says—will you talk over this characterization with me this afternoon? I'm going to be a second John Barrymore, you know—it's only a question of time."

"Of course I will—we can do it now," I answered, leading the way back into the studio. My sash caught in the door hinge just then, and Benito turned to loosen it just as I turned around. He did it carefully, delicately, and when it was loose he drew the filmy fabric through his fingers caressingly before he let it go. I smiled a little, surprised, and then as if she had called me I turned to look at Mary Sorello. She was staring at Benito with her heart in her eyes, and I knew suddenly why she had wanted to come in to see the girls that day. It was clear that she was in love with him.

And from the expression on Benito's face as he looked up at me just then, I knew what was behind his desire to have me read that script with him. Happily married woman that I was, I couldn't help being interested. I smiled a little, too, when I thought of how amused Hugh would be when I told him.

But Hugh wasn't amused at all. I called for him at the studio on the way home, and told him about my day's experiences as we drove on to our little house. Mary had decided to stay in town, a decision which I regretted, but which I was powerless to avoid.

"I hate to have you playing around with that crowd of rounders, Sally," Hugh told me. "Oh, I know that the girls are a much-maligned lot and all that," he hurried on as I opened my lips to protest. "But even so, they aren't your kind. I don't believe any of them are downright bad, and I know that most of those girls marry and settle down and make the best kind of wives. As for Mary Sorello—well, you've done a good deal for her, and I admire you for it, but if she really wants to go into town and live with those friends of hers, why not let her?"

"Oh, but she can't, Hugh," I protested. "You know how it would be. She needs peace and quiet, and if she stayed with them and was up till all hours and gambled and danced and all that sort of thing again, she'd about begin to take drugs—she can't stand the excitement—and if I can't get hold of her somehow I'm afraid that she'll go to smash completely. She

told me that she'd come back out here to-morrow, and if she doesn't come I shall go in and get her."

"All right—only don't let your kind-heartedness run away with you," he answered almost sulkily.

I settled back in the seat without saying anything more. Obviously this was no time to tell him that Armand Benito had urged that I play opposite him in his next picture!

CHAPTER XV.

I couldn't sleep that night for thinking of Mary Sorello; she was so alone in the world, so without an anchor, that almost anything could happen to her. I knew that her husband had long since lost interest in her, just as she had ceased to care for him. I knew, too, that Benito had no idea that she was in love with him. And I began to wonder if in some way I couldn't transfer his interest in me to her.

So the next morning I drove Hugh to the studio, and then went on into town. I was a little worried as to what condition I might find Mary in; she was so eager to be happy, to forget the muddled condition her life was in, that I knew she would accept almost any means of deadening her memory even temporarily.

I found her still in bed, looking very wan and frail, but with some of her former beauty. She had Vance Eaton's room, a gorgeous place done in jade green and apricot yellow, exquisitely furnished, and so luxurious that I wondered how its owner ever tore herself away from it.

It was half-past eleven when I arrived, and Mary had just awakened. She pushed back her tangle of dark, thick hair as she held out one hand to me; then, sitting up in the gay little painted bed, she let the maid slip a lacy breakfast jacket over her shoulders. She looked oddly childlike this morning; she was such a little thing, and the clinging silken robe she wore showed how pitifully thin she was. My heart ached as I looked at her.

"Out last night, Mary?" I asked as she bathed her face and hands in the bowl of perfumed water which the maid brought her.

"Yep—and all morning, too," she answered with an apologetic glance at me. Then, almost defiantly, she hurried on: "Oh, Sally, I've got to have a good time—I can't work, don't you see, and I'm sick and tired of the whole game, and—well, why shouldn't I jam around with the girls and see life?"

"See life! Why, you know as well as I do that all you're seeing is a lot of restaurants and cabarets that you've seen hundreds of times before," I protested. "You don't know any more about life now than you did three years ago. Oh, Mary, dear, what's going to happen to you?"

"What happened to Dora Blair maybe," she retorted, shrugging herself down into her pillows and lighting a cigarette. "She had a good time while the going was good, and was such a peach that everybody, even the carpenters and electricians in the studios where she worked, was crazy about her. And wasn't it a good thing that she did, when death was going to slip up and grab her from behind while she was still so young? I tell you, Sally, I think that's the best way; wasn't it better that she came to New York and had a good time, instead of staying at home in Chicago, married to that man who was her husband there, and——"

"Mary, do you know what Dora told me once?" I interrupted. "Well, she showed me a picture that was taken before she left Chicago, a picture of her with her mother and brother and the rest of the family, when she was just a carefree, happy girl; I don't suppose

The Screen in Review

A critical discussion of recent and forthcoming releases by a reviewer who has the rare privilege of writing what she honestly believes.

By Agnes Smith

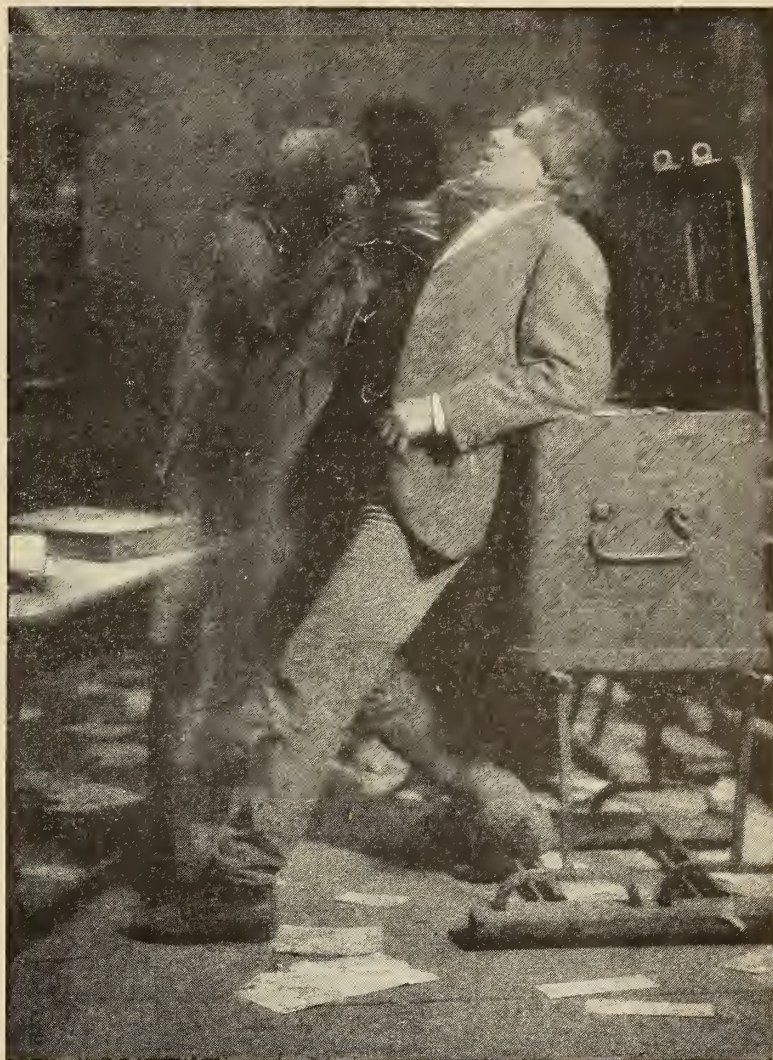
WHenever you think you are a little tired of motion pictures, try this experiment. Go to your theater with a firm resolve to ignore the plot. Disregard the subtitles. Forget the hero and heroine. If you are wise to the ways of the merry movies, you know that they will come up smiling and happily married in the last reel. Don't follow the action or study the characters. Simply look at the shadow show on the screen as a succession of pictures. If these pictures, by their lighting, their composition, and their settings, please your eye, then you will learn that you really are not tired of motion pictures at all. What bores you is the eternal struggle of the scenario writer to put drama on the screen.

The reviewer saw the new Italian picture, "Theodora," when it was nothing but moving pictures. Properly sponsored by Goldwyn, "Theodora" had landed on Ellis Island just like any other immigrant. She had not a subtitle to her name and no plot to guide her. Nevertheless, "Theodora" is a gorgeous personage. It is said that over a million lire was spent on her and that her Italian producers went broke after the picture was completed. Each and every *live* shows in the picture, and even at the present rate of foreign exchange the film looks expensive. You can't just run out and build a reproduction of the ancient city of Byzantium without expecting to spend a little money.

The plot was adapted from a melodrama by Victorien Sardou. By doing a little detective work around the public library I might have found out what the story is about. But far be it from this reviewer to run around in the heat looking for the plot of a Sardou play. I have a haunting fear that Sardou's plot is going to spoil the barbaric beauty of the immigrant "Theodora" that I saw. I am afraid that it isn't going to be half so exciting watching the finished production as it was seeing ten reels of uncut, unedited film projected at random.

You have to get used to "Theodora;" it seems too garish and bizarre at first to modern eyes. To watch it is like going from a dim room into tropical sunlight. The fashions in Byzantium are disconcerting. The empress wears an old-fashioned pompadour, the kind that was built over a stuffing of false hair, and this strange headdress is surmounted by a crown. The soldiers wear helmets that might have been the original models of the derby hat. The entire cast—and there are thousands of players in the pictures—looks as though it had been given free rein in a huge costume establishment and told to go out and do its worst.

The settings are unbelievable. Though you are used to seeing entire cities built for the movies, you



"The Conquering Power" is rated by our reviewer as the best American film of the month.

never have seen anything like ye ancient city of Byzantium. For those who are interested in architecture, design, and decoration, "Theodora" will be an unusual treat. Even with one million lire to spend, the reviewer marvels that the producers found the artists to create these settings. At first when I saw one huge setting, I thought that it represented the entire city of Byzantium. But then I figured out that it was supposed to be merely the town house of the emperor and empress of the Eastern empire. If the grandeur of the ancient world has been popularly handed to Rome, it is only because that city had a good press agent in one C. Julius Cæsar.

The moving pictures of "Theodora" are peppered with Sardou action. Murder and sudden death lurk in every scene. Most of the players in the melodrama go through the picture in a fever heat of excitement. When a murder isn't being enacted before your eyes some one is running on the scene just bursting with the glad tidings of bad news. Sometimes the murders do not come singly. In one scene the queen lets loose her favorite lions while she is entertaining a crowd of guests in the amphitheater. The lions leap into the arena, and the guests frantically climb the gilded walls. Ignorant of the story, I felt sorry for the well-intentioned lions when I saw their corpses being dragged from the field. I fancy one item of the expense account of "Theodora" reads: "For dead lions, five thousand *lire*."

When "Theodora" goes before the public it will have



"Dangerous Curve Ahead" tells of the struggles and temptations of a young married couple.

been edited and titled by Katharine Hilliker, who performed the unusual feat of translating "Passion," the first German film, for American audiences. When last heard from, Miss Hilliker was so deep in Byzantine lore that she had only time enough to confirm our suspicion that Byzantium was Constantinople before the Golden Horn became infested with Turks.

To compare "Theodora" with the German films would be unfair to both sides. The Italians have a certain gift for producing spectacles and a certain audacity in attempting to bring the beauties of the most gorgeous and luxurious epochs in history before the camera. But they have neither the restraint nor the intellectual power of the Germans. The emotional quality of "Theodora" is florid and tawdry. For the most part, the actors never rise above the standards of the Italian operatic stage. The German players carefully conceal their nationality; the Italian players are anxious to be Italians first and natives of Byzantium afterward. However, no more comparisons. The rôle of *Theodora* is played by Rita Jolivet, well known on the stage and to motion-picture audiences in this country. Miss Jolivet is the only player of distinction in the cast.*

"Cabiria."

Soon after seeing the arrival of a new Italian masterpiece, I saw "Cabiria" again. "Cabiria," you will remember was one of the first, and perhaps the greatest, of Italian pictures. I have a peculiar affection for it

*Scenes from "Theodora" will be found on pages 78 and 79, in the second rotogravure section of this issue.

yet, just as I have for "The Birth of a Nation." Both pictures make me a little uncomfortable because they make me realize how little progress the screen has made in the last six years. But I like "Cabiria" because it represents an honest effort on the part of Gabriele d'Annunzio to bring poetic narrative to the screen. D'Annunzio produced "Cabiria" long before it was fashionable for authors to stoop for movie gold. The pictorial possibilities of the screen probably captivated his imagination, and he saw it as a modern Scheherazade with a thousand and one tales to tell. Since "Cabiria," other authors have thought of the screen as a modern Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth.

"Twice-born Woman."

While we have heard a lot about the German menace and about the Teuton competition that threatens American films, we have not heard so much about the competition that threatens the Germans from other European producers. And yet the cameras of the French and Italian directors are grinding. "Twice-born Woman," produced by Malcolm Strauss, was filmed in southern France and in northern Africa. New York audiences saw it when it was presented at the Hippodrome for a summer engagement.

The story of "Twice-born Woman" is the story of Mary Magdalene. In order to account for scriptural inaccuracies, it is offered as a historical spectacle instead of a biblical picture. The producer has nearly fallen over backward in order to avoid a religious tone in his picture. As a spectacle, it fascinates the eye, but it hasn't the extraordinary vitality of "Theodora." However, the backgrounds serve one useful purpose—they distract your attention from the players. Deyha Loti, who plays the rôle of the Magdalene, belongs to the early school of movie actresses, who believed that a heavy black make-up around the eyes was absolutely essential to the portrayal of an emotional part. Miss Loti goes through the picture looking as though she had just emerged from a long and smoky tunnel.

"The Conquering Power."

I am inclined to list "The Conquering Power" as a French production, although I know very well it was made in Hollywood at the Metro studios. But after "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," I shall always think of Rex Ingram as a French director, despite his Irish lineage. Like Griffith, Ingram has established his own little staff—with Rudolph Valentino and Alice Terry and June Mathis—an ideal foursome.

After winning the gratitude of the public for transferring "The Four Horsemen" to the screen without making a change in the story, Ingram and Miss Mathis, with beautiful inconsistency, have gone out and done considerable damage to Balzac's novel, "Eugenie Grandet." Not only have they disregarded the letter of the story, but they have ignored the intent. And besides that, Ingram has made some obvious slips in accuracy of setting. But in spite of this, "The Conquering Power" is the best American picture I have seen this month. Ingram, like Griffith, is a hypnotist. I wish all directors were hypnotists. I wish all of them could take simple stories and make you believe in them. I wish all of them would sacrifice plot to beauty. I wish all of them would ignore the demands for action and give us charming and sympathetic character studies.

The story of *Eugenie Grandet* is a simple romance.

Of course Balzac made it more than that, but Ingram has chosen to present it as a love story. *Eugenie* is the daughter of a provincial miser. Into her quiet home comes her cousin *Charles*, a Parisian and son of a bankrupt uncle. *Eugenie* loves this swell city feller with a devotion that braves all storms. Balzac cruelly and truthfully makes *Charles* unfaithful to *Eugenie*, but in the picture he returns. And I, for one, was weak enough to be glad to see him come back.

For the sake of critical accuracy, I am obliged to award only second honors to Rudolph Valentino. First honors go to Alice Terry, who plays *Eugenie Grandet*. Her portrayal of *Eugenie* is beautiful, touching, and unassuming. She proves that ingénues need not be vivacious, overgrown children. She acts with dignity and restraint. As *Charles Grandet*, Mr. Valentino assures us that his success in "The Four Horsemen" was not sheer luck. The boy can act. Where, in all of Hollywood, did Miss Terry and Mr. Valentino acquire such exquisite manners? Ralph Lewis is seen as *Père Grandet*, the miser, and gives a sharp drawing of the character. During the hottest weather of the summer, "The Conquering Power" attracted big audiences in New York. Perhaps the sentimentalists are right. It is love that makes the reels go 'round.

"Dangerous Curve Ahead."

That outrageous, though eminent, author, Rupert Hughes, is with us again. His newest picture is "Dangerous Curve Ahead." Come, come, Mr. Hughes, have you no respect for the eighth art? When Mr. Hughes wrote "Scratch My Back," he made us laugh loud and long. And now he's at it again. "Dangerous Curve Ahead" purports to tell of the struggles and temptations of a young married couple. In its best moments it is the married life of the comic sections; in its worst moments it is the married life of the De Mille pictures.

The picture is funny, but annoying. Its comedy is wonderful, its drama is atrocious. When Mr. Hughes takes himself seriously and tries to devise sentimental situations, I believe that he is, consciously or unconsciously, burlesquing all the movies he ever has seen. But when he is flippant and impudent, he really is sincere. The streaks of comedy—and there are many of them—in "Dangerous Curve Ahead" are pure gold.

Mr. Hughes is a cartoonist. His characters are pretty conventional. The heroine of this comedy, played by Helene Chadwick, is a composite picture of all the comic-section Mrs. Newlyweds in the country. The Villain who pursues her is a young society man who acts as though he had stepped out of the Stone Age and bought himself a box of cigarettes. I suppose Mr. Hughes was making fun of our beloved movie villains. Have a care, Rupert; it isn't safe to make a joke unless you carefully explain it. Lots of young girls are going to take your villain seriously, and so do you think you have been quite fair to the society man? Maurice B. Flinn—better known as Lefty—plays the villain much as he would play any character from "The Young Visitors." The part makes no heavy demands on him. All he has to do is to smoke cigarettes and make love to the heroine.

But by all means see "Dangerous Curve Ahead." If it doesn't make you laugh, write Rupert Hughes and apologize for your lack of a sense of humor. Goodness knows, Mr. Hughes has done all he could to be funny.



"Nobody" is notable as the vehicle which brings Jewel Carmen back to the screen.

"The Conquest of Canaan."

"The Conquest of Canaan" brings us to Thomas Meighan. Isn't it tough to be an Irishman? Most Irish comedies—or so-called Irish comedies—are rather poor for the simple reason that no good Irishman has the nerve to act in a playwright's conception of an Irishman. The real Irish humor is deeper—and not so popular—as the Chauncey Olcott brand of humor. When Mr. Meighan attempts to play a straight American rôle he gives himself away. Any good American business man would be ashamed to be so charming as Thomas Meighan.

Paramount bought "The Conquest of Canaan" for Mr. Meighan and attempted to combine Booth Tarkington's humor with Mr. Meighan's humor. But the two won't mix. Can you see Thomas Meighan as the ne'er-do-well of a little Hoosier town? Can you picture him as an unpopular loafer? I can't. If I can imagine Mr. Meighan in Indiana at all, I instantly picture him as the popular leader of the Knights of Columbus. Mr. Meighan is no more Mr. Tarkington's *Joe* than I am Margot Asquith.

The picture strays rather far from Indiana, anyway. Those who know the Middle West will realize that the backgrounds are too consciously fine and that there is too little of the hard, gritty quality about the telling of the story. Doris Kenyon, as the heroine, is closer to the Tarkington type. Why doesn't some one star Miss Kenyon in "The Flirt?" Although Tarkington is belied on the screen, "The Conquest of Canaan" is well worth a visit to the theater. Most of us can spend an hour or so watching Mr. Meighan's eyes and admiring Miss Kenyon's dimples.

"Little Italy."

If Thomas cannot forget that his last name is Meighan,



Pauline Starke deserves a large share of the credit for the success of "Salvation Nell."

Alice Brady can easily persuade herself that her last name is not Brady. Her newest name is *Alice Bernucchi* and her newest picture is "Little Italy." It is a clever and swift-moving melodrama by Fanny and Frederic Hatton. Peter Milne, my predecessor on PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, wrote the scenario. Very good, Peter; I liked your fillum. And I liked Alice Brady's acting. She is what is known as a "smart girl."

"Nobody."

Here comes a batch from First National. A picture with the fascinating title of "Nobody" ought to attract popular attention. The story of the young wife of a middle-class business man who goes to Palm Beach and falls into the snares of society, it is trashy in its general trend. But it is skillfully told. It is one of those murder-mystery stories that keeps you guessing. The plot has been filmed backward. Personally, I think that a great many pictures would be much more interesting if they were run off backward. Jewel Carmen does some excellent acting as the poor heroine who learns that it is dangerous to go on yachts and drink cocktails. A promising young actress, Miss Carmen has been kept from the screen by a series of lawsuits. And so, now that she has returned, give her a hand.

"Salvation Nell."

"Salvation Nell" is an adaptation of Edward Sheldon's popular play. Although the Salvation Army is still with us, the story of *Nell* seems a little out of date. It has gone the way of beer and the Bowery. The picture is made notable by the acting of Pauline Starke, who plays the rôle created by Mrs. Fiske. Young and serious, Miss Starke acts as though she believed in her work, believed in herself, and believed in the movies.

"The Sign on the Door."

"The Sign on the Door" is another victory for Norma Talmadge. As the heroine of Channing Pollock's melodrama, she acts with such vitality and zest that she makes you forget the heroine was a fool to go to dinner in a private dining room with Lew Cody, the handsome villain. How many times do you girls have to be warned about the fatal ways of Mr. Cody? After her first slip, the heroine marries and prepares to live happily ever after. But Mr. Cody comes bouncing up again and taunts the poor girl so that she kills him. And then—oh, then—the fun begins.

"The Sign on the Door" is unusually good melodrama. It is so good that you can almost believe in it. Mr. Pollock has a gift for devising the sort of situations that make you glad you spent your two dollars, plus the war tax. Herbert Brenon transplanted the play to the screen with such care that there isn't a thrill missing.

"The Golden Snare."

Evidently James Oliver Curwood believes that a lot of dogs and several miles of snow constitute a plot. After seeing "The Golden Snare," I never want to go to the great Northwest. I would rather live in New York than in God's country. Frankly, the picture is tiresome. Lewis Stone and Ruth Renick play the leading rôles. An adorable baby named Esther Scott runs away with most of the close-ups. Oh, yes, there is a fire scene at the climax of the picture. I hope it melted some of the snow.

In General.

I suppose that you have heard that Will Rogers is going to make two-reel comedies, thereby leaving the drama flat. I am sorry that Mr. Rogers considers himself a comedian and not an actor. "An Unwilling Hero" is his new Goldwyn production. In it Mr. Rogers has another "Jubilo." The story was written by O. Henry, but it has been considerably changed to suit Mr. Rogers. To O. Henry fans this is an outrage, but to Rogers fans the outrage is not so great.

"Devotion," from Associated Producers, is filled with sawdust and rags. The plot is clumsy and falls over its own feet. Hazel Dawn, Violet Palmer, and E. K. Lincoln struggle conscientiously through a mass of banalities. "Who Am I?" a Selznick production, is rather better, although it smacks of factory melodrama. The acting is in the hands of such experienced players as Claire Anderson, Niles Welch, Gertrude Astor, and George Periolat.

"Behind Masks," starring Dorothy Dalton, is a good way of wasting an evening. If you don't want to waste an evening you can go to see Tom Mix in "The Big Town Round-up." Eugene O'Brien has a pleasant comedy drama in "Is Life Worth Living?" while Elaine Hammerstein does the best she can in a flat and unconvincing story called "The Girl from Nowhere."

Have you seen any of Shirley Mason's more recent pictures? Miss Mason is now one of William Fox's most valuable stars. And why? Because she is the direct antithesis of Theda Bara. Life is strange and movies are stranger. For instance, Owen Moore stars in "A Divorce of Convenience," and then walks out and marries Katherine Perry. But to get back to Miss Mason. You will find "Lovetime" and "The Lamp-lighter" two delightful pictures.

Continued on page 104

WHAT THE FANS THINK



Of Course the Stars Are Human.

I HAVE just read "A Fan's Confession," by C. M. Brentner, in your July issue. It amused me very much, but no less so than what a friend said to me some time ago.

We had been discussing the different players when I happened to mention that Priscilla Dean had recovered from an attack of pneumonia. My friend looked at me in amazement, and then exclaimed, "Why, I always thought movie actors and actresses *couldn't* get sick!"

I think that remark, strange as it may seem, is typical of thousands of persons who cannot understand that, after all, an actor is only human. Don't they love, eat, sleep, and drink, even as you and I? Of course they do!

It's curious, too, that so many of my acquaintances speak of actresses as "no good." Some one once said to me: "Don't think for one moment that—here she mentioned the name of a famous actress—is any good! She *can't* be! No actress is!" And I have met several persons who are convinced that the movie vamps are just the same in private as in professional life!

When Constance Talmadge married John Piagloglou last December a friend said to me: "I bet she married him just for his money. She can't *love* him! I wouldn't be surprised if they were divorced before the year is up!"

Why should Miss Talmadge or any other actress be incapable of love? As for the money part, if Miss Talmadge needed money she could earn it by her wonderful work before the camera! ELSIE JANSSEN.

Passaic, New Jersey.

Long Live the Stars!

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I, for one, believe in stars. I have my favorites and I *will* persist in seeing them. I care nothing for a mere play, I care nothing for a mere director; I am a regular fan, and I care only to see my favorites, regardless of the play. Why, I'd go to see J. W. Kerrigan—and enjoy it, too—even if he were cast as *Topsy* in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Of course, the better the story the better the picture, but still I think the producers are wrong in thinking "the play's the thing." That may be so with some people who go to the movies only infrequently, but the real fans go only to see their stars, and all of us fans have dozens of favorites, enough to keep us busy following all their pictures. We have no time, to waste in seeing pictures about which we know nothing except the title and director.

"PANSY."

Buffalo, New York.

Are the Stars Affected?

Though perhaps not what you would call a fan, I am very much interested in motion pictures. But if there is anything I dislike, it is to see a person who is crazy about, or a great admirer of a motion-picture star. I believe every one should be interested in America's greatest art to a reasonable extent, but not after the manner of the above-named type of person.

I certainly believe in giving full credit to many of our actors or actresses, such as Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, William Farnum, Elaine Hammerstein, and Lionel Barrymore, and many others, for their fine productions on the silver-sheet.

Yet I only know these stars in their productions; what they are like personally I do not know, though I have some surmises of stars as a whole. A star's life is acting—acting all the time, morning, noon, and night. I should think this could not fail to have the effect of making them a little affected in their manner. Also, with so much wealth, I should think they could hardly avoid being somewhat spoiled.

Lastly, these actors and actresses are supposed to have beauty and personality supreme. They are inter-

viewed time after time, and naturally the interviewers usually write about them in the most flattering of terms. They receive bushels of letters by fans like the ones I spoke about in the beginning of this letter, who rave about them.

Are there many persons who can stand all this, added to the flattery they receive from persons whom they meet personally, and yet live an unaffected life? Who can stand all this and keep a sane, normal point of view? If there are some, and I presume there are, I believe they must be in the minority. The acid test of being popular and not losing one's head is a very severe one. Few are able to endure it, and to pass with flying colors.

That, at least, is my opinion. It may be that I am very wrong. It may also be that I have hit the nail directly on the head. If I am right, well and good. If I am wrong, here I stand to be corrected. E. Y., Jr.

1273 Pacific Street, Brooklyn, New York.

The Favorites of France.

I have just subscribed to your magazine, and the first thing I saw in your What the Fans Think was the letter of A. M. Delaure, from Paris. So I am not the only French fan who reads the PICTURE-PLAY! You have, in fact, a great number of readers in our country.

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Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Ethel Grey Terry had to be crude at times in "Heartbalm" and refined at others; a sophisticated society woman at moments and an innocent ingénue at others. In real life she is a sort of maturer counterpart for Norma Talmadge.

I HAD never been wicked before. I didn't want to be wicked at all. But they said that I'd have to be to play the part in the picture. So, reluctantly, I consented. And now I shall probably always be referred to as a vamp. But—I think that it is *terribly wrong*—"

"So do I!" I exclaimed, struck by the dramatic tone in Ethel Grey Terry's voice. "A woman's past should never interfere with her future. That is—I mean, film past," I murmured, somewhat abashed. My equilibrium was momentarily out of focus because of the convincing way in which the actress before me had objected to becoming a chronic screen siren.

Miss Terry and I were discussing her portrayal in "Heartbalm" of the wily adventuress of the badger game. Her dark eyes reflected a disdain for the word vamp. Her expressive shoulders had given a shudder of displeasure. Her whole attitude had conveyed dramatic "atmosphere."

When I recovered my equilibrium I couldn't help feeling that, on general principles, she might have real cause for grievance if she were doomed to vamp rôles. She was so decidedly unlike the conventional Medusa. While her dark hair, her histrionic *savoir-faire*, the meaning she gave to words with gestures, suggested perhaps a certain Latin background, that was the only link that might bind her anywhere near the rock of the Lorelei.

I remarked that it had undoubtedly been distasteful for her to play the part of a woman who extorted sentiment and service successively from a butler, a stenographer (male), a press agent, a messenger boy, a jurist,

A Career of Crime

Mack Sennett started Ethel Grey Terry in it, and now she is afraid that wickedness will always be expected of her.

By Martin J. Bent

a Wall Street broker, and a svelte young juvenile without any trimmings.

"No, it wasn't distasteful," she smiled. "I thought it was going to be, because it was the first terribly wicked rôle I had ever played. I didn't like the idea at all. When I talked it over with Mr. Sennett, though, I found that the woman he wanted to show was not to be the ordinary sleek vamp, but the sort that would appeal to men through her goodness as well as her badness. Mr. Sennett wished her to have character—and to be versatile; crude at times and refined at others; a sophisticated society lady when she was attracting rich, elderly men, an innocent ingénue, if possible, when she was preying on the young. Naturally the range of the part interested me, and I began quickly to like its possibilities."

If you have seen "Heartbalm" you will no doubt have noted that the picture gave Miss Terry great scope.

She herself declared that she didn't believe she would have been able to characterize the Circelike lady properly if it hadn't been for her training in stock. She had done such a variety of things, from "Madame X" to "Twin Beds," on the stage that she was ready for anything in the dramatic line. The Sennett feature afforded the first really good opportunity for her to utilize her varied footlight experience, because previously she had played mostly society parts and straight leads in pictures.

"I hope my work in 'Heartbalm' shows the results of my acquaintance with the theater," she continued. "One can never be quite sure about the screen. So much is required of you. I myself have never been quite satisfied, and the first time I saw myself I was positively shocked.

"Little things are so likely to work against your acting—I mean the way you photograph. Mere externals are so important, for that is what the public notices first.

"Few persons are able to analyze acting well enough to go into details of a performance and say whether it is dramatically good or bad. But they know whether they like your work or not, and above all they know exactly how they feel about you—the way you wear your clothes and dress your hair and smile and weep, and all the rest of it. So no matter how good an actress' interpretation may be, if her hair gets mussed the wrong way"—and she disturbed a tress of her own heavy, dark coiffure to illustrate—"the people will say, 'How awful she looks on the screen!'"

Miss Terry's keenness for externals may be traced

to the training of that master of stage detail, David Belasco, when she was playing in "The Lily."

"In New York I was just a member of the supporting company," she reminisced. "But that gave me the best chance in the world to see Mr. Belasco work. I used to sit and watch him intently as he directed Miss O'Neil and Miss Dean in the play. He always insisted that an actress should not overdo her part in such a way as to lose her charm. He knew that the public was frequently affected by what they saw more than what they heard.

"It convinced me that you cannot give too much of yourself in a play, or the illusion of beauty will vanish. The audience is much more susceptible to emotion if they know that it is reserved and conscious—artistic.

"Norma Talmadge is my ideal in this respect. She has her emotion so well in hand. That is one of the big reasons for her success."

I couldn't help thinking as she made this remark that she was herself a sort of maturer counterpart for the star whom she admired. She and Miss Talmadge, I believe, have always been great friends, because they have felt a certain kinship of talent.

Miss Terry's whole life has been bound up with the theatrical profession. Her mother was Lillian Lawrence, a noted player of the past generation. She herself made her debut as a babe in arms in San Diego, California, and until it was time for her to finish her education in a convent, she played child bits—not only played them, but lived the plays as well, as you will see from what follows.

The child prodigy made up her mind that she wasn't going to quit the stage when she grew up. So when she finished school she continued her profession in earnest. It came to a question of deciding on a name for herself, and she voted for Ethel Yndia—

"But my mother promptly vetoed that," laughed Miss Terry. "She said she'd disown me if I called myself 'Ethel Yndia.' 'If you're going to act, I want you to get a lot farther than the chorus, and you never will with that name,' she told me. So she gave me the name of Terry because that was a good old stage name, she said, and to make it distinctive she added two other names instead of one—Ethel Grey. The Grey is the

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Here's Viola!

Not a description of the irrepressible young star—about whom "The Oracle" annually explains at least a dozen times: "Her real name is Flugrath, not Dana"; not an impression recorded by an enthusiastic interviewer, but an informal chat such as you might have with Viola yourself.

By Jerome Weatherby

SHE was standing on a cool piece of newspaper, in her stocking feet, when we were introduced on the darkened stage of the Metro studio, with Director Bayard Veiller shouting some instructions to some one somewhere in the dim recesses.

I suggested that she use a block of ice instead of a newspaper, if she felt like I did on that broiling day, and that put an idea into her head.

"Please go get me a glass of ice water," she called to her faithful maid, who always sits on a Viola Dana set, holding that little trunk in which Viola carries everything from make-up to tops and toys, "a great big glass about as big as a lake!" she finished as her maid scurried away.

Although I had seen Viola—one soon gets familiar with their names in Hollywood—many times lunching at Frank's or scurrying about in her big car, I had never met her, nor felt the full bewitchingness of her wonderful long-lashed

eyes before.

"You are—er—just as small as a minute, aren't you?" I began breezily and inanely.

When she looks at you very suddenly and opens her blue-gray eyes very wide and asks if you can beat something, you would agree to beat anything.



"Not much bigger'n one of my own thoughts," she flashed back. "You see, I never think!" She was doing sort of a turkey step on the newspaper, getting the full benefit of its cool surface. She seldom stands still, even for a minute, and she never stands alone. People gather about her like bees about wild sage. Gaston Glass, her leading man, strolled up, and the conversation turned to food. It was just after luncheon.

"I'm getting fat," wailed Viola, leaning on the nearest support, which happened to be Gaston. "I ate a big dish of potato salad and a whole tin of sardines this noon, and after I had finished the sardines my maid suggested that I had got hold of the wrong tin. She thought they were a little spoiled. Can you beat that?" When she looks at you very suddenly and opens her blue-gray eyes very wide and asks you if you can beat something you would agree to beat anything, even Dempsey! I couldn't, but I was willing to try.

"Guess what I did to-day!" she exclaimed, catching suddenly at my coat lapel to keep from dancing off her paper. "I bought ma and pa an auto—any kind they wanted. I love to give people things, and besides I wanted 'em to drive up in it and show sister—that's Shirley Mason, you know—what little Vi bought 'em! Mother spent two days showing me why she didn't want a closed car and demonstrating why she knew she couldn't jump out of one if it tipped over, so she is going to have an open car."

"What do you call zat thing you are wearing?" asked young Glass, whom you remember as the grown son in "Humoresque."

"Half and half, I guess," returned Vi—we are getting

very familiar now—"it isn't a tea gown and it isn't pajamas." She was tugging at the brilliant red creation of her costume, which started out at the top with flowing lines and ended in a tight pantalette effect around her ankles. "I like everything about this picture—even my funny clothes," she explained as her director came up to join the group and she reached out to grasp the Veiller arm as a support.

They give the impression of being almost of a height, those two, but Bayard Veiller, a giant in plot imaginings, is really a bit taller than his tiny star. "She's my good little girl," offered the director as he patted Viola's little crimson-clad shoulder.

"I should say I am his good little girl!" she announced to the studio at large with a pout. "I don't know what midnight looks like any more. Last night I went down to Sunset Inn because Blossom Seeley was giving a party, and I was so sleepy at twelve o'clock I said 'Yes' twice when I really meant 'No!' Can you beat that?" None of us could, so we stood in a semi-circle before her, as groups will, waiting for her to go on and entertain us. And if there is anything she can do it's entertain a crowd. It seems that all petite girls have a faculty that way—they wiggle so they always hold your attention.

Viola Dana is the queen of pep. She blows into the studio like a breeze off a field of Shasta daisies, and from that moment things pick up. Even the air about her vibrates with pep. If Alice Lake happens to be working in the next set to Viola's on the same stage, their sweet young voices, calling to each other like birds

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A Manhattan Adventure

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Our former Coast correspondent, now living in New York, manages to visit the studios, despite the difficulties of getting about in the metropolis. This is an account of her first trip to the Famous Players-Lasky plant and of what she saw and heard there.



WHEN I asked the publicity man at the Famous Players-Lasky office in New York how I should get out to the Long Island studio to interview Wallace Reid, it sounded as if he'd told me to take Castoria and go to Washington. It developed in further conversation, however, that he had told me to take a subway train marked "Astoria" and get off at Washington Avenue. By all of which you may infer, and justly, that I am not yet acclimated to the rapid and complicated transits which the hardened New Yorker uses to get hither and yon. I can usually get yon, but returning hitherward I have a habit of ending up at South Ferry or the East Side, depending on the temperament of the car. If I take what seems to be an Elevated, it develops a sudden tendency to burrow underground. If I take a subterranean limited it becomes seized with a desire to come up for air and cross over to Brooklyn on the Manhattan Bridge—which is all very well if you have

The author and Wally Reid, posed on the set by an imaginative photographer.

any business there—and I never have. I can cross Broadway unaided, speak disparagingly of Brooklyn, and locate Sonia's in Greenwich Village, but when it comes to finding a studio on Long Island, with only telephone directions to steer by, then I realize that I am not yet a native daughter of Manhattan. On the day when I can shuttle across to the Grand Central Station, take a subway, an Elevated, a surface car—and reach the destination I started out for not later than the following afternoon—then I will know that I can sign "Gothamite" to my letters and call New York by its first name.

The publicity man told me it was a twenty-minute trip from town. I made it in a little less than two hours. The discrepancy in time is no slur upon his truthful disposition. He meant that *he* could make it in twenty minutes. Anyway, out at the studio, which is a massive white building which occupies about half a dozen blocks, or seems to, on first impression, I was halted at the door by a youth who wrote down my name in a ledger, whom I was going to see, the time I came in—he left a space blank to check me up on the time of my departure—and what my business was. The only things he omitted asking about were my mother's maiden name and what my grandfather did for a living. I had good answers ready, too, but he stopped short of those queries, and, seemingly satisfied that I was not a Japanese spy in disguise, gave me a little pink piece of paper which looked like a prescription and which allowed me to go upstairs to the studio publicity office. Once there, the studio publicity man conducted me along a hall upon which many doors opened. We paused on the threshold of a bare, whitewashed room that looked more like an unfurnished office than anything I could think of. But it was evidently a dressing room, for there was a table with a mirror, before which an old man was sitting, smoking a cigarette. The publicity man glanced in, then said: "Oh, pardon me; I thought this was Mr. Reid's dressing room—"

The old man unlimbered a length of six feet two from the chair where he had been slouched.

"Greetings," he said casually.

It was Wallace Reid himself!

If you think this is a version of the time-honored press-agent story—"and the gateman didn't recognize him"—wait until you see Mr. Reid in the filmed version of "Peter Ibbetson," which, as I write, is being made on the Eastern coast. In the beginning of the picture he is his handsome, *matinée*-idol self, with a touch of John Barrymore in his profile and in the way he carries himself. But when he ages and becomes white-haired and scarred of face through many terrible years in a prison, you will only recognize him because the cast of characters flashed on the screen assures you that it is he.

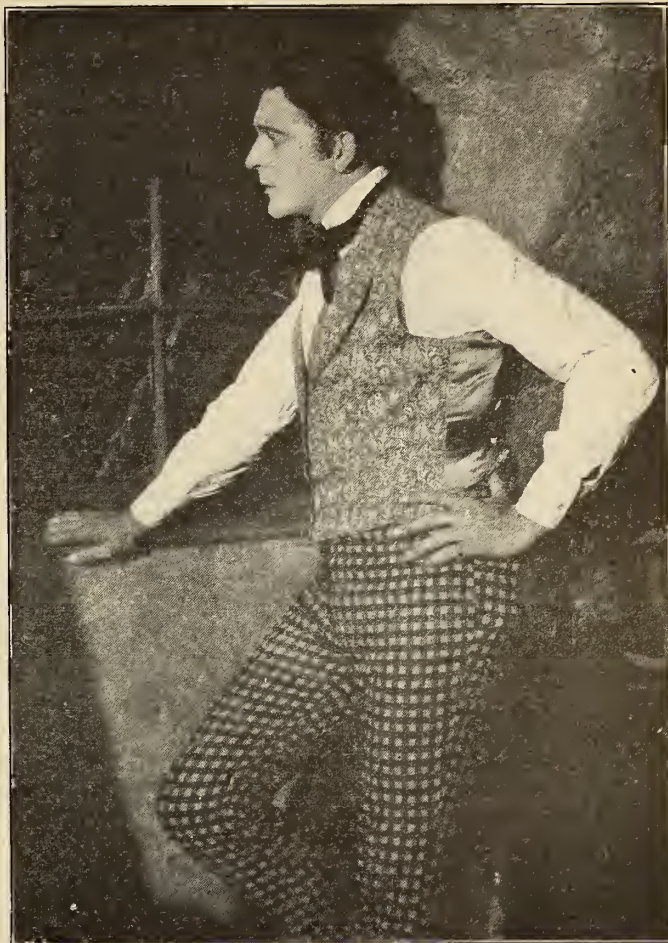
He was dressed in heavy gray convict garb, with loose jacket and trousers, a number sewed on his back, thick boots on his feet, and a shapeless cap on his head, which, he maintained, gave him the appearance of "Casey Jones at the age of ninety. Worked thirty years for the same railroad!"

He had his valet get me a chair, and, after asking the international question, now almost extinct by reason of the Volstead act, opened a drawer and pulled out a hammered silver flask of—tea(?)

"How do you like being in New York again?" I asked him.

"Oh, so-so," was his nonchalant reply. "You know, I started on the east coast, and I was here three years ago, but somehow I've become a native son of California. As soon as this picture is finished—will I hit the trail for the West? Echo answers, *I will!*"

I asked him, rather plaintively, if *he* ever got lost in subways. Of course I should have remembered



You would hardly believe that this *matinée* idol could be the be-whiskered convict across the page. Both pictures are of Wallace Reid as he appears in the title rôle of "Peter Ibbetson."

that he is out of the subway class, having a taxi income.

"I don't trust 'em," he replied. "I always take a cab. Once I trusted to my instinct and tried to go uptown on a subway train. I landed on the outskirts of Wall Street, half an hour late for my appointment—"

I nodded sympathetically. I was two hours late for mine at the studio.

"Taken in lots of shows?" I wanted to know.

"One," was his brief answer. "I thought I was going to step out a whole lot when I got to New York, and I've gone to one show. I had to see that one. It was 'The Champion,' which is going to be my next picture. But mother's coming into town to-morrow and I'm going to take her to something."

Behind his nonchalance I thought I detected a hint of dissatisfaction. Out on the Coast, Wally has the reputation of being breezy, fluent of speech, "good copy." Here he seemed indifferent, sort of—flat. Had fan adulation at last gone to his head? I wondered. At any rate, I said aloud, he wouldn't be swamped with postal verbiage if he had his picture taken in the "Casey Jones at Ninety" costume. He turned a rather tired gray eye on me.

"No, I guess nobody's going to propose to me in this outfit. But I'm glad to be able to do this picture; it's a chance for some real acting. You know, if you can do a variety of stuff you'll last longer. We all have to flop sooner or later, but with a fling at dramatic stories now and then I hope to keep going for some little time."

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At Home with the Vallis

Virginia Valli and her husband live in the littlest bungalow in the littlest garden you ever saw, but it is the cynosure of all eyes because its inhabitants are considered the cutest couple in Hollywood.

By Gordon Gassaway

COME and call on us some day," Virginia Valli invited when we met for the second time over on the Metro lot, where she was hard at work being Bert Lytell's leading woman. "We live in the tiniest house back of the Hollywood Hotel, and we just moved in, so I don't know the street number, but if you look real hard you can find it."

I did. It reminded me of the little houses you see put up on poles for the birds to come and nest in.

"Don't call me Mr. Valli!" admonished the chipper young man who greeted me at the door, peering through the screen. "It's bad enough to be known as 'Virginia Valli's hubby!'"

"What!" I gasped. "Do you object to being called her husband?"

"Oh, I didn't mean that," he laughed, "but I really was pretty well known in New York, you know, as George Lamson. Won't you come in and we'll stop talking through this screen?" There was just room for the three of us, with Miss Valli sitting on her feet, to squeeze into the little parlor, or whatever you call the main room of a bungalow, because, you see, one half of it was taken up by the piano which accompanies

her wherever she goes and on which she accompanies any one who sings.

"We are much happier here than we were in our apartment," she explained, by way of opening the conversation, as she smoothed out some imaginary wrinkles in the black and yellow gingham dress she was wearing. Just then there was a loud sneeze from Mr. Valli—I mean from George.

"It's those—*kerchoo!*—flowers she would insist on having—*kerchoo!*—all around the house," he wailed, stuffing a handkerchief into his mouth and glaring at Virginia. "I—*kerchoo!*—told you so!" he finished, removing the handkerchief. At his side stood a tall vase of "everlasting flowers," which are the very last word in stylishness in Hollywood homes this summer.

"Perhaps," I suggested meekly, "if you removed those dry flowers which smell like a bale of hay—"

"Hay!" screamed George. "I knew it! Now I've gone and got hay fever!"

"I'll put them out," gently interposed Mrs. Valli—I mean Mrs. Lamson. "I'll put them on the back porch."

"That's right," wailed George; "put 'em on the back porch—I sleep there!"

When all was peaceably adjusted, and quiet reigned; we resumed our clubby chat. I wanted to know all about this gorgeous creature, Virginia Valli, with her wild, violet-blue eyes which sometimes open as wide almost as pansies and her rather stern, sad, patrician profile. She reflects an aura of abstraction which sometimes seems to be sadness except in those few bright moments in which she is ministering to George.

Hers is the spirit of youth—caught in a web of tenderness. George seems to be her little child. Of course they are only playing at keeping house, these two youngsters; for they eat right at the next table to Elinor Glyn at the Hollywood Hotel, and maids from the hotel attend to the duties of the ménage. One could never picture Virginia dipping the pink tips of her slender, ivory fingers into a pan of—er—dishwater. Nor could one imagine the coils of her lampblack hair confined under the limp desolation of one of those things they call a "dusting cap."

"It doesn't seem possible that I have been in pictures nearly three years," she was saying, with one eye solicitously on the pocket where George had stuffed his handkerchief, "but I have had enough experience since the old days at the Essenay studios in Chicago to make me quite a veteran."

Miss Valli is almost the champion "leading woman" of the screen, having started right out playing leads opposite Taylor Holmes in four pictures, and then going with Bryant Washburn, after which she was engaged to play opposite George Walsh in "The Plunger." But she is best remembered more recently for her work with Bert Lytell in "The Man Who—," "A Trip to Paradise," and "Junk," his last release. She also created the part in pictures of *Lady Alice* in "Sentimental Tommy."

Her parents would not let her go to either New York or California after the Essenay stopped producing, and for several months she was off the screen until she took the matter into her own hands and went to New York to seek further fame and fortune in the studios there. She was not seeking a husband, but George saw her and it was all off. They were married on the eve of her departure for the Coast, where she was under contract with Metro.

"Will you pose for some special photographs?" I asked in preparing a graceful adieu. "When?" she asked. She never wastes words.

"To-morrow night," I suggested tentatively, hopefully. There was a sort of snort from George.

"Yes, I think that would be——" the gorgeous Valli started to say.

"But, dear," interposed George, looking very worried, "that is our dance night—at the hotel!"

"I forgot," hastily breathed Virginia, and turned to me. "Let us make it some other time." And so we did.

As I said good-by and murmured the things you murmur on taking a departure, George and Virginia followed me to the tiny porch, covered with vines, in the shelter of which rested the offending "everlasting flowers" which smelled like a bale of hay. Their arms were about each other, and they are just of a size—she is not short and he is not tall. They are the cutest couple in Hollywood.

"Good-by!" I said, brightly, stepping off on the narrow walk.

"Good-by!" breathed Virginia, a little tired, I thought.

And—"kerchoo!" said George.

Exit the Family Album

By Helen Bullitt Lowry

THE "birdie" that baby looked at in the camera is with the rocs and the phoenixes of yesterday's ten thousand years. For now they are telling baby to chase the birdie—preferably a red-breasted robin in his own back yard.

At least this is so of the studio of one New York photographer, who takes all of his photographs with a motion-picture camera. And soon this will be true of photographers from Oregon to Maine and from Chicago to Texas—so this pioneer photographer, F. H. Lifshey, predicts.

Then your baby, too—maybe you'll have one by that time, even if you haven't one now—can go chase him a robin while the machine crank turns, as inevitably as the great mass of scientific discoveries, from telephones to phonographs, are destined eventually to reach and be used by the great mass of us mere people. Even now, when this pioneer attends a photographers' convention his confrères come up to him with a grin. "After you've broken the trail for us, we're going to begin taking home motion pictures, too," they announce blandly.

Hardly a mail goes by but he receives some inquiry from a photographer somewhere in the United States inquiring about the practicability of the scheme. Any

in favor of the motion-picture screen. The most modern of photographers will come to your house and record the doings of your family; so if you want to be up-to-date, you'll have to substitute a parlor screen and a can of film for the old album. The great advantages of the motion-picture camera, particularly in photographing children, are here explained in a chat with a pioneer photographer in the motion-picture field.

day now the era may dawn. You'd better be getting that baby ready.

Then the family album will be a sheet that is hung on the wall for special exhibition occasions—instead of that old brass-knuckled book on the parlor table. Then Uncle Joseph with whiskers will be shown not staring at birdie forever and ever, but driving a golf ball out at the country club. You will see Uncle Joseph's swing and the singing flight of the golf ball. Then Uncle Henry, as groom, will not sit in the photographer's carved-backed chair till death do them part and beyond, with Aunt Linda as bride standing with her hand on his shoulder forever. Instead the photographer will have been concealed behind a bank of ferns at the wedding. Two hundred feet of film will preserve the actual ceremony in all its solemnity and beauty. Coming generations will know how mother looked into father's eyes when mother said "I do," and how he dropped the ring.

Of course no invention comes into general use without some sad drawbacks. Witness how the Ford car has precipitated the Ford joke. The phonograph has brought on the "sextet" from "Lucia." There is a menace, too, in home motion-picture photography. That same type of father, who bores all of his friends now by narrating the cute little things Bobby said, will run for



Mr. Lifshey always plays with children before beginning the actual taking of pictures, so that they will lose all self-consciousness.

the clean laundry when the neighbors come in after supper, and hang up a sheet—to exhibit the cunning way Bobby played with the puppy. We must take the ill with the good.

Some of the advantages of the system have already been demonstrated by Mr. Lifshey. More advantages will be worked out by each photographer who takes up the new method. He'll have to or perish. For never, since Daguerre invented the elements of photography one hundred years ago, has a medium turned up which left so much to the individual personality of the photographer. Each must plan his dramatic incident and get his amateur actors into the proper mood for the scene which he is taking.

Mr. Lifshey's specialty is children. Therefore his experiences of six years are largely concerned with children. Some other photographer—in, say, Oskosh, Wisconsin—five years

from now may be making a specialty of flappers, and be hidden behind the bank of ferns at each fraternity dance—to extract the essence of the joy of youth—and preserve it as a college song is preserved in the hearts of old men who had been undergraduates.

Now, before he went in for pioneering, our motion-picture photographer had been specializing on children for more than ten years—yet during those years never once did a picture live up to his ideal. "The minute you tell a child to hold a position for even five seconds you have killed living motion," is the way he expresses it. "There is nothing left but those five dead seconds—whose funeral bells you toll as you count that fatal 'One, two, three, four, five—now you may move again.'"

One hundred and twenty pictures in the short space of two years did he take of his own little boy, and he pasted them into a book. Yet not one of those pictures was the child that he loved. "I had imprisoned nothing but eyes and noses and chins. But that smile—where was it? That funny little way that was his of wrinkling up the bridge of his little pug nose? He would never be just two years old again. Never again would he hold out his arms to his mother with that gesture that tore her heartstrings with love. He would become a big boy and then a man. His very mother would forget that dear little gesture in other gestures of boyhood that would follow on it. And for all of my skill I could not photograph that illusive moment."

Like all true pioneers, this photographer broke into the great uncharted country that stretches before photography for love of the ideal instead of for mere financial rewards. In his first two years of experimentation his returns did not cover expenses. And yet, for the first time in his professional career, the man was deeply happy. Remember that—it's not the gold that we're wanting so much as it's finding the gold. Each day and each film discovered him catching the intangible charm of childhood.

The man seems to have possessed a very passion in
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Charmingly natural and unaffected photographs are achieved with the motion-picture camera of subjects whose illusive charm was difficult to catch with the old still cameras.



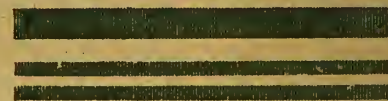


Mr. Lifshey had tried for years to get natural-looking photographs of children, but it was not until he used a motion-picture camera that he caught illusive expressions of children's individualities.

The motion-picture photographer carries toys with him and plays with the children for some time before beginning actually to photograph them. The result is such charmingly natural photographs as these.

Defying

You can't fool a motion-picture lens will seek out every incon- lapse of years is to be indicated, fooled, and here are two



May McAvoy assumes the dignity of years when she dons a grown-up evening frock, as she does in "Everything for Sale." Her expression, her carriage, even her stature seems to have changed when with piercing hauteur she slips into a rôle in which Father Time would not cast her for ten or fifteen years.



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

When she plays a rollicking youngster, May McAvoy makes you forget that off-screen she has reached years of flapper-dom. Her irrepressible mischievousness, her puppylike abandon, contrasted with her more staid bearing in the older rôle, defy old Father Time in his daim that she is both too old and too young to play these parts.



Father Time

camera with make-up, for its gruity and magnify it. When a Father Time himself must be actresses who can do it.



Corinne Griffith checks vivacity and dispels all illusion of dimpled roundness when she assumes the sophistication of young womanhood in "Moral Fiber." The easy grace of studied movement takes the place of impulsive gestures, and the very shape and expression of her eyes seems to undergo a change for this part.



Who would suspect that this little girl whose very feet bespeak self-consciousness could be Corinne Griffith? Yet Corinne it is. With apparent ease she sheds all the airs and graces that have made her admired, and becomes just a little girl of the awkward age. Father Time may well despair; these two have no regard for him.



“Theodora”

An Italian film of
extraordinary beauty
which tells of Old-
World romance.

Resplendent in the gorgeousness of ancient Italy, “Theodora,” from which these scenes are taken, presents striking pictures of romance and luxury, intrigue and cruelty. It is the most stupendous production made in Italy since “Quo Vadis” and “Cabiria,” and was made by the same company. It is the first of the Italian films imported by the Goldwyn company to be shown in America.





Almost a year was spent in building the sets for this production which were designed by the Vatican architect. They recreate an era which for sheer elegance and beauty has few parallels in the world's history. The story, which concerns the *Empress Theodora*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The title rôle is played by Rita Jolivet, well known on the stage and screen in this country a few years ago. She is shown in the photograph at the right.

Little Lord

Lovers of Mrs. Frances Hodgson
childhood have a treat in store,
appear in it



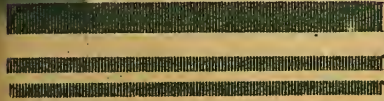
It must be obvious that any story which could have had such an influence must have had a deep, fundamental appeal. And that appeal is the reason that the story became, not only a classic as a book, but also one of the biggest successes ever played upon the American stage.

Ask your Uncle Ned, who's between thirty-five and forty years old, if he remembers "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and he will probably snort with indignation. *You* may not know it, but back in the early Nineties he, and a majority of the other six-year-old lads were attired, for dress occasions, as the "Little Lord" in the picture above, as many an old family album will show. Though the recollection of this indignity is a sore point with Uncle Ned, it is interesting to know that a single child's book had such an influence on the mothers of this country that they did their best to make their six-year-old sons bear as close a resemblance as possible—outwardly, at least—to *Cedric Errol*, as he appeared in the charming illustrations for the story that were made by Reginald Birch.



Fauntleroy

Burnett's famous classic of for Mary Pickford is about to on the screen.



In the screen version, Mary Pickford appears, not only as the *Little Lord*, but also as *Dearest*, that sweet and brave woman, who, in the interest of her son, acceded to the wishes of his gouty and crotchety grandfather, *The Earl*, and turned the boy over into the keeping of that domineering and embittered peer. How the plucky little lad thawed out the heart of that venerable misanthrope you probably recall from having read the story. If not, you will soon have the chance to become acquainted with this famous story, when it appears on the screen.





The Idle Class

Never one to be selfish, Charlie Chaplin is now about to let the whole country enjoy what he saw during his visit to New York last year. In his new production "The Idle Class," he shows up the foibles of society.



The two pictures above show Charlie Chaplin and Edna Purviance in scenes from the picture, but the one at the right shows him with the companion who never fails to go on location with him. When Charlie Chaplin, the director, says that there will be a few minutes' delay, Charlie Chaplin, the star, goes off for a canter.

Do You Want Better Movies?

That is the question we asked our readers, and here are some of the replies of the prize winners.

FIRST PRIZE.

THERE are perhaps a great many people who want "better movies," but if they lived as I do they would be perfectly satisfied with the productions now on the market. I *love* the movies just as they are, and I've never seen a picture show in my eighteen years of life which I could not enjoy. Those people who enjoy different circumstances in life other than living on a farm near a dreary country village may be dissatisfied with our movies. If, however, the movies brought to them glimpses of a world they had never seen, brought into their half-starved souls the only spark of romance they had ever known, and pictured to them their vivid dreams of the life they would love to live and cannot, then those people would love the movies as I love them. To me they are flashes of heaven, the silver lining in the otherwise black cloud of my existence.

We have only one theater here, and it is open only two nights a week in winter, and sometimes only one in summer. On those nights I *live*; the remainder of the time I merely exist. There is no other amusement to be had here for me. Therefore the movies are my all. Without them I shudder to think what my life would be. To me they seem perfect. And I do not see the greatest pictures made. I have never seen a Cecil B. De Mille nor a Marshall Neilan production. I have never even seen Charlie Chaplin. I have never seen Richard Barthelmess, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels, Pauline Frederick, Elsie Ferguson, Betty Blythe, Katherine MacDonald, or Mary Miles Minter. And there are so many other well-known stars whom I would love to see. Most of the productions exhibited here are those of the William Fox Company, and for that reason I look upon Mr. Fox as my friend in an outside world. His players are my constant companions and I love them every one. Buck Jones, Tom Mix, Gladys Brockwell, Madeline Traverse, and Big Bill Russell. I adore them, every one, and to me their pictures are wonderful. Who could ask for more pleasant entertainment than a picture starring Bill or Dusty Farnum? Occasionally I see Charles Ray, Nazimova, Marjorie Daw, Buster Keaton, and the Talmadge girls. And do you know, the other evening I saw Wallace Reid in "The Valley of the Giants!" And, oh, but he was fine!

I'm afraid I've wandered terribly from the subject, and I do not expect to win a prize on this, but I hope PICTURE-PLAY will publish it some time in order that some people may know how little they have to complain of. Give me the movies as they are, and I say—God bless the movie people. Very truly yours,

ISABELLE V. VAIL.

Industry, Illinois.

SECOND PRIZE.

A broader viewpoint and better patronage, not better pictures, are what are needed. Pictures have been improved to the *n*th degree. What has been accomplished by this "infant industry" is nothing short of marvelous. Science and art are pressed into its service, the best writers of Europe and America are paid fabulous sums; famous actors drawn from the legitimate stage form all-star casts, while the latest inventions in improved cinematography and the contributions of technical experts and artists combine to produce pictures the best of which are as fine as is possible for human beings at present to achieve. Exhibitors build picture palaces furnished with every conceivable comfort and beauty, and charge an absurdly small sum for admission, as compared to the prices for other forms of entertainment. Producers and exhibitors have spent time, energy, brains, and unlimited funds, and are in some cases actually losing money—giving us the better pictures we say we want, but fail to patronize.

I am an ardent picture fan. Although a teacher, I do not think my viewpoint can be considered "highbrow," as I go to see the pictures for mental relaxation and recreational rest, and I

find them very beneficial, relaxing nervous tension after the arduous task of teaching. I always see two or three, sometimes four or five, pictures a week.

As chairman of the motion-picture committee of the Parent-Teachers Exhibitors' Coöperative League, I have not only viewed pictures of every sort, but I have persuaded others to view them and report on them. I have studied this problem from every possible viewpoint, psychological, practical, educational, economic, financial, artistic, and religious.

I have obtained opinions from parents, teachers, young folks, fans and fanatics, clergymen and children, writers, producers, and exhibitors. I have not space to touch upon them all.

Our committee called on exhibitors, asking their cooperation. From them we obtained the box-office viewpoint, the facts back of which are amazing, that they are actually losing money showing "better" pictures.

"There is a great deal of hypocrisy in this uplift movement, to tell the honest truth." I quote Mr. Maurice Barr, supervising manager of the Saenger Theaters, controlling sixty-five first-class theaters in three States and the Strand in New Orleans. "You ladies say you want better pictures, but you won't patronize them. Producers and exhibitors have lost thousands of dollars giving them to you. Maeterlinck's 'Blue Bird,' a wonderful picture, 'The Inside of the Cup,' 'The Faith Healer,' all splendid pictures, indorsed by preachers and

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Frocks That

Betty Compson's speak

By Louise Williams



Here's perfect balance; hat and drapery settle it between them.

DO you know what that girl looks like?" demanded the Very Pretty Woman of me. "Well, she looks as if her looks hadn't jelled!"

"What on earth do you mean?" I demanded, turning from the passing throng of guests to her. It was at the Harvest Home dance of a big country club, and many a débutante and subdébutante and sophisticated flapper had wended her way past us, but even as I asked for an explanation I knew which girl my companion had meant.

"You don't need to ask—it's that one over there in the gorgeous tulle frock that arrived from Paris in her older sister's trunk just yesterday," was the answer. "She makes me think of what my cook said to me this morning. 'I done put in everythin' needful,' she told me. 'Grapes an' sugar an' all de rest—but it won't jell.'"

"And that's the trouble with that girl.

Her hair is beautifully done, though of course it's too exactly curled and looks a bit top-heavy. Her frock is scrumptious, though it isn't suited to her at all. She's put on 'everything needful,' but her clothes don't get anywhere."

That was quite true, unfortunately. The girl lacked the necessary definiteness of appearance that would have created a clear-cut, effective impression. She was clothed, not dressed.

And Betty Compson is dressed. Her appearance does "jell," to go on with the metaphor. Everything she wears fits in, not just with everything else she has on, but also with the keynote of her personality. Her frocks have been selected for a certain purpose, you see; not just because everybody's wearing such and such a thing right now, not because her modiste has just received some gowns from Paris and will

make her a wonderful price on anything she likes. That's what you must do if you don't want to be nondescript so far as your clothes are concerned.

And you must develop a sense of proportion. Don't overbalance a costume. Work out its details carefully, even if it's just a plain blue serge dress that you're going to wear in the classroom or the office. Then you won't ever be guilty of wearing "just any old thing," and, what's worse, looking as if you had!

Let's consider the costume which Miss Compson wears in the first photograph on this page, the one in which she is leaning against a desk. See how well it balances. The drapery of the frock extends on one side; the feathers of the hat on the other. Her white collar and cuffs are supplemented by her white gloves. The necessary note of color is introduced in the knot of flowers at her waist and in the bead bag. There is perfect simplicity and there is harmony of line and effect—and in just such little, subtle touches lies the secret of being beautifully dressed!

Of course, every costume must have an exclamation point, a single striking note that saves it from mediocrity. Perhaps, as in this one of Miss Compson's, it is a bead bag, in which case color is the high point.

Or it may be expressed in line, as in the second cos-



Guess what her ermine scarf says!

Say Something

a language all their own.

Photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes.

tume in which she is shown here, in which her ermine scarf cries "Look!" Here the long line of the scarf, which stands out so well on her black street frock, is supplemented by the small white hat and the white gloves, so that the scarf will not be too striking, but will be in harmony with the rest of the costume. Of course this is an important thing to remember; the thing which you add for effect must be so closely related to the rest of the costume that it seems a necessary part of it. Just as the woman who uses make-up must use it so skillfully that it seems natural, if she wishes to get the best results, the girl who adds a striking note to her costume must make its striking effect seem quite unpremeditated.

This same idea of using a single, emphatic line to "key up" a costume—in other words, to keep it from being like that of the girl at the dance whose clothes didn't "jell"—is shown in the sheer frock of madonna blue in which Miss Compson is shown. Incidentally, the girl who thinks that summer frocks should be laid away the moment that autumn sends in advance no-

Here's a new exclamation point, made by her sleeves.



She can wear a wide hat, because the sash says 'nd'Sleerness.'

tices of its arrival, should mend her ways. For Indian summer is one of our most beautiful seasons, and the maiden who recognizes that fact and even goes so far as to buy a new summer frock or two with which to round out the season is wise indeed. That's how Betty Compson happens to have this charming, beruffled frock, with its arm bands and sash of narrow velvet ribbon that just matches her deep-blue eyes. The wide hat, with its great black cherries, can afford its width, since her shoulders are very slim, and the collar of her frock carries the eye down, not out, and so makes them seem even slimmer. And the long line of the sash offsets the width of the hat, anyway.

Miss Compson is the type of girl who can wear very simple clothes effectively, but can also appear to advantage in the season's most extreme models. And so, realizing that sleeves, as a reaction from the very short ones which have been worn, must be long, she has a new satin frock for autumn which has long sleeves—that is, long in places. Slit from

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near the set, made it look all the more like a country town, and many of them appeared in the scenes.

There seems to be much more adventure attached to making movies out on location. In the studio there is more of a stagy, theatrical atmosphere. But on location there's the audience of interested onlookers—though I suppose they're more of a nuisance than an asset—and working outdoors in the air seems to lend more realism to everything. It seems like *movies*; the studio is more like the stage.

Riding back from lunch, we met two girls who played smaller rôles in the picture, and Tom Douglas and Estelle Taylor insisted on them getting in the car and riding back to the set. Now I was always under the impression that there was more or less upstageness between the star players and those that play smaller parts, but I haven't seen any evidence of it yet. In this company in particular, I noticed that not one of the featured players seemed to lord it over those having lesser parts. They were all friendly and pleasant to each other, and one of the girls who had a small part lent Miss Taylor her hat to wear in a scene because Estelle looked so pretty in it.

Tom Douglas wasn't needed very much that day, and I was glad because it gave me all the more chance to talk to him. We went over and sat on the porch steps of one of the little houses. Across the way on the other front porches sat some of the carpenters, resting, with their chairs pushed back and their feet on the railings. From where we sat it seemed for all the world like a real little country hamlet, and it was hard to realize that it was just all movies, and nothing behind the door we were sitting in front of but the natural landscape.

I asked Tommy—you'd just naturally call him that if you knew him—what kind of parts he liked to play in pictures, not being acquainted with his screen characters.

"Well, just now I'm content to play juvenile rôles, flapper parts—while I'm young, anyway," he said. He is young, too; I'm sure he isn't twenty yet.

"Then, of course, later on, I'd like to play more dramatic parts, and some day I want to go on the stage. The movies never give you the thrill that a real theater and an audience do."

Yet he wants to reach the very top in the movies because he realizes that nowhere else can a person become so famous and make so much money while still young. After this picture

he expects to go with First National. He will make a picture where he takes the part of a small-town boy who falls in love with a girl and follows her across the country in his little car, I think. They will travel westward and take scenes in the actual towns as they go along. "I'll be featured in the first photo play, and then, if I make a hit in this, First National will star me. Of course, if I don't, why I'll have to keep on the way I'm going until the fans *do* like me."

But I'm sure the fans will like Tom Douglas all right. If he gets his personality across on the screen as well as he does when you meet him he is sure to become tremendously popular with the masculine fans as well as the girls—because every one likes the clean-cut, boyish type.

Director Brabin was shooting some scenes in front of the cobbler's shop, with a little boy, a man, and a woman. While the woman was acting she spoke in such a loud, strong tone of voice I thought sure she must have been from the stage. But Tommy said she wasn't, but once had been a well-known screen actress of note. She only takes extra parts now. You hear that so often around the studio, and it makes you stop and think there are seamy sides to the movies, too.

Then we watched Estelle Taylor going through a scene with her screen mother, played by Lucia Backus Seger. Miss Taylor is supposed to be in sympathy with the blind cobbler, and looks sadly through the boarded window. She notices the chalk marks some one has written, and indignantly wipes them off, then turns sadly away and her mother comforts her. Miss Taylor acted very sincerely and quietly, and yet with great emotional force. Tommy Douglas and I were absorbed in watching her. Then he asked me about the different stars I had met, and told me his favorites.

"I like Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, of course; Dick Barthelmess, the Talmadges, the Gish girls—and Ben Turpin, too," he told me. He thought "Sentimental Tommy" and May MacAvoy and Gareth Hughes were wonderful.

"You never met Bobby Harron, did you? He was my best friend," he said sadly.

Of course I asked him about Dorothy Gish, whom he is most enthusiastic about praising. "She's a peach!" he told me.

If you read Tommy Douglas' story of "Springtime and Dorothy," you have a pretty good idea of his character. He is just like that. There's no affectation at all about him; he's just eager and enthusiastic, and thor-

oughly enjoys having good times like all young people. Tommy Douglas is the ideal movie star for a fan to meet—he's so ready to tell you things you like to know and so good at explaining everything. Why, I found out more about the movies after meeting Tommy than I did almost in all the while before. He just told me heaps and heaps.

But he kept asking me wasn't I bored by this time? Of course I wasn't, and I laughed and tried to assure him that I was far from it.

"Well, I suppose it is more interesting to a person who doesn't work at it all the time," he observed. "But I haven't had a day off for over eight weeks. I've been at it from early in the morning till after five at night—and sometimes all night. When you have such a constant grind of it, it gets pretty tiresome. It isn't such bad work, at that, though," he added. "There's always the variety in the movies of playing new characters all the while and going to different places—you never know what's coming next."

Gladden James, Lucia Seger, the two other actresses, and Tommy and I sat in one of the automobiles while they were not needed. It was so interesting to hear them talk about different things, make-up and gossip. You know how we all relish Fanny the Fan—well, it was like that.

It seemed to be Estelle Taylor's busy day, for she was kept busy all the time, and it was only at brief intervals that she could come over and talk to us. I enjoyed watching them actually shooting the scenes because I love to see these parts later on in the theaters at home. It's so thrilling to say, "Oh, I watched them take that!"

Then Tom Douglas was called, and I was glad, because I wanted to see how he worked before the camera. A good many children were used in this scene—they were supposed to be playing in front of the houses and in the roadway all the way up to the church at the end. Estelle was in the scene, too, with Tommy.

They come out of the store and she skips up the road, turning to wave to him several times. Tommy, boyishly bashful, waves back and runs across the road to the cobbler's shop. It was just a bit, but I think it showed his style of acting pretty well. He doesn't play himself, but he does put his own spontaneity and freshness into his work. It was amusing to watch the children act; they were just children who lived near by and who were pressed into

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Playing with Douglas MacLean

No one around him can help doing it, because he plays all of the time.

By Barbara Little

DOUGLAS MACLEAN had a midnight-supper engagement with the owner of a big theater in Los Angeles one night, and he was somewhat annoyed because that conscientious showman insisted on keeping his theater open until the last member of the audience filed out. MacLean had a suspicion that some of them were asleep, a suspicion that was none the less painful in view of the fact that the picture on view was one of his own, called "Chickens." But in his gracious way he said nothing about it—he merely went in and sat down. A few minutes later peals of hysterical laughter rang out of the theater. "Whew—but that guy's funny!" a voice rang out. "Say, don't you think he's great?"

Apparently the enthusiasm of the owner of the voice was too much for the rest of the audience. Almost to a man they got up and started to file out. Only then did the owner of the theater realize what MacLean had done. Unwilling to have him carry off the honors of the evening at the expense of the audience, the theater owner rushed out and turned on the auditorium lights in all their glaring brilliance. In a moment MacLean was recognized, and had to shake hands with the members of the audience, who were too bewildered to know just what had happened. His best friends are frequently in that same position; the ebullient young MacLean just can't help "staging a show," as he puts it, on each and every occasion.

Now, if any one asked me the color of Douglas MacLean's hair or his eyes or how tall he is or how old, I'd look even blander than usual. I haven't the faintest idea. I didn't have even after I had talked to him for more than an hour. All that I remembered was that he had made me laugh so hard and so continuously that I ached from the back of my neck to my toes. What was even worse, I quite forgot that I was supposed to interview him.

Now it may be highly commendable to make a hangman forget his profession or to distract the attention of a convict on parole from a parade of policemen, but an interviewer is supposed never to forget his duty as an interviewer. "Do you love your wife, do you curl your hair, do you answer your fan mail?" one is supposed to volley at a matinée idol. "Do you want to play *Hamlet*, have you ever had measles, are you immune to custard pies?" the eager questioner should continue. "Are you older than you look, can you read Sanskrit, have you——" But what's the use? I didn't ask him any of those things. I will have to save them until I meet Ben Turpin or Wesley Barry.

It was this way.

From the vantage point of the Ince office, fifteen stories above the roar and din of Times Square in New

York City, he was looking out over the intervening streets to where the Hudson River boats plied lazily

back and forth. When I went in we drew up before the windows—MacLean, Miss Snyder, the great right hand of the Ince and J. Parker Read forces, and I—feeling very much as though we were sitting on the upper deck of one of the river boats. MacLean seized the opportunity to play tourists' guide and in true ballyhoo fashion began to describe points of interest along the river. His voice droned and squeaked in the intonation peculiar to megaphone artists as he pointed out imaginary sights on the opposite shore.

In a moment that palled on him, though we were laughing so hard that we gasped for breath. He started telling us some of his experiences then. He told about a man who accused him of being born to the limelight, who said that it wasn't possible for MacLean

to play second fiddle to any one.

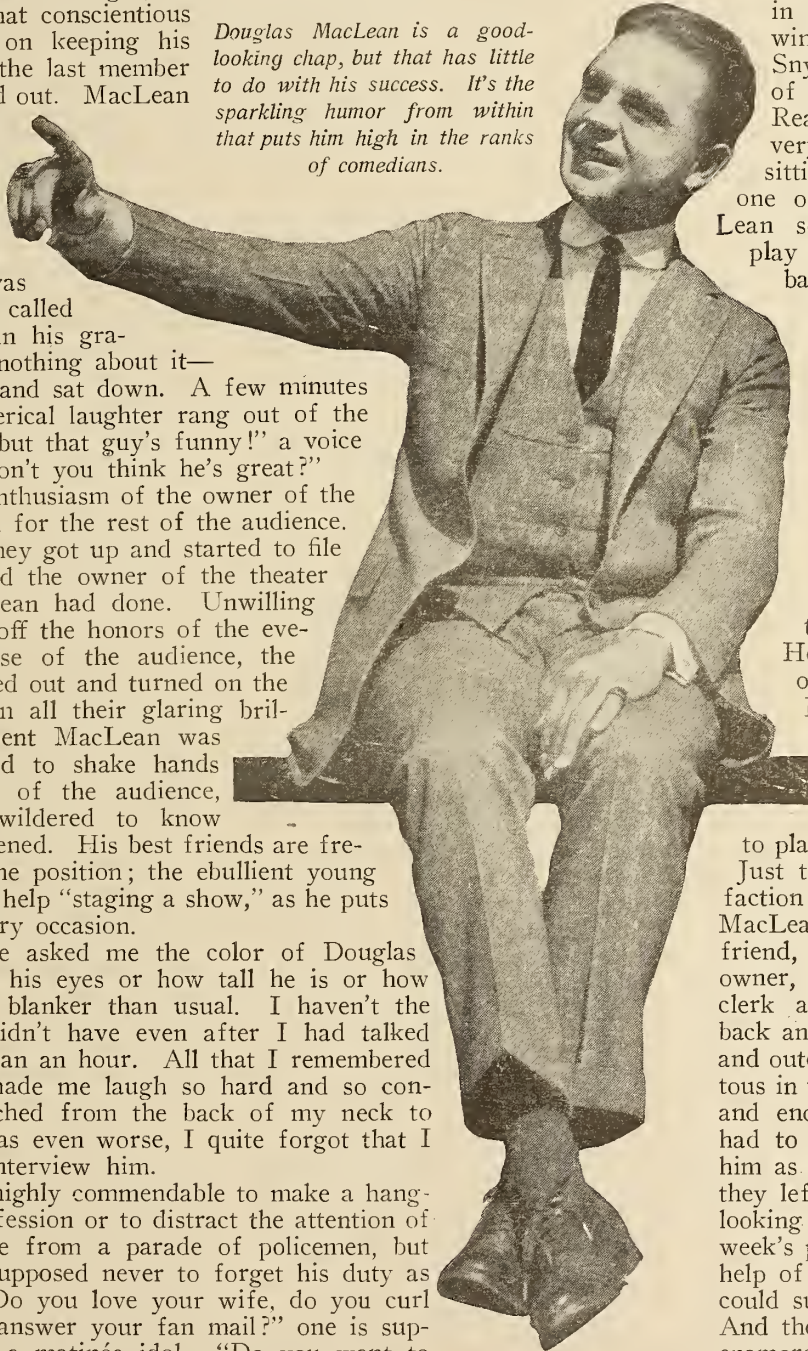
Just to prove to his own satisfaction that the man was wrong, MacLean went to the office of his friend, the Los Angeles theater owner, and acted as information clerk all afternoon. He paced back and forth between the inner and outer office, and was so solicitous in ushering in the job seekers and encouraging the people who had to wait that they looked on him as an old friend by the time they left the office. Chorus girls looking for a place in the next week's prologue felt that with the help of this nice young man they could surely land an engagement. And the manager himself was so enamored of the kind of service

MacLean rendered that he's never been satisfied with his regular clerk since.

There was another story about a friend of his who filled an auditorium with wax models and then invited several prominent public speakers to address them. We all took part in this story; I represented a wax figure of Gyp the Blood, while MacLean reserved for himself the less spirited part of Napoleon. He showed himself

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Douglas MacLean is a good-looking chap, but that has little to do with his success. It's the sparkling humor from within that puts him high in the ranks of comedians.



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service, if I'm not mistaken. They went into the spirit of the thing with such zest it was easy to see that movies meant a lot to them. Those that played ball pitched for all they were worth, and the girls who played ring-around-a-rosy danced around as fast as they could. None seemed a bit self-conscious, and all of them seemed to be having the time of their young lives.

Tommy came off the set and we sat in the car again. George Walsh came and took Estelle Taylor home in his car, as she was all through for the day, and then another car came rolling through the gates. There was something familiar about it, and sure enough it was Theda Bara, looking very stunning in a black satin cape trimmed with pale green. This was the second time I had seen her by chance. Director Charles Brabin went back to town with Theda, but Tom Douglas and Gladden James had to stay in case they were needed.

The assistant director took the remaining scenes which were just of the feet of the extras—to illustrate the title "Footfalls," you know, which concerns the blind cobbler, who distinguishes different people by their walk. It was an unimportant scene, but it took a great deal of time and direction to handle the crowd of people and get them to walk just in certain circles so as to make it look like continuous footfalls. Tommy Douglas and I couldn't help laughing while they were taking it, because it looked quite funny to watch, as the crowd would all get tangled up trying to walk in circles and the kids would get in scraps—but they were all so earnest and anxious to do their best I grew angry at myself for laughing.

It was jolly riding back to town with Tom Douglas and Mr. James, who drove us back. Though it had been a rather trying day for the players, they were all pleasant and con-

genial as could be. They asked me if I wasn't embarrassed to be riding with them dressed in character and make-up. *Imagine!* What fan would feel embarrassed to ride with movie players, no matter how they looked? As human as they have proved themselves to be, a movie star is a *movie star*—not quite like an ordinary person. I haven't reached the stage yet where they have lost that glamour to me, and I hope I don't. The movies would then cease to be the pleasure they are.

Where I had always been so anxious to meet the stars in real life because I liked them on the screen—now I can't wait until I see Estelle Taylor and Tom Douglas in the movies because I like them so much in real life. And as soon as I see them in pictures I'm going to write each of them a fan letter and ask for a photograph, just as I have done with all my favorite picture players.

Here Is Beauty!

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sheer beauty of her delineation in "All Souls' Eve" that made many decide that Mary Miles Minter belonged in the front rank of screen beauties.

Hers is perfection of feature, and the light and shade of her features suggest even in black and white a winning radiance.

Exquisite Claire Windsor.

"The graces were all present at Claire Windsor's birth," Mrs. J. W. Olcott, of Savannah, Georgia, declared. "She is my ideal. She is the human rainbow, soft colors merging into one another."

Claire Windsor's appearances on the screen have been few, but ever since her introduction to the public through the good judgment of Lois Weber, she has been in the front rank of screen beauties. "Hers is a cameolike beauty, finely modeled," Malcolm Hayes, of Painesville, Ohio, proclaims. "She is patrician, reserved, yet in her elusive smile there is irresistible charm."

Mildred Harris, Serenity.

That she has been selected to reign in Cecil De Mille productions is great tribute to her beauty, but she has the worship of hundreds antedating that. Ever since Lois Weber first introduced the wistful trustfulness of Mildred Harris' serene gaze to the public, her following has been large. "I do not like the rôles she plays" is the plaint of many, "but I love her beauty."

"Hers is the haunting loveliness of

perfect beauty bathed in tears," Rosamunde Mallory Cook writes. "She is like the willow tree, slim and young and plastic, but knowing the disillusionment of harsh winds. The sadness in her eyes only makes her more beautiful, for it makes her more human. Without it her beauty would be cold."

Anna Q. Nilsson, Goddess of the North.

"I'm not long on adjectives," a student at Culver Military Academy, who signed only his initials, A. L., writes, "but I give all I have to Anna Q. Nilsson. For honest-to-gosh beauty I think she takes the prize."

"Anna Q. Nilsson seems to me the perfect type of Norse goddess," Alice McGarrity, of Indianapolis, Indiana, writes. "I can almost see the clear sky-blue of her eyes and the shining yellow of her hair, even though I have never seen her except in pictures. I think she has a wonderfully pleasing and vivid personality. Although she is small, she has such dignity and power that she reminds me of Brunhild, or the Valkyries."

Justine Johnstone, Elegance.

"The limpid beauty of calm pools is what Justine Johnstone reminds me of," Clara Woods Garnett, of Tampa, Florida, writes. "I've heard from friends in New York that at the theaters and restaurants in New York where she is often seen she outshines every one by her sheer beauty. I love her for her quietness and simplicity—they seem to me the

first proofs of real beauty both without and within."

To almost all of her admirers Justine Johnstone stands for elegance, luxury. Many letters echoed the sentiments of R. C. Dawes, who said, "I always think of her in ermine and dressed in pastel shades. None but the finest silks and most lustrous furs are worthy of being near her, for she is the flower of luxury."

Fragile Rubye de Remer.

"Rubye is the delicate Norse type. of exquisite fragility in pearl and gold," according to Oliver G. Repetto, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. "She has a patrician nose of delicate modeling, clear eyes set beneath high-arched brows. Helleu pronounced her the most beautiful American girl, and her portrait, on exhibition in Paris, is proof to the Continent of our natural resources. Miss de Remer is the ultrafeminine, delicate of mold, appealing and chic."

All this say the fans. Sparkle, verve, piquancy, and raciness are not synonymous with beauty in their minds, apparently, for few extolled loveliness except for its sublimity. Let us page the censors and tell them. And, flappers—if you would elicit similar praise, it seems that you will have to concentrate on reserve and sadness rather than the witchery of dimples and curls. But whatever your ideal of beauty, there is a school of beauty for you in the nearest motion-picture show.

Boom Towns of Filmland

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down. It caused no end of debating among city officials before this was accomplished. The structure was so solid that it could not be adapted to any other pictures, as location settings are oftentimes. It simply had to be destroyed except for the salvage on lumber, and weeks were required to demolish it.

Far different has been the fate of the settings in "The Queen of Sheba" and other more recent productions. Efficiency dictated that quick use be made of the material. So the temple of Solomon and his palace, the great tower with the runway for horses and chariots have been dismantled and the lumber carted away to a distant corral used in Mix pictures. Only a gateway remains, recently adapted to a Chinese setting.

Sometimes a setting for a production becomes a permanent building. Such was the fate of the old Princess Palace from "The Adventures of Kathlyn," which is now a cutting room. From a portion of the muezzin's tower in "The Garden of Allah" a dovecote was made. Certain streets originally built for one production are used in many others.

There is such a thoroughfare on the Lasky lot. The houses originally were for a Blanche Sweet film called "Those Without Sin." The street has since found a place in "Held by the Enemy," "In Mizzoura," and, I believe, "Something to Think About" and "Midsummer Madness." By a magic touch here and there its character can be greatly changed.

In Griffith Park, near Los Angeles, there is a cottage, from an old Pickford feature—if I am not mistaken—which is now a caretaker's lodge. In "Fatty" Arbuckle's "The Round-up" the false fronts of a couple of ranch houses, built some two hundred miles from Los Angeles, have been improved into real houses by the owners of the property. In filming "The Money Master," the Gilbert Parker story, on the Russian River, in the northern part of the State, an English manor house was erected. At the end of the sequence it was transferred to the property holders, who now occupy it as a fashionable dwelling.

In the hills of Hollywood there are settings from dozens of productions of the past like the castle from "Joan the Woman," which starred GERAL-

dine Farrar and brought Wallace Reid into prominence; "Captain Kidd, Jr.," a Mary Pickford film; part of the Moroccan town from Douglas Fairbanks' "Bound in Morocco;" settings from Fred Stone's "Secret Service," and an Indian temple from Nazimova's "Stronger Than Death," not to speak of the French chateau and town from "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," which may stand for some time. Most of these are on property controlled by the studios, for which reason they are left as they are until some further use can be made of them. But this seldom really happens.

A curious misconception of the age of setting occurred in the instance of the blacksmith shop especially constructed for "Something to Think About," a comparatively recent picture. Some farmer in passing its location noted the apparent age of the shop, and remarked:

"Now can you imagine that! Here I've been over this road before and I never noticed that blacksmith shop. Must have been there nigh onto fifty years."

Exit the Family Album

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his love of children that has driven him on through the unproductive lean years—which led him away from the safe, civilized settlements of studio photography, where they counted one, two, three, four, five. In the new frontier world of experimentation he spends a full half hour playing with the child before the picture is taken. Coaxing the child into a gay, playful mood is all a part of his game. He may play ball with a three-year-old tot until the baby is fairly ecstatic with running this way and that on the lawn. Then—and not until then—the handle of the motion-picture camera is turned.

Always there are toys in his pocket. "The rich children have every toy that money can buy," smiles he, "except the toys from a ten-cent store. I've a poor little ten-cent lamb with a lame foot. Mothers are always wanting pictures to be taken with a teddy bear large as the child. But a child—ah, a child will not look at the so-expensive teddy bear, once she's seen my little lame lamb and has begun to bandage the poor lame leg. Think what a picture that first-aid bandage will make."

Likewise did he manage to amuse two other poor little rich boys with the aid of a magic penny. Their

grandfather is so rich that not a child in the country but knows his name. Well, the photographer began doing magic tricks with three pennies—three magic pennies such as can enchant a stick of chewing gum or a paper drinking cup out of a slot machine. And after the picture was over, three of the richest little boys in the world came begging him for a penny with the face of the Indian chief upon it for each of them, and magnanimously he presented them.

Among just such ultra-rich families did the opening wedge of the home motion picture drive in during the first years of the experiment. Of late, though, there is a new breath in the air. Women of moderate means are having a child's motion picture taken. Some mothers—and not rich ones, either—are having a film taken every six months as a tribute to memory—to the hour that can never return.

And Mr. Lifshey has apparently taken every occasion of private life that one wants to remember except a proposal, the impromptu nature of the latter apparently cramping his style. He has photographed weddings and wedding receptions. He has photographed children's birthday parties and automobile rides. He has preserved the children opening their

Christmas stockings in the days when they believed in Santa Claus.

Usually some little anecdote is made to serve as scenario. "The thing isn't worth doing," explains Mr. Lifshey, "if mere motion is depicted. To walk across the room—to turn and smile no more reveals character or facial expression than to stare at that birdie in the camera. But to set a man performing his pet hobby is to photograph the real man—whether that hobby be horseback riding or golf, chess, reading, training his Airedale, or driving his car.

There was even one "subject" whose favorite hobby was speeding his car at an illegal rate—ah, well, it was an obliging policeman who was inserted into the plot all unknown to the hero. Maybe he had wanted to be a movie actor, too, before he became a policeman—so when the arrest came off the policeman gave it the proper touch of realism—made out the summons and didn't allow himself to be argued with. The hero didn't find out until an hour later that he'd been merely acting according to a scenario. But they do say that this picture wears the pleasantest smile of any in Mr. Lifshey's collection. It is the inimitable smile of the experienced lawbreaker who is making what "friends" he can with the law.

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she'd ever heard much of anything about New York then, except vaguely. She propped that battered little snapshot up on her dressing table one night, when she was in the Midnight Frolic, right at the height of her career, and as she bent forward to study it more closely she said to me, 'D'you know, Sally Beresford, I was happier then than I've ever been since. And I'd like to be back in that time, if I could.' We could hear the applause just a few feet away, and the music and the audience hammering on the tables with the little wooden mallets, and there she sat in her dressing room full of flowers and wished she could go back to the little cottage where she'd lived before she became a famous beauty. That's all the answer I can make."

I rose to go then; I felt that I couldn't do anything for her in the mood she was in then, but she held out a detaining hand.

"Please don't leave me, Sally," she begged. "I'm in a mood where suicide would be a pleasant recreation. Stay and talk to me just a little bit, and I'll be good, honest I will. I'll go to a rest cure or do anything you say, truly."

So I sat down, and we talked things over. I was sure that Benito would give her a part in his picture, and I knew that with that incentive she would brace up. She had been out of work so long, and living in such an artificial atmosphere, that I was sure work would come as a relief.

Now I don't want you to think, just because I am telling you of such people as Mary Sorello, that she is typical of girls in motion pictures. There are hundreds of good, hard-working people who live just such wholesome—though perhaps not so humdrum—lives as your neighbors. But just as a newspaper reporter passes the thousands of comfortable homes where life is being lived happily to tell you about the few where romance or disaster has visited, so I am selecting only the most striking people I have met in motion pictures to tell you about. And I truly believe that knowing the true story of Mary Sorello will give you a new insight into the life of some motion-picture studios.

While she was dressing that morn- ing Benito was announced.

"Do go in and talk to him, Sally, till I can come; he'd rather see you than me, anyway, and the girls are out, so it's up to you to entertain him," Mary urged. So I went, but reluctantly.

"Mrs. Sally!" Benito exclaimed as

I came down the three steps that led into the big living room. "You're just the person I hoped to see. Tell me—are you going to act in the picture with me?"

"Oh, I can't—it's absurd to think I could; I've never acted in my life," I told him. "Besides, Hugh would hate it, you know."

"And what Hugh hates——" he began with a smiling glance that I did not like.

"What Hugh hates I do not do," I answered. "But I have just the girl to play that rôle for you—Mary Sorello."

"Oh, never!" he exclaimed petulantly. I was amused to see how he had taken on the temperamental airs of the actor. "Why, she's a has-been; she never could act, anyway, and she's been out of pictures so long—oh, she wouldn't do at all. Why, this is a rôle for a woman who has really loved—who knows what love can be. That was why I wanted you. To Mary it's never meant anything but an amusement. She never could do it, never."

"I think you will find that she will surprise you, if you will let her try," I told him. "Let her rehearse with you, at least; she could do that while you are looking for some one else to play the part."

He finally consented, just as Mary hurried into the room. She was looking charming, in a French frock of dull blue which suited her unusually well, and her pleasure at seeing him again made her quite radiant.

"Mrs. Sally suggests that you work in my new picture with me," he told her abruptly. "Shall we try some of the scenes, Mary?"

She was delighted, of course, so we pushed aside the heavy table that took up the middle of the room, and she and he ran through one or two scenes, while I sat on a big, carved chest over at one side, watching and criticizing them.

I could see that Benito was surprised at her ability. Fired by her affection for him, she really did amazingly well. And as I watched them I rejoiced; it seemed to me that from this association a new life would spring for Mary.

"Fine—great work!" exclaimed Benito as they finished the part he had outlined. "Now let's run through a love scene or two; they'll be the important part of the picture, you know, and I want to see how you play them."

Mary's eyes glowed; she was as naïve, as thrilled as any schoolgirl with her first beau. But—she was awkward. She cared so much for Benito that she couldn't act with him.

"But no, Mary—*no!*" he would say over and over again, and she, humiliated at her own inability, would patiently go over and over some bit of action, not improving it at all, seemingly quite unable to understand his corrections.

"You don't see it—you won't do!" he cried at last, flinging down his copy of the script and coming over to me. You see, I told you how it would be, Mrs. Sally," he added in an undertone.

"But it won't be this way—Mary can see what you mean if you'll be patient with her," I cried, springing to my feet. "Come now—try it again." A fatal inspiration seized me as I crossed the room to where she stood. "Try once more—and I'll run through the scene with Benito and see if she can't get it then; I'm sure she will."

We began at once, while Mary, hope glowing again in her wan face, watched intently.

I was surprised to find that acting, even in this way, was strangely exhilarating. And just as I had suggested to Hugh at different times that he use little movements which he had used when he made love to me, I found myself instinctively doing the same thing. I checked myself in time, however; I couldn't quite forget the personal element in this odd equation, especially when Benito took my hand and pressed it to his lips. And from the expression in his dark eyes I knew that he never forgot it for a moment.

"Oh, I see now—you mean that the girl turns a little so that they both face the camera—that she puts her arm around his neck and then looks down——" Mary exclaimed as we reached the climax of the scene.

"Yes—and then he catches her up in his arms and kisses her," answered Benito, and suited the action to the words.

It made me furiously angry, that kiss. I drew back, though he held me so close that even then my face was very near to his.

"I think that was hardly necessary," I told him quietly, bracing my hands against his shoulders and pushing myself away as much as I could.

"It was necessary to my happiness," he retorted with that smile which was so attractive on the screen and which I suddenly hated.

I turned away, disgusted. It was then that I saw Hugh standing in the doorway, with a man whom I knew as one of the most unscrupulous newspaper men in town.

To be continued.

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I noticed that popularity contests were quite an important thing in America. There was one held recently in Paris, and I thought it might interest your readers to see what players are our favorites.

The list was headed by the three following stars: the emotional star, Sessue Hayakawa; the great comedian, Charles Chaplin; and a French artist whom I don't name because you never saw him, I think.

Close next came Pearl White, William Hart, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks, Nazimova, and a few of your best players.

Now, let me say a word about A. M. Delaure's letter. Of course, I agree with him about Hayakawa, and about the excellence of the American films. Your best productions created quite a sensation in France. During two months, this winter, we only spoke of "Broken Blossoms" and of your great Griffith. And how eagerly we do wait to see "Way Down East."

But I don't agree with Delaure when he condemns our own productions. I wonder if you have already heard, in America, the names of Louis Delluc, Marcel Lherbier, or Abel Gance—three French producers—and good ones, I am sure!

M. H. EPSTEIN.

Rue Joséphine Soulayr,
Lyon, France.

An English Fan Praises Wallie.

I always read your magazine whenever I can get hold of it, as it is by far the best movie magazine one sees over here. I was very much interested in a letter about Wallace Reid in your May issue. I agree with every word of it. Wallie is very popular indeed over here, I should think that he is probably the first favorite. He is certainly far and away my first favorite. But delightful though he is, as your correspondent says, we want better things from him. Every one enjoys his pictures, every one comes away from seeing them feeling happy and jolly and vigorous. In these comedies he shows himself to be plucky, charming, handsome, and a real, good sort. But people who saw his *Don José* and his *Eric Trent* know he can be far finer; in fact, really great. Think of *Eric Trent* watching the flogging of the messenger, *Eric Trent* as a prisoner, *Eric Trent* watching *Joan of Arc* being burned to death! It seems to me that Wallie, with his splendid height, his fine face and finer acting is just made to interpret great historical parts. I'm not clever enough to say what parts, I leave that to the producers, who know better than I do. But I do know that while I want to go on seeing Wallie in his charming comedies, I want still more to see him, now and again, in a really great rôle. "Peter Ibbetson" is perhaps paving the way to better things. Possibly in that his chance has come. Anyhow, I know he'll make good, whatever he does.

A WALLIE REID FAN.

Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.

We're as Open to Criticism as to Praise

May I venture to say that what your Observer said concerning Pola Negri a few issues back was utterly disgusting?

In an odious comparison you belittle Pauline Frederick and Nazimova. Pola Negri compares with neither of these women, and, in turn, only Frederick compares favorably with Lillian Gish. However, no actress, with the exception of Bernhardt, equals Miss Gish in emotional power.

"Passion" may have impressed New

York, but that doesn't settle the question as far as the United States is concerned, by any means. No one out here cared for it.

Again let me say that editorial was not only disgusting—it was hysterical.

Elma, Washington. JANE MORAN.

Hurrah for Pola Negri!

Have you any idea as to the thoughts that come to an American picture fan, after he sits through a showing of "Passion?"

Call the picture propaganda—call it what you will—but you must at least admit that, in comparison with Pola Negri, our so-called emotional stars of the screen appear cheap, hysterical, and amateurish.

Not only does Miss Negri shine; but the other members of the cast of "Passion"—even those who make up the mobs—are far better actors and actresses than most of our top-heavy stars.

Take the man who impersonates the *Duke de Choiseul*. There is not one of all our overrated male stars and character actors who could invest that part with the poise, dignity, and "velvet finish" given by the unnamed actor whose fine work helped so much to make the picture the finest ever flashed on an American screen.

Any agitation against the showing of foreign-made pictures is the veriest rot. Would you bar the great works of art and the gems of literature simply because they are of foreign origin?

The whole trouble is that we, the picture-loving public, have been bunkoed. For ten years we have been fed up on a great deal of worthless and impossible stuff. The picture producers and theater owners have handed us a lot of junk. We have been kidded out of our sober senses by trick photography, mechanical effects, and other studio devices that must now be shot into the discard, simply because a picture—a real picture—has shown the fans of this country what the art of screen acting is really like.

Chicago, Illinois. JOHN D. CAHILL.

A Welcome Back for Crane Wilbur.

Oh! Oh! Oh! What has happened to our blessed Billie Russell?

Erstwhile our ablest exponent of fistic heroism, he seems at present wallowing in a slough of maudlin clap-trap, from which one can only hope that time will save him!

Why, he used to be the biggest favorite of the old American stars. His sincere, manly portrayals; his fine ability to round out his characterizations with those subtle, true-to-life details that alone distinguish the real actor from the director's puppet; his pleasing personality—all sacrificed to William Fox's love of the sensational! A splendid actor with a decided personality all his own, has been made over, first into another William Farnum; then, a second George Walsh; and finally, into another Tom Mix! The result is, there's very little left of William Russell. Won't some producer with charity in his heart for a long-suffering public, come to his rescue and give us back the Billie Russell we loved of yore?

And can't we have more of Monte Blue? In the midst of misspent, film-exploiting stage stars and dress-suit poseurs, too afraid of spoiling their appearance to exhibit real emotion, this honest-to-goodness artist reacts on the jaded audience like a spring on a desert castaway. His complete abandon to whatever part he is playing, his absolute unconsciousness of self, his humanness, above all his remarkable appeal to the emotions richly

entitle him to the popularity he receives, a popularity which increases, without paid publicity, with every picture he makes.

And last, but not least, may we have a chat with Crane Wilbur? He's been my favorite ever since I first saw him, as an Italian, in an old two-reel Pathé, and went home and raved about him—I was only fourteen—and never forgot him.

I've followed both his screen and stage career pretty closely since then, with increasing appreciation for his fine, sincere acting, his rare understanding of human nature, his unequalled grasp of screen technique; and a versatility too often overlooked by misled publicity agents in lauding his extreme good looks and colorful personality. His rôles—and they were many—ranged from the *Nazarene* in Tolstoy's "God is Love" to a half-breed cook in the "Perils of Pauline." He played comedy, tragedy, or drama with equal success. And his transition to the speaking stage took from the screen an actor it could ill afford to lose.

Now, he's back again, an ideal hero in "The Heart of Maryland," and the stage has not made him the least bit theatrical. I'm sure I speak for many of his old admirers who are glad to have him back, and hope he'll stay upon the screen a long, long time. His coming back is the big news of the month!

ALMA S. HILTON.

16 Waverly Street,
Everett, Massachusetts.

Here's a Letter from Jackie Coogan.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

Do you know of a good book or story that would make a nice photo play for a six-year-old boy like me?

I need some stories for my new pictures. My director says I should make pictures from books that the world has read and loved.

Grown people tell me editors know everything, so I am asking your advice, or perhaps somebody in your city has a book in mind for me. You know it's not easy to find a good story for a little fellow.

If the people in your city knew I wanted stories, they might send me some suggestions. If I use a suggestion, I will give the sender a lovely present. Any suggestion sent me, care of the Brunton Studios, Hollywood, California, will reach me safely and quickly.

Thank you. Good-by! Respectfully,
JACKIE.

A Plea for Accuracy.

What is the matter with some of the motion-picture directors? Take, for example, a picture which was recently shown at one of our playhouses, "Just A Wife," adapted from Eugene Walter's play. In this production is shown the interior of a railroad president's cabin in a construction camp in the Far North. The cabin is luxuriously furnished, there is every convenience for the comfort of the occupants. Now as the wife of a man who has helped build railroads, I know that "they ain't no such animal" as silver coffee services, silver candelabra, and overstuffed leather chairs in construction camps. That cabin could have been comfortable, and cheery, but it could not have been as it was presented to us. But the thing that brought forth snorts of everything from the audience was when the heroine's young brother came in and told her that she must get her divorce as he has discovered oil in Alaska, and is now able to support her. Will you please have The Oracle tell us where those oil fields in Alaska are located? Mrs. Doris Doty.

San Antonio, Texas.

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"Do moving-picture directors know that half a million dollars in gold weighs about a ton or do they think that the public don't know?"

"Saw George B. Seitz carry \$125,000 gold sovereigns—500 lbs.—in each hand the other night in 'Pirates' Gold.' Loaded \$9,000,000 or eighteen tons in a spring wagon and hauled it to the bank with two 1,000-pound horses. Some Sandow is George.

"Do you know that the poor boobs out here who have been hauling ore since 1849 still consider a ton to a horse a pretty good load? Don't you think the manufacturers of five-ton motor trucks that look like a compound Mallet locomotive could get a little knowledge from an examination of that spring wagon?"

"Can you tell me how the director of 'A Splendid Hazard' succeeded in overcoming the law of gravity, when he had 130-pound Henry Walthall lower about two tons of gold francs in a steel chest down a hundred-foot precipice with a half-inch cotton rope, and not even 'spit' on his hands? I've seen Henry unload a half hundred schooners in an afternoon in the 'Dear Dead Days Beyond Recall' and confess he is some little man, but!

"If you can get me this inside information it will help us poor boobs a lot out here where we are glad to be able to hoist one ton of rock out of a hundred-foot shaft with a twenty-five-horse-power electric hoist and a three-quarter-inch steel cable.

"The movies are sure educational, and we are learning a lot we didn't know about hauling loads and mining gold.

"Will you tell me, why is a technical director? Is he supposed to be a mechanical genius, or does he spell it technique and play it on the fiddle?"

And Bill Gowan's complaint against producers is no more valid than that of the reporter who sees reporters on the screen taking notes in a stenographer's notebook, or Hindus who see screen Hindus dressed in regalia resembling that of the Royal Order of Eagles. It is no more valid than the Northwestern Canadian's lament that, contrary to the notion of scenario writers, all natives of his district aren't diamonds in the rough.

But the producers can't humor any of us at the expense of the rest. So long as we expect people in certain professions, or from certain districts to look and act like familiar types, we will get them. So long as phy-

sicians are willing to accept types as representative of every profession except that of medicine, so long as less wealthy people want society always represented as fast, furious, and foppish, and so long as Americans find humor in seeing foreigners with manners that are a reflection of nothing but our crude taste, we will get motion pictures whose characters are like a series of familiar rubber stamps. The producers can do little else.

And since some of them are men who would like to put out motion pictures that would command the respect of the world's greatest artists, you should shed a kindly tear for them.

In case you want to know why they don't realize this ambition more often—hearken to this. It is awfully expensive.

As Ralph Block, director of the scenario department of the Goldwyn Film Company, points out, "The cost of motion pictures forces their production on a standard that will make them popular—in other words they are leveled to a wide grade of intelligence and imagination, or lack of it. If you care for the beauty this instrument can produce, then some means must be devised for producing it at a lesser cost, so that it can survive with a limited appeal. Of course, once a more beautiful thing is established for a more sophisticated audience, it will naturally gravitate toward larger audiences."

It was with this thought in mind that the Goldwyn company established their policy of producing four pictures a year which in some way were a departure from the canons of the usual productions. "Earthbound" was one of these, "Bunty Pulls the Strings" another. And "Madame X" was another that was counted on to educate the public taste rather than to be a great popular success. But it proved to be a bigger box-office attraction than many of their productions which had been produced in the belief that they were what the public wanted.

Now while the producers' side of the question, "Do You Want Better Movies?" is being touched upon, you might as well know what the producers have found out about you—the audience. Producers estimate that you see only from forty to seventy per cent of a picture shown to you. The most liberal estimate that has been made is eighty-five.

This condition is most commonly expressed by the number of bets that are settled in the lobby after a mo-

tion-picture showing. Disputes have occurred, bets have been made, and the challengers come to the theater to test their arguments. For instance, a fifty-dollar bet was paid in the lobby of the Central Theater recently by a well-known dramatist who had failed to see something in "Dream Street" that the eyes of a friend had grasped.

Every person, of course, contents himself that he sees "all" of a picture. The department of psychology in Johns Hopkins University knows differently, however, and recently wrote to Mr. Griffith asking if "Dream Street" might be used as the subject of a national experiment in psychology.

The purpose of the investigation is to determine:

What percentage of a picture is seen on the average.

What part of the audience is affected by the comedy and to what degree.

What part of the audience "gets" the emotion scenes and what is the reaction.

How much of the action is remembered at the end of a week, two weeks, a month, and six months.

How much of the detail of an intense scene is grasped compared to those in a slower-building scene.

"I am not at all certain that audiences improve in their comprehension of pictures by long patronage," D. W. Griffith says. "From what slight investigating I can do, I feel that the person seeing his tenth picture, sees about as much as a person seeing his thousandth."

So, you observing people who see seventy per cent of what is shown, it is not stupidity on the part of the producers that makes them do many obvious things in their productions, that makes them drive points home with sledge-hammer force. It is the audience. As Arthur Hopkins, the prominent theatrical producer once remarked, "You cannot have great plays without great audiences."

That is the answer of the producers.

"Do you want better movies?" Of course, you do, and the more artistic producers are striving to give them to you—and at tremendous financial risk. If you would but know it, the producers are not entirely satisfied, either. They want better audiences.

GOLDWYN *presents**The* **Old Nest****RUPERT HUGHES'**
Heart-gripping story of Home**DIRECTED BY**
REGINALD BARKER


The mother whose
children no longer
seemed to want her

SUDDENLY they have all grown up and left her—the babies she used to tuck in bed at night. The old house is empty and silent. All have forgotten her. Her birthdays pass unnoticed.

Each child has embarked on a drama of his own. Loves, ambitions, temptations carry them away. There are moments of laughter and comedy, romance, adventure, tragedy. The story of their lives sweeps you along.

Your life—your home—your mother. Never before has the screen touched with such beauty and such dramatic force a subject which finds an echo in the lives of every one of us. It is a masterpiece of a new type—a presentation of life as it really is with its moments of great joy and flashes of exquisite pain. One of the most heart-gripping dramatic stories ever narrated.

A GOLDWYN PICTURE*To be followed by Rupert Hughes' "Dangerous Curve Ahead"**Watch your theatre announcements***NATION-WIDE SHOWING = BEGINNING** **Sept. 11th**



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

MISS CELIA R.—Ruth Roland is working on the coast. She is not in New York.

WANDERER.—I know of no such actress. Lou Tellegen was born in Athens, Greece. He would come under your heading.

JOHN S.—Your "Market Booklet" has been mailed. Erich von Stroheim is an actor as well as a director. His latest picture is "Foolish Wives." He was born in Austria. He was educated in a military academy in Austria. His early career consisted of being an army officer, a newspaper man, and magazine writer in the United States. He wrote the story "Blind Husbands."

EDDIE.—"Go and Get It" was a Marshall Neilan production. Marjorie Daw and Pat O'Malley had the leads. They are the ones you are referring to. Shirley Mason created the part of *Little Hal* in "The Squaw Man" at the age of four. She was born in 1901. I think you must mean Raymond McKee with Shirley Mason. Olive Thomas was born October 20, 1898. She died from accidental poisoning in Paris, France, September 15, 1920. Wallace Reid has a small son, William Wallace, Jr., who is about four years of age. Your other questions have all been answered. Write any time you like.

CLARA S.—You will find all those addresses given in the columns below. I should think it was some assortment. There weren't many you missed, were there? That's all right. Any time you wish.

A NUTTY COWBOY.—"The Avenging Arrow" is Ruth Roland's latest serial. Enid Markey was born in 1898. Bobbie Vernon was born a year later. Ruth Roland was born in 1893. Marjorie Daw arrived in the year 1902. Mildred Harris' latest picture was "The Woman in His House." She will appear in Lasky productions in the future.

J. H. M.—You will find your question concerning the "Miracle Man" answered several times in this issue.

R. C. R.—The address you wanted is in the columns below. The first of a series of five-reel pictures that Muriel Ostriche is to be starred in has been released. "The Shadow" is the name of the picture.

A. G. H.—"The Faith Healer" is a George Melford production with Ann Forrest and Milton Sills in the leads.

X. Y. Z.—Gloria Swanson has finished her first picture since her return to the screen. It is a story by Elinor Glyn, called "The Great Moment." Mrs. Glyn plays a small part in it. Gloria has a

small daughter, called Gloria, Jr. "Salvation Nell" has been completed. Pauline Starke takes the lead in it. Mae Marsh's latest picture is "Nobody's Kid," taken from the novel "Mary Carey." Paul Willis will be seen opposite Mae. Wyndham Standing is playing opposite Mabel Ballin in the Hugo Ballin production of "Ave Maria."

CURIOS.—Another one? I have lots like you. John Bowers is appearing in one of Pauline Frederick's late pictures, "Roads of Destiny." Neal Hart's latest picture is called "Black Sheep." Helen

handles "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Dustin Farnum played a dual rôle in the "Corsican Brothers," and not William and Dustin. It can be obtained at the United Pictures Exchanges. The Paramount Pictures Corporation Exchange has Marguerite Clark's "Widow By Proxy." "The Chimney Sweep" and "The Country Mouse" have both been recalled, due to the ragged condition of the prints, and I don't know where you could obtain either film for exhibition.

W. L. B.—Yes, Natalie Talmadge married "Buster" Keaton. Now that the Talmadge girls are all married, doubtless dozens of sorrowing young men will give up their film careers, and newspapers will have space to devote to royalty, society leaders, and disasters.

L. McD.—No, when a man has to have a long beard for a certain picture he does not retire from pictures long enough to grow it. Though it hurts me to say that anything in motion pictures is false, I must tell the truth.

Mrs. Y. Y.—Look for all the addresses at the end of this department. When requesting a personal answer always inclose an American stamp, as a foreign stamp cannot be used to send a letter from this country.

M. J.—Frank E. Woods is the only one you mention in your list who is still earning his daily bread in the motion-picture business. Frank is still with the Lasky studios as production manager.

JOHN MCC.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

F. W.—Cullen Landis was the *Curly Kid* in the Rex Beach-Goldwyn production "The Girl From Outside." He is still with that organization, and you can get a picture of him by writing him personally for one. Clara Horton was the girl.

SKEEZICKS.—William S. Hart is not making any more pictures. He has retired from the screen, for the time being at least, though there is talk of his starting in again for Paramount.

JEANETTE W.—It hardly seems possible that Douglas Fairbanks has a wooden leg, as you say. Where do you hear such things? I wouldn't believe it if I were you; I never saw a wooden-legged man do such stunts, did you?

N. P.—Tom Douglas is still in his 'teens; make-up could never make any one look that way.

ANXIOUS.—No, Colleen Moore is very young but she is not Tom Moore's daughter.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Gibson is returning to the screen under the Associated Photo Players banner. Her first picture is "The Wolverine." Maurice Tourneur's next production is "Bright Lights," with Hobart Bosworth.

S. L. C. INDIANAPOLIS.—You can get a copy of the January number by sending twenty-five cents to the Circulation Department. Fanny the Fan was so delighted when I told her about your letter that she would have written to thank you if your whole address had been given.

J. R. H.—The pictures you mention will have to be secured through the various exchanges that handle them. Write to Metro about "The Passing of Third Floor Back." The Goldwyn Exchange

J. K. S.—I am sorry, but I can't advise you how to win him. You must have confused me with Beatrice Fairfax. You might watch Constance Talmadge on the screen and see how she does it. This is only a suggestion, however. I don't want to be responsible for any more imitation Connies.

L. S. McC.—No, I don't know of a good recipe for salt-rising bread. That is a little out of my line.

ANTICENSOR.—Yes, I understand that the only kind the censors will leave are the double exposures.

MISS KATHLEEN C.—I never heard of the Miss Connelly you speak of. Picture stars do not, as a rule, have understudies. It is not necessary, as it is on the stage.

GRACE S.—You will have to write your request to the editor. He is the one who selects the players' pictures for the gallery.

CATHERINE R. B.—Kenneth Harlan played the part of *Doctor Harmon* in Constance Talmadge's picture, "Mamma's Affair." Kenneth was born in New York City in 1895. A stage career preceded his screen work. He has been signed to appear opposite the Talmadge sisters in their forthcoming pictures, so you will find him in First National pictures for some time to come. He is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His hair and eyes are dark.

MISS HAZEL D.—Your question was answered some time ago. In case you overlooked it, here it is again: Sidney Drew died April 9, 1919, in New York.

D. M. S.—No, Colleen Moore has never been married, and will not admit that she has ever been engaged, so your chance is probably just as good as the next man's, or the next, or the fifty-odd others. She has finished "The Lotus Eaters," in which she played opposite John Barrymore, and is making "Slippy McGee" for the Morosco company with Wheeler Oakman.

B. L.—Motion-picture actors have to wait just as long for a divorce as any one else. You say that your favorite looks less than thirty and that he has been married four times. He must be a remarkable man.

J. C. K.—Yes, Catherine Calvert is noted for her beauty. She makes most of her pictures in the East. At present she is appearing with Corinne Griffith in "Moral Fiber." Her most recent picture is "The Heart of Maryland."

A. B. O'M.—Monroe Salisbury was born in New York. His stage career dates back to 1898, and his screen career commenced in 1913. His latest picture is called "The Barbarian," made by his own company. Anita Stewart's brother is not Roy Stewart. He is George. George played the part of *Richard Wiltoner* with Mildred Harris in "Old Dad." Theda Bara has deserted the screen for the present. She is now in Europe visiting her sister. She is engaged in no professional work. Her tour with her company in "The Blue Flame" ended some months ago. Theodore Roberts was born in San Francisco, California, in 1861. He was on the stage a good many years before entering pictures. Pat O'Malley was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1892. At least, your efforts were not in vain. Better luck next time.

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Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 27

at home he's pretty likely to be busy at the sport, too. That night before we all started out into the moonlit grounds to view the swimming pool and other points of interest, Mrs. Rogers and I went upstairs to get our wraps.

"Hey, hurry up there!" called out Rogers as he twirled his funny old rope amid the luxurious surroundings of his drawing-room. "Hurry up, folks! I've learned two new tricks and thought up two new jokes already!

"Yep," he went on as we descended, "I've got just one big ambition in life—to provide for my family and keep 'em out of jail, and when I am old to be able to rope and hop around so that folks will say, 'Well, what do you think of that old guy?'"

"I'm not really twirling this ole rope just for my health," he confided afterward as we went out into the moonlit garden. "I may go back into the Follies at any time."

We traveled down to the swimming pool, which gave forth weird lights in the moonlight and which can be lighted by electric lights as well.

But the biggest novelty of all is a great section of the several-acre grounds, which is screened from the street by high walls, and which, covered with tanbark, provides a wonderful big riding ring in which the children may gallop and race their ponies to their hearts' content.

But it's only Jimmie, it seems, who takes to the roping stuff. Bill is a bookworm. Even at nine he can tell you a whole lot more about everybody from Robin Hood to Shakespeare than most grown-ups. Even little Mary is an athlete. There are no evidences that she worries very much about her dolls having measles. I should judge that if they have them, they get over 'em without the matters troubling their small blond mamma very much.

Down in the basement the whole floor is devoted to the children, even though maybe there is just the least bit of an "I-must-take-the-children-to-the-circus" flavor about that pool room, for Will Rogers is a pool hound and so are Doug Fairbanks and Tom Moore and others who visit him. But there's the bowling alley for the children—and certainly small Bill does throw a mean ball—and there's the big combination gymnasium and theater, where a double show can be in progress any time, what with the perfectly equipped lit-

tle stage and with all those trapezes and rings out in the auditorium. Mary indeed did some real circus stunts on the trapeze for me, while Jimmie was strong on the rings.

Indeed, the trail of the children is over the whole big house. There isn't a room apparently that isn't in some way constructed with a view to what will be best for the children.

Rogers himself, who admits that, due to his farming and later to his roving life, he had little chance to read, except the papers, spends his evenings nowadays getting acquainted with Dickens, Mark Twain, Thackeray, and Bret Harte. Mark Twain is his favorite, and he and Mrs. Rogers often read aloud of evenings, with the children sitting about.

The heart of Will Rogers is full of kindness as well as humor. Last Christmas he sent out word through the papers that he would appear at any benefit for children at which his services might be required. You can guess the result. All during the holidays he was besieged with requests, as his services are always in demand at public meetings, since he is inexhaustibly witty and resourceful. I believe he appeared at two benefits on Christmas Day, when his own little ones were clamoring for him. Oh, how those youngsters adore their father! They can't bear to have him go away on location even. With them he is unfailingly patient and indulgent. But if he speaks in reproof—well, they listen and mind.

One of his whimsical ways of helping folks is the placing of his big limousine at the disposal of his studio friends, who include everybody from Manager Abraham Lehr to the property boys and extras on the lot.

He'll climb into the handsome vehicle at the end of the day, calling out: "Hey, there! Free bus to Los Angeles!" And everybody who wants to ride, be he Eminent Author, cowboy, or prop lad, is welcome to clamber into the machine.

Rogers himself likes to ride outside, and one day I saw him and his wife sitting on the driver's seat in front, with Will driving, while the chauffeur sat in state inside the car!

He and Mrs. Rogers drove me home, following my visit, bade me good night and come again in their warmly hospitable and kindly way, and as I glanced around for a last look at my hosts, Rogers was tenderly tucking the robe about his wife.

"Ah, I see," I said to myself, "why he's not merely 'Will' to her, but the dearer 'Billy.'"

Frocks That Say Something

Continued from page 85

shoulder to cuff, they show her very pretty arms in what can well be called the exclamation point of this gown. Made on straight lines, and belted in at the waist with narrow, two-toned ribbon which matches the peasant embroidery on the frock, this blue satin creation is one of the most effective gowns in her wardrobe.

The hat which she wears with this frock has fine, trailing blue feathers that match her eyes and bring out the lights in her bronze hair. And her fur scarf has smoky tints that blend in with both the blue of the feathers and the darker blue of the frock.

In considering what characteristic you will make the predominating one of your costume, you must consider your own qualifications first, and then the purpose of the gown. For instance, it would be absurd to fashion a blue serge school dress with sleeves like these of Betty Compson's. The keynote of such a frock should be simplicity, because of its reason for being. But if you are rather stout, and so want to emphasize the idea of slenderness, you can have a black satin sash, rather a wide one, on your serge frock, fasten it at one side of the front, and let it hang to the hem of your frock. Wear a narrow white collar that comes straight down to the waist line, and you'll have said "slenderness" twice, as well as giving a definite impression with your simple gown.

There's a language spoken by hats and gowns that's easily learned, you know. It speaks to every one who looks at you, if you've planned your clothes in accordance with it. It will tell the color of your eyes—look at the blue feathers on that one hat of Betty Compson's. It will call attention to pretty arms, as do her cut sleeves. A hat with the right lines can say, "What a pretty mouth this girl has!" and a ruffled, puffed skirt can call attention to a pretty waist-line. In an even more pronounced way, flowing sleeves can accentuate graceful hands.

You'll have to learn, by experimenting with yourself, just what you want your clothes to say. If you're too thin you don't want your frocks to call attention to it. You must list your own bad points and then plan your clothes to offset them. And, above all, you must make your clothes say *something!* Don't let them be simply a covering; don't let yourself be nondescript looking. Remember jelly that doesn't jell—and then see to it that your clothes aren't in the same class.



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A Career of Crime

Continued from page 69

only part that belongs in the family. It was my mother's maiden name."

While Miss Terry played a vamp in "Heartbalm," she had a very sympathetic rôle in "Travelin' On," William Hart's final picture before his temporary retirement. More recently she has assumed a principal part in the new dramatic two-reelers made by Selig in which some of the foremost screen players are appearing.

"No, I haven't had anything to do with the wild animals yet," she told me when I asked if she had made the acquaintance of the famous Selig animals. "I don't think that I would be terribly afraid if I did. But the other day I saw something which rather shook my ambition.

"They were trying to make a lion get in front of the camera out on the lot. But he wouldn't budge. Finally, after they had prodded him considerably, and he had growled his head off, one of the men grabbed him by the tail and yanked.

"That was too much for me. I felt that even the trainer was running a risk of becoming mincemeat. So I left for my dressing room. I can't quite see myself pulling a lion's tail," and she shook her head reflectively.

And, personally, I can readily understand her feeling that it's a good idea to draw the line some place. But not by the tail.

Playing with Douglas MacLean

Continued from page 87

a master caricaturist in acting. I shuddered to think of the imitation he might some day give of an interviewer!

Before he acted in pictures Mr. MacLean played with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan," and was matinee idol of the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles. Before that he was just a minister's son, and you know what that means. Only MacLean's case is a brilliant exception to that rule about ministers' sons. He is a fine young chap, good-looking, level-headed, and vastly entertaining. If you don't believe it, go to Washington some day, get an audience with President Harding and ask him. He'll tell you that when MacLean came to the White House to see him he dropped affairs of state for twenty-five minutes to talk to this engaging youth. Every one likes him in pictures—and they would like him even better if they had had the good fortune to meet him.

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A Manhattan Adventure

Continued from page 71

The publicity man suggested that we go down on the stages and have some pictures taken together. So we went down in a huge freight elevator, Wally having regained a little of his west-coast exuberance. He did a few steps in imitation of Chaplin, he hummed a song, he tripped himself on his own boots.

"Betcha they don't know me," was his remark to the P. M.

And he was right; they didn't. We strolled over to Alice Brady's set, where a Chinese picture was being made, and she, sitting by a table, looked up, puzzled and a little annoyed at the roughly dressed man who elbowed his way unceremoniously past the lights and the camera.

The stages are larger than any boasted by the Western studios, and artificial lights are used exclusively. Near the "Peter Ibbetson" set, which showed the exterior of a house in wintertime, was a little portable dressing room, hung with cretonne curtains over the door. It belonged to Elsie Ferguson, and is fitted up inside with electric lights, a couch, a dressing table, two chairs, and a wardrobe closet. Miss Ferguson herself had not yet come down to the stage.

I was interested in watching Alice Brady while Wally talked with her, showing off the points of his new make-up like a schoolboy with his long trousers. She is considerably older than she appears on the screen, and is, it seemed to me, greatly flattered by the camera. I expected to see a much prettier girl.

It was after four o'clock, and I had a dinner engagement in town at six. I knew I was going to need quite a bit of time to make that twenty-minute journey back to New York. It turned out that I was right.

I landed at Chatham Square, which is no place for any one who wants to be at Washington Square.

Wally walked back through the stages with me, and up to the dressing room.

"How do you like working in the East?" I asked.

"Well," he regarded me gloomily, "this place is a regular factory. They check you up with efficiency experts. I've just been waiting to have some bird come around and tap me on the shoulder and say, 'Oh, Mr. Reid, what do you do here?' But so far no such luck. You see that sign?" He pointed accusingly at a placard hung on the dressing-room wall which said, "Notice: Stars must take their make-up with them on to the stage."

"That's juvenile stuff," he fumed. He reached up, tore the offending sign from its moorings, and tossed it out of the window. If the efficiency expert had been there, he would have followed it, or at least so I judged from Wally's wrathful countenance.

Going down the stairs to the door, I was confronted with another placard. It said, "Stop! Have you forgotten your make-up?" I almost went back to tell Wally about that one. But the youth at the door had his eye on me. He very evidently thought I had stayed too long. His gaze was reproachful as he filled in the time of my departure in his ledger.

In conclusion, gentle fans of feminine gender, let me urge you when writing passionate love letters to the handsome film star, make no rash vows of affection for time and eternity. Wallace at his present age is heart stirring. At the age of ninety—not so good. He admits it himself.

Here's Viola

Continued from page 70

at dawn, can be heard for blocks. Sometimes they sing, and if Miss Dana isn't working for a moment, she will twang a little ukulele she carries while Miss Lake croons lullabies across the intervening space—something about "I've got the Metro Blues" or "Take Me Back to Canada."

Our little group was suddenly disrupted by the approach of—could it be?—yes, I could tell by the hair that it was—Nazimova. She was visiting at Metro that day.

"Pleez, I would like to borrow Vi for meenit," she exclaimed to Director Veiller as she came up, a little breathless. "There is a woman outside weeth ze most bee-ootiful what-you-call-zems, and Vi she mus' buy some."

"She means lingerie," explained Viola, and slipped into her Chinese sandals. Arms about each other, they tore out.

"Come back in five minutes," patiently shouted Mr. Veiller with a rueful look at his watch and the waiting set. He knows her!

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How Doth the Busy Little Bebe

Continued from page 57



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was supposed to be a dressin' room and left there right beside a large huge sign which says, "No persons is permitted on any set unless actually working in scene!" Well, I am thinkin' that one over, when a guy big enough to make Dempsey jump out of the ring glares at me and hollers, "Hey, you—can't you read?"

"Yes, you big stiff, I can read," I says politely, "and 'if you don't think I am workin' in this scene, just watch me!"

With that I banged on the door of this dressin' room with a gusto, whilst everybody stopped to look at me and whispers flew back and forth like eagles. Whilst I am still knockin', a thing I rarely do, it strikes me that it wouldst of done me no harm to of brought along a bouquet or the etc., as I am callin' on a lady and at that minute a sweetly voice says, "Come in!"

They is a potted plant on the floor and with rare presence of mind I grabbed it up, payin' no attention to the wild yells of the property man, and stridin' into the dressin' room I come face to face with no less than the beauteous Bebe, which gazes at me and my flowerpot in no little amazement. Well, gently reader, comin' upon Bebe suddenly like that and gettin' the full candle power of her lustrous eyes, her brain-softenin' lips, that schoolgirl complexion on the skin you'd love to touch and her—eh—figure which wouldst of drove Venus to suicide—well, to say the least, it is a experience which is a bit unnervin'. I have seen manys the pulse-quickener in my day, but Bebe looks like the others wouldst like to!

How the so ever, I parked the potted plant in a handy corner and quick-wittedly explained how I come to bring her such a novel gift. I says that as she prob'ly knows, potted plants is the national flower of Baluchistan and is supposed to bring the wearer good luck, wisdom, etc. and even etc. and if wore around the neck at night is said to ward off dandruff. At this, Bebe kind of edged away from me with a longin' look at the door, so I made haste to introduce myself and she smiles and says she was glad I come out to see her. Well, that made it two people which felt that way on the subject, so we stood there holdin' hands and Bebe gazed up at me till I got so dizzy you couldst of amputated my left arm and I wouldst never of knew nothin' about it and cared less!

Fin'ly somebody comes to the door and says they are waitin' for Bebe

to proceed with a scene and can't I come around some other time—say after six p. m. when the studio will be all locked up and try to get in. But me and Bebe simply gave the courier a nasty look and says to the mischiefs with their old scene as we are goin' to have our pictures taken together and can't be bothered. If looks couldst kill, the one Bebe's director give me wouldst of put my family in mournin', but it takes just as much nerve to interview a star as it does to be a director, so I stood my ground till we got a camera man. Then Bebe says what kind of pictures wouldst I like to have taken and I throwed science to the winds and busts right out with the request that we have some taken which wouldst make it look like I was one of her most intimately friends, so's I wouldst have somethin' to lie about when I got back East. So Bebe smiles and calls over the camera man and if you will glance at the photos which accompanies this document you will see that Bebe Daniels is not only beautiful, but likewise good-natured.

No less than Dallas, Texas, has the honor of bein' Bebe's birthplace, 1901 bein' the year of her first appearance anywheres on earth. She has been on the stage almost continuously since she was a bebe and she uses the name Bebe Daniels because it is her own. To the best of her knowledge she is not married to Harold Lloyd or anybody else, or even engaged as yet—letters addressed to Realart Studios, Los Angeles, will reach her. (Write your name and the etc. plainly.) She is five feet four inches tall and is in the habit of weighin' 125 lbs in street costume, of course. Her locks are jet black, with a natural sheen which makes silk look like potato sackin', but the color of her eyes is a mystery to your correspondent. I tried four times to gaze into 'em and each time reeled away, clutchin' at the wall for support. You have seen her on the screen and know what a knock-out she is—well, off the screen, sweet mamma! She'd baffle Noah Webster and he shakes a brutal adjective.

Miss Daniels told me a lot of things regardin' her career, but the only thing I can recall at this date is that she said I was welcome any time I wanted to come out to the studio. That may be of no interest to you, gently reader, but it is of considerable moment to me!

Yours Truly,

H. C. WITWER.

Loose Angeles, N. J.

What About the Author?

Continued from page 56

public given to reading much they are just what is wanted; a succession of nothing but great stories would drive it mad. The motion-picture field, used more than the magazine field, needs even more of these stories, built not to mark an epoch or to spread an active propaganda, but to give an evening's amusement.

The day of the author is here to stay. But it is going to be submerged finally by the day of the story. Just as there will always be stars superior to their plays and drawing audiences on their own accounts, so there will always be authors who can command a following. But when the authors have all been weeded out and some of them who never will fit the motion-picture field have passed into the discard, then the day of the story will come. And it looks now as if that day were not far distant.

Right Off the Grill

Continued from page 53

Antonio Moreno receives about two thousand dollars.

James Kirkwood is listed at eight-hundred dollars.

Among leading men, Mahlon Hamilton probably leads off at one thousand dollars.

Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, and Charles Ray draw on a percentage basis, or so much per picture. Their weekly incomes are counted in thousands. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks make whatever their pictures earn over the costs of production and distribution.

The Brains of Beauty.

One of our beautiful new stars passed the table where Carter de Haven was dining with friends.

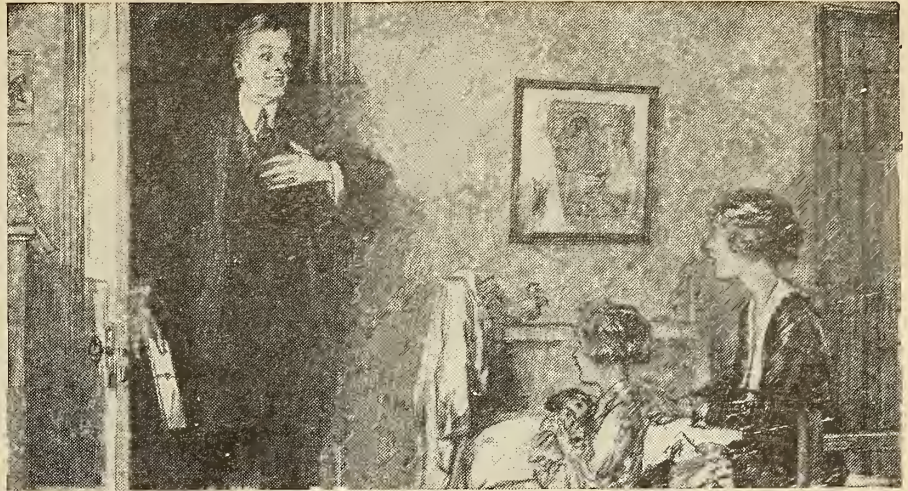
"What a beauty!" exclaimed one of De Haven's guests. "Is she clever?"

"That girl?" grunted Carter. "She thinks Rex Beach is a summer resort."

The Servant Problem.

No matter how rich and famous we may become the servant problem is always with us. For instance, Signor "Bull" Montana, the eminent Italian artist, who puts the punch in many pictures and who put not a few in Monsieur Dempsey during the champ's training period. You would think that Bull of all people would get service, yet he complains of grievous indignities. Recently he had to dismiss his chauffeur.

"What you think?" said Señor Montana. "I tell him to drive me



"They took me into the firm today!"

"I'm to be manager of the Eastern Division and my salary has been raised \$300.

"Think of it, Mary—three hundred more a month! And me! A member of the firm!

"Remember how we used to talk about it—dream about it? It seemed almost too much to even hope for.

"Remember the night I filled out that coupon and sent it to Scranton? We made a wish that night, and it has come true.

"One of the vice-presidents told me today that the first time he really knew I was around the place was when the International Correspondence Schools wrote him a letter, telling him I enrolled and had received a mark of 93 for my first lesson.

"I didn't know it, then, but they were sizing me up. The reason I was promoted so rapidly after that was because my studies were always fitting me for the job ahead.

"I haven't missed the spare time I spent in studying at home. The lessons were all so easy to understand—so practical—so helpful in my every-day life.

"Where would I be today if I hadn't sent in that coupon? Back in the same old job at the same old salary, I guess—always afraid of being dropped whenever business slacked up.

"The folks at the I. C. S. are right, Mary. The trained man always wins!"

* * * * *

This is not an unusual case. It is just a typical example of the recognition that is given I. C. S. students every day.

Employers need trained men—men who are preparing themselves for positions of greater responsibility. For such men there is no salary limit.

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When your complexion of after years is determined.

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All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. Box of NR Tablets.



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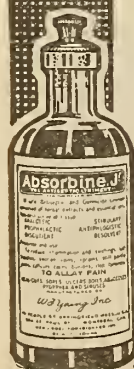
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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

to Pasadena and he say, 'Not to-day.'

"I say, 'Yes, to-day.'

"He say, 'What for?'

"I say, 'Who the boss?'

"He say, 'I dunno.'

The Eight Adonises.

Since I had the audacity to select the eight most beautiful ladies of the screen, the ladies of the film colony suggested that I pick the eight most beautiful men. But a strange atavistic look in their eyes caused me to waive the privilege in their favor. The ladies held a raucous convention, and, after much damage to switches and bobbed tresses, brought forth the following verdict:

- Wallace Reid.
- Antonio Moreno.
- Richard Barthelmess.
- John Barrymore.
- Buck Jones.
- Thomas Meighan.
- Elliot Dexter.
- Jack Mulhall.

The spokesman for the jury insisted upon heading the list with Georges Carpentier, than whom there is none more heart-smashing. After some precarious sparring, however, I managed to reserve Monsieur Carpentier for honorable mention, since his place as a screen actor is somewhat transient. I hasten to add, however, that I, too, consider Georges incomparable. My only complaint is

that the rugged Ben Turpin was not included.

While Wally Was Away.

The Hollywood sight-seeing bus stopped before a Moorish mansion at the side of which was a swimming pool trimmed with fancy female bathers. Putting the megaphone to his lips, the bus ballyhoo bellowed:

"On your left, Ladies and gents, is the home of Wallace Reid."

"For the land's sake," shrieked a bus belle. "I thought it was the Sennett studio."

The occasion was only one of Mrs. Reid's swimming teas. The hostess in a bathing suit of color—and cut—to delight St. Patrick was executing a pose plastique on the edge of the pool. The scream from the bus so startled her that she did an unpremeditated dive, and nearly sank a convoy comprised of May Allison, Mae Busch, Adela St. John, Dixie Johnson, and Mrs. William Desmond.

When Wally Reid, accompanied by Ivan St. John, returned to Los Angeles from New York, Mrs. Reid and Mrs. St. John met him at the station with the Reid and St. John children, plus a regiment of neighbor kids borrowed for the welcoming committee.

"Great Scott, Ike!" exclaimed Wally as he beheld the line-up. "Look how our town's grown since we've been away."

When Fans Get Together

Continued from page 22

to go to see her pictures. Now we've aroused such an interest in her there is a demand for the pictures and we don't have to wait so long between them and we have boosted her at the same time."

Elect the officers for your club just as you would for any other kind of club. Appoint committees to arrange programs and entertainments. Vote on a motto and on colors to be used in decorating for parties.

If it is possible, have a clubroom. One club I know of has its room divided into sections, each member trying to outdo the others in artistic arrangement of the space given to her. If a room cannot be secured, and this is not at all necessary, the meetings can be held at each member's home in turn, either once a week, semimonthly, or monthly.

"We vote on the subject of our meetings," Miss McCurrie of the fans in San Antonio told me. "Most of the time it is some player, but we have had a scenario meeting for the girls that are interested in writ-

ing, and a dramatic meeting for the girls that want to be stars. At the latter we left the program to them, and they reacted bits of films while we commented on and criticized them. At a following meeting the would-be stars impersonated favorite players, and the would-be writers interviewed them. We surely did laugh; it was the funniest meeting we've ever had. Once, for three of the members who are interested in character analysis, we had a physiognomy meeting. You should have seen us arguing over Wallace Reid's eyebrows and Bebe Daniels' chin, and a miniature war almost resulted over the shape of Cullen Landis' face."

At each meeting you should, by all means, have a round table; for fifteen or twenty minutes discuss players, photo plays, directors, and movie magazines. Do not let the other fellow say it all—talk! If you are a true fan you already know how much more a personal knowledge of moving-picture players has made you enjoy the movies. You will be sur-

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Beware! Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for twenty-one years and proved safe by millions. Take Aspirin only as told in the Bayer package for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago, and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve Bayer Tablets of Aspirin cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturer of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylic acid.

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Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or twisting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely sanitary—universally successful—endorsed by society leaders. If your dealer doesn't handle them send \$2 for set of 6 mailed with full directions.

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prised at the way round-table discussions will arouse your interest.

To get a better idea of what the fans everywhere are thinking, exchange letters with other clubs. Let each member write a page, the artist of the club illustrating them with pen-and-ink sketches. Have a club "What's Your Opinion? Day," and ask every one you meet just what theirs is concerning motion pictures. At the next meeting's round table compare and analyze these opinions.

Decide on the dues. These need not be large, as you can add to your treasury fund from time to time with diminutive movie fairs and entertainments. If your club is of a philanthropic turn of mind you can secure permission from some "Home" to take some orphans with the club when attending the theater in place of a regular meeting.

If you honestly try to make your club a success, your work will soon be recognized.

"We have gained quite a reputation," an enthusiastic member writes, "for knowing the merits of the pictures, which knowledge we acquire by carefully reading press reports, reviews, and criticisms. People phone us to find out if we will recommend a certain picture and if it is suitable for children. We are often called on to answer questions about motion pictures and to settle movie disputes. We have had some very funny experiences."

"Where your heart is, there is your treasure!" Sentimental Tommy emphatically declared, and so, if you really are a fan, your heart is in motion pictures, and you should have some of the club members' treasure, don't you think?

Why Don't You Organize a Fan Club?

It will vastly increase your pleasure in seeing motion pictures, it will enable you to become a real influence in helping your favorite stars and in getting the kind of pictures you want at your theater, and it will put you in close touch with fans everywhere. For in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE you will find, from month to month, what the different clubs are doing—we are going to help the new clubs to organize, get the different groups acquainted—in short we are going to boost this movement in every possible way. And if you belong to a club, or are thinking about starting one

Don't Fail To Read Our Prize Offer

on page 22 of this issue. And don't fail to get the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. For in it you will find an article by Marjorie Powell Fohn, which will tell you more about the activities of a Fan Club.



My Hair Was Quite Gray

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly. A few applications of Kolor-Bak produced a wonderful improvement. The itching stopped instantly. There was no more dandruff. And—marvel of marvels—it is now restored to its original color—not a gray hair shows anywhere!"

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Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 211 to 152 pounds. This reducer and gentle method have been the means whereby a great number of fat people throughout the United States and elsewhere have easily gotten rid of unhealthy disfiguring fatty tissue without discomfort. Any stout man or woman can obtain these results, whether 10 or 100 lbs. overweight, look better and feel better. The complete cost is \$5.00. Send for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 10-4 daily.

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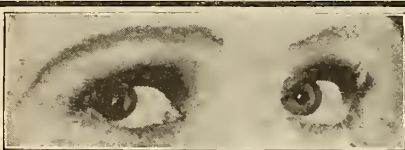
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Prof. I. Hubert, Toledo, Ohio. N. Y. Office—Bash Terminal Sales Bldg.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

I am glad to say that Harold Lloyd is keeping up the good work. "Among Those Present" is one hundred per cent better than the average "special production." Why worry about Chaplin's erratic methods of making comedies so long as Mr. Lloyd and Buster Keaton are still with us?

As for films to be avoided: "Tradition" is a German picture that should be indorsed by the American Legion because it proves that German directors make more hideous mistakes than our own home talent. This particular film was shown on the same program at the Hippodrome

with "Twice-born Woman." Another film to run from is "The Spirit of '76," a very prejudiced view of the American revolution. Apart from the fact that it is principally anti-British propaganda, and viewed simply as "just another fillum," it is ridiculous.

The much-advertised slump in the motion-picture industry has hit the public. But cheer up, in the winter we shall have such productions as "The Three Musketeers," "Disraeli," the new Chaplin comedy, "Peter Ibbetson," and "Justice," and these will be reviewed very soon.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 50

wearing them that way. And—"But of course the people she had an engagement with arrived just then and she had to rush away. But, having introduced the subject of clothes, she had done Fanny a noble service.

"Miriam Cooper has finished making 'Serenade,' but she is so enraptured with the "Spanish laces—the mantillas, or adobes, or enchiladas, or whatever it is they wear—that she insists she is going to adopt them for evening wear from now on.

"Have you heard about Gladys Hulette? She's back in pictures, playing opposite Richard Barthelmess," Fanny exclaimed breathlessly. "They are making the exterior scenes down in Virginia, and of course Dick is lonesome for his little house up in Harrison. There never will be another home for him quite like that one. When he and Mary Hay were first married they just rented the house, and Mary was scared to death to touch anything in it because the furnishings all belonged to the owner.

"Mae Marsh has taken a house in Larchmont within easy motoring distance of the Griffith studio, so it looks as though she were going to start work pretty soon. It's wonderful to have all the old favorites back again."

"And new ones, too," I spoke up as I noticed dainty little Dorothy Hall heading toward us.

"She is a darling, isn't she?" Fanny exclaimed. "I think it's the funniest thing the way some girls struggle for years trying to make an impression in the movies, and even with the help of influential friends can't climb very fast. And then some unknown young girl comes along, and within a year is a much-sought-after leading woman. She's just finished

'Get Rich Quick Wallingford,' you know. She and Doris Kenyon came from the same town—Bradford, Pennsylvania—but they never knew each other there. Doris belonged to an older set, and that gives away how young Dorothy Hall is. She came to New York to be an interior decorator, but now she adorns motion-picture screens instead.

"And speaking of looking lovely—Alice Lake has never photographed so well as in 'The Infamous Miss Revell.' She wears bewitching clothes and soft chiffons and long, soft ostrich feathers. But when it comes to clothes"—and every conversation of Fanny's comes to clothes frequently—"Katherine MacDonald has twenty complete changes of costume in 'Peachie,' her newest picture."

"I notice that you're not the only one who has a pet monkey," I broke in. "Helene Chadwick has one; she carries him around in the Goldwyn picture, 'From the Ground Up.' Wonder if his name is Rudolph Valentino, too. I should think that Valentino would send a telegram of protest to you telling you the real name of his monkey in 'The Four Horsemen' so that you'd stop calling it Rudolph."

"Oh!" Fanny screamed, grabbing her belongings and hailing the waiter. "I forgot him. I left him asleep at the theater. I saw an ad for 'an original story by America's most famous author' and went in. I'm just like the farmer who fell for 'the pea, the pea, the little green pea' every year at the county fair. I always expect that an 'original' story will be original. And even Rudolph went to sleep at it. I must get him—you pay the check!"

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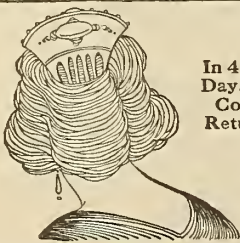


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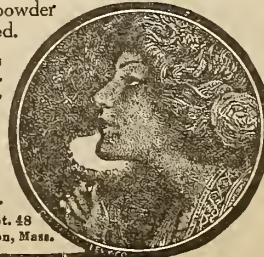
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Do You Want Better Movies?

Continued from page 83

women's clubs, played to empty houses. Along comes a sensational sex play and packs the house." There is a psychological reason for this, as I told him, but I have not space to elaborate on that now.

If we really want better pictures, let us prove it by our patronage. If not, let us be honest and say so.

The art of the cinema should be as great as that of literature and the stage, for it has drawn the best from both. "Blue-law censorship" is commercializing instead of elevating it, and will soon destroy it.

D. W. Griffith, the greatest artist of the silver screen, announced some time ago that he would not film "Faust," as he had planned to do, intending to go abroad to obtain locations and atmosphere. "I do not care to spend time, strength, and large sums of money in producing a picture that may be censored into ineffectiveness," said Mr. Griffith. "Faust," a literary classic read in every schoolroom in the world, would make a picture classic of wonderful beauty, with literary and educational value. His decision was a great loss to cinema art.

A consensus of honest opinion from intelligent theatergoers is needed. This subject is so complex, as I have found after having investigated it so thoroughly, that it is impossible to treat it properly within the space allotted to this letter. But I hope that your educational campaign will receive the rich response it deserves.

Mrs. O. DORSEY GREY.

Chairman Motion-picture Committee,
P-T-E-C League.

125 N. Hennessy Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

THIRD PRIZE.

When I saw that line on the cover of PICTURE-PLAY, "Do You Want Better Movies?" I thought—of course we do. We want better everything. That's what America stands for to those of us who came from somewhere else. It's here people demand, and get, the very best, and then right away they say, "Let's improve it somehow." And then—first thing you know—one of 'em's gone and done it.

Maybe Mrs. Bennett's article will help to do that very thing. I wouldn't be surprised if it did. It opened my eyes to a lot of things, and maybe it will others'. But meanwhile I must confess I think the movies are mighty entertaining.

I don't so much care if the pretty heroine goes out in a storm and has

a fight and still has her clothes all neat and nice. I'm enjoying seeing those pretty clothes, and I don't know that I want her to get them spoiled. Maybe people who live in the city feel that way, but when you work out in the country pretty clothes and beautiful scenes in the movies are such a treat that you don't want them spoiled.

After I'd read her article, I went to two or three pictures to see if people around me were as dissatisfied as she found them.

People around me laughed and cried and clapped, and not one of them hissed, and the pictures weren't so very good, either. But later on, outside, I heard some slighting remarks. At first I was puzzled, and then the whole situation reminded me of something else. Do you remember when the American soldiers were in France how they kicked about everything? They kicked about the food and about the weather, and the prices the Y. M. C. A. charged, and how hard they had to work. There wasn't anything too small for a bunch of doughboys to raise an awful howl about. But, oh, boy, when the fighting began, how they went to it! You would have thought that they hadn't a single kick in the world.

Maybe the connection's not entirely clear, but it seems to me that we're all a lot like those doughboys. We stand around and make petty complaints, but when evening comes we're waiting to get into the show, and all the time we're there we're having a wonderful time. When the show's over, we start kicking again—remember the boys coming home on the transports and how grouchy they were?—and the next night we're back, waiting to get in again.

I guess that I want better movies, but until I get them I'll be going just the same to hand my dimes through the little window that gives me a ticket to the land of adventure.

JAMES MAKEWITZ,

Cat Rock Road,
Cos Cob, Connecticut.

FOURTH PRIZE.

I read Helen Christine Bennett's article in this month's PICTURE-PLAY on "Do We Want Better Movies?"

For my part, I do not think much could be gained by listening to the criticism of an audience. The world has never been satisfied since Adam and Eve met in the Garden of Eden. I belong to the class of people in the majority, and for them I should like to speak.

A few years ago we were called low and vulgar in our tastes because we patronized the nickelodeon, cheap music halls, and plays. No one ever

took the pains to reason that we could not afford the better places and that youth cannot just work, eat, sleep, and wait to die. When the wonderful movies came, with a price within our reach, how quick and eager the majority of us were to drop the sham and get a sight of something sweet, beautiful, and wholesome that breathes of musc, love, and laughter. And so I think we cannot afford to criticize severely slight mistakes.

In the article Mrs. Bennett wrote she spoke of a picture where the heroine was rescued from an empty, dismantled, and dusty house, slid down a water spout, entered a car, and was driven to a ball with only a stray lock amiss. I do not doubt but it brought a smile to many in the intelligent and cultured audiences, but probably it was what the majority needed and wanted. So many of our lives are mussy and disheveled that we're just as well satisfied if our heroines can escape it.

I can give a little instance of what happened to me during the war. I did my bit in the shell room of one of the big factories, and if I hadn't kept a picture of our boys over there I doubt if I would have had the courage to go on, for the heat, smell of oil, and hard work were almost too much for me.

One evening I came home more tired, blue, and discouraged than ever, and thought I would go to the movies for a little rest and cheer. It so happened that they showed a shop picture, and one very true to life. Men were working in front of furnaces, pulling out hot steel, perspiring, dirty, and tired. Two men sat in front of me, and soon they began to talk and growl, and presently one got up and said to his companion, "Come on, we came here to rest and be amused, and not to look at what we see every day." I felt the same way. It was true to life, but not what we needed. The picture with a flaw would have served us better.

I am passionately fond of music, and have always longed to travel and to see God's beautiful world. I think my little Irish mother looked into my rebellious heart and read my future and knew I would have to be satisfied with just a little corner, for early in my life she began to teach me to get all the sweet music out of the simple melodies at hand; to listen in the springtime for the song of the birds, to watch God's sunrises and sunsets, and get the sunshine out of to-day, and not look for the shadows of to-morrow.

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FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. R, Jackson, Mich.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

C. W.—Pola Negri is Polish, we are told. She has a new picture called "Gypsy Blood," adapted from "Carmen." It is a German-made production. Glad you enjoyed the March number so much. Thanks!

E. J. R.—Wanda Hawley is married. She has been in pictures about four years. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Massachusetts. If she has ever been in Frankfort she has kept very quiet about it.

MARIE Z.—Marion Davies' latest picture is "Buried Treasure."

BROWN EYES.—Carlyle Blackwell first saw the light of day in Troy, Pennsylvania, in 1888. Wallace MacDonald was born in Mulgrave, Nova Scotia, Canada, in 1891. Douglas MacLean chose Philadelphia as his birthplace.

HARRY F.—That is Wallace Reid's correct name. His father was Hal Reid. The rest of your letter I cannot make out. I looked up the answer you referred to but couldn't see what that had to do with your question. Come again. Perhaps next time I'll get it.

DOLLY DOUGHNUTS.—Antrim Short was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Yes, his hair is blond. You have him placed correctly. He is five feet seven and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds.

M. M.—Wanda Hawley is five feet three and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. Constance Binney has brown hair and eyes.

E. W.—Look for Will Rogers' address this month and you will be successful. I think you must refer to Helene Chadwick.

EDITH H.—You will find Miss Clayton's address at the end of this department. She is not making serials at present. The name is Vola, not Viola. Miss Vale is still appearing on the screen. I think you have the wrong name for the picture you asked about. Alan Dwan's production, "The Perfect Crime," was one of Monte Bluc's latest pictures in which Jacqueline Logan played the feminine lead.

THOMAS C.—Dorothy Green was born in Petrograd, Russia, in 1895. She was educated in New York.

LITTLE MISS DIXIE—Alice Lake was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1897. Her screen career commenced with Vitagraph a few years ago. Then she went into comedies. She appeared in Sennett comedies and with "Fatty" Arbuckle before she played in Christie Comedies. Universal and Metro have also billed Miss Lake. She has been appearing, of late, in Metro's screen classics. Her latest is "Uncharted Seas," in which Rudolph Valentino takes the male lead.

MRS. EDNA P.—Rosemary Theby played Hedda Kossiter in Louise Lovely's picture, "The Little Gray Mouse." I guess that under the conditions you would call me an "it." And I am most of the time, so the name suits.

CURLY B.—Margarita Fisher was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa. She has been on the stage since she was a child. Played stock, et cetera, so probably it is the same Miss Fisher that you knew. Her address is given at the end of the department.

AVIS N.—Eugene O'Brien should have received your letter. The address was correct. Perhaps you will hear, although that is a long time ago. You might write to the editor with your suggestion, and see how it is received. However, it wouldn't be new. Every once in a while pictures of players' husbands or wives are printed. If you would ask some questions about the players you mentioned I would be better able to help you. You say you know all the facts about them; then that is about all there is for me to say.

WAITING.—The story may have been produced, but not that I know of under that title. There has been no such picture by that name. Bert Lytell was born in New York City. William Desmond, Jack Mulhall, George Larkin, and Frank Mayo are married. Eugene O'Brien is unmarried.

HELEN B.—Bessie Love is not married.

MRS. WALLACE M. D.—You will have to write Wyndham Standing personally for his photograph. I can't say as to the results.

MISS ANNIE A.—Mary Miles Minter's birthday is on April the first. I have never asked her what her favorite flower is. Constance Talmadge chose the same month to celebrate her birthday, but the day is the 19th.

A MOVING PICTURE FAN, G. G.—You will have to write him personally and try your luck.

ALVARO C.—So many of the players you asked addresses for have left the screen, so I can't help you get letters to them. Betty Compson is not married. Mildred Moore is no relation to the Moore brothers. Most of the big stars employ secretaries who do nothing else but answer their correspondence and mail out pictures, while the lesser lights try to do it all themselves, and that is why it takes so long to hear from them. It takes them a long time to get to every letter. Then, too, the bigger the star the more he or she can afford to mail hundreds of pictures all over the country. You and I would starve if we had to buy all the stamps used by some of the big ones.

ROBERT S.—Marjorie Daw started her screen career a very few years ago with the Universal company. Harry Carey was born in 1880. I have on several occasions given a list of players who were born in Iowa. Margarita Fisher was born in Missouri Valley. Juanita Hansen hails from Des Moines. Conrad Nagel comes from the same city.

FENUS J.—Frank Mayo was born in New York in 1886. Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, March 15, 1891. Eugene O'Brien came into the world in Colorado in 1884, and Roy Stewart in San Diego, California. Katherine MacDonald honored Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, with her birth. Clara Horton chose Brooklyn, New York, in the year 1904, to make her entrance. Ann Forrest was born in Denmark in 1897. Charles Ray is married. Your other questions have been answered.

B. SIMMONS.—Perhaps Miss Griffith has been in Mineral Wells, Texas, for Corinne hails from Texarkana, Texas. That is the correct name. That has always been her professional name.

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—George Walsh was born in New York in 1892. He first went to the New York High School of Commerce, then he studied law at Fordham and Georgetown Universities. His screen career has been with Fox. He is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His hair and eyes are dark. He has left Fox and is appearing in "Serenade," an R. A. Walsh production, under his brother's direction. Miriam Cooper, the wife of Raoul Walsh, is playing the feminine lead. It's all in the family, you see.

JOSEPHINE S.—Write to the editor concerning the information you desire. There were several beautiful tributes in the form of write-ups paid Robert Harron in different magazines after his death. PICTURE-PLAY published one in the December issue, titled "The Boy Whom Everybody Liked." His picture was printed with the article.

MARY M. W.—"The Purple Riders" is a late serial of Joe Ryan's. Elinor Field plays opposite him. Jean Paige played the lead in the feature picture "Black Beauty," and is soon to appear in another production. Kathlyn Williams has not made any jungle stories for a long time. Mary Miles Minter is not married. Wallace Reid is a married man with a son about four years of age. Helen Holmes is not dead.

LLOBA.—That's as near as I could guess it. Is it anywhere near correct? Thomas Meighan's wife is a "legitimate" actress, which means that she is a stage actress. She is Frances Ring, of the famous Ring family. Zane Grey is not in pictures himself. Some of his stories have been produced on the screen. He is married. You would have to write him for it. There would be no other way to obtain his picture unless you bought a set of the small ones that certain concerns sell. Douglas MacLean is married to a non-professional. Harold Lloyd is not married. Natalie Talmadge is the youngest of the sisters. Mary MacLaren and Katherine MacDonald are sisters. Katherine has been married. Neither Eugene O'Brien nor William S. Hart is married. Write any time you like. That's all I have to do.

M. L. H.—George Walsh attended Fordham and Georgetown Universities. I don't know what picture you refer to. I don't know Marguerite Clark's first cousin. You can't expect me to know all the families, too, can you?

JOHN CLARK.—It is perfectly all right if you wish to write the players for their pictures. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. Her correct name is Flugrath, not Dana.

ALICE S.—Jack Perrin is the young man whom you refer to. His eyes and hair are dark. Walter MacGrail has been playing opposite Anita Stewart in her most recent features. The latest is called "The Price of Happiness." Ruth Roland's latest serial to be released is "The Avenging Arrow."

A "BUCK" JONES ADMIRER.—Your favorite hails from Indiana, Vincennes, being the exact spot. He received his education in Indianapolis. He became a star with the Fox Film Company. He lacks a quarter of an inch of being six feet and tins the scales at one hundred and seventy-three pounds. Yes, he is very good-looking. I would hardly call it pretty. There is no excuse for your staying single any longer unless you can't induce Buck to move to Salt Lake City.

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MISS MARIE F.—Your addresses are given at the end of the department.

WILLIAM H.—Louise Lovely's latest pictures for the Fox Film Company are "The Little Gray Mouse," "Partners of Fate," and "While the Devil Laughs." She was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1896. Your other questions have been answered.

FRANCES FROM THE BADGER STATE.—Mary Pickford's correct name is Gladys Smith. Ora Carew does not make pictures for any one company. Marguerite Clark's name in private life is Mrs. Williams. That is her correct name. Natalie is the youngest of the Talmadge sisters. Glad to have you write again.

PHYLLIS M. T.—You will have to write them to find out. All addresses are given at the end of this department. Grace Darmond comes from Toronto, Canada. She is unmarried. Richard Barthelmess is five feet seven. Ruth Roland arrived on this earth in the year 1893. She is five feet four. Gordon Griffith and May Giraci played in the "Son of Tarzan." William Hart is retiring from the screen for the present.

ADMIRER OF HOOT.—"Hoot" Gibson and Helen were husband and wife. Neither is married at present. Hoot was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. His early career consisted of "cowboying" it with Bud Atkins' circus in Australia. He has been on the screen since 1911. He has played for Selig, Kalem, and Universal. His height is five feet ten and his weight is one hundred and sixty. His hair is light and eyes are blue.

LAURA C. T.—Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. She received her education in Seattle, Washington, and New York. She did amateur theatrical work in Seattle and concert work in Canada and the States. Her screen career then followed. And she played in many of Cecil B. De Mille's productions. Wanda is just five feet three and weighs one hundred and ten. Her hair is very blond and her eyes are a grayish-blue. She is married to a non-professional. Shirley Mason in private life is Mrs. Bernard Durning. She is about twenty years of age and stands just five feet. She can't even boast one hundred pounds, for the scales register only ninety-four, clothes and all. Her eyes are light gray and her hair is bobbed and brown. She hails from Brooklyn, New York. Her early career consisted of the stage, even as far back as the age of four. Her screen career stretches over time spent with K. E. S. E. Company, Edison, Famous Players, Paramount, and Fox. One of her latest pictures for the latter concern is "The Mother Heart." Ethel Clayton comes from Champaign, Illinois. She was born in 1890. Her education was acquired at St. Elizabeth's Convent in Chicago. Before her screen career she played in stock companies on the stage. Lubin was the company for which her first screen attempts were made. Since then she has made pictures for World and Famous Players. Ethel's eyes are gray and her hair is a red gold. She has been married. Her husband, Joseph Kaufman, died during the "flu" epidemic in 1918. She has two small children. Miss Clayton is five feet five and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds.

JANET DALE.—Juanita Hansen came from Des Moines, Iowa. Her mother is living. Alice Lake was born in 1897. Your other questions have been answered.

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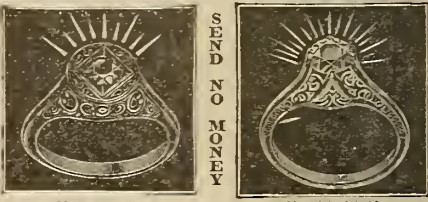
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MISS KATHLEEN E.—Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron in private life. She was born in 1896. Billie Burke is still appearing in pictures. Her latest is "The Education of Elizabeth." I believe she is to have her own company and to appear in legitimate work at the same time. She will probably make only four pictures a year. Wheeler Oakman is the husband of Priscilla Dean. Priscilla's most recent starring vehicle is "Reputation." Betty Compson has never married. Neither has Lillian Gish. Dorothy is Mrs. James Rennie. Lilian was born in 1896 and Dorothy two years later. Jean Paige is to star in Vitagraph pictures.

I. G. T.—Catherine Calvert plays in "You Find It Everywhere." Herbert Rawlinson plays the male lead. Eddy Lyons and Lee Moran have a new comedy, called "Roman Romeos." Mary Miles Minter's most recent picture is "Don't Call Me Little Girl." One of Ethel Clayton's latest is "Sham." James Kirkwood is seen in George Melford's production, "A Wise Fool."

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FATTY N. H.—"The Charm School" and "The Love Special" are two of Wallace Reid's latest pictures. Lila Lee played opposite him in the first and Agnes Ayres in the last mentioned. Mildred Harris is appearing in Lasky pictures. She is playing with Dorothy Dalton in a story suggested by Leonard Merrick's story, "Laurels and the Lady." Cecil De Mille is directing. It will be released under some other title. Some of May Allison's latest pictures are: "The Walk-Offs," "The Cheater," "Are All Men Alike?" in which Wallace MacDonald plays the lead, "The Marriage of William Ashe," in which Wyndham Standing plays the part of William, "Extravagance," in which Theodore van Eitz plays the part of Dick Vane, and "The Lost Card." I hope I named enough of Miss Allison's pictures to suit you.

GRETA BURNS.—Greta Hartman is five feet five inches "high," as you say. Her hair and eyes are brown. She played in the Pioneer production "Atonement." Eugene O'Brien is unmarried. Your other questions have been answered.

HELEN V. S.—I'm sorry, but it would hardly be fair if I helped you in a contest. You are supposed to do that work without professional help.

Mrs. M. H. H.—Harrison Ford has played in stock companies before entering pictures. In 1914 he played stock in Baltimore, Maryland. In 1913 and 1915 he played in Syracuse, New York.

A FAN, RUTH M. S.—Viola Dana, Ruth Roland, Alice Joyce, Marguerite Clark, Priscilla Dean, and Shirley Mason all have brown hair of various shades. Norma Talmadge has very dark hair. Viola, Shirley, and Norma have bobbed hair. Billie Burke's hair is a golden red. Pearl White, May Allison, and Arline Pretty all have blond hair.

MISS CORINNE C.—Henry Woodward played the part of Major Heyward in "The Last of the Mohicans."

EMMA C.—William Farnum is making pictures at the New York studios of the Fox company. He would probably read your letter.

MRS. ADOLF H.—You will find Ramsey Wallace's address given below.

JOHN McN.—You will have to write Katherine MacDonald for her picture. She is from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I don't know what part.

ALBERT F. R.—Sometimes it takes more than three weeks to have your letter answered. You are not the only one who is writing, and you have to wait your turn. Those addresses are given below.

MISS DOROTHY C.—No, the report that Tom Moore and Rene Adoree are married is not false. They spent their honeymoon in Honolulu. Matt is not married. There is Tom, Matt, Owen, and Joe Moore.

FANNY THE FAN.—The real "Fanny the Fan" wrote us that Katherine MacDonald's beauty secret was "water and a five-cent cake of soap," and I'm inclined to believe that's true.

U. J. K.—Bessie Love is not starring at present. She is appearing with different companies. She played in Sessue Hayakawa's latest picture.

PAULINE D.—The studio addresses that you asked for you will find at the end of the department. I'm sorry, but I can't give you home addresses.

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-Pimples
-Blackheads
-Insomnia
-Short Wind
-Flat Feet
-Stomach Disorders
-Constipation
-Billiousness
-Torpid Liver
-Indigestion
-Nervousness
-Poor Memory
-Rheumatism
-Vital Depletion
-Impotency
-Falling Hair
-Weak Eyes
-Gastritis
-Heart Weakness
-Poor Circulation
-Skin Disorders
-Despondency
-Round Shoulders
-Lung Troubles
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-Muscular Development
-Great Strength

Name

Age Occupation

Street

City State

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MISS NORMA M.—Pat O'Malley will be seen in the Oliver Morosco production "Slippy McGee." The interviews you desire to see will have to be requested of the editor, as he is the one who runs that part of it. You will find your questions concerning "Buck" Jones answered elsewhere in the magazine. Jack Mulhall was born in New York. He is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and fifty. He has a small son about four years old, Jack, Junior. Your letter was given to the editor.

KIWI.—I can't send you pictures of the players. You will have to write them personally. If that didn't succeed, why don't you write to some of those concerns that sell players' pictures and get them that way? Olive Thomas died from accidental poisoning. Ethel Clayton is not the mother of Madge Evans, Sylvia Breamer is appearing in Will Rogers' picture "A Poor Relation." Rosemary Theby plays in the picture "Good Women." Billie Burke's latest is "The Education of Elizabeth." Beverly Bayne is to make some of her stage successes into pictures with her husband, Francis X. I am returning your coupons to you.

AN ADMIRER OF THOMAS MEIGHAN.—Sorry we do not give the home addresses of players. The only way to get your little gift to him would be to mail it to his studio address. No one else would be likely to get it. You do not need to be anxious on that point. Tommy has no children. Frances Ring is his wife. "White and Unmarried" is the title of his latest release.

MRS. H. C. B.—Violet Heming played the part of *Everywoman* in the picture by that name. The cast for "Salome": Theda Bara played the title rôle, G. Raymond Nye played *King Herod*, Albert Roscoe played *John the Baptist*, Bertram Grassby played *Prince David*, Herbert Heyes played *Sejanus*, Genevieve Blinn played *Queen Mariam*, Vera Doria played *Naomi*, and Alfred Fremont played *Galba*. It was made fully two years ago. At that time Theda Bara was working at Fox's coast studios.

SUNNY RAE.—You are very good to me; I shall look for your letter every month. Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1895. He has played in Herbert Brenon productions, Famous Players', D. W. Griffith's, and Dorothy Gish's companies. He is five feet seven and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His hair and eyes are dark. He is making pictures for First National in which he is to be starred. His first production is to be started as soon as he completely recovers from a serious operation which was recently performed. His wife, Mary Hay, appeared on the stage in New York until a short time ago. I can't say whether you would receive a personal reply or not. Most of the stars are far too busy to answer personally their fan correspondence. Most of them merely send pictures. George Stewart played in "Old Dad" with Mildred Harris. Thanks awfully for the valentine. As you say, it's a "little" late, but "better late," et cetera.

MARIE T.—Your first question is answered in the paragraph above. Mildred Davis was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She has about nineteen years to her credit. "Smiling" Bill Parsons died about two years ago. Marjorie Daw was born in 1902.

AI-KO, JAPAN.—The addresses you requested are at the end of the department.

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Mrs. A. E.—Mary Anderson is playing opposite Charles Ray in one of his late pictures, called "The Early Bird." She appeared in Oliver Morosco's production of "The Half-Breed." She has not left the screen and is not contemplating doing so. Edith Storey has returned to the screen once more under the Robertson-Cole banner. "The Beach of Dreams" is the name of one of her latest pictures. Frederick Thompson is still directing. Maurice Costello appears on the screen every once in a while.

MARIA RITA D.—Antonio Moreno is of Spanish birth. Madrid, Spain, is his birthplace. He is not married.

A HAMBURGER.—You will find your questions have been answered elsewhere in the columns.

MAXINE R.—Viola Dana is unmarried. Shirley Mason's latest picture is "The Mother Heart."

BLUE EYES.—Walter Wanger is the husband of Justine Johnstone. They have no children. They have gone abroad for a vacation.

MISS LAURA M.—Antonio Moreno was born in 1888. He has dark hair and eyes. He came to the United States at the age of fourteen. He has been in pictures since the year 1914. He has deserted serials to make feature pictures. His first was "Three Sevens." Mr. Moreno's name is Antonio Garrido Montegudo. Bill's middle initial is H. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and eighty. He has dark-brown hair and dark-blue eyes. His screen career dates back to the old Selig days. He was born in Scotland. He received his education in this country. The serials are not printed in book form. Your other questions have been answered.

MISS HELEN B. P.—The address you requested is given at the end of the department.

WILLIAM FARNUM ADMIRER.—Your favorite's latest picture is "His Great Sacrifice." It is a Fox picture. He is making pictures at the New York studios.

CURIOUS BILL.—Mary Miles Minter is still in her teens. She is on the last one, nineteen. Most men are more than five feet five in height. That's why you don't see many that height on the screen. Your other questions have been answered.

A. W. D.—Valeska Suratt is headlining on the Keith circuit in vaudeville. She left the screen for good long ago.

LOUIS B.—Gordon Griffith played in "The Son of Tarzan."

MISS MARGARET LA H.—You will find the answers to your questions given elsewhere in these columns.

LYDIA H. A.—Elmo Lincoln was born in Rochester, Indiana, February 6, 1889. You will have to write him personally for his photograph. He is married.

ANNA M.—I never heard of your friend Mr. Wright. Helen Gibson was born in Cleveland, Ohio, August 27, 1894. She was the wife of "Hoot" Gibson.

THE KAJAN KID.—You are very frank about your looks, but perhaps they are not as bad as you think. Casson Ferguson is appearing in Betty Compton's latest starring vehicle for Paramount, "At the End of the World." Nazimova has dark hair and violet eyes. She is five feet three and weighs one hundred and sixteen pounds. Yes, I agree with you she is a wonderful actress.

Miss M. A.—Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. She has never married again. Harrison Ford is not married now. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri. Harrison stands five feet ten in height. His weight is one hundred and sixty pounds. Harold Lloyd has never married.

WALTER K. P.—Sessue Hayakawa and Tsurio Aoki, his wife are the only Japanese actors of note on the American screen. There are other Japanese that play parts, but no other Japanese stars. Sessue's screen work has been delayed by a serious operation that he had to undergo a short time ago.

Mrs. R. W.—Ollie Kirkby is the wife of George Larkin, and the clipping that you inclosed referred to Ollie. Ella Hall is the wife of Emory Johnson, and they have two small sons. Mary Fuller is not on the screen.

Mrs. H. C. J.—Have no record of the Brenan you ask about. If he was in screen work he must have left it a long time ago.

RUTH L.—You refer to Conway Tearle. He is starring for Selznick.

MISS EMMA M. R.—Never heard of the Miss Houdlette you asked about. Sorry I can't help you.

KLELILAH.—That is as near as I could make out the name. Theodore Kosloff has been a professional dancer for years. He headlined the Keith circuit with his Russian ballet. He is of Russian birth, yes. He has been in pictures only a short time. I am sure I do not know why he plays such villainous parts. As you say, perhaps he is better cast as such.

D. A. A. FAN.—Eddy Polo was born in San Francisco, California. He is married. He is still making pictures for Universal. Helen Holmes was born in Chicago, Illinois. Katherine MacDonald is not married at present. Surely you may write again, as soon as you like.

I. No.—"Hoot" Gibson is working on his first five-reel feature, "The Mascot of the Three Star." Clara Horton is playing the feminine lead. "Peachie" is the title of one of Katherine MacDonald's latest pictures.

JOHN V., JUNIOR.—You will find that your various questions have already been answered. The personal addresses of players are not given. Tom Forman, who is directing Thomas Meighan, was in the late war. Robert Warwick was a major. S. Rankin Drew was killed in action.

Mrs. WALLER S. B.—I'm sorry I can't give you the information you desire, but not having seen the picture myself, I can't make out to whom you refer. If you could give me the name of the character he portrayed I could help you.

WILLIAM SCOTT ADMIRER.—Your favorite was born in 1893. He is working at the Fox coast studios.

CHENE.—Thanks for the photograph. I shall treasure it. Claire Anderson played in "The Palace of Darkened Windows." The inscription "Dead Men Tell No Tales" that you saw all through PICTURE-PLAY was an advertisement of a picture by that name. It was put in simply to arouse your curiosity. Your other questions you will find have been answered.

JOCKEY.—Eddy Polo is five feet eight and one-half and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His hair and eyes are black. You will find the answers to your other questions given elsewhere in the columns.

FRANK K.—Glad you received the "Market Booklet" O. K. Hope it will help you out. Ralph Graves is appearing in D. W. Griffith's productions at present. "Dream Street" is the name of the latest. He has played with Dorothy Gish. He also played in D. W.'s "Scarlet Days" and in "The Greatest Question." Ralph is six feet one and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes are blue. He is unmarried. Ralph is about twenty years of age.

MARGARET G.—Jay Belasco has returned to the Christie fold, and you will see him henceforth in Christie comedies.

PEGGY.—Ward Crane was born in Albany, New York. He received his education in New York. His screen career has been with Marion Davies in "The Dark Star," in Alan Dwan's "Soldiers of Fortune," "Luck of the Irish," and "The Heart of a Fool." He has been in pictures for some time. He plays heavy parts as a rule. You might write him for his picture; it would be perfectly all right. Ward is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has dark hair and brown eyes.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Buster Keaton, Helen Ferguson, Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California. Also Gareth Hughes.

Mary Thurman, Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, Clare Adams, Niles Welch, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Marguerite Dela Motte at the Brunton Studios, Hollywood, California.

William Farnum, Estelle Taylor, and Pearl White at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Ben Wilson, Helen Holmes, and Neva Gerber at the Berwillia Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Katherine MacDonald and Roy Stewart at the Katherine MacDonald Studios, Los Angeles, California.

George Chesboro and Texas Guinan at the Francis Ford Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand, Ben Turpin, and Charles Murray at the Mack Sennett Studios, Allessandro Street, Edendale, California.

James Corbett and Percy Marmont at the Lambs' Club, New York City. Also Carlyle Blackwell.

Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Phillips, Miriam Cooper, and Gladys Leslie at the First National Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Gertrude McCoy at the Gaumont Company, 101 West Forty-second Street.

Wyndham Standing, Habel Ballin, and Irene Castle at the W. W. Hodkinson Pictures Corporation, 527 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

William Desmond, Thomas Meighan, and Antonio Moreno at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Gloria Hope, Claire Anderson, Rosemary Theby, Elinor Fair, Vola Vale, Frank Clark, Paul Willis, ZaSu Pitts, Francelia Billington, Wallace MacDonald, Doris May, Kathleen Kirkham, Juanita Hansen, Mitchell Lewis, Ann May, and James Morrison, care of Willis & Inglis, Los Angeles, California, or Mabel Condon Exchange, Hollywood, California.

Address Gloria Swanson, Theodore Roberts, Wallace Reid, Ethel Clayton, Dorothy Dalton, Mildred Harris, Henry Woodward, Clyde Fillmore, and Margaret Loomis at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

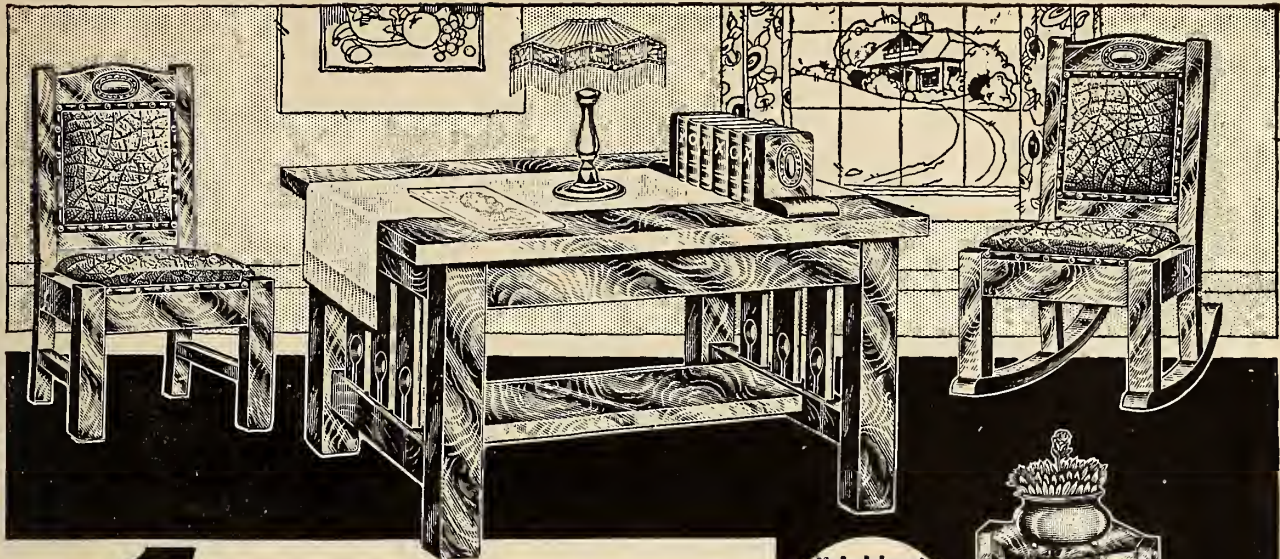
Dorothy Phillips, Pat O'Malley, and Marjorie Daw at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Jay Belasco, Grace Darmond, and Vera Stedman at Christie Studios, Sunset and Gower, Hollywood, California.

Jean Paige, Earle Williams, Joe Ryan, William Duncan, Antonio Moreno, and Edith Johnson at Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Marguerite Courtot, Juanita Hansen, George B. Seitz at Pathé Exchange, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Will Rogers, Helene Chadwick, Barbara Castleon, Molly Malone, Leatrice Joy, Sylvia Bremer Richard Dix and Tom Moore at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.



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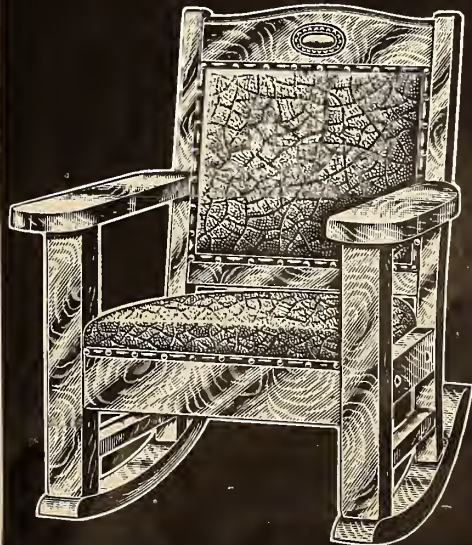
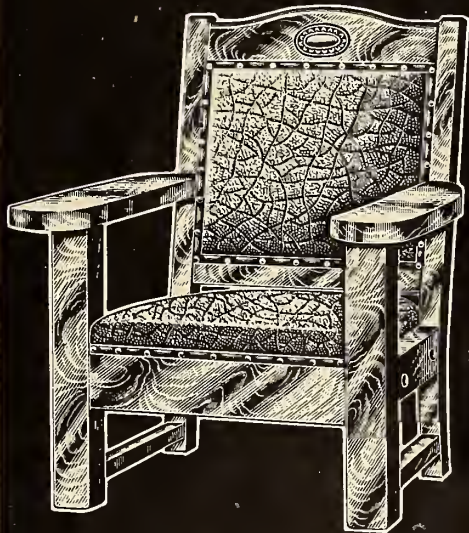
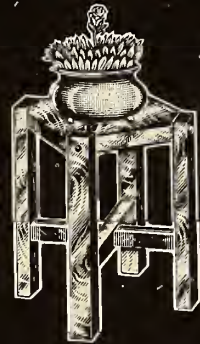
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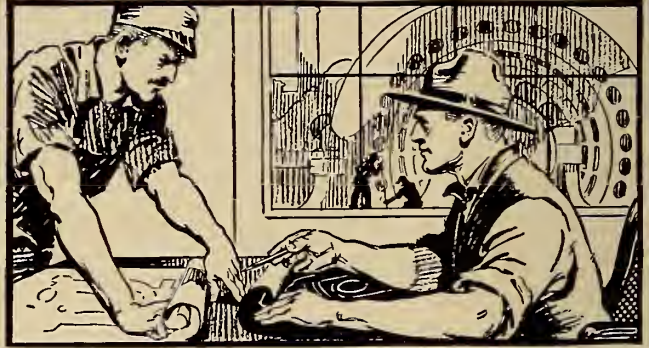
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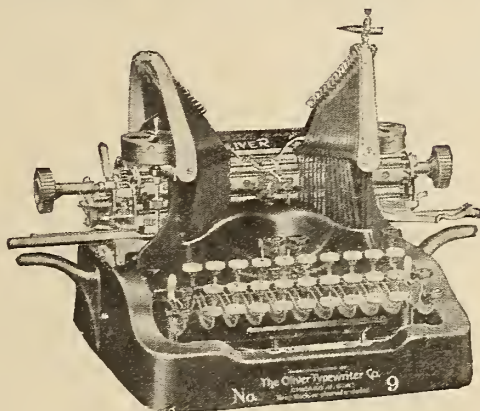
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Why Some People Are Never At Ease Among Strangers

PEOPLE of culture can be recognized at once. They are calm, well-poised. They have a certain dignity about them, a certain calm assurance which makes people respect them. It is because they know exactly what to do and say on every occasion that they are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people and yet be entirely at ease.

But there are some people who are never at ease among strangers. Because they do not know the right thing to do at the right time, they are awkward, self-conscious. They are afraid to accept invitations because they do not know what to wear, how to acknowledge introductions, how to make people like them. They are timid in the presence of celebrated people because they do not know when to rise and when to remain seated, when to speak and when to remain silent, when to offer one's chair and when not to. They are always uncomfortable and embarrassed when they are in the company of cultured men and women.

It is only by knowing definitely, without the slightest doubt, what to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, under all conditions, that one is able to be dignified, charming and well-poised at all times.

How Etiquette Gives Charm and Poise

Etiquette means good manners. It means knowing what to do at the right time, what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America and which serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

People with good manners, therefore, are people whose poise and dignity impress you immediately with a certain awe, a certain respect. Etiquette makes them graceful, confident. It enables them to mingle with the most cultured people and be perfectly at ease. It takes away their self-consciousness, their timidity. By knowing what is expected of them, what is the correct thing to do and say they become calm, dignified and well-poised—and they are welcomed and admired in the highest circles of business and society.

Here's the Way People Judge Us

Let us pretend that we are in the drawing room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions of conduct confront us. If we know what to do we are happy, at ease. But if we do not know the correct and cultured thing to do, we are ill at ease. We know we are betraying ourselves. We know that those who are with us can tell immediately, simply by watching us and talking to us, if we are not cultured.

For instance, one must know how to eat cake correctly. Should it be taken up in the fingers or eaten with a fork? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers?

There are other problems, too—many of them. Should the man rise when he accepts a cup of tea from the hostess? Should he thank her? Who should be served first? What should the guest do with the cup when he or she has finished the tea? Is it good form to accept a second cup? What is the secret of creating conversation and making people find you pleasant and agreeable?

It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders, so easy to do what is wrong. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.

Etiquette in Public

Here are some questions which will help

you find out just how much you know about the etiquette that must be observed among strangers. See how many of them you can answer:

When a man and woman enter the theatre together, who walks first down the aisle? When the usher points out the seats, does the man enter first or the woman? May a man leave a woman alone during intermission?

There is nothing that so quickly reveals one's true station and breeding than awkward, poor manners at the table. Should the knife be held in the left hand or the right? Should olives be eaten with the finger or with a fork? How is lettuce eaten? What is the correct and cultured way to eat corn on the cob? Are the finger-tips of both hands placed into the finger-bowl at once, or just one at a time?

When a man walks in the street with two women does he walk between them or next to the curb? Who enters the street car first, the man or the woman? When does a man tip his hat? On what occasions is it considered bad form for him to pay a woman's fare? May a man on any occasion hold a woman's arm when they are walking together?

Some people learn all about etiquette and correct conduct by associating with cultured people and learning what to do and say at the expense of many embarrassing blunders. But most people are now learning quickly and easily through the famous Book of Etiquette—a splendid, carefully compiled, authentic guide towards correct manners on all occasions.

The Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette makes it possible for you to do, say, write and wear what is absolutely correct and in accord with the best form on every occasion—whether you are to be bridesmaid at a wedding or usher at a friend's private theatre party. It covers everyday etiquette in all its phases. There are chapters on the etiquette of engagements, weddings, dances, parties and all social entertainments. There are interesting chapters on correspondence, invitations, calls and calling cards. New chapters on the etiquette in foreign countries have been added, and there are many helpful hints to the man or woman who travels.

With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, there can be no mistakes, no embarrassment. One knows exactly what is correct and what



Many embarrassing blunders can be made in the public restaurant. Should the young lady in the picture pick up the fork or leave it for the waiter to attend to? Or should one of the men pick it up?

is incorrect. And by knowing so definitely that one is perfect in the art of etiquette, a confident poise is developed which enables one to appear in the most elaborate drawing room, among the most brilliant and highly cultured people, without feeling the least bit ill at ease.

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To enable everyone, everywhere, to examine the famous Book of Etiquette without obligation, we make this special offer to send the complete two-volume set free for 5 days to anyone requesting it. Entirely free—no money in advance. All that is necessary is your name and address on the coupon below, and the Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once at our expense. You have the privilege of examining it, reading it, and deciding for yourself whether or not you want to keep it.

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What Makes Picture-Play Different?



your October issue, I noticed that besides all the expressions from readers in "What the Fans Think," you had the fans decide who they thought were the eight leading beauties of the screen, and settle the discussion as to whether or not we need better movies. Another sign of that intimate relationship between the magazine and your readers is seen in the Fan Club movement which you are starting—a perfectly splendid thing, I think.

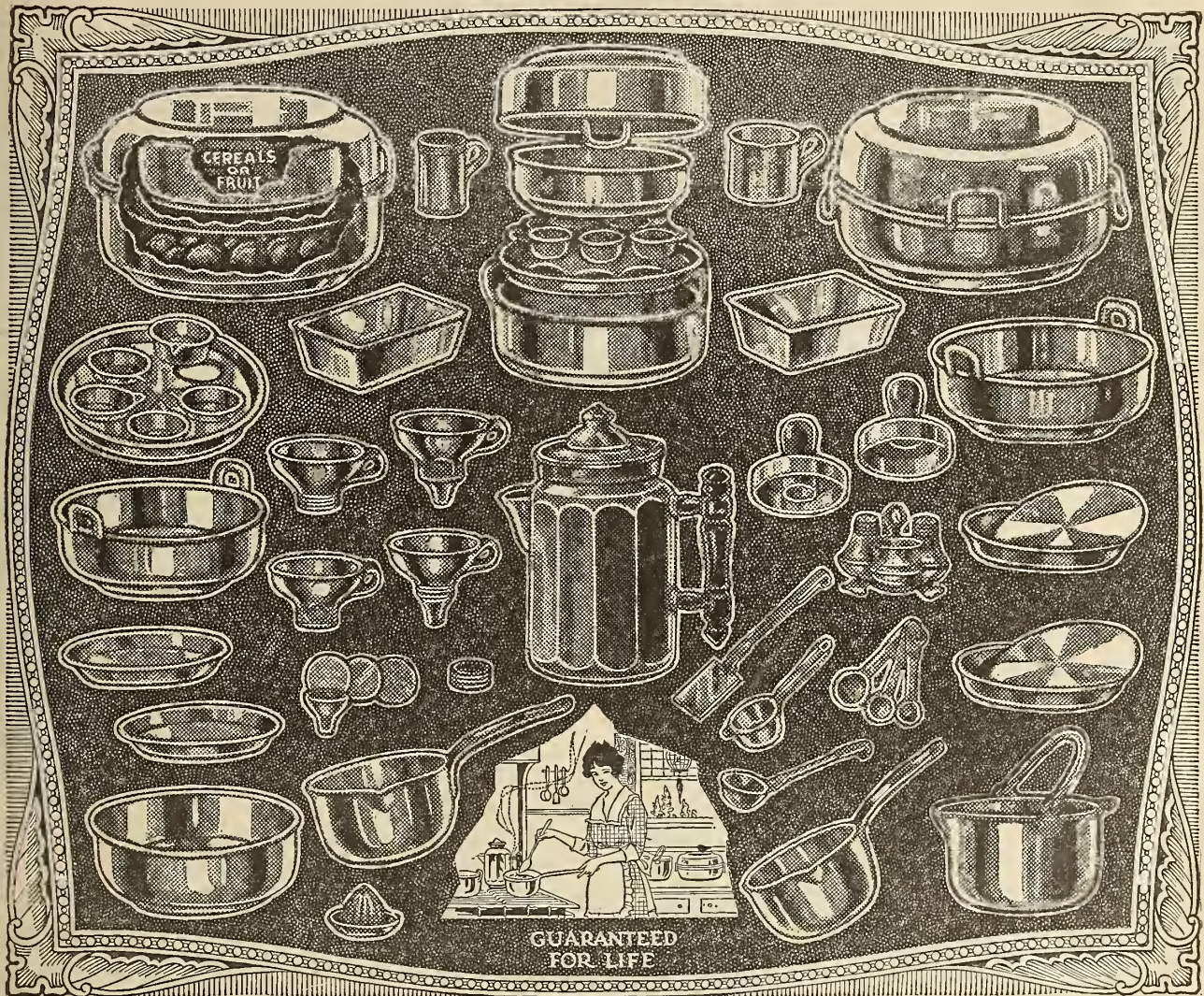
"I haven't yet been impelled to join in any of the discussions in which your readers engage, but some day I probably shall. And in the meantime I just want you to know that I, at least, enjoy the contributions of those who do very much indeed."

There is no distinction we should enjoy having more than to have it said that there was an intimate bond between us and our readers. It is something toward which we are constantly striving.



IT'S distinctive in a good many ways," one of our readers, Mrs. Alice M. Shelton, wrote us recently from Pentwater, Michigan.

"But I've just discovered the one thing that makes it especially distinctive for *me*, and that is this: you don't hold yourself off, aloof, and talk *to* your readers. You talk *with* them. For instance, in looking over



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CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS



The State of the Scenario Market

What of the market? This in answer to many inquiries from photoplay writers, real and near. When this was written the market was bad indeed. The industrial depression which hit the country, along with exorbitant freight rates, unsettled rate of foreign exchange, et cetera, all had much to do with retrenchment policies put into effect by the various film-producing companies both East and West.

The true state of the market could not always be ascertained because, with the influence brought to bear from the advertising departments, some journals were not prone to publish the brutal facts.

For several months many of the motion-picture studios on the Pacific Coast, as well as in New York City, were not running full force; several important studios, in fact, were closed, and others had only one or two companies at work where formerly there had been six or eight. This fact was bound to affect the market. When film units are not working there is no need to buy stories. The new and drastic rulings on censorship have also necessitated the rejection of many stories, thus aiding in the unsettled state of the market. Hence the story market—that is, the market for program stuff—has suffered in consequence. It may have improved by the time this appears in print. Conditions are sure to better themselves by late autumn or early winter at the very latest.

But the demand for *originals* is becoming more and more pronounced, and the barter and sale will be going briskly forward before the snow flies.

A Marked Change

There has been a marked change in the attitude of the producer toward the short-length comedy story since the beginning of the year. Some of the leading comedy producers are coming into the story-material market in so far as it affects the larger magazines in direct competition with the feature-scenario department.

A few months ago the comedy division of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, of which W. Scott Darling, recently of Christie's, is now the head, established a new high price for short-length stories when they purchased for Lee Moran "Whose Wife Is Kate?" a short story by Cleveland Moffett and Harvey Thew, for the sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

For the story immediately following upon this they

purchased "Robinson's Trousseau" from H. C. Witwer, the sporting writer and humorist, which also recently saw the light of day in a well-known magazine, for an even larger sum.

For some years it has been the policy with comedy units to use either stories which have been written by staff authors or those which are submitted as original scripts purely and for which a comparatively nominal price has been paid. The high-water mark for this class of story has been around two hundred and fifty dollars, and the story had to have exceptional merit to receive this.

Fifty per cent of the magazine stories which are available for motion-picture material make very scant feature material. The policy in the past has been to allow the continuity writer to insert one or more sequences to "pad out" the plot. In some cases the theme permitted of elaboration, but more often the inserted material was obvious padding.

The day has come now when the short-length comedy producer, realizing that he has a genuinely humorous theme in a short story which he may use as the foundation to build his "gags" or bits of business, will go out into the magazine markets. Many stories which are hopeless as feature material will fall into that class. They can now be pruned of extraneous material for a two-reeler where they had to suffer obvious padding out for even the five-thousand-foot program feature.

This is not discouraging to the original writer who as yet has not "made" the magazines. It simply means that comedy producers are realizing more every day that they have to have a genuinely humorous and logical story to start with. Then the director, continuity writer, "gag man," and the comedy star, who is generally a gag man in himself, can build bits of business into the story that have a reason and are in place and not merely a series of incidents strung together with subtitles.

The Only Pull is Hard Work

There is one sentence in a letter from Edith V. Schliemann which should be invaluable to other aspirants to scenario-writing honors. It is, the only pull is hard work. One must stand alone in movieland as elsewhere. One must deliver the goods to succeed. There is no "pull," such as many outsiders seem to believe. There is no excellence anywhere without great labor. Just keep working if you feel you are inspired to write stories. As to choosing between

Continued on page 10



“Why, I could write a better story than that!”

Thousands say that, just as you have said it dozens of times

Perhaps you could

THE motion picture industry extends a genuine welcome to you to *try*; and offers you fame and fortune if you succeed.

The industry faces the most serious shortage of photoplays in its history. It needs, and will liberally pay for, 2,000 good scenarios. Not mere ideas, not patchworks of incident and action, but connected, workable stories for the screen. It is because the

studios cannot obtain sufficient good material that so many thousands of patrons are criticising so many of the pictures shown.

And it may be that you, who can tell a good from a bad picture, can help.

“But,” you say, “I am not a writer. I am only a housewife—or a salesman”—or what ever you are.

Many who are now successful might have looked at it that way. But they didn't. They tried; and some of them now enjoy big incomes. We discovered their ability and the rest was a simple matter of training.

A nation-wide search for story-telling ability

As the Standard Oil Company employs men to search for new sources of oil supply; as the Copper Industry has its engineers, prospecting for new ore, so the motion-picture industry—the fourth in size—has the Palmer Photoplay Corporation searching in every office and home *not* for writers but for men and women who have the power to tell a dramatic story vividly.

The sincere, simple fact is that story-telling ability lies hidden in the most unexpected places. C. Gardner Sullivan, whose salary is \$2,000 a week, was a farmer boy before he discovered his natural gift for creative writing. J. Leo Meehan was undiscovered and a dissatisfied routine worker when he took up the study of photoplay writing. Yet in a few months after beginning his training he was earning a big income as a studio scenarist; Caroline Sayre was and is a farmer's wife in Missouri. Yet she wrote “Live Sparks,” a feature picture in which J. Warren Kerrigan was starred.

In the crying need for stories, without which the motion picture industry cannot exist, the producers have determined that there is just one solution—to test every man and woman who is willing to cooperate in the test in his or her own home, and to offer accredited training to those who show any real evidence of story-telling power.

To this end a simple home test has been prepared consisting of a questionnaire such as the United States Army used to detect various types of ability in the late war. It is the invention of Prof. Malcolm Shaw MacLean, former instructor in short-story writing at Northwestern University, and Mr. H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright.

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The headline of this advertisement is a promise that it will give us the greatest possible satisfaction to help you to fulfill. We want story tellers; we will incur any reasonable expense to find them and develop them; we will reward them as almost no other profession can reward its successes.

You have some story-telling ability. Find out if you have enough to be worth developing. The cost is the 2 cents required to mail the coupon; Fame and large income are the possible rewards.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of The Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

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

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Chats with Screen Authors

Continued from page 8

fiction and the screen, it might be wise, if one finds short-story writing easier, to write fiction for magazines and retain motion-picture rights. Strange as it may seem, if you can write action and color, a few concerns will pay more for your story after it appears in some magazine than if it were first submitted for a movie plot. Strange, but true!

Sometimes Unhonored and Unsung The film editor is sometimes unhonored and unsung—and the fact that is well known to those experienced in movieland's activities is that to the film editor very frequently goes the credit for the success or the failure of a motion-picture play. The manufacturer of the film, the director, the scenario writer, the author of the plot, and mayhap the title writer and scenic artist receive screen and poster credit, but how frequently does one read the name of the man who edits the production? Not often!

Frank Lawrence, film editor in chief for the Universal Film Company, is known to the elect as the "Wizard" of the cutting room. In the old General Film days he was known to take trims from picture plays, and by skillful, intelligent work utilize them into film productions of excellence. "Pop" Rock, of the Vitagraph, once stated that some of Lawrence's trim plays were better than the originals from which the trims were cut.

Lawrence is the man who takes your big feature story after it is put into film and trims it to length, edits scenes, giving them footage or shortening them, as the case may be, adding or subtracting them, and, in short, editing the completed film and making a cohesive, snappy production of it. Many a "sick" drama has been saved by the film editor, who must combine the knowledge of direction, of dramatics, of scenario continuity writing, photography, and film titling all in one. Maybe you never knew just how important a functionary a film editor is. The director and the scenario writer and the star all take credit when the production is praised—and the film editor is unsung. But if the production is not all that it should be—they unitedly "pass the buck" to the film editor, so proving his importance.

Remember the film editor, and do him honor. He often saves your story.



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In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the mistaken ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine and newspaper writers—

they are coming, coming — a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding type-writers, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flossam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own

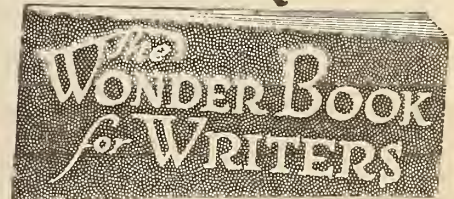
Imagination may provide an endless gold-mine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you ARE a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to WIN!

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"Of all the compositions I have read on this subject, I find yours the most helpful to aspiring authors."—HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR, LITERARY EDITOR, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

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"When I first saw your ad I was working in a shop for \$30 a week. Always having worked with my hands, I doubted my ability to make money with my brain. So it was with much skepticism that I sent for your Easy Method of Writing. When the System arrived, I carefully studied it evenings after work. Within a month I had completed two plays, one of which sold for \$500, the other for \$450. I unhesitatingly say that I owe it all to the Irving System."—HELENE CHADWICK, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the

News Notes from the Studios

Items of interest about prominent players and the productions in which they appear.

PRISCILLA DEAN has selected as her next vehicle Cynthia Stockley's "Wild Honey," a story which attracted wide attention at the time of its publication as a magazine serial.

"Grand Larceny," a screen version of Albert Payson Terhune's story of the same name, has a large cast of distinguished players, including Claire Windsor, Lowell Sherman, Elliott Dexter, Tom Gallery, and Roy Atwell.

After working almost continually at the studio for several months, during the making of "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Great Moment," "Under the Lash," and "Don't Tell Everything," Gloria Swanson departed for a vacation in New York.

Although Rex Ingram announced that after their marriage Alice Terry would retire from the screen, he continues to plan productions with her in the leading rôle. After their marriage, which is to take place in Ireland, Mr. Ingram plans to make a film version of "Ivanhoe."

Herbert Rawlinson's first Universal star picture under his new contract will be "The Black Bag," from the story by Louis Joseph Vance.

Tom Gallery refuses to let a little thing like the shortage of good screen stories worry him. While he is looking for a suitable vehicle for his wife, ZaSu Pitts, and himself to costar in, he is acting in Goldwyn pictures—two of them at once. They are "Grand Larceny" and "The Wall Flower."

Jacqueline Logan is one of the busiest young players in the motion-picture studios in spite of the fact that her screen career started less than a year ago. She will play opposite Jack Gilbert, the new Fox star, in one picture, and will then move her make-up box to the Goldwyn studio, where she is under contract to play leading parts for some time.

Leatrice Joy, formerly in Goldwyn pictures, will play the leading rôle in the next Cecil



Mrs. Wallace Reid—well known to fans a few years ago as Dorothy Davenport—is returning to the screen. She will appear opposite Lester Cuneo in a series of two-reel Western pictures.

De Mille production, which is yet unnamed.

"The Beauty Shop," by Channing Pollock, which Cosmopolitan will present in film form, will have a large cast of players prominent on both stage and screen. Raymond Hitchcock, the Fairbanks twins, Louise Fazenda, and Diana Allen play the leading parts.

Marshall Neilan has long held the film rights to "Penrod," but has postponed its production until he felt that Wesley Barry, his juvenile star, was fully capable of playing it. Now that young Barry has made "School Days," "A Hidden Paradise," "Bits of Life," "Bob Hampton of Placer," and "Dinty," in all of which he played leading rôles, and has appeared on the speaking stage in "Penrod," Mr. Neilan has decided that he is ready to do the part justice. When this picture is completed, Mr. Neilan plans to make more pictures like "Bits of Life," which is a combination of four separate stories.

After playing in his daughter's pictures for a while, Clara Kimball Young's father has decided that he is experienced enough now to star in his own right. Harry Garson, who produces Miss Young's pictures, agrees with him, and will therefore manage Mr. Young's flight to stardom. His first star picture will be "Old Man Proudie."

Carmel Myers, after a long career in Universal pictures, has signed a contract to appear in a Vitagraph serial, "Breaking Through."

Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, and Corinne Barker will play the leading parts in "Three Live Ghosts," to be filmed in London under the direction of George Fitzmaurice for Famous Players-Lasky.

Marguerite Armstrong entered the Universal studios under that name and played a part in "Foolish Wives," Von Stroheim's colossal spectacle, but when she was offered a starring contract she was given the name Miss Du Pont. Therefore—but why no one tells—fans will know her as Miss Du Pont.

Continued on page 14



Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery. Weight 168 pounds. She thought her condition was hereditary, as she had relatives who weighed 200 pounds and more.



Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself. Weight 128 pounds. Not only did she regain her normal weight, but she gained a beautiful complexion as well.

Doctor's Wife Takes Off 40 Pounds Through New Discovery!

Tells how she quickly reduced to normal weight and improved 100% in health without medicines, drugs, special baths, starving or any discomfort. Thousands of others are losing a pound a day and more right from the very start!

BEFORE I began following your course my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was bad, my heart was weak and I had headaches always—didn't sleep and had constantly to use laxatives. It was a standing joke among my friends about me being fat and sick. "With your help I am now in what you could call perfect health; sleep perfectly; my blood test is 100% pure; my complexion is wonderful and my weight is 128 pounds—a loss of 40 pounds."

Above is an extract from a letter written us by Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, wife of Dr. J. C. Vermilya of Bloomington, Indiana.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Vermilya was distinguished for her perfectly-proportioned figure. Not one pound of unnecessary flesh marred her exquisite slenderness. No matter what she wore, the simplest little summer frock or the most elaborate evening gown, she was at ease. For she knew that she made an attractive, youthful appearance.

Begins to Put on Flesh

With marriage came more happiness, more friends. "I felt that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for!" Mrs. Vermilya confides. Yet even then a subtle enemy was at work, preparing to destroy her youth.

It was hardly noticeable at first. Then, slowly she began to realize what the trouble was. She was putting on superfluous flesh. But how could she prevent it? It seemed that most men and women, once they became overweight, began naturally to add more and more flesh until they became very stout. Already she had gained flesh until she weighed 168 pounds, 40 pounds more than her normal weight.

Tries in Vain to Reduce Weight

She began to starve herself in an effort to reduce. She even gave up one meal a day and ate barely enough to satisfy her hunger. But it only weakened her without taking off a pound of flesh.

Then she drugged herself with medicines. "I even used a special corset to reduce my hips," she writes, "but it made me look just awful."

She exercised and dieted—all in vain. She was still 40 pounds overweight, and no matter what she did she could not take off the excess flesh that was spoiling her figure and ruining her health.

Mrs. Vermilya had just about resigned herself to being fat and unattractive when she heard about a remarkable new discovery by a food specialist. She found out that he had discovered the simple natural law upon which the whole secret of weight control is based. He had actually discovered a way to reduce weight by eating. And she had been starving herself!

Finds Right Way

"I grasped at that new discovery as a drowning man grasps at a straw," Mrs. Vermilya tells us. "I had tried almost everything and I was still 40 pounds overweight. I couldn't enjoy my meals any more—I felt sure that everything I ate would add more flesh. Oh, if this new discovery would only show me the way to regain my normal weight!"

A Miracle Performed

She gave up all medicines, starving and expensive "treatments" and just followed the one simple new law that has been discovered. It meant almost no change in her daily routine. She found that she could do about as she pleased, eating many of the foods she had been denying herself, enjoying her meals as never before. And yet almost from the very beginning a change was noticeable. She slept better than she had in months.

"Think of it!" she writes. "I didn't have to do anything discomforting, didn't have to deny myself anything I liked—and yet my excess flesh vanished like magic. Before I realized it I had taken off the 40 pounds that I wanted to lose. My health improved 100% too. I no longer suffered from indigestion or sour stomach. And my complexion became so clear and smooth that my friends began to beg me for my beauty secret!"

Read What These Users Say!

Following are just a few of the scores of letters on file at our office describing amazing weight reductions through Weight Control. The names are withheld out of deference to our subscribers.

13 Pounds Less in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could go to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel better than I have for months."

Mrs.
New York City.

Loses 40 Pounds

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to assure you that the Course on Weight Control proved absolutely satisfactory. I lost 40 pounds."

Mrs.
Glens Falls, N. Y.

100 Per Cent Improvement

"Weighed 216 pounds when I started, and today weigh 158 pounds. I can safely say that I feel 100 per cent better than I did when I was fat, and I am sure that I look much better also."

Mrs.
Woonsocket, R. I.

48½ Pounds Taken Off

"After studying the lessons carefully I began to apply them to myself, and as proof of results will say that I have lost 48 1-2 pounds."

Mrs.
Coville, Wash.

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The remarkable new discovery—weight control—is the result of many years of extensive research by Eugene Christian, world-famous food specialist. It is one of the most amazing—and yet one of the most simple and inexpensive methods of weight reduction ever discovered.

He found that certain foods when eaten together

are immediately converted into excess fat. But these very same foods, when eaten in combination with different foods, actually consume the fat which has already accumulated. It's the simplest thing in the world. It's just a matter of eating the right food combinations and avoiding the wrong ones.

This is not a starving "treatment" or a special food fad. It's entirely new and different. You can bring your weight down to where you want it, and keep it there without any trouble whatever. Instead of starving yourself, or putting yourself through any discomforts or self-denial—you actually eat off flesh!

Christian has incorporated his remarkable secret of weight control into 12 easy-to-follow lessons called, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." To make it possible for every one to profit by his discovery he offers to send the complete course absolutely free to any one sending in the coupon. No money. Just the coupon.

You don't starve yourself, or punish yourself with strenuous exercise. You just keep on doing practically whatever you please, eating many of the delicious foods you may now be denying yourself. All you have to do is follow one simple little natural law and you can weigh exactly what you should.

Mail coupon at once. The complete 12-lesson course will be sent to you promptly. When it arrives pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) and the course is yours. You have the privilege of returning it and having your money refunded if you are not absolutely delighted after a 5-day test.

Don't delay. This is a special offer and you can lose nothing—yet if you act at once you gain a valuable secret of health, beauty and normal weight that will be of value to you throughout your life. Mail the coupon NOW! The course will be mailed in a plain container.

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Name
(Please write plainly.)

Address

City

State

Price outside of U. S., \$2.15. Cash with order.

News Notes from the Studios

Continued from page 12

Betty Compson wears a blond wig in several scenes of "The Woman in the Case," which is being made under the direction of Penrhyn Stanlaws, the well-known artist who demonstrated his ability as director in "At the End of the World," Miss Compson's first star picture.

Ann Forrest has gone abroad to make pictures at the London Famous Players-Lasky studio. The first will be "Perpetua," to be directed by John Roberston, the director who made "Sentimental Tommy" and "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Production of "The Wall Flower," a story written direct for the screen by Rupert Hughes, has been held up for months because no actress could be found capable of playing the leading part. She has to be ugly and pathetic at first, and blossom out into a thing of beauty and charm at the last of the picture. Mr. Hughes, E. Mason Hopper, the director, and the Goldwyn casting director supervised the making of tests of many well-known players in the search for



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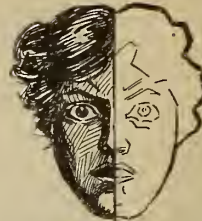
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Doris May's first R-C star picture is "The Foolish Age," but few will agree on looking at this picture from it, that it can be so very foolish after all.



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one who could play this part, and their diligence was at last rewarded. Colleen Moore proved to their entire satisfaction that although she was naturally attractive and charming, she could simulate a girl who was homely, slovenly, and pathetic. The part calls for many subtleties of emotion, and is expected to establish little Miss Moore in the front rank of motion-picture players. Shannon Day and Richard Dix will appear in her support.

The Lasky studio at Hollywood was recently turned into a Bedouin camp when desert scenes for "The Sheik" were filmed. Agnes Ayres and Rudolph Valentino, who play the leading rôles in this picture, wear picturesque Arab garb.

"Phroso," from the story by Anthony Hope, will be released in this country by the R-C company. It was made abroad by Louis Mercanton, who is known as the director without a studio. Mr. Mercanton never builds sets, but goes to whatever part of the world his story is set in, and enacts the story there. Nature has proved a fine studio, for this picture is notable for its photographic excellence. Mr. Mercanton has made pictures in London, Paris, South Africa, Sicily, and many remote parts of the earth.

Pauline Starke's mother appears with her in some of the scenes of "Flower of the North," the Vitagraph picture in which she is appearing with Henry Walthall.

"The Cradle," adapted by Olga Printzlau from a play by Eugene Brieux, will be Ethel Clayton's starring vehicle on completion of "Exit the Vamp."

Benjamin B. Hampton has started production of a story which tells the colorful history of San Francisco of about seventy-five years ago. It is an adaptation of Stewart Edward White's "The Gray Dawn," and the cast includes Claire Adams and George Hackathorne.

All the show girls of Ziegfeld's Follies and the current show at the Winter Garden take part in one scene of "Rainbow," Alice Calhoun's latest production. The scene is the coming-out party of the heroine. Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Stehlen and his daughter, the bride of an English baronet, also appeared in this scene.

Virginia Valli, formerly leading lady for Bert Lytell, will play the leading rôle in "His Back Against the Wall," a Goldwyn picture.

The H. C. Witwer Stories Productions, Inc., has completed the first of its two-reel pictures. It is called "Julius Sees Her."

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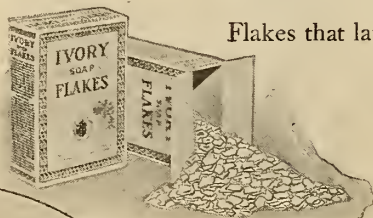
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SEP 26 1921

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No. 3



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

CAPRICIEUSE

HERE is a new Mary Pickford—not the golden-haired little girl that you know on the screen, nor the kind, sweet young woman that you have heard about from those who know her personally—but a dainty, piquant creature, brought into being only for long enough to make this somewhat artificial, perhaps, but altogether exquisite camera study.



Flashing Back to Romance

In which you are taken to see D. W. Griffith's next huge production, a screen adaptation of "The Two Orphans," now in the making; and to meet an actor, new to the screen, who is likely to be the sensation of the coming season.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger
ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANK DIEM

TWO gleaming swords flashed in the golden sunlight as two nobles of the court of Louis XVI faced each other, the while courtiers and ladies clustered round in excitement. At the foot of the marble stairway they fenced, parrying and thrusting with fierce intensity, yet consummate grace. At one side a golden-haired country girl, beautiful as any of the towering belles of the court without a suggestion of their artificiality, watched the encounter with hope and anxiety staring from her wide eyes.

"We shall see-e-e who receives the final rites, M'sieu' Chevalier!"

"Touché!"

A cry of approval goes up from the gayly costumed throng. A sea of white wigs nod in pantomimed conversation.

The two nobles, proud in their gay, brocaded coats, their rich, silken breeches, their beribboned stockings, lunge at each other with quickened ardor. Blades clashing, eyes flashing, the men circle swiftly about, never looking anywhere but in each other's eyes. Again they have started the wary circling, again—and the lithe *Chevalier* steps adroitly forward, feints, and with the



Dorothy and Lillian Gish as the two orphans.

speed of a tiger runs his glittering sword into his opponent's breast.

A shriek of horror, a general rush toward the swooning victim, a fantastical hubbub.

The slender, panting *Chevalier* has grasped the gentle blond girl's hand, and together they dash up the marble steps.

"All right, boys," says a quiet, sonorous voice. "Let's do it again. After you've stuck him, Mr. Schildkraut, I wish you'd remember to wait until he drops his sword before escaping with Miss Gish. He might be fooling you and stab you in the back."

With a soft chuckle D. W. Griffith resumed the camp chair, from which he had arisen to deliver his criticism.

An energetic assistant herded the ladies and courtiers back to the side lines, whence they were to rush once the duel started again. The contestants leaned upon their swords and joked with one another. "Let me kill you this time," suggested the unfortunate victim of fate and the scenario.

After the overwhelming success of "Way Down East" it was not surprising that the master of the per-

pendicular platform should have turned to another tried and tested stage success for his next feature *opus*. And in turning, it was even less startling that he should have selected "The Two Orphans," a universally popular romance of the days when knights were bold and women helpless, when feminism was as unheard of as Freudian complexes and Fordian Simplexes, when swords were sharper than words—Shaw had still to be born!—and when, in short, action was more to be desired than epigrams. A period obviously that writes itself dramatically.

Of such colorful pattern is "The Two Orphans." Sentiment, thrills, villainy, romance, and heroism, all are here, woven adeptly, slyly, into a splashy, effective entertainment, luscious meat, if ever there was any, for the movies. And clearly Griffith is relishing his task. In transposing the duel scene to the celluloid, he sat and rocked with chuckles of approbation, his sign, oddly enough, of complete satisfaction. During one of Miss Lillian Gish's most tragic scenes, later in the day, he laughed happily throughout, a sympathetic laugh.

"It is a joy to do a thing that you are almost certain will be popular," he said with a smile. "It was a joy, of course, to do 'Blossoms,' but then the joy faded. Not so with 'Way Down East.' And this, I think, is a story of equal power, and, in addition, considerably greater pictorial appeal." He pointed silently to the slender, silvered trees with their crystal leaves, to the marble stairway gleaming in the sunlight, to the chaste statuary gracing the greensward here and there. A fountain tinkled softly behind us. Across its plashing surface the triumphant *Chevalier* was looking soulfully into the eyes of a red-lipped, alabaster-shouldered, blushing extra girl. She was smiling confusedly.

"*Le Chevalier* stays in character," I suggested.

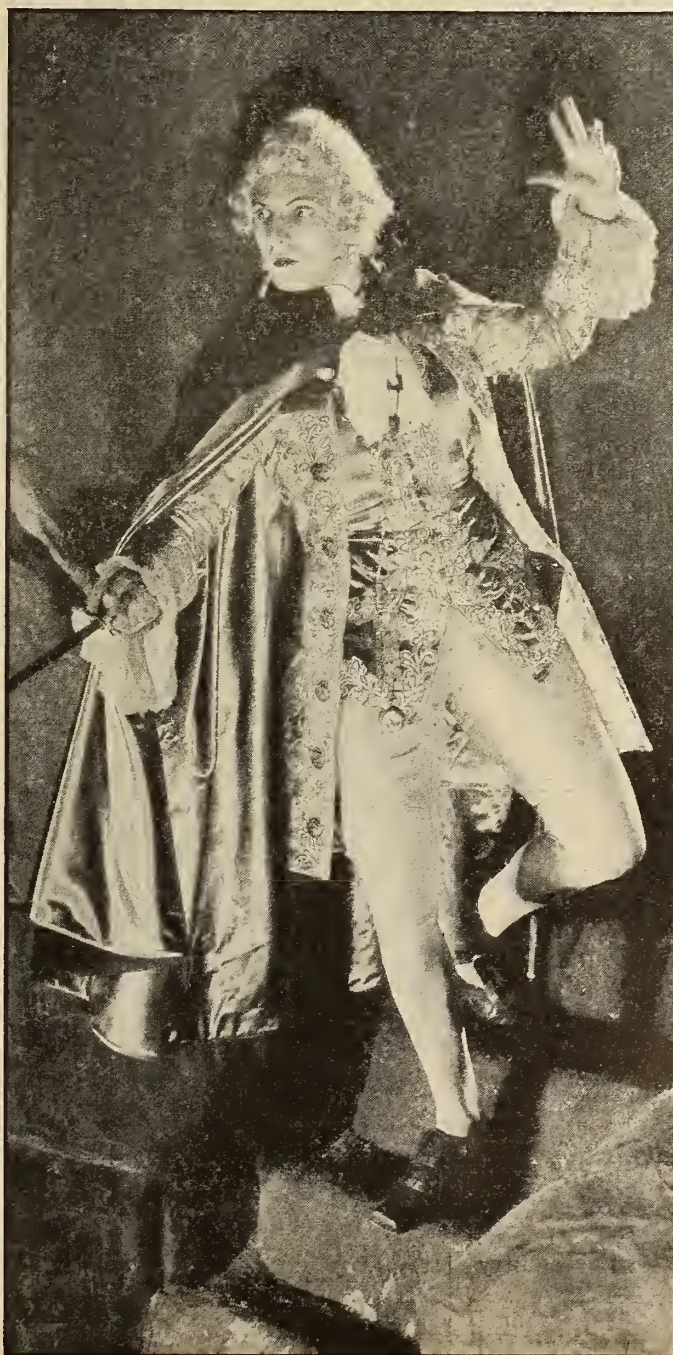
Lillian Gish, sitting beside the director, smiled. Her flowerlike hands fluttered amusedly.

"The whole office force is wild about him," she

Tragic black eyes, a sensitive, aquiline nose, a quivering mouth, and lithe, straight body—this is Joseph Schildkraut.



"We shall see-e-e who receives the final rites, M'sieu' Chevalier!"



said. "Extra girls are just human, too. And the telephone operator—the first morning he came I met her dashing up to her office board with her eyes fairly shining. 'Isn't he simply—beautiful?' she gasped. And I agreed that he is. I think him about the most beautiful man I have ever seen."

Now the tête-à-tête across the fountain seemed to sweep to an end with the *Chevalier* bending low over the slim hand he held. A kiss, a flourish, and he was rounding the fountain.

Then I met the latest of Griffith's discoveries, in this case a discovery only of the screen, already a footlighted luminary, Joseph Schildkraut.

Tragic black eyes, lustrous black hair, a sensitive, aquiline nose, a quivering mouth, and a lithe, straight body of no great height. A firm handclasp, a slight accent, noticeable chiefly because of his carefully precise pronunciation, and an ingenious self-assurance. Ideals, dreams, faith, and a self-conscious trick of suddenly widening eyes to emphatic point. Foreign to his finger tips; with a dash of Lou Tellegen, a suggestion of Charles the Fifth, a ves-



At the left, Joseph Schildkraut and Lillian Gish in one of the *Bellaire* scenes

tige of that hauteur that was the youthful Napoleon's, a tinge of out-and-out showmanship.

"I had no idea of doing pictures before Mr. Griffith approached me," he said, lighting a cigarette and inhaling slowly. "He saw me in 'Lilium,' however, and asked me to try camera work, with a view to doing the *Chevalier*. I knew that it was the director of the wor-r-rld who was speaking, and nat-ur-r-rally I consented.

"Doing pictures is far more wearing than acting upon the stage. Consider a moment yourself." An expressive hand pointed a slender finger toward the platform on which he had been fencing. "I do this fencing scene not once or twice, but perhaps twenty times. Then I do the close-ups. Then I do the retakes. And *then* I am finished—with this one scene! On the stage I go to the theater at eight, I act until ten forty-five, and I am through. The waiting, the repetition, the enforced—you call it loafing—is killing to an a-r-r-tist."

A passing brunette, carrying in her hand a four-foot wig of dazzling white, smiled alluringly.

Schildkraut looked at me quickly, then dropped his eyes.

"You will pardon me for a moment?" and hurried—rather strode than hurried, for he is a romantic figure, none of whom ever hurry—over to the lingering damosel.

I raised an admiring eyebrow as I watched the young man's technique in approaching and

putting—putting, I should add, his lips upon her hand. Then his luminous eyes clashed with hers. Here was no Hollywood tyro in the gentle art, here no hero by Nick Carter out of Universal City; this was Lothario in the studio.

Mr. Griffith was directing Morgan Wallace, the villain of the duel, in a series of close-ups. Like Lowell Sherman, Wallace is a bad man with a sense of humor, a wicked lion among the ladies—screenically—with a wicked line among the ladies. Griffith leaned forward in his chair and taunted Wallace, while the camera clicked on.

"Ha, you a fencer! Voilà, a thrust—I will kill you! And there is another. And another. Bah! You are poor, friend, very poor." And Wallace parried and countered at the air, eyes blazing evilly, lips curled sardonically, snarls of laughter crowding out the curses.

Suddenly he ceased his gyrations and tossed his sword down.

"What's the matter, Wallace?"

The debonair villain looked surprised.

"Didn't you say 'Lunge?'"

Griffith laughed heartily. "No, sir. I said 'Lunge!' Now please *lunge!*"

Fifteen minutes later the command telescoped into the more welcome order to swordwork of a different nature, and, prying the romantic *Lilium* from a new and utterly bewitching creature, I started with him toward the cafeteria that is justly termed a feature of the Griffith entourage.

Once seated, and dallying with a tender steak, we again took up the problems of the world, with, happily, no idea of attempting to solve them.

"What do you think of American women?" I asked him.

He frowned. "Who cares?"

"The public," I replied. And," I added defensively, "I am merely a servant of the press that serves, in turn, the public."

He did not deign to reply.

"What are your ideas on love and marriage?"

Again he frowned.

"It does not concern the



Dorothy, abandoning the short curls of the *Little Disturber*, returns to a rôle of sadness.

public whether or not I am a married man or a Mormon, a celibate, or a rounder. It is not their business whether I am middle-aged or old, whether I am stupid or intelligent. I am a public specimen only as an actor, and it is as an actor only that you have a right to consider me. If I am an artist all right. If not, too bad. But what I *eat*? What I *drink*? How much I *drink*? On that I have nothing to say."

He turned upon his steak savagely.

"The public over here is too inquisitive."

This closed the subject, and a moment later found him discussing his European training with Max Reinhardt, with Lubitsch in pictures, and with Pola Negri.

"I have worked in all of the best Continental drama," he said. "Molnar, Wedekind, Shaw, Hauptmann, Wilde, Bahr, Schnitzler——"

"You played *Anatol*?" I interrupted.

"Of course. Many times. Schnitzler himself directed our rehearsals. A second *Anatol*, by the way. A dandy, a beau among the ladies, a philanderer. And who," he suddenly added, "who that can be is not?"

At that precise moment the waitress was gazing at him in undisguised adoration.

"Huckleberry pie or apple. Mr. Schildkraut?" she cooed languishingly.

"Coffee, Marie," he replied, and she flew off toward the kitchen with starlit eyes. He had remembered her name!

"No, I have no desire to star," he admitted after a number of leading questions. "After coming over here from my European success, I did 'Pagans,' which, although a failure, brought me wonderful press notices. Belasco, Hopkins, and the Shuberts all offered immediately to star me, but it was the combination of having done 'Liliom' already in Vienna, and the Theater Guild—the most artistic producing group in America—that induced me to do 'Liliom' here. I have absolutely no wish to see my name in electric lights. That means nothing to an artist."

Since Schildkraut is to be so prominent in this next Griffith *opus*, I may tell you that he was born in Bucharest, Roumania, twenty-five years ago, and first appeared, at five, in Buenos Aires, in support of his father, Rudolph Schildkraut, famous actor of New York's old Irving Place Theater. His father, incidentally, is his severest critic. Recently the old gentleman visited his son at Mamaroneck, and after watching him act proceeded to the main building on the old Flagler estate to see some "rushes" of the previous day's work. Only father and son saw the projected film. They remained closeted in the projection room for a long hour. When



Not only in the play is the Chevalier the object of the 'adies' languishing glances. What will he do to the hearts of the feminine fans?

they came out all traces of cockiness had fled from the youthful Joseph's face. Traces of tears were apparent. "Papa says I'm rotten," he murmured sadly. But in this case I would not "Ask dad." The Griffith stamp of approval is reassuring.

While we lunched, I spied Morgan Wallace and the good-looking Creighton Hale at a near-by table, with two charming young things whom I later found were cousins of the Gish sisters, getting their first chance to be movie queens in this huge spectacle play.

The one cousin, a striking pippin, with dark hair and chiseled profile, confided to me that extra-girling it was hard on one's brogans.

"We stand about so much," she said. "But I'm going to stick to Mr. Griffith any time he will give me the chance. And I'll have to finish high school first, too. Tell the world it's wonderful, but awfully hard work."

She looked like a Gainsborough painting come to life, the costume having been an inspiration of the encouraging, sympathetic Lillian's.

I asked Lillian herself what chances she thought the beginner had. She thought for a few moments, then spoke haltingly, gently.

"The beginner has a hard road to travel," she said

THE MARY THE

With the success of "The Old
the most discussed personalities
Mary Alden as she

By Her



Photo by C. Heighon Monroe

No one could possibly know the real Mary Alden from seeing her in motion pictures. This photograph, which shows Mary Alden as she really is, is quite unlike any picture of her which you have seen of her on the screen. As you can see by comparing it with the other pictures of her shown here, or with the two on page 78.

“SHE has had the same cook for seven years,” remarked my companion, as we quit the elevator before the doors of Mary Alden’s apartment.

“That is all I need to know,” I observed. “You’ve exposed her character. I don’t need to interview her.”

A woman who can keep a cook for seven years is a woman plus. She’s a woman plus a diplomat, plus a humorist, plus a soldier, plus a prodigy.

Nevertheless we continued our way through the doors. I admit the lure was partly exerted by the seven-year cook. I was assured an incomparable dinner, not to mention the incomparable Miss Alden, or should I not say the Misses Alden—diplomat, humorist, soldier and prodigy? And I have seen her in as manifold form on the screen.

The only person who can hold a scene with Mary Alden is her cook. The honors were even at dinner. The conversational brilliance was matched by the culinary brilliance, the sauces with the wit. But gradually the mushrooms and artichokes faded and the conversation absorbed the interest, until some one said:

“I am going to ask a trite question, Miss Alden. Which of all the parts you’ve played do you like best?”

It was an impossible question, like asking Webster which word in the dictionary he preferred, for the Alden parts have been almost as many and as different of meaning. In the old Triangle days I prophesied a future as vampire for her. Then I saw her as a mother and knew that as such she would always excel. Then came

In the first part of "Milestones" Mary Alden appeared as a young girl with a sort of dewy radiance.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



GARDEN OF MOVIES

Nest," Mary Alden, has become one of on the screen. This story shows you appears off the screen.

bert Howe

"Silk Husbands and Calico Wives," and I discovered at last Miss Alden's real forte, the calico wife, only to reverse my decision the next week in favor of the capricious, elocutionary *erstwhile* Susan, in the first Constance Binney play. But always mingling with these was that sinister, never-to-be-forgotten mulatto woman of "The Birth of a Nation."

"Heavens!" exclaimed these-women-in-one. "You ask me which of my characters I love best. How can I say? I love them better than any of my friends—or husbands. I know them better. I think the pleasantest was the woman of 'The Battle of Sexes.'"

Yet at that moment she was playing another, the mother in Rupert Hughes' "Old Nest." It seemed impolite to state preferences in the presence of the old lady. For once, I think Mary Alden didn't know her own mind, and it troubled her. The habit of being definite was so much of her that she couldn't believe she didn't know her preferences even in respect to her best friends.

"The longer I am in pictures the more clearly I understand the feeling of the ideal screen creator," she said. "She must be a woman plus. Do you get what I mean?"

We couldn't. It was after dinner. We are seldom equal to subtleties and never after dinner. And this had been a dinner plus; at least that was within our comprehension.

"I mean," persisted Miss Alden. "That there is something beyond just feeling and thinking and doing a part for the camera. A difference not concerned with the stage. On the stage the plus is not so essential. With the camera you must *be* as well as simulate. You must get without yourself, and this is something beyond effort. I have tried, and failed. I have not tried, and won. It is not *will* which does it, but something that comes from without. Inspiration is perhaps the most definite term.

"For instance, I can write much better at night. All writers can, although they may declare otherwise for the sake of being different. I think this is due not only to solitude, but to the suppressed thoughts of the millions of minds temporarily loosed from will.

"For a long time I knew, subconsciously, that I had this plus power for acting only in the morning—or until around two o'clock. After that it was an effort, and the results were—*blah*. Only recently have I had the moral courage to say at four or five o'clock, 'No



Later in the picture she portrayed with equal fidelity and power an old woman. Notice how the whole contour of her face and head seem changed.

use. I can't do it. The mind's asleep and the soul is out for a walk.'"

To the practical, so-called, mind, doing practical, so-called, work of a regular routine, such a declaration is broadly catalogued as "temperamental," as are all things inexplicable. What do we know of this temperament, of inspiration, of spiritual power? Nothing. So, annoyed by our inability to define them and to know their source, we declare them nonexistent, yet secretly we all know that they are attributes of that controlling power without.

Miss Alden is not a poser. She is a thinker. And thinkers are usually considered posers. Furthermore, she has a sense of humor which, I think, would upset a pose.

Once a company decided to do a certain story. Miss Alden was necessary for the creation of an important

Continued on page 100

What a Fan Club Really Does

The girl who travels far to see movies gets more out of them by belonging to a fan club.



Just a glimpse of the good times members of Fan clubs everywhere are having, and a suggestion of the influence they may wield.

By Marjorie Powell Fohn

ILLUSTRATED BY
LUI TRUGO

AREN'T you tired of being just a fan? Sometimes you read movie magazines, I know, and feel as if all they tell you about is so far away from you and your everyday life. You even feel a wee bit envious, and then you begin to wish you were of more importance in the cinema world than a mere fan! But why be a mere fan?

It is for you the motion pictures are conducted. The inventor of the cinema may be the father of them, but you fans have certainly mothered and reared them to their present growth. The most wonderful photo play ever filmed would not be worth the making unless you fans attended it, yet—

Take the general unrest in the movie world just at present, the German-picture agitation, censorship, blue laws, the star system, the problems of financing the industry, price of admissions. You fans can only wonder whether you will profit or suffer by the readjustment that is taking place. Why do you have almost nothing to say in the outcome? Why do you merely wonder? You lack a power you should have, but how are you to gain it? I have discussed these questions with fans of every type, and they all agreed that since one of the first things experience teaches is "strength in numbers," the best way to get results would be to combine opinions and organize into clubs of fans.

But the power to influence the movie world cannot be gained immediately. The start will have to be made in a small way, just you and your friends combining and doing what you can for the interest of the cinema in your community.

In a recent article I told you something of the advantages and method of forming a fan club. Merely organizing, however, will not make your club a successful one. The future existence of it depends on your activities. It is neither necessary to work for better pictures, to benefit the commu-

nity, nor similar enterprises, if you are not interested in these phases of a fan club. I see no reason why you should not just discuss players and photo plays, have light programs and movie parties, if that is as far as your interest goes. "To further motion-picture enjoyment" is the slogan and first consideration of all fan clubs. I have found however, that most clubs are composed of a number of those who belong just for the pleasure they derive from a club and an equal number of members who are earnest workers. I am sure the members who do not care for anything but a general enjoyment of the movies will not have their interest dampened by an occasional serious purpose or discussion by the other members.

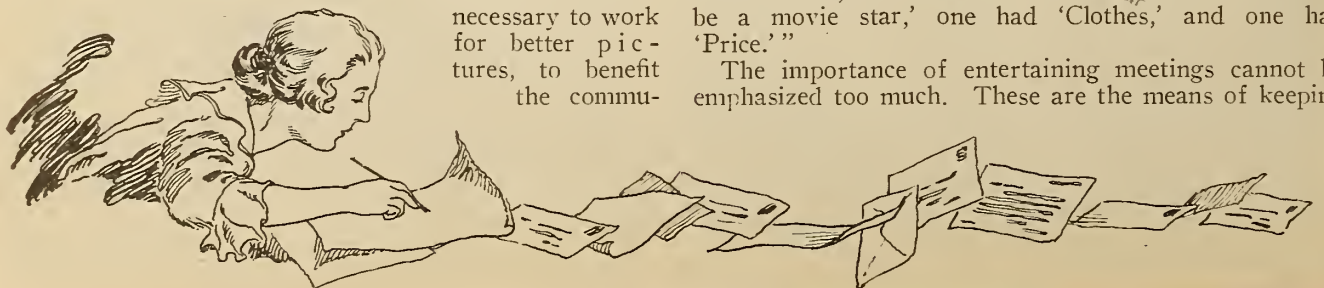
"What does the club, as a whole, need most?" I asked a Louisiana member.

"Pep!" she replied immediately.

And I agreed with her. To be instructive and profitable, the activities of a club must be bright and interesting. To accomplish this, you must *know* your club. By that I mean study it, especially the likes and dislikes and the reasons for them. Study the members individually, and try to see that they are given the club work for which they are best adapted. But do not forget to question yourself when you are examining the other members. What is your aim for a fan club? What kind of meetings do you like? What do you think of motion pictures? Exactly what do you *know* about them?

"We tried an interesting experiment," a Texas club member told me recently. "Each girl was given a slip of paper and asked to write the first thing concerning motion pictures that came into her mind. Over a third of the slips had 'Mary Pickford' on them. Many had the names of such actors as 'Reid,' 'Ford,' 'Barthelmess,' and 'Moreno.' Some had 'Ambition to be a movie star,' one had 'Clothes,' and one had 'Price.'"

The importance of entertaining meetings cannot be emphasized too much. These are the means of keeping



the members interested, and so long as you are doing that your club is an assured success.

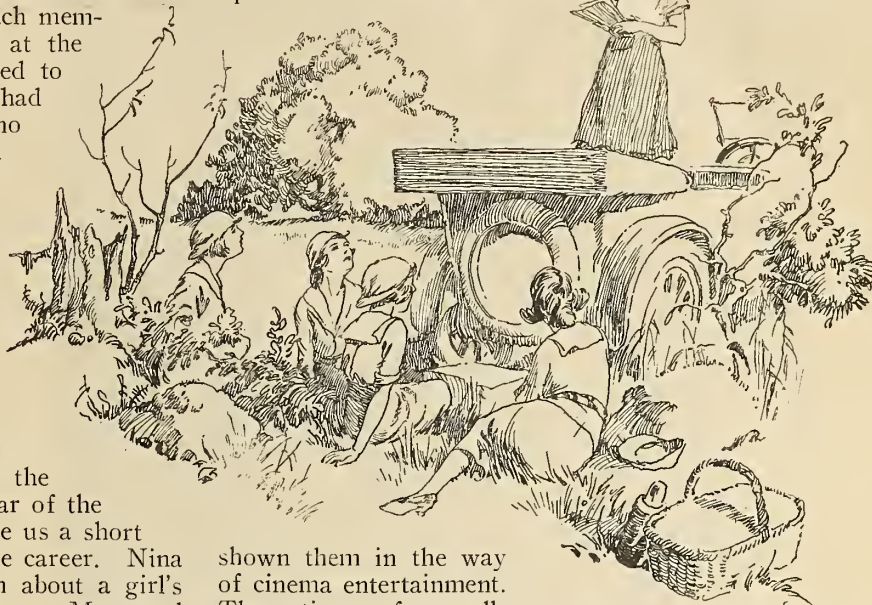
"I'm a Binney-Nagle Colony Fanite," a member writes, "and I want to tell you of our last meeting. We like unique programs, so we tried to see what we could do with Wallace Reid as a subject. Each member received a card telling her to be at the club room at three o'clock if she wanted to attend Reid Day in Reedland. After we had arrived—you can be sure there were no absent members—we were each given a cap—a number of our kid brothers were seen bareheaded that afternoon—which we put on in the correct Reid manner, visor in back. Piling into a car belonging to one of the girls, we drove toward the river at a rate reminiscent of Wally Reid's pictures, and came near spending our meeting à la Bebe Daniels, but managed to elude the cop. We arrived safely at a particularly reedy spot on the river. The program began with the members seated on the ground at the rear of the car, while Beth, from the back seat, gave us a short outline of Wallace Reid's life and movie career. Nina read a humorous poem she had written about a girl's infatuation for him, which was a scream. Mae read one of her clever character sketches, and then we tried to see which member could form the best outline of his profile with rocks on the bank. Lora won the prize, a scrapbook filled with his pictures and information about him. Then we ate. We each received our lunch in a small box with a picture of Wallace Reid on the cover. Inside was a question about him and the answer, which each member was to ask the girl next to her, and if the girl failed to answer, the member could choose whatever she wanted out of her lunch box, but if the girl answered it she could choose something out of the member's box. After a number of good-natured squabbles we finished our lunch, and the president offered a year's subscription of the winner's favorite movie magazine to the girl who gave the best imitation of Wallace Reid's acting. Sue was the last to try; she's the cut-up of the crowd, so of course she had to burlesque him. Her foot accidentally slipped, and she rolled off of the seat back into the reeds. Just as we were wondering if she were hurt, her face appeared above the reeds, one eyebrow raised in the inquiring manner of 'Wally.' We howled with delight and selected her the winner."

The activities of a fan club should be in harmony with the community in which it is located. Naturally there is some slight difference between a city and small-town club. After visiting both, however, I find that while the small-town fans have to contend with one theater, poor or old pictures—sometimes both—and a lack of movie information, the city fans have not the large circle of acquaintances, the convenient proximity to each other, and the club room of the former.

You of the fans who live in a small town and attend the one theater on Main Street, that doesn't open until in the evening and throws a "Good Night" sign on the screen after the second show, have more difficulties to overcome than your fellow fans of the city. But let us say you organize with the firm intention of securing

better pictures, of convincing the people around you that it is a wrong attitude to put up with whatever is

An impromptu speech was one of the big hits of Reid day in Reedland.



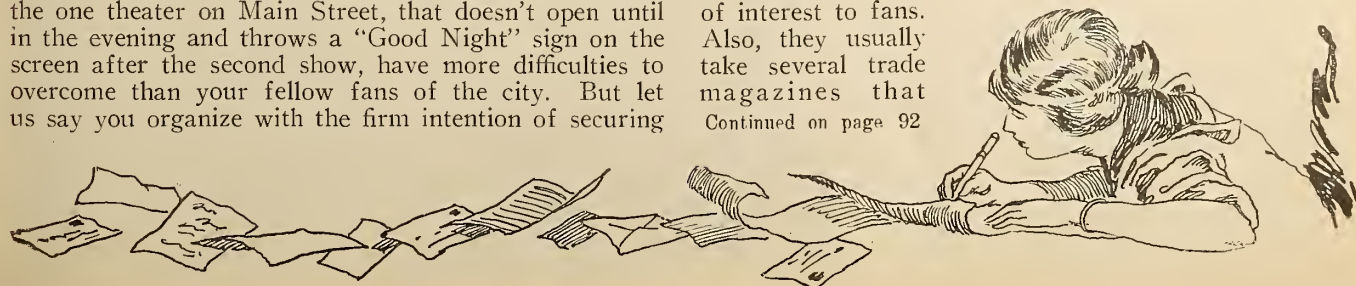
shown them in the way of cinema entertainment.

The patience of a small-town audience is amazing. I attended a show, some fifty or sixty miles from here, last year, where the fifth reel of a feature picture was shown before the fourth, which followed it, and not a complaint was made. No one even laughed when the villain, who had been killed, reappeared as lively as ever. In a Louisiana town I witnessed the showing of the second reel of "Pollyanna" twice in succession, and the audience sat calmly through it, as if it were the usual thing.

Start out with the intention of approving the pictures and winning the audience to your way of thinking. Make your promises, and if you would keep at least one of them, the first active program of the fan club should be to gain the interest of the exhibitor. It may be that he is a lifelong resident of the town, or he may be a stranger who has just decided to try the movie game there. You probably know his outstanding characteristics. Deduce from these the best method of approaching him on the subject of motion pictures. But, I want to warn you here, *do not try to do too much or to be in too big a hurry to do it!* Consult him about your fan club; perhaps he can give you some valuable suggestions. Find out his method of selecting pictures, the kind of audiences that attend on the different week nights, and whether or not he is ambitious to build up a successful movie business. Get him to hold a popularity contest, and offer to help him in seeing that every one registers their vote. Suggest his keeping a bulletin in front of the theater announcing the leading actor or actress.

Exhibitors often receive advertising material concerning players and pictures that would be of interest to fans. Also, they usually take several trade magazines that

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He Must Get

That is the one rule for camera men. trained, what sort of men they are, is Alvin Wyckoff, director of the

By Fritz



The man who filmed Paramount's production of "Treasure Island," directed by Maurice Tourneur, had to perch his camera in precarious positions all over a ship.

NO matter what happens, a camera man must not be a Sir Galahad," Alvin Wyckoff told me. "He's hired to grind the camera. We can't have a man who gets excited in danger. He may have been born with a temper, but he must have acquired self-control. He must remember while photographing a shipwreck that even if the star seems in danger of drowning, even if some one is threatened with an accident, *his business is to shoot the picture.* There will be plenty of people to save the actor, and the camera man by sticking to his post may get a very realistic scene."

That is a condition one must bear in mind if he wants to be a camera man. Alvin Wyckoff says so, and Alvin Wyckoff knows as much—if not more—

about camera men than any one else. He operates the Famous Players-Lasky training camp for camera men which never has less than twenty students at a time.

Where Camera Men Come From.

"Any one, from any country, is eligible to this school for camera men," Mr. Wyckoff said, when I asked him where his student camera men came from. "If he fills my requirements as to character, industrious habits, courage—and abstemiousness from drink. I don't take men because of letters of recommendation—I judge a man while he talks with me. I said to one lad who came to me with letters of recommendation, 'These are not worth anything. If you fall down on the job, you are O-U-T. If you step up, you will keep going. This school trains individualists. It does not claim to make something out of nothing or an artist out of a woodchopper.' The boy stayed, and to-day he is one of our best-known cinematographers.

"All applicants aren't like that, however. Not long ago I had a man visit me with a view toward entering the profession. I told him of its delights and its hardships,

In some of the scenes of "The Woman God Changed," a Cosmopolitan production which was made in the Bahamas, not only the actors but also the director and camera man had to go in the water.



the Picture

Where they come from, how they are all told in this entertaining chat with Famous Players-Lasky Laboratory

Remont

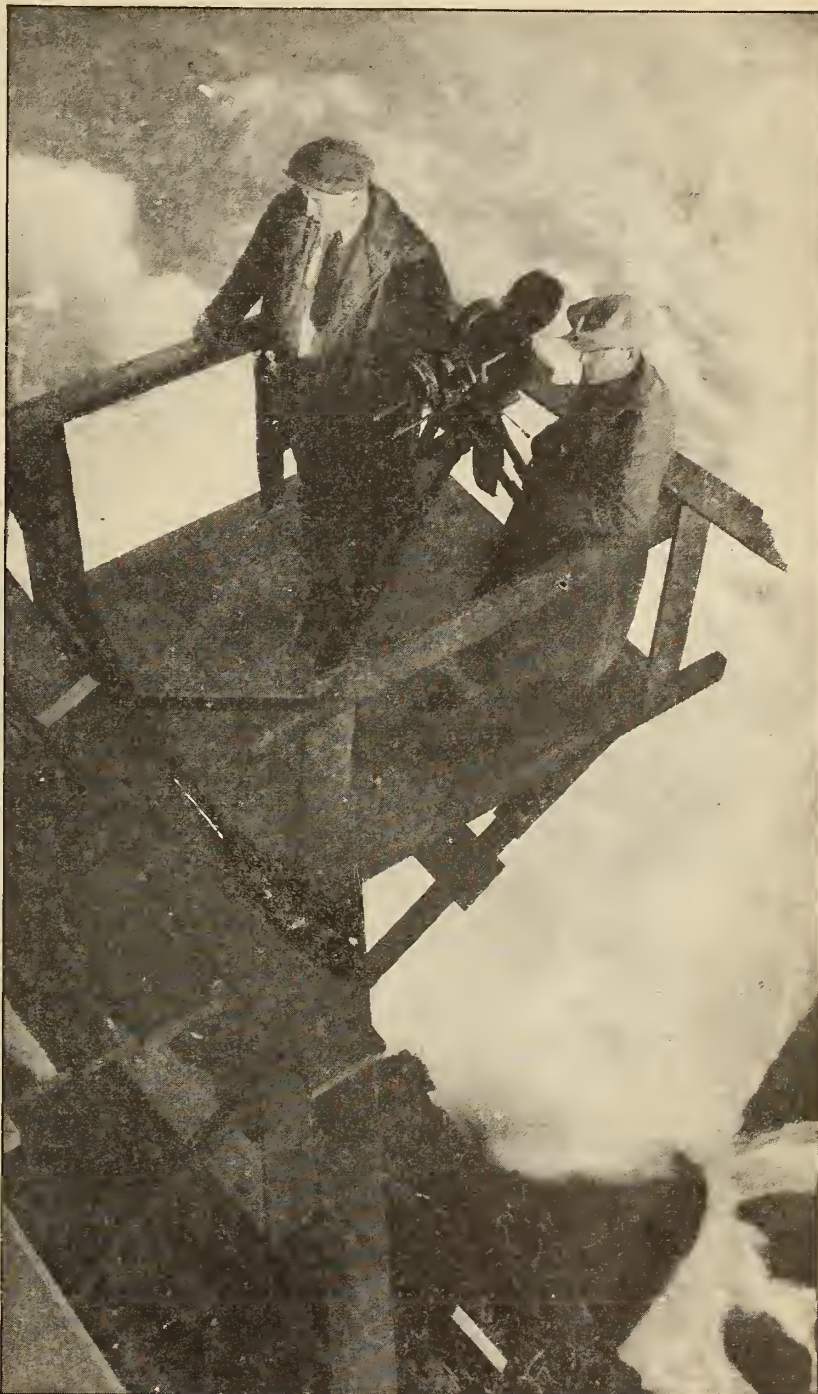
told him that he might be proficient in six months, or perhaps a year. The salary of a newly trained man, I told him, would be seventy-five dollars, that of the more experienced men up to four hundred a week. The man was disdainful. 'Give up a year of my life to studying camera grinding?' he asked me. A whole year of his life—what would that be to the success of a lifetime? Certainly we would never want any one with his utter lack of ambition.

"Unfortunately, we have too many men nowadays who want success handed to them in a folded napkin with a tip inclosed besides. We're not taking that sort of men in this studio. A man can make a good living after a year's hard study in the laboratory and field work. He's not able to show much financial gain after *four* or *five* years of college, is he? Lots of these boys are shortsighted."

Preliminary Training in Photography.

"Would one progress more quickly if he understood photography?" I asked him, and I was surprised, as no doubt you will be, at his answer. "I prefer to have the apprentices know nothing at all about photography. I like to get college boys who know something about chemistry and physics, but I will take any man—from any walk of life—after I have seen him and studied his face. I rely entirely on character analysis.

In order to get a close-up of Eddy Polo just before the flames sweep around him, the camera man had to stay on this roof until after it had been ignited. This scene was for the Universal serial, "King of the Circus."



A platform perched on the rocky sea cliffs of Monterey was the only available location for the camera man of Von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" during the filming of certain scenes.



"Fifteen years ago, we recruited camera men from the ranks of photographers, not high-class ones at that. They were tintypers, beach snapshotters, and the like. Many evolved later into real artists. This end of motion pictures has had a hard struggle to come to the front. No great inducements were offered in the beginning, but now, when there is practically no limit to the artistic possibilities of motion-picture photography, men are becoming seriously interested in it, and it is becoming a recognized profession.



In repose Alice Brady is serious to the point of sadness, emotionless to the point of boredom.

Alice—Not Ben Bolt

The star daughter of the famous Bill Brady is not of the clinging-vine variety, nor is she sweet. Toppling over established ideas about motion-picture stars is one of the best things she does, and you will enjoy the way she does it.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

AFTER contemplating the ultra-modish Alice Brady on the screen in such pictures as "The New York Idea" and "The Fear Market," one might expect to find her a beautiful cloak model or a super-blasé hothouse plant basking in the rays of a diamond pendant or two. The impression she gives to the screen wisacres would appear to be one of rarified social shades—a pastel in mauves and candlelight.

The appropriate place to interview Alice Brady, proceeding along the lines of such a thesis, would be the Astor Roof at midnight or over a cup of Turkish at the Black Cat, where the cognoscenti congregate to point out how art should be improved. Consequently I was a bit taken aback when it was arranged that I should meet her at high noon, in broadest of daylight—Broadway's breakfast hour, in fact. But by ten minutes past twelve I was completely reassured. Daylight is the time to transact business, and Alice Brady is a business woman.

Before I met her I thought of "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt" as a possible motif—all good interviews have motifs!—

for this story. It took less than ten minutes to shatter that illusion, too. You know how that old relic went:

"Oh, Donchoo re-mem-ber sweet Alice, Ben Bolt? Sweet Aaal-lice with ha-air so brow-hown."

At least that's the floor plan of how it used to sound when rendered by the Eclectic Quartet. Well, Alice Brady doesn't fit the lyrics a-tall. She may be clever, alert, intellectual, witty; she may be all these things and more, but she is not sweet. And I imagine she will thank me for so deposing. Mary Miles Minter is a sweet girl; ditto Wanda Hawley; repeat on Bessie Love. But under no conditions could Mr. Brady's favorite daughter class with these Ben Bolters.

"The first charm of the screen," she told me with delicious candor, "lies in the fabulous gold that awaits those lucky enough to 'screen' well, whatever that means. I was lured by the salary offered me, and I stay for the simple reason that it is paid me at beautifully regular intervals. In addition, I enjoy creating for the celluloids. At present I'm doing characters, and if I am permitted to continue doing them I shall be as happy as Pollyanna herself."

During the past season Miss Brady adorned "Anna Ascends" with much gusto. It was a foreign affair and allowed Alice to wear a shawl and she liked it. And next season she hopes to do another costume-and-dialect speakie.

"Really," she said, with a crooked little smile that savored of ennui, "really there isn't anything new that I can tell you about this Brady woman. I've told everything I know about her so many times—and lots I never knew. I am at a loss to understand just why the public should care about me. About any actress.

Lawyers aren't pestered for interviews.

Dentists don't spend two thousand a

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There is nothing demure about Alice, nothing faintly suggesting the coy country maiden.

“The Nice Girl”

The interviewer never really appreciated that that was a complimentary term until she met Lois Wilson.

By Celia Brynn

IF Lois Wilson had been just a civilian whose only acquaintance with the screen was gained from a fifty-cent seat in a movie theater, I most certainly would have been prejudiced by the description of her which was given me.

“She’s a nice girl,” some one had said earnestly. Now to my mind there’s only one thing more insipid that can be said about a person of the feminine gender, and that is, “She’s a *sweet* girl!” It’s like damning a man’s character by remarking of him that “He means well.”

But, since Lois Wilson *is* in the movies, I can vouch for it that the much-abused adjective by which she was described is as much of an honor as a Phi Beta Kappa key in college circles. When you hear such appellations as “fresh young thing,” “sophisticated,” “idiot child,” and “absolutely impossible,” you begin to appreciate terminology that hints of a friendly and normal personality. You know without being further enlightened that the “nice” girl doesn’t quarrel with her leading man about close-ups, that she doesn’t go out on wild parties, and that she probably has a mother and a younger sister, and maybe a small brother whom she takes to school every day before coming to the studio. It means further that the studio force like her and respect her, and that when you meet her you will be agreeably surprised and unconditionally sorry that you had let yourself be prejudiced by a measly little adjective.

All of which applies to the way I felt about Lois before and after meeting. I found a quiet, brown-eyed girl with soft, wavy hair and skin of a slight olive tint. She was much younger than I had expected her to be, for the screen brings out a certain maturity of contour and expression which one misses when face to face with her. Indeed it was hard to visualize her as the heroine of Barrie’s “What Every Woman Knows.” I could not reconcile her quiet but evident girlishness with *Maggie Shayne*, the wise little woman who knows everything about her husband, including his faults and how to cure them.

We talked about the picture, I enthusiastically, Lois regretfully. She had loved working in it, she told me, she had lost herself in the part so completely, and she thought William De Mille had done a piece of beautifully artistic work in his conception and direction of the famous stage play. But—this with a sigh—the critics had not been kind. They had failed, almost unanimously, to catch the subtleties which Mr. De Mille had tried to imprison on the silver sheet. Her regret was entirely unselfish. For her own part in the picture,



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Lois Wilson is a quiet, brown-eyed girl with soft, wavy hair and skin of a slight olive tint.

as well as that of Conrad Nagel’s, the critics had had nothing but praise.

The old adage of speaking of angels and hearing the immediate rustle of their wings proved true just then, for Conrad Nagel himself appeared at the door of the publicity office where Lois and I were chatting, and headed in our direction.

“Ah, talking to our little foreigner?” he asked me. Lois blushed, and struck at him with her hat. It was evident that Conrad was an accomplished tease, and that his young leading woman was accustomed to being the target of his pleasantries.

“Didn’t you know that she is a foreigner?” he went on seriously. “Fact, I assure you. She was born in Georgia, and when she first came to Lasky’s could hardly speak a word of English. But now you can understand almost everything she says.”

Lois turned the point of the conversation away from herself by asking how the baby was. It was an effective

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A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

She visits Long Island, that Promised Land of millionaire motion-picture players, and spends a day with one of the first stars she ever admired.

By Ethel Sands

THE very first thing the movies ever did to me was make me comb my hair differently, and Anita Stewart was largely responsible for it. I was just a kid at the time, and my idea of hairdressing was to plaster it back and tie a ribbon around it, meanwhile keeping one eye on the clock that said only five minutes before school time. If I was late I was kept for half an hour after school, and that made me late for the first afternoon show at the movies. And if I was late at the movies I'd only see Anita Stewart in "The Goddess" through two and a half times instead of three.

I was crazy about Anita Stewart's looks, and after a while it began to dawn on me that her hair probably looked nice because she made it look nice, so the next morning I got up about fifteen minutes earlier and spent that time trying to do my hair like the *Goddess*. You probably remember how she used to wear it—dips from each side of her forehead pulled together in front, and a band tied around her head. The rest of her hair was in curls.

Well, if any of the girls who saw me through my struggles to look like the *Goddess* could have known



that just a few years later I would be invited to spend the day with the *Goddess* herself at her Long Island home, I guess they would have exploded. I nearly did, I know, even though I have met most of the very nicest stars in the business and have every right to be blasé about those things. Somehow, I can't be blasé about my movie favorites—I get all breathless and sort of wabby just at the thought of meeting them.

Going to a big home on Long Island made it even more impressive, for Long Island is every bit as glamorous to me as castles in Spain ever were to anybody. I had heard that lots of stage and screen players had their summer homes there, and I've often noticed in the papers that millionaires lived there, so I knew that this time I was going to meet a movie star in just the atmosphere I thought she belonged in. Moreover, Miss Stewart was coming down to meet me at the station, and that would be enough to unsettle any fan, I'll wager. You can just imagine the little nervous thrill that ran through me when the conductor said, "Next station

Anita Stewart took me all around and showed me the place.

Islip." I always wonder whether the star will come up to expectations, or whether I will be disillusioned; I haven't been yet, but I'm always afraid I'm going to be.

Islip was smaller than the rest of the stations, so I knew I wouldn't have any trouble finding Miss Stewart if she were there. But I looked at all the cars standing around, and she wasn't there! However, before the train drew out, I spied a slim young girl come hurrying through the station, and I grabbed her right away because I recognized Anita Stewart.

"My dear, you are the first interviewer that ever managed to get here," she greeted me with. "So many have made arrangements to come, but the distance seemed too great, or they always happened to get a local or something, and that makes it seem dreadfully long. You came on a local, too."

That I had happened to get a local wasn't nearly so trying to me as it was to her. I think I would have been glad to make the trip if I had had to walk.

For some unaccountable reason I had always pictured Anita Stewart in real life as a more or less dignified, proud young lady—one who would look right through and past a mere fan. I don't know where I got the idea. I guess I just imagined it the way all fans get funny notions about movie stars without having any good reason for them. Anyway, I was glad to find that I was mistaken. Anita Stewart doesn't impress you a bit that way. She isn't dignified or distant in the least, but very friendly and girlish, and when she smiles it lights up her whole face and makes you feel as if you had known her for years.

We stopped in the village, as she said she had to get some things at the stores from a list she had in her pocket. I watched her as she stopped before the stands to buy fruit and vegetables, and went into the butcher's and the grocer's. Several small boys stood and eyed her very interestedly. I was wondering what the shopkeepers thought at waiting on Anita Stewart. I suppose they are used to celebrities for their customers, but to me it was a distinct shock. Somehow I couldn't adjust myself to the revelation of a movie star shopping for *eatables!* Can you picture dainty, fashionable Anita of the society dramas fingering vegetables and coming out of a butcher's shop just like an ordinary person? Goodness, it did seem queer to see her in the rôle of a housewife. Not any the less interesting, understand, but sort of topsy-turvy with one's notions about movie actresses. Besides, she didn't even look the rôle—she looked so very pretty and chic in her sport costume of orange silk sweater and white flannel skirt, with a long white coat she wore over it, white ties trimmed with gray, and white turban with a wide-meshed veil.

"Instead of shopping for clothes with me, we're shopping for our lunch. Now you see how domesticated I am," she laughed as she climbed back into the car. "You must be hungry and tired from your long journey. But never mind, we'll rest all afternoon. I'm great at resting."

"You don't work at all while you're in the East, do you, Miss Stewart?" I asked.

"No, I'm on my vacation. You see, I have several pictures finished ahead of time. So while I'm here I just rest. That is, I buy clothes and have my photographs taken, and such things."

The car sped along the smooth road, both sides of which were bordered by picturesque estates. They reminded me very much of the Long Island residences you see pictured on the stage, particularly in farces. These stage settings are very true to form because the



Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Anita Stewart isn't dignified or distant in the least, but very friendly and girlish.

real Long Island places are exactly like them. Miss Stewart told me they are mostly owned by immensely wealthy people, that when a hospital was needed in the vicinity, as small as the town was, thousands of dollars were raised easily because of the rich people living there. I believe it was Mrs. Morgan Belmont, she said, lived on the street we were passing.

"You know, I was under the impression you were

always in California," I told her. "I thought you never spent any length of time here at all."

"Oh, yes, I spend four months out of every year in the East. The other eight months I work in California," she enlightened me. "Bayshore is my home, you see. I moved here when I was fourteen. I've just recently sold my house in Bayshore and rented one nearer Islip."

"And are there many theatrical people living around here?" I asked, remembering about the colonies I had heard of—of how they visited each other back and forth—and hoping that maybe Norma Talmadge and Pearl White might drop in on Anita while I was there.

"Well, it's more at Bayside and Great Neck that they live in such numbers. Most of the players that live there commute into the city daily. Quite a few do from here, too, but not quite so much."

We hadn't gone far when we came in sight of the big bay. Several houses, all built alike of stone and completely covered with some kind of vine with very large leaves, surrounded a little inlet of water that extended inland from the bay. The taxi turned in the driveway of one of these houses—the one nearest the bay.

A fresh, cool breeze was blowing in from the water, and the place seemed so quiet and restful—it was like a heaven after the two long, stuffy train rides. It was an ideal place for a player during vacation, I thought—so far removed from the movies or a studio. I should think it would take any one's mind completely off from work. Even I, for the first time, forgot to think about the movies—in those surroundings—unless I looked at Anita.

Her bulldog, Casey, met us at the door, and after Miss Stewart made him shake hands and go through all his tricks for me we went into the pleasant, summery living room and removed our wraps. A colored butler in a white coat came in with two glasses of rich milk for us.

"I'm trying to get fat," she confided, so I have to drink milk all the time. I don't like it a bit. I gave up all other exercises because I like swimming so much that I want to swim, rather than do anything else. I only weigh a hundred and fifteen pounds now." Which I didn't consider so bad, considering she is quite small. That seems to be one of the difficulties of being in the movies—almost every actress I meet is either trying to stay thin or trying to get fat. Just think how annoying that must be, always having to worry about how much you weigh for fear it will affect your work.

We sat down on a settee by the big window and chatted. I studied her closely, or sized her up rather, as a movie fan is likely to do on seeing a favorite player in real life. You unconsciously hunt for the difference between the *reel* and *real* person, in what ways they differ from the star that the vast army of fans are familiar with.

The first thing that struck me was the difference in Anita Stewart's coloring. While most of us, I am sure, have always thought she was a pronounced brunette, she really is quite light. She has a way of looking squarely and frankly right at you, and I noticed what a light

brown her eyes were. I could go into raptures about her hair—it is such a lovely, glossy, burnished brown with red lights in it—almost auburn in fact. And her teeth are as white and glisteny as can be. She is nothing if not colorful. Whenever I come to a movie star's looks I feel like raving—one seems prettier than the other.

Her voice is a regular girl's voice—not affected in the least. She says she believes in being natural because one is liked better. "You'll hear some players say 'bawth' and 'cawn't' one moment, and often they'll forget and revert back to 'bath' and 'can't,'" she told me. "Pretense is always so easily detected, anyway." Don't you agree with Miss Stewart? I do. I've always felt it right away if any player would try to impress me.

When I mentioned and exclaimed about finding her so fair, she said her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, is a real blonde, and so is her brother, who is much younger than he says he is. "Only my mother has the same color hair as myself. I just missed being a blonde. Gloria Swanson, you know, has a sort of dark-red hair that shows black on the screen, too."

We talked about the different magazines, and she confessed she adores them, and proves she is like us fans in one way, for she admitted, "I go to the news stand and buy every magazine I see that has anything in it about the movies. My mother is so cute—if she looks through a magazine and doesn't find anything about me, she'll say, 'Oh, there's nothing in that magazine!' But as for me, I like to read about the others."

I could tell Anita Stewart is very sensitive because I noticed the hurt tone in her voice when she told me about some magazine that passed an unkind remark about her. When I inquired if the stars minded what the critics say about them she admitted that it hurts their feelings terribly. "But, after all, that is only the opinion of *one* person; others may think differently. Now you and I may see a picture, and you may honestly think to yourself that it was

the worst picture you ever saw, while I, on the other hand, may be perfectly truthful about it if I said it was the best I ever saw. That is because our opinions differ, but my verdict shouldn't be considered any more than yours. Really, the only thing that counts is the box office."

There was a large, colored picture of Anita on the table, so I couldn't resist asking her for one of herself. She went over to the table, and took from the drawer a great stack of very large photographs and a pile of smaller "stills," and brought them over to where I was sitting. We passed a good half hour looking over them, which I more than enjoyed—they were all so pretty and interesting. The stills were taken by her own husband, Rudolph Cameron, while out on location. And some of the larger pictures were of her own home in California. It is about the most gorgeous-looking house I ever saw. From the pictures it looked like a palace, just fit for a movie queen—the kind of house you would expect them to live in. It seemed to be built of some sort of white stone, with the front porch almost the entire length of the house, and had tall white pillars in front. In the rear of the house are high

HEROES OR MANIKINS?— GLAMOUR OR DISILLUSION- MENT?—

What has Ethel Sands—the typical fan who is writing these adventures—found? She has been sincere with you from the first, she's told you just what she saw and how it impressed her—but now, after all her varied experiences, can she look back and say that she was just swept off her feet momentarily? Or, if she were to meet all these people again, would she see some of them in a different light?

She has learned a great deal about motion pictures and motion-picture people during these "Adventures"—things that a trained reporter might have missed. For Ethel Sands was thoroughly new to the studios; she had merely good observation and the keen interest of a devoted enthusiast over motion pictures.

Next month she is going to tell you many surprising and amusing things about motion pictures and motion-picture people that escaped her in the first fervor of her new impressions.

Her views are daring—unusual—amusing. You won't want to miss them.

mountains. There were views from every angle, and all were magnificent; the one of the interior was in keeping with the grandeur of the outside. It is the realization of the kind of house you picture you would live in if you were a rich movie star.

"Do you know, I hate to have photographs taken of myself," Miss Stewart announced while I was feasting my eyes on them. "Isn't that funny? I detest posing for them. I always want to be moving, from force of habit, I suppose. Most all movie players feel that way."

I'm sure if they all took such good likenesses of themselves as Anita Stewart, I don't understand why they dislike it.

The picture she gave me for myself was one of the originals of the pose that was in the gallery of the "Screen Beauties" in the July issue of PICTURE-PLAY. Only it was about twice the size of the magazine—almost life-size of just the head, you know. I was thinking what a stunning addition that would make to my much-treasured personally collected photos of stars I have met.

I couldn't help commenting on the nice leading man I noticed in some of the stills of her forthcoming picture. It seemed sort of funny to think of the love scenes being snapped by her own husband, especially as the public is so fond of imagining that stars and their opposites are in love with each other.

"But it's silly to think that," Anita said. "They seldom are."

That reminded me of the time almost every fan considered Anita Stewart and Earle Williams were in love with each other just because they were such splendid opposites.

In town it had been quite hot; it wasn't the least bit here, with the cool breeze blowing in from the water and rustling all the leaves which almost completely cover the house. It was three stories high on one end—the house, I mean—and two stories, with a large roof garden, on the other end. A boathouse, with a narrow platform around it that extended out into the water, and two stone summerhouses, grown over with vines like that on the house, bordered the inlet of water. There was a picturesque, arched stone bridge spanning it where it entered into the bay. The butler brought some chairs and we sat on the platform of the boathouse and gave ourselves up to enjoying the view and atmosphere.

We watched the two small boys in the boat on the opposite shore of the inlet catch eels and crabs, and Anita's two dogs, Casey and Dub, frisked around in the water. The sun bath made us lazy, and we talked idly of the movies—in much the same manner as Fanny the Fan and the Bystander chatter—flitting from one subject to the other. I was so thoroughly contented with my companion and surroundings—what fan wouldn't be?—that I forgot half of the things I wanted



Out in the summerhouse overlooking the bay, I just gave myself up so to marveling at the surroundings and listening to Anita Stewart that I forgot most of the things I had wanted to ask her.

to ask Miss Stewart, and just gave myself up to listening eagerly to anything she had to say. She was telling me about California—about the climate and the studios out there.

"The studios out there are hardly anything more than sheds," she said, to my surprise. "As a rule they are merely big spaces of flooring with roofs over them—nothing like the large studios here."

"Out there, when you go out at night, you just about see everybody in the movies. You see, there aren't so many places to go to as there are in New York. There are only a few cabarets and big hotels, so when you go to the Ambassador or any of those places you meet Charlie Chaplin and Gloria Swanson and just every one—except Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. You hardly ever see them, because they go out very seldom."

Anita Stewart likes Alice Joyce. She told me, "Alice is the kind of person I admire—quiet and serious and studious. I like to be quiet and by myself—not altogether alone, but not leading a wild life. Mr. Cameron likes to go about quite a bit, though, so while we're here we occasionally attend dinners, play golf or tennis with friends, and once in a while we have bathing parties on moonlight nights. Of course some players have much wilder, gayer times, but when I'm twenty-eight or so I want to look that age or *younger*—and you can't if you dissipate."

I don't think Miss Stewart need worry about aging—she is far from that yet. She is very girlish looking and very bright and sparkling—nothing blasé about her at all.

"You know some people are under the impression

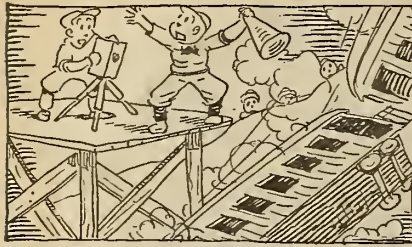
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THE MOVIE ALMANAC

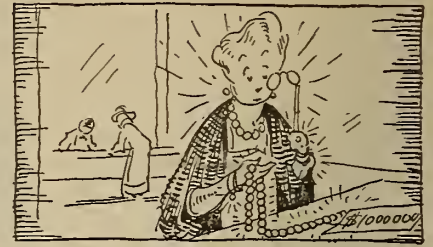
NOVEMBER

Edited and Illustrated by CHARLES GATCHELL

1921



"My wife," groaned the multimillionaire, "Will drive me bankrupt, I declare; Her extravagance has gone too far; She's trying to live like a movie star."



- 1—Tu.—First train wreck staged for "813," a Vitagraph thriller, 1912.
- 2—W.—John Barrymore was playing *Max* in "Magda," with Nance O'Neil, at Cleveland's Theater, Chicago, 1903.
- 3—Th.—Alice Brady born, 1892.
- 4—Fr.—Harrison Ford was a picturesque *Sandro* in "Soldiers of Fortune," with Robert Edeson, at the Victory Theater, San José, California, 1903.
- 5—Sa.—Theaters that had been closed throughout the country during the influenza epidemic, began to open, 1918.
- 6—Su.—Lionel Barrymore did all that was possible as *Lord Silverstake* in "Squire Kate," at the Park Theater, Brooklyn, 1896.
- 7—M.—Conway Tearle seemed at home as *Richard Ainslee* in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," at the Oliver Opera House, South Bend, Indiana, 1905.
- 8—Tu.—Max Linder arrived from France to make comedies for Essanay, 1916.
- 9—W.—Mae Murray was a pulchritudinous feast as *Susan Jane* in "The Bachelor Belles," Globe Theater, New York, 1910.
- 10—Th.—Edward Earle was a neat *Donald Houston* in "Doctor De Luxe," at the Forrest Theater, Philadelphia, 1911.
- 11—Fr.—Ben Turpin cast for "Hamlet," 1946.
- 12—Sa.—"War Brides," the first picture in which Nazimova appeared, released at the Broadway Theater, New York, 1916.
- 13—Su.—Nazimova made her English-speaking début as an actress, as "Hedda Gabler," at the Princess Theater, New York, 1906.
- 14—M.—Associated First National Pictures was incorporated with a capital stock of six million dollars, 1919.
- 15—Tu.—Sidney Olcott was a convincing *Mike Dooley* in "From Rags to Riches," at the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, 1904.
- 16—W.—Thomas H. Ince born, 1882.
- 17—Th.—H. B. Warner, in his greatest success, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," was the lure at the Shubert Theater, Brooklyn, 1910.
- 18—Fr.—Ethel Clayton, Earl Metcalfe, and Harry C. Myers were to be seen in the Lubin picture, "Partners in Crime," 1913.
- 19—Sa.—William S. Hart positively retires, 1919, 1920, 1921.
- 20—Su.—Shirley Mason did nicely as *Little Meenie* in "Rip Van Winkle," with Thomas Jefferson, at the Crosswell Opera House, Adrian, Michigan, 1906.
- 21—M.—Buster Keaton smiles, 1920.
- 22—Tu.—Larry Semon became a Vitagraph star, 1919.
- 23—W.—Antonio Moreno fitted into the picture as *Percy* in "C. O. D.," at the Gaiety Theater, New York, 1912.
- 24—Th.—Cecil De Mille was to be seen as *Arthur Dyson* in "Hearts Are Trumps," at the Walnut Street Theater, Philadelphia, 1900.
- 25—Fr.—Hobart Bosworth, cast for one of his favorite rôles, *Charles, the wrestler*, in "As You Like It," was at Daly's Theater, New York, 1891.
- 26—Sa.—Motion pictures denounced as the cause of juvenile crime, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921.
- 27—Su.—Edith Storey plays opposite E. H. Sothern in the Vitagraph picture, "An Enemy to the King," with John Robertson in their support, released this date, 1916.
- 28—M.—Bert Lytell was the dashing hero, *Bertie Cecil*, in "Under Two Flags," with Jane Kenark, at the Mobile Theater, Mobile, Alabama, 1903.
- 29—Tu.—Mary Miles Minter scored an early screen success in the Metro picture, "Barbara Frietchie," released 1915.
- 30—W.—Mary Pickford caused tears to flow as *Dolly Golden* in "The Child Wife," at the Star Theater, New York, 1904.

ANOTHER SCREEN LITANY.

From films in which "the woman pays,"
Oh, screen, deliver us;
From near-risqué farce and boudoir plays,
Oh, screen, deliver us.
From Fox's "crooks" and Griffith's
"jays,"
From Sennett's bathing-girl displays—
From times that bring movie-less days,
Oh, screen, deliver us.

INTERESTING FACTS.

The letters that have been written in the controversy as to whether Mary Pickford or Mary Miles Minter was the better at depicting child parts, if laid end to end, would reach from Sugar Knob, Tennessee, to Sorgum Corners, South Carolina.

The fact that a star has her picture taken standing by a kitchen range doesn't prove that she can cook.



Very few movie cowboys have ever killed any Indians.

Several persons in America have expressed themselves as not having cared for the German films they have seen.

HOW TO GET INTO THE MOVIES.

Walk along a street in town—almost any street and any town will do. Afternoons or evenings are the best time. Keep going until you come across a building with signs or bright lights out front. Probably other people will be wanting to get into the movies, just as you are, and they will be passing in through the broad entrance of the building. Follow them. On approaching a little glass window near the entrance, draw from your purse a quarter, plus war tax, and deposit it on the shelf leading out from the hole in this window. In return for your money, you will probably receive a small strip of pasteboard. Toss this into the container guarded by the uniformed bedouin and pass on into the darkened room beyond. Sit down.

You have now broken into the movies!

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD KNOW.

1. By what names are the following persons known on the screen: Mrs. Harold Bolster, Mrs. Rudolph Cameron,

Mrs. James B. Regan, Mrs. Louis Lee Arms, Mrs. Thomas B. Clark?

2. What three celebrities of the stage failed signally as screen stars?

3. What was the largest price ever paid for the screen rights of a stage play?

4. What is the largest theater in the world?

5. How many feet of film are required to make the average feature picture?

6. Does Mary Pickford like her curls?

ANSWERS TO THE ABOVE.

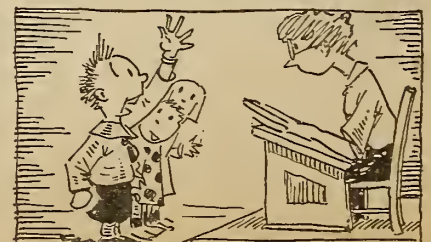
1. Madge Kennedy, Anita Stewart, Alice Joyce, Mae Marsh, Elsie Ferguson.
2. George M. Cohan, Mary Garden, and Caruso.

3. One hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for "Way Down East."

4. The Capitol, New York City.

5. Approximately five thousand.

6. Does Ben Turpin take beauty naps?



Favorite Picture Players



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARION DAVIES plans even more elaborate productions for the future than she has adorned in the past. After "The Bride's Play" she will appear in "The Young Diana," after which she plans a dazzling presentation of "When Knighthood Was in Flower."



CONSTANCE BINNEY has resolutely turned her back on footlights and the East, and gone to California to continue making pictures for Realart. "Such a Little Queen," an adaptation of the stage play, is her most recent offering.

Photo by Campbell Studios



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

PRISCILLA DEAN continues to amaze even her greatest admirers with the brilliance of her characterizations. Her next picture is "Conflict," a drama of the lumber camps which excels even "Reputation" in its whirlwind of suspense.



MOLLY MALONE, after successfully trying her wings in many Goldwyn pictures, is soon to appear as leading lady in Universal pictures. Her latest Goldwyn picture was "The Poor Relation," in which she supported Will Rogers.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



IRENE CASTLE TREMAN, long the darling of New York's night life, now lends her naive charm to the screen. Her beauty and daring and extreme individuality make her one of the most fascinating figures before the public to-day,—and nowhere can you find her personality mirrored more naturally than in the article on the opposite page.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photo by Nicholas Murray

DORIS KENYON returned to the screen in "The Conquest of Canaan" and conquered the audience with her beguiling smile. Her next appearance will be in Cosmopolitan's, "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."



VIRGINIA VALLI has proved such an ideal leading woman for Bert Lytell, that she appears opposite him in all his recent pictures. "Junk" and "The Man Who—" are the most recent ones.

Photo by Evans



Photo by Rhee

ALLA NAZIMOVA, her vivid personality so long wasted on unworthy screen vehicles, has temporarily retired from the screen. "Camille," however, will keep her before the motion-picture public until she can find another sufficiently great part to play.

Broadway's Famous Castle

She comes back to the screen every so often, does the fair Irene, this time in a thrilling tale of lumber camps and Broadway called "French Heels."

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

I THOUGHT the fact that I was at the Algonquin on time for my interview with Irene Castle—that is, with Mrs. Treman—proved beyond a doubt that I am becoming New Yorkized. The fact is that I was late, but she was later, having spent a hectic afternoon at Lucille's, concocting a new and startling costume with which to invigorate Broadway. Anyhow, I had reached there with a minimum amount of questioning, reducing my query handicap to three and a half—the half being supplied by a small newsboy who told me scornfully that if I looked up I'd see the hotel sign right above my head.

I waited in the lobby for the chic Irene, feeling quite at Hollywood with familiar faces drifting in and out of the door. There was Charles Gerard, looking as sleek as a trained seal; Ward Crane, very black of hair and pink of skin; Winifred Westover, as blond as ever, and Max Linder, the immaculate, somewhat handicapped in speaking French to the clerk because his hands were full of packages.

When Irene came in there should really have been an orchestra to give an entrance blare of trumpets—"Ta—da—d-a-a-a!" For she is, in an atmosphere of well-groomed women, easily the most distinctive. It isn't so much her costume as the way she carries it off. Her mode of walking has been copied by flappers the country over, deteriorating into the "débutante slouch." If only the flappers would remember that the only person who can with effectiveness emulate the bobbed Castle is the fair Irene herself.

She was dressed in black satin—don't pin me down too closely concerning the details—with startling flat paniers over the hips. There was a white vest, edged with fur, and there was a touch of vivid red at the throat and at the cuffs of the sleeves. There was a sort of girdle, ending in a varicolored tassel that swung against the sheen of the skirt. The skirt length was—well, come to think of it, there was very little length. Around one slim ankle a tiny chain was clasped, the thin golden line half veiled by the gauze of her silken stocking. And the crowning touch of the costume was a close-fitting black hat that almost hid the bobbed glory of her red-brown hair. Two sweeping sprays of feathers—probably osprey—flared from either side and met under her chin, framing her face in a semicircle of blue-black plumage. Her eyes were blue, and curiously young. Her mouth was a vivid curve of crimson, heightened by rouge.

She did not apologize for being late; she merely waved a bottle of Lucille perfume under my nose, assured me it was the latest defectability from the famous shop, and invited me to come up to her rooms. Her voice is strangely at variance with her appearance. You expect a sweeter, more gentle quality. It is low-pitched, almost rough, as with a slight cold; it is the sort of voice one would recognize anywhere as belonging to a theatrical person.

Her rooms were littered with trunks, traveling bags, shoes, photographs. In a huge vase a gorgeous bunch of American Beauty roses was distilling fragrance with right good will, and in a cage on the floor a small, sad-eyed monkey hooked his tail around the bars and com-

menced to jump up and down, stiff-legged, in a simian dance of welcome.

Two pop-eyed Belgian griffons, shaggy as penwipers, dashed out of an inner room, barking feverishly, springing up on the couch and down again in an ecstasy of delight, and the monkey, stimulated by their example, accelerated the tempo of his dance to an *allegro furioso* that threatened to ruin the shape of the cage.

Irene, quite calm in the midst of the hectic turmoil, waved me to a place on the couch, and seated herself in a rocking-chair near the cage. She busied herself with soothing the monk, who chattered up at her, blinking his eyes.

"Is that the monkey you had in France?" I asked her, remembering pictures I had seen and also recollecting the fact that in her first screen production, "The Whirl of Life," a little simian actor played a prominent part.

"Oh, goodness, no!" she laughed. "This is about the seventh since that time. I am crazy about monkeys, and I always have at least one. This one I bought from an organ grinder. His name is Virginia."

I looked startled and rather dubious.

"Yes, I know it's a queer name for a gentleman monkey, but that's what the organ grinder had named him, so I let it ride. I think he named him after his wife."

It did not take much conversation to discover that Irene's two enthusiasms in life are her husband, Robert Treman, and her large and assorted collection of pets.

"We live in Ithaca," she told me, "on a perfectly darling estate, where I can have all the pets I want. I come in to New York to make a picture or to do shopping. But I'm always glad to get home again. I had so many years of hectic night life, up until three a. m. for month after month, that I am happy in the peace and quiet of our country place."

"Then you don't intend to go back on the stage or to professional dancing?" I asked, having heard rumors that she might return to the footlights.

"No, I don't think I ever will," she said positively. "Bobby has his work at Ithaca, and I don't want to be separated from him. Of course I get a hankering for the footlights sometimes, when I see a good play or a musical comedy, but pictures pay better, and they let me have the home life that I want."

She switched off on the subject of Virginia, the gentleman monk again, telling me that her mother made his clothes. Gingham wash dresses for every day, and red and green "organ" clothes for street wear. Virginia meantime was continuing his stiff-legged staccato dancing, apparently quite happy in a state of primitive undress.

"I brought two canary birds home from the studio over the Fourth to give them a nice week-end," she said suddenly, apropos of nothing, "but they both died. I guess the city life was too much for them."

She fondled the monk through the bars of his cage, and I thought, watching her, that she was a curious combination of child and woman of the world. Her eyes are the eyes of seventeen, naïve, audacious, young. The rest of her face is much more mature, older far than

Continued on page 102



Von Stroheim and Mrs. Grundy

The maker of the sensational and extravagant "Foolish Wives" who likes to reveal human beings at their worst, confronts the arbiter of society who blacklists any one guilty of the slightest unconventionality. You may not wholly agree with either of them, but you will be interested in these facts and fancies about the most startling production of the year.

By Gordon Gassaway

A HOME-BREWED picture that has a greater kick than the imported product—and more flavor. A foreign film—made in America. This is "Foolish Wives," the most-discussed motion picture of the age and one that has taken the ice out of spice.

Everything that "Passion" and "Gypsy Blood" were not "Foolish Wives" is. Every bit of stark realism Europe ever knew and forgot, and a lot that Europe never thought of, has been injected into this Universal City product by its ex-Austrian, naturalized American director, Eric von Stroheim.

Dame Rumor herself drove me to the little room on the roof of the Administration Building at Universal City, in the Hollywood Hills, where Von Stroheim and his wife and one assistant had been working for two months all night long, every night, cutting one million feet of film—at one dollar a foot—into twelve thousand feet of "Foolish Wives." They worked at night, some said, because the scenes on the film were too explosive to be toyed with in the warm California sunshine.

Dame Rumor herself—and her whole family, from Frank Lies, the eldest, to Mere Conjecture, the youngest—made me seek out the maker of "Foolish Wives" and ask, "What is all this foolishness about 'Foolish Wives,' anyhow?" But it was

Mrs. Grundy who accompanied me throughout the interview. I couldn't shake her. It was Mrs. Grundy who broke in upon Von Stroheim's first words of description of the picture with, "But people don't do those things!" to which he answered, "You have been fortunate, dear lady, in your acquaintances. Or perhaps it was just that you were mistaken about them."

FOOLISH WIVES

Eric von Stroheim's "Million-dollar Folly" promises to be one of the most sensational and talked-about pictures ever made.

It was begun eighteen months ago.

By the first of August it had cost one million two hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-one dollars and forty-five cents.

Within the industry, discussion about it has raged for the past year.

Rumors have been circulated that this picture is intended for German propaganda, but there is nothing in the picture to bear it out.

It is predicted that people will trample over each other's feet to see it, because it is packed with more shocks than a power house.

Perhaps few persons will admit that they really like this picture, but it is doubtful if many will deliberately stay away from it.

Every time that "Foolish Wives" had been mentioned of late, Mrs. Grundy had drawn near, and Dame Rumor had it that Mrs. Grundy would never allow the film to be shown—that is, to other people. She herself wouldn't have missed it for worlds.

Down the winding stairs Eric von Stroheim took us, past the tiny roof garden, built for him into the depths of the building, where there was a miniature projection room with a screen no larger than a wall map and a single little red schoolhouse bench. The silence, while the assistant cutter himself adjusted the film in a dim recess somewhere above, was most impressive, for I knew that I was the first outsider to see the much-talked-of, daring scenes of "Foolish

Wives." When the first scenes flashed chills ran up and down my spine. No word was spoken until Mrs. Grundy simply could not hold in any longer.

"Mr. von Stroheim says that almost all European

army officers wear long black silk stockings and corsets," I answered her objections. "He says that that man is the villain and does lots of things that the American hero there wouldn't think of doing. That's how you can tell the villain from the hero," I added caustically.

"But we can't allow such things," Mrs. Grundy protested icily, raising her lorgnette, but never for a moment letting her glance swerve from the picture. "Where would society be?"

"Just where it is now," I retorted, driven by her supercilious manner to take up the cudgels for Von Stroheim.

The thrills continued to race up and down my spine throughout the picture. Never has anything made me so aghast.

The story of the picture is this: Shortly after the signing of the armistice, an American envoy to the Prince of Monaco arrives at Monte Carlo with his young and frivolous wife. Three crooks, one man and two women, posing as Russian nobility, have rented a villa and are living at Monte Carlo, engaged in passing counterfeit money at the gambling casino. The male crook, who has taken the title of a Russian count, is persuaded to direct his attentions, the persuading being done by his female accomplices, upon the young wife of the envoy, which he does with success, for the purpose of using her to help pass counterfeit bank notes. Every affair this man has with a woman is successful, and he does not entirely fall down in this. The part is played by Von Stroheim himself, much as he played in "Blind Husbands." His intrigue with the frivolous wife of the American leads her into a villa at night, during which time a fire breaks out and she is forced to leap from the tower. The American husband discovers an ugly situation when he returns home at midnight. He himself has been "worked upon" by the two fake Russian "princesses," but, being level-headed, has not succumbed in the same measure as did his wife, although the wife had remained virtuous. The crooks meet ends which are intended for crooks, the principal villain—played by Von Stroheim—being finished off in a particularly gruesome manner. The American husband forgives his frivolous wife for her "flirtations," and to that extent all ends well.

Unlike PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, "Foolish Wives" is *not* intended for the whole family, so the story is not told here in all of its sickening detail. So much has been left out, in fact, that it is surprising that what is here told sounds like a story at all. If your reading and observation have never taken you beyond the confines of the Sunday-school library, you could not stand this picture. But if you are sufficiently familiar with the emotional excesses of depraved people to disregard the story of "Foolish Wives," you will have two hours of the greatest entertainment ever allotted to you, for it is a magnificent spectacle.

The sets used in the picture, representing the plaza at Monte Carlo, the casino, and the villa, are gorgeous even if they don't look like one million two hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-one dollars. If the expenditure of this sum is not apparent on the screen it must be remembered that more than a year was consumed in its filming, that its leading man, Rudolph Christians, died during that time and a substitute was provided who looked so much like him that the audience cannot tell the difference. Salaries were paid all this time, great difficulty was encountered in erecting the sets at Mon-

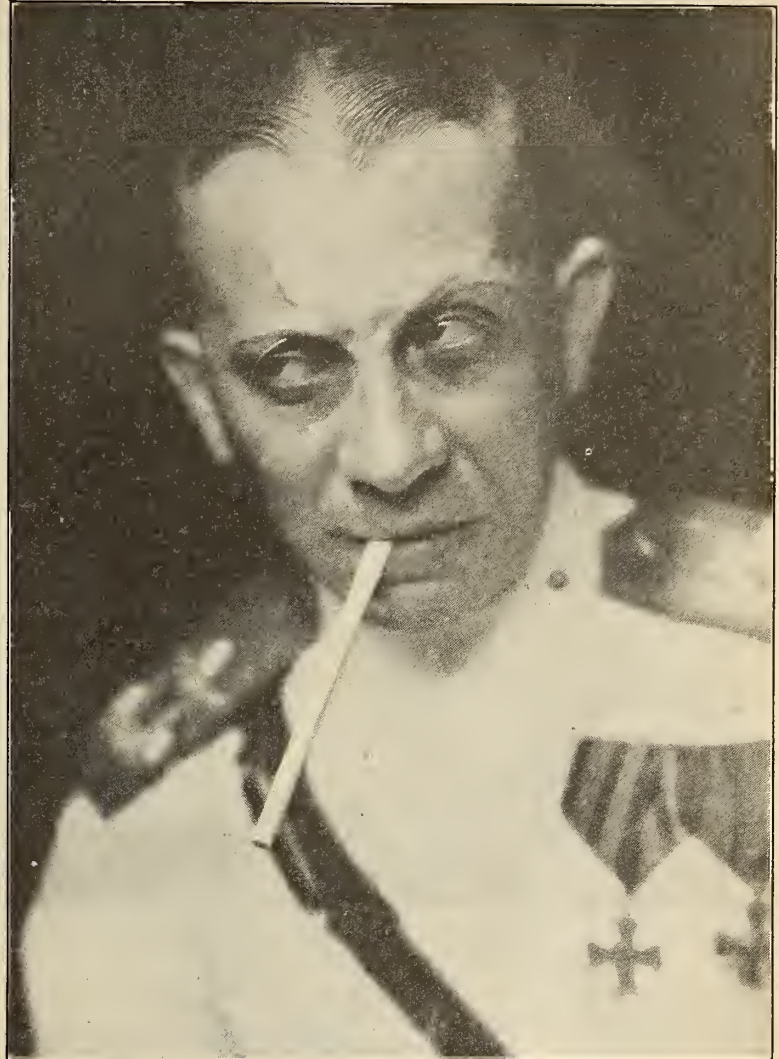


Photo by Freulich

Eric von Stroheim himself plays the part of the sinister villain.

tery because they were continually blown into the sea by high winds, and great crowds of extras were used almost every day, all items of terrific expense.

Mrs. Grundy succeeded in seeing only the disgusting facts that European army officers wear corsets, that gentlemen sometimes bite ladies' hands, as in "McTeague," Frank Norris' great American novel, and in "Foolish Wives," and that live pigeons were shot, during 1919 at Monte Carlo, instead of clay ones. Blinded by these things, she is quite likely to overlook the dank power of the story. And it really makes no difference whether she does or not, for people are going to be chilled and thrilled by "Foolish Wives" as they never have before at any picture, for never has stark realism entered into picture projection as in this.

I agree, however, with Mrs. Grundy in some things, mainly that there are horrible things in "Foolish Wives," but so are there horrible things in life. The daily papers tell us so, even in America. I cannot find the heart to say that I would miss the sinister cleverness of "Foolish Wives" just because I happen to think that the inside life of Monte Carlo is a disgrace and should not be contemplated. America has really wanted spice in its pictures, whether it would admit it publicly or not, and here it is—in gobs.

"I should never allow a child of mine to see this picture," Mrs. Grundy announced with an air of finality.

"But your children read the newspapers every night," I replied, unconsciously echoing Von Stroheim's argu-



The bedroom secrets of Mae Busch and Maude George, as the villainesses, are not spared

ment of a couple of hours previous. "American-born children are the greatest readers of newspapers in the world, and what American newspapers print—well, you know! It would be nice to eliminate all the smut in the world, and steps to that end are being taken pretty generally, but a little dust remains—here and there. The good old public has not yet got over its early Puritanical curiosity as to what goes on behind closed bedroom doors. Von Stroheim gives the good old public a peep, that's all!"

Von Stroheim told me that he believes the national bird of America will some day be the ostrich—instead of the eagle—if Americans continue to hide their heads under their "wings" every time a morbid bit of life is mentioned, but he believes that this time has not yet arrived, and therefore he decided to entertain the nation with "Foolish Wives." He admits that his villain is low and degenerate, but he excuses the fact in defense of his American hero, whom he makes doubly good by contrast, although not a goody-goody.

Mrs. Grundy drew a shocked sigh at the knee-length undergarments on the *American Envoy* on the screen.

"Some of the greatest men of the age have worn knee-length whatnots, according to report," I whispered. "It is even said that Mr. Anthony Comstock wore them one very warm summer, but not, of course, in the winter. Why quibble at this when the best magazines are full of whatnot ads?"

"I refuse to argue with any one," Mrs. Grundy announced in her most high-handed manner. "I made up my mind that this was a disgusting spectacle before I ever saw it. No one could spend one million two hundred and nine thousand nine hundred and eighty-one dollars on a picture and still have it in good taste. Perhaps if it was history, or a morality play, the expense

would be justified. But Universal will never find this a paying investment."

"Keep still, can't you?" I replied, getting exasperated at her quibbling when I was almost falling off my bench watching the archvillainies of "Foolish Wives" and forgetting that there was a Mrs. Grundy in the world. "Didn't you know that 'Way Down East' cost Griffith eight hundred thousand dollars itself and that though it was neither a morality play or a historical one it has already made twice that sum for its producer? The villain in it was a rascal of the worst sort, but not so fiendish as Von Stroheim makes his villain; that's all the difference. Any first-class European villain can give cards and spades to the American variety and then take all the tricks."

Although Universal City has made much of the fact that this picture cost more than a million dollars in *real* money, implying that perhaps some other reputedly expensive pictures were enhanced in cost by their press agents, the point to-day is not so much that Universal City, never before given to making expensive pictures, has spent this sum, but that it has spent it on a picture which is smelly as to plot and almost beyond the ken, in stark realism, of American audiences. Yet it is from America that the financial return on it is expected, because even Von Stroheim himself is doubtful if European audiences will be interested in watching the affairs of an American couple in Monte Carlo.

If it turns out to be a financial success, Dame Rumor and her neighbor, Madame Grundy, will have gone far to make it so. As for any actual malicious effect on the youth of this country, I think that may be pretty thoroughly discounted, for this picture certainly makes depravity and crime obnoxious rather than alluring.

Continued on page 85



One Arabian Night

A hint of the barbaric splendor and savage intensity disclosed in the latest First National-Pola Negri importation.

IN a wandering troupe of jugglers who come over the sands to the city of Bagdad is a black-haired dancer who cares for nothing but bewitching the hearts of men and arousing jealousy in a devoted fellow performer, a hunchback. Her career is meteoric and ends in tragedy; its telling reveals a sinister but fascinating background of Oriental pagantry. This story, one of the most dramatic of all time, introduces the fiery Pola Negri to American audiences in a new guise, and brings the effete emotionalism of the East to our screens. The picture, under the title of "One Arabian Night," is heralded as the master work of Ernst Lubitsch, the much-discussed director of "Passion."



Romances of

Hugo Ballin was a painter, and Mabel courted, and were married. And how a producer of pictures and her a

By Helen



There will always be a part for Mabel in the Ballin productions. This shows her as she appears in "Jane Eyre."

THE other girls in the show used to get presents of candy and flowers and all that sort of thing, but Hugo always sent me milk and eggs because it worried him that I was so thin. Mr. Dillingham—he was the manager of the show I was in—used to joke me about it, and finally one night he said, 'Seems to me that man Ballin cares a lot about keeping you alive. Bet he wants to marry you.'

"And sure enough he did, but I didn't find it out very soon."

"She should have," Hugo Ballin spoke up. "I'd known it long enough, goodness knows. Ever since I first met her—must have been weeks before."

"But you didn't tell me," smiled Mabel with a twinkle in her eyes that said, "Go on; I dare you to tell her about it."

Hugo changed the subject. Not even under the beguiling influence of perfectly cooked soft-shell crabs and the romantic strains of a hidden orchestra could he be persuaded to tell anything about when he asked Mabel Crofts to become Mabel Ballin.

You can hardly blame him, for it all happened back in the days when, distinguished as he was, he was not

inured to being interviewed about his private affairs—affair, rather—for there never was any one for him but Mabel. Hugo Ballin was a painter in those days, a highly successful young artist on whom many honors had been showered. He was one of the youngest men to be elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and he had won the Thomas B. Clarke prize for the best figure composition by an American. Altogether he was a most impressive person—but little Mabel Crofts, who was then playing in a Broadway musical comedy, didn't hold it against him. She liked his nice, frank eyes and his sensitive, sympathetic mouth, and she found him so congenial that right at their first meeting she found herself confiding a long-cherished, secret ambition to him. She wanted to study at the Art Students' League! He thought it was funny for any one to continue on the stage, if what they really wanted to do was study art, and told her so.

She laughed at that. After a while,

The Ballin Home in Westport, Connecticut, where the two thought they had gone into retirement from the struggles of active life—until the movies called them.



Famous Film Folk

Crofts an actress in musical comedy when they met, all of these facts and happenings led to his becoming movie star, will interest every ambitious fan.

Klumph

though, when she thought it over, it didn't seem so funny. It made her sad to think of the many hard knocks ahead for a young man who didn't see why people did things they didn't want to. Mabel registered a hope right then that he would never know what it was to be poor, so poor that he had to do things he didn't want to, so you can see that she had started to fall in love with him already.

"I'll tell you all about us," Mabel assured me with a disconcerting glance from those wonderful eyes that change momentarily from a humorous sparkle to tragic depths and back to a confidential twinkle again, "if you'll promise never to say again that I'm pretty. No one has ever noticed that I can act because they've been told that I'm pretty. I don't deserve any credit for that, and Hugo and I both deserve a lot of credit for my acting; really we do. I'm improving all the time; we notice it even if no one else does. Don't we, Hugo?"

"Yes," he assented eagerly. He thought I had been safely steered away from that question of when he proposed, and for a time I let him think so. Mabel smiled at me reassuringly, while he talked about their pictures: of the making of "The Journey's End," the first drama to be made without subtitles; of the disappointment that their "East Lynne" was so much greater a success than their "Pagan Love," which they liked better, and, of course, of beautiful scenes and settings, real or in pictures.

Hugo Ballin doesn't particularly like to talk about art and artists and bringing the magic of the artist's palette to the building and lighting of sets, but people always urge him to because he talks so interestingly. He would rather have his friends go to see his pictures and find his theories expressed there. When he talks he'd rather just joke, and he's just as companionably lowbrow as any director who thinks that Childe Hassam is a Turkish cigarette. But one always thinks of Hugo Ballin as surrounded by beauty.

"It must have been in the moonlight," I offered, "that you proposed to her. Was it in Italy, where you used to go on sketching trips sometimes? And did you sit among the ruins of some old castle, looking out over the Adriatic while you listened to the plaintive songs of the boatmen below?"

Mabel chuckled.

"Yes, yes," Hugo assented enthusiastically. "And we talked about other great masterpieces, and then about Mabel."

"In the interest of truth," Mabel offered, "he proposed to me on rather a muggy night on the way home from a concert at the Hippodrome. And when we reached my apartment I said, 'You can kiss me good night if you want to.' And he murmured words to the effect that he didn't care if he did. I thought at the time it would have been a little nicer if he had been more ardent, but afterward I decided he was much nicer as he was. He showed lack of experience."

Hugo glared at her—at least it was a glare compared to the way he usually looks at her—but Mabel went on somewhat in the manner of the irrepressible child who



Photo by J. Diamond

Hugo Ballin was the first artist of real eminence to become a motion-picture art director.

will bring the family skeleton out to dance before company.

"And we were engaged three years. I went back on the road in a Frank Daniels show, and Hugo went on painting wonderful pictures."

The chuckle became a merry little laugh; there's an ingenuous enthusiasm about Mabel Ballin that is wholly natural, wholly delightful. There's an air about her that says, "I'm having a lot of fun; why don't you?"

"It was the luckiest thing that could have happened to me," she continued. "I never knew enough to take care of myself before I met Hugo. I was always thin and pale, and I guess I went to too many parties. I wouldn't have met Hugo if I hadn't gone to one of those parties, though, and he was so fresh and wholesome—just as he is now—that I guess he changed me a lot."

"Let's go back to the studio," Hugo urged, as though fearful of further disclosures. So it was up in Mabel Ballin's dressing room that I heard the rest of the story. We sat in the little room that her husband had had decorated for her in glowing nuances of orchid and dull blue and palest apple green which looks out over Central Park. Six stories below motors sped along, casting flashing lights among the trees, and overhead the stars were just beginning to glimmer against the blackness of the sky. The spell of beauty changed her mood a little, or perhaps it was the absence of the quietly critical Hugo that made her feel free to talk more seriously of their marriage.

"I felt so sorry for Hugo when he married me," she told me, "that I cried. I was used to hardship—but Hugo



Wesley Barry recently played "Penrod" on the speaking stage in Los Angeles with great success.

The Dumb Speak

People in Los Angeles have the pleasure of seeing more than the shadow self of many of their favorite players. Some of you can't go there, perhaps, but you can learn from this article what sort of plays your favorites give—and how they appear.

By Edwin Schallert

IT was the night of a benefit performance in Los Angeles. There was a momentary lull on the stage that only served to heighten the warmth of seeing the great screen stars acting in person. Of a sudden there burst upon an excited vision Charlie Murray. He was dragging a much-disturbed young woman by the hand. The audience thrilled. It began to applaud. The applause grew into an outburst. On the stage there was a tug of war between the comedian and the girl. There were cries and guffaws, the waving of handkerchiefs, and heated though subdued comments.

Murray turned to the audience. "This young lady," he gave her a final tug to be sure she had ceased her resistance, "this young lady is one whom you all know. At least you should know her. Meet her, anyway. Give her a good hand because you won't make any mistake by doing it, believe me, for she's one of the greatest swimmers, tight-rope walkers, and bareback riders on the screen. Aren't you dear?" (sotto voce). "But"—and here he raised his hand for silence—"but she's deaf and dumb. If she wasn't she would perform for you in a minute. As we have no swimming tank here, no tight wire, or no horses, she can't do her little stunt. But meet her anyway. She's—"

Just for fun we won't reveal the lady's name. I may mention though that she's quite a clever lead in comedies. However, as I learned from Murray afterward, that she was frightened dumb.

"You see, the trouble was this," said Charlie. "That act just ahead of her flivvered. Nobody was ready to go on the stage, and she was standing in the wings. To fill in the time I made her come out and be introduced. But, believe me, it was some job!

"I didn't know whether she'd ever been on the stage or not, and didn't have time to ask, so I couldn't take any chances. That's why I told the audience she was deaf and dumb. Generally they can talk, but once in a while they can't."

The tag line of Murray's explanation, of course, refers to the cinema folk. He might possibly have added that the Western film metropolis is one of the few places where you can discover a cinema player's ability to use his voice. However, Charlie had more important concerns, for, as is his wont, he was acting as official announcer for the benefit. He is an old hand at the impromptu stuff, for when he was in musical comedy he was routined in the art of improvising. Consequently he is nearly always elected to preside at entertainments given by movie folk.

In the Western film metropolis there are many such programs. They always draw large audiences, especially from the tourists, for they afford a rare opportunity to learn just what kind of stage trouper a cinema player is. And everybody seems to have a tremendous interest in a reel actor's real voice.

You know yourself how you've wished for a materialization of your favorite shadow star. You've wanted to see how he or she really acts, walks, looks, and, above all, talks. But unless the star happens to have made a personal appearance in your town you haven't had your desire fulfilled.

While you might be disappointed in *some* of your favorites, many of them are capable as stage performers. In fact, I've seen them achieve remarkable success at times. Not so much at benefits, perhaps, as in play productions.

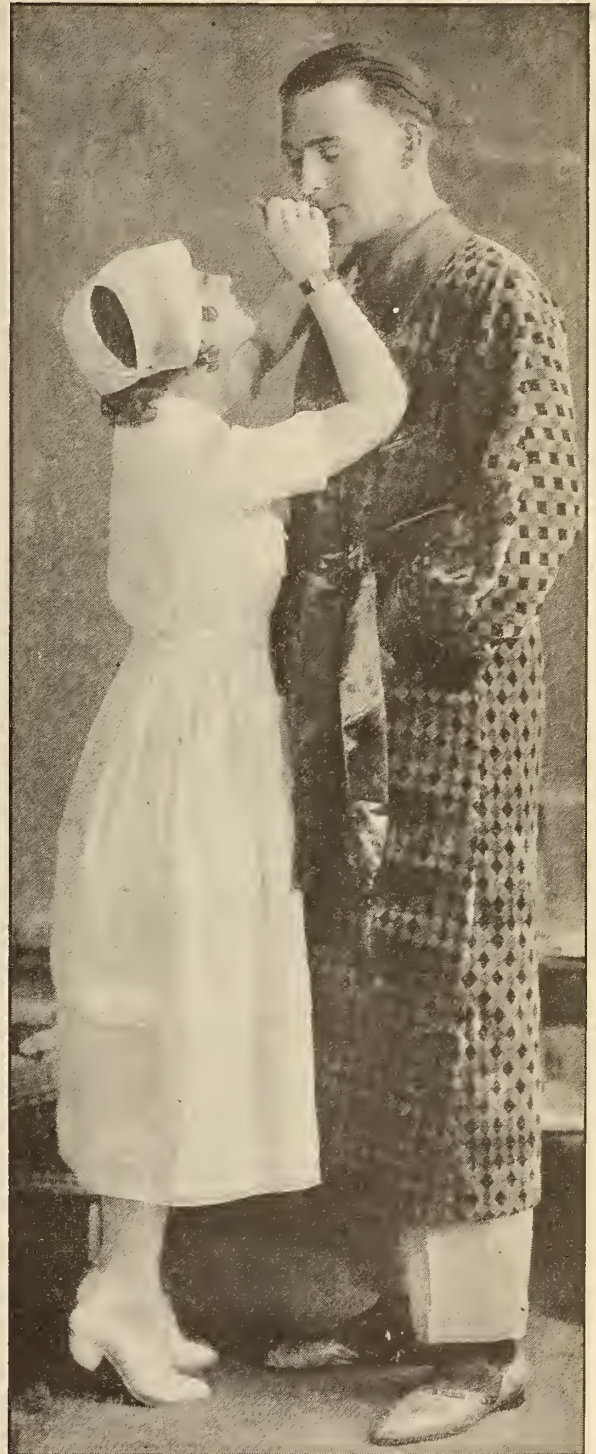
At one theater in Hollywood—a unique little art theater it is—picture stars take part in plays for the experience and for the love of the thing. The theater isn't so much bigger than a movie projection room or a bandbox playhouse. It holds no more people than will pay overhead expenses and royalties. It is known as the Hollywood Community Theater. There is also another even smaller, but that is of later origin.

One of the first playlets ever given at the Hollywood Community was written by William De Mille, the director. The actors were Wallace Reid, Louise Huff, and Raymond Hatton. Quite a brilliant little star cluster for a starter, wasn't it?

The director of the theater, Miss Nelly Dickson, formerly a high-school teacher, but a very keen judge of plays and production, has a list of players who have signified their desire to take party in the spoken drama that comprises some of the foremost cinema players. She has already presented such people as Florence Reed, Ann Forrest, Vivian Martin, Clyde Fillmore, Conrad Nagel, Harrison Ford, Helen Jerome Eddy, Betty Brice, Mabel Julienne Scott, William Worthington, the director, formerly with Sessue Hayakawa; Richard Tucker, Winter Hall, Betty Blythe, Thomas Chatterton, Henry Walthall, Charles Meredith, Lionel Belmore, Wedgwood Nowell, George Hackathorn, and others, all of whom you have probably seen in pictures. They have appeared in plays by Barrie, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Lord Dunsany, Stephen Phillips, John Masefield, and other intellectual dramatists of the day, and

William Desmond and his wife, Mary McIvor, appeared in the stage version of "Slippy McGee."

Photo by Stagg



Wallace Reid and Kathleen Clifford made a big hit in "Sick Abed."

the community-theater performances are real events. The plays could sometimes run for weeks were it possible to make them remunerative to the players.

One of the most artistic recent presentations was of "Paola and Francesca," with Conrad Nagel and Helen Eddy playing the title rôles. You can imagine what an Apollolike figure Nagel makes on the stage. I doubt whether there has ever been a more type-perfect portrayer of the Paola rôle.

Every once in a while picture players will briefly engage in leads at the regular commercial theaters. Remember Wallie Reid's feature, "Sick Abed?"

Continued on page 103



Other Sennett sprites may drift into drama, but Phyllis Haver stays on in comedies.

Over the Teacups

There's an end to all things but Fanny the Fan's store of gossip about motion-picture players.

By The Bystander

THE screen is a great educational force," Fanny remarked absently as she tried to spear the cherry from her lemonade and look at the crowd passing outside the window at the same time.

"It seems to me I've heard that somewhere before," I observed, but the rebuke went right over Fanny's head and she continued:

"Yes—we don't talk in the same old way, now that subtitles are almost as literary as the inscriptions on tombstones. I was going to tell you about Phyllis Haver, and instead of just mentioning that her allegiance to Sennett comedies is wonderful I found myself casting about for an appropriate quotation. 'All passes—Phyllis

alone endures' might fill the bill——"

"Or 'Sprites may come and sprites may go, but Phyllis goes on forever,'" I offered.

"Or—'The player must learn to swim before she can star,'" Fanny continued. "But, be that as it may, I'm glad that Sennett is abandoning slapstick for another type of comedy. Phyllis is so lovely looking that you hate to think of the many custard pies that have hung heavy over her head. It will be a relief to see her in something where no one throws things."

"Except the well-known bull," I added. "We couldn't do without that. And speaking of screen literature," I added hastily, wondering at the opportunity to get a word in edgewise when Fanny was around, "the companies are still indulging in the ungentlemanly sport of renaming pictures. They finally called poor dear 'Peter Ibbetson' 'Forever;' they've renamed the Marshall Neilan-John Barrymore-Colleen Moore picture, that used to be 'The Lotus Eaters,' 'The Hidden Paradise.' And the picture that John Robertson is making in London, 'Perpetua,' is to be called 'Love's Boomerang.'"

"But who wants to talk about screen literature when there are players to talk about?" Fanny asked distractedly, nodding her head with Irene Castle-like abandon. "Have you heard about Peggy Shaw from the Follies? She's to play the leading rôle in a Fox special. Pretty soon, if Follies girls go on doing so well in movies, one of the inevitable questions to be asked every star will be 'Did you start in small parts, or did you come from the Follies?' Look at Marion Davies and

Martha Mansfield and Nita Naldi and——"

"Jacqueline Logan," I supplied.

"Yes; don't forget Jacky," Fanny added. "She makes almost as many pictures as Lillian Gish did back in the old Fine Arts days, when she played ingénue in the morning, aged mother in the afternoon, and marauding Indian, guest at a ball, and shipwreck survivor all in the course of a day. If studios pasted labels on make-up boxes the way hotels and steamship companies do on trunks, Jacky's would look a battered veteran.

"Tom Gallery is a mighty hard worker, too," she reflected a moment later as she craned her neck to see who lived under the stunning black hat just beyond us.

"He's making two pictures at once out at Goldwyn while he scouts around for a suitable story to launch himself and his wife—ZaSu Pitts—in as costars. Isn't that Betty Blythe over there?"

She didn't even wait for an answer, but scuttled away in the direction of the black hat. She didn't return for ages, and I felt just catty enough to suspect that she was trying to attract the attention of Monte Blue, who was sitting at the next table.

"Perhaps he was waiting for some one," Fanny defended herself when she came back.

"But what makes you think it was you?" I protested.

She waved my question aside with a mysterious and meaningful glance that would have been a credit to Nazimova, to whom it was a tribute of imitation. "I always have the funniest experiences meeting people," she announced airily. "Last week I went up to meet Betty Blythe at the theater where 'The Queen of Sheba' was showing, and I was late, so I asked the doorman if he had seen her waiting there. He looked so crusty that I tried to put him in his place by saying that I had an appointment with her. 'Aw, get a new story!' he bellowed at me. 'You're about the two hundred and eightieth one who has sprung that this afternoon since she was seen coming in here.'

"And the Ballins had an awful time finding me up at the Plaza the night I met them. We were all supposed to dine with a mutual friend, and at the last minute the friend phoned them that she couldn't get there, so they said they'd come anyway and trust to luck that they would find me. Every time a woman came in and looked around hopefully one of them would ask her if she was Fanny. Mabel took the young-looking ones and Hugo took the ones on the shady side of thirty, until the doorman began to look at them suspiciously. Imagine the conservative Ballins in such a position!

"They're engaged in the popular sport now of trying to find a suitable story for their next production. No one knows what a terrible time some players



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Agnes Ayres says that living in a desert holds no terrors for her now that she has worked in the midst of a studio sandstorm.

have finding stories to suit them. Rubye de Remer says she's done nothing since she finished 'Pilgrims of the Night' but flit from author to author and from book to book, looking for a story for her next picture."

"She exaggerated," I broke in. "At least half the time she's spent in trying on the gorgeous new creations that her modiste sent her from Paris and New York. She's the despair of the players who do their shopping in Hollywood, she has such beautiful clothes."

"Speaking of clothes," Fanny chirped excitedly, "have you heard about Hope Hampton?"

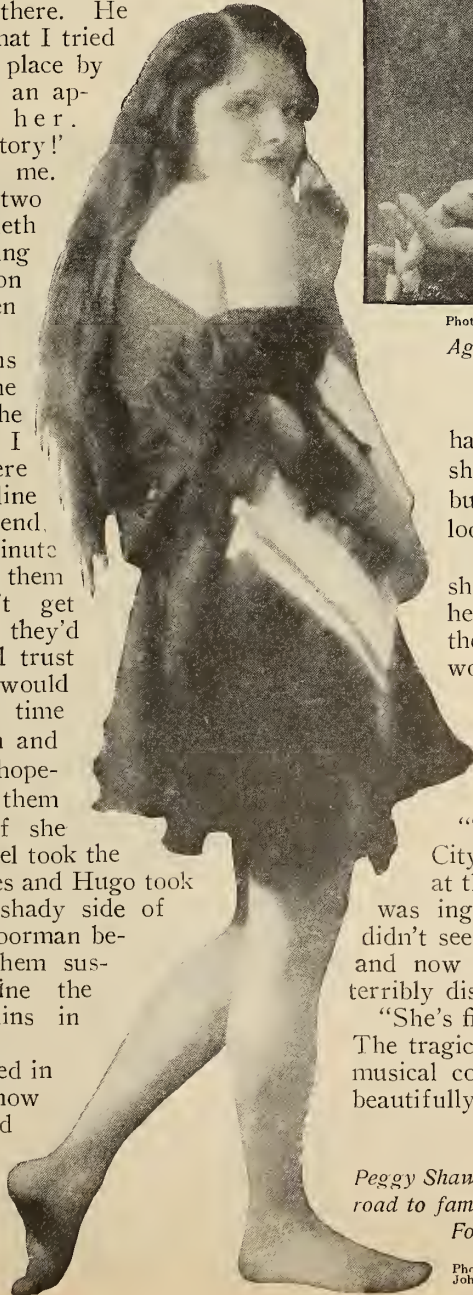
I half expected to hear that she had acquired a gown made entirely of diamonds, but apparently she hasn't thought of that yet.

"The Pathé news took some pictures of her at Atlantic City when she officially introduced the rolling bath houses at the Ritz-Carlton. She wore a sealskin bathing suit which was ingenious to say the least. But the New York censors didn't seem to appreciate it. They said 'thumbs down' on Hope, and now all of her friends who didn't see her in the suit are terribly disappointed that they can't see it on the screen.

"She's finished 'Star Dust,' and is considering doing 'Irene' next. The tragic part of her doing 'Irene' in pictures, though, is that the musical comedy included lots of musical numbers that she sings beautifully. They'll have to perfect a phonograph attachment to

the projection machine so that Hope can sing for the motion-picture audiences, too.

"Priscilla Dean's next picture is going to be Cynthia Stockley's 'Wild Honey.' Excepting Rupert Hughes, that makes Cynthia Stockley my favorite screen author. She wrote 'Poppy,' you know,



Peggy Shaw took the easy road to fame—the Ziegfeld Follies route.

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photo by Royal Atelier

Alice Brady has temporarily deserted motion-pictures to play "Drifting" on the stage. She'll probably do it in pictures later.

that Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien did years ago. That was a gorgeous picture, and Priscilla Dean ought to make 'Wild Honey' just as attractive."

"Have you heard——" I started to ask, but Fanny interrupted me breathlessly:

"That Selznick is going to reissue the old Talmadge pictures? I should say I have! When they show 'Panthea' I'll be the first one in the theater and the last one out. I've always thought that was her best picture. I hope that seeing it now won't disillusion me."

"Well, if it does, it will probably disillusion Norma, too," I added. "She told me one time that she always remembered that as her best picture. Now if William Fox will only reissue the Betty Nansen pictures, particularly 'The Kreutzer Sonata,' that Theda Bara played a secondary part in, the fans will be happy."

"Speaking of Theda Bara," Fanny took up the conversation, "she's going on a personal-appearance tour, and then she is going to make pictures again. I saw her at the Griffith studio one day last week. She was dressed all in black and she looked awfully tired. She's been worried about her sister, who was ill."

"Lillian Gish met her that day for the first time and thought she was charming. Theda Bara sat in the

window of the scenario office and watched some scenes of 'The Two Orphans' being taken out on the grounds. Lillian had to work in most of the scenes, so she couldn't talk to Miss Bara very long. She was terribly disappointed because she seemed just as thrilled over meeting her as any fan ever did.

"You can hardly tell Lillian and Dorothy apart in the scenes in 'The Two Orphans' where they appear together. And won't it seem odd to see Dorothy in a terribly pathetic part?"

"Their two cousins from Cleveland, Ohio, are appearing in the picture. One of them won a beauty contest down there, and when Mr. Griffith heard about it he said, 'Why don't you have her come up and take part in the picture if she's so beautiful? We want all the beauty we can get.' So Lillian sent for her, and she did so well that a few days later Lillian telegraphed another cousin who is just as beautiful to come, too. Won't those girls have something to talk about when they get back to school



Rubye de Remer spends most of her time flitting from author to author and from book to book in an effort to find a suitable story, now that she has finished "Pilgrims of the Night."

Photo by C. Heighon Montoe

next fall? They'll be juniors in high school then—think of having to go back to being just a schoolgirl after being in a Griffith picture!

"They've discovered that making pictures isn't all applause, for one day they had to dance the minuet in funny little high-heeled slippers all day from seven-thirty in the morning until after nine at night, when some fireworks scenes were taken. It turned terribly cold, but of course they couldn't put wraps on over their costumes. One of them said that she'd often felt sorry for the poor shopgirls, who have to stand up all day, but that in the future she'd reserve her pity for motion-picture players.

"Late in the afternoon some one told Lillian that it was my birthday, so she rushed in to the studio restaurant and arranged an impromptu dinner party to celebrate the occasion. And Dick Barthelme's mother was one of the guests. She's just as lovely as Dick is. After dinner we all sat out on the lawn, watching the beautiful scene and the fireworks and the path



Martha Mansfield and Crane Wilbur have gone into vaudeville together and another partnership for them is rumored.



Photo by Freulich

Fans found the interval between Carmel Myers' feature-pictures too long, so Vitagraph persuaded her to make a serial.

of silver that the moonlight made across the Sound, and I wished that all the fans in the country might have been there. It was so cold when I started home that Lillian rushed up to her room to get me a wrap—and guess what it was! It was *Anna Moore's* cape, from "Way Down East." It was heartbreaking to send it back to her."

"You're just as bad as the fans who write letters asking the stars to give them their old clothes," I scolded her. "You're worse, in fact, because they need them and you just want them because of their associations."

"Yes," Fanny admitted. "If I were a Camp Fire girl and was about to be awarded a bead for some good deed I'd done, I'd insist on having one of the *Queen of Sheba's* beads."

"Probably lots of Camp Fire girls feel that way," I averred. "Why don't you suggest to the Fox Company that they donate the *Sheba* costumes to the Camp Fire girls, to be distributed among the first eighty-two girls who deserve a reward of merit?"

"Oh!" Fanny dodged the issue partly, carrying off all the honors of the conversation. "Were there that many?"

As usual, the Algonquin was crowded with film celebrities. In the scraps of conversation that we overheard as people passed us, instead of the usual "And he said to me," that most gatherings echo and echo again, there was repeated mention of millions of dollars, close-ups, and thinning and fattening treatments.

"Almost the only player I know," Fanny observed, after a silence enforced by



Photo by E. Iward Thayer Monroe

Louise Huff, looking hardly more than a child herself, talks wisely about the upbringing of her children.

her enraptured decoration of her lips to match the hat she was wearing, "who never wants to get a lot fatter or thinner is Agnes Ayres. She's always just right. I used to think that Agnes was so imperturbable that she was oblivious to ordinary things like hunger and thirst and heat and cold and weariness and even an overabundance of pep. But since she's been making 'The Sheik' she's surprised me. She says that after being in the midst of a studio sandstorm, kept up by aeroplane motors for a week or so, she'd find living in a desert, where sandstorms only came up once in a while, a regular paradise."

"Oh, there's Alice Brady!" I almost shouted, as I happened to see her passing the window. The present star is always more engrossing than the absent one.

"You should have been at her play the night it opened in Asbury Park," Fanny said in the superior manner which she affects toward people who are not picture-première hounds and inveterate first-nighters. "Simply every one was there but Constance Binney. She missed it by going to California so soon. Alice has only deserted films temporarily. The play failed, and she's coming back to pictures as soon as she feels rested enough.

"Martha Mansfield is on the stage now, too, and

it's the greatest shock to find that her voice sounds as lovely as she looks. She does a one-act play with Crane Wilbur, and it's rumored that the partnership is soon to become matrimonial as well as professional.

"Louise Huff expects to go on the speaking stage again this winter. Just as soon as she finished playing in the film version of 'Disraeli' she started frantically reading plays, but her stage appearance will probably be postponed for a while because of some very interesting film offers.

"She looks hardly more than a child, so it's always an awful shock to hear her talking wisely about the upbringing of her children. Unlike most young mothers, she doesn't proclaim to the world that her children are beautiful. Instead, she insists that the baby is as far from beautiful as Leon Errol, the famous Ziegfeld comedian. After she has prepared you in that manner, you see the baby, and are simply swept off your feet by his good looks.

"Louise flutters about the studio, mothering people quite as though they were all her children. She was terribly upset during the making of several of the scenes of 'Disraeli,' because the only shoes that the costumer could get for Reginald Denny in time were a little too small for him.

"And speaking of mothers—Enid Bennett has a baby boy now! There aren't nearly so many children or weddings or engagements among picture people as usual, though, are there?"

"No," I admitted. "And there haven't even been any exciting accidents."

"Except Clara Horton's," Fanny spoke up. "She was out riding in a car that was overturned and caught fire. There's plenty of excitement, though, with Gloria Swanson here on vacation."

"Oh, have you seen her yet?" I exclaimed. "How does she look?"

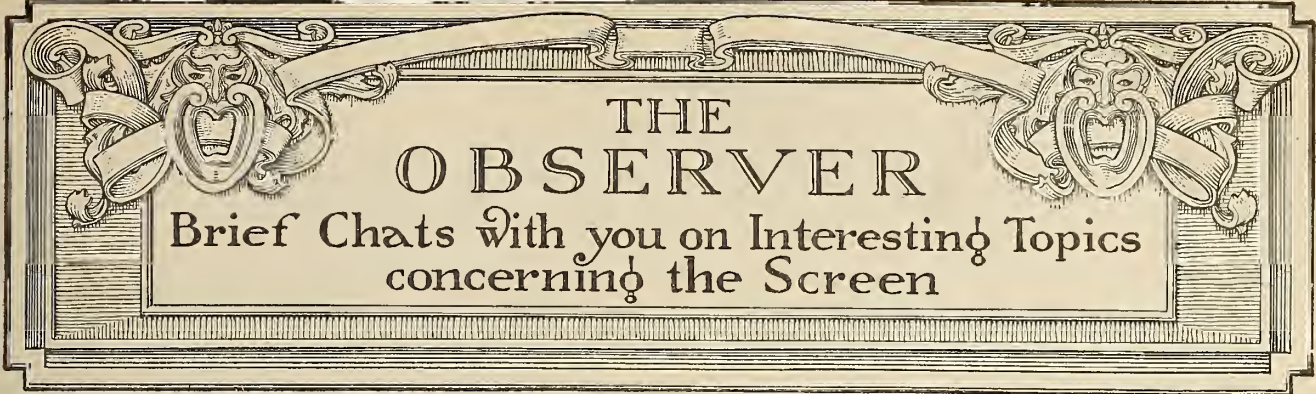
"What perfectly foolish questions!" Fanny retorted in her most up-stage manner. "Of course I saw her

Continued on page 98

Photo by White Studio

Every one at Vitagraph loves Pauline Starke because she has temperament without temper.





THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

What Caused the Slump?

Now that the weather is beginning to cool a bit and folks are beginning to show more interest in spending an evening indoors at a motion-picture show, it may be in order to take a look backward and see just what caused all the fuss about business.

There is one fact that we cannot get away from: in July people everywhere stopped going to motion-picture theaters. Business started slumping in June, and by the first of August probably not one third of the theaters that remained open were operating at a profit.

The hot weather started the trouble. Nobody wants to go to a show on a hot night, and certainly not on a hot afternoon. But it wasn't all caused by the heat. General business and employment conditions played the most important part.

When the slump came, instead of trying to put sand on the tracks the producers and exhibitors rushed out with cans of grease, and old Colonel Henry K. Slump went faster than ever. The added push was given by bad pictures and cheap presentations. When the receipts began to fall off the exhibitors began to retrench by cutting down their orchestras, by booking cheaper pictures and older ones, by reducing in every way the quality.

The producers didn't help. They realized that if the exhibitor's box-office receipts were not so large he couldn't pay so much for his picture. So they began to postpone the release of their expensive pictures, and shoved out the worst of their releases. Some producers dug up pictures that had been on the shelf for months—productions that had been judged too bad to be released.

So everybody joined forces to make things as bad as they possibly could be made. Theaters and producers were wise, perhaps, from the pocketbook point of view. Even had they given the public good pictures, it is not likely that the summer season could have been turned into one of profit.

But the motion-picture business lost a great deal of good will that it will take months to restore. The producers know it now. The theaters know it, too, and they are all scrambling to woo back the public that jilted them.

Everything evens up pretty well for the fan. In the summer we didn't care much whether we went to see a show or not, and the fact that we found out that few of the pictures were worth seeing was cause for relief. At the time we were least enthusiastic about pictures the theaters got the bad ones out of their systems. Now, when we're feeling a bit more ambitious, the theaters are bringing forth their most alluring bills in an effort to obtain again our favor.

In September and October, we predict, the motion pictures released will be, as a whole, among the finest you or anybody else has ever seen. Every producer, every exhibitor, is set for the big fall drive, the battle for business. All the bad pictures have been released.

All the good ones produced in the last six months have been held for this drive.

We're going to have a revel in good shows, we'll be film gluttons—for a feast of fine film is certainly being cooked up for us.

The Sin of Popularity

Every so often The Observer has to let off steam to keep from bursting with indignation over the would-be highbrows who sneer at things because they suit the "popular" taste. It seems that anything that is likely to please a great number of people must always be branded as inferior. Something that few people like must be highly praised.

We know of two stupid plays that made a great deal of money for their producers in New York, merely because these producers were good enough showmen to make the critics and the public think that to like these plays proved a high order of mentality.

"That show was a terrible thing," one of these producers told The Observer. "I knew there was no chance for it unless we made the critics feel that the highbrow thing to do was to praise it. We surrounded it with mystery, sent out a lot of hokum about how it had been a European success, changed the lines so that instead of being merely stupid they were absolutely unintelligible in many places. You couldn't tell what the darn thing was about, so the critics, afraid to admit their ignorance, said it was great. The public fell, too—a certain part of the public, enough to keep us going until we made a first-class profit. We didn't take the show on the road, for we would have lost all we made, and then some. There are enough would-be highbrows in New York to fall for a thing like that, but you can't get away with it in Minneapolis or Denver."

All of which leads us to the criticisms by New York newspapers on a picture that has just been shown in New York and which played, despite the heat, to the biggest business in three months. The critics didn't like the picture. They feared it would become "popular." Some admitted that crowds would come to see it, and seemed to feel that in so saying they had given it the height of condemnation.

On the other hand, several months ago these same critics turned a volley of high praise upon another picture shown on Broadway. Here at last, they said, was a real motion picture, the highest form of art. This picture is a rank failure off Broadway as well as on.

Is the trouble with us—those of us who are real motion-picture fans? Is it possible that we would rather be amused than educated?

Perhaps. More people go to Coney Island than to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, even though the museum is highly recommended by some of our best people. And no troupe of esthetic dancers has ever had to hire grounds as large as a ball park, though they are extolled as the more beautiful performers. Funny, but true.

*Unjust
to
Chinese?*

The Observer has received a letter from a Chinese, written in English, protesting because so many Chinese characters in motion pictures are villains. This Singapore correspondent writes:

As far as I can remember, photo plays such as "The Exploits of Elaine," "The River's End," "The Hawk's Trail," and ever so many others, portray Chinese as inhuman monsters and the like.

Why don't American film producers take it in their heads to try and show something better of Chinese people? What I most fear is that the movie idea of a Chinese would be so much impressed upon the minds of the American picturegoers as to cause them to despise all Chinese—which is most unfair.

Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" and Hugo Ballin's "Pagan Love" are two pictures which occur to us at once as dramas in which Chinese were the heroes, but we must admit that the general information given us by the cinema regarding the home life of the Chinese would lead us to believe that they smoke opium by day and knife American sailors by night.

The motion picture is no different from literature or the spoken drama in this respect. We cartoon all foreign races, emphasizing what seems to us to be their outstanding characteristics. Other nations do the same toward us. But the kindnesses we have shown in aiding China in famine and disease have not been in the attitude that we would assume toward "inhuman monsters."

Fret not, Singapore. The world goes merrily on, and a Chinese villain in the movies now and then won't affect it one way or the other.

*What
About the
Serial?*

We want to be entertained, not educated. That goes for all of us—The Observer, you, and your friends. But some way we feel that the other fellow needs education.

This goes especially for the kids. Down deep in our constitutions is a touch of the old religious feeling that whatever others like is not good for them. A fat old lady in a one-piece bathing suit is no subject for censorship, but a pretty girl—ah! It is all right for us to see her, of course, but we'd better censor her to save other people who can't stand such sights as well as we.

And so we get after the amusements of kids, especially the movie serial. The serial is the motion-picture successor to the dime novel and the cigarette. It used to be held that all crime was caused by cigarettes and dime novels. Now it's caused by movie serials.

The censors are after it, and, realizing that the pinch is coming, the producers of serials are getting ready to slip out from under. To replace the old-time crime thrillers, they will produce famous historical dramas. They'll take their hero and name him Daniel Boone, change the masked bandits to Indians, and the censors will possibly let the pictures be shown.

We have more confidence in the manliness of the American boy than the censors have. We do not believe that motion pictures inspire boys to do wrong, but, on the other hand, we believe that the average boy will be a better one if he sees a reasonable number of them. He will see some that are not good for him, but the others will counteract the bad ones.

It's the average that rules everywhere in life. When The Observer was a kid he saw the Buffalo Bill show nearly every year and he read a great many cheap novels. He smoked corn silk, stole watermelons from a farmer's patch, and swam in a pond in direct opposition to the posted warnings of the sheriff, who owned the pond and who cut ice from it in the winter.

Had The Observer been arrested—as you all will agree should have been his fate—and had the judge said,

"What made you do this? Reading cheap novels and seeing the stagecoach robbery in the wild-West show, I suppose," doubtless, so low were The Observer's morals, he would have lied and said, "Yes, sir."

Your censor would have us believe that the motion picture always makes a bad boy worse—never better. According to such reasoning, had there been motion pictures in The Observer's boyhood, he would have smoked opium instead of corn silk and would have robbed many banks in order that he might lavish wealth upon the actresses who played in the ten-twenty-thirty stock company at the White City Amusement Park out at the end of the car line.

Perhaps the serials could be improved by cutting here and there, but we feel that the censors are going a little too far in threatening to abolish them upon the grounds that they make criminals out of boys.

More harm is done to children by mothers who tell them that there's a bear hiding in the dark, ready to get them if they aren't good, than by all the serials put together. The serial hero always is an admirable, courageous fellow who is not afraid of the dark, and he's the man they imitate.

*Tell
the
Exhibitor*

The "Tell the theater manager" campaign, urged so long by The Observer, is being carried out by the Parent-Teachers-Exhibitors Coöperative League, of New Orleans, with no small

success.

This league is entirely opposed to "blue laws" and believes that the only way to censor pictures is through the box office.

The league members sign the following pledge:

I hereby pledge myself to form an opinion of at least one picture a week, not by hearsay evidence, but by seeing it myself. Afterward I will see the manager or write him my opinion of said picture. I will ask my friends and neighbors to follow this course also.

Here is a constructive campaign. If one hundred thousand women in the United States would follow this course for a month, the entire motion-picture problem would be solved, for no more bad pictures would be shown.

*Who'll
Make
"Ben Hur?"*

The report that Griffith would make "Ben Hur" seems to have been wrong. Now the story goes that Famous Players have joined with Klaw & Erlanger, backed by Vincent Astor and some other

millionaires, and that the picture will be made in Italy next year. It is said that the production will cost one million five hundred thousand dollars, American money. That being the case, it is probable that the work will not begin until times get a little better. The present market isn't strong enough to pay dividends upon such a production.

*Pleasing
the Few*

There is a theater in Philadelphia where women drop in after an afternoon of shopping to wait for their husbands coming from work. Rarely do they stay to see a picture through, and usually they come in after the show has started. But they are really interested in pictures—so interested that they think producers ought to insert subtitles here and there that would make it perfectly clear to them what happened before they came in and what is going to happen after they go out. Their theater owner backs them up, and has suggested to a few producers that they cater to such an audience. Fortunately, the producers are more interested in those of us who go to see pictures all the way through.



The Dual-Rôle House

By Charles Carter

WHEN this quaint little house—which belongs to Mrs. Meredith Hare and which is situated near Huntington, Long Island—was used in several scenes of the Famous Players-Lasky film adaptation of "Peter Ibbetson," it played a dual rôle. It played its part in the picture, and it played fairy godmother to many little boys and girls in France and to many poor women of New York.

It was this way:

This house, like many others, was one of those whose owners had uttered a loud and firm "No" whenever a location scout from a movie came snooping around, asking permission to have some exteriors taken there. No matter how much money was offered the answer always was the same.

But at last some one connected with either the American Committee for Rebuilding Devastated France or the Maternity Center Association of New York conceived a clever idea.

"Give us the money you would be willing to pay for its use and we'll get you any place in the country," they said to the movie producers. "No one will refuse their grounds if the money is given to either of these causes."

The movie people agreed, and this was one of the first places they asked for, and procured.



The Revelations of a Star's Wife

A real story of motion-picture people, disclosing the high lights of their careers off the screen.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

CHAPTER XV.

FOR one horrible instant the world turned black before me. I couldn't think, couldn't move.

Then I heard Benito say, "Ah, Hugh—you are just in time for the end of a lesson in acting; Mrs. Sally has been helping Mary and me out. Will you join us while we run through it again?"

I sank into a chair and tried frantically to get a grip on myself. What would Hugh think—what could he think?

He and Jack Bingham, the newspaper man—I suppose I can call him that, though it seems as though a man in so low a business as his should not be so dignified—came down into the room. Bingham slouched into a corner of the davenport opposite me; I realized that I was being subjected to a scrutiny as keen as it was merciless. But Hugh came straight over to me, sat down on the arm of my chair, and slipped one arm around my shoulders.

The blessed relief of that moment was almost too much for me. I leaned my head back against his arm and rubbed my cheek against the rough tweed of his coat sleeve. Never had Hugh been dearer to me than at that moment. He had told me once that I never could know what my unquestioning faith meant to him. Now I understood.

But that shrewd-eyed, thin-lipped man across from me didn't understand. I knew that he was rejoicing over this bit of good luck; that he would go back to the office of his sensation-seeking slander sheet and write an insinuating, vile story, which, without saying anything incriminating enough to permit us to sue him for libel, would smirch Hugh's name and mine forever.

I could almost tell how he would word it. There would be no mention of Mary's presence, of course. A well-known star who had recently formed his own company, after being for several years under contract with one of the best known of the big producing organizations, had gone unexpectedly into the apartment of one of Broadway's famous beauties—there might be a bit of salacious comment on his going there—and had found his wife in the arms of a handsome young man hitherto known for his ability as an artist, now famous as the result of his work in the first picture in which he had appeared.

There would be other bits of information that would place Hugh and Benito and me in the minds of all those

What Has Gone Before.

"We are so used to portraying the very essence of life on the screen," a prominent actress once told Sally Beresford, the name the writer of this amazing narrative has assumed to conceal her real identity, "that in our own lives we find ourselves living hard and fast, doing the dramatic thing rather than the wise one, and rarely stopping along the way just to contemplate the joys and beauties our lives afford us. It's people like you, Sally—people who understand us, and yet can give us the counsel of level-headed people from the outside world that save us from doing foolish things sometimes."

That is the part Sally Beresford plays to nearly all of the players she meets, that of sympathetic friend, confidante and counselor. Her husband stands first, of course, for theirs is a real partnership—and much of her time is taken up in helping him with various details of production. But through working with him and being with him, she is thrown into contact with the most pathetic, the most bizarre, the most talented, and most beautiful, and a few of the most sinister and degrading people before the public to-day. Many of them you know through their work on the screen—but this is the first time that the real inside story of their lives has been told by one who knows them.

No one she ever met in the motion-picture studios was more interesting to Sally than Armand Benito, an artist dilettante who was given a serious interest in life when he made a sensational success as a motion-picture actor. He tried to persuade Sally to play opposite him in a picture, but she was determined that Mary Sorello, a friend in distress should get the part. To humor Benito, however, Sally consented to rehearse some scenes with him. Her husband entered the room with one of the most sensational newspaper men in town just as Benito was making love to her. This installment continues the story from that point.

wanted to shriek with hysterical laughter. I had tried to help her—and this was what had happened!

She got up then, and sauntered over to the davenport, where Bingham sat smoking and sipping the high ball which the maid had brought him.

"How's the world treating you, Jack?" she asked familiarly. That surprised me; I hadn't known that they knew each other.

"Oh, so-so," he answered indifferently.

"Been running any fake contests lately?" she asked nonchalantly as she crossed her knees and swung one foot lazily.

He jerked around to stare at her, his expression changing instantly. I would not have thought it possible for complacency to change to apprehension so quickly.

"Fake contests—what do you mean?" he snarled.

"Oh, just the kind you've put on before—to get girls to come from little country towns to the big cities, thinking they're going to get into the movies, only to find that they—that they—"

Her voice thickened as if she spoke with tremendous effort; she looked at Benito for a long moment, and her hands fluttered a little in her lap as if they yearned to go out to him and knew that they must not. I have never seen an expression of more complete adoration in any one's eyes than was in Mary Sorello's at that moment. Benito's eyes widened with understanding, and he leaned toward her unconsciously, I am sure, but she turned away and faced Bingham again.

who were at all acquainted with the motion-picture industry. The incident would expand into wild rumors. They would go everywhere. Decent people, overhearing them, wouldn't want to go to see Hugh any more, wouldn't feel the same about him. And there would be no way to prevent this!

It seemed to me that I would go mad if something wasn't done at once to prevent this impending calamity. And the tenseness of Hugh's arm behind my head told me that he realized the situation as well as I did.

Benito was chatting with Bingham about his new picture, trying to appear at ease, but the man hardly took his eyes from my face. Desperately I looked away, and caught Mary's eye.

I suppose my distress must have been all too apparent; she shook her head at me commiseratingly, and gave me a little smile that tried to be reassuring. I

"I mean the sort of crooked contest that brought me to New York in the first place—people never have known about it because I changed my name and told a different story about my coming here, but I'm going to tell the truth now," she went on, her hands clenched tight in her lap. "You ran it in the particular scandal sheet you were interested in then, and you held out glowing promises of what would happen to the girl who won. Girls everywhere sent in their photographs; I saw them afterward in your office, most of them still wrapped as they had been when they came to you.

"I don't know why you picked my picture as the winner; there were prettier ones sent in, I know. Perhaps it was because the Connecticut town where I lived was near enough so that you could run up there and see what I looked like.

"Anyway, I won the contest and came to New York. And—oh, I can't tell about what happened then!"

She broke down and buried her face in her hands as the sobs refused to be choked back any longer. But a moment later she gained control of herself and went on, only now her eyes begged him to understand all that lay behind her words.

"He could have been prosecuted under the white-slave law, if I'd only known it," she said. "I didn't know that, of course; I just knew that somehow, unbelievably, a horrible thing had happened to me, and that my whole life was ruined. And if it hadn't been for the shame of the thing, I would have gone throughout this country warning girls.

"Oh, I know that most contests are fair," she broke off as Bingham tried to protest. "Any magazine or newspaper of any standing wouldn't run one that wasn't straight. I know of several girls who got started that way and have made good, too. But I was too much of a greenie to know the difference between a regular pub-

lication and one that appeared, and then disappeared just as suddenly, and didn't have any standing. I'd heard wonderful stories of other girls who had been helped by winning contests, and so any contest looked good to me. I suppose you can't run those any more, Jack. People must be wise to them by now.

"I tried to go back home after I'd been in New York a while—as soon as I could get some money I tried," she went on, still talking to Benito. "But I couldn't stay there; maybe my face showed that something was wrong. I was just a kid, even then, you know; I wasn't old enough for the fight I had to face.

"So I went back to New York, and—well, you know the rest of my story after that. And now——" She rose, and, with a sudden effort, straightened up, almost majestic for a moment, and faced Bingham.

"I think you won't use the little rehearsal which you interrupted for copy, will you, Jack?" she asked quietly. "'Tisn't so very long ago that you brought me to New York, after all, and I hear that you're to be married in a few days and try your hand at breaking into society; your fiancée wouldn't care for this little story probably."

"Oh, cut it, Mary!" he cried, hurling his cigar into the fireplace and rising. "You know that that old stuff would finish me with her, and would make a dirty mess if you told it to her. What's the idea, anyway?"

"Just that you'll lay off on Sally and Hugh," she answered. "If you told the truth about them it would be perfectly harmless—but you wouldn't tell the truth, and we all know it. So is it a bargain—I'll keep still if you will?"

"Oh, sure," he growled, picking up his hat and starting across the room. "But you've killed a good yarn," he concluded as the door slammed behind him.

I know that if this had happened in a story the ending would have been different. Mary's story would have



He taught her what real grief was by taking her through the poorer parts of the city and showing her grim tragedies being enacted in real life.

brought Benito to her feet, begging her to divorce her husband and marry him. But it didn't happen in a story.

Benito felt just as Mary had known he would. He had run up against the somewhat slack morals of theatrical people often enough, and thought little of them. But he would never have married a girl who had such a past as the one Mary had confessed to. He had not been in love with Mary, of course, but her adoration of him and the interest which she had awakened in him during the brief scenes which she rehearsed with him could easily have turned out as I know she hoped they would.

That was all over now. Mary left that night for the Coast to join her husband, who was directing pictures there. You probably saw notices in some of the papers stating that she had come back to the screen and would play character parts. That is what she is doing—playing very small ones, just a hanger-on in life now, waiting rather apathetically for what each day will bring, and caring very little one way or another.

She has carried out her theory, of course—that it's better to live very hard and very fast while you're young, and not bother about what happens. Like all the other girls I've known who lived on that plan, she has found the price far too big a one for what she bought with it. And if just one of the girls who have thought they'd be perfectly happy if they could have the diamonds and ermine coats and automobiles that girls like Mary Sorello have chances to read this story about her and learn from it the lesson that is there I shall be happy.

Hugh and I talked about her as we drove home that afternoon a little depressed.

"There are so many girls who come into the movies that way—attracted by its glitter—and go out with their lives broken to bits in their hands before they're twenty-five," he said. "They sell everything for luxury, and then they don't want it. Look at Vance Eaton; she's twenty-two, and she's been married four times, spent several fortunes, and now is likely to be mixed up in a murder trial. Didn't you know that? Well, she was in court this morning; that was why I came up to her apartment to get you—I didn't want you to be there if a reporter happened to turn up—knew how you'd hate it. I met Bingham on the way.

"And I met somebody else, too, whom you're going to be as happy to see as I was. She's going to spend the week-end with us—will be at the house when we get there. It's Roxane Laird."

Roxane Laird—the girl whom tragedy had transformed from a laughing sprite into one of the greatest emotional actresses of the screen; the girl who had forced herself to make her unhappiness a means of gaining the greatest joy in the world. I could hardly wait to see her.

CHAPTER XVI.

You have seen Roxane Laird on the screen hundreds of times, I know; she has been in many of the biggest pictures that have been released, as well as in ever so many of the less important ones. And from the time when Clayton Greer began to push her she has been famous.

She is not one of the beauties of the screen. In fact,

she is lovely rather than pretty, and when she is playing a big emotional scene her face is sometimes so distorted that she is actually ugly. There is a wistfulness about her face, though, that seems to draw your heart right out of your breast. I have seen close-ups of her that would sway an entire audience; not even the most skeptical could resist them. There is a poignant, elusive appeal in her eyes that reaches out to your very soul.

Hugh and I knew her when we first went to Los Angeles, and she had been in pictures for some time then. She was just a darling, giddy girl then; there was nothing haunting about her gray eyes, and her black hair was always a wild tangle of curls. I remember her lamentations because she had to do it up every night in kid curlers.

"But it's the curls that get the jobs, Sally," she told me wisely one afternoon, when, sauntering past our house on the way home, she had smelled the sugar cookies I was baking and came bouncing in to sit on the kitchen table and devour them by the half dozen.

"And it's the jobs I have to get, I can tell you. Kewpie and I can't make the grade unless I do—and picking's been awfully slim these last few weeks."

Kewpie was her little sister, just eight years old, who had done very well as a child actress until she reached the dreaded age where her legs suddenly lengthened and her teeth began to come out. Retirement, temporary but complete, had descended on Kewpie, and now Roxane was battling with the world single-handed.

"I can make a go of this thing if I just get hold of the right handle," she went on more seriously. "You know I can act, Sally—honest I can. But nobody wants me to. I'd give the head right off my shoulders for a regular job that would pay for an apartment for Kewpie and me and meals three times every single day—that boarding house where we are is awful, and Kewpie's getting to have the manners of a Yahoo Indian; honest she is. That's no place at all to bring her up."

We talked for quite a while; I knew so little of the motion-picture world then that I couldn't advise her very well, but just having me listen to her cheered her up. Finally she hopped off the table, picked up the package of cookies I'd done up for Kewpie, and stuffed them into a huge paper bag that she was carrying.

"Here you behold the makings of a hat that is to knock the eyes right out of the head of Clayton Greer," she announced as she fished a straw shape and some flowers out of the bag and waved them at me triumphantly. "Yes'm, bought them at the five and ten, and the hat's to be worn this evening at eight o'clock, when I dine at the Alexandria with a whole mess of celebrities. Greer's among 'em. I get taken along because somebody invited Sarah Jordan—by the way, she's changed her name to Cheri—and she got a job quite unexpectedly, and so she turned the bid over to me. Wish me luck, Sally—maybe Greer will give me a part in his new picture."

Which, oddly enough, was exactly what he did. Clayton Greer wasn't as well known then as he is now, of course; he had in mind the story of the picture. "Sin," which was to make his reputation, and was just about

He's Out to Win!

Snowy Baker, world-famous athlete, has gone into motion pictures with the same vigor and spirit that made him win in the Olympic Games.

IF you don't know who "Snowy" Baker is—ask your kid brother. He'll tell you that Snowy Baker is such a hard-riding, straight-shooting, hammer-fisted wonder man as you have never known before. He'll tell you that this eager, smiling athlete is like chain lightning in action and is one of the most accomplished athletes the world has ever known. Watch for Snowy Baker—and be prepared for breath-taking thrills; they will come together to your local theater.



THERE are other motion-picture stars who can swim, but Snowy Baker is the only man in films who ever won swimming and diving contests in the Olympic games, and shared honors in the water-polo and racing championships. Other stars, too, can ride horseback, but Snowy Baker is world famous for his cavalry exhibition horsemanship, his polo playing, his wrestling on horseback, and fancy riding. That's the sort of man Snowy Baker is—a champion at whatever he does. You won't want to miss his pictures.

TO MY FOLLOWIN',

Dear Sir: Well, gently reader, I have just had a breath-takin' adventure which convinces me that I overlooked a bet when I didn't start interviewin' picture stars years ago. I thought that bein' a war's correspondent durin' the recent mill with Germany, duckin' aerial torpedoes in dear old London and *bon jour ma chéries* in the land of oo-la-la, was quite the experience—but I had to go out to Hollywood to get a *real* kick!

After I wind up my pleasant engagement with this magazine, I am goin' to keep on prowlin' about the movie studios and pretend I am still representin' it, as by doin' that I can get away with stuff which no mere visitor wouldst dream of attemptin'. I have found out that a interviewer for PICTURE-PLAY is as welcome at a movie lot as a cold shower wouldst be in Gehenna, and if said interviewer don't have a nice time hithers and yon about the various lots, why it's his own fault.

Let us take my recent visit to Tom Meighan, for the example.

The first movie I had the pleasures of viewin' Tom in was "The Miracle Man," a picture you probly seen advertised a couple of years ago and which along with "The Birth of a Nation" and a couple of other films which knocked the public for a row of cigar boxes and turned in profits that caused all the Rockefellers to tear



The Miracle

If, like our author—on the right—you were rehearsing a scene which you were to go feel? The man who convulsed the nation able to answer *that* question, but he tells amused on read

By H. C.

their hair, is still bein' used for bait by the gents which sells stock in imaginary picture companies. Well, anyways, I gazed upon Thomas in "The Miracle Man" and immediately joined the ranks of his wildest admirers. Here was a part in which for at least three fourths of the picture Tom was a unprincipled, cold-blooded, callous young crook—a tough baby if they ever was one—which packed a mean gun and beat up his girl and generally acted in a way which wouldst of caused him to get throwed out of the Y. M. C. A. on his ear. A character which in the old days of the Bowery gun operas wouldst get hissed dizzy every time he showed up on the stage. So you might say that for most of "The Miracle Man," Tom Meighan played a very unsympathetic part. Yet, gently reader, it was in this part of the ungentlemanly gunman that Thomas scored the astoundin' success that you all know about. In spite of the fact that the picture was also equipped with one standard, late-model hero, which besides bein' pure was a good-lookin' wealthy

THEY'RE off—New York's motion-picture commissioners.

This triumvirate of film fixers is on the job—at seventy-five hundred dollars per job, and nothing to do but look at pictures. Who wouldn't be a ward boss with a chance of getting a berth like that?

The distinction of being the first to be received by the new tribunal went to a Martin Johnson travel picture. The manager of the firm releasing it reasoned that the hour immediately following the induction into office of these regents of the reel might be propitious, and, therefore, saw to it that he was first under the ropes.

He was right. His picture, showing the toddle as it is toddled in the best circles of the South Sea Islands, as well as various other habits of these syncopatic savages, was passed with flying colors, notwithstanding that Betty Blythe, in "The Queen of Sheba" is attired like Aunt Agatha in comparison with some of the belles appearing in this production.

If one may judge by this initial ruling, nudity on the New York screen henceforth is to be a matter



Right Off

An interesting mixture of comment opinions about the

By E. Lanning

of geography, speaking, be it understood, territorially rather than pulchritudiously. In any event, the censors held that the picture was good stuff—"educational," as it were. They will forgive me, I am sure, if I say personally I prefer a home-brew schooling in such matters.

The South Sea Island picture must have possessed some poignant points of appeal, for it was thumbs down for the next one that came along—a regular, sure-enough drammer, in which some ladies of our own set and color appeared for a brief instant slightly en *deshabille* as artists' models. "Never! Never!" chorused the court, although, I am told, on competent authority, that the models appearing in this film were very much less of a strain on the eyes than the dusky maidens who preceded them.

In such quick succession that poor old Times Square hadn't a chance to find out what had hit it, a number of other pictures were declared "out"—not turned back for the elimination of scenes or substitution of titles,



Meighan

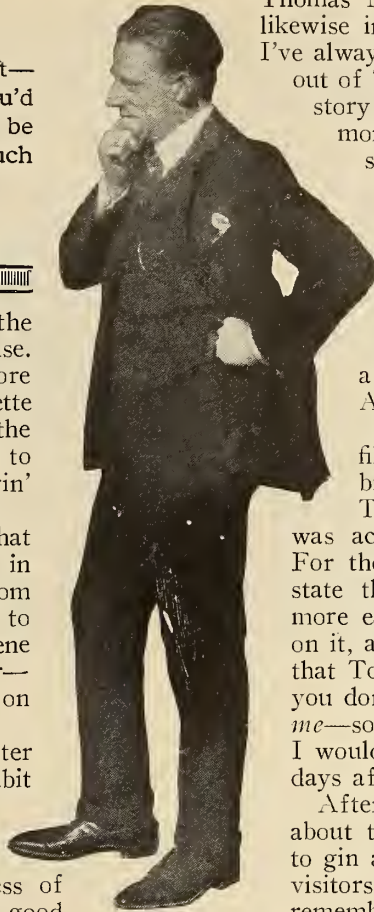
watching Tommy Meighan—on the left—through after him, how do you think you'd with "From Baseball to Boches" may not be you how *he* felt. And you'll be very much in about it.

Witwer

millionaire, it was the villain, played by the beloved Thomas, which got all the applause. Even when Tom, in a fit of irritation, tore the beauteous Betty Compson's georgette waist off and hurled her in a heap on the floor, ladies in the audience from eight to eighty years old murmured with admirin' smiles, "Well, boys will be boys!"

The answer to all this seems to be that the handsome Thomas can do no wrong in the eyes of his female worshippers. If Tom appeared in a movie in which he had to behead his father on the screen—a scene which wouldst ruin almost any other star—why the ladies wouldst merely remark on what a graceful twist Tom gave the ax.

How the so ever, gently reader, after seein' The Miracle Meighan, I got the habit of goin' to see any film that Tom was in, no matter what the picture was, like we used to play Walter Miller, Johnny Rieff, Shaw, and other boss jockeys, regardless of what beagles they rode in a race. It was good dope then, and it's good dope now, as both times I got a run for my pennies. I've seen



Thomas Meighan in some wonderful pictures and likewise in some which was anything but that, yet I've always felt I got more than my money's worth out of Tommy's individual performance. A poor story only makes Meighan stand out like a diamond on black velvet. Tommy, you might say, is scenario proof.

Well, havin' become incurably addicted to Meighan on the screen, I was naturally enough curious to find out what kind of a guy is he away from the camera, so bein' in Loose Angeles—or "Sunny Cafeteria," as my charmin' friend, Faye O'Neill, calls it—I arranged a conference with Tommy through the American ambassador at Hollywood.

The Paramount ace was engaged in the filmin' of "White and Unmarried" when I breezed onto the lot, and with the aid of Tom Forman, his director, the introductions was accomplished in a jiffy, whatever *that* is. For the benefit of the ladies, I wouldst like to state that Monsieur Thomas Meighan is even more easy on the eyes off the screen than he is on it, and for the benefit of the gents I will add that Tommy is a he-man and a regular guy. If you don't think he is, listen to what he done for *me*—so's my visit to his studio wouldst be one I wouldst have no difficulty in rememberin', two days after forever!

After we have talked about this and chatted about that, discussin' everything from Gibraltar to gin and had stills taken together till the other visitors on the lot racked their brains tryin' to remember what picture they seen *me* in, Tom says he wants me to meet Jacqueline Logan, his

Continued on page 97

the Grill

and criticism, observations and screen and its people.



Masters

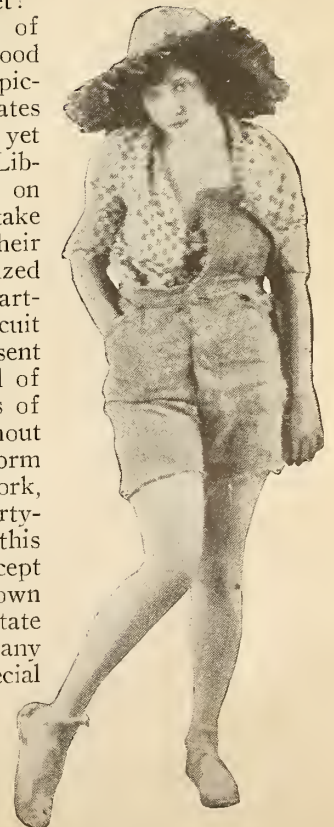
mind you, but consigned in toto to everlasting exile so far as the theaters of New York State are concerned.

The blow that pretty nearly killed father, however, was the elimination from a news reel of a scene showing a group of bathing beauties. The censors held that one-piece bathing suits do not constitute "news," Madison Square Swimming Pool, Coney Island, and Long Beach notwithstanding, with which decision, I, for one, must agree. The commonplace never is news. However, sometimes familiar scenes are dearest.

If the censorship situation in New York affected only New York State alone, the situation might not call for the concern which the friends of the screen feel regarding it. But there is grave danger that the millions of photo-play patrons throughout the country will suffer in the quality of the film entertainment provided them as a consequence of this complacency and incompetency.

If nothing more regrettable ensues, we may expect that from henceforth the film food of the nation will be prepared with a weather eye on New York. "Will it

get by on Forty-second Street?" is the first consideration of every producer in Hollywood these days. As a result, picture-goers residing in States whose legislatures have not yet learned that the Statue of Liberty has its back turned on this country will *have* to take censorship, even though their lawmakers have not authorized it. For New York is the starting point of the celluloid circuit of the country. If the present practice continues to prevail of making the prints or copies of all pictures shown throughout the rest of the country conform to those exhibited in New York, the residents of some thirty-eight or more States in this Union will be forced to accept the opinions of three unknown citizens of New York State—none of whom have any special experience or special fitness for such work—as to what they shall or shall not see on the screen. Has ever an emperor wielded such power?





New York's Motion Picture Commissioners ruled that this group of bathing girls should be eliminated from a news film, but they considered a group of seminude savages "educational."

Who Said It Was An Amusement?

The superior court of California has just declared unconstitutional an ordinance which the city authorities of Pomona—one of the most religious communities on the map—passed, prohibiting all Sunday amusements for which an admission fee was charged. The court held that the ordinance was class legislation, because, while prohibiting theaters and similar enterprises from operating on Sunday, it allowed churches to take up collections, which, the court declared, was virtually an admission fee.

Where Has He Been?

Don't miss "Partners of the Tide," produced by Irvin V. Willat, if for no other reason than to see a future "great" in embryo. He is Marion Faducha, a boy of about twelve years of age. Of all the performances of youngsters that I have seen on the screen, his is the most perfect. The boy is a future Barthelmess or Valentino, the two best bets of the rougher sex in films to-day. Watch him!

Gloria Has Her Great Moment.

"The Great Moment" gives Gloria Swanson her great moment—the first appearance of Cecil De Mille's matchless clothes model as an actress and a star. And, be it said, she proves her right to be called both.

The production also marks another début—and exit. It is the first original screen story to be written by that venturesome vivisectionist of the valvular organ, Elinor Glyn, and likewise her last picture for Famous Players. Henceforth she is to guide her neurasthenic nomads along their primrose paths independently.

Just why this should be so, I don't know, unless Mr. Lasky found the task of lining Mrs. Glyn's story with asbestos too great a strain on the nerves and pocketbook. Certainly it is a notable maiden effort—a really worthy contribution to the advancement of the artistry of the screen. But playing with fire is

not the most pleasant occupation, I suppose, in these days of combustible censors, especially when each scene of a production has to be taken at least six times to make sure that it is noninflammable, as, I am told, was done in the case of this picture.

After reading "Three Weeks" and "One Day," it didn't seem conceivable to me that the eminent Elinor could compress the hectic heartbeats of her heroes and heroines into a single minute, but we live and learn.

"The Great Moment" entitles Famous Players' new star to take her place in the select circle of the screen's genuinely emotional artists, now made up of Betty Compson, the most illustrious of the group in my judgment; Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish, and Priscilla Dean.

Things That Have Interested Me in Los Angeles.

The sunburned knees of the outside office girl in a prominent film studio.

The sign in the cafeteria at Universal City: "For the love of Mike, don't ask for credit. We still want to be friends."

The jazz pipe organist of a "million-dollar" theater, playing, "Ain't We Got Fun?"

The daily auto killings—every street is a speedway and every driver apparently an imitator of Wally Reid.

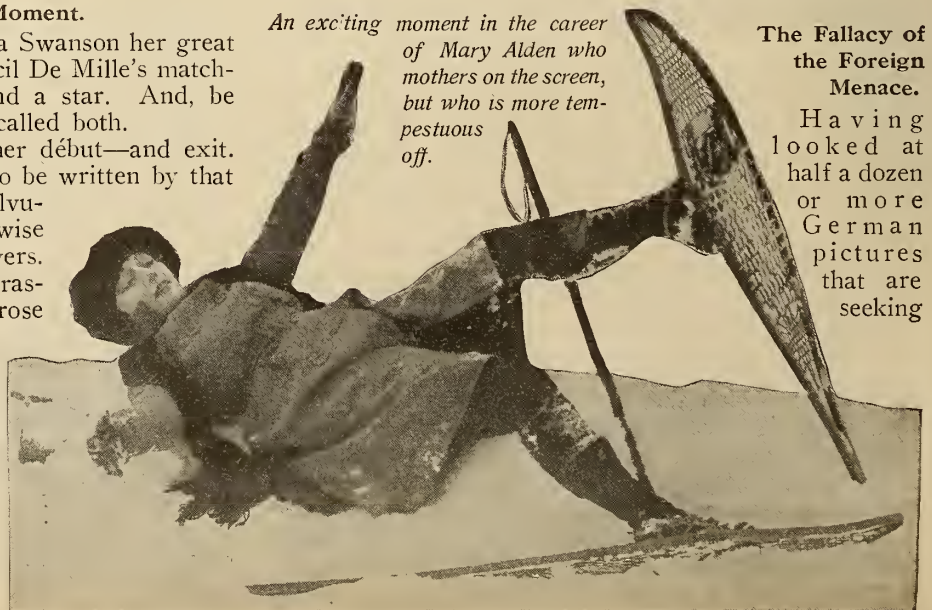
The sign in a Hollywood restaurant, "Brand-new waitress wanted."

Another sign in the same restaurant: "Fair dinner for thirty-five cents. A good one for fifty cents."

The reply by a former casting director of Mary Pickford to my question as to whether a palm-bowered grove we passed on Santa Monica Boulevard was a park. "Yes," was his answer. "A permanent parking place. It's a cemetery."

The difficulty experienced in getting a good drink—of orangeade.

An exciting moment in the career of Mary Alden who mothers on the screen, but who is more tempestuous off.



The Fallacy of the Foreign Menace.

Having looked at half a dozen or more German pictures that are seeking

admission to the screen of this country, any number of English-made subjects, and several Italian productions, I refuse to become excited over the foreign-film invasion.

The last of these importations through which I have had to sit and suffer is "Rigoletto," an Italian cinematic conception of Giuseppe Verdi's lyric drama, recently shown at the Ambassador Theater, Los Angeles.

The picture is said to follow closely Victor Hugo's play, "Le Roi S'Amuse"—the amusement of a king—from which the opera was adapted. A king who could gain any amusement from this cinema concoction of worn-out palaces, ruined walls—and women—ancient cities, and raving, ranting actors deserves his job as a superman. The picture is about on a par with the other Italian films which I have seen. It is not any worse than the several score of German pictures clamoring at our doors, and only slightly more stupid than some of the English ones.

The invasion of pictures of this caliber needn't frighten any one. Tariff or no tariff, the mediocrity of most film importations automatically protects American producers and actors from foreign competition.

Of the English-sponsored pictures which have reached us, "Carnival" is the only one which has enlisted mild interest. Even our own producers when they reach Piccadilly seem to lose their way in the maze of London's fogs, and forget the tricks of the trade upon which the popularity of their pictures in the past have been built. "The Road to London," starring Bryant Washburn, and the productions made in the London studios of Famous Players-Lasky are conspicuous examples of this fact.

The public has yet to pass upon the French productions which have been brought over here. "J'Accuse," the first of these to arrive, was given an elaborate New York presentation several months ago to a specially invited audience at the Ritz, but no one seems in a hurry to release it.

Considerable to-do has been made by the Goldwyn organization over the Italian pictures which the president of this company brought back with him from his last trip abroad. The first of these to be shown this fall will be "Theodora," founded on Victorien Sardou's drama of the same title, in which Bernhardt won great renown. Rita Jolivet, of *Lusitania* fame, who will also be remembered as a Metro star at one time, plays the title rôle. The production was made by the producers of "Cabiria," now being reissued with rather doubtful success. Among the sensations for which the Goldwyn press department has prepared us is the fact that the sets for the production were designed by the Vatican architect and required six months to build; that the production itself was two years in the making, and

that thirty thousand—count them—persons were employed in picturizing it.

"The Ship," the second of Mr. Goldwyn's Italian purchases, is a picturization of a story by Italy's fighting poet, Gabriele D'Annunzio. Beyond the fact that its leading rôle is in the hands of Ida Rubenstein, a Russian dancer of considerable reputation on the Continent, and that it is equally as awe-inspiring in size as "Theodora," little has yet been said about it.

Then, if C. C. Pettijohn, formerly associated with Mr. Selznick, can find a distributor for a Danish version of "Hamlet," which he recently acquired, we are to have a taste of Shakespeare, à la the conception of the melancholy prince by the artists of his native heath.

Lastly, First National is

to give us a celluloid vista of the inferno as the immortal Dante dreamed it to be. This

also, I believe, is of Italian origin, but one can never be sure of such things

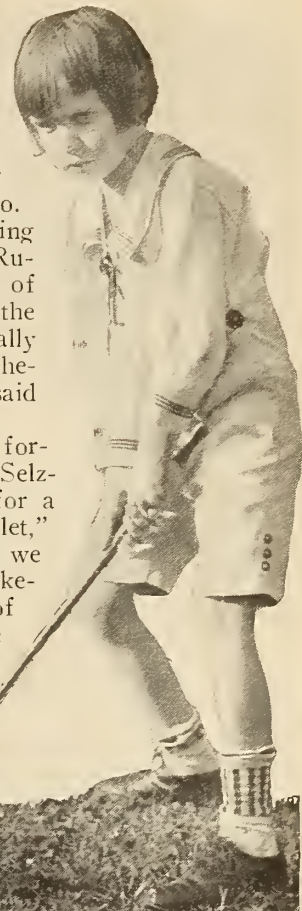
any more with the constant din of anti-European propaganda which abounds on Broadway and Hollywood Boulevard these days.

You will note that all of the forthcoming foreign pictures of which announcement has been made, as well as those already released, are spectacular in character. That's where the essential continental director shines.

But watch out when he attempts to touch a modern story. No distributor in this country has yet summoned sufficient courage to release one of their pictures dealing with a present-day theme. I have seen some of these, however, and I assure you that it is unfortunate that you have not shared the experience with me. So far as I can remember, Weber & Fields never staged an opéra bouffe any funnier, from an American point of view.

Platitudinous and plebeian as we continue to be, in spite of the many efforts of Europe to reform us, we still prefer the simple, human story that sticks close to the ground. Although written nearly a half a century ago, "Silver Threads Among the Gold" earns the heirs of its author an average of five thousand dollars a year in royalties. "Lightnin'" is our greatest stage success, and "Way Down East" our biggest screen attraction.

Until our foreign friends learn to touch our hearts and give us life as we know it, without pomp and pageantry, their pictures will never make a dent in our allegiance to Hollywood, disappointing as some of its productions are.



Chauncey Depew, at eighty, thought he was too young to play golf, but Jackie Coogan, at six, intends to master the game.

Since many robberies have taken place in Hollywood homes Clara Kimball Young has fortified herself against such danger.

BEWARE OF THE DOG KEEP OUT





Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid will be the two big attractions in "Forever," the picture based on Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson."

The Screen in Review

A critical discussion of recent and forthcoming pictures.

By Agnes Smith

WHEN it was announced to a waiting world that Famous Players-Lasky would present George Fitzmaurice's production of "Peter Ibbetson" under the title of "Forever," the reviewer heaved a sigh of relief and exclaimed "Oh, goody! They might have called it 'His Dream Woman.'" The fact that the picture is adapted from a fairly well-known novel by George Du Maurier, and the fact that several Barrymores and Constance Collier appeared with great success in the dramatic version of the story has nothing to do with the value of the title "Peter Ibbetson." This business of

changing titles without warning is an old joke, and only the amateurs make a fuss over it any more. This reviewer could sit through a modern version of "Faust" under the title of "A Devil In His Own Home Town" and not shed a tear.

All the tears that may be shed over "Forever" will be shed openly and outwardly because the Du Maurier story is a gorgeous romance; the romance of two souls parted in childhood and reunited in death. But it is sad only in the happiest sort of way. *Peter*, condemned to life imprisonment in Newgate Gaol, and the *Duchess of Towers*, imprisoned for life with a movie villain of a husband, have a dream life together. Aided by Mr. Fitzmaurice's settings, they do considerable traveling and enjoy themselves more than most persons do when they are wide awake. Of course, the followers of Freud, who believe that a dream is worse than a career of crime, would disapprove of this gentle Victorian romance.

For the most part, the picture retains a beautiful illusion, although there are minutes when one wishes that Mr. Fitzmaurice's too, too-solid settings would melt. Other of the settings, particularly Peter's boyhood home in Paris, are charming. In designing the backgrounds for "Peter Ibbetson"—there we go using the discarded title—Mr. Fitzmaurice has realized that sentiment may be attached to inanimate objects and he has caught much of the especial high-flavored sentiment of the Victorian era.

As for the players: The cast is an all-star one and the acting pretty good—considering. I suppose that if I find any fault with Wallace Reid's portrayal of *Peter* the fans will chase me around the country with a carving knife. I have grown used to associating Mr. Reid with automobiles. I cannot think of him as a melancholy young Victorian gentleman with an imagination. But this I can say of his portrayal of *Peter Ibbetson*: he does his best. He honestly tries to act the part and to feel the part. In the later episodes of the picture he achieves dignity; in a brief boxing scene he is simply great. He tries to control his eyebrows, and he succeeds in forgetting that he has won a great many popularity contests.

Elsie Ferguson as the *Duchess of Towers* is a glorified vision from an old album. With not much to do in the way of acting, she dresses wonderfully. Wise woman! Her clothes are enough to make any woman want to go back to the old-fashioned custom of wearing petticoats. She never has been more gracious or more easy to look at. Montagu Love is properly brutal and unfeeling as old *Uncle Ibbetson*, while Elliott Dexter plays a small rôle delightfully.

"Thunderclap."

At the opening of the theatrical season, William Fox hurled so many specials at Broadway that, for a time, it looked as though something ought to be done about it. These "specials," coming in quick succession, are guaranteed to make the reviewer extremely nervous. All the Fox directors who made hits last year, with the exception of J. Gordon Edwards, who is abroad doing as the Romans do, were sent out to get all Griffithed up. That means to get your name in electric lights at one of the legitimate theaters.

And so they came. First there was "Thunderclap,"

a race-track story, directed by Richard H. Stanton. It is a sequel to "Checkers," filled with thrills, pathos, home, and mother. The horses are great. But the trouble with stories about racing is that they are all alike. The right horse always wins, the audience knows that it will win, and so there is no suspense. In real and cruel life, the right horse seldom, if ever, wins.

That necessary "mother-love" touch is supplied by Mary Carr, who is a convincing mother. She ought to be. You may remember that she has a flock of children herself. Violet Mersereau is in the picture, too, and so is that perfect gentleman, J. Barney Sherry.

"Shame."

All the Fox specials may be taken in a heap. Next on the list comes "Shame," which is much better than it sounds. The story is regulation stuff; it tells about a man who believes that he is a half-caste. After suffering for some time because he thinks he is part Chinese, he goes to the great Northwest to live down the terrible disgrace of being a distant relative of Confucius. In a melodramatic and well-staged wreck, he discovers that he belongs wholly and entirely to the great and gorgeous white race.

Emmett Flynn, the director, has made the picture colorful and interesting. Don't fail to see San Francisco's Chinatown. Come one, come all, as the sight-seeing wagons say.

"Perjury."

"Perjury" follows "Shame." It is a picture made for those who just dote on William Farnum. Directed by Harry Millarde, it is filled with good, old-fashioned heart interest. Mr. Farnum plays the astonishingly original rôle of a man who goes to prison for a crime committed by another. It is not as good as "Shame" because the agony is not so well tempered with thrills.

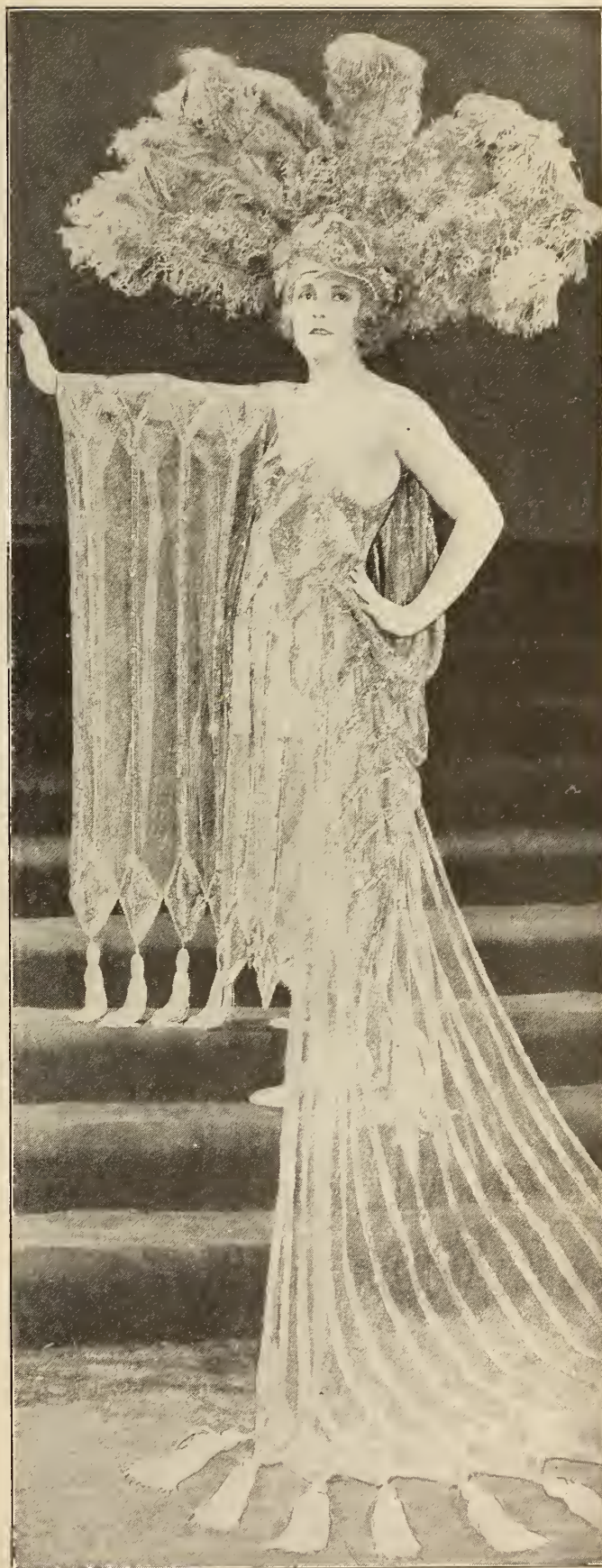
"A Virgin Paradise."

Pearl White's own particular special is called "A Virgin Paradise." The story was written by Hiram Percy Maxim, son of the famous inventor, and Hiram Percy has invented a neat little plot for Miss White. The story concerns a beautiful young girl who is caught, in the wild stage, on a South Sea island. She is brought to civilization, and Mr. Maxim sets out to prove to us that a feminine Tarzan of the Apes is better than an F. Scott Fitzgerald heroine; that it is safer to play with lions than society men; that it is better to wear no clothes at all than a conventional evening gown. In other words, he takes a terrible slam at the hypocrisy of an effete world.

Whether or not Mr. Maxim is right you must decide for yourself. The reviewer will not go into the moral aspects of the case, but will limit herself to saying that Pearl White is a wonderful savage. In "A Virgin Paradise," she hasn't had such a good time since she left the continued-next-weeks. The more civilized she grows, the less interesting she becomes. Her streaks of savagery are the best parts of the picture. Miss White was not made for society dramas; she acts with heart, soul, and main strength.

"A Bashful Romeo."

The long-promised Will Rogers picture, "A Bashful Romeo," is here at last. This is the much-heralded production that gives Mr. Rogers an opportunity to show his legs. After establishing himself as the shrinking prairie flower of the fillums, Mr. Rogers all of a sudden grows unusually bold and plays *Romeo*. Who said he couldn't play love scenes and who said he couldn't wear tights?



In "A Virgin Paradise," Pearl White begins as a savage, but ends up in society.

The story is a bantamweight affair about a cowboy who is too bashful and too lazy to win the girl who is just waiting around to marry him. And so he takes lessons in love. First he goes to a motion-picture studio



Betty Compson has achieved the distinction of being an emotional actress; her latest picture is called "At the End of the World."

and sees how it is done in the best settings. The scenes in the studio are almost as funny as the ones in "A Small-town Idol." As a movie cowboy, Mr. Rogers is immensely funny. And then, too, he has the curious experience of being scorned by his own young son, who is the che-ild star of the organization.

But the movies aren't so helpful as Beatrice Fairfax. The cowboy returns home and reads "Romeo and Juliet." Whereupon he has a long and slapstick dream—a burlesque on poor old man Shakespeare. The dream is ornamented by some expensive settings; money is no object to a cowboy when he starts to dream. It is also ornamented by Sylvia Breamer, a thoroughly up-to-date Juliet. The cowboy wakes up, decides that Shakespeare is tiresome and tries the method of wooing used by comic-section cave men.

The picture is consistently funny, although the reviewer likes Rogers better as a serious actor than as a trick comedian. The subtitles, by Bernard McConville and Mr. Rogers, are snappy. The picture is released by Goldwyn.

"The Great Moment."

Need I remind you not to fail to see "The Great Moment," by Elinor Glyn? I need not. It is Gloria Swanson's first starring vehicle, and Elinor Glyn was imported from England to write it. When it was presented in New York, it was considered rather comic because it was so much like that dear old classic, "Three Weeks"—in atmosphere, though not in plot. But women fought to see it and aged grandmothers were trampled in the rush to get into the theater. Why? Well, just because.

In the first place, the heroine is a charming girl, half gypsy and half débutante. The combination is deadly. Her horse runs away with her, she is bitten by a snake, and is tossed into the lonely cabin of a he-man. The he-man gives her a drink of whisky to cure the snake bite, and the impetuous heroine carelessly loses two hairpins.

I shall not tell the rest of the plot. Merely keep your eye on the hairpins. Also gaze upon Gloria Swanson. You can afford to look at Miss Swanson indefinitely. Her clothes, her manners, and her natural requirements are all they should be and more. The picture may be full of outrageous things that would not happen in Mr. Maxim's "Paradise," but at the end of a dull day mother will certainly enjoy the high life of "The Great Moment." The film was not directed by either of the De Milles, but by Sam Wood. Paramount sponsored it.

"Pilgrims of the Night."

Another actress who is easy to watch appears in a new production. Rubye de Remer is the peaches and cream of "Pilgrims of the Night." Unfortunately, Elinor Glyn did not write the story, and so Miss de Remer wanders through a thick plot, guided only by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Mr. Oppenheim mixes too many ingredients into his stories. Delightful Elinor Glyn is so much more simple. "Pilgrims of the Night" is one of those stories about a crime, but it is so confused that by the time matters are straightened out for you, you don't care who committed the crime or who set out to clean whose honor. Miss de Remer is an asset to the picture, and so are

Raymond Hatton and William V. Mong, both of whom can act when allowed.

"The Great Impersonation."

Mr. Oppenheim also thickens the plot of "The Great Impersonation." In this case, instead of writing about crooks, he goes in for European nobility. Why do all stories about English, Russian, and Teutonic noblemen seem out of date? Can it be that the world really is safe for democracy and that these persons are no longer important to us?

"The Great Impersonation" might have been extremely interesting at one time. Now it is merely a good picture because George Melford has done his best to make it one and because James Kirkwood works hard to play a dual rôle. Incidentally, Ann Forrest is in the cast.

"At the End of the World."

To get back to the beauties, there is Betty Compson. Like Pearl White and Gloria Swanson, she goes back

to the primitive. "At the End of the World" has a rather dreary and dull story, but because it was directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, the illustrator, the pictures are pretty. The scene of the story is Shanghai and the islands of the Pacific. Having achieved the distinction of being an emotional actress, Miss Compson is now enjoying the distinction of playing rôles as dreary as Pauline Frederick's. Oh, for the carefree life of a bathing girl!

The only glory Miss Compson gets in "At the End of the World" is the honor of having about twenty-five leading men fight for her. Milton Sills is among those present. Mr. Sills also provided the cure for snake bite in "The Great Moment." Such goings-on!

"Wedding Bells."

Constance Talmadge has the time of her life in "Wedding Bells," a picture that has a clever plot, pretty trimmings, and a gay swing to it. Constance takes the blue ribbon as the strictly modern girl of the screen. She is seen as a girl who marries in haste, changes her mind, breaks up her husband's second marriage, and goes off on another honeymoon. If you want to know how serious the story is, I will tell you that a Pekinges pup plays an important rôle in the farce. Harrison Ford makes an agreeable leading man, only he is more led than leading.

Since the reviewer of movies ought to be a fashion expert, too, I can assure you that Miss Talmadge sports around Palm Beach in some fascinating clothes. If you don't concentrate, her costumes will take your mind off the plot. The picture also concerns itself with the momentous problem of bobbed hair.

"A Midnight Bell."

From "Wedding Bells" we pass on to "A Midnight Bell," Charles Ray's newest. Adapted from a farce by Charles Hoyt, it has been altered to suit the star and to suit the present requirements of the screen. It is only a fairly amusing vehicle for Mr. Ray. But it has plenty of action. The story centers about a haunted church that is used as a clubhouse for a band of bold robbers.

"A Trip to Paradise."

Those who saw the Theater Guild's remarkable production of "Liliom" in New York are not going to enjoy "A Trip to Paradise," offered to them by Metro. But those who do not know the original "Liliom," by Franz Molnar, will find much to admire in the production so astutely compounded by Maxwell Karger and June Mathis. Some of the spark of Molnar's play is left to lighten the screen version. The scene of the drama has been transferred from an amusement park in Budapest to Coney Island. *Liliom*, the Hungarian roughneck, is made an Irishman. His tragic encounter with God in the police court of suicides has been changed



"Wedding Bells" with Constance Talmadge, concerns itself with the momentous problem of bobbed hair.

into a dream. But, on the screen, it is a beautiful dream. It is the one inspired scene in the picture.

Mr. Karger has plenty of fun showing us life behind the scenes at Coney Island, where the most naive class of show folk scream for nickels and dimes. *Curley Flynn*, enacted by Bert Lytell, is a lazy bum who is something of an artist at heart. Until he meets *Nora O'Brien* he is a barker for Dreamland. The *Widow Boland*, who manages the concession, doesn't believe that an artist should marry, so *Curley* finds himself out of a job. It is easy for an artist out of work to turn criminal, and *Curley* turns criminal for the sake of his child. As a crook he is a failure. He is shot, seriously wounded, and taken to a hospital. There, under the influence of ether, he takes his trip to paradise. He pleads his case, is put on probation, and redeems himself.

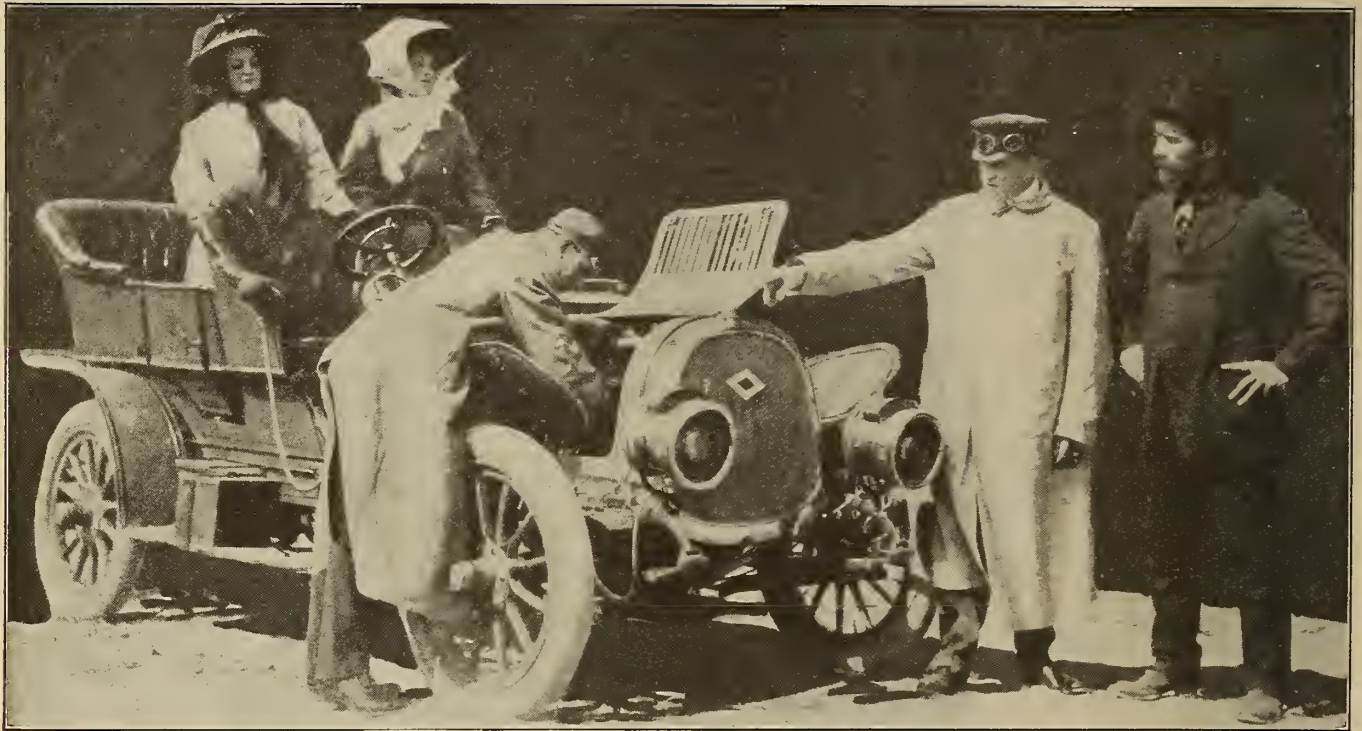
Undoubtedly when Metro decided to produce "Liliom" it did not realize the immense popular appeal of the play or the company might have done less adapting and compromising. The spirit of the original has been so befogged by translation that the high points of its comedy and its tragedy are lost. Produced by a company with the ideals of the Theater Guild, it would have been a great screen classic.

Even if you have seen Joseph Schildkraut as *Liliom*, you will find much to praise in the acting of Bert Lytell. He has every reason to be proud of his splendid performance. He is quite able to hold his own even when he is forced into comparison with one of the best actors in America. Virginia Valli is an appealing and wistful figure as the unfortunate *Nora O'Brien* who married the great artist of Coney Island.

And as for the Rest—

"Don't Neglect Your Wife," written by Gertrude

Continued on page 89



Behold Tom Santschi, veteran actor—he's the man with the goggles on his hat—in a picture of the early days.

Back to Pioneer Days

This article, the first of a series, goes back to the very beginning of the movies as a commercial venture, and takes us down to the discovery of California as a production center.

By Paul S. Conlon

HOW many people know that motion pictures were actually being produced a quarter of a century ago? Very few, I'll wager. A good many of our silver-sheet stars of to-day hadn't even been born twenty-five years ago. Nevertheless, there is a captain of the industry very much alive and active in the making of motion pictures to-day who began his career as a producer April 1, 1896. And this calls to mind the following questions which every screen lover ought to know:

Who is the oldest person—in point of service—in motion pictures to-day?

Who was the Columbus of California? Who first discovered the possibilities of Los Angeles as a motion-picture producing center?

Who produced the first serial?

Who introduced wild animals in silent drama?

Who made the first "Western" picture?

Who first secured the coöperation of the press in the interest of motion pictures?

Who produced the first special feature?

Who photographed the first scenic?

Who organized and financed the first scientific expeditions to record with motion-picture cameras the life in strange lands?

Who produced the first historical-educational feature?

Who first saw the coming of the day of big pictures and secured the copyrights of famous stories and plays?

One answer suffices for each of the above questions.

One man was this "Columbus."

His name is William N. Selig, better known as Colonel Selig.

To the average person Los Angeles, or Hollywood, has always been the film capital of the world, and sunny California really the birthplace. It will surprise many

people to know that the first scenes in a real motion picture made in California were filmed by the Selig Polyscope Company in 1908, only thirteen years ago. In fact, the industry wasn't discovered by the papers until the following year, as I found by digging through the files of the *Los Angeles Times*. It was in 1909, six months after the arrival of the Selig Company, that the *Times* came out with big headlines: "New plays without words are put on films here. Southern California conditions found to be ideal for moving-picture work because of very small size of nega-

tives and great rapidity of exposures.—Real actors in demand for pictures." Then followed a long article, describing the new industry and forecasting its development in California.

If this was the beginning of film-land's capital thirteen years ago, imagine then the status of what were called "living pictures" twenty-five years ago, when Colonel Selig began his career, about which he reminisced one day when I talked with him at his famous zoo, in Los

NO TALE OF FANCY

was ever more strange than the actual history of the growth of motion pictures. The facts told in this article are so different from what we read of the industry to-day that it scarcely seems possible that they happened such a short time ago. Yet this is no legendary tale, but one that has living witnesses to vouch for every word.

Angeles, where he has renewed his activities as a producer.

"My studio," he began, "was a small loft in a dingy building in an obscure Chicago street, 43 Peck Court. The 'stage' was twenty-five by fifty feet. My capital was what I had in my pocket. I had one employee as an assistant and lots of imperfect tools. My funds were daily so near to rock bottom that I walked the five miles between home and studio twice daily to save the car fare."

Previous to this time Colonel Selig had been a theatrical manager. His lifelong hobby, however, was the art of photography. Particularly was he interested in the new discoveries and inventions of cameras that would actually photograph motion.

After many years of study of lectures, writings, and inventions of every authority from Edward Muybridge to Thomas Edison he invented a camera of his own as early as 1890. It was a failure, but undaunted he continued his arduous labors until 1895, when he finally succeeded in building a camera which proved a success.

"I filmed a train going by as my first venture," he said. "The next day I photographed a little girl feeding chickens in a yard. Then I made my first comedy, a watermelon-eating contest between several young colored boys. These scenes were in twenty-five to a hundred-foot strips.

"Actors? I've forgotten the names of the first ones I engaged, it's been so long ago. But I used to go to the Hopkins Theater, on South State Street, and persuade actors in the stock company to come to my studio the next morning and play in the scenes. Most of the scenes were exteriors because sunlight was absolutely necessary. We had no artificial light. I'd photograph the scenes in the daylight. At night I would develop and print the film. Unlike to-day we never wasted a foot of film. This calamity had to be avoided because it cost six and three quarters cents a foot. Besides, the film was not the finished product it is to-day. It shrank terribly, and we had to cut both positive and negative to equalize. Although the crudities of our first little pictures would be greeted with howls of laughter to-day, I can assure you that we looked upon our results as miraculous."

At this time there were three motion-picture producing companies in the United States—Edison, Biograph, and Selig. In Europe there was only one, Lumière, in Paris, which was actively operating.

Where did these producers show their



Colonel William N. Selig is the oldest person—in point of service—in motion-pictures to-day.

films? Mostly in vaudeville houses, although wide-awake traveling salesmen who had heard of the new miracle would invest and travel about, exhibiting the "living pictures" wherever they could find an empty storeroom or hall. As the producer sold his product for twelve to fifteen cents a foot, fortunes weren't made in a day.

I asked Colonel Selig what he considered his first successful picture, thinking, of course, that he would refer to one of the early classics. Instead it happened

Sets were improvised, rather than built, in the early days, and all the scenes—even the interiors—were taken out of doors, in sunlight.

to be a comedy called "The Tramp and the Dog." The scene depicted a Weary Willie stealing a pie from a window sill, only to be apprehended and pursued by a bulldog which succeeded in separating him from the seat of his trousers. This comedy was the first big hit, and it kept the colonel busy supplying prints to fill the demand.

"Nature was the background for most of our scenes," he went on. "Our patrons usually seemed more interested in watching an incident of daily life than in any dramatic attempts. When incidents could not be filmed outdoors, comedy ideas were photographed against



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Off the screen, lovely Harriet Hammond is a girl utterly without affectation.

WHEN any one hears a motion-picture actress sit up and blandly state that she has never seen any of her pictures; that she doesn't particularly want to see her pictures; that she wants to change her modus operandi—and that she can't even remember the names of pictures she has been featured in—he suffers a shock. Having pretty thoroughly explored the Hollywood backwoods, I'm used to shocks, yet I rise to confess that Harriet Hammond commands my full respect and hands me a real thrill.

"I can remember the name of only one of my comedies," she said in answer to a query of mine. "It is 'Home Talent,' and I've never seen it because I don't ever go to see my pictures."

You can draw your own conclusions. The conclusion that I drew, but which Miss Hammond didn't necessarily substantiate, is the fact that she doesn't like comedy.

"I wore bathing suits for three years," she added, "because, by wearing them, I saw a chance to get into dramatic pictures without having to beg for jobs at studio gates."

While they don't always express themselves quite so frankly, all the rest of the girls who have ever "got anywhere" from erstwhile comedy appearances—and I refer to Gloria Swanson, Mary Thurman, Juanita Hansen, Betty Compson, and a number of others—feel the same way. Comedy, they'll tell you, is an excellent training school,

Head First Into Drama

Harriet Hammond dived into motion-pictures and pulled hard for a while; now on the crest of a wave of success she pauses to make a few thrilling remarks.

By Alden Hughes

but after you've taken your course you want to graduate.

"Being a professional beauty has its disadvantages as well as its pearls. For instance, if you are fortunate enough to be able to capitalize on your looks and figure you instantly incur the jealousy of your less-lovely sisters, who comfort themselves with the thought that you're perfectly brainless and that, because you'll consent to exploit your shapely lines in a Grecian drape or a Mack Sennett bathing suit, you're not exactly—well, modest."

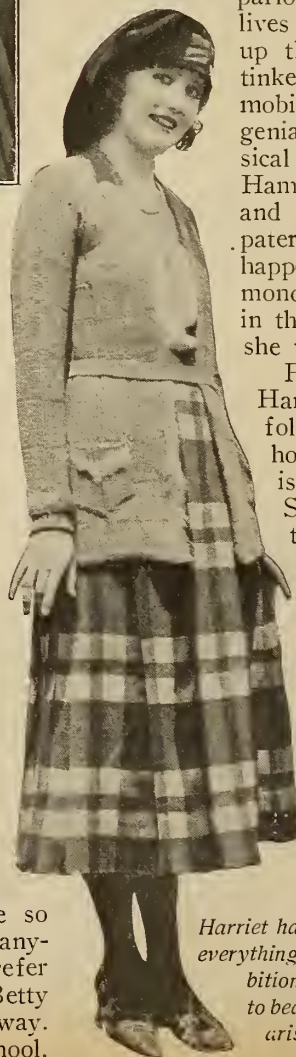
Such happen to be the views of the blue-law clan, who, it seems, would like to have all of our very best screen sirens cover their *raison d'être* with ankle-length crinolines.

When I arrived at Miss Hammond's residence I could hear the well-executed nuances of a Chopin étude. It was Harriet playing her piano—a big, concert grand that took up nearly all of the space in the rather small parlor of her family's bungalow. She lives with her family. As I had come up the walk I could see her brother tinkering with the innards of an automobile. I met her father, an elderly, genial man with kind eyes and a whimsical smile, who spoke proudly of Miss Hammond as "my daughter, Harriet," and seemed to radiate good cheer and paternal interest. And, while I didn't happen to be introduced to Mrs. Hammond, I could hear her walking about in the next room, and I was told that she was setting the table for dinner.

Perhaps when I tell you that the Hammonds are real, simple "home folks" you will understand, as I did, how it happens that the lovely Harriet is a girl totally without affectation.

She gives none of the impression of trying to act so as to make you believe in some artificiality. She tries to create no illusion nor to ensnare a reporter into saying nice things about her. The studio publicity man told me that I would find her quiet and reserved; that she, in lacking a sense of theatrical sensationalism, differed from any other girl he had ever met at a comedy studio. She lived up to his description—and more.

"Once I thought," said Miss Hammond, in telling me of her career, "that I wanted to be a concert pianist. My music is the dearest thing in life



Harriet has sacrificed everything to her ambition; she goes to bed at nine and arises at six.

The early episodes of the story take place near the Mexican border where *Poll Patchouli*, played by Dorothy Dalton dances in the cantina owned by *John Rodriguez*, played by Theodore Kosloff. Here in sharp contrast to the exotic scenes in the Orient, life is crude, and great fortunes are made—only to be lost in a day. Here passions strike deep, and men are capable of enduring loves and great sacrifices.



Again in scenes of luxury, the story tells of *Arthur Phelps'* great love for *Rose*. *Arthur* played by *Conrad Nagel*, mistakes tolerance for interest, and does not grasp that *Rose* encourages him just to satisfy her vanity. He reads to her the poems which he has dedicated to her, and which are the sincere outpourings of his great love and she can scarcely feign interest in them. Only with *Arthur's* disillusionment comes happiness to all.



Whether in character parts or as a handsome young breaker of hearts, Richard Barthelmess has always delighted motion-picture audiences. Some there are who prefer him as a slant-eyed Oriental; others consider his beach comber in "The Idol Dancer," his best rôle, but whatever your favorite part for him, you will be interested in his characterization of "Tol'able David," for it is a part he has long wanted to play.

Tol'able David

Just a hint of what Richard Barthelmess' first star picture holds for the fans is given in these three scenes from "Tol'able David." An engrossing drama of the people in a little backward settlement of the Virginia mountains, it gives the fans' favorite character actor a chance to do some of the finest work of his career.





Photograph by Victor Georg

A House on Dream Street

That's what Ralph Graves is looking forward to.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

IT wasn't in a particularly propitious state of mind that I waited for Ralph Graves. In the first place, it was one of those muggy days in August when the heat seemed to have been pressed down on the earth with a screw. The studio of Victor Georg, the photographer, where I was to put Ralph through his conversational paces, was far from the elevated—my means of conveyance—and two or three flights up in an old studio building. It was so hot that I was only vaguely interested in the portraits of celebrities that Mr. Georg was showing me as an artistic substitute for the family album, and was, on the whole, in no mood for any interview, except perhaps one with an ice-cream soda.

Then Ralph came breezing in just like the hero in a play, with all the rest of characters on the stage waiting for him, and the audience making a polite patter of applause. He gave you the feeling that something really nice had happened. His eyes were so earnest and his smile was so wide and so infectious. He was hot, too, but it hadn't ruined his disposition. He was sunburned, and he scratched his arms with gusto. Also with apologies.

"Oh, gee, I'm sorry to be late!" was his greeting, said so sincerely that I actually believed him. "You know, I was out yachting this morning with some friends, and I thought I'd get back in plenty of time. We just this minute got back to the yacht club, and I jumped a taxi and beat it up here——"

He scratched and grinned at me. Perhaps it was the healthy brownness of his face that made his teeth

seem so white. But I thought it was one of the nicest smiles I had ever seen.

A big chap is Ralph—as you know from seeing him on the screen—with the sort of hair that sentimental girls would like to get their hands into, serious gray eyes with ultra-long lashes, and a nose that almost decided to turn up into a snub before it stopped abruptly. He is a curious combination of grown man and small boy, so serious at times that you wonder why on earth he wasn't a preacher or a foreign missionary. Then in an instant so light-hearted and juvenile that you suspect him of being able to stride a hobby horse with great glee or take a watch apart to see the wheels go 'round. He had a handkerchief that he was twisting into curious shapes. He made it into a mouse, a doll, a cradle.

"Victor," he was saying delightedly, "you ought to see my new polo pony. Oh, boy! A pedigree that would put your eye out—and can that baby play the game? Oh, gee! Say, Victor, don't take any pictures of me until I get my polo outfit, will you? It's a peach——"

He described it in detail.

If I had seen him only in that moment I should have described him as a nice boy, pleasantly superficial, without any serious purpose in life——

But somehow we got to talking of "Dream Street," Ralph's biggest success in the picture game. And suddenly he was an enthusiast—I imagine he never regards

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



Let's Silence Censorship by Ridicule.

To improve the screen for me, give us some photo plays that will laugh, ridicule, jeer, and sneer the censors into silence, as Cervantes, by his book, "Don Quixote," silenced knight-errantry in Spain when it went too far.

You producers can do it!

Do it now!

Cater to your millions of fans—not to the censor.

We will stand by you.

MRS. KITTIE O'BRIEN.

(Age fifty-one).

124 West Twentieth Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

A Fan Club Would Find a Way to Remedy This.

My main complaint about the movies is that in our town we never know what is going to be shown far enough in advance to make plans to see it. That is, we don't unless we happen to be almost daily attendants, and see the bills on the screen. Our daily paper, which carries the announcement of the program for the day, does not come out until nearly night, when it is too late to make plans. Of course I am writing of the folks who only go occasionally, and who have to select their pictures. I, personally, have to depend on the afternoon show. The film for the day arrives on the one-fifty train, and when the train is late, which it very often is, another film is put on for the afternoon. I can only afford one, or, at the most, two shows a week, and if I fail to see the one I select as my favorite for the week I am very much disappointed.

CORA B. EARNEST.

26 Magdalen Street, San Angelo, Texas.

Why All the Fuss?

Why all the fuss about the foreign films? I have seen Pola Negri in "Passion," and Henny Porten in "Deception," and I admit that they were both good. But Cecil B. De Mille's "Forbidden Fruit" decidedly outdid either of them in my estimation. The acting in the latter was far better than in either of the former. Of course it goes without saying that we can leave it to De Mille to outdo any one in the world in respect to lavish and magnificent settings. Nevertheless, while "Passion" and "Deception" received high and unstinted praise from American critics, "Forbidden Fruit" was passed over lightly as "just another film!" Now, as an actress of fiery emotion, Negri is good, but Priscilla Dean is far better. Henny Porten may be good, but isn't Elsie Ferguson one hundred per cent better? I'll say she is, and at that we are not saying anything about Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Dalton, Pauline Frederick, and many others. Taking these facts into consideration, why not

let us Americans get together and praise our own films and give their producers the praise they rightly deserve? Think of "The Birth of a Nation," "The Miracle Man," "Revelation," "Pollyanna," "Ghosts of Yesterday," "Over the Hill," and many others, and then see how they compare with "Passion" and "Deception." Didn't you enjoy any of the first ones far more than either of the last two? I'm sure I did. I would be delighted to read in your interesting columns the viewpoints others take in regard to the subject.

PHILIP E. DAGNON.

Waterbury, Connecticut.

Banish the Critics? Never!

A serial fan in your April issue says, "The critics don't know anything about what is good and what isn't. The public is the best critic. Some of the pictures the public enjoyed most were marked 'no good' by the critics. We know what is good and bad, what we like to see, and

what we don't without them."

This letter quite incensed me. What right has any one to say that the public is the best critic? Is it true that the public knows what is really good and what is bad? A thousand times—no! There is nothing to be wondered at that competent critics adversely criticize pictures indorsed by the public. The puerility of public taste in artistic matters, and especially in the matter of photo-dramatic art, is lamentable, and it is the duty of every critic to lift the standards of the public by reviling all that is bad. Of course I could not, or ought not to, expect a very elevated expression of taste from one who likes Zane Grey's books and who enjoys such serials as "Dare-devil Jack." But I simply could not resist answering such an unwarranted attack on the critics.

MAURICE CASTLETON.

St. Louis, Missouri.

This Would Be a Change.

I think Kathlyn Williams is one of the very best players on the screen, and it makes me angry to see her in supporting rôles when she should be the star. I do like Roy Stewart very much, but not in Western pictures, as I do not like them. It is strange, but do you know, I cannot like Thomas Meighan! I do not like his looks or his acting, or Owen Moore, either. Please do not think me a crank, for I am not, and there are lots of other men that I like tremendously. In fact I think it would be nice to have the whole magazine devoted just to some of the men now and then for a change. Gareth Hughes is some actor!

KATHLYN WILLIAMS FAN.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

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slowly. "I told the girls what a task it was to be an extra. I warned them. Now if they are anxious to stay in the pictures, I think they should turn out fairly well. They are eager to succeed surely. And that, coupled with beauty and grace, helps tremendously."

Recalling the flood of letters that I had seen in PICTURE-PLAY last month electing her one of the Eight Eye Fillers, I mentioned the fact to her.

Dropping her eyes, she smiled in embarrassment. "I never knew that I was a beauty. But it is wonderful to be appreciated. I don't think any one realizes how I love the letters sent me. They mean so very much—especially now." Her voice softened. "Mother is in the hospital. Dorothy and I have been terribly worried about her, and these sweet letters and tokens of admiration have just kept me buoyed up sometimes when everything was bluest."

Sweet, ethereal, dainty, this emotional prima donna is lilylike, fragrant, slender, retiring, graceful—a far cry from many of the screen heroines who become varnished disappointments off the screen. Her dreamy eyes, her tiny, round mouth, her clear white skin, all are symbolic of the girl herself—girl, I add, rather than woman, though in experience she is indeed no longer young.

As we were chatting, Mr. Griffith strolled over to explain the action of the impending scene to the blond Duse.

"And I wish you would disarrange your hair, Miss Gish," concluded the gelatin genius, after the details had been covered. With a smile, the *Annie Moore* of the unforgettable "Way Down East" left us.

"This is the thing that the whole world loves," said the creator of "The Birth," as he calls it. "Romance! Excitement, thrills, love, and climaxes—not one, but many. When I make a picture I am making it for the world, not for myself. If I were making pictures for myself there

would be more 'Blossoms' and fewer 'Dream Streets,' but"—gradually a smile appeared—"my business sense, poor though it is, tells me that 'Dream Street' is adjacent to Easy Street.

"I must attune my work to the masses as well as the classes. The man in the street must be fascinated just as much as the Wall Street broker and the Greenwich Village highbrow, so-called. And in 'The Orphans' I believe I have the universal story, with its romance, its comedy, its thrills, its heart interest, and, do not forget, far more opportunity for spreading beautiful sets than ever I have had before. Do you think that I will fail to take advantage of the opportunity?"

Dorothy Gish jumped from comedy to tragedy in this feature, portraying the highly sympathetic character of the little blind girl. Creighton Hale will have the comedy moments, and, as we have already indicated, the fight for the final fade-out rests between Morgan Wallace and the talented, exotic Schildkraut. That reminds me that he told me *Romeo* will be his next rôle with the Theater Guild, opposite his present speaking-stage innamorata, Eva le Gallienne, an actress of no slight power.

"What I want to do," said Schildkraut, just before I entrained for the lights of Manhattan and a ring-side seat at the Follies, "what I should love to do is Ibsen. He is the master mechanic, the complete playwright. He is so easy to do, you see, and yet one receives such extraordinary credit for doing him. Then there is always Schnitzler. And several of the English Maughams' plays are masterly. It is my intention to stay here in America, dividing my time between the stage and screen—under the direction of the Guild in the one instance, and, of course, Mr. Griffith in the silent drama."

On the way to the studio bus, Mr. Griffith showed me the village street in old France—Mamaroneck—complete in detail to the last cobblestone. Many of the mob scenes will be

staged here, those spectacular mass effects that have placed D. W. second to none the world over.

He told me that Lillian Gish was far and away the première actress of the silver sheet, that photography he considered second only to story, that "The Two Orphans" would take longer to make than anything he has ever done—with the possible exception of "Intolerance"—and, startling statement this, that any one can act who is not an "actor."

"Give me a plastic person who will let himself go, without thinking what he is going to look like on the screen, and I will make a real player of him. The hardest person to work with is the self-opinionated trouper with 'ideas' on everything from the death scene in 'Camille' to the off-stage shriek in 'The Jest.' One of the saddest losses the screen ever suffered was Clarine Seymour. Another was Bobbie Harron. Neither knew anything technical of stagecraft. They were simply born actors. *And so few people are!*

"The born actor needs no stimulation—no music, for example. We use it very rarely. It serves only to confuse in most instances. In doing a romance like 'The Orphans' there's something akin to a lyrical swing running through the whole thing—broad, tender, appealing."

And if I were picking an artist to breathe reality into the romance of eighteenth-century France, I should not hesitate in my selection of this same David Wark Griffith. The man is as big as his ideals.

There was an enthusiasm in his voice and manner that argued well, it seemed to me, for the success of the picture, and I was told, confidentially, by one of his aids that Griffith has appeared to be much happier in the making of this picture than he has for some time.

All of which has made me eager and impatient to see the finished production—a feeling which I am sure that countless thousands of Griffith's followers will soon be sharing.

Von Stroheim and Mrs. Grundy

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As for the claim that German money, through some devious course, found its way into the making of this sinister film, no one can truthfully say except the powers that be at Universal City. And their mouth-piece, which is the publicity department, is at this writing working night and day to combat certain rumors started ill-advisedly some months ago and which they are now trying their

best to choke—in regard to its daring features. But it doesn't seem logical to the average denizen of Hollywood that if German money—for no reason that I could discover in viewing the film—wanted to hire a director to put over German propaganda they would choose Eric von Stroheim, who is acknowledgedly an Austrian by birth and who at various times, since coming to this country in 1908 or thereabouts, has been sus-

pected of being everything from a common spy to a personal emissary of the kaiser. Even Mrs. Grundy couldn't find any Hun hashish in "Foolish Wives" itself as it will be released to this country.

If you want the most breath-taking entertainment ever offered from an American studio, go, by all means, to see "Foolish Wives," but take your gas masks, and leave Madame Grundy at home.

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to begin work on it. And when he saw Roxane, and realized what a delicate, sensitive young thing she was, he asked her to come over to his studio the next day.

She was so happy when she got through with that interview that she came over to our house and turned cart wheels out in the back yard.

"He just sat there and told me stories—sad ones, most of them," she told me, when I'd finally persuaded her to calm down a bit. "And when I'd wept on my handkerchiefs—wasn't it lucky that I'd stayed up last night and washed some out?—and borrowed his, he told me to come into the office, and I signed a contract. Think of it—a contract—me! Starting at seventy-five a week! Kewpie's waiting for me now at the real-estate office, and we're going to look at apartments all afternoon."

But that joyousness of hers didn't last long after she began working with Clayton Greer. She was a harp on which he played at will, and her face began to show that the melodies which he chose were plaintive ones. I have always thought that there was a morbid twist to his mind; he did such unusual things, got such strange effects, and worked so surely on the emotions of his audiences.

At first he would tell Roxane what he wanted her to do as she rehearsed a part for him; later, when she had made two or three simple, not particularly important, pictures under his direction, and he knew what she could do, he got the results he wanted by arousing in her the emotions which were experienced by the character she was portraying.

That's a dangerous thing to do with a girl who has no technique to fall back on. Emotionally she was torn to shreds day after day, and many a night she tossed about sleeplessly for hours, unable to relax and escape from the tremendous strain under which she had been all day.

Greer didn't care, of course; he was working for his own ends, to create an actress who could meet the demands that he would make on her later on, when he got his big picture under way. To him she was no more than a piece of material which could be thrown aside if it proved inadequate or was spoiled as it was fashioned to his uses. There have always been rumors concerning the relationship between him and Roxane Laird, but I know that he cared nothing for her. As for Roxane and her feeling for him, that was another story.

The first big part which she played for him was that of a girl mother whose child had been killed. It was during her playing of that part that

he developed the system which he always used after that with her, the system that came so near to wrecking her life.

She could have played the rôle easily enough if he had let her cry, but he refused to do that.

"We have had too many tears on the screen," he told her. "What I want is real grief—the stern, relentless grief that turns the heart to stone."

Roxane couldn't enact that, of course. She was only seventeen; she'd never known what grief was. She'd gone hungry and been worried half to death over how she was to get food and shelter for herself and Kewpie, but beyond that she couldn't go.

And so he taught her what grief was. They were on location in San Francisco, and he took her for a walk through one of the poorer parts of the city, not in a tenement section, but where there were little, tumble-down houses crouched down on the side of a great, bleak hill, huddled together for protection against the merciless winds that swept in from the Pacific.

"It was a squalid little house where we stopped," she told me afterward, her voice dreary, monotonous. "And there was a stringy little white crape on the door and two or three half-wilted chrysanthemums. We didn't go in; we went around the corner of the house, and Greer drew me over to a window at one side and said 'Look in!'"

"And I did. There was a woman in there; she really was just a girl, but her face looked like an old woman's almost, and she was scrubbing the floor of the room—a kitchen it was.

"Then I saw what she was washing up. All across it there were little muddy footsteps, straggling from the door toward a red chair—one of those kindergarten red chairs that children love to sit in—and then to the door of a room that opened out of the kitchen. And she was washing up those footsteps. And she looked—she looked like this!"

I never want to see again the expression that her face assumed as she turned to me. You have seen it on the screen, and have felt that you looked on a soul in torture. It is one of the things that have made Roxane Laird famous—that portrayal of heart-searing grief. But to take a happy, laughing girl and burn into her being the ability to look like that at will—that, I think, is one of the cruellest things that I have ever known a man to do, and Clayton Greer had done it.

"Greer said the funeral was to be that afternoon," she went on, her

voice leaden. "I asked him why the neighbors hadn't come in to help, and he said that the child had died suddenly of a contagious disease and the people were afraid to go there.

"I said I'd go in and help, but he wouldn't let me. He made me go away with him. Think of it—that woman, all alone with her baby's body, washing up his little footsteps so the house would be decent if anybody should come to the funeral! I shall never forget how she looked, never."

She never has; her work on the screen proves that. Greer blighted her happiness and gained great rewards for doing it, but Roxane changed from that time on.

She was more sensitive, more open to suggestion than ever. And, realizing that, he worked upon it. He took her to the morgue, I remember, at a time when there had been a great disaster, and a weary, stricken procession filed through the dank building, searching for the bodies of loved ones. Roxane had a nervous collapse after that—but when he used a similar situation in a picture, and cast her as a girl who had lost her mother, she gave a performance that the critics acclaimed from coast to coast and pointed out as a bit of acting that was worthy of the greatest actresses in the world.

"You are getting your emotional experiences by proxy, Roxane," he told her, but when she repeated that remark to me she added, "I don't know why he says 'by proxy'—if I didn't feel those things I couldn't do them, could I?"

Perhaps Greer didn't realize that she felt what she saw as deeply as if she had had the experiences herself. Certainly he did not realize that Roxane was falling in love with him. Every one else did, though, and those who liked to gossip were saying things that would make it very difficult for her ever to face the world without his backing.

She knew that, I believe. But he had so completely absorbed her life that she did not care. And then, when he had spoiled her for going on without him, he told her that he had decided not to renew his contract with her; that she was free to make a connection elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVII.

Hugh and I were in the East when the announcement was made that Roxane Laird was no longer under contract with Clayton Greer.

"What on earth will she do, Hugh?" I cried, throwing down the paper in which I had read it. "She has learned to do just one thing: to

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Up and Down With Polly

By Edna Foley

SOMETIMES, in real life, a woman gives up a career as social butterfly to go into business, as was recently proved when Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, wife of the Goldwyn Eminent Author, opened a beauty shop in New York. But in motion pictures, it doesn't happen that way, even though the arrangement of these pictures of Pauline Frederick might suggest such an occurrence. To go farther—to the bottom of the page, in fact—it looks as though Miss Frederick, though, of course, every one who knows her calls her Polly, rose from a lowly career as washerwoman to that of social light. Such a step



is too preposterous for life itself, let alone the movies. So let us explain.

In "The Sting of the Lash," her newest Robertson-Cole picture, Polly is a social leader. That picture should have come first, of course, but it was so much more attractive than the other two that it seemed nicer to make it large and put it in the middle where you could see it better. What is the use of logic, where beauty is concerned? None, you will agree after looking at this arrangement. Polly, in the rôle of social leader, marries a worthless fellow who all but ruins her life. She takes matters into her own hands in time, though, makes a living taking in washing and eventually rises to a position of prominence in the business world. There you see her at the top of the page.



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portray grief magnificently. She can't work with any one else—can't do anything else. And she's madly in love with him. What on earth can she do?"

Hugh confessed that he didn't know. I wrote Roxane, asking her to come and stay with us until she made up her mind what company she would sign with, but she wired back that she would have to stay on the Coast, as she had already signed another contract.

"Don't worry," she added. "Things are fine."

That sounded like the old Roxane. But Kewpie, who had developed into one of the most daring stunt actresses in pictures, wrote me a long and very badly spelled letter in which she told me the truth.

"Roxie's just about ready to die," she wrote. "She says she's going to do something new, and she's making a comedy drama and it's awful. And she walks the floor and cries all night, and somebody's got to do something about it."

So when we got back to the Coast I tried to do that something to the best of my ability.

I found Roxane a shadowy wraith, her great eyes hauntingly sad, her face so thin that she looked haggard and old.

"I can't make a go of it without Clayton, Sally," she sobbed as she sat there in her sun parlor, huddled down in a little rocking-chair, staring out at the hills that swept in a great circle around the horizon. "Oh, I love him—why should I try to conceal it from you? He's never cared for me; I know that. Ever since he made 'Sin' he's known nothing but his work; it's so big that he doesn't care what he tramples underfoot for its sake. He's mad with praise—thinks he's another Griffith. I don't know; maybe he is. He says Griffith made Lillian Gish and Mae Marsh and Blanche Sweet, and he made me, and now he's making little Phillipa Paine—'making her'—as he made me!"

"I told him that Griffith gave all those girls real training, real technique, so that they could work with any one; that he was kind, not cruel, in his training. 'Well, I've trained you, too,' he said. 'I've taught you to understand all the troubles in the world!'"

"That's it; that's what he's done for you, Roxane, only he didn't know it," I cried, jumping to my feet and running over to her. "Why can't you use what he's given you—this understanding of other people who are in trouble, and ability to sympathize with them? You were so sensitive, so keen to realize how they felt—

don't you see that you can help people like that now?"

"But I can't," she protested. "I don't know how; there's nothing I could do for them."

"Learn to do something for them," I urged. Truly, I was afraid that she'd lose her mind if she brooded over her troubles any longer. "Study nursing, and become a visiting nurse; that'll give you all the opportunity in the world. Come on with me now, and register for the training course at the City Hospital."

I wasn't really sure that she'd do it until we got there and she talked with the doctor in charge. She looked as if she were in shocking bad health, but she had really a good constitution, and he was a man keen enough in reading human nature to grasp what she could do.

And so she disappeared from her world. I believe that the newspapers stated that she had gone abroad. In reality she was there at the hospital, living a life so regular that it brought her back to perfect health, working so hard that she tumbled into bed at night so tired that she could hardly undress before she went to sleep. It was the best thing in the world for her. For working there, seeing how the doctors worked for people, instead of looking upon them as Clayton Greer had, she got a new point of view, and when she left the hospital at last she was far from being the girl who had enrolled there.

She had not stayed long enough to graduate, but had taken a shorter course. When she left she worked as assistant to another nurse in the slums of San Francisco. Whenever I was in town I saw her, and more than once I have toiled over the wind-swept hills in her wake, rejoicing in the welcome which she received everywhere.

It was the warm sympathy in her eyes that won people over to her; not even the dourest immigrant could resist Roxane. There were others who couldn't resist her, either, and when she met me at the Ferry Building the morning Hugh and I arrived from a trip up the Coast, and told me that she was engaged to a young newspaper man I shrieked for joy till Hugh threatened to choke me.

"I'm as glad as you are," he exclaimed, clutching Roxane by both hands. "But somebody's recognized us, and if you shout like that the evening papers will announce that I tried to beat you in public. Come on up to the hotel and let's have breakfast together—phone your man to come along, Roxie, and let's have a look at him."

He came—and I wanted to shout again when I saw him. He was noth-

ing unusual—just a fine, square-shouldered chap with a chin so firm that I hoped Clayton Greer would encounter him some day. And he adored Roxane, just as she did him.

They were to be married a few days later; Roxane had just been waiting until we'd arrived to act as best man and matron of honor. We assured her that we would, of course, and she and her fiancé—I'll call him Jerry Malotte—rushed away to arrange for the ceremony.

"I'm glad she's doing this, of course," Hugh remarked as we went about our unpacking, after they'd gone. "But in a way it's too bad. Roxane really has wonderful talent; I believe that with the right training and the right opportunity she'd do wonders. She has a marvelous gift, and having this little vacation from working in pictures has given her just the right angle on it; she'd be able to do things now that she never could have done before."

"She says she'll never go back to the screen," I told him as I sorted out the chaotic contents of one of the suit cases. "She hates it—because she was so unhappy, I suppose—and she says that nothing on earth could ever make her go back to it."

"Maybe she's right—but I saw Greer in the lobby when we went through, and I know that he saw her. I wonder if——"

"Don't you tell him where she lives!" I cried, jumping up to run to him. "Don't you let him know. She's going to be happy now, and he'll spoil her life for her again. Don't tell him, Hugh!"

"I won't child; don't worry," he answered. But, as it happened, he didn't have to. For he had followed her when she and Jerry Malotte left the hotel. And at that very moment, as I learned afterward, he was asking her to come back to him for one more picture, the greatest one that either he or she had ever done.

"I will never come back," she told him. "I've broken away and I'm through forever; nothing could make me go back to pictures."

Yet only a few days later she was phoning him that she would accept his offer, and was doing it eagerly, fearful that he might have changed his mind. Jerry had been seriously injured in an automobile accident, and had been rushed away to a hospital. Roxane was determined that he should have the finest care that money could provide for him, even if she had to go back and work with Greer to get the money. By going back she was paving the way for the best work she has ever done, yet she did it with an aching heart.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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that if a player has been in the movies for any length of time he or she must be old. And because my sister began to work in pictures more frequently after I had my start they think that she is younger than I, though I really come in between her and my brother. You see, Norma Talmadge and I started in pictures when we were scarcely more than children, so we don't have to be so awfully old even if we were in the movies a very long while."

Her mother called her into the house then, and I, was left to amuse myself. I envied the two little boys across the way of having the chance to see Anita every day.

Miss Stewart came back soon with two gentlemen, one whom she introduced as Mr. Christy—who makes the Christy comedies—and her husband, Rudolph Cameron. At first glance he looks so much like Richard Barthelmess I was startled. He's just about the same size and build, and very dark, too, and he has that same friendly, interested manner. It's almost a shame he isn't acting any more since he did a few pictures with Anita several years ago. I asked him why he didn't.

"Well, you see, it wouldn't pay me," he said. "I make more money managing the Anita Stewart Company. It's strange, though, you know, the picture game is in pretty bad shape just now—in such a condition that it is hard for any one to get work. And now I have received a good offer to play in a Broadway production and three picture offers. Isn't that the way? Probably if I needed the work I wouldn't be able to get it, and because I don't, why they come."

You wouldn't wonder about that if you saw Mr. Cameron. He is an ideal type for the screen.

We went into the house for luncheon, which we had in a dining room all done in yellow. Anita and her husband sat on both sides of me, with Mr. Christy opposite me, and through the substantial luncheon of soup, chops, potatoes, chicken, peas, and iced tea, with ice cream and coconut cake for dessert, served by the colored butler, Mr. Christy amused us all with his very interesting talk. I believe he is the first producer, outside of Mr. Griffith, of course, that I have met, and if they are all as nice as Mr. Christy I like them very much. A lady friend of Miss Stewart's—or should I say Mrs. Cameron?—came over and joined us. She had the most magnificent diamond ring—the stone was almost as big as a ten-cent piece—that a friend was willing to sell for three thousand dollars, and she wanted to know whether Anita would care to buy it. She liked it immensely, but it wasn't just the color stone she wanted, so she was undecided. As all her jewels were stolen in California, she was anxious to get some more diamonds.

During the conversation Miss Stewart happened to mention how she happened to get in pictures, and I listened eagerly, for that's my pet information—how they began.

"My sister was six years older than I, and she married Ralph Ince when I was eleven. Of course, on account of my brother-in-law being a director, I was always around the studios. I remember the Talmadge girls, Rosemary Theby, and Rose Tapley were all working at the Vitagraph studio then. When I was fourteen we moved here to Bayshore. One night my brother-in-law came home and told us he had three stories to film.

"He said, 'One of them is an awful story; I don't know why I'm doing

it, but it's Albert M. Smith's pet story. It's called 'The Wood Violet,' and I can't imagine who I'll get to play it.'

"My sister suggested, 'Well, let Anna—they always called me Anna at home—do it. It will give her the chance to go to Saratoga, and she wants to go so bad.' I was just the type for the picture then. You know, just a kid, and it was easy to play just running around wild and barefooted with my hair hanging down my back. So I did 'The Wood Violet,' Rosemary Theby did the other picture, and my sister the third one. 'The Wood Violet' made a hit, so on the strength of that I was given twenty-five dollars a week."

After luncheon Miss Stewart took me upstairs, and we primped up a bit to have our pictures taken. She had had her flannel skirt laundered, and it had shrunk a trifle, so she was worried for fear it was too short. It seemed strange to hear an actress fret about a skirt being too short, which an ordinary girl would never let bother her for a minute.

Mr. Cameron snapped our pictures all over the place with Casey, the dog, and sitting on the running board of the car that they call the "Jazz-bo." Anita told me everybody around there had one to carry luggage and things back and forth from the station. Just for fun we were going to take a ride in it in the afternoon, but the time passed so quickly we didn't get the opportunity to. Instead Miss Stewart's friend took us to the Bayshore station in her car. Anita Stewart consoled me with the probability that we may meet again before she returns to California as we said good-by, and as I watched the car drive out of sight I knew this was the end of one of my most *perfect* "adventures."

The Screen in Review

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Atherton, is a picture that tells a romance of a generation ago, when licker flowed freely and when the Five Points in New York was unrescued by settlement workers. "Big Game," starring May Allison, relates the adventures of a wife who cures her husband of an aristocratic bent

of mind by taking him to Canada and forcing him to lead the raw, rough life. "Life's Darn Funny" to Viola Dana and Gareth Hughes, who costar in a comedy.

The reviewer is under oath not to mention Hugo Ballin's production of "Jane Eyre." I am sorry because "Jane Eyre" is one of my favorite novels, because I should like to talk

about a Ballin production without mentioning the settings and because I should like to be able to say a great deal about Mabel Ballin's clever acting. However, a promise is a promise, and I have not said a word about "Jane Eyre." But when Hodkinson releases it, don't miss it. Norman Trevor is that sinister hero, *Mr. Rochester*.

A Few Historical Facts Not in Our Histories

Did You Know That

King Henry VIII had eight wives and not one showed a desire to go into the movies because they knew they wouldn't live long enough to become a star?

De Soto looked for the fountain of youth in vain because he didn't travel as far West as Hollywood, where Mack Sennett had a monopoly on enough youthful maidens to make the Spaniard's mouth water?

The reason it took Hannibal three days to cross the Alps was because the camera men on both sides couldn't decide on advantageous positions to take their views, so there was no reason for Hannibal to hurry?

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little painted backings in the studio. There were no sets then. Daylight was a faithful photographic ally. Our little stage was under glass, and we never attempted artificial light. That came later."

Three years after Colonel Selig began commercial production he enlarged his studio by taking over the entire loft building in Peck Court. This sturdy pioneer had the supreme faith in 1900 to organize the Selig Polyscope Company and incorporate for fifty thousand dollars. His confidence staggered the infant industry.

A banner year of motion-picture advancement was 1904. It marked many turning points. Bit by bit, Selig had kept plugging away at stage effects, such as arc and spotlights, until, in 1904, he actually photographed by artificial, as well as daylight, forty thousand feet of film showing the famous Armour packing plant and stockyards in Chicago. This film, which was used for advertising as well as educational and industrial advancement throughout the entire world, insured the future of the Selig Polyscope Company.

The pioneer producers educated the public and exhibitors to longer films—five hundred to one thousand feet—during that year. Real dramas and comedies were produced. Real sets were used. I wonder if any of the readers of this magazine can remember seeing "Tracked by Bloodhounds," "Girls in Overalls," and "Humpty Dumpty?"

One reel was the limit, except in very unusual cases. Colonel Selig filmed twenty-six hundred feet of the Root-Gardner fight at Fort Erie on the Fourth of July, 1904, and the picture ran for eight weeks at the Olympic Theater, Chicago.

1906 was a big year for motion pictures.

This was the year that D. W. Griffith came a-knocking at the door of the Biograph studio, New York, for a humble job. This was the year when Selig really established his one-reelers and created the famous "Diamond S" trade-mark. In the spring of this fateful season the Selig Polyscope Company moved from those dingy but beloved surroundings in Peck Court to a new studio on Western Avenue, near Irving Park Boulevard. Within a year the company had purchased the entire block and erected what at that time was the largest studio building in the world, capped by a skylight one hundred and ten by sixty feet.

The birth of the nickelodeon occurred in 1906. For the benefit of the present generation I will explain that the nickelodeons were the first little theaters that sprang up in storerooms and holes in the walls, or wherever they could, showing pictures for the price of one nickel.

"Twenty-five to thirty dollars a week was the actor's salary in those days," said Colonel Selig, "and a director possibly got five more. Most of my actors had been recruited from vaudeville and stock, although one or two legitimate stage actors braved the ridicule of their fellows to try their luck at the new profession.

"Tom Santschi was one of these. This sterling man and actor came to me in 1906. So did 'Broncho Billy' Anderson and the lamented Francis Boggs, who were my first directors. The first stayed but a short time, while Mr. Boggs became the director in chief. James L. McGee, who is to-day the manager of my Los Angeles studio and zoo, also started in 1907."

Colonel Selig has kept a list of every film or picture he has produced, the footage and the date of release. As far back as 1907 Selig was producing in one reel such classics as "The Two Orphans," which Griffith is reviving to-day, and in 1908 "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "East Lynne," and "Damon and Pythias." While looking through this lengthy catalogue of the years I ran across a most un-

usual thing. When two and three-reel pictures first came into being they were released on successive days, one reel a day.

"How could the exhibitor expect people to come each day to see a continued picture?" I asked Colonel Selig.

"The exhibitors were wrong," he replied, "although patrons came anyway because pictures were a novelty. We producers couldn't persuade the men who showed our films that their patrons would sit through longer films. But I gambled in 1907 to the extent of inaugurating two-reel dramas. The first of these was 'The Holy City.' It was in twenty-six hundred feet. The picture was a success.

"With the constant expansion of our Chicago studio and the gratifying growth of public interest in motion pictures, we felt called upon to venture bigger things.

"I have been called the 'Columbus of California,' but much of the credit for that is due Francis Boggs. When I decided to produce 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' in 1907, he urged me to let him make the water scenes off the Coast, near Los Angeles. This was an unheard-of venture, but I consented.

"When Boggs returned with the water scenes of 'Monte Cristo' I made up my mind that California was the place for us. And so it came about that our entire company left Chicago for Los Angeles, via New Orleans, January 8, 1909.

"We still had to watch the financial corners mighty carefully in those days, so we seized the golden opportunity to shoot several pictures in picturesque New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and the Louisiana country. The company stayed thirteen weeks, and then proceeded to California.

"March 23, 1909, was the birthday of the first studio in Los Angeles. It was located at Eighth and Olive Streets. We acquired an old Chinese laundry on a corner lot, approximately one hundred by two hundred feet. We changed the laundry to dressing rooms and an office, and constructed a stage forty by forty feet."

Here the Western company stayed for almost a year, during which time Hobart Posworth cast his lot with motion pictures. During this year Selig contracted with the Southern Pacific Railroad to make educational scenics along its route through the picturesque Yosemite, at Lake Tahoe, and in Oregon and Washington. The company, with Jean Worth as the new leading woman, traveled for three months, combining the educationals with one-reel Western dramas.

In those days Hollywood was unknown, and Los Angeles had not come to respect this new industry. The way of the motion-picture man was hard. He had little standing. Even the loafers in Central Park looked at them askance. Extra people were unknown. James L. McGee told me that in 1909 he used to walk through Central Park in search of extras. There hundreds of the unemployed were wont to loll in the sunshine. Selecting a type, he would approach him with all the courtesy of a floorwalker.

"I beg your pardon, but are you looking for work?"

"What's your business?"

"Motion pictures!"

"What—me work in them things? Naw, nothin' doin'!"

Retaining his courtesy, Mr. McGee would start on.

"Say, what do I have to do?"

"Put on make-up and do what the director tells you. You're just the type we want," added Mr. McGee suavely.

And only after a promise of three dollars a day would the loafer reluctantly consent to honor the studio with his presence. The temperamental star of to-day has nothing on the lordly extra of that prehistoric period!

Double-Double—

Harold Lloyd's mysterious shadow becomes a star.

By Edwin Schallert

MR. Lloyd, Mr. Lloyd!" I hastened after the young man rounding the corner of the studio building, for at the office they had just informed me that Harold Lloyd had left for the day, and here I'd been so lucky as to catch him. "Mr. Lloyd!" I hailed again. This time he heard me and faced about.

"Why, Mr. Lloyd, I wanted— Oh, I beg your pardon, I thought you were— Er—um!"

"Yes—" he said with a suspicion of a smile. "That's my name."

"Well, but—but—" I stammered astoundedly, and even made an effort to rub my eyes. For a moment I thought I was seeing an apparition. "But—you aren't Harold Lloyd." Certainly he was not the comedian of the horn-rimmed glasses.

"My brother left just a little while ago," he answered slowly.

"Your bro— Oh, are you Harold Lloyd's brother?" I blurted excitedly. "Oh, that's why— Well, by Jove, you do look a lot alike—that is, from a distance," and mentally I added, "when viewed aft."

The resemblance wasn't so marked now that I had approached the slight but well-proportioned man in the tweed suit and cap. I noted that his eyes were blue, whereas his brother's were deep brown. Too, he talked at an easier pace and with apparently slightly more reserve, although the noted comedian is rather quiet and retiring in his demeanor with strangers.

"My name is Gaylord Lloyd," he said by way of explanation.

I recollected that I had heard of a certain Gaylord Lloyd, who was starting to make pictures, but remembered that I hadn't paid any particular attention because a star's relatives don't often look much like the original, and frequently live on the reputation of the other member of the family. However, my curiosity was somewhat excited by the chance encounter, and so I engaged him in conversation.

"It's funny," I went on, as I made a guess at his age, "but I thought Harold Lloyd's brother must be younger than he."

"Lots of people have the same idea," he replied. "It makes him mad, too, when he hears it, though he calls me 'the kid' for fun. The fact is, I'm just about five years older.

"I had a head start of Harold professionally," he continued. "That is, on the stage, but I quit acting and went to ranching in Wyoming until I came out here."

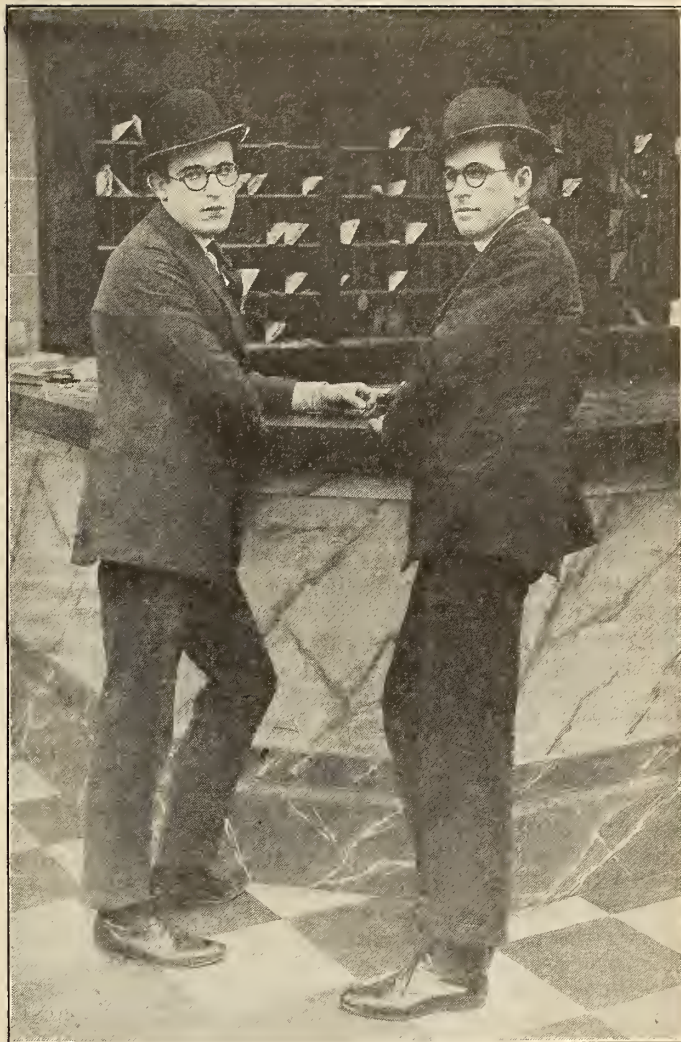
"You're in pictures permanently now, though, aren't you?" I queried.

"Oh, yes. I've been in them for three years. You see"—I noted he had a funny way of contracting "You see" into "see" and almost deleting even the "Y"—"I've been doubling for Harold in the stunt stuff off and on.

"Now, though, I'm making comedies—that is, in a small way as yet. I've finished several one-reelers, and one of them is about ready to show. I'm not just satisfied with them—I mean they're not just right yet, but things are framing up better now."

"But about that doubling?" I interjected.

"Well, 'see, it came about this way. Hal Roach and my brother wanted me to star when I came to California.



On the left is Harold Lloyd, and on the right his brother Gaylord, and it won't be long before you'll know him as more than Harold's brother.

Roach said he thought that I could revive my brother's character of *Lonesome Luke*, which was always a favorite with him.

"But as I had just been operated on for appendicitis I didn't feel that it was a good time to begin. So I told them I'd rather wait. I said I'd like to start in and learn more about the films, because all my experience had been on the stage.

"I began by doing some extra work in Harold's first two-reelers. I used to play Chinamen most of the time—because I happened to get a good make-up at the start. Then, after a bit, I commenced doubling.

"During my ranching days, 'see, I had driven machines over rough roads and even across open fields, and I'd ridden bad horses and even broken a broncho or two. So I was pretty well fitted to take the extra risks.

"I began doubling for Harold about two years ago, and for a while did all the stunt stuff, like the riding in that burlesque on the Western, and driving the Ford car through fences and buildings in 'Get Out and Get Under.' I worked in most of the long shots, while Harold did the close-ups. My last doubling was in 'Now or never'—the stunts on top of the railroad cars. Harold wanted me to have credit in the publicity, even had some notices about it sent East, but as this would have taken away from the pictures they decided it was better to keep it quiet. I always photographed just like Harold from a distance—you've noticed how much we resemble each other—and it seemed

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contain quite a bit of moving-picture news. If your weekly newspapers carry no movie reviews or comments, you will find these periodicals very interesting, if you can gain his permission to use them. Promise him your coöperation in interesting your friends and persuading them to attend the theater more often, if he will coöperate with you and show a better class of pictures.

"How are the exhibitor and the fan club of your town coming out?" I asked a friend, on meeting her in the city.

"He is very much interested in our club. He may let us help him arrange his lobby display, and we are going to assist him in advertising his pictures if he will promise to show at least one picture a month that isn't over four years old."

After you have won the exhibitor to your side, you must try to get the community to take an interest in your club. In all small towns there are people who are prejudiced against any attempt to make a change, but usually there are others just as eager and willing to help you make a success of your club. Even if you are a very timid club, and do not feel that you have power enough to influence the exhibitor or interest the community, you can still do good by spreading as much *correct* movie information as you can, and see if you

can't root out some of those dreadful press-agent stories that were circulated in the early days. You would be surprised at the way people cling to them, and I think they have done much to retard the advancement of moving pictures. Last summer I made a trip through a number of small towns, and I do not believe there was one—in fact I know there wasn't—where I did not hear these same old tales. You have heard them, I'm sure. There is one that has whiskers now, about Theda Bara having been born on the Sahara Desert. Of course you have been told time and again that all motion-picture actresses have had at least three husbands. Then there is the old standby, that all players are intoxicated at some time while they are stopping in small towns to make personal appearances.

Try to get the other organizations in your community to help you in fighting for better pictures—the Mothers' Club, the literary society, and other social groups. Your club must work with your community, not in opposition to it.

In a small town you fans have a wonderful opportunity to have a club room. Not crowded in apartments like your fellow fans in the city, some member can, most likely, offer the use of a not-much-used room in her home, or as rent is not high in a small place, and usually there are a great many vacant offices over the

business houses of the town, you can rent one, or perhaps you can persuade the owner to donate the rent to the club. A room would not take much furnishing—some chairs, a table, and window curtains.

However, you city fans are not in as close touch with the manager of a theater and the community as the small-town fans. You do not need to be, as you get to see the latest releases and the best class of pictures. Your club is placed so that it can judge the merits of these, and you are fighting, not for just good pictures, but *better* pictures. To get them you must, as a club, express your opinions every chance you get. Write to newspapers and magazines, and say what you liked and disliked, and why. Remember what Helen Christine Bennett said: "If you want better movies, get out your pen and ink and paper and prepare to write and write and write—and get all your friends to do the same."

Do not despair, fellow fans of cities and small towns, if your activities seem to be failures when you consider how meager the results are. The smallest effort on your part will probably have a greater influence than you realize.

Above everything else, decide to have a good time in your fan club, and have it—let your imagination be your right hand.

If you won't be a *mere* fan, be a merry one!

Double-Double—

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that as the dangerous stuff was really necessary to the pictures, I should do it, because if I happened to be injured, it wouldn't mean any loss. Besides, it was an opportunity for me to learn film acting."

To many this will appear as a strange revelation of a cinema deception. It is known that many stars have doubles for their stunts, but this is a rare instance of its being a family affair.

"I don't think that two people were ever thicker than Harold or Speedy, as I call him, and I," Gaylord told me. "We've always been chums—even since we were boys together in Omaha. Though he was just a kid brother, he was always with me then. He was always welcome in my gang because he was smarter than most boys of his age—a lot smarter."

"Father used to go around with us a great deal, too. He's living with us now, as a matter of fact. In Omaha they used to say, whenever they'd see us together, 'There goes Foxy Grandpa and his two boys.'

"Harold hasn't changed since that time as far as I can see. Of course, he's a lot more clever, but he's just as much of a boy as he ever was.

"There isn't a morning goes by at home but we turn the house upside down. We always have a rough-and-tumble before breakfast. I hate to get up and so does he. And naturally whoever is up first generally makes it hot for the other fellow, throwing water on him and pillow fighting.

"We've been having the house fixed up, and so we don't care now what happens. We throw water all over the walls, which are being tinted, and have even smashed a window or two with the pillows. Lots of excitement these days; take my word for it!

"Generally I get the worst of the battle. I have to admit it. I may look heavier than Harold, but he's really stronger than I am. And he never gives in. He has more grit than anybody I know."

It struck me at the time that not all the slapstick happens in the stu-

dios. In Harold Lloyd's case it seems more in vogue at home. He usually avoids the destructive sort of fun-making in the films when he can.

Gaylord Lloyd will, however, probably smash things up considerably to make the world laugh. For he's starting in on one-reelers, and believes that you have to depend on the zip-bang stuff for your ha-ha. He's going to try hard to put the character of *Lonesome Luke* back in the gallery of comedy heroes. Nor has he changed it materially from the original—just given a different slant to the eyebrows, that's about all, while keeping the miniature mustache—about as large as two good-sized freckles.

He's using much the same costume as Harold wore three or four years ago—that is, after *Luke* became stylish instead of a roughneck. But he keeps the original tramp clothes of his brother in his own dressing room for atmosphere. And thus, in a detached sort of way, he's keeping right on doubling for Harold.



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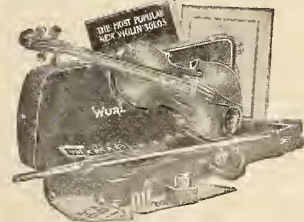
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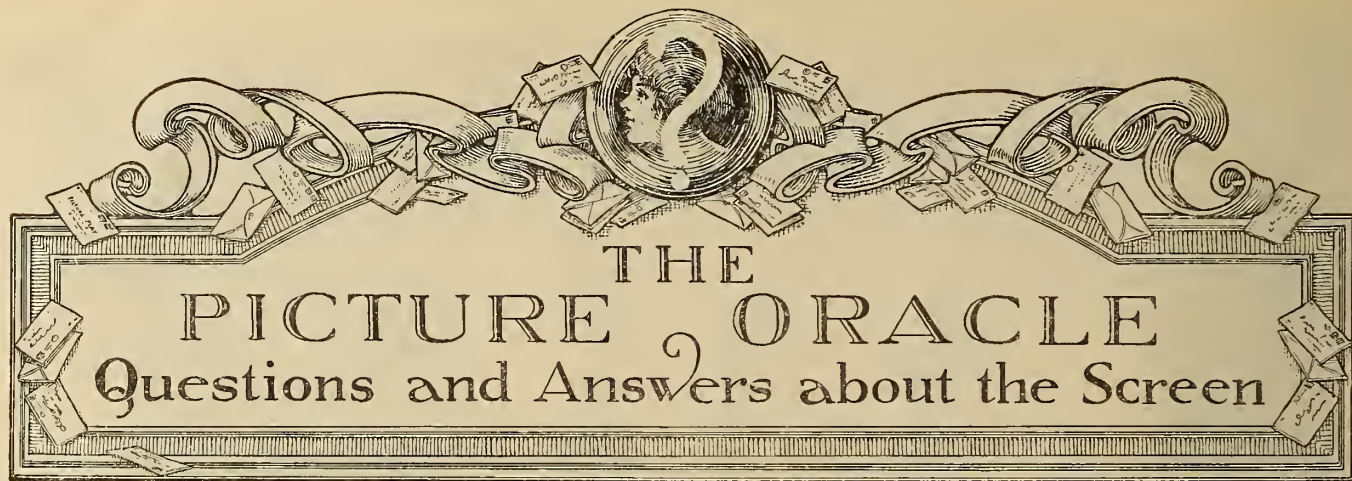
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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

SHIRLEY B.—Please call me by my real name—The Oracle. Rudolph Valentino was born in Taranto, Italy. Dorothy Gish's latest picture is called "Oh! Jo!" Francis Carpenter was born in 1911. Frankie Lee was born one year later. George Stone was born in the same year as Francis Carpenter. Yes, there is a player by the name of Edward Coxen. He played with Anita Stewart in "Old Kentucky." Marjorie Daw is not appearing with Douglas Fairbanks in his most recent picture. She appears in "Experience" as *Love*. John Hines was born in Golden, Colorado, July 25, 1895. Douglas Fairbanks' next picture is "The Three Musketeers." Virginia Lee Corbin's eyes are blue. Ben Alexander has dark-blue eyes. So have George Stone, Frankie Lee, and Francis Carpenter.

MR. NUT COLLEGE.—I think you are quite well supplied with picture houses for a town the size of yours. Jackie Coogan is about five years of age. His mother and father are both living. He was quite ill in New York a short time ago, but has completely recovered. He plays the title rôle in "Peck's Bad Boy." Doris May also appears in this picture. Anders Randolf played in "Madonnas and Men."

ANNA Q. NILSSON ADMIRER, CHICAGO.—Elaine Hammerstein was born in 1897. She weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is brown and her eyes are gray. "The Miracle of Manhattan" and "The Girl From Nowhere" are her latest releases. Jean Paige recently married Albert E. Smith, the president of Vitagraph. Her next release after "Black Beauty" has not yet been given a name. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden. One of her recent pictures is "Without Limit." She also appears with John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eaters."

LAURA G.—Monte Blue played *Love* in "Everywoman." That is Anita Stewart's correct name. She has a sister, Lucille Lee, and a brother, George. Helen Jerome Eddy is not married. You will have to send your request to the editor for that interview you would like to see.

EARLE C.—Harry Morey is not working in any picture at present.

ELLA E.—Art Accord was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, in 1890. Neal Hart was born in Richmond, New York. Roy Stewart was born in San Diego, California. Juanita Hansen was born in Des Moines, Iowa. I know nothing about the company you ask about. Never heard of it, in fact. Your other questions have been answered.

JANE M.—Ask the editor for the interview you want to see. Some of the players read and answer all their mail. Not all of them have time, however.

W. R. L.—The Fairbanks twins are no relation to Doug. Bebe Daniels will not appear in any more of the Harold Lloyd pictures. Mildred Davis is playing opposite Harold in his comedies. He is making his thirteenth comedy for Pathé. That is Bebe's correct name. She lives with her mother. Her mother is Phyllis Daniels and appears now and then in pictures herself. I thought every one knew by this time that Norma and

A. J. R.—That is trick photography, called double exposure, which makes it possible for a player to play a dual rôle and be seen in both parts on the screen at the same time.

VIOLET J. D.—Clyde Filmore was not in that picture.

I AM INQUISITIVE.—There are a lot more just like you, and I am glad that there are. Those players you asked about have all left the screen. Ann Pennington is on the stage in New York. Wilda Bennett is no relation to Enid nor Richard nor Belle. And Belle and Richard and Enid are not related. How did you guess all that about me? I think all that you said was not very complimentary, so I am glad it isn't true. I think your fortune telling, as you call it, is rather "punk." Don't rely on it too much, will you? No, I'm not sore. Never get that way. "Too busy" is right.

GERTRUDE F.—Agnes Ayres is not a scenario writer. She is a leading woman in pictures. She appeared in Cecil De Mille's "Forbidden Fruit," with Wallace Reid in "The Love Special," et cetera. Never heard of J. Lewis. Come again!

A FERVENT ADMIRER OF WILLIAM DUNCAN.—William Duncan lives in California. His wife is Edith Johnson. Bill stars with Vitagraph. That is his correct name. Mary Pickford was born in 1893.

U. KNOW.—Tom Moore is working on "From the Ground Up," an original story by Rupert Hughes. Jerome Storm is screening "The Rosary." Lewis Stone will play the parish priest.

C. AMERICA THIRST.—Why rub it in? Evidently you are a pessimist to label yourself thusly. There may be a few who are thirsting, but I haven't run across them as yet. They do say that the United States is drinking England and France dry since prohibition went into effect. Be that as it may, here you are at the head, just like old-time foam on beer. Nazimova has not left the screen by any means. She has just completed her latest production, "Camille," which is now being shown. As a Nazimova fan you should not miss it. Rudolph Valentino plays the male rôle opposite her. Mary Pickford has no little Pickfords running about, with the exception of her sister Lottie's baby. Jack has retired from acting, for the present at least, and, with Alfred Green, is directing his sister Mary.

JUL.—You will have to write Charles Meredith personally for his autographed photograph. Maurice Costello has not deserted the silver sheet entirely; he plays in pictures occasionally.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Constance Talmadge were sisters. There is a third one, named Natalie. Write to the editor for back numbers of PICTURE-PLAY.

RUTH P.—The only way you could possibly get Olive Thomas' picture would be to write to some of these concerns that sell the players' pictures and see if they would happen to have one. You will find any number of these concerns' advertisements in the advertising section of PICTURE-PLAY. Charles Chaplin is hard at work. He has not left the screen. His latest release is "The Kid." He is working on a picture called "Vanity Fair." It may be released under a different title, however.

N. C. N.—It is generally a good idea to put a stamp on a letter when you mail it. The one you sent me to forward to Thomas Mcighan was as free of a stamp as a snake is of hips. I happened to run across him by accident, so I handed it to him personally. Don't bother. You're welcome.

SWEET WILLIAM.—Raymond McKee is the young man who played opposite Shirley Mason in the Fox feature, "Girl of My Heart." It's the same Raymond who used to play with the Edison company, beck in the good old days of the "jumping tintypes," as they used to call them. He appeared in comedies mostly with the Edison. He was born in the windy city of Chicago in 1892. He was on the stage before entering pictures. He is five feet seven and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty.

O. I. C.—Just what? Mabel Normand is still free from all matrimonial bonds. That is her very own name. She was born with it. She has completed her Goldwyn contract and is back with the Mack Sennett organization, where she is being starred in the feature "Molly O." Jack Mulhall is playing the leading male rôle.

A SWEET SIXTEEN GIRL.—Lew Cody was married to Dorothy Dalton, but isn't any more. Figure it out for yourself. It begins with D—. Thanks for the drawing. It was very good.

HILDEGARDE.—That picture was made before they ever thought of putting casts on the screen. How on earth did you happen to run across it? You either have some memory, or else they run some old pictures at your theater.

ALMA LUCY G.—All addresses are given at the end of this department.

NAUDE L.—There are several reasons why the old-time favorites are not playing on the screen to-day. Some of them have passed on, some have gone into other lines of endeavor, while the fickle public, with its change of taste, is the cause for the retirement of the rest. Some of them have survived the tide, such as Mary, the Gish girls, et cetera. Robert Leonard is Mae Murray's hubby. He has directed nearly all of her late releases. Gloria Swanson's husband is Herbert K. Sornborn. He is not an actor, being interested in the financial end of motion pictures.

MARGUERITE A.—All of the players you asked about are single, with the exception of Jack Perrin, who is married to Josephine Hill. You will have to write to find out.

VIOLA'S ADMIRER.—Wallace MacDonald and Doris May are married. They have been married only a short time. Mary Pickford was born in 1893. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Viola was born in 1898 and Shirley three years later. Shirley's latest picture is "The Mother Heart."

MISS ROSE E. V.—Olive Thomas was born in Charleroi, Pennsylvania, October 20, 1898. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, April 1, 1902. Creighton Hale is unmarried. Dorothy Phillips is Mrs. Allen Holubar in private life. That is her correct name.

STUDIO GIRL.—Joseph de Grasse directed Charles Ray in three pictures—"Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," "Nineteen and Phyllis," and "The Old Swimmer's Hole." He is a brother of Sam de Grasse. Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

Continued on page 110



Posed by Anna Q. Nilsson in "Venus in the East"—a Paramount motion picture. Miss Nilsson is one of many lovely women "in pictures" who use and endorse Ingram's Milkweed Cream for proper care of the complexion.

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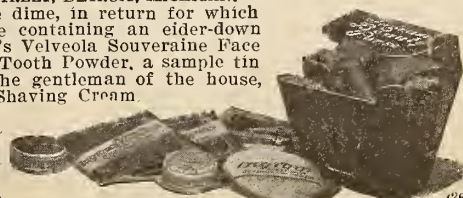
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Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 49

had always had comfort. He never had had to think of making money, and he'd never had any responsibilities. He was accustomed to going abroad every year with his mother and having plenty of time to visit interesting places and only paint what he wanted to. He was even given permission to paint in the Vatican gardens once! But getting married meant that he would have to take whatever commissions paid best. He would have to accept commissions to paint portraits, and he doesn't like that. You know how it is with painters. Hugo was always winning prizes and getting honors; it seemed terrible for him to have to worry about earning enough money to support a wife.

"We were married up at Hugo's own little house at Westport, Connecticut. It was October 24th, and unusually cold for autumn, so when the old justice of the peace came in he tucked a blanket well around his horse and hustled in as though he were in a hurry to get it all over. That's when I began to feel sad that Hugo, who was accustomed to having everything done luxuriously, should be getting married that way. After the ceremony I sat over in the corner, cracking hickory nuts and crying like a baby.

"Pretty soon I found that Hugo really was happy and was thriving on the simple way we lived. We were quite detached from the rest of the world—we just had each other and our little house, and Hugo had his painting. He worked terribly hard that year—got ready for three big exhibitions of his paintings. We were so happy we didn't ever want anything changed. After a while, though, we found that we couldn't live in that dream world forever. Even though Hugo was winning wonderful honors, he wasn't making much money, so we had to come back into the world where things were being done.

"We had sold the little house where we were married and bought another near by that had prettier grounds. Hugo decorated it all, of course, and I made the curtains and arranged everything in it. It seemed just impossible at first for us to come back to New York, we were so perfectly happy up there, with Hugo doing pretty much as he pleased and me—well, I was fast becoming fat and placid. But we came down to New York, and I went to Alviene's and took up stage dancing, and Hugo 'Ate and Grew Thin' with me, as I was determined to reduce before trying

to act again. Then, quite unexpectedly, we met Mr. Goldwyn at a dinner party at Robert W. Chambers' house, and he offered Hugo a place in his company as art director. Hugo was simply stunned, as he'd never thought of going into motion pictures. He protested that he didn't know anything about them, and Mr. Goldwyn and Mr. Chambers protested equally vehemently that what they wanted was an artist. Hugo and I were so excited and pleased over it we could hardly wait for him to start. His first picture made him feel like a lawyer trying his first case. You can't imagine how it thrilled him to be creating pictures to be judged by tremendous audiences all over the country, instead of painting pictures which, at best, would be seen only by a few thousand people.

"Hugo began to make quite a name for himself before long, and the more he saw of the making of motion pictures the more he believed in their possibilities. He worked and studied and experimented, and all that time I was working pretty hard, too. I hadn't made much of a name for myself before my marriage, so of course no one offered me a contract like Hugo's. I had to work up from bits to small parts, until finally Maurice Tourneur gave me my big opportunity in 'White Heather.' I've always been awfully grateful to him for that, and so has Hugo, because he wanted me to have just as big opportunities as the Goldwyn company was giving him.

"I should think that our experience would encourage other couples who seem to be settling down into a rut. There we were, perfectly happy, though poor. And after living 'way off by ourselves, we came to New York and plunged into an entirely new profession for both of us—and we've succeeded. Yes, and one of the first things Hugo insisted on my doing when I had a few weeks at leisure between pictures was carrying out my old ambition to study at the Art Students' League.

"When Hugo formed his own company he had no idea of having me in so many of his pictures. But it has just happened—just happened," she repeated quite guilelessly, "that there has been a part suitable for me in all of his productions since he had his own company."

I suspect that there always will be, for surely having shared everything with Mabel since their marriage ten years ago, he couldn't stop now.

The Miracle Meighan

Continued on page 65

leadin' lady, if I have five minutes to spare. Havin' seen the pulse-quickenin' Jacqueline in the Ziegfeld Follies, from which she tripped to the movies, I says I have five years to spare and can arrange for more if necessary. So we got that all settled, and, sure enough, in a few minutes the fair Jacqueline comes wendin' her way daintily across the lot, and Tom called to her to come over.

Well, gently reader, I don't know whether or no you have ever seen Jacqueline Logan off the screen, but even if you have seen her on the screen, why you know what a blood tingler Jacqueline is. I got quite a kick out of shakin' hands with her, and wouldst of gone away from the Paramount studio convinced that I had a lovely time on *that* alone, when, to my dumfounded delight, this prince of a fellow Thomas Meighan suggests that he rehearse Miss Logan and myself in a scene.

"Now," says Tom, "you will take Miss Logan in your arms like this and—"

I failed to hear the rest of what Thomas said because his sensational openin' remark knocked me for a triple! My face got as red as a three-alarm fire, and I dropped my cap, and Jacqueline giggled, whilst the camera man slid in a fresh plate and muttered, "Pretty soft for you."

Anyways, I managed to pull myself out of the trance I was in, and with rare presence of mind I put my tremblin' arms around Miss Logan, and, believe me, I had no trouble at all hearin' the angels singin' and the harps bein' played, and any minute I expected St. Peter to walk up and ask me how I liked the accommodations and the etc. in heaven. I wouldst of been there yet, only I heard the camera man the eighteenth time he hollered, "All right; I got the picture," and with a sigh of regret that must of blowed hats off in Brooklyn I removed my arms from around Jacqueline's satin shoulders and—eh—that was that.

I will never forget Tom Meighan for stagin' that scene, and I will recall Jacqueline Logan till the day I am shipped to the embalmer's. I had intended to ask Tom a lot of useless questions like how old is he, what drove him to the movies, what does he eat and the etc., but the thrillin' experience mentioned above drove 'em all out of my head. How the so ever, I wouldst like to hear somebody knock Thomas Meighan in my presence, that's all! Yours truly,

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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 56

as soon as she arrived, and I've been seeing her ever since, and of course she looks wonderful. She doesn't wear the sort of clothes around New York, naturally, that she wears in pictures. She's awfully quiet and conservative looking.

"And speaking of clothes"—although no one was, as Fanny well knew—"Carmel Myers will have a wonderful chance to do some good work in her Vitagraph serial, 'Breaking Through.'"

"She always has had," I proclaimed, "and she's done it, too."

"I don't mean dramatically," Fanny protested; "I mean in clothes. In the first part she plays a young college girl, and she'll endear herself to thousands of girls if she'll only dress the part like a human being. I never knew many college girls who wore middy blouses off the hockey field, but in pictures girls seem to think they are suitable for every occasion but a wedding.

"There's another interesting newcomer out at the Vitagraph studio," Fanny continued, "Pauline Starke's mother. In 'Nomads of the North,' the picture Pauline is playing in with Henry Walthall, there are some vision scenes that are supposed to show her mother. Seeing her real mother in the studio one day, and being struck by the resemblance to Pauline, the casting director asked her to play the part. She was delighted. Maybe that will lead to a glittering future; it did in James Young's case, you know. He played in his daughter Clara's pictures until a producer noticed his work. And now he's to be featured in his own right."

"Before you drop Pauline out of the discussion," I remarked to Fanny as she started packing her voluminous vanity case, which seemed to hold everything but money, "have you heard that out at the studio they like her so well they call her 'the only little lady who has temperament without temper.'"

"Of course I have," Fanny remarked airily as she hurried out and I detected Monte Blue just ahead of her. "Sorry not to stay to pay the check, darling, but I must run home and send Colleen Moore a congratulatory telegram on landing the title rôle in 'The Wall Flower.' See you to-night at the Delmonico roof dance. 'Two-gun Texas' Guinan is to be hostess, and I'm so bored I hope she'll shoot somebody."

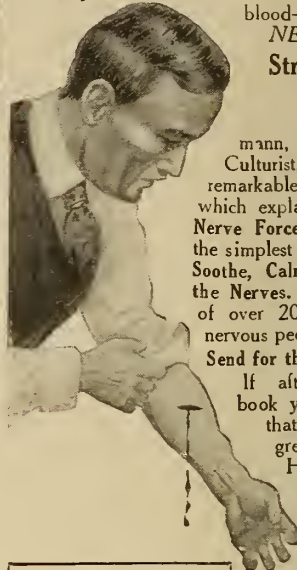
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Alice—Not Ben Bolt

Continued from page 28

year on photographs of themselves. Architects lead peaceful, undisturbed home lives. Why will the world persist in heckling actors and actresses? Honestly, we're only people!"

Away from the land of illusion this slender, straight young woman reminds one not at all of the persecuted heroine of "Sinners" or the home-grown cutie of "Forever After." There is nothing demure about her, nothing even faintly suggesting the coy country maiden. Her manner is nervously animated when she talks; her gestures quick, jerky, abrupt. Working in the studio by day and the theater by night has made her thinner than ever. Her thinness accentuates the earnestness that characterizes her general attitude. Sense of humor? Yes, but rather seeing the light of day through a veil of cynicism.

"It's difficult to compare screen and stage," she acknowledged. "I use totally different methods with each medium of expression. The only big advantage that the talking stage has over the screen is the matter of tempo. In a picture, after rehearsing, you do it and it's done. With a play," she shrugged impatiently, "it's the exact opposite: you're never through. At a matinée, for instance, I broaden and quicken my characterization, and at night I play it more subtly. If I find my audience a trifle slow in catching the spirit of the play I spread the rôle a bit thicker, if you understand what I mean. I hammer my lines home, in other words. This change of tempo, impossible in pictures, is invaluable on the stage. It adjusts the playing to the audience. In pictures this cannot be done."

Many people, chiefly girls, have written Miss Brady asking how to break into the movies. Her advice is of a definite stamp; it's sensible.

"Please tell them for me," she said earnestly, "that the best way to break in is not to break in. The movies are a mighty stiff proposition for beginners, beautiful though they may be. A newcomer is given a part in a café scene after she has warned the extra bench probably for five or six months. The picture will get to the screen all right, but the café scene won't. Cut to a flash, the girl won't even show. In her next picture she may be a maid. The episode in which she serves milady a cocktail will be cut, and again her trip to the Bijou Dream will go unrewarded. In three or four years she may find herself playing third 'business,' and five years later she will still be playing third

business unless she's been lucky enough to land a bit that stands out and demands attention.

"For this reason I would advocate stage training, if you *must* break in. On the stage a bit at least is heard. And if you are the real thing you will make that bit stand out as a fine bit. No one can cut it out of the play to save time or to make room for a late Saturday-night performance, as they do with a film. The stage bit is yours to do as much with as you possibly can.

"So if you're set upon living a life of grease paint and rouge, hit the stage-door trail. Stay away from the studios. And to be truly sensible, you will stay away from the stage. I speak whereof I know. I ran away from home in the best paper-cover manner to get on the stage. William A. Brady didn't help, either. I used a *nom de théâtre* until he gave me permission to be Alice Brady in public. He predicted that I'd be a rotten trouper. I think I fooled him, though, because only last Sunday he let me play the Friars' Frolic with him, and that's no small honor."

She laughs prettily. I could not help wishing that she would laugh oftener. In repose she is serious to the point of sadness, emotionless to the point of boredom. Only when she is breaking a spear for something that she favors, or breaking one against censorship, which, need it be added, she does *not* favor, does she flash that magnetic fervor and enthusiasm that wins the observer's admiration. She admits that she is conscientious about storing energy.

"I go to the theater very seldom for that very reason. It uses up emotional force. It drains your vitality. I must save all this reserve force for my work. I love to see fine things well done, but I owe it to my public to forgo the pleasure in order to keep myself in the best possible shape, psychologically as well as physiologically. I wish to give the best I am capable of both to the stage and to the screen. I hesitate to indulge in any pleasure that may detract from my artistic strength. The public is the first to note signs of weakening, and it's a great life—this of the theater—only so long as you're strong!"

Common sense and practicality, there you have Alice. Noon was the right time for seeing Miss Brady, all right, for as has been said before, daylight is the time to transact business—and Alice Brady Crane is a business woman.



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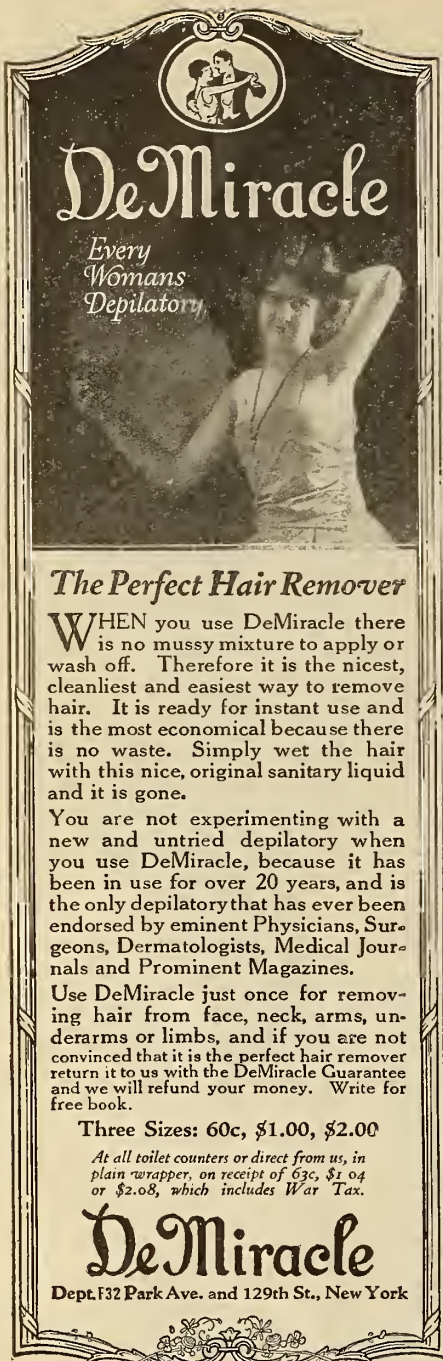


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The Mary Garden of the Movies

Continued from page 23



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rôle. It was discussed with her, and she was enthusiastic. She named her salary. The production was postponed a year. Miss Alden went to New York. Finally the company wired her that the picture would be started. Again she named her salary. The company replied by wire.

"But you want one hundred and fifty dollars more than you did last year."

Miss Alden's telegraphic response was:

"Last year anthracite was nine, dollars and a half. This year it is eleven dollars."

In life Miss Alden's rôles have been almost as varied as on the screen.

For two years she was a newspaper reporter. Her desire was to become a playwright. She started bravely forth as a "sob sister."

"I sobbed from Delancey to Fourteenth Street on New York's East Side," said she. "But I had a peculiar complex. I always sympathized with the under dog. That, as you know, is all wrong for a sob sister. A murderer always appealed to me. I thought it must take tremendous courage to kill a human being. My interest in the processes of the criminal mind swamped my sympathy for its victims. So finally I went on the stage."

Having this interest in mental processes, it was natural Miss Alden should have success with the Ibsen women. She sympathized with their abnormalities. They are not abnormalities to a sympathetic understanding, only to a person without the plus power for getting outside his own shell.

She tried domesticity, too.

"Once I was so madly in love I tried to cook. My first attempt was shad. I had a boiler full of grease and was holding the fish over it ready for dipping. It dropped before the signal and my hand was terribly burned.

"'Now look what love's done to me,' I said, 'darned near made me a cripple'—and the next day I moved into a hotel."

This experience no doubt has given her that sympathetic understanding which has made possible the holding of a cook for seven years.

Miss Alden is one of those rare individuals whose experiences go to the head. She analyzes them and ends by understanding them. Then they become her creative capital to draw upon at leisure.

I trust I have not made her appear

one of those *femmes terribles* whose souls must always roam about a hundred feet above the ordinary soul-ether. She is not of the mohair *litterati*. When one speaks of Mary Alden as brilliant he refers to her appearance as well as to her mind. There is Italian flavor to her beauty—skin of marble whiteness, luminous dark eyes and hair, a strong, full mouth. She is always fashionably gowned in a sort of brilliant richness. Jewels sparkle here and there from furs and velvet faintly perfumed. But the real sirenic quality of her is in the texture of her voice, a curiously modulated tone that carries a delicate quaver. If Mary Alden was Scheherazade I can understand how the sultan fell for her outrageous yarns. A jury recently condemned a woman for murder in Los Angeles. I heard Mary Alden review the case—informally, understand, at a tea. When she finished, that woman was acquitted by every one around the tea table. Not only did Miss Alden make a logical argument, but the very timbre of her voice was persuasive. Since then my ideal of *Portia* has been Mary Alden.

"Why hasn't she married?" I asked an intimate friend of hers.

"Oh, she has!" replied the friend, "but somehow it doesn't take."

To the same question, Mary Alden once replied:

"Individuals do not marry. If they do, it is a mistake. Individuals must stand alone, otherwise they cannot be individuals."

It is the plus power of individuality that characterizes this actress. She is a cerebral, just as Mary Garden is. In many ways she suggests the Mary of the opera. She has the mental poise, the austere individuality which is adamant to any absorption or chastening. She is a force.

When Mary Alden finishes her work for the day, she goes immediately to her apartment and retires. Dinner is served at the table stretched across the bed. Like French queens of prerevolutionary days, she even holds receptions *au lit*. But most of her evenings are devoted to reading. Her library is probably the most comprehensive of any owned by a film player. Her reading is not done as a benefit to her art; it is an end in itself.

I have compared Mary Alden to Mary Garden; this is a paradox, since both are individuals. The only basis for comparison is in the degree of

individuality which they have attained. Miss Garden is not considered a great singer, even by her most fervent admirers. She is not a mistress of perfect French. Yet Mary Garden excels as a singer of French operas. She would excel in whatever she chose as her vocation.

And so, too, Mary Alden has this plus power. Her determination to be ever outside herself has not been to her commercial advantage, because, thus far at least, personality has been the popular element in film creations. No one could possibly fall in love with Mary Alden from seeing her on the screen, because no one could ever know her. She keeps her personality at home; she does not consider it a pigment of art. By exposition of this act alone I think I have proved her an individualist among film stars.

"The Nice Girl"

Continued from page 29

way of doing, for what proud father will not rise to the bait of inquiry concerning his first born? He expounded enthusiastically and at length on the weight of his small daughter, how she knew him—oh, *absolutely*—and how she was going to be the very image of her mother.

Lois' brown eyes twinkled as she told me of the momentous day when the baby was born.

"Conrad couldn't work; he upset vases and furniture, he walked into the camera as if it wasn't there. They sent for him to come home, and late that day he came rushing back to tell us the grand tidings. As a father he was wonderful. But as an actor he was completely ruined for the next week."

I asked her what she did with her evenings. It occurred to me that I had never seen her at the Ship, at the Alexandria, or at any of the usual rendezvous where the Hollywood film colony gathers to make merry.

"Oh, I usually stay at home with mother and my sisters," she answered. "I read a lot, and we go to movies occasionally. I'm afraid I'm an awfully uninteresting person, really. I do the things that most every girl does, and I have an Aire-dale that I'm very fond of"—she cogitated for a moment over her publicity assets—"I don't believe I have a single hobby."

She and Conrad drifted back to the subject of "What Every Woman Knows." It is by no means their only picture together. "The Lost Romance" was very successful, and served to prove, even more fully, how well they work together.

"The only trouble about Lois was"

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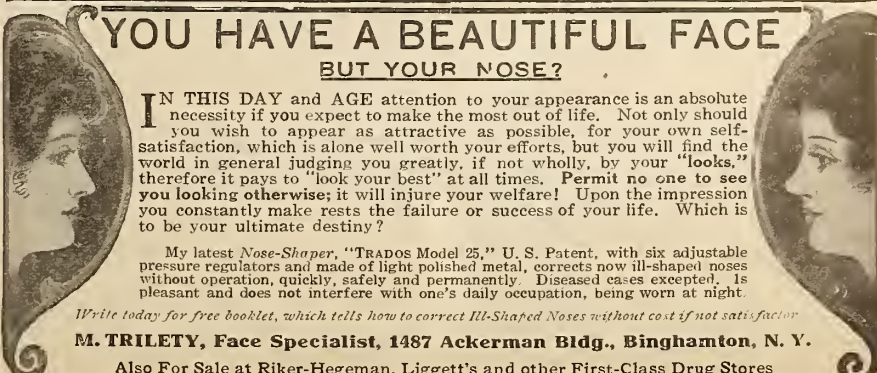
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—Conrad was teasing again—"that Maggie Shayne was supposed to be homely. And Lois held up the production for three weeks trying to make herself look ugly."

"Nonsense," Lois smiled, reddening slightly as she always did at his sallies. "I was homely. I tried to make Maggie's personality compensate for her lack of beauty. I never saw Maude Adams in the rôle, so I had nothing to follow except my own idea of the character. I'd like to play some more Barrie heroines. And, I don't know why exactly, but I like young-married-woman parts. That's funny, isn't it, when I'm not married or even engaged? But there are so many real stories in married life, don't you think? It always seems to me that the usual picture ends just where the real romance begins. It's because I have a practical mind, I guess, that I like to portray logic rather than sentiment."

Lois began in pictures several years ago. Her début on the screen was rather dramatic, one might almost call it hair-raising. She was in Anna Pavlova's one and only film

venture, "The Dumb Girl of Portici," and Lois, then a humble extra, was dragged on the set by her hair. She was the only one of all the long-tressed extra girls who would submit to the pain and indignity for the sake of art. For months she continued in the ranks of "atmosphere," then she won a small part in a Lasky production. Since that time she has climbed steadily, and with so little press propaganda that when she rose to the position of leading woman the public thought they had discovered a brand-new twinkler in the cinema skies.

We spoke of stardom.

"Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely. "I suppose some time, maybe, but just now I'm so happy to be able to work under Mr. De Mille and do my best in whatever part he assigns me. It would make mother very happy of course—"

I found myself describing Lois Wilson to an inquiring fan as "a nice girl." I had to explain, of course. But it was really what I meant, and I hope Lois understands.

Broadway's Famous Castle

Continued from page 43

her pictures indicate. It is her figure which is so marvelously girlish, so gracefully youthful. Then, too, there is a little mannerism—one that has become famous—of tucking her chin against her shoulder, her blue eyes glinting from underneath long lashes. Only young girls can get away with it. Only very young girls—and Irene.

It occurred to her all at once that I hadn't queried her as to her favorite color or what did I think was the psychology of woman's clothes?

"Do you want to ask me anything?" she demanded; then before I could answer: "As an answer of questions I'm a riot. You should have heard me on the witness stand in my suit against Charles Dillingham. The lawyer tried his best to fuss me, and at first I was terribly nervous, but I finally had him pale with anger because to every question he's ask me I'd say, 'Oh, not necessarily,' which could mean anything or nothing. And they couldn't fine me for contempt of court because I was always polite about it. It was so much more original than saying 'I don't remember' or 'I refuse to answer.'"

I think, though I am not sure, that Irene has a good workable sense of humor. She didn't tell any funny stories about Mike and Pat, but I imagine that she takes life pretty

much as it comes, without complaining about the rough spots. And I could discover no trace of brain inflation in the way she spoke of her notable career.

She didn't even tell me about the picture just completed until I asked for details. She was far more enthusiastic about the pedigree of the Belgian griffon, who had curled up in my lap.

"I start in as a chorus girl on the end of the front row, and two years later I'm a star in a cabaret. I was hunting up costumes to-day for the final chorus scenes.

"Virginia was in the picture, too," she reverted to her favorite subject. "We got a shot of him doing his dance, which ought to be good. I'm glad it's almost finished; I want to go home."

Her press representative came in as I was leaving, and a snatch of Irene's conversation drifted out behind me. They were looking over proofs of her new portraits.

"No, not that one; that's too naked. Bobby wouldn't like it."

It sounded so domesticated, so un-Castle-ish! But it must have been genuine, because one can be frank with one's press agent, and, besides, she thought I had gone. So I am safe in my deduction that this new Irene is very much Mrs. Treman. I'm sure she won't mind my saying so.

The Dumb Speak

Continued from page 51

Well, he also starred in the stage version in Los Angeles for several weeks. And who do you suppose played a principal rôle? No less a person than Vivian Rich. King Baggett, Kathleen Clifford, and Otis Harlan were in the cast, too.

Frank Keenan starred in a play not long ago and made a Coast tour. Henry Walthall also toured during the spring in Ibsen's "Ghosts," later changing to a comedy. William Desmond last winter had the principal part in a new melodrama in Los Angeles. His wife, Mary Melvor, formerly in pictures, also had a lead. Wesley Barry last winter played "Penrod," and when he had to go East to make a picture Bennie Alexander took his place. Mary MacLaren recently made her stage debut in a playlet.

You will perhaps note the absence of such names as Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, William S. Hart, Gloria Swanson, Ethel Clayton, Douglas Fairbanks, and others from those mentioned.

Don't imagine, however, that they never give the public a chance to hear them speak. But the occasions are unusual.

Bill Hart is absolutely set against renewing his acquaintance with the calcium. He considers he has made his success on the screen, and that therefore it is best for him to stick to the celluloid. He has refused several large stage offers since the expiration of his film contract. Nevertheless, he has once or twice let the public catch the timbre of his resonant baritone. I recall that at the opening of one of the principal theaters he recited verses expressive of his love of the outdoors and the West.

Mary Pickford makes a fetching little speech at benefits occasionally—very girlish and very natural. She has also arranged the little stunt of telling a few stories and giving a James Whitcomb Riley poem. Charlie Murray told me that she learned that poem one night back stage just before she went on.

"What are you doing?" said Charlie.

"I'm memorizing," said Mary. "But it's a secret. You wait."

"All right. I just wanted to borrow some make-up. Will you lend me your powder puff?"

"No, I wouldn't dare," replied Mary. "That's bad luck. I remember that from my stage days."

Charlie Chaplin has a recitation. "The Kid's Last Fight," which he gives seriously, and then burlesques



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with the drum in the orchestra booming the close of every stanza. He also does a gag about a man viewing pictures in a museum. He draws an overcoat over his shoulders, and, with his back to the audience, makes the sight-seer apparently elongate himself to see the high pictures by raising the garment with his cane.

When there were a large number of stage stars in the films a few years ago they used to have a great time doing stunts. A bill would gain eclat through the presence of such specialty artists as Raymond Hitchcock, De Wolf Hopper, and Julian Eltinge. I recall once that the "Lucia" sextet was sung by Fred Mace, Roscoe Arbuckle, Murray, and one or two others. Can you imagine the sextet by this crew? It would have given the Metropolitan Opera House audience an earthquake shock or the shivers, and I have always felt it should have been recorded on the phonograph.

Sessue Hayakawa is exceptionally good in a personal appearance. He always insists, however, on one poem. This is "A Fool There Was." And he always demands a green spotlight when he's doing it. If you know the Kipling verses of "The Vampire" you may imagine the effect.

Carter De Haven and Harold Lloyd have a novelty stunt which they do. Perhaps you've viewed it in vaudeville. It is a burlesque mind-reading act. De Haven will hold up a lemon and ask Lloyd to name the article.

"It's your latest comedy," Harold will say.

"No, you're all wrong," De Haven will reply; "it's yours."

Another curious thing is that Tom Mix and Will Rogers do just about the same sort of stunt. They both twirl ropes and crack jokes. Mix is quite good at it, too, though, of course, first honors naturally go to Rogers.

George Beban is an adept at getting over humorous pathetic stuff, and is a clever mimic. Clara Kim-

ball Young makes a diverting speech and can tell some good stories. Buster Keaton can do some whirlwind pantomiming that is quite as funny as his screen comedying.

I think the most remarkable production ever seen in a theater was, however, a season or so ago, when a cast of celebrities took part in Augustus Thomas' play, "Arizona." It would have taken a kegful of bank bills to pay these people for the engagement, which lasted the larger part of the week, if they had received salaries equal to their film contracts.

Here is a review of the affair, written by Grace Kingsley in her breezy style:

A whole big stage full of noted stars attracted a capacity house last night. Scores of picture stars were in the audience, too. A procession of flowers like those handed a graduation class followed the close of the first act.

Looking as natural as a drink of water, Roscoe Arbuckle astonished even those who know him best by the ease and cleverness with which he put over his lines. Clara Kimball Young's voice produced an eerie feeling as one heard her fit spoken lines to gestures we know so well. I'm sure Dustin Farnum never looked handsomer in his life, nor played a romantic rôle more fascinatingly. Dear Bill Desmond, beloved matinée idol of a few seasons ago here, was once more gazed upon in the flesh by his fair worshippers, and 's death he cut a gallant figure!

Charlie Murray, hero of a hundred bloodless battles for sweet charity's sake, was so camouflaged behind a mustache, a uniform and a German accent that the audience didn't know him at first, but when recognition dawned he was applauded to the echo and everybody laughed at what he said thereafter, whether he meant it to be funny or not. Sessue Hayakawa hid his fine talents in the thankless rôle of a Chinese servant. We usually associated Clyde Fillmore with heroic rôles, but he made a very satisfactory villain.

One of the biggest hands went to sweet Bessie Barriscale as *Bonita*. Monte Blue was awfully nice to look at as Lieutenant Young, and didn't have much more to say than he does in the films. Jack Holt likewise was silent but impressively handsome. Theodore Roberts reveled in his chuckling retorts to his wife played in finely finished character fashion by Sylvia Ashton.

He Must Get the Picture

Continued from page 27

What a Newcomer Learns First.
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ess of continuity, then cutting and assembling films.

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Continued on page 106

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"I make it as difficult as possible during the beginning of an apprenticeship. Then if a man gets through that stage safely, I know he will stick and I will have a good man.

What About the Working Hours?

"We don't keep hours. Camera men have to learn self-sacrifice, too. That is why I say it takes *men* to enter this profession. It is a pretty safe bet that a camera man doesn't get more than seven hours sleep a day as a usual thing. Sometimes we have to keep him working at night. Again, he may have a week day off and have to work on Sunday. He cannot always keep social engagements, for these may be interfered with at a moment's notice.

"Really these men shouldn't have families—that is an additional luxury to which they are not entitled, considering the nature of their work and their uncertain hours. I want my men to be as kind as kittens—but as courageous as lions.

How Far Can a Camera Man Go?

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 84

Let's Be Fair.

Your letters from the "Fans" have long been a source of interest to me, as it is always interesting to hear what other people think about your pet hobbies.

The German films seem to be causing considerable discussion of late, and rightly so. Any innovation is worthy of attention. For this reason, I had a queer, almost ashamed sort of feeling come over me when I heard how the motion-picture people in Los Angeles had acted in regard to their showing. They, of all people, should have shown the courtesy due to a competitor, for such these foreign actors are. No great art can grow without competition. The present-day state of the American film industry has shown this. Now with an incentive, let's hope the people in our own country can forge ahead of the rest of the world.

Besides—why do such a pettish thing as oppose that which offers no real opposition? These films from Germany are worth considering, but they are nothing miraculous. The acting is excellent, but it has been equaled by American performers; the stories were excellent, but ours have been better—the best ones—the photography was not equal by any manner of means to Tourneur's or to Griffith's wonderful visions; the continuity of the two pictures which I have seen—"Passion" and "Deception"—was weak compared to the best productions of our land. It is fair for me to compare these presentations with our best, as I understand they are Germany's best. One great commendation seems to be the handling of mob scenes. Personally, I detest mobs, whether I'm in them or not, so can't enthuse over masses of people rushing back and forth, in perfect or atrocious order.

One thing that compels my admiration is that these players, the principal ones, act with astounding sincerity. For the lesser rôles, the parts are well played, no more. The vivid Pola Negri has won approval here. She is different and decidedly fascinating. I hope I see more of her.

I wonder if Norma Talmadge has seen this dazzling foreign luminary? I know when she used to be the object of my adoration; her very name would send a tingle of fire through me. Now, her acting itself leaves me cold. No one will ever take her place with me, but my heart aches to see that pedestal whereon I once placed her—empty.

With the hope that the players of the silent drama will be as fair and generous to these foreign stars—their brother artists, as well as competitors—as your magazine has been, I choose to remain quiet until another disturbance arouses me to write.

RUTGERS ARDEN.

145 State Street, Springfield, Mass.

From Another Admirer of Mary.

It is with murder in my heart that I pen this letter in defense of "America's Sweetheart," Mary Pickford. I have just read Miss Ruth Werst's letter in the September number of the PICTURE-PLAY and I wish to state right here that I think her most unjust in her criticism of the most beloved of stars.

I admire Miss Minter very much, but I do not think she would have the courage to disfigure her face and depend upon her art alone to carry the picture through.

There is one phrase which certainly gets me and that is the remark that Mary's admirers are few, and also the insinuation that those who do admire her are "insane." Why, the cleanest, most

wholesome, and most human plays ever portrayed on the silver sheet have had as their star—Mary Pickford!

Mary Pickford is not my only favorite, however, and I should like to put in a good word for Tommy Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, and that "soon to be" star, Kenneth Harlan.

I wish to extend my thanks to Nellie R. Cornelius, and also to say that I will be there to help her root for Douglas MacLean.

Hoping I have not expressed my thoughts too freely to have this printed, Sincerely,

ELIZABETH MEACHAM.

820 Ninth Avenue, East, Duluth, Minn.

Haughty? Not to Her Friends.

I am impelled to write to you after reading Ruth Werst's letter about Mary Pickford. I have followed motion pictures from the time they began, and, having seen all the stars, I am convinced that Mary Pickford is the unrivaled queen.

I, too, saw "Suds," and I thought it sweet and touching—a simple story that brought a lump to the throat and unashamed tears to one's eyes—only later to be dispelled by laughter. To my mind, no warm-hearted human being could resist Mary Pickford's adorable appeal.

The amazing thing to me was the writer's reference to Miss Pickford as a "haughty little lady." I happen to have relatives who live in Los Angeles, quite near her, and who see her almost daily. They all say that she is the most warm-hearted, sweet, sincere, lovable person in the world.

As for the theater that advertised "Tom Mix—also Mary Pickford," well, without meaning disrespect to Tom Mix, I think that must have been some theater manager!

Miss Pickford need not and surely does not worry about the few who do not like her. The millions who love her and who have enshrined her in their hearts, simply make the others appear insignificant.

West Orange, New Jersey. E. M. G.

You Get the Picture!

One of my friends wrote you a letter last month, and when she got her copy of PICTURE-PLAY this month she was rather peeved because her letter wasn't in it. Then I told her that I would bet her a picture of Constance Talmadge against a picture of Wanda Hawley that I could write a letter you'd publish.

First, I want to second that article in which you said that you knew that PICTURE-PLAY's readers don't want to be bunked. It must be a relief to express your real opinions and that is what your interviews surely do.

The reason I like PICTURE-PLAY so much is because it's so different and so vivid. I don't know whether that's the right word to use or not, but our English teacher always used vivid in anything she was speaking of; and besides, I like the sound of it.

I like all your writers very much, especially Emma-Lindsay Squier. By the way, Mr. Editor, I do wish you could publish Sally's real name in your "Revelations of a Star's Wife." I've made a hundred guesses who she is.

I've written you more than I intended now, and besides, they have some new books in at the library and they put them on the shelves at seven o'clock sharp. As it's six-thirty now, I'd better hurry if I want to get one.

R. E. A.

McAlester, Oklahoma.

P. S. Do I get that picture of Wanda Hawley or not?



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Head First Into Drama

Continued from page 74

to me, and I've always studied. I should be supremely happy if I were able to be in concert, but——"

Success on the concert stage is infrequently attained by anybody but European artists, however.

"I felt I must earn my own living. I tried several things, and finally motion pictures. After a long delay, I was taken on in stock at Sennett's."

Any girl who has "arrived" in pictures will recite a certain amount of disappointments, of disillusionments she has experienced. Particularly in comedy studios is jealousy a prevalent factor among the beauties; the whole life is one of rivalry. Miss Hammond went all through that stage, and once some one even went so far as to put something in her make-up which made her face sore and kept her out of the running until she could cure the ailment.

A few months ago a dramatic producer, William Christy Cabanne, requested the Sennett studio to lend Miss Hammond to him for the leading rôle in his forthcoming picture, "Live and Let Live." She played the part, and it whetted her appetite for more drama.

When she finished this picture she went back to the low-and-behold garb and the quick-walk comedies. But Fatty Arbuckle wanted her as his leading woman at Lasky's in "Should a Man Marry?" and she was loaned again. And finally she had hardly finished this work when she was

called for a part in Marshall Neilan's "Bits of Life."

"When I got into drama I found my whole mental attitude changing," she mused. "I was intensely interested, fascinated, with every movement, every aspect. I didn't walk into a scene with the feeling of Oh, well, I must look well, but I discovered that I was strangely intrigued by the thought that I was actually doing a real, human character, and I began to realize how an actor gets keyed up to an emotional pitch. It was so new! It was wonderful—an inspiration—and I could understand what people mean when they speak about an actor 'living a part.'"

Judging from what Father Hammond told me Harriet has sacrificed everything to her ambition. She goes to bed at nine o'clock and arises the next morning at six. She has never been to a film-colony party since she's been in pictures. She apparently has no interest whatever in society.

"I have to get up early," she explained, "because it takes me two hours to make up.

"I would never advise a girl to try the screen," she said, "unless she is level-headed. Of course there are temptations. Where aren't there any? But pictures require undue thought and repose. A girl *has* to consider her appearance because the picture-going public don't care to see her if she's not looking her best."

A House on Dream Street

Continued from page 83

anything in halfway terms—about the picture, about the part he had played in it, about Mr. Griffith and his kindness——

"Oh, say, you know it just hurt me when I saw the way 'Dream Street' was panned. The critics——"

"They said nice things about your work as the big, good-natured tough," Mr. Georg put in.

Ralph laughed.

"Most of them did, but oh, boy, you should have seen what *some* of them said! Maintained that I overacted——"

He suddenly became serious, intensely so, as he is intense in all his other feelings.

"Do you know," he said to me, "I don't believe there is any such thing in the world as overacting? You either act or else you don't. There is good acting and bad acting. But if you feel your rôle, if you actually live it—I don't care if you tear

around the stage and chew up the furniture—it's *real* because it's you! Because one person is more emotional than another—in everyday life, I mean—laughs instead of smiling, swears instead of frowning, do you doubt his sincerity? No, because he really feels that way and expresses himself in the only way he can.

"I'm not saying this in self-justification——" he broke off, scratching his arms in an embarrassed way. "It's just one of my beliefs about acting in general."

I accused him of having a philosophy of life. He admitted it seriously, without hesitancy.

"Yes, I really have. I believe that right thinking will make things come right. I believe that if you can eliminate hate, distrust, and oversensitiveness from your mind that you will find your house on Dream Street. After all, we make our own obstacles when we create mental images of fear

and doubt. I'm not talking theoretically; I *know!* I got to the point where I was dissatisfied, where I thought people had it in for me; I was always being hurt by trivial things. Then one day I looked at myself in the glass, and could actually see my thoughts beginning to show themselves in my face. I said to myself, 'Now's the time to quit.' And I did."

I asked Ralph about his early career in pictures. He slouched in his chair and tortured the handkerchief into a Gordian knot.

"Oh, I began in the regular way—you know, as 'atmosphere.' And, believe me, I was mighty thin atmosphere at that. I was a scrawny kid in those days; no one ever thought I'd be a husky—" He glanced down over his six-foot frame and grinned at me.

"And as for the 'parts' I played in those days—it was at the old Biograph in Chicago—say, I was the five thousandth extra in a mob scene of five thousand people. I was the fellow who stood in the back row and waved a spear as the king passed by.

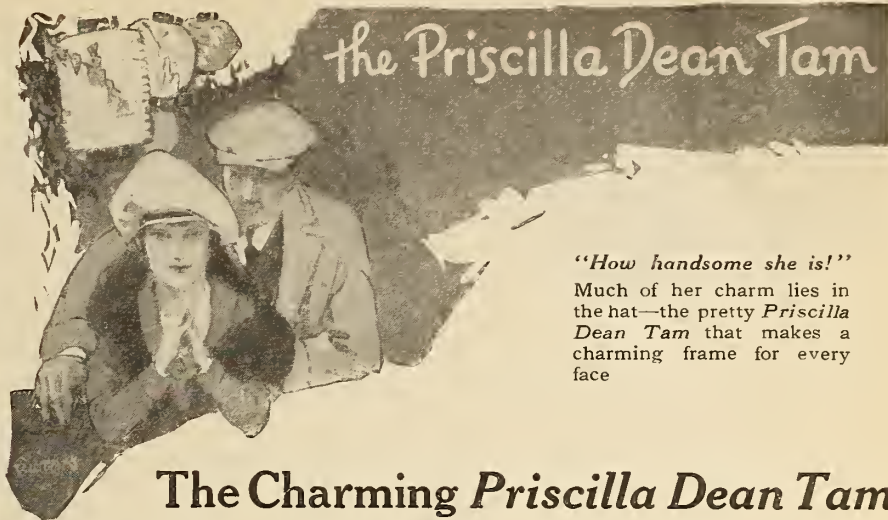
"But I finally butted my way into a small part by sheer nerve. Told the director I had done a lot of work, et cetera, and he believed me. Then I began to climb little by little, and Mr. Griffith gave me several bits in his pictures. I played opposite Dorothy Gish in several comedies. Maybe you remember 'I'll Get Him Yet' and 'Little Miss Rebellion'?"

"But of course 'Dream Street' is the first really big thing I've ever had. No, I haven't left Mr. Griffith; I'm going to work with him as long as he wants me. No matter how well I may do elsewhere, I'm going to be ready to work for him. He is absolutely the master picture maker. And you can't imagine how wonderful he is to the people who work with him.

"I am going out to Los Angeles now to make a picture for R. A. Walsh. 'Kindred of the Dust,' it's called. But I'll come back."

We talked a little of the future, of ultimate stardom. Ralph was uncertain.

"Oh, gee, I don't think I'll be a star very soon. After all, it's more a complimentary term just now than anything else. Your work is what really counts. I've only made a beginning. I haven't any illusions about myself at all. I have acquired a certain amount of technique, I know some of the 'don'ts' of the business. But as for stardom"—he smiled suddenly, one of those smiles that makes him look very lovable and little-boyish—"that's 'way around the corner—on Dream Street."



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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

INTERESTED.—Elliott Dexter was ill for quite a long time. He is, however, back on the screen again and working very hard. He is appearing in all-star features and also starring in some other pictures as well. "The Witching Hour" was his first starring picture for Lasky. Before appearing in "Behold My Wife" he had played in some of Cecil De Mille's best known productions, such as "We Can't Have Everything," "The Whispering Chorus," "The Girl Who Came Back," "The Squaw Man," and "Old Wives for New." He appeared in "Maggie Pepper" with Ethel Clayton, "Don't Change Your Husband," and "For Better, For Worse." Mabel Julienne Scott plays the part of Lali, the Indian girl, in "Behold My Wife." Some of the most recent pictures in which Mr. Dexter will be seen are "The Affairs of Anatol" and with Elsie Ferguson in "Peter Ibbetson."

MILDRED E. H.—Henry Walthall has completed his tour on the road and is soon to make his reappearance in pictures. He is, at present, with his wife in California.

HERBERT H.—It is practically impossible to gain entrance into any motion-picture studio, and it is but right. The motion-picture business is just as much of a business as any other. You wouldn't expect to be allowed to roam all over any other business institution and look over the shoulders of the workers to see what they are doing, would you?

MAE R.—Mildred Harris is no longer under the First National banner. Her contract has expired and she has moved her wardrobe trunk over to the Lasky lot, where she is parked in a dolled-up dressing room where she is working in a Cecil De Mille production, "Fool's Paradise." Dorothy Dalton and Conrad Nagel are also in the cast.

ALICE B. G. QUEBEC.—Frank Mayo is surrounded by the bonds of matrimony. He was entered on the birth records of New York in 1886. He is still with Universal. His newest film is "The Fighting Lover."

VERONICA MARY K.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. Prior to her screen career she appeared on the stage with John Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson." Her screen career stretched over several years.

MISS FRANCIS C.—"Hoot" Gibson was born in Tekamah, Nebraska, in 1892. He tips the beam at one hundred and sixty pounds and is two inches shy of six feet. Write him personally for a picture. He is starring in five-reel Westerns for Universal. His first is "The Mascotte of Three Stars." Clara Horton has the leading feminine rôle opposite him.

MARTHA D.—We do not give personal addresses. Your letters will reach all the stars at the addresses given at the end of this department.

X. Y. ZEEZ.—Are you any relation of my old correspondent Abie Sees? Every single question you asked has already been answered in this issue.

A. B. D.—She is not related to Mollie King.

JULES C.—The players are all of various religions. Marguerite Courtot was born in Summit, New Jersey, August 20, 1897. William Duncan is married to Edith Johnson. George B. Seitz was born in Massachusetts, in 1883.

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Miss ANITA R.—Wallace Reid is Mr. Dorothy Davenport. Wanda Hawley is the better half of Bert Hawley. Her latest picture is "A Kiss in Time." T. Roy Barnes supplies both the kiss and the time in this picture. Wallace Reid's newest vehicle is "Peter Ibbetson," with Elsie Ferguson and Elliott Dexter. Arnold Gregg had the lead opposite Edith Roberts in "White Youth." No doubt you will soon hear from the players you wrote to in the form of an autographed photo.

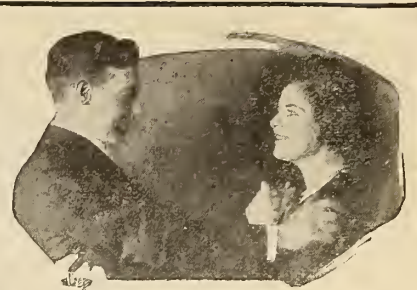
BESSIE M.—Germantown, Pennsylvania, is the birthplace of J. Barney Sherry. Eighteen-ninety is the year of Alice Joyce's arrival on this earth.

EDNA R.—Jack Pickford has not married again since Olive Thomas' death. That rumor you heard to that effect was pure bunk. There are probably no more divorces among professional stage and screen people than there are in most other walks of life. Mary Pickford's hair is curly. She began her stage career at the age of five. All players have to use make-up, on account of the strong lights which are used in photographing the scenes. Make-up is to the artists what retouching is to the photographer. There is always a chance for new talent—but it must be some talent.

Miss GUSSIE M.—The cast for "A Daughter of Two Worlds" was: Norma Talmadge as Jenny Malone, Jack Crosby as Kenneth Harrison, William Shea as "Slim" Jackson, Frank Sheridan as "Black Jerry" Malone, Joe Smiley as Sam Conway, Gilbert Rooney as Harry Edwards, Millicent Martin as Gloria Raymond, and last but not least, Ned Burton played the part of Uncle George. You have them placed right. Dustin Farnum is not married.

GONE AND DONE IT.—So you think I should have lots more salary, no matter how much it is? You mean, how little it is. I wish you would tell the editor that. I tell him all the time, but it doesn't do any good. Jack Dempsey will probably return to pictures and do another serial, since the outcome of his fight with Georges Carpentier was so successful for him.

HELEN L. DEV.—I can't help you to get into the pictures.



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narios that will give needed stimulus to the work of permanently establishing moving pictures as one of the great American contributions to art. The contest will be national in scope. No one will be excluded except employees of The Chicago Daily News and of the Goldwyn Company.

Prizes are offered as follows:

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THE JUDGES.

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Rules and Regulations

1. All manuscripts must be sent to The Scenario Contest Editor of The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Illinois.
2. Legal assignment to The Chicago Daily News of all copyrights of the scenario submitted must accompany the manuscript—the assignment of copyright will be waived after the awarding of the prizes on all scenarios that do not win prizes.
3. Manuscripts must be of not more than 5,000 words and may be written in short story form.
4. Manuscripts must be in type-written form or in legible handwriting, written on one side of paper only.
5. All manuscripts must be in the hands of The Chicago Daily News by 12 o'clock midnight, November 1st, 1921.
6. No manuscripts will be returned. The Chicago Daily News will take every precaution to safeguard all entered scenarios, but will not be responsible for lost manuscripts.
7. No two prizes will be given to a single contestant.

TO ASSIST YOU

Starting Monday, August 22nd, The Chicago Daily News began publishing a series of daily articles by the leading motion picture authorities of the country telling how to write the kind of scenarios the public wants. These articles, by such eminent motion picture figures as D. W. Griffith, Norma Talmadge, Charles Chaplin and Samuel Goldwyn are authoritative. Scenario writing is discussed from every angle. Each article is not only interesting, but instructive.

Back copies of The Daily News may be had by writing to the Scenario Contest Editor, The Chicago Daily News, 15 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois—simply enclose 2 cents in stamps for each issue desired. The Chicago Daily News is published every week day. Send in your scenario *now* as the contest closes November 1st, 1921.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS CO.

S. S.—Milton Sills is correct. "The Spoilers" was made at the Selig studios in California, with the following cast: William Farnum as *Glenester*, Tom Sant-schi as *McNamara*, Wheeler Oakman as *Broncho Kid*, Katherine Williams as *Cherry Malotte*, Bessie Eyton as *Helen Chester*, Jack MacDonald as *Slap Jack*, and Frank Clarke as *Dextry*. That was some cast, and at present-day salaries and cost of production would have set the company back just about twenty times as much as it did then. Milton Sills played opposite Enid Bennett in "What Women Learn."

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Wyndham Standing, and Ramsey Wallace at the Lambs Club, New York City.

William Franey at Reelcraft, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Art Acord, Josephine Hill, Carmel Myers, Priscilla Dean, Jack Perrin, Frank Mayo, "Hoot" Gibson, Eddy Polo, Eddy Lyons, Lee Moran, and Clara Horton at Universal City, California.

Mary MacLaren and Douglas Fairbanks at Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

May MacAvoy, Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Richard Barthelmess, Anna Nilsson, Colleen Moore, and Wesley Barry at First National Exhibitors' Circuit, 8 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Valeska Suratt, care of B. F. Keith Vaudeville Circuit, New York City.

Ruth Roland, Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd, Earle Metcalf, "Sunshine" Sammy, and "Snub" Pollard at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Pearl White and William Farnum at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Marion Davies, Norman Kerry at the Cosmopolitan Studios, New York City.

Neva Gerber at Berwick Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Lillian Hall, Albert Roscoe, Barbara Bedford, Vola Vale, Marguerite Fisher, Enid Markey, Madam Yorska, Charles Meredith, Gordon Griffith, and Gretchen Hartman, care of Willis & Inglis, 607 Wright and Calender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, Tom Mix, Raymond McKee, William Scott, and Shirley Mason at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Viola Dana, Nazimova, May Allison, Bert Lytell, Alice Lake, Gareth Hughes, and Ru-

dolph Valentino at the Metro Studios Hollywood, California.

Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, and Mary Miles Minter at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Owen Moore, Eugene O'Brien, Martha Mansfield, and Elaine Hammerstein at Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

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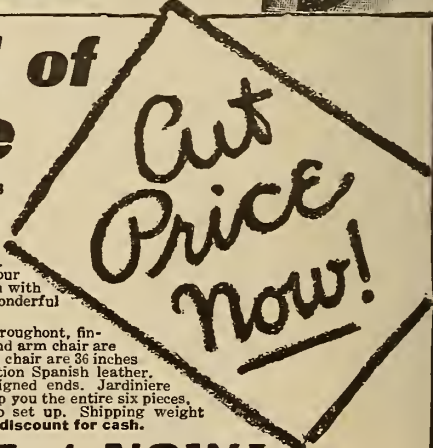
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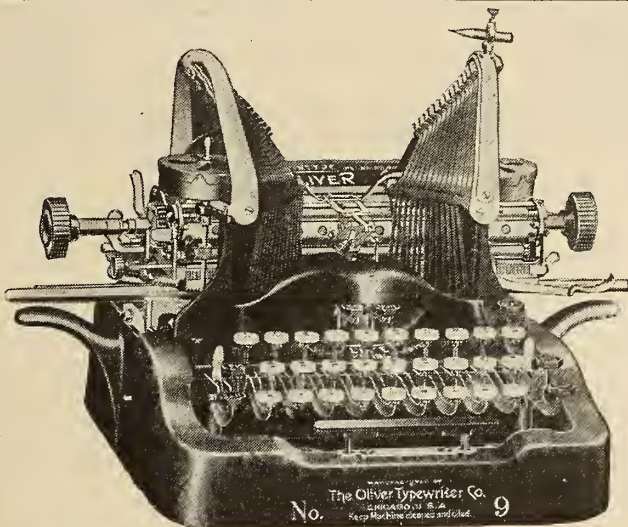
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND G. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer; GEORGE C. SMITH, JR., Secretary. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.36. Foreign, \$2.72.

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What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.



IT is a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theatre, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to know that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

Do You Know—

- how to introduce men and women correctly?
- how to answer a dinner invitation?
- how to greet a man or woman acquaintance in public?
- how to plan church and house weddings?
- how to use table silver properly?
- how to word invitations and acknowledgments?
- how to avoid blunders at the theatre and opera?
- how to do at all times the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured?

the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

How should a woman accept a dance and how should she refuse it? How can the embarrassment of being a wall-flower be avoided? How many times may a girl dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette? Is it considered correct, in social circles, for a young woman to wander away from the ball-room with her partner?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, meet Mr. Smith* or *Mr. Smith, meet Miss Brown*? Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith* or *Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby*? When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith* or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown*?

When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those with whom one comes into contact.

In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who leaves the car first?

If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

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Let us send you the famous Book of Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

We expect this new edition to go quickly. The books are now handsomely bound in blue cloth with gold lettering. We urge you to send for your set at once. The price for the complete set is only \$3.50 after 5 days. But don't send any money now—just the coupon. Keep the books at our expense while you examine them and read some of the interesting chapters.

Mail the coupon for your set of the Book of Etiquette today. Surprise your friends with your wide knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Remember, it costs you nothing to see and examine the books. Mail the coupon NOW. Nelson Doubleday, Dept. 4012, Oyster Bay, N. Y.

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"Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full-leather binding at \$5.00, with 5 days' examination privilege."

Etiquette at the Theatre

When a man and woman walk down the theatre aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theatre party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theatre in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theatre, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when

The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not

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**What
Interests
You
About the
Stars?**

TASTES differ. What amuses one person bores another. Many a girl who adores Betty Compson does not admire Ben Turpin, and many a man who roars at the antics of the cross-eyed comedian dislikes what he calls the "weepy stuff."

Therefore—since we have to appeal to a huge audience, composed of every kind of taste—you'll find every kind of screen personality within our covers, and written about from many different points of view.

Once in a while we receive an interesting suggestion from a reader—an expression of some preference in what interests him about the stars. From such a letter, recently received, we quote:

"I don't care a whoop for what the stars *think*; when I want thoughts I'll look up an interview with Bernard Shaw or some one like that. I don't care particularly about what kind of parts they want to play, though I am interested in the parts they have played, the steps by which they have be-

come successful. What I especially want to know is—do they make a lot of money and how do they spend it? Where do they go when they want to have a good time? What is their idea of something funny, of something beautiful? What sort of a place do they live in and is their dressing room neat or cluttered up with a lot of things? And if the latter—is it pet animals, books, music, their own pictures, or jars of cosmetic that make up the litter?

"What is their peculiarity—assuming that every one has one? What is their point of departure from the average man or woman—is it luck, pull, personality, or bunk? In short, why is that particular person making hundreds of thousands while some one probably just as good in a number of ways is making a bare living?"

Do you agree with this writer, or are there other things about the stars that would interest you more? If there is any particular sort of information you especially want we would do our best to supply it if you would write us about it.



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CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS



Highbrow and Hokum

An author who sold an original story to Thomas H. Ince for a large sum, recently wrote a letter which was filled with gems of truth. One paragraph in particular deserves quoting:

There are two words which have interfered with the making of intrinsically "big" photo plays: "highbrow" and "hokum." Producers have shied, afraid, of the "highbrow" story, believing that it had a graveyard smell. So it has. But hokum—a rather popular word—meaning stuff that is injected into a picture insincerely, because the producers believe it will take well with the crowd—has the same sort of smell. Both are untrue to life. Real life understanding never takes the attitude of the highbrow, and all sentiment is not hokum. To picture life *truly* one can never feel himself above and apart from it. He must live down close to it—feel with it, work with it, play with it, laugh and cry with it, and believe in and love it.

Misleading Prophets

A Los Angeles daily newspaper recently printed on one page an article by George Bernard Shaw in which the dynamic Redbeard stated that British audiences were tiring of photo plays dealing with the West of the United States, in which cowboys, et cetera, were involved. On another page appeared the announcement that Samuelson, Ltd., an English organization engaged in the production and distribution of motion pictures, had purchased five stories by Gregory Jackson, a scribbler of Western stuff.

Moral: Don't believe anything you read from any source, without making mental reservations. No one is an absolute or final authority. No individual knows infallibly the public taste, no matter how "eminent" he or she may be.

Keeping Fit

The young screen writer needs to remember that back and all round of his sensitive mental apparatus is his physical machine—which must be kept in prime condition. It must be well oiled—with food and air; it must be well rested, with moments and hours of laughter and relaxation; it must be well exercised, yet not oversped; it must be unhurried, that it may vibrate with even rhythm. Worry is the rust that eats the human steel.

The writer should always be in love. By that I do not infer he be ever engaged in some sentimental pursuit, but that he have some star, some dream, some profound hope to preserve that freshness and zest without which creative effort is difficult. The thoroughly disillusioned may even retain this verve and keenness, by

sweeping sensitiveness to the entire gamut of beauty. To feel deeply moved by a strain of music or the coloring of a rose petal is to be in love.

Whether a writer is Christian or pagan in his predilections, matters not; the well-tuned physical instrument—the body—will attract essences of power, grandeur, magnificence.

But the brain, too, must be kept fresh and vital. Do not try to think of too many plots and themes at once—which is equivalent to walking around in circles. Quantitative reading and writing makes for confusion. After periods of sustained creative effort, rest; after periods of reading, rest—digest what you have absorbed. Allow yourself as much time for digesting a story or idea as you would for digesting a meal.

Tune yourself neither high nor low. The violin that is keyed too high plays screamingly, screechily; if keyed too low, it plays dully, listlessly.

Want Originals

That the Goldwyn company is looking for stories written directly for the screen is the statement of Paul Bern, the newly appointed scenario editor. Mr. Bern adds that it is not necessary that the writers have established reputations, inasmuch as stories will be considered purely on their worth.

The editor believes that the best screen material can be obtained from those authors who think in terms of pictures and who write with the camera in mind. He says that novels and plays lose something in process of adaptation.

The company produces a number of stories by its eminent authors, but it is pointed out that they can write only a limited number of stories and that production plans necessitate the purchase of material from the outside.

"The great screen play," says Mr. Bern, "will only be written when it is purely original effort expressed in picture terms, born of a picture mind, and translatable to another medium only with a loss of its effectiveness and power."

On the matter of purchasing original screen stories R-C Pictures Corporation can make a large bow, as they have bought a great many and are buying more. They can, moreover, point to the number of original stories produced as proof that this corporation is not only giving especial attention to the original story, but is really buying and filming them.

Continued on page 10



Her first story was bought by D.W.Griffith

And she won the first cash prize of \$2,500 in the J. Parker Reade contest against a field of 10,000 scenarios

FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH learned how to transfer her natural story-telling gift to the screen. Will you send for a free test of your ability?

When Frances White Elijah was doing war work in her Chicago home, she never imagined she would become a successful photoplaywright.

What reason had she to think she would ever write such a letter as this to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation:

"I have just received your check in payment for my story 'Wagered Love,' which your sales department sold to D. W. Griffith.

"It has scarcely been six months since I registered with you and your assistance and encouragement have made my success seem like magic."

Think what that means! Her first story sold to one of the most discriminating producers in the world. And she had only started to train her story-telling gift six months before!

Stimulated by her brilliant success, this Chicago girl developed herself into a professional screen writer for a great Los Angeles studio. Today she enjoys fame and income; and the distinction of having written the best of 10,000 scenarios submitted in the J. Parker Reade contest.

What does this story mean to you? If it causes you to ask yourself "Could I sell a story to Griffith—or Ince—or any of the producers?," this will prove the most interesting advertisement you ever read.

Perhaps you could do that very thing

At the outset, let us correct one false notion many people have. Literary skill, or the writing style required for novel and magazine authorship, cannot be transferred to the screen. The one and only requisite of photoplay writing is ability to think out and tell a good, dramatic story. Given that ability, any man or woman can be trained to write for the screen.

But, you say, how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability,

provided you are an adult and in earnest. And we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short-story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct, if you have ever said to yourself when you left a motion picture theatre; I believe I could write as good a screen-story as that," send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It holds out no false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to develop the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers gladly pay from \$500 to \$2,000 for acceptable stories.

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It is the story tellers opportunity

The same producer who bought Frances White Elijah's first story has rejected the work of scores of novelists and magazine writers whose names are known wherever the language is spoken. They did not possess the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Elijah, who was absolutely unknown to the motion picture industry, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we shall frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

Sample copy of the Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writers' Guild of the Author's League, the national photoplaywrights magazine, will be sent free with the questionnaire.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, Y-12
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



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

Name

Address



What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? *She* has not forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It makes young wives old before their time—it brings bitterness into homes where happiness should rule.

A BIG RAISE IN YOUR SALARY is possible for you. Go after it. You can easily double your pay by the PROMOTION PLAN. It is nothing new and untried. The PROMOTION PLAN has helped thousands of men and women for the last quarter of a century. Mark the coupon for the job in which you are interested and we will send you our free book and copies of voluntary letters from some of our students who have made good in the line in which you want to succeed through the PROMOTION PLAN. Send coupon today. You owe it to your wife.

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|Cert. Public Accountant |Foremanship |
|Accountant and Auditor |Sanitary Engineer |
|Bookkeeper |Surveyor (& Mapping) |
|Draftsman and Designer |Telephone Engineer |
|Electrical Engineer |Telegraph Engineer |
|Electric Light & Power |High School Graduate |
|General Education |Fire Insurance Expert |

Name.....

Address.....

Chats with Screen Authors

Continued from page 8

Pauline Frederick's last three pictures have been from originals. Her production of "Salvage" was written by Daniel Whitcomb, a newspaper man. He submitted a synopsis to her, she liked it, so did R-C officials, and they bought it. The same thing happened with "The Sting of the Lash," written by Harvey Gates. The story on which she is now at work, "The Lure of Jade," was written by a young girl named Marion Orth.

You Never Can Tell When is a story salable? The best answer to this question is: when the story is bought. A few weeks ago the sales department of a large photo-play brokerage concern in Los Angeles sold a story that had been in its files since December, 1919. This synopsis had been submitted to various producers, but had been rejected every time. The company that eventually purchased this story did so because the story was right in line with their policy, and met their immediate need.

The Difficult Medium There is quite a diversity of opinion as to which is harder to write: a novel, a play, or a photo play.

Elinor Glyn says it depends on individual talent, that a gifted conversationalist would probably find the stage play or novel a more ideal medium of expression—for the exposition of clever or subtle words and phrases. However, the sort of person who feels a thing and while describing it moves the hands about and lets his facial expression—particularly his eyes—tell the story, is better fitted for the depiction and description of action.

Mrs. Glyn concludes by saying: "The electrician, you know, looks at the artist and says, 'Gosh, I could never do that!' On the other hand, the artist looks at the electrician and comments, 'Wonderful! I can't see how he does it.' Writing is a parallel. Stage writers wonder how the screen authors get away with it. Screen writers marvel at the playwrights' talent. Many novelists can't for the life of them understand the remarkable technical achievement of either playwrights or photo dramatists. Those few who have created through all three mediums remain discreetly silent, so the question as to which requires the greater artistic or technical ability remains unanswerable."



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HELENE CHADWICK - CLARA WILLIAMS - LOUISE FAZENDA - RUTH ROLAND - RUTH STONEHOUSE - MAY ALLISON

In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenarists, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming — a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding type-writers, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of Tomorrow.

thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

BUT two things are essential in order to become a writer: First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "know how." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, seething all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the fotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

LISTEN! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about the Irving System—a Startling New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who don't dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to their own amazement that their simplest Ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own

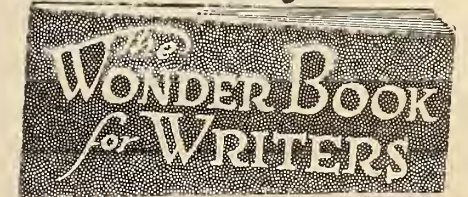
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For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the



News Notes from the Studios



Items of interest about popular players and productions in which they appear.

CECIL DE MILLE has announced that his next production, "Saturday Night," will be something of a contest. The two leading rôles, which are to be played by Edith Roberts and Leatrice Joy, are of equal importance, but Mr. De Mille believes that even with equal opportunities one player is bound to outplay others. The result will be interesting to all followers of these two young players' pictures.

Nazimova's next exploit in motion pictures will be the production of several pictures to be used on the same program. These will include Oscar Wilde's "Salome" and Ibsen's "The Doll's House."

Matt Moore, Seena Owen, Gladys Leslie, and Joe King will all appear in the Cosmopolitan production, "Sisters."

Wesley Barry has now attained his fourteenth birthday and been rewarded by a handsome Skootamotor from his director, Marshall Neilan. Like the fond fathers who spend Christmas Day running their children's toys, Neilan developed such a hearty interest in the tiny vehicle that he dropped work for the day and astonished Hollywood Boulevard by running about on it. Wesley had the birthday all right, but it looked as though Neilan still had the present.

Robert Gordon, who returns to the screen in the Selig-Rork production, "The Rosary," has been signed to appear in future productions of the same company.

Faire Binney recently made such a hit on the New York stage that the Selznick company rushed to reclaim her services. She will appear opposite Conway Tearle in "A Wide-open Town." Sigrid Holmquist, who plays the leading rôle in Frances Marion's Cosmopolitan picture, "Just Around the Corner," and who is known as the Swedish Mary Pickford, will appear opposite Eugene O'Brien in his next production.

"Hedda Gabler," as presented for the screen by an Italian company, will be one of the next importations to be shown in this country.

Irvin Willat, who has been making his own productions, will direct "Yellow Men and Gold," a Gouverneur Morris story, for Goldwyn.

Raymond Hatton, who plays the leading rôle in "His Back Against the Wall," has to fall off a train and get generally bruised and battered in the course of the pic-

ture. Fortunately his wife, Frances Hatton, is playing a nurse at the same studio.

"Lassie," whose pedigree lists her as "just plain dog," has the most important rôle of her screen career in Richard Barthelmess' first star picture, "Tol'able David." Previously she appeared in support of such prominent stars as Elsie Ferguson, Irene Castle, Mabel Normand, and Tom Moore.

At last Pat O'Malley has a chance to really make love in a picture. Always before he's played a juvenile rôle, and had to do the job in a boyish way, but now he is leading man for Miss DuPont in "Ropes," and Paul Scardon, the director, lets him go just as far as the scenario permits.

"Cinderella of the Hills" has been selected as the first starring vehicle for Barbara Bedford, the new Fox star.

Thomas Meighan has prevailed upon the Famous Players-Lasky company to purchase the script of "If You Believe It It's So" from the estate of George Loane Tucker. Production notes made by the late director of "The Miracle Man" have been handed over to Tom Forman, who will direct the picture.

Every one from Kid McCoy to Kathryn McGuire, Jate of the Sennett

bathing beauties, has been engaged to support Lefty Flynn in his first star picture under the Fox banner. Molly Malone will play opposite him just so that he won't be in entirely new surroundings. They both come from the Goldwyn stock company. His first picture will be "The Last Trail," a Zane Grey story.

Rudolph Valentino will play the leading rôle in "Moran of the Lady Letty" opposite Dorothy Dalton.

William Jennings Bryan's daughter amused herself while at Miami last winter making a motion picture; almost every one else down there was doing it, so she decided that she might just as well. She wrote the scenario, which is called "Once Upon a Time," cast it, and directed it herself, all of which caused no little merriment to the other companies playing there. But when the finished film was shown to a few producers the laughter subsided, for Ruth Bryan Owen had turned out not only a workmanlike motion picture, but a remarkably good one. It is expected that she will enter the ranks of regular motion-picture directors this winter.

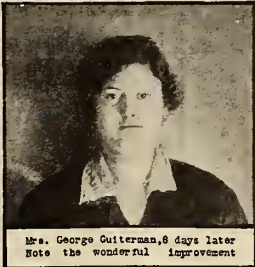
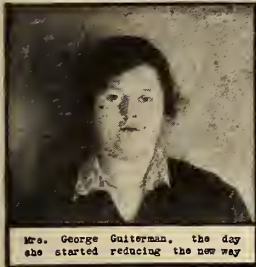
George Arliss' next screen production will not be the



Even though Marie Prevost is a full-fledged Universal star now, she is modest in her choice of mounts. Her next picture will be "Prince Virtue."

No Excuse for Being Fat Since New Discovery

One woman reduced 13 pounds in 8 days. Another lost 20 pounds in less than a month. Still another took off 40 pounds in an incredibly short time. All without appliances, medicines, starving, exercises or massage. No discomforts or bitter self-denials. Results in 48 hours. Free trial.



Mrs. George Guiterman, the day she started reducing the new way

Mrs. George Guiterman, 8 days later. Note the wonderful improvement

Loses 13 Pounds in 8 Days

"Hurrah! I have lost 13 pounds since last Monday (8 days) and am feeling fine. I used to lie in bed an hour or so before I could get to sleep, but I go to sleep now as soon as I lie down, and I can sleep from eight to nine hours. Before I began losing weight I could not take much exercise, but now I can walk four or five miles a day. I feel much better than I have for months."

Signed, Mrs. George Guiterman, 420 East 66th Street, New York City.

Above photographs are just as reproduced by the camera—no alteration—no retouching. Double chins, folds and puffiness under the eyes have vanished. The increased brightness of the eyes shows renewed health and youthfulness.



Mrs. Vermilya before she found out about the new discovery, weight 168 pounds.

Mrs. Vermilya after she applied the new discovery to herself, weight 128 pounds.

Doctor's Wife Reduces 40 Pounds

Mrs. Hazel Vermilya, pictured above, wife of a physician of Bloomington, Ind., reduced quickly to normal weight, and also gained perfect health and a beautiful complexion. She writes:

"Before I tried your method my weight was 168 pounds. My blood was all bad; my heart was weak. I constantly had sour stomach and sick headaches. I went to different doctors for help, but I got worse instead of better, until I tried your new discovery. I am now in perfect health; sleep perfectly, and my blood test is 100 per cent pure. I had begun to get wrinkles when I was fat, but my flesh is now firm and free from a single wrinkle. And I now weigh only 128 pounds, which is my normal weight."

Stage Beauty Loses a Pound a Day

"In about three weeks I reduced twenty pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous artists' model and Ziegfeld Follies beauty.

This new discovery enabled her to quickly reduce to normal weight, after a long period of exercise, starving and appliances had failed utterly.



Miss Kathleen Mullane, Artists' Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty

A SIMPLE, easily-followed law of Nature has now been discovered which enables anyone to quickly rid themselves of dangerous, burdensome excess flesh. Results are often apparent in 48 hours. These benefits are secured without discomfort and without any bitter self-denials. In fact many say they enjoy their meals and other pleasures of life more than ever before.

When you have reached your normal, ideal weight, you can retain it without gaining or losing another pound.

Scores of stout men and women, who have regained their normal figures by this method, find that a pound a day reduction is not too much to look for at the very start. Many have lost 10 pounds a week—and even more.

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The rate at which you lose your surplus flesh is largely under your own control. If you do not wish to lose flesh as rapidly as a pound a day or ten pounds a week, you can regulate this natural law so that your loss of flesh will be more gradual. By reducing more slowly you avoid any necessity for sudden changes of clothing. You can make slight and inexpensive alterations in your garments as you steadily attain a slender, graceful figure.

In addition to normal weight and a more youthful figure you secure other benefits of equal importance. For this natural method also builds your health and gives you renewed vitality and energy. You obtain a clearer complexion, a brighter eye and a more elastic step. Many write that they have been astounded at losing wrinkles which they had supposed could not be effaced. As the superfluous flesh vanishes, the years seem to drop off also. Your nerves are improved and your sleep is more refreshing. You regain youthful vigor and spirits as well as youthful form.

It is like being invited to step into an entirely new body, full of fresh ambition. A body of graceful lines, fairly tingling with health; a body that seems capable of any degree of physical exertion.

And you obtain all this without discomforts or painful self-denials. You make little change in your daily routine. You continue to do the things you like and to eat food you enjoy. In fact, far from giving up the pleasures of the table, you actually increase their variety.

The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. It remained for Eugene Christian, the famous food specialist, to discover the one, safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods, when eaten together, take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combinations cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods at the same meal, they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into tissue and muscle. Then the excess

fat you have already accumulated will be rapidly consumed because the fat-forming combinations have been cut off. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food according to a few simple, natural rules.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope and energy it offers to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control—the Basis of Health." This is offered to you on free trial.

Here is what following the course will do: It will bring your weight down to normal at the rate of a pound a day or more. It will make your flesh firm and solid. It will bring a clearer skin, add new glow to your cheek, a new sparkle to your eye and a new spring to your step. And all naturally—nothing harmful.

Prove this for yourself. See your unnecessary flesh quickly vanish. See why starving, strenuous exercising and medicines and massage are unnecessary. See how this new discovery gets down to the real reason for your stoutness and removes it by natural and effective methods.

Although you would probably be glad to pay many dollars for such a simple, safe and certain method of obtaining normal weight we have made the price as low as we can, because we want every sufferer from excessive flesh to secure its benefits.

Send no money, just put your name and address on the coupon, or send a letter if you prefer. The course will be mailed to you in PLAIN CONTAINER and \$1.97 (plus postage) to the postman will make it yours. Then, if you are not fully satisfied in every particular, you may return it within five days after its receipt and your money will be immediately refunded. If more convenient, you may remit with coupon, but this is not necessary.

Just mail the coupon or a letter. You are thoroughly protected by our refund offer. Act today, however, to avoid delay, as it is hard for us to keep up with the demand for these lessons. Think of the surprise and envy you will create among your friends by your renewed, more youthful appearance just a short time after the course arrives.

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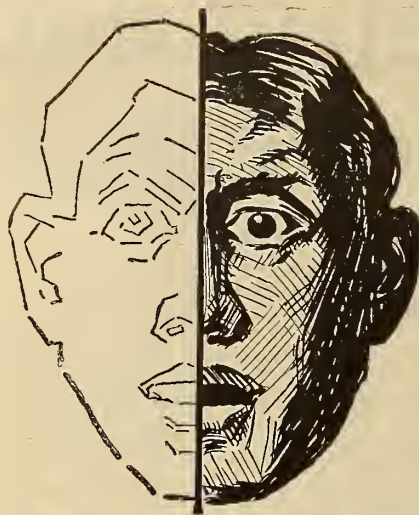
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News Notes from the Studios

Continued from page 12

recreation of one of his famous rôles, as was formerly planned, but will be made from an original screen story by Earl Derr Biggers, called "Idle Hands." It will be directed by Henry Kolker, who directed "Disraeli."

"My Old Kentucky Home," a picture play by Anthony Paul Kelly, will be the first production made by the newly formed Pyramid Pictures Corporation. Another production reminiscent of the days of ten-twenty-thirty-cent thrillers is "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night?" which is being produced by Bennie Zeidman, Mary Pickford's manager.

Corinne Griffith's husband will not play the double rôle of director and husband, following their current production, "The Single Track." The Vitagraph Company has arranged to have Charles Maigne, director of many famous stars, at the megaphone for her next picture.

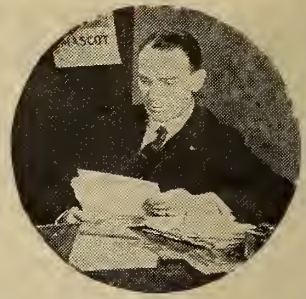
Rupert Hughes was so pleased with the work of Colleen Moore in the title rôle of "The Wall Flower" that by the time she had finished that picture he had another all ready for her. This newest one is an Irish story, so of course Colleen couldn't resist playing it.

Helene Chadwick is the only woman in the cast of "The Sin Flood," one of the most important coming Goldwyn productions.

"Rent Free" provides Wallace Reid with one of the most convenient sets he has ever worked on. The set represents the roof of an apartment building and is built on the roof of



Mary Miles Minter returned from abroad very much grown up and announced to her company that she wanted grown-up stories now. The first one will be a tale of the South Sea Islands.



This Man Earns \$83 a Day

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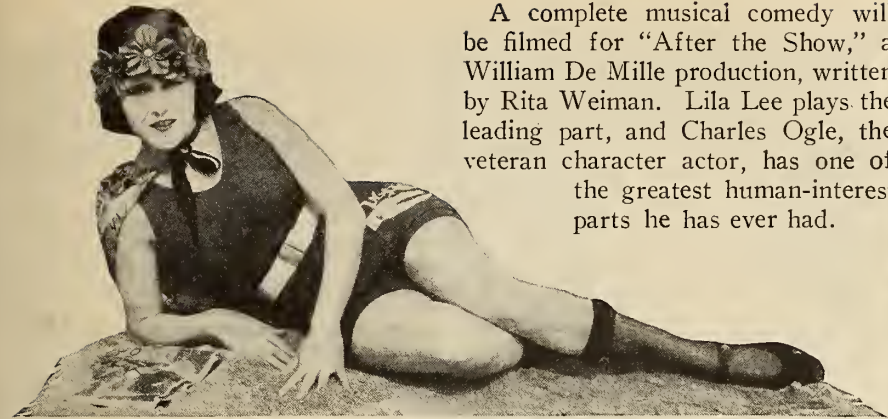
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A complete musical comedy will be filmed for "After the Show," a William De Mille production, written by Rita Weiman. Lila Lee plays the leading part, and Charles Ogle, the veteran character actor, has one of the greatest human-interest parts he has ever had.



Between making breath-taking scenes for "The White Eagle," her latest Pathé serial, Ruth Roland lolls on the California beaches as unconcerned as any ingénue.

the studio. The carpenters—thinking of his convenience, perhaps—built it just over his dressing room, so he is just a ladder's length away.

Mildred Harris will play opposite Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was," which was played on the stage by George M. Cohan.

May McAvoy will soon appear in the most spectacular of her Realart productions. It is "The Morals of Marcus," long a popular favorite of readers everywhere.

Harold Lloyd will be supported in "The Sailor-made Man," his newest production, by his brother, Gaylord, who has recently been appearing as his double.

Frank Mayo will appear in a sea story called "Doctor Jim," after which he will film a romance of the South Seas.

Madge Bellamy, who has received high praise for her work in several Thomas H. Ince productions, has been selected to play opposite Jack Holt in his first star picture, "The Call of the North."

The Reid family promises to take the place on the screen of the Foy family in vaudeville. Not only has Mrs. Reid returned to the screen, but her young son, Billy Reid, is appearing with her in "Pat o' Paradise," the first of a series of productions starring Lester Cuneo.

June Mathis, the continuity expert, who was responsible for "The Four Horsemen" and many other Metro successes, is now working with Maxwell Karger on a picture which promises to be one of the novelties of the year. It is "The Hole in the Wall," in which Alice Lake is starred, and it contains an interesting exposé of fake spiritistic séances.

Victor Fleming, who directed the Emerson-Loos special, "Red-hot Romance," will direct Agnes Ayres in her first star picture. This is to be "The Lane That Has No Turning," which was written by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Miriam Batista, the child actress who did notable work in "Humoresque," and has since appeared on the speaking stage in connection with pictures in New York will appear in support of Norma Talmadge in her next production, "Smiling Through."

Mae Murray has completed her first production at the head of her own company, and will soon start work on "Put and Take," written for the star by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Her first picture is "Peacock Alley."

Bryant Washburn will return to the screen in a Goldwyn picture, "Hungry Hearts," which is adapted from the story of the same name which caused a sensation in literary circles last year.

George Hackathorn will play the leading male rôle—that of Gavin—in "The Little Minister," the Barrie play which Penrhyn Stanlaws is directing for Paramount with Betty Compson as star.

Will Rogers will appear in a special production for Paramount before beginning a series of two-reel productions of his own.

Madge Kennedy is soon to return to the screen at the head of her own company.

Lon Chaney is almost the busiest of players in Hollywood this year. He hardly finishes one engagement when he has to rush to another studio and start work on another. As soon as he finishes "Wolf-breed" for Universal he will rush back to the Goldwyn lot, where one of his greatest pictures, "The Penalty," was made, and start work on "The Octave of Claudius."

One day when things were dull around the Metro studio they went at it and changed the titles of their stories that were in production. "The Right That Failed" became "Keep Off the Grass," and "Junk" became "The Idle Rich." Bert Lytell is the star in both pictures.



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We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

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Picture-Play Magazine

DECEMBER 1921

Volume XV Number 4

PIQUANT

NOW that Mae Murray is at the head of her own company, we can expect such highly individual and striking characterizations as this from "Peacock Alley," her first production. The drowsy lure of her eyes contrasts delightfully with her twinkling feet, and at all times—even to the most blasé—Mae Murray brings respite from too much reality.



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

What Chance in the

A question that is asked daily of casting
swered frankly—and authoritatively, and
“Plain Girl” than she

By Gordon



Photo by Evans

Mary Alden, who is conceded to be the greatest character actress on the screen, says that it is to the plain girl that the movies of to-morrow will look for their support.

TO-MORROW is the day of the “plain” girl in motion pictures. Therefore, take heed, those of you whose hair is inclined to be straight, whose lips are minus cupid’s bows, and whose eyes are small and dark, yet who have deep yearnings toward a screen career. Your chance is coming, and very soon, little Miss Plain Girl, for I have it on good authority that the standard future of movies in America rests on the shoulders, not of the baby vamp, but the sturdier shoulders of her bigger sister—the plain girl.

There are no “buts” in this radiantly golden future for the little gray mouse against whom it has been popularly believed the doors of the studios were closed forever. It rests within herself, and there is no limit to the heights she may climb in the next few years.

And it is not a matter of theory, but a matter of fact. If you are a plain girl and want a chance to make a living in motion pictures, there are certain very definite things you must do to accomplish this desire, but they are things which every girl can do, no matter if she lives in Dubuque, Iowa, or Los Angeles, California.

There is a little girl who lives in our block who is

not pretty. In fact, she is quite drab, with her straight brown hair, her lusterless brown eyes, her prominent chin, and her heavy eyebrows. But she has wanted and wanted to “get into the movies.” One day she asked me, a magazine reporter, if I could help her. The outlook seemed rather glum. She seemed like such a colorless little flower when I thought of all the radiant beauties I saw every day riding about the streets of Hollywood to and from their work at the studios. But she shyly asked me so many times to find some path that would lead her into the movies that finally I turned to my friend, Mary Alden, who is conceded now, since her work as the mother in “The Old Nest,” to be the greatest living character actress on the screen. I thought that she might have some solution to the problem confronting the ambitious little plain girl down the street. And she did. This marvelous actress, whose heart beats for the girls of the small towns and the side streets of the big towns, says that it is to the plain girl that the movies of to-morrow will look for their support.

“If you had a sister who was not beautiful, but who wanted to get into the movies, how would you go about it to prepare her for a success such as you have achieved?” I asked Miss Alden when we were comfortably settled in the living room of her apartment in Los Angeles, which has a wide vista of the mountains from its windows.

“Teach her how to brush her teeth, keep the luster in her hair, and the sparkle in her eyes!” replied this young character actress in her characteristically cryptic manner.

“No—I mean more than that. In the first place, almost no girl is truly ‘plain’ unless she chooses to think she is. If Geraldine Farrar appeared on the stage or screen with her hair dull in luster, her teeth also dull from lack of attention, her eyes lacking a vital sparkle, and her mouth drooping—you would call her a plain woman. You would say the same of Dorothy Dalton if she did not radiate health and good American pep. ‘Plain’ is as ‘plain’ does.”

You can discover for yourself how important this is; try to imagine your favorite motion-picture actress, not in the surroundings where motion pictures place her, but in the surroundings of girls you know. Picture her, not as the well-groomed, exuberant creature that you know on the screen, but dressed like some girl you know and occupying herself with the same interests. Wouldn’t she seem much more “plain?”

If Elsie Ferguson’s manner was less gracious and more hurried, would she seem so beautiful? And if Mabel Ballin’s eyes didn’t sparkle with interest would you be so quick to notice their beauty?

The education of the plain girl for the screen should rightly begin in the cradle, says Miss Alden, but if

Has the Plain Girl Movies?

directors, producers, and stars is an- with far more encouragement to the might have expected.

Gassaway

it is too late for that let any girl begin now at once.

Hold on to your illusions, little girl. They help to keep you young.

A girl who is plain in appearance, in the general acceptance of the term, in that she may have no dimples, no thick, curly hair, who is not petite, but feels that she is all angles, has more of a chance for a long career, and a successful one, in the movies than the beautiful doll. So says Miss Alden, and here is the system she

would prescribe for such a girl who is honest in her desire

to fit herself for the screen:

She must give time and attention to health and exercise and the business of acquiring grace, since the body is the instrument on which soul music is played. The girl who wishes to succeed in pictures must keep her body in tune if she wishes to interpret sweet music, and the plain girl should never forget that an actress uses all of her body—not only her face or her hands, but every muscle.

For that reason a successful actress cannot be conscious of any one part of her body over another. Watch Helen Ware, on the stage some time, or Mrs. Fiske, both of whom have been great successes without being beautiful.

The study of literature and the reading of printed plays is most important to the plain girl. She must improve her mind, for there rests the secret of her future success. But read the best American literature first before delving into the foreign, because it is upon the plain girl that future American



A girl must give time and attention to the business of acquiring grace, since the body is the instrument on which soul music is played.



Photo by Hoover

Some of the beautiful stars of yesterday are forgotten, but girls like Zasu Pitts, who did not rely on beauty, are still popular.

drama will depend for its success. Know your own country first! French actresses have risen to the great heights they have because always it was "France!" first in mind. American girls have aped the French school, and so America has no drama of its own to-day except that of the small town, which is most truly American. Bernhardt never learned to speak English, nor did the great Italian actress, Duse ever learn English, yet they became world famous.

Keep up an interest outside of yourself if you wish to become unconscious of yourself. There is no place in any studio for the self-conscious girl.

Read "Expression of Emotions in Men and Animals," by Charles Darwin.

Also "Philosophical Inquiry Into Source of Pleasures Derived from Tragic Representations," by McDermot.

In the privacy of your own room, when you are quite alone, practice pantomiming the myths. Characterize each creature in them, and this will help you in facility of expression.

Start analyzing people—their emotions and motives. Begin with your own mother. This will develop an analytical quality of mind which is indispensable to every actress. The plain girl must remember that she will have to work harder than the raving



If it weren't for Dorothy Dalton's wonderful radiance, she might be considered plain.

beauty in order to get her first recognition. Many school-teachers wish to get into the movies, but they are unwilling to expend one fraction of the amount of time in preparation for it that they do for teaching school, and yet real acting is much more difficult than teaching school.

Stenographers spend from six months to a year in preparing for their work, and yet they expect to go out to any picture studio and secure employment with no special preparation at all.

By "preparation" Miss Alden does not mean attending so-called schools of motion-picture acting—which should be avoided—or even dramatic schools, although the latter are valuable in teaching repose and technique. It is "preparation" from the standpoint of good health, clear skin, bright eyes, shining hair, and white teeth. Any girl may have these at least. Thus equipped, no girl is really plain. The technique acquired in a high-grade school of acting is valuable, but you must remember that all the technique in the world will not make a great actress, any more than it would make you a great singer.

To sit on the "extra" bench is to lean against the door of opportunity, but before a plain girl takes her seat there she should be sure she is ready for what lies beyond, so that she will not be doomed to disappointment. Don't expect to be pulled into the studio by your friends who have already broken in. Rely upon yourself and your equipment, which, if you are a plain girl, will be artificial and not natural. Natural equipment means beauty and a beautiful figure, but I am not speaking for that kind of girl—I am speaking of the plain girl, who must manufacture her charm.

As a rule, a girl who is not gifted with great beauty will make an effort to be more alive and intelligent than the beauty who relies almost solely upon her physical charms to "get her there"—and it is the developed intelligence and vitality of the plain girl which will put her in the forefront of motion-picture casts in the future.

Where are the beautiful stars of yesterday? Those who were merely beautiful have "gone overboard." They are no longer heard of. I could name a score. But girls like Lillian Gish and Dorothy Gish or ZaSu Pitts, girls who did not rely on beauty to get them across, are still very popular.

Tears wash away illusions, and the young girl should not indulge in a sad outlook on life. Illusions are necessary to the actress, no matter how old she may be in years. If you find yourself inside a studio, in a mob scene, remember that it is not a sad and doleful expression which will attract attention, but intelligence and health which will shine forth. It requires just as much intelligence to take direction or instruction as it does to give it. Please remember that.

While Miss Alden was giving me this wonderful advice from her fund of knowledge, gained from years of experience, for me to take home to the plain girl who lives down the street, we were interrupted by the entrance of her maid—bringing a parcel. Miss Alden, upon whose blue-black, lusterful hair the late afternoon sun was shining as she sat curled up on the divan in the corner, pulled open the paper and held up a new book for me to see. It was "Accepting the Universe," by Burroughs.

"A gift?" I inquired.

"No—I've had it ordered for some time, but it just reached Los Angeles."

You see, she puts into practice what she teaches in that she keeps abreast of modern times by reading all that is best in literature, just as she advises girls to do who expect to go into the movies.

"Of course," she went on, the gaze from her frank blue eyes very directly toward me, for she is a very direct sort of a person is Mary Alden, "the principal chance of the so-called plain girl is in the delineation of what actors call character parts. Of course I maintain, as I have said before this afternoon, that no girl in the world can be called plain who is animated by *purpose*, and if that purpose be to get on to the screen, and she is not the type nor the age for doll-baby parts, then she should prepare for character acting. I have already said some of the things which seem advisable for her to do. The acquiring of health and intelligence can be attained by any girl in any small city in America, but later, as she feels that she is ready to seek some studio for employment, she should begin to choose her environment. She should seek the companionship of girls and boys who are also animated by the same purpose—in a worth-while way.

"While all acting is really 'characterization,' the playing of old women, of hunchbacks, of hags or foreigners is what the public terms character acting, as do some actors, and it is to the interpretation of such parts that the unbeautiful girl should naturally turn. Pauline Frederick is a sterling example of acting ability, coupled with an intellect which is quick to grasp opportunities such as the portraying of a character part as great as that of *Madame X*. She is not a great beauty in the accepted sense of movie beauty, but she is super-magnetic in her radiation of vibrating life."

You must have an artistic appreciation of the thing you are doing. Have you such an appreciation? If you are a plain girl, and selected to play the small part of a maid perhaps, you must artistically appreciate the chance and make the most of it. Make that maid stand out! Florence Reed has everything that the foreign actress Pola Negri has, yet Miss Reed has not been the sensation that the Negri has because the American actress has not had the parts of the other. Yet Miss Reed has such a keen, artistic appreciation of whatever she is doing that she makes the petty parts given her stand out; but they will not be remembered for years as will Pola Negri's *Du Barry* or *Carmen* in "Gypsy Blood." Ann Forest is another American actress who has a very keen sense of artistic achievement entirely apart from great screen beauty. Whatever the part assigned her, she animates it with vibratory health and understanding. She overcomes the handicap of not being beautiful by using her intellect and acquired charm.

The worshipping of beauty is a European custom. France began by putting beauty on a pedestal and bowing before it. France worships a beautiful face—America worships beautiful legs. This goes to show that America gets at the base of things and that its love of beauty is not genuinely æsthetic, but that it is an aping of European custom. As long as Europe is going to worship beauty, then so is America, even if it gets its line of vision out of focus and hits below the belt instead of above it!

Stop aping Europe, girls, says Mary Alden. The most hopeless thing in the world is the plain girl who, by tweezing her eyebrows, painting her lips, back-combing her hair, and rouging her eyelids, tries to look like a memory of Gaby Deslys. The heart of America beats in its small towns—for they are less imitative than the larger cities, where Parisian fashions, Parisian make-up, and Parisian hair-dressing become the style. The plain American girl is to set the pace of plain American art in motion pictures.

"The Old Nest," "Over the Hill," and other small-town idylls in pictures reflect

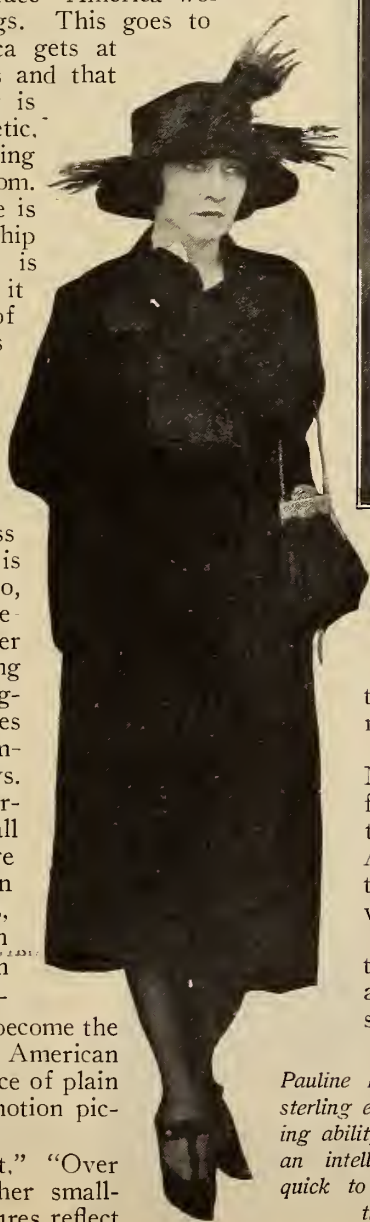


Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Ann Forest overcomes the handicap of not being beautiful by using her intellect and acquired charm.

that phase of American life which is most free from imitation and which has remained the purest from European taint and tradition. A plain girl is like the small town—a reflection of the rugged naturalness of America "as is."

"Through the art of the ancients we get their history," went on Miss Alden, "but what artistic history is America leaving? If future generations have to judge us by our art, the best thing they'll have will be Plymouth Rock. It is at least typically American. The American girl should be a clear, clean, wholesome type, but what does she do? She plucks her eyebrows and otherwise mutilates herself because 'they' are doing it 'abrawd.'"

"A pretty actress seldom 'characterizes.' She won't take the trouble. She depends on new styles of dress and bizarre hair arrangements to get her over. She can never forget herself, and so is not a great actress. The plain girl will not be handicapped by beauty.

"When I was playing the part of *Mrs. Anthon* in 'The Old Nest' I was required to walk back and forth for hours on a railroad trestle three hundred feet up in the air. If I had not been in perfect physical condition I would have

Pauline Frederick is a sterling example of acting ability coupled with an intellect which is quick to grasp opportunities.

Continued on page 104

Rollo's

Which may seem a strange title for a story
which won't after you have

By Harriette



Photo by Campbell

We emphasized Seena's blond hair because Seena was born that way.

THIS story is going to be about Seena Owen. But we must begin at the beginning and tell how we really happened to know her. It was like this:

A friend of ours has a son whom she and I always considered not more than three years old. He was only as old as that such a short time ago, and our friend never realized that her boy had grown up until one day last week he came and told her that he was madly in love and wanted to get married. Then suddenly she realized that he was sixteen years old and as tall as his father. "Who is it?" she said, thinking he would name some twelve-year-old playmate, and she loves to humor him. "It's a motion-picture actress," he answered proudly, "and, oh, mother, *she's w-o-n-derful!* Golden hair and blue eyes and the most beautiful clothes—beautifuller than yours even. And all the fellows are crazy about her, and she likes me the best; she told me so."

"Now what do you think of that for our little Rollo?" Barbara asked of me after she had told me of the catastrophe which had befallen the house of Hamilton. "In love with a motion-picture actress! Blond hair! Peroxide! And all made up, I suppose. Oh, what she may do to Rollo! All motion-picture actresses are vamps, aren't they?"

"Yes," we answered, "they are, and this one may induce Rollo to squander all of his money on

her. You allow him twenty-five dollars a month for spending money, don't you?"

"Thirty dollars," said Barbara, "now that he's sixteen. He said twenty-five dollars wasn't enough."

"What does his father think about it?"

"Oh, he calls Rollo 'the man of the world with the snappy clothes,' and says he'll get over it. That he has to have his fling, and all that sort of thing."

"Yes, and this is surely 'Rollo's Wild Oat.' Well, you ought to be glad that it's Rollo, junior, instead of senior, who is in love with her."

"Oh, *he'd* never do such a thing! A motion-picture actress, indeed!"

"Do you know any motion-picture actresses?" we asked sarcastically.

"Of course I do. I've played bridge with Elsie Ferguson several times, but she's different!"

"Well, then, what is the name of this motion-picture actress, who isn't different, with whom your son is in love?"

"Oh, I don't know. He told me, but I can't remember. You know, I never see any pictures."

"Well, find out who she is, and I'll find out what Rollo's chances are," we said calmly.

"Of being saved?" exclaimed Barbara.

"No—of being accepted."

Her favorite rôle was in "The Woman God Changed."

"Her name is Seena Owen," our

friend announced the next time we saw her. "Rollo saw her in a picture called 'The Lady that God Made Over.'"

"The Woman God Changed," we interrupted.

'And he's talked of nothing else ever since. He met her at a party she and her mother gave for the Boy Scouts, or something that Rollo belongs to. Do you think if I saw her I could induce her to give him up? Rollo is my only son!"

"I'm quite sure you could," we answered with conviction, "but I'm going up to call on Miss Owen to-night, and I'll sound her on the subject."

"Oh, will you," said Barbara with tears of



Wild Oat

about a lovely screen star like Seena Owen, but read this most entertaining experience.

Underhill

gratitude in her eyes, "and let me know what she says?"

And as Miss Owen has a sense of humor that is colossal, we told her all about it the first thing.

And how she enjoyed it!

"Rollo is wearing long trousers now, isn't he?" she said solemnly. "He wrote me that that was the way he celebrated his sixteenth birthday. He is a dear boy, and I had no idea that he had such romantic notions. Aren't boys of that age cute? I wish I had one for a son. 'Seventeen' is my favorite Booth Tarkington story."

And that is the dangerous vampire that our friend Barbara feared for her son, Rollo! May Rollo's Wild Oats never be any wilder than this crop.

Miss Owen is the dearest girl, with natural blond hair and the loveliest voice. It seems a shame she is always in the silent drama. We emphasized Miss Owen's natural blond hair because it's true that nearly all screen blondes, if not actually bleached, have at least received some assistance from the hair-dresser. You know, hair does not photograph the way it really is. Titian locks come out black on the screen, and a bit of peroxide now and then is almost necessary if a blonde wants to appear in one of those close-ups where her hair seems to be forming a halo about her head. But they cannot fool us. We can tell a golden blonde from a synthetic blonde every time, and Seena was born that way.

"I'm a Dane, you know," she said when we told her the conclusion we had arrived at, "and I think my hair is horrid. But I have an aversion to bleached hair, and I wouldn't touch mine no matter what color it photographed." How we wished our friend Barbara could hear that! "I love dark hair, don't you?"

"No, I don't; I hate it. And I don't mind telling you that ours would be even darker than it is, if the hair-dresser didn't wash it with something she calls 'Golden Glint.' As Dulcy says, 'Open confession is good for the soul.' Now come on with your confession."

"I can't," said Miss Owen with mock shame; "I haven't anything to confess because I have no past. It keeps me so busy all the time trying to make a future that I don't have any time to make a past."

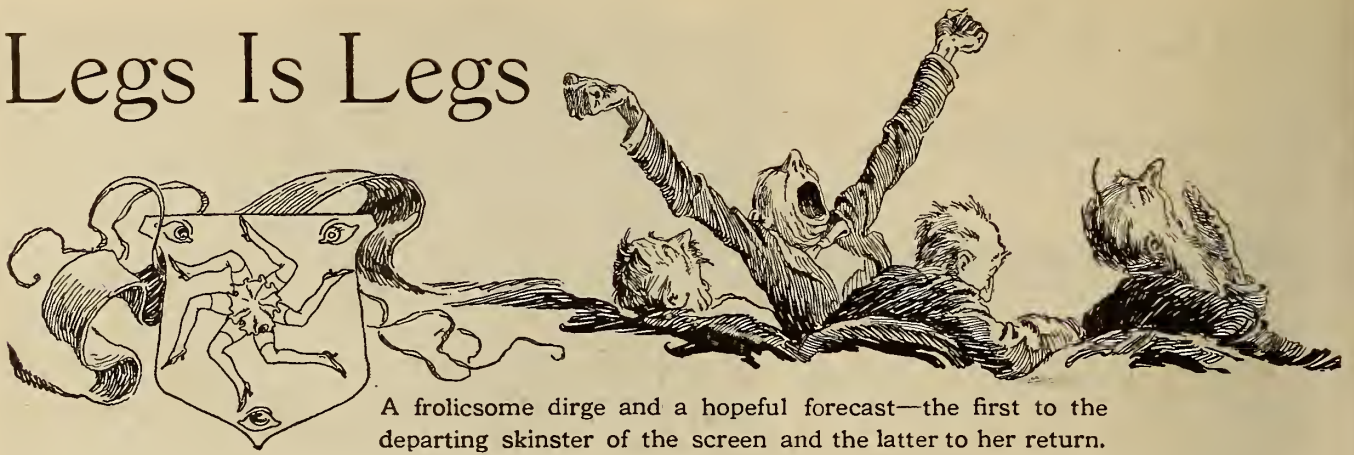
"But don't you ever have any fun?" we asked incredulously—we being first and always a hedonist.

"Not a bit. If you don't believe it, ask mother. Here, you see, it is only eight o'clock, and I am in bed. Every night, as soon as I get home from the studio, mother puts me to bed. Sometimes she even makes me eat my dinner there. It's the only way I could go on with my work. And yet, although I never go anywhere, just the fact of being in New York makes me perfectly happy. After I finished my first Cosmopolitan picture I went back to the Coast because mother and all the family were out there, and I did not know that I should make any more



If we know anything about "Seventeen," it's no wonder that Rollo became infatuated with the lovely Dane.

Legs Is Legs



A frolicsome dirge and a hopeful forecast—the first to the departing skinster of the screen and the latter to her return.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

IT was just *bound* to happen—blaming on the movies the steadily growing indifference of the dear public to all possible revealments of the feminine form divine.

It used to be the war that was the goat; now it's the movies. They've been accused of being the cause of prohibition—and the lack of it; of crime and punishment, illiteracy in Spain, aviation, the income tax, high prices, and the toddle.

And now it's the fashions.

The reformers used to cry that it would ruin our youth—the frank revealment of feminine charm which prevailed in fashions, and which was carried to all lengths on the screen. Instead of which such revealment has resulted merely in a stolid unconcern that is simply maddening to the film producers.

And this unconcern is all due, they say, to the fact that Theda Bara grew barah and barah, and that Audrey Munson showed everything but her ears.

But the undress drama is now on its last legs, so to speak. There's no use trying to stop it, the prohibition of pulchritude is upon us. A lady may soon wear a porous plaster between her shoulders without fear of detection. The vaccination spot on the arm ere long will mark the high tide of revealment.

Whereas heretofore a lady's shoulders in the films have had no more privacy than the traditional goldfish, now they're to become shrines of mystery. Legs are becoming mere legends, and no longer shall our girls "roll their own." The shin shows, the backbone bacchanalia, the levee of the leg, the drama of the dimpled knee—all are out.

And the drama of duds is upon us once more—the passion for passamenterie, the comedy of calico, the tragedy of the trail-gown.

Eras in film history will doubtless in future be referred to as the Bathtub Period, the Bathing Girl Era, the Lingerie Age. You'll refer to some certain old picture, for instance, as "Oh, that's early Bathtub!"

The picture producers have been carefully, judiciously, and artistically, but none the less thoroughly undressing their actresses for a long time. Now, the sad day has come when they've got to work back the other way. Like us, when we were little girls, they merely undressed their dolls for the fun of dressing them up again. Yet as they dress 'em, methinks I hear them chanting a paraphrasing reverse-english of Trixie Friganza's anthem to avoirdupois running, "There's lots more fun in putting it on than there is in taking it off," the burden of their song being, "There's lots more money in taking it off than there is in putting it on."

Now the interesting thing is that it isn't a question of the censors, or that people are shocked by the undress drama. The reason is that folks aren't shocked *enough!* The censors might yell themselves hoarse so long as people went to see the pictures. But they don't. They merely yawn and don't even get a thrill when a whole troupe of nearly nude maidens lope through a spring-song dance.

The kick is gone from the leg, as you might say. Young men won't go across the street to view the frankest array of feminine pulchritude. The other night at a picture wherein scores of coryphees melted into the scenery as one great fusing of nature, a young man behind me exclaimed to his companion: "Great Scott! Let's get outa here! They don't never get up nothing zippy no more!" He was like the young man in the trenches, who had an attack of the hiccups—while under heavy fire, and who exclaimed, "Hey, Bill, do something to startle me!"

So I more than suspect that this dress-up thing is merely a crafty move on the part of the film makers. Withdrawing legs from the public gaze will make them desirable, according to their reasoning.

One thing, this dress drama will practically give us a new set of actresses. Faces will be noticed once more. And we shall be constrained to note their acting—their art instead of their articulations, their drama instead of their drumsticks.

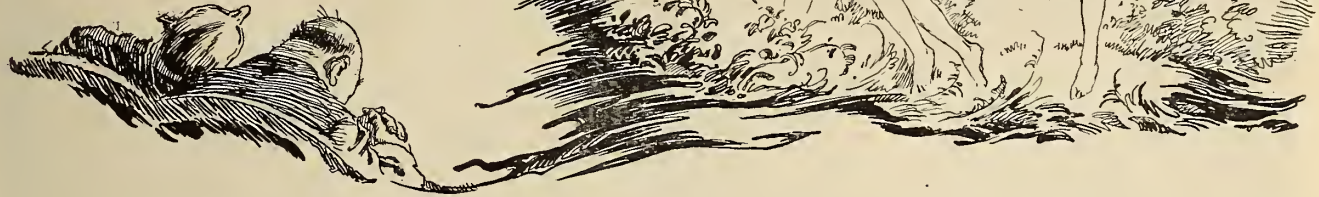
But the problem that now is agi-



tating the producers is, "Shall we dress 'em up slowly, withdrawing them little by little from the public's devouring gaze—here a leg, there an arm, yon a bit of vertebra? Or shall we dress 'em up suddenly, get it over as quickly as possible?"

Or would *that* be too much of a shock?

Shall we go back to the dark ages of Queen Victoria, when we walked about



in a legless world so far as the ladies were concerned, and skirts were supposed to be fastened to the shoe tops of any female over twelve years like Mrs. Noah in the kiddie's ark?

"We had thought to pin our hopes to the balls and receptions, thinking that there at least might be a certain surcease of clothes," said a director, the other day, "but it seems that even evening gowns are not to be what they were—not of the variety that are low-and-behold in front and vertebrae-trimmed down the back.

"All I hope is that they'll use judgment in the matter of this dressing up of the players," he went on. "I saw Bebe Daniels, the other day, for instance, in a high-necked dress, when there was every excuse, and certainly every reason, seeing that it was Bebe, for a low-necked one. The dress was a black one, too, making it look as though her own back was in mourning for itself, if you get me. If anything about Bebe must be covered up, in Heaven's name let it not be her shoulders! Then I beheld another crime—Mildred Harris in a long dress! And all Mack Sennett's bathing beauties, I hear, are going about these days clothed and in their right minds."

But at least the stingy things are going to slip us a few scenes in which clothes do not entirely smother the feminine form divine. There will be an occasional bathing scene, I understand, a casual burglary in which the heroine, dressed in her most becoming nightgown, gets in the way of the light all the time, and now and then a scene in which the providential moonlight follows the heroine as, with skirts held high, she skips from rock to rock across the stream to warn her father that the dam's breaking.

They're very apologetic about it, the young ladies themselves.

"Excuse us if we seem to dress," they say meekly.

At least that was what Marguerite de la Motte said to me, that day she was putting on her long dress that began early and ended late, which she wore in "The Three Musketeers." So different she looked from the first time I ever met her, when, clothed in two and a half beads, maybe three, she was doing a dance in a harem scene.

It's largely the costume play of

the Middle Ages indeed that is clothing the picture drama. Whatever those ancients were, they certainly were snappy and complete dressers, even to lace sleeves, wigs, and plumes for the men. And once again the Germans are to blame for something. *Didn't they revive the costume play in "Passion?"*

They're bound to be very cute about the dress-up thing, the cuties of the pictures. Don't you suppose that May Allison can show a wicked curve of the shoulder even though she's fully dressed? Isn't Priscilla Dean's slim roundness seductive in a long, graceful gown? And can't Agnes Ayres shake a mean ankle when the wind blows? I tell you that it's an ill wind blows nobody good. It ought to be good news for the owners of the wind machines they use in the studios. And certainly the dry-goods men should cheer up. The producers are preparing to dig in for the winter. They are going to dig in underneath mounds of velvet, satin, furs, and tricotines. It's to be a dry-goods orgy. What care the producers for shapely legs that do not sell, for rounded arms that gather in no kale? The lady on the dollar is the only one they care much about, and she shows nothing but her head.

The awful chance remains, of course, that the draped drama may have come to stay—may run on and on. Can't you imagine grandpa in the long winter evenings, telling how once he used to see almost nightly whole flocks of calves?

"Why, pshaw, grandpa," his innocent heir will exclaim, "that ain't nothin'! I saw whole flocks of calves myself down in the pasture this morning."

"Ah, son!" grandpa will sigh. He knows it will be useless to tell the legend of the leg. Nobody will believe him.

But with feminine instinct I seem to be able to prognosticate that the leg eclipse will be short. I prophesy that no matter how bleak the winter of our discontent, at the first gentle breath of a new spring the producers will begin once more to undress 'em.

Can't you just imagine, during the long winter evenings in the meantime, the parties that will be held where these old-fashioned undress dramas will be trotted out, dusted off, and shown, revealing the feminine leg, old but ever new, for after all—

"Legs is legs!"

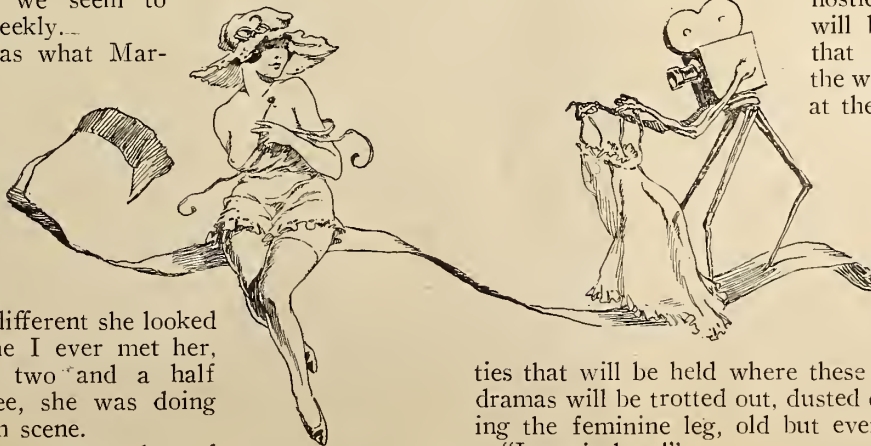




Photo by W. F. Seely

When Louise Fazenda is not the pig-tailed, grotesquely shod heroine of the slapstick, there is something in the intense gray of her eyes and the slight, wistful droop of her mouth that conveys an impression of sadness.

After Five Years

An interview that began inauspiciously but resulted in a lasting friendship.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

THERE is a certain day in August when I always say impressively to Louise Fazenda, erstwhile Mack Sennett comedienne—you know, the girl who wears her hair in pigtails and affects funny gingham dresses longer in the back than the front—I say to her, "Louise, on this day many years ago, I interviewed you for the first time." She always looks properly impressed and pretends that she remembers the date. Louise wouldn't hurt any one's feelings for the world.

At that I dare say she recollects the circumstance if not the exact time of our meeting. She wasn't getting many interviews in those days, so it was something of an occasion. She thought from the hyphenated sound of my name that I would be fatuous and forty, wear horn-rimmed spectacles, and ask her what did she think of the future of the drama.

So she put in a stock of nice fresh opinions with some four-syllable adjectives for the purpose of impressing me. She also got out a bead bag to work on—one that she has never touched since. It was a domestic touch that she thought I would like.

I, on my side, had an idea that she had a "Oh-see-the-pretty-cow" sort of mind. My deductions were drawn

IT'S REALLY TRUE

No matter how often it is declared that "Truth is stranger than fiction," one is always surprised when he finds it out for himself.

For years fiction has dealt with comedians of the stage and screen—telling of their serious natures, their scholarly pursuits, their shy personalities.

And now one has been found in real life who exceeds all surprises sketched in fiction. This amazing personality is Louise Fazenda, former joker of the Sennett slapstick and now a featured player in the big Cosmopolitan production, "The Beauty Shop" and Educational comedies. She is here described by one who knows her better probably, than any one else—and by one who approached her with as much skepticism as you or I might.

—and warped—by some of the other comedy queens I had interviewed. I didn't even know whether she would use good grammar—some of them don't—and I felt sure she would discuss pies with me—the screen variety.

They left me to find my way up the stairs that led to the dressing rooms on the gallery of the Sennett lot, and I knocked rather perfunctorily at the door of number four. The door opened hastily, seemingly with a little trepidation, and there stood Louise. Not the pig-tailed, grotesquely shod heroine of the slapstick, but a sort of high-school girl, with fluffy, brown hair that made little wisps of curls over her ears, wide gray—and scared-gray—eyes, a mouth with finely molded lips and small, even teeth.

We looked at each other a moment without speaking. (We were

both young enough to be embarrassed by the unexpected.) Then Louise gave a little sigh, something I later found to be characteristic of her.

"Why, you're nothing but a *girl!*" She said in tones that were almost pathetic with relief.

That's how we got acquainted. The interview was the starting point of a friendship now in its fifth

year, and still going strong. We have, as Louise puts it, "gone the pace together." Our pacing consisting of eating in weird places, spending pennies in arcades to see "Little Egypt" dance in a slot machine, getting our fortunes told by fake palmists and patronizing Solomon's Penny Dance Hall—all this to the intense ennui of our respective escorts.

We have careened wildly home in her Buick—Louise is one of these temperamental drivers who would as soon climb a telephone pole as look at it—singing sentimental songs with barber-shop-chord attachments. We have spent long Sunday afternoons in my Los Angeles office, cooking indigestible mixtures on the chafing dish, settling the problems of the universe with broad, masterly sentences. We have gone up Broadway eating peppermint candy sticks publicly and without shame. We have done almost everything together, but—we have never gone to a movie theater to see Louise on the screen. She won't even go alone to see her pictures. Maintains that she has stage fright at the mere thought of seeing her pictured antics.

"Can you imagine," she asks in her plaintive way—you catch brief flashes of it on the screen occasionally—"why any one would pay real money to see *me* do silly things?"

In one Sennett comedy they made her wear a bathing suit. It was like a winter day, beginning late and ending early, but at that it was as all-covering as a diver's costume compared to the sketchy wisps of chiffon worn by members of the official bathing-beauty brigade. But Louise actually suffered in it.

"Here I've kept my ankles carefully hidden from the public," she mourned, "and now I have to show my knees to an astonished world!"

One of the amazing things about Louise is her courage. I maintain that it takes more real bravery to be hit in the face with custard pies, dipped in a vat of molasses, and butted around a field by a large and businesslike goat, than it does to jump off of

Louise Fazenda has been put through every stunt that a calloused comedy director could devise.



Photo by W.F. Seelr

Few people would see in the gray-eyed, quietly-dressed girl the awkward, hoydenish slavy of the screen.



trains or hang from a cliff at the end of a rope. In dramatic pictures one always has the comforting knowledge that the danger will show for what it is. In comedies one knows differently. To be pushed into a lake with a two-hundred-pound comedian on top of one, is just a way of getting a slight laugh. To skid on a wet street while in a machine going sixty miles an hour is a mere incident in comedy life. And Louise has been put through every stunt that a calloused comedy director could devise. She has been run over, dropped out of windows, thrown into rivers, smudged with tar, stung by hornets. And the nearest thing to a complaint I ever heard her utter was when she asked

Continued on page 102

A Girl's Adventures

Do you suppose that if you were taken behind the movie making and of the way the players live that and motion-picture people would change? The answer

By Ethel

The author, and some of the pictures from her collection.

Photo by F. R. Smalley



I T was just about a year ago that the postman brought me a letter that gave me about the biggest shock—and perhaps the biggest thrill of my life—the invitation to be taken on a sight-seeing trip through “Movieland” and to write up my impressions for

lonely, there being so few people one could associate with. I've pictured in my mind their clothes, their houses, their servants—all modeled after things I'd seen in pictures. And I tried to imagine what it would be like to know one.

My imagination balked at that. I couldn't for the life of me imagine what a movie star would be like. My enthusiasm over them was so great that I couldn't imagine their being the least bit like any one I had ever known.

I imagined them all as regal, distant creatures, guided only by their own desires and whims. It was a terrible shock

the readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. You can imagine what a shock and a surprise it was when I tell you that I had never in my life written anything for publication, or even thought of doing so. It all came about because I'm a tremendously enthusiastic fan and because a few letters I had written to the magazine attracted the attention of the editor—so he told me—and led him to think that what I would learn on such a trip would interest the other readers.

When the news of what I was going to do finally got around our town you can imagine how excited some of my friends were. But several of them took rather a serious view, and said: “You know, the movies will never have the same wonderful glamour or interest for you after you've been ‘back of the scenes.’ You *certainly* are a lucky girl, though!”

I knew it, and I knew that there wasn't one of them who wouldn't gladly change places with me, disillusioned or not. And now that I've seen about everything about the making of pictures and have met more than twenty-five of the really *biggest* stars under all sorts of conditions, from seeing them doing the most trying kind of work to visiting them in their homes, *I honestly don't think that I've been disillusioned at all!* I'm just as enthusiastic as ever, I'm more interested in pictures, and I admire the stars just as much, though for very different reasons. For I must admit that a lot of my ideas are—oh, so changed about them. And because I've learned so many things that I never imagined were so, I thought that perhaps these discoveries of mine might be of some interest to other fans.

Ever since I began going to the movies I've dreamed of the wonderful awe and admiration that stars must command in their everyday lives, and I've wondered sometimes if being so great didn't make one a little



to me to find that they often had to get up terribly early in order to get to the studio on time, and that often for weeks at a stretch while working on a picture they couldn't make any engagements with any assurance that they could keep them.

I have known girls who have to work and help support themselves who think they are in awfully hard luck. They often dream of motion-picture actresses who get paid for just wearing beautiful clothes and having a good time! Well, now that I've seen the way some

in Movieland

scenes and shown every phase of your attitude toward motion pictures to that question lies in this article.

Sands

agreeable conditions. I've seen stars who were accustomed to magnificent homes and faultless servants sit down on the ground out on location and really seem to enjoy a lunch of sandwiches and milk. And I've seen them patiently do one strenuous scene over and over just because some unskilled person in a small part made a mistake every time that spoiled the scene.

Perhaps the greatest surprise of all, though, was to find that the players admired each other just the way we fans admire the stars.

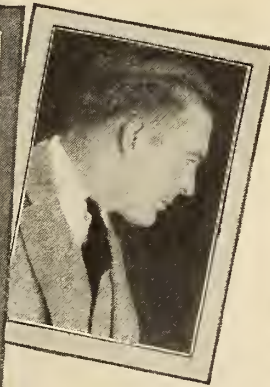
"I do hope you'll meet Mary Pick-

of the biggest stars work. I know a lot of girls who would go back to their switchboards and typewriters after a trial in motion pictures because they couldn't stand the hard work.

Another surprise was the way they put up with dis-



When a fan has always kept a "crush" on one star, it's asking a good deal to expect that star not to prove something of a disappointment. But Pearl White, who was Ethel Sands' "crush" lived up to all expectations.



ford," Lillian Gish told me. "You'll love her; every one does."

Elsie Ferguson was awfully interested in my having met Lillian Gish, and Constance Binney asked me the same sort

of questions about the players I'd met as I might have asked some one myself. And Bert

Lytell and Richard Barthelmess both talked admiringly of Gareth Hughes and Thomas Meighan and the other men stars I'd met.

And they don't only admire each other at a distance—the ones that know each other seem to be just as good friends as you might be with the girl next door. All the people who play in Mr. Griffith's company are like members of one big family, and that includes not only the players, but the electricians and costumers and property men as well. They all miss Richard Barthelmess terribly, now that he's gone to be star at the head of his own company. Stars from other companies run up to visit at Mr. Griffith's—

Mae Marsh had been there the day before I was, and Theda Bara came while I was there!

Over at Famous Players, or anywhere that there are lots of companies, the players stroll over on each other's sets and gossip away interestedly. After seeing that I'll never believe any wild tales about professional jealousy!

But to go back to my first adventures. The first startling discovery I made was about the *bigness* of the business. All that most fans think of in connection with making a picture is a director, a camera man, and a few players. Many

of them don't even know, for example, what a press agent is, and I found large business offices both at the studios and the city headquarters, all full of press agents busy sending out pictures and information about the stars and their productions for newspapers all over the world. And these people formed but a small part of the whole main organization.

Some of the other people connected with the motion-picture business that fans don't know much about are the artists who draw the pictures to illustrate the art titles, and the special "still" camera men, in addition to the ones who turn the crank of the movie cameras, who do nothing but snap pictures of all the different scenes and sets and people for lobby displays. And they take a great many of the interesting pictures that you see in fan magazines. There are artists, too, like Paul Iribe, of Famous Players-Lasky, who design sets for pictures.

The only position I've ever heard fans mention as next best to being a star is being a star's secretary. Few fans realize, I think, what a responsibility this is and how smart a person must be to be a star's secretary. I was particularly impressed by Elsie Ferguson's. She was a capable and pleasant young woman, who entertained us while we waited for Miss Ferguson, carried sketches for Miss Ferguson's costumes, reminded her of what she wanted to buy, made suggestions about what kind of materials would photograph best, and constantly kept her mind on Miss Ferguson's needs.

Lillian Gish has a woman who used to be secretary to a member of Parliament in England before working for her.

So, if you're one of the flapper fans who aspires to be a star's secretary you want to buckle right down to studying hard, for, you see, being a secretary requires as much, and in some cases more, brains than being a movie star.

Every time I watch them filming scenes in some big movie studio I promptly lose all envy of players and my admiration rises several points. You hear a great deal about stars having hot tempers, but it's a wonder to me that they can manage to keep as serene as they do. I think that they work under awfully trying conditions.

I marvel at the way the young ingénue can pretend to gaze soulfully heavenward when all the while she is staring into the hot, blinding Cooper-Hewitts or Sun light arcs that the electrician reclining on the top of the set, where the ceiling ought to be, is focusing on her. I wonder at the patience of a player going through an emotional rôle who has to keep his emotion keyed up through a dozen interruptions, for most of the action is taken in bits and there is at least one repetition of every scene.

Once I watched Corinne Griffith acting a scene where her mother—played by Sally Crute—was supposed to be dying. Miss Crute told me that she had been "dying" for a whole week for that scene.

Just think—a whole week for one little episode in a picture! Doesn't it seem wonderful that they finish most pictures in two months at that rate?

In the scene I refer to Corinne Griffith sits beside the bed, listening to the advice of her dying mother. They are filmed in that attitude. Then the camera is stopped, and it takes about fifteen minutes to move it slightly and arrange the lights differently, for when

the camera grinds again Miss Griffith must walk around the foot of the bed to the other side. After this is taken there is more delay while they arrange the camera and lights for a close-up. Between scenes Miss Griffith sat on the bed and laughed and chatted with Miss Crute, even though a second later she had to throw herself into character again and carry on the action with emotional force as though it had never been interrupted, for on the screen the action must seem continuous.

The eternal waiting keeps every one under a nervous strain. Naturally there must be upheavals sometimes. I happened to be present at one of them, and I'll never forget it. It was during the taking of some outside scenes. The company had been waiting around all morning, and three or four of the principals, on being told that there was to be a first and a second table at the place they were to eat, decided to wait for the second one.

The director, who was getting nervous and worried over the long delays, was just coming back from his lunch, eager to begin work, when he saw his principals just starting off for theirs.

He stopped them, and when he found that they hadn't eaten yet—well, he sort of exploded. It didn't last long, but it was pretty awful while it lasted. And then, while he was relieving himself, two of the principals began to get pale under their make-up, and all at once they exploded. One of them just shook, he was so angry and worked up. Of course they finally all got cooled down, and no one was any the worse for it, but it showed me what a

nervous, trying thing acting is.

The directors, with very few exceptions, I found every bit as interesting as the stars. I had to readjust my former notions about them entirely. I had imagined them loud-voiced, rude men who acted like tyrants, and I found them jovial and considerate men—for the most part very gentlemanly—who work very quietly with their players. Mr. Griffith always seemed willing to talk things over even with the minor members of his staff, and John Robertson and J. Searle Dawley were extremely pleasant.

Now leaving the movies in general and getting to my favorite topic—the stars—I'll have to admit that a lot of fans' ideas about them are all wrong.

"Movie actresses look pretty on the screen," I've heard girls say, "but they're not half as good looking in real life. They're all made up." Isn't it funny they never question the natural good looks of the actors?

I have found out that they are all wrong. In the first place, very little can be done to make a girl really more beautiful with make-up; in fact, the make-up, which is necessary to correct the false values that a camera records when it isn't used, detracts from, rather than adds to, the players' looks. Most of the actresses I've met were really prettier off the screen than on.

If you met Elsie Ferguson, Bert Lytell, Mary Miles Minter, Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Corinne Griffith, or Alice Joyce you would find that they at least lived up to all your expectations, if they did not exceed them. The principal difference between their real and screen selves that I've found is that some of the players are much smaller and more slender than they seem in their pictures. Alice Brady, Constance Binney, Theda Bara, Pearl White, and Anita Stewart are all in this

Continued on page 90

THE GREATEST THRILL OF ALL!

If you have followed Ethel Sands through her "Adventures in Movieland" you can imagine how overjoyed she was when

WE INVITED HER TO GO TO CALIFORNIA—

to see the studios there and meet the stars, as she had done in the East.

You may have heard much about Hollywood, but never before has it been shown to you as a real Fan would see it. This new series of "Adventures" will begin in an early number. Don't miss them! As hundreds of fans have written to us, "Ethel Sands' articles are so real they almost make you feel as though you were experiencing the thrill of meeting your favorites yourself."

Romances of Famous Film Folk

The love story of a shy little extra and a great director, whom every one knows now as the leading woman and the director of "The Four Horsemen."

By Grace Kingsley

WHERE have I met her? Who is she? Oh, yes, I remember—I'm in love with her!"

Rex Ingram was sketching away with a quizzical grin on his face, having snatched the soft pencil out of my hand. We were up in his hill bungalow in Hollywood, along with the artist friend he lives with, and some other folks. Over by the piano a group was admiring the artist's drawings, and it was all very charming and bohemian.

I glanced down at the sketch which Ingram was making. It showed a fine and classic profile, which was rapidly being topped by a feathery little toque.

"Alice Terry, of course!" I gasped.

"That's just what I said to myself," answered Rex triumphantly, "after I had asked myself where I had met her, who she was, and had exclaimed to myself that I was in love with her; that day out at Universal City."

He went on sketching as he talked, that being a habit of his whenever pencil and paper chance to come his way. I wished Miss Terry herself had been there, but she was at home with her mother that evening, Rex said, and he explained she didn't care much for these bohemian gatherings, she was rather shy, and not the least bit of what we like to call a good fellow. I have dined with her and Mr. Ingram, to be sure, but while the rest of us were rattling on, Ingram in his charming Irish way, and the rest of us hit-or-miss, I have a vague memory of a beautiful, rather statuesque young woman, who took note in a calm little way of everything and everybody, but I do not remember that she uttered a word during the whole dinner hour.

Just what is the woman like whom Rex Ingram, artist, sculptor, famous as the director of "The Four Horsemen," has picked out to fall in love with? Even though that woman be the screen beauty, Alice Terry, whose face and talents everybody knows, still we keep on wondering about the two: How long has he known her? What is she really like? Does she think it's nice that he's an amateur sculptor, and feel interested in that work, or does she prefer the funny papers to Rodin's groups? Does she read two of Irvin Cobb to one of Ibañez? Does she wear a one-piece bathing suit, and are her eyes blue?



Photo by Witzel

Alice Terry is a beautiful, rather statuesque young woman who takes note in a calm little way of everything and everybody, but rarely speaks.

So perhaps the story of their long friendship, and of how that friendship, begun when she was a little girl of fourteen, ripened slowly into love, will give a finer idea of the quality of these two and of their devotion than all the analyzing of situation and personalities one could possibly indulge in.

It was a bright summer morning, over in Universal City, five long years ago, and Rex Ingram was directing a picture when he looked up suddenly, his eyes drawn by some odd chance or perhaps by some mysterious



Photo by Witzel

A girl of serene temperament is Alice Terry; calm, strong, a real refuge to Rex Ingram in his moments of high-strung anxiety over his work.

hypnotic power, to gaze right into the eyes of a young girl who was standing on his set with some other visitors, watching him work. The girl blushed deeply, and Rex Ingram looked away, stirred by a vague memory.

"Who is she? Where have I seen or met her?" he kept repeating the inquiry to himself at intervals, as he stole a look now and then at the girl. She was very pretty, with big blue eyes, curls over her shoulders, and she was dressed in a modest little blue-and-white gingham dress—gingham was just coming in then after being "out" for many years—and a blue hat that brought out the color of her eyes and of her golden hair. Her skin was clear pink and white, and he thought then that he had never seen a prettier face in his life. But there was more than mere flowerlike beauty in that face. For, though she was only a child, there were even then character, serenity, and a sort of sweet earnestness about her that drew him to her—these and a certain feminine mystery and alluringness that men find eternally piquant.

Just then somebody brought her over and introduced her to him, and he looked into her blue eyes a ridiculously long time for a busy man. He says so now himself. The girl was Alice Terry, and Rex was remembering that she was the girl that he had seen, six months before, in a picture with Bessie Barriscale, called "Not My Sister."

"I got an awful crush on her when I saw her in that picture," smiled Rex in his boyish way, as he went on telling me about it that night.

He is always boyish the minute he lets go of the intensity of his working moods. He has a smile of the magnetic sweetness of a woman's, for all his dominating masculinity, and he has nerves rather like a woman's, too—taut, quickly responsive, intense.

"Alice told me then that she was working on another set," said Ingram, "but I took her away from the other director and get her to play a small part for me. She was such a kid then, quiet, well bred, reserved, but immensely charming. She was supporting her mother, she told me, and having a hard struggle of it."

Despite his talk about falling in love with her, he really looked upon Alice Terry as a clever child, and they were friends as a man would be with a child. He was young himself, only twenty-four years old, but quite a grown-up man and a very awesome person to Alice.

When Ingram was engaged by Metro and left Universal, he lost sight of Alice for a while. But fate must really have meant them for each other, if fate ever really means anything, for, though time and again since that summer morning in 1916, they've been separated for weeks or months with no communication whatever between them, they've always somehow come back into each other's lives.

Out at the Metro studios Alice appeared one day, and Mr. Ingram went over and spoke to her. She wasn't working, she said, but would like to, and Mr. Ingram engaged her for a small part in his picture.

But just then the world war claimed Rex Ingram, who enlisted in the Canadian air service as a member of the Royal Flying Corps. It was decided he shouldn't start work on the picture he had planned because he was awaiting his call. He went north one day to one of the Canadian flying fields, and did not even see Alice Terry to tell her good-by. One day he took a fearful fall in his aeroplane, was terribly injured, his side torn open, his ribs broken, his spine injured; so he never got to Europe after all. He was in the hospital for a long time.

Little Alice in the meantime was struggling along in her profession, but work was slack, and she was a shy child, easily pushed into the background by bolder spirits. She went over to the Lasky studio and worked in the cutting room for a while, but the ether began getting into her lungs, and the doctor told her she must give up the work or she would die. All the time she and Rex had not written to each other, and she did not know where he was.

That's how things stood when Ingram came back from the war. But he met her one day on the street and renewed the acquaintance. He was ill, out of a job,

as despondent as a young Irishman ever gets.

"When I came back ill, and couldn't get a job," explained Ingram, "Alice used to come to the studio I shared with another amateur sculptor"—Rex Ingram dwelt on the words with a tender sort of thoughtfulness—"and talk to me and pose for me. I did two heads of her."

He stopped then, but I drew from his tones and even from the silence that followed what the quiet, sympathetic young girl had meant to him in those days when she encouraged and believed in him, though nobody else did—when he was still ill from his injuries, out of work, and very, very poor. It was those days of sympathetic companionship, I'm sure, that are the key to their devotion to each other. I think she cooked little studio dinners for him, too, and that that's when they really began to fall in love with each other.

Then Ingram got an engagement at the Metro studio, and Miss Terry came to him one day and asked him timidly if she might hold the script in "Hearts Are Trumps," which he was about to film.

"I told her of course she might," answered Ingram. "Just at that time I was looking for a girl to play a leading part in the picture, but couldn't find just the type I wanted, and——"

Ingram paused, our eyes met, and he grinned a bit sheepishly.

"I decided," he went on, with his quick smile at my sympathetic look, "that Miss Terry was exactly the right type for the part. But when I offered it to her, to my amazement, though her eyes brightened, she shook her head. 'No, Mr. Ingram,' she said, 'I can't. I haven't had enough experience in the playing of important rôles like that.' 'Just give it a try,' I urged. 'You're the right type, and you can leave the acting instructions to me.' She refused, shy and frightened at the idea, for a long time, but finally she consented to try.

"We became quite inseparable pals after that. I always found her wonderful to direct, too. No, I really don't know when we fell in love. 'I've always had a crush on you,' she said to me the other day, adding, though, with her whimsical little smile, 'but then, you know, I'm a little bit nutty anyway!' She's usually a very dignified young lady, but she knows that I love her to be a bit slangy now and then just to show she's human. Our love really grew out of a very fine friendship," he went on. "At first we merely went around together as pals, she always encouraging and aiding me with sensible, calm, friendly advice. Then I took a trip to New York. Suddenly I found I was having an awfully slow time, though I knew a lot of people. 'What the deuce is the matter with me?' I asked myself. Suddenly I realized that I was missing Alice. I called her up on the telephone right away. And from three thousand miles away—I asked her to marry me! Awfully unromantic, wasn't it? But Alice paid me back. She evaded me. 'When are you coming back?' she asked. I said, 'Well, I'll be on my way right now!' And I did.

"But she won't marry me right away," he went on with boyish ruefulness, so that you forgot for the moment that it was the famous director of "The Four



Alice Terry and Rex Ingram have been inseparable pals ever since their first picture together, "Hearts Are Trumps."

Horsemen" that was speaking. "She says, 'Let's wait and be sure. It's better to change one's mind before than afterward.'"

The two often take motor trips together to Pasadena or the beach, dine, and usually ride home early, sometimes hardly exchanging a word when Ingram happens to be weary or engrossed in thinking out a story. At other times they talk over his work.

"I don't know how she puts up with me," said Ingram with affectionate gallantry. "I never take her to the theater, nor do I care much for dancing. I'm absorbed in my work much of the time when other girls would, I'm sure, think I should be with my fiancée. But she's always the same serene companion, genial, sympathetic, and helpful. I've had many a valuable suggestion from her.

"Sometimes she makes these suggestions through other people," smiled Rex with a lover's pride. "Some one in the company will come to me—Seitz, my camera man, for instance—and say, 'Mr. Ingram, don't you think it would be well to do so and so?' But Alice is only human, after all, and usually she can't resist the temptation to come to me afterward, saying with the bubbling delight of a child, 'Well, did you like such and such an idea? It was mine.'

"I don't know how it is with others," continued Ingram, "but you can see for yourself that she places love in the highest place. As for me, I prefer that she doesn't work after we are married. She can continue to be an inspiration and aid to me in my work, but I prefer somehow to think of her as being at home."

The wedding, says Rex Ingram, is likely to take place within a couple of months. He wants to be married in his native Ireland by his father, who is an ordained Episcopal clergyman.

Continued on page 99

THE MOVIE ALMANAC

DECEMBER

Edited and illustrated by CHARLES GATCHELL

1921



PREDICTIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Sixty-five directors will start for the North woods to get exterior shots that will "outdo anything in 'Way Down East.'" Several new stars will be discovered in the movie heavens. Despite the fact that nine hundred and eighty-seven new theaters will open, and thus increase business, the price of admissions will be no lower.



- 1—Th.—Dorothy Gish was nursing a broken toe at her home in Los Angeles, 1914.
- 2—Fr.—Ince, Sennett, Neilan, Dwan, Tourneur, and Tucker formed the Associated Producers, 1919.
- 3—Sa.—Douglas Fairbanks, doing his tragic bit, was *Florio* in "The Duke's Jester," with Frederick Warde, at the Victory Theater, San José, California, 1900.
- 4—Su.—Elliott Dexter was learning his business, playing a bit in "In Mizzoura," with the stock company at the American Theater, New York, 1900.
- 5—M.—Lionel Barrymore was a correct *Harold Marsden* in "Hon. John Grigsby," with Sol Smith Russell, at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, 1898.
- 6—Tu.—Bryant Washburn, Rod La Roque, and Ruth Stonehouse, all appeared in "The Alster Case," an Essanay picture, 1915.
- 7—W.—Marguerite Clark was a piquant *Sylvia* in "Happyland," with De Wolf Hopper, at the Grand Opera House, Aurora, Illinois, 1908.
- 8—Th.—Francis X. Bushman and Pauline Frederick led the grand march at the fourth annual ball of the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League in Philadelphia, 1915.
- 9—Fr.—Lillian Gish began her career as a director, which, though successful, ended at the completion of her first picture. Dorothy was the star, 1919.
- 10—Sa.—Goldwyn Film Corporation organized with three million dollars' capitalization, 1916.
- 11—Su.—William Farnum was at home as the *Lieutenant* in "Under the Red Robe," at the Fuller Opera House, Madison, Wisconsin, 1897.
- 12—M.—Harrison Ford was playing *Taylor* in "Strongheart," with Robert Edson, at the Tootle Theater, St. Joseph, Missouri, 1906.
- 13—Tu.—"The Cheat," sensational Lasky photo play, a marvel of its kind, released, 1915.
- 14—W.—Tully Marshall did what was expected of him, as *Edward Marsh* in "Because She Loved him So," at the Academy of Music, Fall River, Massachusetts, 1899.
- 15—Th.—Theda Bara's first and only stage venture, "The Blue Flame," was announced, 1920.
- 16—Fr.—Thomas H. Ince was an earnest *Fred Vaughan* in "Shadows on the Hearth," at the Lyceum Theater, Buffalo, 1904.
- 17—Sa.—Eugene O'Brien caused a flutter as *Leonard Ferris* in "Mid-Channel," supporting Ethel Barrymore, at the Montauk Theater, Brooklyn, 1910.
- 18—Su.—Mary Miles Minter was an engaging *Virgie* in "The Littlest Rebel," with the Farnum brothers, at the Liberty Theater, New York, 1911.
- 19—M.—Theaters in four States closed for lack of fuel, 1919.
- 20—Tu.—D. W. Griffith and members of his company saved after being lost at sea off Bermuda in a terrific storm in a tiny motor boat for four days, 1919.
- 21—W.—Catherine Calvert was the heroine, *Laura Moore*, in "The Deep Purple," at the Princess Theater, Chicago, 1910.
- 22—Th.—Samuel Goldfish, president of the Goldwyn Company, had his name legally changed to Goldwyn, 1918.
- 23—Fr.—Pathé announced the first "slow-motion" pictures, 1918.
- 24—Sa.—Norma Talmadge was proud of her progress, her release this date being "The Honorable Algernon," a Vitagraph picture, 1913.
- 25—Su.—Geraldine Farrar flashed across the screen as "Joan the Woman," at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, with such players in her support as Wallace Reid, Theodore Roberts, Hobart Bosworth, Raymond Hatton, James Neill, Charles Clary, and Tully Marshall, 1916.
- 26—M.—Dorothy Gish and James Rennie, Constance Talmadge and John Pialoglou eloped to Greenwich, Connecticut, 1920.
- 27—Tu.—Milton Sills was a satisfactory *William Wetherell* in "Mother," at the Circle Theater, New York, 1910.
- 28—W.—Connecticut, aghast at the number of film elopements to Greenwich, passed law forbidding hasty marriages, 1921.
- 29—Th.—Dorothy Phillips was the correct selection for *Modesty* in "Everywoman," this date at the Shubert Theater, St. Louis, 1911.
- 30—Fr.—Nazimova was a colorful *Mrs. Chepstow* in "Bella Donna," at Wallack's Theater, New York, 1912.
- 31—Sa.—Editor of "The Movie Almanac" heaves a sigh of relief, 1921.

YESTERDAY

That star's dress was immodest! Six inches from the floor, and no shoulders!

Those classic dancers were shocking! Actually bare-legged!

TO-DAY

Of course, her gown had no back, and was knee length, but it was so becoming!

Of course, those dancers' bead tunics were extreme, but, oh, so artistic.

TO-MORROW

That actress showed poor taste in wearing a strand of pearls with her evening draperies. It made her look top-heavy!

How old-fashioned the critic was that found fault with the Dance of the Nudes. They all wore flowers in their hair!

THE FANS' GEOGRAPHY.

- Ohio—Birthplace of the Gishes. For news reel fans—Home State of United States presidents.
- Pennsylvania—State where motherhood is considered immoral (on the screen.)
- Georgia—Land of peaches and May Allison.
- Alaska—Dorothy Dalton filmland.
- Italy—Land that gave up Rudolph Valentino. (How could they?)
- Hollywood—Center of the universe.



- Russia—The same for Alla Nazimova.
- England—The same for Charlie Chaplin.
- New York—Where people live like De Mille and Fitzmaurice spectacles.
- Vermont—"Way Down East."
- Ovoglah, Oklahoma—Home town of Will Rogers.

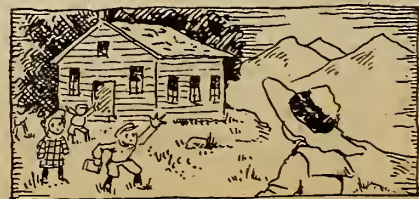
Not so many years ago, a pretty Southern girl graduated from a normal school in Alabama, the youngest in her class, and was assigned to teach in a country school in the mountain district of the State. Every morning she had to walk three miles to her toil from her boarding house, and she trudged the same three miles back again at night.

The young schoolmarm liked her work, but it was sort of lonely up there in the mountains. Her folks used to send her the Birmingham papers, and in one of these she read of a beauty contest for

Alabama girls. The winner was to have her expenses paid to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and was also to receive a try-out in the movies.

Well, the pretty school-teacher sent in her photograph. And it won the contest. And she went to San Francisco and Los Angeles, and a movie producer agreed with the Birmingham paper that she was beautiful and gave her a chance.

The lucky schoolmarm was Lois Wilson, now a Paramount leading woman.



THE SEASON'S SURPRISES



Photo by Witzel

DORIS MAY, who is as amusing as she is pretty, will star in a series of R-C comedies, of which "The Foolish Age" will be the first.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

EVEN though Lois Wilson can look as lovely as this photograph shows her, she intends to continue her homely characterizations. Her next one is "Miss Lulu Bett," adapted from the popular novel.

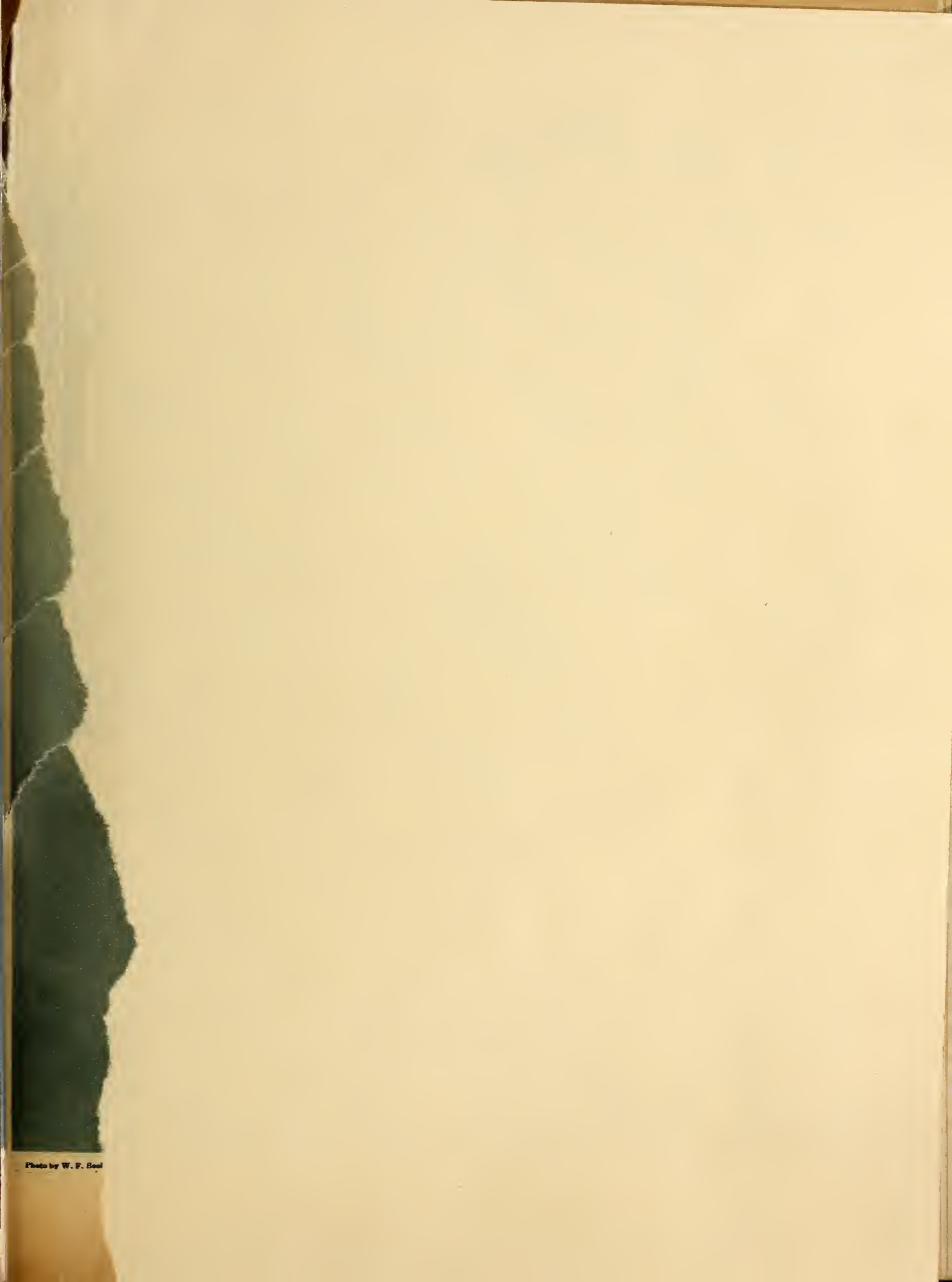


Photo by W. F. Seal



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

WANDA HAWLEY plans a departure from her domestic comedies in "Her Face Value," but later she may return to the type of story which made her popular.



Photo by Edward Taylor Moore

RUTH ROLAND will present a new serial even more packed with thrills than "The Avenging Arrow." It is "White Eagle," and after that she will attempt another, yet more thrilling.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

LITTLE May Collins, disdaining premature plans for her stardom, will continue to flit from company to company, gaining experience opposite prominent stars. Her first appearance is in "Red-Hot Romance."



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

THE fans would make no demands on Betty Compson but that she be herself, but she is ambitious to etch sharply such varied characterizations as "The Woman in the Case" and tremulous *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister."

Her Secret for Success

Betty Compson wears a blue aura and believes in reincarnation, but it's the secret that counts.

By Herbert Howe

SHE loves blue and detests red.

She said so, standing there in her drawing-room, with its walls of tapestried foliage, from which flashed, like bluebirds, the sapphire prints of Maxfield Parrish. Her gown was mist-colored, with an under-current of turquoise which flowed to the surface in decorative eddies.

Betty Compson's aura is unquestionably blue.

A blue aura is significant, according to occultism. It indicates that the diviner portion of one's nature is gaining ascendancy over the emotional.

Blue is also the color of unfathomable quantities, such as sky and sea. Betty Compson's eyes are intensely blue, sometimes purple. Then again they turn to gray as where the Mediterranean meets the Atlantic.

There is serenity and poise in the Compson presence. There is also mystery.

Woman, like the hereafter, is supposed to be an eternal mystery to man.

A fellow who claims to know anything about women is a fool—according to women. After meeting a pretty flapper he goes home to roll and toss and ponder the unknowable. So say the books of fiction.

As a matter of practice, he usually goes to the club or fraternity and tells the boys that the jane pulls the same old "line." Simultaneously the female mystery is telling her sorors that the guy is a sap.

But there are exceptions even to the rules of sex. For each man there are feminine mysteries. I think of three: Mona Lisa, the Sphinx, and The One Woman in the World.

Miss Compson has traits peculiar to all three. She has that quizzical I-know-what-you're-thinking snile about the eyes which makes the Lisa ravishing; she has the poise and air of wisdom peculiar to the Sphinx; and I venture to think she would be The One Woman in the World to a collective crush in any younger set.

Before a man knows what he thinks about her he is wondering what she thinks about him. Now this type is far more baffling than the vampire, whose number is as plain as a license tag and whose aura is always red.

Miss Compson hasn't a "line." But she gives the male every opportunity to display his. Her listening is eloquent. She never stirs nor does she interrupt. Her eyes never swerve from those of the speaker. Sometimes they seem to twinkle. Always they are dazzling with that expression of seeing through you and being amused. They are discomfiting eyes, hence fascinating. There is not the slightest sign of approval or disapproval as she sits with face uptilted, optically concentrate. Pretty soon the male begins to wonder how he's getting away with it. Let him wonder. She never says, "Oh, I love that!" or "I think that's cute!" or "How weird!" She doesn't even indorse by nod or smile. She's absolutely nonpartisan.

Growing desperate to know what's going on in the musing brain behind the twinkling orbs, the poor male puts a question. Presto, the eyes are turned off. Crimson lips melt away from white teeth. He finds himself freed from the fascination of eyes, only to be caught by that of lips. She makes a definite reply, which seeks in no way to favor his views.

There is no effort to mystify. She's frank in revealing

her complexity—the chaos of soul which gives birth to the dancing star.

Miss Compson admits an instinctive belief in reincarnation. Through this belief she explains genius as the fruition of work done in a previous existence. There is an individual note to her theory. She doesn't contend she was formerly a queen. All other reincarnated ladies I've met have insisted that they swung scepters. So many are the females of this conviction that one is led to believe the earth was formerly overrun by queens. The servant problem must have been terrible. So I thought until an ex-queen gave me to understand that we kings were the k. p.'s. Miss Compson infers nothing of the sort. Indeed the book which has supplied her with a philosophy is "Every Man a King," by Orison Swett Marden. She said:

"This is my philosophy—I think you might call it my prayer:

"We may do what we wish to do, be what we wish to be when our thoughts correspond with our desires."

There was a pause after the quotation—one of those definite little pauses characteristic of her conversation. Then she tossed back her head, another typical gesture. She said:

"Whenever I am depressed or dubious I stop and I realize: 'I may do what I wish to do, be what I wish to be if my thoughts correspond with my desires.'" She glanced quickly at me with a radiant smile. "That is my secret philosophy."

She has the philosopher's faculty for regarding herself, and others, somewhat impersonally.

"It has been said of me that I cannot remember the time when I worked in a department store." She paused to give play to that arch, twisted smile. "It seems to me that the truth would have served better. Working in a department store is about the only thing I haven't done. They might have said I couldn't remember the time when I tended a baby—the time I was stranded in a little town."

Miss Compson started forth in life to be a violinist, but she says she didn't do enough practicing in her previous incarnation. The vocation was a matter of parental choice anyhow.

"I was dragged up the aisles of Congregational churches, tabernacles, tents, and town halls to hear Maud Powell," she mused. "I always seemed to be going to hear Maud Powell. Of course I admired her tremendously," she appended dutifully, "but I didn't have the desire. From a child I wanted to be a great actress—a *great* actress. Nothing else matters. My thoughts must correspond with that desire."

Miss Compson was in Christie comedies before George Loane Tucker picked her for *Rose* in "The Miracle Man."

"Mr. Tucker dragged emotion out of me," she remarked. "I hadn't depth, and I didn't know what he meant by 'depth.' I think I know now. At least I am going to gain depth. Florence Reed—ah, there's an actress!—she has it. A man in my own company, Mitchell Lewis, has it. And Pola Negri"—again the lovely Compson head was tossed back rapturously—"she has depth, spontaneity, beauty—everything!"

Continued on page 101

Running Rings

With real vampires few and far between,
century

By Malcolm



Estelle Taylor's lips are everything that lips should be—the kind that speak without moving.

THE word *vampire* has been shunted about so promiscuously during the past eight years that it has come to mean little more than a rag—fitting the figure even as the bark fits the tree—a bone—well-rounded—and a hank of hair—marcelled. These days any one can be what is commonly and carelessly considered a vampire. A sad state of affairs, this. For first-class vampires who look to kill and always get their man are few, very few—and very, *very* far between.

History had some lurid ladies of real ability. Cleopatra, of course, is the classic or horribly lovely example. Then there was King Holofernes, who lost his head when he saw Judith—or shortly after. And Louis Quatorze, named after the well-known parlor chairs, played round extensively with Du Barry, as you know, while, a hundred years later, the fifteenth Louis was completely conquered by a pretty pet yclept Ninon de l'Enclos. From these couplets it may be gathered that it takes at least a century to produce a real, bona-fide, one-hundred-proof, satisfaction-guaranteed, home-wreck-

ing vampire. It takes more than a velvet gown and jade earrings and a carton of cigarettes. Any extra girl can roll her eyes and wiggle her elbows. The genuine vampire is born, not made up.

The impresarios of the fillums have had their fling at introducing homemade hearth tigresses. The first vampire film was called just that, oddly enough, "The Vampire." It was Alice Hollister—now artistically reformed—who started the perfumed procession way back in Kalem days.

After the marked success of this rather sensational innovation, the deluge began to dell. William Fox sent out a rush order for décolletés and lingeries, incense, divans, and leopard skins, and rounded up Theda Bara, Valleska Suratt, Virginia Pearson, Madlaine Traverser, and Sonia Markova—the wild woman from Petrograd, Long Island—screen sinners all. World Films countered by projecting that spinal celebrity, Kitty Gordon, and Triangle followed the trend of the times with an Alaskan siren, Dorothy Dalton, and one of more tropic persuasion, the purple Glaum. The statuesque Petrova, too, shared the lambent limelight during this reign of terror for the censors. Here, you say, were ladies! Sensuous, eye-filling creatures. But vampires? Truly luring sylphs who might ensnare a St. Anthony? No! And again no!

"What, then?" you exclaim. "And has the silver sheet no real vampires?"

This is my cue.

"Allow me to present Miss Estelle Taylor."

Wilmington, Delaware, is no regal pile on the Nile, no purple-and-gold city dotted with gleaming mosques, no richly invested demesne scented with Oriental perfumes. The street cars have the same noisy flat wheels and anti-Gillette conductors that Gopher Prairie will have by next year, and the storekeepers are just as aggressive as the storekeepers in Plainfield, New Jersey, or Oil City, Pennsylvania. And yet Wilmington is whence Estelle comes. Neither from Morocco's dusky climes nor from mysterious Hindustan nor from the seething sands of the Sahara; not from the great desert between the Tiber and the Euphrates, but from the lowlands between Philadelphia and New York.

At twenty-one she felt the call of the broad highway and Broadway on high, so she said good-by to her family and friends, and entrained for Manhattan. At this point it would be fitting to indicate in what Looks League our heroine bats. She has the sort of figure that looks well when measured comparatively, item for item, with the ladies from Milo. Her hair is a luxuriant mass of deep brown, her lips everything that lips should be—the kind that speak without moving—and her eyes—the Taylor orbs are poet makers. Tennyson would have been inspired to write of them as the eyes

Around Circe

Estelle Taylor stands out as the twentieth model.

H. Oettinger

that launched a thousand ships; Byron might have lyrically immortalized them as starry eyes of the night; a modern like Carl Sandburg would look at them and write of headlights.

Well, Estelle and her eyes went to New York.

"The first office that looked theatrical had George Broadhurst's name on the door. I went in. The office boy told me Mr. Broadhurst was out. As I was leaving he walked in.

"You're hired," he said. "What can you do?"

"I had had a little dramatic schooling, and told him so. He was putting on a comedy called 'Come-on Charley,' and immediately cast me for a stage-struck country girl. I had to dress as the country girl in the play imagined city girls dress, so I wore a clinging black silk affair that made me look as if I had been poured into it. I puffed out my hair at the sides, bought me a plumed headgear, trick earrings, and a bright-red, patent-leather belt about a foot wide, and then had the time of my young life doing the rôle. I was awfully sorry when 'Come-on Charley' failed to come on successfully, and we closed at the end of twelve weeks. I still maintain that it was a good show. I'll always remember it, too, as having given me my first Broadway part. Some day, of course, when I'm more of a 'name' I want to go back to the spoken drama for a while. It's fascinating."

The abrupt climax of the Broadhurst comedy came in May, and inasmuch as no one bothers producing in May, Estelle immediately started the rounds of the studios. After two or three fruitless trips—it was at Fort Lee, where Bill Brady's World people used to caper for the camera, she found a part awaiting her. The casting director there sensed the siren lure and acted upon it. The part was smaller than the young lady, flushed with Broadway's 'twelve weeks' triumph, anticipated.

"I thought I could bluff the casting man into a heavy lead at least," said Estelle naïvely. "I want to do a picture or two between engagements," I told him."



Photo by Royal Atelier

"Every girl knows her best feature whether she admits it or not," says Estelle Taylor, and of course with her it's her eyes.

Montagu Love, as the man in the case, was scheduled to quarrel with his fiancée—Evelyn Greeley—over his flirtation at the opera with the most beautiful woman in Paris.

"Of course *The Parisian* meant only a couple of flashes, but they were close-ups. And we don't exactly *despise* close-ups, you know."

I knew.

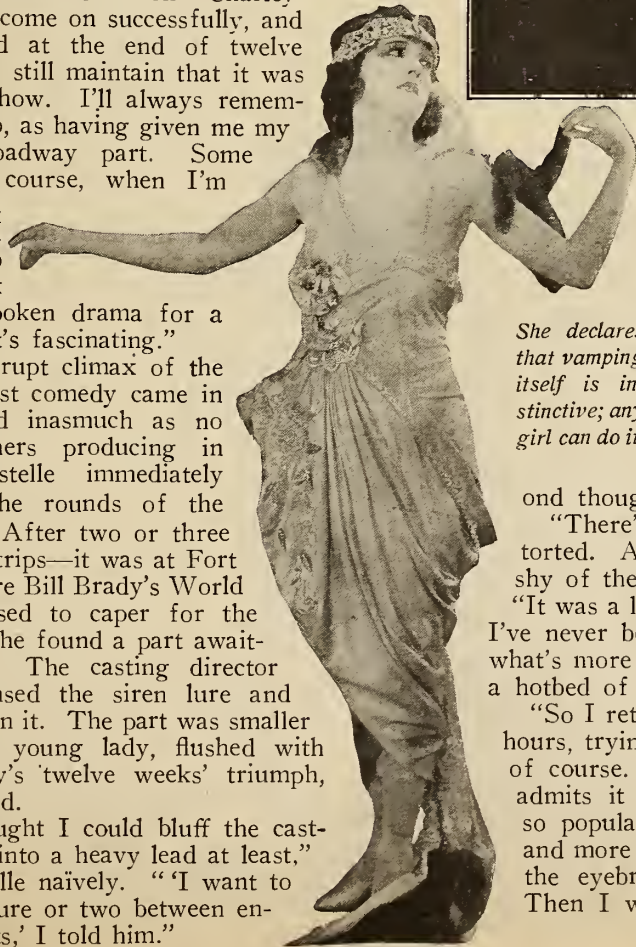
"But Will Rogers does," I interposed, on second thought.

"There's only one Will Rogers," the gelatin Jezebel retorted. And it is true. Rare indeed are the birds who fight shy of the four-foot line.

"It was a large order to be the most beautiful woman in Paris. I've never been in Paris, but I know that it's no village, and, what's more to the point, I am well aware of the fact that it's a hotbed of optically soothing *femmes*.

"So I retired to my dressing room and made up my face for hours, trying to make it look like *hers*. I played up my eyes, of course. Every girl knows her best feature, whether she admits it or not. That's one reason why short skirts are so popular. I put on salve and mascara, then more salve and more mascara, until I had built out my lashes to look like the eyebrow-grower advertisements. My eyes felt numb. Then I waited for four whole days before I was called—

Continued on page 97

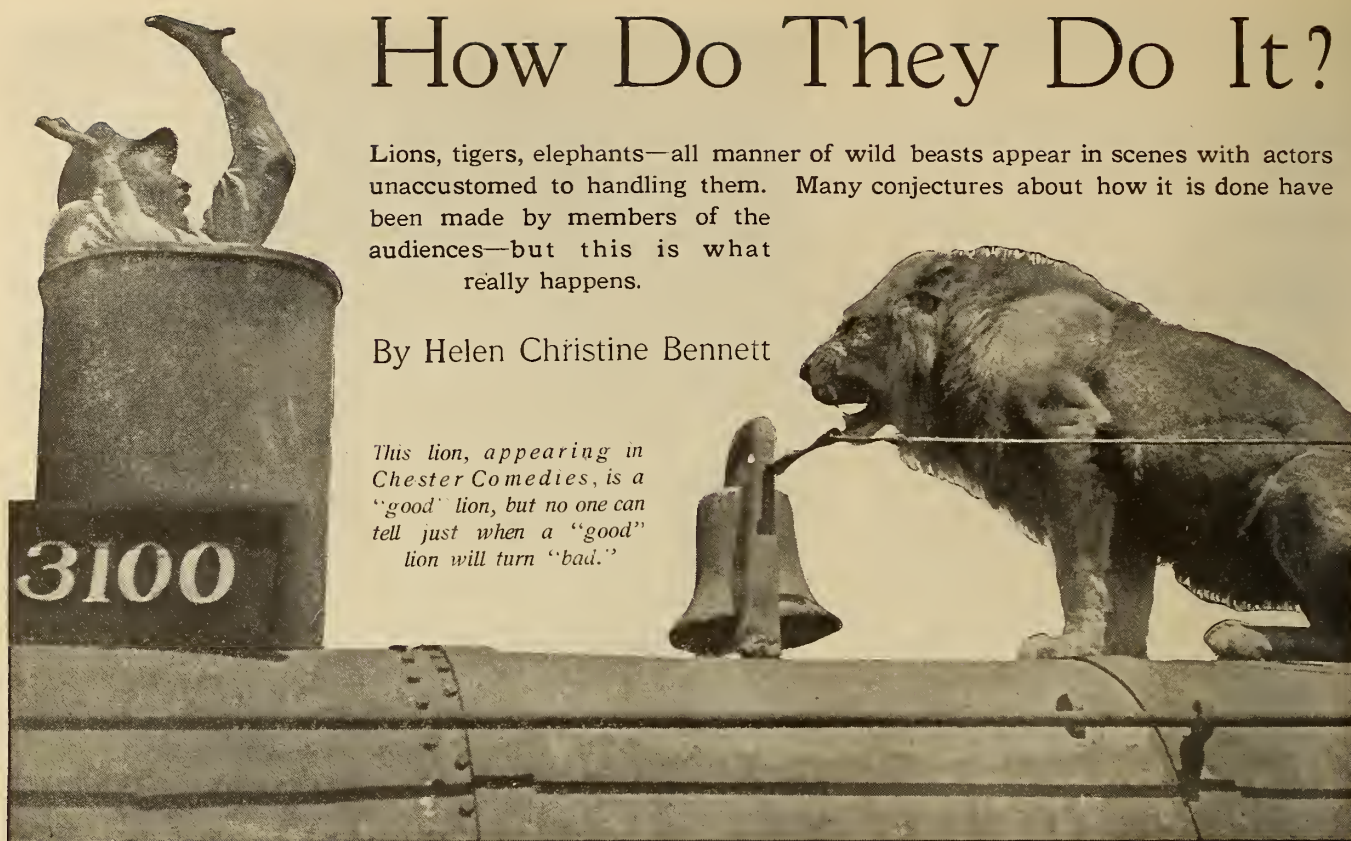


How Do They Do It?

Lions, tigers, elephants—all manner of wild beasts appear in scenes with actors unaccustomed to handling them. Many conjectures about how it is done have been made by members of the audiences—but this is what really happens.

By Helen Christine Bennett

This lion, appearing in Chester Comedies, is a "good" lion, but no one can tell just when a "good" lion will turn "bad."



I'VE no doubt that I've been sitting right beside you in some darkened motion-picture theater when a comedy scene came on the screen showing a young lady coming down a stairway, blithe and happy and unsuspecting. Then suddenly, in the dark corner of the hall to which she was descending, we see something turn and glide out from the shadows. Into the light comes a massive lion. Lazily, unhurried, he mounts the stair which the happy young lady is descending. She does not see him. We draw deep breaths. At last, just as they—the lion and the lady—stand face to face, she stops, startled—as well she may be—and with facial contortions denoting great terror and a proper disarray of skirts she flees upward, the lion, still unhurried, standing looking after her in mild inquiry. After such a scene you or I or the girl next to us begins:

"How do they do it?" And a male voice near says from the darkness: "Oh, it's a fake, of course." And then another male voice objects:

"No, it's no fake. That's a real lion. But look how old he is. Near dead likely and no teeth."

And you and I sink back half persuaded, only to do it all over the next time. The curiosity about animals in motion pictures, particularly in "dangerous" or "comedy" scenes, is perennial, awakening every time the scenes are shown, and never really gratified. And so when I came out here to Los Angeles, and on one of my first trips through Hollywood was confronted by the spectacle of a camel riding down the streets in solitary grandeur on an immense truck, followed by an elephant, I stopped to look, and my heart beat fast.

"Now," I said to myself, "I am going to find out how they make those pictures. I'll follow the animals."

I've been on their trail a long, long time, and I've learned enough about animals in the pictures to fill a thick volume. But still I've not solved the mystery of the happy young lady on the staircase.

For it seems that almost anything may have been right. The scene may have been a complete fake—that is, it may have been a case of double exposure, in which the young lady never met the lion at all except on the screen, or the lion may have been a fake lion and not a real one at all, or both real lion and real lady may have been on the stairway at the same time, but much farther apart than we saw them, or it may have happened exactly as we saw it, with no change and no fake about it. All these things happen in motion pictures which include animals.

The most commonly accepted explanation of

Occasionally you find an intelligent bear, like this one, who likes acting, but most of them are stupid and hard to train.

the appearance of animals in pictures is that they are old and haven't much pep left. I tested it out on

my long-suffering friends, and almost all of them thought that. I had an idea it was so myself. But there is just one thing now that I am dead certain of in that lady-and-the-lion scene, and that is that *the lion is not old*. Old lions may not have much pep left, but it takes mighty little lion pep to make mincemeat of a human being.



And old lions are cranky lions, soured and crabbed and never to be trusted. They are valuable in the motion pictures to mangle dummies that are supposedly dead men, and they do mangle them with ferocity.

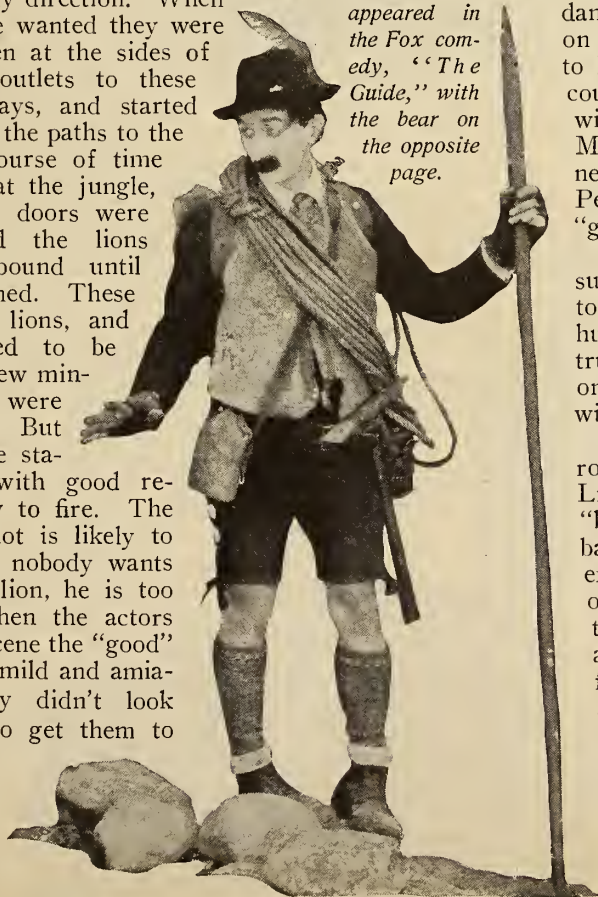
In making the picture, "Tarzan," many animals were used in the jungle scenes, and at times a great many actors and a few actresses had to be on the set with the lions. Lions were shown in many kinds of action, from their own playful antics when alone in the wilds to the wrestle with *Tarzan*. I went to see the jungle set for the picture which was made at the L-Ko studios, just to see how they managed to control so many animals. Mr. Charles Gay, the owner and trainer of the dozen lions used, all huge, magnificent-looking beasts, took me about himself.

Looked at from the front where the camera would stand, the set presented a very good jungle effect—huge rocks, trees, vines, underbrush, broken branches, and litter. But behind and about this was a most intricate arrangement of wire-bound runs. There were three tiers of these at each side, one on top of the other, like a three-story gallery. Behind the "rocks" and specially made trees, and all about on ever side, were these inclosures of wood and wire. At frequent intervals along these runways for the lions were doors which could be slipped in or out or up or down to check progress in any direction. When the lions were wanted they were taken to a pen at the sides of which were outlets to these various runways, and started gently toward the paths to the jungle. In course of time they arrived at the jungle, all the return doors were fastened, and the lions were jungle-bound until the exits opened. These were "good" lions, and were supposed to be safe for the few minutes the actors were on the set. But all about were stationed men with good revolvers, ready to fire. The flash of a shot is likely to divert a lion; nobody wants to shoot the lion, he is too valuable. When the actors were off the scene the "good" lions were so mild and amiable that they didn't look ferocious. To get them to growl and roar bright-colored cloths were waved in front of



Helen Christine Bennett, the author of this article, got on friendly terms with Snooky, the chimpanzee, while running down the facts about animals in motion pictures.

Clyde Cook, the English comedian, as he appeared in the Fox comedy, "The Guide," with the bear on the opposite page.



them. Nothing but a roar satisfies a motion-picture audience. A mere growl or snarl won't do. One of Gay's lions, which is a real old lion and a very dangerous beast, is most valuable because he roars on the slightest provocation. Mars his name is, and to Mars is given all the "bad" work. Mars can be counted on to snarl, roar, or tear a dummy to pieces with a fierceness satisfying to any audience. I visited Mars, and a fiercer, uglier-tempered beast I have never seen. Right next to Mars were Nero and Peter, looking very much like Mars, but both "good" lions.

"Peter is an especially good lion," Mr. Gay assured me. "We use Peter when we need a lion to lick a man's face. He can be trusted not to hurt the man—that is, as far as any lion can be trusted," he added gravely. "You never know, no one ever knows, the exact moment a 'good' lion will turn bad."

That is lion history in the motion pictures, corroborated by every animal trainer I could find. Lions come in two kinds naturally, "good" and "bad." The good lions are always young. The bad ones may be old or young. Almost without exception, the good lions turn bad as they grow older. No one knows when they will begin to turn. Some trainers offered nine or ten years as a suggestion. In the pictures there is a very careful line of division kept. A good lion is a valuable asset to a studio. He must be cherished; he must be well treated. He must not be teased or irritated. He must never be tempted to be bad at any cost or he may turn bad in reality and lose a great deal of his value. But to please you and me, down in the darkened seats, he must sometimes act bad. So lions who are motion-picture actors are used in doubles. Almost



Anna May, the ten-year-old elephant at Selig's plays at her work as if she enjoyed it, and is very careful not to hurt children.

every good lion in the business has his bad double ready to do his bad parts.

When little Gladys Walton played the part of a circus animal trainer in the picture play called "The Man Tamer," she had to portray a circus act in which one of her lions became restless and bad and threatened to spring at her. The point of the scene was in her subduing of this lion and in her going up to it and caressing it. Now Miss Walton, like most actresses, is no lion tamer. But at Universal City lives one of the gentlest lions in existence, whose name is Ethel. Mr. Harry B. Harris, who directed "The Man Tamer," says that Ethel has never found out yet that she is a lion. Other trainers—that is, outside those of Universal City—say that Ethel is born of several generations of in-bred lions and is a bit weak mentally. But of course this may be professional jealousy, as Ethel is a mighty useful beast. In the same litter as Ethel were born other lions, one of whom is her exact duplicate, a bad lion. I have forgotten the name of the bad sister, but in Miss Walton's scene it is the bad sister who is shown snarling and ready to spring—with Miss Walton at safe distance—and it is Ethel whom Miss Walton subdues and caresses.

To hark back to "Tarzan." That mighty master of animals apparently wrestles with a lion and conquers. He begins with a good lion, the good Peter—that is,

he faces Peter in the open, and they circle a little, ready to begin. Then Peter is sent away, and *Tarzan* actually does his wrestling with a man in a lion's skin. Having conquered this fake lion, the good Peter returns and is seen prostrate, playing dead, apparently overcome by the mighty *Tarzan*. As the audience sees the fake lion only in the act of wrestling and the real lion is used wherever possible, the effect is real throughout.

The greatest care is used in all the studio zoos not to irritate a good lion. Anybody who has an idea that animals are whipped into their parts may just drop that idea right now. It is true that the lions are prodded gently to indicate the way they should go, and it is also true that there are some trainers who lose their tempers. But even they admit that kindness and patience is the only way to get an animal so that it will respond to suggestion. Animals are whipped when they show treachery, when they try to hurt a human. When they are sulky or refuse to do what is asked of them they are returned to their cages and other animals substituted for them. Females are more inclined to be temperamental than males, and for this reason are more difficult to work with. But the motion-picture actor animal is a far different

beast from the circus performer. To begin with, the work is spasmodic; animals have days of freedom. Then there is no long siege of training. As one trainer put it:

"In the circus you have to do a certain stunt every day, and the animals have to appear. The audience of course wants them full of ginger and full of pep; unless they are it feels stung. Every day you have to work your animals up to the pitch of feeling the way the audience wants them to look. I was in a circus, in many circuses for years, and I've had to treat my beasts in ways I didn't want to. But here I can use one animal or another, and there are practically no stunts. Each time it is a new piece of work, and usually not at all difficult for an animal that has any training. In motion-picture work I may say I practically never whip my beasts, and I hope I'll stay there the rest of my days."

In the Selig-Rork studios are used the animals from the Selig Zoo, which contains the largest collection of lions and tigers on earth. Many of these are used in the serials. A recently finished picture, called "The Miracle of the Jungle," used about thirty-five lions, fifteen tigers, several leopards, mountain lions, monkeys, and a number of odd beasts. About everything except an ostrich. Mr. Cy de Vry, for thirty-one years in charge of the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago and now in

charge of the Selig collection, threw up his hands when I suggested training an ostrich.

"An ostrich is the stupidest thing alive," he said. "It has absolutely no brains. The only thing it is good for is to stand in the background. Of course none of these animals is really an actor in any sense of the word. With the exception of the chimpanzees, animals don't act—they just do what you show them to do. You can train an animal for a stunt and make it do the same thing day after day, but in motion pictures you don't do the same thing day after day; each day brings something new. The training begins for each picture. Now

what we call training is very simple. We have three baby wolf cubs now. I tell the men who have them in charge to take them out of the cage every day, roll them over on the grass, fondle them, pet them, put a collar on them and take it off, do anything to keep them used to being handled. If they get used to handling when they are little they will stand for it until they get old and crabbed. Then you let them alone. Finally you have to kill them; we killed a lion in the last picture, but don't imagine we did it just for the picture. Lions are too valuable for that. The lion had to be killed, and it went into a picture, that is all."

Lions go bad at any time after nine to twelve years; trainers vary in their opinions as to the exact time. Elephants have a longer lease of "good" life. They are usually amiable up to twenty-five years. Most people in the profession like to work with elephants, but hate working with lions and tigers. This isn't wholly because of the danger; members of the cat family are an ungracious, unfriendly lot from the family kitten on, interested in nothing outside of themselves, hard to key up. Elephants, when young, seem to enjoy their work. They enjoy squirting water on people in the comedies; they like to play with little children, and are very careful not to hurt them. Anna May, the ten-year-old elephant at Selig's, plays at her work as if she enjoyed it, but she is a baby herself yet.

Running up the scale of intelligence come the horse, the dog, and the chimpanzee highest. The stupid animals are the snake, the ostrich, and the goose. Yet these



When the lioness leaped in this scene from "The Adventures of Tarzan," the serial starring Elmo Lincoln, Frank Whitcomb, who appears in this scene, narrowly escaped being clawed.

my hat and trying to comb my hair. But any one who has seen these animals on the screen only will form a wrong estimate of their intelligence. They are imitative, it is true, but they are far from doing the logical thinking that the screen shows. All that is the careful work of the director, the animals filling their parts much as a trained dog does and very differently from the stupidest human actor. The chimpanzees like to be with the actors; they are seldom ugly if they get their own way. When they are opposed they bite, and as they have the strength of three or four men it is pretty dangerous to oppose them. That word "dangerous!" How, asked the editor, can these things be done without danger to the actors and actresses? The answer is, "They cannot."

Even with the chimpanzees the utmost care has to be taken. Snooky had my pencil and was scribbling with it. She seemed to get tired of it, and as I needed it I reached to take it from her. At once the hand of her trainer, Mr. John Rouman, came over mine and he spoke to her, and he took the pencil. But, quick as he was, I had seen Snooky's mouth open and her quick snarl at me. It seems nothing must be taken from her except by Mr. Rouman. Snooky objects. And Snooky is young and good and ordinarily docile. There simply isn't any such thing as safety in working with animals; the actors and actresses who work with them take the risks. And the business is not without its casualties; every once in a while an

animal turns bad and bites and tears up things and people generally. After I

Gladys Walton is no lion tamer, but she doesn't mind such pictures as "The Man Tamer" when Universal casts Ethel, a "good" lion with her.



Ben Turpin Talks

About his eyes, and tells how he began
To work in movie comedies—this famous
funny man.

By Gordon Gassaway



Photo by Abbe

Ben Turpin is properly appreciated when people tell him that it takes brains to conceal brains.

TELL me about when you were a little boy!" Ben Turpin and I were seated on a pair of upturned buckets in the shelter of some pie-spattered scenery out on the Sennett lot in Edendale. It was a warm, early-summer day, and this master comedian was in his shirt sleeves, having just finished struggling with a rehearsal.

"I know what you're gettin' at," Ben replied, fixing me with one of his eyes. "You want to find out if the story is true about me getting my eyes in this terrible fix from looking at the bathing girlies we have out here.

naughty. If they wouldn't have him good, then they must take him bad. He admits that his platform was so successful that his family soon considered him a "bum," and he ran away to Chicago. He was small of stature and could not do hard labor, so he drifted into picking up a living by making faces for folks in beer gardens. That was many years ago. Then he got a partner and went into vaudeville. On the opening night he forgot all his lines, and so did his partner. But by just standing still, paralyzed with stage fright,

Continued on page 100

Well, 'tisn't. I was born this way in New Orleans about fifty years ago."

"Theatrical family?" I asked as his other eye suddenly moved in my direction.

"My father," he replied, "was a confectioner. He was the leading maker of sweets in the city. Every time he used to look at me, though, he said his foot slipped."

Ben, of the high forehead and gray hair, preserves no illusions about his early boyhood which left such a mark on his later career that I was forced to ask the question which opens this interview. The knocks that came to him because of his small stature and his unusual twists of mentality only served to biff him on to the stage and thence into pictures. But it was not all pie for this famous funny man.

"You oughta see them give me the ha-ha and the bass razoo on this very lot when I first came to work for Mr. Sennett," he went on. "I felt like a turtle in a goldfish bowl, as the fellow said, and got about as much privacy. They followed me around just to laugh at me.

"Charlie Chaplin took me west to California, and then when we got out here he said my eyes drove him crazy, so he let me go and I came over to this studio for a job. I sat and sat and sat in Mr. Sennett's office until I noticed he began to wiggle and twitch in his chair. Then he turned to me and exploded: 'Well, what do you want?'

"I want a contract," I said.

"All right; you've got it. But take those eyes out of here and stick 'em in a bucket of water or something until we are ready for you."

It was the same way when Ben was a little boy. The other boys were often told by superstitious negro mummies down South that Ben had the "evil eyes," so when he came to play with them they would all run away. It was more or less of a lonesome boyhood he led, until he finally decided to achieve distinction by being very

THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

How Many Good Ones?

A survey made by "Wid's Daily," a newspaper for the motion-picture trade, shows that the various releasing companies promise a total of 887 feature pictures in the twelve months beginning September 1st. The list includes producers who sell on a "State-rights" basis and who, with the exception of Clara Kimball Young and perhaps one or two others, have little to offer the first-class motion-picture theaters of America.

The companies likely to produce most of the pictures that you may see are:

	No. of Releases.
Associated Exhibitors	12
Associated Producers	26
Equity (Clara Kimball Young)	10
First National	50
Fox	93
Goldwyn	30
Hodkinson	24
Metro	32
Paramount	95
Pathé	26
Robertson-Cole	28
Realart	36
Selznick	40
Universal	65
United Artists	24
Vitagraph	54
Fred Warren	30
Total	675

There you have the prospects. What in the world are you going to do with 675 pictures to choose from?

As a matter of fact, most of the companies are stretching their estimates a bit. They are not in as good financial condition as they have hoped to be, and it takes money to make pictures. So there actually will be fewer pictures, by several hundred, this year than last.

There will be, however, plenty of good pictures—which, after all, is all we fret about. It is now up to you to see that your theater manager uses good judgment and chooses the ones you want. Just keep everlastingly after him.

Praise him when he shows a good one. Let him know about the bad ones.

Easy Work

In this connection The Observer has had a chance to try his own medicine. He lives in a suburb of New York, and this summer the one and only motion-picture theater began to show cheap and stupid pictures, after a winter crowded with the best the manager could get.

The Observer and five of his friends attempted to correct the situation. Each wrote a note to the theater manager, protesting against the type of pictures that were being shown and offering to assist the manager in filling his theater if he would book better shows.

The manager answered politely that he could not afford to show expensive pictures in the summer.

The six replied that they dared him to try it.

So he took them at their word and booked "Dream Street" one night and Tom Meighan in "Cappy Ricks" the next. The six spread the news around that the theater manager was giving the town a test and that everybody ought to go down and prove that he could make money with good pictures.

He stood 'em up both nights, and now we're back on the old schedule. People are happy because the shows are better. The manager is happy because the bank roll is bigger.

The Film "Trust"

The Federal Trade Commission is charging that Paramount is a film trust, and Paramount says it isn't. The general public cares little regarding the outcome of the case, for it has nothing to do with quality or quantity of pictures.

The interesting thing, though, is that the government—presumably upon good authority—states in its charge that twenty million persons go to see motion pictures every day and that they spend four million dollars a day to see those pictures.

That means that every fifth person is going to a motion-picture theater to-day.

We realize the bigness of the industry, but isn't the government stretching it a bit?

(To assure the anxious ones, the suit against Paramount is not anything that is likely to send Wallace Reid to jail.)

The Authors Direct

Unique is the operation of the Chesters—Mr. and Mrs. George Randolph Chester—in the case of Vitagraph's "The Son of Wallingford." We have had authors who conferred with directors and who only got in the way most of the time. We have had directors who conceived a story and turned it over to continuity writers to develop.

But as far as The Observer knows, the Chesters are the first authors who wrote a story for publication in book form, wrote it in continuity form, cast the picture, directed it, cut it and titled it.

No one, we understand, helped the Chesters in the writing, directing or assembling of the picture. Bill Hart has the only record that is at all similar. Bill has written stories and acted in them, but he always has had an assistant helping him out on the details of direction and continuity.

The Chester plan is the ideal one for making good motion pictures. We haven't seen "The Son of Wallingford," but our guess would be that it is a good show.

The prevalent idea of letting from six to ten doctors operate upon a story before it is shot is the thing that is ruining a lot of pictures. If directors could

write or if writers could direct we would see fewer punk pictures.

Between the author's typewriter and the screen these days there usually are a dozen folk who are putting in new stuff and pulling out the ideas that the author put in. The result usually is a hodgepodge. The more minds the worse the story.

If you took a Sherlock Holmes story and passed it around among a dozen authors, editors, actors, supervisors, and whatnots, and asked them all to do what they could to improve it the result would be a mess of pish tush.

The same would happen if an attempt was made by the same bunch to turn a Sherlock Holmes story into a motion picture.

The only advantage of having a gang work on a story is that when it fails there is no single person who can be blamed and fired.

We hope for the sake of our theory that "The Son of Wallingford" is an unusually good show.

And Further Censorship

We are astounded at news from Orange, New Jersey. We have known that one of the evils of censorship was that the censors would use their power to temper the films to fit their own ideas, but now we have evidence.

With admirable candor policemen in convention in Orange took action toward getting a policeman on the New Jersey censorship board. To make the films cleaner? To try to keep out of pictures anything that might incite to crime?

Not a bit of it. They want to get on the censor board for one thing—to cut out of all films anything that might hold a policeman up to ridicule!

After they get control of films perhaps they can station a policeman in every newspaper office to cut out of the papers any criticism of the police force.

By that time there will be a representative of every walk of life on the censor board. The Irish will cut out the Irish comedians. The farmers will eliminate all "hick" characters. Wearers of derby hats will bar Charlie Chaplin, and women who do not believe in eating meat will force the elimination of banquet scenes.

What a great lot of meddlers we are! And the police are going to start it!

One Who Tried

There just comes to our desk a letter from one of our readers who tried our advice about telling the manager about the show. It happened in Grand Rapids.

"I wanted to encourage the manager," writes our ex-disciple, "so on my way out of the theater I said to him pleasantly, 'Better show than usual to-night.' At which he turned on me and bellowed, 'What the devil do you know about shows?'"

Our correspondent wants to know what he should do about it.

It depends upon the size and fighting ability of the manager. Perhaps our correspondent should take three or four friends with him; as many as are necessary to send the manager to the hospital so he will have time to meditate upon his boneheadedness.

Will It Appear?

To follow "Mirrors of Downing Street" and "Mirrors of Washington"—those sensational reflections regarding public men of London and Washington—there is coming "Mirrors of Film-dom," according to a report. All the stars and other

important folk in the industry are becoming apprehensive regarding the rumor. The book, of course, is to be anonymous and probably will hurt a lot of feelings. The author is said to be a writer who has interviewed all the stars many, many times, and the author expects to handle rather severely a few of the stars who have been unable to be "regular fellows" in the face of prosperity.

On Mary Alden

May we point with pride to the dope that The Observer brewed about two years ago regarding Mary Alden? At that time we said that she was the best mother we ever had seen on the screen and that some day she would get a mother part that was right. "The Old Nest" has given it to her. Vera Gordon's mother in "Humoresque" is perhaps given more to work with in the way of fine pathos and comedy, but for performance alone Mary Alden equals Vera Gordon.

We seem to be flooded with "mother" pictures, just as The Observer predicted. What will be next?

The Fairbanks success in "The Three Musketeers" may bring back romantic drama, a few sturdy producers may fly in the face of precedent and make a few "costume" dramas. We may get "The Count of Monte Cristo," "Under the Red Robe," and Anthony Hope may get his picture in the motion-picture pages along with Rupert Hughes and Elinor Glyn.

The pace set by the German pictures is encouraging producers to stage more colorful pictures, to use more care in composition and to seek unusual sets and groupings.

But after all, the basic idea of drama will remain, the sure-fire stuff—a handsome man, a pretty girl, a love story, many smiles, a few tears, a final clinch. That formula never failed yet.

Star Gazing

When Samuel Goldwyn stated recently that the public was tiring of old favorites and demanding new faces in pictures, he not only thrilled many young hopefuls of the screen, but explained in part the invasion of the stage by many film luminaries, including Nazimova, Mae Marsh, Bessie Barriscale, Catherine Calvert, and Olga Petrova.

Coming from a producer who once numbered among his box-office magnets many popular favorites, and who is now developing a new group of picture personalities, it will be interesting to observe to what extent his contention is borne out.

Youth and variety are the uncompromising exactions of picturegoers, the producers say. The favorites are dead; long live the favorites.

It is an engrossing speculation—this question of the life of the popularity of a picture star. There are those who declare it to be five years at the utmost, and yet one has only to point to the illustrious Mary and two of Mr. Goldwyn's former satellites—Mabel Normand and Pauline Frederick, both of whom have recently scored two outstanding successes in "Molly-O" and "The Sting of the Lash" to refute this statement.

Some stars contend that advantage is taken of their popularity to foist cheap productions on the public. Their careers have been ruthlessly shortened, if not sacrificed entirely on the altar of easy profits. For this reason several well-known players in Hollywood have refused starring contracts, believing them to be the death knell of their professional life. They reason that good parts in special productions is a far safer policy to pursue. There is nothing so dead as a fallen star.

Over the Teacups

News is the truth, Fanny the Fan observes, but gossip is sometimes more interesting.

By The Bystander

With the hunting season in full swing, Marie Prevost has introduced this charming and original costume. Of course, it is scenarios she is hunting for.

FANNY scuttled toward the table, sliding along on her heels in an obvious effort to imitate some one, but who I couldn't tell.

"Guess who I've just seen," she demanded. "That's what I've just been wondering," I retorted. "If it always affects your walk, and you're going to see them often you'd better get a balancing pole like a tight-rope walker's."

But, ignoring me, as she often does, she went on excitedly: "I was up at the beauty shop where we all go now, and while I was waiting for them to do up a package for me I saw a pair of feet coming down the stairs right toward me like this——"

There are limits to my desire to attract attention, even if there aren't to Fanny's, so I pushed her into her chair and remarked: "Never mind demonstrating; I saw you do it when you came in."

"It was a pair of long flat feet, exuberant with vitality and dancing rather than merely walking. I knew that I'd seen them coming down-stairs just like that in a picture recently, but I couldn't remember who they belonged to."

"Why didn't you look at her face?" I offered.

"She had a veil on, so I just recalled all the pictures I'd seen recently, and then I had it—'Camille.'"

"Nazimova!" I exclaimed.

"Yes; none other," Fanny remarked. "She's

been going every day to have her face treated, and they've discovered a new shade of powder that just sets her skin off right, and she's simply too ravishing for words. And, by the way, did you ever notice how much I'm like her?"

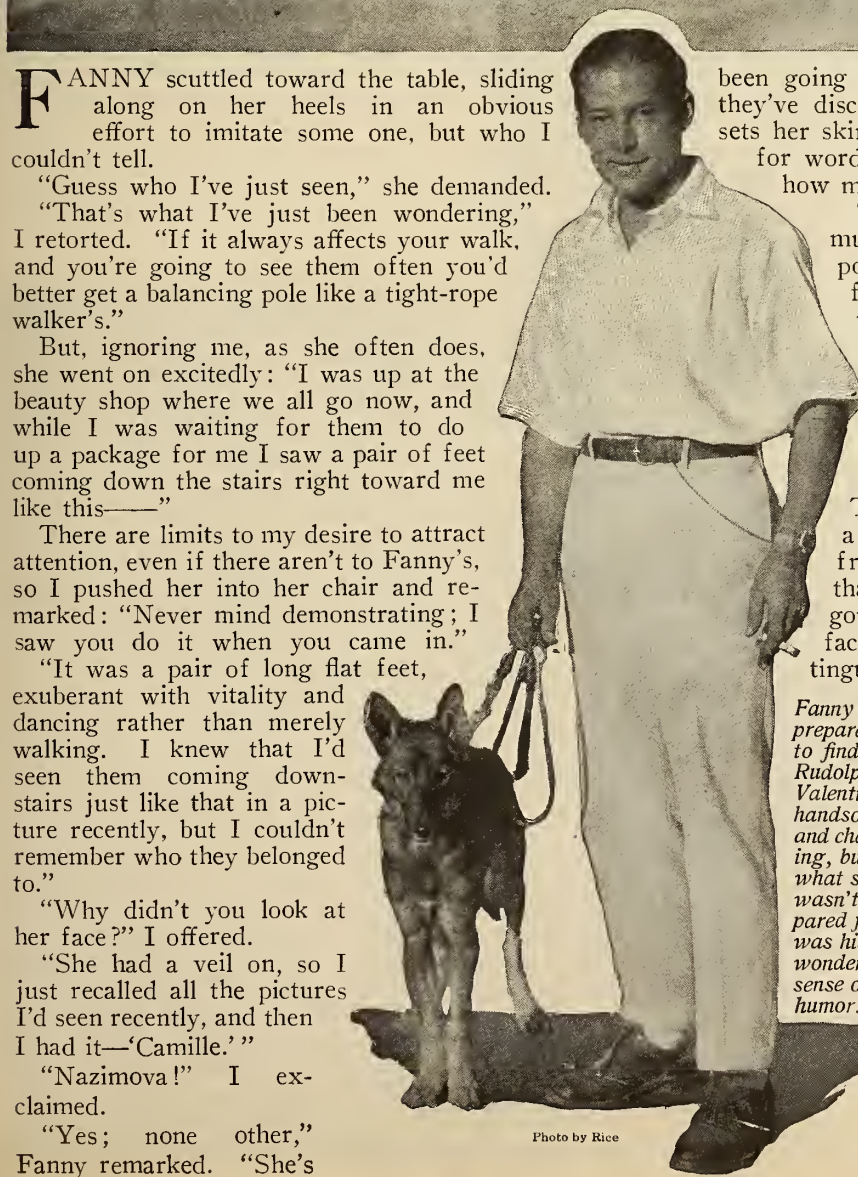
"Fanny!" I exclaimed in horror. "If you must imitate some star, even to the face powder you use, pick out some one who faintly resembles you in coloring. If you used powder like Nazimova's, it would be about as suitable as a blonde going to a masquerade as *Carmen*. Try imitating some one lighter—Constance Talmadge or Dorothy Gish or——"

"No, my idols are all dark now," Fanny insisted. "You should have seen Norma Talmadge at the Ritz when Nazimova gave a private showing of 'Camille' for her friends. She looked even more stunning than usual. She had on a very simple, dark gown, and her dark, bobbed hair, framing her face, made her look about eighteen. She distinguished herself by being so interested in her husband that she didn't even notice any one else there."

"How original!" I observed.

"Not so very," Fanny remarked; she dislikes having any one else get cynical. "Mae Murray and Bob Leonard were there, and you couldn't ask for a more devoted couple than they are, and as for Nazimova herself—well, she always flirts outrageously with her husband.

"Of course all the girls who had no husbands were simply entranced with Rudolph Valentino. They really should have had him sit 'way up in front so every one could see him without turning their backs to the screen. I'd bet my new hat that I copied from one of



Fanny was prepared to find Rudolph Valentino handsome and charming, but what she wasn't prepared for was his wonderful sense of humor.

Photo by Rice



Photo by Hoover

Mildred Harris is lending her iridescent charm to a Thomas Meighan production, but that's only the beginning of the story.

Irene Castle's that few girls there even knew what was happening on the screen.

"When the picture was over, every one watched to see who he'd talk to. I was prepared to hate any girl he noticed, but instead I only liked him better for what he did. He turned to Madame Nazimova as soon as the people started crowding round her to congratulate her, and said, 'I want to meet Dick Barthelmess' mother. She must be a wonderful woman!'

"So the next night I went up to Harrison, where Dick's mother lives in a great big rambling old house near his little one, and heard all about Rudolph Valentino. And then, to my surprise, two days later I met him.

"I was prepared to find him gracious and handsome and altogether charming, but what I wasn't prepared for was his sense of humor. He is wonderful. And he's going back to the Coast right away to make 'Moran of the Lady Letty' with Dorothy Dalton. Isn't it sad to lose him?"

I tried to look properly tearful.

"Your fickleness is terrible. Only yesterday it was Douglas McLean," I protested.

"And that reminds me that I just saw him. I never was so surprised in my life. He was making personal appearances in Cleveland, but he persuaded the theater manager to let him appear four times a day for three days instead of twice a day for seven, and that gave him three days to rush up to New York for a visit. He came to see the new shows and——"

"You?" I remarked incredulously.

"Apparently," Fanny said, somewhat ruffled. "He's had the most wonderful tour, all over the country. He's had marvelous audiences everywhere, but he insists it is because he always tells stories about Wally Reid.

"What is that Mabel Ballin is eating? Can't you attract her attention and get her to come over here? I want to know what picture she's going to make next. Oh, how I wish she'd do a light comedy!"

Doris May is not enjoying the hunting season either. It is a house she is hunting for, incidentally.

Photo by Grenbeaux



"Just tell Hugo," I suggested. "And ask him to write it around Mabel's new fur coat. She has the most beautiful new sable coat and she is so pleased with it she really ought to have a chance to wear it in a picture. And Hugo is not at all blind to the humorous possibilities of it. One day an ingénue up at the studio lisped to Hugo, 'Oh, Mr. Ballin, you've no idea how rich looking Mabel's new coat makes her!' 'Oh, yes, I have,' Hugo told her. 'I paid for it.'

"She discovered this place—you ought to thank her for it. It's the only place in New York where you can have tea and see the people going in the shops all along Fifty-seventh Street at the same time. Can it be—is that Elsie Ferguson?" I demanded, gazing out of the window.

"Probably," Fanny added. "She is back from abroad with trunkloads of gorgeous clothes, but she just goes on buying from force of habit. Almost everybody is either going abroad or just coming back. More than two thousand people saw Charlie Chaplin off, and since he has been in London the crowds about his hotel have been so great that he couldn't go out without wearing a disguise. He went to a prize fight disguised as a woman.

Though she grows daintier in appearance every day, Mabel Normand insists that she has a growing sense of responsibility and a mission in life. She is going to prove it soon, too.



Photo by Pach

Stars may come and stars may go, but Doris Kenyon continues to be one of the most delectable sights in fashionable haunts in Manhattan.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are going soon, and rumor has it they are going to make a picture abroad together.

"And as for other travelers, Rubye de Remer is coming to New York for a while, and Elliott Dexter is going abroad; Conrad Nagel's been East, and Estelle Taylor has gone to California to make pictures. And, worst of all, Gloria Swanson has gone back. I hate to have people go away."

"You talk like a travelogue," I remonstrated. "Isn't any one getting engaged or married or anything?"

"Yes; Juanita Hansen and Harrison Post were married by the same justice that sent Bebe Daniels up for speeding," she said excitedly. "And Ralph Graves admits he's engaged, but won't tell who to, and the same is true of Bull Montana. May Allison at last admits that she was married a year ago to Robert Ellis—now I can say, 'I told you so.' I have my suspicions about Colleen Moore and a handsome young Irishman who is not an actor, and about Betty Compson and Walter Morosco, but of course those are only rumors. I know Rupert Hughes' son would hate to go back to college if he thought there was any danger of his losing Colleen while he was away. He played in 'The Wall Flower' with her, you know, and now his father has written an Irish story for her, so perhaps



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

Helene Chadwick's latest fad is having her home robbed. She would like to pass it on to some one else.

Colleen will be too busy to think of anything but work until he comes back for Christmas vacation.

"That's all the romance I've heard about, but there have been some serious accidents. Mary McLaren has been operated on for appendicitis, and Lester Cuneo broke several bones in his foot out on location making a scene where he had to jump from the roof of a house to the ground.

"Of course you've heard that Gaston Glass met Mary Miles Minter at the train when she came back from abroad and that he's been with her as much as possible ever since, and that Casson Ferguson is mighty interested in May McAvoy——"

"No, I hadn't," I admitted. "But I suppose you've

heard that, having finished 'Star Dust' with Hope Hampton, James Rennie has gone back on the speaking stage. His play was tried out in Atlantic City, and Dorothy Gish-Rennie and Constance Talmadge and her husband went down for the opening. They had been planning ever since their marriage to all go down there together, but they've all been too busy. Poor Jimmy had an awful time tearing himself away to go to rehearsals when they were all there. They have such a good time together!

"If you want to see Dorothy fly into a rage get some newspaper reporter to ask her what she thinks of matrimony. 'I don't think about matrimony,' she told me. 'I'm too happy.'

"Lillian and Dorothy have both been working so steadily on 'The Two Orphans' all summer that they've hardly stirred outside of the studio. But Dorothy just insisted on going down to see the opening of her husband's play, and then Lillian grew rebellious and came down to see Mary Pickford.

"Every one is so busy nowadays. I just barely saw Betty Blythe before she went back to California, and she confided to me that she has developed a craze for false hair. She had hers bobbed, you know, and then decided she didn't like it, so now, while she is waiting for it to grow out, she wears all sorts of braids and things.

"With the hunting season on in full swing, Marie Prevost has adopted a soft satin hunting suit. It happens to be scenarios she is hunting for. And Doris May isn't particularly enjoying the hunting season, either. It is a house she is hunting for—and she has to get ready for her next R-C star picture at the same time. It is to be called 'Eden and Return,' which I shouldn't think she'd like considering how happy she and Wallace MacDonald are."

"And what about Mildred Harris?" I asked as she paused for breath.

"Oh, Mildred is to play opposite Thomas Meighan in 'A Prince There Was.' They wanted her for the leading part in 'Miss Lulu Bett,' but in the first part of the story she was supposed to be awkward and unattractive, and, try as she would, Mildred couldn't give that impression. You wouldn't suppose that being too beautiful could prove an obstacle in the movies, would you?"

"But have you heard about Mabel Normand?"

And without waiting to find out if I had, she continued: "She insists that she has a growing sense of responsibility and a mission in life and all that sort of thing, so she is going to start a theater in New York, a theater devoted to pantomime. She is going abroad to get rights to some plays and visit the pantomime theaters over there. It doesn't mean that she will stop making movies,

just that she'll amuse herself in between productions. So soon our one and only Mabel will become an impresario.

"And there's Doris Kenyon. Oh, I hope she comes in; I'll start tea all over again if she does. No; she's going to buy a hat instead, I guess."

"Is she still hesitating between the stage and screen?" I asked.

"Yes," Fanny admitted ruefully. "She simply can't make up her mind which she likes best, and she's not really strong enough to do both. It is so tiring that one can never go anywhere and I can't imagine fashionable haunts in New York without Doris. Stars may

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The Revelations of a Star's Wife

The fascinating story of the real lives of our most famous motion-picture players.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

CHAPTER XVIII.

I COULD never have forgiven Greer if anything had happened to Jerry," Roxane Laird told me long afterward. "I'd been unhappy for so long that somehow, when I finally was happy with him, he meant all the world to me. And if I had lost him I'd just have given up."

But she had to go on and make the picture that Greer wanted her to, of course; she had to have the money that he offered her. So she signed the contract, hardly knowing what she was doing, and then flew to the hospital where Jerry Malotte lay fighting for his life.

You saw that picture, of course. It was a tremendous personal triumph for Roxane. Every one said that nobody else could have played the part, that nobody else could have pictured such poignant grief that fairly reached out and clutched at your heartstrings. It stamped Roxane Laird as one of the greatest actresses of her time. And this is how it was done:

As soon as Roxane had signed that contract, Greer went out and rigged up a studio. He phoned Los Angeles for the lights and men he needed, and rented the ballroom of a hotel not far from the hospital, and had his sets made there, two of them. They were small enough so that they could both be standing at once.

The next morning he sent for Roxane.

"We've got to begin shooting at once," he told her. "I want to rush this stuff through because I'm going to cut in before the big fall productions are released. Now the scenes we'll shoot to-day show a girl whose husband is dying; she has come to plead with the man for whom she works, a man whom she hates, to let her go back to the hospital and stay there with her husband; she feels that she must be at his side if he dies."

The girl protested wildly. Almost the identical situation in which she found herself! She had not dared let herself think for a moment that Jerry might die; now it seemed probable.

"I stood there for one horrible moment and thought of him—of what I'd have left if he did die," she told me just a few days ago, when we sat there in my garden and played with Junior. "And it dismayed me to think that the things that would be left would be just memories of what had gone; not the realization of his love, his tenderness, but little, inconsequential, *physical* things; the warmth of his throat when I'd lay my cheek against it, the queer, sort of concentrated look there'd be in his eyes when he was watching me and I'd

What Has Gone Before.

When Hugh Beresford left the business world to become a motion-picture actor, his wife—who is the author of these amazing disclosures—little suspected what comedies and tragedies of real life she was going to be plunged into. Because she was associated with motion-picture actors constantly, and yet was not one of them, she became their confidante, their counselor, their guide.

From the questions that outsiders asked her about some of the most prominent players, she realized that a fog of misunderstanding obscured their private lives from the public. So, she decided to tell the true story of many incidents you may have heard in part.

One after another the stories of various favorite players have been woven into this narrative—showing both grave and gay aspects of the life of motion-picture actors. There was the ingénue whose mother made her look on marriage not as a love match, but as an investment; there was the screen's most famous vampire who had never had a beau because she was so shy off screen; and there was the story of one who loved gayety too well before she found that it brought no lasting happiness. Perhaps the most startling story of all, though, is the story of wistful little Roxane Laird whose haunting beauty is known to every lover of motion pictures. How she left pictures and then returned to make just one more in order to help pay the hospital expenses of the man she was engaged to marry has been told. The story continues from there.

look up suddenly and see him, the blessed comfort of feeling his arms around me when I was tired and cold. Those things I'd lose if he died.

"And then suddenly I felt that I could have torn Greer to pieces with my hands! He was going to make capital out of my agony. And I knew that he would feel that doing that would revenge him on me for refusing to go back and make pictures again. I had turned him down for Jerry. Now he was going to see me lose Jerry and make me suffer doubly.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Can't you go through with it? Lost your pep, Roxie?"

"No," I told him, though it seemed to me as if some one else had spoken. I was so unhappy

that I seemed to myself to be paralyzed by my own wretchedness."

She went on then, and played the biggest scenes of her career. Greer stood beside the camera, suggesting what was needed to fill in the picture, doing it with a brutal attention to detail that fairly crucified Roxane Laird.

"Your husband is lying there, dying—he is asking for you; he wants nothing in the world but the touch of your hand, the heavenly comfort of your breast beneath his head. You will never be able to hold him so again; he will be dead when you go back to the hospital. You can only follow his body to the grave and pay the funeral expenses with the money you have earned by coming to the theater to-night and acting, to carry out your contract with the man whom you hate."

Do you wonder that her work seemed realistic? Do you wonder that the exquisite lace evening gown which she wore was torn to shreds when she finished the scene in which she pleaded with the man who played the part of the theatrical manager to let her go to the hospital? She was pleading with Greer, of course; she needed no imagination to carry her through that morning's work.

If Hugh and I had been there we would never have permitted it; we could have lent her the money she needed, or Hugh could have taken Greer by the scruff of the neck and forced him to wait until Jerry was better before he shot those scenes. But we had been called away very suddenly; Hugh's mother was ill, and his father had wired for us to come to Chicago at once. So we left San Francisco the night before this happened.

The first moment she could, Roxane stumbled off the

set and flew to the telephone. At first she couldn't get the hospital; then they said the wire was busy. And finally they said that Jerry was dead.

They had to hold her then. She fought like a tigress to get away, but Greer had had the doors locked, and the man who played the theatrical manager held her while she begged him to let her go, and then nearly went mad with horror when he wouldn't. She tore the lace of her frock, so that it hung in fragments from her lovely, rounded shoulders; there were great, livid marks down her cheeks, dug by her finger nails when she clawed at them in a perfect frenzy of agony. And the camera ground on and on, while Greer stood back at one side and looked on, smoking.

"Cut!" he grunted finally, and she slumped down on to the floor the minute the man she was acting with let go of her. He picked her up again and carried her to a couch at one side of the set, and she lay there for a long time without moving. She told me that she did not dare think ahead even as much time as it would take her to draw one breath, because it seemed as if the awful weight of her grief would crush out her life. And so she just lay there, thinking "I can draw this breath—just this one."

She meant to kill herself. She decided that she would go to the hospital and see that the necessary arrangements were made, and then, after Jerry was buried, end her own life. He had been all she had to live for, and now he had been taken from her.

She dressed, went downstairs; they were willing enough to let her go now. It was raining very hard, one of those terribly hard rains that they have in San Francisco, when it seems as if the storm will beat into your very heart. And the wind was blowing so hard that she just leaned against it and forced her way with all the weight of her body.

She had always hated rain, but she walked all the way to the hospital, not minding this; she told me that she took a sort of comfort in feeling that it could not possibly hurt her; that nothing could possibly hurt her now, because she was so much more wretched than anything more could possibly make her feel.

When she got to the hospital she dragged herself in and up the stairs, avoiding the attendants; she wanted to postpone the end, somehow, now that she was there. And so she went along the upper corridor, and stood outside Jerry's door, her wet clothing clinging to her, her damp hair lying in a heavy, dragging mass on her neck.

And then a doctor came out of the room and saw her.

"Oh, come in," he cried, throwing the door open. "Mr. Malotte has just been asking for you."

It may seem incredible to you that Greer had deceived her so, bribing the girl at the switchboard to answer that phone call and say that Jerry was dead. It seemed so to me when Roxane wrote me about it. That was some time later, when he had recovered and she and he were spending their honeymoon in the East. She finished the picture in New York incidentally; she said

then that she never wanted to see California again. And Jerry always went to the studio with her.

Well, if that incident seems incredible, you may be convinced by a somewhat similar one which occurred not long ago. A rather well-known star had to make a scene in which her leading man, playing her husband, was supposed to come home at night, drunk, and abuse her frightfully. They made the scene, threw it on the screen in the projection room, and found that it didn't go well; the man hadn't been brutal enough, and the scene fell flat.

The next day they made it again. It went better. He caught the girl by the hair, dragged her out of bed, grasped her by the shoulders so violently that her arms showed the bruises for days afterward, threw her against a heavy table so that she was badly hurt as she fell.

When that scene was shown in the projection room the girl's father, who was interested financially in the company, strolled in.

"Gosh, here's where we all lose our jobs!" the director whispered to Hugh, who happened to be there. "The old man'll can the whole bunch when he sees how his daughter was treated." And he sat there in fear and trembling, as did every one else concerned—except the star, who was home in bed—until the scene was over and the lights went on.

The director tried to slink out unobtrusively, but the girl's father collared him, so he tried to cover up the situation.

"I'm afraid you'll think Parker treated your daughter pretty badly," he said apologetically. "Of course——"

"Fine stuff!" exclaimed the old man, patting him on the shoulder. "That's the kind of stuff that goes. And I had the right idea—took Parker out and got him drunk before he played that scene. Probably the censors'll cut it, though!" he wound up disappointedly as he walked away.

I had not seen Roxane Laird between that time when we met in San Francisco and the day when I found her at our home when Hugh and I got back from New York. She was wonderfully changed. The wistfulness was gone from her beauty, but in its place there was a serene happiness that made her more beautiful than ever.

We sat together and talked for a long time that evening, she and I, looking out over the moon-silvered waters of the Sound, while Hugh and Jerry walked the garden paths, smoking, and the fragrance of wistaria filled the air.

"It's queer, Sally, but the most horrible thing that I have ever had to do in my life—making that picture for Greer—also made my success," she said. "When I finally became a human being again, after the ghastly morning I spent making those scenes at that hotel, I said that I would never act again. I've always said that until now. But I've had an offer from one of the biggest theatrical managers, who says that he will star me on the speaking stage. He's offered before, and I've refused; now I think I'll accept. And it was that one scene that convinced him that I had talent. Funny, isn't it?"

ONLY A HAS BEEN

That is what every one says of Phillip St. Mark, once the most popular of screen heroes. He still plays in pictures, but it is in support of some young star chiefly. The old charm that thrilled his admirers once doesn't hold them any more.

But he can still act convincingly when his heart is in it—and the acting is to be done in real life. With the craftiness worthy of a Machiavelli, he has enmeshed the young star in whose support he is playing; her mother and friends stand by helpless while he manipulates her to his own ends.

What can be done in a case like that? The girl is blinded—almost hypnotized by him—her mother is distracted—and Phillip St. Mark rules her every action. What could Sally Beresford do about it? Well as she knows the tangling circumstances of motion-picture life, she quailed at the thought of this situation.

It had its tragic aspects—and its humorous ones, too. You will want to accompany Sally to the apartment where Phillip St. Mark, the young girl, and her mother lived, and hear about what she saw. It is the most amusing portion of all the "Revelations." Don't miss next month's installment.

"Does Greer know about that?" I asked as she sighed contentedly and turned her head so that she could watch Jerry coming toward her down the garden path.

"No, he doesn't. It's queer about him, too, isn't it? He keeps right on making pictures, but people say that he's failing rapidly; that he's lost his old grip on things, and that he realizes it and is nearly wild. They say he's never made a really good one since that last picture I did for him. And they gave the credit for that to me—not fair exactly, is it?"

That question went unanswered, for Jerry came along just then, and her arms went out to him as he sat down on the arm of her chair. They are still like newly engaged lovers, those two.

I knew that she wouldn't hear me if I told her that Greer's career was ending just as it deserved to, and that every bit of success that she had gained she had earned.

Yet nobody who has seen how she clings to every stray bit of happiness, how radiant she is over Jerry's love for her and her joy in him, can deny that all the success in the world will never compensate to her for those starved, wretched years and that one morning of agony that Greer made her endure.

CHAPTER XIX.

"Sally," Hugh, coming into the nursery, where I was putting our son into clean clothes for the third time in one afternoon, faced me so seriously that I felt a bit worried. "Sally, if this picture goes big, as it looks as if it would, and we clean up, shall we get out of pictures?"

"Oh, Hugh!" I exclaimed, leaning back in my low chair and staring up at him. For a moment it seemed impossible that he could ever get out of the industry; I couldn't picture him in any other line of work, despite the many discussions we'd had of what we'd do when we had money enough to get out of the game.

"Well, you know how things are going. If they keep on importing foreign pictures, that can be had so much cheaper than we can make pictures in this country, that's going to cut down production over here. See what Famous Players-Lasky's doing—doubling up on their stars and releasing pictures that have been held for some time. Maybe this is the time to clear out, when the going's good."

"Oh, perhaps—but just look at what Micky Neilan is doing; he's going right on making really good pictures and never lacking an audience for them. I don't believe anybody else need worry either; I don't believe a really good picture will ever go begging!" I exclaimed. "The big companies turn out a lot of regular program pictures, of course; nobody ever expects much of those. I've seen some lately that the industry would be better off without as far as that's concerned. But I think this is just going to mean that any one who wants to last has got to make real pictures—pictures like 'Unredeemed.'"



When the brutal scene was flashed on the screen Parker said, "I'm afraid that we allowed him to treat your daughter pretty rough."

He flushed boyishly at that; it always embarrasses him to realize that I think this picture of his is as big as "The Miracle Man." He strolled around the room for a few minutes, whistling, and then came back and hunched up on the floor beside my chair, and Junior came and hung over his shoulder to see the slips of gayly colored paper that he pulled out of his pocket and showed me.

"These are the sketches for the posters, Sally," he said. "Like 'em?"

It gave me a curious little thrill that went straight to my heart to see them. "Hugh Beresford in 'Unredeemed.'" To me the words might have been painted across the heavens in letters of flame, they seemed of such world-wide significance. To other people this might be just the announcement of one more motion-picture actor in one more picture, but to me it was of tremendous importance. I couldn't bear to think that people might say: "Let's see; what's at the movies to-night? 'Hugh Beresford in 'Unredeemed.'" I didn't like the last picture I saw him in; let's do something else." I wanted every one to be eager to see that picture. It was hard to realize that the whole world wasn't as interested in it as I was.

Some of the sketches for the posters were stunning. "I'm going to have a really good artist do them," Hugh had said to me when he first began to consider them, shortly after he began work on the picture. "They'll be plastered all over billboards and theaters, and people will have to look at 'em whether they want to or not. And I think they ought to be worth looking at, just for themselves. It would really help the movies if we had fewer of those lurid, sensational-looking posters advertising them."

And so he had engaged two artists of established reputations to submit designs for "Unredeemed," men who did magazine covers and some of the best of the advertising art work. And the results justified what he had done. One of them I liked especially; its color scheme was wonderful—flame and a purple that was

almost black; I could just see it on billboards everywhere. Even when I remembered that Hugh had given up the annual fishing trip that was one of his greatest joys, in order to do this, I didn't mind.

"I ought not to take the time to go fishing this year, anyway, even after the picture's done," he had told me when I remonstrated. "And, anyway, I can go fishing all my life, but I can only have one set of posters for 'Unredeemed.'"

Junior and I went to the studio with him the next morning, not for any special reason, except just that we wanted to go. We had plenty of time, so we ran up to the Griffith studio at Mamaronock for a moment, where "The Two Orphans" was under way. D. W. himself was having breakfast in the studio lunchroom, principally on berries from the wonderful studio gardens, and he urged us to come back for luncheon. Lillian and Dorothy Gish would be there, as they were both working that day, and it was possible that Mrs. Gish would come up. She is a dear little thing; Lillian looks something like her, but she is more like Dorothy, and one of the most delightful persons you'd meet in an age. I have always been one of her most ardent admirers, and Hugh worships at her shrine.

"It's no wonder that Lillian takes care of 'my little mother,'" he remarked once after we'd been dining with them. "She's the most delicate, exquisite one I know."

When we got to the studio I rose up and rejoiced that I had come, for Billy Wales was there—and Billy Wales is worth going miles and miles to see. His mother was with him, and as she and I settled down in a corner where the lights wouldn't hurt our eyes I looked at her and smiled at the thought of the way her life had changed and how astonishing it must seem to her.

You see, she lived in a small town in California, one of those sun-baked little towns that seem to be almost part of the great hills that hold them in their laps. She brought up a family of four sons, and did most of the housework, even after they were grown, and sort of helped her husband look after his business—he had a store of some kind; I don't remember what.

Billy was born when the youngest of the four older sons was thirteen. Life had been a pretty hard struggle for her when the other children were growing up, and she'd never had much time to enjoy them, but Billy was different. The older boys were away at work, and her husband had become interested in politics, and so was away most of the time, and she had a Jap boy to do the work, so she really had a wonderful time bringing up Billy.

And he adored her. He was a homely little thing, she told me, homelier than the other boys, and absolutely different in every way. And though he was quite a fighter, and could thrash most of the boys in the "gang" he played with, he used to like to stay home with her.

"I'll never forget one Sunday afternoon," she told me that day at the studio. "It was an awfully hot day in town, but we knew that it must be cool in the hills, and I'd been sort of wishing I could get up into them. Pa was at the retail dealers' convention, and Sam, the oldest boy, had gone down to Los Angeles for over Sunday. And the other three boys came out, all dressed up, and two of 'em sat down on the porch for a minute or two, and the other went off down street.

"Where's Jake goin'?" Bill asked, and Ned spoke up, "Oh, just down street." And pretty soon Jake came back in a car, not a Ford—I'd ridden in a Ford myself—but a great big car, and three girls in it. And the other boys piled in, and one of the girls shouted to 'em as they came down the path that she'd made two big chocolate cakes, and they had a freezer of ice cream in by

the hind seat, and then off they sailed for the hills, with the dust the car kicked up blowin' back on the Shasta daisies Bill and I had planted in the front yard.

"Well, I felt kind of bad. Course the boys never thought maybe I'd like to get away, I guess. I didn't say a word, but Bill, he knew; he always did know somehow. And he sneaked over and stuck his hand into mine, and I turned around to him and hitched up his suspenders—I never could keep that young un decently in his pants; I used to think they'd come off in public some time and disgrace him. And he said 'Don't you care, ma; some day I'll buy you the best car Len Simmons has got in his old garage!'"

That was just before we entered the war. Things changed not long after that; the older boys all went into the service when war was declared; Mrs. Wales hung a service flag with four stars in her parlor window, and after Château Thierry she changed one of them to a gold one for Ned. Jake came home in all the glory of a captain's bars, with a French bride, and went to San Francisco to live. One of the other boys married and went to the oil fields to work, and pretty soon he sent for the other one. Mr. Wales' business had gone to pieces during the war, but he'd had the fun of making speeches endlessly in his political career and as a four-minute man, and he kept right on, whether there was anything to make speeches for or not.

"And times got hard with us," Mrs. Wales told me, blinking a little, and then openly wiping her eyes. "Sometimes Bill and I didn't know what we'd do next."

What they did next was nothing short of amazing. They went to Los Angeles to visit Mrs. Wales' sister, and Bill developed a passion for hanging around the studios, and somebody offered him a job one day, when a lot of children were needed in a picture.

He was perfectly mad about acting in the movies from that moment on. Mrs. Wales said that he came rushing home and dumped his day's wages in her lap—he hadn't earned much, of course, but it looked big to him—and just stood there and sputtered, too excited to tell her what had happened.

He got lots of work from that time on; his very homeliness was an asset. He was in a picture with Mary Pickford, and then in another picture, and the first thing any one knew he was given a contract, like a grown-up person, and had an established position in the motion-picture world. And nobody appreciated the fact any more than he did.

Just before he and his mother came East, they went back to their home town. Can't you see them? Mrs. Wales in a black foulard dress such as she'd always wanted to wear, and Bill trying hard not to swagger, but absolutely unable to help it. And he marched into Len Simmons' garage, just as he'd said he would so long ago, and bought the biggest automobile there, and he and his mother drove away in it.

"I declare, it seems funny to me now to think of it," she told me that day as Billy went scuttling past us, tearing after Hugh. "To think that young un should be earning as much as he does. Why, not even Jake makes what Bill does. And when we stopped in San Francisco on the way here, and Bill was telling about how he'd probably go to Europe to make his next picture to get the right kind of locations—well, I wish you'd have seen Jake and Sadie—that's his wife—the way they looked at Bill. I said to myself, 'If your director was here he'd take you down off your high horse, young man!' but of course I wouldn't 'a' said anything for the world, Bill was having such a good time lordin' it that way over Jake. To tell the truth," with an apologetic little laugh, "I kind of egged him on."

The Screen in Review

Last-minute news from the motion-picture front about productions you will not want to miss—and some that you will.

By
Alison Smith



In "The Three Musketeers" Fairbanks is frankly and irresistibly himself and the audiences love him for it.

NOT so long ago there was a single phrase which had power to strike terror into the heart of even a scenario writer and to reduce the bravest film producer to a quivering pulp. What the boll weevil is to the cotton crop, what the April frost is to the peach orchard, so was the awful blight of this term when it fell upon any scenario department. You may have written a masterpiece in plot, action, or characterization, but without due care your enemy could blast it by letting drop this fatal term. "Of course it's a good idea," he might toss off casually to your scenario editor, "but you can't make a picture of it. You see, it's a period play."

The public does not want period plays. This was the edict, dogmatic and unalterable, which went out through the ranks of the film writers. A Griffith, a Tourneur might get away with a period drama, but this was luck or genius, and even at that your director would assure you between solemn puffs of his Corona that they would have done still better if they had transposed their idea into modern settings. So straightway all plots were transposed until we had a curious medley of conflicting ideas and background. Everything was done in a modern tempo, including the first book of Genesis, with Eve in Paquin models, Adam as a dapper man about the Garden, and the serpent bearing a cocktail in its strictly up-to-date coils.

I don't know who was responsible for this arbitrary doctrine that the public hasn't imagination enough to appreciate anything not set in the surroundings of the present time. I don't even know which director was defiant enough to laugh at the old hoodoo and to produce period films not as "artistic failures," but with

the intention of selling them. Whoever he was, he reaped his harvest. For the audiences, in the most ungrateful and perverse manner, declined to accept the obvious fact that they didn't like and wouldn't see a play in any costumes but their own. On the contrary, they ate them up and are continuing to devour them whenever they are mixed to suit the popular taste. Watch the reviews for the recent months past and you will find that the taste for unusual, bizarre, antiquated settings—in fact anything but the "modern setting"—is growing with each new picture. It is a significant fact that the three most important films of this very important season are pictures which deal with other times and other manners.

"The Three Musketeers."

Here is atmosphere, if you like, in chunks; the air is thick with it. And here is the one and only *D'Artagnan* of the screen in the person of Douglas Fairbanks. Either he was created to play this rôle before the films began or the genial old Dumas, père, wrote it for him, bridging the years between them by some amazing flight of the subconscious. As a matter of fact, Douglas has been playing *D'Artagnan* ever since he has been in films, although he played it in a brisk business suit instead of doublet and hose, and vanquished his hundreds with his fists instead of with his rapier. But it is his rôle—the rôle of the dashing, undaunted cavalier—whether as a clerk or a musketeer—who understands all there is to know about fighting, trickery, and the way of a man with a maid.

There is little of the original old French flavor in the rollicking picture which Fairbanks gives of the



Estelle Taylor and Tom Douglas appear in "Footfalls," which is a good plot gone wrong.

gauche lad of Gascony. In this he stands apart from the rest of the picture. Edward Knoblock, in making his film adaptation, held, as far as possible, to the Dumas theme; the perilous game of chess which *Richelieu* and *Louis XIII* played with their henchmen. But Fairbanks is frankly and irresistibly himself, and the audiences love him for it. In the first reel he gets something of the Don Quixote quality with which Dumas invested this country youth in search of adventure. But when he broke loose with his incredible adventures there was a wink beneath his plumes and curls which said plainer than words: "Under all this fuss and feathers, it's me!"

As we remember the dashing old novel, the escapades of *D'Artagnan* have been modified to fit the talents of the new and restless star. Several roof-climbing episodes—without which a Fairbanks picture could not possibly be filmed—have been added, and the unedifying conduct of *Milady* has been toned down out of deference for the censors. The perilous race, however, for the diamond buckle that a queen may keep her throne is made the most of by the dauntless three. They are wonderful—these three, especially *Porthos*, whose genial bulk would have moved Dumas himself to cheers.



A fragment of the colorful "Arabian Nights" is the basis of a spectacular picture in which Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch appear.

And one of the fencing scenes alone is worth all the struggles you will find in getting in to see this film. Douglas has added this most difficult art to his other less subtle accomplishments. In this, as in the accomplishment of the picture itself, he may well cry, "Touché."

"Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The arrival of this super-Fairbanks production in New York caused a near riot at the Lyric Theater, as any reviewer who tried to get near the doors can testify. To get inside it was necessary to induce a friendly cop to pull you through the crowds, and there weren't enough cops to go round. This was half due to the picture and half to the fact that on the opening night Douglas and Mary appeared "in the flesh," as we say in the movies. When this uproar had subsided, imagine the joy of fans when another occasion of equal excitement arose just next door. It was the arrival of Mary herself in a new film of her own—the screen version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

This childhood favorite has its own atmosphere as distinct as that of the Dumas picture, although, needless to say, it is not put on with quite so heavy a brush. Again the director was wise enough not to attempt any "modernization" or we might have had the *Little Lord* in the rôle of a brisk and slangy Boy Scout. It is the atmosphere of New York in the eighteenth-nineties, of horse cars and Gody's "Ladies' Book," and of old England, with all its picturesque accessories. Through this Mary winds her captivating way in the double rôle of *Cedric Errol*, the infant peer, and *Dearest*, his mother.

The crowds adored her, regardless of the fact that never for a moment did she suggest a boy, or in fact anything but a pretty little girl in black velvet trousers. Per-

haps this may be the secret of the film's success; the adoring fans go to see Mary herself and would resent any disguise. And in the amazingly clever bits of double exposure she was permitted to impersonate not only the rôle of the angelic *Cedric*, but that of his adoring mother, an excessively feminine picture. So the film is a one-character production—we have Mary in looped skirts and old locket, looking gently maternal, and Mary, in the aforesaid black velvet boy's suit, romping with the St. Bernard, playing prince to the village children, and begging his stately grandfather to "lean on me." It gives the most Pickford for the money of any film since "Stella Maris."

And yet I can't help feeling that Mary is worthy of a more adult story in a production of this length and importance. After all, she has as many friends among grown-ups as among children. And the adult mind, while loyal to her charm, needs must resent some of the absurdities in this sentimental old tale by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

"She wouldn't have treated a kid like that," whispered a scornful youth behind me in the theater when *Cedric* begs to have his curls cut off because the other fellows called him "sissy," and *Dearest* refuses with sobs which work on his childish sympathies. In the mother's character there is too much of the cloying, smothering emotion which the author called "mother love," a tyranny which would subject a sensitive boy to the ridicule of "the gang" in order to indulge her own desire to keep him her baby. Of course the story, in many minds, is woven in with sentimental recollections of their own childhood, when they were thrilled by its romantic flavor. Also it furnished Mary with curls again, and rôles with curls attached are very rare these days.

To many "Serenade" will be worth seeing because Miriam Cooper and the Spanish settings are very beautiful.



"Disraeli" has reached the screen with its charm untouched by adaptation. George Arliss gives a suave and audacious portrait and Louise Huff appears in his support.

"Disraeli."

Here is still another period, the polite and mannerly days of the mid-Victorian court in England. It is said that when Louis Parker first wrote his political drama of *Disraeli* he used George Arliss as the model for the diplomatic prime minister. So successful was the play that it ran for five years, and finally reached the screen with its charm untouched by adaptation. Henry Kolker has permitted the absorbing story to unfold with all the simplicity of the stage version, leaving the background free for the suave and audacious portrait by George Arliss.

Naturally the story has space for only one episode in the crowded public career of its principal character. This was the wily purchase of the Suez Canal, with all its trickery and surprises. It was chosen, of course, with an eye for dramatic effect as the most spectacular incident in the history of the times in England.

But aside from the plot, the study which George Arliss has made of the character is interesting, if only as a piece of individual portraiture. His make-up follows the Landseer painting—the spare forelock, the high collar, the little beard of Napoleon III. His face is a mask that is thoroughly Semitic—at once inscrutable and blandishing. Of course his





In "The Idle Class" Charlie Chaplin plays a blasé man about town as well as the usual happy tramp.

smooth, ironic voice is missing. But even under this handicap Mr. Arliss has given a remarkable picture of this most picturesque statesman whom Strachey loves to call "the grim old comedian."

In a dim mid-Victorian background are other figures. *Lady Beaconsfield*, played by Mrs. Arliss; a not-altogether English *Hugh Meyers*, played by Frank Losee, and the two lovers in the juvenile romance, played by Louise Huff—in delectable crinoline—and Reginald Denny. There is only a distant picture of Queen Victoria—a hint of the small, plump figure on the throne of the "widow of Windsor." But her presence dominates the entire production, as it did the times, and is another example of the subtle work done in this really valuable historical picture.

"The Idle Class."

A month which has both Mary and Douglas on his film calendar may be said to have justified itself in the screen year. But, added to these, comes a new Chaplin release, a characteristic bit of slapstick and irony called, "The Idle Class." It is only three reels, but they make up in rapidity what they lack in length, though there is a little gasp of astonishment when "The End" is flashed on the screen. These years of eight-reel Chaplin pictures have spoiled his audiences, which have grown into *Oliver Twists* in their taste for "more."

"The Idle Class" is a social satire which traces the adventures of a happy tramp and a blasé man about town. Charlie plays them both with such evident enjoyment that you feel he is not worrying about the moral. For undoubtedly he has a moral, though its exact point is lost in the rapid-fire action. At least

he shows us that the life of the idler is not as simple as it looks, for his tramp is persecuted by cops and stray dogs, and the society chap is henpecked and harassed by the demands of fashion. In the end the tramp wins; at least he has the last word and casts the last stone.

The "plot," if you can call it that, is a jazzed version of a theme so often taken seriously in film drama. It confirms a recent statement of Chaplin's in an interview while he was in New York. "I wish people wouldn't insist on writing funny stories for me," he said. "What I want is the most serious ideas imaginable. I'll make them funny enough to suit my audiences."

So "The Idle Class" is the good, old, romantic idea of the wife who finds that her husband has a double in the lower walks of life. The humble tramp loves the beautiful lady from afar until, at a masquerade ball, he is introduced as her husband. This is the cue for the slapstick, which is further complicated by having the real husband in the masquerade costume of a knight in armor. Chaplin gives the distinctions

between the low and high idle class with a dexterity which is uproarious. There is only one feature which the tramp and the clubman share in common. Their feet are the same.

This is one of the shorter pictures, tossed off, as it were, while he is resting. I have heard rumors that his next long picture will be taken from a delicious French pantomime. It is the story of a famous clown who wins the admiration of a small, ragged boy who has never had pennies enough to see him act. When the child lies at death's door with a fever he cries constantly for his idol, and the celebrated jester cancels a performance and rushes to his bedside to go through with his choicest scenes. The boy recovers, and the two become fast friends in the world of nonsense. Needless to say, this story shouts aloud for Jackie Coogan.

"Camille."

Following the long line of famous interpretations—by Bernhardt, by Duse, by Clara Morris, and countless others—another *Lady of the Camelias* finally reaches the screen. This courageous attempt is made by Alla Nazimova in a version which is characteristically radical. For the little Russian actress has thrown overboard all the traditions and memories which cling to this celebrated picture by the younger Dumas. She has announced that she has done a "modern *Camille*," but the picture is hardly that. In its bizarre settings, its fantastic costumes, and compositions, it is several centuries ahead of the present time. It is a futurist *Camille* done in all the jagged angles and blobs of light of the

Continued on page 91

Here's Johnny Walker

You saw him, perhaps, in "Over the Hill." If not, you're going to see him before long in several pictures, so you ought to know all about him.

By Jerome Weatherly

OVER the Hill" made Johnny Walker—and Johnny Walker did a lot to make "Over the Hill."

Any number of pictures can be named which have made some favored player famous. There was "The Coward," which gave us Charlie Ray; "The Miracle Man," which made Petty Compton and Tommy Meighan; "Sentimental Tommy," which made a star out of May MacAvoy; "The Chorus Girl's Romance," which made a star out of Gareth Hughes, and—oh, there are endless similar examples!

Johnny Walker had no idea what his rôle of the young black-sheep son in "Over the Hill" was going to do for him. He played the part just to please Harry Millard, who directed the picture. Johnny was directing pictures for Fox at the time himself. He told me all about it while we lunched at the Fox cafeteria in Hollywood.

"Hey, Johnny!" Millard called to him one day in New York. "What you doin'?"

"Workin'," answered Johnny.

"Come on and work for me," suggested Millard. "You look just like that kid, Devine, who's playin' the baby part in my picture. You gotta play him when he's grown up."

As we settled down to our pie and milk, Johnny threw me a look out of his tawny, topaz eyes. It seems funny to call them topaz, but they really are—the most remarkable eyes I have ever seen. They look just like the eyes of a tiger. Topaz, with brown specks in them, under very black eyebrows, which he has trained into shape with a razor, as does Von Stroheim.

"Did you know," he asked, following the look, and in his voice, which I took to be a brogue, but which, I found out, he had acquired on the quarter-deck when he was an ensign in the U. S. navy, "that I am an accredited finger-print expert?"

"You don't say!" I exclaimed, but ready to believe anything else this remarkable young man should tell me.

He had already confided that he was a graduate of Fordham University, that between terms he had played in musical stock companies, and that he had stepped right out of college and stock into playing motion-picture leads with Viola Dana at the old Edison studios. He had never gone through the tiresome process of extra and bit-man. Consequently he soon tired of putting grease paint on his own face, and decided to show other people how it should be done. He became a director of comedies for Fox.

This was after he came back from service. During the time he was in the navy, while he was standing his watch he did a lot of thinking, and, among other things, he decided that he should become a great figure in the motion-picture world. And he thought that directing



Photo by Evans

"You can tell 'em I'm only twenty-six and that it's my real name, if you want to," he observed.

would be the most dignified way about it. So when he returned from the war—he tells it with a touch of pride in his voice—he secured a directorial position at once. Then came the pleading offer to play in "Over the Hill," with the result that he has acted—acted all over the Fox lot so as to capitalize on the popularity he gained in that picture.

"But when I act now I have a double," he said ingenuously, switching for the moment from his finger-print propaganda. "I used to think it was cute to claim that I wouldn't let any man double for me, but after I had cracked a few ribs and several bones in my head I decided that I'd throw my pride out the window and have a double every time. You have no idea what a comfort it is."

He bubbles with ambition. His voice, which has the guttural twang of New York's East Side in it, almost chokes in his eagerness to tell the interviewer all about himself. And all the while we were talking, to the accompaniment of dishes being washed somewhere in the dim recesses of the cafeteria, friends would stop

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When a Fan Club Meets

News about Fan Club meetings here, there, and everywhere

By Marjorie

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



NOW for the meetings—the backbone of your fan club.

The following suggestions are to help you in planning your programs, but you must enlarge and change them to suit the individual needs of your club.

You have called together those of your friends that are fans, and elected officers, naturally you wonder what comes next.

At the first meeting, after the elections, have a general discussion that will bring out what the different members are most interested in concerning motion pictures, so that you can decide which kind of program would be the best one for your particular group to follow.

Then discuss the arrangement of the meetings that are to come. The most important committee appointed is the one that attends to these, so you must be sure that it is a well-balanced committee. It should not be composed entirely of fun-loving girls, or entirely of serious-minded girls, but several of each. Change your program committee often, and give small prizes to the members of the one whose meeting is voted the best arranged in every four months.

"We have a suggestion box," a Harlandale member writes. "Each girl drops in one or more suggestions, signed or unsigned, concerning the program. Once a month, the program committee opens the box, and sorts out the ones that will be a help in arranging the meetings, giving a prize for the one that is the best."

But, how to arrange the programs?

Begin with the invitations. These are not necessary, but most of the clubs use them. You can also have a notice in the newspaper announcing the date, time, and place of the meeting.

"We make our invitations," another member writes, "using white cards, and printing little jingles on them, as when we had a 'Charles Ray Meeting,' beneath the date we wrote:

"Girls! Girls! This is the day
We congregate to study Charles Ray!"

"Taking two long straws we tacked them down with thread, outlining the 'C' and the 'R.' Sometimes we paste a small picture of the player we are going to discuss in one corner of the card, then just print the date and

the name as: 'Gloria Swanson Meeting,' and sometimes, we put the date and some instructions, such as: 'Come prepared to tell an interesting incident about D.W. Griffith.'"

Decorations for meetings, of course depend entirely upon you. If you do use them, try not to make them too elaborate, but of the kind that can be easily put up and as easily removed.

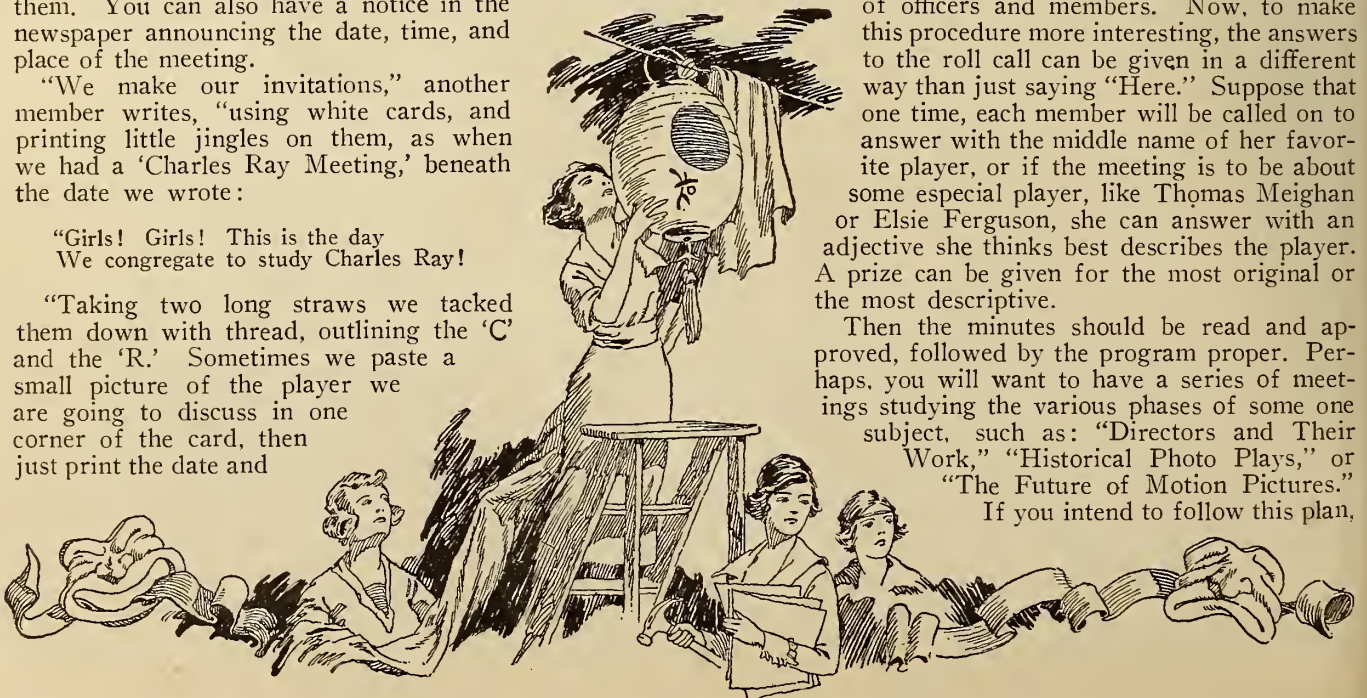
I was told of the decorations at a "Comedy Meeting" of a fan club. They lacked a club room, so the meeting was held at the home of the hostess. In the center of the table was a custard pie surrounded by paper-doll bathing beauties, backs pasted against the edge of the plate. An old shoe hanging from the window shade, instantly, brought Chaplin to mind, as did the derby hat enveloping a vase on a small stand. A toy dog, suspended from the chandelier, was labeled "Teddy." "Mr. and Mrs. Joe Martin," two china monkeys, grinned from the mantel. Harold Lloyd would have grinned, too, if he had seen the pair of horn-rimmed spectacles that adorned the clock. A small straw hat, that should have been over "Buster" Keaton's sad countenance, was pinned to the wall. Sitting in the sunlight on the window sill was a tiny negro rag doll that needed no label to tell that it was intended for "Sunshine Sammy." There were similar objects in every available space, and the hostess made her decorations serve two purposes, giving the pie to the member who successfully recognized most of them.

If the meetings are the backbone of your club, the programs are the backbone of your meetings.

After the president calls the meeting to order, the secretary should call the roll of officers and members. Now, to make this procedure more interesting, the answers to the roll call can be given in a different way than just saying "Here." Suppose that one time, each member will be called on to answer with the middle name of her favorite player, or if the meeting is to be about some especial player, like Thomas Meighan or Elsie Ferguson, she can answer with an adjective she thinks best describes the player. A prize can be given for the most original or the most descriptive.

Then the minutes should be read and approved, followed by the program proper. Perhaps, you will want to have a series of meetings studying the various phases of some one subject, such as: "Directors and Their Work," "Historical Photo Plays," or "The Future of Motion Pictures."

If you intend to follow this plan,



—Then the Fun Begins

and features that have made them enjoyable.

Powell Fohn



the subject should be voted on by the members. I think it wiser, however, to decide just a meeting or two ahead on the subject, as the movie world is one of quick changes, and the director whose work you decided to study three months ago, may now be lost in obscurity.

In planning your programs, *do not forget fun*. Without it your club will not be a success. Remember, your object is to have a good time while gaining movie knowledge. "A laugh," wrote Lamb, "is worth a hundred groans in any market."

Refreshments, like decorations, are a matter of choice. If served, they can be provided for out of the treasury, or by the hostess each time. They should be inexpensive and selected to carry out the subject of the program. At a scenario meeting, one club member served refreshments which illustrate the latter point. She wrote out a menu card as follows:

TITLE:

"When the Fork is Mightier Than the Pen."

FADE IN:

Griffith Fan Club

PLOT:

Snappy Stories
(Spicy sandwiches)
Sweet Stories
(Candies)

Mushy Stories
(Ice cream)
Bad Stories
(Devil's food cake)

FADE OUT:

An impromptu scenario synopsis told by each member.

Favors and prizes may be bought or made by the members. Most of the girls prefer to make them. At the "Comedy Meeting," I described above, the plate favors were crape Chaplin mustaches which the members wore, causing a great deal of amusement. The place cards were decorated with pen drawings of Ben Turpin's eyes just above the name. At the "Scenario Meeting," the place cards were made by tying small, nickel penholders to square pieces of cardboard.

For prizes you can give boxes filled with candy or with some small articles, pasting large pictures or numerous small pictures of stars on the covers. If a player is the subject of the meeting, a scrapbook containing pictures and clippings concerning him can be used. I am going to insert the program of a "General Movie Meeting," that may be of help to you in arranging your meetings.

INVITATIONS:

Cut a card in the shape of a fan, and beneath the date write:

Don't forget the 'Movie Meeting,' Fellow Fan,
On your presence we have planned,
Come prepared to have your say,
Of movie people and the photo play!

DECORATIONS—If used:

Make a tripod out of three short sticks and a small movie camera out of a box. Place in the center of the table and scatter the club flowers around it. Put pictures of players, directors, scenes from plays and similar subjects on the wall.

PROGRAM:

1. President calls the club to order.
2. Secretary calls roll. Members answer with the "hobby" of their favorite players as: Harrison Ford's "First Editions," Chaplin's "Polo," Wallace Reid's "Saxophone."
3. Reading and approving minutes.
4. Evolution of motion pictures. (Divide the following experiments in motion-picture inventions among the members, and ask them to look up further information, to give in a short talk at the meeting.)

Lucretius, a Roman physicist, born about 96 B. C., first recorded the scientific principle of moving pictures, or rather pictures that appear to move.

"Thaumatrope."

Plateau's Phenakistoscope.

"The Wheel of Life."

Sellers' Kinematoscope.

Muybridge's experiment with the race horse, and later, with the beating of a dog's heart.

Friese-Greene's roll film.

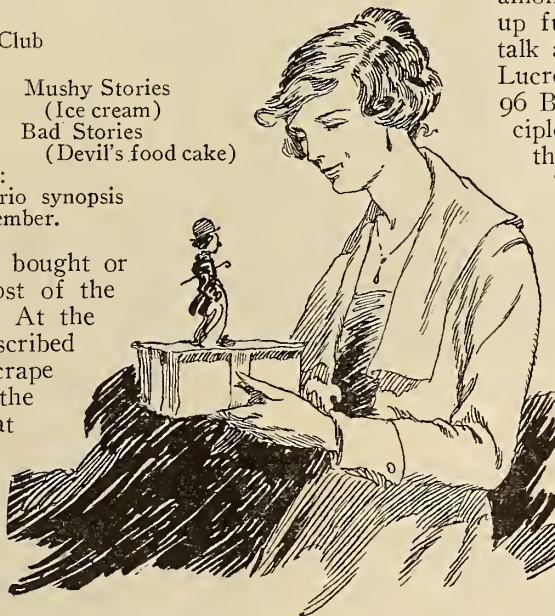
Edison's flexible film, celluloid film, and his Kinetoscope.

The first movie show, in 1894, by an amateur inventor, Jenkins, in Indiana.

5. Exchange reminiscences on the "good old days," when Maurice Costello, Mary Fuller, King Baggot, Chester Barnett, Arthur Johnson, Lottie Briscoe, Flora Finch, John Bunny, Grace Cunard, Helen Holmes, Mona Darkfeather, and others were popular. (Secure as many pictures of these old favorites as you can, and pass around for the members to look at while they are talking.)
6. Discuss the motion-picture people of the past and present, who, you think, have done the most for the movies.

7. Let each member tell a characteristic of her favorite player (such as Eugene O'Brien's habit of twisting his mouth when he smiles, or the retiring disposition of Lillian Gish) while the

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What's Your

Priscilla Dean and Miss Du

By Louise

Photographs



There is nothing self-assertive about the hats Miss Dupont wears; they are merely backgrounds for her face.

IT was a huge, many-windowed, sun-filled room, fairly overflowing with gorgeous fabrics. There were turquoise-blue brocade, wine-colored velvet, gauze as exquisitely sea green as a tropical ocean. And before a mirror in the middle of the room stood a girl, clad only in a slip of flesh-colored silk, while a designer and her assistant draped fabrics of various colors on her slender body, and then stood off to get their effects.

And after her color scheme had been decided on, there came the important questions of fabrics—fabrics and furs. For this was the studio of a great designer of fashions, you see, and the question of what sort of material that girl could wear was quite as important as that of colors.

"No—never! No harsh furs for you—and no serge, either!" exclaimed the designer, tossing aside a band of monkey fur and reaching for a wrap of kolinsky. "You are the soft type; never the harsh furs and stiff fabrics for you, unless you wish not to look your best."

And—oh, how well she knew her business! For the girl whose features are delicate must shun the

stiff, heavy furs and fabrics as she would the plague. Imagine Lillian Gish in a raccoon coat, if you please! She would be completely dominated, submerged. She has neither the personality nor the appearance to wear heavy, harsh furs. She can wear crimer, however, despite its sharpness of effect, because it has a certain old-time quaintness which suits her beautifully.

Miss Dupont and Priscilla Dean, whom you see in Universal pictures, are excellent examples of the two extremes in dressing. Miss Dupont's fineness and delicacy claim for her the softer furs and such materials as duvetyne, charmeuse, Canton crape—everything that clings and so carries out the soft effect.

Gray squirrel seems to have been specially designed for girls of her type—and, on the other hand, gray opossum was never in the world meant for her. Chinchilla she can wear, of course. The soft tawnyness of the red fox suits her well, if it has not too much red in it for her coloring, and sable harmonizes beautifully with both her personality and her looks. For a girl of this type finds it easy to give an effect of exquisite luxuriousness, even though she has but little money to spend on her clothing.

If you will study the photographs of Miss Dupont, you will see how becoming are the soft lines of her hat—the only sharp, definite note about it is the long-headed blue hatpin, which is permissible because its blue matches her eyes. That hat is merely a background for her face; there is nothing self-assertive about it.

Her scarf is of rather dark sable—there you have the note of luxury, you see, as well as the soft browns which are so becoming to a blonde of this type, bringing out as they do the beauty of her complexion. Her suit is of midnight-blue duvetyne, which

Gray squirrel seems to have been especially designed for girls of Miss Dupont's type.



Texture?

point illustrate two extremes.

Williams

by Freulich

clings to her and merges into the general effect of the costume.

In the photograph which shows her in a gray-squirrel coat, you will notice again the luxurious effect. The big, soft collar and the wide sleeves are especially effective. This is a perfect expression of her type of beauty.

And if you are a girl of this type, and can't afford such a coat as this, I would advise you to get a coat of dark-blue duvetyne and have a big, soft collar and wide cuffs of gray squirrel put on it, if you can. If you can't afford the squirrel, perhaps you can afford Hudson seal—that is another soft-appearing fur. Or you will find that the gray-fur cloths, which are excellent imitations of fur, are very satisfactory. The one which is made to look like moleskin you will doubtless find most becoming. You might even have a whole coat of this; it wears well, and is very effective.

Now for the other type of girl, whose clothes may be as self-assertive as they wish, because her beauty is even more so.

Priscilla Dean illustrates this type very well, as you will see if you will study the photograph of her in a black velvet hat

with a knot of coque feathers springing from the middle of the front and drooping down at the other side. Her features are so clear cut that the sharp, smart lines of this hat merely accent their beauty.

There is nothing soft about coque feathers, but they are exceedingly smart and dashing, partly because of their association with the Bersaglieri, the Italian troops whose hats they ornament in such profusion. Their lustrous black and green tones are well suited to the coloring of a girl of Priscilla Dean's type.



The smart lines of this hat merely accent Priscilla Dean's clear-cut features.

And as for the monkey-fur collar of her coat, its harshness contributes much to the general effect. The dominating note of this costume is a strong one, expressive of Miss Dean's vigorous charm.

In the other photograph you see her in a coat of seal trimmed with crimer. Whereas crimer becomes Lillian Gish because of its quaintness, it is suited to Miss Dean for its other characteristic—its rather stiff, tight curls. One must be very sure which of these types she belongs to before she decides whether to let her wardrobe sound the note of luxury and soft, appealing beauty, or of dashing, striking style. One need not necessarily be blond in coloring to belong to Miss Dupont's class, of course, nor brunet, to find that such clothes as Priscilla Dean's are becoming. It is wholly a matter of features—their size, fineness, strength are what determine one's type.

And one's personality backs them up. For the girl who wears soft, clinging clothes must adapt her manner to her garments, and the one whose clothes speak for themselves must see to it that her beauty speaks even more crisply.

Priscilla Dean can wear crimer with its stiff, tight curls, because she is such a positive type.

Hollywood Turns the Other Cheek.

VERY much, I surmise, as the triumphant troops of Caius and Marcus Livius entered Carthage came the conquering censors to Hollywood.

From Houston, Texas, to Edmonton, Alberta, and from Vancouver to Boston, these modern-day crusaders Pullmaned to our cinema capital in response to peace overtures wigwagged by war-weary film forces.

Movie monarchs vied with one another in rendering homage to the invading hosts, with the result that never did a victorious cavalcade receive such an ovation as was extended these valiant warriors against film iniquity.

To say that the picture contingent took their defeat, signalized by the presence of the censors on enemy soil, "lying down" is putting it mildly. They played "dead dog" and "rolled over" at the slightest suggestion of the crack of the whip.

Supercilious screen stars who had laughed to scorn the flips of these movie moralists supinely strew their pathway with garlands of gush, while from the side lines beves of bathing beauties, their banter stilled, beckoned bewitchingly toward the beach.

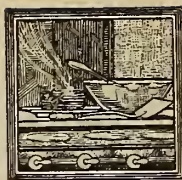
And the sight-seeing trip to the beach was only one of the diversions provided the picture purists by their ancient adversaries. As a matter of fact, Hollywood was turned into a veritable Donnybrook Fair for their benefit. With Marie Prevost, Priscilla Dean, Gladys Walton, and a host of other scintillating screen sirens acting as patronesses, the visiting movie viziers were whirled through a dizzying round of gayeties.

There were informal visits with the players; tours of the studios, where pretty girl stars posed in playful postures with the distinguished guests; animal circuses; wild-West shows; motor trips, luncheons, receptions; dancing at Sunset Inn, Hollywood's chief center of effervescent festivity, where Eddy Polo, the dare-devil of serials, won the dancing cup awarded by the censors; an excursion to Catalina Island, with side trips on the glass-bottom boats; fishing expeditions; mountain climbing, and a dozen other forms of entertainment, such as only the boasted "playground of America" can supply.

A strange spectacle—this fraternizing of the conquered with their conquerors. On the part of the former the *entente cordiale* undoubtedly was assumed. The victor can always afford to be charitable, but the vanquished do not so easily forget their scars. There was method in their gladness.

But the film industry is in sore straits. Censorship is spreading like a prairie fire, and nobody knows what to do about it. The experienced ranger will tell you that the best way to check a prairie fire is to start a back fire, but the movie executives have adopted grandma's policy—if you will permit an abrupt switch of simile—and are proceeding upon the theory that sugar will catch more flies than vinegar.

Notwithstanding that they possess one of the greatest mediums of propaganda of which it is possible to conceive—the screen—they are so busy fighting among themselves that they have no time to fight this common menace which threatens to make of this mighty medium a clearing house of sentimental twaddle and mush-and-milk mollycoddleism.



Right Off

Comment and capers served to motion-picture

By E. Lanning



Like all these extravagant motion-picture producers (he is one now, you know), H. C. Witwer rides to work in a handsomely appointed vehicle.

The panic-stricken picture powers are waging only a defensive war—always a losing one. They are afraid of their own shadow. They have no plan of resistance save compromise. Although they face the possibility of trying to lure the public to their already-battered box offices with Pollyanna platitudes, the only means they have taken thus far to meet censorship is with more censorship—of a self-imposed variety.

Confessing their sins, pleading their good intentions, and begging for mercy thus far have constituted the industry's opposition to a menace, which, in the judgment of many, will make it financially impossible within the next two years to continue the production of pictures.

Thus it was that the censors found themselves fêted and entertained in the most approved film fashion. Transported across the continent in a special car, with a day for viewing the glories of the Grand Cañon; billeted and dined at one of southern California's most exclusive hostels—all to the tune of some

forty thousand dollars, according to their hosts—it is doubtful if these guardians of our movie morals ever had so much attention, action, and excitement crammed into fifty-two weeks of their lives as Hollywood provided them in seven dizzy days.

What may or may not have been the propriety of this acceptance of such lavish favors is not within the province of your scribe to suggest. True it is that neither

the Ohio nor the New York censorship boards saw fit to avail themselves of this cross-continent junket. It is said also that Governor Allen, of Kansas, refused to give his approval to the excursion, and a Kansas City editorial writer suggested that the only way the film mentors of that State might attend the peace conference with any appreciation of the fitness of things would be in the tin Elizabeth which the commonwealth had purchased for its censors and for which, it was stated, no other use had ever been discovered. In the end, I understand the Kansas delegate paid her own way, but in so far as I have been able to ascertain none of the other members of the party suffered from such qualms.

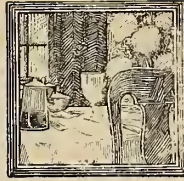
And in justice to the representatives of that element of the public which is quick to condemn anything cinematic, but slow to attend even its worthiest efforts, it should be stated that never for a moment did the censors swerve from their allegiance to a bound and throttled screen.

Enjoy this vacation de luxe, provided by one of the film organizations especially anxious to gain their good graces, they would and did to the fullest, but in no instance did they loose their official vigilance. Tenaciously and obdurately they made it plain that though the moving-picture producers denuded California's olive groves

the Grill

fans direct from the center of interests

Masters



of their branches, the industry could expect no mercy from them.

The censors took the stand that the picture business had already pleaded guilty to the charges laid against it by the adoption of its own censorship code; that they, the censors, reflect public opinion, even though—by their own admission—it is that portion of the public which seldom patronizes picture performances, and that they would be content with nothing less than unconditional surrender.

They made it quite evident that they knew the film business to be *hors de combat*, and, therefore, magnanimously advised that the two opposing camps get together, it being understood, of course, that the picture forces were to do all the "getting."

The peace terms, as finally drafted by the dictators of screen decorum, declare thumbs down on the following scenes and situations:

- Scenes which emphasize and exaggerate sex appeal.
- Scenes based on commercialized vice.
- Making prominent an illicit love affair which tends to make vice attractive and virtue odious.

- Risqué bedroom and bath scenes.
- Scenes which unnecessarily prolong expressions or demonstrations of passionate love.
- Stories and scenes which may instruct the morally feeble in methods of committing crime.

- Stories or scenes which ridicule or deprecate public officials—imagine newspapers subjecting to such a dictum—officers of the law, army and navy, and other government authorities.

Scenarioists and directors will have the real worrying to do in trying to continue pictures up to this sterilized standard. The picture magnates agreed that it might still be possible to produce pictures under these limitations without making them all scenics, but they pointed out that regardless of how faithfully they might try to abide by the dictum there would still exist under present conditions the likelihood of disagreement as to whether a scene approached the border line or went over it.

With the multiplication of censor boards—municipal and State—throughout the country, the film forces maintained that unless some means were found to standardize the decisions of these boards the producers would be put in a position of a newspaper required to get out special editions for every city in which it is circulated.

The censors promised to give this matter their attention, but stated that in the meanwhile the picture industry would have to abide by the official viewpoints of each board. The producers were rather inclined to think that the truest index of public opinion is the box office, and that so long as the public responded to pictures of vim, vigor, and vitality such pictures would have to be made. The point, however, was regarded as indelicate, and since the public was not invited to be present at the conference to speak for itself on just

what it does or does not want, the censors of course will continue to interpret what they believe the public wants—even if they know the vast majority of it doesn't.

En Passant.

I wonder if Rupert Hughes had California's bathing beaches in mind when he wrote "Dangerous Curve Ahead?"

A Canadian censor says he favors stars with freckles. Probably figures they help to cover up some more of the bare spots.

It begins to look as if you would have to inclose the necessary wherewithal in your letter in the future if you want a photograph of your favorite film star. It has been a lean year in movie-land, and many of the players are feeling the pinch of supplying their admirers with their autographed likenesses. In some instances the cost of this little courtesy per year amounts to enough to keep the average family in the lap of luxury. Mary Pickford is sponsoring a movement to charge for these photographs and turn the money thus accruing over to charity. Those who favor the idea include Thomas Meighan, Jackie Coogan, Wanda Hawley, May Allison, Wallace Reid, Lila Lee, and Elliott Dexter. There are others, however, who say that charity begins at home.

I don't know anything about Mr. De Mille's—C. B.—next picture, "Saturday Night," upon which he is now engaged, except that it hasn't anything to do with bathtubs, as its title might suggest, but I should like to hazard the guess that some place in the picture we shall see Leatrice Joy or Edith Roberts, the *pièces de résistance* of the production, reclining seductively upon a very "comfy" grizzly-bear rug. The original owner of this late rug recently met Mr.

De Mille face to face somewhere up in the Sierra Madres, and the famous director general of the Lasky forces is very proud of the manner in which the encounter ended.

Life is complex. In Chicago a picture man was arrested for exhibiting the pictures of the Dempsey-Carpentier fight to a group of convalescent soldiers. In New Jersey a minister showed the pictures to help pay off the mortgage on his church.

Watching Rex Ingram film some of the New England village scenes of his next production, "Turn to the Right," I was very much impressed with the beauty of a little black-haired extra girl. Some day you are going to acclaim her as one of the most piquant personalities the screen has presented. She is Alice Terry's sister—and logical successor when Miss Terry becomes Mrs. Ingram and forsakes the camera.

The Long-lost "Peg."

We may see "Peg o' My Heart" on the screen after all. Famous Players has had this production on its shelf for many moons. Its release was to have preceded the induction to stardom of Wanda Hawley, who is *Peg* of the screen version of the famous play, but Hartley Manners, its author, stepped in and interfered, claiming that it had been altered, in violation of his

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It was Tod Browning, director of such Universal features as "No Woman Knows" and "Outside the Law" who taught him extravagant indulgences.



The entrance to the Selig Zoo as it looks to-day.

Back to Pioneer Days

Part II. How, from the first small studio built in Edendale, in 1909, there developed the famous Selig Zoo.

By Paul H. Conlon

JOURNEY with me back to the memorable morning of August 23, 1909. Let us stand on the corner of Allesandro and Clifford Streets, in the suburb of Edendale, with the other curious bystanders. What has happened to the old city hall? Changed into a movie studio! There is a strange sign over the door: Selig Polyscope Company, Inc.

Little do the mildly interested spectators imagine that among those strangely garbed figures that cluster in groups about the open lot are men and women who are destined to become famous, who will be idolized some day in the future as stars of an eighth art. Poor and unknown are these strolling players. They toil for five to ten dollars a day. But in their ranks are Kathlyn Williams, Tom Sant-schi, Hobart Bosworth, Harold Lockwood, Robert Leonard, Herbert Rawlinson, Charles Clary, Bessie Eyton, Eugenie Besserer, and many others too numerous to mention.

Back in Chicago, Colonel Selig had rubbed the magic lamp, and the jinni gradually transformed the barren little home of village sages into a beautiful and picturesque old Mission studio that covered an entire block. Yesterday it was the city hall of Edendale;

to-day it cloisters the exotic beauty of Clara Kimball Young.

In the wake of the Selig pioneers came the prospectors. Here and there on the "main street" of Edendale little studios sprouted overnight, and disappeared as quickly. Strange doings these film frontiersmen brought to the quiet little suburb. Not even in the wildest flights of fancy did Edendale dream that it was destined to become world renowned as the home of the bathing beauty and the funny man.

Not long after the stability of the Selig company insured the future of Edendale as a producing site a man named Mack Sennett staked his claim and struck a vein rich in gold—and humor. Here the funniest men of the screen, from the one and only

Charlie Chaplin to Ben Turpin, were to make the world laugh; here the luscious bathing beauties, from Mary Thurman and Gloria Swanson to Harriet Hammond and Phyllis Haver, were to disport their seductive charms. The impresario of slapstick still remains true to Edendale, but the Selig pioneers have long since folded their tents and departed to the real Eden, the present Selig Zoo and studio, 3800 Mis-

TO-DAY—AND YESTERDAY

To-day we are apt to look on the past of motion pictures superciliously. In the light of the great things motion-picture producers are doing, we lose sight of the great things motion-picture producers have done.

They are days of romance and adventure—the early days of motion pictures, and this is a page from that misty past that tells of former glories.

sion Road, on the highway to Pasadena.

With the mushroomlike growth of the Edendale studio events broke thick and fast in the Selig career. He was the leading and busiest figure in the amusement world. He was the first motion-picture producer to make business trips to Europe each year. His activities as early as 1909 were tremendous. In that year he really had four studios and several companies—all going strong.

"Wherever did you get the novel idea of using wild animals in dramatic pictures?" I asked Colonel Selig.

"Teddy Roosevelt indirectly gave me the idea," was his startling reply.

"When I heard that the president upon his retirement as head of the nation planned a hunting trip to Africa, I immediately went to Washington and sought an audience at the White House. We had a long conference in which I stated my hope of filming the great adventure. Mr. Roosevelt was delighted, and so was his son, Kermit. But subsequently the deal fell through, and I returned to Chicago greatly disappointed.

"But by this time I was thoroughly imbued with the wild-animal idea. I chanced to meet Al Ringling on the street. He told me of an itinerant showman named Big Otto, who then had a small menagerie in Milwaukee. The next day I went to Milwaukee and engaged the outfit to come to Chicago. We immediately proceeded to try our luck persuading wild animals to become actors at the home studio. To my intense gratification these pictures proved an instantaneous success.

"Meanwhile a 'White City' had failed at Jacksonville, Florida. I acquired the site, erected a small studio, and sent a company there under the direction of the veteran Otis Turner. Charles Clary was the leading man, but I wanted a girl who could be made famous in thrilling melodramatic stories of adventure in the wilds of strange lands. She had to be an actress who possessed daring as well as ability and beauty. Francis Boggs wired me that he had discovered a new actress at the Edendale studio who was just the girl. I'll never forget the first time I laid eyes on the golden-haired girl who was to become the greatest actress and star of my pictures, who was to become famous the world over. Her name was Kathlyn Williams."

A most unusual honor was conferred upon a motion-picture producer at Rome in 1912, when Pope Pius X conferred the medal of industry upon William N. Selig for his elaborate production of the discovery of America by Columbus.

Reproductions of the three caravels—the Nina, Pinta,



For his film reproduction of the discovery of America Colonel Selig was given the medal of industry by the pope.

and Santa Maria—had been made by the government of Spain and presented to the United States at the Chicago exposition. After the fair they were kept at Jackson Park. Seeing these tiny ships lying at anchor gave Colonel Selig the idea for the picture. He secured permission to use the caravels, and transported them for miles out on Lake Michigan to get a true setting. The production of "The Coming of Columbus" was in three reels and required three hundred and eighty-five people. This was considered a stupendous undertaking in those days. Charles Clary took the rôle of *Columbus*.



Hobart Bosworth as he appeared in one of the early Selig productions.

So gratifying was this early experience that Colonel Selig perceived the permanency and value of the educational field. It was the interest in the higher mission of motion pictures that had induced him to send Professor Frederick Starr, of the University of Chicago, on scientific motion-picture expeditions as early as 1904, and thereafter each year to such far-off lands as Africa, China, Japan, India, and our island possessions; it was this same worthy spirit that led him to send Doctor E. B. MacDowell to the Holy Land, Africa, and India; and Emmett O'Neill to the Amazon and through South America,

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WHAT THE FANS THINK



This Fan Wants to Know About the Stars' Faults.

SOMETIMES I wonder if all interviewers wear rose-colored glasses. It seems to me that they must, because to them all actresses seem to be amazingly beautiful, cultured, charming, clever, good-tempered, and possessed of remarkable talent as musicians, artists, and housekeepers. Can it possibly be true? I don't know because I'm not an interviewer, and not a single friend of mine ever became a motion-picture star, much as some of them aspired to.

But, frankly, I'm skeptical. I have an idea that players on the screen couldn't give such human and ingratiating characterizations of people with faults if they were as faultless themselves as interviewers make them out to be. And though I've read dozens of interviews that raved about some stars' cleverness, I've never read anything the stars said that would bear it out. Will Rogers is a glowing exception to that last, of course; he's always saying something really funny.

Now why do interviewers have to do that? I think it would be much nicer to read—"If I hadn't known that it was really the famous Wally Reid standing before me, I would have thought that it was the nice young iceman on our route," or "Marion Davies confided to me that though she considered large jewels awfully bad taste, she liked to wear them just the same," and things like that. Of course those are extreme cases that I've just made up for examples, but it would be a relief to hear a little about the stars' faults. It would seem so much more possible to be friends of theirs. Can't we have some interviews like that?

HORTENSE J. ALCOTT.

1448 East Sixtieth Street, Chicago, Illinois.

A Difference of Opinion.

I am especially fond of your interviews by Emma-Lindsay Squier, but I have a bone to pick with her. In the October, 1921, number of PICTURE-PLAY she stated in her article, "A Manhattan Adventure," how disappointed she was in Alice Brady, saying she was much older off screen and not nearly so pretty. Now I know the days of sugary interviews and comments on actresses is past, but why pick on Alice? That remark was mean and unnecessary. I would take Miss Squier's word for it if I hadn't seen Miss Brady myself off screen, but I have, and while I wouldn't consider her a beauty she is very nice looking, and furthermore she is no Methuselah. In fact, I thought her younger and prettier off screen than on.

What is more important to my mind—she can act, and not just pose as some prettier stars do. Why is so much space given to extolling beauties of the screen and so little to judging acting ability? Give Alice Brady a good screen story and she would be one of the most popular stars.

A. F. CLEGG.

Germantown, Pennsylvania.

What a Briton Thinks of Our Productions.

I must tell you what PICTURE-PLAY means to a Britisher in whose land the filmdom spirit can never attain the subtle fascination it seems to exercise in yours. PICTURE-PLAY conveys the intimate touch with stars that fans, properly so-called, desire. Most of us want to see the stars in the flesh, and PICTURE-PLAY sublimates that desire for us in an ideal manner.

Your readers would like to know, I think, how their favorites stand in the average estimation of the average Briton. Their best hopes would be answered with little deviation from their own views. The fact that Britain is a sort of cosmopolitan rendezvous for films of all nationalities renders this significant. The picturegoer here is introduced to a new star almost every week. But American stars remain and always will remain the *desired* people over here. Just now the British press is consistently boosting British produc-

tions. Well, some of them are very good, but the majority are long-drawn symphonies of undiluted film agony. Week after week, some mushroom British star invades the market which is flooded. The American favorites we want are held up indefinitely. The result is, a person like myself reads reviews of films in PICTURE-PLAY, films which I probably will not see until two years have elapsed. Personally, I have been waiting to see Eugene O'Brien's "The Perfect Lover" for about two years. I'm still waiting.

It is my opinion that the British films have disappointed—except in a few really exceptional instances—because they do not possess the all-important *personnel*. British stars give the impression of age, of detached objective reality, of stodginess. Constance Talmadge comes in like a fresh breeze to supersede them; Norma Talmadge comes with the magnetic life actuality that they cannot transmit from the screen. I venture to say that what comes to the British public in American films—the best, I mean—is the eternal call of youth and beauty. These latter characteristics British stars markedly lack.

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Camera study copyright by Jean de Strolocki

Dance Sprites

Desha and Leja, Servian refugees, came to the notice of Hugo Risenfeld in some film submitted to him. He rejected the film but engaged the girls to dance in his picture palaces—the Rialto, the Rivoli, and the Criterion in New York City.



Photo by Nicholas Muray



Photo by Hartsook

When you see a picture in which the star plays the part of a dancer, do you wonder sometimes how she mastered the art so suddenly? No wonder. The secret is this: oftentimes a close-up shows the star and then a short distance away a dancer dressed identically does the dance. And here are introduced some dancers who often play that thankless part. They are all from the Rivoli, Rialto, and Criterion picture palaces of New York and they are:—at the left—Vera Myers, in the corner—Lillian Powell, and below—Desha.

Photo by Nicholas Muray



But some players there are who dance their own, provided they are naturally qualified and have had dance training. Above an outdoor scene of great vigor is staged. In the corner, Miss DuPont, the new Universal star, demonstrates a few dance steps in "The Rage of Paris," and below is Kathryn McGuire, who has graced the Mack Sennett comedies "Home Talent" and "A Small Town Idol." She not only dances and disports herself in comedies, she has dramatic ability as well, as she proves in "Molly-O."



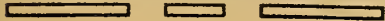


The Coming of The Sheik

A man of power—a figure of mighty romance is *The Sheik*, and because he is played by Rudolph Valentino in the Famous Players-Lasky production of that name, he promises to be one of the most enthralling heroes of the year. Webbed in the sinister shadows of the desert, this story promises ample scope for the exotic intensity of this popular young player. In the picture above, Agnes Ayres, his leading woman, is shown with him.



The Awakening of Beauty



The glittering beauty of a fabulous empire is conjured by an artist to present a single performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" given as a charity entertainment introduced in Marion Davies' latest production, "Enchantment." And as the glowing beauty of this romance unfolds, the limpid beauty of the star is illumined as never before. With the coming of this beauteous production, the star stands forth more beautiful than ever.



Woman—and Superman



Danton, played by Emil Jannings, and *Lucille*, played by Charlotte Ander, are the central figures in this great historical drama.





The mighty conflict between *Danton* and *Robespierre* and all the background of the Reign of Terror have been freely adapted to form the basis of the plot of "Woman—and Superman," a foreign production made by Dimitri Buchowetzki which will be presented in this country by First National. Under the title of "Danton" this film has achieved great popularity in Europe.



Photo by W. F. Seely

One of the most puzzling things about the Novak sisters is that one never can remember which one is notable for her work in Selig-Rork pictures, and which one is going to marry William S. Hart. Such woes are forgotten, however, when one finds the charming sisters together as in this picture. But the question still remains—which is Jane and which is Eva?

High Lights on the Blue By Helen Rockwell

If Monte Blue hasn't wrought sufficient devastation to feminine hearts already, this article will fill out his quota.

HE can wear clothes better than any other man in pictures," a producer remarked about a well-known leading man.

I wheeled around to see of whom he spoke. "Why, it's Monte Blue!" I said with a hearty laugh.

Monte, wearing musty clothes of the barnyard variety, did not impress one as a Beau Brummel. His hair was ragged, his coat was bulky, and he was reminiscent of the milk pails and the plow and possibly of mail-order catalogues.

"If I were casting a society drama I'd choose Monte Blue for the lead," the producer continued thoughtfully.

"Tell me another funny one," I said animatedly.

Luckily the producer was more interested in his own reflections than in my gayly interpolated remarks. He paid no attention to me, an occurrence to which I am quite accustomed.

"If Monte were not such a darn good actor he'd be one of our most popular screen idols."

That sounded paradoxical until he explained: "He's such a good actor we all keep him playing character parts and don't give him the chance to make a killing with the ladies, but he'll do it some day. He's a trifle handicapped in overalls, but did you ever see him make love in evening clothes?"

Since then I have, and have had to rearrange all the photos on my dressing table.

Monte has a difficult time getting away from character rôles and clumsy clothes. He is such a sympathetic screen type that it is quite likely he will be shackled to boob rôles and suspenders for the rest of his life. Since he first distinguished himself with hip boots and hayseed in his hair that sort of thing is going to pursue him as long as such parts exists.

But as a matter of fact Monte wears real clothes in the most engaging fashion and reveals more ease and grace in evening clothes than any actor I know. Some day some producer's going to stop making Monte act and make a clothes horse of him and hire an extra office force to take care of his fan mail.

I asked him if he'd like to play straight parts and wear trick clothes and keep his hair combed. He thinks he would be more popular if he did, but he adds, with one of his sly smiles:

"But some one's got to do this sort of

thing, and," with a flourish and an entrancing Floradora bow, "it might as well be me!

"You know they mistook me for a villain once," he said later. "I used to do dastardly deeds in a dramatic mustache and dark clothes. I hectored the heroine and caused the hero untold suffering. But some one rescued me from that—it was Cecil De Mille, by the way, who recognized that my nature was really white.

"Then some one discovered that I was a great boob, and they gave me a clean, moral character, a sympathetic nature, and baggy clothes. The one redeeming part of it is that my wardrobe costs me little. Some day perhaps some one will rescue me from these bucolic rôles. It wouldn't really matter, except that I dislike being identified with just one particular sort of character. Time to do that when you're old. It's sort of nice to appear as a regular fellow now and then."

Around the studio Monte stands on the side lines and keeps the orchestra playing the most syncopated tunes. When there is no one to dance with him he dances about by himself and gives imitations of Frisco and Doralina. He comes over the minute you arrive and tells funny stories he has heard at the theaters. If you don't like dancing you change your mind after knowing Monte. He is the chief entertainer around the studio and is cordially beloved of all.

He has been loaned to D. W. Griffith now to play an important rôle in "The Two Orphans," and if any woman can look dry-eyed and unstirred at his expression when he rescues Lillian Gish in that picture, she is less susceptible than any one who was there the day that scene was made.

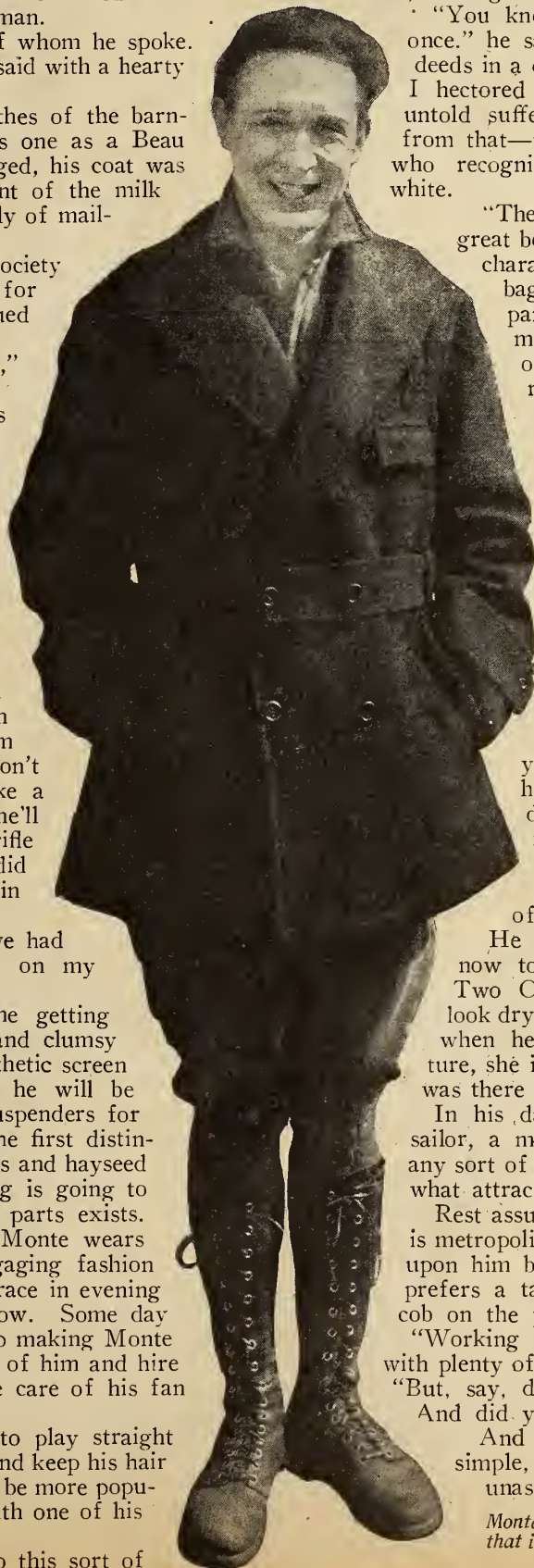
In his day he has been a cow-puncher, a sailor, a miner, and a lumberjack. He likes any sort of game that is adventurous and that's what attracted him to the movies.

Rest assured, though, that Monte's viewpoint is metropolitan and that the hayseed was forced upon him by an energetic director. He really prefers a taxicab on Fifth Avenue to a roan cob on the prairie.

"Working in pictures certainly provides you with plenty of thrills," he told me enthusiastically. "But, say, did you ever dance at Montmartre? And did you see the Follies?"

And this is our Monte—so rugged, so simple, and so noble on the screen, and so unassuming and companionable off.

Monte Blue is such a sympathetic screen type that it is quite likely that he will be shackled to boob rôles for the rest of his life.



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These eulogies need small qualifications, because, on the other hand, many a production, hailed enthusiastically in America, is received with derogatory criticism in Britain. Our press has—as mentioned before—often influenced the public here to these opinions, but there is more than that behind it, which I can best illustrate by the much-discussed De Mille picture, "Male and Female."

I belong to a famous Scottish university of which J. M. Barrie is the present Lord Rector. Naturally, many of the students turned out to see their Lord Rector's famous play as mirrored through an American producer's eyes. The consensus of opinion was unanimous.

For once, the star potentiality which Britain wants so much from America, failed. It was a unique case of quintessential play. It was spoilt by putting the stars before the story. Let me repeat that in most plays the star is the attraction. But it is fatal to subject a Barrie story to this test. Thomas Meighan and Gloria Swanson are individually distinctive where they work in a medium which needs their help and personality. "The Admirable Crichton" needs nobody's distinctive personality to make it attractive. It possesses perennial attractions that not even the greatest names in filmdom could supersede. This the British public found out all too quickly because they went to see the play, not the stars.

I wish that the American producers would recognize that Bert Lytell is the only American star who can wear a monocle, and that they would stop laying stress on the stock-monocled English lord. The lord is effete over here; his monocle is buried with Mid-Victorian dandyisms.

EUGENE O'BRIEN, M. A.

21 Strawberry Bank, Dundee, Scotland.

Appreciation from a Small Town.

We small-town folks do not get to see the late productions until they are old to every one else, but we surely do appreciate them when they reach us. I have read just everything about Gloria Swanson, but have never seen her work until lately, and in "Male and Female." She is surely wonderful, and not only she, but the entire cast of that play made it the best I have ever seen. Why can't we have more like it from all the picture companies? Several nights ago I saw Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman and the Puppet." Nearly half the audience left the theater before the picture was over. Why? Simply because there was no real human interest in the story, and the acting was not real. Give us more of Gloria, Bebe, Norma, Wes Barry and Wally. MRS. E. KING.

Auburn, Indiana.

By Way of a Suggestion.

After I've seen a motion picture that was all De Milled up with fancy bathtubs and chandeliers and trailing chiffons I like to go to a Charlie Ray picture and get a glimpse of a real human being. Mind you, I like both of them about equally well, but after I've seen a picture that's pretty much all background, I like to see one that is pretty much foreground—meaning close-ups of Charlie.

Now, lately, I've been wondering why a real human, engrossing story couldn't be enacted without any setting at all. The producers of nature pictures have shown that they could make brooks and streams and mountains hold an audience's interest without the aid of actors or story; now, why can't some enterprising director con-

trive a story that could be told entirely by actors without dependence on any setting? Surely the actors aren't going to sit back while we infer that nature is more enthralling than art!

A. J. DECOURCEY.

143 Myrtle Avenue, Denver, Colorado.

In Praise of Cecil B. De Mille.

I wish to speak in praise of Cecil B. De Mille. Somewhere I read that he was the director of 1921. He is, indeed, and he richly deserves the title.

But since so many persons give Mr. Griffith the first place, and bestow upon him praise that exceeds all bounds, I presume I shall have to draw some comparison between the work of these two.

The Griffith pictures are, I gladly grant, wonderful. But curiously enough, in one respect they are in the same style: they are all about poor, or, at best, middle-class people. Mr. Griffith has never, to my knowledge, done a good, heavy society drama. I should think that the greatest artist is the one who can represent all phases of life. De Mille has done that. He has done pictures of the poor—of small-town folks—as in "Something in Think About," of foreign lands and ancient times, as well as his pictures of modern American wealth and luxury.

Griffith has been called a maker of stars. Has not De Mille surpassed him in this respect in recent years? What star has Mr. Griffith developed of late? But look over the list of the De Mille products: Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Monte Blue, Elliott Dexter, and Wally Reid. All of these are among the most famous of the stars of to-day, and surely they obtained their real fame under De Mille's direction.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. H. G.

Players Who Fascinate.

While reading your recent discussion of screen beauties, it occurred to me that a discussion of the most fascinating—or intriguing, if I may be permitted to use that much-overworked word—players on the screen would be just as interesting. Maybe some of the fans who are capable of analyzing their likes and dislikes can tell us what it is about such players as Lon Chaney and Mary Alden that grips us more than mere beauty does. And I'd like to see expressions of opinion from lots of fans on who the most fascinating players are. To me they are—besides those already mentioned—Leatrice Joy, Gloria Swanson. And among the men, Rudolph Valentino, of course.

MARJORIE WOODMAN.

Keokuk, Iowa.

A Friend in Need.

Let's make believe that you are Elmo Morris, aged fifteen years, or Alla Duncan, aged seventeen years, or any one of the fifty or more children at the Lewiston Children's Home in Idaho.

You have the most beautiful house in town in which to live, a home that was once the "show place" of Lewiston. You have good care and food, gardens, two cows, chickens, a pet calf, and a little lamb. Many happy surprises are planned for you by the people of North Idaho.

You attend church and the public school, but best of all, you have a good friend in Mr. Hilton, manager of the two picture houses in Lewiston. You have a standing invitation from him to be a guest at either show, and you accept once a week—usually on Saturday afternoon.

Going to movies is a bright spot in your life, but one that has to be forgone sometimes because so many pictures are unsuitable for you to see.

Suppose you are Gosta, saved from the Industrial School, and doing well with us. We don't want you reminded of your old, wild days in the mining town where you learned so much that was bad. Or let's pretend that your father is in jail, like Julia's, or a wanderer, or weak, or dead like some of the other children's. Or suppose you are Harriet, who after her mother's death became a prey to her stepfather and who was at home when he hanged himself rather than stand trial. Are there many pictures that you could see without having painful memories brought back?

The past year we have had some fine films. This week we saw "Trumpet Island," and recently we've enjoyed "Black Beauty," "Anne of Green Gables," and various others. Some of the boys and girls saw "Kismet" and talked of it for days, and they have all followed enthusiastically "The Tiger Band" with Pearl White.

But how many films are there that would be a source of inspiration to your dawning manhood or womanhood if you were Elmo, or Alla, or Gosta?

ANNE COVINGTON.

Children's Home Finding and Aid Society of Idaho.

Five Favorites.

There are five stars who especially appeal to me, and for different reasons, which are, as nearly as I can tell you, the following: Mary Pickford—for her natural childishness and winning smiles and pranks. Katherine McDonald—for her stateliness, dignity, and all-round charm. Claire Windsor—for her sunny disposition and general loveliness. Marie Prevost—for her innocence, youth, freshness, laughter. Norma Talmadge—for her marvelous personality, natural emotional acting, wonderful clothes, and gracefulness.

I have not mentioned beauty, for they all have that without exception, and to my mind it would really be difficult to determine which is the most beautiful, though some people probably would say Miss McDonald. All these movie people are good-looking, at least—it seems queer, but one seldom finds any really unattractive actress on the screen—is it not so?

JEAN M. WALKER.

Denver, Colorado.

From a Pearl White Fan.

I have read your two articles on the "eight beauties of the screen." I agree with some of the stars that were named in each list, but not with all.

Alas! Why did you leave out Pearl White? That beautiful Pearl White! Why, when this woman is so full of beauty? I would admire the blessed person who could express exactly what I am trying to say. I know I shall not be able to find half the words that should be used to praise her, but it is quite sure that, "since human beings are never contented with what they have, I think that the most beautiful women in the world envy her, and would give anything away just to look a little more or a little less beautiful than Pearl, her Majesty the Queen of Beauty!"

MISS ESPERANZA ESCURDIA.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

As Told in the Sub- titles

John Emerson and Anita Loos are two of the hair-trigger brains of motion-picture making. You all know their flair for flippancy—allow us to present them in a new light.

By Barbara Little

HAS there ever been a time when you knew you were right—you'd stake your very life on it that you were right—and yet some one in authority over you told you that you were wrong? Of course there has; it happens to every one. And every one harbors a wish that he could stroll out unconcernedly and deal fate a blow by proving that he was right all along.

And now—by way of encouragement—some one has done it. John Emerson and Anita Loos, the champion team of scenario architects, have proved that there is justice in life, even as there is in scenarios.

The plot of the story is, this: There was a beautiful young girl whose amazing talent for putting a volume of humorous observation into one subtitle had put her at the very top of the profession of scenario writing—that's Anita Loos, of course. There was her husband, handsome of course, as all heroes are, who was a first-class director. The villain of the piece was a star.

Anita and John wrote a scenario, which they considered their very best, and submitted it to the star. He rejected it coldly. John and Anita suspected that he hadn't read it, for they knew it was a good scenario. But they couldn't tell

The hero of this tale is John Emerson, who is shown with Constance Talmadge and a group of Follies girls whom he is directing in a picture.

Photo by Puffer



Photo by Mary Dale Clark and Charles James Fox

The heroine of this story is Anita Loos whose amazing talent for putting a volume of humorous observation into a single subtitle put her at the top of her profession.

him so. They just had to swallow their resentment for the time being.

Then they plunged into writing the Constance Talmadge comedies—a combination of star and writers that proved ideal. One sparkling comedy followed another, but still they hadn't forgotten that turned-down scenario. They took it out and read it, and liked it even better than they had when they wrote it, so they decided to produce it themselves. They had to work like whirlwinds to get

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contract. The contention was contested through all the courts, but sustained. Since the judicial authorities have held that the production is not "Peg," there is no longer any objection to the picture's release, in the opinion of some wise persons, provided that it is not called "Peg."

Author! Author!

With "The Three Musketeers" and "Camille" both holding the center of the screen, and "The Count of Montè Cristo" now in course of production, Mr. Dumas, their creator, is fast gaining a reputation that will soon entitle him to a place in the ranks of the "eminent authors." Unlike so many of our distinguished writers, I imagine that Mr. Dumas would approve heartily of the manner in which his first two pictures have been filmed, even to the ultra-modern presentation of "Camille."

I wonder though what Mr. Dumas would think of this comment by a Middle Western paper upon "The Three Musketeers."

"The Three Musketeers," the motion picture in which Douglas Fairbanks is now being featured, has been novelized by a writer named Dumas, who has admirably caught the spirit of the film.

Punch, the English weekly of satire, was moved by the above notice to remark:

We like the picture of this ghostly chase—the spirit of Dumas catching the spirit of the film.

Speaking of Fairbanks' latest triumph, the two first nights of the production in New York and Los Angeles outstripped all previous premières of pictures or plays. New York has not seen a demonstration to compare with that which took place on Forty-second Street when this modern-day D'Artagnan and his sweetheart, whom he shares with the entire world, drove up to the theater since the armistice; while in Los Angeles the entire contingent of Hollywood's social registry struggled for admittance to the theater, just as most of us mortals do on Saturday nights.

In the crowd I glimpsed such famous figures as Katherine MacDonalld, carelessly indifferent to her ruffled finery; Clara Kimball Young, bediamonded and beërmind; Mary Miles Minter, somewhat frightened by the stampede; Bebe Daniels, having the time of her young life; Wallie Reid, looking depressed at not being able to ride through the mob in a twin six, and such other notables as May Allison, Elinor Glyn, Eileen Percy, Colleen Moore, Betty Compson, Barbara le Marr, Marguerite de la Motte, Charles Ray, Ruth Roland, Max Linder, Wanda Hawley, Elliott Dexter, Rex Ingram, Alice

Terry, Harold Lloyd, May McAvoy, Lila Lee, Priscilla Dean, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Bert Lytell, William Russell, Tony Moreno, Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, Dorothy Phillips, Allen Holubar, Cecil De Mille, Fred Niblo, who directed the picture; Tod Browning, and Eric von Stroheim.

Social Note.

It is interesting to note that those who saw Charles Chaplin off from Los Angeles included the beautiful Claire Windsor, whose baffling "disappearance" recently induced Mr. Chaplin to offer a reward of one thousand dollars for her recovery. Incidentally, Miss Windsor will be seen soon in "Grand Larceny," a Goldwyn production for which Edna Purviance, Mr. Chaplin's leading lady, was originally selected.

A New Star Rises.

With many of our cinema celebrities glad to secure a ten days' engagement nowadays, the announcement that Marguerite de la Motte, whose exquisite portrayal of the señorita in "The Mark of Zorro" marked her as one of the screen's most charming ingénues, has affixed her signature to a contract with J. L. Frothingham for a period of ten years, would seem to again bear out the old saw that "them what has gets."

Miss de la Motte's first picture for Mr. Frothingham is an East Indian spectacle, "The Daughter of Brahma," in which she is supported by the ever-adolescent Jimmy Morrison. Watching an outdoor scene, during which Miss de la Motte, garbed in scant attire, was exposed for several hours to southern California's chilly night air for the tenth night in succession, I wondered if even a ten years' guarantee of a twentieth-century princess' income might not have its drawbacks.

Bill Hart's Return.

Hart fans will be glad to know that the man who discovered the West for a large percentage of our population is coming back to the screen again next February, but probably in rôles that are entirely new to him. Mr. Hart states that unless the censor boards are more lenient than they promise to be, he will have to put his "gats," stage-coaches, and other Western paraphernalia in the storehouse. Pinto, his leading support, however, will continue to be featured as usual.

The Romantic Bull.

Having traveled across the continent recently with Mr. Bull Montana, I am in a position to warn the femi-

nine admirers of this Adonis of the screen that they are out of luck. The future Mrs. Luigi Montagni has already been selected, and while I suffered insufferably with the heat of the Arizona desert, Bull's one concern was whether the fortunate lady would be at the train to greet him.

Since then the pugilist-wrestler-actor has appeared before the Federal authorities in a formal application for his first naturalization papers, in which bout, I regret to announce, he went down for the count of ten. Asked if he had read the Constitution, Mr. Montagni gave a ready, affirmative answer, but the question of "What is it?" found the usually loquacious "Bull" as dazed as most of the readers of Mr. Edison's questionnaire.

"It's too long," replied Bull. "I read him many times at night school, but I forgot him just as quick as I read."

Discouraged, but not disheartened, Bull is now reviving his studies of this much-abused document in the hope of gaining the court's clemency in time for a contemplated honeymoon to Europe.

In spare moments he is appearing in various moving pictures, "The Right That Failed," Bert Lytell's recent production, and Doris May's first starring vehicle being two current films graced by his celebrated cauliflower ears. A personal appearance at a Los Angeles theater during the exhibition of a picture, in which he appeared, and a few wrestling matches interspersed for good measure, have also occupied some of the odd hours of this former New York iceman since his return from the East.

Bull is fully cognizant of his position in the film world. The attention of the tourists was accepted with a boredom befitting the most surfeited star. He believes in himself—believes that his acting is an asset to the screen, and he yields homage to no player save his idol, Doug Fairbanks, in whose production, "In Again, Out Again," he made his first screen appearance. Furthermore, he believes that his name is destined for the electric lights—and it may be that he is right.

Propaganda in U. S. Films.

Lois Weber announces that she will use expressionistic effects in her next picture that will outdo those of "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." It seems that we may patriotically bar the Germans and yet emulate them. But suppose the public mistakes the cubist effects for German propaganda!

Forced Into Pictures

The unusual story of one of our most popular players.

By Martin J. Bent

CONSTANCE TALMADGE stopped him on the street one summer's day, and, with a pleading tear in her eye, said, "Please, as a favor, play my leading man!" And of course, being a gentleman, he couldn't refuse, so he *did* play her leading man. Not once, but many times. "And who," you ask, "who is this lucky guy? What is the name of this rabbit foot?" Whereupon we tell you that it was Norman Kerry, brunet heart-breaker, filmatically speaking.

Constance and her company had been on the scene for an hour, awaiting the leading man, but as the time sped by the l. m. did not. In desperation the little star singled out Kerry, who was strolling by, and asked him to serve in the emergency.

"I'd never acted before," he grinned. "In fact I don't act now. I just put myself in the character's place, imagining what I would do under similar conditions. It's fun. Then, too, I've been lucky in drawing supremely good-looking ladies to address my screen attentions to. Marion Davies, for instance. And in London I am to play opposite Anna Q. Nilsson in Paramount's 'Three Live Ghosts.'"

I reminded him that actors usually forget whom they are acting with, and concentrate simply upon the business at hand, regardless of personal elements. He laughed cynically.

"Any actor that tells you he doesn't get a kick out of a screen kiss is stringing you for publication only," he said emphatically. "Don't you think that I, as a lead, would rather make love to a beautiful creature like Miss Davies, for example, than to Theda Bara? Absolutely! Because there's a camera grinding it doesn't follow that the actor immediately loses all sense of perspective. Beauty stimulates the actor in his work, when it happens to be the romantic sort that I am always concerned with. And don't let any one tell you otherwise."

Off duty, this Kerry chap presents a decidedly attractive appearance, standing well over six feet and boasting



Photo by Campbell

Off duty, Norman Kerry presents a decidedly attractive appearance, standing well over six feet, and boasting a neat but not gaudy set of mustachios.

a neat but not gaudy set of mustachios. Norman lives in a white bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood, with his mother and a sister, when he is making pictures in California. In the East he never feels quite at home, for he is an outdoor man and the confines of New York hotels annoy him. He likes such parts as Alan Dwan gave him in "Soldiers of Fortune," but he is such a nice, smooth, slick young city feller in appearance that casting directors prefer him for such parts as his in the Cosmopolitan production, "Proxies."

Though he looks like a bored dilettante, he really is a knight of the gymnasium—and it is a dull day that doesn't find Norman Kerry swimming, wrestling, running, trying to keep as fit as collegiate football and service in the navy made him.

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come and stars may go, but she continues to be one of the most delectable sights in Manhattan. Let's wait until she comes out; I do want to see if she buys a new hat. Perhaps she'll sell me her old one.

"That reminds me of Colleen Moore's luck. She was having dinner with Blanche Sweet, whose hat she admired.

"It is so lovely!" Colleen wailed. "I wish I ever had time to ferret out beautiful things like that. But I'm so busy being a "Wall Flower" all day at the studio that I guess I'll

have to wear the same old hat until I retire."

"And what do you suppose Blanche Sweet did? She took off her hat and gave it to Colleen!"

"She's always doing something like that," I added. "That's why every one loves her. Dorothy Gish had a telegram from her the other day, and she was rushing around asking every one who was going back to California for the winter to give Blanche her love."

"I almost wished the other day that I was back in California," Fanny lamented. "They had a christening

party for Bill Desmond's baby. And Bill Hart was her godfather.

"And speaking of parties, Helene Chadwick's latest fad is having her house robbed. She would like to pass it on to some one else before everything she owns is taken. She has transported her four favorite negligees out to the studio in the hope of saving them, but she holds out little hope for her books.

"And speaking of robberies, I'll just have to leave this check for you to pay. I had no idea it would be so large. And I'll have to hurry, as Mabel Ballin is just going, and perhaps she'll give me a lift."

When a Fan Club Meets—Then the Fun Begins

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rest of the members guess who it is. Give two tickets to the movie theater to the winner.

8. Hunt through back numbers of movie magazines, and get old and odd pictures of present-day favorites. Have a guessing contest, and give a prize to the winner.
9. Call on each member to tell an experience of a screen crush she has had.
10. Let the president take slips of paper, and write subjects such as: "What two players would you like to see play together and why?" "Do you think Chaplin could successfully play in a tragedy?" "Who do you consider the best motion-picture player and why?" Then the president calls on each member in turn to pick one up at random, and give a three-minute talk on the subject of it.

REFRESHMENTS:

Serve sandwiches cut in the shape of stars, with hot chocolate.

II. Adjournment.

You must always be on the alert to find new ways to add interest to your club life.

A favorite with some of the clubs is a semimonthly or monthly newspaper, which can be written on the typewriter, or with pen and ink. Take a large sheet of unlined white paper and arrange the heading in this manner:

THE FAN NEWS.

Vol I. New York, N. Y., June 25, 1921 No. 1

Using, of course, the name you would choose—which may be the one of your club as: Dana-O'Brien Club Herald—and your address. Change

the No. 1 to No. 2, with the second issue, and so on until the end of the year, then change Volume I to Volume II, and the numbers back to 1 again.

Arrange the page into three columns, and write accounts of meetings, shows attended, or any unusual happening to a member of the club. Use headlines as:

MOVIE PARTY A SUCCESS.

All of the members enjoyed the "Love Light."

Who were the three that cried?

Then proceed to tell what happened.

On the second page, arrange the heading in a slightly different way as:

2. THE FAN NEWS

THE FAN NEWS

Published monthly by the members of the Nagle-Wilson Fan Club, New York, N. Y.

Editor in Chief:
Mary Smith.
Dept. Editors:
Sue Brown
May Jones
Sarah White
Circulation Mgr.:
Jane Davis.

EDITORIALS.

Your editorial will finish out the left-hand column. You can devote the space of the remaining two to personal bits, cartoons, or news about the movie people.

I am sure two or three members of your club have kodaks, and it would be easy for you to start a club snapshot book, taking a few pictures at each meeting. A part of the book could be arranged into a movie gallery with pictures of the girls dressed to resemble different movie stars.

Every club should have a scrapbook. Divide it into sections and give each player one, filling it with all the material you can find regarding him. It will prove very convenient to refer to.

I think it would be a good idea to have a question box something like the suggestion box. Each member could put in one or more questions about anything concerning motion pictures, and a committee could be appointed every two or three months, to find the answers, or write to The Oracle.

At all times, in arranging and planning your club's meetings and pleasures, keep in mind that threadbare quotation, "variety is the spice of life."

WHY DON'T YOU ORGANIZE A FAN CLUB?

It will vastly increase your pleasure in seeing motion pictures, it will enable you to become a real influence in helping your favorite stars and in getting the kind of pictures you want at your theater, and it will put you in close touch with fans everywhere. For in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE you will find, from month to month, what the different clubs are doing—we are going to help the new clubs to organize, get the different groups acquainted—in short we are going to boost this movement in every possible way.

WE HAVE OFFERED—

three prizes of twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars for the three best letters describing the organization or activities of a Fan club. Any member of any club—new or old—is eligible to enter this contest. Originally it was scheduled to close November first, but since we found this time limit too short, we have acceded to the request of many organizers of new clubs, and have extended it to the first of January. Letters entered in this contest should be addressed to the Fan Club Editor.

DON'T FAIL TO READ—

the latest news about Fan Club activities each month in PICTURE-PLAY.

Just for a Change

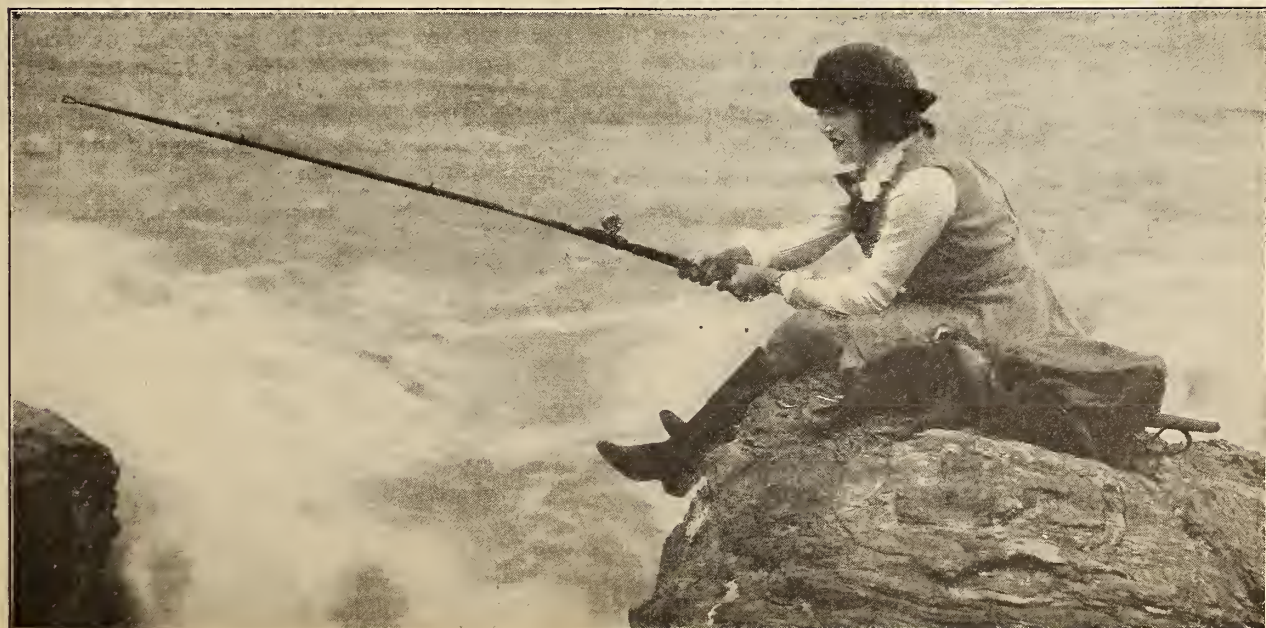
Ruth Roland indulges
in a few thrills.

By Edna Foley

SALT air is good for the complexion, it is said, but that isn't why Ruth Roland affects these maritime amusements. She isn't that kind of girl! If she's beautiful, it's an accident, and Ruth would be the last one to worry about keeping that way.

Perhaps you're the sort of person who makes puns. If so, who can stop you from saying that Ruth is great on the high C's. And, as a matter of fact, she is.

If you want the real truth, though, all these pictures mean is that Ruth has finished her new serial, "White Eagle," and is indulging in just the sort of vacation she likes.



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group. And Anita Stewart and Carol Dempster are much lighter in coloring than you would ever suspect.

Among the stars I've met whom the camera doesn't nearly do justice to are Elsie Ferguson, June Caprice, Wallace Reid, Gladys Leslie, Elliott Dexter, and Richard Barthelmess.

It seems awfully queer to me that stars whose features are familiar to countless thousands on the screen are not more readily recognized in real life. I had always imagined that when a star went out in public, she was constantly hailed with an admiring chorus of "Ahs!" But every time I have been out with a star, I've looked around to see if they were being watched, and nearly always nobody seemed to know them at all! Lillian Gish walked right down Broadway and nobody stared at her at all, and she told me that she and Mary Pickford had often gone shopping in New York without being recognized by any one. Elsie Ferguson passed from her car to and from several establishments and the crowds on the sidewalks didn't seem to know her; the same was true of Constance Binney at the theater, and Carol Dempster sat in an ice-cream parlor on Fifth Avenue without any one knowing her but me.

I think the main reason for that is that people don't expect to see famous stars around in such places. It's funny, isn't it, that just because we've always seen people in movies we never think of them doing common everyday things like the rest of us—buying clothes, going to the movies, and stopping in an ice-cream parlor for refreshment! But, honestly, I like them even better now that I know they're human.

If you think you'd be attracted to film people by their flashy dress, you're as mistaken as I was. People in small towns get glimpses of the performers in some of the cheaper vaudeville or road shows that come there, and, impressed by their gaudy and overtrimmed clothes, get the idea

that all actresses dress that way. I don't mean to say that the actresses I've met haven't been noticeably well dressed, for they have; but it was always in a fashionably chic way, not showy. Ruth Roland and Corinne Griffith wear striking clothes, but in good taste, and Lillian Gish and Constance Binney dress so demurely and inconspicuously that you'd never dream they were actresses.

One of the most enjoyable parts of my "Adventures in Movieland" have been the fan letters I've received from some of the fans who have read my accounts of my experiences. They made me feel much more like an actress than appearing before a camera ever did. Now, I know why players prize their fan mail so much.

What struck me as curious, though, was that most of these letters sounded so much like the letters I used to write to movie people. And I thought I was being so original!

Almost every one wanted to know if I had met their particular favorite yet, and wanted me to tell how nice they were. They just *knew* that *their* favorites were awfully nice. I had considered myself lucky to have met so many of my own favorites, but pretty soon I found myself getting anxious to meet stars I wasn't particularly enthusiastic over just so that I could satisfy some enraptured fan who wanted me to tell them about their "crush."

The question that came in nearly all my letters was, "How did you ever manage to compose yourself enough to stand and look into your favorite movie star's eyes without fading away. I would simply wilt!"

That's something I often ponder over myself. I guess it was only the graciousness of the stars that saved me, for many a time I was on the verge of collapse.

At first every player I met seemed wonderful to me. The mere fact that they were in the movies fascinated me. And I thought that just because

they were all in the movies they would be much the same, but after a while I began to notice as much difference between movie stars as there is between other people. I liked some of them because they were everything I thought an actress ought to be—the kind that girls would like to imagine themselves. Then there were others I liked because they weren't a bit stagy. Naturally, some of them stand out more vividly than others, because of certain striking qualities—and those I remember most are:

Constance Binney for her wholesomeness and unassuming manner. I almost think I enjoyed that visit the very most.

Pearl White—because she has always been my "crush," and she lived up to everything I expected of her, though not in just the way I had imagined. I loved her perfect frankness.

D. W. Griffith—for his quiet force. That was much the most impressive visit.

Corinne Griffith—for her unaffectedness, and always in connection with my most thrilling adventure—appearing before the camera.

I liked the "unactorish" manner of Richard Barthelmess, and Bert Lytell's cleverness, and Lillian Gish's friendly sincerity, Billie Burke's sweetness, and Elsie Ferguson's all-around charm.

I could go on recalling some especially nice characteristic in every one I met. I liked each in a different way, and I'm mighty glad to say I wasn't disillusioned in anybody.

It's the way a person looks at folks, I guess, that has a lot to do with it. With a prejudiced mind and looking for the worst side of the movies—you might find it. All the movie people are human, so they cannot be expected to be devoid of faults. I haven't pretended that they were, but I've looked for their best qualities, and found them, so that whatever flaws they had seemed small in comparison.

Studio Impressions

Every studio has a personality all its own. Here is our psychoanalysis:

The Goldwyn studio: The czar's winter palace after the revolution.

The Ince studio: A Virginia plantation manse inhabited by a proud old Irish family with rooms for rent.

The Lasky studio: A hospitable New England farmhouse occupied by a democratic family whose motto is "Under Cecil the people rule."

Universal City: Coney Island Unter den Linden.

Brunton studio: A swell commonwealth hotel on the socialist plan as Lloyd George would run it.

Vitagraph studio: A wild West mining camp sleeping off a ginger-pop jag.

Charles Ray studio: The birthplace of Betsy Ross on the day visitors are not allowed.

The Louis B. Mayer studio: A medieval castle restored by an American cloak-and-suit millionaire.

Charlie Chaplin studio: An English lodge taken over by the Sinn Fein and run on the plan of Buckingham.

Mack Sennett studio: A road house with a model harem after it got religion from Doctor Crafts.

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post-impressionistic school of painting.

The story remains the same. This history of this unfortunate sister, coughing her life away through the tumult of a world of pleasure, has been followed faithfully even to the final deathbed scene. The locale is still Paris, but it is more the American tourist's idea of what he hopes to see in the sprightly capital than anything Dumas ever pictured. Paris was never like that even before absinth was prohibited.

As for Nazimova herself, she is a perfect reproduction of those Aubrey Beardsley sketches which illustrate the poems of Oscar Wilde. There can be little sympathy attached to this *Camille*, but she is sure to excite interest.

On the other hand, the *Armand* of Rudolph Valentino conforms entirely to the oldest of traditions surrounding "La Dame aux Camélias." He is young, wistful, thoroughly human, and such a handsome example of his dark Latin type that the ghost of earlier *Camilles* might well envy Nazimova.

"Serenade."

"Serenade" is vaguely reminiscent in atmosphere of "The Passion Flower." To many it will be worth seeing because Miriam Cooper and the Spanish settings are very beautiful. The plot is so involved that it is beyond the powers of a mere scribe to recount it—and perhaps it will prove too much for its audiences to follow. George Walsh, freed of his athletic tricks, is an unconvincing bandit.

"One Arabian Night."

A fragment of the colorful tales told in that fascinating collection of the "Arabian Nights" has been captured as the basis of this spectacular picture. It was made in Germany by no less promising a combination than Ernst Lubitsch and Pola Negri, who startled the American film market with the triumph they made of "Passion." This production is hardly equal to the Du Barry story; it is more involved, less coherent, and lacks the intense touch of human interest running through the portrayal of one character. But it, nevertheless, a brilliant and bizarre achievement which smites the eye with scenes that seem blazing with color in spite of the colorless medium of the screen.

Here are all the intrigues of a particularly lively and restless harem.

"Cappy Ricks."

If you see the name of Peter B. Kyne on a title card you may be sure of two things: the hero will be a rollicking tar and the scenes will include a fade-out of San Francisco harbor through the Golden Gate. And, as it was in the beginning of this *Saturday Evening Post* story, so it is now with the screen version of "Cappy Ricks," which has been filmed with dexterity and imagination by that erstwhile juvenile actor, Tom Forman, who was an excellent young leading man and an equally dependable director.

Of course the crabbed old sea dog, *Cappy*, is not the hero of the film version. The limelight has been shifted to the character of the young mate, played in the most rollicking manner by Thomas Meighan. He is a New England youth, presumably of Yankee parentage, but does that matter to Thomas Meighan? Faith, and it does not! He plays it—as he plays all his characters—as a broth of a boy. He could play an English landowner—but he probably wouldn't—with just that Irish twinkle and get away with it. And in this tale he needs all his Hibernian temper. For the action involves one fight after another with winds, with waves, and with a giant Swede, who attempts to take his place on shipboard.

Incongruous as it may be, he makes the character genuine. Agnes Ayres plays the demure daughter of the irritable captain for whom all the battles are fought and happily won.

"Footfalls."

Here is another good plot gone wrong. There is an excellent murder mystery here, based entirely on the slight sound of stealthy footfalls, which is odd when you consider the silent drama. The central figure is an old man whose blindness has accentuated his hearing. In the room above him the murder is committed, and he solves the mystery and clears his son's name through his sensitive keenness in distinguishing sounds. Unfortunately the director, having controlled the plot, could not control the actors. Tyrone Power, as the blind man, was the least objectionable of the lot, but even he exploited his infirmity and overacted. I wish the author, having made this experiment, would toss the reels into a reliable furnace and begin all over again with this unusually interesting plot.

"Three Word Brand."

William Hart outdoes himself in this characteristic picture of ranch life in the land where the handshake

is firm. Not content with a mere stunt like double exposure, he plays three rôles at once—that of a down-hearted pioneer, a governor, and a rangy rancher. There can be no doubt of his versatility after this lightning change of personalities, for all that this extraordinarily imaginative and magnetic actor has been identified with only one type of characterization. I am glad I know that he can do so many things at once, but just the same I like him best when he is back in his own laconic impersonation of the good-bad man of the West.

"The Great Impersonation."

The warning, "not a war film," which adorned our theater soon after the armistice has been taken down. A war picture now has its own chance of success, and this is one of them. It features James Kirkwood in the double rôle of an English nobleman and a German officer. It is not one of those hysterical pictures which seemed to enjoy the war so much that they could not resist the temptation to dwell on its horrors. George Melford has shown admirable restraint in his direction, and Mr. Kirkwood's work is a brilliant study in keen distinctions.

"No Woman Knows."

"Humoresque," soon after its phenomenal success, was naturally followed by a host of pictures representing the loyal family life in a Jewish household. This picture is one of them. Mabel Julienne Scott, in the principal rôle, gives a pathetic picture of vanquished hopes. Otherwise the production is mediocre.

Here and There.

A word must be added for the excellent work in scenics throughout this month. These nonfiction productions are being perfected at a most encouraging rate, and are often the most stimulating feature on a moving-picture program. By far the most interesting scenic of this month, or of many months, is the fascinating study of "Jungle Adventures," made by Martin Johnson in his wanderings among the lost tribes of Borneo. There is all the charm of "Gulliver's Travels" in these scenes.

These are dangerous days in the moving-picture houses, as well as the legitimate theaters, for the public is demanding a gilt-edged guarantee before it can be lured into either one or the other. The result will be the best influence that has permeated the industry since it began. If only the fittest survive the directors will give us only the pictures that are fit.

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"My goodness, I don't blame you!" I exclaimed impulsively. It seemed to me like one of the nicest, most delightful scraps of motion-picture history that I'd ever heard. "I hope Junior'll grow up to be that kind of son!"

"He will be if he's anything like his father," she answered promptly. "And he—who's that pretty girl over there talking to your husband, Mrs. Beresford?"

I looked, and my heart sank quite unreasonably. For the girl was Carol Burnet. And Danny Gardner was standing beside her, holding her parasol, quite evidently not having eyes for any one else in the studio. I wondered where his wife was. Could it be possible that the screen's greatest vampire hadn't been able to hold her own husband?

CHAPTER XX.

That afternoon Hugh brought Carol Burnet and Danny over to where I was sitting in the studio, and then left them there while he went back to work. Carol was prettier than ever, but there seemed to be an effort back of her vivacity; she didn't just gurgle on, as she had when we were all down South together, and I noticed that she seemed rather ill at ease.

Danny was fidgety, too. I asked about his wife, and he said, "Oh, Claudia's fine," and the way he brightened up rather encouraged me, but then he looked right back at Carol, and seemed as worried as he'd been before. It was all I could do not to exclaim, "Danny, what on earth's the matter? Have you fallen in love with Carol again?" Only I'd never believed that he really was in love with her.

Finally, when I couldn't stand it any longer, I went over to the set where Hugh was making close-ups. He was doing a rather difficult thing—trying to put over a change in a man's feelings toward another man by such clear-cut changes of expression that no subtitle would be necessary to explain to the audience what was happening, and I was interested in seeing him do it. His absolute lack of self-consciousness when he is working is one of the things I never can quite grasp. When I spoke to him about it once he looked rather surprised for a moment, and then said, "Why, that isn't *me* at all; I couldn't play the part unless I got so far into the character that I forgot all about any one who happened to be standing around watching."

It wasn't just because I wanted to watch him that I went over there, though. Whenever things go at all

wrong my first thought is to get to where Hugh is, if I possibly can. He has always taken care of Hughie and me, and I've had such perfect confidence in him ever since we first met that I never question his ability to stand between me and any sort of trouble.

I sat down on the edge of a rack of lights, and pretty soon Danny came over and joined me.

"Sally," he began, tracing one of the cracks on the floor with the tip of Carol's parasol, "want to play rescuing angel?"

"Not if it means doing anything that will make Claudia unhappy," I told him bluntly. "If you've been fool enough to let Carol Burnet—"

"Oh, *Lord*, Sally!" he exclaimed, so honestly amazed that I burst out laughing, as much at myself as at him. "Why, you didn't think for a minute—why, Claudia would have come out herself, but she—well, she said to ask you if you wouldn't run in town and lunch with her at Sherry's to-morrow, and she'd tell you a lot of things! Oh, Sally, if you knew how I worship that wife of mine you'd realize how impossible it would be for me ever to think I cared about Carol again.

"I'm worried about her, though. She—gee, Sally, look at Hugh! That man's a wonder!"

"Wonder! He's the greatest actor in pictures," I retorted modestly. "What about Carol?"

"Well, she's fallen heels over head in love with Phillip St. Mark."

"Phillip St. Mark? Oh, Danny—oh, no—not with that—that has-been. Why, his reputation—his wife—" I simply couldn't talk coherently. Phillip St. Mark was an absolute scoundrel; every one knew that for a fact. He'd been cut off the membership list of more than one club, and all but driven out of Los Angeles and told never to come back because he treated his wife so abominably. How on earth Carol Burnet could be blind to such flagrant misdemeanors as his was too much for me.

"Her mother is simply frantic," Danny went on. "I suppose, in a way, it's just what was coming to Mrs. Burnet, though; she was so awfully fussy about Carol, and wouldn't let her have anything to do with just regular fellows, you know—and a week or so ago we ran into each other on Forty-fourth Street, and she poured out her troubles to me and wound up by begging me to come to see Carol and begin taking her around again. I told her that I was married; she hadn't heard that somehow, but she was so upset that she just said, 'Oh, well, that doesn't matter; anything to get Carol out of

that man's clutches!' Apparently it didn't occur to her that either Claudia or I might have anything to say on the subject."

"But what's Carol done?" I urged. "Go on and tell me the rest of it."

"Well, as I said, she's madly in love with St. Mark, and he's just shrewd enough to make the most of it. To begin with, he was engaged to work in a picture with her, and when they were sitting around, waiting for sets to be ready and all that sort of thing, he told her how desperately lonely he was. Said that sometimes his man would pile chairs and tables against the windows of his room at the hotel so that he—St. Mark, I mean—wouldn't jump out at night, when he couldn't sleep and got to brooding. Probably he was brooding over where he could get something to drink, since prohibition's being enforced."

"But what about his wife and those darling children?" I asked. "Surely they—"

"Oh, they're in Los Angeles, you know; Mrs. St. Mark doesn't like the East, and he and she have done nothing but quarrel for the last two years, anyway. He told Carol that she never had understood him!"

"No, all she did was to work like a slave to help support the family, and—oh, well, she did do some rather aggravating things, no doubt. I remember one time when Hugh and I were going West, she and St. Mark and the children were on the same train, and she was angry at him and didn't get dressed all the way out; wore a kimono over her night clothes and a long silk coat over that, and sat around in her drawing-room with the door open, so that any one going past could see her. St. Mark had been posing to every one as a descendant of a distinguished old English family, and of course it rather annoyed him."

"I should think it might have," commented Danny dryly. "Well, he's told Carol a story that would touch your heart if you didn't know what a bounder he is, and of course she fell for it. When he suggested that they keep house together, in an apartment up on Riverside Drive—she and her mother and he—she thought it would be simply wonderful, and her mother couldn't persuade her not to do it. She said to me, 'Just think how wonderful it is; I'm making a little home for Phillip!' and was so pleased over it that I didn't even try to tell her what a bounder he is.

"He told her, too, that he could do a lot for her; that, of course, with all his training, he could teach her

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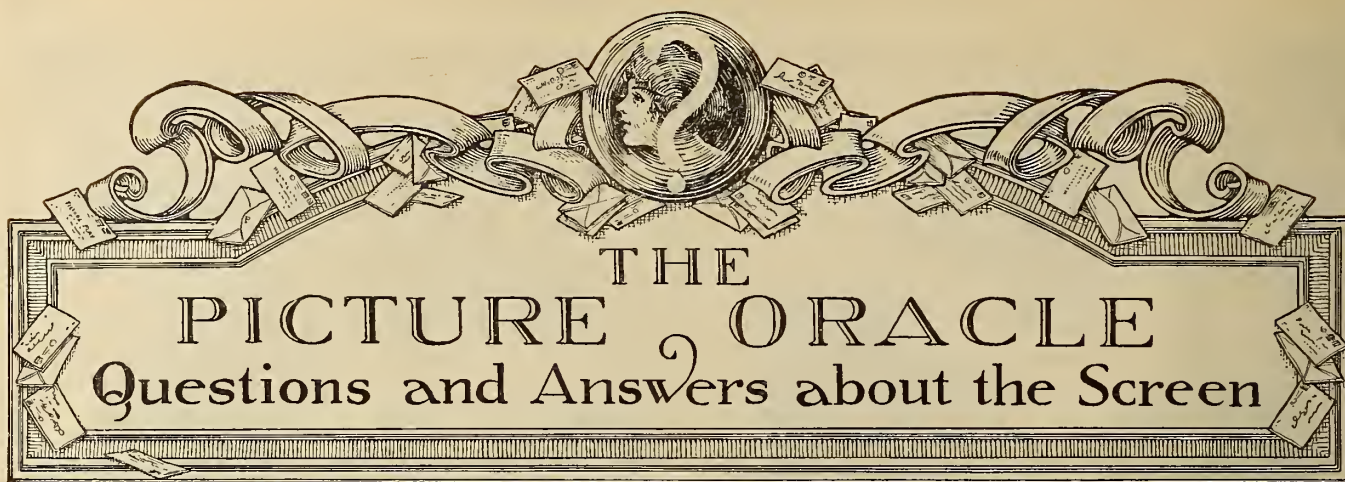
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THE
PICTURE ORACLE
 Questions and Answers about the Screen

MONTANA FAN.—Bill Hart has retired from the screen. Just for how long no one seems to know. He has worked consistently for a number of years, and is deserving of a good rest. He says he probably will return to the silver sheet again, but doesn't know just when. He is keeping his studio, so he must intend to come back in the near future. He was born in Newburg, New York, and not out West. It wasn't long after he was born that his folks moved Westward, and he spent his life there until his late teens, when he decided to become an actor. Bill suffered all the hardships of any beginner, but by dogged determination he finally made the grade. During lay-offs—which were frequent in those days—he took whatever job he could find to keep the ship afloat. One summer he got a job as a furnace stoker, and the next he became an iceman. He made a trip to Europe and return on a cattle boat. But he reached his ultimate goal finally, which is all that mattered to Bill. His life and struggles to attain his aim in life would make most of ours seem very trivial indeed. Let's hope he doesn't vacation too long, and that the screen will soon have this "regular fellow" back once more.

IMA MOVIE FAN.—Larry Semon was born in 1889. Lucille Carlisle is unmarried. Annette Kellermann was born in Sydney, New South Wales. Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1891. Mildred Davis is still single. Paul Kelly was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1899. Wesley Barry is a native son of California. Natalie Talmadge has retired from the screen to become the wife of Buster Keaton, the comedian. "War Brides" was Nazimova's first screen success. Claire Windsor, Mona Lisa, L. C. Shumway, Edward Burns, George Hackathorne, Edith Kessler, Gordon Smith, and Howard Gave comprise the cast of "To Please One Woman."

MRS. GEORGE J.—William Russell made his first stage appearance with Ethel Barrymore in "Cousin Kate" when he was but eight. His first grown-up job on the stage was as Tom Wilson's opponent in a prize-fight sketch in vaudeville, and it was Bill's lot to get knocked out at every performance by Tom.

RICHARD E. C.—Mildred Reardon does not play with any one company. She appears with various companies, and by the picture.

MISS HELEN LOUISE P.—"Hy-a-ka-wa," with the "a" as in "father." Accent on the third syllable. Eillen Percy uses her own name. Thelma is her sister. You are far from correct with your guessing. Your other questions have been answered.

DAVID R. B.—Carmel Myers was born in San Francisco, California, April 9, 1901. Her father is Rabbi Myers. Bebe Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, in the same year. Constance Talmadge arrived a year earlier than either Carmel or Bebe. Mary Miles Minter's correct name is Julie Shelby. Constance Talmadge has two sisters, Norma and Natalie. Your other questions have been answered.

PEREZ.—The players you ask about are not on the screen any more. The picture you ask about is an old-timer. Just what would you like to know about Ruth? Your other questions have been answered.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Laura B.—You will have to write personally to the different players for their pictures. You will find their addresses given at the end of the Oracle.

Miss Louise N.—Katherine MacDonald has been married. You will have to write her personally for her photograph.

Betty J.—Harry T. Morey was born in Michigan; Eugene O'Brien is unmarried. He was born in 1884. William S. Hart is likewise unmarried. Newburgh, New York, is his birthplace. Bessie Love is still single. Tom Mix is the husband of Victoria Forde. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897. "Buck" Jones hails from Indiana. He is married. Your other questions have been answered.

Sweet Natalie.—You will find the answers to your questions given elsewhere in these columns.

Miss Virginia B.—The part of *Jerry O'Farrell* in "Footlights and Shadows" was played by Alex Onslow. Kathryn Adams first saw the light of day in 1897. Mary Charleson is four years older than Kathryn.

Miss Blanche S.—"Hoot" Gibson was born in 1892. His hair is light and his eyes are blue. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Your other questions concerning "Hoot" have been answered.

Brown Eyes.—Frank Mayo is married. He was born in 1886. He is starring with Universal.

Mr. Arnold S. W.—I don't think you can obtain the story of that film. It was written for the screen, and not taken from a story. Marie Walcamp is the wife of Harlan Tucker. You had best write to an exchange that handles those pictures. I can't give you the prices. Eddie Polo is married.

William Mc.—I am sorry I can't help you any. The Oracle takes all of my time, and if every one that wrote me for a position in the various studios got help from me, I would have to give up my "oracling."

Frederick O.—Mary Pickford has no children. Juanita Hansen is not married. She was born in 1897. Douglas McLean is married to a nonprofessional. Your copy of the "Market Booklet" was sent you.

Miss Marguerite A.—Jack Perrin has dark hair and eyes. His hair is curly. His wife is Josephine Hill. Gertrude Astor has blond hair and blue eyes.

Miss Mary Jean D.—I'm sorry that I can't help you get in pictures. It takes a great deal of work.

Simon J. B.—New York would be the nearest studios near you. You would have to know some one who could obtain a pass for you.

Kurt R.—Mrs. Nelson is not the mother of Anna. Anna's name is not Nelson, but Nilsson. David Powell, before entering pictures, was on the stage. His screen career has been with World, Famous Players, Selznick, Empire, Artcraft, United, and Paramount, and has stretched over the last four or five years.

Miss Evelyn C.—You will find the addresses you requested at the end of this department.

EUGENE C. J.—You will find the addresses given at the end of *The Oracle*. The inclosure for the "Market Booklet" should be six cents in stamps. Dustin Farnum has signed with Fox, so look for him in Fox productions henceforth.

FRANCIS L. D.—Rudolph Valentino is with Metro. His latest pictures with that concern are, "The Four Horsemen" and "Camille." The latter with Alla Nazimova in the title rôle.

ELSIE M.—Your letter should take about four days to reach Ruth Roland. Addresses at the end of *The Oracle*.

A MOVIE FAN.—Ward Crane was born in Albany, New York. He is single. He stands five feet eleven inches and tips the scales at one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He has been playing in Alan Dwan productions, and opposite Miss Castle. He is not a star. Your other questions have already been answered.

PUG.—Jack Pickford has deserted the acting end for the time being. He and Alfred Green have been directing Mary Pickford. When Mary goes on her vacation, Jack is to don the grease paint again and star in "A Tailor-Made Man," which Alfred Green will direct. Remind the player in a nice note that you wrote before, inclosing a quarter, and I am sure the desired photo will be soon forthcoming. No trouble at all.

D. W.—Lois Weber was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She was educated there. Her early career consisted of concert work. Her stage career began in stock with her husband, Phillips Smalley. Since breaking into pictures she has been with Gaumont, N. Y. M. P., Rex, Bosworth, Universal and now her very own company. I can't help you break into pictures. It's almost impossible—even with a "jimmy." (Neuter gender of course—not masculine.)

THE INFONTA.—Lady Jane Seymour is not given in the cast. Pola Negri is German. That is her correct name. Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883. Ann Boleyn was played by Henny Porten.

BEN HAGERTY ADMIRER.—You will have to write to the players personally for their photographs. The "Tarzan" stories are in book form. You should be able to purchase them at any leading book store.

PHEOBE D.—Thank you for your nice letter. Write again some time when I can be of some assistance to you.

EVELYN M.—Antonio Moreno has never been married. He does not wear a disguise on the street. He lives at the Athletic Club in California. I don't think you will find his signature differs on his pictures. If he autographs them himself it couldn't.

MARY LOUISE P.—Doris and Ann May are not related. Bessie and Montague Love are not related. Nazimova has dark hair and violet eyes. She was born in Russia. Her birthday is May 22. Her birth year is 1879. She is five feet three. Gareth Hughes was born in Llanelly, Wales in 1897. He is five feet five. Gareth's eyes are blue and his hair is brown. He is fair complected. He is to be featured by Metro in a series of seven pictures.

M. R.—Dorothy Davenport has red hair. You will have to send your request for their pictures to the editor. Perhaps he will see that they get in the *MAGAZINE*.

Continued on page 106



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If you ask for this test—as millions have done—you will see great effects in a week.

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Film is what discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food

substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

Continued from page 92

things about dramatic technique and all that sort of thing that she couldn't learn in any other way. So they practice voice culture an hour a day and read Shakespearean rôles, while her mother sits offside suffering the tortures of the damned."

"Oh, Danny, I think it's terrible!" I exclaimed disgustedly.

"See if you can't think of something you can do to straighten out this mess, Sally," Danny implored me.

I was glad that things turned out so that Hugh and I drove to Mamaroneck by ourselves, for I wanted to talk things over with him. As we settled down, with the boy tucked in between us, I glanced up at my husband and wondered if I really looked like the cat that had just swallowed the canary; certainly that described my state of blissful contentment.

He looked down at me with a quizzical little grin when I finished my recital of what Danny had told me.

"Too bad, isn't it?" he commented.

"Yet isn't it queer the way things work out? Mother Burnet has always been so afraid that Carol would marry the wrong man, and then Carol turns around and falls in love with a man whom she can't marry because he already has a wife. Mrs. Burnet told me once that when her daughter fell in love it would be with a man of established position. Well, St. Mark's is established all right; he's down and out, both on the stage and on the screen, and his wife is suing him to make him support her and the children. Still, you can't help feeling sorry for him; he used to be such an idol. But what do you want to do about Carol?"

"I don't know exactly. I thought I'd go to see her in town, and maybe after I got there I'd think of something."

"All right; I'm going in town tomorrow, and I'll drive you in. We might go on a spree afterward, if you want to."

"Oh, I do! I vote for dinner at that place in the Italian quarter, where the people come in off the

street and sing, and you eat in the back yard with the neighbors' washing dangling over the fence!" I exclaimed, catching his arm in my hands and clinging to it tight. That's one of the nice things about our marriage; we can have just as much fun doing things like that now as we did when we were engaged.

We had a gorgeous time at luncheon up at the Griffith studio, after which we all went swimming. I dressed in the women's dressing room with Lillian; it's a fine big room, with windows overlooking the Sound, and that day the air was so soft and warm that I wished we could make the day last forever. We were all so happy. There was no telling what would come to us within the next few months; Hugh's picture might be an awful fizzle, though of course I was sure it wouldn't; Lillian was considering going on the stage again in the fall, and couldn't be at all certain of results; her voice might not carry, she might not do well—she's so modest about her own ability and popularity that she is always surprised at her own success. But of course in the motion-picture world you don't count on things. A production you thought would be wonderful may fall flat and have to be bolstered up with loads of advertising to get over at all, and one that nobody thought much of in the studio, like "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," for example, may be a record breaker and make a new star.

Then, too, just about a year before, Lillian and I had sat in that same room and talked about Bobby Harron's first starring venture. Well, I had seen it, "Coincidence," the week before, but Bobby had been dead for what seemed a long, long time. Thinking of that as I undressed Hughie for his afternoon nap, I caught his little bare body up to me and kissed the babyish curves of his knees and shoulders. What if death should stab at me through him or Hugh?

TO BE CONTINUED.

How Do They Do It?

Continued from page 49

had begun on this article an orangutan, supposedly well trained, ran amuck in the studio where he was working and bit severely several people. Some of the actors are afraid, but they go through with the work just the same. But mostly motion-picture actors and actresses are a brave lot; they take chances you

and I would never dream of taking just as a part of the day's work, animals thrown in. And of course they know that every precaution possible is taken. But as to taking pictures with lions, tigers, elephants, or chimpanzees in them without danger to those acting—well, it just can't be done.

Running Rings Around Circe

Continued from page 45

taking off that ungodly make-up every night and putting it on the next morning."

After the picture had been finished, the Wilmington Parisienne waited months for it to appear. Finally it was advertised at an uptown theater, and a party of enthusiastic friends escorted Estelle to the première performance.

"My scenes came toward the end of the picture. From the moment the film was flashed, a couple directly behind me commented upon each character and setting. The yacht scene was 'grand,' and Mr. Love's make-up 'terrible,' and the ballroom setting 'cheap,' and Miss Greeley's hair 'pretty.' Nothing passed without some commentary. I sat in awe and trembling. What would these self-appointed Alison Smiths say of the mascara-and-salved beauty? I was actually in a cold chill of fear. The anticipation was terrible, but fascinating.

"The opera scene came. I shivered inwardly as Mr. Love was flashed looking across the theater. My scene was next! It appeared. And while I strained my ears to hear the verdict, the pair behind me said not a word. They saw fit neither to praise nor to flout. They just sat!

"I almost shrieked in disappointment. Anything would have been better than silence. I burst out crying and hurried from the theater, going home alone before any of my friends knew why I had left."

Ever since that eventful, or uneventful, night Miss Taylor has studiously read everything that the critics of the press have written about her work. Success has not made her top-heavy. She declares that vamping in itself is instinctive, that any girl can do it. At the risk of being rude, the writer interrupts here to register a strong dissenting opinion.

"The eyes," explained Estelle, "are the key to successful man-trapping. A lowered eyelid, so"—she illustrated fetchingly—"and a naughty little shrug, so"—again a realistic demonstration—"and it is accomplished. Subtlety should be substituted for pearl shoulder straps. Rules are out of the question. You should do as you instinctively feel you should do."

This will be a reassuring message for the aspirants to primrose pathological honors in Twin Forks, Iowa, Dubuque, Sioux Falls, and points east and west.

"Is it true," I asked, "that you were offered the *Queen of Sheba* assignment and refused?"

"It's true," she replied. "I would not undress the part as it was de-



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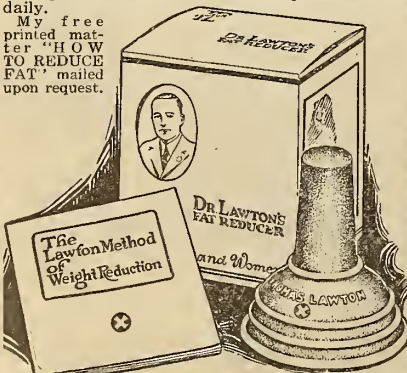
I don't ask you to starve nor exercise, take medicine or treatments of any kind. All I ask is that you use my FAT REDUCER and method as per instructions and you will FIND REDUCTION TAKING PLACE in a few days; at the end of eleven days, which is full trial period, you either keep the REDUCER or return it to me complete and I will gladly refund your money.

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signed. Beads would have been the foundation of the costumes, and, as some one has pointed out, there wouldn't have been enough altogether to make a decent necklace. So I declined the nomination. And now," she smiled, pointing to the simple gingham frock she was wearing, "I'm doing penance, as a simple country maiden, with no chance to vamp except in one dream episode. I wish they'd let me do 'Under Two Flags.'"

"Why not *Carmen*?" I suggested. "Too easy," said Estelle in all sincerity.

Following the Parisian belle part, the Taylor star was in the ascendancy. Hollywood beckoned and she played a lead opposite Bill Farnum. However, Western heroines, as I have remarked before this, hardly represent the pinnacle of photo-dramatic success. So she stayed with Mr. Farnum for only one romance. Her next step was as high as that of a Fifth Avenue bus. The Taylor girl was rushed East and into "While New York Sleeps," a mellerdrammer that William Fox and Director Brabin had been holding up for want of a sufficiently potent charmer to essay the only woman rôle in the production. East came the lucky choice, and dressed, played, and carried the three-phase central figure so effectively that she rode triumphantly into the picture sections of the newspapers and magazines on a wave of linotypical enthusiasm. "Another luminary among vampires," they all called her. They were wrong. Here was the vampire of the period, come into her own on schedule time.

Estelle has not forgotten where home is. She goes to Wilmington every week-end, and whenever she shops the local stage-struck sisters follow her, noting everything she purchases. "It's almost as much fun for me as it seems to be for them," she says.

And, believe it or not, the Delaware Delilah goes to see movies every night. She thinks that the screen is the best teacher.

"If I were mapping out a cinematic course of instruction," she said, "I should recommend watching Pauline Frederick because of her expressive hands, Pola Negri because of her wonderfully mobile facial expressions, and—well, for all-round versatility and charm, I think Norma Talmadge is unsurpassable."

A good trio, to be sure. But if some ambitious young subdeb or grass widow should come to me this afternoon, or to-morrow, or next week, and ask how to be a convincing vampire along approved classic lines, I should straightway direct her to see Estelle Taylor.

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Rollo's Wild Oat

Continued from page 23

pictures for them. It seemed as though I could not bear it away from New York, and I told mother that I was going back and accept an offer which I had had to go on the stage, rather than stay on the Coast. And then I got a telegram from Cosmopolitan: 'Can you come East and make a picture for us?' Could I? Well, I was on the train inside of an hour! And here I am surrounded by the New York I love, and here I am going to stay."

"But what do you do for recreation?" we asked, amazed at this young and beautiful creature who never went anywhere excepting to the studio.

"I read stories," she answered, which is just like the bus driver who rides around on the bus on his day off. "And the theater on Saturday nights."

"Oh, don't you love to go to the theater, and stroll down the aisle in a black velvet gown, and have every one whisper, 'There's Seena Owen—there's the *Woman God Changed!*' I love even the reflected glory of being out with a star and having people stare."

"Isn't that funny?" said Miss Owen, shaking her blue boudoir cap at us. "I nearly die when any one points me out in public. That is one reason why I don't care to go out very much. The other day I went shopping, and while I was selecting my things the girl was staring at me. Finally she came out with, 'Oh, aren't you Seena Owen? I saw your last picture, and I think you are grand.' Now here was praise that was not faint, and yet for some reason I was terribly embarrassed. I told her that it was a case of mistaken identity, and then had to give sister's name to have the things sent home. Mother thinks I am very foolish to feel so, but I can't help it. I just do."

"Tell me what you really thought of 'Liliom,'" she said, returning to the subject of theaters.

"I thought it was the most marvellous play I ever saw," we replied with conviction.

"Hurrah! So did I. What wouldn't I give to play Eva Le Gallienne's part? And isn't she a marvellous actress? I wish I could do a screen version of it."

"You can't; it's already done."

"With Joseph Schildkraut?"

"No, with Bert Lytell; and he calls it 'A Trip to Paradise.' Awful name for a beautiful play, isn't it?"

"You see, you're telling me all the news. I never hear anything and seldom get a chance to see a picture."

"Then you didn't even know that Schildkraut had been grabbed up by D. W. Griffith, and has been working in the 'Two Orphans?' Isn't Mr. Griffith lucky to get such an actor?"

"Not so lucky as the actor is to get such a director. Mr. Griffith is a superman—he can make any one act. And no matter how finished you are you can always learn from him."

"You started with him, didn't you?"

"I did, and being under his direction was a wonderful experience. I played in 'Intolerance,' and that was the last picture I made for a couple of years. When I returned to the screen I played an endless string of sweet ingénues; the sort I loathe. Being a leading woman opposite a male star is a thankless job. You just have to stand round, and finally to say 'Yes' coyly and be embraced. My favorite rôle was in 'The Woman God Changed,' but, do you know, I didn't care so much for her after she reformed. I liked her best where she killed one man and tried to kill another."

"You mean, of course, that you liked playing that part best. You don't really think it's right to kill them, do you?" We know two men whose murder we had been contemplating for some time, and all we needed was Miss Owen's sanction.

"I don't know. It's so long since I've met any men, excepting the people at the studio."

"And little Rollo," we added.

"He isn't a man; he's only a little boy," she laughed. But we shan't tell him, for it would break his heart.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 33

My host had just completed a drawing of "War" when the other guests gathered round and kidded him about it.

"A censor!" cried Tommy Meighan or somebody.

"The dumb-bell extra man!" chimed Marshall Neilan.

"Oh, what's the use?" cried Ingram in mock despair, and tore up

the bit of paper. Only I grabbed the little sketch of Alice Terry.

"Why didn't you finish it?" I demanded.

"Why, I just can't draw *her!*" said Ingram with the charming diffidence of the lover. But he had, though, in talking about her, and I hope I've made you see her as I do, this woman who means so much to his genius.



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Back to Pioneer Days

Continued from page 73

While the Edendale studio was admirable, it did not serve the larger purpose of the Selig idea in using the untamable inhabitants of the jungle in motion pictures in truly natural surroundings. During one of his flying trips abroad Colonel Selig had made a close-up of Hagenbeck's famous wild-animal farm at Stellingen, near Hamburg, and decided to have Francis Boggs establish a great wild-animal park for him, and then tragedy stalked in and took Francis Boggs' life.

This was a deep sorrow to Selig. Mr. Boggs was one of the very great directors of his day. More than that, he was a far-seeing organizer. He had established a scenario department at Edendale to supply original one and two-reel stories, and he had two extra companies working under the direction of Hobart Bosworth and Frank Montgomery. In short, he was Selig's right bower.

A few weeks after his return Colonel Selig chanced to pass a deserted "Indian village" on Mission Road, between Pasadena and Los Angeles. It was a ten-acre tract, shaded by a

grove of giant eucalyptus trees. "Just the place for my animals," thought the ever-alert colonel. With characteristic hair-trigger decision he leased this natural park that very afternoon. Now sole owner of the menagerie, he added to it by extensive purchases, and shipped the entire outfit to the new home in December of the same year. Kathlyn Williams returned to California to continue the work that eventually led to her fame.

Within a year Colonel Selig succeeded in purchasing the original site of the "Indian village," and twenty-five additional acres, making the park thirty-five acres in all. The building of the famous Selig Zoo was a labor of love. To-day it stands a far-famed beauty spot of the "City of Angels," the most unique motion-picture studio in the world and a monument to its creator.

To-day Colonel Selig, in partnership with Sam E. Rork, besides other production activities, makes wild-animal serials in which the entire collection is utilized. They also produce one-reel animal comedies for Educational, starring three chimpanzees.

Ben Turpin Talks

Continued from page 50

Ben proved to be a hit—saved by his eyes.

Did you know that Ben Turpin is married? He is one of the most married matinée idols among the studios. He lives with Mrs. Turpin, who is very charming, in a real Hollywood country home, with real chickens, which he gets up at five o'clock to feed and care for every morning, and not just on the morning the publicity photographer comes around. In talking to him one feels that Ben has reached the end of a long road which has been awfully rough in spots, but that now he can afford to laugh at the world for laughing at him.

"There's nothing spontaneous in our funnyisms out here in Sennettville, no matter how spontaneous they may appear on the screen," he answered, slowly giving me a piercing look with one of his eyes. "Every gag, every fall, every pie is figured out long beforehand.

"That is what we were doing when you came on the stage to-day. Kala Pasha, Charlie Murray, and I always get together every morning and divide up the laughs. They say I have the advantage of them, but I don't think so," he finished, casting the other eye modestly downward.

In Hollywood it is said that no one

is such an adept at unconscious comedy as Ben Turpin. He himself admits that he deliberately plans every posture he assumes before the camera, and at home he studies these postures for hours before a large mirror. Every crook of his finger or bend of his knee is deliberate, and nothing is left to chance.

"I believe that the hands are much more important in comedy than any other physical adjunct," he said, "but all comedy must originate in the brain before it is mirrored on the body.

"The real secret of my success is the apparent lack of brains I show, but some people are kind enough to say for me that it takes some brains to conceal any brains." Just then a haunted look came into his eyes, and I thought perhaps he was glancing in my direction.

"Do you notice anything Scotch about me?" he asked as we rose from the buckets.

"Now that you speak of it," I replied, "I thought I did, but one can't be sure in these days, can one?"

"You were right," he affirmed, beckoning mysteriously. "I left it over here behind the bakery under a loose board, but with Charlie Murray around you never can tell—"

But I soon learned where Ben gets that marked Scotch flavor.

Her Secret for Success

Continued from page 43

Both Miss Compson and May MacAvoy have been mentioned for the rôle of *Peter Pan*, and she is soon to start work in Barrie's "Little Minister," playing *Lady Babbie*.

"I would like to play a good girl," was the wistful observation. But her present picture is Clyde Fitch's "The Woman in the Case," a woman not particularly good.

I do not know whether Betty Compson comes of a fine old Southern family. She's too well bred to say so if she does. I do know that she has intelligence and innate refinement. As I've indicated, it is my opinion she would be heavily booked as a débutante and in demand for every fraternity prom. She has poise without pose, a charm that agitates, and a dizzying pair of eyes. She is extremely tolerant and versatile of taste. She adores H. G. Wells and Blossom Seeley. And she approves of Joseph Hergesheimer, who leaves things to her imagination, and of Stephen Leacock, who doesn't.

Although Miss Compson makes no claims to sovereignty for her previous incarnations, I wouldn't doubt her word if she said she was Mary Stuart or Pompadour, providing, of course, she hadn't the blue aura. And if her eyes were upon me I could even believe she was Cleopatra—without any aura.

As Told in the Subtitles

Continued from page 85

ahead of their schedule with the Constance Talmadge pictures and enable them to produce "Red-hot Romance," but they accomplished it somehow.

And then the big kick of the real-life story came—just as it would in a well-planned scenario. The star who had turned down the scenario more than a year before telegraphed that he had just read it, and wanted it. And John and Anita had the extreme pleasure of telling him that he could not have it.

Even though "Red-hot Romance" proves a big success, the Emerson-Loos team will not continue as independent producers—at least for the present. They are under contract to provide the Constance Talmadge scenarios, and occasionally John directs one of them, too, as he is doing now.

They are two of filmdom's most interesting people, but their subtitles have already told you that better than anything else could. And now they have become shining examples of what you can do when you know that you are right.



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After Five Years

Continued from page 27



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me plaintively—the tone of voice which is the setting for most of her humorous remarks—if I had ever awakened with a motor cycle in my lap. It seemed that she had. According to the script the motor cycle had to hit her—and it did. When she woke up it was in her lap. She was even then a little stiff and sore from the bruises.

There is a serious side to Louise's character, a seriousness which often reveals itself as the naïve wistfulness of a child, and at other times takes on a startling maturity that her years do not warrant. She owns several houses in Los Angeles, and attends personally to every detail of their upkeep. I called her on the phone one Sunday to be told by her mother that Louise was over painting the porch of one of her houses.

She reads Russian novels and all the late introspective literature, that of Floyd Dell, May Sinclair, D. H. Lawrence, F. Scott Fitzgerald. She is well acquainted with classical poetry, with music, with art.

The one subject she rarely discusses is the picture industry. In that she differs, I think from any of the film people I know. It is not strange that in Los Angeles pictures should be the hub of every conversation, even among the laymen. But Louise takes her work seriously while she is doing it, and forgets about it when she is away from it. One never thinks of her as a motion-picture star. Somehow she doesn't fit in with the superficiality that is the chief characteristic of the film game.

There is something in the intense gray of her eyes, the slight wistful droop of her mouth that would convey the impression of sadness if it were not banished instantly by her wide smile, her giggle with a little breathy catch at the end, her startling way of making faces when you think she is most serious. She makes fun of herself remorselessly, her "wop" name, her success.

When she was on her recent coast-to-coast tour, she made a large number of personal appearances. One of these was in the Italian section of Kansas City, and she appeared in her make-up with skinned-back pigtailed and funny gingham dress. The applause was uproarious. And the spokesman of the district brought up on the stage, a floral funeral pillow,

which he presented with much ceremony. It was made of roses, and Louise says all it lacked was a ribbon with the words "Rest In Peace" across it.

Down in New Orleans she spent two days snooping through cemeteries to find her great-grandfather's tomb. When she found it, she had her picture taken beside it, "just to prove" that she had "ancestors wealthy enough to hire a mausoleum."

Louise commenced in pictures when the industry was—well, if not in its infancy at least in its high chair—and thought that she wanted to do serious dramatic work. But a director told her she was so awkward she was funny, and she took him at his word. For five years she was one of the chief fun makers at the Sennett studio, "Back to the Kitchen" and "Down on the Farm" being two of her best-known pictures there. Then she signed with Educational Features for several years, her pictures to be released through First National. When she resigned from the old slapstick homestead, Teddy, the great Dane, and little John Henry, the precocious baby, went with her. Now she is being featured in a Cosmopolitan production, "The Beauty Shop."

Rarely is Louise recognized on the streets of Los Angeles. Few people would see in the gray-eyed, quietly dressed girl the awkward, hoydenish slaver of the screen. When by chance she is recognized, she becomes amusingly flustered. Once she made me run half a block with her because she heard some one behind her say, "Oh, there's Louise Fazenda!"

I know of no better tribute to her than the one her landlord paid her. (That was before she acquired her present wealth of real estate.) He is noted for his prejudice against film people, and will not rent any of his houses to any one connected with the industry. He said as much to me.

"But you rent to Louise Fazenda," I protested.

"Oh," he replied quickly, "she isn't an actress, she's a lady!"

I told Louise about it, of course.

"I always suspected it," she said plaintively.

"That you're a lady?" I asked sarcastically.

"That I'm not an actress," she corrected me. "I wonder if the public will ever find it out!"

So far, they haven't. Which proves, according to my way of thinking, that the fan public has intelligence.

Here's Johnny Walker

Continued from page 65

and say hello to the young man: He seemed to be sort of a studio politician, holding many secrets of state in the hollow of his broad, well-manicured hand. There were many whispered conferences at which I was a spectator, but not a listener. Johnny always promised to "fix things." He is that kind of lad.

As the boy in "Over the Hill" who picked his mother up and carried her out of the poorhouse in his arms, I pictured him as a husky specimen, with a battleship beam and a neck like that of Jack Dempsey. Imagine my surprise to meet a slim, rather dapper youth, with long black hair sleeked back à la Rudy Valentino and an incongruous lisp attached to that East Side dialect. I asked him why.

"It was my make-up in 'Over the Hill,'" he explained. "I wore clothes that were padded and were really too big for me, which gave me a broad look. But I am truly athletic, and like horseback riding most of all sports."

Why any young man with all his health and faculties should bother about a matter which seems to be only food for police I couldn't picture, so I asked him.

"Well," he returned, his tawny, black-rimmed eyes wide, "when I got hurt while playing with Mary Fuller at Universal City a long time ago I had nothing to occupy my mind during the time I was convalescing. A friend brought me some books on palmistry and finger prints. The palmistry didn't interest me, but the finger prints did because I'd always wanted to be a detective.

"I studied the business until I got well, and it sort of stuck with me. Then the Federal government recognized me as an expert after the New York courts had called me in for several consultations in criminal cases."

There is something totally different about Johnny Walker from most of the other good-looking young actors. He reminds you rather of a business man out of his natural element. He is the sort of boy who will grow into a Bill Duncan man and be just as sure-fire in the box office.

"Guess I'll have to go to work," explained Johnny with a shrug of his shoulders, which are not overly broad, but very square and supple. "You can tell 'em I'm only twenty-six and that it's my real name, if you want to. Yep! I was born with it—in New York. And don't mention the Haig brothers in the interview—they're no relation of mine."

So I won't—not a word about 'em. Let 'em rest in peace.

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What Chance Has the Plain Girl in the Movies

Continued from page 21

dropped in my tracks—and fallen through the slits. But as a character actress I must keep myself always fit, and any girl who hopes to get into pictures without the asset of beauty must be, above all else, physically fit.

"And she must be mentally fit. Douglas Fairbanks was wise enough to discover that the endless repetition of acrobatic, physical stunts tired the public—began to pall. So he changed his type of story. It is also true that the same 'mental' stunts tire the public. The average beauty repeats the same mental processes through every part she ever plays—and so she tires her public. The plain girl should so equip herself mentally that she can present a new set of 'mental' stunts to her audience every time they see her. This can be done by any girl. She must learn to analyze. If she desires to learn how, she will find out. There is no method I can name. Any youthful mind is continually asking 'why?' to all things, and so I would advise the plain girl to keep her mind always youthful—and always ask why."

An important point upon which I find that most of the casting directors in the big studios of Hollywood agree is that the girl who is going to seek a position in pictures, providing she has equipped herself physically and mentally as Miss Alden has suggested, should be so fixed financially that she is not working at pictures for a salary—but for an opportunity! She must have the courage to sacrifice everything.

Miss Alden, who has reached the pinnacle of fame as an interpreter of "mother" rôles, is herself very young—just on the interesting side of thirty. She is naturally domestic, and before she finally accepted the stage and the screen as a career her fondest hope was to be a mother herself, with a home and domestic happiness. But these things she admits she has had to sacrifice in order to be a thorough success in pictures.

If you hold the lens of a camera up to the light, in the hollow of your hand, and snap it a hundred times it will not make a photograph. It must have the "box" and all the other fixings behind it so that the picture will be formed.

So should the plain girl get her visualization of life around her—not through the eye alone, but with the "other fixings" which go behind it, meaning brain and sympathy for fellow beings, and analytical understanding, or else the picture of life

which she tries to reproduce on the screen will not be clear cut nor true.

The plain girl should shun all the pitfalls which the average beauty steps into and emerges from because of her beauty alone. The plain girl has no beauty to help her, so she must make efforts to avoid them, which the average beauty won't take the trouble to make. That is, she can't afford to be listless and she cannot afford to "imitate."

"Imitation of some favorite actress ruins the career of many a merely beautiful girl," went on Miss Alden. "A few years ago Madame Simone, the French actress, appearing in New York, found occasion to beat upon a door in a certain way which was original with her. I know of three promising younger actresses who imitated this method of portraying emotion. They did not realize that once a thing of this kind is done it is finished artistically. They might have improved upon the method and thus made it their own, but they didn't.

"Don't be afraid of 'ugly lines' of the body. Remember that an ugly line is completely lost in grace of movement.

"A sea gull in the air—on account of its grace of movement. Plain girls should acquire a grace of movement. This is done by dancing. I dance in my apartment, when I am alone, for half an hour every day. Go to some reputable dancing school. And, as I said before, don't forget to pantomime the myths."

It seemed to me that all this was wonderful advice, and so, since the sun was sinking very low in the west, and I felt that Miss Alden had other and perhaps more pleasant engagements, I bade her adieu, eager to hurry back to our street and tell the nice little plain girl there how she could hope to get into the movies—and what a lot of hope there really was for her.

"I'm through with 'mother' parts myself," announced Mary Alden as we stood for that usual last "departing moment" at the door of her apartment with its bookshelves filled with good books, "because I can't see why I should bury my youth under the wrinkles of make-up and the gray hair of age any longer. But I love my mother rôles just the same. I am going to play 'Hamlet' soon. Art is sexless, and so I can't see why I shouldn't interpret that part if I want to."

And I can't see why she shouldn't.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

KIWI.—I think you are quite regular. I have answered several of yours for several months straight running. Keep up the good work. Thanks awfully for all the beautiful things you said about the magazine and The Oracle. I gave you all the news about Beverly Bayne last month. There is nothing more recent. She was one of the most popular leading women of the screen a few years ago. "The Breaking Point" and "The Broken Gate" are Bessie Barriscale's latest. Nothing since then. You are right about Jerome Patrick. He appeared with Leah Baird in "The Heart Line." Neither Virginia Pearson nor Madlaine Traverse have made anything recently. Both Anna Q. Nilsson and Rosemary Theby are busy in pictures. They are constantly working. Perhaps they prefer to be leading women rather than stars. They get a bigger field for characterizations the way they play. "Kismet" is one of Rosemary Theby's latest big pictures. Yes, Peggy Hyland has been making a few pictures of late. She is back in the U. S. A. now. Jean has not been in "the swim" of late. Dorothy Gish's latest release is "Oh, Jo!" She and Lillian are to make "The Two Orphans," under D. W. Griffith's direction.

DORA L.—You will have to write the editor personally for those pictures you desire to see in the magazine. Pauline Curley is at present in California. She may some day come to New York. Likewise are Katherine MacDonald and Anita Stewart, both on the Coast. Viola Dana only recently returned to California from a shopping trip spent in New York. You will have to write to some concern that sells the players' pictures in order to obtain Olive Thomas' picture. Perhaps even then you will not be successful. Actors as well as actresses expect a quarter inclosed for their picture. That is merely to cover the cost of mailing. Surely, drop in any time. However, you won't see me.

U. No.—Marguerite Clark is Mrs. Palmerson Williams. Her latest picture is "Scrambled Wives," produced by her own company and released through First National. "Buck" Jones is married. Harold Lockwood left a small son of about ten or eleven years of age. Frederick Thompson directed at the Vitagraph Company last. Elmo Lincoln is married. Helen Eddy is still "fancy free." Ruth Roland is working on a new serial. Her leading man is Earl Metcalf. The picture so far has not been named. Louise Lovely in private life is Mrs. William Welch. She is making pictures at the Goldwyn studios. Volva Vale is William Russell's sister-in-law. In other words she is the wife of Al Russell, Bill's brother. Antrim Short is still a "bach." Dorothy Green is not married. Bessie Love is not starring at present. She has been appearing in various pictures. She played with Sessue Hayakawa in one of his latest. She also made a picture for Hampton productions. Seena Owen and George Walsh are husband and wife. Pola Negri is Polish. Sidney Drew's death was caused by pneumonia.

BYRON A.—Wesley Barry is appearing in Marshall Neilan's pictures. You had better send your story direct to him.

MISS LOU D.—Sessue Hayakawa is five feet seven and one-half. Richard Barthelmess is one-half an inch shorter than Sessue. Antrim Short is the same height as Sessue. Charles Chaplin is five feet four.

ANXIOUS AUGUSTA.—Carol Holloway and William Duncan have not been playing opposite each other recently. Neither has she played with Antonio Moreno. Both William and Antonio are starring in feature pictures and have deserted serials, at least for the present. Carol has been appearing as leading lady opposite various stars, she, too, having deserted serials. Molly King has a small son. She has not made any recent pictures. Monroe Salisbury is not on the screen, either, at present. One of Carol's latest is "The Deceiver."

LONESOME L. J. MC.—Not many of the stars will answer letters. They receive too many from fans. Many of them send pictures, but when it comes to writing personal letters they do not have the time. Just think if they tried to write every one that wrote them! They would have to stop acting. You must have missed your answers, for I remember a couple of your letters before. Jewel Carmen is still making pictures. She made "The Silver Lining," released through Metro.

LOLA J.—Albert Roscoe played *Uncas* in "The Last of the Mohicans." Lillian Hall played the younger sister and Barbara Bedford played her older sister. Wallace Beery had the heavy rôle. Cullen Landis is appearing opposite Alice Lake in her most recent vehicle. Albert Ray is not appearing in pictures any more. He is with Charles Ray, helping that young star make his independent features. Allene Ray is no relation to either of them. Anita Stewart is going to New York for her vacation. You can be on the lookout for her there.

ALL QUESTIONS.—Bebe Daniels has made a couple of pictures since "Ducks and Drakes." They are "Two Weeks With Pay" and "The Speed Girl." "You Never Can Tell" and "Oh, Lady, Lady!" were her first starring vehicles with Realart. Before that she played in comedies with Harold Lloyd. She also appeared in some of Cecil De Mille's productions before becoming a star. "The Mistress of Shenstone" is Pauline Frederick's latest Robertson-Cole production. She starred with the Goldwyn company before appearing under the Robertson-Cole banner. "Roads of Destiny" is her most recent release through Goldwyn. "The Affairs of Anatol," has such well-known players as Gloria Swanson, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Elliott Dexter, Maud Wayne, and Theodore Kosloff. "Straight From Paris" is Clara K. Young's latest release. William S. Hart's latest picture is "The Whistle." Constance Talmadge appears in "Lessons in Love." Norma Talmadge has made "The Passion Flower." Louise Glaum's most recent feature is "I Am Guilty!" and Ethel Clayton's is "Sham." "Way Down East" and "Dream Street" are two of D. W. Griffith's most recent successes. "Worlds Apart," "Gilded Lies," and "The Last Door" are Eugene O'Brien's latest. "Laurels and the Lady" is the working title of Dorothy Dalton's latest screen work. It will be released under another name. Wallace Reid appears in the screen production of "Peter Ibbetson," with Elsie Ferguson. Viola Dana has been vacationing in New York. She has only recently returned to work. The picture is a Bayard Veiller production as yet unnamed. "Way Down East" was twelve thousand feet long. There are a thousand feet to a reel. Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Henry Walthall has not been appearing on the screen of late. The players you asked about are American-born. Mae Murray has had no release since "The Gilded Lily." That is quite

enough questions to answer at one time, I should think. You named yourself well! I doubt if there is anything left for any one else to ask. Surely, come again when you have thought up another list.

SADIE P.—You write the editor for that interview you desire to see. You will find an interview with Gareth Hughes given in the July PICTURE-PLAY. It is under the title "Sentimental Gareth," and should interest you immensely. Gareth is just twenty-three. Addresses given at the end of The Oracle.

FANNIES FAN.—Jane and Katherine Lee have been appearing in vaudeville, also have been doing some work on the screen. Richard Barthelmess appeared in "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "Scarlet Days," and "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." He appeared with Dorothy Gish in several pictures. His most recent work is in "Experience," in which he plays *Youth*. Wesley Barry appeared in "Go and Get It." Douglas Fairbanks has only been married once before his present marriage. The "Market Booklet" contains the addresses of all the studios and the kinds of stories they are in the market for. It is published as an aid to writers. Mabel Normand's new picture is a Mack Sennett production called "Molly O." Robert Harron was accidentally shot. Bobby Vernon appears in Christie comedies. No special player appears opposite him. Some of the best known are Vera Steadman, Dorothy DeVore, and Helen Darling. You may write just as often as you like to me. However, you will find your answers only once a month, as that is as often as PICTURE-PLAY is published.

ANNE G.—Betty has made no picture lately. Mary Miles Minter has taken a trip abroad. Last time I heard she was "seeing Paris."

MISS NORMA E. S.—You will find all addresses given at the end of this department.

J. M.—You have to write the players personally for their pictures.

MISS MERCEDES A.—Question answered above.

JOSEPH E.—Bessie Barriscale is the wife of Howard Hickman. She is still "in the swim," as you call it. You will find her latest pictures given elsewhere in these columns. She has no children. I can not give you the personal address of Olive Thomas' mother. We do not give home addresses. You would have to write to some concern that sells the pictures of players, and see if they would have a picture of Miss Thomas.

ELSIE S.—Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri. He is at present in New York. He is not married. That is the correct name.

CONWAY TEARLE ADMIRER.—Molly King has not made any pictures recently. She is appearing on the stage in New York. "Hoot" Gibson's hair is light. You will find the answers to your other questions given elsewhere in these columns.

ANNA S.—Mahlon Hamilton played in "I Am Guilty!" with Louise Glaum. This is not to help you in the contest, for that would not be fair. Your question, however, did not reach me in time, anyway.

CARRIE D. H.—No, that was not Mary Pickford that played in "The Mark of Zorro" with Douglas Fairbanks under an assumed name. Marguerite De LaMotte played *Lolita*, the part you refer to. Mary Miles Minter was born in 1902.

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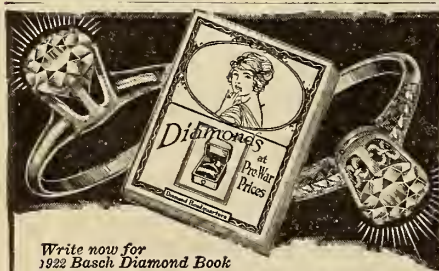


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W. W. K.—Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas, in 1895. Her maiden name was Florence Arto. King Vidor is her husband. They have a small daughter, Suzanne, age about two years. She has played with Famous in "The Countess Charming;" with Lasky in "The Bravest Way," "New Wives for Old," "Till I Come Back to You," "The Honor of His House," and "The White Man's Law." Some of her later pictures have been: "Turn in the Road," "Poor Relations," "The Other Half," "Better Times." Miss Vidor is five feet four and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her complexion is olive and her eyes and hair are brown. She lives in California.

HELEN C. & ELSIE F.—Gaston Glass played in "Humoresque." He is appearing in John M. Stahl's latest production. Your other questions have been answered.

Too CURIOUS.—May Allison played in the screen version of "Fair and Warmer," not Madge Kennedy. Madge played it on the stage. Charles Bryant plays opposite Nazimova in "Billions." He is Owen Carey, who disguises as *Krakerfeller*. The heavy is played by William J. Irving, as the unscrupulous friend, *Frank Manners*. You see, neither your nor your chum were correct. Marguerite Snow played in "The Million-Dollar Mystery." That picture is not being shown now. It is about seven or eight years old. "Black Roses" is Sessue Hayakawa's most recent picture. You are excused—but I am not the editor.

RUSSELL T.—There is no way of finding out how you would be on the screen or how the public would accept you without actually being in pictures. Making one picture might give you some idea of how you were going to screen, but it wouldn't give you much of a chance to find out how popular or how unpopular you might be.

LOUIS T.—Richard Barthelmess was born in New York City in 1895. He is five feet seven inches tall, and "Dick" weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. He is to make pictures for his own company hereafter. "Experience" is a George Fitzmaurice production.

MARGARET D.—Viola Dana was on the stage at the early age of eleven years. She appeared in "Rip Van Winkle," "The Littlest Rebel," and "The Poor Little Rich Girl." She has been on the screen quite some time, first starting with the Edison company. She is an outdoor type of girl, for she dances, rides, and swims. She is only four feet eleven inches tall and weighs ninety-six pounds with as much as she can get on at one time. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes are green. She has two sisters, both professional. One is Shirley Mason and the other is Edna Flugrath. Flugrath is their correct family name. Mack Pickford is five feet even. Bebe Daniels is five feet four. Mary Miles Minter comes under the five-foot-two list.

I WANNA No.—Clara Kimball Young was the wife of James Young, but as they have been divorced she is not married at present. Rather muddling, but facts, just the same.

EDGAR H.—I didn't photograph "Pirates' Gold," nor, in fact, have anything to do with it, so why come to me with your criticisms? You say "at the bottom of the ocean as the hero walks along the dust actually flies." Perhaps that was the gold dust you saw.

MISS PAULINE S.—Both Tom Mix and "Buck" Jones are married. Irene Castle

has made nothing recently for the screen, but is going to soon. Molly King is married and has a small son. You didn't ask too many questions. Write any time you like. Your other questions have been answered elsewhere in these columns.

JEAN W.—There has never been a picture released by that name. If the story has been made it has been released under another name.

CURIOUS.—You wouldn't have anything to think about if you weren't puzzled about some one of the players' lives—hence the clippings you sent me. You will find them explained in the answers above. However, both happen to be correct.

E. VALYN G. M.—Both Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge were married by a justice of the peace. Your other questions have been answered.

E. W. K.—June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899. There has been no recent picture of her. Write your request to the editor.

PREHENSILE.—I should say you were some knocker! Never mind, there are lots that do enjoy the pictures. You are all wrong about Tom Moore. What had he to do with it? I will let you form your own opinion as to the athletic ability of Douglas Fairbanks and George Walsh. Mary Pickford was the wife of Owen Moore. I never heard of the Miss Woods you ask about.

L. B. H.—A dramatic school can teach you nothing if you have not the latent ability or talent. There are many, many of the players who have been very successful who never attended any kind of a dramatic school. There are others that have. Charles Ray attended school in Los Angeles, California.

RENEE.—Pearl White has been in pictures nearly nine or ten years. "The Black Secret" was the last serial she made before becoming a feature star for the Fox Film Company. "The Avenging Arrow" is Ruth Roland's latest serial to be released. She is now working on a new one.

L. B. V.—Robert Warwick is not making pictures at present. He was born in Sacramento, California, in 1881. I am glad The Oracle is a cure for the "blues." I have never heard that it was read for just that complaint before. You live in quite an interesting town, I should imagine from your letter. Tell me more about it.

HELEN P.—Lionel Barrymore wears a mustache in a good many of his pictures. He has a brother, John, and a sister, Ethel. Shirley Mason is very much in pictures. She is being featured by the Fox Film Company. Her most recent pictures are "Merely Mary Ann" and "The Mother Heart." Theda Bara went abroad to pay her sister a visit. She is not in the limelight at present, either in pictures or on the stage. She was born in 1890. Harold Lloyd was born in Nebraska in 1893.

H. S.—I have had a great many letters concerning the reliability of that company. Never having heard of them, I can tell you nothing authentic.

ANOTHER MOVIE FAN.—Casson Ferguson is unmarried. Lillian Gish has not married. "Bobby" Harron was accidentally killed when a loaded revolver fell to the floor and was discharged. The "Market Booklet" can be obtained by writing to the editor for it and inclosing six cents in stamps.

MRS. D. C.—Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He is married to Frances Ring, of the famous Ring theatrical family. They played leads together in the stage play, "The College Widow," for two years before they were married, and before Tom went into pictures. He is working in California.

RAYMOND C.—If you inclosed the quarters, as you say, I am sure you will hear from Carol Dempster very shortly. It takes time, you know, so don't give up the ship. She is still with D. W. Griffith. Perhaps she will return to Los Angeles some day. Before she entered pictures she studied dancing under Ruth St. Denis, and made a tour in vaudeville as one of the Denishawn dancers. She entered films with D. W., and has remained under his guidance ever since. Her first pictures were "Romance of Happy Valley" and "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."

MISS CATHERINE F.—George Chesebro appeared opposite Grace Darmond in "The Hope Diamond Mystery" serial. We do not publish personal addresses. He is an American, and married. Studio addresses at the end of this department.

JAY C.—Wallace Reid uses his right name. Dorothy Davenport is his wife. She recently returned to pictures as Lester Cuneo's leading woman.

WM. B. F.—Ben Turpin is just as you see him. He is really cross-eyed. I hope that will settle the dispute in your favor.

BEBE B.—Rudolph Valentino has been married, but has recently been divorced. Jean Acker was his wife. Rudolph was born in Taranto, Italy. Constance Talmadge has golden-brown hair and brown eyes. Ruth Roland has been married and divorced. Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. She is Mrs. Palmerson Williams. Marilyn Miller is on the legitimate.

M. M. S.—Jane Novak has been married and divorced. She has a little daughter. It has been rumored that she is to be married and has been married, but nothing authentic has been given out about it.

BETTY BLANK.—Georges Carpentier has made no more pictures since "The Wonder Man." I don't know whether he will return to the screen or not. I think Jack Dempsey has all the feminine admirers he craves. You don't need to worry on that score.

JANET B.—Franklyn Farnum's latest picture is called "The Struggle."

M. J. G.—Pell Trenton played with May Allison in "Fair and Warmer." You have him placed correctly. I think the young lady that tells you Charles Ray is her cousin may be "spoofing" you. I can't help you about Graham. Cullen Landis is married to a nonprofessional. He has a small youngster. The play you mention, of which you can tell me neither the story or the name, I am afraid I can't help you with. You ask that friend of yours just how she is related to Mr. Ray.

GEORGIA H.—You forget, little lady, that it costs money to have photographs taken, and to mail them all over the country to any one who asks for them. "The Golden Snare" has been released. Ruth Renick, Lewis Stone, and Wallace Beery had the important rôles in it. You will have to send your request to the editor for the interviews you would like to see. Write as often as you like. Why should I tell you stay away with your questions? If no one asked any questions, I wouldn't have a job!



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Mrs. E. J. R.—You will have to write to some concern that sells the players' pictures to obtain Robert Harron's photograph.

Miss L. R.—You will find the address you requested given at the end of this department.

ELSA LORIMER ADMIRER.—Norma Talmadge has no children. Write your request to the editor. Miss Lorimer has blond hair and blue eyes. She is married to a nonprofessional and lives with her husband in California. She does not appear in any special company, but is engaged by the picture.

ONE WHO LOVES PAULINE FREDERICK.—Your favorite was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She was educated in Boston private schools. She was on the stage for a good many years before entering pictures. She has been married and divorced. Her husband was Willard Mack. Miss Frederick is five feet four and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Pauline has a beautiful home in California and lives with her mother.

INFERIOR VENA CAVA.—Casson Ferguson played Pauline Frederick's son in "Madam X."

Mrs. C. J. B.—"The Woman Thou Gavest Me" was one of Katherine MacDonald's pictures. You are right.

A. B. Q.—Wallace Reid has not false teeth. Ben Turpin's eyes are naturally the way you see them on the screen. The interviews given in the magazines are taken from facts concerning the players. The answers given are as true as can be. You seem to be a doubtful sort of person. Wallace Reid was born in 1892. Nazimova was born in 1879. June Elvidge is headlining on the Keith circuit. Mary Pickford's hair is really curly.

J. W. D.—"The Passion Fruit" is one of Doraldina's latest pictures. She has been a professional dancer.

A RAGTIME GERM.—No, I don't think any one will ever take Mary Pickford's place. Bessie Love at present is vacationing. Naturally we do not all have the same opinion. The article you read concerning the forecast for 1921 is the opinion of Herbert Howe, and probably there will be many who will differ with him. I can't say I agree with you concerning your opinion on the various male stars. But that's why we have so many players of so many different types—it's because people's tastes differ.

I LOVE' EM.—Anita Stewart is going to her home on Long Island for a vacation. Her latest completed picture is "A Question of Honor." Jean Paige is being starred in a new feature picture. It is made in Vitagraph's Eastern studio. Grace Darmond played in one of Thomas Meighan's latest, called "White and Unmarried." Jacqueline Logan also had a part in it. Vera Steadman was loaned by Christie long enough to play the lead opposite Charles Ray in his latest, "Scrap Iron," a prize-fight story. Tom Moore will be seen in a story called "From the Ground Up." Betty Compson is working on her second Paramount vehicle, "The Woman in the Case." George Loan Tucker, the famous producer, died in June. He had been suffering from ill health for a long time. Mahlon Hamilton is appearing opposite Gloria Swanson in her latest, "The Shulamite." Jack Holt has been made a star by the Paramount company and his first picture will soon be released.



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WILLIAM A. G.—Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. She is not appearing on the screen at present.

FLORENCE L.—Only on rare occasions do picture stars have understudies. Yes, Mary Pickford had one. Madge Evans is not starring in pictures. Your other questions have been answered. Why should I be angry with you? Nothing of the sort. Write as often as you like.

AS-YOU-WERE.—Irving Berlin has never appeared in pictures. Song writing has taken up Irving's spare moments entirely. He was not engaged to Constance Talmadge. It was merely a rumor.

ASA K.—Not every one in the motion-picture game plays golf. Some play it, but most of them, like thousands of other individuals, play at it. It does look like such a simple little game, too—but just try it yourself once. Two southern California tournaments were recently captured by picture people—both directors. William Seiter captured the Hollywood Country Club tournament, and Albert Ray took first in the Brentwood Country Club's annual event. The only films that our President, Warren G. Harding, has appeared in are the various news weeklies.

MAE F. M.—May Allison is single. George Walsh is Mr. Seena Owen.

DOCHES TEX.—Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. She was born in 1897. Constance is three years younger than Norma. Natalie, recently crowned Mrs. Buster Keaton, is the youngest of the three. Katherine MacDonald is not related to Elaine Hammerstein. Eugene O'Brien is starring himself now, so will not likely appear in support of any feminine star. Eugene is the one being supported now. Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge are not related, but they are great chums. Constance's latest is called "Wedding Bells." Very appropriate, say I. Say you? "The Sign On The Door," Marjorie Rambeau's stage vehicle, is Norma Talmadge's newest film. Hope by this time you are feeling much better.

MRS. L. L. E.—Thanks for your nice little letter. Theda Bara recently married Charles J. Brabin, the Fox director. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle. Theda has not made a screen production since she left Fox.

A SOLDIER FRIEND.—Bessie Love is a native daughter. She was born in Los Angeles, California. She has light-brown hair. Juanita Horton is her correct name.

NANCY N.—Eddy Polo is married. He is a native son, being born in San Francisco, California. He has a daughter, who is already playing in pictures.

E. J. M.—Couldn't say whether Ben Turpin has an ear for music or not. He certainly has an eye for beauty. How's that?

A MICHIGAN GIRL.—Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn are married. You are not an intruder by any means. Surely, come as often as you care to call. The tallest woman in pictures is Blanche Payson of the Fox comedies. She is six feet three. She was a uniformed police woman at the San Francisco Exposition, after which she went into pictures. She began with Universal, and then joined Sennett's, appearing in the old Keystone comedies. She weighs all of two hundred and twenty-five pounds, but is not inclined to stoutness. You'd be just as safe in picking an argument with Jack Dempsey.

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JOHNNIE W.—George Cheseboro's address is given at the end of The Oracle.

LOVER OF ANNA Q.—Your favorite was born in Ystad, Sweden. She received her education there. Her stage career has been in Sweden and America. She is five feet seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Her hair is very golden and her eyes are blue. Recently she returned to Sweden for a visit. She is making "Three Live Ghosts" in London for Famous Players-Lasky.

BUGS S.—Anita Stewart is in her Long Island home near New York City, for a summer vacation at the time I write. I think she intends to go back to California when she resumes her work. Charles Ray's latest pictures are "Scrap Iron" and "The Midnight Bell." Whiskers is Mr. Ray's own dog that you see in so many of his pictures.

A. C. S.—Frank Mayo is married. Ruth Roland has been married. She is not at the present time. Juanita Hanson is not married. Your other questions have been answered. Those players do not wear wigs except in the case of an occasional character part or something that would call for hair different than their own. Eugene O'Brien is not married. His latest picture is called, "The Last Door." Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie. Charles Ray is married to a non-professional. Shirley Mason is the wife of Bernard Durning. Viola Dana is unmarried. Likewise Kathleen O'Connor. Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan, Jr.

OLIVE L. F.—The part you inquire about was only a bit, and was not given in the cast or on record at the studio.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address June Caprice, Ruth Roland, George B. Seitz, and Marguerite Courtot, care of Pathé Exchange, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Raymond McKee, Shirley Mason, Buck Jones, Jack Gilbert, and Tom Mix, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford, Lew Cody, and Bessie Barriscale, at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Harrison Ford, Kenneth Harlan, Constance, and Norma Talmadge, at the Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Bebe Daniels, Mary Miles Minter, and Wanda Hawley, at the Morosco Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Charles and Albert Ray, at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Conway Tearle, Eugene O'Brien, Martha Mansfield, and Elaine Hammerstein, at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Harry Carey, Eddy Polo, Gladys Walton, Frank Mayo, Marie Prevost, Priscilla Dean, and Erich Von Stroheim, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Conrad Nagel, Lois Wilson, Agnes Ayres, Forrest Stanley, Roscoe Arbuckle, and Ann Forrest, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Elsie Ferguson, Elliott Dexter, and Marjorie Daw, at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Pauline Frederick and Sessue Hayakawa, at the Robertson-Cole Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Ben Turpin, Mabel Normand, and Phyllis Haver, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Rudolph Valentino, Alice Terry, Viola Dana, and Bert Lyell, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California. Also Nazimova, Charles Bryant, and Gareth Hughes.

George Cheseboro, Francis Ford, and Texas Guinan, at the Francis Ford Studios, Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Vera Steadman, Helen Darling, Dorothy Devore, and Mollie McGowan, at Christie Studios, Sunset & Gower, Hollywood, California. Also Bobby Vernon.



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Earle Williams, Edith Johnson, Antonio Moreno, and William Duncan, at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes, Louise Glaum, and Douglas MacLean, at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Mildred Davies, Harold Lloyd, and "Snub" Pollard, at the Rolin Studios, Culver City, California.

Edmund Lowe, Charles Meredith, Wallace MacDonald, Nigel Barrie, George Larkin, Beatrice Michelena, Vola Vale, Marguerite Fisher, Gretchen Hartman, Gaston Glass, Marguerite Snow, Mahlon Hamilton, ZaSu Pitts, care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Neva Gerber, at the Berwillia Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Jack Hoxie, at the National Film Company, Hollywood, California.

Clara Kimball Young, at the Harry Garson Studios, Edendale, California.

Carlyle Blackwell, at the Lambs Club, New York City.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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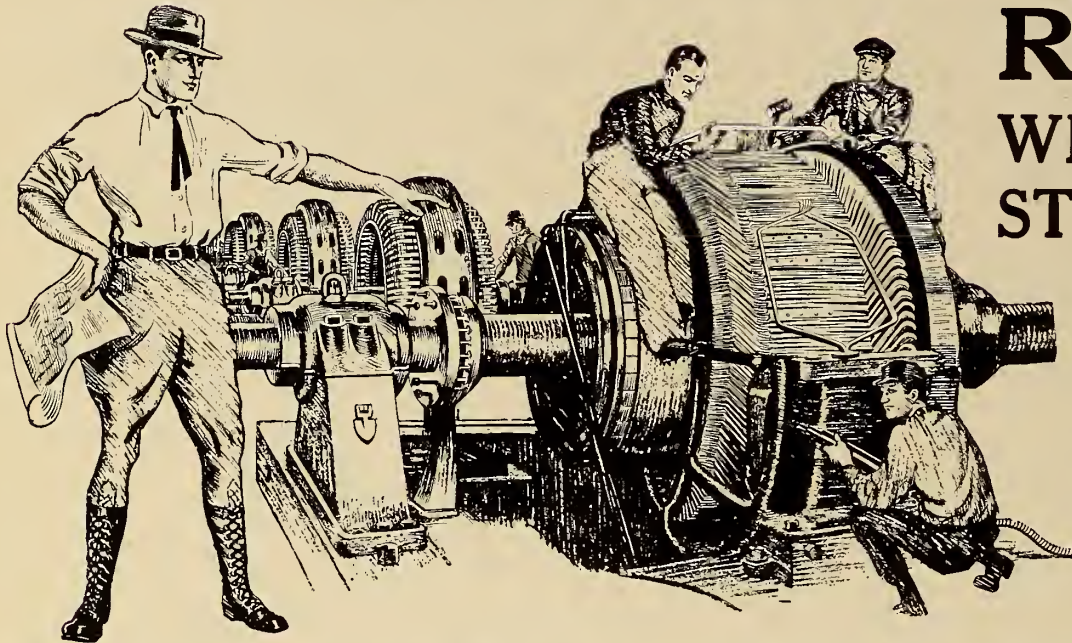
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Trained "Electrical Experts" are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known. "Electrical Experts" earn \$70 to \$200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions—

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We are able to make these great savings for you through the economies we learned during the war. We found that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous expensive branch houses through the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the Oliver for five days free trial, so that you may act as your own salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the sole judge, with no one to influence you.



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Decide yourself. Save half.

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1251 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. ORMOND C. SMITH, President; GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer; GEORGE C. SMITH, JR., Secretary. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1921, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. All Rights Reserved. Publishers everywhere are cautioned against using any of the contents of this magazine either wholly or in part. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, \$2.56. Foreign, \$2.72.

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Watch the panel alongside for Paramount Pictures and watch your theatre's announcements to find out dates of showings.

Check it up for yourself, anytime, anywhere, that if it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.



PARAMOUNT PICTURES

listed in order of release
Sept. 1, 1921, to Jan. 1, 1922

Wallace Reid in "The Hell Diggers"
By Byron Morgan.

Gloria Swanson in Elinor Glyn's
"The Great Moment"
Specially written for the star by the
author of "Three Weeks."

Betty Compson in
"At the End of the World"
By Ernst Klein
Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws.

"The Golem"
A unique presentation of the famous
story of ancient Prague.

Cecil B. DeMille's
"The Affairs of Anatol"
By Jeanie MacPherson
Suggested by Schnitzler's play
With Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson,
Elliott Dexter, Bebe Daniels, Monte
Blue, Wanda Hawley, Theodore
Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Theodore
Kosloff, Polly Moran, Raymond
Hatton and Julia Faye.

Elsie Ferguson in "Footlights"
By Rita Weiman, directed by
John S. Robertson.

Thomas Meighan in "Cappy Ricks"
By Peter B. Kyne.

George Melford's
"The Great Impersonation"
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
Cast includes
James Kirkwood and Ann Forrest.

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"Experience"
with Richard Barthelmess as "Youth"
By George Hobart.

William deMille's "After the Show"
By Rita Weiman; cast includes
Jack Holt, Lila Lee and Charles Ogle.

Ethel Clayton in William D. Taylor's
Production "Beyond"
By Henry Arthur Jones.

William S. Hart in "Three Word Brand,"
A William S. Hart Production.

George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must
Live," with Betty Compson, by Alice
Duer Miller.

"The Bonnie Briar Bush,"
by Ian MacLaren.
A Donald Crisp Production.

George Melford's Production, "The
Sheik," with Agnes Ayres and Rudolph
Valentino. From the novel
by Edith M. Hull.

Jack Holt in "The Call of the North,"
adapted from "Conjuror's House"
by Stewart Edward White.

Thomas Meighan in "A Prince There Was."
From George M. Cohan's play and
the novel "Enchanted Hearts,"
by Darragh Aldrich.

Ethel Clayton in "Exit—the Vamp"
by Clara Beranger.

Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson and
Elliott Dexter in
"Don't Tell Everything"
by Lorna Moon.

Gloria Swanson in "Under the Lash"
From the novel "The Shulamite"
by Alice and Claude Askew.

A William deMille Production
"Miss Lulu Bett"
With Lois Wilson, Milton Sills, Theodore
Roberts and Helen Ferguson. From the
novel and play by Zona Gale.

Betty Compson in
"The Law and the Woman"
Adapted from the Clyde Fitch play
"The Woman in the Case"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production.

Ask your theatre manager
when he shall show them

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THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD— AS KNOWN TO HER DEAREST FRIEND

You who have known and loved Our Mary—haven't you wished you knew her better? Haven't you wished that you might have known her through her early struggles and shared with her the first joys of success?

Haven't you ever thought of how nice it must be to drop in at Mary Pickford's house to spend the evening—just as you do, perhaps, at your next-door neighbor's?

And do you know that the one who does know Mary Pickford like that reveres her even as you and I do—and loves her more, perhaps?

That fortunate person who has long been Mary Pickford's closest friend is Lillian Gish. She can tell you of Mary as no one else can.

Don't you want to share her great friendship with the reigning favorite of the screen? You can in next month's PICTURE-PLAY, for Inez Klumph tells the story of the real Mary Pickford just as Lillian Gish told it to her. It is a gripping story, poignantly sweet, and replete with that tenderness both these players radiate from the screen.

The Real Mary Pickford—As Lillian Gish Knows Her
WILL APPEAR IN THE FEBRUARY PICTURE-PLAY; DONT MISS IT

Do You Know How to Behave?

No, this is not a joke. So many people do not know how to behave, do not know the right thing to do at the right time, the right thing to say at the right time. They are always embarrassed and ill at ease

in the company of others. They make mistakes that cause strangers to misjudge them. Pretty clothes and haughty manner cannot hide the fact that they do not know how to behave.

AT THE DANCE, at the theatre, as a guest or in public—wherever we chance to be, people judge us by what we do and say. They read in our actions the story of our personality. They see in our manners the truth of our breeding. To them we are either well-bred or ill-bred. They credit us with as much refinement and cultivation as our manners display — no more.



Do you know the correct and cultured way to make introductions?

Very often, because they are not entirely sure, because they do not know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, people commit impulsive blunders. They become embarrassed, humiliated. They know that the people around them are misjudging them, underestimating them. And it is then that they realize most keenly the value of etiquette.

Etiquette means correct behavior. It means knowing just what to do at the right time, just what to say at the right time. It consists of certain important little laws of good conduct that have been adopted by the best circles in Europe and America, and that serve as a barrier to keep the uncultured and ill-bred out of the circles where they would be uncomfortable and embarrassed.

What Etiquette Does

To the man who is self-conscious and shy, etiquette gives poise, self-confidence. To the woman who is timid and awkward, etiquette gives a well-poised charm. To all who know and follow its little secrets of good conduct, etiquette gives a calm dignity that is recognized and respected in the highest circles of business and society.

In the ballroom, for instance, the man who knows the important little rules of etiquette knows how to ask a lady to dance, how many times it is permissible to dance with the same partner, how to take leave of a lady when the music ceases and he wishes to seek a new partner, how to thank the hostess when he is ready to depart.



What would you do or say in this embarrassing situation?

What Would YOU Do—

- If you were not asked to dance at a ball and wished to avoid being a wallflower?
- If you made an embarrassing blunder at a formal affair and found yourself suddenly conspicuous?
- If you received a wedding or birthday gift from some one who had not been invited to the entertainment?
- If you were introduced to a noted celebrity and were left alone with him or her?

The lady knows how to accept and refuse a dance, how to assume correct dancing positions, how to avoid being a wallflower, how to create conversation, how to conduct herself with the cultured grace that commands admiration.

What It Will Do for You

Perhaps you have often wondered what to do in a certain embarrassing situation, what to say at a certain embarrassing time. Etiquette will banish all doubt, correct all blunders. It will tell you definitely, without a particle of a doubt, what is correct and what is incorrect. It will reveal to you at once all the important rules of conduct that others acquire only after years of social contact with the most highly cultivated people.



Do you know the correct behavior at public places?

Do you know the correct etiquette of weddings, funerals, balls, entertainments? Do you know the correct manner of making introductions? Do you know the correct table etiquette? Do you know how to plan engagement and wedding receptions, dances and theatre parties; how to word cards, invitations and correspondence?

The existence of fixed rules of conduct makes it easy for you to do, say, wear and write only what is absolutely correct. Etiquette tells you exactly what to do when you receive unexpected invitations, when people visit you for the first time, when you are left alone with a noted celebrity. It tells you what clothes to take on a week-end party, what to wear to the afternoon dance and the evening dance, how to command the respect and admiration of all people with whom you come in contact.

The Famous Book of Etiquette

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. This splendid work has entered thousands of homes, solved thousands of problems, enabled thousands of people to enter the social world and enjoy its peculiar privileges. To

have it in the home is to be immune from all embarrassing blunders, to know exactly what is correct and what is incorrect, to be calm in the assurance that one can mingle with people of the highest society and be entirely well-poised and at ease.



What should the gentleman say when the music ceases and he must leave one partner to seek another?

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dance etiquette, dinner etiquette, reception etiquette and the etiquette of calls and correspondence. There are interesting and valuable chapters on correct dress, on how to introduce people to each other, on the lifting of the hat, the usual everyday courtesies. You may often have wondered what the correct thing was to do on a certain occasion, under certain puzzling circumstances. The Book of Etiquette solves all problems—from the proper way to eat corn on the cob, to the correct amount to tip the porter in a hotel.

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Let us send you the Book of Etiquette. It is published in two handsome blue cloth library volumes, richly illustrated. Our free examination offer makes it possible for you to examine these books without expense in the comfort of your own home. Just send the coupon—no money. We want you to see them for yourself, to examine them, to read a chapter or two. You may keep them at our expense for 5 days, and after that time you have the privilege of returning them without obligation or sending us \$3.50 in payment.

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(Please write plainly)

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Check this square if you want these books with the beautiful full leather binding at five dollars, with 5 days' examination privileges.

CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS



Stories Are Wanted for New Stars

The market for original stories was never better, according to reports from Los Angeles. Paradoxical as it may seem, several new stars are being launched, while a majority of the studios are discarding most of their "director special" productions and thus creating an immediate demand for stories. But—and here's the new rub—the stories will be actually starred! They are not to be written around screen personalities—no, sirree, there'll be no more idiotic close-upping; emphasis will fall where it logically belongs, according to the principles of dramatic construction. The star's name, however, will be featured on the theory that it means more to the public than the rather vague all-star cast or the director's name. The stars themselves—those with brains—should welcome this sane new policy. For stars can rise to dizzy heights on the strength of three good photo plays and sink into irrevocable obscurity with three poor photo plays. The "star" who is vain and who in any way overpersuades a director to twist artificially a story so that his or her classic phiz may often be close-upped will be unconsciously closing an erstwhile profitable career.

At any rate, the S O S is out for stories, and originals written by trained, intelligent writers will receive generous consideration.

Go Slow on Costume Dramas

Studio scenario editors again are reporting that a number of amateur outside writers are sending in costume photo dramas, probably inspired by "The Three Musketeers," and "The Queen of Sheba"—or rather by the success of these productions. It will do the fledgling good to know that he is treading on the parade grounds of the great, lonely beasts of genius when he essays to create a photo play replete with spectacle and pageantry. While a photo play in which costumes and settings will entail great expense would be considered, if written by some established photo dramatist—such a story will receive scant consideration coming from the beginner. To begin with, why not play safe, Mr. Student, and Miss Tyro? Why not first send in something not quite so ambitious—or is the proper word presumptuous? Remember that for one "Queen of Sheba" there are a hundred just ordinary program pictures released to satisfy the inordinately greedy public maw. The story about the boy and girl next door or the old man around the corner—the folks we all know—yes, you've got me—that's what the herd wants; most of we poor two-

legged sheep couldn't stand a daily menu of Egyptian scenery and costuming—or lack of costuming. Most of us continue to live on Main Street, and want our type justified; therefore, the popularity of mirrors and movies. For the student of photo-play writing to essay spectacles—I refer to spectacular cinemas and not horn-rimmed glasses—is like the writer of light fiction attempting to break into the *Atlantic Monthly*.

And Go Light on Metaphysics

For our readers who wish to engage in screen writing we publish a booklet called "Guideposts for Scenario Writers" which covers about every point on which beginners wish to be informed, and which will be sent for ten cents in stamps. For those who have written stories which they wish to submit to producers we publish a Market Booklet giving the addresses of all the leading companies, and telling what kind of stories they want. This booklet will be sent for six cents. Orders for these booklets should be addressed to the Scenario Writers' Department, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City. Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.

While on the subject of sticking to ordinary experience in contriving photo plays, it might be well once and for all to squelch the propagandists of reincarnation, faith healing, and right thinking.

From the hundreds of photo plays received at studios dealing with reincarnation, in which—in some instances—inside stuff on divine plans are revealed, it all simply gets down to this: all these ideas and ideals are beautiful, and in many cases in more or less degree sustained or recurrent, but the success of photo drama hinges upon *drama*—philosophy and metaphysics are incidental.

The Most Popular Type of Picture

George Jean Nathan, in a recently published article, "In Defense of the Theater," says: "The object of the theater is not, as is habitually maintained, a shrewd excitation of the imagination of a crowd, but rather a shrewd relaxation of that imagination. . . . The theater is not a place to which one

goes in search of the unexplored corners of one's imagination; it is a place to which one goes in repeated search of the familiar corners of one's imagination. The moment the dramatist works in the direction of unfamiliar corners he is lost."

This is a statement which practically every aspiring dramatist should read and remember.

Of course it is highly improbable that Doctor Nathan includes the motion-picture theater in any of his serious references, but his above observations are highly applicable to the cinema temple and to the photo dramatist. What are the most popular pictures? Answer: The Charles Ray and Mary Pickford type. Why? Because they are familiar to ordinary experience. Why was Maurice Tourneur's film version of Joseph Conrad's "Victory" a comparative box-office failure? Because it was a type of story so far removed from ordinary experience that the average spectator watching it failed to respond to it and found it, therefore, lacking in interest,

Continued on page 10



He sold two stories the first year

Will you clip the coupon, as Mr. Meehan did, and take the free creative test which he took?

THIS sentence from J. Leo Meehan's letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, tells the whole story:

"Within one year I have been able to abandon a routine life that provided me with a meal ticket and a few other incidentals for the infinitely more fascinating creative work of the photoplaywright."

But it would not be fair to you to end the story there. It is interesting to know that a young man in an underpaid job was able to sell two photoplays and attach himself to a big producer's studio in one year; that a few weeks ago he was retained to dramatize Gene Stratton Porter's novels for the screen. But if you have ever felt as you left a theatre, "Why, I could write a better story than that," you want to know just how Mr. Meehan went about it to become a successful photoplaywright in one short year.

He was doubtful when he enrolled, but he wrote that he was "willing to be shown." And with complete confidence in Mr. Meehan's ability, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, whose test he had to pass before he was acceptable, undertook to convince him.

The rest was a simple matter of training. The Course and Service merely taught him how to use, for screen purposes, the natural story-telling ability which we discovered in him—the ability to think out the kind of story for which producers are glad to pay from \$500 to \$2000.

You too, may doubt your ability

At the outset, let us correct one false notion that is keeping many talented men and

women from trying to write for the screen. Literary skill, or fine writing ability, is not necessary—it cannot be transferred to the screen. What the industry needs is *good stories*—stories that spring from creative imagination and a sense of the dramatic. *Any person who has that gift can be trained to write for the screen.*

But, you say—just as Mr. Meehan said—how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability—the test Mr. Meehan passed—provided you are an adult and in earnest. And, notice this particularly, we shall do it free.

Send for the Van Loan questionnaire

The test is in the form of a questionnaire prepared for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, former teacher of short story writing at Northwestern University. If you have any story-telling instinct, send for this questionnaire and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you; have no fear. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to *sell photoplays*. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell. It is

not in business to hold out false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of the leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized solely to develop and produce the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with the gift of story-telling. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our questionnaire. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

We invite you to apply this free test

Clip the coupon below, and we will send you the Van Loan questionnaire. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, and admit you to enrollment, should you choose to develop your talent. If you cannot pass this test, we will frankly advise you to give up the idea of writing for the screen. It will be a waste of their time and ours for children to apply.

This questionnaire will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you should attempt to enter this fascinating and highly profitable field. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

With the questionnaire we will send you a free sample copy of the Photodramatist, official organ of the Screen Writer's Guild of the Author's League, the photoplaywright's magazine.

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PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, Y-1 124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



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

Name

Address



HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. **YOU CAN DO IT.**

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

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Name..... Address.....

Chats with Screen Authors

Continued from page 8

The Screen Writers' Guild

The rapid strides being made by the Screen Writers' Guild are of unusual significance at this particular time. Their membership is growing rapidly and now includes practically every representative photo dramatist and continuity writer in the Hollywood and Culver City studios. Frank E. Woods, recently elected president to succeed Thompson Buchanan, is chief supervising director of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. June Mathis, who transcribed "The Four Horsemen" and "The Conquering Power" to the screen, is the new vice president. The executive committee now consists of Woods, Miss Mathis, Dwight Cleveland, Eugene Presbrey, Thompson Buchanan, Elmer Harris, Jeanie Macpherson, Frederick Palmer, Rob Wagner, Elmer Rice, and A. S. LeVino.

What the Screen Writers' Guild actually intends to accomplish is a solidarity among screen writers that will mean more proportionate recognition, both intrinsic and extrinsic. Heretofore actors and directors have monopolized an overwhelming share of the spotlight, while authors have often not even received screen credit.

Furthermore, the guild will be an intellectual brotherhood, striving to reach higher planes of intellectual beauty, representing an artistic consciousness that will assert itself against any overintensive commercial evolution. As a guild of The Authors' League of America, the Screen Writers' have a mighty grip on the literati of America; it can be easily visualized what could happen in the event of the producers failing at any time to properly recognize or consider the artistic ideals of this formidable and essential group. It is significant that at present, while other production costs are being cut, the prices for stories have not declined.

The ultimate solidarity and tre-

mendous force of the Guild is realized when it is considered that they will consider for membership all outside photo dramatists—free lances writing photo plays in any part of the United States—who have written and sold one photo play which has been duly produced and exhibited.

Associate members are being admitted from the ranks of other arts, but only—with rare exceptions—on the grounds of artistic or intellectual prowess. Mere financial standing or conspicuous commercial success is insufficient of itself to make for eligibility.

Poetic License

Now comes the rumble of the low groan from our friend, the successful fiction writer, who objects to the rejection of his masterpieces offered to the studio market. He violently resents these "fool" turn-downs upon the ground of logic. What do people of the new art know about logic anyway? He raves when climax, dramatic conflict, or any of the hard-and-fast rules demanded by the photo play are tossed back at him with his manuscript. He knows full well that he has gone by all his life, in print, without being hampered by these dotted objections, and the public has "eaten his stuff." Then comes his natural inquiry: "Why will not the public accept the same stuff, written in the same way, upon the screen?" It is a new game, my brethren, and must be played under new rules. Your stuff has been played your way, and the box office has torn its hair in consequence. The "same public" is not out on a reading jaunt this trip, Mister Fiction Writer; it is out for mental athletics and won't pay for anything else at the picture theater. Then why not be a good sport, acknowledge you have something else to learn, and become a student of the "other" profession that is going to fatten up the old bank account?

News Notes from the Studios

Items of interest about prominent stars, and productions in which they appear.

REX INGRAM will soon bring "The Prisoner of Zenda" to the screen. The Anthony Hope story of the thrilling adventures of royalty in a mythical kingdom will be filmed on an elaborate scale, rivaling anything Mr. Ingram

has done, not excepting "The Four Horsemen." Alice Terry and Lewis Stone will play the leading rôles.

Harry Myers, who played the title rôle in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," will play

Continued on page 12

Stage Beauty Loses a Pound a Day Through Amazing New Method

Without exercise, starving, baths, massages, or any bitter self-denials or discomforts, Ziegfeld Follies beauty and Artist's model reduces to normal weight in record time

Free proof that anyone can lose seven to ten pounds a week. Results in 48 hours.

"IN just three weeks I reduced 20 pounds—just what I wanted to—through your wonderful way to reduce. And without one bit of discomfort. I think it is perfectly remarkable."

Thus writes Miss Kathleen Mullane, Famous Artist's Model and Ziegfeld Follies Beauty, whom a well known artist referred to as "one of the most perfect types of American womanhood." Yet, as she tells us in a letter written out of sheer gratitude, it is only a short time since excessive weight threatened to blight both her artistic and stage career. For some reason, unaccountable to her, she began to take on flesh steadily. This continued until in a very short time she was 20 pounds overweight—and still increasing daily.

In alarm, she tried dieting, eating only one meal a day. This brought about a weakness that was as bad as obesity. Exercise, appliances, massage and rubber clothing were all tried, but without success.

Learns of New, Easy Method

Then came the surprise. Through another young woman who had benefited by it, Miss Mullane learned of the new, simple, natural law that has been discovered, whereby she could quickly reduce to normal weight without any dangerous starving, without patent foods, exercise or special clothing—without any painful self-denials whatsoever. It seemed almost too good to be true. But after all the discomforting and disagreeable things she had already tried, it would certainly have been the height of foolishness, she felt, if she had neglected to try this newly discovered natural method which was so simple and easy to apply.

Her own letter, quoted at the beginning of this article, tells what wonderful and speedy results she secured. In three weeks she had reduced twenty pounds. And she had no fear of ever again becoming stout, for this simple, easily-followed natural law which she has learned practically places the control of her weight in her own hands.

You, Too, Can Quickly Reduce to Normal

You can begin right now to lose as many pounds as you wish. With this method, many people have noted definite reductions within 48 hours. Another important feature of this discovery is

that it enables you to control the rate of reduction. Some people arrange to reduce a pound a day or more. Others regulate the rate of reduction more slowly to prevent the necessity of great alterations in their clothes. In either case, you note that with a decrease in weight there comes a clearer skin, a brighter eye, a firmer step—a general improvement in your health.

And yet you make little change in your daily routine. You do pretty much as you please. You continue to eat food you like—in fact instead of giving up the pleasures of the table, many people say they actually increase them. All you really have to do is to follow one of nature's simple laws—in return, Nature gives all and exacts nothing.

The Secret Explained

Eugene Christian, the world famous food specialist, discovered, after years of experiment the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain foods cause fat, others consume fat. There is nothing complicated, nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly.

These CORRECT combinations which reduce weight, are regarded by users as so much more appetizing than the WRONG combinations that it seems strange to them that their palates could have been so easily satisfied in the past. They approach their meals with more zest than ever, enjoy them more thoroughly. They are even able to eat many delicious dishes which they have been forced to deny themselves in the past. You, too, will be shown how to arrange your meals in such a manner that many delicacies will no longer be fattening.

Thousands of people are now eating off weight by this new method. Men who were so stout that even walking was a tax, report a rapid return to normal weight and youthful strength and energy. Stout women, who always felt tired and listless, and who had to wear the plainest and dullest clothes because of their size, marvelled to find how simple and easy was the method by which they attained ideal weight and secured figures which look well in the daintiest, fluffiest and most stylish garments.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Elated with his discovery and with the new hope, the renewed vigor it would bring to stout men and women, Eugene Christian incorporated this method in the form of simple, easy-to-follow little lessons under the title of "Weight Control and Basis of Health." This is offered on free trial. Send no money; just mail the coupon, or a letter if you prefer.

When the course arrives, see your own unnecessary flesh vanish; see how your complexion improves, your eyes brighten, your step becomes more springy. See how it brings you charm, grace, attractiveness—all naturally and



This is an actual photograph of Miss Kathleen Mullane, famous Ziegfeld Follies, Beauty and Artist Model, who tells how she reduced 20 pounds in less than a month without self-denial or discomfort.

READ THESE RESULTS!

Reduces 48 Pounds

"I am only 30 years of age, height only 5 feet 2 inches, yet when I started your method I weighed 185 pounds. Was fat, never complaining of headaches and indigestion. Various reducing pills had proved unsuccessful. I decided to try your method because it sounded so reasonable. I reduced to 143 pounds and never felt better in my life. No more headaches or indigestion and most of all I enjoy my meals. My complexion has improved and general health restored. The menus are satisfying and delicious."

Mrs. A. Clare, Cleveland, O.

Reduces 40 Pounds—Banished Acute Indigestion

"Had consulted doctors to get rid of my superfluous fat but without result. I weighed 200 pounds. I wrote for and applied your methods and had no trouble in quickly reducing to 160 pounds—expect to reduce to 150 pounds and then stop. My complexion has improved wonderfully—restless nights and acute indigestion have vanished. The method is so easy; no discomfort, no risk and no starvation."

Melissa Givings, New York City.

Reduces 30 Pounds—Stomach Trouble Relieved

"I reduced 30 pounds by your method without being forced to undergo the painful dieting prescribed by other methods. I enjoy the pleasure of eating the foods my appetite called for combined according to the instructions you give. I used to have severe stomach trouble and many things I dared not eat. Now I can eat anything I please for I have no longer a touch of stomach trouble. Your method relieved me of this as well as of the excess flesh."

Elizabeth L. Johnson, Indianapolis, Ind.

Loses 16 Pounds in 2 Weeks

"I am writing to let you know how pleased I am with results so far. When I began I was 198 pounds—in two weeks I came down to 182 pounds. I am convinced I could reduce even more rapidly but don't care to reduce so fast. Will let you know in a short time how much more I have lost."

Mrs. Laura Tucker, New York City.

Above are just a few of the hundreds of letters on file in our office. Nearly every letter we receive first mentions the quick reduction of weight and then states that this reduction is accompanied by better health and improved complexion. This new discovery is the safe, quick, easy, natural way to reduce.

without the slightest harm. Weigh yourself. Decide how much weight you wish to lose the first week, and each week thereafter. Then try the first lesson. Weigh yourself the next day or so and note the remarkable result. Still you've taken no medicine, undergone no hardships or self-denials. You'll be as happily surprised as the thousands of others who have quickly regained a beautiful normal figure in this new, delightful scientific way. Although people would be willing to pay many dollars for such a safe, certain method of reducing weight, we have made our price as low as we safely can because we want as many people as possible to benefit by the new discovery. Mail coupon or letter now. The course will be mailed in PLAIN CONTAINER, and only the \$1.97 (plus postage) deposited with the postman makes it yours. Then if you are not satisfied in every particular, return it within five days after its receipt and we'll gladly refund your money immediately, so you take no risk. Act today before you overlook it. Corrective Eating Society, Inc., Dept. W-1951, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

Corrective Eating Society, Inc.
Dept. W-1951, 43 West 16th St., New York City

You may send me, in PLAIN CONTAINER, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control—the Basis of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only \$1.97 (plus postage) in full payment on arrival. If I am not satisfied with it, I have the privilege of returning it to you within five days after its receipt. It is, of course, understood that you are to return my money if I return the course.

Name
(Please write plainly)
Address
City State

The Letter That Saved Bob Johnson's Job

—and paved the way
for a better one!

IT was written to his employer by the International Correspondence Schools. It told how "Robert Johnson had enrolled for a course of home-study and had received a mark of 94 for his first lesson."

Bob answered the summons to the Chief's office with just a little fear and trembling, for a lot of men were being dropped—a lot more were having their pay reduced.

But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Won't you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton today. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step towards success. *Do it now!*

TEAR OUT HERE

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BOX 4571-B SCRANTON, PA.

Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

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| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Com. School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING & HEAT'G | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigation |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Text. Overseer or Supt. | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry |
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Write Today Send your name and address for my booklet "Successful Draftsmanship." It contains a vital message to you. Sent free. No obligation. Write today. CHIEF DRAFTSMAN DOBE, Dept. 1289, 4001 Broadway Chicago, Illinois

opposite Alice Lake in "Kisses," her next production.

"The Little Minister," which is being filmed by Famous Players-Lasky, with Betty Compson in the rôle of *Lady Babbie*, will also be produced by Vitagraph. Albert E. Smith, head of that company, says he has owned the film rights to the famous Barrie play for many years, and that although he has from time to time been offered large sums of money for it he has kept it for future use. He thinks this is the proper time to bring it out, so production has been started with Alice Calhoun in the leading rôle.

Lillian Rich will play the leading feminine rôle in "Man to Man," Harry Carey's latest.

Jackie Coogan is supported in his latest picture, "My Boy," by his father, who plays the part of an old ice-cream peddler. In "The Kid," the picture that made Jackie famous, his father, who used to be a well-known vaudeville performer, played seven different parts. He still cannot resist playing with his famous son.

Bebe Daniels' next starring picture will be an adaptation of two stories by Samuel Merwin. The new production has not yet been given a name.

Tom Santschi, who has been busy making a series of two-reelers, has returned to the feature picture in "Judith of Blue Lake Ranch," Pauline Frederick's latest for R-C Pictures.

Winifred Westover is Conway Tearle's leading lady in "Love's Masquerade."

"The Woman He Married" will be Anita Stewart's next picture. Fred Niblo will direct.

Miss du Pont's next starring picture will be "Clay," which Paul Scardon will direct.

Dick Barthelmess' second starring picture will be an original story by Porter Emerson Browne. Louise Huff will play opposite him.

"Kiss and Make Up," a Christie comedy, will have Helen Darling and Earl Rodney in the leading rôles.

Thomas H. Ince's next production will be "Jim," a story by Bradley King. Florence Vidor and John Bowers head the cast.

Ruth Roland is very busy these days rushing from one serial to another. After finishing "White Eagle," she started on a still more thrilling one which has the working title of "The Timber Queen."

Ralph Graves, who played the leading male rôle in D. W. Griffith's "Dream Street," is reported married to Marjorie Seaman, a young actress playing in stock. When confronted

with the report Mr. Graves laughed, but didn't deny it very strenuously. The romance started during the filming of "Dream Street," when fate, or whoever manages these things, sent Miss Seaman to the studio in search of a screen career.

Lewis Stone, Ethel Grey Terry, and Wallace Beery head the cast of "The White Mouse," the latest of the series of short features which Educational-Selig-Rork Photo Plays are producing.

"The Man Who Smiled" is the working title of J. L. Frothingham's latest production, in which Marcia Manon, William V. Mong, and Mary Wynn will have important rôles.

Mrs. Earle Williams wasn't content to have her famous husband the only celebrity in the family, so she sat down and wrote a screen story, and, what's more important, sold it. It was purchased by the Vitagraph company, who will soon produce it as a starring vehicle for Earle Williams.

There's a great deal of activity around the Ince studio at Culver City, California, these days. Irvin Willat will direct "Wooden Spoil" for Mr. Ince, and Lambert Hillyer will also take up the megaphone in his behalf for "Finding Home." John Bowers, Marguerite de la Motte, and Milton Sills are also on the lot, appearing in "Jim." Douglas MacLean has started work on "The Hottentot," and Leah Baird will be starred in an Arthur Beck production, as yet unnamed. Besides all this, Maurice Tourneur is assembling his company at the same studio for his new production.

Madge Evans, whom everybody remembers as a pretty little nine-year-old star, is now a grown-up lady, and is to be starred.

Gloria Wood, baby daughter of Sam Wood, Paramount director, makes her screen début in "Don't Tell Everything," featuring Gloria Swanson, for whom she was named.

Doris Kenyon is Conway Tearle's leading woman in "Shadows of the Sea."

"The Three Musketeers," starring Douglas Fairbanks, will be the object of an elaborate burlesque by Max Linder, famous French comedian. Besides writing the script and directing the picture, Mr. Linder will portray the rôle of *D'Artagnan*.

Gaston Glass, who played the juvenile lead in "Humoresque," will next be seen in support of Shirley Mason in "The Little Alien."

King Baggot, erstwhile star and now a Universal director, will produce "Human Hearts," from the play by Hal Reid, father of the one and only Wally.

Start the New Year Right

Does 1922 Mean SUCCESS or FAILURE?

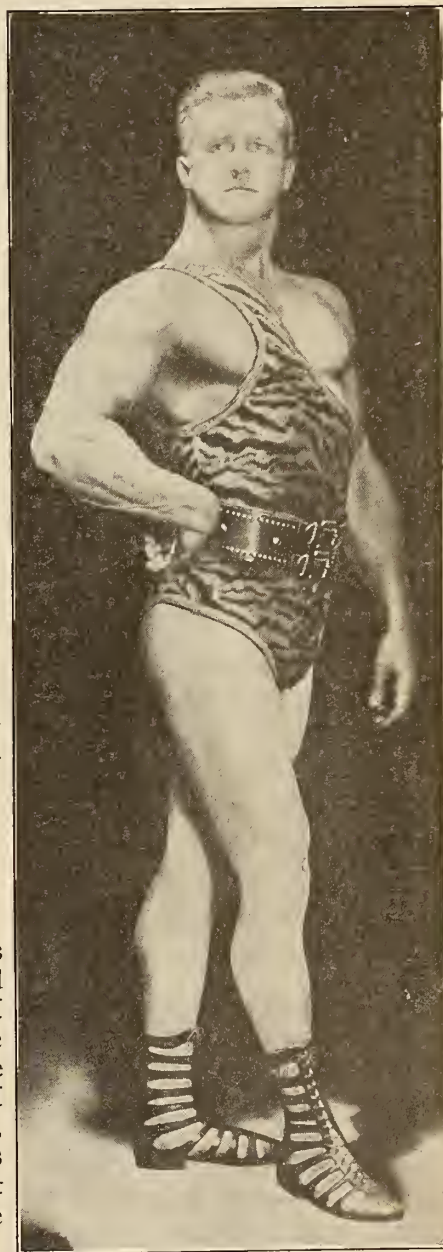
It is up to you, right now to decide. If you had started right one year ago you would be on the high road to success this minute. Don't let another year pass by. It is within your power to make yourself what you will. Let this be the beginning of a new life and a better one.

I Will Give You Wealth, Health, and Happiness

I will take that body of yours and make it physically perfect. I will make a new man of you. I will fill out your chest so that every breath means increased life, purifying your blood and sending vim and vitality throughout your entire system. I will broaden your shoulders, and give you the large muscular arms and legs of an athlete. I will strengthen your back and every vital organ within you. You will be bubbling over with life, having the keen, alert brain, the bright flashing eyes and the spring and step of youth. Passers by will stop and admire you for your physical make up; and you will be the favorite in both the business and social world—you will be a leader of men, and the good things in life will naturally come your way.

I Challenge the World

If a man stood on the housetops and shouted to the people that he was the strongest man on earth, it would avail him nothing. Someone would make him come down and prove it. But records speak for themselves. I will gladly show anyone personal letters from the leading strong men in the world today that my course is absolutely the best and quickest to acquire physical perfection. Come on, then, and make me prove it—I like it. I have the means of making you a perfect physical specimen of manhood, of making you a successful leader of men. I have done this for thousands of others. What I have done for them I will do for you. I don't care what your present condition is. The weaker you are the more noticeable the results. Come on, then, **START THE NEW YEAR RIGHT.**



Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

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It tells the secret. Handsomely illustrated with 26 full page photographs of myself and some of the world's best athletes whom I have trained. Also contains full particulars of my splendid offer to you. The valuable book and special offer will be sent on receipt of only 10c. stamps or coin, to cover cost of wrapping and mailing.

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R-C PICTURES' PLACE IN AMERICA'S GREATEST ART

THE motion picture industry is the most spectacularly successful business the world has ever seen. In fourteen years it has leaped from a cheap novelty to fourth place in the race for industrial supremacy.

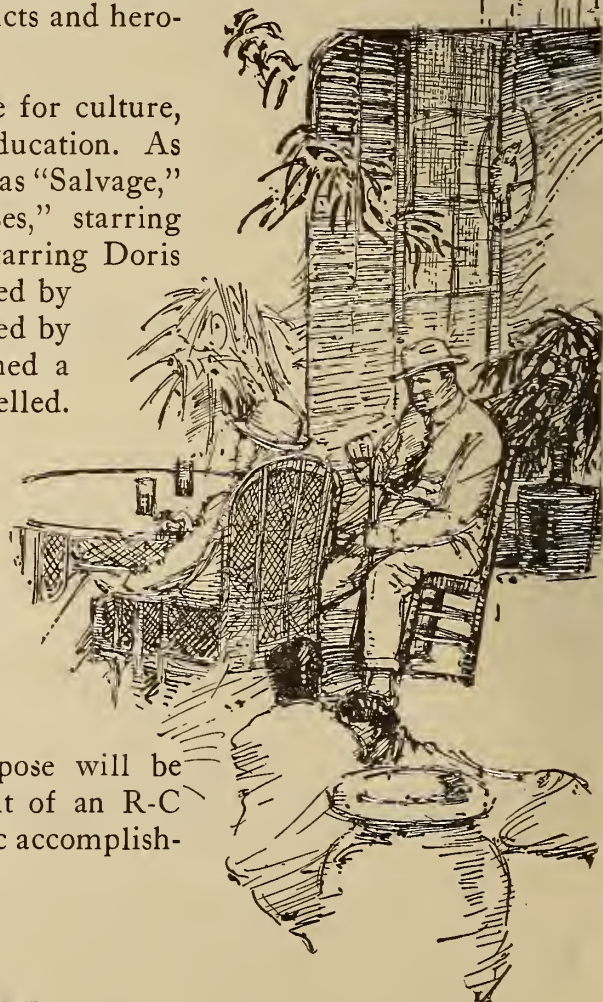
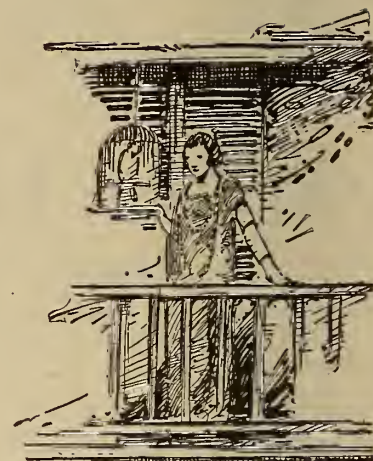
Through the magic of its enchantment the home folks of Portland, Maine, or Albuquerque, N. M., stroll the streets of London or Tokio, climb the Alps, float on the canals of Venice or explore the out-of-the-way places of the earth.

It has brought within the reach of all the people entertainment of the most fascinating type. It has recreated the pageantry and pomp of every age. It has realized in living form the tragedies, conflicts and heroisms of the souls of men and nations.

We see in motion pictures a great force for culture, for clean pleasure, for entertainment and education. As producers and distributors of such pictures as "Salvage," starring Pauline Frederick; "Black Roses," starring Sessue Hayakawa; "The Foolish Age," starring Doris May; "Kismet," with Otis Skinner, directed by Louis J. Gasnier; "The Barricade," directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne, we have established a standard of quality that never has been excelled.

"Possession," a thrilling tale of love, pluck and adventure, a screen version of the novel "Phroso," by Sir Anthony Hope, is a recent R-C release. Set in the sun-blest isles of the romantic Aegean, nothing is spared to make this newest picture meet the highest artistic and moral ideals.

The R-C standard of honesty of purpose will be maintained at all cost. An announcement of an R-C picture will always be a guarantee of artistic accomplishment, of scrupulous cleanliness.



R-C PICTURES
New York



Pauline Frederick

"THE LURE OF JADE"

Down through the ages love and jealousy have fought for power. In the conflict men and women have reached the heights of sublimity, or have been hurled headlong to oblivion.

"The Lure of Jade" in climax on climax, unfolds a story of deepest love, violent hate and spiritual sacrifice.

In the difficult role of Sara, a woman whom sorrow and tragedy at first make bitter and unrelenting, but whose greatness of soul eventually conquers, Pauline Frederick stands resplendent.

No other woman of the stage or screen could have successfully interpreted this "enigma woman" and kept the love and sympathy of her audience.

A visionary creature of the author's imagination, Sara steps forth a living, vibrant woman who will remain as deathless as "Camille," as matchless as "Carmen" or "Cho Cho San" in Madam Butterfly."

As a further example of R-C ideals, an R-C picture that will live long in your memory, you are invited to see Pauline Frederick in "The Lure of Jade."



Send for Free Sample

with complete directions for the care of delicate silk, wool, chiffon, and lace garments that can not stand ordinary washing. Address Section 47-AF, Dept. of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The blouse, after 25 washings, from which this photograph was made, with statement of original owner, on file in the Procter & Gamble Offices.

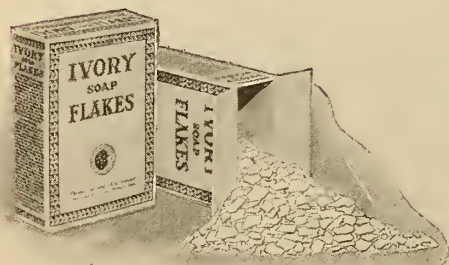
Actual photograph of delicate apricot georgette blouse trimmed with dark blue silk embroidery and fragile thread lace

*after 25 washings—
colors still bright;
lace and georgette
lovely as new!*

THE original owner says that when she bought the blouse she was advised not to wash it, for fear the colors would run. But she had had such success in washing other delicate garments with Ivory Flakes, that as soon as the blouse showed soil she put it into cool Flakes suds, and has been washing it this safe way ever since.

She figures that she has had twice as much pleasure and wear from her blouse as she would have had if she had tried to launder it with anything but Ivory Flakes.

What Ivory Flakes has done for this blouse, it will do for all your dainty garments—preserve their charm, and double their life. For Ivory Flakes is as harmless as pure water. It is the purest soap in the quickest cleansing form—concentrated, instant-melting flakes. Send for the free sample, and see what good care it will take of your prettiest clothes.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer*



PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XV

JANUARY, 1922

No. 5



A Calender of Past Performances



As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.

JANUARY

1—1904—FRIDAY—Lillian Gish must have felt that life held few compensations as she wended her childish way through that fireside classic, "Her First False Step," at the Music Hall, Boston, Massachusetts, and she probably made many New Year resolutions about no false steps in the future.

2—1909—SATURDAY—Clara Kimball Young was plodding hopefully along as an ingenue in stock company circles, a member of a band of hopefuls at the Lois Theater, Seattle, Washington, and upon this special occasion she had particularly spectacular opportunities, being cast for "Wendy" in "Peter Pan."

3—1900—WEDNESDAY—David Wark Griffith hadn't the slightest doubt that as an actor he was born to be a director, and the same thought may have occurred to his audience at the Metropolitan Theater, Grand Forks, North Dakota, as they watched him as "Jack Ferrers" in "London Life."

4—1908—SATURDAY—William Desmond then, as to-day, was a conspicuous figure in the life of Los Angeles, California, but at this time he was an actor of the spoken word at the Burbank Theater, where he caused feminine hearts to flutter as "Miles Handon" in "The Prince and the Pauper."

5—1912—FRIDAY—May Allison vastly impressed every one who was present at the Lyric Theater, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, when she chirruped her one and only line in the rôle of "Vanity" in the heterogenous dramatic conglomeration known as "Everyman."

6—1904—WEDNESDAY—Elliott Dexter probably prided himself upon his geographical knowledge, as he toured about the map with Tim Murphy, being "Señor de Castro" in "The Man from Missouri," and this night he added Owatonna, Minnesota, to his list, appearing at the Metropolitan Theater there.

7—1913—TUESDAY—Louise Huff, then most ambitious to distinguish herself behind the footlights, was doing her utmost to justify the salary paid her for playing "Tirzah" in "Ben-Hur," which biblical drama was the fare set before the patrons of the Columbia Theater, San Francisco, California.

8—1900—MONDAY—Marguerite Clark almost swooned with the thrill and excitement of seeing her name upon a theater program for the

very first time. She played "a Page" in the opera, "Nanon," with the Aborn company at the Music Hall, Baltimore, Maryland, in which city she was living at the time.

9—1893—MONDAY—W. S. Hart was delighting amusement seekers as an exponent of classic and romantic rôles, having the temerity to offer what must have been a highly diverting conception of the character of "Napoleon Bonaparte" in "Josephine, Empress of the French," with Hortense Rhea, at Foster's Opera House, Des Moines, Iowa.

10—1906—WEDNESDAY—Cecil De Mille, with not a thought in the world of such things as motion pictures, was doing his histrionic utmost, this as the "Earl of Huntington" in "The Prince Chap," at the Colonial Theater, Cleveland, Ohio.

11—1906—THURSDAY—Conway Tearle was making a brave fight to find a successful place upon the American stage, having had considerable experience in England and Australia, and at this moment, at the Broadway Theater, Brooklyn, New York, he was agreeably placed as "Richard Ainslee" in "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots."

12—1909—TUESDAY—Catherine Calvert was nothing if not ambitious as she bravely contributed her histrionic mite, supporting that director of to-day, James Young, as "Ophelia" in "Hamlet" in the afternoon, and in the evening as a girlish "Evelyn Kenyon" in "Brown of Harvard," at the Lyceum Theater, Toledo, Ohio.

13—1908—MONDAY—James Kirkwood and Henry Walthall were ambitious strugglers up the stage ladder, both to be found in the cast of the same play, doing their best with minor rôles in "The Great Divide," which settled down for a week's stay at the Nixon Theater, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

14—1906—SUNDAY—Bebe Daniels undoubtedly gazed out of the car window in childish bewilderment, as she sped between Charleston, South Carolina, and Augusta, Georgia, reflecting that this was a pretty way in which to spend one's fifth birthday on the way to play the "Duke of York" in "Richard III," with John Griffith.

15—1904—FRIDAY—Jesse L. Lasky, assisted by his sister, was contributing to the gayety of nations as a manipulator of musical instruments, being part of a vaudeville

bill. They were billed as "The Military Musicians"—and were to be seen at the Jefferson Theater, Hamilton, Ohio.

16—1902—THURSDAY—Julia Swayne Gordon was devoting her talents to comedy, as against her screen adventuresses of to-day, being "Kitty Clive" in "Peg Woffington," but this was a sad and salaryless day in Anderson, Indiana, as the star, Eugenie Blair, was too ill to play.

17—1901—THURSDAY—Douglas Fairbanks, just seventeen and bent upon a career as an actor of costume parts, was trying to register moving emotion as young "Florio" in "The Duke's Jester," with Frederick Warde—and great was the excitement this night at Ming's Opera House, Helena, Montana.

18—1916—THURSDAY—Kathryn Perry, certainly without a thought in the world that she would one day succeed to Mary Pickford's matrimonial shoes, was cavorting happily about in the chorus of "A World of Pleasure," at the Winter Garden, New York.

19—1917—FRIDAY—Gaston Glass was to be seen in the flesh, as he was appearing in support of the one and only Sarah Bernhardt, with whom he played juvenile rôles. On this date they were doing their best to entertain the patrons of the Grand Opera House, Macon, Georgia.

20—1917—SATURDAY—Niles Welch and Lelle Boone decided that this was an eminently proper time to get married, so at eight o'clock in the evening, at Snyder Memorial Church, Jacksonville, Florida, the happy event took place, their respective attendants being John Davidson and Grace Darmond.

21—1901—MONDAY—A precocious youngster, by name Gladys Smith, made her début on the stage as "Mignon" in "Bootles' Baby," at the Princess Theater, Toronto, Ontario—thus beginning the world-famous career of the one who has reigned supreme as Queen Mary Pickford.

22—1909—FRIDAY—Stuart Holmes had not then embarked upon the career of screen crime which has since distinguished his public appearances, at the moment being concerned with the part of "Herr Grosser" in "The Devil," at the Academy of Music, Newport News, Virginia.

Continued on page 97

Off With the

Modes in film favorites change, make comedian

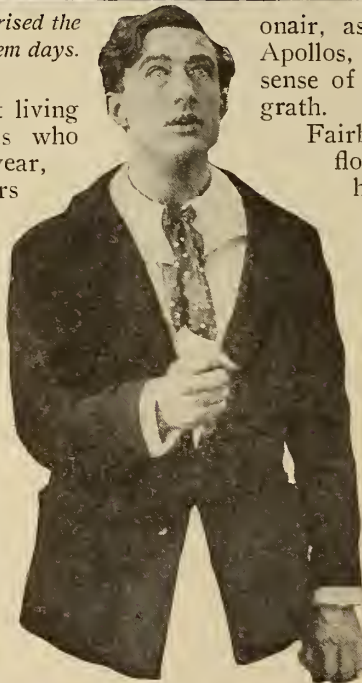
By Malcolm



Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan comprised the most popular comedy team in the old Kalem days.

WE need not page the oldest living inhabitant to remind us who were the stars of yesteryear, who were the candescent twinklers of a decade past, who the Mazda stars of long ago. Most of us, with good memories for unimportant things, will recall without a second's hesitation whose flitting face it was captured our idle fancy in those days, whose last-reel clinch—they all had them *then*—caused us to sigh longingly, wistfully. And now, when we hark back to the celluloid charmers, and array them comparatively with the beaus and belles of the present-day silver sheet, we find that styles change in players just as unmistakably as they change in hobble skirts and puffed sleeves. We are a more advanced audience, I think, if it is fair to judge by the types the public chooses for its favorites. And obviously it is fair; what could be fairer? *Vox populi* is the most potent *vox* you can find.

This is an age of sophistication. Consider the evidence. When two reels meant a "special feature," and Lyman Howe drew all the "carriage trade," and some slick-haired songster with good intentions and a bad voice sang "Harrigan" between pictures to clear the theater for the next show—with colored slides to chase any who might be deaf—the fashionable heroes were wavy-haired, shouldery gents with beautiful teeth and, if possible, dimples. These were the celluloid saints of 1911 *et seq.*, these the psalmed and serenaded matinée idols of what



Francis X. Bushman, above, and J. Warren Kerrigan, at the right, were the recipients of the most mash notes in those rosemaried days.

Here is Wallace Reid, athletic, debonair, as handsome as any two of the aforementioned Apollos, and, unlike them, always harboring an appreciative sense of humor when things seem a trifle too haroldmacgrath. Another humorous *Romeo* is the irrepressible Fairbanks. When the elegant Blackwell felled a burly flock of ruffians grim determination strengthened him; the Douglasian trick is to snicker with the scenario writer at his prowess. The representative leads need little explanation. Richard Barthelmess, Rudolph Valentino, and Tommy Meighan, compared man to man with any of the



Photo by Woodbury

Old Love

ing yesterday's hero seem more like a to-day.

H. Oettinger

old-timers—well, we leave the decision to you. Gone are the heroic gestures, gone the valiant determination; naturalness has come to stay. We are advancing.

Then there is the unfair sex. Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Ormi Hawley, Edith Storey—these were heroines who had burdens. There was no Dorothy Gish exploding miniature bombshells of mirth; no Connie Talmadge satirizing current fads and foibles; no crinolined charmer straying one inch off the beaten path of conventionality. We must step more lightly when treading among silks and satins, but again comparison is anything but detrimental to 1921.

To replace Marion Leonard, the Florences, and the lustrous Clara Kimball Young of those days we offer Lillian Gish, Normal Talmadge, Elsie Ferguson, and Gloria Swanson. The Little Mary of the old Biograph has blossomed into the exquisite Pickford flower of to-day. The Katherine MacDonald type is here, the adventurous and independent type visualized



The popular comedy team of the present is Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis.

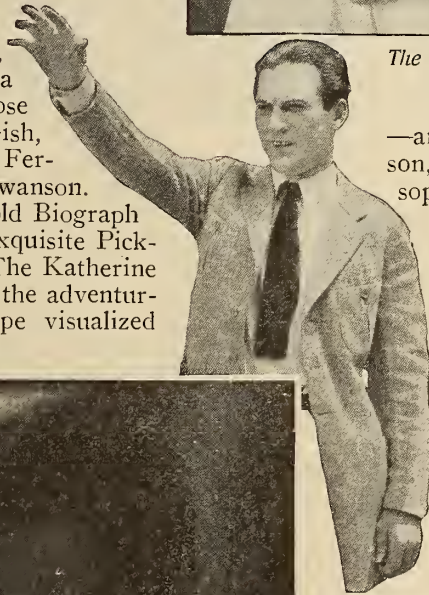
—and how potently!—by Corinne Griffith, Betty Compson, Constance Talmadge. Again we see the mark of sophistication.

The serials have advanced but little, if at all, but serials are the antithesis of sophistication. Serials are for the people who enjoy Chautauquas and minstrel shows. Ruth Roland, reigning undisputed queen to-day, in the making of her ninth—or is it nineteenth?—consecutive “see next week’s” is no whit better than was Pearl White, when, in 1912, clinging to the rope across the chasm, she was left hanging until next week, when she was ultimately rescued by the United States Air Forces commanded by Crane Wilbur.

It was back there that Ruth Roland comprised, with Marshall Neilan one of the most popular comedy teams of the day. Comparable to them to-day we have Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis. The slapstick is still present, but less pronounced, the subtlety of these times far outranks that of those. Mickey Neilan manifested a genuine comic spirit in those short outbursts—some of them half a reel—even as Lloyd manifests one to-day.

Of course the laugh maker of the time was dear old John Bunny, not to be compared with the Chaplin of the present, but a wonderful comedian withal. Few indeed can be compared with Charles. I know of none, in fact. For the *Ham* and *Bud* burlesque of 1913-14 we have Buster Keaton's drolleries, again emphasizing ideas and cleverness rather than a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. The advance in subtlety may not be so marked in reviewing comedy, but nevertheless it is apparent.

Plausible people doing possible things are the favorites now; heroes were the favorites then. American types of natural mien and unheroic conduct have replaced the old-time D'Artagnans who used to throw the Twentieth Century Limited for a loss to save the heroine's life. If some bold spirit projected some of the old pictures to-day I venture to say we who formerly sobbed would guffaw gustily.



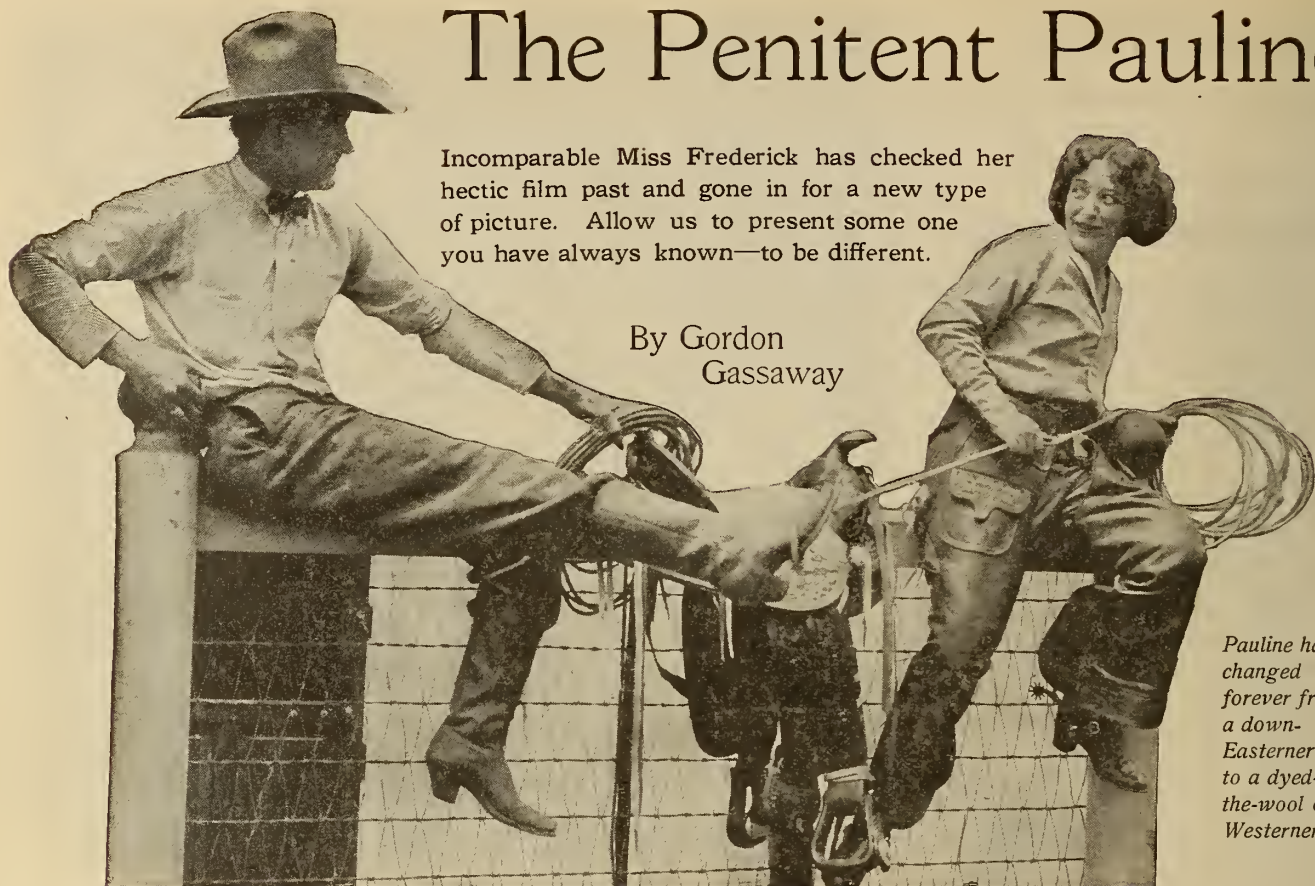
Gone are the heroic gestures; today's favorites, Rudolph Valentino, at left, and Thomas Meighan, above, are more natural.



The Penitent Pauline

Incomparable Miss Frederick has checked her hectic film past and gone in for a new type of picture. Allow us to present some one you have always known—to be different.

By Gordon
Gassaway



Pauline has changed forever from a down-Easterner to a dyed-in-the-wool out-Westerner.

NEVER again will Pauline Frederick play rôles which call for doubtful doings, for questionable pasts, and lurid presents. She has shed the *Zazas*, *Fedoras*, *Mrs. Danes*, and *Iris*es with whom she climbed to fame as a butterfly sheds its drab cocoon, and so far as Pauline is concerned all her future rôles are to be as sweet as that of *Little Eva*.

When we met for the very first time, in the luxurious managerial offices of the neat, flower-bedecked Robertson-Cole studios in Hollywood, a small figure garbed in riding breeches and coat jumped from a deeply upholstered chair to greet me. It was Miss Frederick, and she extended a slim, tanned hand which took mine in a grip which might be termed a knuckle cracker. Where I had expected to find a languorous lady of haughty mien, garbed in a low and behold gown, the sort of lady who looks as though she has a past, I found a blithesome, girlish imp with a Western frankness you could almost scrape off.

"You are just in time to hear about my next picture," she exclaimed. "I'm going to make a real 'Western' with cowboys and lariats and a big ranch. I'm so happy about it I can hardly sit still!"

Pauline Frederick playing the rôle of a Western ranch hound! Could this be the same actress, I muttered to myself, who had given us the vibrant *Iris*, the zippy *Zaza*, and the dubious *Mrs. Dane*? I could remember her in slinky gown, with narrowed eyes and many jewels and in the black shawl of the sorrowful *Madame X*, but it took a mental right-about-face to visualize her in the great, open spaces of the West.

"What's the big idea?" I stammered elegantly. "What is it that has worked this change in you? We thought you

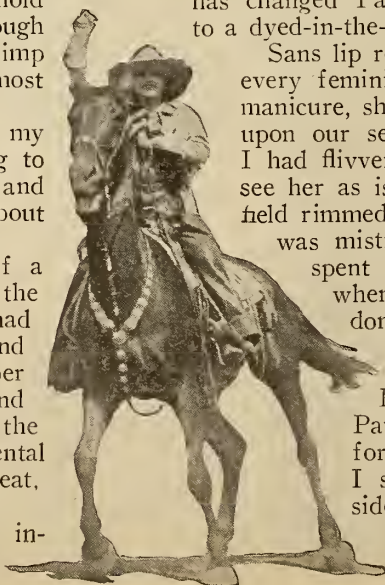
were a thoroughly Ritzed N'Yorker, epitomizing Fifth Avenue, and all of a sudden here you are bubbling with Western enthusiasm minus all camouflage, and about to play a real outdoors Western story. How come?"

"Horses!" she replied with her famous smile, which is as inclusive as June sunshine.

There is no doubt about it, cow ponies have worked a miracle in the life of Pauline Frederick—Boston's fairest flower. Of course Will Rogers has had something to do with it. Oh, no, she has no matrimonial designs on Will; he just taught her how to "rope," and he plays hooky from the studio to come over and play cow-puncher in her back yard. He has been a part of the great Western ameliorating process which has changed Pauline forever from a down-Easterner to a dyed-in-the-wool out-Westerner.

Sans lip rouge, sans powder, sans hairdress, sans every feminine first aid to beauty, save a brilliant manicure, she greeted me with a cowboy yip-ay-aye upon our second meeting. This was on the day I had flivvered out to her Beverly Hills estate to see her as is. She came galloping across a broad field rimmed with eucalyptus, and I knew that she was mistress of all she surveyed, for she has spent money in California with lavish hand when it comes to increasing her private domain so that she and her hard-riding friends would have plenty of space for their petit rodeos.

Every day's a rodeo in the life of Pauline Frederick now. She staged one for my benefit that late afternoon of which I speak. I was carried to the opposite side of the broad acres adjoining her luxurious home, riding "double" on a pony behind her uncle and manager, Mr. Pettingill. Deposited in the shade



of the eucalyptus rim, I found a seat on an upturned barrel and grandly ordered the ropin' to commence. In the little group before me were the men who attend to the Frederick requirements in the way of stabling and grooming the wiry ponies she rides, Miss Frederick herself—and Uncle Pettingill. That was all. And then she started to rope. She roped everything from a barrel to uncle. And I am here to say that she throws a mean lariat! Will Rogers has taught her thoroughly and well, and one of her grooms is a cowboy roper of no small ability. Besides which, she is at it, they told me, from early morning until dusk. She doesn't know what the mystic "tea hour" is any more. And she gets up with the dawn to go out and see the ponies eat their breakfast grapefruit or whatever it is they feed cow horses.

Western winds and California zephyrs are sweeping the memories of a rather hectic career from the fair Pauline's mental pabulum. She is through with vicarious marriage, with late parties and with society snickers and snickerers, her uncle confided to me as we sat on adjoining barrels and watched the *Mistress of Shenstone* toss a snaky spiral of rope about two horses as they galloped abreast across the field. She abhors the sight of a newspaper. She feels that all news sheets are enemies of hers.

"They never print anything nice about me," she said later as we perched atop the brick wall which separates her "rodeo field" from the magnificent gardens of her home. "It is only the unhappinesses to which they give space. I no longer have time or patience to read headlines of murders, divorces, and filth. My horses and the pictures take all my time."

"Are you going back to stage?" I asked rather fatuously, since this has been a moot question for some weeks in Hollywood anent the penitent Pauline.

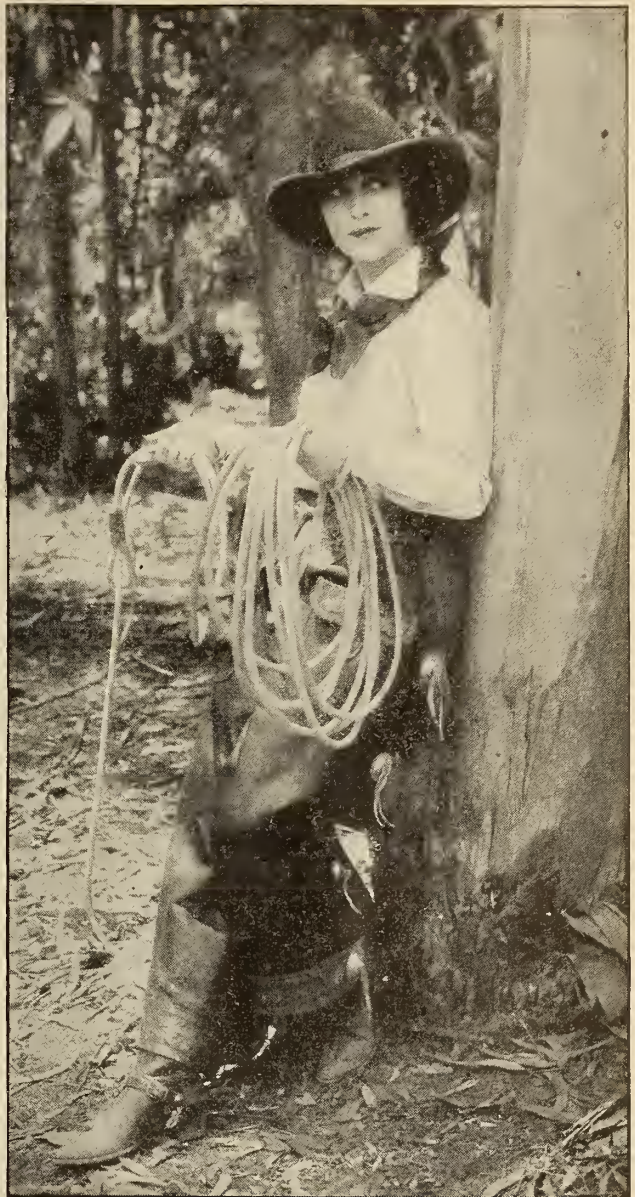
"I can go back on the stage with a sixty-day notice to my company," she replied rather seriously, I thought, "and if I can find a rip-snorting good play, there is no telling what I might do. An animate audience affects me like a herd of cattle affects my ponies—I'm rarin' to go!"

Even her vocabulary has undergone a change out West. She has adopted the chatter of the corral, and it falls naturally from her lips as you see her wearing her natty little leather "chaps" and her cowboy shirt, but the soft, cultured modifications of her voice give Boston a boost every time she speaks.

Miss Frederick is allowed to choose her own stories for the screen. It was she who elected to do "Madame X," and a hot time she had of it persuading the studio to sanction the deed. It was she who selected "The Lure of Jade," that torrid South Seas story, and "The Sting of the Lash." And now she has made a real "Western," as Westerny as anything Tom Mix ever got mixed up in.

What will she do next? There was a time when the New York reporters were asking this question, but for a far different reason. Now it refers only to the expansion of her cinema repertoire, for there is apparently nothing at which this marvelous actress hesitates when it comes to characterizations. I feel that she would not balk at slapstick comedy if she thought she would get a

When she gallops out across her fields, she is mistress of all she surveys, for she has spent money with a lavish hand to provide plenty of space for her rodeos.



Pauline Frederick practices with her lariat from morning until night.

kick out of it—or that the public which she loves would like it.

In an attempt to finally settle the reason for this remarkable return to the soil of one of America's greatest drawing-room beauties, I asked, as we wended our way toward the house through the twilight shadows:

"Are you a throwback? Were, perhaps, some of your family farmers or Western ranchers?"

"Yes," she replied. "My grandfather was a farmer in northern New York State. My family are really of the soil, but I was born in Boston. My style was cramped after I went on the stage in N'York, and I became as much of a drawing-room drone as any of the rest of them there, but I see now that my heart always longed for the outdoors. In California I have found a larger and more real

Continued on page 96

Where Do You

Revealing the beauty secrets of several famous
all who will

By Louise



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

Gloria Swanson's beauty secrets include tales of rubbings and brushings and sweet-smelling oils and unguents.

IN what market place do you seek beauty, and in what coin do you pay for it?

Gloria Swanson buys it with skilled treatment, with care, with sweet-smelling oils and unguents and rubbings and brushings.

Irene Castle buys it with exercise—sports of all kinds, in which she excels not only because of her own skill, but because of her love of them.

Nazimova buys it with exercise of a different form—exercise governed by a definite motive. She buys it, too, with treatments—intensive ones.

Betty Compson buys it with plain, old-fashioned methods—by living up to the “early to bed, early to rise” maxim; by eating simple foods and living the simplest sort of life.

Now I'm not saying for a moment that every one of these famous young women, and probably you as well, hasn't beauty to begin with. But I do call to your attention the fact that those who have beauty know that it must be guarded, really bought all over again in the care which preserves it. For, just as the hardware merchant keeps his stock bright, so must the woman whose beauty is part of her stock in trade keep it burnished.

Gloria Swanson is delightfully frank and straightforward in discussing her methods of caring for this important asset of hers.

“I believe in care—the best of care,” she told me. “I believe in anticipating wrinkles and rubbing away the very faintest suggestion of one. And I think every

woman ought to have some one who knows how to do it show her how to take care of herself; how to use cold creams, which ones to use, and just how much of them she needs.

“I never use water on my face—haven't for about five years. I cleanse it with cold cream, which doesn't dry the skin as water does. Of course this means using a great deal of cream, especially when you have to use make-up, as I do—and so only the very best cold cream can be used.

“I use oil on my body, too—three times a week, when I'm home, my masseuse rubs me all over with oil; the body massage is very restful, and the oil keeps the skin in good condition.”

And right here be it said, if you're interested in this form of treatment, that you can prepare for yourself the oil to be used.

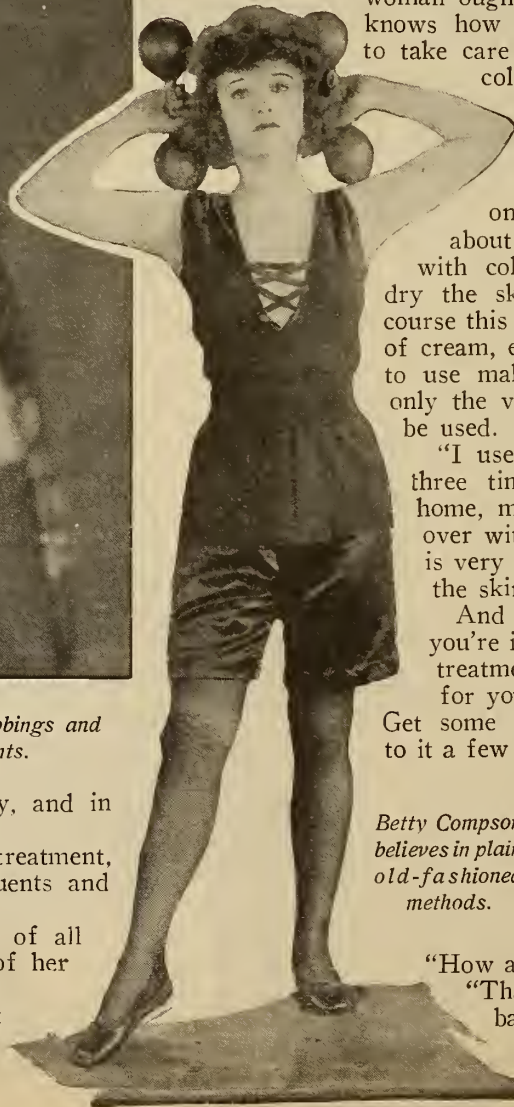
Get some pure olive oil, and add to it a few drops of oil of lavender, which will take away the rather fishy odor of olive oil. If the oil is slightly heated, it will be more pleasant to use and more beneficial.

Betty Compson believes in plain old-fashioned methods.

“How about exercise?” I asked.

“That's determined by my bathroom scales,” she answered promptly.

“When I notice that my weight is going



Buy Beauty?

stars and containing many helpful hints for take them

Williams

up, or that my waistline is beginning to disappear, I begin to exercise for a short time every morning before breakfast. I touch the floor twenty times without bending my knees, and do all the other exercises that every one knows for preserving the figure."

That sounds very staid and sedate, which Gloria certainly is not. And looking at her that day, clad in a gorgeous, sunset-colored negligee, I could picture those early-morning exercises, done in the sun-colorful privacy of her boudoir. They must resemble æsthetic dancing more than anything else.

"What about your hair?" was my next question. It is a very live, beautiful red, you know, and has the sheen which shows that it is not neglected.

"Rubbing and brushing," she answered. "Hair responds so promptly to treatment—there's no reason why every one shouldn't have pretty hair, if they'd just give it a few minutes' attention every day."

So there's a brief list of the rules which you must follow if you want to carry out Gloria Swanson's theories about caring for one's looks.

Irene Castle seeks for beauty in thrilling sports—in playing in her big swimming pool and riding horseback and skiing and dancing. Beauty is an accessory in such a case as hers. Her tawny hair shows that the sun shines straight down on it all summer long, and her slim, round body shows, too, that it is alive all over. She believes in care for it, of course—a pretty woman's dressing table is as essential a part of her life as is his desk to a business man. But it's outdoor sports on which she places most reliance.

Nazimova strikes a happy medium between the two methods. Dumb-bells, Indian clubs—anything that can be so wielded that it helps to make the body supple and keep it responsive is included in her equipment. And re-

Nazimova is one of the few dramatic stars who can afford to appear in a one-piece bathing suit.



Photo by F. E. Geisler

Irene Castle is a great sportswoman, not for beauty's sake, but because she loves the vigorous exercise. But the result is radiant beauty.

cently, when she was in New York, she proved that she believed in Gloria Swanson's methods by going every day to a charming little house in the Fifties, where she was given treatments which keep the muscles of face and neck pliable and strong, and that keep the skin beautifully clean and active. There were treatments, too, for the hands and arms, in which an aromatic oil that comes straight from Egypt was poured over them and rubbed into them—a delightful process it is, this business of being beautiful!

And next we come to Betty Compson, of radiant, childlike beauty. "I've been to only one dance this year," she told me some time ago. "And then I didn't dance—just sat in a balcony and watched. I have to go to bed early when I'm working, you know, and I have to live on simple foods and drink milk and all that sort of thing. I believe in plenty of exercise, too—all the things that schoolgirls have to do are on my list, I suppose, for that matter."

That's a high price to pay, most of us would think—giving up good times and highly seasoned foods and leading

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Photo by Frank Diem

"The Two Orphans" is the first big production to capitalize on Dorothy's natural wistfulness and pathos.

LILLIAN GISH said it first; Dick Barthelmess said it to me a few days later; every once in a while some one made the same remark to me—from Constance Talmadge to the little girl who writes fan letters to the stars.

"Of course you know Dorothy!"

And when I said that I didn't the speaker would rave on about how ingratiating Dorothy Gish is. Frankly, I didn't take it very seriously at first. I had an idea that you could get a fair sample of Dorothy's repartee by going to any vaudeville show, and that she was about as charming as the young women in strip cartoons. I always went to her pictures, but I cherished the notion that her brain was of the jazz-record variety and that she just couldn't make her feet behave. I shared the popular idea that comedians were always comedians.

After a while, when all my pet idols continued to speak of her with something akin to awe, I began to feel blue whenever a remark was prefaced with, "Of course you know Dorothy." I always seemed just to miss meeting her.

Of course I did know Dorothy, in a way. I knew the saucy little comédienne I had seen on the screen; I knew by sight the disdainful flapper who accompanied Constance Talmadge on shopping expeditions and trips to the hairdresser; I knew, too, the little girl who shrank from the admiring scrutiny of the crowds at premières of Lillian's pictures, and I had often watched the charming irrepressible who never seemed to grow tired of dancing at fashionable hotels and midnight roof shows in New York.

But I didn't really know Dorothy. And now that I've found out that all my preconceived ideas about her were wrong, I feel like taking up a megaphone and shouting to all the world what she really is like. You will get a hint of it when you see her as *Louisa* in "The Two Orphans"

Of Course You Know Dorothy

Every one knows the pert Miss Gish of comedy fame—but there is another side to Dorothy that you would like to know.

By Helen Klumph

—but there is more to Dorothy than any picture can tell you.

"Who is that tragic-looking girl over there?" I asked her sister Lillian one day in the studio. "Looks like some one I've seen somewhere."

It was Dorothy.

Now if you are a genial optimist who would enjoy having a date with Pollyanna, read no farther.

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Dorothy is a tireless attendant of dances, first nights, and roof shows.

Photo by Frank Diem



Elaine—with a Mind of Her Own

Directors, interviewers, and even fond parents can't make her do what she doesn't want to. And if she weren't like that, you might have missed knowing her, for one of her caprices was acting for the screen.

By Harriette Underhill

I WONDER who that pretty girl is over there, in the blue crape gown?" said Mrs. Sidney Drew as we sat at luncheon on Delmonico's roof the hottest day of the year, if one may believe the weather man. "She's the prettiest girl I've seen in a long time. Wonder if I could get her for pictures. You know, I'll need a 'daughter type' if I do that new series."

The "prettiest girl" sat almost directly behind us, so that we couldn't see her without turning around, and it was too hot to do that.

"She ought to screen beautifully," continued our hostess; "blue eyes and black hair and young. She looks familiar, too; I've probably met her somewhere. See if you can place her."

And so we turned and looked.

"The one in blue, right under the palm, sitting with her mother. Do you know her?"

Now we knew her immediately, and it seemed strange that Mrs. Drew hadn't recognized her.



Photo by Sarony

Elaine Hammerstein upset all traditions years ago when she ran away from the stage and went back to the convent.



Plenty of girls have her beauty, but she has a savoir-faire, an elegance, which is most delightful.

"Oh!" we said. "You won't be able to get her for your picture. It would be impossible."

"Why would it?" said Mrs. Drew. "Everybody is doing it now. Look at Mrs. Lydig Hoyt and Lady Diana Manners and——" "And Elaine Hammerstein," we added. "That pretty girl over there is Oscar Hammerstein's granddaughter, and she's been making pictures for several seasons now. If you don't believe it, ask Mr. Selznick; he knows."

"That is what comes of not seeing any pictures!" exclaimed my hostess. "I've lost track of everything for the last two years. But I thought Arthur Hammerstein's daughter was younger than that. It doesn't seem as though she can be a young lady. Why, only yesterday——"

Yes, it was only yesterday, as we agreed, after reminiscing for a few moments, that she ran away from the stage and went back to the convent. Most of them do just the opposite of that, we might add. To be exact, it was in 1914, when Mr. Hammerstein put on "High Jinks," and little Elaine was fifteen—or was she sixteen—then? We're sure of the date, for it was the time we did our first interview, and that interview was with her. She did a song called "When Sammy Sang the Marseillaise," and she was all upset over it because she thought that her dress was too short.

"I hate the stage," Miss Hammerstein had declared to us at that time, "and dad made me go into this just because he thought that I had inherited, or should have inherited, histrionic talent."

It's funny, but Alice Brady told us almost the same thing about her father's making her go in "Pinafore" when she didn't want to.

On the way to the elevator we stopped to speak to Miss Hammerstein, and she remembered us immediately, too; so there is another person who has a memory for names as well as for faces. Miss Hammerstein introduced us to her mother, and asked us to sit down and have a pastry with her. "I'm going to have another," she added, "for, thank goodness, that is one thing I do not have to worry about—I never get fat."

Neither do we, so we accepted, but Mrs. Drew said she wouldn't eat any more pastry, and, besides, she had an engagement which had something to do with a permanent wave.

"Do you remember the last time we interviewed you and how rabid you were on the subject of the family tree?" we asked.

"Was I? I don't remember, but I know I used to act just the way I felt, and it doesn't always pay. It makes you, as well as every one else, uncomfortable."

"You're not usually so passive. It must be this weather," said Elaine's mother. "Remember what happened last week?" Elaine blushed.

"Well, that was different. Some one wanted me to do something I didn't want to do." We all laughed.

"Hope you didn't do it," we volunteered.

"I did not, and I never shall. It had something to do with a picture, and I knew I was right."

"We, for one, are sure you were. We always did

like your views on pictures and clothes, and we used to agree perfectly on screen actors and actresses. Tell me quickly—do you like May MacAvoy?"

"I think she is clever, charming, and beautiful," said Miss Hammerstein, and we rewarded her by telling her that Miss MacAvoy looks like her. Which is true. Both have those lovely fair skins and pink cheeks, dark wavy hair and very large blue eyes with smudgy marks around them which have nothing to do with mascara, but are a decoration put there by nature.

"What are you working on now?" we asked.

"Remorseless Love." Miss Hammerstein said it slowly, making it sound just as tragic as she could. "But cheer up; I think they are going to call it 'When Youth Rebels.'"

"Do you remember the first time I interviewed you and you came out with the statement that the tree which caused all the trouble in the Garden of Eden was not an apple tree at all, but a family tree?"

"I guess I thought that because it is the tree which gives so much trouble to all of us daughters of Eve. I used to believe that it was a decided handicap for an actress to be endowed with relatives who have done something. What success I had on the stage was attributed to the fact that I was the daughter of Arthur, who was the son of the famous Oscar. I hated the stage, and I loved the pictures, so I decided to strike out on my own. I have been making pictures now for five years, and I still love them, but I had to take the plunge all alone. Isn't it funny how your parents always think that just because they brought you into the world that they are to be 'the divinity which shapes your end.' If you want to go to college they want

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What's Bill Hart Going to Do?

A great deal has been written about his "retiring;" but Bill at last speaks up and says that he's going right on making pictures.

By Russell Holman

JESSE JAMES at a tea shoppe, Bad Bill Dalton sipping a soda in Huyler's, Bill Hart parking his two guns at the Waldorf-Astoria!

Well, we don't suppose Bill could be expected, on his visit to New York, to pitch a tent in Times Square and take a prebreakfast canter on his pinto pony up through the theater belt. Besides, Bill had excellent precedent. President Harding and our other national institutions stop at the Waldorf.

We proceeded demurely along the plush-lined corridor of the plutocratic hostelry. We knocked.

"Come in!" roared a resonant bass voice.

Our knees knocked.

But there was no need of it. The hero of a hundred cinema gun duels was sitting in front of a little writing desk in the corner, addressing envelopes. His long knees barely fit under the desk. In place of sombrero, chaps, and both guns, he wore a pepper-and-salt suit—conservative cut—bulldog shoes, a traveling cap, and a stiff collar. The eyes, however, looked natural—small, keen, and blue—and they smiled at us as the star twisted around and we disclosed ourself as the lad who had made the date with him. He rose and gave us a stone-crusher handshake.

"Have a chair," he offered, and pulled his own up

in front of us. "My mail follows me all around." He nodded back toward the envelopes on the desk. "Home I guess I average about two hundred letters a day. Keeps a couple of girl stenographers busy answerin' them."

The Hart voice, in conversation, is remarkably soft and possesses the real Western drawl. The Hart vocabulary is racy with the slang of the corral, picturesque and quite barren of final "g's."

"Letters from the fans?" we inquired.

"Purty near all of them," said Mr. Hart. "I make it a point to answer them all, too. I reckon my mail is different from most of the picture people. I don't get many of these scented notes from the young ladies, but I get lots of letters from boys and youths that are interested in the outdoor life. They ask me about huntin' and campin' and fishin', and I answer best I can."

The telephone tinkled in that peremptory manner New York telephones have.

"Excuse me," said the star, and silenced the instrument by placing a strong, tanned hand around its neck.

Mr. Hart (through the transmitter): "Hel-lo (gruffly) . . . Oh—it is, hey? (mellowing a bit) . . . Well, I don't know as I'm supposed to talk for pub-

lication, but I don't reckon there's any harm in your sayin' it's all settled. I like Famous Players, and they like me, and I'm goin' to begin makin' pictures again in February. . . . That's *all* right—good-by."

"You're coming back to the screen, Mr. Hart?" we asked.

"Don't know as I ever left it," he grinned. "I'm two pictures ahead now on my old contract; the last one will be released the end of January. Then I'm goin' to work again. I understand there was some talk that I was retirin' and tryin' to bust into the writin' business—and I have done some writin', too. Some years ago I wrote some Indian stories for kids—took purty well with the public, too. And, of course, a lot of the pictures I make are my own stories. Just before I started for New York I finished a nine-thousand-word yarn that a syndicate asked me for. Boy, that was *some* job! Ridin' a buckin' horse ain't in it with punchin' a typewriter for real work. I haven't got good enough control of the English language ever to be a rip-snortin' success as an author. Makin' pictures is my game, and I'm goin' to stick to it as long as the public'll have me."

Now you know the truth about his "retirement." Bill has officially spoken.

"Meantime," we suggested, "you're—"

"Meantime," said Bill, "I'm mainly restin'. Why should I jump in and make a lot of pictures, when they couldn't be released till after February anyway? I might die or break a leg or somethin'—then where'd the company releasin' my pictures be at?" Mr. Hart, you will observe, is a business man. He continued: "Besides—well, take my picture, 'Travelin' On.' For that picture I went out and hired me a monkey and bought some clothes for him and used him in a lot of the scenes. The picture was made a couple of months ago, but it hasn't been released yet. Well, lately I've gone to movin'-picture shows and seen three pictures with that same darned monkey doin' the same darned tricks I taught him and even wearin' the clothes I bought him." Mr. Hart shook his tousled brown head and sighed. "No, sir, it don't pay to make pictures too far ahead. It gives the other boys too darned much chance to get in ahead of you with your own stuff."

Bill chuckled as he told us about his last previous visit to New York. That was in the ancient days of



Photo by C. Smith Gardner

He's so homely he's good looking, and he brought with his rugged face and old-fashioned manners something of the freedom and wholesomeness of the Western prairies.

the war, and the star came to speak for the Liberty Loan and incidentally shoot a little metropolitan stuff for "Branding Broadway." According to the scenario, as Mr. Hart explained it, he was supposed to ride a horse pell-mell up Sixth Avenue and grab the villain out of the taxicab in which the dirty dog was eloping with our Nell.

"I had been usin' a big black horse in the early scenes of the picture 'Out West,'" chuckled Bill. "So I goes around to a New York livery stable and hires me a horse that looks a lot like him. 'This is a very valuable horse,' the livery man opines, 'and if you damage him

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Eric von Stroheim has found Maude George admirably fitted for such rôles as the malicious adventuress, the Princess Olga in "Foolish Wives."

The Glorious Adventuress

The business of being villainous has not detracted at all from Maude George's reposeful charm. And likewise her wholesome, simple home life has not tempered her wickedness on the screen. Both personalities are well worth knowing, and here is presented the Maude George the screen has never shown you.

By Alden Hughes

coming around the edge of the house, and a moment later Miss George herself appeared. She wore a wide-brimmed straw hat and a gingham gown. A pair of ancient gloves protected her hands, and she carried a formidable-looking trowel.

"How do you do?" she said, and inquired if I were the person who had telephoned her. "I am Miss George; will you forgive the attire? But, remember, I warned you that I was working in the garden."

This laughing-eyed, olive-complexioned young woman the viciously inclined *Madame Malot* I had viewed in "The Devil's Pass-key?" Impossible. And yet one must take a lady's word when she reveals her identity.

"Yes," she said, noting perhaps a certain state of open-mouthed wonderment on my part, "my garden is just commencing to bloom. I've raised every single plant in it by hand—that is, my husband and I have—and I'm mighty proud to show it off."

The garden is as unexpected as the house itself. So seldom do we see nowadays a typical old-fashioned flower plot of such flora as hollyhocks, snapdragons, bluebells, lobelia, pansies, and the like.

She is equally at home among the old-fashioned plants in her garden.

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YOU may come right out," the voice informed me over the phone. "I'm working now in my garden, if you don't mind that—"

And after Maude George assured me that she hadn't the least idea what she'd say when she was interviewed, I made quickened tracks to the address in Hollywood she'd given me.

"New angle!" thought I. "A viewless interview."

"Devonshire House," the brass plate on the wrought-iron gate, Old Worldly in sentiment and quaint in appearance, announced. It is a little house, full two hundred feet from the front gate, whose very unexpectedness makes it an interesting dwelling place. It has individuality—a distinct personality. When I rapped with the heavy brass knocker on the door panel I heard footsteps



Raving Versus Reason

The interviewer started out determined to be coldly analytical—and then she met Richard Barthelmess!

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

SOMEHOW the news got around that I was to interview Richard Barthelmess.

Said another fan writer of my acquaintance, who has become rather jaded: "If you rave about him I'll kill you!"

Said the girl who had never seen a movie star face to face: "Oh, my goodness, isn't that just too grand for words! You'll say something *terribly* nice about him, won't you? You know, I think he's just—"

Whether to rave or use my reason—that was the problem. For I have known some rabid cynics whose professional armor was pierced—absolutely riddled after a half hour with the erstwhile Griffith star. Privately I suspected their enthusiasm must have been induced by something more than the high spirits of the young Barthelmess—by liquid spirits, in fact. A cold cocktail on a hot day—well, even critics are human under such circumstances.

Ye Editor himself accompanied me to the Algonquin, the place assigned for the interview. Perhaps he thought I would do all the talking without giving Richard a chance to express himself on the decadence of the star system. Or perhaps he was afraid that I wouldn't talk at all, being dazzled into silence by the too near proximity of the prince of every flapper's heart. Anyway, there we were, waiting in the lobby, watching gentlemen stars with patent-leather hair stroll by and lady stars with ultra-yellow tresses undulate past us, leaving a faint trail of perfume in their wake.

"He's read Wells' 'Outline of History,'" said Ye Editor tentatively.

"Um," I replied without enthusiasm. "I read the last chapter myself to see if it came out happily."

"And he's deeply interested in Oriental things," Ye Editor went on persuasively.

"In Japanese fan letters probably," I answered tersely. It was brutal, but I was making a stand for reason. And I knew very well that if I found out that Richard Barthelmess was a student of Chinese philosophy, if he knew that *Kuan Yin* was a goddess and not a subtitle for chop suey, that I was gone. Being deeply interested in things Oriental, I would be raving

He liked making "Tol'able David" down in the Virginia mountains where the story is laid.



Richard Barthelmess has a straightforward way of talking that makes you forget he is a star.

like the most demented fan who ever sent him a proposal and twenty-five cents in stamps for his picture.

And just then Richard himself hurried out of the elevator and toward the sofa where Ye Editor and I were waiting. My first impression of him was, "Older; much older than I had expected." And the next, "His hair is too long; he's got a duck curl!"

The duck curl should be explained. It is one of the first symptoms of that ailment common to film folk, enlargement of the ego. If a handsome young extra man gets a "bit" or a small part, he immediately starts letting his hair grow until the barber can bring it down to the nape of his neck in the back and twist it up in a duck curl. It's a sure sign. And here was Richard Barthelmess—

But just as I was getting my most cynical smile into working order he was shaking my hand in a firm, friendly grip, and was leading me over into a



corner where we could talk undisturbed. And almost the first thing he said was: "I'll certainly be glad to get a hair cut! I've had to wear it long for eight weeks while we were making 'Tol'able David,' and we're still having retakes, so I can't have it amputated."

Bang! went the legend of the duck curl with its diabolical significance. I nearly apologized to him out loud.

Then I noticed that he wasn't old looking at all—but that his eyes were tired and heavy lidded.

"This is the morning after," he told Ye Editor and me as we found a comfortable sofa to lounge upon. "My wife had a birthday party up in our rooms last night, or I'd ask you up. But the place hasn't been straightened up yet. You won't mind, will you?"

In his portraits you know Dick Barthelmess as a very serious young man with deep-brown eyes, grave and unsmiling, and a mouth that is almost grim in its straight-set line. In reality he has a delightful smile that lights up his face into boyishness. I asked him why he never smiled in his portraits.

"Well, it comes out so kind of *set*," he explained, "that it looks like a Cheshire-cat grin. Then, too—well, I don't want to look like a *matinée* idol."

When you are talking to him he regards you intently, with a concentration that is flattering. You feel that he is actually interested in what you are saying. He is that rarest of all things—a good listener.

Ye Editor asked about the picture he had just finished, which is his first production with his own company. Ye Editor was wise, for the conversation was heading straight toward things Oriental, to our mutual satisfaction. But what care the fans if he has read the *Analects* and the *Four Classics of China*? They are more interested in the color of his tie—which I did not notice—and whether he and his wife, the erstwhile Mary Hay, are happy. They are; he said so.

"We had a great time down in Virginia making 'Tol'able David,'" he told us. "We were there for six weeks straight, about forty miles from a railroad, in the locality where Hergesheimer laid the story. Many

of the natives had never seen a railroad train, and few of them knew what a motion picture was. They thought it was wonderful, and we had lots of them working in it, all the local celebrities—the mayor, the justice of the peace, the sheriff. Some of them were mighty good actors, too.

"Are you going in for that type of character?" Ye Editor asked, referring to the young and gawky mountaineer lad whom Barthelmess is portraying in the picture.

"I'm not going in for any particular type," he answered quickly. "Very few people can specialize and get away with it. Charles Ray can, but he's one in a million. No, I like versatility. And, above all, I want a good story. Not a story that's written around me, but one that I can fit into. I'd like to do Hergesheimer's 'Java Head.' It is so colorful, and there are splendid dramatic possibilities for the part of the story that's laid in China—"

Ye Editor was giving me a warning look, but I pretended not to see it.

"Did you like the part of the chink in 'Broken Blossoms?'" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, very much. I made quite a study of the character before I attempted it. My mother lived in China for six years; perhaps that's why I'm so keen about Oriental literature and philosophy."

We swung into a discussion of Chinese language, humor, and customs. Ye Editor was waiting around the conversational outskirts to ask about Mr. Barthelmess' plans for the future. I had frankly forgotten all about the future. The present was quite enough—and that without a single cocktail.

"My next story is by Porter Emerson Browne," he answered. "I can't tell you the title; that hasn't been definitely chosen yet."

We asked him how it felt to be running his own company. He smiled, and passed his hand over his smooth black hair.

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Romances of Famous Film Folk

The love story of a little girl who grew up and married her motion-picture hero.

By Grace Kingsley

CAN you imagine anything more romantic than marrying the picture hero with whom you fell in love when you first, as a little girl with long, shiny curls, saw him on the screen?

She was a little convent girl, who sat in a dark, smelly little picture house one afternoon ten years ago. She had long blond curls, and her eyes were shining and expectant as they glued themselves to the screen. She was allowed to go to the pictures only once a week, and then only after they had been censored by the nuns.

The picture opened right snappily with a bunch of cowboys galloping like mad across the plain at the foot of a mountain, and then down the steepest trail you can imagine rode the cowboy hero. Nearer and nearer he came, the cowboys waved their hats in greeting—and gallant Tom Mix swung into the foreground.

The little convent girl involuntarily clapped her hands, and it was right then, declares Vicky Forde, that she fell in love with Tom Mix. She was just fourteen, and she got her mother, Eugenie Forde, who was an actress, to get Tom's picture for her, and she kept the picture

hidden in her "secret" drawer, along with her diary and a ring out of a prize box which a little boy had given her when she was nine years old. And after that nothing could keep her away from Tom Mix's pictures whenever they came to town.

"Oh, anybody could be happy with Tom!"

That's how Vicky raved over him at tea, out at Tom's home, the other day. Vicky is Tom's wife now, and she should know! If you could just have seen the light in her eyes when she said it—oh, well, there *are* marriages like that in the world. Tom Mix may bulldoze and hurl villains around the place so hard that he breaks things with 'em, but he's a model husband.

Tom was married once before, but it was an unhappy experience, I believe, for both Tom and the lady, lasting over several drab years, and so it's a closed chapter. And looking at Mrs. Mix, who is just the right proportion of pep and feminine allurements and gentleness, it struck me that anybody could get along with her, too.

The Tom Mixes don't live in a mansion. They live in a cozy story-and-a-half bungalow in Hollywood, just



The Tom Mixes don't live in a mansion. They live in a cozy little bungalow in Hollywood.

the sort of house, in fact, that you'd imagine Tom and his leading lady retiring to after Tom has saved her from the villain and after the clinch has happened in the last reel, with Tom and his lady love sitting on her pa's front stoop as the golden sun goes down.

But somehow there's an air of genuine affection and contentment about the Mix home that is like an aroma—if that simile isn't too artificial—which it's impossible to convey unless you have seen them together in it as I have. No doubt there are subjects on which they disagree, but Mrs. Mix has a little air of always sweetly giving up, whether she does or not. Being a real daughter of Eve, I suspect she doesn't. But then Tom doesn't know it. Doubtless in the essentials she surrenders. She hasn't, for instance, worked on the screen since she was married. That was because Tom didn't want her to.

"Tom says that when he comes home he likes to find me here," she said simply, with a little air of sweet seriousness and importance which is very becoming. "We're always together when we possibly can be. Even when he goes out on location in the mountains I nearly always go along. You see, I can get up dances and entertainments for the members of the company, which keeps 'em happy and in good humor. They work better when they feel that way. When I can't go with him on a trip he writes or sends me a telegram every day."

She confesses that some day she wants to do some more screen work, possibly as a director, because it's really difficult for a woman who has ever cultivated

her talents and brains to give up her career entirely. Tom says he doesn't object to her taking up directing some time, though it did strike me that the "some time" was a bit vague and wistful. She is well equipped for any sort of stage or screen work, having helped Tom to direct while she was his leading woman and having had stage training as well as screen experience. She played as a baby actress in New York with Maxine Elliott and John Drew, beginning her stage career at three.

"I suppose it was an awful play," said Mrs. Mix. "It was called 'A Desperate Chance,' and really I think we took a desperate chance every time we played it. Mother was in the play, and I always stood in the wings and watched another child play the baby part. One day the little one was bitten by a dog, and I was given the part. Afterward, mother took me off the stage and put me in a convent. It was when I was fifteen, and had played one or two parts, that mother lost her voice, which caused her to go into pictures. In those days that was thought an awful comedown, and mother felt very bad, though glad and grateful for the work at the same time. She joined the Selig company in Chicago, and as grandmother and grandfather were out here in California, mother begged the company to send us West to the California studio. So they did, and they decided to make an expert horsewoman of me. I guess they did; anyhow Tom thinks there isn't anything I can't do in that line."

And right here enter Tom Mix, hero of this romance.



Mrs. Tom Mix—Victoria Forde—is just the right proportion of pep and feminine allurements.

When Eugenie Forde reached the West she became a member of Tom Mix's company.

"We arrived in Los Angeles one hot afternoon," said Mrs. Mix, "and I didn't think I should like it so very well. Mother went right over to the studio, but I stayed at home to fix things up a bit for her. She came home that night tired and hot. I was making tea for her. 'What did you do, mother?' I asked. 'Why,' she answered right out of the blue, 'I'm going to be Tom Mix's leading woman!' Was I thrilled? Say, I nearly dropped the teapot! Even if I had recovered from my first girlish crush, contracted when I was at the hero-worshipping age, I had never ceased admiring him, and here he was, right in the family, so to speak.

"It was early on the following Christmas morning that mother spoke up and said: 'Tom Mix seems a little bit lonely. I think I'll invite him over for Christmas dinner.'

"Well, I was so thrilled I couldn't eat a bite! I had never met him yet, though I had seen him at a distance over at the studio. You can imagine whether I put on my prettiest dress or not, and whether I didn't try to manage so I'd sit beside him at dinner. But, alas! mother had a little ingénue for his dinner partner. And then afterward, when he did come and sit down beside me, I was so shy I couldn't talk. He rambled along the way he does, and I just smiled and blushed and said 'Uh-huh,' and other brilliant things. After dinner there was a Christmas tree, and on that tree was my first present from Tom. It was a bottle of perfume.

"No, I don't remember the first thing we said to each other. Tom has those talkative eyes, you see, and I think we just made eyes at each other across the table. I remember the ingénue acted peevish."

He used to call often on Vicky Forde after that, and by and by she became his leading woman in Tom's Selig wild-West company. Their first picture together, oddly enough, was titled, "Weary Went A-Wooing." By that time Tom was very much in love with Vicky, he says.

"Tom had been something of a woman hater for a long time," Vicky went on, "but he and I used to go out together like good pals. He had just secured his divorce, and he was very careful and very nice about going around with me, telling my mother all about his affairs and asking her if she thought it was all right for him to take me about a little. Mother often went with us."

At that moment Tom Mix came in. We had heard him tramping upstairs the back way, presumably to tidy up a bit for tea. Not that a strong man like Tom ever really contracted the tea habit. He just goes through the motions sometimes to please his wife. He had been out in his garage—which, by the way, is as large as the house—working on one of his cars and on a story at the same time. Whenever Tom wants to work out a knotty point in a story he goes out and crawls under that old car with some tools, whether there's anything the matter with it or not. He looks up and tinkers, gets all covered with oil, and comes out full of dirt and ideas.

Tom is just a big boy, with a boy's frankness and a boy's shyness, but he didn't mind at all our talking his romance over.

"Y' see, the way I happened to start going with Vicky here," he began seriously, "was because she was going with somebody I thought she oughtn't to be seen with——" Tom was dead serious, looking into the fire, and I glanced over at Vicky. Her face told me nothing; but I've a suspicion that maybe Miss Vicky, being a regular daughter of Eve, played that up strong at the time, especially in light of her confession that she had always been in love with Tom. He's a fine sort, is Tom, a real defender of women, outside pictures as well as in them. He has always kept a clean and gallant attitude toward women. Maybe

Continued on page 102

The New Star Shower

Some observations on its causes, and a glimpse at the players fair and fierce who make up the deluge. Between the lines you may find hidden a yardstick with which to gauge the depth and potency of parts of this shower.

By Gordon Gassaway

OLD friends are best, they say, and an old friend has come back in the cinema world. It is the star system.

Star dust allowed to collect on studio shelves, so to speak, while "imminent" authors and "big stories" and all-star casts cut sportive capers in the public eye, without attracting any noticeable attention, has been stirred into the atmosphere as never before in the heyday of the system.

Twinkling, twinkling little stars, for long we've wondered how you are, and now to brighten the New Year comes the star shower in a brilliant, blinding array of new names to be loved and coddled or cast aside, as the case may be.

New names? There are scores of them. Some of them we have waited eagerly to see in the ranks of stardom and others that have been illuminated almost overnight we question—"Who is she?" and "Who is he?" What is their pedigree? Why are they starred?

Cullen Landis, Marie Prevost, Lloyd Hughes, Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Jewel Carmen, and Jack Holt are some of the leading men and women, long familiar on the screen, whom we have expected to be starred lo! these many moons, and it is like old-home week to welcome them in all their starring brilliance. But these are only the beginning. In a sort of glorified Milky Way the shower comes on apace. There come Barbara Bedford, "Lefty" Flynn, Jack Gilbert, and Johnny Walker. Although we might have expected it of Johnny after his sterling characterization in "Over the Hill." Here come Madge Bellamy, Mary Philbin, Diana Allen, Gareth Hughes, May McAvoy, Richard Dix, and Helene Chadwick. We aren't quite so homy with these last—but we are willing, and want to be. We look in vain for the name of Monte Blue in the star shower, but it is not



Photo by Koshir

Two triumphs account for Gareth Hughes being made a Metro star, his work in "The Chorus Girl's Romance" and "Sentimental Tommy."

there. Mr. Lasky did not keep his promise.

Glance back, for a moment, through the threshold of the past year. It was only a short twelvemonth ago that the prognosticators of the projection rooms said: "Down with the stars—bring on your eminent authors and all-star casts and feature stories, but the day of the star is over." Was it over? Not on your celluloid! What followed the determination on the part of the producers to do away with the system which made the motion-picture industry famous—the great star system? Theaters, in the summer of 1921—the early slump period—went into a state of vacuum. Empty seats greeted the best efforts of the best book writers and play makers in the land. Even "good" stories failed to pack 'em in, as had been prognosticated. A few sporadic efforts on the part of a few isolated companies were made to create new stars between January and June—but they were very few.

"The author's the thing!" continued to be the cry—until New York theaters, and others throughout the land, forced to abandon their large orchestras at high prices, in order to cut down expenses to meet the exigencies of empty houses, wondered how long they could remain open.

Then, as the summer sun waxed and waned, one at a pop, and sometimes two or three at a pop, the shining faces of new stars, some unheard of before, began to dot the cerulean blue—indigo blue in some parts—of the cinema sky. Now we are in the midst of the world's greatest shower of stars. Halley's Comet, should it suddenly reappear, would feel lonely and neglected in the midst of all this brilliance.

Of what stuff are stars made? In the days of the ascendancy of Florence Lawrence, John Bunny—blessed

The New Star Shower

be his memory—Arthur Johnson, Florence Turner, King Baggot, and others who ushered in the original star idea, producers and the makers of pictures in general, found out that what the public wanted was concentration of affection. The public loves to love, and it has not learned to worship in the abstract. Personality is the thing. In the early days it was guided in worship of personalities by shrewd advertising. Not the adoration of authors or stories or spectacles, but of familiar faces on the screen. Those who achieved stardom achieved it because the public evinced its liking of them by saying so at the box office. The early stars were loved for themselves alone and not because of the stories in which they appeared nor because of the men or women who wrote those stories. The face on the screen took the cooky. But in those days stars were not made overnight. It took months, and even years, for enough star dust to accumulate to make one good star.

To-day new stars are apparently being hatched in steam-heated brooders. A majority of them are hot-house products. Star dust is amalgamated with another element. What is that element?

Who is that clean-cut youth playing the son? Who is that vivacious girl playing the maid? A rustling of programs throughout the house or a question at the box office, as in days of old, announces the dawn of public interest in a new personality. That is the legitimate conception of a star.

Nowadays a star is often "made" in the projection room. His work in some studio "special" or in a commonplace picture is observed by the powers that be even before the picture is released, and the decision to star them is arrived at. The public, in this case, has no voice in the matter. In the rush to get a player in the present star shower this was true in many instances. Sometimes a single feature picture was sufficient to incubate a star.

"Over the Hill" brought out Johnny Walker. In that case there was a rustling of programs, and the public inquired: "Who is the boy?" Instead of "*cherchez la femme*," good old French detective phrase, it is

"Find the star!"—good old American phrase. "Sentimental Tommy" incubated May McAvoy into stardom.

Gareth Hughes was made because of his appealing work in "The Chorus Girl's Romance," with Viola Dana. Consequently he was selected to play the part of *Sentimental Tommy*, the Barrie figurine, and his success as a star was cinched. Agnes Ayres achieved her present stellar brilliance because of her work under Cecil B. De Mille in "Forbidden Fruit," howbeit she had appeared on the screen for some time previous to that.

A case of a "projection-room-made" star is that of Miss DuPont—Margaret Armstrong, if it interests you to know it—of Universal. Her work in "Foolish Wives," which was a year in the making and during which time she really served her star's apprenticeship, if the element of time counts for anything, was the determining factor in the minds of the Universal City executives who watched the rushes of the picture as Von Stroheim ran them off week after week.

Diana Allen, whom Selznick hails as another Olive Thomas, might also be classified as a projection-room star. Madge Bellamy was taken direct from the New

York stage, incubated on the Ince lot, and thrust into stardom because her work at once showed up well in the projection coop.

But Doris May, Marie Prevost, Jack Holt, Cullen Landis, Lloyd Hughes, and Richard Barthelmess have been near-stars for some time. It took only the slump of 1921, and the producers' wild efforts to get out of it, to put them over the top. Doris May was divorced from the team of MacLean and May on the Ince circuit when it was decided to star Douglas MacLean. Miss May was too distractingly attractive to have in juxtaposition to Doug, so out she went. Marie Prevost, for a number of years a Mack Sennett water baby, was grabbed by Universal on account of her winsomeness as well as her popularity. Her history, however, does not dovetail with that of Betty Compson or Gloria Swanson, other water babies taken out of slapstick and put into drama through their work in a single serious picture such as Miss Compson's in "The Miracle Man." Jack Holt has for years been a sterling prop on the Lasky lot when a real he-hero was needed as leading man. His growth to popularity in fan land was slow

and, according to Jesse Lasky, sure, like that of Thomas Meighan. Cullen Landis for some time has been the enigma of the studios. Under contract to Goldwyn, he has been nearly featured and nearly starred for so long that, in his case at least, I think the public has actually expressed impatience at the delay in starring him. The enigma resulted from the wonderment at this delay. But it must be remembered that Goldwyn has been the foremost proponent of the "boosting the author" game, and all players were held back while the "imminent" authors on the lot were pushed forward. Now, with the starring of Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, and Landis, it looks as though the author system had been rained under, so far as Goldwyn is concerned, by the star shower. Every picture in which Landis has appeared has strengthened his following, but it was in "It's a Great Life," written by one of Goldwyn's pet authors, Mary Roberts Rinehart, that he indicated to the world, at

least, that he could hold his own in the shower.

Lloyd Hughes, once a butcher's delivery boy in Los Angeles, knocking at my back door, plugged his way to stardom through the extra ranks. He wasn't as rank as some of the others, and got his big chance in "Below the Surface," with Hobart Bosworth. There was a tentative effort to feature him by Mr. Ince, whose banner had waved red whenever the star system was mentioned and who held out for "all-star casts," but who has changed the color of the flag to white and capitulated along with the rest of them. This was in "Home Folks." Hughes has "that something" which Cullen Landis also has that makes stars out of nebulae.

Helene Chadwick is not an incubator baby. She has appeared in several successful Goldwyn pictures, notably of late with Richard Dix, who, by the way, graduated into pictures from the same Los Angeles stock company which gave Douglas MacLean and Warner Baxter to a waiting world. Dix himself was star material from the first, on account of his winning smile and his manly appearance. He will prove to be a knock-'em-dead hero.

Continued on page 90

DO YOU KNOW THE STARS?

A silk-shod leading woman, framed in luxury, so impressed her glowing charm upon the public that it demanded stardom for her.

A simple little girl, untrained, was made a star before the public ever saw her, because her work in her first picture so pleased the officials of the company she worked for.

A boy rose to stardom almost overnight because of his lovable portrayal in a single picture.

Other stars—other histories, but all have won the goal of stardom through some rare, ingratiating trait.

Do you know these new stars? Have you watched their progress? Don't you want to know more about them? They are the new candidates who may displace old favorites in your hearts.

Here it is—the story of new stars. Do you think they will supplant the old ones in your favor?



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

PROMINENT in the star shower is Jewel Carmen, an old favorite who too long has been absent from the screen. Roland West's "Nobody," a First National picture reintroduced her to the fans.



JACK HOLT for years has been a sterling prop on the Lasky lot when a real he-hero was needed as leading man. "The Call of the North," introduces him as a Paramount star.

Photo by Evans



Photo by Clarence S. Ball

"LEFTY" FLYNN, as a star in the Fox fold is a special production graduate, since he was chosen as worthy of honor because he acquitted himself so well in "The Last Trail."



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

MAY MACAVOY proved her fitness for stardom in "Sentimental Tommy," and in spite of poor pictures has achieved a tremendous following in her Realart releases.



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

HELENE CHADWICK emerged into stardom slowly in spite of splendid work, for she was allied with Goldwyn, the most conspicuous discourager of the star system.



STARDOM for Agnes Ayres came as a surprise to no one who had seen her splendid work as a leading woman in Paramount pictures. "The Lane that Has No Turning," marks her début as a star.

Photo by Edward Theyer Mearns



Photo by Edward Tayer Monroe

MARIE PREVOST, for a number of years a Sennett water baby, was made a star by Universal because of her winsomeness and popularity. "Moonlight Follies," was her first star picture.



GLORIA SWANSON had so long enjoyed the popularity of a star through her work in De Millie specials that her transition to actual stardom in "The Great Moment," was hardly noticeable. But even so, the Swanson lot has not been a perfect one as she tells you in the interview on the opposite page.

Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Gloria, Ltd.

Gloria Swanson claims that her repertoire is restricted to the limits of her wardrobe.

By Malcolm Oettinger

MOST of the far-away film fair become prosaic maids and matrons when they leave the glamour of Hollywood studios to shop in the East. Mary Minter is an average girl with decidedly more than average looks; Elsie Ferguson is a New Yorker, poised and calculating, as is Madame Manhattan herself; Alice Brady is an industrious professional woman; Marjorie Daw is a flapper, quieter than most, but of the boarding-school pattern. And so, as Ethel Sands would verify, they go.

It is, therefore, with something of the light of discovery in his eyes that this chronicler hastens to record the discovery of a star who toes the mark set by tradition, convention, and imagination, a star who looks like a star, and who, willy-nilly, carries the part from the studio to the suite.

The stellar prima donna hailed with this flourish of trumpets is the decorative motif of De Mille's purple-lined-plush opera, the newly crested star of the bizarre, empress of modes, Gloria Swanson. There is more than a little æsthetic pleasure in meeting such a woman. Her beauty is comparable to that of gleaming Sauterne, cool, smooth, and possessed of a distinctly tingling quality that renders it all the more memorable. In gazing upon it you achieve a sensation similar to the one you enjoy upon envisaging a Maxfield Parrish landscape, an Urban setting, a Dulac canvas—colorful all. Add to these inanimate riots of radiance the attributes of graceful motion, swimming movement, and a not unintellectual outlook on life, and you will have a hazy idea of the Swanson in the flesh.

She is of the Ritz Ritzy, and it was entirely in keeping with her personality to hold court high in the gilded pile bearing that standardized name. Hers is not the hauteur of upstage aristocracy, hers not the regal manner in any way, but about her there is an unmistakable



Gloria Swanson is a star who toes the mark set by tradition, convention, and imagination; a star who looks like a star, and who, willy-nilly, carries the part from the studio to the suite.

air, an atmosphere of *chic*, of smartness, of that *je ne sais qua* that might make the passer-by stop to stare.

She loves luxury and ease and soft, smooth things and beauty. Hers is an epicurean philosophy, a leaf lifted practically *in toto* from the "Book of Omar." In Hollywood, she told me, her dressing room was done especially for her, in purple and green and ivory. Striped taffeta curtains, floor cushions, a Victrola so constructed as to permit its designer—Gloria—to remove records from the cabinet without stooping.

Fifth Avenue had been her playground immediately prior to my intrusion. As I had entered the hotel another taxi had preceded me, stopping abruptly to disgorge a hurrying figure in tweeds, who slid past me, scurried into the lobby, and boarded the ascending lift just before I faced the closed door. There had been something familiar about the figure; when I faced

her, in the Swanson suite, two minutes later, I found that it was Gloria herself! The *svelte señorita* of the silk-lined cinema sermon in—*tweeds!*

She was flushed and smiling as she greeted me. We were both fifteen minutes late. She had been shopping, she explained, had hurried so, was fatigued, hadn't troubled to change her costume, hoped that I wouldn't mind. All this with a smile that left destruction in its wake. Then she sat on one of the Ritz's gilt chairs without looking like a transient sitter—which in itself was art—and talked of the theater, of men, of Hollywood, of dinner guests, of Broadway, and, of course, of clothes. Who could engage in conversation with this serenade in satin without alluding to—aye, dilating upon—clothes?

"There may be some grounds for questioning whether clothes make the man," she said, "but I think every one will admit that they do make the woman. I claim no

credit for acting. Clothes make me act. I never rehearse in street clothes—it is for me a waste of time, because I feel no sympathy with the part unless I am dressed for the part. I do not mean that I must be 'dressed up' to feel the urge. - But if I am to do a gypsy I must wear gypsy rags. Clothes are everything."

Rarely enough, she assured me, does she venture into the public highway attired in tweeds—severe tweeds, as she pointed out. People expect so much of her, know so much of her sartorial exploits on the screen, that it has become imperative for her to live up to the reputation, to some extent, off the silver sheet.

"When I go to the theater I am pointed out as Gloria Swanson and stared at. Knowing that this will happen, I must prepare as best I can for the battery of eyes, a far more critical battery, I might say, than the cameras. If I were to affect simple things, people would be disappointed and perhaps steer clear of my pictures."

"Does it annoy you," I wondered aloud, "to have the great American public stare at you wherever you may happen to be? Or does it weary you? Or thrill you?"

She considered, with a diplomatic frown troubling her face.

"I like it, I think," she said. "And then again, it's rather embarrassing. In restaurants, for instance. No one looks her best, you know, eating spaghetti. Or corn on the cob. And I love both."

And while on the subject, it is interesting, as a matter of incongruity, to note that this exotic, orchid woman orders instantaneously, before anything else on the teagram, fudge sundae with vanilla cream. That, believe it or not, is the Swanson special. Where, as a matter of fact, she *should* like baked Alaska with sherry, or biscuit Tortoni served to an accompaniment of muted violins.

Manfully I continued to ask her about clothes. I knew that the world wanted to know everything she thought about them—and why.

"Well," she said, after answering the phone and receiving some flowers and passing me some Havana perfectos, "I should like to do pictures that have lots of costuming and heart appeal besides, punch and patterns combined. I realize that clothes make me what I am, and I dread, at the same time, becoming a mannequin sort of actress. So there you are. I want a happy combination."

In Elinor Glyn's original cellulogend, "The Great Moment," this wish was realized, and yet, says Gloria, the more she sees the picture the less enthusiastic she becomes over it. "Notwithstanding the fact that was just made to order for me."

Mothers all over the country have seen their daughters "doing a Swanson" before the mirrors, heels high, coiffure higher, lips red, cheeks redder. And I asked the cause of it all whether or not she felt guilty.

She laughed artlessly, and waved it aside with a slim, white hand that wafted a gentle perfume toward me.

"Forgive us, for we know not what we do!" she exclaimed. "If youngsters shouldn't see such things, let their mothers censor the plays they go to see. My particular pictures have, in most cases, depended upon the extremity of my styles—Mr. De Mille used that as a basis for the 'Why Change' series, you know."

Mr. De Mille incidentally is the Swanson ideal in directors—the last word in screen dictators. It was Cecil who lifted her from the rut of Triangle society stuff, so-called, to introduce her as the velvet note in his luxurious celluloid symphonies. And it was this same puttee czar of the vacillating photos who decreed that she had attained to eminence befitting the rank of She didn't want to be a star.

"First of all, there's the responsibility. I'm not ac-

customed to it. When I used to appear in the De Mille productions, everything was done to make them perfect. Time and energy and labor were expended like water. Now I'm a star, working on program schedule, holding up the heavy end of each picture. Do you realize that when you're a star the success of the picture depends upon you?" She looked at me searchingly as she asked the question. I admitted that I hadn't given the matter much thought. "Well, I hadn't either before I became a star. And I can't say that it's a bed of roses, the star's life. Doing specials was much more fun!"

After doing her second stellar story, "Under the Lash," she was glad to be pressed into service again by De Mille, who cast her in a feature boasting the presence of Wally Reid and Elliott Dexter and Theodore Roberts and Agnes Ayres in its roster. This studded cast completed a picture play that is as yet untitled. Elliott Dexter is the Swanson choice for the ideal opposite, from an acting point of view. And among the women, she feels that Norma Talmadge leads the field.

Suddenly she removed her round beaver hat, striking in its simplicity. She pressed her hands to her temples.

"I've been shopping so long. The models simply bored me. I could have shrieked at them, strutting round and round in front of me."

I smiled tolerantly. This was the star's prerogative. To shriek at the shadow of ennui drifting over her. Her eyes flared angrily as she read my thoughts.

"But I am *not* temperamental. I don't lose my temper for no reason at all. There is nothing petty about my feeling for things or against them. I've always been accused of being temperamental, and I resent it. Temperament is simply a softer word for temper. Every one loses his temper occasionally; let an actress do it once and she is branded as being temperamental."

I hastened to assure her that she impressed me as being anything but temperamental. And, as you would have done under the circumstances, I lied.

"Away from the studio," she said, changing to a more placid subject, "I forget my screen self and try to be domestic. I can't putter round the kitchen, but I adore my baby, and I loathe the thought of dragging her into the limelight of publicity. If she decides, some years from now, that she wants to be an actress, I won't attempt to dissuade her, but I certainly will not put her before the camera as an infant, before she is able to decide for herself."

Proof of her sincerity may readily be found upon reviewing the files of the picture magazines; no shots of Gloria's baby are to be found in any of them.

"At times," she went on, "I confess I feel like a feminine Jekyll and Hyde, but it has worked out perfectly so far—this studio self a different person than the home self. No actress can continue to be an actress in her own home, and still be successful there as a mother. She must have two sides—and more."

While she talked I found myself saying, "This is her actress side. I am seeing her public self." Even in simple tweeds she suggested the screen celebrity. Minus all of her silver-sheet trappings, still she carried a note of acting that would not be denied.

"When you are at home," I asked, "how—just how do you act? What do you wear? Are you—*different*?"

She looked at me, and her smile might have been flooding me from the elevation of a theater proscenium, so detached, so pictorially perfect was it. And before she spoke I knew what she was going to say.

"When I'm at home," she repeated, her smile persisting, but her eyes looking past me, into a Hollywood bungalow perhaps, "when I'm at home—I'm at home."

Which undoubtedly meant that when she is at home she is *not* being interviewed.

Here's to the Brave

A story for the cynics and the wise ones who know that dangerous scenes are always played by "doubles" and that accidents in pictures are never real.

By Helen Christine Bennett

LADIES and gentlemen, stars of the screen, I apologize! For years I have sat in my comfortable seat in the orchestra and smiled knowingly, even with a bit of a sneer, when a thrilling scene and a hairbreadth escape were shown. Somewhere down in my smug consciousness there registered the comforting thought:

"Faked. Of course there isn't an atom of risk in it."

And all these years I have cheated you of your due. For I am one of those who are lost in admiration at the intrepid explorer, the daring engineer, the pioneer who goes into the unknown and risks his life—to give the world something new. And all these years I might have ranked you along with these—if I had only known.

It isn't wholly my fault. For my sneers blame the press. Who started it I don't know, but after reading time after time of fakes, double exposures, and various kinds of make-believes, I, with no doubt thousands of other motion-picture attendants, got the idea that the precious lives of the stars were guarded religiously, and that some poor soul unknown took any risk, if there was any, said risk being minimized in the extreme. And now, after six months about the studios, I take it all back. I have seen men and women risking life and limb and nervous system in the most extraordinary ways, and these people were not acrobats or athletes, but just plain actors and actresses taking the risk as a part of the day's work. I found out a part of this when I went on the trail of the animals in the pictures, but I never got a full realization of it until one afternoon, as Mr. Fairbanks was showing me the sets for "The Three Musketeers," he said casually:

"I carry Miss de la Motte all over those roofs."

I looked at the roofs,

and then hastily back at Fairbanks. The rest of the world calls him Doug, but as a matter of distinction, I being the only human being left to do it, I insist on calling him by the surname.

"Over those steep things?" I asked incredulously.

Fairbanks nodded, and began explaining with his usual energy. I never saw any one with as much energy as he possesses; it runs out all the time, as if from some inexhaustible spring. I wish he could bottle the overflow and sell it; I'd be a steady customer.

"I get her over my shoulder," he said, "and run down there, and there, and get into the window there."

"Yes," I echoed, looking at the roofs. Steep? My word on it, they were little precipices of tile, red curved tile. Now I suppose that if I had seen that picture I would have registered in my smug consciousness the fact that the roofs were probably near the ground when the picture was taken, and that after the negative was superimposed on another of the houses and that every one was comfortably safe all the time. Yes, and thousands of others believe the same thing or the same kind of thing.

When I next cornered Mr. Fairbanks he was making up, right on the set, and he talked while applying powder and rouge, and at the same time some assistant painted ghastly looking wounds down his right arm.

"Tell me the biggest hazard you ever undertook," I demanded.


"Oh, I don't know," he said. Then he reached out his left hand and lifted a sword from his table, handing it over to me.

"That's about as big as any," he said "Look at the tip. It's guarded, but the blade is as sharp as ever."

I examined the sword. It had a gluey substance covering the tip for perhaps an inch, and the blade was, as he said, sharp.

"I tell you," he went on, "in 'The Molly-coddle,' in that tank with the fishes, I had an experience. The first time I went down one of those big yellowfins, weighing about seventy pounds, objected to my coming and swung his tail around, hitting me in the side of the face and head. I

was so dizzy that for five minutes I had no idea of anything, and it wasn't any too safe a



About as big a risk as any Douglas Fairbanks has ever taken occurs in every scene in "The Three Musketeers" where he carries his sharp-bladed sword.



Monte Blue is often the victim of mishaps; this scene from "Something to Think About" was a particularly trying one.

place to get dizzy in. But all I do is what any man can do if he keeps fit."

I am quoting Fairbanks because he is echoed in substance by all the other stars. You can't get them to admit risk, no wonder. If they ever admitted it, they might not be able to carry on. Fairbanks won't have a double because he says it's bad psychologically. If he once let up he might let up too often. For the same reason he sets himself a stunt each day, something new, something difficult, something untried. If you want to know the risk actors and actresses run, the real hazards of the game, go to the onlookers, who can let their nerves run riot, not having to keep up their courage.

All the onlookers in the Famous Players-Lasky studios still thrill when they tell you about the making of "Male and Female," a Cecil De Mille picture. Risk after risk, danger after danger was encountered by the actors in this picture. Gloria Swanson and Thomas Meighan taking the biggest, from being pounded on rocks in a wild surf to intimacies with lions and leopards that bring a lump in your throat. "Male and Female" involved the wrecking of a yacht and the lives of the people who were wrecked on a tropic island. A model of a real yacht was used, and it was planned to have Meighan stay on the deck until the last moment. It was also planned to wreck the yacht on a particular rock out in the surf off Santa Cruz. She was to strike and hold for some minutes before she keeled over, and during those minutes Meighan was to swim to shore. It's a bad shore off Santa Cruz, rocky and wild, and Meighan, though a good swimmer, took quite a chance of being pounded, even if the thing had gone off as planned. But it didn't. The yacht, driven by an unexpected wave, struck the rock on the side and turned instant. Meighan, quick-witted, ran across the deck

and dived just in time. Only the twenty rescuers appointed to watch didn't know he was in time, and out from the shore they all went, hunting Meighan, who finally fought his way to shore unaided, battered some, and utterly disgusted because his would-be savers had ruined a part of the film. That part was never shown. Neither was it retaken. All the members of that yachting party had to get out into the roaring surf and fight their way to shore.

"I remember," said Al Wilkie, assistant director at Lasky's as he went over the story, "that Gloria Swanson lost a lot of valuable skin that day. And bruised! Well, they were all pretty well done up."

But this is only the beginning. Farther along in the picture Gloria had to act in a scene where a lion drew his paw along her bare back. And it was not double exposure; it was a real lion. Gloria's real back, and real throughout. I think of all the scenes I ever heard of this took the biggest amount of real nerve. Gloria had to turn her back to the lion and stay

perfectly still during the rehearsal of the scene as well as the scene itself. The lion, of course a "good" lion as lions go, came in with his trainer, and was coaxed to put his paw on a cloth laid on Gloria's back. He did this until he got used to it, and then the trainer whisked the cloth away and the paw came down on the bare skin. The whole studio held its breath. No one knows what Gloria did, and she won't tell, but every one is certain she prayed. There were men about, to be sure, with guns, but who stood the chance, the lion or the gun, of getting there first? Not daunted by this, the director staged a third miracle in a leopard scene. Gloria, as *Lady Mary* picking figs in the wilderness, is approached by a leopard. Tommy Meighan, appearing, kills the leopard and flings it down beside *Lady Mary* and proceeds to declare his love. The leopard was a real leopard and appeared. Tommy appeared to kill it, and a dummy was substituted for Tommy to carry and fling down by Gloria. But the stuffed leopard looked stuffed; it wouldn't hang limp like a freshly killed leopard ought. Somebody had an inspiration.

"Why not chloroform the leopard, and then Meighan could carry it?" But nobody knew how much chloroform a leopard could take and still live, and the trainer objected mightily to having his trained leopard killed, and the studio didn't want to pay for killing a trained leopard anyhow; they are very valuable and expensive products. Well, there was a long discussion. Finally a man who had been a nurse of some kind during the war and who was now helping in the mechanical end at the studio offered his services. He measured out the dose, and the trainer held the sponge to the nose of the obedient leopard. Mr. Leopard amiably went to sleep. When he seemed deep enough in slumber Meighan grabbed him, hoisted him on his back, and

carried him out to the waiting Gloria. He flung the leopard down—and the big cat, jerked out of slumber by the fall, came up spitting and snarling and going for Meighan. The trainer jumped in, and there was a very nice five minutes for everybody. After which, believe me or not, they applied a bigger dose of chloroform, and Meighan did it all over again. This time the leopard did not wake up!

In an Ince production to be released this fall, called "The Cup of Life," Hobart Bosworth added another chapter of daring to a long history of risks. Bosworth fought a live shark under fifteen feet of water. To take the picture, the camera men were sent down in a glass diving bell. The battle was staged off Catalina and the shark was a real shark. To make certain Bosworth would win the battle the shark was harnessed with wires and his movements were supposed to be under control from above, but he was able to swim freely and to put plenty of action into the fight. Bosworth had to dive a number of times before he could, without too much danger, get near enough to the huge fish to plunge a long knife into the monster and dispatch him. Nobody having tried harnessing a shark in wires before, it was of course problematical just how the harness would work, whether it would hold or break, and just how Bosworth would come out.

"The Old Nest," a current release of Goldwyn's, written by Rupert Hughes, is a homy type of story which would not suggest that any great risks were to be taken. But in two instances women took very real ones. Helene Chadwick, standing with her sweetheart on the vestibule of a railroad train, is jerked almost out by the sudden jolting of the train. The man with her grasps her by one arm and pulls her in. This happened just as stated; the train was real and the jerk was real. The jerk came at a particular point on the track, and at this point to protect Miss Chadwick, in case her rescuer didn't act promptly, was stretched a kind of net of canvas to receive her. But—suppose she fell to the right or left of this small affair? In the same picture Mary Alden, the mother, dreams of falling from a precipice. In order to get her facial expressions during this fall Miss Alden was held high in the air in all kinds of positions. They arranged for her a belt, placed under her clothing, and this was affixed to a wooden piece which swung on a pivot so that she could be whirled round much as

a wheel of chance is whirled. Attached to this, she was held from five to ten minutes at a time forty feet in the air in all conceivable positions—upright, on one side, the other, and on her head. After standing on her head—so to speak—in air for five minutes she would begin to cry, "Up—let me up," and when she got up she was limp indeed. If you see the picture you will know why those expressions of Miss Alden depict genuine fear and agony. As for risk, there was a net under her, in case the apparatus broke, but the main risk was to her nervous system.

When Johnny Bowers was acting in "The Sky Pilot," written by Ralph Connors and produced by King Vidor, he was asked if he cared to risk the great scene where the hero turns aside a cattle stampede and saves both himself and the prostrate girl he loves from being trampled to death. The producers were willing to provide a double who would take the risk, but Bowers thought it over and declined.

"I'm so dead tired of being an ice-cream hero, I'd take any risk," he decided.

A ranchman furnished the cattle for the stampede. Driven from behind, the cattle thundered toward him, heads lowered. If he could stop them and turn them to one side, he was safe. He had his hat, and nothing else. And with this and his arms he beat them in the faces as they came, so that they turned off just as the book had planned, leaving him safe. When the picture, or rather this part of it, was done the ranchman came up to Bowers.

"Young man," he said, "I don't know whether you're the bravest man alive or—you don't know a—thing about cattle!"

"Gently reader," to quote H. C. Witwer, I have just discovered that I am three quarters through the space allotted for this article. And I assure you I sit here, panting with tales, just aching to tell you them all. For to me they are really truly marvels, and I have for the people who take these risks the most genuine and deep admiration. After all, like the explorer, the engineer, and the man who pioneers in the wilderness, they have an object. To keep a picture faithful, they risk life and limb. That comes perilously near being a real respect for art. But before I have to stop, and I only hope you are as sorry as I am, I want to tell you how some of the things you and I, in our



It was Gloria Swanson herself who let the lion draw his paw across her back in "Male and Female."



Helene Chadwick almost had to fall from a train for a scene in "The Old Nest," and she ran a real risk in doing it.

comfortable seats, never dreamed could be dangerous often are.

Guns—how many of them have we seen go off in motion pictures? And loaded with blanks, of course. But if you get a blank in your face it is pretty bad, not quite as bad as a bullet, but bad nevertheless. Actors are supposed to shoot to one side, but—and here is the *greatest hazard of all motion-picture acting*—many of them are so excited, carried away by the scene, that they forget and shoot right at the object they are supposed to shoot at. In "Manhattan Madness," Fairbanks was supposed to chase a villain who turned and shot him in the face. The pistol was loaded with blanks, and the villain knew how to shoot, but lost his head and shot straight at Fairbanks. The flash hit Fairbanks in the eye, and it was a question for some days whether he would lose that eye or not.

Take fights. Most of the fights staged are real fights, and often the actors are badly injured. They take that risk when they fight, and they know it. For this reason fights are always left until the last thing in making a picture, because the combatants may be so done up that they cannot appear for a week. Will Rogers and Lefty Flynn had an honest-

to-goodness fight in "Doubling for Romeo," in which one of Flynn's hits on Rogers' jaw knocked Rogers ten feet. Recovering, Rogers jumped on Flynn's back and

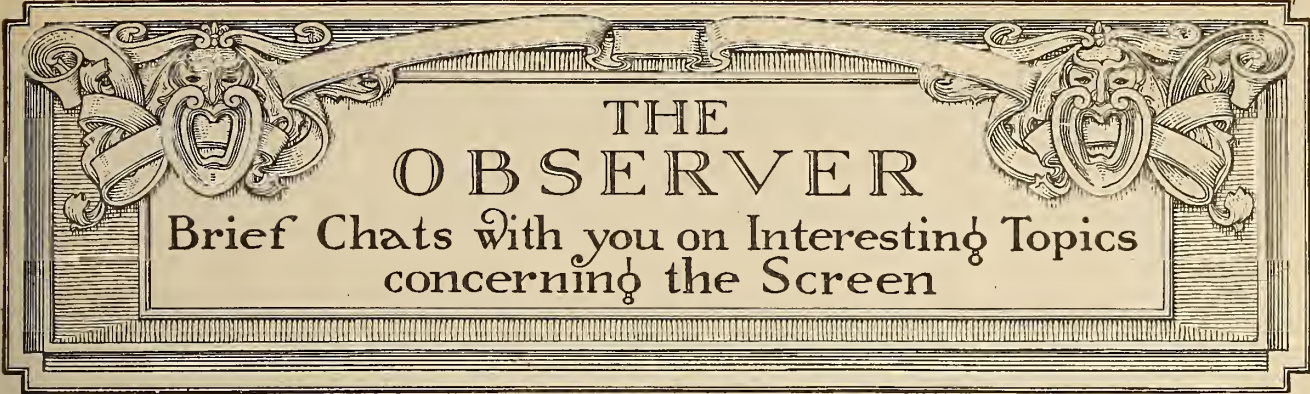
proceeded to get even by pounding him. They were both so beaten up at the end of the battle that retirement from pictures for several days was advisable. In another scene in "The Cup of Life," Hobart Bosworth, fighting with Niles Welch, hit the floor instead of Niles. The blow broke three bones in Bosworth's hand.

Riot scenes are often so real that extras lose their heads entirely. In one riot scene in which Monte Blue played some one, in an attempt at realism, suggested that a real policeman be employed to act. The policeman was supposed to tap Monte lightly on the head with his club, and Monte was to go down and out. When the time came, the policeman, a real one, was so wrought up by the scene and the acting that he came down with a real wallop and Monte went down—and completely out, with a broken skull. After that he spent six weeks in a hospital. In "The Sea Wolf," by Jack London, Noah Beery was supposed to be hit over the head with a bottle. Now for this purpose there is a stage property bottle made largely of

Continued on page 99



Automobile accidents are commonplace in serials, but they never become commonplace to the driver of the car in such a scene as this one.



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

A Plea for Lowbrows

This editorial is going to get us into a lot of trouble. It is going to expose the facts about The Observer's mind, so he probably will be shunned from now on by all decent folks. Respectable

women will draw aside as he passes, young people will point their fingers at him, and those who have the time and the postage will write letters to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE and demand that he be fired at once.

But The Observer's conscience won't let him be a hypocrite. If it is wrong to expose his innermost thoughts in all their nakedness—so be it.

Here's the blow-off.

The Observer is getting fully fed up with highbrow pictures. He is becoming weary of beautiful photography. He snores at fine sets and gorgeous costumes. A crowd of ten thousand extras carrying spears excites him no more than a dish of mush and milk.

The motion picture is getting wishy-washy, literary, educational, inspiring—something you "ought" to see. And we never yet had a good time seeing something we ought to.

The time has come for frank talk—and we believe we have a lot of folks on our side. The Observer believes that the motion-picture producers are trying too hard to make pictures for the folks that seldom come to see the shows and that they are forgetting the regular fans.

More pep, say we!

More guns, more detective stories, more red-hot love stories, more thrills, spine-tingling thrills, thrills that make you grab your girl's arm and gasp—action, drama, punch, galloping horses, mortgages, fires, sudden deaths, suspense, suspense, and *more suspense!*

Do you get what we mean?

The motion picture is getting too darned nice and refined.

"Go to the serial," you'll say.

We don't want just serials, either. We want the gosh-darnedest drama that anybody can give us, well done. We're not crying for crudity, but we are yelling for something to happen in the picture shows.

The producers are afraid of the boggy "old stuff." They're afraid some one will say the motion picture isn't advancing.

If the producers will take the time to investigate they will find that the fellows whose advice they have been heeding are the people who don't go to a motion-picture theater once in six months.

Let Paramount make more "Great Moments" and fewer "Sentimental Tommys." Let Norma Talmadge do more like "The Sign on the Door." The critics will yell about the stuff being inartistic—but *the crowds will go.*

Give us something to feel and less to see.

That's our story and we'll stick to it.

We Don't Need Some- thing New

Perhaps the ambition of the motion-picture producers to seek for something new should be lauded and such searching will do no harm, provided they don't find it.

The public, as a matter of fact, does not demand new stuff. In fiction the same old love story goes best. On the stage the most successful plays are not novelties. The circuses have found that the public wants the same sort of a circus year after year.

Our advice to writers is worthless, but we give it just the same. If we were writing scenarios we would not try for new ideas. We would, rather, try to handle an old idea better than it had ever been handled before.

And if you must know, that's the hardest thing in the writing business. Shakespeare, as we remember it, is about the best exponent of this plan. He took old stuff and doctored it up, but he was a right smart doctor.

Pola Again

We have seen the gorgeous Pola Negri in "One Arabian Night," and in spite of protesting letters to the editor, we again state that Pola will do for us. She is coming to the United States next

spring, rumors have it, and, alas! then we shall know what she thinks of love and marriage and shall have her advice on how to keep a garden or a husband.

Pola is in trouble in Germany, and is rather glad to get out. It seems that she contributed toward erecting a statue in her home town in Poland. All would have been well if they hadn't learned in Germany that the statue was of a Polish gentleman who had fought with no small success against the Germans. And to make it tougher, in order to make a place for the statue they tore down one of some German ancient and dumped him into the alley. All in all, Pola had a good deal to explain.

Massachu- setts Will Decide

They're going to have a bit of voting in Massachusetts a year from now, and that voting probably will decide whether or not we shall have motion-picture censorship throughout the United States.

In Massachusetts they decided to let the people decide the censorship problem. Other States have voted for or against censorship only through their representatives in the State Legislatures. This is the first time the people have had an opportunity actually to vote on the measure.

If Massachusetts votes in favor of censorship we might as well give up the fight, for the example of that State will certainly be followed throughout the United States.

"This State voted for censorship," the reformers will say, "and proved that the people do want their pictures censored. That's a fair criterion as to how the rest of the country feels."

And the legislatures will fall into line. The important thing about it will be that they will be absolutely right.

The Observer does not believe that the public wants its pictures censored by a bunch of politicians. He never will believe that a person who thoroughly understands the operation of a censorship board will vote for one.

But it is possible that the reformers may put on such a campaign in Massachusetts that the public either will vote for censorship or will not vote at all. What the motion pictures need is a tremendous body of citizens of Massachusetts who will vote *against* the law. They must take the trouble to register their feelings regarding a political board made up of nondescripts who can manipulate the screen to suit themselves.

It will be a critical election, of interest to you wherever you live, for Massachusetts will cast the vote for the nation.

The Author's Value

The Author, by the way, is settling down and is paying more attention to his job and less to his publicity. There are Authors and authors in motion pictures. Capital-A Authors aren't doing so well these days. Several companies had a heap of excitement over Authors and hired a lot of them.

The real authors, the men and women who had been writing the real shows, were crowded out, and the big names began advising how to do things. Most of the big names flopped. They may have been able to write great stories, but they didn't know drama as it is turned out in Hollywood.

When they failed, most of them blamed the motion-picture public. As a matter of fact, few of the Authors knew nearly as much about constructing real entertainment as do half a hundred real scenario writers who have been operating efficiently for a good many years.

Out of the wreckage Rupert Hughes stands supreme. He is the only Author who became an author and who delivered the goods. Elinor Glyn delivered one good story and then left the lot. Hughes stuck and learned the business.

Authors are a good deal like bricklayers. Some are good and some are not, which is about all you can say about them.

If any person tells you the author is the thing, or the star is the thing, or the director is the thing, tell him he is raving. Every fine work, whether it be a motion picture or a building or a motor car, is the work of many good minds.

The authors were called to save the industry. They came on the run, like a volunteer fire department, but when they arrived it was found that few of them knew how to couple a hose or operate a pump.

The Eight Most Handsome Men

A few months ago we published two sets of pictures called "The Eight Reigning Beauties of the Screen." The first set chosen by one of our staff contributors and the other eight by the readers who wrote to us protesting against some of the selections of the first group.

Now the fans are writing in and asking why we don't run the pictures of the eight most handsome men. In fact, so many have asked for this that we're going to attempt it. But we shall not ask any one person to make up a list this time. There will be but one group, and that one made up entirely by our readers. So if you wish to have a hand in selecting them, just drop a letter to the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, naming your favorites and telling why you think they should be chosen. The list will be made up, as before, of those for whom there are the largest number of requests.

Trust the Censors to Have Bad Taste

If the New York censors wished to injure the cause for which they stand they could hardly have chosen a better means than the ugly license numbers which they have insisted shall be inserted next to the main title of each picture they allow to be shown. The ugliness of these inserts is a fair commentary upon the taste of the persons who are chosen to censor one of the most beautiful of the arts.

The Music Menace

Folks were mighty pleased when some of the bigger motion-picture theaters abolished the whangy piano accompaniment in favor of an organ. It made quite a hit, too, when good-sized orchestras were installed in some of the theaters. But now, proceeding no doubt on the theory that if a little seasoning is good a lot of it is better, some theater managers are evolving supplementary musical programs that quite overbalance the program of motion pictures.

"How long must I wait for the pictures to start?" a somewhat irate woman demanded of an usher at one of New York's picture palaces when, to her dismay, the "Tannhauser" overture was followed not by Harold Lloyd, but by a singer.

"Don't you like it either?" the usher answered despairingly.

And I'll bet that if a vote were taken among the audience there would be an overwhelming majority in favor of cutting out some of the surplus music.

It wasn't so bad when only the Broadway picture palaces suffered from too much music. We could all go to our neighborhood theaters, where five chairs were enough to accommodate the orchestra, allowing one to put the extra music on. But now that the menace is spreading to the smaller theaters The Observer rises to protest. Only last week he saw a pretty little film in a small theater in Stamford, Connecticut, but the beauty of the picture was completely lost in the blare of sound that came from the orchestra pit. He wonders how many people are annoyed by too much music—either during the picture or introducing it.

A New Use for Movie Theaters

A motion-picture theater has been put to a new use in a Montana town. It was employed by the local Chamber of Commerce as a magnet with which to draw from out of the homes in that region the catalogues of the large mail-order houses.

Every one who has ever lived in the West knows how much competition the business men in the smaller towns have from these great mail-order institutions, and how much they dislike that kind of competition. In this particular town some one conceived the idea that if they could gather in all of the mail-order catalogues for a few miles around they could pretty nearly wipe out that competition, at least for the time being. The question was, how to get the catalogues. They couldn't offer money for them without giving away the idea. Finally some one got the idea of having a movie theater on a certain date accept these catalogues in lieu of an admission fee, with cash prizes offered for the oldest, the newest, and the like.

The scheme worked beautifully, and the entire region was almost cleaned out of catalogues. The merchants made a fine bonfire of them.

But if you're thinking of duplicating the plan in your town you had better first look up the results of the investigation that was started by the Federal trade commission, which, at the time this was written, had not been concluded.



RIGHT OFF THE GRILL

Observation and comment upon the comings and goings of the movie folk, as seen from Hollywood.



By E. Lanning Masters

What of the Fairbankses?

PROPHECYING the future plans of Doug and Mary is like predicting whom Charlie Chaplin is going to marry. The reason is that they don't know themselves. So how could we?

A chart of the Fairbanks' mental vagaries for the past four months would resemble the zigzag lines of a London weather map. When they went to New York for the premières of "The Three Musketeers" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy," they were to return to Hollywood immediately, where Doug was to begin the production of "The Virginian."

In New York this program was switched, and the two succumbed to the lure of Paris. Since then a dozen different plans have been on again and off again as many different times. First, they were going to stay a month; then six months; then a year. They were going to produce abroad, and then they decided not to produce. One day Doug talked of a yacht and a tour of the world; the next of taking Mary to the south of France for a rest cure.

The latest report at this writing is that one or the other of the celebrated couple will start producing in Paris immediately after the holidays, remaining abroad until the late spring, when they will return to Hollywood. Doug will then do "The Virginian," and if Mary can obtain the rights to "Tess of the Storm Country," she will then repicturize this success. Thenceforth the two will alternate between their studios in Paris and Los Angeles, spending six months at each place.

By the time this appears, however, this whole program may be knocked into a cocked hat. Rumors persist that there is a very good reason for the seeming inability of the famous pair to make up their minds as to what they are going to do. On the other hand, it is possible that the plans of the two are not nearly so nebular as they would have them appear, and that the haziness which has surrounded their future activities has been deliberately simulated to hide the real object of their trip abroad—escape from the public's eye during the next few months.

Notwithstanding past refutations, the Los Angeles

Times, in a recent editorial, insists that an "interesting event," as I believe it is termed in the best sewing-society circles of Pennsylvania, is imminent in the house of Fairbanks.

Mary's reply at the time of this rumor a few months ago of "Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were true?" was generally accepted as a denial, but in the light of recent developments one is justified in wondering whether it was meant as such. One remembers the denials of their rumored marriage, given out by both Doug and Mary within a week of that event. Mary, if I recall correctly, even went so far as to say that she was "through with marriage forever."

I did not criticize Mary for this statement then, nor would I now should it develop that her answer, with respect to present rumors, should prove to be equally evasive. To no one is marriage and motherhood more sacred than to "America's Sweetheart," and if

she seeks shelter from the pitiless glare of publicity in these hallowed experiences it seems to me that this is a sentiment which all of us should not only respect, but admire her the more for.

Whether the revival of this report is well founded or not remains to be seen. If it should prove correct, the Fairbankses have not taken their closest friends into their confidence, so far as I can learn. But no one who has witnessed the infinite tenderness and beauty with which little Mary invests the rôle of *Lord Fauntleroy's Mother* will doubt for a minute wherein her ambition lies, and it is to be hoped that the world some day will have an opportunity to rejoice in the fulfillment of this dream.

In any event, those within the inner circle of the Fairbankses friends predict that within the next two years both will forsake the screen. Certain it is that the two will make fewer pictures henceforth, possibly only one a piece a year until they do retire, each of exceptional magnitude, such as their last two productions, culminating their remarkable careers in their greatest effort, in which picture they will play opposite each other.

Both Doug and Mary feel that after a few more pictures they are entitled to rest on their laurels. Mary



Doug and Mary, with the whole world for a playground, seem to be having a good deal of difficulty in deciding definitely upon their future plans.

longs for the life of a home, uninterrupted by the demands of the studio; Doug for a life of adventure in the out-of-the-way corners of the world, and then a career of writing.

It is their ultimate plan to retire to a villa on the Italian Riviera, keeping, however, Mary's home in Los Angeles for annual visits. Doug revels in the Old World atmosphere of Europe, and ever since he was eighteen years old has spent as much time there as possible. Mary, who has worked incessantly since childhood at high pressure, seeks rest and quiet.

Personally, I question whether either of them can retire permanently from the screen. Their lives are too completely bound up with it. A year of travel—a couple of years of retirement—and the combined call of the megaphone and an insistent public will prevail. Their destiny has been irrevocably fashioned by an adoring populace, and I doubt whether they can escape it if they would, and whether they would if they could.

A Pertinent Question.

Lewis S. Stone, standby for Royal Mounted Police stories, recently had to make a scene in which he was to enter a cabin followed by a real wild wolf.

When everything was set, the director inquired of Stone:

"When the wolf comes after you, do you think you can jump up to the rafters?"

"I know *I* can—but can the wolf?" was Stone's terse reply.

Getting the Drop on Them.

As a result of the visit of the censors to Los Angeles last summer, Universal has engaged a censor of its own. The gentleman is a former member of the Chicago censorship board. He will view every foot of film produced by Universal and try to outguess other censors over the country as to what should come out. The first picture which he inspected was "Conflict," Priscilla Dean's recent production, which he pronounced as pure as the driven snow.

An Apology.

In a recent issue I stated that Cecil De Mille's latest production, "Saturday Night," had nothing to do with a bathtub. I now find that the regulation De Mille swimming pool plays an important part in the picture.

Appropriate.

Now that we have a production labeled, "No Woman Knows," and another one advertised as "What No Man Knows," one is moved to wonder whether the picture producers have anything left to be filmed.

Auto-suggestion.

Vera Stedman's last Christy comedy was "A Pair of Sexes"—a twin-baby story.

Recently Vera, known in private life as Mrs. Jack Taylor, gave birth to twin girls. They are the film colony's first.

Vera asserts she will never appear in a picture with anything but a singular title henceforth.

Another Comer.

Florence Flinn!

Who is she, and why doesn't some live producer looking for real screen material grab her?

Played *Frailty* in "Experience."

Just a "bit," but she ran away with the acting honors.

"Jerry" Comes Back.

"Jerry" came back to Los Angeles this fall for a brief forty-eight hours. Known to the rest of the world as Geraldine Farrar, but to the West Coast film colony as just "Jerry," the lyric drama's premier songbird returned to the scenes of her former triumphs before the camera—and every one who is any one in the celluloid capital turned out to bid her welcome.

But it was not to the "love nest" in Hollywood, where Geraldine and Lou Tellegen, "the perfect lover," were wont to hold open house that the diva returned, but rather to a single public appearance with the Scotti Grand Opera Company, in that most daring of all her rôles, *Zaza*.

Notwithstanding her wealth of friends in Hollywood, the formerly incomparable good fellow and pal of every one in studic life, from property boy to producer, kept herself strictly incommunicable during her brief sojourn.

Despite her seclusion, Hollywood found in her return the occasion for a gala and glorious fashion parade which it has seldom duplicated, even in De Mille's sense-stirring displays of plumage and puchritude.

Stars and their most recent husbands and wives; bathing beauties, ingénues and their newest leading men; directors and their latest "discoveries"—all were there. And for the benefit of those of my readers who may think that a motion-picture career tends to make one shock-proof, let me say that the fair Farrar gave this supposedly case-hardened audience a gasp as great as it, in turn, has ever given the members of the Purity League.

Loath as I am to shatter illusions regarding the worldiness of our cinema favorites, an exact regard for the facts compels the statement that the frankness of Geraldine's disrobing scene, as the French music-hall singer, and her subsequent preparations for the reception and conquest of a new sweetheart completely took the breath of an audience made up of what is often believed to be the world's greatest aggregation of experts in *affaires de la cœur*, notwithstanding that effete audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House have been witnessing the same scene for the past two years without lifting an eyebrow. After the distinguished diva's demonstration of allurements at her performance in Los Angeles, many of our most celebrated cinema charmers decided that they were still in the kindergarten class when it came to the fine points of this art.

The film favorites, in their opera regalia at this performance, made a brilliant picture. The Spanish motif predominated in the costumes, splashes of crimson being especially plentiful. Many of the gathering wore shawls of beautiful designs and elaborate handiwork as opera cloaks.

For the benefit of the legion of my feminine followers



Photo
by Arthur &
Davies

Wesley
Barry
is shown
here in
"School
Days."
He is at
present
working
on "Pen-
rod" and
and is
scheduled
to appear in a New York stage
production this winter.

I will attempt to list a few of the most striking costumes, as detailed to me by two compassionate screen sirens whose own costumes attested their right to speak with authority.

Betty Blythe was attired in a gown of black and silver brocade, thrown over which was a Spanish shawl of cream ground, embroidered in red and green, with a deep fringe. To finish this picture the regal Betty, equally as queenly with as without her pearls, wore a high Spanish comb in her closely waved and high coiffure.

Bebe Daniels was picturesque as usual in an imported gown—how do you girls know that gowns are “imported?”—of white sequins, a sealskin wrap, corsage of orchids, and an American Beauty ostrich fan.

Arline Pretty, affecting a high headdress and Spanish comb, lived up to the name with which they do say she was born, in a gown of chiffon and gold lace, with a wrap of coral velvet and ermine.

Kathlyn Williams, who grows more beautiful every year in my estimation, appeared in a gown of white satin with crystal beads and a wrap of sable. A wealth of green ivy leaves about her forehead and an emerald-green fan were the only bits of color.

Olga Printzlau, who combines grace and talent with such fairness that I wonder every time I see her how she escapes from the scenario department at Lasky's without being signed under a long-term contract as a leading woman, wore a stunning black satin gown, trimmed with black ostrich feathers, and an evening wrap of black satin and ermine.

Blanche Sweet, who, rumor has it, is very soon to become Mrs. “Mickey” Neilan, looking pathetically sweet—no pun intended—and demure after her long illness, wore a simple frock of gold cloth, untrimmed, except for a bit of gold embroidery on the bodice.

Mrs. Charles Ray, who occupied a box with her bashful husband, was charmingly gowned in black, with much net and a wrap of gray fur.

All the rest looked as well or better, but I can't take the whole magazine to tell you about them. Besides, that's all my aids-de-camp told me.

Ethel Sands' Arrival.

I leave it to my readers to imagine for themselves

how excited Ethel Sands was when she stepped off from the California Limited a few weeks ago, when it arrived in Los Angeles.

As you know, she was sent by PICTURE-PLAY for a second series of “Adventures in Movieland,” this time in the film capital.

It was her first train trip of any great distance, and it had taken her across the entire continent. Here, instead of brief trips to the studios and to the players' homes, each lasting but a day, she was to spend several weeks in Hollywood, taking in, at her leisure, every phase of movie making and movie life.

Betty Compson was at the train to meet her and—

But I had better wait and let her tell it. You'll prefer her version, I'm sure. Her new adventures will begin, I believe, in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY.

On the Move.

The voyaging virus with which picture circles seem to have become inoculated this fall is still rampant. The industry is becoming cosmopolitanized. As this is Underwooded, even Charlie Ray is preparing for his maiden trip to New York, with side tours to Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

Will Rogers, after a two years' absence from “The Follies,” has decided to run back for a short trip to see how the old place looks.

“I haven't been back to the old town for a long time, y' see,” said “Bill,” discussing his proposed trip, “and I think it is a good time now that the elections, peace conference, and everything else are over. Maybe I'll have a chance to make a speech.

“Am I comin' back? Sure I am. I'd go broke if I had to move my family again.”

After postponing her return so many times that Mack Sennett threatened to send a sheriff after her, Mabel Normand is back on the famous folly lot, and Ben Turpin has also returned from his triumphant vaudeville tour, which included a personal appearance at that most sacred temple of cinema art, the Capitol, in New York. Shortly after his arrival, Ben began work on a comedy with pretty Phyllis Haver, she of the shapely nethers and “come-hither” orbs.

Continued on page 91



Photo by Apeda

Just as Ethel Sands was about to take the train for California, where she is at present engaged in a new series of “Adventures,” a delegation from Famous Players-Lasky's home office arrived to wish her a pleasant and successful trip.

Sketchographs Novelty

With illustrations clipped



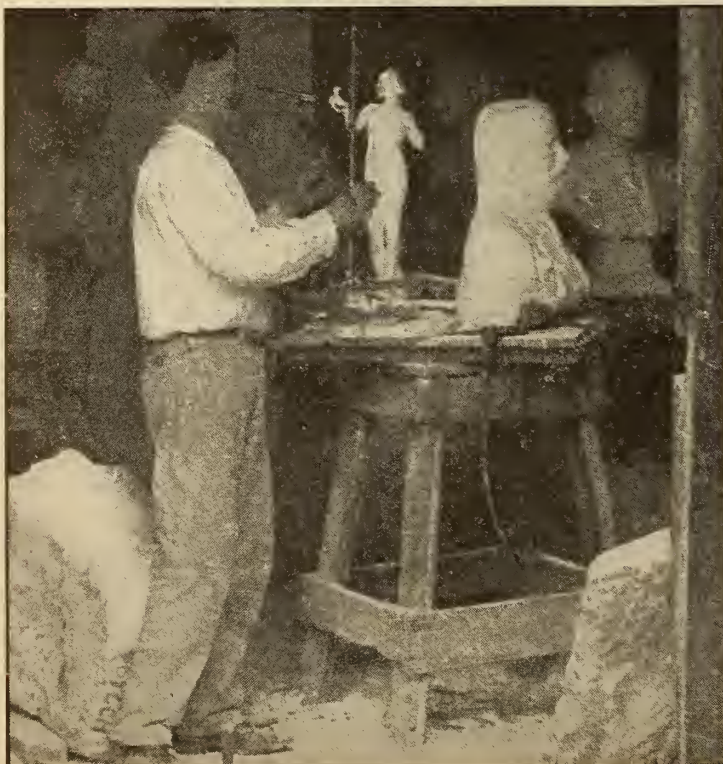
A well-known Greenwich Village character, as he appears in Ollendorff's film.



EVERY now and then a brand-new novelty bobs up in the movies. There were the first animated comics, the acting dolls, "Out of the Inkwell," and Tony Sarg's "Almanac."

Another recent novelty, and a very popular one, is the series of "Sketchographs," made by Julian Ollendorff and released by Educational Films. A Sketchograph is a film of an interesting informational nature, enlivened by the frequent insertion of clever drawings which emphasize, in a humorous way, the points of the picture. So far Ollendorff has been alternating between such subjects as a history of costumes, in which his drawings—representing a vast amount of labor and research—play the greater part, and short travel bits, such as "A Trip

Village types.



One of the real artists, caught in his studio.



Eating plays a prominent part in any tour of the Village; here is a Village waiter.

a Screen

Described by
Gordon White

from the films.



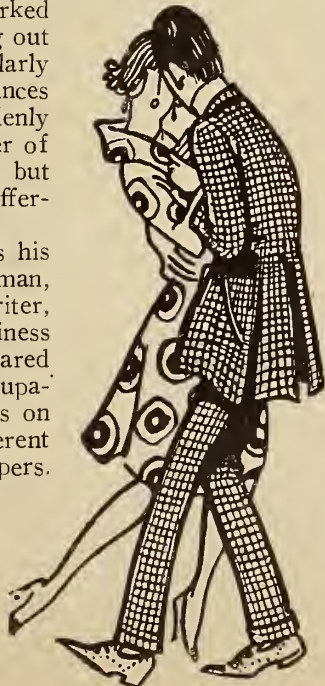
What the out-of-town visitor always expects to see in the Village.

Along Fifth Avenue" and his "Ramble Through Greenwich Village"—scenes from which are shown on these pages.

Although the bits of the drawings which are reproduced here give a good impression of Ollendorff's work, they do not convey any idea of the effective way in which they are worked into the film to bring out some point, particularly in the frequent instances of where one suddenly dissolves into another of the same outline, but otherwise entirely different.

Ollendorff, who is his own artist, camera man, scenario and title writer, film editor, and business manager, was prepared for his present occupation by several years on the art staffs of different New York newspapers.

In the lower right-hand corner is a village book shop and art gallery.



Over the

Fanny the Fan gets the Christmas spirit and

By The



Photo by C. Heighton Monroe

Rubye de Remer had a chance that every one might well envy—an invitation to go abroad with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks—and she missed the boat!

"I'M not afraid of fate any more," Fanny announced to me by way of explanation as she fished a lot of stuff out of her vanity box and directed the waiter to throw it away. There was a rabbit's foot, a lucky coin with a hole in it, and two little French dolls, besides a lot of things I didn't recognize.

"No more mascots and lucky pieces for me; no more walking around ladders and dodging black cats. Why, I'd even open an umbrella in the house or spill salt without being afraid of the consequences."

"And why——" But I got no further. Fanny was obviously going to explain what she was talking about in her own good time.

"Rubye de Remer did it. She's lost all her belief in superstition—and I have, too. It happened like this. Mrs. Pickford and Mary and Douglas all invited Rubye to go abroad with them, and even though there were a lot of things here in New York to be attended to she accepted. And then she missed the boat! It was simply tragic. And worse even than missing the boat was the way Rubye worried over it. You see, ordinarily she is so lucky that when this happened she was sure it was her good luck working in some devious way. She became so obsessed with the idea that the boat the others were on was going to sink that she was afraid to look at a newspaper because she dreaded confirming her fears. One night Lottie and Jack Pickford were at Rubye's house, and she heard an extra paper being called down on the street. She slipped out of the room and sent the butler down to get one, so convinced all the time that it announced some terrible disaster at sea that she was almost afraid to look at it. And it was all about the Ku Klux Klan or something unimportant like that. When she got a cable from Mary announcing her safe arrival in London, she drew a long sigh of relief and said she'd never be superstitious again.

"She's gone abroad now, and Lottie is with her. Rubye had hoped for a real vacation, but it doesn't look much like one to me. She is going to make a picture for Famous Players in London between shopping trips to Paris."

"And what about her lovely apartment here?" I asked.

"Oh, it is just waiting for Rubye's return. No matter how far away she goes she always has that jewel of an apartment waiting for her. She says she likes to feel that she has a foothold in New York at least—what the stars who have been to Paris would call a *pied-à-terre*."

"But I know some stars who've been abroad and can still speak American," I proclaimed proudly.

"Yes, you would," Fanny retorted. "But I don't see why they shouldn't acquire an accent or talk French if they want to. It doesn't show in films."

There was no answering that argument, so I let the conversation drop while I gazed around the room and on out the windows to the crowds hurrying past.

"Looks like Norma Talmadge, doesn't it?" Fanny said, following my gaze to a girl in a deep henna-colored suit and a dark veil swathed around her toque and down around her neck.

"Yes," I admitted. "But you can't ever tell nowadays. So many people try to look like her, and Norma herself makes such an effort to look inconspicuous, that her imitators look more like her than Norma herself does. She is going West pretty soon to make some pictures. Did you know that?"

"Yes; and Constance has gone, but just to make exteriors. Her husband can't leave his business, and Constance doesn't want to leave him a bit longer than she has to, so all the inside scenes will be made here

Teacups

shares the gossip she has heard with every one.

Bystander

in the East. But did you hear about Norma having her fired?"

Naturally I looked incredulous at that.

"It was all a joke," Fanny went on. "Constance was so far ahead of her schedule that she hadn't been working for nearly three months. It bores her to death not to be making pictures, and finally one day it got on her nerves so that she went over to the studio where Norma is making 'Smilin' Through' and gave herself a job as an extra. Just as they were about to shoot a big scene, Norma spied her and dramatically told the director to stop the scene. The company looked on interestedly, suspecting that the lovely Norma at last was going to show signs of artistic temperament. 'I want that girl fired,' Norma announced in ringing tones, pointing to Constance. And the director did it. When the company found out who the unfortunate extra was they laughed so hard the director could hardly get them calmed down enough to play the scene.

"And did you hear the story about Ben Turpin cashing a check?"

Before I could shake my head, Fanny had launched into it.

"He went to a bank and asked them to cash a check for him, but they said he would have to identify himself in some way. 'All right,' said Ben. And before their astonished eyes he made his eyes look blank and staring, the way they do in pictures, and flopped backward right there on the floor. That was enough; they cashed the check."

"Wouldn't it be a wonderful idea," I crowded in before she could go on, "if every star had some distinctive trade-mark like that? Of course, Chaplin has his feet, and Bebe Daniels has her smile, by way of identification. Corinne Griffith has her funny little walk that she could perform, and no one else can cry as Helene Chadwick does. Oh, well, there are lots of possibilities."

"Speaking of Chaplin," Fanny cut in, ignoring my suggestion, "Donald Crisp is back from London. He was up at the Griffith studio the other day, and he told all about Charlie Chaplin's reception in London. You know he was with him, and to hear him tell about it was just like talking to the only survivor of a disaster. The Londoners were so enthusiastic over Charlie that they nearly killed him with cordiality. The mayor of Southampton and the mayor of London went to the boat to give Charlie the keys to the cities, and the crowd was so great they couldn't get to him, even with the aid of a mounted guard.

"Lots of the people took scissors along to snip out pieces of his suit to remember him by, and the result was that he arrived at his hotel looking like the climax of a slapstick comedy. He was practically a prisoner in his hotel all the time he was there, because when he attempted to go out such crowds gathered that it seemed as though all London was closing in on him.

"He received seven thousand telegrams of welcome



Photo by Clarence S. Bull

If you want to reach Irene Rich you might just as well have all the studios in Hollywood paged, for she is so in demand nowadays that she rushes from one studio to another as soon as she finishes a picture.

the first day, and innumerable invitations to dinner. The one that pleased him most asked him to dine with H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, and Sir James M. Barrie. Of course he accepted. When they sat down to dinner, Bernard Shaw said, 'Here, now, Mr. Chaplin, speak up! We've been hearing all about you for a long time; now show off.' Charlie looked utterly aghast, then he told him, 'I've been looking up to you three men all my life. You've been gods to me. Now that I'm here I haven't anything to say. I'm just going to listen.' Of course they were delighted with him."

"I guess Mabel Normand isn't going abroad after all. Every time she threatens to sail her New York friends



Photo by Frank Diem

Lillian Gish looked like a dainty French doll while some of the scenes of "The Two Orphans" were being made.

beg her to stay over just one more boat, and now it is about time she went back to California to start her next picture."

But Fanny wasn't even listening. She was watching a girl who had just come in.

"That's the first time I've seen Doris Kenyon in ages. 'Scuse me while I go over to talk to her."

But she soon returned. Doris was so completely surrounded by her friends within a few minutes after she put in her appearance that Fanny could hardly get a word in edgewise.

"No, she hasn't been ill or anything," Fanny announced breathlessly. "She is playing opposite George Arliss in 'Idle Hands,' and she is working so hard that she says she hardly ever goes anywhere but from home to studio and studio to home. And that reminds me that lovely little Louise Huff is playing opposite Dick Barthelmess in his new production. It is a sea story, and they are making it up on the coast of Maine. Had a note from his mother, and she said she was having a gorgeous time. She's never happier than when she is with Dick.

"If I were in pictures I'd much rather be a leading woman than a star because they make so many more pictures. Doris and Louise never have a boresome gap between productions the way some stars do. Think of Pauline Starke—she almost holds the long-distance

record for numbers of important productions this year. She had barely finished the Vitagraph special, 'Flower of the North,' when she made 'Ma'm'selle Jo' for Robertson-Cole. And now she is playing opposite Thomas Meighan in 'If You Believe It, It's So.' The only disadvantage is that she rarely has time to wear her own lovely clothes. She's in costume most of the time."

"And how about Margery Daw?" I asked.

"Oh, haven't you heard!" she answered superciliously. "She's another awfully busy one. She's playing opposite Herbert Rawlinson in his first Universal star picture. And Irene Rich is another. If you want to reach her you might as well have all the studios in Hollywood paged, for she finishes pictures in a rush and jumps from one studio to another. She is out at Universal now, playing opposite Lon Chaney in 'Wolf-breed.' She is going to be with Harry Carey in 'Man to Man' next, though that hardly sounds like a fat part for Irene.

"But why talk about work?" Fanny added despairingly. "It's the great drawback of motion pictures. It keeps lots of interesting people out of the restaurants. It would be much more convenient if actors could just make pictures in the morning, when there is nothing else to do. Worst of all are the hard-working people who insist on playing on the stage and on the screen, too. Kathlyn Martin is the latest. She's a graduate of the Ziegfeld Follies, you know. They all go in the movies sooner or later. She is playing in 'Sally' now, on the regular stage, and it is rumored that

Kathlyn Martin is the most recent graduate from the Ziegfeld ranks to motion-picture honors.



she is to have her own company to make motion pictures. She is such a darling that probably she will soon be just as popular all over the country as she is in New York now."

Fanny absently played with her méringue glacée and sighed, but I could see that out of the corner of her eye she was watching Lew Cody, who had just come in.

"He's finished his tour in vaudeville, you know," she whispered so hoarsely that Mae Murray, yards away, must have heard her. "And it is rumored that he is going to marry Elinor Fair. He is going to start in making pictures again right away. Wonder if Elinor will be his leading woman. I'd like to see some romance in the studios—there don't seem to be nearly so many elopements or weddings or engagements any more. Let's start a rumor that Wesley Barry is engaged to Miriam Battista and that——"

"Sh, not so loud," I begged her. "Some one will hear you and take you seriously."

"Oh, all right," Fanny assented. "But, speaking of Wesley Barry, *this* is really true. He is going on the speaking stage and will play in a piece called 'Dummies.' Will Rogers is going back on the stage, too. And of course Lillian and Dorothy Gish are likely to go on the stage any time—provided they can find suitable plays. Broadway will look like a motion-picture convention pretty soon. Mae Marsh and Bessie Barriscale will be there in plays; Catherine Calvert is

Pauline Starke finds that there is one terrible disadvantage in being so successful. Since she finished the Vitagraph special, "Flower of the North," she has been so in demand for other productions that she never has time to wear her own pretty clothes.

Photo by C. Heighton Monroe



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Mabel Ballin is threatening to go to Spain to make her next picture, and Fanny the Fan is distraught at the idea of losing her.

on already, and I've heard that Corinne Griffith has had some mighty attractive offers. Elsie Ferguson is going back, but then she does that every little while. It never seems to interfere with her making pictures.

"Oh, yes, and out in California Colleen Moore is going to make her début on the speaking stage in a short play written for her by Rupert Hughes. She's playing in another picture by him now—one he wrote particularly for her, so of course it is Irish. She and Pauline Starke and Bessie Love have all been taking dancing lessons together from Kosloff, and Bessie dances so beautifully that I suppose some one will come along and want her to go on the stage as a dancer. Oh, yes, and ZaSu Pitts is going to be in a Famous Players production. That's the studio where her career started; she says it is just like home to be back there.

"And have you heard about Mabel Ballin?"

Even if I had she wouldn't have given me a chance to tell her.

"She is threatening to go to Spain to make her next picture. I am simply desperate at the idea of losing her, but she says the only good scenario they can find demands real Spanish backgrounds. Please—oh, please—find me an author that I can give to her

Continued on page 90

Bebe's

There is a veritable war on between Paris with silks and chiffons over the trend of them—so why not take a hint from exuber-

By Louise



As supervisor of costumes for Famous Players-Lasky and Realart productions, Ethel Chaffin (in the foreground) has gone adventuring in chiffons and sequins and found the answer to most of the questions on how women ought to dress.

PARIS wants skirts long; Hollywood wants them short. No one wants a compromise between two such varying styles, because in that way are made frocks of no distinction.

There's no doubt about it, you will just have to decide which one to follow—Paris or Hollywood. But don't follow one or the other blindly—take a look at the reason behind the styles—and select what is best for you.

When Ethel Chaffin, designer of thousands of costumes for Realart and Famous Players-Lasky stars, came East to shop and look about at the weather vanes of fashion, I asked her what people were going to do about the clashes of opinion on this season's styles.

"All the newspapers and magazines keep printing pictures of Paris modes—long skirts, trailing drapery, severe lines—but you can't imagine a flapper dressing like that," I protested to her. "What are people going to do?"

"Whatever suits them best, I hope," Miss Chaffin said. "I don't want others to be like the darling ingénue who went abroad and came back with six Paris gowns of the latest style, gowns that made her look like a dignified young matron. She can't possibly wear them on

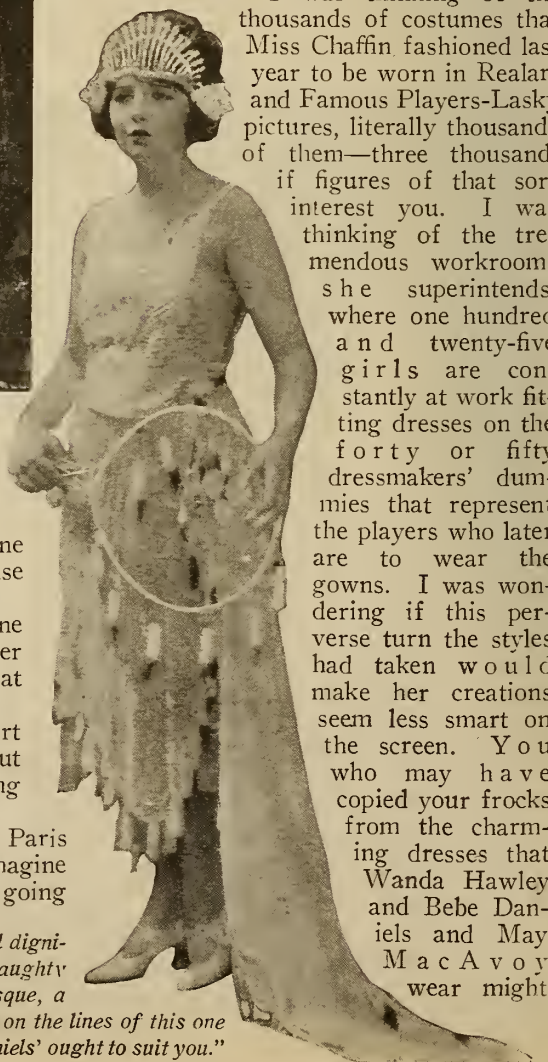
"If you feel dignified and haughty and statuesque, a dress made on the lines of this one of Bebe Daniels' ought to suit you."

the screen. You can't say in a subtitle, 'Mary was a social veteran of two seasons at dancing school and one high-school prom,' and then show on the screen a girl in a dress suitable for the president of a woman's club. And all the Paris fashions do seem like that this year. Why, Miss —'s gowns—I won't tell you her name—make her look positively statuesque!"

But I knew she was talking about Mary Miles Minter. Every one in New York just at that time who had any particular interest in styles and the trend they took was talking about Mary Miles Minter. For she had just returned from Paris in gowns that made her look like a settled young matron of thirty or thereabouts.

"But what are you going to do?" I asked, realizing what a problem she was facing.

I was thinking of the thousands of costumes that Miss Chaffin fashioned last year to be worn in Realart and Famous Players-Lasky pictures, literally thousands of them—three thousand, if figures of that sort interest you. I was thinking of the tremendous workrooms she superintends, where one hundred and twenty-five girls are constantly at work fitting dresses on the forty or fifty dressmakers' dummies that represent the players who later are to wear the gowns. I was wondering if this perverse turn the styles had taken would make her creations seem less smart on the screen. You who may have copied your frocks from the charming dresses that Wanda Hawley and Bebe Daniels and May MacAvoy wear might



Way

designers and makers of flapper modes, a war waged fashion. You can't obey the dictates of both of ant Miss Daniels and dress as you want to feel?

Williams

well wonder, too, for you can rest assured that whatever Miss Chaffin designs will be copied and worn by schoolgirls and young women all over the country. They always are. She gives lessons daily in how to dress effectively from a thousand or more screens, by way of pictures of May Mac-Avoy, Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, or Mary Miles Minter, and any number of players in Famous Players pictures.

"Why not do as Bebe does?" Miss Chaffin answered finally, interrupting my reverie.

And let me pause here to point out that it was almost time Bebe Daniels came into the conversation.

For whenever the talk is of clothes, and one of the party has ever designed clothes, she is sure to say, "Well, take Bebe Daniels, for instance. Bebe Daniels is the ideal clothes model, the perfect subject for a masterpiece in fabrics, according to the modistes who have designed for her. So if, in telling you of Ethel Chaffin's adventures in chiffon and sequins, I talk more of exuberant Miss Daniels, it is because Ethel Chaffin designated her as an ideal peg on whom to hang her ideas.

"We have to think all the time about characterization in designing clothes," Miss Chaffin told me. "When we want an evening gown for Bebe, for instance"—there was Bebe creeping into the conversation again—"we can't just design one that will be stylish and becoming to her. We have to think of the part she is playing; whether she is rich or poor, simple or extreme in her ideas, living in a small town or a city, and many other considerations. If she is supposed to be awfully young and frivolous, we



"For the sweet young girl full of whimsicalities and dainty mannerisms frocks should be made as delicate as moonlight—like this one of Bebe's."

can design fluffy little dresses with lots of ribbons and rosebuds—just the sort of dresses Bebe wears in real life—but if she is supposed to look older we have to make something more severe, with a long waistline and drapery. Drapery almost always makes people look older, you know.

"But why?" I asked her, enthusiastic over the idea she had given me. "Why shouldn't everybody dress in character?"

She agreed that they should.

And so, as she told me about some of the gowns that she had designed for Bebe Daniels to wear in various character parts, we thought of the many girls similar to these characters who ought to observe the same rules in planning their costumes.

There was an evening gown of crystal beads and brilliants, for instance, a photograph of which accompanies this article.

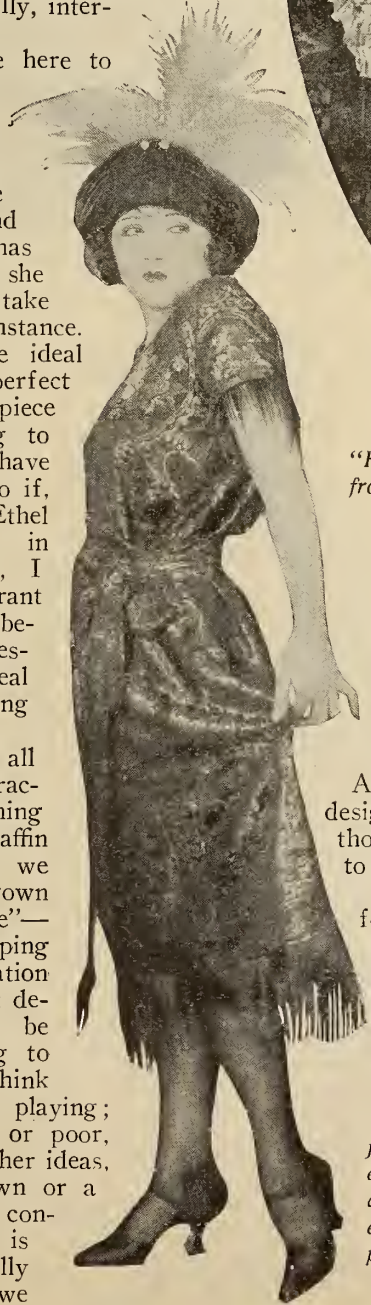
"If you feel dignified and haughty and statuesque," Miss Chaffin commented as she handed it to me, "I know of nothing more suitable for you than a gown made on the lines of this one. Of course I'd never design a dress like that for Bebe to wear in real life. In the first place it is overelaborate for

such a simple and charming and unassuming personality as hers. The long waistline makes her look older, and all that trimming—crystal beads and tassels and brilliants—also take away the girlish effect. But that was what the part called for, and if you fit that part I think you would like a dress like this one of Bebe's.

"Even in such an elaborate dress as this, I

"When Bebe is just her own exuberant self, a dress like this expresses her personality perfectly."

Continued on page 103





In "Ladies Must Live," the last production of the late George Loane Tucker the spotlight is about equally divided between Betty Compson, Leatrice Joy, and two others.

The Screen in Review

A collection of tributes, objections, warnings and whole-hearted recommendations to the month's offerings.

By Alison Smith

WE hear much discussion these days of the proper material for film stories. Authorities on the subject are fond of stating that "the screen is a separate art" with much the same final tones of the days when they reminded us that the "film business is in its infancy." This art, they insist, must have its own stories written exclusively for it, and hence we are dazzled by temperamental flashes from the type of author known as "eminent," whose imagination is devoted to weaving original plots.

Now perhaps the screen doctors are right and a plot to succeed on the screen must be written for the screen and for nothing else. Rupert Hughes, like *Sentimental Tommy*, seems to have "found a wy." His exclusive screen plots may sometimes be maudlin, but they always hold your interest—you laugh and cry, even if you are a bit ashamed of yourself for doing both. But even Mr. Hughes' scenarios usually have their basis in one of his earlier printed tales or novels.

The answer is that you mustn't generalize. Some one has said that all sentences beginning "All men" or "All women" are wrong from the start. To this we add sentences beginning "All scenarios." A picture play may be written as an original story, it may be adapted from a novel in six volumes or a short story of three pages, it may have been a play, an opera, or a pantomime. If it has the right quality of human feeling—recaptured of course by the scenario writer—

it will appeal. And "contrariwise," as Alice would say, if it hasn't, it won't.

"The Sin Flood."

In the mind of your more or less humble servant, the film of the month which has caught this quality most successfully is the adaptation of a play which, when produced on Broadway, was what is known as an "artistic failure." In 1914—before the fateful August 1st—Arthur Hopkins brought to an uptown theater a Scandinavian drama called "The Deluge." For one of those mysterious reasons best known to the theatrical manager, he chose the hottest weeks in the year for the play's first night, when every one who might appreciate its message was either at Atlantic City or up on a roof garden. The audiences dwindled accordingly, and were finally baked out by the heat. There are rumors growing stronger every month that Mr. Hopkins will bring back this strong and significant drama, with most of its excellent original cast, in a season when the people who could know and love it may have a chance to see it played.

Meanwhile the picture rights have been secured by Goldwyn. Not, however, from Arthur Hopkins; the wily film magnates went to its original source and made the picture from the Scandinavian play. That is why it is called "The Sin Flood"—a literal translation of "Synaflofen." And if the title seems to you to suggest a nickelodeon melodrama and a vamp called *Merciless Mazie*, don't be discouraged. It is really one of the

most natural and restrained human dramas of the season's output.

Its plot goes deep into the psychology of the mob. For its setting we have a saloon in a little cotton town on the banks of the Mississippi. In this relic of bygone days are gathered a motley group of human beings—a young broker, a girl of the streets, a hungry tramp, an old millionaire, and a dozen others of equally contrasting stations in life. In the midst of their drinking the levee breaks, the river floods the town, and the group is trapped in the saloon, which is below the level of the street. They are safe from the flood, but they face certain death by suffocation through the exhaustion of air, as a dying candle testifies.

To the astonishment of all concerned, a scene of general reformation follows. Facing death as they are, the coward shows unexpected bravery, the skinflint grows generous, the cynic becomes tender. And the young man about town, who has turned a deaf ear to the unfortunate girl who loves him, suddenly discovers that he loves her above everything in his empty, frivolous life.

Then comes the dénouement. The little company, so united in the bonds of brotherly love, decides to court death by drowning instead of the lingering torture of suffocation. They break open the storm doors of the saloon, only to find that the flood has spared the town and the sidewalks are bright with sunshine. Immediately they revert to their former selves. The millionaire again locks his pockets, the barkeep is again a bully, the trickster returns to his trade, and brotherly love is forgotten. Only the two young lovers hold to the love they discovered when facing death, and go out into the sunshine together.

A sympathetic cast has been trusted with this message, which they can communicate to the audience because they understand it themselves. Helene Chadwick has the rôle of the unfortunate girl; she looks a bit demure and domestic for the rôle, but her emotional work is really touching. Rich-



Photo by Donald Eddle Keyes

"The Sheik" is the hectic tale of an English girl in the clutches of an Arabian chief

ard Dix is the young libertine, James Kirkwood the apostle of light, and L. H. King the most perfect and convincing tramp we have ever seen on stage or screen. In the capable hands of Frank Lloyd, these players have given the subtle and difficult idea of the original.

"The Sheik."

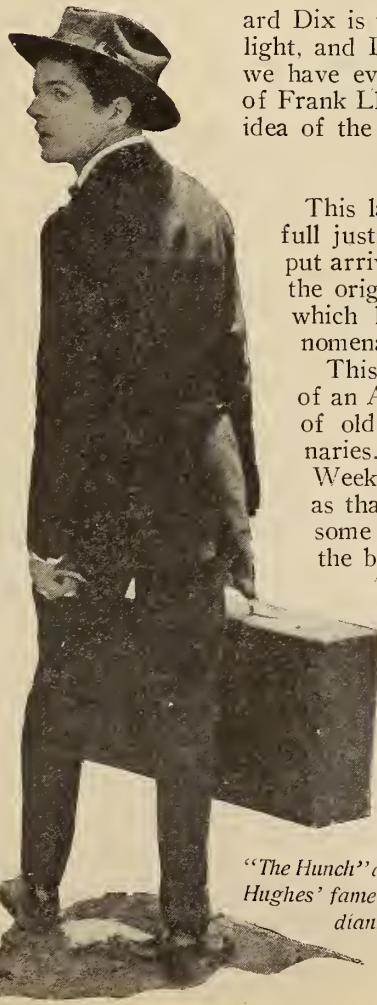
This last picture is an example of adaptation which does full justice to the author's intent. Also in the month's output arrives a screen version of a novel which is as far from the original as it could well be. We refer to the scenario which has been made from that preposterous and phenomenal best seller, "The Sheik."

This is the hectic tale of an English girl in the clutches of an Arabian chief, which has been for so long the delight of old ladies' boarding houses and young ladies' seminaries. If published during the same year as "Three Weeks" it probably would have shocked as many people as that Elinor Glyn effusion. But, in this era, it excited some mild amusement, but not a word of protest from the book censors.

The screen censors are another thing again. We can just see them patting *The Sheik* into a decorous mood mild enough for the most tender mind. His fierceness—which so delighted the gentle spinster readers—is all gone, his language and manner are as meek as a Rollo book, and his attitude toward the kidnaped heroine is that of a considerate and platonic friend rather than the passionate, ruthless lover, "on an Arab shod with fire."

Of course Rudolph Valentino was too young for this rôle, anyhow. The Arab of the story was

a disillusioned man with a hectic past behind him. We liked Agnes Ayres better as the obstinate beauty who shrinks from his advances, though we



"The Hunch" adds little to Gareth Hughes' fame as a skillful comedian.



"After the Show" is a story of the stage in which Lila Lee and Jack Holt appear.

must say she didn't have much to shrink from. Now it is hardly fair to blame the producers for the meddling of the censors, because they would probably have preferred to present the picture with all its lurid details. But we do blame them for selecting a theme which was so obviously designed to give the censor's knife full play.

"Jane Eyre."

Here is an old masterpiece which has preserved much of its quaint and eerie atmosphere in a screen version. Probably this was due to the fact that both Hugo Ballin, who made it, and Mabel Ballin, who played it, knew and loved the Charlotte Brontë romance long before they knew the films. This is a guess on our part, because neither of them have confided the fact, but no director or actress who had not loved the book could have made such a lovable film version.

Miss Ballin, as *Jane*, is the quiet, mouselike governess with flashes of emotional fire—as Charlotte Brontë painted her. Norman Trevor was not our idea of *Rochester*—the uncouth, ugly, and yet fascinating figure which Charlotte Brontë modeled after Thackeray and which set a new fashion in heroes for the Victorian novels. Of course Trevor is too suave and handsome for this, but if he is not uncouth he is at least taciturn. These two principals carry the thrilling old romance through its background of an ancient English estate with the maniac wife as a sinister and overpowering shadow.

"Ladies Must Live."

If only the idea in the film called "Ladies Must Live" was as obvious and indisputable as its title!

As a matter of fact, it hasn't any plot that is visible to the unprejudiced eye. All it has is some very beautiful scenery and several equally decorative young women wandering aimlessly about seeking to solve the problem of existence. The spotlight is about equally divided between Betty Compton as an idle débutante, Leatrice Joy as an ambitious shopgirl, Cleo Madison as a marble-hearted wife, and Lucille Hutton as a kitchen maid. You see, it is a very democratic film.

All these ladies are possessed with the very natural desire to "live" at all costs. The shopgirl succeeds by borrowing money from a platonic broker, the society girl by vamping an aviator, the wife by clinging to a cave man with a flourishing growth of whiskers. The poor kitchen maid decides that after all it is too difficult for ladies to live, and gives up the struggle at the bottom of a lily pond. These stories overlap each other so confusingly that you are sometimes puzzled to know just which "lady" it is that you are following.

George Loane Tucker staged this involved tale against a background of surprising beauty. No director through his lifetime could equal the amazing use he made of wide sweeps of scenery on land and sea. A rain-storm, a bit of coast, a shack in the mountains—all the misty shots of the open country give the picture a glamour which its absurd construction cannot entirely destroy.

We would give anything for the film rights to the expression on Alice Duer Miller's face when she first read the maudlin subtitles!

"Footlights."

This amiable and amusing study of an actress is the result of the back-stage explorations of Rita Weiman, who gained a practical knowledge of the craft through her own successful play. "The Acquittal." The plot is literally stranger than fiction, but not, at that, stranger than many movies.



Reginald Denny and Mary Astor deserve much of the credit for the success of "The Beggar Maid."

It is the story of an American actress who is told she can never be famous under her own name of *Lizzie Parsons*. Whereupon she promptly acquires a Russian accent, a wolfhound, and a samovar and emerges as a Russian actress, *Madame Parsinova*.

It is hard to believe that this is anything but a fantastic idea from a writer's brain, and yet all the incidents are drawn from the life of a real actress who is now in screen work. We can only hope her career will end as happily as does Miss Weiman's gently satiric play.

Elsie Ferguson catches this spirit perfectly, and adds a human-interest note of her own. This genuine and clever actress has suffered as much through clumsy direction of her acting as has Rita Weiman through clumsy mutilation of her writings. It took the crafty John Robertson to set everything right, as he has in the combination of these two deft and imaginative women.

"The Case of Becky."

The good old Jekyll and Hyde plot was dragged out for the stage success from which this scenario was written. Ever since Robert Louis Stevenson discovered the possibilities in a dual-personality theme we have been deluged with stories on this fascinating idea. Usually the imitations have made the central figure a woman instead of a man, on the theory that two pretty girl personalities are more interesting than any number of males.

So "The Case of Becky" deals with a young person who, as her normal self, is called *Dorothy*, and when she is good is very, very good, like the little girl who had a little curl. But, alas! a wicked hypnotist discovers her other self, who romps under the devil-may-care name of *Becky* and is very, very bad—in fact, horrid. The game in the plot is to exclude *Becky* and maintain *Dorothy*, and this is accomplished by a kind psychologist in a very interesting laboratory scene.

Constance Binney, as the well-behaved *Dorothy*, is all that could be expected of a very pretty little ingénue. As the unruly *Becky*, however, she is not bad enough to scare any one. Indeed, if it were not for her habit of flourishing a pistol and shooting wildly, she might be allowed to keep this personality forever without injury to the cast.

Montagu Love is the savage hypnotist, and a wicked eye he has! Glenn Hunter makes an unimportant rôle—that of the young lover—stand out through the naturalness and charm of his work. Chester Franklin was the director.

"The Hunch."

Glenn Hunter reminds us of that other delectable young juvenile, Gareth Hughes, whose latest film adds little to his fame as a skillful comedian. It is called "The Hunch," and, beginning with a burlesque on Wall Street melodrama, turns into rube comedy which closely approaches slapstick.

The "hunch" is a tip given to a young broker in one of those anti-Volstead conferences where so many sure things are confided. On the strength of this tippy information he borrows a small fortune, and when the stock goes down attempts to establish suicide by leaving bloodstained clothes on a river bank. Of course a rural cop arrests him for his own murder, and of course it ends in a turtledove close-up with the town belle.

You can easily see that this is a stupid and criminal waste of Gareth Hughes' talents. Why, when clever young juveniles are so rare in the film world, must their producers throw away one of the best of them on crude stuff like this?



Strongheart, the dog-star of "The Silent Call," has the vigor of Lionel Barrymore and the suavity of Norman Trevor.



"Under the Lash," in which Gloria Swanson appears, is one of those stories that is designed to show how exceedingly disagreeable a husband can be if he puts his mind to it.

"Bar Nothing."

Plots may come and plots may go, but the good old Western thriller has nothing on Tennyson's brook in its ability to go on forever.

The latest and best example is this sagebrush melodrama of Fox which brings Buck Jones back in the chaps and spurs of the cowboy hero.

It is one of those old-homestead plays, where a girl and her invalid brother are struggling to protect their home from the villainous intruder. Only, instead of a New England farm, the home is a Western ranch and the villain is a merciless cattle buyer. And, instead of the slick-city feller, our hero arrives, riding a wild broncho in that debonair way of all cowboys on the screen. He sets everything right and marries the girl,

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The Minuteman

The final chapter of the fasci
and the great influence he has

By Paul H.



"The Crisis," one of Colonel Selig's earliest feature pictures, had Matt Snyder and Marshall Neilan in its cast.

SLEEPING sickness, that dread disease, attacks the art of making motion pictures every little while. When it does the fan wriggles in his seat at the theater and complains to his neighbor: "I'm tired of the same old thing. Why don't they get something new?"

For twenty-five long years Colonel William N. Selig has been delivering that "something new." He has been the minuteman of the movies, and he is still working at his trade.

It was but eight years ago—a long time in film history—that Colonel Selig startled the world with something absolutely original and novel. I refer to the first "serial" picture which he made. Everybody remembers "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

With the first few episodes of indescribable thrills and the harrowing suspense of "continued next week," the nation went serial mad.

But before the excitement could die down the pioneer producer struck home with another startling idea. In a day when the wiseacres claimed that the public would never be interested in any picture longer than three reels, Colonel Selig made the daddy of all big feature productions, "The Spoilers"—in nine reels.

"The colonel has gone crazy," they averred, but within the season, 1913-14, the motion picture was completely revolutionized. The day of the short drama was over. Theatergoers would have nothing but feature

advocates.

His new discovery is Snowy Baker, the Australian champion all-around athlete, whose three pictures, made in the antipodes, have caused American critics to hail this new type of hero with unusual ardor. The Australian possesses a magnetic screen personality. His novel stunts, thrilling athletic feats, and superb horsemanship feature his American debut in "Sleeping Acres."

Business of any sort is generally regarded as dull material for story-telling, but O. Henry found his greatest romances in apparently unromantic life. There is romance in the making of motion pictures as well as in the glamorous rise to fame of the stars. For instance, Colonel Selig's career in recent years has been romance—a romance in four chapters. The first of these concerns: "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

"How did you hit upon the serial idea?" I asked Colonel Selig, who replied with a query: "Do you remember when readers of newspapers looked forward each day to the continued story?"

Everybody remembers the popularity of the newspaper serial some ten years ago. I began to see the light.

"Nine or ten years ago we picture makers were slipping into a rut," said Colonel Selig. "Too many mediocre ones, two and three-reel pictures, were being ground out. We started going backward, artistically, instead of forward.

"One day I happened to be reading a continued story in a newspaper, with the thought of purchasing the picture rights, when the great idea struck me. Why wouldn't the public go to see the popular continued stories on the screen if they liked to read them in the daily newspapers? I didn't have to think twice. I was sure. Straightway I got in touch with one of the leading popular authors of the day, Harold MacGrath, and revealed my idea. He was enthusiastic. As the idea was evolved



Kathlyn Williams gained her fame in the first serial, "The Adventures of Kathlyn"

of the Movies

nating history of Colonel Selig had on motion-picture making.

Conlon

we decided to place the story in India, which would give me the opportunity to show the world the thrills of wild animal as well as human stunts. Closely following the art of continued-story writing, MacGrath wove a mysterious romance about a girl, introducing at the climax of each episode a combined thrill and mystery which left the spectators so excited that they wouldn't have been human had they not returned for more.

"It was my idea to make each episode in two reels, since this length was popular. To introduce the serial properly, however, we made the first episode in three reels and released it December 29, 1913. The serial complete was in twenty-seven reels, and at that time the longest film ever made."

"Need I say that the astounding success of this idea exceeded my wildest expectations?"

All fans know that Kathlyn Williams gained her great fame in this serial. She was selected, Colonel Selig told me, because she possessed all the qualifications to create and hold public interest, which was the serial idea. She has dramatic ability, beauty, and absolute fearlessness.

"Therefore, we decided to name the serial 'The Adventures of Kathlyn' because it was all-important that a continued story or picture have a title that people can remember," he said.



With the advance in motion-picture art Colonel Selig longed to do "The Rosary" again, so he has made a seven-reeler of it, with an all-star cast including Jane Novak and Lewis Stone.

The romance I want to bring out is that Selig's serial idea completely revolutionized motion pictures. I wonder if you readers know that only eight years ago the press of the United States maintained an absolute and dignified silence regarding the lowly movie. They were even antagonistic.

"The Adventures of Kathlyn" proved to be "open sesame" to even the greatest newspapers in the country.

Through the pioneer's efforts the story of Kathlyn appeared as a continued novel in the *Chicago Tribune*, and more than fifty other leading newspapers of the country, week by week, simultaneously with the showing in the picture theaters of the various installments of the visualized versions. Selig is the man to whom the motion-picture business owes much of the credit for the cooperation and friendliness of the press. Newspapers created special photo-play departments which we have to-day. Thus he coordinated the picture and the press in a common cause, namely, furnishing the public with interest.

Besides Kathlyn Williams, these splendid actors, Tom Santschi and Charles Clary, were in the cast.

"The Spoilers."

What put the movies on the map as the greatest amusement of modern times? The answer is to be found in the second episode of this Selig



The splendid characterizations of Tom Santschi and George Fawcett in "The Crisis" of long ago, are still remembered.

romance—in the birth of the feature picture, which has supplied the world with an evening's entertainment at popular prices.

The first of these, and certainly one of the greatest, was "The Spoilers," by Rex Beach. Others besides Colonel Selig may have had the idea of eventually producing longer pictures, but as usual the minuteman led the way.

"A whole evening's screen entertainment had been my dream ever since I began making motion pictures," said Colonel Selig, when I asked him regarding the source of his idea.

"Why not? Wouldn't you rather see a good picture than a third or fourth-rate stage company in a play? What about the 'small town,' which represents the larger portion of the population of our country? They had very little theatrical amusement. The stage magnates were hardly able to send road shows to the representative smaller cities, let alone supply the demand in thousands of small towns. Some of these enjoyed cheap repertoire companies for occasional amusement; some had nothing. Why wouldn't the motion picture fill this tremendous demand?"

"With the amazing success of my serial venture I knew the time was ripe. I had even gone so far as to purchase the copyrights of several big stories by famous authors. For my plunge I selected the one I believed the best, 'The Spoilers,' by Rex Beach." Well do I remember, and most picture fans do, the furor created by this first feature picture. "The Spoilers" was released April 14, 1914. It proved an even greater sensation than the serial.

The minuteman was on the job.

With his usual foresight he cast the Rex Beach masterpiece of Alaska, with absolutely the best artists for the virile characters of the story. Who has forgotten the magnificent performances of William Farnum, Kathlyn Williams, Tom Santschi, the late Marshall Farnum, Wheeler Oakman, Bessie Eyton, Jack MacDonald, and Frank Clark?

To this day I have heard picture fans comparing great screen fights with that classic set-to between Bill Farnum and Tom Santschi in "The Spoilers."

The season of 1913-14 marked the turning point—when the lowly movie ceased to be a mere flitting shadow and was metamorphosed into a recognized art.

Foreseeing at this early period that the cost of first-class stories would increase tremendously, the minuteman began purchasing novels, plays, and short stories. He

speedily acquired the most amazing library in the film industry. Even to-day he still owns the rights to hundreds of stories by well-known authors, and he has sold to other producers many of the most successful stories they have produced.

Thus he was able to follow right on the heels of "The Spoilers" with such masterpieces as "The Rosary," by Edward E. Rose; "The Ne'er-do-well," by Rex Beach, which was made in Panama; "The Crisis," by Winston Churchill, which was produced in Mississippi; "The Garden of Allah," by Robert Hichens, and many others of equal note. These were really big features, ranging from seven to twelve reels in length. The acting was in keeping with the fame of the stories. Well do I remember "The Crisis" and the splendid characteriza-

tions of George Fawcett, the late Matt Snyder, Marshall Neilan, Tom Santschi, and Bessie Eyton.

Speaking of old favorites reminds me of the third episode of this romance:

"The Rosary."

Colonel Selig has never produced a salacious or vulgar picture. Being a bit old-fashioned, despite his minuteman mind, he has never approved of sex pictures. And he has steadfastly refused to make one. In this day of complex censorship it is gratifying to see him revive in a bigger and better way "The Rosary."

Several years ago Colonel Selig produced "The

Continued on page 98



"The Spoilers," the first long feature picture, created a furor. Kathlyn Williams and William Farnum played the leading rôles.

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

A story of the intimate lives of motion-picture players whom every one knows on the screen.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN I telephoned Carol Burnet and asked if I might drop in to see her when I was in town she seemed delighted, but when I sat in her living room, waiting for her to come in, I began to wonder if I had made a mistake. I could hear angry voices somewhere down the hall—Carol's and a man's; hers was low and conciliatory, but his was angry and rather loud; evidently he didn't care whether I heard him or not.

As I sat there the doorbell rang, and the colored maid who had let me in answered it. It was a boy from the cleaner's with Mr. St. Mark's clothes, and he wouldn't leave them unless he got the money. I couldn't help overhearing that.

"Well, here 'tis, here 'tis," the maid told him hurriedly.

"But this is a check—it ain't his name on it—Carol Burnet——" the boy read distinctly in a puzzled voice. "Who's that?"

"It's all right; you take it back to the shop and tell 'em it's all right," urged the maid, and a moment later the door slammed and she went off down the long hall with several suits of clothes dangling over her arm.

So Carol was paying St. Mark's bills. My heart sank. She must indeed be in love with him if she would defy her mother to the extent of using her money that way.

She came in a moment later; I could hardly suppress a gasp of surprise at my first sight of her. For she was wearing the most hideous dress, made of black English print calico, with tiny magenta flowers in it. Pretty as Carol was, it made her look dumpy and old-maidish.

"I made it myself," she told me, when, unable to control my curiosity, I commented on it. "Don't you think it's pretty? Philip designed it. He's designing some more things for me, after old costumes that are in the museum; he says I need distinctive clothes to make the most of my looks."

I wanted to shriek with hysterical laughter. If there ever was a girl who needed to wear frocks that are the last exclamation point of fashion, it is Carol Burnet. She is such a clearly defined type, with her yellow hair and blue eyes and pretty, empty little face, that she looks like a fashion drawing herself. They would have

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

"IT seems to me sometimes that our own lives are even more dramatic than the pictures we play" a popular young star observed to the author of this gripping narrative who already had half formed that conclusion herself. "I wonder if the public has any idea of the tremendous stories of love and intrigue and mystery that surround many of the players on the screen? I wish some one who really understands us would tell them."

So Sally Beresford, the *nom de plume* the author of this story has assumed, began to tell what she had observed in and around the studios, a story which contains some of the most striking and unusual incidents in the lives of motion-picture people. Probably no one else in the world of motion-picture making is better equipped to tell the life stories of the stars than the author of this gripping narrative, for she has been the confidante, the counselor of many—and while she is intimately associated with the players, she is not one of them and so retains the point of view of one of us—the audience.

She tells, among others, of dainty little Carol Burnet once the ingénue in her husband's company, whose ambitious mother had urged her to turn away from true love to ambition. Her young suitor meanwhile falls in love and marries a popular portrayer of vampire rôles, and before long Carol has become infatuated with one of the most unscrupulous men on the screen. Her mother has appealed to Sally to help her make Carol see him in his true light, but Sally agrees only half-heartedly, for she feels that Carol lost all claim to sympathy when she nearly broke her young admirer's heart.

From there the story continues.

place it would be to do a Mack Sennett comedy in.

Huge oil paintings were crowded indiscriminately on the walls; quite evidently Mr. St. Mark's slogan where art was concerned was "The bigger, the better." And enormous framed photographs of St. Mark—in costume, in evening clothes, even in a bathing suit—stood on the grand piano and the desk.

Carol was like a pretty luster-ware cream pitcher which has been emptied of its contents and refilled with cheap imported wine. Everything that she said had originated with St. Mark quite obviously. She made me think of the dolls that a prestidigitator uses. Even her voice showed St. Mark's influence; whenever she remembered it, she made it as deep and low as possible, and cultivated an accent that would have made the success of any *comédienne* who could have duplicated it on the stage.

Presently her mother came in, looking so harassed that my heart ached for her. She was pitifully glad to see me, and so plainly expected me to do something drastic that would relieve the situation that I felt guilty at failing her.

"Why don't you go home with Sally for a week or two, Baby?" she urged the first moment a pause occurred in the conversation—or, rather, in Carol's monologue. "She'd just love to have you, and the country air would do you good."

I writhed inwardly; there was nothing on earth I wanted less at that moment than a visit from Carol Burnet. But there was no danger of her accepting.

put her on candy boxes ten years ago.

She sat there and prattled on about Philip, while I looked about the room, fearing that my eyes would betray me in an unguarded moment. It was a cross between the property room of a motion-picture studio and the sales gallery of an auction. Originally a pretty room, with four great windows that overlooked Central Park, it had been filled with great, carved tables, tiny gilt chairs, a davenport so hideous that it was grotesque, fur rugs with heads that were life size and all but snarled at you, marble statues that hurled the discus at the unsuspecting guest from dark corners or peered out through rattling artificial palms like prisoners looking from between the bars. I couldn't help thinking of what a wonderful

"Oh, I couldn't; my work, you know——" She cast me an apologetic little simper that made me yearn to wring her neck. "You see, I have to be here to work with Philip——" And then she paused and sprang to her feet as he came into the room.

I shouldn't have said "came into the room." He really made an entrance, just as he had done in the barnstorming days of his career on the stage. He stood for a moment in the doorway, the red velvet portières lifted in both hands, his long-lashed eyes fixed on a point just above Carol's head, as if he were gazing out into infinity. I wondered if I was expected to get up and salaam.

Then he stalked dramatically over to her, lifted one of her hands, and kissed it reverently. He turned next to Mrs. Burnet, but she sniffed and put her hands under the folds of her skirt, so he turned to me with all the hauteur of the colored doorman who used to stand outside Shreve's, in San Francisco.

We were introduced, and he bowed low before me; if he could have known that I was thus enabled to see how carefully he had to brush his hair in an attempt to hide his tendency toward baldness, I think he would have been less ceremonious.

After that we talked—no, we conversed. I felt as if I were in school again. He lectured to me on the subject of his "art treasures," indicating those terrible busts and the most enormous of the oil paintings, while Carol sat by and beamed.

Then he began on the furniture. Later I learned that most of it had been bought at auctions around New York, but that day he solemnly assured me that he had brought practically all of it over from his "ancestral home" in England. I don't believe that the man meant to lie; I think that he was just completely absorbed in the part he was playing. He had a deep, rich voice, and he liked the sound of it. To himself he was the exiled descendant of a long line of illustrious Englishmen, showing his treasures to people who never could realize their value.

"Now this—this is period stuff!" he assured me impressively, picking up a tawdry little gilt chair. Feeling that I was expected to say something, I asked what period.

"Oh, just—just period," he answered sonorously but vaguely. "And this is a presentation piece," indicating a huge carved chair that looked as if it might have come straight from a torture chamber.

Before we were seated again he lighted incense in a burner on the Victrola, and drew the heavy velvet curtains that screened the windows, shutting out all air. Returning to sit on the couch with me, he said something in a low voice to Carol, and she, murmuring something about tea, left the room. As she passed her mother she caught the pathetic little old woman by the arm, fairly hoisting her from her chair; not quite aware of what was happening, Mrs. Burnet was skillfully



Our home was a retreat from the tawdriness of the world in which we had thing like that so that we could spend our days

propelled out of the room. Again I wanted to shout with laughter. Obviously Philip St. Mark and I were being left alone so that he could make an impression on me!

He leaned forward and gazed at me soulfully, as if he and I had been kindred souls, met for but a brief instant, and soon to be torn apart by cruel fate. His manner was that of the ham actor; I couldn't help expecting him to rise and stalk about the room, murmuring one of *Romeo's* speeches. His really beautiful voice murmured caressingly as he told me of his hopes for Carol, of what he was doing for her, of what a marvelous actress she was bound to be, of the depth of her character—all the virtues and talent in the world were hers.

"And you are acting with her?" I asked. I had heard that Carol's word, surprisingly enough, had some weight with the company to whom she was under contract. Doubtless she could see to it that he was always sure of a good part and a good salary.

"Oh, yes—she is so beautiful, so fragile and untouched by the grim squalor of the world, that I cannot



to move. Sometimes I wished that Hugh was a lawyer or an engineer or some-
in the sort of neighborhood where we were now.

bear to let her play love scenes with any one who does not esteem her as I do." Later, when I saw one of these love scenes and noted how neatly he had "hogged" it, so that his face showed and hers did not, I saw light on that subject. "Yes, I play opposite her in everything now. Later we shall star together, unless we go on the stage."

That sounded well, of course; if I had not heard so many down-and-out screen actors who never had made good on the stage say exactly the same thing, I might have been more impressed.

The cat popped out of the bag presently. He had always been a great admirer of Hugh's, Mr. St. Mark had said. And he had thought, just for the amusement of it—this with a light, jocular touch—that he would like to work in a picture with Hugh.

"But this picture is all cast—in fact, it's nearly finished," I told him. "There wouldn't be an opportunity now—"

"Oh, well, it was nothing, of course. But on the directing end—of course I have had so much experience; why, I've been in pictures since the very begin-

ning—now I might have time to run over and advise him a bit. I'll try—I've always liked your husband, and I'll just see if I can't squeeze out the time to do that for him. You tell him I'll see what I can do."

I was annoyed, and would have liked to tell him that Hugh certainly wouldn't have him around the studio if he could be kept out of it. But I sat there and looked at him as he bumbled on, and thought of how Hugh and I used to go to see his pictures, in Chicago, 'way back in the days when we were engaged, before we even dreamed that Hugh would ever see the inside of a studio. I wondered if Hugh would ever be like this man, cast aside by the public in favor of some one else, forced to tell people of his past glories if he wanted their attention, and then not getting it.

"Oh, never! Hugh will never be like that!" I cried to myself. I remembered what Lillian Gish said to me shortly after the sensational night when "Way Down East" was first shown in New York.

"I wish, somehow, that I could stop making pictures now," she said. "Probably I'll never do anything better than I have in this picture, and I'd rather have people remember me by this than by something I might do in future that wouldn't be anywhere near as good."

And a resolve sprang up right then in my heart. When "Unredeemed" was released, if it was the success that I firmly believed it would be, I would ask Hugh to leave the screen. We would make enough from the picture, if it went at all well, to buy the ranch we had been wanting. We could sell the Los Angeles house, and retire, and Hugh could carry out his lifelong desire to be a rancher. Then nobody could ever say about him, "Too bad he's gone down so, isn't it?"

Why, I remember him when he was one of the most popular men on the screen, and deserved his popularity. You wouldn't think it now, would you?"

Of course Hugh couldn't possibly have been like Philip St. Mark was in some ways. In his manner, of course—it was what Hugh and Danny had long ago christened "The bla-bla style," and Danny used to imitate the men stars who turned it on for their personal appearances. Gazing intently into Junior's eyes, he would exclaim in deep chest tones: "My dear Miss Nincompoop, I have looked forward to meeting you—you can't know what this means to me. We poor actor chaps never see our audiences, you know—and now actually to meet you face to face, after reading your many charming letters—oh, yes, I *always* read all my mail; I work at the studio from nine in the morning till twelve at night, and I get seventy-five thousand letters a day, but I read and answer every one of them—in long hand!"

Then Junior would gurgle and shriek with laughter, and Hugh would ejaculate "Ye gods!" at the thought of the actors who think that the public expects them

Continued on page 86

Without of

Charles Hutchinson takes
serial stunts with-

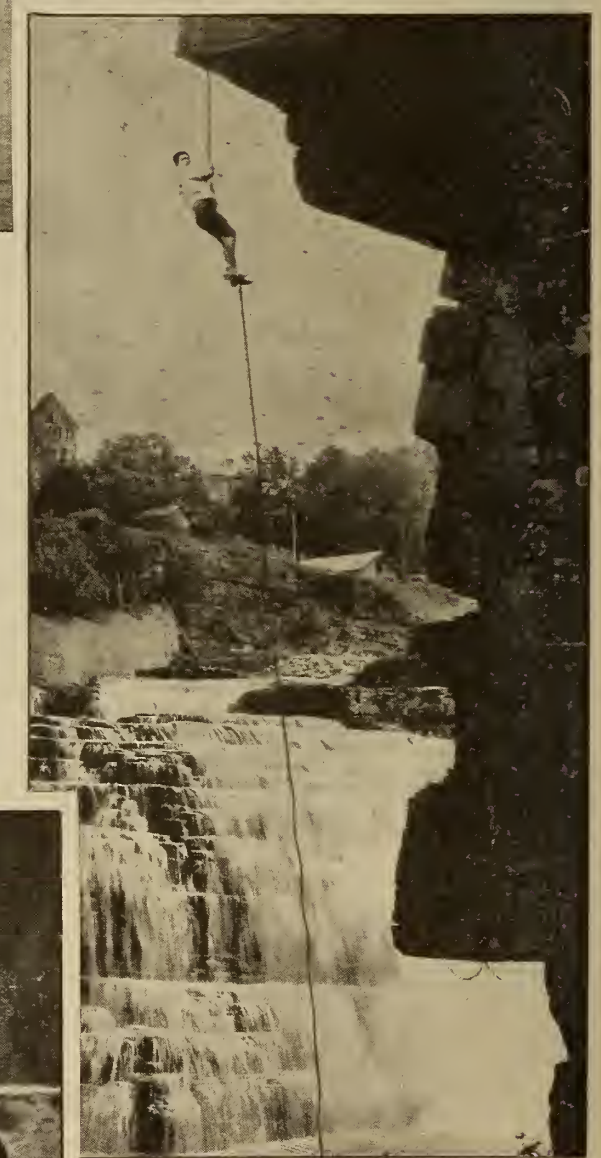
By Charles



ASK any well-informed fan where serial stars come from, and what a scenario writer is like, and he will probably tell you: that serial stars are ex-acrobats, ex-pugilists, ex-steeple jacks, or ex-anything equally adventurous and dangerous and hardening, and that a scenario writer is a meek little man or woman who sits at a big desk and contrives action for the star to carry out that he wouldn't dream of doing himself.

And the fan would be right in many cases—which only makes the exception more interesting. The exception is Charles Hutchinson—dare-devil hero of Pathé serial plays, and known in real life, as well as in his latest serial, as "Hurricane Hutch." They call him "Hurricane" because he is so polite and easy going and thoughtful, even as you and I always call the fat boy "Skinny" and the girl of swarthy complexion "Lily."

But to go back to the beginning. Charles Hutchinson used to be a scenario writer, but the stunts he contrived were so hair raising that no one could do them but himself, so he just had to go into pictures. His career dates back, as you probably know, to the "Wolves of Kultur"—and in each picture since



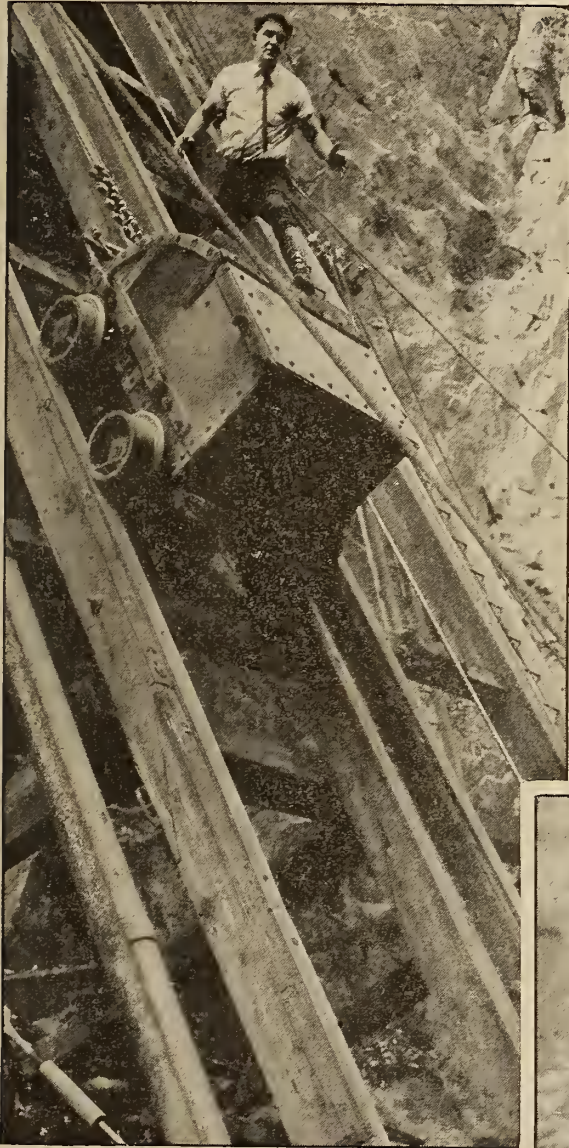
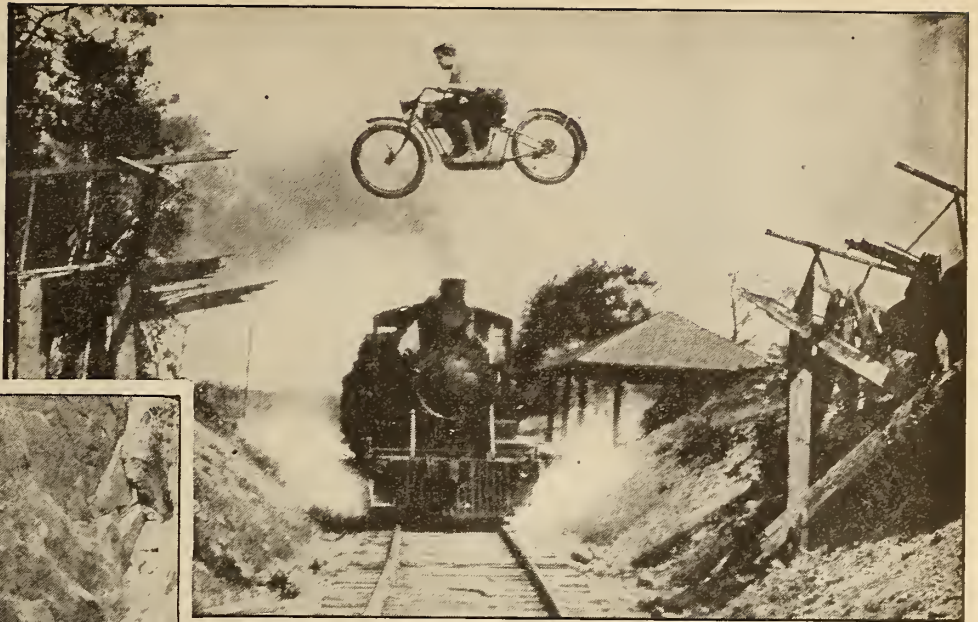
then he has shown more ingenuity and more reckless bravery. If you don't think he has gone about far enough, study the pictures on this page—they are from his most recent production.

And even before he was a scenario writer he didn't follow any of the adventurous careers that are popularly supposed to antedate a career as a king of thrillers. He never was advertised as "The Human Fly;" he never did stunts at a county fair or fought in a prize ring; he was the politest of handsome young leading men the Murray Hill Stock Com-

Benefit Thrills

what comes in the way of out a single qualm.

Carter



arm he injured while making a picture last year. And he just can't bear to see any kind of conveyance that he hasn't done tricks with—be it canoe, motor cycle, or aëroplane.

During the recent World's Series games, when most of male New York was either at the ball park or before a scoreboard, he accomplished the seemingly impossible; he gathered a swarming, pushing mob in Forty-fifth Street, far from a scoreboard. And what was he doing? Merely riding up to one of the top floors of the Pathé building sitting on a safe.

But if you think of him as a dynamic, powerful creature, bristling with energy and straining at the leash that conventional New York puts upon him—you will have to revise your ideas. For Charles Hutchinson is a genial young Irishman of quiet and winning charm. His muscles of steel are hidden under a satin exterior—and he gets no more excited over his reckless exploits than a business man does over his day's correspondence. Although his life is devoted exclusively to his work and keeping in training for it—his conversation betrays a wide interest in affairs outside the studio.



pany in New York ever boasted, and when he gazed into the leading woman's eyes and started making love to her there wasn't a young girl's heart in the theater that was beating normally.

But that is all over now. He'd much rather flirt with death and an onrushing locomotive than with any limpid ingénue who ever lisped an answer to his ardent love-making. He spends his spare time—not in voice culture, as in days past, but in the most strenuous gymnastic exercise. Wherever he goes he carries with him a fifteen-pound lead weight to strengthen an

WHAT THE FANS THINK



Two Opinions on De Mille's Latest.

I SAW "The Affairs of Anatol" last night. It was wonderful! In my estimation Cecil B. De Mille is the greatest director in America, with the exception of D. W. Griffith. Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson did some splendid acting, but Wanda Hawley ran away with the honors. Nearly all of my friends left the theater as sincere admirers of Miss Hawley. Utica, New York. ANTHONY A. ABBOTT.

We came, we saw, but we did not enjoy "The Affairs of Anatol." It was really nothing more than a fashion show, with a few impossible scenes, and our regret for having spent fifty cents to see it is so great that it will be some time, I am afraid, before I'll invest any more money in a movie.

The best acting was done by Wanda Hawley—every one else was extremely amateurish, with, of course, the exception of Elliott Dexter. I was sorry he had such a small part, but maybe that was for the best. Had they given him a more important part, it is very likely he would have disappointed us, too, and then there would be nothing to look forward to in his future pictures.

The best title was "Honesty and Loyalty, Like Charity, Begin at Home." As for Polly Moran, we have been to cabarets, and no place in the world would tolerate a performer like that. It seems to me that producers who spend as much money on a picture as was no doubt spent on this one should stick a little more to real life.

MRS. W. H. MCKINNON.

563 Ponce de Leon Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia.

What One Fan Believes.

A remark from a close friend of mine makes me want to express my views concerning motion-picture actors and actresses. We were talking about the pictures when my friend said, "Those movie actors must be wild, or they wouldn't play in such pictures."

Think of it! In this one line he gave the verdict of thousands of people, people who believe this to be true. What is the cause of this belief? Here it is: A movie actor or actress is judged in the hearts of most of America's plain people by the type of picture in which he or she appears. Those who have read intelligently about the movie stars believe differently. Here is what I believe:

1. Movie stars are human beings, not anything more or anything less, and
2. Being human beings, they are like all people, some with good morals, others with bad.
3. We cannot condemn actors because some are not what they should be any more than we can condemn all millionaires, lawyers, or farmers for the misdeeds of a few.
4. Last but not least, I believe that the stars should be allowed to play only in clean and decent pictures, so the public will not come to believe ill of them.

There are some who think differently, and I would be glad to hear from any one who can testify that what I have said is not true.

LAURENCE R. BENDER.

Clark's Hill, Indiana.

Let's Have Plays That Are "Different."

We movie patrons must have variety. The really successful picture is invariably the one which is different. It has been the writer's privilege to see a majority of the best productions, both foreign and domestic. Above all stood Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" because it was different. Artistic production with a careful selection of the characters made it an impressive and worthwhile picture.

The wonderful work of Gareth Hughes as *Sentimental Tommy* will remain a milestone on the road of artistic achievement. We want to see him keep on doing big things in a larger way, with full opportunity to use the unusual talents which have gained for him such successes in the past. *Peter Pan* and *Tom Sawyer* are two of the rôles he will perhaps play in the near future. When given the stimulus of Gareth Hughes idealism they will be immortal. Here, I say, is an actor the world will love—simply because he is different.

LARRY BELLMAN.

Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

Why Not Stick to American Authors?

I am an ardent admirer of Gloria Swanson—that is, I was until I saw her last picture by Elinor Glyn, in which I was deeply disappointed. I am a Washingtonian, and of course was very anxious to see the picture. Miss Swanson's gowns were beautiful indeed, but she didn't act naturally. Every motion seemed to be studied, and it seemed as though if she laughed she

Continued on page 104



Like a delicate print from old Japan is this scene from the latest Sessue Hayakawa picture, "The Street of the Flying Dragon." It is as picturesque throughout as its title, and rejoices in the presence of Tsuru Aoki, Sessue Hayakawa's wife, in its cast.



Griffith's

These scenes are probably in no way reminiscent of "The Two Orphans" you sobbed and sighed over at your local theater, but neither was D. W. Griffith's production of "Way Down East" much like the local stock company's versions. What the interpolated crashing torrent of ice was to "Way Down East" the French Revolution with its guillotine is to "The Two Orphans." These views give but a faint suggestion of the scope and power of the story as he has developed it. In the scene above, Monte Blue as *Danton* pleads for *Henriette*, played by Lillian Gish, whom the angry crowd had gathered to see executed. Below, a singer of Revolutionary songs entertains some revelers.



Greatest

All the vigor, and fire, and depth of understanding evident in the direction of "The Birth of a Nation" have gone into the making of "The Two Orphans." Here again is shown man's passion for power unbridled, and the consequent inevitable suffering of innocents. Mob rule at its craziest heights with its attendant blind hero worship holds sway, giving almost unprecedented opportunity for crashing climaxes. These scenes from the French Revolution, the lower one of which shows Monte Blue as *Danton*, reveal again the Griffith flair for recreating history on the screen. "The Two Orphans" promises to add another triumph to D. W. Griffith's long list of sensational screen successes.





Motion Pi the Lan nigh

Now the foreign invasion is to be augmented by Sweden, whose Biograph company will introduce her best productions to America some time this winter. Many of them have all the interest of travelogues added to their interest as drama because they mirror so accurately the customs of the country. One of these is "Dawn of Love," a scene from which is shown above.



At the left is shown a colorful bit of characterization from "The Fortune Hunter," and above is Gösta Ekman, the Wallace Reid of Swedish matinee idols.

tures From of the Mid- Sun



One of the most sensational offerings made by the Swedish Biograph company is "Thy Soul Shall Bear Witness," from the novel by Selma Lagerlof, a scene from which is shown above. This is prohibition propaganda and is said to have made a great impression in foreign countries. Victor Seastrom whose pictures have been shown in America is the star.



Astrid Holm, shown above, is one of the most popular of Sweden's younger actresses, and Mary Johnson, at the right in a scene from "The Fortune Hunter," is looked upon with the same affection Americans lavish on Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish.





Innocents

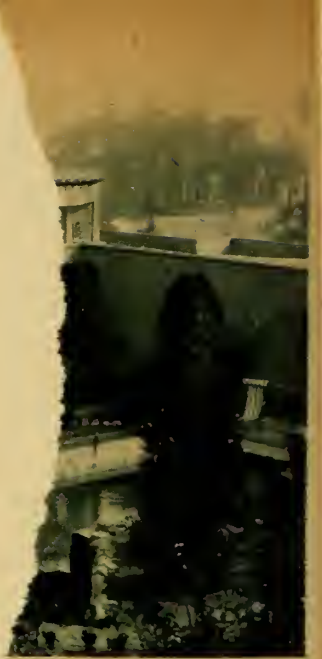
The Oriental peril, if any, is not political but pictorial, for even the most American of our beguiling ingenues insist occasionally on straying into foreign parts. It is more of a blessing than a peril, however, when this urge for the Oriental is responsible for such scenes as these from May MacAvoy's latest Realart picture "The Morals of Marcus," adapted from the famous novel by W. J. Locke.



Abroad



Even when the 'script calls for the heroine to be American, she is likely to break into exotic costume, for the sake of a fancy-dress ball or a charity affair of some kind. Corinne Griffith breaks the monotony of being just a heroine in conventional clothes in "The Single Track," by appearing as *Salome* at a charity affair. She does it so well that fans might well demand of Corinne that she make further such excursions.



“Here’s Where Wally Lives”



That is the remark that is made by the hundreds of people who pass this home in Hollywood—and so that fans all over the country may share their peep at how and where the smiling screen idol passes his spare time, we print this picture. At the left you see him with Dorothy Davenport-Reid, his wife, inspecting a part of the lily pond in their garden. You may have heard recently that Mrs. Wally Reid is returning to motion pictures. If you want to know the whole story of why she is doing it, you'll find it on the following page.

The Smell of the Sawdust

The real reason for the return to the screen of Dorothy Davenport, better known, perhaps, as Mrs. Wallace Reid.

By Jerome Weatherby

I WENT in search of some highbrow reason for the return of Dorothy Davenport to the screen—as Mrs. Wallace Reid. I entered the luxurious Reid home, expecting to find a languorous matron waiting to pour forth a diatribe on the emptiness of life without a career.

Instead, I was ushered with a nod by a tall maid into the play bungalow of Wally out in the back yard, near the azure swimming pool, set in its rim of pink-tinted cement, where I found Dorothy Davenport Reid with a paintbrush in one hand and dauby pot of paint in the other. She detached one somewhat grimy hand from the brush and gave mine a shake that rattled my teeth. She tossed her bobbed hair, which is red, and asked me to have a seat if I could find one that wasn't messed up.

"We're batiking the furniture," she announced crisply. I glanced about the large single room of the play bungalow and saw that the piano had been glazed a brilliant blue, shot with pink, and that other articles of furniture seemed to shrink under similar violent treatment.

"Wally is doing most of it himself," she explained. "We think it jazzes up things a bit." It certainly did. The glass eyes in a large stag's head above the mantel gazed at it all in silent amazement.

"Why are you going back to the screen?" I asked, choosing a seat in a rocker near the pool table. It was then I took out pencil and paper, prepared for a long tale. But I needed neither pencil nor paper. The cuff of a sleeveless gown and my own poor memory would have recorded her answer.

"It's the 'smell of the sawdust,' I guess," she replied, daubing away at the fat leg of the table. That was all. In the classic words of Ethel Barrymore—another famous comeback, by the way—there wasn't any more.

If the smell of sawdust is anything like the smell of new-mown hay, I could sympathize with her, but I had never heard of hay fever driving any one back to the screen or anywhere else but bed. And then the bright light dawned upon me. Her cryptic remark meant the lure of the arena—the call of the wild public—the smell of grease paint and the circus ring—the urge that makes old fire horses answer to the jangle of a street-car gong.

"How come?" I asked, determined to be just as cryptic.

"My aunt, you know, was Fanny Davenport. The same Fanny who made Sardou's 'Cleopatra,' 'La Tosca,' 'Theodora,' and 'Fedora' famous in America. The stage is in my blood. Why should I give it all up?"

"But," I interjected, "you have plenty of money, a rather well-known husband, and a young son. Some actresses complain that the making of pictures is work, and they are often too tired even to grant interviews. I shouldn't think you would want to go back to that."

And then I learned that Mrs. Reid entertains no illusions either about herself or about the public.

"Outside of the fact that this first picture I have made with Lester Cuneo was done more as a joke than anything else, I know that the public, particularly the feminine part of it, wants to get another good look at the wife of Wally Reid. They want to see what Wally has been tied up to for eight years," she went on with a twinkle in her large dark eyes.

"Of course, since Wally became a star, the name 'Mrs. Wallace Reid' has some value on the screen, and I know it. Now that Bill is past his baby stage, I have more time to myself than I had before, when he was an obstreperous infant. Also than I had when we were building the house, because I personally supervised the work while Wallace was busy at the studio. Now there is a lull in my domestic career. Lester Cuneo suggested that he needed an ingénue lead for his picture, 'Pat of Paradise,' and kidded me into playing the part.

"I don't like ingénues, and I never did. But at the present time it is the only type of part that seems open to me.

"I want to find pictures, however, that give me a sensible woman's part, without a lot of simpering and coy glances."

After this first playful plunge back into the rigors of studio life it is more than probable that Dorothy Davenport, in the person of Mrs. Wallace Reid, will come back to the screen permanently, for the name of her famous husband has a tremendous drawing power. There is the money consideration which no hard-pressed family is going to overlook in this day and age. Although Wally is making plenty now, another little bit won't do 'em any harm, I gathered from the general trend of the conversation.

At the time of our informal chat she was considering offers from a distributing company and from a large film concern. In fact, at this writing I shouldn't be surprised to see her playing in one picture at least opposite her own husband, unless the powers that be figure Wally's attraction stands better alone.

Mrs. Reid came into screen prominence back in the old Biograph days, along with Stephanie Longfellow, Arthur Johnson, James Kirkwood, Lucy Cotton, Henry Walthal, Mary and Lottie Pickford, and Del Henderson. Her first California picture venture was as Harold Lockwood's costar in Nestor releases. Eight years ago she married Wallace Reid when he was her leading man, just after she had abandoned the Nestor banner to star for Universal City. Two years after young Bill was born she came out of the shadow silence to play the lead in a picture written by Hal Reid, Wally's author father. That has been her only appearance on the screen for four years, and now she is back with a bang.

But I feel that she will not remain long with the screen again unless everything is found to suit her.

"If I remain in pictures now it will only be in the type of story that will reflect credit upon the Reid name," she announced, abandoning her painting of the fat legs of the pool table and sitting on the edge of the little raised platform at one end of the room, which serves Wally as a stage when he gives saxophone "recitals."

"I realize that at first half the audiences going to see my pictures will carry their hammers with 'em—particularly the women. 'Look at what Wally's got!' will be their first remark. But this will not keep me at all from giving the public some real work.

"Like all the rest, I want good stories and good parts. If I have these I am back to stay."

Just then Wally sauntered in, and we talked of other things, including golf and jazz and Bill. Mrs. Reid's affairs were shelved, and she became just a wife.

The Dragon

And the significance to motion-picture will have the rare beauty of Chinese

By Emma-



There is love interest in "The Lotus Flower," but not a kiss in the entire picture.

WE hear much about young China and the awakening of the Dragon Land. It sounds vaguely like politics, economics, ponderous machinery of government that the layman cannot comprehend. We talk of the rising generation of the Orient, and picture a group of young devotees, fired with a sort of sacred zeal, different from the rest of us—we never connect up the new movement in the Far East with the simple, familiar things which comprise our Western life. We are determined to look upon China as a mysterious, alien land, inhabited by men who never smile, women who never speak, children who never play.

Fiction writers have done their best—or their worst—in furthering the distorted viewpoint that the public has toward everything Oriental. They have pictured the Chinese as a race almost incapable of love, shackled with prejudice and tradition, lost in an age-old dream of custom and superstition. They have missed the kinder side of the Orient, the human, homely side. They

Shoddy—Gives Way to Gold

Oriental pictures made in America by Americans have spread misconceptions of Chinese people and their customs. Craftiness and guile have been featured in them; tenderness and affection left out.

But now fans are to see Chinese people and their customs as they really are. A Chinese motion-picture company has been formed and soon you will have an opportunity to see their first production "The Lotus Flower."

Where we have grown used to a curious hodgepodge of mistaken ideas in our motion pictures of Chinese setting, a shoddy web of falsities, we will now have the clear gold fabric of tradition in Chinese pictures sponsored by Chinamen.

was told, had been in motion pictures in the West, both as an actor and as a technical director. The leading lady was Tsen Mai, a noted actress of the Orient, who has appeared in this country in vaudeville, in musical comedy, and on the screen. The theme of the story, he said, was an adaptation of an old Chinese legend. And, although filmed in Los Angeles, it was true to Oriental life in every detail. All the actors except two

haven't wanted to tell us that fathers love their almond-eyed daughters, pet them and spoil them, even as fond parents of the Occident are wont to do, because the popular conception is that of unbending sternness and a fanatical, inhuman lack of affection.

Our motion pictures have had their share in fostering these lurid ideas of the Orient. They show us opium dens, singsong girls, slant-eyed mandarins with queues and long finger nails, mysterious temples where strange gods hold sway. It is all very picturesque—and quite erroneous. And it has remained for young China to produce motion pictures that will show us China as it is—and as it was.

"I have never seen a movie of Oriental life which was true," a young Chinese student told me. "No wonder that the Americans are prejudiced against us. They gain their impressions of us from these lurid films and from highly colored magazine stories."

"Just as we in China get our ideas of American life from the movies that are shown there," another one remarked. "My father went to see one when I was a little girl, and came home absolutely shocked. He told mother and me that the women in America went naked and that men with hairy trousers shot off guns in the streets of New York. He had seen, as I afterward found out, a Mack Sennett comedy and a wild-West film."

"What is this picture, 'Lotus Flower?'" I asked, greatly interested, when I was told that this first production of the Chinese company had already been completed.

"There is a private showing to-morrow for Mr. Sen Wu, the consul, and his friends. Would you care to see it?"

I assented enthusiastically, and it was arranged. The director, Leong But-jung, I

Awakens

fans of the awakening of young China is that they customs brought faithfully to the screen.

Lindsay Squier

were Chinese. After his glowing accounts of the picture, which he had already seen, I could scarcely wait for the next day to come.

Nor was I disappointed. The story may not appeal to the thoughtless mass who are accustomed to swiftly moving plots and saccharine love interest, but it will interest those who can understand that the picture is a Chinese classic, and as such is not amenable to Western standards and values. There is a love interest, but there is not a kiss in the whole five reels. Neither is there a queue in evidence, for the legend of *Lotus Flower*, the girl who gave her life that the sacred bell might be sweet toned, and so save her father's reputation as an artisan, antedates the Manchu period, wherein the first queues were worn, enforced emblems of the subjugation of the Chin race, whom the Manchus conquered.

We sat in the pitch-black projection room of the Sun company in a building just off Broadway, the Chinese consul, his friends, the director of the Wah Ming Company, which had produced the pictures, and some Oriental newspaper men. There were some Americans, too, typical picture magnates, who watched the film flash before us with interest that was keen, at the same time half skeptical.

"Say," one of them blurted out, when the appealing little Tsen Mai as *Lotus Flower* ran to her father in the garden, "Chinese girls are afraid of their fathers, aren't they? You've made this one absolutely twist her dad around her finger. Why she's as spoiled as any American ingénue!"

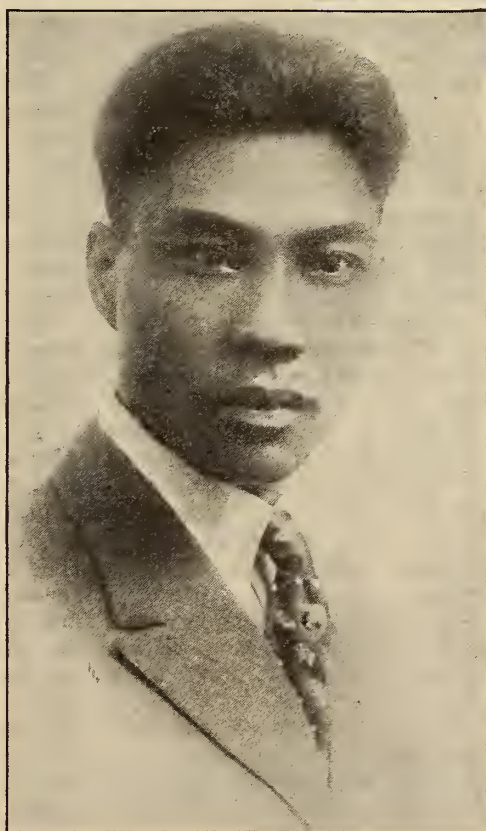
In the darkness I knew that the young and handsome Leong But-jung was smiling.

"Of course she is," he answered promptly. "Fathers are the same the world over—and daughters, too."

Then came a fist fight, in which Jack Abbe, as the young hero, fought an Oriental bully in defense of an old man. Again the American demurred.

"I didn't know that chinks fought with their fists," he said, and again Leong But-jung smiled.

"They do upon occasion," he said. "I have had my nose bloodied more than once in a rough-and-tumble argument."



Mr. Leong But-jung, who directed "The Lotus Flower," is a veteran in motion pictures, having assisted in the direction of Griffith, Ince, and Goldwyn productions.



The leading lady is Tsen Mai, a noted actress of the Orient, who has appeared in this country in vaudeville and musical comedy.

Lotus Flower and her lover were in the garden, holding hands. The father looked on indulgently. Again the American was moved to protest.

"I thought that girls and boys never saw each other until they were married. And look at 'em holding hands; would they do that in China?"

"They would and do," replied Mr. But-jung promptly. "Lovers even kiss—though never where any one can see them. And though it is not customary for them to see each other before their wedding day, there are many exceptions to the rule. This is one of them. The boy and girl are raised together as brother and sister. Then, too, in the families of the higher class, women are much less restricted in their actions. Why, if a man marries the only daughter of a wealthy man, he takes her name, and she, not he, is the head of the household. Everything is referred to her, and she has absolute control over the house and her husband."

The magnate chewed his cigar in silence. He was clearly dubious.

The theme in itself is a simple one, and, according to our standards, not altogether logical. There are touches in

it that will never convince a Western audience, bits that

Continued from page 71

to act that way, intently and devotedly interested in every woman they meet, while Danny would defend himself with "Well, you should have seen Jim Blank the other day—that's the way he did it. And every girl who went out of the theater, clasping an autographed picture of him, was wearing a pussy-cat smile."

Presently Carol came back, and ushered us into the dining room, which was even more horrible than the living room. I tripped over the head of a bearskin rug and bumped my head smartly on a statue of "The Dying Gaul" on the way out, and Philip St. Mark was most solicitous, but Mrs. Burnet murmured fervently from the depths of the gloom that enveloped her: "It's a mercy you weren't killed," and I, remembering the way the Gaul had teetered on his onyx pedestal, heartily agreed with her.

When I had bade them all farewell and was waiting for the elevator, hoping that I could remember all the details until I met Hugh, she came scuttling down the hall after me and clutched me by the arm.

"It's awful, isn't it?" she whispered. "You know the way he glared at her when she spilled the tea on the table—well, she bought that table with her own money; she bought all these things in this place; no heirloom about 'em! And he treats me perfectly awful; I just hate to stay here, in my own daughter's house. Can't you do something to get her away from him? She's just crazy about him—says he's a master artist."

"I'll try—I'll think of something," I assured her, as the elevator door clanged open for me. But on the way down to the street my heart seemed to sink faster than the car did. What on earth could anybody think of to straighten out such a situation as that?

CHAPTER XXII.

"The only thing that will cure Carol of her infatuation for Philip St. Mark will be marrying him," Hugh declared when I had finished the description of my call. "If any one separates her from him now, she'll feel like a martyr. She'll be madder about him than ever. But let her marry him and find out just how he'll treat her when she can't get away, and she'll get jarred out of all her illusions."

"But she can't marry him, Hugh," I protested, watching the Italian babies who were tumbling about on the back porches near us, and wondering how on earth they ever lived to grow up. The care I take of Junior seemed ludicrous by compari-

son. "He already has a wife and family."

"I know it—but that's the only cure nevertheless," he insisted. "Say, dear, wouldn't this place make a good setting for a picture—no need to go to Italy for locations, with this right at hand. I'd like to try one some time and see if I could make as good an Italian as Bert Lytell does."

I agreed with him about the value of that restaurant as a good set; it would have been marvelous, and the people who were dining at the little tables could have walked right on to the screen as atmosphere.

But I was more interested in Carol Burnet than I was even in the thought of Hugh's doing an Italian rôle. I'd never been particularly fond of her, of course; in the days when she was playing fast and loose with Danny's heart I had absolutely loathed her. It was impossible not to feel sorry for her now, though. She was a little fool not to see what "making a home" for Philip would do to her reputation, and giving him her money was sheer idiocy, of course. I had always thought that if her character was to develop it would be through suffering, yet I hated to think that she might be on her way to that development now.

"I suppose we could ask them out to the house," I began tentatively.

"Oh, Sally, do we have to do that?" Hugh's voice slid down the scale of despondency. "I'll do anything but have that St. Mark man underfoot right now—but with the picture where it is, and the cutting and titling coming—oh, Sal, think of something else!"

We met Claudia and Danny at the uptown hotel where they had been dining; Claudia adores our Italian restaurant, but she can't go to places like that because she's always recognized and a crowd gathers, and the last time she went there she was nearly mobbed, and the proprietor thought he'd have to call the police before she could get away. She's almost as unlucky that way as Mary Pickford.

Danny was fairly bursting with news; he could hardly wait till we were seated before he burst forth with it.

"Who do you suppose is in town?" he demanded. "Guess——"

"Oh, they never could, Danny!" exclaimed his wife. "It's Philip St. Mark's wife and children—yes, honestly, Hugh, it is."

"Oh, no!" I doubled up with mirth at the thought of a family of rampageous children in that apartment. "Surely they're not going to stay with him?"

"The children are, all four of

them. Danny met them in the Claridge, and Mrs. St. Mark said that she was going to her home in Wilmington for a rest and leave the children with him to get some new clothes."

"Poor little Carol!" said Hugh. "She's going to get her disillusionment sooner than I'd expected."

But strangely enough, it didn't affect Carol that way at all. I was buying Junior a new sweater a few days later, and met her with the four St. Mark children, getting them everything they needed. They were making the most of it, too; I could picture their mother telling them to get everything they could out of their father. The oldest girl bought no less than six pairs of new shoes, and when the next oldest one, a boy, remonstrated, "Why, you've got a pair of shoes like that now, brand-new," she silenced him with, "Well, they'll wear out, won't they?"

Little Carol, in another of the hideous dresses that she had made for herself, beamed on them and bought clothes and still more clothes, and they treated her as if she might have been a nurse girl. She had everything charged to herself, and as I saw the bills mounting higher and higher—she had begged me to stay with them and have luncheon—I finally remonstrated.

"Oh, but they're Philip's children; it's a pleasure to return in this way, some of the good he's done for me," she retorted. "Besides, he's going to pay me back; this is just a temporary arrangement, because having things charged is so much quicker than paying cash for everything."

Obviously I could do nothing to bring her to her senses, so I left the small cavalcade trailing its way into Maillard's and beat a hasty retreat to my own peaceful little home. I pictured it as I rode out on the train; the two terraces of flowers that rose to its white walls, its solid blue awnings, its window boxes that made vivid lines of color beneath the sheer, blowing curtains, the honeysuckle that tossed fragrant sprays up over the sleeping porch that overlooked the Sound. It was true that Hugh and I led a complicated, unsettled life, dependent largely on the whims of the public for its success. We were passing through a critical stage of his career, which might mark his success or failure. Yet our home was a retreat from the tawdriness of the world in which we had to move. Sometimes I wished that Hugh was a lawyer or an engineer or something like that, so that we could spend our days in the sort of

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A Fan Club Talk

Latest news about the activities of Fan clubs new and old.

By Marjorie Powell Fohn



NOW, let's have a talk. What are you new clubs doing in the way of organizing and beginning your activities? And you, whose clubs have been formed for some time, are you busy with winter plans for meetings and parties?

I have had some interesting letters from members of the various clubs. Many members asked what the motion-picture players thought of the fans organizing, so meeting Vera Gordon, whose interpretation of the mother in "Humoresque" proved such a success last year, I talked with her of the clubs.

"I wish you would say for me," she concluded her remarks, "that I am very much in favor of these clubs. It is a splendid idea of the fans to organize them, as coöperation is the prime need of the fans just at present. I am interested in girls. They take pride in their movie knowledge, and are better judges of pictures than most older people think. I, like most of the other players, love to get their letters, and from my screen experience I can say these clubs will be of great help to their favorite players. Also they can express their opinions of this censorship question from the viewpoint of the ones most concerned—the young fans. I shall be interested in the development of these clubs, and extend my very best wishes to each of them."

But it seems that girls are not the only movie fans who are anxious to organize. In the list of members attached to many of the letters were boys' names, and there were two letters from boys who intended to organize clubs.

Now, since this is to be a real fan-club chat, let us see what some of the members have to tell us.

Many of the clubs enlarged on the suggestions offered in these articles, adding original touches in organizing. Beatrice Stibyen, of 5434 Winthrop Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, writes the following of a club composed of eight girls, varying in ages from fifteen to nineteen:

It is called the "Bug Club," and we have our "Big Four," whom, as we enter, we pledge to support. These are Monte Blue, Lillian Gish, Harold Lloyd, and Colleen Moore. Of course, each member has her other two favorites; the "Big Four" are by mutual consent. We are now enlarging our club, and as each new member joins, we have an "initiation party." Instead of president, we say Star; vice-president is Leading Lady; secretary is Support; and treasurer is Extra. Also, we have a secret sign to greet all members by whenever we meet them. Best of all, we have our "bug rings," just a cheap ring worn on the little finger of the left hand with a bug made of sealing wax on it, as our emblem.

As our "guiding" stars, we have chosen people we believe will keep on doing better things and never fail, and at each meeting we dedicate a few moments to the memory of Olive Thomas, Bobby Harron, and Clarine Seymour, who did very great things while they were here, especially Bobby Harron.

We try to get the best and cleanest plays at the neighborhood theaters. Ever so often we give a dance, each member bringing an escort dressed as some movie celebrity, and we give a prize to the one guessing the most players represented. We are also

collecting a scrapbook of pictures and bits of gossip from the various newspapers and magazines about our favorites.

We are helping the girls in Freeport, Illinois, organize a "Bug Club," and we intend to keep each other posted concerning our activities. Each club meets every two weeks, and whenever there is a play in which any of "our" stars appear, we have a theater party, and all go to see it, then we write the actor or actress and tell them our candid opinion of it. We have adopted Monte Blue's motto, "Sincerity."

If you want to enlarge your treasury fund, Minnie Glassman, of 645 Lamont Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., suggests an easy way in her letter:

Thanks to your outline of a real fun provider, we are now proud to proclaim the existence of the "Pickbanks Movie Fan Club." Immediately after reading your article, we congregated on the back porch where a lengthy and interesting discussion ensued. We took much pleasure in organizing and naming our club. We voted on naming each member after the player she most admired or slightly resembled.

Since we are all high-school girls with limited allowances, we were obliged to enforce your idea of theatricals at once. Our third and most profitable affair was the movie wedding of Ben Turpin and Katherine MacDonald. The cross-eyes of a false face were tied across the eyes of our ZaSu Pitts, and a badly fitted man's suit made her a "handsome" groom. Our prettiest girl wearing her best dress was the bride, and there never was a more laughable combination. The wedding guests were all film notables, attired according to their most successful rôles. Harold Lloyd, man's suit and heavy-rimmed glasses—only make-up—was present, also, Corinne Griffith and Connie Talmadge, represented by our bobbed-haired members. Our "heavy" thought she would be only a part of the audience, but the suggestion of Walter Hiers was welcomed even by her. And, we also had a Marie Prevost. Adding with these a variety of stunts, dramatic scenes, comic situations, our audience thoroughly appreciated our efforts.

We pair off for the different movies in town each week, then at the next meeting, each couple tells of the show they've seen and we feel as though we'd attended six movies. We always discuss the most interesting scenes and save them for our next show.

So far, it has been fun with us, but we hope to develop into a movie club of which the others may be proud. I wish every girl would organize a similar club which is sure to produce good, wholesome enjoyment.

Some of you, perhaps, have just organized, and as yet have not attempted any stunts or parties. You will be interested in the letter of Grace Hannagan, of 732 Harris Street, Appleton, Wisconsin.

Our club is formed at last. We met at my house last Friday night. Hereafter, we will take turns meeting at different members' homes from seven-thirty until ten o'clock every Friday evening. There are six of us now, and we've named our club the "Gloria-Reid," after Wallace Reid and Gloria Swanson. We are all sixteen and high-school juniors except Marion, who is a "soph."

At the first meeting, we really didn't do anything novel, but we intend to have something original at our next meeting. As it was, we all sat around the table, and elected officers, then we spoke of the different pictures we were anxious to see, and of the framed portraits of our favorites on the walls.

Wednesday evening, we are going to have a theater party. We are going to see "The Old Nest."

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What's Your Fan Club Doing? Now that many new fan clubs are under way, and the old ones have been awakened by the spirit of the new ones, no end of ingenuity and originality is being displayed in their activities. Our fan-club editor is in constant correspondence with the secretaries of many of these clubs, and from month to month she tells you what they are doing, but we are sure that there are many of you who have not yet reported to her.

What interesting features have you developed in your club? How did you organize and what has your club come to mean to your members?

What do you do at your meetings?

YOUR CLUB MAY WIN A PRIZE

We have offered three prizes of twenty-five, fifteen, and ten dollars for the three best letters describing the organization and activities of a fan club. Any member of any club—new or old—is eligible to enter this contest. Letters entered in this contest should be addressed to the Fan Club Contest Editor, and must reach her not later than January 1st.

Get Your Letter in Now. It May Win a Prize

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neighborhood where we were now. I wished that he went to an office instead of a studio, that whenever he appeared in public people weren't likely to turn and stare and exclaim, "Oh, there's Hugh Beresford; isn't he good looking? Wonder if that's his wife with him." I wondered if, when Junior got old enough to go to school, we would have the experience of a friend of mine, who was informed that motion-picture actresses' children weren't permitted to register in the school in which she had wished to enroll hers.

Of course people didn't treat Hugh and me like motion-picture folk, as a rule. When the men came to know Hugh, and see that he felt about his business just as they did about theirs, and that there was nothing temperamental about him, they apparently forgot about his being an actor and let us prove that we were worth being friends of theirs. But

I have known of communities which made it very hard, not for stage folk, but for friends of ours who were in pictures, to become one of them. And Hugh always used to declare that before Junior grew up he was going to leave the screen.

"He'll want a father who's in a regular business," he'd say. Not that he's ashamed of his profession, but he used to be afraid that Junior would think it a rather undesirable one for his father to pursue.

Our gardener met me at the station; we had not engaged a chauffeur, as Hugh and I both drive, and we felt that we'd prefer to put the chauffeur's salary on getting a good man to do the art titles for the picture. Always the picture, you see!

"There's company at the house," he announced as he slammed the door beside me and rushed around to the driver's seat. He'd never stood on ceremony, apparently feeling that

there should be no restrictions in the association of a gardener and those for whom he gardened, and to this day I wouldn't be at all surprised to have him come in and hail me as "Sally"—in fact, I'm always expecting it.

"Company—who is it, Pablo?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a girl, with red hair, kind of, and awfully pretty, cook said; I didn't see her," he answered, swinging past a truck with such a narrow margin that I held my breath and wondered if I couldn't tactfully suggest that I'd like to drive. "I don't know her name, but it was something like Millard."

I leaned back and gasped. No thought now for the steering wheel—if Gypsy Millard was at the house I'd need the time it took us to get home in which to assemble my self-control.

To be continued

What's Bill Hart Going to Do?

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it'll cost you two thousand dollars.' 'Hell, I ain't goin' to hurt him,' I said. 'I just want to do a little easy ridin'.'

"Well, we takes this big horse up Sixth Avenue around Fifty-sixth Street at seven o'clock in the mornin' when the traffic is light. The taxicab starts up and I vault on the horse's back. No sooner do I hit the saddle than that nag gives a snort and lights out like a bat out of Hades. We goes around that corner and past the cab in six strides, and I had no more chance of grabbin' that villain than the kaiser does of bein' elected head of the American Legion. Boy, how he run! I saws at his mouth, but nothin' doin'! It was Seventieth Street before I got him stopped. I had to run him up on the sidewalk and almost plumb into a buildin'. Three times we tried it, and the hotter that horse got the wilder and faster he got. Finally I gives it up and turns him over to the livery man and his assistant.

"They both grinned and started to lead the horse away. 'Why don't you ride him?' says I. 'I don't need a ride that bad,' says the livery keeper. 'The lad that tried to ride him last is now gettin' along nicely in the hospital.' By that time I got suspicious and asked questions. Well, sir, it turns out that that horse is a wild Kentucky stallion owned by some rich fellow who wants him

busted in as a saddle horse. 'None of us could do it,' the livery man says. 'We figured you'd be a good man for the job.' 'Well,' I says, 'you sure had a nerve to tell me it would cost me two thousand dollars if I hurt the horse!'

Speaking of horses—and who doesn't when he talks to Bill Hart?—reminded us of the famous pinto that he has used in pictures. Ah, there is a subject upon which the big Westerner waxes truly eloquent! If ever a man loved a horse, Bill has lost his heart to the pinto. He related the whole story—how "Fritz," the pinto, came first from the Nevada plains with a band of Indians that Universal had hired as extras in the old days when Mr. Hart worked for that company; how Fritz was half Arabian and a "di-rect descendant" of "Red Top," the famous horse presented by an Arabian chieftain to General Grant in the last days of the Civil War; how Grant, when he became president, had no use for the horse and sent him out to Nevada, where he ran wild for several years.

"The pinto's up-country at my ranch now," explained the star, "about thirty miles from Los Angeles. He's gettin' fat and sassier than ever. Boy, talk about your horses! That horse has got *personality*—yes, sir, there's no gettin' away from it."

With Mr. Hart thus in a genial frame of mind, we thought we would venture our final and quite personal question.

"Is it true that you're engaged to Jane Novak?" we asked quite bluntly.

The keen eyes of Bill Hart softened. He lowered his voice a little; we think it was even a bit husky.

"Boy," he said earnestly, "she's the finest little woman in the world—one of God's own creatures—but there's no engagement, and I guess there won't be one."

He blinked a little and smiled and swallowed a lump. So did we. Well, we're keen for him. He's so homely he's good looking, and somehow he brought with his rugged face and old-fashioned manners and tangy speech something of the freedom and wholesomeness of the Western prairies. It was like talking with Kit Carson and Daniel Boone while the "L" roared and the taxicabs honked twelve floors below.

"If you ever read any wild stories about Hollywood," were Bill's final words, "remember this—most of us are workin' twelve and fourteen hours a day and too busy to hardly stop for meals, let alone parties. At least, I've always worked that way—and expect to."

Merry Christmas



JANE NOVAK was so imbued with the Christmas spirit that she determined to show the whole Selig-Rork studios what a real Christmas—not the warm Hollywood variety—was like. She wanted crisp snow and jangling bells, a ruddy Santa Claus with real reindeer, and presents—lots of them. And Jane got what she wanted; she's that sort of girl! She brought this yuletide spirit into the studio, even as she is giving it to you now. And she would bring it right into your home if she only could.



OF course Lewis Stone was frightfully hot in his Santa Claus outfit, as was Jane in her furs, but she thought they looked more wintry that way, and she wanted to have her Christmas party realistic. Minor drawbacks like having a stuffed caribou instead of a live one, and staging the snowstorm in the conventional studio manner with salt and paper and wind machines didn't dampen her ardor a bit. Though the props are artificial, it is with heartiest good will that she is wishing you a Merry Christmas.



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Barbara Bedford, one of the Fox contributions to the glorified Milky Way, achieved distinction for her work as the elder daughter in Tourneur's "Last of the Mohicans." Because of this work, Mr. Fox grabbed her and added her to the support of Jack Gilbert in his first starring vehicle under the Fox banner, "Glean o' Dawn." Jack, by the way, is another addition to the new comet cosmos. He was not incubated, but achieved success after many years in the picture business. Miss Bedford's first star release, it will be remembered, was "Cinderella of the Hills," and thereby she gained a fan following as a portrayer of outdoor girls, and struck her stride. "Lefty" Flynn, as a star in the Fox fold, is a special-production graduate, since he was chosen as worthy of honor because he acquitted himself so well in "The Last Trail," directed by his namesake, Emmett Flynn. Edna Murphy, costarring with Johnny Walker for Fox, was also a special-production product, having distinguished herself as the blinded wife in "Over the Hill," which produced Walker.

Exotic personalities have no place thus far in the greatest of all star showers. It was expected that Rudolph Valentino would be starred ere this because of his popularity in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Camille," but his is an exotic type, as "different" as those of Theda Bara, Nazimova, ZaSu Pitts, or Pola Negri. Special stories must be provided if Valentino is to star, and, as has been already indicated, the producers are apparently not yet ready to have special stories written by competent authors for their stars.

Not that the star shower has softened the brains of all the excellent literary talent called to the screen in the heyday of the eminent author. Far from it. Famous writers, such as Sir Gilbert Parker, Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, and

John Fleming Wilson, are still turning out interesting stories for the pictures, but that is all. The public is no longer asked to worship at the shrine of these literary luminaries whom they never see on the silver sheet. Their brains are being employed, but not their personalities, for the producers have found out that the public will have none of that. When the producers deem it expedient to combine these brains with the talents of their stars, then the star system will be put upon a firm foundation and remain where it belongs.

O tempora! O movies! What follies the business office can commit! Why not say to Mr. Eminent Author: "Write us a story for Helene Chadwick or Jack Holt or Lloyd Hughes, and make it really interesting?" Instead of that, the business office apparently reasons that so long as they have taken the trouble to make a star by paying for the advertising, which is the principal expense in star making these days, since the stars' salaries are nothing much to write home about, it is justified in putting the new star in any old kind of story just so long as it can be coaxed into five reels. The slush that little May McAvoy has been given, after her excellent portrayal in "Sentimental Tommy," is a case in point. What fate awaits some of the others we have mentioned remains to be seen.

Of course "star" pictures are less expensive to make under this process. It is cheaper to trade on the personality of a star and her fan following than it is to create a special production, work up the publicity and advertising on it, and then sell it to the world. But how long is the star going to last, in this day of keen competition, with meaningless stories and slipshod direction?

What do you remember about Betty Compson after you sat up in joy and watched her troop through "The Miracle Man?" I'll bet you

can't recall the names or the plots of two stories she has appeared in since.

I hold no oracle office, but, in the words of Bill Bromide, I can see the finish of many twinkling stars if this cheap policy is maintained well into this year. Thousands and thousands of dollars have been expended on single-feature productions, which take thousands of additional dollars to "put over" with advertising, and yet the business offices hesitate to spend a few thousands for good stories with which to bedeck their star. The star shower has fallen upon the countryside, but its brilliance must be fanned into a permanent glow by good direction and substantial manuscripts.

Old favorites are holding their own in the face of the rebirth of the system. With her accustomed foresight, Mary Pickford paved the way long ago, when she injected "Stella Maris" into her schedule, against the rise of new rivals, and she had them lashed to the mast before they ever started.

Pauline Frederick, first in playing "Madame X," and now appearing in a rip-roaring Western ranch story, has jazzed up her repertoire until her fan following is more loyal than ever. Stars of the caliber of Miss Pickford and Miss Frederick cannot be deposed from their niches in the affections of the public so long as they use the brains given them. Others, however, of less perspicacity, are bound to be showered under by the new arrivals to stardom on the screen.

Among the newcomers there are many who undoubtedly will achieve a permanent place in the love of the fans, just as there are many who will fall by the wayside under the weight of poor stories shouldered on to them, and it behooves the favorites of the past to watch their steps and jazz up their curriculums with a few "Madame X's" and "Stella Marises." In the year 1922 it will be the survival of the fittest for fair!

Over the Teacups

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and Hugo for Christmas. I don't want to lose them."

She began fishing around in her bag, and when I saw her studying a railroad time-table I knew the worst, or the best, rather.

"If you're going up to the studio to see Lillian Gish you have to take me with you. I've heard she is simply ravishing in her white wig and old French costume."

"Yes, but she only wears that in some special scenes. Most of the

time she is just as bedraggled and poor as usual. People around the studio get so accustomed to seeing Lillian in those poverty-stricken clothes that when she gets dressed up they hardly know her.

"The picture will be finished pretty soon—they are cutting it now. Lillian is simply wonderful, of course. And if you're not crazy about Monte Blue already, you will be when you see 'The Two Orphans.'"

"And that reminds me that Theda Bara once made a production of 'The

Two Orphans.' Do you suppose they'll have the audacity to reissue that when D. W. Griffith's 'Two Orphans' is released? I almost wish they would. The contrast would be so ludicrous. And that reminds me——"

"I don't care what that reminds you of," I protested. "The clock reminds me that if we are going to get up to the Griffith studio before night we'll have to run for the train. Coming?"

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Anita Stewart, recently returned from her summer vacation in the East, has begun work at the Mayer studio in "The Woman He Married," which sounds as if it were another one of "those things," under the direction of Fred Niblo, who, since "The Three Musketeers," is fast winning a long-deserved recognition as one of the screen's sincerest and ablest directors.

Incidentally, Anita's contract with her present producer expires with her next production. Just what is going to happen after that is still on the knees of the gods. Said producer favors all-star casts to the extent that he recently paid Mildred Harris twenty-five thousand dollars for permission to reduce the display of her name to the same size type as the other members of the cast. I understand that he desires to renew his contract with Anita without starring honors, but Anita isn't very happy over the idea. It may be that Rudolph Cameron, her husband, will form an independent company for her, and she will become her own producer, à la Nazimova.

The migration of the Talmadges from their Forty-eighth Street studio, in New York, to brother-in-law Buster Keaton's lot in Hollywood, was the occasion of considerable rejoicing on the part of the film colony and the Los Angeles chamber of commerce. Norma has done no producing on the Coast since the time she ran away from Vitagraph, following her first great success in "The Battle Cry of Peace," and joined forces with Triangle at many times the Vitagraph stipend. "Connie" is fairly familiar with the Coast, having spent her early picture career here.

The fact that Mrs. Natalie Keaton is now making her home permanently in Hollywood, and that Mr. Joseph Talmadge Schenck is the owner of the Keaton studio and head of the Keaton company may be regarded as the principal lure of the Talmadge entourage westward, rather than the climate. The sisters were homesick to see Natalie, and Mr. Schenck decided that he could combine business with pleasure by closing his New York studio and operating all of his companies at the one place.

I hope that the change of environment will have a salutary effect upon the quality of the stories which are selected for the Talmadge sisters. I know of no other screen stars who have suffered so grievously from wretched stories as have these famous sisters during the last two years.

That these two clever girls have survived the weaknesses of their pro-

duction is convincing testimonial of the personal esteem in which they are held by the public, but even the gods may sometimes tempt fate too far.

Another recent arrival in Hollywood is William Farnum, who changed his mind about staying a year in Paris, and after getting rid of the *aéroplane* he purchased over there came back to his old stamping ground, the Fox fold, where his brother, Dustin, is holding forth also now. "Bill" is doing one of his popular "he-man" rôles, under the direction of Edgar Lewis, of "The Barrier" fame.

Although Charlie, Farnum, Donald Crisp, and Paul Powell are again in our midst, a dozen others have left since my last report. These include:

"Jimmy" Kirkwood, who is playing the title rôle in Booth Tarkington's famous play, "The Man From Home," now being made at Paramount's London studio, with exteriors taken in Italy.

Rubye de Remer, who is playing opposite Kirkwood, and will also appear in other English-made productions.

Anna Q. Nilsson, who, after completing several pictures in London, will go to Sweden, her native heath, to be starred in a series of Ibsen plays.

Ann Forrest, who has already completed her first London picture, "Love's Boomerang," and for whom I am offering a little prayer daily that she will be chosen to play "Peter Pan."

Elliott Dexter, the sincerest and most convincing actor the cinema boasts, who is playing opposite Miss Forrest in her English-made productions.

Norman Kerry, best known for his work in Cosmopolitan features, whose first English picture, under the Paramount banner, was "Three Live Ghosts," supporting Anna Q. Nilsson.

And now comes word from "Papa" Laemmle, of Universal, who recently arrived in Hollywood to see why Mr. von Stroheim's "Foolish Wives" don't get busy and start cutting up, that he is going to send Priscilla Dean and a company abroad within the immediate future to do a big costume picture. The production will be made either in Vienna or Berlin, but will have scenes photographed also in France and Italy. By the way, Mr. Laemmle started the vogue for foreign-filmed productions away back before the war, when he sent King Baggot and Leah Baird across for a series of pictures. They made "Absinthe" and "Ivanhoe."

Unless present plans miscarry when this appears, Cecil De Mille will

already be in the wilds of northern Africa, after which Paramount's director general will go to Europe to look over the ground there with a view to doing some producing abroad later. Mr. De Mille will visit Tunis and Algiers, in Africa, and from thence will motor along the Riviera to northern Italy, and then across Switzerland into southern Germany, arriving in Berlin for the première in that country of "Forbidden Fruit," scheduled to occur the first of the year.

Other well-known directors now abroad include:

Albert Parker, who will direct Fairbanks in his first European-made picture.

George Fitzmaurice, director of "Experience," "Peter Ibbetson," and other special Paramount pictures, who filmed "Three Live Ghosts" in London, and who is now engaged on "The Man From Home."

Ouida Bergere, in private life Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who wrote most of Mae Murray's pictures, and who is now picturizing the productions being made by her husband abroad.

Lois Weber, producer of "The Blot," "Shoes," and other domestic dramas, and discoverer of Mildred Harris, Mary MacLaren, and Claire Windsor, who expects to make a number of pictures abroad with European casts exclusively.

John Robertson, artist extraordinary of the megaphone; producer of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Sentimental Tommy," "Footlights," and other exceptional Paramount productions, who will direct "Peter Pan."

Harley Knoles, long identified with the screen over here, now the head of a large English film company which produced "Carnival," being shown extensively in this country at the present time.

And, lastly, I learn that even little Jackie Coogan has been infected with this voyaging virus, and that as soon as he has two or three pictures completed he will make a tour of Great Britain and the Continent. I am assured by Jackie's managers that as a result of his sensational success in "The Kid" and "Peck's Bad Boy," the English public is "clamoring"—yes, that is the word—to see Jackie in the flesh.

But with Mary, Doug, Jackie, De Mille, Rubye, Anna, Jimmy, Priscilla, little Ann Forrest, Elliott, and a number of others constituting the cream of our cinema élite regaling our foreign cousins and allies, it certainly looks as if it were going to be a very dull winter in Hollywood for those of us who are forced to content ourselves with such Volstead antidotes as can be had.

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For Dorothy Gish is one of the most complete dyed-in-the-wool and warranted-not-to-run pessimists I have ever met. And having given up the world as hopeless, she is irrepressibly funny about it, which makes me suspect that perhaps she's partly pretending.

The last time I saw her she had just made her debut on the speaking stage; not a nice, carefully planned debut, but a sort of pinch-hitter one. The leading woman of "Pot Luck," which was playing in a New York theater, had fainted at the end of the second act and was unable to go on with the performance, and Dorothy was rushed on to take her place. She knew the part because she had attended every performance—she likes to watch her husband act, and he, you see, was the leading man.

She remembered all the business, never missed a cue, and went through the scenes like a veteran. The audience applauded her wildly. And was Dorothy all tremulous with joy, and did she step before the curtain flushing prettily and throw kisses to the tumultuous crowds in the balcony?

She did not! She looked up the manager of the show and told him heatedly: "For Heaven's sake get some understudies for the men in this show; I don't want to be pushed on the stage some night and find I'm the villain!"

Dorothy joked about it next day, gave a funny imitation of her performance for the benefit of the people at the studio, but she was a little bitter because she had long looked forward to her first appearance on

the speaking stage and it was something of a disappointment to have it come off in this sudden way.

"Making comedies is the most terrible and depressing thing in the world," Dorothy told me one afternoon recently. "You're never satisfied, and you're always frantically figuring out new business. And scenes like this"—and she looked over to where Lillian and Monte Blue were doing a dramatic scene—"just tear you to bits. What are you going to do?"

There was a haunting tenderness in her voice, but she followed it a moment later with a chuckle.

"There's a sad-looking picture of me from 'The Two Orphans' in a magazine with a caption that says something about 'Dorothy is so used to suffering on the screen—I can't figure out whether my comedies were really that bad or whether the editor got me confused with Lillian.

"I'm really taking an awful chance starting out as a dramatic actress in this part in 'The Two Orphans.' I'm a blind girl. You know that a screen actress' best means of expression is her eyes. Well, they've taken those away from me, so I don't know whether I'm getting anything over or not."

Dorothy seems constantly to be holding a long ruler up to herself and despairing because she doesn't measure up to the very top of it. As she grows, the ruler grows.

Since she was married a year ago she has grown less pessimistic, for James Rennie, her husband, has the sunniest disposition imaginable, and he can always pull her out of the depths. The best tribute to the suc-

cess of their marriage that I know of is the perfect epidemic of weddings that has taken place in the Griffith studio ever since they have been up there. But even about Jimmie, Dorothy is sometimes cynical, or do you suppose she was just pretending to be when she said:

"We're happy now, but how can we be sure of the future? Look how many other marriages have crashed. And what worries me is, where could I go if I should want to leave Jimmie? The family is so crazy about him they'd never give him up. Mother and Lillian say they couldn't get along without him. Constance Talmadge says I could come and stay with her, but she'd probably reserve the right to let Jimmie come and see us once in a while. I don't blame them, do you?"

Dorothy claims that her turn of mind is due to too many Russian novels when she was only about twelve years old. She subsists on the more cheerful diet of George Bernard Shaw now, and can usually be found in a far corner of the studio marveling over his "Back to Methuselah." She is the most curious combination of highbrow pessimist and impudent comédienne I have ever seen.

If you chew gum and talk slang and love the newest dances, you'll find a lovable companion in Dorothy. If you try to hide your pessimism under feigned insouciance, you'd find her a good example to follow. And if you are interested in all that is finest in literature and the drama, Dorothy will lead you along undiscovered trails. Oh, well, you'd love Dorothy anyway, no matter who you are.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

but not without hair-raising adventures.

"Under the Lash."

This is one of those stories designed to show how exceedingly disagreeable a husband can be if he puts his mind to it. For most of its thrills it depends on violent scenes of wife-beating. Gloria Swanson, bereft of her gorgeous costumes—her sequin gowns and coiffure feathers—plays the abused wife in homespun and checked apron, and plays it amazingly well.

"After the Show."

This is another story of the stage by Rita Weiman, in which the hero is not an actor or a manager but a humble stage-door man. He adopts a waif of a chorus girl and nearly

sacrifices his life to save her future. Charles Ogle plays this rôle with the utmost simplicity and sympathy, and Lila Lee is a dark-eyed and infantile stage child. Jack Holt is so suave and fascinating as a villain that it is almost with regret that we watch him reform in the last reel.

"The Beggar Maid."

Some imaginative director suddenly had an inspiration while walking through an art gallery, and the experiment of "The Beggar Maid" was the result. It is the first of a series of films which will be based on a single great masterpiece on canvas. To launch the enterprise the producers hit upon the Burne-Jones creation, which, in a few bold strokes tells the story of Tennyson's celebrated poem in which *King Cophetua* wooed the *Beggar Maid*.

This is told against a mellow rural background, with a very beautiful young beggar maid in the person of Mary Astor.

"The Silent Call."

Another screen experiment which promises to be a thorough success is the attempt of First National to star a dog as the hero of a serious drama. He is a Belgian police dog called *Strongheart*, and he combines the vigor of Lionel Barrymore with the suavity of Norman Trevor in his screen technique. Seriously, it is not too much to say that this handsome and sagacious creature seems to have a real realization of the emotions which he conveys so simply. Of course much credit must be given to Jane Murfin, the owner, who trained the dog, and to the director, Lawrence Trimble.

In Cold Blood

A gripping tale of real life, full of color, passion, and drama, appears complete in the January AINSLEE'S.

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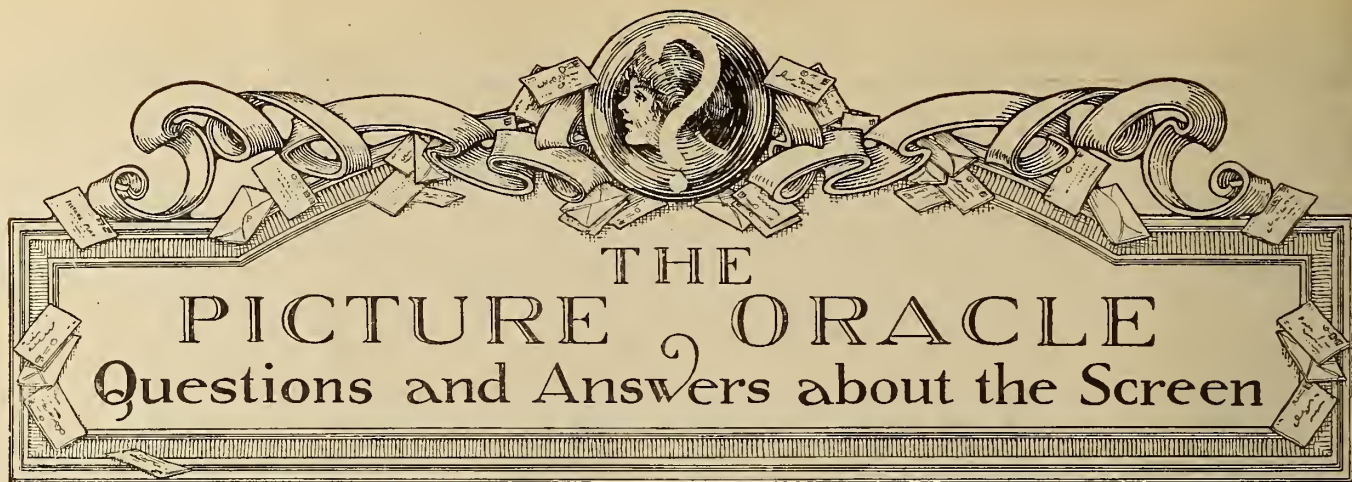
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By WINSTON BOUVE

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Two good reasons why you should not miss

AINSLEE'S
THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS



THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

A PURPLE RIDER.—William Duncan and Edith Johnson have deserted serials for feature pictures. "Where Men Are Men" is the name of their first. "Do or Die" is Eddy Polo's latest serial. Elmo Lincoln appears in "Adventures of Tarzan," with Louise Lorraine. It is in fifteen episodes. Joe Ryan's most recent serial is "The Purple Riders," in which Elinor Field appears with him. He also made "Hidden Dangers," with Jean Paige. Ruth Roland's latest to be released is "The Avenging Arrow." She is hard at work on a new one, however. Helen Holmes is to make twenty-two railroad dramas of two reels each for the Aywon Films.

T. FLANIGAN.—"The Threshold" is Belle Bennett's latest picture. Margaret Gibson is now Patricia Palmer, and her latest work is with Louise Glaum in "Greater Than Love."

MARY A. G.—Generally one incloses a quarter to cover the cost of mailing the photographs. I do not discuss the religion of the players. "Beyond Price" is the latest Pearl White vehicle. Miss White recently divorced her husband, Wallace McCutcheon. Anita Stewart appears in "Playthings of Destiny."

MISS GENEVIEVE G.—Nazimova's hair is really bobbed. She is the wife of Charles Bryant. He sometimes plays her leading man. Whether you can induce her to answer your letter is something you will have to work out for yourself. "Camille" is her latest screen appearance. It is a modernized version of Dumas "Camille." It is dressed in the present-day mode of 1921. Yes, the weather is fine. A little warm but all right as summer weather goes.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL, E. M.—I neither holler for the winter nor dash for the seashore. I haven't time to do either. I have to go right on working. No, you aren't the only girl who does not harbor an ambition to some day be a great star. There are others as sensible that write me. Glad to hear, however, that you are "some fan." Why don't you write the editor about the interview you would like to see? Ora Carew used to appear in Keystone pictures back in her comedy days. Mary Hay is dark. Thanks for all the nice "comps."

THE SPECTATOR.—Addresses at the end of The Oracle. Lon Chaney is the correct spelling. Wallace Beery and Eric von Stroheim are not the same person. They are two distinct men. Both villains—on the screen.

LAURENA P.—You failed to inclose a stamp for a personal reply, so you have broken into print. Mary MacLaren does

not appear with her sister, Katherine MacDonald. Mary is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Three Musketeers." Katherine has her own company. Mary is not Katherine's only sister, but the others do not appear before the camera.

EDITH STERLING ADMIRER.—You will have to write the little lady personally for her photograph. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

PUTT.—The picture you refer to with Billie Burke is her very first appearance before the camera. It was Thomas Ince's, "Peggy." William Desmond and Charles

was false if I were you, unless you like to believe untruths. Wilfred and Bert Lytell are brothers.

MISS MAE S.—Your Rudolph Valentino questions have already been answered, the replies preceding yours.

TONY P.—Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

A READER BLOSSOM I.—I'm sorry if you missed your answers. Better luck next time. You should either subscribe for PICTURE-PLAY, or leave a standing order with your news dealer and then this wouldn't happen. Violet Mersereau is not on the screen at the present time. She is, however, in Italy, making a picture. Harold Lockwood left a son ten years old. He is not appearing on the screen. You will have to write your request to the editor. Virginia Lee was born in Mexico. She is not five feet, four and one half is her height, and she weighs all of one hundred and twenty pounds. She is not a star.

A THIRTEEN YEAR OLD FAN.—Mary Miles Minter is single. She has returned from a vacation in Europe and will make some more pictures soon. She was born in 1902, Charles Ray in 1891, Richard Barthelmess in 1895, Ruth Roland in 1893. Mary is the oldest of the Pickford children. She was born in 1893. Jack, the "baby," was born in 1896. Their mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford, is very much alive. Lottie recently returned to the screen in "They Shall Pay," produced by the Pickford Pictures Corporation. Alan Forrest is her leading man.

MISS HELEN F.—The baby in "Excuse My Dust," was Wallace Reid's own youngster, William Wallace, Jr. Alice Joyce was born in 1890. Viola Dana arrived eight years later.

EUGENE J. S.—All addresses at the end of this department.

MRS. CORA H. C.—The picture you inclosed was of Betty Compson.

JESSIE McM.—Gertrude Astor played the rôle of Mary Pickford's mother in "Through the Back Door." *Ann Boleyn* was played by Henny Porten. *Henry the Eighth* was played by Emil Jannings. Your other questions have been answered elsewhere in these columns.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA.—Bebe Daniels is unmarried. She is at present taking a short vacation, but will return to work at its completion. She was born in Dallas, Texas in 1901.

FRED CHARLES H.—You will find your questions already answered in the preceding replies in this issue.

Continued on page 107

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Ray were in the cast. Also William Thompson, the veteran stage character actor. Your description isn't definite enough in the others for me to give you the names. Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, and Kathlyn Williams had the important rôles in "We Can't Have Everything." Go right ahead and make it a monthly habit if you like. I'm at your service.

CUTIE AND DIMPLES.—Addresses at the end of this department.

A CHICK.—There is no law against writing to the players personally. Forrest Stanley is married. Ralph Graves is not. I wouldn't believe Mary Pickford's hair

Elaine—with a Mind of Her Own

Continued from page 26

you to go on the stage, and if you want to go on the stage—oh, how they want you to go to college and be another *Portia*! If you want a career they want you to marry and settle down. Don't they know that by adding that 'settle down' they make it less attractive? Oh, I don't mean you, mother; you are always a dear about letting me have my own way. You know, they used to think I could sing; that's how I came to go on the stage. When I was home from school one day I inadvertently warbled, and that was the beginning of my stage career. In other words, 'how I became an actress.'"

Miss Hammerstein is pretty—there is no doubt about that—but it isn't the thing about her which most impresses you. Plenty of girls are her equal in beauty, but she has a *savoir-faire*, an elegance, which is most delightful and which is—alas!—as rare off the stage as on it. Add to this a knack of picking out just the right clothes for any occasion, a trick of putting them on so that they look perfectly stunning without ever being conspicuous, and you know something of Elaine Hammerstein. She is not a great actress, perhaps, and she does not consider that she is. That is another nice thing about her. She is totally without conceit.

"Which way are you going?" she asked as we all left the nice cool roof and descended to the hot street level.

"It's a holiday," we replied, "and we are going shopping."

"Well, I'm going shopping, too, but I don't consider it a holiday; a holiday means when you can play golf or tennis or canoe or motor or dance."

"But don't you love to buy clothes?" we asked. "You wear them as though you did."

"I love to wear them, but not to shop for them, and these are for my picture. Then I have to go to the hairdresser's, and to sit for some photographs I was rash enough to promise to have made to go with an interviewer."

"Then you don't like being interviewed any better than you used to?"

"Not a bit," replied Miss Hammerstein. "The publicity directors have always chided me for my lack of appreciation of their efforts. Sometimes I even spoil their plans."

We couldn't help entirely indorsing Miss Hammerstein's views on publicity, although sometimes it does make it difficult for the interviewer.

But then she is never like that with us.



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From a Lady.—"I cannot thank you enough for all the good it has done me. One bottle has cleared my face wonderfully." Miss Mary Yonks, Haverstraw, N. Y.

From a Soldier.—"It is certainly wonderful." Lonis Langer, Troop F, 3rd Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

From a Flyer.—"Cleared my face of Acne." H. J. Howard, N. H. Station, Pensacola, Fla.

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The Dragon Awakens

Continued from page 85

seemingly have nothing to do with the real story. But it must be remembered that the legend is told from the Chinese viewpoint. And the method of telling differs from ours. The story is that of *Lotus Flower*, only daughter of a wealthy artisan, a favorite of *Huang Ti*, the first historically known ruler of China. *Huang Ti* in a fit of anger banishes the man who molded the sacred bell by a secret formula, and *Lotus Flower*, then a small child, meets the miserable one on the street as he is going into exile, and gives him a blossom. Years afterward, sinister omens frighten *Huang Ti*; a raven perches on the window of the audience chamber; a white man, survivor of a stranded viking ship, comes into the land and is caged as a monstrosity; and last but not least, the sacred bell cracks and will not ring. *Huang Ti* commands *Lotus Flower's* father to make another bell, but the artisan is unable to get the proper mixture of metals. *Lotus Flower* goes secretly to the exile's camp, and he, remembering her kindness years before, gives her the secret formula. In the meanwhile her lover is killed while saving the city from the approaching Tatar hordes. Her father faces disgrace and death unless he can produce a clear-sounding bell. So *Lotus Flower* throws herself into the fiery caldron of metals, leaving behind the formula so that her heartbroken father can understand her sacrifice. The formula de-

manded that the flesh and blood of a human being be mixed with the molten metals.

There are many details of correctness that only a lover of the Orient will appreciate. The "tadpole" characters which are used on all the buildings and altars; the raising of thumbs when the dignitaries are pleased with *Lotus Flower's* dance; the ceremonial customs observed when in the presence of the emperor. There are bits of beauty, too, which only a Chinese directing Chinese could have achieved; scenes in the garden; before the family altar; in the grounds of the palace.

Mr. Leong But-jung, although only a young man, is a veteran in motion pictures. After graduating from a technical college in Indiana, he went to California and worked in pictures, first as an extra, then as assistant director. He assisted Griffith in making "Broken Blossoms" the success that it was, and has supervised Oriental details for Ince and for Goldwyn. He is about to make another Oriental film, this one based on an old Korean legend. And the actors, as in "Lotus Flower," will be Chinese.

His idea is to give the Occident the classics of China instead of the fiction with which we have been gorged. It is part of the young China movement; it is the stretch of cramped muscles as the Dragon awakens from sleep.

The Penitent Pauline

Continued from page 21

outdoors than ever existed in northern New York State. My family was not a stage family at all. I was 'just a nice girl from Boston,' and then I took up the theater because it gave me the widest possible scope for the outlet of my temperament. And now the pictures give me even a greater horizon.

"I am happier than I have been ever in my life. The past can bury itself so far as I am concerned. I want to be left alone with my ponies and my picture work. I am not discussing the private affairs of other people, and why should they bother with mine?"

But one gathers the idea that there will be no more "private affairs" so far as Pauline Frederick is concerned. The slate is clean. Oxygen and ozone are great purifiers of pasts, and ozone is Pauline's middle name. Her greatest pleasure, outside of straddling a horse in the good old

Western way, is to spend the afternoon downtown in Los Angeles shopping. And is she purchasing ribbons and hair nets and perfume and cosmetics? She is not! She is buying bridles and new cinches that will not rub the ponies' tummies, and chaps and gauntlets. She only wears one evening gown in her new Western ranch picture, and her modiste had an awful time getting her to "sit" for that.

Perhaps her manner of extending hospitality is the best indication of her great Westernization. After our petit rodeo that afternoon she invited me, a poor reporter, to "stop for dinner." In New York they would never do that, but on a Western ranch the most casual acquaintance is never turned out into the twilight—hungry. Of course one doesn't accept, and it was with the memory of her little cowboy "Aye-yip-ay" ringing in my ears that I left.

A Calendar of Past Performances

Continued from page 17

23—1904—SATURDAY—"Glad of It" was the title of a play, which died this date at the Savoy Theater, New York, being listed as a lamentable failure despite the fact that the cast included John Barrymore, Thomas Meighan, and Robert Warwick, each of whom were playing very—oh, very!—minor rôles.

24—1908—FRIDAY—Shirley Mason was an engaging, pathetic little figure as the half-Indian boy, "Hal" in "The Squaw Man," supporting William Faversham, then playing at Powers' Theater, Chicago, Illinois.

25—1893—WEDNESDAY—Theodore Roberts was a vastly picturesque figure as the Indian father, "Scar-Brow," in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," which was the opening attraction at the Empire Theater, New York, a playhouse eventually gathered in by the Famous Players-Lasky interests.

26—1897—TUESDAY—Dustin Farnum was simply bursting with the importance of making his first appearance on a Broadway stage—this all-important event occurring at Wallack's Theater, New York.

27—1908—MONDAY—Dorothy Phillips, just free from short skirts, was making a modest bid for histrionic glories, contributing her bit as a maid in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," as offered by the Fawcett Stock Company, at Albaugh's Theater, Baltimore, Maryland, in which city she was born and bred.

28—1895—MONDAY—Thomas H. Ince was determined to find his place in the dramatic arena—when one has just espoused long trousers all things are possible—and he was playing young "Nat Berry" in "Shore Acres," with James A. Herne, at McVicker's Theater, Chicago, Illinois.

29—1910—SATURDAY—Mahlon Hamilton knew perfectly well that he could hold his own with Edwin Booth, if given the right opportunity, and this night he did his best to prove the fact, as the "Count of Morice" in "Israel," at the Hollis Street Theater, Boston.

30—1906—TUESDAY—Dorothy Gish was determined that all the family stage fame should not rest upon her older sister's shoulders, so upon this occasion we find her at the National Theater, Rochester, New York, where she made everybody sit up and take notice as "Jennie Yokem," the log-cutter's child, in "The Volunteer Organist."

31—1904—SUNDAY—Apparently she was a versatile, not to say hard-working, child for on this date "Baby Zena Keefe contributed some clever dancing, whistling, and singing," this to that uplifting lesson, "The Fatal Wedding," which upon this Lord's Day was the bait at the Bijou Opera House, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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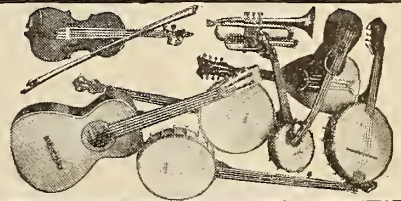
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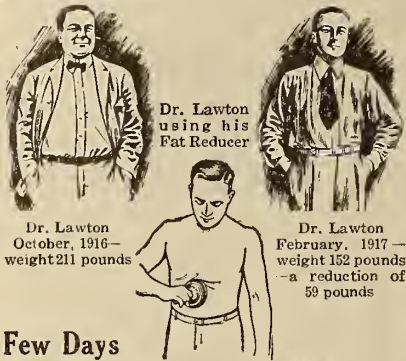
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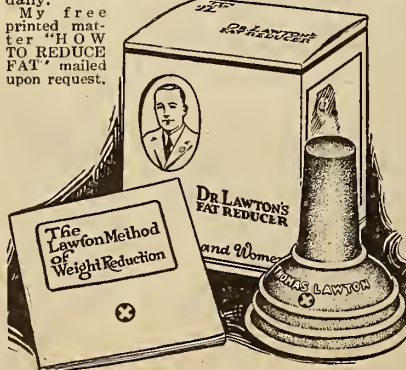
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The Minuteman of the Movies

Continued from page 68

Rosary." It proved a great picture, but with the advance in motion-picture art he has long desired to give this wonderful old story the broad picturization it deserved.

He secured Bernard McConville, who has more successes to his credit this year than any other writer, to adapt Edward E. Rose's famous stage play, and Jerome Storm to direct.

The cast is all-star. It includes Lewis Stone, Jane Novak, Wallace Beery, Robert Gordon, Eugenie Besserer, Dore Davidson, Harold Goodwin, Mildred June, Pomeroy Cannon, Bert Woodruff, James Conway, Walt Whitman, and Ann May.

The Return of Short Subjects.

The fourth episode concerns the decline and rise of the two-reel drama.

Colonel Selig started something when he produced the first feature. He had always believed in the value and need of the short subject, such as the two-reel drama, because some of the greatest stories that have ever been written are short stories. But with the sensation created by the success of "The Spoilers," he found himself swept away in the mill race of competition. No more was the short picture wanted. Therefore, gradually and despite everything such men as Selig could do, the two-reeler slipped into obscurity. But through all these years the minuteman has clung to the idea that some day the two-reel drama would come back into its own, to take its deserved place beside the feature picture.

The day is at hand!

In their desperate efforts to fill the ever-increasing demand for film entertainment many producers have deliberately padded ordinary short stories into feature pictures. Such a condition could not continue. There must be a place in the sun for all kinds of pictures.

"The time has come at last," said the minuteman, "when we must produce motion pictures in the length the story deserves—and no more. In the old days the short dramas never got a square deal. They were relegated to the cheaper directors and actors.

"Through the years I have been acquiring scores of good short stories. These will not conflict with a legitimate big story. In partnership with Sam Rork, I am now carrying out this policy of producing a picture in its proper length. And, most important, is the fact that we are giving each of these short stories an all-star cast."



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The Selig-Rork two-reel dramas, at this writing, have been acclaimed by the critics as the necessary relief to the overflow of bad features. The biggest theaters in the country, such as the Capitol and Strand, New York, are showing them with Chaplin, Keaton, or Lloyd comedies for a novel evening's entertainment, and they have met with flattering success.

No wonder! Imagine allowing a two-reel drama such an all-star cast as Lewis Stone, Wallace Beery, Ethel Grey Terry, William Desmond, Jack Mulhall, and many others. And the stories filmed are from the vast Selig library, such authors as James Oliver Curwood, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Randall Parrish, Sir Gilbert Parker, Hallie Erminie Rives, B. M. Bower,

Winston Churchill, Harold MacGyath, Bertrand Sinclair, Salisbury Field, General Charles King, Robert Hichens, Clarence L. Cullen, Mrs. Otis Skinner, and others.

Thus I close the last page of the quarter century of romance of the entire life of motion pictures, that of Colonel William N. Selig, who for twenty-five years has unceasingly labored for the progress of his beloved art.

What will the next quarter of a century bring forth? Will it produce another man who will do as much for motion pictures? Let us hope so. But in any event, the minuteman is starting anew on the next lap.

Here's to the Brave

Continued from page 48

glue and paper. It isn't by any means a soft thing to be hit with, but it is a good deal softer than glass. But in this scene the one fake bottle stood among a number of real ones, and when the time came to hit Beery the excited actor who was to make the hit grabbed the wrong bottle and hit hard. Beery went down and out for an hour. These might be regarded as accidents, only they happen so often they may be classed as hazards of the profession which every actor knows he has to run.

Sometimes the hazard grows out of altering an accustomed thing to something especially designed for the picture. Wallace Reid is a marvelous auto driver. In almost every picture he makes there are real hazards, and many of them. When they were making "Excuse My Dust," a race was run along the old way to San Francisco, which runs right straight through Hollywood out Cahuenga Avenue. Wally followed the exact route from the Plaza in Los Angeles. This story, however, was supposed to be laid at a time when this particular roadway was still pike or macadam and not Warrenite or asphalt as it is now. Wally takes corners at the Speedway or on asphalt like a racer, and when he got to the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue it never occurred to him that the two inches of sand laid by the director to insure realism in the picture was going to do anything to him or his car. He just forgot about the sand, turned as he always does, and the excited populace, watching, saw in terror his car turn round twice entirely and fetch up at the far curb. Wally was still in it and uninjured, but almost mobbed by the crowd, who wanted to make sure he was safe. Had the road been

as usual the turn would have gone all right.

And often—honest I am going to stop soon—the collapse of materials makes a very nice hazard. In making "The Cottage of Delight," a King Vidor production, Lloyd Hughes had to shoot some rapids along the Truckee River. This was dangerous enough, but after going through successfully once, it was necessary to make a second shot. Hughes was offered a double, but he preferred to do it all himself. Things went very well on the second trip, when suddenly the raft, held together by nails, collapsed under the strain, and Hughes and the tangle of lumber were swept into the waters whirling about the rocks in the river. Director, camera men, and helpers started to rescue Hughes, but, not finding him, felt certain he had drowned. But Hughes was on the bank, in the thick underbrush, nursing two severely lacerated legs, a black eye, and various cuts and bruises.

Risk, hazard, danger, seem to be the order of the day in motion pictures. The serials and the comedies have the most, but the straight features, as I have shown, have so many they run a close third. You may read that Gloria has a double whose ankles are photographed for hers, but when it came to the lion's paw it was Gloria who took the chance. There are fakes, and there are doubles, trained acrobats who do things impossible without years of training. But in addition there is a big streak of bravery and daring running right through the ordinary actors and actresses, a daring which enables them to take the most extreme hazards just as a part of the day's work, or, if you like it better, as a part of the picture. Won't you join with me?

Here's to the brave!

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The Glorious Adventuress

Continued from page 28



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It is this Old World atmosphere which characterizes Maude George, her home, her garden—diametrically opposed to the atmosphere of modernity which permeates her screen self in such rôles as the aforesaid *Madame Malot*, the malicious modiste of the "The Devil's Pass-key," and the equally malicious adventuress, the *Princess Olga* of Von Stroheim's as yet unreleased picture, "Foolish Wives."

"It's just another case of shock," agreed Miss George when I gave utterance to the thought that was in my mind. "We movie adventuresses are quite different in real life. We have to be wicked and villainous, because the expression of intrigue is the work of a theatrical heavy woman."

It is difficult to believe in her as a villainess, even a play adventuress, because she has such a keen, ready sense of humor, such generosity and sympathy. And, besides, hadn't she spoken emphatically about her husband?

"Of course I have a husband!" she declared. "He doesn't in the least object to my being on the stage or in pictures. He helps me with my work—lets me rehearse scenes using him as a foil. He gives me pointers regarding the subtlety of doing certain bits of villainy in a picture scene, and"—and she sighed fondly—"he's so wonderful about doing errands at the grocery store for me! He's gone now to get oranges."

At this there was a decided twinkle in her gray eyes.

"I guess I'm a peculiar sort of adventuress, if that's what you insist on calling me," Miss George, or, rather, Mrs. Arthur Forde, laughed, "because I can't smoke cigarettes without getting just the least bit suffocated. All through 'Foolish Wives' I had to smoke long, intriguing Russian cigarettes because *Princess Olga*, the character I played, thought nothing of the bad effects of tobacco.

"But personally I think it is so much more interesting to be wicked on the screen than to be merely a straight leading woman where you can always count on the hero's kiss

just before the last fade-out. It is difficult to avoid being crude in stage villainy, and to be subtle is always a trying adventure. Villainy, wickedness, on the screen or off, is just disgusting if it lacks subtlety.

"And Mr. Von"—her nickname for Eric von Stroheim—"has told me—oh, so many times!—that I've the wickedest smile he's ever seen."

"Smile!" I entreated, and she smiled a very amused, very un-villainous smile. I entreated her to be wicked, however, because I wanted to see how she'd do it.

"Look," she instructed, lifting one eyebrow a shade higher than the other, drawing the corners of her mouth downward ever so slightly and disclosing her teeth, set firmly together in a vampirish, calculating grin.

"Nevertheless," and she dropped the acting pose and became herself, the lady of the gingham, again, "I want some day to do a really dramatic, beautiful part. I've always admired Pauline Frederick; I should be happy to be able to do something like her type of work and—who knows but that some day the opportunity may present itself?"

In private life Miss George has only one mission. She is truly in love with her husband, Mr. Forde, a quiet, scholarly gentleman who is scenario editor of a film concern and who is, in addition, the father of Mrs. Tom Mix, who was before her marriage Victoria Forde, one of the earlier coterie of film comédiennes. And, being in love with her husband, she is intensely interested in everything pertaining to him and his work.

She is a glorious admixture of the adventurous and the Quaker. She has all the verve and brilliance of a De Maupassant heroine, and yet, in the confines of her unique Devonshire House, where she wears gingham morning dresses and old gloves to protect her hands, and where her chief duty is seeing that her husband's wants are promptly attended to, she is as quaintly conventional, as sweetly sympathetic as the fragrant, lovely, old-fashioned flowers she has planted in her garden.

Winners in Film Stories' Picture Contest

In accordance with the announcement which appeared in the November 10th issue of *FILM STORIES MAGAZINE*, we are printing herewith the names of the winners in the picture contest conducted by that publication.

Miss Flora Krug, 2735 South Karlove Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, was

awarded the first prize of one hundred dollars; Miss Eva B. Casey, 21 Amy Street, Providence, Rhode Island, won the second prize of fifty dollars, and Mr. Frank Power, 53 South Park Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, received the third award of twenty-five dollars.

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Where Do You Buy Beauty?

Continued from page 23

the very simple life. But a glance at her proves the worth of this system.

Lillian Gish combines all these methods. For exercise she turns to a wooden wand, such as children use in gymnasiums; even when she goes on a journey which is to last a week or so she takes it along. She believes in cosmetics, too—that is, she uses a special kind of cold cream, the formula for which has been in her family for generations—she is of French descent, you know, and that's always a synonym for knowing interesting beauty secrets. Her mother has always prepared this cream, and it contains such delightful ingredients as French rose water, English almond meal, and honey—just plain American honey.

Dorothy backs this up with a most invigorating bath salt—plain corn meal. One gets impossibly grubby in picture making, you know—especially when working out on location, on a dirty field, or in such a city as that built for "The Two Orphans," where the ground is covered with cinders. A hot bath in which soap is supplemented by handfuls of corn meal is the best thing in the world to help in regaining cleanliness.

Norma Talmadge has all sorts of expert care—massage to banish the bugaboo of increasing weight is one of the most important ones; not that any of her friends have ever felt that she was too stout, but of course the motion picture magnifies one's size so that many actresses who look too thin in real life are just right on the screen. Consequently many of them turn to diet—it's almost to be expected that, when you lunch with one of the screen's beauties, she'll say: "Order whatever you like—I'm dieting, of course, so I have just a cup of tea."

Lillian Gish has her hair cleansed with an herb shampoo, which makes it fragrant as well as beautifully clean, and which is supplemented by massage. Betty Blythe hies her to a hairdresser who is an expert on massage, and has her head rubbed scientifically—and expensively, one hastens to add.

It's likely to be an expensive business, this keeping one's beauty. But it's an interesting one, too—and you'll find that some of the market places described here are expensive in time and effort rather than in money.



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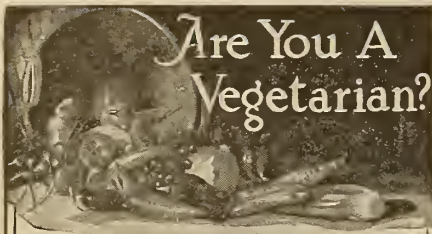
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Raving Versus Reason

Continued from page 30

"Well, it's a pretty big responsibility. You have to know just where the money goes and attend to a thousand little details you never thought of when you were working under salary. But I like it, of course. I have a good release—First National—and I can pick the kind of stories I want to do. On the whole, it's a great satisfaction—or it will be if this picture goes over, as I'm hoping it will. Mr. Hergesheimer seemed very much pleased the way we did it, and when an author gives his O. K. to his brain child on the screen it *must* be good."

Richard Barthelmess has a straightforward way of talking that makes you forget that he is a star. I doubt very much whether he himself thinks of it. Behind his charm of manner there is an earnestness which you feel not so much from what he says, but by the way he looks at you. I imagine that he could relax and play with the same whole-heartedness that he puts in his work. No doubt he

dances well, plays tennis well, and is an excellent host. I quite envied the guests at the birthday party the night before.

We lingered long after we should have been on our way. The person who told me that it was terribly hard to get Dick Barthelmess to talk must have come upon him at an inopportune time. For he chatted without self-consciousness, talked of the Gish girls, of Griffith, of his favorite stars, and of the books he had been reading lately. Mary Hay Barthelmess upstairs must have thought that we had kidnaped her husband.

"Well," said Ye Editor as we left the Algonquin, "what do you think of him?"

"Wonderful," I answered promptly; "a regular fellow. I think he's——"

We almost collided with the jaded fan writer. I felt her eyes boring accusingly into the back of my neck, but I avoided her neatly. If I wanted to rave a little it was my own business.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 32

one has to know about that to appreciate his really poetic tenderness and love for his wife. It's like what you see of him in his pictures, so when you behold him, gentle and kind and gallant to women, you needn't think he's merely camouflaging.

They had the oddest engagement, Tom and Vicky. And yet I wonder if it was so odd, after all.

"We just knew," said Vicky a bit shyly, "until——"

"Oh, well, don't tell about that!" said Tom.

I'll bet I know how it happened, though. I'll bet Tom and Vicky drifted along in a happy love affair that was really an engagement, talked about their mutual plans, the home they hoped for, until all of a sudden Vicky realized that Tom had never said, "Will you marry me?" in so many words. That's an awful moment in a girl's life, and she's never really happy after that until she's made him do the thing up right.

At any rate, three years ago, in the spring, the two went down to Riverside, to the beautiful Mission Inn there, and were married. It was all done picturesquely, with orange blossoms banking the little chapel, and when it was all over and the wedding breakfast had been gayly eaten, Tom and Vicky came right home to the same pretty little house they still live in.

Tom is a very busy man and a very contented one. Besides working in pictures he's preparing notes for a book he means to write on Colonel Theodore Roosevelt as he knew him. You see, Roosevelt used to come out to Montana to his hunting lodge there, where Tom was working as a cowboy in the old days, and the two spent many days hunting together. And then he and Mrs. Mix always work out his screen stories together. In fact we began talking about his current one that day at tea.

It was Tom himself who took me home after tea, and on the way we got to talking about men, women, and marriage.

"You've got to study your domestic business same as any other," declared Tom as we bowled along. "And men are so selfish they don't study to see what a woman wants. For one thing, I try to bring Vicky home some little present every once in a while. A woman likes that. But you ought to hear how some of the men talk to me. 'You oughta cut that stuff out, Tom,' they say to me. 'You're making it awful hard for us other husbands.'"

Just one thing is needed to make the happiness of the Tom Mixes complete. Why, of course you know. Will it be? Vicky Mix says it will. And she should know.

Bebe's Way

Continued from page 61

think the lines should be simple. Perhaps it is because I studied to be a sculptor before I took up dress designing that preserving the natural lines of the body is such a hobby with me. But whatever the reason, I do like simple lines for every one.

"When Bebe is to be dressed to represent just her own exuberant self I design quite different dresses for her. She has such a lovely figure that I use almost no trimming on them, and to get a rich and colorful effect without using trimming I use unusual and interesting fabrics. I made one of metal brocade, trimmed with monkey fur, that I think just suits Bebe. The fabric was so beautiful and so effective that I made the sash of the same material so as not to detract from the effect at all.

"Of course a girl would have to have a striking personality to carry off a dress like that. She must be so chic herself that the very plainness of the frock is offset.

"The new long sleeves are going to be a great trial to me in designing gowns for Bebe, for her arms are so beautiful that it seems a shame to cover them up. Fortunately sleeves are being made of transparent material and frequently slit from shoulder to wrist, so yielding to the Paris vogue of long sleeves won't be too much of a hardship.

"We can't yield to the long skirts, though. We must have our flapper styles, for people want young-looking girls on the screen, and no matter how youthful they really are they won't look young if we dress them in those long skirts.

"One kind of dresses that I just love to design are frilly, frivolous party dresses for very young girls. For the sweet young girl in her teens, who is just full of whimsicalities and dainty mannerisms, I think frocks should be made as delicate as moonlight. Bebe loves frills and ribbons and rosebuds, and they suit her so perfectly that I am always glad when I have a chance to design a dress for her like that."

Now Miss Chaffin could go on indefinitely telling about the lovely gowns she has made for the lovely Bebe, but you can see them for yourself on the screen. And if you want to try this scheme of fitting your clothes to your character, I know of no better way for you to take your first lesson than to send you to a theater where you will see characters garbed in clothes designed by clever Ethel Chaffin.

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 74



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would break. Why aren't American authors good enough for American actresses? Whenever some one from abroad comes here a great fuss is made about them. I think these people should be given the credit due them, but I do not think they should be led to believe they are better than our own folks. Cecil B. De Mille's picture "Why Change Your Wife?" was wonderful and so was Gloria, then along comes Madame Glyn and writes "The Great Moment" and, as I have just read, the critics seem to think the same as I do. There is absolutely nothing in it to hold your interest. Well, so much for complaints. EMILY E. O'BRIEN, 701 Henry Street, East, Savannah, Georgia.

Tastes in Heroes Differ.

I notice by the October PICTURE-PLAY that some one is disappointed in a picture made from a book. When people cease to expect a screen production, a stage production, and a book to be identical in every respect, it certainly will be a great day for motion-picture directors.

On the screen a picture may be just as interesting, just as beautiful as a play or a book, but of necessity different things are emphasized. The actors and actresses must have strong personalities and very expressive faces, gowns have to be judged by their beauty of line, and we have what the stage can never give us—the beauty of the great outdoors.

So, why not be satisfied with different forms of entertainment at different times? And be a little lenient with the director who, for the sake of a pleasing result, strays a bit from the path of reality?

For instance, if the Middle West is not faithfully portrayed in "The Conquest of Canaan," think how many people have never seen that part of this great country and therefore will not be dismayed by some slight inaccuracy.

And if Thomas Meighan is not the man you would have chosen for Booth Tarkington's hero, remember that tastes in heroes differ as much as in anything else.

I do not wish to make enemies of all authors and playwrights, but it is my opinion that the star's name is a bigger drawing card than the author's. I wonder how many thousands of people will go to see "The Conquest of Canaan," not because the title appeals to them, nor because it is by a well-known author, but simply because Thomas Meighan is in it and they are sure to enjoy seeing him—so big and strong and smiling. MILDRED TAYLOR, Southport, Connecticut.

Concerning "The Little Minister."

I wish to register a protest against casting Betty Compson for the rôle of Babbie in "The Little Minister." I know that many of the fans will join me in saying that Miss Compson is not fitted to play Babbie. Not that I don't admire Miss Compson. I do immensely, and I think she did very unusual work in "The Miracle Man." But I cannot believe that she has the soul behind her pretty face to play tender-hearted, impulsive Babbie, with her witchery and her versatility. She is too modern, too sophisticated. I think little May MacAvoy, with all her comparative plainness, is far more capable of playing the part with feeling and understanding. To me she is the perfect Barrie heroine. I only wish that Gareth Hughes could share honors with her as the Little Minister himself. E. F. A.

Bangor, Michigan.

From a Native of Denmark.

For some time I've been a reader of PICTURE-PLAY, and your department, What the Fans Think, has been of especial interest to me. I've long been wanting to become a contributor, but have hesitated because I wasn't sure of my English, having been over here only a short time. At last I've decided to try, be it right or wrong.

Recently I saw "Passion," starring Pola Negri. I saw it last year in Denmark, but enjoyed seeing it again as I think it a fine picture and fully deserving the fine reception it received everywhere over here, I can't help wishing that more foreign pictures would be shown in American theaters, because, though it is true that the European movie industry is microscopic compared with the American—due, I believe, to the fact that the people there lack money—they do turn out some pictures well worth seeing. I believe it both interesting and valuable to Americans to see pictures from other countries, and am sure that people here would love and admire players from across as much as American actors and actresses are beloved over there. My native land, Denmark, claims the honor of having Europe's most famous movie actress. Her name is Asta Nielson and she's considered a far greater actress than Pola Negri, who has not yet freed herself of imitating Asta Nielsen. She has been playing in Germany and Austria most of the time and the last picture I saw her in was made by a German company, the cast consisting only of German actors save for Asta Nielsen. It was a screen version of the Swedish author, August Strindberg's play, "Brott and Brott," played under the title of "Love Madness." It was a tragedy, but the acting and directing were so wonderful that the audience after the show was sitting motionless for minutes, there were no comments, no attempts even to express appreciation, because words couldn't express the feelings which the picture aroused. How I should love to have my American friends see it!

Of other well-known players there is Clara Pontopiddan and Olaf Jones, who has his own company—the only one left in my country, since the others went bankrupt during the war. Norway has only a few well-known movie players of which the best known are the three sisters, Aud, Gerd, and Ada Egede—Nissen, Sweden has the greatest movie industry of the Scandinavian countries, and a great many talented players, among whom the best known are Thora Teji, Edith Erastoff, Mary Johnson, Karin Molander, Richard Lund, Lars Hanson, Tore Svemberg, and Gosta Ekman.

In Pola Negri, Henny Porten, and Erna Morena, Germany has three very talented stars. I think the supporting actors in the German companies are running close to the stars, and I wish they would print their names so we could get to know them. Ernest Lubitsch is a clever director—I think I'm safe in comparing him with Thomas Ince or Griffith—it is he who has made the German film industry what it is. France's movie productions are not much at present, and personally I don't think they have one really great movie actor besides Max Linder. The last French picture I saw was "The Count of Monte Cristo," and every rôle was played by actors and actresses

Continued on page 106

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

from leading Parisian theaters. It was good acting, though, and the settings were fine.

In Austria there are two stars of note: Mia May and Max Landa. Italy, too, has some wonderful actors, such as Frances la Bertini and Lydia Borelli, who, if they were given half a chance would surprise the world, but it doesn't seem that any one likes pictures as art in Italy. None of the Italian pictures which I have ever seen have had any more, if as much, artistic value as the average American serial film. However, their standards will pick up, I'm sure, and in time America will have to consider a competition from abroad, which will mean "better moving pictures"—something that every fan desires.
MRS. HENRY COLE.
Sterling, Colorado.

Down with the European Films.

The worst picture I ever saw was "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari." I don't see what is so wonderful about these European pictures. "Passion" was very good, but it's a foreign picture, and it really showed it. A friend of mine was anxious to see "Deception," and when I saw her later, she said it was awful. And another said the same thing. I didn't see it, but "The Queen of Sheba," I thought was very good. And "The Connecticut Yankee," I think, is the best of the year!

A HIGHBRIDGE MOVIE FAN.

1018 Nelson Avenue, New York City.

"All Hail to Antonio!"

It seems to me, that at the present time the whole country is wild over Mary Pickford, Wallace Reid, Douglas Fairbanks, and the Talmadges. But there is another star who is a thousand times brighter than any of these. His name is Antonio Moreno. I have followed his serials from "The House of Hate" to "The Veiled Mystery," and have enjoyed each and every one. He certainly deserves all the credit that we can give him. When it comes to doing stunts he sure is there to do them. I have seen him fight a bloody battle with the villain on the top of a speeding taxi, hang at the end of a rope amid flames, and left at the mercy of the ocean after being tied to a small boat. His serials are always full of action, and that is what I like. As for good looks, Antonio Moreno is better looking than all of the other heroes put together. And what better could be recommended as a sure cure for the blues than to go to the movies and there see that wonderful smile that only Antonio Moreno can smile?

Next in order is Pearl White. Her pictures are always interesting.

There are several others that should receive praise, among them are William Duncan and Edith Johnson. Ruth Roland and Juanita Hansen are the greatest serial queens since Pearl White left serials. Snub Pollard, Marie Mosquini, Eddie Boland, Hoot Gibson, Joe Ryan, Helen Gibson, and Louise Fazenda are becoming more popular every day. Pauline Curley is great, and I hope that we have more Vitagraph serials with her as the leading lady.

In conclusion, I'll say "All hail to Antonio, long may he live to cheer us by his presence on the screen."
E. G. T.

LaFayette, Ind.

A Fan Club Talk

Continued from page 87

We are anxious to begin corresponding with other fan clubs. We are grateful to PICTURE-PLAY for this splendid idea and mean to make the most of it. Those girls who had the Wallie Reid party surely were clever, and we hope to have an idea as original as that some time soon.

How would some of you clubs like an answer man of your own? Miss Sunny Colton, Orpheum Theater, Grand Rapids, Michigan, makes the following suggestion:

To-day, I read of the fan clubs, and I would like very much to belong to one, but I do not know of any I could join, as I am in the theatrical profession and, of course, never very long in any one place. I was wondering if there wasn't some club that would accept me as a member?

I know a few of the stars personally, and I could be quite useful as an Answer Man—or should I say Answer Woman. Perhaps, I could be a research reporter,

as my traveling around enables me to be in a position to find out things, which information the members might otherwise be unable to secure. My favorite players are Douglas Fairbanks, Richard Barthelmess, and Conway Tearle. I am sixteen and very anxious to join a club.

And now we come to the end of our chat. You've learned how some of the other clubs have organized, and proceeded with their meetings, and, perhaps, it will be easier for you now to begin your activities. Your club is not restricted in any way, except that it must be a fan club, so do not hesitate to use any original ideas of the members. "What youth wants most," once said a great author, "is room," so now that you've plenty of it, let's see how unique you can make your club.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

SHAKESPEARE JR.—Ruth Roland has been married, but isn't now. Once upon a time she was Mrs. Kent. Dorothy Gish is married to James Rennie. Mary Pickford was born Gladys Smith. Mary Pickford is her legal name, however, the courts changing it from Gladys to Mary at her request, and she in turn changed it to Mrs. Fairbanks at "Doug's" request. Olive Thomas' body was brought from Paris to New York for burial services. Jack Pickford has not married again. Louise Lovely is married to William Welch. Gloria Swanson has a baby daughter a little over a year old. She is Mrs. Somborn in private life. Dual rôles are made possible by means of trick photography, or "double exposure" as the camera men call it. Florence Vidor's correct name was Florence Arto, until she married King Vidor, the director. They have a daughter, Suzanne, two years old. Robert Harron's death was accidental. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

I. J. K.—William Russell has been married and divorced. Gretchen Hartman is Mrs. Allan Hale. They have a new arrival in their family. Edith Sterling is not working in pictures at the present time. "Trumpet Island" was a Vitagraph production with Wallace MacDonald and Marguerite De la Motte in the leading rôles. "Black Beauty" was also a Vitagrapher with Jean Paige (Mrs. Albert Smith) and James Morrison in the leading rôles.

LARRY.—Mona Lisa is not married. Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional. Jane and Eva Novak are sisters. Jane has not married William S. Hart—as yet. Constance Talmadge is married to John Pialoglou, a tobacco merchant. Ethel Barrymore is not appearing before the camera at the present time. Marguerite Clark has her own company and is making pictures for the First National Exhibitors. Mary Miles Minter's correct name is Juliet Shelby. Her sister does not appear regularly on the screen. Margaret Shelby is her name. Douglas Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully. She has the custody of their son.

BROWN-EYED FLOSSY.—G. M. Anderson is not making any pictures. Buck Jones is married to a nonprofessional. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. "Playthings of Destiny" is her latest First National offering. Tom Mix and Victoria Forde are married. Tom has, however, been married before and has a child by his first wife. "The Road Demon" is one of his latest Fox features.

AUDREY HOPE.—I am sure I can't find the space to name all the players who have brothers and sisters. Most of them have, just like any person. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin, Charles Ray, Norma Talmadge, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Owen Moore, in fact, the big majority of the players have brothers or sisters, and many of them working in pictures, too.

JUST CURIOUS.—Lewis Stone, Jane Novak, and Marjorie Daw had the leading rôles in Marshall Neilan's feature, "The River's End." You must write Wallace Reid personally for his photograph. I haven't any pictures of him to send out to fans. I don't mind what you call me. No matter what it is, if you think hard enough you can always find something worse. Douglas Fairbanks' latest feature is the much-heralded, "The Three Musketeers." His previous picture was "The Nut." Both were directed by Fred Niblo.

A. C.—Corinne Griffith is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes are blue. Elsie Ferguson is five feet six and weighs five whole pounds more than Corinne. She has golden-brown hair and blue eyes.

Mrs. B. M. R.—You will find all the addresses given at the end of this department.

INQUISITIVE INQUIRERS.—Antonio Moreno is not married. Little Zoe Rae Beck is not appearing in pictures at this time. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Of course, I don't wish you or any one else would stop asking questions. If my readers did, then there would be no Oracle, and I would be out of a job. So have a heart.



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Mrs. J. G.—Roscoe Karns was the young man who portrayed the rôle of *Bradley Caldwell, Jr.*, in the Gladys Walton feature, "The Man Tamer." All addresses at the end of this department.

LESTER A.—John Jones and Lucille Rickson are the two youngsters who appear in the Goldwyn-Booth Tarkington-Edgar comedies. They are both in California. You will find all the addresses you asked for at the end of The Oracle.

THOS. B. H. JR.—If J. Warren Kerrigan lost ten years, as you say, then he was ten years old when he was born. He arrived on this hemisphere at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. Figure it out for yourself. Charles Meredith played the leading male rôle opposite Dorothy Dalton in "A Romantic Adventuress."

WILMA H.—Marguerite Cortot and June Caprice are not sisters. They aren't even related. June Elvidge has flitted from the screen to the stage. She is headlining on the Keith circuit. Gladys George played opposite Charles Ray in "Red Hot Dollars." Your other questions have been answered elsewhere in these columns.

MISS BERTHA P.—"Hoot" Gibson was born in Takamah, Nebraska, in 1892. He has light hair and blue eyes. He is making feature pictures for the Universal. His latest is "The Sheriff of Cinnabar," adapted from the Peter B. Kyne story of that name. Molly Malone, the former Goldwyn leading lady, has the important feminine rôle in this picture. He has no children and has not married again. He is five feet ten and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. You will have to write to him personally for his autographed photo.

SUZANNE D.—Ward Crane does not appear with any one company. He is free lancing and takes what parts he is cast for, no matter who the company may be. Your other questions concerning him have already been answered in this issue.

ROSALIE W.—Robert Brunton is not the husband of Kitty Gordon. She is Lady Beresford in private life. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri in 1892. Harold Lockwood will continue to be seen on the screen only should they decide to reissue his old Metro productions. Joseph Schenck is married to Norma Talmadge. Wallace Reid has one son, William Wallace Reid, Jr. Jack Mulhall's wife is dead. Her name was Laura Bunton. She left a son four years of age. Wheeler Oakman will not appear opposite his wife, Priscilla Dean, for the present at least, as he has signed a contract with another company. It looks as if Geraldine Farrar has deserted the silver sheet for some time to come, as she is at present planning an extensive operatic tour for the coming year. Harold Lockwood died on October 27, 1918. "The Off Shore Pirate" was released some little time ago. "Peter Ibbetson" is the latest picture in which Elsie Ferguson appears. In the same cast are Wallace Reid and Elliott Dexter. You will find your other questions already answered.

TEXAS BLUE BONNET.—May Allison is not married. Yes, Gloria Swanson is really the proud mother of a baby girl. Colleen Moore has one blue eye and one brown. Odd, isn't it? It is not noticeable however, and you wouldn't think so unless your attention was called to the fact.

GWENDOLYN R.—ZaSu Pitts was born in Parsons, Kansas, in 1898. She is five and a half feet tall and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. She is the wife of Tom Gallery, the juvenile leading man.

They were married on the 25th of July, 1920. Tom Moore and his brother Owen both have brown hair.

MISS HELEN LOUISE P.—Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. His hair and eyes are dark brown. Some people might think it black. It's that dark. He is the husband of Frances Ring. His latest pictures to be released are "The Conquest of Canaan" and "Cappy Ricks."

ELDEN S.—The cast for "The False Road," was as follows: Enid Bennett was *Betty Palmer*, Lloyd Hughes was *Roger Moran*, Wade Boteler was *Sapphire Mike Wilson*, Lucille Young was "Frisco" Minnie, Charles Smiley was *Joshua Starbuck*. Edith York was *Mother Starbuck*, and Gordon Mullen was the crooked chauffeur.

MESS MER RIZER.—Fannie Ward is not making any pictures. I don't think she intends to return to the United States for some time, as she recently sold her home and art treasures in the United States. She is in Italy at the present writing.

RALPH GRAVES ADMIRER.—Ralph Graves was born in Cleveland, Ohio, just twenty-one years ago. His screen career consists of two years with Essanay, Universal, World, Tourneur, and Griffith. Some of his better pictures were, "Sporting Life," "The White Heather," "The Greatest Question," and "Dream Street." He is at present in Los Angeles, California, where he is playing the leading male rôle in Raoul Walsh's production of Peter B. Kyne's, "Kindred of the Dust." I do not know anything good or bad about the school of acting you speak about.

MARGUERITE C.—Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, California in 1893. George Larkin was born in New York three years before Ruth made her début into this world.

P. D.—Wanda Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man." Margaret Loomis appeared opposite him in "Always Audacious," and Ann Little in "Excuse My Dust."

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA.—Speaking of you being near icebergs reminds me that the heat is terrific here. I would like to have one of those "bergs" to bathe my heated brow with right now. Bobby and Brownie Vernon are not related. Lincoln Steadman is Myrtle Steadman's son. Faire and Constance Binney are sisters. Sorry to hear of your illness. Hope by this time you are O. K. once more.

MISS ANNA H.—Address at the end of The Oracle.

MISS VELMA.—Earle Williams is married to Florence Walz. Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Addresses at the end of this department.

LUCY M.—Bebe Daniels is not engaged to Harold Lloyd. Thomas H. Ince, Ralph Ince, and John Ince are all brothers. Carmel Meyers was born in 1901.

EDNA B.—Robert Leonard is married to Mae Murray. He also directs her. Ella Hall is the wife of Emory Johnson. They have two little boys. Ella does not play in pictures any more. I expect that the care of her two small sons keeps her quite busy. Emory, however, is to be seen on the silver sheet. Viola Dana is not married. Her husband died during the "flu" epidemic. She has no children. Viola has been on the stage since she was a little girl. She started in pictures several years ago with the Edison company. She was born in 1898.

FRED G. JR.—I don't remember the letter so perhaps, as you say it didn't reach me. If you have watched for your answers and have not seen them, then I guess your letter went astray. It won't do any harm to write them again, if you are not certain, I will answer them.

MRS. NATALIE M. B.—Ormi Hawley is not a regular player any more. Once in a while she appears in some picture. Miss Hawley was born in Massachusetts in 1890. She is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair is blond and her eyes are gray.

J. P. B.—You certainly do win the hand-crocheted teapot. Where did you get all the gossip? In the first place, William S. Hart has never been married. So that's out! Mary Pickford's correct name was Gladys Smith. Mary is also her own name. So when she went with David Belasco, appearing in legitimate, they decided Smith was not a good stage name and so they hunted around for a more suitable one and lighted on Pickford, her father's mother's name. Then they dropped the Gladys and used Mary. Now you have the whole story. Hazel Dawn uses Hazel Dawn as her name in the profession and out of it. She has been in pictures as well as on the legitimate. She is even now taking turns at first one and then the other. She was born in Ogden City, Utah.

U. No.—Charles Ray has no children. Albert Ray has a small son. Only one. I don't know where you got the idea that there was a large family. Charles has an only sister. No brothers. Albert has an only brother. No sisters.

ALPHABET.—You will find your questions have been answered elsewhere in the columns. You will have to ask the editor for those pictures in the gallery you would like to see. I am glad you like the MAGAZINE so well, and hope you continue to derive so much pleasure from it.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE ADMIRER.—There have been several pictures published of your favorite and her husband.

DOROTHA.—"Way Down East" has been released from its "first-run houses only" policy and will be allowed in the smaller houses now. You will probably see it appearing in your town one of these days. You will find the addresses below that you desire. You are young yet and have lots of time. I wouldn't try to rush matters. Write again when you can spare the time. I am always here.

KATHRYN C.—I wasn't going to tell you not to try to get in the movies. When people ask my advice that is what I tell them, but, when they do not, I say nothing. The addresses are below.

H. H. B.—Clara Kimball Young is not married at the present time. She was the wife of James Young.

VERNA D.—You will have to write the editor for the picture you wished to see published. Viola Dana is neither married nor engaged. Your other questions have been answered.

A MADGE EVANS ADMIRER.—Madge was born in New York City in 1909. That is her correct name. The Lee children have been in vaudeville and they have also made a few pictures lately. June Caprice was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899.

HELEN D.—You will have to write Lloyd Hughes personally for his photograph. His latest release is "Mother O' Mine," with Betty Ross Clark, Betty Blythe, and Claire McDowell.

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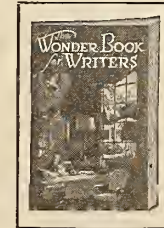
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- Louise Glau
- Charles Hutchison
- Mae Murray
- Nazimova
- Mary Pickford
- Gloria Swanson
- Norma Talmadge
- Constance Talmadge
- Pearl White
- Clara Kimball Young
- Billie Burke

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GRIFFITH FAN.—The cast for "The Greatest Thing in Life" is: Lillian Gish as *Jeanette Peret*, Adolphe Lestina as *Leo Peret*, Robert Harrin as *Edward Livingstone*, David Butler as *M'sieur le Bebe*, Elmo Lincoln an American soldier, Edward Piel a German officer, Kate Bruce as *Jeanette's Aunt*, and Peaches Jackson as *Mademoiselle Peaches*.

MISS MATHILDA M. K.—Ethel Clayton has two daughters.

INQUISITIVE BETTY.—Vincent Coleman has brown hair and blue eyes. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. Katherine MacDonald has blond hair and blue eyes. She is five feet eight. Wallace Reid has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Wheeler Oakman has brown hair and eyes. Norman Kerry has dark hair and hazel eyes.

I. H. M.—Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven's latest picture is "The Girl in the Taxi," taken from the stage success by that name. Epid Bennet's latest picture is "Keeping Up with Lizzie." Wallace Reid's latest release is "The Hell Diggers." Charles Ray's late pictures are "Scrap Iron" and "R. S. V. P." In the first he is a prize fighter, in the second an artist.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR, FOREVER.—At last your patience has been rewarded. Your favorite was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1897. She was educated at St. Joseph's Convent and Notre Dame Academy. Her screen career has been with Keystone, Rolin-Pathé, Fox, and Universal. She is five feet four and one half inches tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Kathleen's hair is fair and her eyes are blue.

MR. A.—Noah Beery has appeared with Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro," and in Marshall Neilan's "Bob Hampton of Placer." He was born in 1884. Noah weighs two hundred and twelve pounds and is six feet one.

POLLY TINY.—Priscilla Dean's latest picture is "Reputation." Mildred Davis plays opposite Harold Lloyd in his comedies. "Bride 13" was a Fox serial. Natalie Talmadge is the younger Talmadge sister. She is now Mrs. Buster Keaton. Charles Ray's latest picture is "R. S. V. P." Wanda Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in the "Lottery Man." That picture looked very much like "Daddy Long-Legs." I think it was very good for a small youngster like you.

J. T. H.—Dustin and William Farnum are brothers. Franklyn is no relation. John Henry's parents are non-professional. Dorothy Gish and Constance Talmadge were married the day after Christmas. Yes, they had a double ceremony. Charles Hutchison's birthplace is Pittsburgh. "Hurricane Hutch" is his latest serial.

MISS ELIZABETH M. A.—The William Farnum that played "Ben-Hur" many years ago is the same William Farnum who is so popular in pictures to-day.

JESSIE B. MACL.—John Griffith Wray's wife has her own stock company in San Diego, California. Your friend Corinne does not play leads in pictures.

MRS. JOHN H.—The picture you speak of was made from an original scenario. It has never been published in book form. Edith Johnson is the wife of William Duncan.

FRANCIS E. M.—You pronounce Meighan, Mee-an, with the accent on the first syllable. Farrar has the accent on the last syllable.



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K. M. LAVENDER.—Norma Phillips is the name of the young lady who had the leading rôle in the old Mutual serial "Run-away June." She also did a serial called "Our Mutual Girl." Remember that one? You are going back quite a bit.

ANXIOUS AL.—Eddy Polo is an American. He was born in San Francisco, California. Wyndham Standing is married; so is William De Mille.

KATHERINE K.—I am sorry, but I cannot give you the address of any correspondence club. Against them there rules.

FAN BELT.—They change their cars so often that by the time you would learn what make they are now driving they would have purchased some other.

THE KID HIMSELF.—Ben Wilson is the hubby of Jessie McAllister. Cleo Madison, Neva Gerber, and Violet Mersereau are not married.

MRS. F. R. B.—Martha Hedman is not working in pictures at present. She devotes her time almost exclusively to the footlights. Elliott Dexter and Marie Doro are still married. Dustin Farnum is married.

W. S. HART FAN.—Your favorite has announced his intention of returning to the screen at an early date. The type of stories that he will undertake upon starting his new contract has not been announced as yet. Will let you know as soon as I hear. Bill is in New York at the present writing, completing arrangements for the distribution of his forthcoming screen productions.

SARA B.—The "Market Booklet" has been sent to you by the editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. The other booklet published by this magazine is the "Guidenposts for Scenario Writers," and can be secured by sending ten cents in stamps to the editor. It deals, as does the "Market Booklet," with the scenario-writing end, and has nothing to do with the history of the various players.

MISS HAMILTON.—Write to the editor. He has charge of all interviews. Mahlon is thirty-five. His wife is a nonprofessional. Hale Hamilton is not related to him.

A. B. C.—How do you get that way?

BARBARA T.—All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

KENNETH.—Write to the players personally at their studio addresses for their photographs.

BIG BROWN EYES.—Vivian Martin has light-brown hair. Marjorie Daw has light-brown hair and hazel eyes. Ruth Roland's hair is reddish-brown and her eyes are violet. Your other answers are given elsewhere in these columns.

BOBBIE W.—See the reply to Kenneth, two questions above, for your answer.

BETTY G.—Alma Hanlon is not making any pictures at present. Your other questions will be found answered elsewhere in these columns.

MRS. GRACE L. GREEN.—Wallace Reid plays *Anatol* in "The Affairs of Anatol." Gloria Swanson was his wife in this film. The other members who made the affairs possible were Elliott Dexter as *Max Runyan*, Bebe Daniels as *Satan Synne*, Monte Blue as *Abner Elliot*, Wanda Hawley as *Emilie*, Theodore Roberts as *Gordon Bronson*, Agnes Ayres as *Annie Elliot*, Theodore Kosloff as *Nasser Singh*, Raymond Hatton as *Hoffmeier*, Julia Faye as *Tibra*, and Polly Moran as the orchestra leader.

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A EUGENE O'BRIEN ADMIRER.—The picture you refer to was a Cecil B. De Mille production for Arctcraft, called "For Better, For Worse." Gloria Swanson played *Sylvia Norcross*; Elliott Dexter, *Doctor Edward Meade*; Tom Forman, *Richard Burton*; Sylvia Ashton, Gloria's aunt; Raymond Hatton, *Bud*; Theodore Roberts, the hospital head; Wanda Hawley, *Betty Hoyt*; and Jack Holt, a Crusader. Harold Austin is not married. May Allison's beau is her husband, Robert Ellis, the Selznick director and film star as well. Rubye de Remer is not with any special company. She recently completed "Pilgrims of the Night" for J. L. Frothingham's release through First National. She has gone to Europe to join Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in their tour of the world.

NANCY.—Carol Holloway was married to Jack Holloway, an assistant director. They have been divorced. Tom Moore and Rene Adoree have been married about six months.

LILLIAN C.—Mary Pickford has golden hair and hazel eyes. She is just five feet tall and tips the scales at one hundred pounds. Douglas Fairbanks has dark hair and dark eyes, with an olive complexion. He is about five feet ten. Mary was born in 1893 and "Doug" in 1883. Norma Talmadge was married October 31, 1916, to Joseph Schenck. They have no children.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Johnny Jones, Lucille Rickson, Lon Chaney, Russell Simpson, Helene Chadwick, Mary Alden, Cullen Landis, Richard Dix and Renee Adoree at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Pickford, Mary Thurman, Jack Pickford, Claire Adams, and J. Warren Kerrigan at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rudolph Valentino, Wallace Reid, Tully Marshall, Theodore Roberts, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Ethel Clayton, Lois Wilson, Edith Roberts, Leatrice Joy, and Mildred Harris at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Franklyn Farnum, Allan Forrest, George Chesboro, Edith Sterling, Eva Novak, Ann May, ZaSu Pitts, Rosemary Theby, Betty Blythe, Mitchell Lewis, James Morrison, and Claire Anderson, care of Willis & Inglis, Wright & Colender Building, Los Angeles, California.

Wallace MacDonald, Albert Ray, Thomas Meighan, William Desmond, and Antonio Moreno, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

George B. Seitz and Marguerite Courtot, at Pathé Exchange, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Rod LaRocque and Madge Evans, care of Edward Small, 1493 Broadway, New York.

Douglas Fairbanks, Marguerite De la Motte, and Mary MacLaren, at the Douglas Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

David Powell and Billie Burke, care of Famous Players, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Walter Long, care of the American Legion, Hollywood, California.

Helen Ferguson, Eileen Percy, Shirley Mason, Tom Mix, and Buck Jones, at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand and Ben Turpin, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Norma Talmadge, Dorothy Phillips, Gladys Leslie, and Pola Negri, at the First National Pictures Corporation, 6 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City. Also Richard Barthelmess and Marguerite Clark.

Dorothy Gish, Mac Marsh, and Lillian Gish, at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, New York. Also Carol Dempster.

May Allison, Viola Dana, Alice Lake, Gareth Hughes, and Bert Lytell, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Juanita Hansen, at Warner Brothers' Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Roland, Mildred Davis, Snub Pollard, and Harold Lloyd, at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Pearl White, at the William Fox Film Corporation, Tenth Avenue at Fifty-fifth Street, New York City.

May MacAvoy, care of Realart Studios, Hollywood, California.

Claire Windsor and Louis Calhern, care of Lois Weber Studios, Hollywood, California.

Frank Mayo, Marie Prevost, Eddic Polo, Priscilla Dean, Gladys Walton, and Miss du Pont at Universal City, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921.

State of New York, County of New York, (ss.) Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond G. Smith, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is President of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, 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 24, 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 managers are: *Publishers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor*, Charles Gatchell, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers*, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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ORMOND G. SMITH, President,

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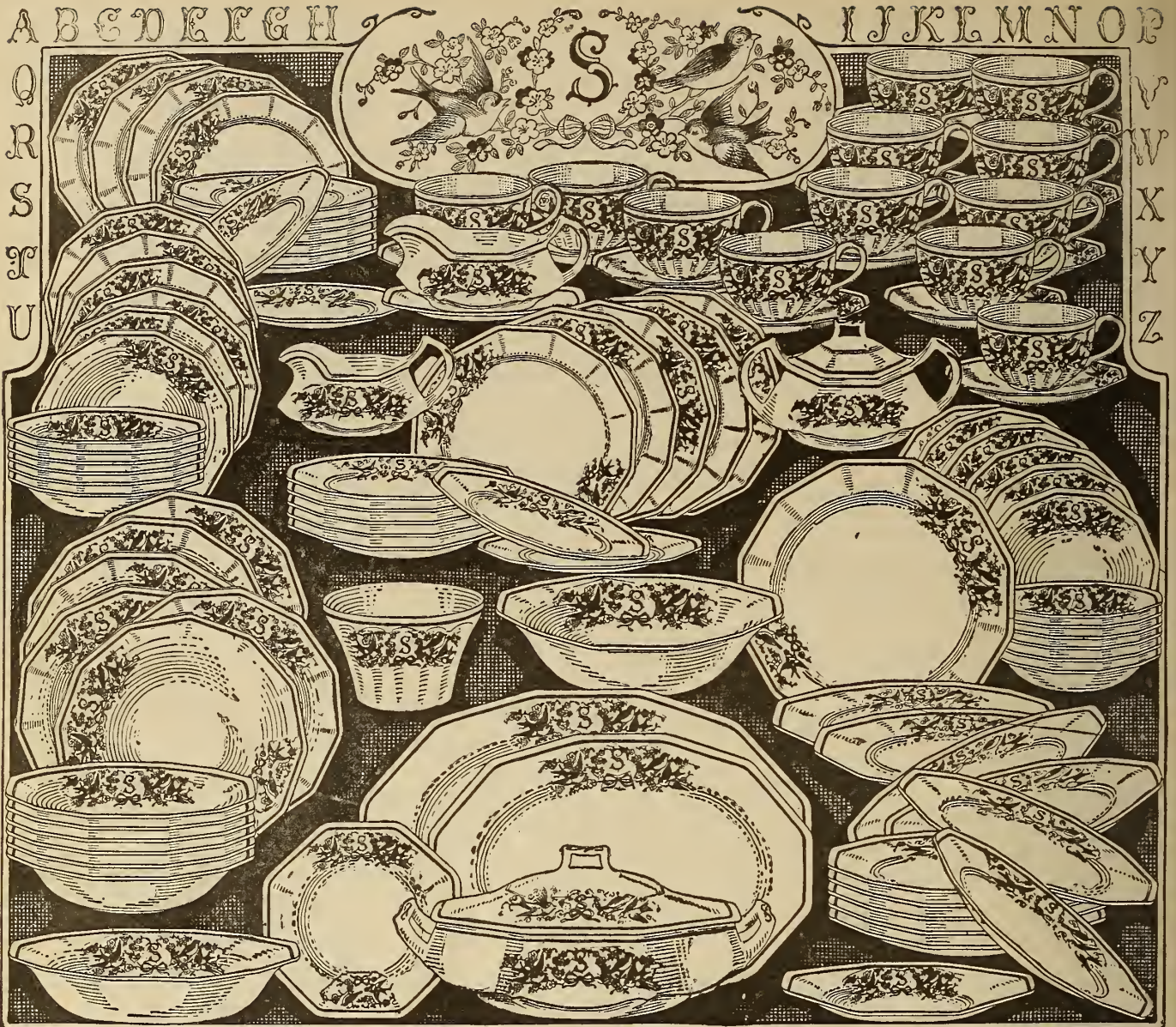
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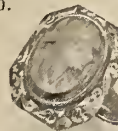
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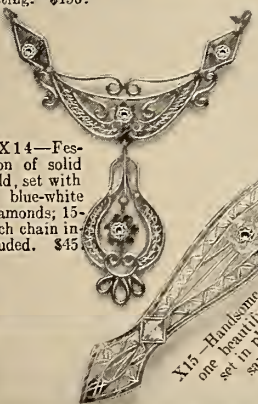
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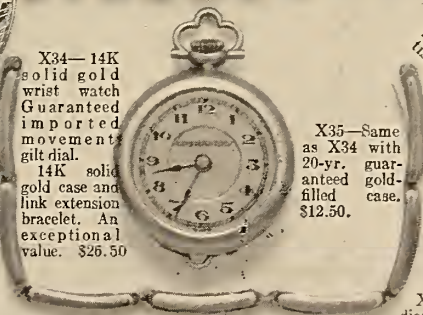
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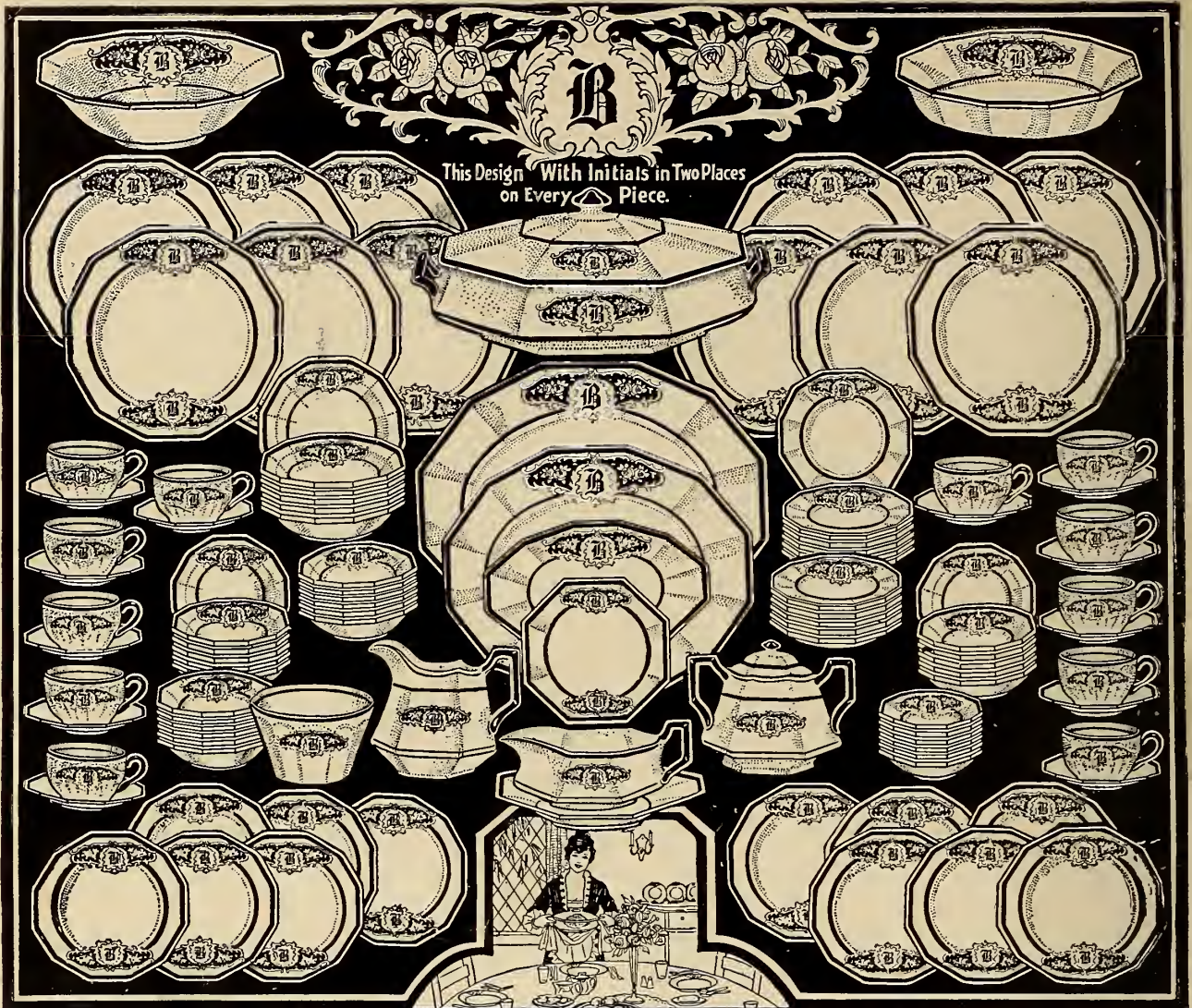
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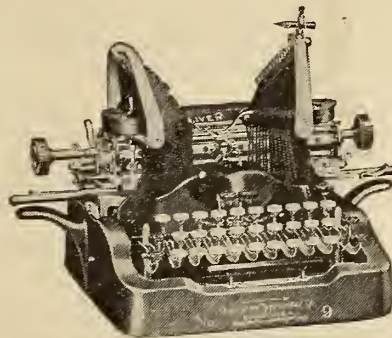
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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WHAT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD.

WHEN Ethel Sands was chosen as a typical fan to visit the studios in the East and to tell you about them, she used to rush home from an afternoon with Elsie Ferguson or Constance Binney or Pearl White and sit right down to write her impressions.

But that, alas, was not possible in Hollywood! No sooner did she arrive there than she was deluged with invitations from stars who have read her "Adventures" with almost as much interest as you have. Adventures came to her so thick and fast that she didn't have a chance to write of them in time for this number. All we have to show you so far is this glimpse of her "supported by Richard Dix and Cullen Landis." of the Goldwyn studios. They seem to be enjoying it as much as she is. And

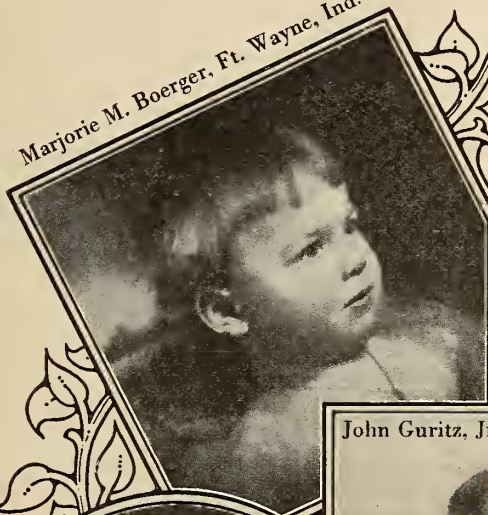


that has been the exciting turn of events ever since she arrived in Hollywood. From the day when Betty Compson met her at the train hers has been a visit of surprises. As soon as she has time to catch her breath and start writing she will tell you of her experiences. She will tell you about the exciting boat trip she took with Bebe Daniels, what it is like to spend a day at Wally Reid's home, how it feels to go around with a crowd of motion-picture stars to their favorite haunts. Perhaps you have already heard about the playgrounds of the stars—but to see these places through Ethel Sands' eyes—that is a new and delightful experience. We feel sure that her articles will be even more fascinating and interesting than her first "Adventures in Movieland." Don't miss them. They are full of surprises, thrills, and packed with interesting observations.

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CHATS WITH SCREEN AUTHORS



Illusions

One of the prevalent illusions is that any one can write a photo play—that creating scenarios is the crudest type of writing, requiring neither the large mental background nor technical skill necessary to the novelist or short-story writer.

True, the screen writer does not need the vocabulary required for the subtle passages of a novel or short story; the very obvious limitations of the screen preclude the expression of abstractions; but the screen writer does need language, the language of color, mass, and line, the language of the objective—the pictorial universe.

C. Gardner Sullivan's scenario of "Hail the Woman" opens as follows: "A spring twilight clothes the harsh little New Hampshire town of Flint Hill with brief beauty. On the low hills that burgeon against the sky line, weary plowmen unyoke their horses from the plows and plod wearily homeward in the blossom-scented dusk. The tall church spires of the town still shine in the last high rays of sunlight, while a lilac-tinted darkness slowly envelops the streets and lowlier buildings." Here you have a picture, a picture which will inspire director and cinematographer to a scene of soft, pastoral beauty.

However, the very next lines in Mr. Sullivan's photo play deal with a girl in wistful repose wondering about a problem as old as time. In this way the ultimate audience is intrigued, in this made reposeful and receptive. The combination of dusk—that time in the day when strange, pathetic longings or vague regrets are apt to faintly sweep over one—plus a girl in perplexed meditation, creates a poignant atmosphere; it is with beauty and strangeness that Mr. Sullivan, a master craftsman, arrests and fixes the attention.

That not every one can write photo plays is evidenced through the wholesale failure of writers of books and plays to create worth-while photo dramas. Men who could create novels replete with deft nuances, striking situations, and impressive crises were impotent when it came to stalking the movie muse. Yet comparatively obscure persons have leaped into fame in a fortnight as creators of powerful photo dramas. What is the answer? Simply that the writing of photo plays requires a temperamental predisposition, just as does the composing of music, verse, or prose. The ability to create in sequential pictorial terms. That is the rub.

Moreover, people rich in experience and of developed insight and mental scope will—providing they master the

technique—write better photo plays than will immature or superficial people. That is, of course, obvious and palpable and verges on being platitudinous—but nevertheless true.

Those who believe they can write photo plays should prepare themselves for the same heartaches and disappointments and setbacks they would encounter if endeavoring to master short story, novel, or play writing. They must expect the same rebuffs from scenario editors as they would receive from magazine editors or book publishers. There is but one fundamental question: Is the photo play your medium? Have you creative imagination, dramatic insight, and the pictorial sense?

Vanity

There is a proneness on the part of young screen writers who chance to sell their first or second stories for a few hundred or a thousand dollars to become unduly inflated with pride. Of all the dangers besetting the beginner, none is so subtle or insinuating as a small success.

I have known several erstwhile mere students of screen writing to immediately discontinue study and hie themselves to the wilds of Hollywood, after disposing of one screen story—at perhaps a very negligible figure. The objective, of course, was a studio job.

Now the person who chances to sell his first short story to a magazine does not usually pack up and depart for New York, the seat of the publishing and magazine business, in search of a staff job. Now just why is this?

Well, the printed word has several centuries behind it. People read books and immediately feel themselves inadequate to so high or subtle or colorful expression. But the photo play is still young, a product of the past decade, younger than many people who are still considered young. Youth has no reverence for youth; therefore young people feel very cocky in approaching screen writing. Old age considers youth as untried, half-baked; therefore the disdain of the few of the older generation for the screen drama.

Even those who study scenario technique at the studios often feel that they want to hurry through, in order to begin active work. They expect to be able, after a few months' study, to eclipse Jeanie Macpherson or C. Gardner Sullivan. However, disillusion is inevitable—then the real, earnest study begins.

The outside writer must remember this. His first or second story may bring a check from a producing

Photoplay Corporation Searches For Screen Writers Through A Novel Creative Test

THE motion picture industry faces its supreme crisis. With its acting personnel at the artistic peak, its apparatus close to mechanical perfection, the fourth greatest industry in the United States acutely lacks the one thing it *must* have to go on—original stories.

Literature and the drama have virtually been exhausted. The public has demonstrated at the box office that it wants good original human interest stories, not "warmed over" novels and plays. Professional novelists and fiction writers have definitely failed in the motion picture field. Hundreds tried—a handful succeeded. They are trained for expression on the printed page, not upon the screen—two widely different arts rarely combined in the talents of a single writer.

But excellent original stories are being written for the screen, and sold to producers at from \$500 to \$2,000 each, by

Everyday People, Trained in the Scenario Technique

Not just everybody—only those gifted with creative imagination and *trained in the language of the studios.*

The unimaginative, unoriginal person can never sell a scenario, no matter how well he masters the screen writers' technique; and the gifted story teller may as well write his idea in Chinese as to prepare it without the technique.

But how can *you* know whether you possess creative imagination? Should you acquire the technique, and attempt to enter this fascinating and handsomely paid profession?

First, there is no way to *endow* you with natural ability. Either you have it, or you have not. Put if you possess creative talent, the Palmer Photoplay Corporation can, by its novel psychological home test, discover it. Then, if you so elect, the Corporation can train you to *think in terms of the studio*; to write your story so the director can *see its action* as he reads.

Send for the Free Van Loan Questionnaire

By this scientifically exact series of psychological questions and problems, the degree of natural aptitude which you may possess can be accurately determined. It resembles the vocational tests employed by the United States Army, and an evening with this novel device for

Critical Shortage of Stories can be met only by discovering new film writers. World's leading photoplay clearing house invites you to take free examination at home.

self-examination is highly fascinating as well as useful. It was prepared by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated photoplaywright, and Prof. Malcolm MacLean, formerly of North-

western University. Through this test many successful photoplaywrights were encouraged to enter their profession. It is a simple test applied in your own home. Its record is held confidential by the Corporation.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation offers you this free test because

Scores of Screen Stories are needed by producers

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

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

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

THOMAS H. INCE <i>Thos. H. Ince Studios</i>	JESSE L. LASKY <i>Vice-President Famous Players-Lasky Corp.</i>	JAMES R. QUIRK <i>Editor and Publisher Photoplay Magazine</i>
LOIS WEBER <i>Lois Weber Productions, Inc.</i>	FRANK E. WOODS <i>Chief Supervising Director Famous Players-Lasky Corp.</i>	ALLAN DWAN <i>Allan Dwan Productions</i>
C. GARDNER SULLIVAN <i>Author and Producer</i>	ROB WAGNER <i>Author and Screen Authority</i>	

You are invited to try; clip the coupon

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

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

**PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation, Dept. of Education, Y-2
124 West 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.**



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

Name

Address

Chats with Screen Authors

Continued from page 8



What Do You Owe Your Wife?

Do you remember the promises you made when you wooed the girl who is now your wife? Have you forgotten the scenes your fancy painted—that home of your own—a real yard for the kids—a maid to lighten the household burdens—a tidy sum in the bank—a wonderful trip every summer? *She* has not forgotten. She still hopes that you will make true these dreams. She still has faith in you.

You don't want to disappoint your wife and make her life a burden, do you? You want to put the light of happiness in her eyes. You have in you the power, the ability and surely the desire to make good your promises, and you can do it easily. If you could only realize how quickly success came to thousands of other husbands, how splendidly they made true the dreams of courtship days, then nothing in the world could stop you from your success and happiness.

After all is said and done, it is money and its right use that promotes contentment. Lack of money makes the cold realities of present day life a bitter trial and constant worry. It makes young wives old before their time—it brings bitterness into homes where happiness should rule.

A BIG RAISE IN YOUR SALARY is possible for you. Go after it. You can easily double your pay by the **PROMOTION PLAN**. It is nothing new and untried. The **PROMOTION PLAN** has helped thousands of men and women for the last quarter of a century. Mark the coupon for the job in which you are interested and we will send you our free book and copies of voluntary letters from some of our students who have made good in the line in which you want to succeed through the **PROMOTION PLAN**. Send coupon today. You owe it to your wife.

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| Bookkeeper | Surveyor (& Mapping) |
| Draftsman and Designer | Telephone Engineer |
| Electrical Engineer | Telegraph Engineer |
| Electric Light & Power | High School Graduate |
| General Education | Fire Insurance Expert |

Name

Address

organization which has no intention of filming the story. The story just happened to contain an idea or two, a situation or a character that the scenario editor wanted to hold for future use.

The most successful photo dramatists are always students. The sale of a story or two should not excite the beginner too much—lest he rest on his oars.

Visualization

One writes a photo play one does not think of smart phrases or poetic wording—and to this extent at least is screen writing valid writing; smart phrases and poetic wording may be employed if absolutely necessary for effective description, but never for their own sake.

Screen acting is very akin to pantomime, and therefore the screen writer must take cognizance of the facial expressions, mannerisms, and idiosyncrasies of characters—must

One of the most important and essential phases of screen writing is the power of visualizing. As

depict even inner struggle, the most psychological drama, in terms of objective pictures.

In writing scenarios one always writes of a man or woman doing something—not that either, or a group of characters, *will do* something or *has done* something. Past or future must be indicated or revealed through some present action or activity.

The ablest screen writer, therefore, will be the one who can close his eyes and see his own story march across an imaginary screen, and can set down the scenes in adequate language.

Never was the language of feeling so necessary. I say this, despite the popularity in some quarters of the skeletonlike scenario. But I believe there is twenty times the opportunity for acceptance where the writer can make the scenario reader "feel" his story. Let the heartstrings be clutched through deft characterization and the whole mood of your writing. For the director, if he, too, can *feel* your story, will be more deeply inspired in the filming of it.

News Notes from the Studios

Items of interest about popular players and the productions in which they appear.

D. W. GRIFFITH'S next picture may be "East Is West," from the play by Samuel Shipman. "The Two Orphans" is almost finished, and Mr. Griffith is looking around for a worthy successor. It is probable that the Shipman play will be the basis of his next production. Mr. Griffith is also considering "The White Slave," Bartley Campbell's famous old melodrama for future production.

Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt will be costarred in William De Mille's latest picture, an original story by Clara Beranger, as yet untitled.

William Farnum has returned from Europe, and is working on a new Fox picture, "A Man's Weakness." Holmes Herbert and Paul McAllister are in the cast, and Herbert Brenon will direct.

"The Bigamist" is the title of a new English picture which is said to be the best thing that England has produced. Guy Newall wrote and directed the story and also plays an important part. Ivy Duke, a beautiful English star, is featured. The production will soon be shown in this country.

The title of Richard Barthelmess' second starring picture is "All At Sea." Louise Huff plays opposite him, and Anne Cornwall is in the cast.

Mary Buck is in the movies. You never heard of her before, but you will probably hear a great deal about her in the future. Mary was Lillian Gish's manicurist. Miss Gish became so interested in the beautiful little girl that she made her her protégée and secured a small part for her in "At the Stage Door," William Christy Cabanne's latest R-C picture. Mary is working very hard to justify Miss Gish's interest and hopes some day to be a star herself.

American stars and directors at the Famous Players studios in London are certainly seeing the world. Director John S. Robertson will take a company to Madrid, Spain, to film "Spanish Jade," from the novel by Maurice Hewlett, and George Fitzmaurice will invade Italy for exteriors for "The Man From Home," based on Booth Tarkington's novel and play. The company, which will visit Rome, Naples, Sorrento, and

Continued on page 12

Suppose This Happened on YOUR Wedding Day!

Everything is ready for the ceremony. All the guests are assembled. Even the clergyman has arrived. You are taking your last hasty glance in the mirror—when a messenger arrives with a gift. It is an elaborate gift, one of the finest you have received. And it is from some one you have not invited!

What would you do? Would you immediately send a telegram of thanks? Would you write a personal letter offering an apology or an excuse? Would you just send an ordinary card of thanks a few days after the wedding? Would you ignore the incident completely?

And Then After the Ceremony—

How would you acknowledge the congratulations of the guests? What would be the first thing to say to your husband, to his mother, his father? Do you know just how to arrange the reception, and the wedding breakfast? And the cards of thanks, the "at home" cards, the announcements—do you know how to word them and when to mail them?

The wedding day is the happiest day of any man's, any woman's life. But one little blunder, one little unexpected mistake—and that happiest day becomes one so humiliating and miserable that it brings a blush of shame to the cheek whenever one thinks of it.

Perhaps you do not realize how many important little things enter into the planning and preparing of wedding receptions, wedding ceremonies. There are so many opportunities for mistakes, so many chances to do the wrong thing. One must know absolutely, before venturing upon so important an affair as a wedding, just what is right to do and say and wear.

Were These Embarrassing Moments Ever Yours?

Did you ever overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen? If you did, you know what an embarrassing moment it was. Did you know what to do, what to say? Should you have overlooked it? Should you have excused yourself to the hostess? Should you have made an apology to all the company? If you knew the right thing to do and say there would have been no embarrassment, no confusion.

And suppose your engagement were suddenly broken. Would you return the engagement ring? Would you send back any letters? Would you announce the broken engagement to your friends and relatives? If a wedding date has been set and invitations issued, how would you recall them? How would you explain the broken engagement to those who had been invited?

Every day certain unexpected conditions arise, certain awkward and difficult circumstances present themselves. To be able to meet them calmly, without being embarrassed or confused, is to win the admiration and respect of all those with whom you come into contact.

How Do You Introduce People?

If a friend visited you, how would you introduce her to your parents? Would you say, "Mother, I'd like you to meet Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, I'd like you to meet my mother"?

If an elderly uncle were present would you say, "Mr. Jones, meet Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, meet Mr. Jones"? And when Bobby comes running in, would you say, "Bobby, this is Miss Smith," or "Miss Smith, this is Bobby"?

Now let us pretend that you are the one being introduced. Do you know the correct

way to acknowledge the introductions? Would you remain seated upon being presented to a gentleman, or would you rise? Would you offer your hand in greeting? Would you use any of these terms, "Pleased to meet you," "How do you do," "Glad to know you"?

Mistakes Made At the Dance

Very often you make mistakes in the ballroom that condemn you as a boor, a person of no culture and breeding. They may be mistakes that you are not conscious of, mistakes that you do not realize you are making—but every cultured man and woman in that ballroom perceives them, and labels you immediately as uncouth, ordinary.

Let us see what you know about the etiquette of ballrooms. If you were not asked to dance, do you know how to avoid being a wallflower? Do you know how many times etiquette allows you to dance with one partner? Do you know whether or not it is correct, in good society, to wander away from the ballroom with a fiancee?

Or if you are a gentleman, do you know how to ask a lady to dance, and how to take leave of her when the music ceases? Do you know the right dancing positions? Do you know what to do and say if a young lady refuses a dance?

The ballroom is an ideal place to impress by one's culture and delicacy. It is here that the woman is judged as charming or awkward, and the gentleman is judged as well-groomed or hopelessly uncultured.

The Book of Etiquette in Two-volumes

We all know that it is the first impression that counts. The people who meet us and see us every day judge us by our outward appearance, our actions, our manners. They do not wait until they know us before they judge whether we are fine or coarse, cultured or common-place. They judge by their first impressions of us—and first impressions are always lasting.

Then if you want to enter the world of good society, if you want to enjoy the company of brilliant men and women, you must make these first impressions perfect. You must be able to do and say and wear at all times, under all conditions, the thing that is absolutely correct. You must know how to enter a room and how to leave it. You must know how to offer a seat, and how to accept it. You must know how to make introductions and how to acknowledge them. You must know how to meet the most perplexing and embarrassing circumstances with quiet dignity, and poise, instead of becoming flustered and confused.

If you can do these things, if you know the rules of correct conduct—of etiquette—the world will recognize you as a lady, a gentleman, and treat you accordingly.

And that's just what the famous Book of Etiquette does—teaches you the right thing to do and say and wear on all occasions, at all times! It solves the problems that have been puzzling you, corrects mistakes, dispels doubt, makes you perfect in the art of etiquette. By knowing and understanding its worth



Even the messenger boy saw that she was humiliated, embarrassed, undecided.

valuable information, it brings you dignity, poise, refinement—it prepares you to meet the highest society and command respect wherever you happen to be.

SENT FREE For 5 Days

Do you know dinner etiquette so well that you can dine with the most cultured people without feeling embarrassed? Do you know the right thing to wear to dances, parties, balls, weddings?

You will find invaluable aid in the splendid two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. You will want to keep it handy where you can refer to it again and again. Let us prove it. Let us send you both volumes absolutely free to read, examine and test.

Just the coupon will do. Fill it in with your name and address and send it to us NOW, at once. No money—just the coupon. The complete Book of Etiquette will be sent to you at once. Keep the books for 5 days at our expense. Read a page here and there. Glance at the illustrations. Notice the table of contents. After 5 days you may send us \$3.50 in full payment or return the books, as you please. There is no obligation. You pay for the books only if you are absolutely delighted with them.

But mail the coupon today. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity of examining for yourself the famous Book of Etiquette. Clip the coupon and mail it NOW. NELSON DOUBLEDAY, INC., Dept. 402, Oyster Bay, New York.

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Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you \$3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

Name

Address

Check this square if you want these books with the Beautiful Full Leather Binding at five dollars

News Notes from the Studios

Continued from page 10



Do You Want A Better Job?

THE only difference between success and failure is a matter of training. Edison and Steinmetz and Schwab and Vanderlip and Thayer and Wanamaker—these men did not reach their present success through luck or chance.

They got into the work for which they were best fitted—and then trained themselves to know more about their jobs than anyone else. When opportunity came—as it always comes—these men were ready to grasp it and turn it into fame and dollars.

You have just as good a chance to succeed as these men had—perhaps better! Good positions are always waiting for trained men—positions that you can get if you train yourself to deserve them.

You can secure this training easily and quickly at home through spare-time study with the International Correspondence Schools, just as so many other men have done. The I. C. S. way is the practical way—the fascinating way—the profitable way.

All that we ask is this:—Fill out the coupon printed below and mail it to Scranton. This doesn't obligate you in the least—but it will bring you full information about the I. C. S. Today is the day to send in that coupon. "Tomorrow never comes."

TEAR OUT HERE

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Without cost or obligation, please explain how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject before which I have marked an X in the list below:—

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Capri, includes James Kirkwood, who plays the title rôle; Anna Q. Nilsson, Norman Kerry, John Miltern, Geoffrey Kerr, Clifford Grey, and Annette Benson.

In the Paramount comedy "Is Matrimony a Failure?" T. Roy Barnes will be seen in the rôle created by Leo Ditrichstein in the stage production. Walter Hiers will also have an important part.

Hugo Ballin's next production will be "The Luxury Tax," in which Mabel Ballin has the lead. The nature of the story is being kept secret, but Mr. Ballin says that he is going to spring something new on the fans. The statement has naturally created wide interest in the picture, and every one is eager to see what the surprise is.

Irene Castle is working on "The Rise of Roscoe Paine," from the story by Joseph C. Lincoln. This picture will bring Miss Castle back to the screen after a long absence.

Renée Adoree, who recently became Mrs. Tom Moore, will be seen in the Fox production, "The Count of Monte Cristo."

"Second Hand Rose," that jazzy popular song, is being made into a picture for Gladys Walton, Universal star.

Helen Jerome Eddy will have the leading rôle in the Goldwyn production, "Always Warm and Green," an original screen story by Gouverneur Morris.

Norma Talmadge and her sister Constance are working in California again. Constance will make a picture temporarily titled "The Divorcée," and Norma plans to make an ambitious production of "The Duchesse de Langeais," based on the novel by Honoré Balzac.

"Beyond the Rocks" is Elinor Glyn's second contribution to the screen. As with "The Great Moment," Madame Glyn wrote the story especially for Gloria Swanson, and will work at the Lasky studio during the filming of the picture.

Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are married. Of course everybody knew it would happen—the surprise was that the wedding was not according to schedule. The couple had announced that upon completion of "The Prisoner of Zenda" they would be married in Dublin, Ireland, by Mr. Ingram's father, who is a professor at Trinity College. But, right in the middle of the picture, they slipped off to Pasadena, California, and were married in a little tea shop where they first met, almost two

years ago. They will go abroad on a honeymoon tour and expect to make "Ivanhoe" in England.

"Stay Home" is Gareth Hughes' new picture. Grace Darmond is in the cast.

George Ade, famous humorist, has been converted to the screen. He has written "Our Leading Citizen" for Thomas Meighan, and will supervise it personally at the Lasky studio. Mr. Ade and the Paramount star have been friends ever since Meighan played the lead in the Ade play, "The College Widow," on the stage. After listening to Tommy's eloquent discourse on the fascinations of picture making Mr. Ade decided to see for himself. Now every one is eagerly awaiting his début as a motion-picture author.

Arthur Guy Empey, of "Over the Top" fame, will return to the screen in a picture called "A Millionaire for a Day."

Glenn Hunter, who played with Billie Burke in the stage play, "The Intimate Strangers," and who supported Constance Binney in "The Case of Becky," will be starred in a series of pictures with the American boy as the theme. "Apron Strings" is the first production, and it will be made by Tuttle & Warner. Marguerite Courtot, Beatrice Morgan, William Tooker, Osgood Perkins, Townsend Martin, and Lois Smith are in the supporting cast.

Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Harry Carey, and other stars of "westerners," had better look to their laurels, for Jim Logan, a young cowboy, will invade their own particular field in a series of westerns for James P. Hogan. Besides being good looking, he is considered one of the most daring riders and "stunt" men on the screen. Although Mr. Logan has been in pictures several years, "Shotgun Jones," from the novel by Bertram Sinclair, will introduce him to the fans as a full-fledged star.

After spending several months at the Goldwyn studios writing and titling his original screen stories and learning the motion-picture business from the bottom, Rupert Hughes, eminent author, has taken up the megaphone and will direct his own story, temporarily titled, "Remembrance," for which he also wrote the continuity. Cullen Landis, Patsy Ruth Miller, Claude Gillingwater, Richard Tucker, Dana Todd, Kate Lester, Nell Craig, Lucille Ricksen, and Esther Ralston will compose the cast for Mr. Hughes' first directorial effort.

"In Every Man and Every Woman There Is Some Great Moving Picture Scenario"

THIS is the astonishing statement made by the world's greatest motion picture producer—David Wark Griffith, the man who made "Birth of a Nation," "Way Down East," "Broken Blossoms," "Intolerance." Is his surprising statement true? Can it be possible that there is "some great moving picture" in the life of every man and every woman—in YOUR life?

"Every man or woman has known, has seen, or has lived part of a great story," says Mr. Griffith. "There is material for screen masterpieces in the life of the dull-est person you meet on the street today. Your neighbors are living stories that, if told naturally and spiritedly, would touch and thrill the world."

Why don't YOU get the story out of YOUR life? Wait! Don't say you CAN'T, because you don't KNOW you can't! Thousands of people who thought they COULDN'T, found out they COULD, and now make big money in their spare time, live comfortably and happily, envied and admired by all their friends.

Maybe YOU can write stories and plays and don't know it! Don't laugh at the idea! "Ofttimes one can do best the thing he least suspects." YOU may possess hidden talent only waiting to be developed and brought out. You may not suspect this but it may be true just the same. Many of our greatest authors suddenly discovered they could write when they least thought they could.

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

But to-day men like D. W. Griffith—and many other of the greatest minds in the literary world—declare that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, lifelike; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

Some of the world's greatest writers and editors claim that you may learn to write just as you may learn anything else under the sun!

THE KIND OF PROOF YOU LIKE TO SEE

"There never has been such a market for good fiction as there is to-day. This is the golden age for writers. Any man or woman with an original idea, or even an original way of handling an old idea, can sell their manuscripts as fast as they can turn them out."
—ROBERT H. DAVIS, of MURPHY'S MAGAZINE.

"It requires no literary experience or ability."
—MARION FAIRFAX, writer for Mary Pickford.

"Original five-reel plots by unknown authors sell for from \$500.00 to \$5,000.00."
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"The best reading matter is as frequently obtained from absolutely new writers as it is from famous writers."
—JOHN M. SHIDALL, EDITOR OF AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

"There is a popular impression that the new writer has no chance—that his contributions are given scant attention. The impression would be quickly dispelled if the public could see how eagerly magazine editors go through each mail—hoping always that the Great Unknown may at last have appeared."
—EDITH G. COLLIER'S



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information is everybody's property. It is not for the select few. Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for anybody—any man or woman of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands who don't even DREAM they can write!

EVERYBODY is taking up the idea of WRITING. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumb-founded at the ease with which they learn to write! Many find that about all they need is an ordinary education, an observing mind, some will power, and a little confidence. You know it was Shakespeare who said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity, with its constantly changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. There is never a lack—it flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The columns of the daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Footlights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents providing rich food for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing in all this world that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. You are looked upon with eyes of envy.

For the world of story and playwrights is no longer the starve-in-a-garret fra-

ternity of old. No, indeed! Many of the Story Kings these days cruise around in large limousines, have elegant country homes or town houses, live in the highest social spheres in America! No society is too high or exclusive for them to enter. No marble mansions but what is open to them. Men and women writers, from humble stations in life, have been the honored guests of Kings and Presidents.

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There is no need to let your laudable ambition stand still—no need to starve the Noble Flame that burns at the Altar of your Dearest Hope—no need to wait, to wish, to merely dream of being a writer. Your brilliant opportunity, your golden chance, is HERE AND NOW! Get your pencil—use the coupon below. This little act may prove the big lucky stroke of your Destiny!



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R-C PICTURES

New York



"AT THE STAGE DOOR"
directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne

This is the wistful story of a girl who from childhood constantly "gives up" to her younger sister. Then comes the tragedy of learning her lover prefers "the baby." Unable to endure the torture of having her heart break daily at the happiness she thought to be her own, she leaves home. At the brink of disaster a great love finds and claims her.



Pauline Frederick
in
"TWO KINDS OF WOMEN"

Coming home, at her father's untimely death, to take charge of his enormous cattle interests, Judith Sanford (Pauline Frederick) finds herself surrounded by treacherous and avaricious interests who plan to despoil her. A few staunch adherents, loyal to their old employer, unflinchingly stand by. Fraud, brute force and flagrant villainy run the gamut of their evil powers, calling into superb action all the audacious courage, all the sweetness and culture of perfect womanhood which this talented star so well knows how to delineate.



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— February 5th to 12th

This is a special occasion arranged to acquaint all lovers of the silent drama with the wholesome, magnetic entertainment afforded by R-C Pictures.

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"FIVE DAYS TO LIVE"
starring *Sessue Hayakawa*

Recognized critics state there is no more finished dramatic actor for the screen today than Sessue Hayakawa. In his latest picture, "Five Days to Live," he draws the veil from that deep, spiritual, fatalistic love that Eastern stoicism completely shadows from Occidental eyes. This picture is a peep into the soul of the ancient East.



"POSSESSION" from Sir Anthony Hope's novel "Phroso"
a Mercanton production

Sir Anthony Hope, master teller of dramatic stories—Mercanton, the "Griffith of Europe," a rare combination of matchless talents, resulting in a picture of such intense realism as to hold the spectator breathless. This tale of adventure, intrigue and romance, acted amid the identical surroundings that gave the novel its atmosphere and color, the background a real and famous old castle and a great natural cave 300 feet below ground, has all the thrill of a vivid personal experience.



"SILENT YEARS"
directed by *Louis J. Gasnier*

One of the most delightful books of recent years is Harriet T. Comstock's "Mam'selle Jo." It is a story in which mother love, touching the supreme heights of sacrifice and devotion, stands as a rock against which the evil forces of malice and slander hurl themselves to their own destruction. "Silent Years" is a thrilling dramatization of "Mam'selle Jo."

"EDEN AND RETURN"
starring *Doris May*

Dainty Doris May, who delivered a landslide of mirth in "The Foolish Age," repeats with a vengeance in "Eden and Return." For sheer fun, marvelously ingenious situations, the snappiest kind of rollicking, riotous action, this comedy offers an evening of uproarious hilarity that you will enjoy as far as you





15
washings

Actual photograph of hand-made bedspread—unstreaked and unfaded after 15 Ivory Flakes washings. Spread and statement of original owner on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

—yet the creamy tint of this bedspread, and the pinks and greens of its hand applique and embroidery are as pretty as new—

THE Illinois woman who sent in the bedspread in the photograph to the manufacturers of Ivory Flakes described the washing in this way:

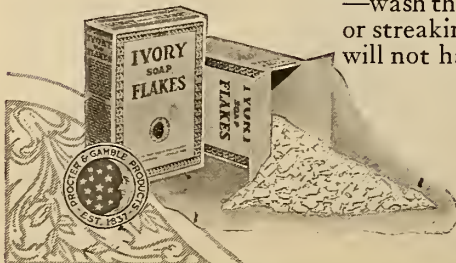
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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XV

FEBRUARY, 1922

No. 6



The Calendar of Past Performances

As Revealed by Johnson Briscoe.



1—1915—MONDAY.—Mary MacLaren could be recognized—that is, if you knew what she looked like!—dancing around in the chorus of "Dancing Around," which was in its final weeks at the Winter Garden, New York, and she further complicated matters in those seven years ago by using her real name of Mary MacDonald.

2—1910—WEDNESDAY.—Anita Stewart, very probably weighted down with the responsibilities of life—why, she was then within fifteen days of her fourteenth birthday—could be seen trudging along the streets of Brooklyn, N. Y., textbooks in hand, bound for the daily grind at Erasmus Hall High School in that city. And what dreams did she not dream?

3—1908—MONDAY.—Eugene O'Brien, certainly with no thought in the world then of the thousands of times he would read in print these words, "Eugene O'Brien is not married," was the cause of a distinct feminine flutter at the Opera House, Jamestown, N. D., where this night he was to be seen as *Clarton Maddern* in "Brown of Harvard."

4—1907—MONDAY.—Gladys Hulette was an independent wage earner, though still struggling with the intricacies of the alphabet and the multiplication table, contributing her mite to the drama's uplift as the little boy, *David*, in "The Kreuzer Sonata," the star of which was Bertha Kalich, being settled for this night at May's Opera House, Piqua, Ohio.

5—1897—FRIDAY.—William Farnum, ever with an eye to the romantic, was swash-buckling about in the minor part of *Manuel Sarceda* in "Carmen," in which the fervid Olga Nethersole was then the rage of the hour, attracting crowded houses—maybe some of which came to see our William!—to the Broad Street Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

6—1905—MONDAY.—Mack Sennett was cheerfully plodding away, glad of the line or two which fell to his lot in the character of *Chow Sany* in "Wang," which musical classic De Wolf Hopper was offering, everybody concerned—including Marguerite Clark and Gladys Hulette—hoping that all would be well at the Royal Opera House, Guelph, Ont.

7—1906—WEDNESDAY.—Elsie Ferguson, bravely struggling along with very slight opportunities, was altogether in the picture as *Caroline* in "Julie Bon Bon," with Louis Mann, then running at the Lew Fields Theater, New York, and though she had only a few lines to speak, these were done with the air of a stage veteran.

8—1918—FRIDAY.—Constance Binney, now a Realart star, with a stage career of less than a year to her credit, was a most festive sight as *Parker* in "Oh, Lady! Lady!" wherein she did a most fetching solo dance, that being her specialty in those days, appearing at the Princess Theater, New York.

9—1912—FRIDAY.—Harrison Ford was reveling in the glories of playing leading heroic rôles, though his comedy opportunities were predominant, this as *Harry Mallory* in "Excuse Me," which gay farce was a potent lure at the Russell Theater, Ottawa, Ont. And the girls loved the shy Harrison almost as much in those days as they do now.

10—1909—WEDNESDAY.—Eulalie Jensen was a carefree exponent of the joys of musical comedy, being a most handsome and distinguished *Mrs. Talcott* in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," then delighting theatergoers at the Globe Theater, Boston, Mass., and to hear her sing "Honey-moon Hall" was alone worth the price of admission.

11—1917—SUNDAY.—Douglas MacLean had not at this time felt the call to filmdom, this despite the fact that he was a resident of Los Angeles, Cal., a member of the stock company at the Morosco Theater there, and was doing very well for himself as *Philip Martin* in "We Are Seven." And he had his famous smile even then.

12—1907—TUESDAY.—Marguerite Snow was confident of the fact that while Sarah Bernhardt knew her business, there were also other actresses worthy of consideration, a fact which she did her best to impress upon the gathering assembled this evening beneath the roof of the Loewen Theater, Enid, Okla., where she was to be seen as *Mlle. Danglars* in "Monte Cristo," supporting James O'Neill.

13—1891—THURSDAY.—With no thought of his future wild career in the films, Hobart Bosworth was nothing if not a contented Thespian, working under that past master, Augustin Daly, at whose New York theater he was playing the rôle of *Careless* in "The School for Scandal," which was then in the midst of a most successful run.

14—1908—FRIDAY.—Lew Cody must have been nothing if not philosophical in his contribution to the uplift of the stage, being a very nifty villain, *Norman Canby*, in that dainty classic, "The Hired Girls' Millions," in which the Russell Brothers were starring, at this time paying a week's visit to the Arch Street Theater, Philadelphia, Pa.

15—1882—WEDNESDAY.—There was considerable excitement and hubbub in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blythe upon this particular day, for their third child was born, he who was ultimately to achieve considerable screen and stage fame as John Barrymore, son of the well-known actors, Maurice and Georgie Drew Barrymore, that you see, being a stage name.

16—1912—FRIDAY.—Antonio M. Moreno, just as handsome and almost as debonair as now, was a candidate for musical comedy honors, doing his best to bring to the fore the rather inconspicuous rôle of *Stubbs* in "The Man From Cook's," an entertainment then in the early days of its existence, holding forth at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md.

17—1908—MONDAY.—Edward Earle was delighted in this long ago when the opportunity came to spend two consecutive nights in the same bed, as he was chasing hither and yon as *Bobbie Scott* in "The Blue Moon," with James T. Powers, his brief resting place this night being Dorris' Opera House, Phoenix, Ariz., with a departure after the performance for Tucson!

18—1895—MONDAY.—Ethel Grey Terry was doing her childish best to respect Shakespearean traditions, bravely going through her paces as the *Duke of York* in "Richard III," supporting Thomas W. Keene, and she unquestionably made a profound impression upon the audience assembled at the Coates Opera House, Kansas City, Mo.

19—1915—FRIDAY.—Elaine Hammerstein, now a Selznick star, frankly avowing her dislike for a career behind the footlights, was nevertheless a dutiful daughter, and in her father's, Arthur Hammerstein's, production of "The Trap," she was doing all she could to uphold family tradition, as *Helen Carson*, at the Booth Theater, New York. And, incidentally, she succeeded.

20—1904—MONDAY.—Blanche Sweet was undoubtedly doing her level best to keep a straight face as she was nightly compelled to listen to Chauncey Olcott's tenor solos—and as she was little more than a baby, she probably was in terror of a spanking if she didn't—all this being in "Terence," at the Boston Theater, Boston, Mass.

21—1906—WEDNESDAY.—Vivian Ogden, who has been immortalized upon the screen through her work as *Martha Perkins* in the Griffith picturization of "Way Down East," was to be seen these seventeen years ago in this same mischief-making rôle, in the flesh and speaking lines, her stopping place this particular date being the Grand Opera House, Salem, Ore.

22—1909—MONDAY.—Milton Sills was in a great state of excitement—yes, of course, he knew it was Washington's Birthday—but, far more important, he was making his initial bow before a Broadway audience, being *Norris Townsend* in "This Woman and This Man," opening at Maxine Elliott's Theater, and, most important of all, he scored a great hit.

23—1917—FRIDAY.—Marion Davies and Justine Johnstone caused a visible flutter among the masculine contingent gathered at the Princess Theater, New York, where these two extraordinary beauties were gracing the musical entertainment known as "Oh, Boy!"—and, what's more, the girls were obviously on good terms with each other! And even now they are good friends.

24—1908—MONDAY.—Pauline Frederick managed to maintain her usual poise and calm, though these were busy days with her, in the evenings appearing at the Savoy Theater, New York, in "Twenty Days in the Shade," and rehearsing "Toddles" during the day. And "Toddles," though Miss Frederick and John Barrymore headed the cast, was a lamentable failure when produced.

25—1901—MONDAY.—Buster Keaton, then a venerable actor, aged seven years, yet with six months' stage experience behind him, was capering merrily upon the vaudeville stage, assisting his parents, Joe and Myra, upon this date being one of the features of the bill at Proctor's Theater, Albany, N. Y.

26—1912—MONDAY.—Franklyn Farnum, admitted to-day to be one of the most graceful dancers in the Hollywood colony, was earning his bread and butter by pirouetting in musical comedy, skipping blithely about as *Edward Sherry* in "Madame Sherry," and it is to be hoped, despite his surroundings, that he gave the audience their money's worth, at the Opera House, Petaluma, Cal.

27—1914—FRIDAY.—Nazimova was making a comprehensive tour of these United States as *Mrs. Chepstow* in "Bella Donna," playing this night at the Overholser Theater, Oklahoma City, Okla.

28—1906—WEDNESDAY.—Earle Williams strove to bring sinister villainy to the part of *Count Karloff* in "The Man on the Box," at the Colonial Theater, Cleveland, Ohio, and celebrated his twenty-sixth birthday, too.

Is Our Ideal Girl in the Movies?

A million fans would probably say, "Yes," but Penrhyn Stanlaws who knows girls, public taste, and motion-picture stars emphatically says "No"—and you will be surprised at his frank presentation of his case.

By Barbara Little

TAKE heed, you who look to the stars of the screen to teach you poise and grace and charm. You can learn much from them, but remember that, no matter what star you have chosen as your model, *she is not the ideal American girl.*

That, at least, is the statement of Penrhyn Stanlaws, the famous painter of beautiful types of young womanhood, whose delicate creations you have seen smiling out from countless magazine covers. Stanlaws knows girls. For years he has been studying them. And of late, as you know, he has added to his knowledge through his experiences as a motion-picture director.

"The ideal America girl," he remarked as he settled back into the recesses of a softly upholstered armchair and glanced approvingly at the tea-hour pageant of fashion passing before us in one of New York's most exclusive hotels, "is not in the movies. Why should she be? Isn't she brought up to be a connoisseur of life who is concerned with taking—not with giving? And the business of the screen actress is constantly to give to her public. No one, I believe, would deny this.

"So you must look for the ideal girl outside of the studios—in the crowd at one of the big college football games, for instance; at house parties and country clubs. You will find her there—perfectly groomed, well poised, vivacious in a quiet way. She has clear, unswerving eyes and glowing cheeks. The most striking thing about her is her poise. When you look at her you don't think so much of what she is as you think of the generations it has taken to produce her."

I glanced at Mr. Stanlaws. He is that type of man seen so often on the stage and so rarely in life whose perfect composure makes him seem capable of something like the following:

Enter butler. "Pardon, sir, but your wife has eloped with the chauffeur, and in their haste they ran over the gardener."

"Very good James," you can imagine Mr. Stanlaws replying with the suave air of a man about town. "There will be only one at dinner. Send for an undertaker, and draw the portières. I feel a draft."

So, perhaps, his ideal girl is not typical of the preferences of the average man. But who wants to be the ideal of an average man?

"You find my ideal girl everywhere here in New York," he went on, "but she will slip past you unnoticed oftentimes if you aren't watching closely for her. At first nights, for instance, where there are many luxuriously gowned women, you will notice the actresses in bizarre costumes rather than the tastefully dressed girl who comes in inconspicuously. But after you have found her you will never be satisfied with observing the others. For she has every charm they have—and some more—in an infinitely more subtle form.

"There are more beautiful girls than she is in motion pictures, and there are girls who are more clever. But there isn't a girl in motion pictures who lives up to the ideal type in other ways. The very essential that makes her a success as an actress makes her a failure in my

eyes as an ideal girl, and that essential is her aptitude for exploiting herself, her ability to project her emotions."

"All her life the ideal girl has been taught reserve. It is a great part of her charm. It suggests unplumbed depths. But the motion-picture star must be able not only to express what she feels, but to project it so forcefully that every one in her audience feels it, too. Girls who as youngsters were street gamins were never taught to repress their emotions. That is why they make the most successful motion-picture stars.

"Just consider the humble beginnings of most of our motion-picture stars. Many of them were on the stage at the age of four or five years; many of them came from tiny, out-of-the-way places where they never met cultured people; some of them never even knew what it was to have a comfortable home before they earned the money for them themselves.

"Now contrast them with the girl who is taken abroad as a child, who lives in leisurely and beautiful surroundings, and who is accustomed to homage from the time she is little. As a youngster she probably rides well, at an early age she studies music, dancing—has a few fencing lessons perhaps. She swims and plays golf and tennis, and possibly she goes in for polo and skiing. Whatever she does of that sort, she fits the picture, for she was to the manner born.

"Give these tremendously clever girls who are motion-picture stars all the credit that is due them, but don't make them out as ideal."

"But there must be some," I insisted, "who are almost ideal. Who are they?"

And so, just to satisfy me, he suggested a nearly ideal girl, a composite of motion-picture stars. I suspect that in his pictures he accedes to the wishes of the public—rather than always following his own taste—in the same debonair way.

His ideal girl would have Mary Pickford's innocence, Betty Compson's deviltry. "She has a wicked eye, you know," he offered in an aside. "You want to watch out for the gleam in it." And his ideal girl would have Helene Chadwick's cheeriness, too.

"She is one of my old models," he paused to remark. "I'm delighted to see her and the rest of them doing so well on the screen. There are dozens of them in pictures now, and some of them right at the top. Anna Q. Nilsson was once my model, and so was Alice Joyce and Mabel Normand. She was a lovely little thing when she was about sixteen. I'll never forget her.

"But to go back to that ideal girl—she must have a tremendously sympathetic nature without being in the least mawkish or sentimental. Her capacity for sweetness and tenderness and mercy must be unlimited. Of course there is only one star who fits that—Lillian Gish. I know her only as the motion-picture fans know her, but I am sure she must be wonderful to know personally.

"My ideal girl must have exquisite grace, too, in her hands and in the way she turns her head—in all her movements, in fact. And the one who best exemplifies

YOU MAY NOT AGREE

with this article, but you'll admire the courage of the director who is fearless enough to say what he really believes. And if you don't agree with him, and will write and tell us why, we'll try to find room to print what you have to say.

that is Asta Neilsen, the Danish actress whose picture, 'Hamlet,' is just being shown over here. My ideal girl must have a certain eagerness, but I know of no motion-picture star who has it in just the way I mean. Most of them have either too much or too little. And the ideal girl must have an air of dreaminess, too—and I don't know of any one who is a good example for that. There is such a narrow line between dreaminess and dullness."

"Claire Windsor," I suggested hopefully. "No one could call her dull, and she is——" With little encouragement I would have raved as I always do.

"I have never seen her," he assured me diplomatically.

Perhaps you remember a composite girl Mr. Stanlaws drew some time ago. It was a composite of ideal—or nearly so—facial features that time. He called his creation—a drawing of which appeared in PICTURE-PLAY a year ago—the Paramount girl, and she had Elsie Ferguson's hair, Mae Murray's mouth, Billie Burke's eyes, and Dorothy Dalton's nose. Such a composite represented no lasting ideal, however, he assured me, because it was concerned only with externals.

"The ideal girl of any age will have the qualities I have named. Her actual physical appearance doesn't matter so much. Styles change in figures and faces, and our ideal girl is in the height of the reigning fashion of her time. Years ago she had an hourglass figure, a little later she was the stately Gibson-girl type, and now she more nearly resembles a medieval page boy than anything else. She is small and lithe, hipless and boyish in figure. But she has the innocence, the deviltry, the cheeriness, the sympathy, the grace, the eagerness, and the dreaminess I have spoken of. It is the girl's personality that makes her ideal—the looks are just an accompaniment.

"It isn't what girls do," he observed a few minutes later as we watched a well-known motion-picture star officiously and loudly demanding a table at the edge of the dance floor in the café just beyond. "It is the way they do it. In England I've seen a princess act as no motion-picture star would dare to, but she did it with the air of a princess. We have no princesses in motion pictures, so we have to hew to the line of conventionality. To me the one star on the screen who carries the air of refinement is Elsie Ferguson."

"But, Mr. Stanlaws," I protested. "What about Betty Compson? She has been wonderful in your pictures."

He looked at me quizzically, and remarked with an air of finality: "Betty Compson is very acceptable." Then he laughed heartily, leaping in one moment his thick English wall of reserve.

"Do you want to start this interview all over again?" he asked. "If you do I will say all of the things that might be expected of a director. I will tell you that girls in motion pictures are the most beautiful, most



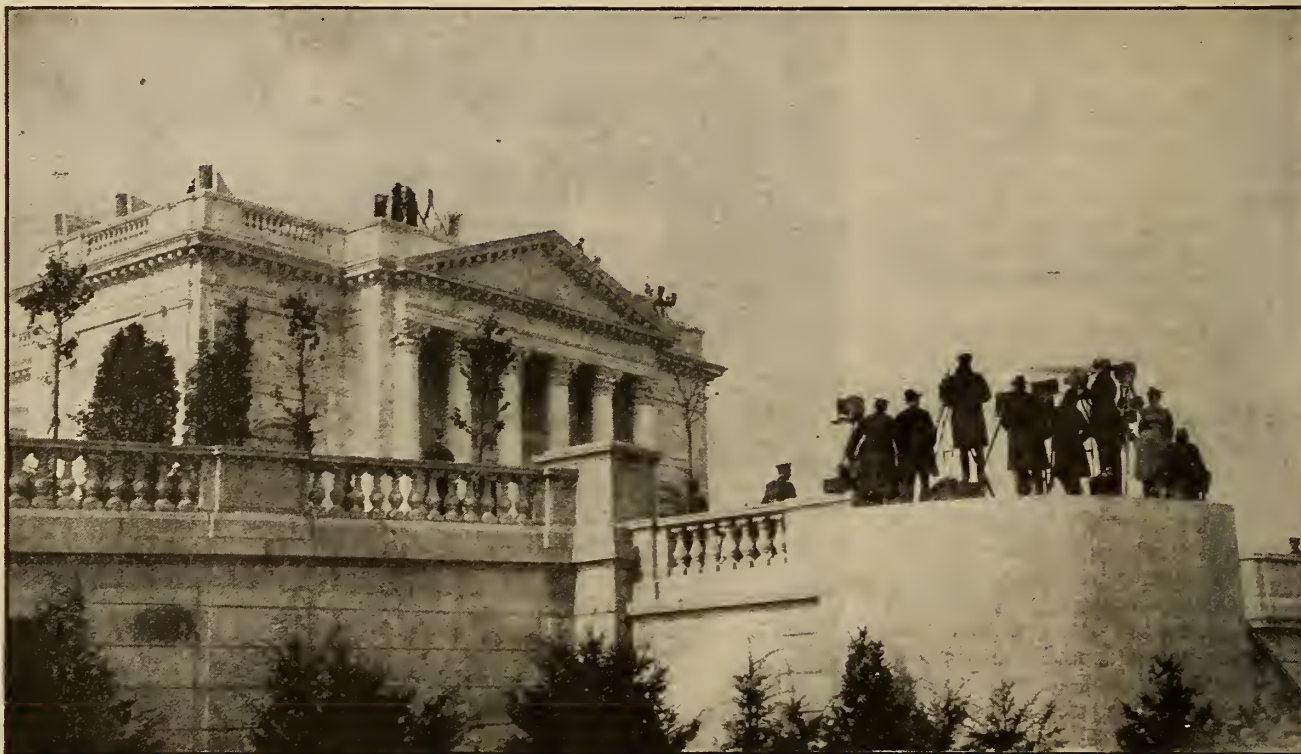
Betty Compson offered to continue playing for Mr. Stanlaws even if his name replaced hers in the electric lights.

cultured, most refined girls in the world, especially the Famous Players' stars——"

"Oh, don't, please!" I begged of him. "Tell me the truth some more. If we fans had our choice we'd probably rather be motion-picture stars, no matter what you say, but, since we can't, tell us how to be ideal young ladies."

But, instead, he fell to talking about "The Little Minister," which he had just finished, and about what happened when he was notified that in the future he was to cease being an obscure director of stars and to become a star director whose name would be featured. On learning this, he assumed of course that he would no longer be able to work with Miss Compson, who, as

Continued on page 98



News weekly camera men, stationed before the amphitheater at Arlington, taking the last part of the ceremonies.

By Aeroplane Limited

A story of the heroic efforts which the members of the staff of a motion-picture news weekly make to get the film reproduction of an event of national importance upon the screens throughout the nation in the shortest possible time.

By Charles Gatchell

A FEW weeks ago, on Armistice Day, there took place at Washington, the burial of America's unknown soldier.

Never was an important ceremony impressed more vividly upon the composite mind of the entire nation. Newspapers carried the most complete accounts on the same and on the following day. In New York, San Francisco, and other large cities thousands of persons heard, by means of an invention which amplifies the sounds sent by telephone, the words of President Harding, just as he uttered each of them, and at the precise instant that he uttered each of them, at that ceremony.

Much publicity was given to that marvelous mechanical achievement. But nothing was said in any newspaper about the fact that on the day of the funeral persons in New York, who, early in the afternoon, had listened to the addresses as they were reproduced in Madison Square Garden, saw, in the evening, on the screens of the larger New York theaters, scenes of every part of the ceremonies, from the time the casket left the Capitol Building until the final wreath was laid upon the casket in Arlington Cemetery. And that this second achievement was no less remarkable than the first you will better appreciate on learning that New York is five hours from Washington by the fastest train, and that the films, taken by many

camera men at many different stations along the line of march, and in and about the great marble amphitheater at the cemetery—five miles from the heart of Washington—had to be assembled and started for New

York at the moment when the ceremony ended and a crowd of countless thousands of persons started to leave, filling the roadways with long lines of hurrying pedestrians and longer lines of blockaded motor cars. Not only did they have to be started for New York under such terrific difficulties—on arriving there they had to be delivered to the laboratories, developed, dried, cut, titled, the positive prints made and then delivered at the theaters.

The reason that this seemingly superhuman feat received no notice is that such exploits on the part of the agencies which disseminate news by means of motion pictures have be-

come as commonplace as those that work by telegraph and the printed word. But few persons who see these news reels flashed on and off the screen each time they attend the theater have any idea of how this incredible speed is attained, nor have they any conception of the planning, the effort, and money that must be expended to reproduce on the screen any one of these news items, few of which last more than a minute or so.

It was to watch one of these celluloid reproductions

FEW PERSONS

who see the news weeklies flashed on and off the screen each time they go to the theater have any idea of the terrific struggle against time and obstacles that have to be overcome by the tireless men who are responsible for the making of these celluloid newspapers.

This article will give you a new interest in news reels. After reading it, you will feel, on seeing them in the future, a little thrill of admiration for the work of the men who make them.



Just outside the amphitheater, where the films were collected before being taken to the aéroplane.

of a news event in the making that I attended the burial services of the unknown soldier in company with Emmanuel Cohn, editor of the *Pathé News*, which is probably the most widely circulated of the news weeklies. For weeks previous to the ceremony Cohn had been working on the arrangements; for, as in the case of anything managed by army and government officials, this event was bound round with red tape, and the procuring of the necessary permits and passes had required the overcoming of the most unexpected and difficult obstacles, and had occasioned several trips to Washington, almost diplomatic conferences, and a great mass of correspondence.

Nor had the preparations consisted solely in making the arrangements with the government. It was Cohn's belief that an event so momentous in its relation to the disarmament conference should be presented on the screen in something more than a few glimpses of parading diplomats, gesticulating orators, and views of a moving crowd. He wanted his pictorial account of it to impress the meaning, the significance of the event, and he



The films were quickly bundled into a traveling bag.

had therefore outlined in advance a scenario providing for certain striking and symbolic touches.

For example, the picture was to begin with a title, "Armistice Day Dawns in Washington," into which would gradually appear a picture of the shadowy dome of the Capitol Building, from behind which the sun would gradually rise and burst into splendor—suggestive, of course, of the new day of peace which it was hoped that the conference might bring about. Throughout the picture, as he had planned it, there were other special symbolic and interpretative bits, all of which had to be made in advance, some at considerable cost.

Three days before the ceremony Cohn, two of his camera men, and I left for Washington. For a day and a half I followed the energetic chief of the *Pathé News* from bureau to bureau, from Arlington Cemetery to Bolling Flying Field, watching him checking up on every arrangement that he had made. This was too important an assignment on which to run the least chance for failure to get the stuff and to deliver it on time. And

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A Tennis-Loving Thespian

Bert Lytell is an anomaly in Hollywood; he does not pose for tennis pictures in high-heeled shoes, and he tells the truth even when it is unflattering to himself.

By Hazel Shelley



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Bert Lytell's chin is so square and prominent that he seems strong in character as well as physique.

ONE of my pet aversions is publicity pictures of film stars playing tennis in shoes *with heels*. You and I know that the people in pictures of that sort are not real players—for what court owner would allow heels to tear up his ground, no matter how famous the feet that wore them?

Almost the first thing I noticed when I met Bert Lytell was his tennis shoes, and I liked him right away because they showed hard wear. Obviously he plays tennis because he likes to, not just because the photographer thinks a tennis costume helps make an attractive picture.

I had been warned a few minutes before I met Mr. Lytell that he would probably be grouchy.

"Only once in all my association with Mr. Lytell have I seen him angry," his secretary had told me, when the clerk at the desk of the hotel where he lives had informed us that the object of my search was out on the tennis court. "And that was when I interrupted him one afternoon while he was playing tennis. If you persist in bothering him now, remember, I'm not responsible. I warned you."

Nothing daunted, I insisted on being announced, and to my surprise—and his secretary's—he rushed to meet us before we reached his apartment and welcomed us cordially. Afterward we found that all the courts were occupied, so we hadn't really interrupted him. At that, I wouldn't be afraid of having seen his good-natured smile.

Inside Mr. Lytell's sitting room, from which we could hear the pat-pat of the balls on the tennis court and the monotonous calling of the score, we faced one another questioningly, sitting on the edges of our respective chairs.

His skin was tanned a leathery brown from constant exposure to the sun; in fact it was burned almost black. And his face glowed from his recent exercise. He wore white trousers, a shirt open at the neck, with no tie of any sort, and a brown sweater which had apparently fitted itself well to his figure from much usage, but, most important of all, his shoes were honest-to-goodness tennis shoes.

"Do you get your love of the outdoors from your parents?" I asked the sinewy, brown man in front of me.

"Heavens, no, child," said Mr. Lytell. "I was raised in a trunk in a stage dressing room. My father and mother were on the stage all their lives and I always traveled with them. I made my own stage debut when I was thirteen years old in 'The Lights of London,' a Drury Lane melodrama. The dust of behind the scenes is the very breath of

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He plays tennis because he really likes to, not because the publicity photographer thinks it makes a good picture.

The Big Little Brother of the Moores

He is full of surprises, is Matt Moore. Just when you think you know all about him, you find you don't.

By Harriette Underhill

ONE day recently Seena Owen called us up and said that they were going to do some interesting night scenes for "Sisters," and wouldn't we like to come up and see them. So we went, and that was how we happened to meet Matt Moore, who is Miss Owen's leading man.

It's funny how much he looks like his brother Tom when he has his make-up on. He looks like Owen, too, and yet Tom and Owen do not look a bit alike. So there you are. Miss Owen said the next time she invited us up to the studio she would do it while her leading man wasn't there, for she never got a chance to see us at all. Matt Moore, the youngest of the three brothers, is a charming, interesting, cordial young man, and we emphasize this fact especially because for the last three years we have been laboring under a delusion. We thought he was a distant, not very interesting, and upstage young man, and we really had every reason to believe so. We got so well acquainted with him that we finally told him all about how he appeared to us the first time we saw him. That was over at the Fort Lee studio, when he was playing with Marion Davies in the "Dark Star" and "Getting Mary Married." Alan Dwan was directing, so he invited us over to spend the day. Besides Miss Davies, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Dwan, there were Norman Kerry, Ward Crane, and Dorothy Green, the villainess. We had luncheon at a funny little place where they had a graphophone with six cylinder records. They were "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Silver Threads Among the Gold," "Glow-worm," "Hiawatha," "Just Break the News to Mother," and "Take Back Your Gold." We asked Mr. Moore if he remembered it, and he said that he did, adding, "And wasn't it jolly? I never had so much fun in my life as when I worked with Miss Davies and Alan Dwan."

"Jolly!" we exclaimed. "Well, you didn't act very jolly. You never opened your mouth even to smile, and we decided that either you were an old grouch or that you had taken a violent dislike to me. Now which was it?"

"Neither one. I remember the day you were over there. I wasn't working—just hanging around, and I was sort of walking in my sleep, trying to catch up on some of the sleep which I had been losing for weeks.



Photo by Evans

Matt, the youngest of the Moore brothers, is a charming, interesting, cordial young man.



He is playing opposite Seena Owen in the Cosmopolitan production, "Sisters."

You see, I was working too hard."

"Yes, you were," we retorted, "after hours! Why, we used to see you out dancing every night, and no motion-picture actor can do that. They have to get up too early. Only pampered newspaper people can stay out every night. And so, when we thought you were upstage, you were only sleepy." Here the director, Albert Capellani, called Miss Owen and Mr. Moore for a scene. It was the first part of the story, but the last part of the picture. If there's one place that it's true, "the first shall be last and the last shall be first," it's in a motion-picture studio, for there's no such thing as continuity in the bright lexicon of the movie star. That only comes after a picture is assembled. So, although the picture was nearly finished, they had just arrived at the spot

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What It Costs to Be a Star

An exposé of the true condition of stars' pocketbooks.

By Gordon Gassaway

ARE all movie stars millionaires—or even thousandaires?

What of the thousands they make every week? Are they saving it all for their old age—or for rainy weather?

Popular opinion says that because “he” or “she” is a motion-picture star, he or she must be rich. But is it true?

You'd be surprised how far from rich most of them are. After investigating the matter fully, and getting so personal in my probe that I momentarily expected to be thrown out of several of the best dressing rooms in Hollywood, I have come to the sad conclusion that the glamour of wealth surrounding a movie star is as nebulous as the air of which castles in Spain are built.

Take the case of Wallie Reid. He's perhaps as bright a star as looms in the cinema firmament. It is reputed that he receives anywhere from four thousand to six thousand five hundred dollars a week, which, by the way, is not true.

When he travels across the continent he is waylaid here and there by sob sisters and sob brethren who never saw him

If you had ever talked to Wallie Reid about what it costs to be a star you would wonder how he can appear so light-hearted on the screen.



Aiuta Stewart's showy home bears mute testimony to wealth—yet she makes no claim to being rich!

before, but because he is a movie star, and therefore rich they believe that he can hand over three or four hundred dollars to help them out of whatever kind of hole they have got themselves into financially. When he was in Philadelphia on his last trip to New York a man announced to him that his wife and child were “in hock” at a maternity hospital. The hospital authorities would not let them out until the hospital bill was paid, and the man didn't have enough money to pay the bill. Would Wallie please loan it to him? Wallie had never seen or heard of the man before.

But Wallie is good-natured, and paid the bill so the man could get his family out of soak.

Wallie didn't want to tell me that incident, but he did when I goaded him beyond all endurance by accusing him of being rotten rich. Movie stars, despite their press agents, have a natural reticence when it comes to mentioning their charities.

“Do you know how much I am making?” this darling of the gallery gods asked me when we had reached the point where he was pacing up and down the billiard room in his handsome Hollywood home and I was rocking back and forth in front of the open fire.

“Well,” I replied, “they say you make about thirty-five hundred dollars a week. Maybe more.”

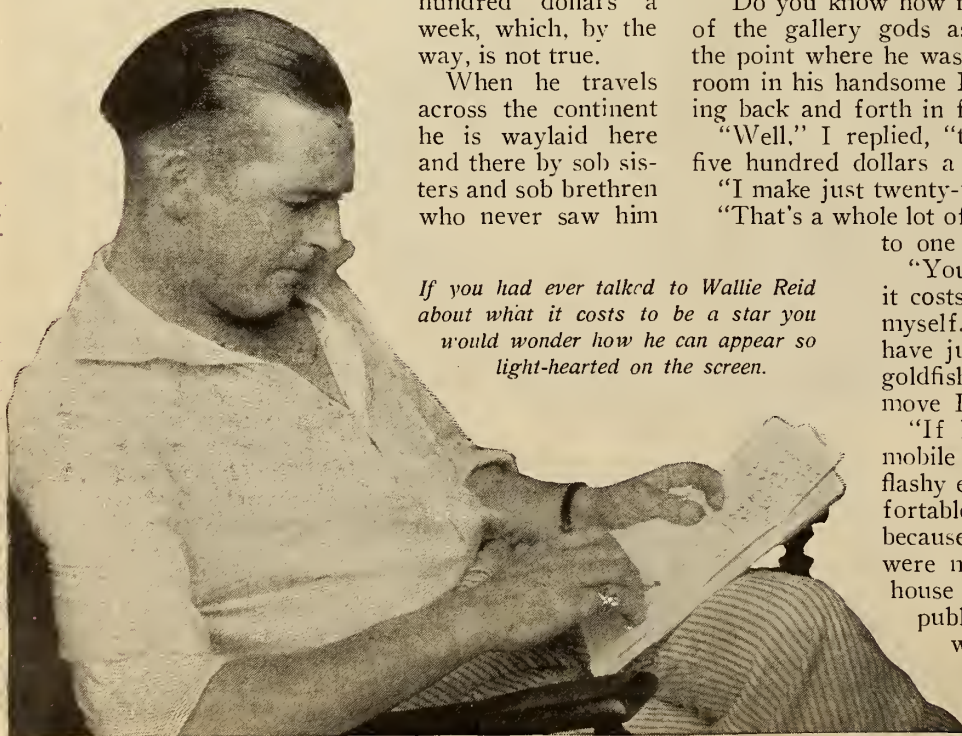
“I make just twenty-five hundred dollars every week.”

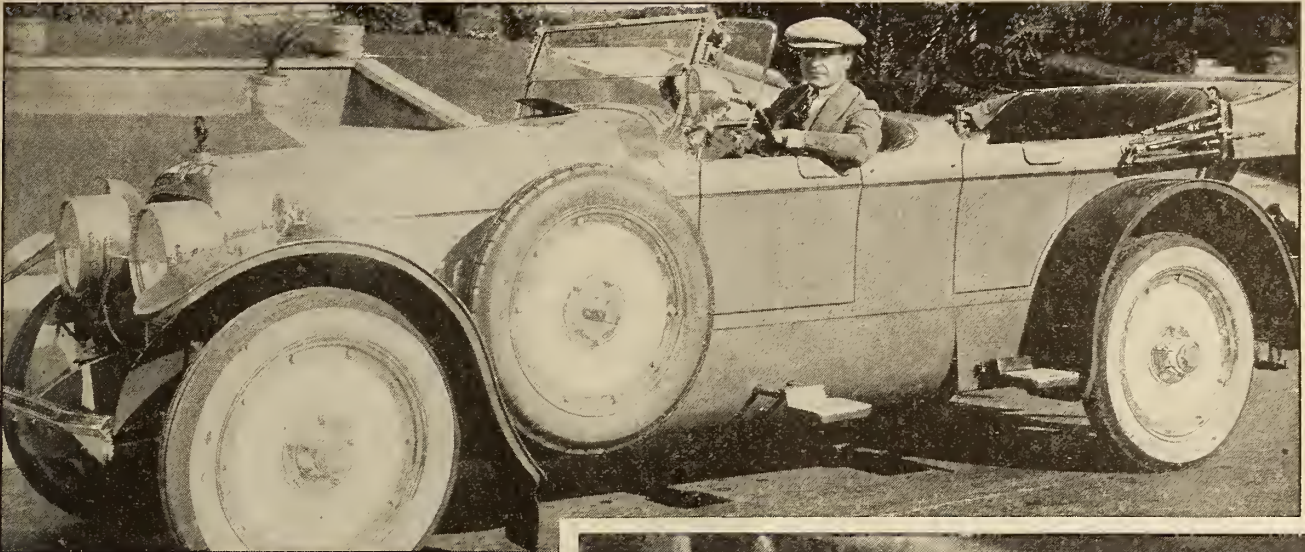
“That's a whole lot of money,” said I, for so it seemed to one who is proud to own a flivver.

“You may think it is, but look what it costs me to live. I'm not living for myself. I'm living for the public. I have just about as much privacy as the goldfish they tell about. Every time I move I have to ‘live up to the public.’”

“If I want a certain make of automobile I can't have it because it isn't flashy enough. I couldn't live in a comfortable little bungalow if I wanted to, because it would look as though Reid were miserly. Every time I leave the house I have to play up to what the public thinks I ought to be—not to what I want to be.

“But the actual expenses of being a star are enough to make your hair curl. For instance,





People expect motion-picture stars to own a showy make of car, and Earle Williams expensively lives up to their ideas.

I employ an attorney by the year. He costs me one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week. My wardrobe for each picture must be different from the last; it must be extensive and it must be expensive. And, believe me, the tailors see me coming! An ordinary business man can go to a tailor and get a mighty good suit now for eighty or ninety dollars. A suit costs me one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Sometimes I have fifteen or twenty complete changes in a single picture—and I make a new picture every five weeks. Figure it up for yourself."

And in probing around throughout Hollywood, stopping a star here and accosting a star there, I found out that among the men luminaries it is always the same. Everything costs them more than it does us ordinary mortals. It's a case of the more they get the less they have. Tom Moore told me that when he was getting fifty dollars a week he could save more than he can now, and he's getting several times fifty. The reason, he explained, is that the higher he goes the higher go his expenses.

May Allison, in a moment of confidence, explained that it cost her twenty thousand dollars in one year to send out personal photographs to her fan admirers. Think of that. Now she has the fan-picture business down to a science, as have many other picture stars. Wallie started the system of collecting twenty-five cents from every girl or boy who asked for a picture of him. The proceeds of the collections, amounting to thousands of dollars every year, are turned over to a worthy charity after the general expenses are paid. Tommy Meighan and many others are doing the same thing.

"What does it cost you to be a star, Miss Swanson?" I asked when we met one day just outside a set for her picture, "The Husband's Trade-mark," being directed by the genial Sam Wood.

Next to her charities, Viola Dana finds buying clothes the worst drain on her pocket-book.



"It costs me my nerves,

what shreds of disposition I once had, and sometimes my friends!" she exploded with a luscious pout.

"But I mean in actual cash. Your gowns, your—er—general living expenses. Are you saving millions out of your salary?"

"Do you think I could save 'millions' and dress the way I do? They've wished beautiful gowns on me in pictures, particularly those with Mr. De Mille, and I have to live up to that reputation off the screen. It's no joke dressing better than any woman in America, or Europe either, for that matter, every time I appear on the street or in a café.

"I don't dare wear the same gown twice, and I can't stay home forever.

"If I even *think* in terms of five or ten dollars when I am shopping, trying to save a little here or there, I am thought miserly. Even my servants cannot understand why I would like to save a few dollars in the management of my home, just as any good housewife should want to do. I have to 'keep up with Lizzie.' I have to seem prodigal with money or stand the sneers of those who believe that I am very wealthy."

But the actual cost of being a picture star, according to Miss Swanson, is not so much in the lavish outlay of cash as it is in the cost to nerves in continually having to live up to what the public expects of you—and to withstand the constant attempt of the newspapers and of individuals to assail the reputation of one who has gained stardom.

Pet charities are a truly terrible drain on stars' incomes. Viola Dana says she is getting cross-eyed trying to keep her left hand from knowing what her right hand doeth. Appeals pour into her every day for financial aid in some measure, and she admits that she is so tender-hearted she can refuse only the most outrageous requests.

One man, who seems to be a particular client of hers when it comes to charity, has lost count of the number of "new babies" his wife has had within a year, and to Viola's personal knowledge he has come to her with sad stories of the arrival of six, without a drop to drink—milk—in the house. Miss Dana told me yesterday that she wonders if he really means milk.

Anita Stewart claims that charitable appearances in the California pageants at the Ambassador and Alexandria hotels have almost bankrupted her both during and since the war.

"Honestly," said Anita with that queryful raise to her eloquent eyebrows above the bridge of the famous Stewart nose, "I spend thousands of dollars every six months for special costumes which I wear in charitable pageants. Not that I mind doing it, but I can't see why people think I must be rich just because my salary is very good. Of course I own a large home, but so would you, if you could afford it—on time payments. I make no pretense at being rich. The income-tax collectors bother me enough as it is."

That's another thing. What the charities and the

cost of 'living up to the public' don't do to what would otherwise be a neat bank roll for the star, the income tax does.

Charles Ray, one of the most conservative of our stars when it comes to display, is nicked by the income-tax man harder than by any one else. Nevertheless, the astute Charley is saving more than many another star because he spends less than some, though his beautiful Los Angeles home and its swimming pool are somewhat of a drain on his pocketbook, he admits.

Katherine MacDonald, who has a reputation as a beauty and "good dresser, on and off" to maintain, told me that she is in the position of Gloria Swanson—at great expense for new clothes all the time. She appears very little in public, but every time she does appear she must be freshly garbed.

Stars, in pictures, usually have to supply their own costumes. Miss Dana paid almost five thousand dollars for the gowns she wore in one picture. She is five weeks making a picture, and then starts on a new one. If she is getting one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, as it is reported, then it can easily be seen that she is no Hetty Green.

Wealth, as such, can be attributed to the canny three—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charlie Chaplin, and of the three the first and the last named are richest. I think it is safe to say that here we have two really rich young people, but the average star is far from wealthy.

If the bare necessities of life keep the stars "broke," then what would you think the addiction to hobbies does to them? It's also something terrible!

Viola Dana has a passion for real Irish lace. She told me, opening her long-lashed blue eyes very wide, that she'd go into debt now for Irish lace. Of course, she explained, if she had not been making a good salary as a picture player she might never have acquired the taste for real lace, but since she *has* acquired it she will go to any lengths to satisfy it.

Then there's Wallie Reid's saxophone collection. They cost real money, and he has dozens of them clattering up the house.

Pauline Frederick, who must have been bitten by a horse fly, maintains an elaborate stable. When I asked her if she was a millionaire she laughed a short, nasty laugh and pointed to her stable. We were perched out on the brick wall along the garden back of her big Beverly Hills home at the time.

"Could I be rich and keep up a bunch of cayuses like that? I am not rich, and now some lawyer is suing me for more than I really have. If they would stop suing picture stars maybe we would have a chance to save a little. But as long as I have my horses I don't care."

In a moment of affluence a star gets a hobby, and then it is all off, for all stars have their ups and downs, and when they are temporarily "down" they are ridden by their hobby just the same. It may be fancy automobiles, it may be real estate, or it may be pink monkeys,

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From her diamond anklet to her Paris hat, Constance Talmadge shows where her money goes.

Photo by Puffer

Around the Lot with the Manuscript Girl

From the shooting of the first scene to the final cutting she plays an indispensable part in the making of every motion picture.

By Helen Christine Bennett

IT was on the lot at Lasky's, when they were making "The Great Moment," that I first noticed a young woman sitting, manuscript on knee, writing madly. I wondered what on earth she was doing. And as I watched her pencil fly it seemed to me that I dimly remembered that on every set I had been, no matter what the picture, some young woman, or some young man, sat near and wrote and wrote and wrote as if possessed. So I edged nearer and nearer, and finally peeped over her shoulder. I saw a manuscript, the top page of which looked as if it had been stormed upon. Up and down and in the margins and between the lines it was marked and remarked. The girl herself paid no attention to me. She was writing furiously.

"What is she doing?" I demanded of the man standing next to me—he was an assistant director on some other picture, not busy for the moment. He looked at the girl and said:

"Oh, she's the manuscript girl. She records any changes made on the set while taking the picture, you know."

"She seems to be kept pretty busy doing it," I ventured.

"Oh," said the man, "we really make very few changes in this studio. We work out everything carefully beforehand."

That is what every one said to me, every director to whom I talked. And yet right under my eyes every time I went on a set was some young woman or some young man working like mad, recording those few changes. I got a look at one manuscript, corrected and changed all through, which the director said had hardly been touched, read it, and finally got his viewpoint.

No big thing in the story had been altered. But minor points, all the way from the hanging of a picture to the hasty redressing of all the characters and the shifting of a scene from indoors to out, had been changed. You may think such small things would not matter, but if Scene 256 reads:

"Ethel comes in. She walks to the picture of her mother on the wall and stands before it musing," and the director decides that the spectators—you and I—won't see *Ethel's* mother or *Ethel's* musing well enough with that picture on the wall, and it has to come down and out of its frame and be put in a table stand on the table, that involves a rewriting of the entire scene or it will be lost entirely and things will come to a terrible pass when the mass of scenes arrive for the final assembly.

The assistant director was right; things are carefully planned beforehand, so carefully that you think everything is going through with a bang. And then—before an actor gets on the set—the director begins making changes.

In the making of "Miss Lulu Bett," one set was a

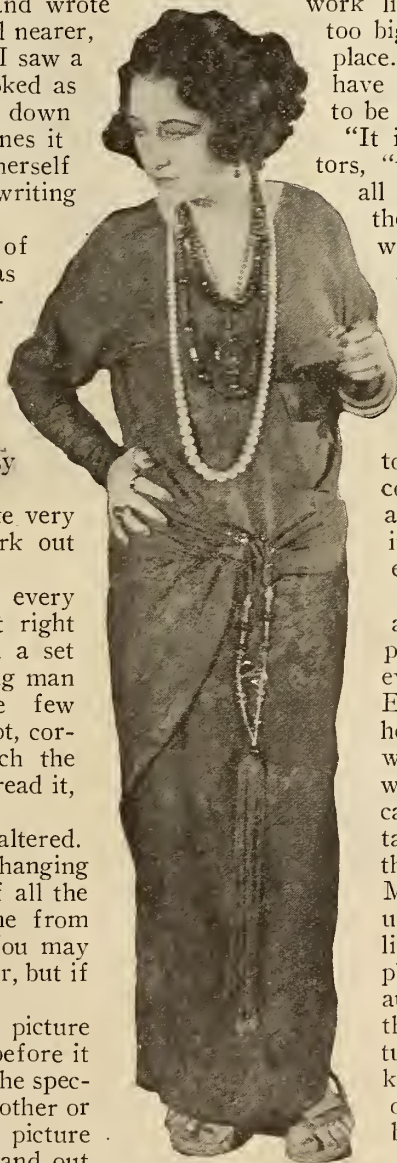
railroad station which was made right at the studio. The minute William De Mille walked out on the set he saw that something was wrong—some things, rather. It was a small-town station, and there wasn't a railroad truck carrying milk cans, there was no semaphore target to warn of the approach of trains, this in the background, of course. The telegraph instrument didn't work like a real one, and the ticket rack was too big—a rack intended for a city, not a small place. There was some baggage, but it did not have real tags on it. And all these things had to be altered at once.

"It isn't," said another of the assistant directors, "that the motion-picture audience will see all of these things or care very much about them; it is so that the actors themselves will get to feel that the scene is real and react to its reality."

When Thomas Meighan came on the set to play the scene in the Italian bedroom in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" he was in dressing gown and slippers, apparently ready for bed. Supposedly, he had undressed in that room, and his toilet articles were all laid out—brushes and comb and so on—ready for morning. Magazines and tobacco jar were on the table in case of a restless night. Apparently everything was complete.

"But," said William De Mille, "where are the things that came out of your pockets when you undressed?" And at once every man on the set knew he was right. Every man on earth does that little act as he undresses, takes out his knife, keys, wallet, notebook—if he is afflicted in that way—and half a dozen little pet things he carries about with him and lays them on table or dresser. It is an act sacred to the undressing of the male. And everybody, Meighan included, felt that he had really undressed and was ready for bed when the little assembly of these was brought and placed on the table, although probably the audience would not notice them at all. But the height of realism was reached—to return to "Miss Lulu Bett"—when, in the kitchen scene, where Lulu is preparing dinner, everything real was used—real bread, real vegetables, et cetera. Now these had to stay a good while during rehearsals, and when the time for the camera came it was found that the busy little California ants had discovered the kitchen and had made a trail to the piles on the table. De Mille took a close-up of the ants! No doubt the manuscript girl wrote it in.

When Pauline Frederick played "The Lure of Jade" no costumes were written in anywhere. Miss Frederick said that she would design the costumes herself when she got the feel of the picture. And early in



The manuscript girl had to write in the descriptions of Pauline Frederick's costumes for "The Lure of Jade" as Miss Frederick appeared on the set, for none of them were made in advance.



A wonderful Christmas party in "The Grim Comedian" was cut out entirely because it made the picture too long—and the manuscript girl stoically recorded the cut.

the morning of the day when they were to begin on the South Sea Island scenes she went into the city and selected yards and yards of silks. She brought these to the studio at eight-thirty, picked out one, and, standing before a long mirror, directed her maid to drape it. At nine o'clock she was on the set, working. All her costumes for these scenes were made in the same way, draped and pinned on, Miss Frederick directing the draping and pinning. Once after a long session with the mirror she said:

"This doesn't feel right. Let me sit in it ten minutes and see what is wrong." So she sat for twenty-five minutes, and then rose and redirected the unpinning and repinning of the silks, finishing up with black jet bracelets, darkened nails, and a particular perfume.

I wonder sometimes if they will get to writing in the perfume. For just as certainly as you see exotic or emotional scenes made, just as sure as the studio orchestra, are the studio perfumes, scenting the air, lending their atmosphere to every mood. Maybe some day Scene 367 will read:

"Leonora, in afternoon dress, perfumed with lilacs, is seen walking down the street." Of course we in the audience won't know it, but, just like the unseen little assembly taken from the man's pocket at night, we will get the effect.

It isn't so easy to get atmosphere over to the audience via the screen. In a book a description of a place is a long thing; you have time to get your imagination to work, and by the time the author has completed it you have it well visualized. But the screen can flash all that in an instant, and your imagination cannot get all that so quickly and get to work on it. So on the screen they repeat and repeat and repeat to get atmos-

phere and change and change to rub it in. Take "Ropes," a picture being made at Universal City from the story by Wilbur Daniel Steele. In making the continuity the producer wanted to keep as near to the original story as possible, and so the continuity writer followed it to the letter. And ninety-eight of the two hundred and seventy-five scenes took place in one small room. The producer saw at once that this would not do. In the story the room was described once and then let alone, and you could forget how it looked and keep your mind on the action. But in the picture that room would be thrust at you until you were heartily tired of it. The story is a lighthouse story, and the producer promptly moved over twenty scenes out of doors, where the sea would make the background. In so doing he saved you and me from the monotony of that small room and gave us something of which we rarely tire—the sea—to look at, and he repeated sea scenes until he got the atmosphere of the story into the spectators. In the same story there was a scene where Mary Philbin takes a walk down a country road, on her way to a dance. The road in the story was just a country road. But the producer made it a road by the sea just to keep the smell of the brine in the air. For the same reason he changed the scenes showing the arrival of the heroine, Miss Du Pont. In the story the heroine came in a train, but for atmosphere's sake she arrived in the picture on the sea front as if she had come in a boat. The person in charge of the manuscript was right busy in the making of "Ropes."

Some atmosphere is undesirable; we can stand just so much—and no more. When they made "Should a Woman Tell?" founded on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," a man was killed by a fall from a window high up in

an apartment house. But such a fall, shown in pictures, involved a revolting mess on a sidewalk, so the scene was moved bodily to a Mexican town where the apartment houses are two story, and the man fell from the second story, a fall which might easily kill him, but which would not make his body a terrible thing to look upon.

The manuscript girl is busiest on those scenes which just cannot be made as they are written. No writer however gifted can tell just how a ship is going to sink. And in "Lying Lips," where a real ship was sunk, the scenes were written in as the ship went down according to her own sweet will. In the making of "The Queen of Sheba" the chariot races were made out at Mixville Ranch, owned by Tom Mix. He arranged the races and saw to it that they were real races. When everything was ready Tom rode to the boys standing in the chariots, and thus addressed them:

"Boys, I want this to be a real race. I want you to race as if a quart of good Scotch whisky was the prize, and, by George, it's going to be."

Well, that was some race! They went to it, and the days of *Sheba* never saw more ardent racers. They fought for the inside like madmen, and several went over—as no one could have written it in before, but as a mad young person with a manuscript before him wrote it in at that minute.

In another Mix scene some of it went as written, and some did not, both to the surprise of the actors. Mix had to take a girl on his shoulder, rope a chimney from a roof, make the rope fast, and travel over the rope some twelve stories from the ground. Tom was willing to try the stunt, and so was the girl, and they went into Los Angeles early in the morning to put it over. It was done just as planned—Mix actually did rope the chimney and carry the girl on his shoulder while he worked his way along the roofs about twelve stories from the ground. But when it was all over, successfully, as written, it was realized that they needed some gaping crowds below, as per the mss. So at twelve o'clock, the busiest time of the day, they returned to get the gaping crowds. Of course there was no intention of getting

Mix and the girl to risk their lives a second time, but a steeple jack consented to dress as a woman in skirts and a picture hat and walk along a twelve-story-high coping in the center of town. The director figured he would snap the gaping crowd. The steeplejack appeared and walked, and the picture-wise people of Los Angeles, hurrying to lunch, glanced up and said wearily:

"Oh, pictures!" and walked on. Nobody stayed to gape. And after an hour of futile trying to get a crowd the director *hired* thirty-five men to stand and look upward, a staged scene, never written in the manuscript. When an animal, even a house dog or cat, is shown in a picture the manuscript girl works fast. Animals are hard to depend upon. And then, too, they put in acts of their own, which add to the picture. And often they give the manuscript girl an unexpected and welcome rest. In the making of "Foolish Wives," in the hotel



Helen Ray, who works for Famous Players-Lasky, played in "Experience" and was urged to continue acting, but she preferred the more diversified and constant work of the manuscript girl.

scene which featured the society folks from San Francisco as guests, there appeared four trained Siberian wolfhounds. They were supposed to be dragged in on leash. Some one about the set had a little yap terrier who took a great fancy to the wolfhounds. One morning he must have invited them to a party, for they broke loose and tore with him out over the hills, followed by wildly shouting keepers. They had a lovely time, those dogs, the four pedigreed animals and the little mongrel; they never stopped except when something seemed worth while. Pet rabbits said their last prayers, chickens died by the dozen, dogs rushed out to meet them and returned to patch up the remnants, cats hissed and ran up the telegraph poles. But the height of excitement was reached when, turning a corner, they ran full upon a lady wearing a squirrel-trimmed hat. The foremost



Frocks with Souls or Smiles

Pauline Starke's have one—Doris May's the other, and all of them carry a lesson in how to dress effectively.

By Louise Williams

I MATCHED my frocks to my eyes for years and years," a beautiful actress told me the other day. "And never was I dressed distinctively. I looked well in spite of my clothes, not because of them. They didn't help me the least bit, and I couldn't see why.

"And then, one day when I was shopping for gowns for a new rôle, a designer said to me, 'This woman you play has fire, soul, temperament. We will dress her soulfully.' And right then I knew what had been wrong with my clothes. I'd been dressing my looks, and not my disposition."

And that's often the case with a woman who has tried all the usual schemes of dressing, and still hasn't found just the right one that will make her look effectively gowned even though she wears the same old frock over and over again. Nor is it always necessary to buy brand-new gowns in order to get the right effect; you can dress your disposition with just a single flower, or a knot of ribbon, added to an old gown, in some instances.

For example, I sat the other day in a very beautiful dressing room, and watched the actress whom I've just mentioned trying a new frock. The orchestra was playing; there was a vague rumble and murmur as the audience assembled. It gave me a deliciously creepy feeling up my spine. But the actress, who would

have to go on the stage in less than ten minutes, stood there and raged because her gown wasn't right.

"It has no accent—it says nothing—it is *dubby!*" she fairly screamed. "It has no soul."

"Well, why not give it one?" I asked. And she did.

It was a gown of uncut velvet, so dark a purple that it was almost black. It had an interesting neck line, cut straight across, so that the glory of her fair hair was thrown into relief. It hung in long, beautiful lines to her pretty little sandals. But she was right. It had no accent; it was merely a dress. She caught up a very stunning girdle, a fine metal chain of tiny, exquisitely carved links, with curious old stones set into the larger ones, stones of that strange blue that one sees in desert skies. She twisted it around her waist, and let it hang to the floor. It gave atmosphere at once; it gave the soul which she had wanted.

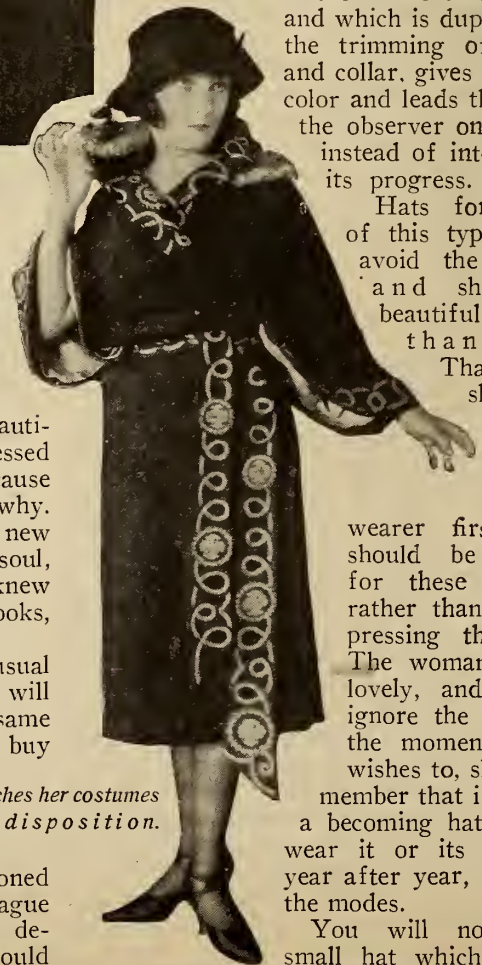
Now not every one can wear such gowns; it all depends on one's disposition. Pauline Starke can because she has that little hint of somberness in her eyes, that poise, that deep calm which suggests such things. Consequently she wears gowns that have soul. The color is very simply used, and so is extremely effective. A long line, such as the girdle forms in the coat frock which is shown in the corner of this page, and which is duplicated in the trimming of sleeves and collar, gives abundant color and leads the eye of the observer on and on, instead of interrupting its progress.

Hats for a girl of this type should avoid the bizarre, and should be beautiful rather than stylish.

That is, they should be beautiful and becoming to the

wearer first, and should be notable for these qualities rather than for expressing the mode. The woman who is lovely, and so can ignore the styles of the moment if she wishes to, should remember that if she has a becoming hat she can wear it or its duplicate year after year, and defy the modes.

You will notice the small hat which Pauline



She matches her costumes to her disposition.

Starke is shown wearing here. It is close fitting, unostentatious in shape, save as it supplements Miss Starke's beauty and emphasizes the contour of her face. It achieves beauty most subtly by quiet emphasis. Clothes of this type, which one knows are beautiful without always knowing just why, are the ones that have soul, as the actress said, or, to put it less extravagantly, have subtle charm.

Opposed to them are the clothes which smile, which gayly hold out their hands to you, offering brilliant color, striking line to delight the eye. Doris May wears frocks of this type, and does it most effectively. Hers is a vivid, gay personality, which is well expressed in such gowns. When she wears creamy lace, combined with tulle, she makes it cry "Hello!" with a brilliant splash of color in the form of a big flat flower or a bunch of grapes or foliage—anything that will tone it up, make it exclamatory.

A charming little black lace frock uses this same plan for expressing its wearer's characteristics. Dull-gold flowers, crushed tight and flat against the waist-line, have metallic ribbon streamers, and the same gold tone is reproduced on the black slippers. The frock itself is delightful in its simplicity and gets around the mandate against which many flappers rebel—"No sleeveless frocks"—by having pretty little apologies for sleeves in the shape of lace flaps that hang loose over the arm. The skirt has long side panels, much longer than the



Flowers or fruit, crushed against the belt, make a frock smile.



The scarf in this case makes a vivid exclamation point.

main part of the blouse, and the whole gown is as charming as a child's laugh.

Perhaps the most characteristic costume in Doris May's whole wardrobe is a street dress of midnight-blue duvetyne. In itself it's as quiet as a soulful frock—but, oh, its scarf! Nowadays much depends on a scarf, you know, and in this instance it's a gay, Roman-striped one, so arranged that it's part of the frock and yet quite separate. If you want to add a cheerful note to your street dress or school frock, get one of these Roman-striped scarfs, in silk or wool, and fasten it to the neck line at the back; then either drape it about your throat or let it hang loose or do almost anything you like with it; it's sure to look well.

And if you want to look as smart as Doris May does, get a soft, turned-up hat that will crush down over your hair, one which depends on its color for its personality. And supplement it with a narrow fur collar, if you want to; one can wear as many scarfs as one wishes this season.

If you've found it hard to strike just the right note in selecting your clothes, I'd advise you to go about the matter from this new angle. Study your own disposition; decide whether you're really grave or gay. And then match your clothes to that decision. You will find that the effects which you get as a result are far more subtle than those which you obtain by matching eyes or hair, and they are likely to be highly satisfactory.

The Real

A glimpse at the great
dearest friend—Lil

By Inez



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

Wealth and adulation have not changed Mary Pickford at all; she is still the same sweet, unassuming girl that she was when she and Lillian Gish were child troupers.

ALITTLE, golden-haired figure, wrapped in a white evening cloak, perched on a man's shoulder, and laughing down at the cheering throngs below her—that's one of the glimpses which the public has several times had of Mary Pickford. It's one of the most spectacular ones, too, as well as one of the most frequent. It's the one over which New York exclaimed with delight on the evening when "The Three Musketeers" was formally opened, and "America's Sweetheart" was borne through the crowds on her husband's shoulder, while Charlie Chaplin struggled along behind them alone.

The public has had other glimpses of Mary; it has seen her through many interviewers' eyes, has met her when she appeared personally at the openings of some of her own pictures, has read in the newspapers statements which she has made.

But the very fact that the public has made her an idol has made it impossible for it to get an intimate glimpse of the real Mary Pickford; to know her as she is to her friends. And it is through the eyes of one

of her oldest and best friends, Lillian Gish, that I am going to show her to you.

Lillian always says, "Oh, Mary's wonderful; there's nobody like her!" Incidentally, Mary says the same thing about Lillian.

"Mary and I were driving up Fifth Avenue not long ago in her Rolls-Royce," she told me the other day. "And she said to me, 'Oh, Lillian, who'd ever have thought that we'd be doing this! Remember the old days?'"

"And I certainly do. I remember 'way back to the first time Mary and I met.

"I had been playing on the road in 'The Little Red Schoolhouse,' and when we got to Toronto, mamma, who was in New York, wired me that I was to leave the company when it got there. A woman who played character parts was going to leave, too, and so the manager of the company had to get some one to take our places. He went to the local stock company, and asked if they didn't have a woman and a little girl. They did have, but if he took them he'd have to take two other children, too, because the woman couldn't leave them behind. He said he would, that he could use the

other children in the schoolroom scene; usually he hired all the children for that in the towns where we played, and gave them each fifty cents a night.

"So the woman and her three children came—Mrs. Pickford, Lottie, Mary, and Jack. At first they weren't allowed to play with me; Mrs. Pickford was always very careful about them. But after a day or so she decided that I was a nice little girl, and we all played together the rest of the week. We were on the way back to New York then, and the Pickfords were rehearsing with the company, but wouldn't begin to appear on the stage till we left. Mary was about six or seven then, I think.

"When we got to New York mamma met me at the station. And she says that she never saw any one look more forlorn than Mrs. Pickford did. She'd never been in New York before, and didn't know which way to turn. So mamma asked her to come to our house, and she did, and they stayed there with us till the company went on the road. That's how I came to know Mary."

Mary Pickford

est of stars as only her
lian Gish—knows her.

Klumph

New York I had seen her—exquisitely dressed, charming, well poised—a beautiful young woman of the world, who could lay her hand on the heart of half America. I looked at Lillian that day, in her trim little suit of dull-blue corduroy and her soft blue hat, with her yellow hair blowing across her fine, sensitive face. It surely seemed as if Old Dame Fate had dipped her hands into fairy dust and sprinkled the cradles into which those two girls were born.

"But we had to work awfully hard," Lillian assured me when I said something of the sort to her. "Pay wasn't very big; a woman like mamma, with two children, would get forty or forty-five dollars a week during the season for herself and the children—and expenses came out of that. And we didn't work in summer. The summer after we met the Pickfords, when we all came in off the road, we took an apartment together, down in Thirty-seventh Street. We youngsters used to sit out on the front steps and plan what we'd do some day. We had big dreams—but of course we never thought of the movies, quite naturally. Sometimes we'd go to the theater, if there was one open—we'd march up with our professional cards and demand passes. Sometimes we got them.

"Mary was the one we all minded; she looked after us all. And how she could fight! When Jack got into rows and the other boy was bigger than he was, Mary would rush right into the midst of things and fight his battles for him."

"Now don't tell me that she has a temper," I warned her. "Everybody's heard for years about how sweet Mary Pickford is—so be careful."

"It's wrong to call her sweet; she's so much more than that," Lillian answered. "And she has a temper; a hot one. More than that, when she gets angry she has an Irish brogue, too, and it's the cutest thing in the world to see that little bit of a thing raging around and telling somebody what she thinks of them with an Irish flavor to every word.

"She used to manage things for all of us. She has a real mother heart—it's that kind of love that she has for everybody. One time she stayed with us, when her people were away somewhere, and she used to write letters to her mother, and then bring them to mamma to correct. And mamma says they'd be full of such things as 'Is Lottie wearing her heavy underwear, now that it's cold?' and 'Be sure that Jack doesn't go out in the rain without his rubbers.' Mary's always like

I looked at her rather curiously; it seemed so queer to think back to those days, when she and Mary were just little stage children, and to think of them now! Before Mary left

that; her heart never shuts up against any one. I think that's one reason why people love her so—it's because she's always holding out her hands to them."

I wished at that moment that the public that sees Lillian Gish on the screen, and doesn't realize what keen insight into character she is capable of, and what intelligence she possesses, could have been with us. We were walking about the grounds of the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, sauntering through the garden, scuffling along the fallen golden leaves at the edge of the Sound, and watching the gulls that had gathered in hundreds on two rocks near by.

"I suppose they're discussing where they'll spend the winter," laughed Lillian. "Divided up that way, chattering at each other, they look like the Senate and the House of Representatives, don't they? But what else do you want to know about Mary?"

"What about education?" I asked. "I know that she speaks French beautifully, and seems to know all about everything, but when did she find time to study?"

"That's one of the most remarkable things about her, and about her mother. The rest of us reached the stage where we were all arms and legs and couldn't get an engagement, so we were sent off to school. But you

might know that Mary would be different. She just stayed little and lovely, so she went right on playing. And her mother educated her. You know how hard it is to hold a child's attention in a regular schoolroom; imagine doing it in a stage dressing room, with a slate propped up on the table between jars of cold cream and tubes of grease paint, and photographs of actresses all over the walls, and the orchestra playing just outside the door! Mrs. Pickford educated Mary in spite of those drawbacks. Wasn't that wonderful?"

I agreed that it was, and asked how Mary happened to go into pictures.

"She wanted work in summer," was the prompt reply. "So she began with the old Biograph Company, and pretty soon people who went to pictures began to ask for more releases that showed the little girl with the curls—nobody knew her name. She'd been in for quite a while when Dorothy and I came to New York to see if one of us couldn't get a job in the play in which Mr. Belasco was going to put Mary in the fall, 'A Good Little Devil.' Mary, wanting, as usual, to share what she had with her friends, urged us to come down to the studio and meet Mr. Griffith; she said she was sure he'd give us a part in a picture. So we went

down, and then were afraid to go in, and stood out in the hall with Mary, laughing and giggling, when Mr. Griffith came out and went up the stairs, singing 'She won't bring them in—she won't bring them in!' We met him then, and he cast us as sisters in a picture, and tied different colored ribbons on us so that he could tell us apart. That's how we got into pictures."

We drifted on then into talk of the present; of what Mary is like now.

"She adores her home; I don't know whether that's because when she was little she spent so much time traveling around and living in theatrical hotels and

STAR DUST UNLIMITED

Fate took two girls on whom she had chosen to bestow every gift of talent, and beauty and lovable-ness and threw them together from the time when they were little children. Not as happy, carefree children—but as fairy mites who bore the burden of helping to support their families. She made them love each other as the public was soon to love them—and then she tossed each one to the heights of success and popularity. But of such fine fiber had she formed them that they remained the same two generous-hearted little girls, open-hearted to the world, devoted to each other, and proud of each other's success.

Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish—the two great screen artists whose supremacy is never challenged. Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish—who see each other still as little girls pushing on toward their ideals of achievement! Here is their story.

No one but Lillian Gish could make you see Mary Pickford as she really is—for no one else knows her so well. And in her telling of Mary the incomparable, you will get a glimpse also of Lillian—the real Lillian who has never before been so fully revealed.



Lillian Gish is the one girl beside Mary Pickford on whom Old Dame Fate seems to have sprinkled fairy dust with a lavish hand.

boarding houses, or whether she'd love being at home anyway. She's always had a home when she could; before she went West for Famous Players-Lasky she had a house down at Beechhurst, and I used to go down there and spend the week-ends with her when I was working in the East," Lillian told me.

"Her home now—'Pickfair'—is the most beautiful place. And it is perfectly run. There are fourteen servants, but they never obtrude somehow; they just are on hand when you want something, and the rest of the time you don't see them at all. It's not like some houses, where you feel as if you were being watched by guards and were in a sort of institution, because there are so many servants about all the time.

"When Mary was here she told me that since the last time she was in New York she had spent just one evening away from home. I don't wonder. People don't ask Mary and Mr. Fairbanks out, because they know they'd rather stay at home, and, anyway, every one goes to their house. All their friends are welcome at dinner; nobody needs to wait for an invitation. When I was out West I'd go over there from the studio, in my make-up and costume, and peek through the window, and if there wasn't any one there I'd go on in, just as I was, and stay to dinner. Charlie Chaplin was often there, and so were their other intimate friends.

"After dinner they'd run a picture—there's a projec-

tion machine in the house, you know. Usually they show scenic or travel pictures; Mary loves them. Or perhaps they'd give a vaudeville show. Charlie Chaplin loves charades, and he'd get us to do those, or he'd give imitations. Mr. Fairbanks does amazing stunts, and Mary is awfully clever. And sometimes they'd do just fool things. I remember one night in summer when Charlie Chaplin and Mr. Fairbanks got to shooting butcher birds. They waded into the swimming pool and shot from there—with slung shots. They shot from the bedroom windows, and the kitchen door—as solemnly as if they'd been stalking moose. It was screamingly funny.

"It's amusements like that that Mary likes. Wild jazz parties don't appeal to her at all. You couldn't drag her to a champagne supper. She doesn't even go to the movies any more, now that she can see them at home."

"What about her brains—her business ability?" I asked. My sister says that when I'm with Lillian I ask questions as if I were turning a hydrant on and off. That isn't so. But it's such a joy to find some one who not only knows about the movies but thinks about them—from way on the inside—that it's a temptation not to waste a moment talking about anything else.

"She has a lot more business ability than any one who doesn't know her credits her with," Lillian answered. "She is one of the best business women in the industry. And she has respect for her money; she has worked too hard not to appreciate its value.

"When she was here I was admiring that gorgeous sable scarf of hers—it's four skins, you know. And I said, 'Oh, I wish I could afford a scarf like that, Mary, to wear with my black dress.' What did she do but get in touch with the man from whom she buys furs—not a man with a big shop on Fifth Avenue, but one who has a

little place on a side street and whose workmanship is wonderful. And she talked and talked to him, and bargained with him till he agreed to make me a scarf like hers for a price that was unusually low.

"'We work too hard to throw our money away,' she said.

"She does work hard, too, all the time. She's one of the few people who could keep up with Mr. Griffith—and now that she is her own boss she works just as hard. I stayed two days with her, at the Ritz, when she was here. Her popularity has robbed her of her privacy, and she really has less than a goldfish—to misquote Irvin Cobb. There are always dozens of people with her, and dozens more on the phone, and she has hundreds of things to attend to.

"And she can seldom go out without being recognized. We went shopping for some negligees, and of course somebody saw and knew her when we went through the shop, and we were besieged when we were looking at things. Imagine buying a negligee for your mother under such circumstances! And when we got down to the street there was the most awful mob; the sidewalk was simply solid.

"I said to Mary, when we were finally in the car, 'Oh, how do you ever stand it? Or are you used to it by this time?'



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

MARY PICKFORD, the incomparable, has the graciousness of a woman and the heart of a child, the dignity of a princess, and the impish high spirits of an urchin. Multitudes have adored her, yet, she remains the same as she was in the days when she first won the title "Our Mary."



FROM "Queenie" to "The Little Alien" is a long jump, but one that Shirley Mason, the dainty Fox star, achieved without difficulty.

Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



Photo by Freulich

LOUISE LORRAINE, star in Century comedies, has the distinction of having played with lions more than any other player.



MARGUERITE CLAYTON retains her beatific charm in spite of the turbulent life she leads in Charles Hutchinson's latest Pathé serial, "The Record Breaker."

Photo by Pach Brothers

Brass Bands and Baseball and Pearl

Typically American, hugely popular, the White favorite is a wonderful subject for interviewing.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IF you were to stop the first five people you met and ask them who Tagore is the answers would probably range from Italian opera stars to English colonies in South Africa. Nor would four fifths of the gentry be able to identify George Arliss or Minnie Maddern Fiske. And Urban would mean less than Parrish, just as Zuloaga might be guessed an also ran at Saratoga.

But ask any of these gentlefolk what Babe Ruth is, or who Sousa is, or who Pearl White is, and the responses will be rapid, precise, and informative to a degree. Every one enjoys baseball, brass bands—and Pearl! These are American to the core, bold pictures broadly done on a huge canvas, sure-fire successes in the land of "Yankee Doodle," P. T. Barnum, and George M. Cohan.

I expected Pearl White to drive to the studio either in a Rolls-Royce or a Ford. It would be something extreme, I felt certain. And it will relieve your mind, as it did mine, to know that Pearl arrived ensconced in English luxury, i. e., the Rolls. She looked out of place in the tawdry alleyway leading up to the Fox film factory. Her plumed hat, her gleaming boots, her all-enveloping cape belonged rather to a salon than a studio. But there was nothing suggestive of salons about Pearl.

"No, I don't know what we're working on," she said as she hurried into the barren reaches of the film foundry and slowed down ascending the iron stairway. "We just shoot, that's all. And after we've been going five weeks we stop, and there's a picture."

"Is that the way you made 'A Virgin Paradise?'"

She stopped at the door to her dressing room, and faced me abruptly.

"It pleases the crowds, doesn't it?" she asked defensively. "And that's what all the shootin's for, isn't it? Even if the critics kidded us on the 'Paradise' picture, the people enjoy it, and that's what I want, and what Mr. Dawley wants, and Mr. Fox, in all probability." There is a White sense of humor, you see, and will continue to see, if you read further.

"These critics give me a pain," she continued, seating herself at her littered dressing table and turning to pat the marcelled blondness of her famous blond wig. In a corner stood a bald knob, the parking place for the top, I supposed, during off hours.

"But," I protested mildly, "you wouldn't call 'A Virgin Paradise' exactly art, would you?"

Then it was that the serial queen held forth.

"Anything that accomplishes what it sets out to accomplish is Art. We made that picture just like we make all our pictures, to entertain. According to all exhibitors' reports, it *does* entertain. Therefore it's Art, with a capital A and shaded letters."

"Then," I suggested treacherously, "if the gentleman who slips on a banana peel in one of your Fox Sunshine strips makes the multitude snicker he is—an artist?"

Pearl nodded emphatically.

"And the educated dog of the Mack Sennett didoes—he, he is——" I wavered a trifle uncertainly.

But the celluloid oracle gal was not one whit dismayed.

"Sure he's an artist," she said.

Her dressing room was a chaotic heap of Lucille frocks, empty perfume bottles, and odd shoes, with a dash of cigarette ash strewn here and there. On the walls were four or five sketches of Pearl, the gifts, she told me, of admiring artist friends.

She is acting, she continued, to make a living, and the company that offers her the best wage gets her services, regardless of the kind of pictures she will be required to turn out.

As a matter of course, I attempted to introduce a literary strain into the conversation. I had heard that Pearl was an avid reader. But the strain was too great, for when I asked her who her favorite author was she grinned and said promptly, "Pearl White," and pointed to a check book lying on the table before her.

"But you have written, by the way, haven't you?"

"By the way is good," she replied. "I wrote my life by the way. Here, there, all over the studio, between scenes, on location. I guess it's fairly illiterate, but it made money. Funny

the way that happened. Bob Chambers, the author, told me I ought to write my life because it was so colorful. *He* said that. So I did. Took it to him to doctor up the saggy spots, and he thought it far too natural and—oh, you know—unrestrained to go to press as it stood. But a friend of mine published it. 'Just Me,' it's called. It's all true, too. Honestly." She solemnly crossed her heart. "There may be mistakes in it, but it's all true stuff."

That the gelatin serial prima donna is frank cannot be gainsaid. She told me tales that made my publicity-fed pulse leap two beats to the second. Pearl has shed all of her illusions, especially those having to do with Art. Art, according to Pearl, is the bunk. And her argument was not unsubstantiated by telling points.

"To most people Art is velvet curtains and plush. In vaudeville, for example, to be artistic a singer simply needs an extra lamp and a velvet drop curtain. Belasco gets away with high Art by dimming his border lights and eliminating the orchestra pit. Arthur Hopkins achieves Art by playing 'Macbeth' as a free-verse etching. And in the movies"—she paused in order to let her next shaft sink in to the hilt—"in the movies they call it Art if nobody does anything but mope around all the way through the works and the photographer shoves in a raft of blurred close-ups. Art, ha!" she snorted. "Art is the bunk!"

There is a definite philosophy behind this cynical definition, however. Pearl thinks that the theater should entertain and amuse and banish dull care. She maintains that it is to stimulate happiness rather than thoughtful-

Continued on page 100

The New Swimmin'

Hollywood is dotted with them, and as is the way of placed the old swimmin' holes of childhood memories with

By May

Photo copyright by
Mack Sennett Comedies

The bathing girl who "didn't go near the water," has been replaced by stars whose daily dip is part of a regular schedule.

NOT long ago the word "bathing" in connection with the movies suggested only the curiously costumed beauties of the Mack Sennett lot, who were always seen disporting on the beaches, but never in the water.

The old bathing girl has been replaced by the movie stars whose leisure moments are spent—yes, actually swimming—in the magnificent private pools which they have had built on their Hollywood estates.

Glorious indeed are these shimmering pools. Especially attractive is the irregularly shaped one at the Douglas Fairbanks place, set high among the Beverly foothills. It looks like a giant matrix, its turquoise blue tiling flung into vivid relief against its setting of emerald lawns and trees, while a flame-colored marquee lends another dash of futurist glory to the daring intensity of the color scheme.

Here Douglas and Mary entertain themselves and guests when they are home.

Will Rogers has a magnificent circular pool of glistening ivory tile. On one side rises a wall of russet-toned bricks edged by a band of velvet lawn, while from the pergola side a view of all southern California vies with the pool in fascinations. There is also a friendly sand pile for the three little Rogerets.

Wallie Reid also contributes to the delinquency of the

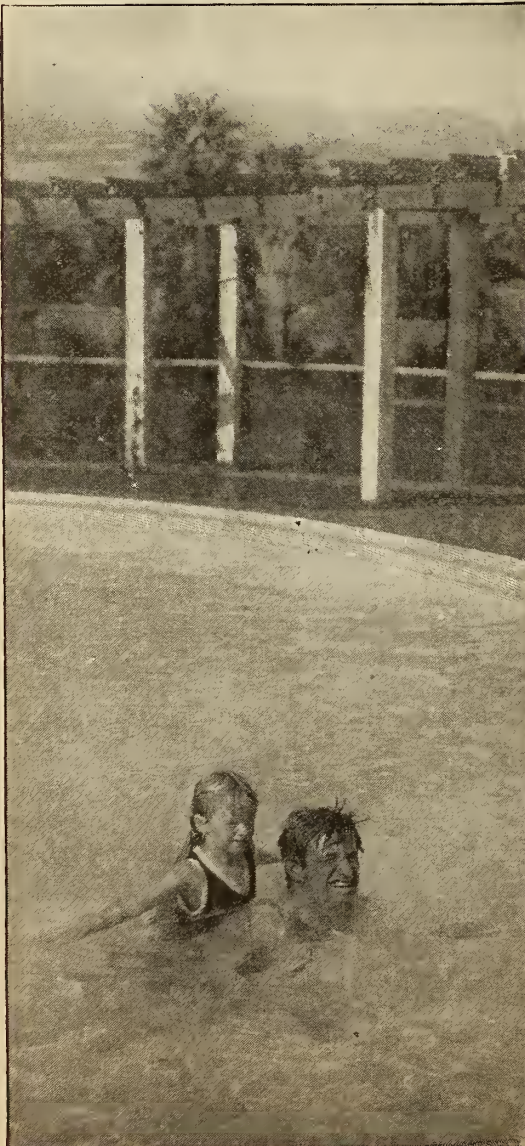
Will Rogers and the little Rogerets have a magnificent view of Southern California from their pool.

"wets" with a tiled lakelet tucked away in his lovely grounds at Beverly. A high plastered wall, beneath which are hidden luxurious dressing rooms and showers, bounds one side, the other being protected from the eyes of passing strangers by the semi-formal gardens of the Reid home.

Here often may be seen many celebrities of the screen—Mabel Normand, Wanda Hawley, May Allison, and others of motion-picture fame—for the Reid swimmin' hole has become the "reservoir rendezvous" of the élite of the silver sheet.

Charles Ray,

Charles Ray dots his pool with gayly painted canvas porpoises and other life-saving aids.



Holes

motion-picture folk, they have re-glittering, luxurious new ones.

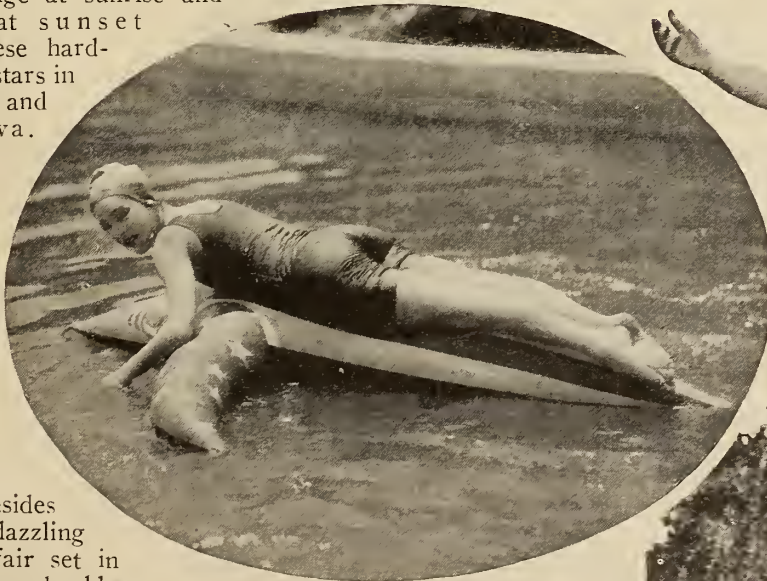
Ridgway

who has embodied "the old swimmin' hole in pictures, finds solace from his less luxurious amusements of the screen in his magnificent plunge at Beverly. You don't have to "look before you leap" into Mr. Ray's pool, for he's made it safe by dotting it with life-saving aids in the way of gayly painted canvas porpoises, inflated dragon flies, and luxurious air cushions. Here the star and his guests—usually men—sit about restfully smoking the peace pipe after a strenuous game of water tag or polo.

The pool, which cost eleven thousand dollars and is one of the loveliest of the uncut gems that dot the Beverly Hills country, is of a faint green-tinted tile, a picturesque Japanese tea room decorating one approach, while a row of green-tiled dressing rooms and showers marks the opposite side.

A plunge at sunrise and another at sunset keeps these hard-working stars in trim, and Nazimova.

Mme. Nazimova disports herself in her pool twice daily to keep fit for her strenuous round of studio work.

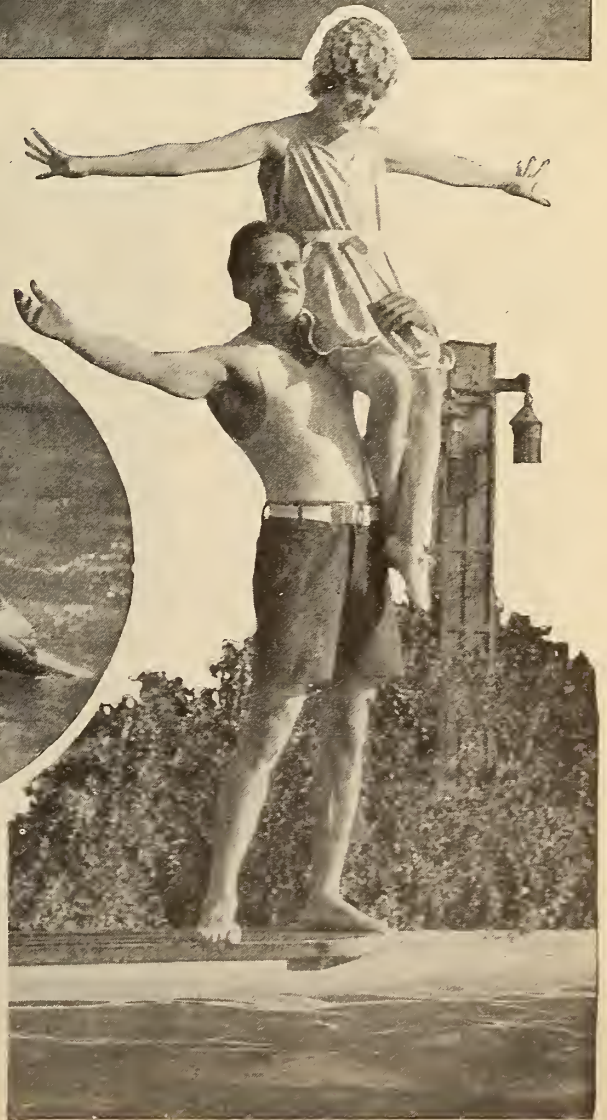


who presides over a dazzling white affair set in dull-green shrubbery, combines both beauty and utility in the happiest mood. This busy star makes it a daily habit to dip in the cool and invigorating waters, and dives like a sea bird—or Annette Kellermann—from a tricky young springboard.

The Water Babies of Charles Kingsley memories would never have deserted these fairy water gardens where the acme of artistry, luxury, and utility is so temptingly combined.



The Wallie Reid pool is daily the scene of a water carnival, with Wallie himself—at the extreme right, Lester Cuneo—at the left end, and Mrs. Reid next him—participating in every event from water polo to general roughhouse.



Whenever they can be spared from their studios during the afternoon, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks frolic about their beautiful pool.



Gloria Swanson, highly experienced, requires only a few moments of thought to bring on tears.

THE girl's hands clutched nervously at her handkerchief, her bosom heaved unsteadily, her lips trembled as she turned an excited face toward the man, who angrily shook his fist at her—

"Who told you you could act?" he yelled.

Silence, broken only by agitated breathing, answered the question. The man emitted a guttural expression of disgust—

"Act! Why, you haven't the least idea what acting means. You're dead!"

The suggestion of a snicker was heard from a small group of people behind him.

"Stop that racket!" he thundered, turning on his heel. "What kind of a game do you think this is?" The snickering abruptly ceased, but in its place came the sound of distant hammering. "Make them cut that out, too." A few moments and there was silence again.

"Now, you!" he barked at the girl. "You might as well go home. Get into a laundry or back of a ribbon counter. You're not fit for picture work. You're just a plain ordinary dub. So get out!"

"Oh, please—please!" the girl



A few measures of "To a Wild Rose" and Helene Chadwick bursts into tears.

You Have to a

And this story tells how they are called for by

By Edwin

burst out. Then suddenly her manner changed. Her temper awakened. "I'm not a dub!" she shrieked. "You haven't any heart. You're just a great big brutal beast. No wonder I can't act. You've worn me all out. Some day I'll get even with you. I'll show you—"

There was a hysterical catch in her voice. She gave a sob and then another, and buried her face in her handkerchief. Her shoulders shook, her hands gripped frantically at her eyes as she strove to dry them. Then she raised her head, half gasping, and hoarsely ejaculated: "I hate you!"

Tears glistened on her face, which wore a terrified but defiant expression. Her breath came short, her body swayed.

Immediately there was a whirl of grinding. It caught the girl's ear—it seemed to fascinate her, like the sound of a rattlesnake's warning. Her sobs were unabated, but she seemed under some mesmeric influence. The man spoke to her more quietly—gave her directions. In a sort of daze she picked up a letter lying on a table and looked at it. She sought to clear her eyes and read the lines. She raised her face and looked into the distance—

"That's fine!" said the man with a sigh of relief. You have by this time recognized him as the director. "It's going to make a great scene. Take a still of it, but better use the glycerin for that," he added, smiling.

How many times have you personally beheld the episode of the letter, the girl, and the tears on the screen? How many times have you not marveled at the emotion displayed by the player, seemingly so intense and so real? And yet—

By the description of that scene in the making

Weep, to Be Star

fits of weeping, whenever the story, are brought on.

Schallert

you will know that while it was intense enough and real enough, it had nothing to do with the letter, but was just a plain case of exasperated nerves brought on by the strenuous haranguing of the director.

As soon as the scene was finished he probably went over and told the actress that he didn't mean a word of it—that she had fulfilled his highest hopes in finally getting over the pathos of her part—and that her future as an emotional star would be assured if she kept on. All salve for maimed feelings. After she comprehended the method in the madness of movie making, she forgot about her anger, but made up her mind that she wouldn't weep under such circumstances again.

A personal barrage on the player is now a rare expedient to induce tears—just as rare, perhaps, is the glycerin bottle. Yet it is used occasionally in obstinate cases of dry eyes.

In most cases screen acting has developed to the point where actresses have teardrops, real ones, at their command. At least, it takes only a little coaxing by a proficient director to conjure these forth. Such directors are often successful even in making men register sorrowful emotions—although, as a rule, it is left for the women to do the crying.

Most expert feminine weepers truly feel the emotions of the character they are portraying. They can put themselves in her place. Mary Pickford, of course, has such a depth of tender feeling that she has always been able to vibrate to the mood of her creation like wood of a rare violin does to a touch on the strings. Colleen Moore, who has had many pathetic rôles, is a veritable fountain of tears. Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Lillian Gish, and others of the highly experienced require only a few moments of thought and concentration to bring on the lachrymose



"Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss" makes Alice Lake cry.



Viola Dana reacts readily to the inspiration of sorrow.

state. Such players as Viola Dana, Betty Compson, and Alice Terry readily react to the inspiration of sorrow.

Quite the antithesis, these, of the novice, whose feelings have to be mined for in pick-and-shovel style. Here the problem taxes the brains, ingenuity and even reserve force of the director. At times he must actually lay siege to the sensibilities of a player.

Nowadays it is often the minor character in a picture who has to register the tear in the pathetic scene. The principals meet their tragedy with a calm that is typical of human life. For instance, you may recall that in "The Old Nest," the Rupert Hughes photo play, dealing with mother love, Mary Alden pulled herself together following the keen disappointment over the failure of her son to make his long-anticipated return home, whereas Fanny Stockbridge, as the maid of all work, was called upon to display a hectic fit of crying ending in a humorous outburst against the negro gardener. In "Under the Lash," a new picture made by Gloria Swanson, there is a negro servant who does an emotional scene, expressing her sorrow over an event that befell the heroine, while the heroine herself remains undisturbed. The strik-

ing feature of this was that the negress who played the bit had never acted before, but managed to cry with little hesitation. In "The Great Moment," the Elinor Glyn picture starring Miss Swanson, there was a similar occurrence where the nurse of the heroine cried because of the seeming disappointment of her mistress in love. Even so long ago as "The Right of Way," one of the big scenes of sorrow was put over by the weeping of minor characters, while Bert Lytell, the star, remained tearless. In "The Faith Healer," in "Madame X," and other plays, even extras produced the tears to accompany a heart-affecting sequence.

More human-interest themes have brought a greater fund of emotion to the screen. So, too, have the tragic elements in certain modern photo plays, like "The Four Horsemen." Alice Terry was the victim of this picture's sadness. She has become an expert of the tear. In "The Conquering Power," your impression is that she is constantly weeping. Similarly Colleen Moore has reincarnated Niobe in many of her plays. Probably one of the most striking is "The Wall Flower," but recently completed.

Throughout such pictures music is a primary stimulus to emotion. Nearly all stars are deeply touched by melodic strains. Probably more than anything else, music has served to eliminate the older, harsher strategies to make players register tears. Practically all directors keep a small ensemble of musicians on their sets for this and for other reasons.

The susceptibility of various actresses to certain tunes is interesting. Music of the heart, old melodies in particular, appeal to the majority. Then, again, it will be some light, sentimental or even trivial popular song. Alice Lake, for instance, can always register tears, provided she hears a few strains of "Just a Little Love, a

Little Kiss." She is also affected by "A Perfect Day." Helene Chadwick responds best to MacDowell's lovely "To a Wild Rose." Mary Alden has a weakness for "Dear Old Pal of Mine." Myrtle Steadman generally hums the "Meditation," from "Thaïs," to herself whenever she wishes to cry. Molly Malone, whose association with comedy might seem to belie the fact, answers readily to so fine a musical number as Massenet's "Elégie."

Just before a crying bit a director will speak to an actress quietly, endeavoring to arouse her feelings by a description of the episode. If this does not prove effective, he will seek to recall some personal experiences to the player that have a painful significance. Even extraneous tragic events may be linked with the player's life.

One man who has been particularly successful in accomplishing this is E. Mason Hopper, who produced the "Edgar" series of Tarkington stories and who made "Dangerous Curve Ahead" and "The Wall Flower" for Goldwyn. I recall that he had some difficulty in causing Miss Chadwick to cry over an automobile accident. He bethought himself of a real catastrophe of a similar nature that had occurred the previous day. He related it to Miss Chadwick, but with variations, for he described her own mother as one of those injured. His manner of depicting the tragedy was so realistic that the actress broke into a flood of tears and did some important emotional work in the picture.

The same method has been used with equal success in the instance of men by Mr. Hopper. He has extracted tears from race-track touts and prize fighters simply by asking them to tell him about their past experiences and then emphasizing to them the sorrowful characteristics of some calamity that had touched their hearts.

Continued on page 95

Unsung Heroes

Wherein a little credit is belatedly given where much credit has long been due.

By John Addison
Elliott

Katherine Hilliker, now of Goldwyn, is one of the most expert of film editors. She made "Passion" and "Theodora" what they are to-day.



WHEN the Sapphos of the silver sheet un-
pack their harmonicas, dust off their lyres,
and begin to strum preliminaries on their
ukuleles, it never occurs to them to sing of aught
save the curly-haired ingénue and the marcelled
miracle man who gets her just before the news
weekly starts. The historian of celluloid deeds cares
more apparently for the home life of the saturnine
villain—who turns out to be a loving husband when
interviewed—and the hobby of the carbonaceous
siren—which proves to be marshmallow toasting be-
fore an open fire—than for the why and wherefore
of good pictures. Who makes a good picture good?

The star, you say, and the cast and the story. And perhaps, as an afterthought, the director. You have been trained to figure it out in this manner, and you're far, far from the truth of the matter.

Before calling down the wrath of the gods upon the writer's typewriter consider the burden of his song. You

are neglecting, he claims, the men behind the screenery—the artisans and electricians and camera men and architects who labor and toil, unnoticed and unsung. And it is the work of these unsung heroes that will concern us to-day. Let the stars engage their press agents! We hold a brief for the stars behind the stars—the power that makes 'em twinkle!

Books could be written about the art of the photographer. One camera man who is hardly an unsung hero is the former Griffith marksman, Billy Bitzer, the lens magician who trapped those wondrous vistas and delicate etchings that make "Broken Blossoms" the high-water mark in photo-play craft to-day. The



Film cutters aren't known to the fans, but throughout the motion-picture industry the Smiths, Rose and Jimmy, are given due credit for their work on Griffith films.

great army of photographers, however, is unknown to the outside world. They are not handsome, but necessary.

It is the camera man who focuses his instrument so as to catch the aging star in a flattering light that will gloss the wrinkles and hide the thinning hair; it is the sharpshooter of the Bell-Howell who suggests to the director a more effective grouping of characters—a more intense arrangement of the action; it is the camera grinder who directs great batteries of lights above and beside and on the set during interior scenes, and who orders the placing of the glistening silvered reflectors during the taking of outdoor stuff.

At Ince's there is a camera man whose opinion on the action of a scene is always regarded as most important; Von Stroheim has an operator who he says is an invaluable aid at all times; Mary Pickford has retained young Rosher through all of her recent pictures for obvious reasons. Any star who discovers a photographer who can get the best results with her—or him—immediately signs him up for a long term, if she—or he—is wise. And none is wiser than our Mary.

Cecil De Mille's camera man has a whistle system for lights. He merely trills once, and the Kliegs and Cooper-Hewitts flash and sputter; he whistles twice and the lights fade. Another camera man, now with Fox, calls his star "baby," be the star big or little, male or female. And he is eagerly sought after as a true artist with an appreciation of the value of light and shade.

It rests with the camera man whether the great director's carefully staged cabaret scene will look subtly lighted or garishly unreal, whether the love scene will be dimly suggestive and tinged with the rose of romance, or obvious "clinch stuff" of 1910 vintage. It is up to the man behind the gun whether the rich interior will look like a corner of a Grand Rapids furniture exhibition or the luxurious home that it is supposed to represent. Lighting, focusing, and deft screening make the cold studio become warm, delicately imaginative film fiction. Griffith has appreciated the importance of good photography all along; Dwan and De Mille and

Ince and Tourneur all have fallen in line, and make the photography a vastly important part of their production machine.

After the camera man has finished his work, the film is turned over to the developer, and then to the cutting room. The editor of an embryonic photo play has a life that is a dream—a bad dream. Big directors shoot about five times as much as they require for a picture, sometimes more. Tucker is said to have exposed one hundred thousand feet to get his "Miracle Man." Then they tie the cans of celluloid neatly together, dump them at the film editor's office, and say, "Here's a wonderful feature. Have it assembled by day after to-morrow." Then the F. E.'s work begins. O. Henry's single-armed paper hanger with the hives was a loafer in comparison.

By judicious cutting, a poor film may be transformed into a good picture, while a good film can be chiseled into a box-office riot, to use the phraseology of the exhibitor. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Smith have been Griffith's cutters since the days when Lionel Barrymore played a bit in support of Florence Lawrence and Owen Moore. The above-mentioned Dwan allows no one to touch his work; he cuts his own pictures. At some studios the directors aid greatly in supervising the cutters. But these film-editing birds certainly are among our unsung heroes. They make stories from celluloid. They speed up slow action, they cut dragging episodes to the marrow of interest, introduce flash-backs and cut-ins, and harmonize the story in general, so as to render it coherent, unified, and engrossing to the eye of the beholder.

After the picture has been cut it is run off in its still unfinished state for the benefit of the title writers and title artists. The former get in their deadly work first, then collaborate with the brush men on appropriate embellishments for the captions. No modern subtitle, you know, is complete without a picture or a hazy still or an oil-painting effect.

The writer of subtitles is a force for good, if he is a good title writer. Anita Loos made her reputation by writing the titles of the Fairbanks Fine Arts come-



Among other things, the assistant director is field marshal, chaperon, watchdog and trainer of the extras.

dies—and aided Doug in attaining nation-wide fame. Ralph Spence, of Fox, formerly wrote all the leaders for the George Walsh capers, and now free lances all by himself, doing titles for any one who has the picture—and the long green. It was the lowly title writer—name unknown—who put across Willie Collier's first—and, I believe, only—picture for Triangle back in the ante-bellum days. It was a pretty, slapstick comedy affair, but the written portion of the film was one long roar of mirth. So the dear old public laughed, and came out of the Bijou Dream saying, "Haw, haw, haw! That fella Collier sure is a great comedian!" But the little boy with the typewriter that tapped out the giggle-grabbing titles was the fair-haired lad who made the film a "seller"—a success. No less a person than Rupert Hughes is now doing titles out at Goldwyn. And Katherine MacDonald has a specialist at work for her

on this one order. It's an art.

The title artist also contributes much to the artistic value of a production. If a comedy title says, "The wicked rival gets it in the neck," you do not split your sides snickering at it, do you? But what if that same title were adorned with the drawing of a turkey looking timidly at a large, shiny ax? Wouldn't the giggle sprout more surely? That is not what I should term a pat example, but it at least illustrates my point, which is, by the way, this: Illustrations make a good title even better. Think it over.

In rounding up the rest of our unsung heroes two sections remain. These are the assistant directors—hard-working, uncredited slaves—and the studio architects, draftsmen, and carpenters—those practical lads whose work makes a picture, but who themselves are never able to come forward to receive even a small slice of glory.

The draftsmen of the film foundries are the most imperturbable chaps imaginable. Nothing mars their complacency, nothing worries them, nothing jars their sensibilities. An order to design a gold mine is to them as simple as hanging a canary cage. A call for a summer-hotel lobby excites the architect no more than a short-order demand for a Senate interior. They have libraries that they consult for correct details, and plenty of drawing paper on which to set their ideas. Then it is up to the men with the hammers and saws.

It is in the carpenter shops that massive productions really grow. Of course

it would be stretching things to give the carpenters screen mention, but don't forget what they do just the same. They are the backbone of the director's staff.


But it is the assistant director who *really* does the work. As a poet has sung of the director:

They're fond of laying down the law,
And oh! the salaries they draw!
I'll say they lead a grand existence—
The work is done by their assistants.

Never was truer word spoken.

With the ever-increasing importance of the director, his work has lessened. The assistant is called in to chalk the position of the actors before they move for lunch—work resuming at the point it was interrupted—where before the director himself would have done the chalking. The assistant checks up on the contents

Continued on page 101



THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics
concerning the Screen

*"Fewer
and
Better"*

When the producers of motion pictures flung to the breezes the slogan "fewer and better pictures" a few seasons ago they didn't mean that the fan should adopt the idea. The phrase was really just an advertising catchword. But of late the producers really have succeeded in carrying out the first half of their slogan—thanks to the general difficulty in getting money for financing catch-as-catch-can companies, though there has been some question as to whether the pictures were any better.

There is no doubt that the pictures released this fall are a decided improvement over last spring's crop, but there still is a fairish supply of bad ones. This is a state of affairs that no resolutions or slogans can eliminate. Man can decree that there shall be fewer pictures, and make good. But as long as brains are brains no human being can go out and make better pictures just because somebody thinks it would be a good thing.

Pictures will get better through a process of development—by the training of directors, actors, and authors, by experimentation—but never will they improve one nickel's worth by the use of the wishing stone.

No man ever deliberately started out to create a poor picture. No author, no artist ever had to be told to try hard to make his work first class. The flops are unintentional. The man who tries the hardest is not necessarily the most successful.

The producers had good intentions when they promised "fewer and better pictures," but they couldn't carry them out. Why? Because, although the average quality of the pictures is steadily improving, there still are produced a lot of nubbins, and there always will be. Even Old Mother Nature has not succeeded well in delivering fewer and better members of the human race.

The real way to push up the average of motion pictures is much the same as bringing up a family of kittens—the runts should be drowned before they have their eyes open. Kill the stupid pictures before they reach the public, and overnight the motion-picture business will become a thing of grandeur, perfection, and worthy of a place among the Arts.

*And So
They're
Doing It*

Nobody, perhaps, put the idea into the minds of the Great American Public, but nevertheless the G. A. P. is doing what the producers will not do—drowning the runts.

A producer sinks one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a production. He shows it to the best critics in his organization and out. They admit the picture is a bit weak, but figure that perhaps they can at least get the cost of production out of it, so they go out and sell it to the theaters and the theaters sell it to you.

The producer will never shelve an expensive production—unless it is obviously impossible—for two reasons. First he wants to get part of his money back. No man

is brave enough to sacrifice one hundred and fifty thousand dollars just for the good of the cause. Secondly he honestly cannot tell—until the public gives its decision—whether a picture is fair, good, or great. No one has yet built a barometer that will tell what the public is going to like in entertainment of any kind.

Very well, then. The producer won't drown them. That's settled. But why has the public suddenly got into the affair?

The Observer for years has been advising his readers to shop for their pictures—to stop going to just any sort of a picture show, to use care in selecting their entertainment. As has been pointed out, patronage of good pictures encourages the production of more good pictures. And the best way to kill a bad one is to stay away from it.

Only lately, however, have they been heeding good advice, and The Observer can hardly take credit for the whole affair. The *public* is now out for fewer and better pictures and is drowning the runts by staying away from the ordinary shows.

A year ago a fairly good picture could pay big dividends. Now it takes a mighty good show to make money for the theater and for the producer. The reason is simple to see—bad times. People are out of jobs or are afraid they will be. They are not spending money as freely, so where they formerly went to three picture shows a week, they are going to two, and the fellow and his family who went every Friday night, whether they knew anything or not about the show, now are going only when they are convinced in advance that they will get their money's worth.

Because money is now hard to accumulate, the folks are spending it more carefully, and just because a theater manager says a show is all wool and a yard wide doesn't make it so to the fans. They want to burn a thread and use the yardstick. They're asking their friends who have seen the picture, and the result is that a theater with a bad picture may have big crowds there on Sunday and Monday, but business will go to pieces through the rest of the week when the news gets around that here is a good time to put on a drowning bee.

It is hard on the producers of bad pictures, and not at all pleasant for the theater manager who shows them. But it is great for the fans and for the fellow who has a first-class picture to sell.

*The
Theaters
Say So, Too*

We have been looking over reports of theater managers, which are printed in a number of the motion-picture trade papers which have departments in which one manager reports on pictures, so that other managers may benefit by his experience and so pass up the bad ones and book the good ones.

Most of the theaters are starving to death when they show ordinary pictures—the sort that formerly brought in enough people to pay the overhead and a small profit.

It takes something extra to get the crowds, but the encouraging thing about it is that every *very good picture* is making a profit. The public is rewarding the best performances.

The theater reports show that Goldwyn is doing splendidly with "The Old Nest;" that Paramount's best is "The Affairs of Anatol;" that the public is rewarding Fox for making "Over the Hill;" that the money put into "The Three Musketeers" by Fairbanks was a first-class investment; that Metro is to be congratulated for "The Four Horsemen;" and that First National made no mistake in releasing "One Arabian Night."

That the people know what they want and will take no substitutions is shown by the experience of an acquaintance of The Observer's. He was out in a town in Wisconsin on a chilly night and went down to see "The Old Nest." There was a line two blocks long waiting for the second show. Across the street was a theater playing a cheap Western picture to an almost empty theater. The people who went to see "The Old Nest" were willing to wait a long time in line to see it and the lure of a seat at a show they knew nothing about tempted them not.

A theater manager confirmed this. "There is no such thing as getting the overflow now," he said. "It used to be that when the other houses were turning 'em away folks would go to almost any other theater that they could get into. Not so now. If they can't see what they want to see, they go home."

We confided our discoveries to a veteran Broadway producer. He laughed.

"That's been the rule in the show business for years," he said. "It's always a good season for a good show' is an old saying. Bad shows will have good seasons when people are flush and are spending freely, but when money is tight nothing but the best plays to capacity. The picture business is just learning what we have always known—and it's a good thing for the picture business and a good thing for the picture fans."

And so the runts are drowning.

How Do You Like Your Casts?

Phil Gleichman, managing director of the Broadway-Strand Theater in Detroit has a suggestion. He wants a uniform plan for introducing characters on the screen. He points out that some producers open the picture with a complete list of the cast of characters and the names of the actors portraying them, and then let it go at that. Mr. Gleichman believes that the spectator forgets the names by the time the character enters the action and that the enjoyment of the picture is impaired. For, as he says: "The action starts, a new player flashes on the screen, and you can't just place him in your mind. You want to know who he is. You stop and think. Your eyes see the action of the picture as it goes right on, but your mind doesn't. Your mind is working on that puzzling problem: Who is that fellow? And when you stop thinking about that and get your mind and eyes back on the picture a couple of hundred feet have rolled by."

We agree with Mr. Gleichman. We like the plan of naming the character and the actor when the actor first appears. How do you like your casts introduced?

What Comes First?

How much money do you suppose is being wasted by motion-picture theaters in "presentations?" We wonder often whether the big orchestras and the dances and the fine singers are really worth while. After all, we go to a picture theater to see a picture and the setting is rather unimportant.

The Observer always is a bit restless through the "presentations," and never is entirely at home until the picture begins.

Do we really need the big orchestras, gayly costumed ushers, and elaborate dancing acts? We fans have to pay for it. Is it worth it? What do you think? Did you ever stay away from a theater because the orchestra was made up of only five pieces, or did you ever go to one solely because there were twenty-five or fifty in the orchestra?

The Reason for Asking

We ask because we have just heard reports that two of the finest motion-picture theaters in the United States have decided that they cannot continue unless they cut the "overhead." One is in New York and one in Chicago. They have decided to reduce their orchestras and to put on less elaborate singing and dancing acts.

It is our guess that the fans never will know the changes have been made.

Chaplin on Subtitles

Charlie Chaplin has a few words to say about subtitles, and we agree with him in every word. There has been a lot of gossip to the effect that the perfect picture would be one without subtitles. Chaplin uses few subtitles, and it has been hinted that he was trying to get along entirely without them.

"The question of more or fewer subtitles," he says, "is unimportant. While one picture might be excellent through the absence of words, another might be excellent because of them. It depends upon the picture."

It has always been our idea that discussion regarding the number of subtitles was bosh and piffle. There never has been a fine picture without a fair number of subtitles, and we don't believe there ever will be. The motion picture is not pure pantomime, thank goodness. To our mind, nothing is more dreary than actors trying, through motions alone, to express to you the idea that they are going to shoot each other next Thursday afternoon unless one gives the other a bottle of gin smuggled in from Montreal.

Let's leave the wordless drama to the acrobats who open the vaudeville shows.

How Many Pictures?

Just how many pictures come to your town every week? Probably you get a chance to see most of the best ones and a good many of what you sometimes believe are the worst ones. But they don't all come to any one town, and if they did you could hardly get around to see all of them, even if you wanted to.

A recent compilation shows the following number of feature pictures released since April 1st:

Features released in April	40
" " " May	50
" " " June	51
" " " July	39
" " " August	32
" " " September	65
" " " October	69

A total, if our addition is correct, of three hundred and forty-six features released in seven months. Two of the months—July and August—are always the smallest in the year in number of releases, since in the summer many theaters close. It is safe to estimate therefore that 1922 will have a record of between six hundred and fifty and seven hundred feature pictures. Almost two a day.

What a lot of acting for one year!

“Those Burns Boys!”

The neighbors used to despair of their ever doing anything serious—and they haven't.

By Peter White

BACK in Bristol, Pennsylvania, the neighbors used to call them “Those Burns Boys” in about the tone of voice a former generation used for Jesse James and his gang. They didn't approve of Neal's getting his education on the beach at Atlantic City, and they didn't feel that behind the scenes at a musical comedy was just the place for Eddie. But the boys knew best—as subsequent events—the Christie comedies, to be precise—have proved.

For a single young man, Neal Burns has had quite a fling at marital woes in comedies.



The name Eddie Burns may mean nothing in your life, but Eddie Barry of such Christie comedies as “Nothing Like It”—that's another story.

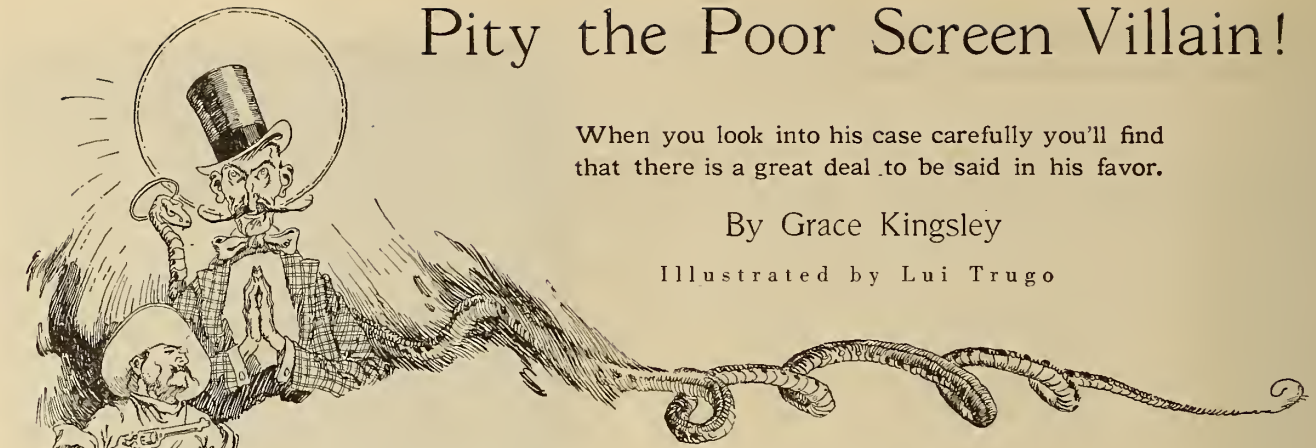
EDDIE BARRY and Neal Burns, as they are known on the screen, broke into motion pictures by way of musical comedy. They have played with all of the actresses who have won fame on the Christie lot—in fact, Neal has married Betty Compson forty-eight times on the screen. Perhaps that is one of the reasons why back in Bristol they speak of “Those Burns Boys” now with awe in their voices.

Pity the Poor Screen Villain!

When you look into his case carefully you'll find that there is a great deal to be said in his favor.

By Grace Kingsley

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



IF I were the screen heroine, I'd cotton right to the villain.

Do I hear hisses coming to me from all quarters? I probably do. But I don't care.

Listen! In the first place, think how madly devoted the villain always is to the heroine. Let her treat him as she may he still remains true to her.

In the second place, he's the only person in the picture who seems to have any brains.

In the third place, he's a regular he-man, strong and healthy and with such good nerves, probably incidental to his health, that it's likely he'd be a pretty decent person to have around the house.

Also, he must either make or have inherited a lot of money, and is not only a snappy dresser himself, but also a good provider, judging from the looks of his womenfolks and lady friends.

Last, but not least, he's always out to kill the curly-haired hero on sight. And this alone should be enough to engage anybody's sympathies.

Yes, take him all in all, the screen villain is entitled to no little respect.

I refer, of course, to the king-pin villain, not the bush leaguers.

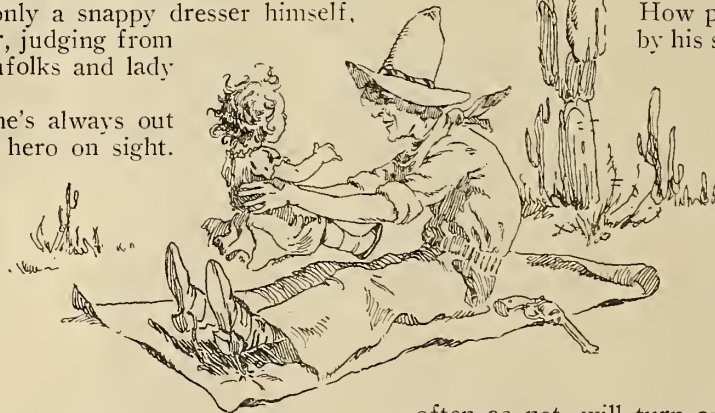
He is methodical and conscientious—in his own way—and he is tirelessly persistent. He always knows what he wants, and nothing short of death itself is going to stop him. It's a sort of art with him, is villaining. No bungling methods for him. Like the other sorts of artists, he often sacrifices all for it. Villainy in fact often seems to be its own reward.

Friends and fortune often go by the board for the sake of a little expert job of villaining. But he dies with his boots on. No lingering illness for him. It's always the good people in pictures who

have lingering illnesses. In fact he's so strong and healthy and wise that it usually takes an act of Providence, like lightning or an automobile accident, to bump him off.

Once in a great while, of course, he gets his come-uppance indoors. Usually in the library. There's always a table in the library handy to choke the villain over. Or sometimes he gets shot with a pistol from the library-table drawer, for there isn't a single film family I ever heard of that didn't keep a pistol in the library-table drawer. If I were a villain and had any dirty work to do I'd keep away from library tables. They're fatal to villains.

Sometimes it's the love of a little child that reforms the villain.

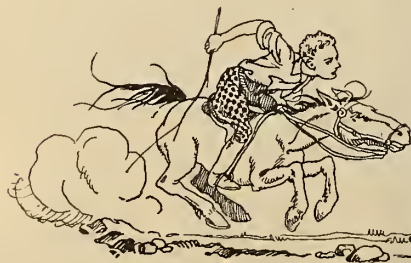


But—ah, come what may!—how faithful the villain always is to the heroine. No matter how much the heroine slaps him around and mistreats him, he continues to adore her. How pathetic it all is! Sitting alone by his solitary hearth, or breasting the ocean waves, he simply cannot forget the sweet girl who slaps his face. Sometimes, indeed, to sort of console himself, he gets a girl on the side—a sweet, cute, entertaining little thing, too—but his heart's not in it.

Why, the villain will go to perdition and the demnition bow-wows for the girl he loves, while the hero, often as not, will turn away from her, peeved, on the slightest suspicion—when he sees her kissing her brother, just home from Europe or something. But the heroine falls for the dimple in the hero's chin or the way he combs his hair or something, right in the first reel, and is all off for the rest of the evening. And the hero is usually poor, on account of not 'tending to business as much as he should, because he's so noble he's always 'tending to other folks' affairs and doing acts of quixotic bravery.

Whereas, on the other hand, the villain, nearly always being a money-maker, the heroine would be much better off to marry him. Especially as she doesn't seem able to take care of herself, unless, indeed, she strikes out for a grand-opera career, in which she is always a success, because in the movies that's easy!

Sometimes, indeed, the heroine does marry the villain



to save the family fortune. But, no matter how kind and indulgent and generous he is, she never grows to love her husband. He may give her presents of motors and jewels, but she throws his jewels out of the window when she remembers the addle-pated hero who couldn't make a living for her. Why, she never even lets the villain kiss her hand! Then she doesn't understand why he gets peeved and won't send her family any more money!

She might kid him along a little, anyhow. It wouldn't hurt her a bit and would help to make things much pleasanter around the house.

The poor villain, take it all around, has a hard time generally with the girls. Even when he has a girl of his own, she's hardly ever true to him. He's good as he can be to her about clothes—that's one thing about the villain, you can't accuse him of being stingy—and as clothes seem to be the only thing which a villain's girl cares about, you'd think she might have a little consideration for him. Sometimes, to be sure, he does come home a bit cross after a hard day's villaining, but what man doesn't occasionally come home cross? No, the truth is, the minute his back is turned she's off with some curly-pated lounge lizard without half the brains of the villain. No wonder the villain has it in for the noble-hearted breed.

Often, indeed, the villains are loving husbands and fathers. Even in "The Four Horsemen," those archvillains, the Germans, were awfully good to their families. Then take Robert McKim, whom I saw doing some high-power villaining in a picture not long ago. After filching a fortune from the widows and the orphans all his life, he reforms when his wife dies, and gives all the money back to the people he stole it from. He didn't even seem to save himself car fare downtown. There was devotion for you.

I saw a picture the other day in which the villain ran a gambling establishment. But—oh, how good he was to his little girl! She and her pet cat must never know! When she grew up and began to suspect that all was not well in her household, he sent her away to boarding school. And it nearly killed him when she suddenly came home from school to surprise her daddy, and found him dumping the ill-gotten long green into his coffers by the wagon load. Did anybody give the villain credit for loving his daughter?

They did not. They busily told her all

about him, with the result that she ran off with the soft-headed hero, who hadn't a cent to bless himself with.

I've often and often seen villains remain bachelors their whole lives long rather than marry anybody except the heroine. There's "Hearts Are Trumps," for instance. In that story the villain's devotion to the heroine is truly pathetic. She insults him from early maidenhood until her death, repudiating him and marrying a common gillie on her father's estate. But he keeps his love all in the family, so to speak, does the villain, and faithfully falls in love with her daughter! And at the last, though an old man with potential rheumatism in his knees, he braves death in an avalanche for one kiss! And she wouldn't give it to him, stingy thing!

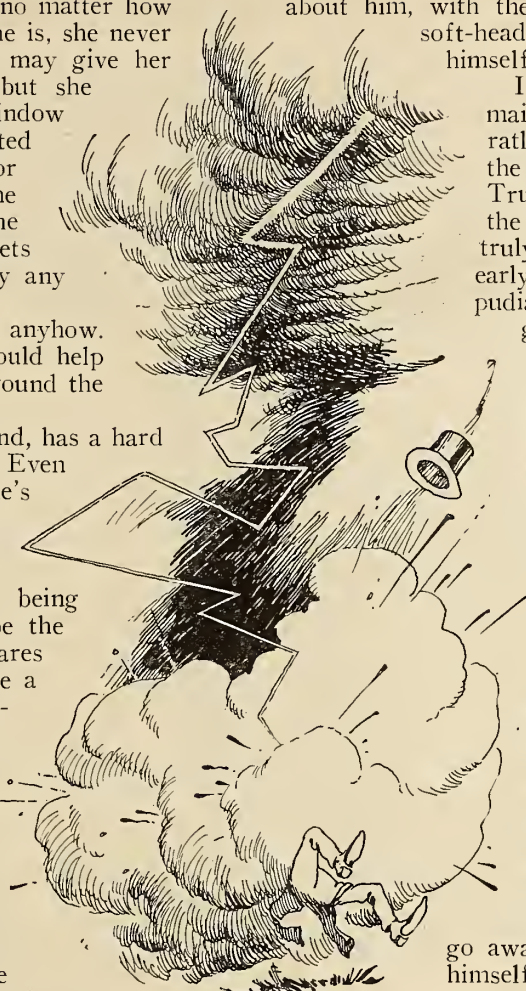
If a villain in a picture has a twin brother, they always look exactly alike, and the other brother is always good. And the good brother is always the goat. I saw a picture the other day in which the villain killed a man, and then came to his brother to tell him about it. The brother was doing a brisk business as a young mining engineer, but his brains must have been confined to his engineering work, for, instead of letting the brother go away to hide, what did he do but he himself go away to hide, leaving his brother, who knew nothing whatever about engineering, to remain in his place!

Once in a while, principally in Bill Hart plays, the villain reforms. And then indeed we have some hero! Bill is the sly dog—he knows

the villain of the play is the man with the brains. Sometimes it's the love of some pure girl that reforms the villain. But it's more often a little child, usually a girl child. The little thing climbs on his knees all covered with bread and jam, and it touches his heart so much that, even though he does have to send his clothes to the cleaner's that very day, still his heart is full of gratitude pathetic to see.

It might do a lot of good indeed if people would be kinder to the villain instead of always scorning him. It's truly marvelous how everybody in the play seems to "have a feeling about him." Honestly you can't wonder he turns sour. Children run away from him, little dogs nip his legs, women shudder at his

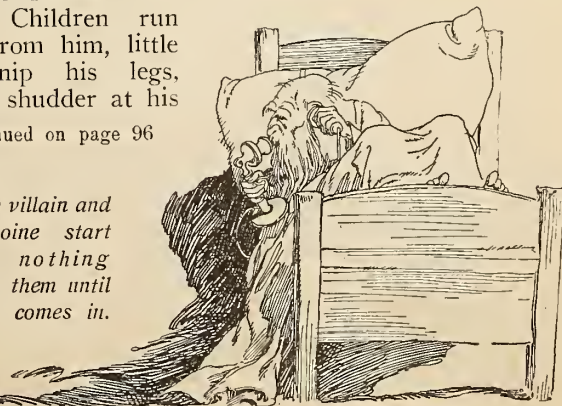
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The villain is so strong, and healthy, and wise, that it takes something like lightning or an auto to bump him off.



Once the villain and the heroine start battling, nothing can stop them until the hero comes in.



WHAT THE FANS THINK



Let the Public Judge.

I WISH to reply to Maurice Castleton, of St. Louis, who, in a recent issue of your magazine, so warmly defended the so-called critics as against popular opinion.

I read the critics of at least twelve magazines each month. But do I let these critics tell me what I shall like or dislike? "A thousand times, *no!*" Why? Because I think I am qualified to make my own selections.

Moreover, half of the time the critics disagree. Recently I saw Norma Talmadge in "The Passion Flower" and Lionel Barrymore in "The Great Adventure." One critic declared the former excellent and the latter very bad; another informed the world that the first was without a redeeming feature of any sort; and still another stated that Lionel Barrymore in the last-mentioned picture was absolutely delightful. This being the case, in what respect are the critics any different than the much-maligned public?

In conclusion, I take exception to this statement of Mr. Castleton: "The puerility of the public taste in artistic matters, and especially in the matter of the photo-dramatic art, is lamentable, and it is the duty of every critic to lift the standards of the public by reviling all that is bad."

The *best* critics of to-day are not trying to elevate the public, but simply to give us their honest opinions for what those opinions are worth.

Mrs. M. M. Scott.

510 W. Yakima Avenue, Yakima, Washington.

A Plea for Common Sense.

I wonder if many of your readers were, like myself, disappointed in the answers to your "Do You Want Better Movies" competition? I had looked for some pungent criticism and sturdy defense of what has been and is being accomplished, but your letters seem merely of the fan sort, with the exception of the second prize winner, who, however, seems to think that by better movies is meant Sunday-school stories and nursery tales.

Right here I would like to say that the approval of preachers, women's clubs, and such ilk is the surest way I know of to kill a film. Apart from their general lack of fitness to pass on the merits of a film, these people and institutions are the main forces behind that arch-enemy of good movies, the censor, and their recommendation is tantamount to advertising a play as an egg without salt.

It is quite evident that the movies as they are please a large number of people, and that, taken by and large,

they are worthy of us and we are worthy of them. It may also be admitted that it is unfair to blame everything on the director, seeing there are so many, from the author to the exhibitor—with special mention of that intolerable nuisance the censor—who may be at fault.

Still there are certain points on which the director is patently to blame. The average of taste has improved greatly in the last few years, while, apart from mechanical excellence and stunt photography, the films have not.

The American movies have fallen into the same error as the American stage of thinking the star instead of "the play's the thing." In time, this indifference of American producers to detail and the fitness of things is going to land their films in the same relative position that American stage plays now hold to British and continental productions.

I would like to ask your satisfied prize winners if they would not enjoy the films as much if the leading parts of plays dealing with love and marriage and the trials and tribulations

of life in general were taken by men and women of character and individuality instead of by pretty boys and flappers who look as if they should still be going to high school?

Would they not enjoy them as much without their sex and suggestive titles? Not on high, moral grounds, but because such titles are vulgar, misleading, and unnecessary.

Admitting that occasional inconsistencies of appearance are hard to avoid or inconsequential when incidents have a bearing on the main action or keynote of the piece and where knowledge does not depend on intimate technical familiarity but plain common sense, why should a play be rendered ridiculous to the observant ones through the indifference of the director?

Is it unreasonable to expect a director or some of his staff to know that a girl cannot become snow-blind from wandering for a few hours in open bush country, or, in another case, that an air pocket in the hold of a sunken vessel, in which a diver comes across his mortal enemy, followed by instant mutual recognition, would be about the darkest hole on earth?

Again, is it unreasonable to expect that directors, in making up their casts, should select types in keeping with the characters they are to portray?

In a recent spectacular film dealing with biblical characters, why is the screen's finest example of modern English patrician beauty cast for a part that calls for a pronounced Semitic type? Perhaps we can guess the

Continued on page 104

WE WELCOME

controversy and discussion. There are two sides to every question and you will find both sides of a good many questions printed on this page, from month to month.

Our printing a letter does not necessarily mean that we agree with it; it simply means that we want to give every one of our readers his, or her, say. We bar only such letters as are disagreeable or quarrelsome in tone, or which indulge in sarcastic personalities about the people with whom they are debating.

Record-Breaking Baby Peggy

She is too young to grant an interview, but old enough to stand 'em up in the theaters and keep a line at the box-office.

By Edna Foley

YOU may admire the precocious Wesley Barry, you may be thrilled by the dramatic ability of little Miriam Battista, you may marvel at amazing little Jackie Coogan—but there is another star who is much younger than any of these who merits a share of your attention. This is Baby Peggy, star of Century Comedies, who, on her second birthday, was given a starring contract at one hundred and fifty dollars a week, and who already—only a few months after the beginning of her career—has a good-sized fan following.

Baby Peggy was brought to the Century studio by her father in answer to an advertisement for a child to appear in pictures with Brownie, the Century Wonder Dog. Out of three hundred applicants she was chosen, but soon Brownie had to look for another leading lady because her box-office value became so great that it was decided to star her alone.

Her older associates all envy the perfection of her acting technique. "Cry, Peggy," says the director, and Peggy cries. "Laugh, Peggy," and Peggy laughs, all without any wear and tear on her emotions. One minute she can be on the set bringing tears to the eyes of the onlookers, and a moment later she can be found off in a corner of the



Baby Peggy has the poise of a veteran actor.

studio unconcernedly playing with her doll, or, more likely, with one of the many Century pets, for Peggy loves animals and they love her.

No one has ever accused Baby Peggy of being beautiful, but she has that something which is far more valuable to a screen actress than mere beauty—an ingratiating personality. She is the cuddly sort of child that no one can resist playing with. That, say her directors, is what makes it difficult to make pictures with Baby Peggy. She is patient and docile and quick to grasp an idea—but she is so cunning that every one would rather sit around and play with her than to plug away at picture making: Her director frequently feels like a hard-hearted schoolmaster when he calls the company to order and threatens, "If you don't stop playing and get down to work Baby Peggy and all the rest of you will have to stay late."

Baby Peggy is so absolutely fearless that it wouldn't be surprising if she grew up to be a serial star. Come what may, however, there are few motion-picture honors left for Baby Peggy, for two of her star pictures, "Seashore Shapes" and "The Muddy Bride," have been shown with great success on Broadway, and she has refused offers to appear in support of several of the most popular stars.



Baby Peggy carries all the interest in "The Muddy Bride."

Over the Teacups

Fanny the Fan reviews conditions in the motion-picture gossip and rumor business, and reports unusual and frivolous activity.

By The Bystander



Claire Windsor isn't telling what Charlie Chaplin brought her from abroad, but perhaps it was a solitaire!

"FANNY, what is it?" I demanded frantically. I hadn't heard of any bereavement in her family, she looked perfectly healthy—yet there she sat, staring at me across the tea table from out the depths of a melancholy gloom that was like a thundercloud.

Instantly there flashed across her face a beaming smile. I slumped back in my chair, relieved. Fanny was only imitating somebody new. All that remained was to find out who it was.

"Charlie Chaplin says," she began, setting down her cup, "that you must break a tear with a smile, a laugh with a sob to be really effective."

"So you're trying to be gloomy enough to make up for all the times you have ever smiled, I suppose? But where did you learn all this? You didn't see Chaplin when he rushed through New York, did you? You know you promised me that if you did——"

"No, I didn't," Fanny admitted ruefully. "But I lunched to-day with a man who got started talking to Chaplin in New York and was so interested in what he was saying that he went all the way out to Salt Lake City with him so as to hear the whole story. He told me about a little Russian girl who is very beautiful whom Chaplin met in a café in Paris. He may bring her over here to make pictures. And what do you think? When he was on the ship, just about to sail from Liverpool and all sorts of high dignitaries were rushing around making a fuss over him, and the

crowds were cheering, he got a telegram from her, and he was so touched he had eyes for nothing but that, and he almost cried. Perhaps she'll be the next Mrs.——"

"He brought May Collins a gorgeous silver-fox scarf." I interrupted coldly. When Fanny gets sentimental there is no curbing her imagination. "And there is Claire Windsor to consider, too. Nobody—that is nobody but Claire—knows what he brought her, but I hope that it was a solitaire."

"Wouldn't it be a good idea if Charlie continues to have such a hard time trying to make up his mind who to marry if he let the public vote on it?" Fanny suggested. "There is a popularity contest that would arouse some real enthusiasm. You would vote for Claire Windsor, I suppose, and I'd vote for the little Russian girl or Edna Purviance. And that reminds me——"

"That it is rumored Edna Purviance is going to marry Paul Hunter, a society man, polo player and all that. I heard it, too," I broke in.

"But to go back to London and Charlie Chaplin," Fanny remarked coldly. It always makes her furious if some one else has heard what she wants to tell. "He hunted up his first sweetheart when he was there. Her name was Hetty. Long ago he used to get dressed up every afternoon at four o'clock and go to a certain street corner, wearing his little derby hat and carrying a dapper cane, and stand there waiting for her. And when she'd

get off the street car they'd go off down the street arm in arm.

"He went to see her brother, and they talked and talked, and finally Charlie summoned up all his nerve and blurted out, 'How's Hetty?' And her brother said, 'She died six months ago.'

"That afternoon Charlie slipped away from his friends, and while all London was looking for him he went back to that street corner. And a car stopped and a girl got off and he started forward. And I wonder——"

"Fanny, they have Lady Baltimore cake to-day!" I exclaimed, and she squirmed around so that she could see the pastry table that always lures us into the Algonquin at tea time. In her joy she forgot what she was wondering, apparently. I'd been interested in what she told me about Chaplin, but when she reached the maudlin stage I thought it would be a good idea to take Chaplin's advice and break a tear with a piece of cake at least.

"I like that hat you have on," I remarked in an effort to get in her good graces.

"Oh, do you?" She beamed at me, and turned her head slowly. I don't know whether I was supposed to admire her profile or whether she wanted to see who was just coming in.

"It's Glenn Hunter," she announced breathlessly. "How do you suppose he ever has time to stop for tea? He has just finished 'Smiling Through' with Norma Talmadge, and now he is being starred as the typical American boy in some stories written and produced by Frank Tuttle, who used to be Charles Maigne's assistant over at Famous Players. And at night he is playing with Billie Burke on the speaking stage. I don't see how he does it, but if he can only keep it up he'll be one of the best-known players on the screen pretty soon. And I bet he'll be awfully popular.

"But about this hat. It is copied from the one Norma Talmadge wears in 'Smiling Through.' I'll never say again that history is dull when its pages can produce hats like this. Norma looks more beautiful than ever in quaint, old-fashioned costumes.

"She had to work nights and days to get the picture finished in time to leave for California when she had planned to go. And every one who had arranged to give farewell parties for her just had to call them off and go over to the studio to say good-by to her. Finally they finished the picture two whole days before she was to leave, and all she had to do was have



Photo by Puffer

Never again will Fanny the Fan say that history is dull when its pages can yield hats like this quaint one Norma Talmadge wears in "Smiling Through."

some photographs taken, buy a lot of clothes, have ten costumes for her next picture fitted, close her country house, and give up her apartment here in New York. She had to move all her stuff out of the studio, too—you know she has rented her studio to the Selznick



Photo by Freulich

Dagmar Godowsky recently married Frank Mayo, which didn't surprise any one particularly.

company for two years—and she had all the fan mail and gifts she had accumulated ever since she became a star to take care of. She can't bear to throw anything like that away; she is so appreciative.

"Well, just as she was wondering how on earth she would ever do it all, along came John Emerson and said, 'Remember "Regeneration Isle," Norma?"

"Did she? I should say she did! That's a picture she made down in Bermuda last year. She and Harrison Ford did some wonderful bits in it, but somehow, when the picture was all finished, the story didn't seem quite strong enough, so the picture was never released. It has been the tragedy of the Talmadge studio that that picture wasn't fit to be a member of screen society. For a long time they have referred to it as 'The Bermuda Onion.'

"But John Emerson had run the picture over and discovered how he could write in some more plot and make it a good picture, so he said if Norma would stav

at the studio and work for eight or ten hours more he'd make all the extra scenes that were necessary. Norma was delighted. I think she would work till she dropped to save that picture. So they sent out a hurry call for the principal players who appeared in it—fortunately they were all in New York—and started in making new scenes.

"The last day they were crowded way back into a corner. Norma's trunks were being carried out, and the Selznick companies were moving their scenery in. There were so many people there to say good-by to Norma that the place looked like lunch time at the Ritz, and though Norma was so tired that she could hardly hold up her head she made some highly dramatic close-ups and chatted with her friends between times.

"And now she has gone to California—to stay for two years perhaps. Who will take her place—how will we see the latest styles?"

"I don't know," I admitted sadly. "But let's not talk about people going away. Don't you know anything cheerful?"

"Yes. Alice Terry and Rex Ingram are married. After making all their plans to wait until they finished 'The Prisoner of Zenda' they skipped out one day between scenes and did it without any music and orange blossoms. And Jacqueline Logan is engaged to a business man. Don't you love the way people say to film stars, 'Is your husband in motion pictures, or is he a business man?'"

"That's quite all right," I assured her, though I was really more interested in the fascinating gold-lace hat Corinne Griffith, who had just come in, had on than in any remarks of Fanny's. "Motion pictures do not need any business men; they have Mary Pickford and Katherine MacDonald and Mae Murray."

"Dagmar Godowsky has married Frank Mayo but I don't expect you to be surprised at that. No one was. As soon as he got his divorce he and Dagmar slipped down to Tia Juana, Mexico, and were married. Wasn't it like them to choose picturesque surroundings for the ceremony?"

"Alice Joyce has a daughter. And that is all the romantic news I know. The terrible divorce season seems to be upon us."

"I know," I admitted sadly. "Isn't it too bad about Alice Brady? I guess Grace Kingsley will have to start writing the 'Divorces of Famous Film Folk' if this keeps up. Constance Talmadge told some reporters that if her husband didn't change she would never go back to him. He wanted her to give up her career, you know, and Connie simply couldn't. I suppose she will be the next one in the divorce court, and—oh, by the way, her new picture is called 'The Divorcee.'

"Oh, don't worry about Constance getting a divorce," I reassured her. "I imagine that she and John are the

sort of people who have grand rows just so that they can have wonderful reconciliations."

"I didn't know she had Irish blood," Fanny chirped.

"And that reminds you——" I cut in.

"Of Colleen Moore, of course," Fanny announced. "Jimmie Hogan, the director, has named their new baby after her, and a popular song writer has dedicated a song called 'Colleen' to her, though of course I heard about it from some one else. Colleen never tells those things. She and Marjorie Daw and ZaSu Pitts were as excited over the Writers' Ball in Los Angeles as a crowd of schoolgirls. ZaSu, being conservative, went with her husband, Marjorie with Dana Todd, and Colleen with John McCormack, her favorite First National official, not the singer. Even at their own party the writers played an unimportant part because those three girls and Pauline Starke, Claire Windsor, Lila Lee, and Virginia Faire were all on the committee to sell favors, and who could be expected to have eyes for mere authors under the circumstances? Every time I hear of a party like that I wish I were back in California——"

"And if you were there you would hear about the opening of the Ziegfeld Roof and wish that you were back here. Only Tommy Meighan can afford to have a temperament like that. He is on his eighth—or is it his eighteenth—trip East this year now."

"I don't know," Fanny admitted, an unusual remark for her. "I used to add another picture

of him to the collection on my wall every time he came East, but when he began to crowd out Richard Barthelmess, I called a halt. Dick's finished a new picture called 'All At Sea,' and I've heard it is terribly funny. Do you suppose if I eat any more pastry I'll get fat?"

Fanny can breach the gap between the sublime and ridiculous, Dick and fat reducing, in a single sentence. Sometimes I'm afraid that her allegiance to him is wavering.

"Ask Eugene O'Brien," I suggested helpfully. "He knows all about fat reducing. He has been out in Colorado losing his embonpoint in spite of the fact that his mother just would put tempting home-



Jenny Hasselquist, the Swedish Biograph star, wears a pearl headress that Fanny the Fan is sure would create a sensation even at a gathering of motion-picture stars.



made jellies on the table. But now that Eugene is nice and thin he is to be starred in a he-man picture of the great West. Can you imagine Gene in whiskered trousers and a sombrero? I can't."

"You probably couldn't imagine Will Rogers in pink satin slippers, blond curls, and a taffeta dress either," Fanny chuckled. "But he gets away with it on the Ziegfeld Roof. First the chorus girls come out wearing masks that represent Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and some other men stars, and then out comes the largest pink taffeta caricature of Mary Pickford that you can possibly imagine. And under the billows of pink is none other than Will Rogers in the old blue flannel shirt and cowboy trousers.

"All the motion-picture people left in New York were at the Ziegfeld Roof opening night. Mrs. Hoyt, the society woman who played with Norma Talmadge in 'The Wonderful Thing,' would have been the most beautiful woman there if it hadn't been for Catherine Calvert. And Marguerite Clayton looked charming, and George Stewart was there glowering at

Mae Murray was so tired after the première of "Peacock Alley" that she wasn't half awake for days afterward.

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The Screen

The month's motion pictures—a pag
units can be found entertainment for
our critics praise and blame,

By Alison



"Hamlet," with Asta Nielsen in the title rôle, is beautiful and artistic, besides being one of the greatest novelties since films began.

THE screen month is exactly like a kaleid-
oscope. You remember those fas-
cinating toys of colored glass
which used to hang on the Christmas
tree and which were usually broken
before New Year's? As you turned
them before your eyes the colored
glass made fantastic patterns
that were never twice the same.
The game lay in guessing what
pattern would come next.

Now a month of reviewing
motion pictures gives you the
same impression of curious
patterns, though some are
even more fantastic and not
all are altogether beautiful.
But the suspense is the same.
And this month it was jus-
tified. For the month just
passed, as I write, has brought
one of the strangest and most
interesting designs into the ka-
leidoscope of the picture world.

"Hamlet."

It is a Danish film which comes
right out without the slightest coyness
and calls itself "Hamlet." "Ah, Shake-
speare," you say learnedly and watch for
a title which announces, "John Barry-
more in the leading rôle." But the first
thing you must do when you see this



"A Prince There Was" shows
Thomas Meighan as a reformed
young hero again.

extraordinary picture is to get Shake-
speare out of your head, not to men-
tion John Barrymore. For the film
is not the Shakespeare drama at all,
and the title rôle is played—here is
where the real shock comes—by a
woman, Asta Nielsen, a famous
Copenhagen actress.

Perhaps you are prejudiced. I was
when I first heard it. It seemed ex-
actly like seeing *Juliet* played by a
leading man, as in the merry but
topsy-turvy old days of Queen Eliza-
beth. But after the opening of the
first reel I saw I was wrong. The
picture is beautiful and artistic, be-
sides being one of the greatest novel-
ties since films began.

It is based on the old Danish legend
which existed before Shakespeare was
born, and which has been made into
a book called "The Mystery of Ham-
let," by Edward P. Vining. This tale
explains all *Hamlet's* strange conduct
by the fact that he was really the
daughter of a Danish queen. For
reasons of state this queen mother
brought her girl up as a boy, the Prince of
Denmark. This was enough to make any
child a melancholy Dane, but when you
have her falling in love with *Horatio*
and forced to hide her devotion you
have more tragedy than Shake-
speare ever heaped on the unfor-
tunate prince in black velvet.

For the rest, the story fol-
lows most of the Shakespeare
version, but all the incidents
are of course changed and
colored by this strange re-
versal of its principal char-
acter's sex. Asta Nielsen, in
the rôle of a woman *Hamlet*,
makes an unforgettable pic-
ture. She has one of those
intense, smoldering faces
which could convince you of
anything—that *Lady Macbeth*
was a man, for instance, if she
cared to pursue this interpre-
tation of Shakespeare farther.

She is not, however, merely
striking in appearance. She un-
derstands acting to the last dramatic
moment. Often you forget the fan-
tastic scheme of the scenario in the
interest you feel in her scenes. I am quite
aware that the credit for much of this
probably goes to her director, Sven
Gade. Most perfect pieces of acting

in Review

ent drab and gay in whose many every one, and which elicits from taunts and tributes.

Smith

may be traced to some mute, inglorious director.

The only serious flaw in the picture is in the subtitles. Here the writer has mixed Shakespeare and his own ideas to a puzzling degree. You see *Hamlet* lifting her hands to heaven and exclaiming, "How long, dear Lord, must I live my mother's lie?" and in the next breath she is back to our familiar high-school quotations such as "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may." The effect is disconcerting. Why, as Whistler might have said, drag in Shakespeare?

"Doubling for Romeo."

Into each life some rain must fall, but I hope I will never be obliged to live through a month without a Will Rogers picture. He is back again this month with a burlesque of Shakespeare—all the screen stars seem to be discovering the bard at the same moment. This, however, is quite another thing again from the Asta Neilsen triumph. It is the most amusing liberty that has ever been taken with the Elizabethan classics on or off the screen.

Imagine, if you can, Will Rogers as *Romeo*. "Well, anyhow," he announced to an interviewer, "I can't play it any worse than it has been played before." There may have been worse *Romeos* and louder *Romeos*, but certainly none have been funnier.

He is a cowboy who sees the feud between the *Montagues* and *Capulets* as "the same old row between the cattlemen and the cave men." He wants to be a good lover—for a personal reason of his own—so he starts reading *Romeo* as the best authority. Of course he dreams himself in the rôle—with disastrous results.

He also goes to a moving-picture studio to learn how to make love. This results in uproariously funny satire on the studio methods of filming romance. But he finally gets his girl



Alma Tell, on the right, plays a pretty sob sister in "The Iron Trail," which is almost as full of scenery as it is of plot.



Marion Davies plays a spoiled society darling in "Enchantment."

by reverting to the good old cave-man methods. You will see that this variety of action gives him a chance to be funny in every possible mood. And there is nothing funnier than Will Rogers on the screen, the stage, or the Ziegfeld roof.

"A Prince There Was."

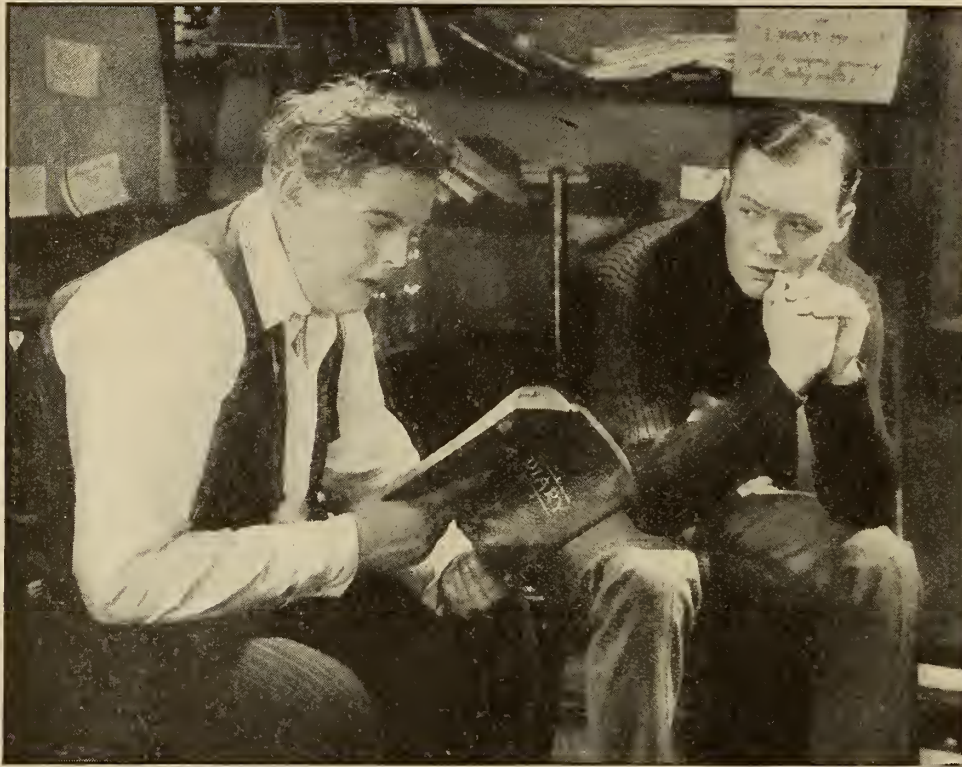
Here is Thomas Meighan as the reformed young hero again. A George M. Cohan hero at that—the variety known to the wicked clubmen as a prince of a fellow. But like all such interesting and handsome roués he is brought back to the straight and narrow path by a slip of a girl. She writes books and dresses charmingly and reforms nice young men all at the same time—a fatally difficult feat, but Mildred Harris gets away with it. The picture version naturally hasn't the glib repartee of the Cohan lines, but otherwise is a worthy successor to the stage comedy on Broadway.

"All for a Woman."

In spite of its Bertha M. Clay title this is a foreign film with a period background. It is, in a sense, a supplement to "Passion." For it takes up the story of the French Reign of Terror where "Passion" dropped it, and features many members of the first picture's cast.

Instead of *Du Barry*, the principal character is *Danton*, who shares the spotlight with that other revolutionary leader, *Robespierre*. It is the conflict between the two guiding spirits of the Terror that makes up the action. Certainly it is not "all" for a woman—in fact the various beauties drifting in and out the plot are only the usual decorative accessories of a man with *Danton's* temperament. The struggle for power between the two men is the real theme.

So we have the violent, impulsively human *Danton* and the suave, icy *Robespierre* as a striking study in



There are moments of the old Charles Ray in "Two Minutes to Go," but not enough of them.

character contrast. Emil Jennings as *Danton* adds another brilliant historical picture to his former studies of *Louis* in "Passion," and *Henry the Eighth* in "Deception." Werner Krauss, the recent *Doctor Caligari*, was less satisfactory as *Robespierre*. Evidently impressed by what he knew of the cold temperament of this rigid celebrity, he froze his face into a mask which was often ludicrous and never realistic. The various women—a beggar maid, a wanton, a lady of quality—were as natural as they were ornamental. The mob scenes were handled with great dramatic force.

"The Iron Trail."

There is so much scenery in this film and it is so entrancing that I couldn't keep my mind on the Rex Beach plot. There is, however, a great deal of plot—almost as much as there are mountains and placid lakes and ice and snow and moonlight. A young civil engineer in Alaska is fought by crooked promoters, who sent a girl reporter out to write a front-page, scare-head exposé. She goes to muckrake, but remains to fall in love with her proposed victim. They join forces, and together save a bridge from the

Priscilla Dean does her best with the thrilling tale of "Conflict," but this melodramatic story offers no fair test of her emotional ability.



flood by a three-minute margin. Wyndham Standing is the engineer who looks so well in puttees and Alma Tell the pretty sob sister.

"Cinderella of the Hills."

Perhaps you remember a slim little girl with an expressive little face who was discovered by Maurice Tourneur in "The Last of the Mohicans." She was Barbara Bedford, who now arrives as a Fox star under not altogether fortunate circumstances. For her scenario is the same old yarn of the neglected waif in the Ozark Mountains, and her director has set his teeth and resolved that she shall be cute at all costs. The result is hardly a fair test for any débutante, least of all for a young star as Miss Bedford seems to be. If the company will shuffle their cards and start her all over again we feel sure that she will justify the promise given in the Tourneur shots.

"White Oak."

William Hart on a Mississippi River boat again—as a card shark, of course. He doesn't stay there long, however, but moves out West where the Indians are. This provides a hectic tribe battle, through which the champion two-gun man emerges with the girl in his arms. Hardly original, but never tiresome—Hart couldn't be.

"Enchantment."

This is one of those chocolate-éclair stories, all mixed up with fairy tales and débutantes' dreams and Shakespeare—yes, more Shakespeare! Marion Davies plays a spoiled society darling whose father takes her to see "The Taming of the Shrew," and gets an idea. He persuades the hero to act like *Petruccio*, and of course

it works out exactly as it did in Shakespeare's day. The heroine is not only tamed, but fascinated by the firm hand and by her master's voice. It seems an odd plot for this day and age, but perhaps there is something to be said for the brute-man hero when he has material like this to deal with. Miss Davies succeeds fairly well in her fits of temper, and as usual looked charming in a series of frilly frocks. No stretch of imagination could call this sort of thing acting.

"Two Minutes to Go."

Won't Charles Ray please stop being a director and take to acting again? His earlier comedies with Jerome Storm and Julian Josephson have never been surpassed. But directly he took up the megaphone and started to direct his own work his magic vanished. There are moments of the old Charles Ray, but not enough of them. In this matter he has been his own worst enemy.

This football picture, for instance, doesn't give him half a chance. Moreover, he is surrounded with portly, middle-aged college freshmen shouting "Wow!" and "Rah!" and pretty things who act like chorus girls for coeds and all the other misfits that romp about film university scenes. We have never seen them on any real campus, and we don't believe Mr. Ray has either. If he would only go back to "The Clodhopper" style again we would start a celebration to welcome home the screen's best juvenile comedian.

"Conflict."

Not so very long ago Mr. Griffith captured an ice jam. It was probably the most exciting and convincing ice jam ever held in captivity, and its thrills shared honors with the acting of Lillian Gish in the many attractions of "Way Down East." But ever since that day we have been greeted by a deluge of ice jams, snow jams, and every conceivable other type of jam in any picture that would hold one. Now comes "Conflict" with a log jam.

It is almost as breath taking as Mr. Griffith's and quite as elaborately planned. But it hasn't the force of the "Way Down East" incident because it has not the benefit of contrast as in the Griffith rural romance. In following the plot you become so bewildered by wicked old uncles and murderous housekeepers that you don't care how much the logs do jam. Priscilla Dean does



The important thing about "The Wonderful Thing" is that it features Norma Talmadge, and that she is radiant in her own April-day manner.

her best with the tale as its heroine. I have always thought that this young woman had possibilities as an emotional actress. Of course the only emotion she can feel in this sort of thing is the fear of falling off a log. Herbert Rawlinson plays the dauntless hero and thoroughly enjoys the melodrama, although there is always a wink behind his heroic deed, as if he were sharing the joke of the preposterous events with the audience.

"What Do Men Want?"

Women have been

In their more quiet moments Mae Murray and Monte Blue give some sympathetic bits in "Peacock Alley."





Whatever merit there is in "The Lure of Jade" should be credited to Pauline Frederick. She seems younger and more vital than ever before.

scolding men a lot in the best-selling novels these days. There was "Mr. Waddington of Wyck," and later there was "Vera." Now comes Lois Weber with a stern scenario lecture for the sex which she calls "What Do Men Want?" You might have guessed from the title that it was written and directed by a woman. For no man would have the courage to ask such a question, much less answer it, in six reels.

It pains me to report that Miss Weber thinks men want—or lack—intelligence. She shows a husband who is always chasing rainbows and who doesn't learn that what he really wants is sense enough to appreciate his home until he has nearly lost it. It takes one patient wife, one vamp, one betrayed girl, and any number of kiddies to teach him the value of these things. I like to think that he finally gained intelligence in the last reel, but, alas, I have only a subtitle's word for it.

"Fightin' Mad."

This is undoubtedly the fightingest picture ever screened. It is William Desmond as a cowboy, back from the war, who stages the battles, all single-handed, and mostly victorious. Now, of course, when you have a hero who fights all the time, the next thing you need is a sweet young girl who will make him promise not to fight. So along she comes in the person of Doris Pawn and the plot is off.

Bill Desmond's "Fightin' Mad" is undoubtedly the fightingest picture ever screened, and he seems to enjoy his encounters thoroughly.



He rescues her from a band of Mexican kidnapers in a surrounding background of cactus, sand, and stampeding cattle. The casualty list among the Mexicans is something awful, but William Desmond doesn't seem to mind. In fact, he enjoys his violent encounters as thoroughly as his author intended he should. And to think that the last time we saw him he was a peaceful and pious young clergyman!

"The Wonderful Thing."

This picture has what the city editor of any newspaper would recognize as "news value." Of course the really important thing is that it features Norma Talmadge and that she is radiant and tragic by turns in her own April-day manner. But this is no news to the fans. So the headlines belong to Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, who is the first of New York's upper-ten society set to try her fortunes in the films.

She was brave enough to take for her debut a most unsympathetic and thankless rôle—that of the heartless sister who persecutes a modern *Cinderella*. What moments it had gave evidence of being cut unmercifully so that we saw Mrs. Hoyt only in sudden, fleeting glimpses. These were enough, however, to indicate that she has that rarest of qualities, film magnetism. Furthermore, it was a relief to see a "society lady" played as a matter of course. So many of our screen society folk register aristocracy by looking down their nose and crooking their little finger in a gesture as haughty as it is not refined.

As for Miss Talmadge, she gives a new and refreshing interpretation of a little French bride. Her husband, whom she adores, has married her for her money and brought her into a home of frigid and merciless relatives. Her ingratiating manner of winning the entire family, including the husband, makes up another of those romances which begin after marriage instead of before.

"Peacock Alley."

The long-awaited first production made by Maë Murray's own company, has at last been screened, and every one who likes her pictures at all will like this one particularly. She also plays a young French girl, and in her rural scenes she is a demurely

Continued on page 96

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

The concluding installment of the most amazing narrative about motion-picture people ever published.

ILLUSTRATED BY EDGAR FRANKLIN WITTMACK

CHAPTER XXIII.

SURE enough, it was Gypsy; even as I hugged her I demanded, "What's happened now?" Something has always just happened to Gypsy.

"Sal, it's awful!" she declared, following me as I went to my own room to take off my hat, and joining me in a brief expedition to the nursery to have a peep at Junior. "Honestly, it's the worst yet."

"Not married?"

"No, but almost, as usual. I wish somebody'd chloroform me and lead me to a justice of the peace; I wouldn't care much who the man was! But this everlasting—well, I told my press agent that if he announced to the papers this time that I had backed out because I couldn't bear to renounce my freedom—that's what he always says, you know—I'd fire him. If any girl on earth needs a guiding hand and wants it any more than I do—well, I wish her better luck than I've had, that's all."

I collapsed on the window seat and shrieked with laughter. Gypsy's matrimonial adventures are as long drawn out as a serial and as funny as Charlie Chaplin at his funniest, and the fact that she's so serious about them makes them funnier than ever. The motion-picture world has amused itself with them for years, but her press agent has somehow managed to keep them from the public. All it knows is that she can't be inveigled into matrimony.

"I just blew in from the Coast this afternoon," she announced, running her hands through the swirl of bobbed curls that crowns her pretty little head. "Stayed in bed all the way, trying to get rested and prepare to meet my bridegroom—oh, yes, I was coming East to get married, Sally—again! But I found a wire instead of him, saying that he'd been detained in Winnipeg, so here I am. Cross your fingers, Sally, and hope the jinx will pass me by this trip."

I tried to be as serious as she wanted me to, but it was impossible. You see, Gypsy—that's just the nickname her friends have given her—is one of the cleverest comédiennes on the screen; her work is unusually good, and she has a big following, so big that she's never been able to get out of comedies and into straight drama, which she longs above all else to do. She started in two-reelers, and then went to five, and Hugh had read me a note in one of the trade papers a few nights before that announced that she was to make a big special feature that would run much longer. That should have been good news for her, but I could imagine how she must have felt about it; she has always yearned for a chance to do big emotional rôles and have a home with an Italian garden and a husband who would be masterful, instead of one who would sit back and howl with laughter at the funny things which she does so naturally that she doesn't know she's doing them.

She always falls madly in love with big, dark men with black mustaches—that is, I know of three times that she's done it—and each time she thinks she's going to have a wonderful, romantic love affair. I'll never forget the first one; it was when she was just making good in two-reelers, and Hugh and I were beginning to feel that we were well started on the way to success.

We were still living in the little bungalow we moved into when we first went to Los Angeles, I remember, though we were studying plans for houses and talking about getting a new car even then. And I was absorbed in trying to decide whether I'd rather have a limousine or a grand piano, and almost resented it when Gyp came tearing into the house to tell me of the tragedy that had broken her heart—at least she thought it had. She threw her tam on the floor and plumped herself down on the nearest chair, right on my sewing, but her eyes were so red and she looked so forlorn that I didn't say anything about it to distract her attention, but just sat there and hoped that the needle wouldn't stick into her.

"He was so big and so nice, Sal," she lamented, fishing in her many pockets for a handkerchief, as her eyes began to fill with tears. "Honestly, I simply adored that man. But what do you think—we went to the movies last night, and something had happened to the regular program—a film didn't come or something—and they slipped in one of mine. Oh, it was terrible!"

"Why, didn't he like it?" I demanded.

"Like it? Yes, that's just the trouble. He did. He laughed so hard that I moved over one seat and tried to pretend that I wasn't with him. He'd never seen me on the screen before, and, my dear, I truly thought he'd break something inside him if he laughed any more. I slipped out finally and went over to my aunt's to stay all night, so he wouldn't know where I was, and this morning I sent him a note saying that everything was over. Oh, it's terrible!"

She really felt broken up over it. Try as I would, I couldn't make her see that his very sincere amusement had been a tribute to her ability as an actress.

"It's not ability," she sobbed—she was using my sewing to dry her tears on by that time. "It's just being a perfect fool. I want a man to love me for something fine and noble in me, whether I'm really fine and noble or not. But do you suppose there could ever be anything beautiful about our relationship when he couldn't look at me without thinking about how funny I looked when I made myself cross-eyed and pigeon-toed and knock-kneed and got hit with a bucket of whitewash?"

Thus ended that romance. The next year there came another. Gyp was no longer playing broad slapstick; she had progressed to subtler forms of amusing the populace. She was demurely funny by that time, but every little while her director would tuck in some bit of buffoonery that was reminiscent of the old days, and it always caused such an uproar that one could be sure she would never be able to get away from that sort of thing while she worked for him.

The second man was romantic in exactly the melancholy way that she adored. They became engaged, and Gypsy finished a picture in a hurry and departed for New York to buy her trousseau. She was going to be married in the little New York town where she had been brought up, with four of her girlhood friends for bridesmaids and a flower bell hanging over her while the ceremony was performed.

"I'm going to have the wedding ring carried up the aisle in the middle of a calla lily," I remember her telling me when she ran in to say good-by just before she

started for Buffalo. "And Rudolph will pick it out when the time comes."

But Rudolph never performed that bit of æsthetic gardening. He had gone South some time before to look after his business—he had met Gypsy when he was on a Rotary Club trip to the Coast—and while he was at home he made the fatal mistake of taking his mother to one of Gyp's pictures.

Now Gypsy had thought that disappointment never could come to her again through her work. She had taken Rudolph to one of her pictures almost as soon as they met, and when he stayed on in Los Angeles long after he should have gone home, pretending that business kept him, but quite obviously staying because he was interested in her, she did everything that she could to disillusion him. She let him see a picture of hers in the projection room before it was cut, while the bad parts were still glaringly bad. She took him to the studio and planted him on the side lines while she did the broadest of broad comedy scenes. She did everything that she could think of, and still he remained devoted, rather melancholy in manner, quite capable of plucking a ring from the heart of a calla lily and wedding Gypsy with gloomy calm beneath a bell of white sweet peas and smilax.

Now Rudolph's mother was tall, stately, commanding. Gypsy showed me a photograph of her shortly after Rudolph proposed.

"Isn't she *perfect!*" exclaimed the enraptured Gyp, with her characteristic gesture of running her hand through her upstanding red curls. "She's a perfect dowager, isn't she? Rudolph says she has a will of iron; absolutely nobody has ever dared oppose her in anything. Rudolph says the whole town stands in awe of her. I shall simply adore her, I know. Imagine—just imagine, Sally, walking up a flight of steps to a big porch with those tall white columns, and magnolia trees all around—on the lawn, of course, not on the porch, Hugh. I think that's mean of you—and having a woman like that greet you and take you to her arms as her daughter-in-law!"

Hugh showed at that, much to Gyp's disgust; the thought of the giddy Gyp, who never was known to take more than three steps without inserting a hop somewhere, in such stately surroundings was too much for him. But Gypsy couldn't be upset over his mirth very long; she was too happy, though I remember telling Hugh afterward that it seemed to me it was the stately mother-in-law with whom Gyp had fallen in love rather than Rudolph.

But, as I have said, Rudolph took his mother to the movies to see a picture of Gyp's while he was at home. And disaster befell the little comédienne's second romance.

"Oh, Sally, what *do* you think?" she exclaimed when she bounced into our house in Los Angeles on the very day set for the wedding. "It's all off! I got a letter from Rudolph—here it is, but it's so long, don't stop to read it; I'll tell you what it says. He wrote me that his mother was perfectly crazy about my work, and told him that never, under *any* circumstances, was I to give it up. Think of it—making me do those awful comedies all my life, when I'd been planning to save up my money and have a company of my own and do 'Macbeth!' And she said"—Gyp drew a long breath and fixed me with a baleful eye, as if I'd been the dowager myself—"she said she'd like to get into the movies, and would I please arrange it as soon as I possibly could."

Of course, if she had really been in love with Rudolph, she would have agreed to do comedies till she was ready for the Old Ladies' Home, and tucked her



I slipped through the crowd and went out into the hall. It wasn't

mother-in-law into something or other as an extra. That's what I told her the day I came home from New York and found her camped on my doorstep, so to speak, all ready to embark on her third matrimonial endeavor.

"I know it," she agreed. "And I couldn't have been really in love that first time, either, when I broke it off because Lucius laughed so at my picture. Of course I was awfully sensitive then; I am now for that matter. People think because I do such wild things in pictures that I like them, but I don't. I simply hate being such a fool. Why, the last time Carter—that's her director—"told me that I was to do one of those awful stunts I sat down and cried. But I'm not going to do any more of 'em."

"Why not?" I demanded, sitting up straight, as I caught a glimpse of Hugh's car turning into the driveway below.

"Because I've stopped. I made a real picture just before I left the Coast; nobody knows anything about it, but it's a big one, sort of tragic, like those Pauline Frederick does, and I'll never do comedies again. You see!"

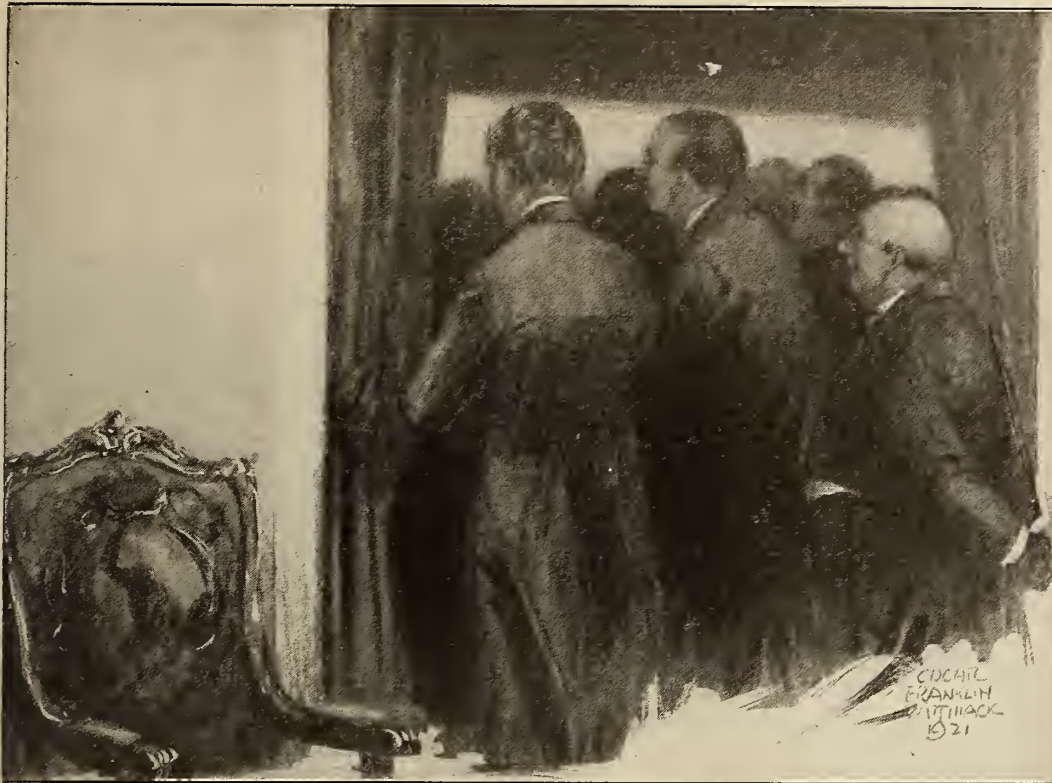
She danced down the stairs beside me almost to the first landing; then apparently remembered her new dignity, and walked sedately the rest of the way. Not even Hugh's hilarious greeting could make her forget it again. But I wasn't convinced that she could get away with it for long, or that the public would accept her in a new kind of rôle, no matter how capably she might play it.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Gyp was so excited over the prospect of getting out of comedies and getting married as well that her feet didn't seem to touch earth all evening.

"You'll go with me, Sally?" she asked, when I told her good night. "Promise me that you'll go with me! Don't back out at the last minute, will you? I'm scared to death, truly!"

"Church and projection room both, I'll be there." I



exactly secluded there; people were crowded into the doorways. But they weren't looking at me, anyway.

assured her. I'd rather have gone to the studio with Hugh, heaps; his picture was nearly finished—only the titling remained—and I hated to be away for an instant. Not that I ever dared offer any suggestions; I'd learned that a star's wife, if she hasn't any official capacity, isn't supposed to have brains. But sometimes, when the author and the director and the man who was titling the picture got to arguing about something, I'd have an inspiration, and take Hugh aside and pass it along to him.

The projection room to which we went the next morning was hot and stuffy, despite the brilliant coolness of the early-autumn air. It was owned by a company that rented its rooms to people who wanted to run off a picture and hadn't a room of their own, and that morning the outer office was crowded with people who were perfectly certain that their own stuff was more important than anybody else's, and that the affairs of the industry would come to an end if they couldn't show it.

"But we've got only four rooms. They're all booked till ten o'clock to-night; I can give you one then," protested the man who was in charge. "What—only two reels? Well, let's see. I've got some advertising films coming in in fifteen minutes; if you can get out by then—"

"Oh, sure, sure!" The fat little man who had been pleading with him gathered up his flat, round metal containers of film and bustled off down the corridor, while the rest of us smiled; we knew all too well that, once he got into that projection room with his prospective buyer, a man who dealt in States' rights stuff, he'd stay till he was dragged out.

We were a bit early, and had to wait for the room which had been reserved for us to be vacated. And while we waited Clarice Clark came in. Gyp and I frankly stared; even the dark charms of her Warren could not hold Gyp's attention when that colorful vision swept in. For, like every one else, we had heard of Clarice, of "Uncle Daddy," the tremendously wealthy man who was backing her productions, and could keep them going and somehow manage to get a good company to release them, bad as they were. She was pretty

enough, with her yellow hair and blue eyes and nice-featured little face, but she was no beauty, and she certainly could *not* act. But Uncle Daddy's money paid for the most beautiful sets that had ever been made for the screen, for the best-known and most popular leading men to support "Baby," as he called Clarice, for everything that would make her pictures draw crowds, even though Clarice was no good.

They had several exhibitors from the West in tow that morning, and they wanted a projection room, at once, in which to show Clarice's last picture. The announcement that there wasn't one vacant made not the slightest impression; Clarice Clark wanted a projection room; she must

have it. She stood there in the middle of the stuffy little waiting room, her sable scarf trailing on the floor, the hand that held it weighed down by diamonds and rubies that made me catch my breath, and waited, with a complacent smile, while Uncle Daddy raved and protested that he was going to have the best projection room in the place or know the reason why.

He learned that it was being reserved for Gyp, glanced at her, and then came over and tried to get her to give it up. He offered to pay her "handsomely, my dear—oh, handsomely," if she would relinquish it. She refused, and turned her back on him; really, his manners and smirking smile deserved such treatment. Besides, Gyp had been in pictures for years, working for everything she got, and it rather hurt her professional pride to see a girl who had no ability or real beauty or anything else but money that she wasn't getting decently walk in and demand the recognition that wasn't due her.

Obviously stunned, Uncle Daddy went back and reported to Clarice. And she, slipping back her tinkling bracelets, sauntered over to Gyp.

"My dear, I wouldn't insist on this, but I have an engagement for luncheon, and it's most important that this picture of mine be shown for these gentlemen," she announced in a drawling voice that would have kindled any one's wrath.

Gyp's was already blazing, however. She whirled around, her eyes narrowed, her pretty chin set.

"Well, I have an engagement to be married," she began, with emphasis that brought a guilty flush to the cheek of the resplendent Clarice. And then, quite forgetting herself, she launched into a comment on Clarice, her ways of doing things, the reason for her undeserved stardom, the real worth and drawing power of her pictures, and various other little matters. Many a person had yearned to do just what Gyp was doing, but as I caught her by the arm and hustled her into the projection room, while Uncle Daddy tried to quiet the outraged and vehemently protesting Clarice, I couldn't help being the least bit glad that Gyp had cut loose.

Of course there aren't so many of these girls like

Clarice in the industry now as there used to be—girls whom the public doesn't particularly like and whose pictures are failures, but who are backed by so much money that somehow or other their pictures reach the screen. Sometimes that means that a good picture is crowded out; often it means that a girl with real ability can't get anywhere because one of these others has taken the place that should be hers. However, the public has refused to accept this type of star, and I think that, as the industry develops, we'll have still fewer of them than we have now.

I was really eager to see Gyp's picture; like the rest of the world, I couldn't imagine her in anything but comedies, and I was interested in finding out whether she really could handle that sort of thing. As we settled down in the big leather chairs at the back of the room I stole a glance at her; she was very white, and her face had a drawn, frightened look that I attributed to anxiety over the picture rather than to her approaching marriage.

There was one man there about whom she was especially anxious; if he liked it, he might offer her a contract to go on doing that type of thing. She glanced at him occasionally, but he was smoking and discussing censorship with several other men, and she slumped down in her chair and sighed, then smiled up at Warren. With a premonition of what was coming, I told myself that I was glad she had him, no matter what happened.

She hadn't seen the finished picture; she had brought a print of it East with her, but while we were waiting in the outer office we had learned that it was another print that we were to see, one which had been sent from the Coast after she left.

I shudder to think of what that picture must have been before, as it would have been if they'd run the print Gyp brought. Evidently it was so bad that the men behind her had agreed that it was too awful to show anywhere, for it had been cut and doctored and rearranged until Gyp hardly appeared in it. It would lead up to a big scene, in which she should have had the center of the stage, and then somehow the situation would be twisted so that somebody else got that scene, and interest in the story would slump flat.

Even so, the scenes that she did do were hopeless. She absolutely could not act when she got out of the comedy field. Her efforts were so bad that they were pathetic. I tried hard not to look at her, feeling sure that she must be horribly humiliated; surely she wouldn't want to realize that any one she knew was there to see her failure.

But I had to look at her when the picture ended and the lights went on. I glanced at her, looked away unbelievably, then glanced back again. And as the truth dawned upon me I sank down in my chair again. Gyp thought her picture was a great success!

There she stood, positively beaming; she gave me such a proud, happy smile that I was absolutely stunned. Of course every one had to tell her that they liked it, just in common decency, and as they crowded around and shook hands and told her how much they'd enjoyed it she laughed happily, believing everything they said.

It was a terrible shock to me; on my way home, after the wedding, I thought it over fearfully. You see, you can't tell whether your own pictures are good or not, sometimes. When you see them on the screen you put into them everything that you know ought to be there—at least that's what Hugh says. He implores me to criticize his stuff, because he says that when he knows a certain emotion is supposed to be expressed he's likely to think he put it over whether he really did or not.

And now, with the biggest venture of our lives, his picture that he'd made with his own company, just about ready to be released, I began to be panic-stricken. Maybe it was just as bad as the picture I'd just seen, and we didn't know it. Hugh had done some things as he'd never done them before, simply because he wanted to. Perhaps he was wrong, and nobody knew it. Nobody would know it until it was too late to make a change. Thinking of the big presentation we had planned, as the first showing of "Unredeemed," I felt sick with mistrust. If we were wrong, as Gypsy had been, what hideous humiliation was in store for the man I loved.

CHAPTER XXV.

Danny was at the house when I got home, pacing the porch distractedly.

"Something's got to be done about Carol, Sally," he told me before I could take my hat off. "It's ghastly. Do you know what's happened? Well, she's paying that St. Mark man's bills—even giving him money to pay his barber. Think of it! And they're going to be married. Her mother's nearly crazy. It will kill her on the screen, you know; I saw this picture she's just finished, playing it as he suggested, and I give you my word it's the most awful thing that's ever been turned loose. I don't see how any exploitation scheme on earth can possibly make it go. And now she's going to marry him—she'll never get rid of him—she'll—"

"Danny, you sit right down where you are and listen to me!" I commanded. "Carol's been a fool, and she's got to get over it; don't you suppose that this experience is just what's going to make her do it? Let her marry St. Mark; it'll be good for her. She's always been selfish and spoiled; now, if she has to suffer a bit, she may learn a thing or two that she ought to know. It won't kill her."

He sat there for a moment, staring at me; then he got up and started down the front steps.

"You're right, I suppose," he said slowly. "But—well, if Junior was a girl I'll bet you wouldn't give that advice."

"Thank goodness Junior's a boy," I retorted. "And, even though he is one, he's going to be kept out of the motion-picture industry, I can tell you that!"

When Danny phoned me from town the next morning to say that Carol had married Philip St. Mark, and that, as the company she was working for had refused to sign him up, she was going to break her contract and go into vaudeville, I was gladder than ever that Junior was a boy. He might marry foolishly, of course, but somehow a man gets over that sort of thing more easily than a woman does. And more than ever did I determine that he'd have nothing to do with the movies.

"This is our last appearance as members of the industry, if you say so," Hugh told me the night we were dressing for the big showing of his picture as I was tying his tie for him. He must have read my thoughts, I suppose, for all day long I'd been thinking, "Oh, if this picture goes well Hugh will clean up on it, and then maybe he'll get out of pictures and we can go around the world and come home and buy a ranch and be regular people." It seemed to me that that was the most desirable thing in the world.

Yet, glancing up and meeting the quizzical look in his eyes, I felt guilty.

"You know what I think about it, don't you?" I asked, risking getting powder on his coat as I put my cheek down on his shoulder for an instant.

"Sure, and I don't blame you," he answered quietly. "You've got a right to have a husband whose profession

What They Read

By Herbert Howe

Let the stars be your guide to reading. "Tell them what you read and they'll tell what you are," says Mabel Normand. You may know your stellar favorites better after knowing their favorite authors.



Photo by Hartscock

Ruby de Remer, being a sunny blonde, prefers such reading as "The Seven That Were Hanged."

PICTURE people are an illiterate lot if one takes into account the things written about them. They never read anything except Shakespeare. Occasionally they toss off Tolstoy as a chaser.

Whenever I read one of those essays about a star who cannot wait until she gets her make-up off to immerse herself in "Macbeth" or "War and Peace" I always want to do something for her. I want to send her a copy of Ring Lardner. These poor, hard-reading stars miss so much that is worth while. They don't know that there have been any writers since the Elizabethan era. Tolstoy is admitted because he's from Russia, and they figure Russia still is in the Elizabethan era. I often wonder why stars never read the stories in which they appear on the screen. It might help if they did. As it is, I have seen an actress dragging through a comedy as if under the impression she was *Hedda Gabler*. She had that morning-after expression. It isn't good for a beautiful girl to stay up late imbibing to excess of Ibsen, Tolstoy, and Sophocles.

So I decided not long ago to call a meeting of stars to organize a literary society. It was my purpose to show them that there are things worth reading aside from William Shakespeare and Grace Kingsley. There's Emma-Lindsay Squier, for instance. Even Joe Conrad might not be too frivolous.

At an impromptu affair, held as a preliminary to the literary concourse, I felt my way by asking how George Moore stood with the stellar literati.

"I hear he's left Selznick," piped one of the Shakespearean fans. "I always liked Tom much better."

I decided that a literary society would not do.

I started a house-to-house canvass. Most of the stars were out or were so busy reading Euripides' latest they couldn't see me. I left my questionnaires. A few days later I received lists of "My Favorite Authors." Evidently the press agents had been at work. They were fearful symposiums. They might have been prepared

by Mark Twain's Blucher, who doted on Gibbons, Hippocrates, and Sarcophagus.

It seemed hopeless. Was it possible that the Brains and Beauty of the world scorned the simple books that Roosevelt and Eliot recommended for our bookshelves? I couldn't think so. Harrison Ford's library is reasonable. I had occasion to visit it when Mr. Ford gave me a list of what every young fan should read, a list which I duly submitted to PICTURE-PLAY readers along with that compiled by Miss Mary Alden. Could it be that Miss Alden and Mr. Ford were the only squat brows in the colony?

Then one day while Mahlon was pouring me tea from his shaker I met Mabel Normand. She came into the Hamilton drawing-room with two books in her arm. I glanced at them and shuddered. Shakespeare and Tolstoy! I closed my eyes and felt their hides. They didn't feel like Leo and Will. They had a coarser integument.

"They don't bite," said Mabel cheerily. "Haven't you read any of Stephen Leacock?"

I sat down weakly and requested Mahlon to shake out another.

"You haven't read Leacock!" cried Mabel. "I will send you 'Literary Lapses.'"

She made a memorandum in her notebook alongside that of "old clothes for Armenian children."

A few days later the book arrived at my chateau.

"I have marked my favorite stories," said the accompanying note.

The favorites were: "How to Avoid Getting Married," "Borrowing a Match," "Boarding-house Geometry," "How Tennyson Killed the May Queen."

Heartened by Mabel and Stephen, I decided to resume my quest for the Illiterate. My first stop was Miss Normand's bungalow on the Mack Sennett lot. A maid admitted me and asked me to make myself congenial with the cigarettes until Miss Normand

came off the stage. The maid then retired.

Now was my chance! I filled my cigarette case. But I don't mean that. Now was my chance for detecting Mabel's literary lapses. I took a crafty slant at the little pile of volumes on a table. These are precisely what I sherlocked:

"The Wisdom of the Chinese"—Confucius, Lao-Tzu, Mencius, Yang-Chu, and other sages.

"The Psychology of Dress," by Frank Alvah Parsons.

"Memoirs of My Dead Life," by George Moore.

Poems of Arthur Symons.

"The Chinese Nightingale," by Vachel Lindsay.

Then Mabel pranced in, wearing a comedy suit and a hat that looked like a cherry flip.

I slyly engaged her in a discussion of books, never hinting that the evidence would be held against her intellect.

Helen Jerome Eddy's favorites include "Alice in Wonderland" and translations of Chinese poetry.



"Have you read George Jean Nathan's 'A Book Without a Name?'" demanded Mabel turning the tables of inquisition. "I'm crazy about Nathan.

"Do you like Freud?"

Zena Keefe takes her reading no more seriously than the average flapper, as the accompanying box of chocolates attests.



she continued before I could get my breath.

I shook my head and mumbled something unintelligent about "The Interpretation of Dreams."

"No wonder," said Mabel sympathetically. "You started all wrong. I'll send you the book to start with."

She made a jotting in her omnipresent notebook.

"You'll want 'The Hand of the Potter,' too, and 'Painted Veils,' by James Huneker."

She made another short-handed flourish.

Had I read Sara Teasdale's "Love Songs?" No?

Another jotting. Of course I must read George Moore.

Some of him was superb, and some not so good.

When Mabel finished with me I found I'd subscribed to a year's extension course in literature. On the list were George Jean Nathan, Theodore Dreiser, Arthur Symons, Walt Whitman, Nietzsche, Freud, Hamsun, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Romain Rolland, Cabell, George Ade, Conrad—And there were others, but I can't remember them.

"When do you get time to read?" I demanded.

"Every night before I go to sleep," said Mabel.

Thereupon I vowed I was old enough to cut out "Now I Lay Me" and substitute "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

My next stop was Mary Miles Minter's set. Mary had sailed for Europe, but her press agent was sunning himself under the glass top. I asked Mary's literary diet.

"Shakespeare," he said, and I fled.

Poor Shaken, he isn't half as bad as he's read. The other day I picked up one of those parlor-plush copies of "Selected Poems," and started reading aimlessly. I was struck with the beauty and truth of what I was reading. Surely this was not Ella

Wheeler Wilcox, nor yet Michael Strange. Some one new! I'd made a discovery. I turned to find the author's name—William Shakespeare. No doubt I'd read the words of that sonnet in the classroom, but I'd been so busy looking for the hidden meaning, the moral, and the strophes that I'd missed the sense.

With Mabel's list as a flowerpot of hope, I decided that after all there were things suitable for your fall reading aside from "Agamemnon."

Anita Stewart's mother quite shamelessly revealed her daughter's literary addiction. Mark Twain and Longfellow, she said, had been indulged in heavily. Anita even stoops to George

Eliot, Jeffrey Farnol, Eugene Sue, and Leonard Merrick. I was surprised to

learn that she took surreptitious slants at Daisy Ashford. I

didn't approve of that, and told her mother so. But I

forgave all indiscretions when informed that Anita simply adores Ring Lardner. At last I'd found my own literary level—Mabel and Anita.

Mabel says that it is a very bad thing to tell people what you read.

"Tell them what you read and they'll tell you what you are," she avers. I suspect Mabel cribbed this line from "The Wisdom of the Chinese." I'm still puzzled so far as Mabel is concerned—a slapstick comédienne reading Freud!

But it seems the lower the comedy the higher the intellect. The slapstick is fine discipline for study. Louise Fazenda is one of the most versatile readers. She doesn't write a bad fable herself. Louise prefers: W. N. P. Barbellion's "The Journal of a Disappointed Man," Vornich's "The Gadfly," Lord Byron, "The Seven Purposes," George Bernard Shaw, Schnitzler's "The Affairs of Anatol," and "The Green Cockatoo," Strindberg, Anatol France, and Wilde. Just now Louise is in the throes of psychoanalysis: Note "The Seven Purposes."

Stars seem bent on philosophical and metaphysical research. Booksellers tell me this is typical of the times. The war gave our souls nervous prostration.

Doug and Mary give most of their leisure to philosophy. They have been reading Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and Mary finds value in Trine's "In Tune with the Infinite" and similar treatises.

"It is part of our work to read the modern fiction and our pleasure to read the classics," said Mary with a mischievous twinkle. "We read current novels and short stories in quest of screen material, and so we need the classics as a relief."

The Fairbankses have been studying French. They read Dumas' "Three Musketeers" in the original, and now are stalking the irregular verbs of Gautier and Flaubert.

Judging by the list of books which Colleen Moore's representative submitted Colleen ought to be deported—Chekov, Gorky, Andriev, Artsybashev—I trust I spell correctly!—Goncharov, and Dostoyevski. Her favorite, I believe, is Gogo's "Dead Souls." You see, Colleen is always advertised as "The Glad Girl." But don't blame her for the gladness; blame the Bolsheviks. Of course this isn't true. Colleen herself told me that she had started the struggle with Emerson and was holding her own pretty well. She's conscientiously involved in Dickens, too. Colleen is nineteen.

Lila Lee would come under the ban were it not for her catholicity. She loves Shakespeare and Robert W. Chambers. "Oh, and of course Stevenson, Thackeray, Dickens, and that crowd."

In Gloria Swanson I found a star who actually does read the stories in which she figures pictorially. She adores Elinor Glyn.

"Alexandre Dumas and Elinor Glyn, I believe, are my favorite authors," said the brave Miss Swanson. Her father is a captain or colonel or something. "Dumas because his colorful writings, with their historical background, appeal to my imaginative sense. Madam Glyn because she knows life—romantic life. I like her realness; I like her books because she puts things so differently, because she understands human nature and makes her readers understand it."

I made a note—catching the
Continued on page 90



May MacAvoy makes no effort to conceal her taste for popular novels; she flaunts them, paper covers and all.



Colleen Moore recently started to struggle with Emerson and announces that she is holding her own pretty well.



What About Gareth Hughes?

Fads and fancies of one of the most interesting stars on the screen.

By Margaret Ettinger

AFTER expecting to find a motion-picture star—especially a male motion-picture star—in the kitchen, deep in the act of mixing up muffins for dinner, one is rather disappointed and surprised to find said star draped in a hammock, reading a late magazine, with J. M. Barrie by his side. We had been told so much about Gareth Hughes' ability in the culinary line and had been assured that we would find him besmeared with flour or baking powder or both. But that's that, and he wasn't.

To resume: Mr. Hughes told J. M. Barrie that we had arrived. J. M. seemed pleased, wagged his tail, barked his best Aire-dale bark, and jumped up to welcome us.

We directed our first glance toward a brown shingle structure immediately before us, but could not determine whether it was a house or garage. It proved to be both, one of those strange underbuilt garages so typical of California with the house the loft. There was a sign, "Bryn Mawr," over the doorway—because Gareth likes the sound of it.

Inspecting the garage first, at Mr. Hughes' invitation of course, we found two new cars—one a sedan and the other an open flivver. Mr. Hughes hastened to explain that it wasn't extravagance on his part, making the two purchases at one time, for he saves his money, and until that very day had been tooting about in a most disreputable-looking motor.

Then up a flight of stairs—we had our choice, either the exterior or interior ones. The latter landed us in the kitchen. The color scheme is orange and blue, which, Gareth Hughes told us, is a perfect inspiration for cooking corned beef and cabbage. A white enamel stove labeled Hughes set us to wondering if it is one of his own invention. It is in this very kitchen that Gareth wields the wicked soup ladle and works the magic hand that brings forth the most delicious concoctions for his guests, himself, J. M. Barrie, and the Princess. You will hear more about her.

From the kitchen we were led on to an inclosed porch with a pool studded with water lilies. Then on to the living room—an every-color-of-the-rainbow effect—a bit dazzling at first and rather pleasing after one gets accustomed to it. True, you are apt to stumble over the leopard skins flung upon the floor, but you won't if you are careful. There is a fireplace—a real one—though it can't be demonstrated, for the day is much too warm. There are books of every kind and description, from his adored Shakespeare to "Main Street," and if you think he doesn't know old friend William just get some one who does to question him.

Our host asked us to be seated, but was afraid we had chosen an uncomfortable chair, so we moved to a divan and were backed and sided with soft silk cushions. With nary a lesson to his credit Gareth played for us upon the piano. One marvels at his artistic fingers

bringing forth intricate variations of his own composition with the expression and sureness of a professional. Just as one is surprised at the ease with which he writes poetry. He could make his living in that direction, we are certain—that is, if any one could. And we began to wonder if there is anything he could not do.

We were invited to have a cup of tea, and Gareth regretted that we didn't arrive earlier so that he might have made us some tea biscuits. We tried not to show our disappointment. Then it appeared that a dinner engagement was due in a little while, and he must dress for it. One couldn't go in puttees and a blue shirt, could one?

We were told that the orchard was well worth looking at, and hied off in that direction to see three peach and two apple trees—the former with a few last peaches of summer, proving that they are not part of a motion-picture set.

And then we became acquainted with the Princess. Mr. Hughes had told us that she was the most important member of his household, which is the position one of title should naturally hold. She is quite the best-bred Princess we have ever met; has taken a blue ribbon or two, and carries Mr. Hughes to and from the studio when he isn't in too great a hurry. She has been in the Hughes family only six weeks, but has be-

come a permanent fixture in her master's heart.

He is a will-o'-the-wisp sort of boy, is Gareth. Decidedly a dreamer, and you are not at all surprised to learn that he thinks real thoughts. He is unquestionably an individual—has his own ideas, which he carries out, and has set a certain standard which he is determined to follow, come what will.

His moods vary quickly. He'll be matter of fact enough to go in pursuit of a coyote—there is just one roaming through Laurel Cañon, where he lives—and in the next instant start in the same serious manner to catch a sunbeam that comes wafting in through the balcony window. He has a spontaneous fund of knowledge—not the kind that makes one feel as though he had eaten a heavy Christmas dinner and regrets it. He scintillates with a new oldness, and it is puzzling for one to decide whether he is twenty or a thousand. One moment a boyish remark, followed directly by another that seems to come from a philosopher as old as the world.

He puts so much in his work it would be too bad if Gareth Hughes did not go on and on in the world of art.

Born in the south of Wales, twenty-two years ago, he first appeared on the Continent in a small rôle with a Shakespearean company. It was while touring this country, after some notable achievements on the stage, that he was coaxed into pictures. He is not married, but would like to be.

And with all life holds for him, Gareth Hughes finds it fascinating to mix up a batch of muffins.

Impressions of Gareth Hughes:

A bit of Wales.

Peter Pan.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

AND HE TOLD US:

I do my own cooking.

I save money.

I do not drink.

Nor do I smoke.

I like every story I have done on the screen.

Every company I have worked for has given me a square deal.

I know Shakespeare—every volume—every word, and I love every line.

I am looking for a wife.



Photo by Koshir



Gareth Hughes is in danger of being swamped by letters, telegrams, and personal calls, for he has announced that he is looking for a wife. His pictures bear witness to his intelligence and charm, and J. M. Barrie, his Airedale, will testify to his sunny disposition. If that isn't enough—the preceding story will tell you more about him.





Dream Clad



There are exotic stars, luxurious stars, stars of bediamonded allurements, but Gloria Swanson always reigns the queen of these satin heroines. Her costumes of daring and magnificence embody the dreams and aspirations of girls everywhere. And in "Her Husband's Trade-mark" she lives up to the ideal they have set for her.





Photo by Paul Grenbeaux

Some scenes of "The Street of the Flying Dragon," an R-C picture in which Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki appear, have the intagliolike delicacy of Japanese carvings. They bring an odd sense of beauty to the screen, and provide the something new and something better that fans are always seeking.



Photographs by Curtis



The Screen Claims the Beauty of the ... "Rubaiyat" ...

For years an exquisitely mounted production of "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" has been promised the public by Ferdinand Pinney Earle, and at last it has been completed. As these scenes show, it is a gorgeous spectacle, worthy of the poem which almost every one has read and loved. Above is shown the story-teller in the market place, at the left an Egyptian slave girl and at the right a snake charmer all of whom play picturesque parts in this beautiful production.

Each scene is like a painting in this picture play of the "Rubaiyat" and each character is vivid, memorable. The leading woman, shown in the oval, is Kathleen Key.





There is humor, too, in this beautiful production of the "Rubaiyat," the principal comedian being the old *Chamberlain*, shown at the right in the above picture. This part is played by Warren Rogers.



Omar Khayyam's attendant, counselor and slave, at the left, is made an interesting figure by Snitz Edwards, and Hedwiga Reicher, above, one of the most talented actresses on the stage to-day, plays a striking part. On the following page is shown one of the charming scenes in an Oriental garden in which Kathleen Key and Ramon Samoniegos appear.





Photo by Apeda



Photo by Kendall Evans

Every girl longs to see her favorite as *Romeo*, so of course there was great rejoicing when John Barrymore appeared in the rôle at the Actors' Equity Show last year. And as a relic of that memorable occasion we have the photograph of him at the left. In "The Lotus Eaters," his new picture, a scene of which is shown below, he brings his subtle satiric sense to the delineation of a romantic rôle on the screen, and in Colleen Moore he has a leading woman who catches the spirit of his playing and lends him brilliant support.

Photo by Kendall Evans



John the Magnificent

In which an idol is knocked down and broken, and out of the pieces a monument is built to an artist of enduring wonder and charm.

By Helen Klumph

THE woman who went to see John Barrymore in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" so many times that her husband suggested that it might be cheaper for him to buy a print of the film and install a projection machine in their own home met a woman who had played with him on the stage.

"Isn't he the most superb and fascinating creature you ever saw?" asked the first breathlessly.

"No," replied the actress in the distraught tone of one who has suffered much. "He is the most exasperating man I ever worked with. I think I aged ten years the season I played with him because we were never quite sure that he would show up in time for the performance. He came on late in the first act, and I lived through that season in a sort of chill horror that some night I would say my lines, 'Here he comes now; you tell him what we have planned to do,' and no John would enter."

"But weren't you crazy about him?" persisted the first.

The actress looked at her in amazement.

"Crazy about him?" she repeated. "I'd as soon be 'crazy' about a load of dynamite. If any girl in his company was so fatuous as to fall in love with John Barrymore, he'd give her something else to think about. He is such an infernally clever actor that he can put something new into a part every night, and put the nerves of all the other actors in the company on edge for fear they'll get so interested in what he is doing that they'll let their own work droop. Well, that is what he would do to any girl who began to look at him through sentimental eyes, or any actor who began to get conceited, too, for that matter."

His ardent admirer was crestfallen, but not downed by any means.

"But it must be inspiring just to be near him," she offered. "He is so sensitive. Is he always so deep in his thoughts that he is quite aloof from everything?"

The actress looked like an exasperated nursemaid about to take candy away from a child.

"He is about as aloof as a thunderstorm. If you want a real picture of John Barrymore, try to imagine a man with the eerie soul of Chinese music that thrills you and terrifies you at the same time. Picture him escaping after a matinee from a dozen or more reporters, photographers, and visiting celebrities who want to meet him, and going to a little restaurant off Broadway, frequented by teamsters, to eat quantities of his favorite food—Hamburg steak. While he is there he will probably draw a first-rate cartoon of the waiter and give it to him. And then he'll wander about the city—no one knows where or why—and arrive back at the theater just as his manager is about to go out and tell the audience they'd better go home, and he'll give the greatest performance that has ever been given

of 'Richard III.'—or whatever he happens to be playing that night."

The "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" lady was shocked at first, but, on thinking it over, she liked her idol even better. In her imagination she had made him a god, and, after all, gods do not have to be clever. She admired him more when she found that he was only a man clever enough to make people occasionally think him a god.

Perhaps you, too, will be momentarily disappointed at some of the things I am going to tell you about him. But piece them together and see if they do not make a

picture of a man more prepossessing in a way than any other you have known. Though it is a matter of many months since his last picture appeared, no one who saw his "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" can ever forget it. Soon he will be on the screens before you again in "The Lotus Eaters," directed by Marshall Neilan, and after that you can see him in "Sherlock Holmes," for which he has been making scenes abroad.

It is told of John Barrymore that he reads people at a glance—not what they are, but what they expect of him. And this thought, unconsciously perhaps, molds his mood for the moment. He gives people, not what they expect, but something quite different. In an attempt to shock people and make them stop idolizing him he makes himself more of an

idol. He is Panlike, austere, tempestuous, disdainful, meticulous, or insouciant, as the case may warrant. And so one sees this John—hero to the matinee girls, and infernally clever projector to all who know the art of the actor—in a guise just opposite to whatever was expected.

There is one guise that you and I and every one else will never see him in. We will never see him bowing and smiling from his automobile to admiring and applauding crowds. That would be impossible for him. And do not think because of that that he is disdainful of your admiration; rather it is the mark of real humility. Though he has slaved at his art as few men have ever done, and though he started with such professional equipment as most actors achieve only after long experience, he still looks ahead at what he hopes to do. He has no realization of the greatness he has already achieved.

I see him always as he was that brilliant autumn afternoon in 1912 when I first met him. The theater where he was playing "The Affairs of Anatol"—quite different incidentally from the tawdry affairs in which Wallace Reid indulged in the film of that name—was a neighbor of the Chicago Little Theater, whose company was also performing "Anatol." Ordinarily this group frowned superciliously on efforts of the commercial theater, but the work of John Barrymore was a

A Triumphant Return

Too long has America's greatest character actor been absent from motion pictures; the screen needs him. Since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" first flashed before the public many months have passed, but none who saw it have forgotten the powerfully wrought characterizations of John Barrymore. Hideous and sinister—romantic and beautiful—whatever his characterization, he makes it enthralling. And now that he is returning to the screen in Marshall Neilan's "The Lotus Eaters," a great welcome awaits him. He is one of the most admired and least known actors on the screen to-day. Here for the first time is given an intimate glimpse of the real John Barrymore. You will enjoy getting acquainted with him.

different matter. It always is, I might pause to remark. He is always the breath-taking surprise, the eternal exception that makes accepted standards seem commonplace.

But to go back to the Little Theater; its company gave a special performance of "Anatol" one Sunday afternoon and invited John Barrymore to attend. It was rather like asking a sailor on leave to go rowing on a mill pond, but John Barrymore was courteous enough to accept.

He was shy that afternoon; he seemed always to be trying to step out of the center of attention and back into an obscure corner. The women who clustered about him to pay him extravagant compliments were disposed of in short order. His failure to expand and become discursive and pose as other actors had done dismayed them. And so he was able after a while to edge through the crowd and go over to a girl who was much too young to be at a party like that. She was choking with suppressed laughter because a portly woman, in her mad rush to get near the lion of the occasion, had bumped into the tea table and upset a pitcher of cream. John Barrymore sat down beside the girl and chuckled with her over the incident, and I remember particularly that he said nothing about his art or his early struggles or his ideals that afternoon. He told instead about a dog he had who had far more agility and craftiness than most human beings. I remember distinctly that that giggling and self-conscious youngster thought he was the most entertaining man she had ever seen, and never gave a thought to his ruthless behavior toward the effulgent women who were his hostesses. For I was the giggling youngster.

John Barrymore is remarkably youthful in appearance, though he is thirty-nine years old. He comes of the most distinguished American theatrical family, and since 1903, when he went on the stage, has upheld their fine traditions in acting. He has played fast and loose with his life, but never with his art, and since he refuses to let the public share his life, and is lavish in giving to them of his art, the public readily forgives him.

He was married in 1912 to a society girl who later went on the stage, but their marriage was unhappy, so she divorced him. Two years ago he married Mrs. Leonard Thomas, a famous beauty, who, under the pen name of Michael Strange, has written poems, and who was the author of "Clair de Lune," in which he and his sister Ethel appeared on the speaking stage last season. They have one child, a girl, and, like any proud young father, Mr. Barrymore adores her.

John Barrymore never wanted to be an actor; he wanted to be an artist. He worked for a time on a New York newspaper, writing stories and illustrating them, but though his work was distinctive it was not particularly successful. So he drifted naturally to the work for which he was supremely fitted—the stage.

There, despite his famous name, he won his laurels gradually. Managers seemed to think that light comedy was his field, so it was principally in light comedies that he spent the years from 1903 to 1916. Then, in Galsworthy's "Justice," he showed himself for the first time one of the greatest actors on our stage, and this was followed by several brilliant successes, "Peter Ibbetson," "Redemption," "The Jest," and "Richard III."

Curiously enough, his career in motion pictures followed the same lines. He played without distinction in farcical comedy dramas until "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" established him at once as the screen's greatest character actor.

He is slight in stature, and he moves with the gracile

ease of a dancer. His hair is dark, but his eyes are curiously light. He has a poetic air about him like a figure out of a Japanese print, and in his eyes there is a look that tells that life is not giving him all that he has a capacity to demand.

Don't think, however, that he is a solemn figure. Far from it. After Marshall Neilan had been directing him for two days, he sent a telegram to Mary Pickford saying: "At last I have found your equal at entertaining the director. J. B.'s a marvel." And he kept the whole company in "The Lotus Eaters" in gales of laughter by the actions he invented on the set.

Have I made him out a selfish figure? He is not that, for he is always helping the people in his companies. He is eccentric, however, maddening to systematic people. During the making of "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" he became so interested in some chemical experiments with the props on the set that was supposed to represent *Doctor Jekyll's* laboratory that it was only after hours of waiting that he could be persuaded to drop his experiments in favor of acting.

And the story of how the idea of his playing the fiendish Mr. Hyde was born is an odd one, in a way a repellent one. He realizes that his greatest asset is the extreme mobility of his sensitive face, so he is constantly working to make his face more expressive. It is evil impersonations that he is always working toward, not collared types of manly beauty.

In one of his early pictures he was given a colorless leading woman whose disposition was so phlegmatic that her calm was never ruffled. As usual, John spent the time between scenes distorting his face into horrible and grotesque grimaces. Apparently he was seized by a desire to see their effect on her, for one day, just after playing a love scene, while he was still holding her in his arms and his face was close to hers, he changed his expression to a hideous leer. The girl shrieked and ran to her dressing room, and John only smiled as he might have over the result of one of his chemical experiments. But John Robertson, who was afterward his director, remarked: "Man, you're a perfect *Doctor Jekyll* and *Mr. Hyde!*"

And do not think that John Barrymore is always the tireless worker, the moody student. He, too, will have his little joke. Yes, John, the magnificent, likes to play with people offstage as well as on. One evening a little group of people stopped in one of the streets that leads out of Washington Square and looked up at a house that had a high green trellis on the roof.

"John Barrymore must be a queer chap," one of them said, looking up at the trellis. "He has a little cottage built up there on the roof, with flowers all about. He sleeps up there—says it's quieter."

"A house on the roof?" the men with him said incredulously.

"John Barrymore?" the women cooed delightedly. "Oh, tell me about him."

And so the man told them; for the benefit of the men he told all about the quaint little cottage constructed on the roof of the apartment building where John Barrymore found fresh air and quiet and privacy. For the benefit of the women he repeated the store of tales about the moody, erratic, young actor who was delighting all of New York that season as the wondrously beautiful and ingenious artist in "The Jest."

After a few moments passers-by began to stop and ask what they were looking at, and the man repeated his story to them, embellishing it in the telling with more of the details of the legend that has grown up

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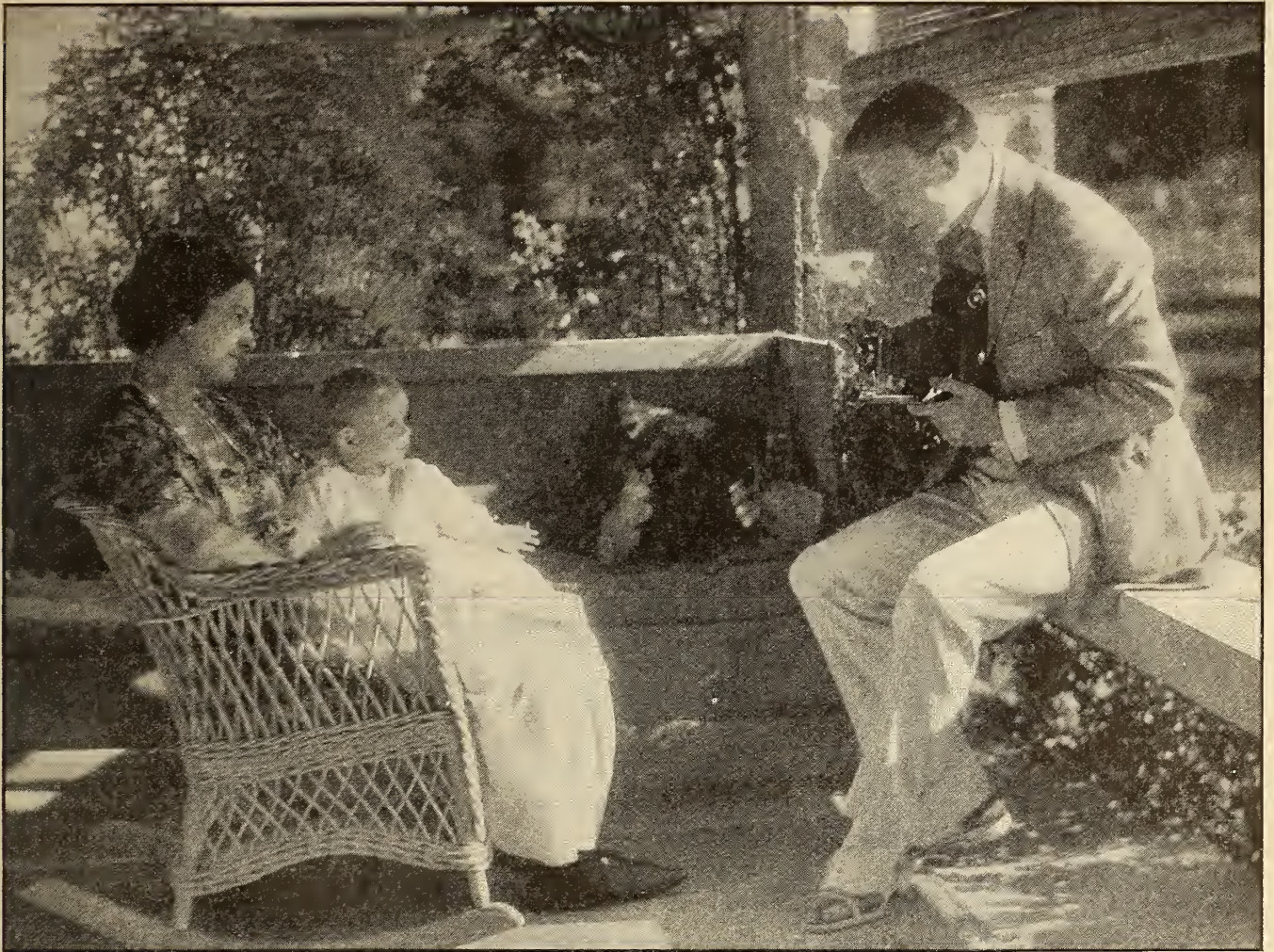


Photo by Melbourne Spurr

The Conrad Nagels are just two quiet, well-bred people, and a visit to their home is a pleasing occasion, full of talk about books, and plays—and everything but gossip.

Romances of Famous Film Folk

The charming love story of Conrad Nagel and Ruth Helms.

By Grace Kingsley

THIS is like a regular storybook romance by, say, some correct lady writer of the old school; nothing modern, thrilly, or the least bit spicy—oh, dear, no. There are no wild heartburnings in it, no unseemly haste in their love story. Everything that happened to them might easily have happened in a Louisa M. Alcott story.

And as for that remark about the course of true love and its traditional joltiness, I'm sure I shall never make it again after knowing the Nagels and their charming home in Hollywood. Theirs is a thoroughly delightful little love story, full of clean, youthful ideals and pure romance.

The two young people met very properly indeed through a friend in Chicago who was engaged in some charities in which they were both interested. A pretty feature of their romance is that they both happened to be interested in the same little boy in an orphanage, whom they often visited, though they never chanced to meet each other there.

She did it very cleverly, the friend, bringing the two young people together. At least she meant to do it cleverly, and it all turned out right anyway. She invited

them both to lunch, and afterward to visit one of her orphanages. And how could she know that Conrad had hurt his hand and eye on a hunting trip the day before, so that he had to come to lunch with his hand bandaged, while his eye showed the effects of the accidental ripping of a branch of a tree across it.

"I could just see, the minute he came into the room," explained Mrs. Nagel, "that he was thinking, 'My heavens! Of all things, to have to entertain a strange young lady to-day!'"

However, Conrad seems to have forgotten all about his infirmities immediately, and to have gazed so admiringly at the pretty, clever Miss Helms out of his good eye that she forgot all about them, too.

From that time on they were dear friends, and it was less than a week afterward that they went to a *matinée* together. As Mr. Nagel was playing every night in one of the Chicago successes, the courtship proved a little difficult, because moonlight is such a helpful thing in a case like that. Perhaps, indeed, that was why they were so very sensible. I'm sure it's hard to believe in young lovers being so superhumanly sensible

as these two seem to have been, unless, indeed, explained by the absence of moonlight.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and while it's perhaps going too far to allege that the coal shortage was sent by a fostering Providence for the special benefit of the two young lovers, still the fact remains that said coal shortage did prove a great boon, inasmuch as Conrad's theater was after a time closed on Tuesday nights, which naturally became their evening together. Heaven knows what might have become of their romance if it hadn't been for those Tuesday evenings!

"Mother always let us have the fire," declared Mrs. Nagel gleefully, with a bright look at her husband. "She would go into the back parlor and wrap herself up, or go to bed, so as to leave us in the room with the fire in it, and——"

"But sometimes," interrupted her husband, "we'd go for walks along the lake front and nearly freeze to death, when there were too many people around home."

Afterward, during the actors' strike, they had their honeymoon, so you can see for yourself that they always made use of adversity.

But early in their courtship Ruth was always telling Conrad that she should never marry him for fear of hurting his career. Which was a pretty little Cupid trick when you come to think of it. Naturally it set Conrad to thinking and arguing why he *should* marry. But Miss Helms remained quite firm about one thing, and that was that they should make a test of their love through separation before being really engaged to each other.

So they were separated after that for six months, while he was traveling on the road and playing in New York, with oodles of matinee girls after him all the time. And it's very reasonable to suppose that Miss Helms wasn't being neglected either.

Then Conrad Nagel went to New England to play the leading male rôle of *Laurie*, in "Little Women," and Miss Helms became a member of the staff of a picture-fan magazine.

Just then our country entered the World War, and young Conrad Nagel was one of the first to volunteer for service. He joined the navy, and then wired Miss Helms, "If you're going to be in Chicago day after to-morrow I'll be there." Miss Helms wired back piquantly, "If you're coming to Chicago I'll be here."

"And about forty-eight hours after I arrived we were engaged," Mr. Nagel announced triumphantly.

"She saw me coming from the window," he went on—imagine being able to see down into the street from a Chicago apartment; I'm sure nobody but a lover could do it—"and we went right out for a walk. I got her out on the end of a pier in the moonlight. We had to go about a mile to find a lonely pier. That's where we became engaged."

But his fiancée still persisted that the test must go on.

She kept on with her magazine work, and he went away to a naval training station. Always when they

were absent from each other each went to dances and theaters with some other young man or woman. So it does look as though fate intended them for each other, since neither's loyalty ever wavered. They were separated this time for nine long months.

"But the day he went away to train for the war," confessed Mrs. Nagel, "we came near being married. I was visiting his mother in New York, and he came to me the morning he was to leave, exclaiming, 'We'll be married to-day!' I guess I should have weakened then but for his mother, who advised against the step. It was very wise of her, I suppose. So I listened, packed up, and left quietly. It was awfully hard, but I did it. I kissed him good-bye when he went downtown, and when he came home that afternoon to try once more to persuade me I was gone. I couldn't have trusted myself not to marry him if I saw him again."

When Conrad came out of service, at the end of the war, he wanted to be married at once, and it was while he was playing with Alice Brady in "Forever After" that they were wed. They had their honeymoon during the actors' strike, as I said before, and then, when it was over, Mrs. Nagel used to travel on the road with her husband when he was on tour. She used to sit in the back of the theater, criticize his work, and listen to comments on it.

"But I got an awful shock when we came home to our New York apartment," declared Mrs. Nagel, "and here I was a bride of only a few months. The telephone rang, and I heard my husband exclaim, 'Why, hello, sweet! How are you?' And then run on in

more or less excited conversation. Finally he said, 'Won't you come up, sweet?'

"My heavens! I said to myself. 'What sort of a man have I married anyway?'

"I straightened up to my full height, angry as I could be. But in a minute there appeared in the doorway—a big, burly, blond man, the janitor of the building! His name was Sweet. Conrad had known him a long time, as he had rooms in the house before, and the man had always taken a sort of a fatherly interest in his welfare."

The Nagels live in a cozy, pretty home in Hollywood, but are intending to build another house soon, just the way they want it. There is a baby—Ruth Margaret Nagel, who is of course the most delightful baby in the world.

They are just two quiet, well-bred people, like those you would meet in good society anywhere, and a visit to their home is a pleasing occasion, full of good talk about new books and plays and other current topics, with very little Hollywood gossip included.

Maybe there is a sweeter, more charming young matron in Hollywood than Mrs. Nagel, but I don't believe it.

Ah, and by the way, Mrs. Nagel takes care of all her husband's correspondence, so mash notes are of no avail.

NEW STARS * * * * RISING STARS

* * * * FALLING STARS! * * * *

These are great days in motion pictures. Memorable achievements crowd each other in trying to gain the public's lasting favor. No longer can a popular star hold her following with indifferent offerings. Rarely now can a star be made overnight because of promise shown in acting some bit. Quick to pass is the fame of a new star in the keen competition of others ambitious and gifted.

How Well Do You Know the Stars?

You know the new ones, probably. Gordon Gassaway told you all about them recently in "The New Star Shower."

But do you know the rising ones?

Grace Kingsley will tell you all about them next month in an engrossing article, "Stars of To-morrow."

And following that in an early issue, clever Agnes Smith will tell you about "Falling Stars—Why and Where They Go."

No Fan Will Want to Miss This Series

Be Up To Date.

Know All About The Stars.

Continued from page 21
there were so many possible slip-ups!

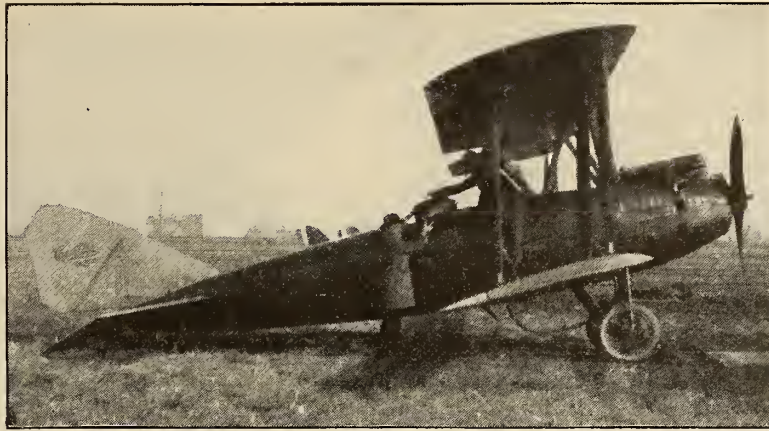
The final preparation—the dress rehearsal, so to speak—was the last conference between Cohn and his seven camera men, for by that time his staff had been augmented. One man who had been accompanying the president on a speaking trip had arrived, another had just come in on a train with Marshal Foch, and two more had been sent down from New York.

Over a table in a hotel room they worked for two hours, each man receiving and jotting down explicit directions as to just where and when he was to set up his camera, just what he was to take, where and when, to the minute, he was to deliver his film.

And then, after an anxious wait, a telephone call announced the fact that the two aëroplanes which had been ordered from New York had arrived at Bolling Field. Under the conditions nothing but aëroplanes would do to get the films to New York.

The funeral ceremonies consisted of a long march on foot from the Capitol to the amphitheater at Arlington Cemetery, where the services were held. Cohn had decided to send his films in two lots, the first—the shots taken of the procession—by a plane that would leave before noon, so that the laboratory would be able to get that part of the work completed by the time that the second lot arrived. That was comparatively simple. He had merely to select a central location to which each camera man would bring his parade films at a specified time—nine-thirty in the morning—from whence they would be shot by a motor car to the waiting plane at Bolling Field.

The thing that worried him was getting the pictures of the services under way. For those films could not be started until the enormous crowd had begun to break up, and in the confusion and congestion anything was likely to happen not according to schedule. Moreover, there was a distance of four or five miles to be covered, with crowds blocking the way, before the aëroplane was reached, and with the ceremonies lasting until one-thirty in the afternoon not much time could be lost if the pictures were to be shown that night in New York—as they had to be. And at the last minute we learned that



The films were dumped into the rear cockpit.

if the machine were to land near the Pathé laboratories the pilot would have to leave not later than two o'clock. It was a two-and-a-half-hour trip to New York, and he would not undertake to land on an unlighted field later than four-thirty in November. That was his ultimatum when he arrived at the hotel at six.

Cohn thought a moment. "It's too dark to see the fields to-night," he said, "but we've two hours of daylight in the morning before the parade starts. There's a field below the cemetery. We'll shoot over there at six to-morrow morning and look it over. If that field will do you can hop over and wait for us there. If necessary we can run with the films to that point."

That plan was carried out. The field was found, on careful examination, to be satisfactory, and with barely time to get back and pick up his first lot of film, Cohn left the pilot of the second plane. At nine-thirty his machine stopped at the place where he was to meet his camera men. Two already had arrived. A third was seen coming on the run—then another—and another.

The films were quickly bundled into a traveling bag. "Let her out!" yelled Cohn to his chauffeur. "Don't worry about the cops—they're busy with the parade!" Away we shot for Bolling Field, and a moment after our arrival the first plane hopped off, circled once, and then, mounting higher and higher, headed north.

Just then the pilot of the second plane came running up. "I'm afraid they won't let me leave this field," he exclaimed anxiously. "They're afraid that the other is too near the amphitheater and that I'll interfere with the ceremonies."

"You see," cried Cohn, turning to me, "what's likely to break at the last minute! Wait a minute, though. I guess my word is good with the major." He was off on the run, and back shortly. "It's all right," he said to the pilot as he scrambled into the auto again. "Hop over as quick as you can. I've promised him that you'll lie as quiet as a mouse till it's over. Start warming up your engine when you hear them blow taps—we'll get there by two if it kills us!"

And we were off again.

He was off, Cohn waving him goodbye.



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other men won't take as a joke. Besides, with the kid growing up—well, I guess the time has come for us to clear out, Sally. It depends on tonight; if this thing goes well, I'll put through the releasing end of it, and then we'll head for the nearest steamship office."

That was what I'd wanted, of course. Yet somehow, as we drove into town, I wasn't quite happy about it. I wonder if women ever do get exactly what they want!

We had decided on a big professional showing at the Ritz as the best way of presenting "Unredeemed" to the public. The whole profession had been invited, as well as all the newspaper and magazine people, and every one else whom we knew. We were throwing our cards down on the table with a flourish. The picture could have been shown in some projection room, of course, to members of the different releasing organizations, but Hugh had voted against that.

"Let's do it with a splurge, honey," he had said. "It'll cost a lot more, but let's put it through this way anyhow."

So we had taken the ballroom at the Ritz, and now everything was in readiness. If it were failure that was coming—well, all our world would be there to see how we took it. If it were success—oh, if it were success!

We were very early, but the projection machine was in place, and the operator was running the picture off to be sure that everything was all right.

Superstitiously, I wouldn't look at the screen. Hugh had gone off with the publicity man, and was standing just outside one of the long doors that led from the great hall to the ballroom, he was laughing as unconcernedly as if this were a first showing of somebody else's picture instead of his own. The leading lady came running up the stairs, her rainbow gown fluttering about her like a brilliant cloud, and kissed me on the cheek.

"I'm so excited!" she exclaimed prettily. "Just think—this is the big night!"

I'd always liked her, but that night I just murmured something polite and slipped away; she had signed a contract with one of the big companies a few days before—the success or failure of this picture wasn't vital to her.

Presently the crowd began to come, streaming up the wide stairway, settling down in the gilt chairs, calling back and forth. It didn't mean anything vital to them, either. The room

soon filled; Hugh, amid a burst of applause, led his pretty leading lady to a seat down in front, and Mae Murray and Bob Leonard, who sat just behind, leaned forward to speak to them.

"Well, they know what it is, anyway," I consoled myself, thinking of the way they'd made "The Gilded Lily," with Mae acting and Bob directing, and met with the most gratifying success.

Hugh had begged me to sit with him, but I simply couldn't. I couldn't trust myself. I'd thought I'd hide in a corner somewhere, but when the lights went down and the name of the picture, "Produced by Hugh Beresford," was thrown on the screen a lump came up in my throat, and I slipped through the crowd and went out into the hall.

Occasionally there was a little murmur of approval; once a man who stood in one of the doorways remarked: "Well, this isn't worth standing up for," and went nonchalantly down the stairs. My heart sank as I stood there watching him go.

I began to wonder what we'd do if the picture didn't take well. Hugh could get a contract with one of the good companies, I was sure; he's tremendously popular. Yet, with the star idea falling off as it has, he probably wouldn't get the salary he used to. Quite likely he'd be asked to make pictures with some other star, as Wallace Reid and Elsie Ferguson did in "Peter Ibbetson"—not that there's anything undesirable about that, of course. We'd get along as we always had.

But I didn't want to do that. In the first place, if "Unredeemed" failed, it would be a bitter disappointment to Hugh. He had had faith in himself, and it had not been justified—that's what it would come to. I was afraid things would never be quite the same with him again. Then, too, I felt that "Unredeemed" was as big a picture as "The Miracle Man;" that it was a picture with a real message for the public and one that would force the people who scoffed at the movies to make an exception of it, along with "Way Down East" and "The Four Horsemen." Oh, it couldn't fail!

The crowd was quiet—that was a good sign. And only that one man had gone home. I began to feel happier.

Then I remembered the big scene, and turned cold again. That ought to get them, ought to rouse them right out of their seats. Hugh had walked the floor nights, working that scene out in his head; more than

once he'd waked me up to say, "Now listen a second, Sally—if we shot it from a platform swung just a little above—" or "I don't think it would do to cut to a close-up there, do you? Seems to me it'll make the thing drag, instead of adding suspense."

And now, in a few moments, that scene would be up for judgment, and people who didn't care anything about it would be condemning or approving it.

I didn't dare look into the room, but I could tell, from comments made by a girl near the door beside which I stood, that it would be thrown on the screen in a few moments. I had a panicky desire to run down the stairs and wait for Hugh in our car, but wouldn't let myself move.

And then, slowly, like a great wave rolling up toward the shore, the crowd began to express its interest and growing excitement in murmured exclamations. There was a spattering of light applause—another, brief, staccato music to me! Louder and louder—suddenly a roar broke from the crowd.

"Good boy, Hugh!" "Big stuff, Beresford!" I have never heard anything like that surging storm of applause and cheering, save on the night when "'Way Down East" was first shown in New York and the crowd went wild over the big ice scene.

They shouted and clapped even after the lights had gone on. Peeping through the door, I caught sight of Hugh standing on a chair, with his leading lady beside him, acknowledging the appreciation of the mob that thronged about him. I couldn't hear the brief speech that he made; I didn't need to, as I watched him standing there above the crowd, his dark hair ruffled, his eyes glowing with happiness. A lump came into my throat as I stood there—this was the biggest triumph of his career, and how well he deserved it!

I did hear the conclusion of his speech, however. For he raised his voice a little, to ask eagerly: "Has anybody seen my wife?" The crowd laughed at that, and Claudia and Danny, who had just joined me, caught my arms and dragged me through the crowd to where Hugh was standing. He insisted then on telling the press people how I'd helped him; how I'd arranged the incidental music and written some of it and adapted the story for the screen and a lot of other things that I'd thought we just wouldn't mention. They applauded for me then, and some of our best friends crowded forward and shook hands with me and told me what a success the pic-

No More Gray Hair—Says Science

**Wonderful, Colorless, Stainless
Liquid Restores Normal Color
—Results in a Week**

Secret Sought by Thousands Now Revealed

Every scientist, every physician, knows that gray hair is simply hair that has ceased to receive its normal supply of coloring matter or pigment from certain tiny cells (called follicles and papillae) in the scalp, because these cells have become inactive from illness, shock of some kind, scalp disease, dandruff, infection, neglect of the hair or lack of circulation, etc.

It was due to the skill of a painstaking chemist that the proper combination of ingredients was found for a solution which quickly stimulates the follicles and papillae, causing them again to secrete and give the necessary pigment supply, which also improves the scalp nutrition so that this pigmentation is kept up.

Pure and Colorless as Water

This wonderful treatment comes in the form of a liquid, pure and colorless as water, and contains the health-giving properties which quickly renew the functions upon which the hair depends for its strength and color. Simply apply it to the scalp and soon you will see the lost color returning to give your hair its former luxuriance and beauty.

Now you have the secret. Its name is Kolor-Bak. And now also you have the means to banish your grayness simply by giving the necessary aid to Nature.

You will find also that Kolor-Bak brings perfect uniformity in the restored color. It will be the same color from roots to tips. As the hair grows it will not be dark on top, and gray beneath. It will not appear streaked or faded.

And, wash and clean your hair as often as you wish, the restored color will not be changed because it is *within*—actually a part of the hair—not on the surface.

You not only have this uniformity, but you see your hair the actual shade it had in the past. Hair once brown becomes brown once more, once red it becomes red, once black it becomes black, once blonde it becomes blonde.

That faded appearance is gone, any brittleness is absent also. Your hair is luxuriant, brilliant, soft, glistening, beautiful as it ever was in youth.

Think of what this change would mean to you. Not only the appearance of youth but the feeling that you really are young again. You will be simply amazed. Kolor-Bak must give you this or your test of it costs you nothing.

A Marvelous Relief for Dandruff, Itching Scalp and Falling Hair

Thousands have found also that Kolor-Bak works wonders in the most persistent cases of dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. It contains only beneficial ingredients. No nitrate of silver, no mercury, no coal tar, no henna or sage tea, no wood alcohol or any other ingredient injurious to hair or scalp in Kolor-Bak. It is not greasy or mussy.

This Guarantee Your Protection

With every full treatment we send our legal, written, binding agreement and guarantee

—That Kolor-Bak will restore gray hair to its original color, will remove dandruff, stop itching scalp and falling hair, and will promote the health of hair and scalp.

—Also that it contains only beneficial ingredients, and that it is harmless and stainless to scalp and hair.

Thousands Tell You

"Have used Kolor-Bak to my utmost satisfaction where others have failed."

"What do I think of Kolor-Bak? Simply wonderful. No more gray hairs for me and dandruff a thing of the past."

"Words cannot praise Kolor-Bak enough."

"It restored the natural color to my hair and cured my little girl of dandruff."

"My hair was perfectly white—now brown as when young."

"Delighted! One bottle did the work."

"My hair began to turn natural color in twelve days."

"Am 60 years old. Hair was white. Now brown as in youth."

"One bottle restored my gray hair to its original color and put my scalp in healthy condition."

"Hair was streaked with white. Now a nice even brown and dandruff all gone."

"My hair was falling out badly. Kolor-Bak has stopped it and put it in fine condition."

"I would not take a thousand dollars for my Kolor-Bak," writes a grateful man who owes to Kolor-Bak the appearance of youth which enables him to hold his position."

"My hair turned gray when fighting in the trenches," writes a soldier of the "Old Hickory Division," (Tenn.). "Kolor-Bak has completely restored its former color."

From everywhere come words like the above praising this wonderful treatment for the hair.

Always—Youthful Appearance Wins the Admiration



Gray Haired—"Too old for active service."



My Hair Was Quite Gray

"Only a short time ago my hair was quite gray and becoming grayer. It was falling out. My scalp itched and dandruff appeared."

"Only a few applications of Kolor-Bak stopped the itching and dandruff. My hair soon stopped coming out. Most wonderful of all, however, is that my hair is again its original color. I look ten years younger. No wonder I'm so thankful for Kolor-Bak."

Special Free Trial Offer

To give you the fairest opportunity to learn by actual experience what Kolor-Bak will do, we are making a special proposition, particulars of which will be sent by mail to those who ask for it. No money to send, only the coupon.

No matter what you have used, unless you have already tried Kolor-Bak, you have not found the truly natural way to restore the vanished color. Of course you will want to compare this scientific method with other kinds of treatment—and we want you to make the comparison at our risk. All that we can say, convincing as it may be, means nothing beside an actual test of Kolor-Bak.

When you see that wonderful change come over your appearance, when you see youth return in the glorious abundance of healthy, luxuriant hair, restored to its original color, when you enjoy that clean feeling which freedom from dandruff brings, when you see your hair stop falling out and when you are rid of itching scalp—then you will know Kolor-Bak as thousands of others know it.

Don't put this off a day. Send the coupon which not only entitles you to receive the free trial privilege, but brings our valuable book on Treatment of the Hair—free.

No need to send any sample of your hair as the one pure Kolor-Bak solution is for all hair regardless of former color. Mail only the coupon to Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-3338 West 38th Street, Dept. 2317, Chicago, Ill.

COUPON

HYGIENIC LABORATORIES

3334-38 West 38th St., Dept. 2317, Chicago, Ill.

Please send your Free Trial Offer on Kolor-Bak and your Free Book on Treatment of the Hair and Scalp.

Name

Address

Continued from page 73

habit from Mabel—to learn about life from Elinor and Gloria. I was going to see "The Great Moment," anyhow.

Ethel Clayton has a library which, according to the publicity census, contains ten thousand books. I didn't count them. I only know that Carnegie could never have afforded to give away such a library.

"Some people deem it a duty to read good books," says Miss Clayton. "If I thought it was a duty to read good books I should never read one again. When I was a young girl I thought good books were stupid. But when I accidentally read a few I discovered they were the most enjoyable things I had ever touched, and I learned that books are called good only because they are not stupid. The stupid things are the modern novels that aim only at one subject—to give the reader a forgetfulness equivalent to sleep.

"So many great authors are misunderstood. I was told Ibsen was a gloomy pessimist. Why, he's the most invigorating optimist who ever lived—"

"But what about Gene Stratton Porter and Doctor Frank Crane?" I interrupted.

Miss Clayton ignored.

"Shakespeare is another poor chap who is misrepresented. The way good books are misrepresented is positively criminal. It prevents most folk from learning what sports they are."

After hearing what Miss Clayton had to say I went right home, determined to be a glad boy. I read "Ghosts."

Helen Jerome Eddy reads "Alice in Wonderland" once a year. She exhumed several worthies for my consideration, including one William Sharp, a Scotch poet, who evidently wasn't proud of his work because he always signed his wife's name, Fiona MacLeod. Fiona must have been something of a prophet, for he wrote "The Washer of a Ford." And he was a contemporary of Rossetti!

Miss Eddy also indorses "The Sin Eaters," "The Divine Adventure," "Pharais and the Mountain Lovers," and "Iona." Other volumes on her shelf are: John Synge's "The Shadow of the Glen" and "Riders to the Sea;" The Irish of Yeats and Lady Gregory; Rostand's "L'Aig-

lon;" Dunsany's "Gods and Men;" Browning's "Pippa Passes;" Roland's "Jean Christophe;" Arthur Waley's translations from Chinese poetry; H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" and "The World Set Free;" Selma Lagerlof's "Invisible Links" and "From a Swedish Homestead." She also urged upon me Maeterlinck's "The Life of a Bee," which I suspect to be the scenario Goldwyn rejected.

Mae Busch is a stoic. She reads Epictetus and the Bible every day. For dessert she takes the fiction of James Stephens. I demanded proof. She offered to lend me Epictetus and to quote from Stephens' "Here Are Ladies." I told her to quote from Epictetus and lend me Stephens. She obliged.

Rubye de Reiner, being a sunny blonde, prefers such delights as "The Seven That Were Hanged" and "Creatures That Once Were Men." But for the most part the modern novel suffices. She read without system until recently, when she secured a list of the best novelists. The favored tale-tellers are: W. Somerset Maugham, Hugh Walpole, Joseph Hergesheimer, Thomas Hardy, Anatole France, Joseph Conrad, Gilbert Cannan, and D. H. Lawrence.

Nazimova reads in a half dozen languages. Unless authors show a little speed there will be nothing left for Alla to read. She read Turgenev in Russian, D'Annunzio in Italian, Louys, Loti, Gautier, and others in French. Of contemporary novelists she has the highest regard for Hugh Walpole.

"I wanted to meet him when he was here, but I didn't know how," she remarked with incredible naïveté.

Florence Deshon is known as one of the most intelligent readers of the picture colony. She told me she preferred biographies. "Lives of great men oft' remind us we can make our lives sublime," declaimed Miss Deshon, adding: "So I read the lives of all great men who died in jail." The biography of Napoleon Bonaparte is a prime favorite. Just now her interest is centered on the "Life of the Brontës." She considers Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights" the greatest novel ever written. Poetry is close to biography in preference. Miss Deshon is enthusiastic concerning the poetry of John Massfield, which she thinks every poetic fan should read. Keats and Shelley of the older poets are regularly read.

Believe me or believe me not, but Theda Bara is one of our literary circle. The vampire's den is really

the library. I haven't a list of Miss Bara's favorite books, but I know that recently she has been reading a great deal of French literature in the native tongue.

I haven't hauled out any awful male examples of illiteracy. I know very well what they were reading while this canvass was being made. They were reading the sports pages of their local gazettes.

James Kirkwood prefers fiction with a side dish of travel. O'Brien's "White Shadows in the South Seas" is among current shelf holders. Fiction containing unusual characterization appeals to the actor of him. He wants to do "The Wandering Jew," which he has read several times. Other books of the category are: "The Merchant of Venice"—with a covetous eye on Shylock—"King Lear," Theodore Dreiser's "The Titan," Ring W. Lardner's "You Know me, Al," W. Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence," Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome," Galsworthy's "The Dark Flower," May Sinclair's "The Romantic," Montague Glass' "Abe and Mawruss," Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" and "The Money Master," Conrad's "Lord Jim." He finds philosophical stimulus in Thomas à Kempis' "The Imitation of Christ."

Charlie Chaplin is reading everything. He reads for information rather than amusement. His twelve volumes of the history of science will hold him for a time, I should say. But he also is reading the best plays by such as Wilde, Sudermann, Ibsen, Pinero, Jones, Galsworthy, Schnitzler, Maugham, and Drinkwater. Knut Hamsun's "Hunger" and "The Growth of the Soil" have been the most recent novels to attract him. He cares little for history or travel, and as for philosophy he has his own.

As The Bystander has told you in her teacup chatter, H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" is the book of the day in film row. Thus, it would seem, Wells had displaced Shakespeare. The bookshops on Hollywood Boulevard report a run on all the author's books. The coming of eminent authors to Hollywood undoubtedly has something to do with the revival of literature. If one is to mingle socially one must be able to talk intelligently with Sir Gilbert Parker, Elinor Glyn, W. Somerset Maugham, and Mrs. Rinehart. If these authors undergo the ordeal of seeing one's pictures and still are courteous, the least one can do is to read their books.

Continued from page 87

But halfway to Arlington we found the roads jammed. For a few minutes we waited anxiously. Then, "We'll have to run for it," Cohn exclaimed. And run we did, across fields and through mud, briers, and brambles, arriving at the cemetery out of breath and perspiring just as President Harding's words—now of historical moment—were resounding for a mile around through the huge amplifying machines.

Then another nervous wait. Would the ceremony end on scheduled time? The minutes dragged on. From our position just outside the marble building we could see the camera men—not only Pathé's, but also those of the rival companies—grinding away. One-fifteen came—one-twenty-five—one-thirty, and then, at last—taps and the final salute.

Of what followed I have only a blurred recollection. There were a few moments of wild, frantic confusion, during which camera men were shouting, tossing cans of film down from the upper part of the amphitheater, and fighting their way through the dense, surging crowds that had already begun to swarm over the sloping hillsides, and the next thing I knew we had broken through and were running at breakneck speed for a waiting auto, Albert Richard, Cohn's huge six-foot assistant carrying on his back the precious load of film. Before the motor traffic could get fairly started we were off, dodging in and out and hurtling past the astonished sentries stationed along the roadway. A quick turn and we were bumping over the rough field. The aéroplane motor was already pop-pop-popping, the pilot in his place. Into the rear cockpit the bag of film was dumped—and he was off,

Cohn waving him good-by as he turned and started on his course.

That, I thought, ended Cohn's worries. But it did not. He rushed to the hotel, called New York, and frantically asked whether the first plane had landed. It had landed, he was told, but not at the field near the laboratory. It seemed that a football game was going on there.

"Have that field cleared before the second plane gets there, no matter what it costs!" Cohn yelled. "Buy off the teams—appeal to the mayor—call out the fire department—do *anything!* Why can't I be in two places at once?" he fumed as he slammed up the receiver. "Come on, we can just make the Congressional Limited. I want to get in and see that the stuff is going out all right."

Of the final steps in the finishing and delivering of the prints I only know what I was told. Before our train had arrived in New York at nine that evening the negatives had been developed, cut, and assembled, and the first of the positive prints made and started on their way, not only to the theaters, but also to the fast trains for the South, and by special messenger to the New England cities. There is, I was informed, a special process used in finishing news films—of too technical a nature to be of interest here—which shortens the work, that usually takes hours and days, to some thirty minutes. At daybreak on the following morning U. S. mail planes started with the prints for the West, which were delivered in Cleveland before noon, in Chicago in time for the night performances, and in San Francisco four days after the ceremony, to be relayed from these points to the smaller cities.

"What did this job cost?" I asked

Cohn as we got out at the Pennsylvania Station.

"I don't know," he answered. "Your guess is as good as mine till the bills come in."

And your guess is as good as mine, but I should think that, counting in the aéroplanes, autos, hotel bills, the specially built stands, and countless incidentals, it would be about three thousand dollars.

"You'll take a little rest now?" I asked as we walked up the station steps.

"Rest!" he exclaimed. "When I've been away from my desk for four days? Why, man, this is only *one* story—it's a big one and I had to handle it personally—but there are stories breaking all over the country that I've got to direct the covering of by telegraph and telephone. And then there's Europe. That reminds me, I want to cable my man in Berlin to-night to start for Warsaw. Rest? I wish I could."

But I could, and did, and so I waited until the next day to see the pictures I had followed in the making. Though the camera men had taken about five thousand feet—enough film to make a five-reel feature—I found that only about five hundred feet was actually used, which took only about five minutes to show. And since the news reel is issued twice a week, these pictures were shown only for three or four days.

At first glance it seems as though a film so short and of so brief a showing could scarcely be worth so great an effort and expense. But if, as it is said, ten millions of persons see motion pictures each day, there is the explanation. For the news reel is a part of practically every program, and anything which reaches so vast an audience is worth any expense and effort.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 61

Jack Pickford every time he danced with Marilyn Miller, the star of the musical show downstairs, and lovely Kathlyn Martin was in the show.

"Will Rogers was the hit of the evening, especially when he joked about Ziegfeld getting his wife, Billie Burke, to go back to work. He says he's going to stop going 'round telling jokes, though, and go back to making motion pictures because he's found a better man at the repartee game than he is; that's President Harding. When Will met him he said, 'Can't I tell you some political jokes?' 'No,' said Harding, 'I appointed most of them.'

"When Will got to New York his 'Doubling for Romeo' was playing in

eight or ten, of the biggest theaters, and 'The Ropin' Fool' was playing in the biggest—the Capitol—and he was advertised to appear at the Shubert Vaudeville and the Ziegfeld Roof. 'Heard I was coming,' Will remarked, 'and tried to make up for neglecting me, I guess.' And later on, when the press agent at the Shubert vaudeville told him that there were thirty-five young ladies from various newspapers and magazines waiting to interview him he said it was more than had gone to see his pictures in two years.

"Everywhere he appears there is a mob, and, speaking of mobs, will you ever forget Mae Murray's private showing of 'Peacock Alley' at the Commodore Hotel? There were

over fifteen hundred people there in the grand ballroom and lots were turned away. It is the first private showing Corinne Griffith ever attended—she hates crowds so—but she admires Mae Murray so much that she would submit to any amount of elbowing to attend the première of one of her pictures.

"Alice Calhoun got there late and couldn't get in, and she felt terrible about it because it was her last chance to see everybody before she left for California.

"Mae Murray was so dead tired that for days afterward she wasn't half awake. She invited me up to her house one morning, and then, when I got there, she was still asleep. But I couldn't be provoked at her

when she remarked in that wide-eyed way of hers the next time I saw her that "To sleep was human, to forgive divine."

Fanny gazed hungrily at the pastry, but settled back in her chair and began to fish a heavily beaded affair out of her bag. In a minute she was busily sewing on more pearl beads.

"What on earth is that?" I demanded of her.

"My newest imitation," she replied with obvious relief that I had asked. "Jenny Hasselquist, the Swedish Biograph star whose pictures are just beginning to be shown over here, wears one, and it is so startling that the next

time I go to a private showing—even if Mae Murray is there—I expect to be noticed."

And I'd be willing to bet that she will be.

"Have you heard about Lillian Gish's manicurist going into pictures?" I asked idly, supposing that she probably had, as every one was talking about Lillian's kindness.

"Heard about it!" Fanny exploded. "I started it—at least in a way I did. I sent her up to the place where I go to have my hair treated, and that is where she discovered little Mary Buck.

"She had her come up to Mamaro-

neck last summer and play a bit in 'The Two Orphans,' and little Miss Buck was so carried away with the work that she gave up her job and started the struggle to break into pictures in dead earnest.

"Of course, with Lillian's faith in her, she couldn't fail even in these hard times. And now Christy Cabanne, who used to be with Griffith long ago, has given her quite a part in a Robertson Cole picture he is producing. The child is so happy—"

"But not nearly so happy," I broke in, "as you would be if you knew that Lillian's car was stalled in the traffic jam just outside. Come on."

Around the Lot with the Manuscript Girl

Continued from page 29

wolfhound gave it one look and leaped. And when the bills came in for the spree they were headed with one for one squirrel-trimmed hat. It took two days to hunt those dogs and get them fit to put in the picture again, for they were happy but bloody and torn when found. Meanwhile the company rested.

Perhaps the reason most often heard for changes around the lot at present is:

"The censors won't stand for it." Last week when Mr. Burt Dorris was going over some changes with me he pushed toward me a manuscript.

"Talk about changes having to be made," he said. "Look at that." Obediently I read:

"Wolfbreed," by Lucien Hubbard.

"Scene 3.—Hounds in full cry after fox—"

"Scene 11.—Hounds catch fox—be careful not to offend censors here."

"I don't know how we are going to have a fox killed without offending some censor," said Mr. Dorris. "We might have it caught off screen, but even then some censor is likely to object. Maybe before we finish the whole hunt will come out."

To get a laugh, that is to make you and me laugh, any studio will criss-cross whole pages of manuscript. In "The Man With Two Mothers," a Goldwyn production, scenes were put in after the picture was about completed, after the preview. The people who saw the preview didn't get their laugh out. Cullen Landis had a fight with a rowdy, and later he was shown trying to fix up his face so that it would be presentable. He feels his jaw—and there the picture as originally made cut to another scene. But the preview audience started to laugh at Landis' rueful handling of his injured jaw, and then stopped because the scene changed

too fast for the laugh to be a real one. So Landis made new scenes showing a complete handling of the injured face, and these scenes got a full and hearty laugh.

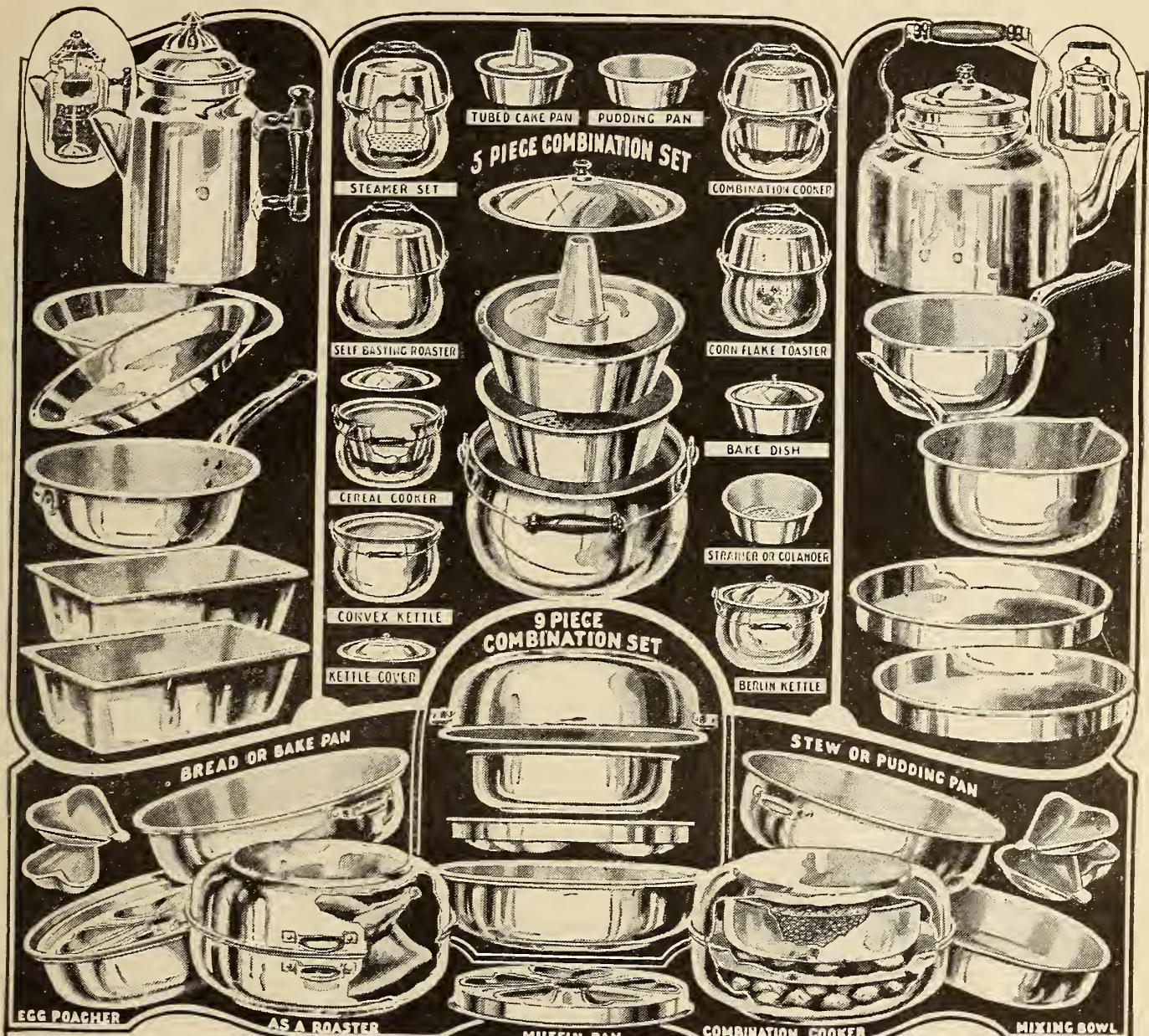
In the comedies the laughs are made about as much by the actors as by the writer. Recently I happened in on a Century Comedy and saw several scenes made in "Whose Baby Are You?" The young husband, played by Harry Gribbon, comes into the living room in his nightshirt, yawns, and proceeds to wake up bit by bit and examine the morning paper. Gribbon came in and yawned and stopped.

"How about some of this?" he inquired, scratching his back and sides and head, as a sleepy man will do, especially one who is overwarm. Everybody on the set laughed, for everybody on the set, in the privacy of his bedroom, had done that very thing some time. And it went into the scene.

Scenes in "I Am Guilty" were entirely rewritten because a child in it, little Mickey Moore, proved so good that extra bits were written in for him. And in the making of this picture certain scenes had to be remade without manuscript changes. Louise Glaum had been weeping all day rehearsing, weeping big, natural tears. But when they were at last ready for the camera, Miss Glaum found herself dry-eyed. As she usually has plenty of tears at hand she was unprepared for the emergency, and some one in the studio hastily handed her a bottle of eyewash to be used in place of tears. Miss Glaum used the wash, and it worked very well, the effect was fine, and every one regarded those particular scenes as finished. But when, thirty-six hours later, the "rushes" were viewed Miss Glaum's lovely face came into view with what appeared to be two ink

daubs on her lashes. Spots of ink came rolling over her lids and ran down her cheeks. She cried ink right through those scenes; for some reason the eye wash had photographed black. So new scenes, with real tears this time, had to be taken.

The manuscript girl worries me most after the rushes, for she is still on hand then, when they begin to cut and cut and cut. So many delightful scenes I have seen made in the studios come out bodily, rejected ruthlessly because of "footage," which means a picture must be just so long, and the scenes which seem most fitted to build the story stay in and all others come out. When they were making "The Grim Comedian" there was a wonderful Christmas party, elaborately costumed and staged, where *Martin* gives *Marie*, played by Phoebe Hunt, a diamond necklace as a Christmas gift. And all that lovely party came out just to keep the picture within so many feet. Of course even I would not stay until midnight for any number of extra scenes, but sometimes when I sit in the darkened orchestra and wait and wait through several terrible vaudeville numbers and a modern song I feel as if I could dispense with the song and the vaudeville and have a few more feet of picture; honest I do. Back in the East, where I came from, I saw most pictures in a lovely little theater where they had no songs, no vaudeville, nothing at all but pictures. It cost less than any theater I have attended since, and I saw what I went to see. There was a good orchestra for the pictures, but no extras. I often wonder if any one feels as I do about it—and wants the picture first and foremost and last. Dear me, how I am wandering! But it makes no difference. For we have been all over the lot by now with the manuscript girl.



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THE PICTURE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

MOVIE FAN.—Mary Miles Minter denies all reports of any engagement except one to make pictures for Realart. She says she is still as free from any other engagements as a grouch is free from friends. I cannot send you a picture of the late Clarine Seymour, as I have none to give away. You will probably be able to secure one through the many firms who sell pictures of the various stars. Look in the advertisements of this issue. Monte Blue played the leading rôle opposite Mary Miles Minter in "A Cumberland Romance."

MISS MONROE.—Madame Petrova has deserted films and has been headlining on the Keith Circuit. Miss Edwards is not appearing in any picture that I know of. Your addresses are given at the end of The Oracle.

STAGE DOOR JOHNNY.—Madge Evans was born at 10 West Ninety-eighth Street, New York City, in 1909. The Oracle happened to be living in the same apartment house when little Madge arrived on this hemisphere. She received her education from private tutors and was a famous child model before entering pictures. Her screen career has been with such companies as Famous Players, Peerless, World Film, et cetera. She is not appearing with any one company at present. You will have to write to the little lady personally to secure one of her photos.

FROZEN DAINTY.—What's the matter? Is it cold in Mississippi? Norma's latest pictures are: "The Branded Woman," "The Passion Flower," and "The Sign on the Door." Some of Constance's are: "Mamma's Affair," "Lessons in Love," and "Wedding Bells." Norma's hair is bobbed. Crane Wilbur appeared with Pearl White in "The Perils of Pauline."

A. B. BROWN EYES.—William Russell has dark, curly hair and dark eyes. He has been divorced. His wife was Charlotte Burton. Yes, you can write him personally for his photograph.

MISS Y. W.—Carol Dempster played the leading feminine rôle in "Dream Street," opposite Ralph Graves. She has brown hair and eyes. You will have to write direct to them for their photographs.

SARAH I.—Your questions have already been answered.

F. C. K.—I am sure what you ask me concerning the most popular players is merely a matter of opinion. Of course, considering the box-office popularity is by no means a matter of guesswork. Every one knows that certain players draw better than others. I think your list of the greatest from this standpoint was about correct.

MISS FRENCHY S.—Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

TEXAS FAN.—Louis Calhern, before entering pictures, was a legitimate player. For some time he appeared as leading man with the Oliver Morosco stock company in Los Angeles, California. Ormer Locklear was killed on August 2, 1920. He was just twenty-seven. Yes, Ruth Roland is quite a singer. She toured the Pantages circuit some time ago in a singing act. Crane Wilbur has been appearing in vaudeville lately with Martha Mansfield.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

FRECKLES.—You have that address correct for the Talmadge sisters. Geraldine Farrar is still married to Lou Tellegen. Miss Farrar is appearing in grand opera.

TINY.—Earle Williams is not Katherine MacDonald's husband. Earle is the husband of Florence Walz.

J. E. W.—Hallam Cooley was born in New York in 1888. He received his education in the University of Minnesota. After playing in stock, he entered pictures, and appeared with American, Selig, Keystone, Universal, Mary Pickford, Goldwyn, Paramount, and National. He is six feet tall. His hair is brown and curly and his eyes are blue. He is married to a nonprofessional.

MISS SIDNEY R.—Bebe Daniels is not married. Kenneth Harlan is married to Flo Hart, a legitimate performer in New York.

MARY K.—You will find the addresses of the players at the end of The Oracle.

WALLACE AND BEBE FOREVER.—You most likely missed seeing your answers, if that is the case. Dorothy Dalton has no children. Natalie is the youngest of the Talmadge girls. Your other questions have been answered.

VERY INQUISITIVE.—I think it much more interesting to keep you guessing. Thomas Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring. Thomas weighs one hundred and seventy pounds. Neal and William S. Hart are no relation. Billie Burke is her correct name. She was named for her father, a famous circus clown. Lillian Rich and H. B. Warner played in "The Dice of Destiny." Lillian does not appear with any certain company. She is engaged by the picture only. She has appeared with Frank Mayo in several of his latest releases. I would certainly love to find a package of candy on my desk some morning. There are several players by the name of Davidson, but not stars.

MISS MABEL V.—You failed to inclose a stamp with your request, so you will have to look at the end of The Oracle for that address you desired.

LOIS Z.—Your question has been answered.

MARY B. M. C.—Wallace Reid's son is about four or five years old. He has been appearing in a picture recently with his mother, Dorothy Davenport. The Reids have been married about six years. Charley Ray's wife is Clara Grant Ray. Wesley Barry is about fourteen. "The Hell Diggers," "The Affairs of Anatol," and "Peter Ibbetson" are some of Wallace Reid's latest pictures.

A MOVIE FAN, D. D. D.—Blanche Payson, I think, is about the tallest actress on the screen. She is six feet three and weighs two hundred and fifteen pounds. She was once in Keystone comedies. Now she does character work.

BERNICE B. VAN B. C.—Doris May has only recently become the wife of Wallace MacDonald. Ann Forrest was born in Denmark in 1897. Billie Burke was born August 7, 1886. Virginia Lee Corbin is not making pictures at present.

HENRY C.—Marie Prevost is starring with Universal. Her first release for that company was called "Moonlight Follies."

Continued on page 107

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 86

Conrad Nagel comes of a fine and artistic family. His father was a pianist, his mother a singer, and they frequently did concert work together. Nagel, senior, was also head of the musical department in Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa. From the time he was fourteen years old Conrad took part in all sorts of amateur theatricals, principally at school.

"I used to build the scenery, play in the piece, and write all the newspaper notices," he said to me. "Of course the notices were the best I have ever had, and naturally my pictures got into the local papers oftener than anybody else's did."

Conrad graduated from college at seventeen, carrying off honors in academic subjects as well as having become a musician and an actor. The very next day after graduation he went to work as an actor with a Des Moines stock company, playing small parts and old men at first and then playing juveniles. Afterward he went to New York and entered vaudeville, remaining in that work for six months. Then he got a chance to play juveniles in New York, finally landing in Richard Bennett's rôle in "Damaged Goods." From that time on he was a success.

"We came to California to make one picture," said Mr. Nagel.

"And then baby Ruth came along, and I think we won't ever want to leave," said Mrs. Nagel.

Just then baby Ruth awoke in her basket and crowed as the California sun shone into her pretty eyes.

"It's unanimous!" grinned papa Nagel.

You Have to Weep, to Be a Star

Continued from page 48

When you see Hopper and other directors who use a similar procedure working with an actress to produce tears you would suspect that the two principals were going through a romantic love scene instead of a mere process of mental suggestion. The words that suggest the emotion are spoken in a whisper. Oftentimes the director will hold the actress' hands or put his arm around her shoulder as he talks. His face will reflect the intensity of his desire to sketch clearly the pathetic moment in the drama. The girl's eyes will gradually begin to kindle with the light of grief. Finally, after the words have had their effect and the actress has burst into tears, he will back away and give instructions for the scene.



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Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

Pity the Poor Screen Villain!

Continued from page 55

approach. Altogether it's a tough life he leads.

The villain is a man of imagination, too. That's another thing I like about him. He's the guy that keeps the picture going. He thinks up things, he does. Only the other day I saw a picture in which the villain had thought out the most original scheme for taking care of his stolen gold. He kept it in a submerged submarine at the bottom of the sea. Think of being able to get hold of a submarine that way without attracting anybody's attention!

The society villain is always rich and lives in a place that looks like a public library. Here the subvillains come to plan their dirty work. If he is a serial villain, his house is always full of trapdoors and secret wells, where he drops the heroine after he has kidnaped her.

Then there's the adventurous villain, who steals cattle, robs trains, holds up stagecoaches, or gambles. He's a picturesque guy—not handsome perhaps, but sturdy looking. He always wears a wide, becoming hat, and nearly always has a natty-looking kerchief knotted around his neck. And as for health, he's the healthiest kind of villain in the bunch. He can drink gallons of forty rod, and come out in the morning looking as fresh as a daisy.

I've been talking about the kingpin villains. Of course there are the second-raters, or villainettes, who do their chief's work. They come in lots of a dozen or so, and seem to

have no thought for themselves. A pretty faithful lot, I'll say. For instance, they'll kidnap the heroine for their boss. But do they ever so much as try to hold her hand? Not they. And the way they'll carry money around in gobs without ever thinking of running off with it!

If the heroine ever should bring herself to love the villain and marry him, I'm sure they'd have a fine race of children. I'll say one thing for the villain—he's a good sport and generally picks out a husky girl. That's proven when he tries to steal a kiss and they get to scrapping. Those scraps would put an embryo Dempsey to shame. Round after round they go at it, and at the end the girl is still going strong.

Between biffs on the villain's nose, the heroine gets a peek out of the window and sees the hero coming. Then she faints conveniently in order to impress her lover, though we know well enough she is quite indestructible and could keep it up indefinitely. The hero breaks down the door and rushes in, and the villain never gets that kiss at all.

But he'll keep right on being faithful to her to the bitter end of the last reel. And even as he falls off the cliff he'll murmur her sweet name.

No, try as he may, no villain ever triumphs in a picture. Villainy must remain its own reward to the end—unless the villain takes to going to picture shows. Then he may learn a thing or two. For he's an apt boy, as I said before.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

beautiful picture. But it is in her gay cabaret scenes that her public will probably love her best, for there she wears the bizarre costumes and does the fantastic dances that only Mae Murray is capable of. The story is the old one of the chorus girl with the heart of gold which Miss Murray has presented in such myriad forms. For the most part it is glitteringly artificial, but in their more quiet moments Monte Blue and Mae Murray give some sympathetic bits.

"The Lure of Jade."

Pauline Frederick seems to defy all laws of time and screen history. She grows younger and more vital with every picture. Now if some one would only write her a really significant story with a plot worthy of her fine and intense work we would be able to introduce a beautiful

and imaginative actress all over again to the screen.

"The Lure of Jade" is not a weak story, but it follows the path of least resistance in a commonplace, fair-to-middlin' plot. It is a story of army life and of the South Sea Islands which, to its credit, gives Miss Frederick a chance for two violently contrasting rôles.

We see her first as the daughter of a navy commander whose interest in a collection of jade leads her to the quarters of one of the officers at an unconventional hour. We all know what this means in a naval station. She is hounded by gossip until she leaves the post and seeks refuge in the "white shadows" of the South Seas.

Here she suffers one of those deplorable changes which recall her transformation in "Madame X." She

becomes a bitter, bedraggled woman who directs the fortunes of a disreputable inn. She treats the men stationed about her as pawns on a chessboard until sudden intrigue ends her career in a tragic touch of heroism. It must be said for the author that he had courage enough to refrain from tacking on the illogical happy ending.

A word of credit also belongs to the director for his selection of picturesque sites for both phases of the story. But, when all is finished, it is Pauline Frederick's triumph. I shudder to think of what the picture might have been without her.

"Molly O."

You would hardly recognize the fine Italian hand of Mack Sennett in this soft and romantic love story. Not a pie is thrown from reel to reel. Moreover it stars that late champion slapstick artist, Mabel Normand, as a more or less demure young thing.

The plot is an old favorite. In the yellow-backed dime-novel days it was called "The Millionaire and the Washer Woman's Daughter; or, From Suds to Diamonds." Still farther back it was known as "Cinderella." It shows little *Molly Adair* living happily in her sordid surroundings until she falls in love with the picture of the wealthiest doctor in town. The meeting, the masked ball, the marriage follow just as they did in the earlier classics. And the ending is happier than ever.

The direction and photography is unusually good—I don't know when I have seen more realistic slums than this picture of *Molly's* home life. Sometimes they were realistic enough to be actually unpleasant. Why do writers of Irish scenarios always consider dirt the most amusing and captivating thing in the world?

"Don't Tell Everything."

This is the most extraordinary bit of patchwork ever pieced together on the screen. The rumor goes that it was made up from cuts left over from "The Affairs of Anatol." They do say that Anatol's affairs were so numerous that one of them had to be taken out bodily from the completed film and that it was this one which forms the basis of "Don't Tell Everything."

Whether this is truth or fiction, the film does bear remarkable evidence of being patched together from various bits of material. It features Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, and Elliott Dexter in one of those after-marriage romances which defeat the "other woman" at her own game and which reunite the two legitimate members of the triangle. Cecil De Mille's name is not on the credit title.



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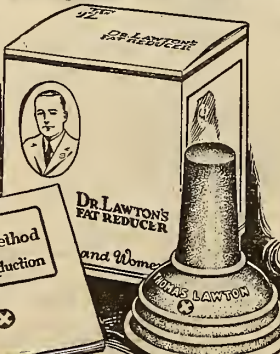
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Is Our Ideal Girl in the Movies?

Continued from page 19

you know, has the leading rôle in his last picture and whom he had directed in several succeeding productions. So he went to see her to express his regret that they had come to the parting of the ways. But she only smiled in a friendly way and said, "That's all right. I'll go on playing in your pictures just the same if you want me to. If they want to put your name up in electric lights they can take mine down."

Even Mr. Stanlaws, who knew her pretty well, was amazed at her generosity.

"I couldn't let her do that, you know," he told me. "So I just told her we'd go on as before. That's the only time I have ever heard of a star being willing to give up the honor that was due her, and Betty did it without a moment's hesitation. Most of the stars spend their time fighting to get every bit of advertising that their contracts call for. She is a dear girl; in spite of all of her popularity in the studio and out, she is unaffected and warm-hearted and generous."

And I wonder if in this imperfect world there could be a more ideal girl than that?

Fugitive Flickers

"Alone in the World at Thirty-two," pleased a capacity audience at the Idle Hour matinee and night. The film carries a baggage car of special scenery, one trick mule, three Siberian bloodhounds, and a property man with a cow-lick. The high-noon street parade was spectacular, led by Professor Samuel Ronsheim's All-American Silver Cornet Band.

Chris Crouse, who leaned his elbow on the bar in such a realistic manner in the first four reels of "Ten Nights in a Barroom," has assumed the stage name of Emmanuel Dushane, and wears a cloth hat.

"Fanchon The Cricket," will be the closing bill at the Grand Opera House Saturday evening. Between the third and fourth reels, a plush album, platform rocker, and hanging lamp, displayed in Case's drug-store window will be given to holders of the lucky numbers.

Those who saw the problem film, "Dishwashing," claim it was immense, with the hero always getting into hot water. Oscar Moss, with the world against him, also appeared after the subtitle, "Twenty Years After," wearing the same derby hat.

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The Real Mary Pickford

Continued from page 34

"I'm not, and I never will be," she answered as she tried to straighten her hat. "But isn't it wonderful?"

"What's she going to do in pictures as she goes on?" I wanted to know. "I saw 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and didn't like it much, except when she was *Dearest*. Why doesn't she play grown-up parts?"

"That's just what she can't decide on. She says she doesn't know what to do; that the critics find fault with her when she plays children, and ask when she's going to do up her curls, and the public likes her best as a child. She's really worried about it."

"She'll do the right thing, though; she can't help it," Lillian went on after a moment; we had progressed to the lunch room by that time for afternoon tea, a chaste repast, at which she ate pie à la mode and I had a baked apple and coffee—without sugar; Dorothy Gish and I are reducing by the same method, which is said to be infallible, but by way of a precaution we're dieting as well, and the waiter in that lunch room takes the sugar bowl off the table now when he sees either of us coming.

"She's always working toward good pictures," Lillian explained. "And when a new director goes to work for her she says to him, 'Now the first thing we've got to have, and the biggest thing, is harmony. If any one makes trouble he must go—no matter how big a part he plays. Don't ever call any one down before any one else, and give everybody a chance, even if they create dissatisfaction—but if they don't improve let them go.'

"And forget that I'm Mary Pickford. I'm just like everybody else—and a good picture is what we've all got to work for, first of all."

"And what does she get out of it besides the money?"

"Happiness because she pleases people—and popularity, only she doesn't let that blind her. 'It doesn't count, Lillian,' she told me. 'Not as much as what you have inside you.' And she's made for herself such a lot 'inside.' She is a really wonderful character. She has so much bigger perspective on life than most people have—if that's what you'd call it. I've known her when she was very unhappy and when she was very happy, as she is now, and always she could rise up out of her own mood and consider somebody else. She's really more wonderful than people can realize—a much bigger person."

"And is she as perfectly happy as she seems now?"

"Oh, yes! The last time I saw her she said to me, 'Oh, Lillian, being married is wonderful. Why don't you marry some marvelous man like Douglas?' And I told her that marvelous men like Douglas were hard to find."

"Which is all too true," I replied as Sammy, the highly privileged office boy, appeared to announce in the dulcet tones which he reserves for Lillian that the bus was about to leave for the station. "But from what you say I'm inclined to think that marvelous girls like Mary are still harder to locate."

"There isn't another one in the world!" retorted Mary's best friend.

What It Costs to Be a Star

Continued from page 26

but nearly every star of to-day has some hobby which is just as expensive as the bare necessities of life—or the necessities of a bare life, if you prefer the term.

Taking the field by and large, I am convinced that with the exception of the Big Three already named there are few, if any, very rich stars.

Take the case, for instance, of a star I know rather well personally—you may guess who it is. His annual income, which is paid as a salary, happens to be approximately one hundred and thirty thousand dollars. He employs a secretary, a valet, and a business manager as his own personal staff or retinue. The aggregate salaries of these is nearly fifteen thousand dollars a year. The building of his home in Hollywood cost

him sixty-five thousand dollars last year. Yes, it has a swimming pool. He owns two automobiles—one a high-powered roadster which cost six thousand dollars, and a limousine for the use of his wife, which cost five thousand dollars. The upkeep of these cars, which includes the salary of a chauffeur, is annually four thousand and forty dollars. The maintenance of the house, with maids, nurse, and cook, and good old Hollywood taxes nicks him for another ten thousand dollars. His picture wardrobe cost him seven thousand five hundred dollars, and his personal wardrobe, which is a thing apart from the pictures, since he never wears the same clothes on the street that he wears in a picture, added three thousand dollars to his ex-



An Old Family Secret

BASKING under the blue skies of sunny Italy centuries ago was a beautiful maid, reflecting in her cheeks the color and warmth of her native land. She had finished her toilette and was admiring, by the aid of a hand mirror, the magic effects produced by the application of that formula which had been a guarded secret in her family for generations.

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From a Lady--"I cannot thank you enough for all the good it has done me. One bottle has cleared my face wonderfully." Miss Mary Yonks, Haverstraw, N. Y.

From a Soldier--"It is certainly wonderful." Louis Langer, Troop F, 3rd Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt.

From a Flyer--"Cleared my face of Acne." H. J. Howald, N. H. Station, Pensacola, Fla.

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Thousands of Others--men and women--praise Clear-Tone. We'll gladly send copies of most interesting testimonials.

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penses. His charities, which include heavy contributions to the Crippled Children's Guild and caring for an orphan from France, as well as the response to many individual appeals, total ten thousand dollars a year.

If you will stop at this point to consider for a moment you will see that he has spent one hundred and twenty-five thousand five hundred and forty dollars so far—and without even considering his income tax we are leaving him just four thousand four hundred and sixty dollars out of his salary. Pity the poor star!

Of course the sixty-five thousand dollars which his home cost him during the year can be deducted from some of the money he had saved. However, you can imagine the worst,

and maybe he is paying the contractor by the month even now.

If there are any tears to be shed as I unwind this lugubrious tale prepare to shed them now. His income tax for last year was fifty thousand six hundred and fourteen dollars. Being quick at figures, you instantly say, "Well, he was *minus* at the end of that depressing year!" You are right; he was. He paid out more than he took in. Now ask me how he managed to exist. I don't know.

His case is just about the same as that of the majority of actors who are very high up in the screen world, and, as far as I can see, they all are worthy cases for charity themselves, so keep it in mind the next time you see a poor starving star.

Brass Bands and Baseball and Pearl

Continued from page 43

ness. Whether or not you agree with her is, of course, entirely up to you, the individual. But the White idea was delivered with clarity, and, I would like to believe, sincerity.

"Pictures," she said earnestly, "are the best entertainment in the world when properly handled. People want action and comedy and movement, people who really go to movies regularly. Of course," she allowed herself a snap of the fingers, "I don't mean the highbrows when I speak of the people."

"If I were told to go *carte blanche* on my own productions I would go out and make a big, smashing melodrama with heart interest, a handful of villains, and a good, strong, handsome hero—and," this modestly, "me. And I think it would be a huge success."

It would be called "The Hokum Queen," I would suggest. But Pearl is not going to be given *carte blanche*, and she is going to go into *Art*. At least she is going to make a noble effort. Some time during the current theatrical season she is to flash forth on a Broadway stage in an Arthur Hopkins play, the nature of which she was not at liberty to divulge.

As the original take-a-chance lady, the first female Steve Brodie of the film, Pearl White would be able, I felt reasonably sure, to enlighten me regarding the authenticity of the dare-devil feats of skill performed every two thousand feet.

I smiled to throw her off her guard.

"Miss White," I asked offhandedly, "now that you're out of serials, and more or less dramatically inclined, won't you tell me just how much your stunts were faked? I want to

know—I and a couple of million others."

At first she looked adamant. Every crinkle in her blond crown stood firm. Then she smiled slowly, steadily, and decided that the cat might be let out of the bag.

"When I first went into the continued-in-our-next style of celluloids I was just Pearl White, ex-comedy girl. And I did everything that was demanded, from jumping off burning aeroplanes to throwing locomotives for a loss. I was comparatively unknown, and my life wasn't worth more than any one else's."

"But after 'The Perils of Pauline' made such a walloping success, and I became known all over the world as Fearless Pearl White, the Pathé people decided that Fearless Pearl was too valuable a bet to be hanging over real cliffs and laughing at death itself. So they employed doubles on the nasty stuff. And we went along so fast that no one knew the diff. But during my first serial tell the world that little Pearl took a chance—not once, but many times. Those days"—she smiled mockingly as she imitated Fannie Brice's patois—"those days were not so good by me!"

Down in her heart Pearl can't not think that Art is "the bunk," for after speaking to her, undisturbed, within the brick walls of her nonchalantly disarranged dressing room. I am positive that Art guides her in her commitments, Art dictates her blond aura, and Art sways her in her choice of attitudes.

Art may be Art, and then again it may be an ingenious abbreviation for Artificial.

And which, you ask, which is Pearl's? I leave it with you to decide.



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John the Magnificent

Continued from page 84

around the most interesting young actor on the American stage. The speaker was quite obviously enjoying his importance. No question, however intimate or personal, daunted him; he told his listeners whatever they wanted to know about the young eccentric. Since Barrymore never grants interviews, this was an unusual treat. Questions were showered at him, and the little group continued to be augmented by passers-by.

Finally the man who was expatiating so nobly on the subject of J. B. blushed furiously and started to move on. More questions were hurled at him: "Is it true that he has terrible fits of temper that make him seem almost like Mr. Hyde?" "Does he really have a pet snake he takes everywhere with him?" "Are the women in his company all in love with him?" But he had lost his former volubility. The interested people in the crowd were disappointed; the speaker himself was dismayed. At the rear of the little group of people who were listening to him he had seen a young man who apparently had been there for some time and who was listening in rapt attention. The interested listener was John Barrymore.



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Unsung Heroes

Continued from page 50

and accessories of each set, and it is he who shoulders the responsibility for those accessories overnight. Some one must. The assistant director may be considered in the light of the official goat—royal receiver of the buck.

When mob scenes are under way it is the A. D. who assembles the swarms of extras and coaches them. The director parks under a cool tree, chatting with the star or the best-looking lady in view.

And yet who ever heard of an A. D. getting screen mention? Some day, you see, they'll be directors, and sit beneath trees themselves, and then will come fame and billboard and all that sort of thing.

So perhaps it works out all right in the end. But when you see your next feature film, pause a moment between the Sunshine Comedy and the Wander Holme Travelogue, and think—just for a moment—of the people behind the magic screen, the army of workers who make the feature really flicker, the unsung heroes of the shadow stage!

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The Big Little Brother of the Moores

Continued from page 23

where Peter was proposing to Sister. Mr. Moore is Peter in the picture. He is the worthy man who gets the worst of everything.

"But I suppose it all ends happily in the picture," we remarked. "You movie people are sticklers for the happy ending."

"No, we are not," he replied. "At least I'm not. I'm a stickler for realism even when it leads one on to a tragic ending."

"And I don't believe in make-up, either. I play a scene without any whenever I get a chance, and I'd play them all that way if they would let me."

"Tom and Owen never use much make-up either, do they?" I asked. "I noticed in Tom's last picture that you could actually see his freckles in his close-ups. But at a risk of having you think me frivolous I must say that I like handsome heroes with long eyelashes, nice white faces, and red lips." Mr. Moore regarded us scornfully. He didn't actually say, "You would!" But he looked it. Then he said, "But President Harding and General Pershing. They never put on make-up when they go before the camera, and you like them, don't you?"

"Yes, but not as screen heroes."

"And I agree with you," said Miss Owen. "People to be interesting should be beautiful and wicked, but not beyond reformation, so that in the end virtue may triumph."

"Whether it is logical or not, I suppose?" said Mr. Moore sadly. "And another thing of which I disapprove is this star system; I mean where stars become stars overnight. I have had several offers to star, principally, I suppose, because of the popularity of my brother, but so far I have resisted all temptation."

"You are too modest. Of course they want you to star because you are a corking actor."

"Well, if I am not an actor now I never could be one. I've had years enough to learn—fifteen in all."

"On the screen all the time?"

"No, only eight years of screen work. Before that I was on the stage; so was Tom and so was Owen; I am the youngest, you know."

"No, I didn't know that; you all look the same age. If I were a producer I should make a picture of 'The Three Twins' and have you Moores star in it—a three-star-brand picture." Here Monsieur Capellani said again, "All ready for this scene," and Mr. Moore dashed away to propose to the blushing Seena.

A Tennis-Loving Thespian

Continued from page 22

life to me. I love it. I love everything connected with the stage. But I'd be a fool if I didn't appreciate what pictures have done for me, given me a chance to see the daylight—the stage actor sleeps away his days except when he is at the matinee—and to play tennis and run around in a car. Oh, it's a great life!" He looked anxiously toward the tennis courts.

"You played often on the New York stage?" I quizzed relentlessly.

"Yes, the last time was in 'Mary's Ankle.' Then I signed a contract with Metro. I have been fortunate with my pictures. I have had good stories to work with, and they have been successful. I am glad, for there is one rule of life which one must live up to: 'Never fail.' Success brings success. The one unforgivable sin of this day and age is to be a failure. The pitiful part of pictures is that often those that work the hardest and are the most sincere in their endeavors fail. I don't know why this should be true, except that you cannot tell whether you have caught a success or a failure until the picture is finished. I have had two pictures which have turned out rather

badly, and it seems inexcusable because we had good stories to work with, good actors, and the best of assistants all along the line. One was 'The Message from Mars.'"

"Who do you think was to blame?" I asked.

"It was thirty per cent my fault," he admitted honestly, "thirty per cent the director's, and thirty per cent the scenario. I can see just where the trouble lay now, but at the time we all thought we were doing splendidly. The trouble was we tried to force the comedy. Some one once said that getting comedy across is like taking care of a seven months' old infant. It must be very gently nurtured."

"Heh, Bert!" a peevish, masculine voice called from outside. Mr. Lytell, who had become interested in his topic, failed to hear it.

"Bert!"—in louder and more emphatic tones.

"Bert! The court's vacant and we're waiting for you!"

Mr. Lytell sprang to his feet. "I'll be there in a few moments." Then turning to me apologetically: "This is the last day of my vacation. Tomorrow I start a new picture. You'll pardon me, won't you?"

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

Continued from page 88

ture was. There was no doubting on this occasion—I didn't need to reassure myself.

When Hugh and I were in our car again, on our way home, I looked out through the misty rain that was beginning to cloud the windows and smiled to myself. Hugh was lounging contentedly in his corner, holding one of my hands tight in one of his and congratulating himself that we had been able to slip away from the people who wanted to have a party for us as a celebration of his success.

"And it is a success, Sally," he told me earnestly. "Macy asked me if they could have it—he's coming around with contracts and things tomorrow. And they want me to make a regular agreement with them for four pictures a year—not so bad, is it?"

Macy was the man behind one of the biggest releasing organizations in the industry; for him to come out at once meant that the picture came up to our highest hopes.

"I told him I'd talk it over with you," Hugh went on more slowly. "What do you think, dear? Shall we give up the game and clear out? Or shall we stick with it?"

I didn't answer for a moment. We were driving through a small town, and I could see one of the local motion-picture theaters, its gaudy posters bright even through the rain, a huge "To-morrow—" legible as we flitted past. How would I feel to have Hugh drop out, so that after a while I'd never see his name on a theater like that again? How would it seem to have the movie world in which we had lived for so long go on without us?

I glanced at Hugh. And in that moment I knew that, in spite of the anxiety and hours of waiting and annoyance and disappointment that would be his lot if he stayed in the game, he'd be unhappy outside it. He might leave pictures and go to ranching, as he'd so often said he wanted to, but the wrench of leaving the studios, with the sputtering lights and shouting electricians and disgruntled directors, would take from him something that had become part of his life.

And I gave him the answer that would mean that I would go on being a star's wife.



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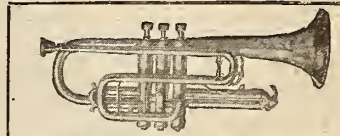
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 56



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reason, but was it necessary—and “is it art?” And, in a film based on a famous horse story, why should a girl of typical Yankee face and manner be chosen for the part of a young mid-Victorian English girl? Defects such as these may not be specifically noticed but if they are not present the general excellence is invariably noticed and appreciated.

I feel sure it would not detract from the enjoyment of the satisfied ones if directors were to show originality in the treatment of ideas. We are constantly being told that movie editors are always on the lookout for new ideas, whereas they are mortally afraid of them. No play the least out of the ordinary has a ghost of a chance unless its popularity has first been demonstrated on the stage or in book form. What they want is some one to ring the changes, in the shape of thrills, on whatever type of play happens to be in vogue.

We are also told that the producers know what the public wants but the output shows that the majority merely know what they can get away with. We do not want, and I think I speak for a large number of the average man, the morbid muck of the pseudo highbrows nor the predigested pap of the purists nor yet the emasculated remains of censorship. What we do want, and let directors tack this up where it can readily be seen, is simply, “a good story well told.” A VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE.
Quebec City, Canada.

Beauty for Its Own Sake.

It seems to me that the readers of PICTURE-PLAY, in choosing their eight artistes, did not adhere strictly to the term “beauty” but allowed acting, personality, appeal, and perhaps soul to influence them in their choice.

The following eight are my choice, taken as if they were mere marble statues, in other words chosen solely for cold beauty, a beauty that compels the eye to be directed toward it upon first appearance as if it were a piece of art on exhibition.

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| ACTRESS. | FIRST. |
| Corinne Griffith | IMPRESSION. |
| Anna Q. Nilsson | Exotic |
| May McAvoy | Queenly |
| Katherine MacDonald | Cameo |
| Gloria Swanson | Haughty |
| Elsie Ferguson | Sensuous |
| Naomi Childers | Womanly |
| Jane Novak | Patrician |
| | Lackadaisical |

In choosing the last, I deliberated for some time. My other choice could have been Agnes Ayres but she and Jane Novak are very similar, so we'll let it go at that.
MONROE R. OWSLEY.

1439 Sycamore Avenue, Hollywood, California.

A Protest Against the “Superspecials.”

Why all the hue and cry over the producers of these superspecials? Fitzmaurice, Holubar, De Mille—it seems to me they only “know in part.” One is famous for lavish settings, another for the latest in fashions or colored subtitles. But what one of them capably uses or attempts to use the possibilities of the screen for true pantomime? Their pictures are messed up with elaborate sets, furniture, gowns, and many subtitles—these last introduced to explain what they are too lazy or too lacking in ingenuity to express pictorially.

Intelligent people might better give encouragement to the young director who works steadily and quietly to make each picture better than the one before, to pioneer and to progress. He tries to get dramatic values from whatever script he is attempting to direct, in terms of pictures, not subtitles of conversation accompanied by illustrations of the characters.

The situations in “What's Your Reputation Worth?” seem far removed from the ordinary life of folks, but the spectator is convinced because throughout the story the psychology is sound and the people seem real and sincere. The director has had the courage of his conviction that the dramatic values are to be found in the way his characters change and develop, not merely in the situations which bring about that development. And furthermore the development is all accomplished through pictures and reliance on the acumen and intelligence of the audience.

Throughout the picture the backgrounds are suitable and unobstructive—but interesting. Corinne Griffith's individuality and beauty make the freakishness of the De Mille manikins seem more cheaply theatrical than ever. I love her and admire her husband's genius for the “homy” picture.
C. L. J.

242 Main Street, Hornell, New York.

High Praise for Wallie.

I'm for Wallace Reid first, last, and all the time. With me he is, and always shall be, a perennial favorite. In the first place he is romance personified, and as I am a member of the gentler sex, naturally that goes strong with me. However, besides his unusual good looks and romantic appeal, there is a great deal more in his favor. His personality is so darned likable and “hail-fellow-well-met”—so clean cut, unaffected and manly—his sense of humor so apparently keen and contagious—in short, he is such a regular fellow at all times, that one can never make the mistake of placing him in a class with certain other “Movie Kings,” famous for their faces and figures and little else. Besides, *Wallace Reid can act.* If being absolutely natural, or at least seeming to be so, is one of the requisites of an actor—why then Mr. Reid is there a million ways. I can't think of another so-called film star to-day who could play the sort of parts in which he excels, and put them across as he does. For I cannot think of another star who has just his winning combination of graceful acting ability, personality, and good looks, plus a saving sense of humor. I certainly think Mr. Reid is capable of far stronger acting than that for which his parts seem to call; but no doubt he knows his public. What a romantic and absorbing picture “The Prisoner of Zenda” would make—and to think of *Ridolph Rassendyll*, in my mind, is to think of Wallace Reid. If ever a part fitted an actor—that one would seem to fit Mr. Reid.

The best actor on the screen, in my opinion, is Bert Lytell—with the possible exception of John Barrymore. Mr. Lytell is a finished artist. Each rôle is a complete characterization—well studied and beautifully drawn—veritable cameos of art. No rôle is ever haphazard or ill-conceived. Who could ever forget, who once saw it, his magnificent portrayal of *Charlie Steele*—or his masterly conception of the smug selfish egotist in “The Message From Mars?” There is acting for you!

Continued on page 106

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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 104

Among so many poor and indifferent, he stands out preëminently as the actor.

The best-dressed man on the screen is Richard Barthelmess—among the younger celebrities, perhaps I should add. He *looks* like the boys I know—conservatively, quietly, and correctly *dressed*—none of the theatricalisms of attire which seem to spoil the *tout ensemble* of a few of our otherwise pleasing movie stars and leading men. How many disagree with me?

I think that D. W. Griffith could make a splendid picture from George Eliot's "The Mill on the Floss." Possibly I may be mistaken, as the story may be unsuited for screen purposes. At any rate, I cannot seem to conjure up in my mind an actress who pictures *Maggie* to me.

A WALLACE REID ADMIRER.

Brookline, Massachusetts.

Wallie Again.

I have been puzzling about Wallace Reid, the ideal of so many girls. What is the reason for his popularity? Is it his ability or his appearance? I always enjoy seeing Wallie, but whether it is due to his splendid support, his talent, or his handsomeness, I have been unable to figure out. Also I have been comparing the easy rôles he has been playing, to the extremely difficult rôle Ralph Graves was forced to portray in "Dream Street." When you come to think of it, Ralph did some remarkable emotional acting, and received barely a word of praise from the critics. Meanwhile, Wallace walks off with a good deal of praise merely for getting in and out of a racer or smiling at a beautiful leading woman. Perhaps, though, Wallace Reid once worked as hard as Ralph Graves is working now, for the privilege of merely being pictorially pleasing.

Detroit, Michigan. C. N.

An Appreciation of Elliott Dexter.

I am a one-hundred-per-cent movie fan, and of course I have my favorites. But when I think of the men on the screen whom I admire most, I do not think of the men with the most beautiful eyes or hair, I think of the men of character and of personality.

When I think of men of character and personality, one man comes up distinctly before me—he is Elliott Dexter. He is a man of character and a magnetic personality. Our thoughts are registered in our faces and surely Elliott Dexter must have good thoughts and a clean mind, to have such character in his face. He is a person that children could go and see, and it would teach them a lesson because he is always strong enough to resist temptation. I think he is making the picture industry better, don't you? Let us hope for more men of character—more Elliott Dexters upon our silver screen.

When I saw "The Last of the Mohicans," I was very much taken with Barbara Bedford's personality—such a romantic little dreamer. I certainly wish her success and I shall hope to see her in more of those kind of parts.

Another player who I am very fond of seeing is Monte Blue. He has a very wholesome way, and a most good natured, and I would imagine, a hearty laugh. I would like to see him star in good stories suitable to his personality. He has many admirers among high-school girls. And in closing I might add I am a high-school girl of SINCERE SIXTEEN. Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

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Then—he received an invitation to join the Photoplaywrights League of America—and did. Shortly thereafter with the prestige and influence of the organization back of him, his first story was accepted. It was sold through the League to the Fox Company for Eileen Percy, and was produced under the title of "Maid of the West."

That put Mr. Spencer into the professional class of screen writers,—thanks to his membership in the League. Now the readers at the studios do not have such a good opportunity to return his stories with a printed rejection slip attached.

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The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

A. M. BITIOUS.—So many persons have asked us of late to tell them how they can get into the movies that we have gotten out a ninety-six page booklet containing everything that we can find out on the subject. I think it's the best thing of its kind I've ever seen because it tells you as nearly as possible just what your chances would be and just how to go about it. It is called "Your Chance as a Screen Actor," and you can get a copy by sending twenty-five cents to the book department of Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

JACK.—Mary Garden made one screen play, "Thais," from the novel by Anatole France. Belle Bennett used to be a popular star a few years ago. She has given up the screen and is now on the legitimate stage.

V. L. B.—No photographs of players are brought out in book form but you will find the names of companies selling individual photographs in the advertising columns of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

THELMA D.—Some record—you've read The Oracle for four years and never asked a question of your own. Grace Cunard is still on the screen. She appeared in "A Daughter of the Law" and "The Man Hater." Francis Ford is devoting his time mostly to directing these days. His latest pictures are "Thunderbolt Jack" and "Cyclone Bliss." Mahlon Hamilton, Milton Sills, and Harrison Ford are leading men. Yes, Wallie Reid was a newspaper man before going on the screen. He was born in 1892 and has one son, Wallace, Jr., familiarly known as Billy. Kenneth Harlan played the lead in "Mamma's Affair" opposite Constance Talmadge. "The Conquest of Canaan" was finished long ago and Thomas Meighan, Doris Kenyon, and Diana Allen are busy on new pictures. Jack Pickford was born in 1896 and Mary in 1893.

HELEN B.—You will have to write Johnny Walker himself for his photograph. Address at the end of The Oracle. It is customary to inclose a quarter. Certainly you may write again. I'll look for a long letter next time.

WAITING MARY.—Jane Cowl did not play in "Common Clay." This was a Fannie Ward picture. Margaret Gibson, Edna Goodrich, and Ann Murdock are not on the screen at present. I'm glad you're happy.

TECUMSEH, MICH.—After filling two whole pages with questions and inclosing stamp and everything, you forgot the little detail of signing your name. I cannot advise you about getting into the movies—if I did there wouldn't be room for anything else. PICTURE-PLAY has recently published a booklet, though, that will answer all your questions. "Your Chance As a Screen Actor" is the name and it can be had for twenty-five cents. Address your order to the book department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York. Richard Barthelmess is the husband of Mary Hay; Dorothy Gish is Mrs. James Rennie; Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck; and I thought everybody knew that Mary Pickford was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Alice Brady is married to James Craue, but recently filed suit for divorce.

H. J. S.—Lillian Gish was born in 1896. She is not married.

DICK.—Stars answer as many of their letters personally as they can, but if they answered every one of the hundreds they get they wouldn't have any time left to act. Maybe you'll be lucky enough to get a personal letter. Jack Dempsey is not a movie actor—he made one picture, the serial "Dare-devil Jack."

A HIGH-SCHOOL GIRL.—Really, Louise, you have the wisdom of eighty. If all girls felt as you do about completing their education before trying to get into the movies there'd be less heartbreaking disillusionment. Anita Stewart is the personification of pep and health. You ask what actor was born in Honolulu—Maybe fifty were born there.

W. J. J. K.—Cullen Landis appeared in "The Infamous Miss Revell," and "The Old Nest," "Snow Blind," and "The Night Rose." Don't mention it.

PAPER DOLL.—Please don't remind me of wheel chairs and collections. I'll get there soon enough. But if you'll keep your promise to wheel me around I'll entertain you with all the movie news. Your question about Lillian Gish has been answered. Dorothy Green was born in 1895. Kenneth Harlan was Connie's leading man in "Lessons in Love."

BOBBIE.—Why do so many girls like to be called Bobbie? Send for the psychology experts. Wallace Reid was born in 1892. Yes, I like him. Agnes Ayres is in her twenties and is a blonde. Yes, "The Four Horsemen" was a great picture. You're pardoned for the spelling of "Apocalypse." It's a mean word to impose on poor movie fans.

MABEL N.—Zena Keefe is still with Selznick. She played in "After Midnight" with Conway Tearle. Sometimes players are loaned to various companies for a special picture. That explains your seeing her in a Cosmopolitan production.

INQUISITIVE THIRTEEN.—I'm surprised at your not knowing that Gareth Hughes was Tommy in "Sentimental Tommy." Miss McAvoy was elevated to stardom by Realart for her work in this picture. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters. Their real name is Flugrath. Nazimova was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia in 1879. Irene Castle Treman is married. Treman is her husband's name. She was born in 1893. Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

CARDWELL M.—Beatrice Dominguez died shortly after completing "The Four Horsemen," in which she played the Spanish dancer.

EUGENIA L.—"The Wonderful Thing" is Norma Talmadge's latest release. Ethel Sands will probably write about Norma in an early issue. You know she has gone to California to visit all the studios there and as Miss Talmadge is on the coast now they will most likely meet each other. Don't you wish you were Ethel Sands?

INTERESTED.—Whaddaye mean, "Cowboy by birth?" William S. Hart wasn't exactly born in the saddle—in fact he came into the world at Newburgh, New York, and I can conceive of nothing more uncowboy-like than Newburgh—but he went West at a tender age. Although he lived there for a number of years he was never a professional cowboy. Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio in 1898. Your questions about Lillian have already been answered. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are still touring in vaudeville.



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The Other Day I was Watching Two Fellows Exercising in a Gymnasium

—One was straining desperately to do the same feats of strength his companions were accomplishing.

but his efforts were in vain. He did not have the physique and his methods were entirely wrong. Close by was a fine robust man whose every muscle snootily rippled as he went through his exercising as though it were child's play. Being a great admirer of strong men and proper training methods, I introduced myself to this second man and asked where he had learned the knack of muscular contraction. He grabbed my hand and exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Liederman, I'm mighty glad to meet you. I'm one of your pupils." He turned out to be Arthur Lawrence, one of New York's well known strong men.



EARLE E. LIEDERMAN

Only One of Many

Hardly a week passes that I do not hear of such cases. It would take many volumes to contain the thousands of letters which stream into my office commending my system. Self praise means nothing so I leave it to my pupils to publish my achievements. There is no contest for the most perfect man, while many are living a life of ease through the money they receive by teaching others.

The Answer is Simple

Why did these two men work side by side in the same gymnasium with such opposite results? One apparently worked harder than the other but he burned up his vitality and destroyed his body, while the other had learned the science of muscular contraction, which not only brings a rapid increase in the development of muscle, but makes it possible to accomplish double the results with the same amount of development. This is the secret of my own success. After years of scientific study and application, I discovered the true basis of muscular development and applied it to my own body. The result was astounding. Just imagine a system that would do twice the work of any other in less than half the time. It is this very system that I am now imparting to others. My pupils are now among the leaders in both the athletic world and business world. One recently was given a single prize of \$1,000 in a contest for the most perfect man, while many are living a life of ease through the money they receive by teaching others.

Don't Delay

"He who hesitates is lost"—Save yourself from a life of misery and despair. Let this day be the start of a new life and a bigger one. Success is knocking at your door. Do not turn her away for she has big things in store for you: Strength, health and happiness. The man who succeeds is the one who obeys that impulse.

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RIDGEWOOD FAN.—Richard Wayne is still in pictures. His latest appearance was in "The Snob" with Wanda Hawley.

I. O. U.—Tommy Meighan is married to Frances Ring. I'll let him know your preference for dress-suit rôles. Constance is the youngest Talmadge girl. Yes, Wallie really plays all those musical instruments. So you never saw Gloria Swanson or Betty Blythe? You have my sympathy. Jackie Coogan is six years old and was born in New York City. Cullen Landis is twenty-six, and was born in Nashville, Tennessee. His hair is his own, naturally curly, guaranteed. Jack Holt is his real name. Did you know he's a star now? He was born in Winchester, Virginia. Gladys Walton was born in 1904. Her curls are natural.

ELLA E.—Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. Betty Blythe was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1893, and is married to Paul Scardon, a director. Betty Ross Clarke was born in Langdon, North Dakota. She is married to a nonprofessional. Pearl White has dark red hair but no freckles. Are you satisfied?

BLUE EYES.—J. Warren Kerrigan, Edna Mayo and William Courtleigh are still in pictures. Florence Labadie was killed in a motor accident in 1917. Valeska Suratt, Lillian Walker, Beverly Bayne, and Francis X. Bushman are in vaudeville.

SOUTHERN FAN.—Leatrice Joy was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, and educated at the Sacred Heart Academy there. After eight months in stock she entered pictures, playing with William Farnum, Bert Lytell, and J. Warren Kerrigan. Then she joined the Goldwyn company, playing in "Bunt Pulls the Strings," "A Tale of Two Worlds," and "The Night Rose." She is now taking a leading rôle in "Saturday Night," the latest Cecil De Mille production.

A. P. B.—Grace Cumard is still in pictures. "The Man Hater" is a recent release. She is married to Joe Moore, a brother of Tom and Owen.

ANXIOUS.—Jack Pickford has not remarried. He was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1896 and educated at St. Francis Military Academy, New York.

HELEN BETTY.—Mary Carr was the mother in "Over the Hill." Write me again. I love to get letters and answer questions.

BLOND BLONDE.—May McAvoy was born in New York in 1901. That is her correct name. She has dark hair and blue eyes. I'm sure she'd send you a photograph. Better inclose a quarter, though.

ELEANORE C.—There's no getting away from it, Eleanore, Conrad Nagel is a blond with blue eyes. I know dark hair and eyes are considered more romantic, but judging from your letter you don't think less of Conrad because he was born a blond. Write to him personally for his photograph. Conrad is married to Ruth Helms. Yes, she's pretty. "A Fool's Paradise" is his latest picture. I'm sure you'll like it.

PAULINE'S ADMIRER.—The December issue had a rotogravure picture of Pauline Frederick and the January issue a fine story, illustrated. That ought to satisfy you. She is starring for R-C pictures. Her latest picture is "The Lure of Jade," reviewed in this issue. Write me some more news from England.

JUST A FAN.—Lottie Pickford is still on the screen. Mae Marsh will probably be

seen soon in a picture. Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

DOROTHY N.—Pola Negri is a Famous Players star now. "The Last Payment" and "The Red Peacock" are two of her latest pictures. Write to her personally for a photograph.

A. W.—I never heard of Henry Edwards, or the picture "Nature's Gentleman." Mr. Edwards must be an English actor since you saw the picture in England.

BETTY COMPSON FAN.—You sign yourself "Betty Compson Fan" and yet you never mention Betty. What shameful neglect! William S. Hart is not married to a blonde—not married at all, in fact. No, he's not half Indian. Remember me to Theda when you see her.

THANK YOU.—You won't "look in vain" for the handsome Ward Crane's address this time.

ELITE FAN.—Certainly I think McLeansboro, Illinois, deserves more up-to-date pictures than "The Clodhopper" and "Jordan is a Hard Road." I cannot get any information about the latter. It is probably so old that people have forgotten it. It is not mentioned in the list of Owen Moore and the Gish sisters' pictures. "The Clodhopper" is probably a reissued film.

A. M. F.—Donald Crisp and Donald Hall are two different people. Donald Crisp was the one you saw in "Broken Blossoms."

BARBARA B.—Irene Castle Treman is five feet, seven inches; Constance Talmadge is five feet, five.

MANDY.—Ralph Graves recently married Marjorie Seaman. They met at the Griffith studio during the filming of "Dream Street" and fell in love with each other on the spot. What could be more thrilling? Marjorie is going to play in pictures and Ralph is at present working opposite Colleen Moore in "Sent For Out," a Rupert Hughes-Goldwyn production. He has been on the screen two years and is about twenty-one. His hair is brown and his eyes are blue, but I've never been near enough to see if his cheeks are pink.

W. M. B.—You have the right idea. The only way to get a thing is to go after it. "The Affairs of Anatol" has been released some time. Wallace Reid's hair is light brown. His son has appeared with Mrs. Wallace Reid in "Pat O'Paradise," but whether he will support his father in a picture I can't say.

ANN K.—All your questions about Rudolph Valentino were answered.

JOSEPH I. S.—Anne Luther was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1894. "Neglected Wives" for Wistarja Productions is her latest release. Anne is five feet, five inches, weighs one hundred and twenty-nine pounds and has titian hair and blue eyes. Now, forget all the mean things you were thinking of me.

CONNY.—I have no information about Edith May. What company is she with? Rex Beach is a famous author—he has written a great many screen plays, among them "The Spoilers,"—which, by the way, was the first long feature ever made—"The Auction Block," "Heart of the Sunset," "The North Wind's Malice," and "Rainbow's End." "The Iron Trail" is the first of a series of special pictures he is producing with his own company for United Artists.

INA JEAN.—Jack Hoxie is twenty-nine and unmarried. Address at the end of The Oracle.

KITTIE.—Of course I don't object to your questions. If you didn't ask them, I wouldn't have a job. So ease your conscience on that point. Your question about Thomas Meighan has been answered. There are lots of good-looking men single—but not lonesome. Constance Talmadge married John Pailoglou. The working name of the picture is "The Divorcee." I never heard of a Catherine Bush. There's a Mae Busch, working for Universal, and Catherine Calvert played in a picture called "The Career of Catherine Bush." Maybe that's where you got the name.

TOM.—Your writing is strangely familiar, but the last time I heard from you, you were "Jack." How many names have you anyhow? Maxine Elliott did not play with Mae Marsh in "Nobody's Kid." Maxine is a prominent stage star and appeared only in one picture, several years ago. I never heard of Scena Oliver. Perhaps you mean Seena Owen now in Cosmopolitan productions. Gail Kane is returning to the screen after a long absence.

AURORA B. OREALIS.—The cranberry wine intrigues me. I hope you keep your promise to send me some. The parts of *Claudia* in "The Prince Chap" at the ages of three, nine, and eighteen were played respectively by Charlotte ("Peaches") Jackson, May Giraci, and Lila Lee. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was a stage play, featuring Forbes Robertson, a legitimate actor.

JUST A LASSIE.—The inconsistency of woman! You were French at the beginning of your note and Scotch at the end. What were you in the middle? Goodness, everybody is asking about Rudy. You'll find everything you want to know in the letter at the head of The Oracle. I hope he never goes to Newport, Kentucky—I'd feel sorry for your boy friends. Dick Barthelmess has no children. Write again. I enjoyed your letter.

PEGGY S.—Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880. He is married to Adele Rowland, a legitimate actress. He is appearing on the stage in New York in "The Mad Dog." He will not desert the screen, however.

SUPERIOR, Wis.—"The Golden Snare" was a First National picture. "Kazan" was produced by William N. Selig. Richard Barthelmess is five feet, seven inches; Sessue Hayakawa is five feet, seven and a half.

ELEANOR V. M.—You must mean "The Wildcat of Paris," starring Priscilla Dean. Miss Dean is with Universal. Her latest is "Conflict."

J. R. J.—Frank Mayo was born in 1886 and is five feet, eleven and a half. He recently married Dagmar Godowsky. Write again, and don't forget the poem.

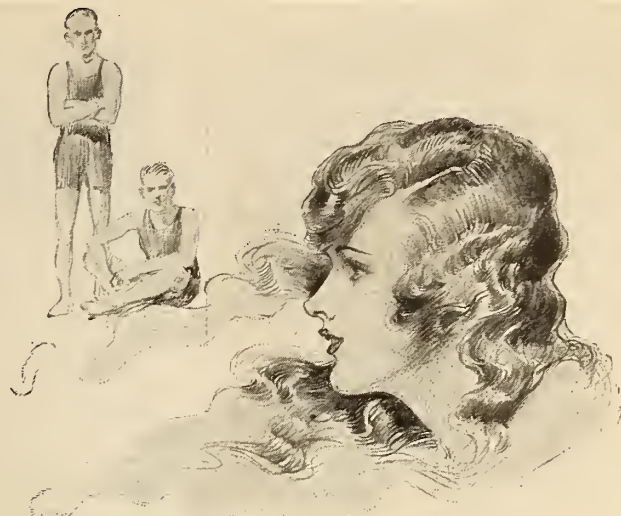
W. P. B.—Richard Barthelmess was never on the stage, except in amateur productions at Trinity College. His first screen appearance was in "War Brides." He was born in New York City in 1895.

A. R. B.—William S. Hart has officially announced that he will continue making pictures for Paramount. His latest release is "Three Word Brand." Your other questions have been answered.

MARY PICKFORD FAN.—I don't know when Mary is going to make another picture. She and Doug are in Europe now. It is rumored that they will costar in a picture to be made in France.

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DAISY R.—So Monte Blue is your favorite? He was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1890 and educated at Purdue University. After two years in vaudeville he—like almost every one else in the movies—began his screen career with Griffith. Then he played with Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Ethel Clayton, Mary Miles Minter, and various other stars. Now Monte is one of our most popular leading men, and back under the direction of the man he started with, for he's playing in Griffith's "The Two Orphans." He has brown hair and eyes and is married to a nonprofessional. So far as I know no song has been dedicated to him.

OLIVE E. T.—Clyde Fillmore was Tom Jaffrey in "Sham," opposite Ethel Clayton.

H. V. W.—Doris Pawn played opposite Will Rogers in "The Guile of Women." J. P. McGowan played the lead in "Cold Steel," an R-C picture.

COLLEEN MOORE FAN.—Your favorite is now playing in Rupert Hughes' latest story for Goldwyn opposite Ralph Graves. The title is "Sent For Out." Will Rogers has gone back to vaudeville, but only for a short time. His latest release is "Doubling for Romeo."

LOUISE.—"Buck" Jones has changed his name to Charles Jones. He has been formally christened Charles because he has no record of his birth and didn't know who his parents were or where he was born. His first release under the new name is "Riding With Death."

FANNY.—Gloria Swanson's latest picture is "Don't Tell Everything." Wallace Reid and Elliott Dexter are also featured. Walter Long has the rôle of *Captain Kitchell* in "Moran of the Lady Letty," Dorothy Dalton's latest picture.

HELEN R.—Bebe Daniels' latest is "The Speed Girl." The story is based on Bebe's famous ten-day stay in jail for speeding.

CHARLEY M.—Fritzi Brunette is Jack Holt's leading woman in his second star picture "The Devil Driver." Dorothy Davenport, who is Mrs. Wallace Reid, will return to the screen in a Lester Cuneo production "Pat O'Paradise." Her small son will also be in the picture. Mrs. Reid will use the name "Mrs. Wallace Reid."

ALICE CALHOUN FAN.—Yes, Alice is a sweet girl. Her next picture will be "The Little Minister" from Barrie's famous play. Paramount is also making a version of "The Little Minister" with Betty Compson in the leading rôle, Marion Davies' latest is "Enchantment." Forrest Stanley is her leading man.

S. M.—Mary Glynn is an English actress, making pictures for Famous Players at their London studios. She played in "The Call of Youth" and "The Princess of New York." "The Inner Chamber" is a recent Alice Joyce picture.

THELMA J.—Yes, Alice Terry recently married Rex Ingram. She has finished "Turn to the Right" and is engaged for the leading rôle in "The Prisoner of Zenda," both Rex Ingram productions. Lois Wilson plays the title rôle in "Miss Lulu Bett." George Fawcett played the leading rôle in "Silas Marner," from the story by George Eliot. Crauford Kent, Marie Edith Wells, Marguerite Courtot, Emily Chichester, Hugh Cameron, and Helen Rowland are in the cast.

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OTTO F.—“The Girl in the Taxi” and “My Lady Friends” are the latest Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven comedies. Harold Lloyd’s latest release is “Never Weaken.”

MAE MURRAY FAN.—“Peacock Alley” is Mae’s first production by her own company. It was directed by her husband, Robert Leonard. “Put and Take” will be their next joint offering. Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, N. Y. The town was named for her family. She is a leading lady in Goldwyn productions. Her latest release is “Dangerous Curve Ahead,” opposite Richard Dix.

JOE.—I don’t know when Marguerite Clark will make another picture. Her last was “Scrambled Wives.” She is Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams off the screen.

JACKSON S.—Edith Roberts has left Universal and is playing a leading rôle in Cecil De Mille’s latest, “Saturday Night.” Nazimova is making repertoire films—the first will consist of Oscar Wilde’s “Salome” and Ibsen’s “A Doll’s House.” They will be released through United Artists.

T. R. S.—Robert Gordon is back on the screen. His first appearance is in “The Rosary,” a Selig-Rork production, and he will be seen in future pictures of this company.

WONDERING.—Sigrid Holmquist is a Swedish actress, known as the Swedish Mary Pickford. She appears in Frances Marion’s production for Cosmopolitan, “Just Around the Corner,” so you can judge for yourself. Pat O’Malley is leading man for Miss DuPont in “Ropes.” In case you never heard of Miss DuPont, she is Marguerite Armstrong. Eric von Stroheim, who directed her in “Foolish Wives” didn’t like her name, so he christened her Miss DuPont. His inspiration must have run out because he didn’t give her a christian name—so she will be known as plain Miss DuPont.

KITTY.—“Idle Hands” is the title of George Arliss’ next picture. “Rent Free” is Wallace Reid’s latest opus. Lila Lee is his leading lady. Pauline Starke will support Thomas Meighan in “If You Believe It, It’s So.”

RICHARD DIX ADMIRER.—Ah, so you’re a victim of the handsome Richard, are you? He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1894, and educated at the St. Paul Central High School and the University of Minnesota. After several years on the stage and in stock he felt the call of the screen and jumped right into leading rôles. He is now with Goldwyn. Some of his latest pictures are “All’s Fair in Love,” “Dangerous Curve Ahead,” “Yellow Men and Gold,” and “The Poverty of Riches.” Richard is six feet, tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Lester Cuneo is six feet, one inch and a half, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and has black hair and gray eyes. He is starring in his own productions. Charlie Chaplin is five feet, four, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. “The Idle Class,” a two-reel comedy, is his latest release.

THERESA J.—Louise Huff was born in Columbus, Georgia. She is just five feet tall, weighs one hundred and six pounds, has fair complexion, blond hair, and violet eyes. She had an important rôle in “Disraeli,” starring George Arliss, and will play opposite Dick Barthelmess in his second independent starring production.

M. L.—“Intolerance” was supposed to cost upward of a million dollars. Yes, there were more people in “The Four Horsemen” than in “The Birth of a Nation.” Rudolph Valentino is twenty-six.

ANNA C. S.—Ethel Sands’ impressions of Lillian Gish were printed in the March, 1921, issue of PICTURE-PLAY, and those of Richard Barthelmess in the June, 1921, issue. Miss Sands has met Wallace Reid in California, and will tell you her impressions soon.

MRS. ROBERT K.—Ethel Clayton was the star in “The Girl Who Came Back.” This was a Paramount picture released about three years ago. Elliott Dexter was leading man.

BESSIE K.—A course by mail in motion-picture acting could not help you get into the movies. Don’t waste your time and money on such schemes. Your other questions have been answered.

MARY B. R.—Raymond Hatton was born in Red Oak, Iowa. Clyde Cook, the Fox comedian, was an English music hall favorite before going on the screen. Neither Barbara Bedford nor Edna Murphy was ever on the stage.

M. E. M.—Write to William S. Hart personally for his photograph.

THELMA F.—Sylvia Ashton was the fat wife in “Old Wives for New.” Kathryn Perry was the chicken in Owen Moore’s picture “The Chicken in the Case.” Pauline Frederick and Doris May are R-C Pictures stars.

MARGARET L.—Your questions about Cullen Landis have been answered. His sister, Margaret, was born in Nashville, Tennessee, and educated at Ward Seminary.

BOBBY.—Jack Hoxie is twenty-nine, unmarried, and has been on the screen four and a half years. “Hills of Hate” is his latest picture. “Thunderbolt Jack” is about six months old. The part of Bud Morgan was taken by Alton Hoxie, a brother of Jack. I’m sure Jack would send you a photograph.

DOLLY W.—Gladys George was Thomas Meighan’s leading lady in “The Easy Road.”

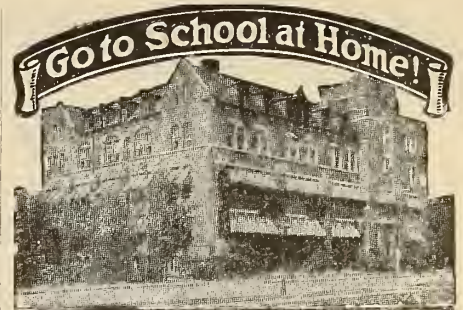
MERRILL P. JONES.—“The Old Swimmer” Hole,” starring Charles Ray was the first picture made entirely without subtitles.

P. S. G.—Gloria Swanson, Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Thomas Meighan, Wallace Reid, Elsie Ferguson, and Douglas MacLean are Paramount stars. Constance Binney, Mary Miles Minter, May McAvoy, Alice Brady, Justine Johnstone, and Bebe Daniels are Realart stellar lights.

EVELYN M.—Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. He was never engaged to Viola Dana—at least he never told me so. Of course he reads his fan mail—he’d rather go without his breakfast than miss it.

E. D. M.—One way to learn motion-picture photography is to take a job as assistant camera man in some studio. It depends on the individual how long it takes to master it. There are one or two good schools, but they are very expensive.

A DORCHESTER FAN.—Antrim Short is five feet, seven and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds, has medium brown hair and blue eyes. He played with William S. Hart in “O’Malley of the Mounted,” and in the Vitagraph productions “The Son of Wallingford” and “Black Beauty.”



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M. M.—You must have us confused with some other magazine. The last interview with Nazimova to be published in PICTURE-PLAY was in the May, 1920 issue.

GORDON C.—Bert Lytell is about thirty-six. His picture "Junk" has been renamed "The Idle Rich." Wilfred Lytell played in the Fox picture "Know Your Men." Harrison Ford plays opposite Norma Talmadge in "The Wonderful Thing," and Gaston Glass is Shirley Mason's leading man in "The Little Alien." "Garments of Truth" and "The Hunch" are two of Gareth Hughes' starring pictures.

MRS. ROSA O.—So far as we know Wallace Reid has never played under any other name.

MRS. HOWARD P.—Rockcliffe Fellowes was leading man for Constance Talmadge in "In Search of a Sinner."

LUCY M.—Stars' salaries range from \$100 to \$10,000 a week. The latest Pathé serial is "Hurricane Hutch," starring Charles Hutchinson. Elinor Glyn is not acting in pictures. She just played a small part in "The Great Moment," the picture she wrote for Gloria Swanson.

C. A. M. JR.—Alvin Wyckoff is director of the Famous Players-Lasky laboratory in California. Address at the end of The Oracle.

MRS. WM. H.—William V. Mong played *Harvey Wilkins* in "The Ten Dollar Raise."

ALICE T.—Jack Mower was born in Honolulu, Hawaii, in 1890. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, has brown hair, and gray eyes.

ELIZABETH B. J.—John Barrymore plays in the Marshall Neilan production "The Lotus Eaters." This title was changed to "The Hidden Paradise," but was switched back again to the original title.

LORENE S.—Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1896 and educated at Erasmus Hall. She has brown hair and eyes. Some stars sell their old evening gowns and some have them remade. Pearl White lives in Bayside, Long Island. I don't know whether Irene Castle would send you an evening gown. Both Lillian and Dorothy Gish are playing in the new Griffith production "The Two Orphans."

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BETTY C.—Yes, the fans like Ethel Sands' articles. She seems to write just as all of them would feel in her position. Adelaide Ambrose is not well known. Don't neglect to write because you haven't a typewriter. Your handwriting is very legible.

GORDON K.—"The Sea Wolf" was a Jack London story. "The Little Fool," a Metro production was adapted from the Jack London story "The Little Lady of the Big House."

FREDERIC B.—Bryant Washburn is playing in the Goldwyn production "Hungry Hearts." He made one picture with his own company, "The Road to London." He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, has dark brown hair, and brown eyes.

MRS. GEORGE B.—Ward Crane was Billie Burke's leading man in "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson." He is five feet, eleven, and has dark hair and brown eyes. Owen Moore, Eugene O'Brien, Zena Keefe, Elaine Hammerstein, and Conway Tearle are Selznick stars.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Carmel Myers, "Hoot" Gibson, Jack Perrin, Priscilla Dean, and Clara Horton at Universal City, California.

Rudolph Valentino, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Conrad Nagel, William S. Hart, Ann Forrest, and Lois Wilson at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California. Also Betty Compson.

Martha Mansfield, Conway Tearle, Zena Keefe, and Elaine Hammerstein at Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Lillian and Dorothy Gish at Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, Oriental Point, New York.

Mary Miles Minter and Bebe Daniels at the Moroso Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Clara Kimball Young at the Harry Garson Studios, Edendale, California.

Eileen Percy, Tom Mix, Buck Jones, William Russell at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California. Also Johnny Walker.

Constance and Norma Talmadge, Harrison Ford, and Kenneth Harlan at the Talmadge Studios, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Elsie Ferguson and Pola Negri at Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Constance Binney and May McAvoy at Realart Pictures Corporation, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Thomas Meighan and Antonio Moreno at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

Kathleen Clifford, Ward Crane, Marguerite Fisher, and David Butler care of Willis & Inglis, Wright and Callender Building, Los Angeles, California. Also Gordon Griffith, Gaston Glass, Mahlon Hamilton, and Rosemary Theby.

Douglas MacLean, Thomas H. Ince, Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes, and Leah Baird at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Anita Stewart at the Mayer Studio, Los Angeles, California.

Dorothy Phillips, Miriam Cooper, Marguerite Clark, and Richard Barthelmess at the First National Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Valeska Suratt care of B. F. Keith Vaudeville Circuit, New York City.

Leatrice Joy, Helene Chadwick, Molly Malone, Richard Dix, and Cullen Landis at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Catherine Calvert and Corinne Griffith at the Vitagraph Company, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Ben Turpin, Mabel Normand, Charles Murray, and Phyllis Haver at the Mack Sennett Studios, Allesandro Street, Edendale, California.

Jack Hoxie at the National Film Company, Hollywood, California.

Bobby Vernon, Vera Steadman, and Helen Darling at Christie Studios, Sunset and Gower, Hollywood, California.

Mildred Davis, Ruth Roland, and Harold Lloyd at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Earle Williams, Jean Paige, Edith Johnson, and William Duncan at the Vitagraph Studios, Los Angeles, California.



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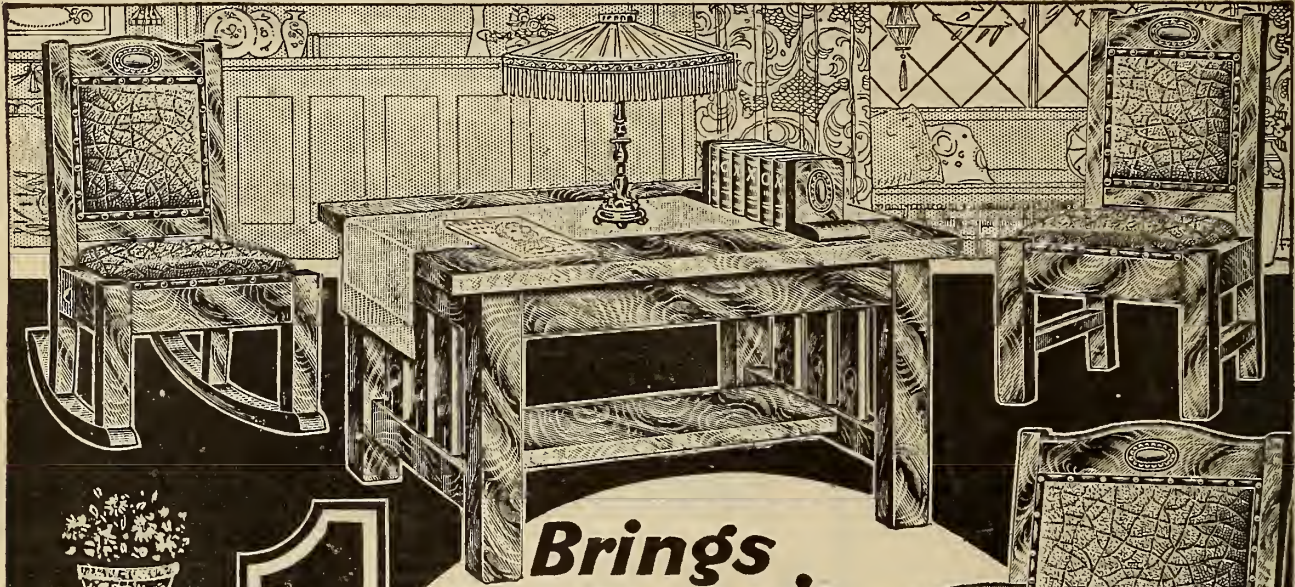
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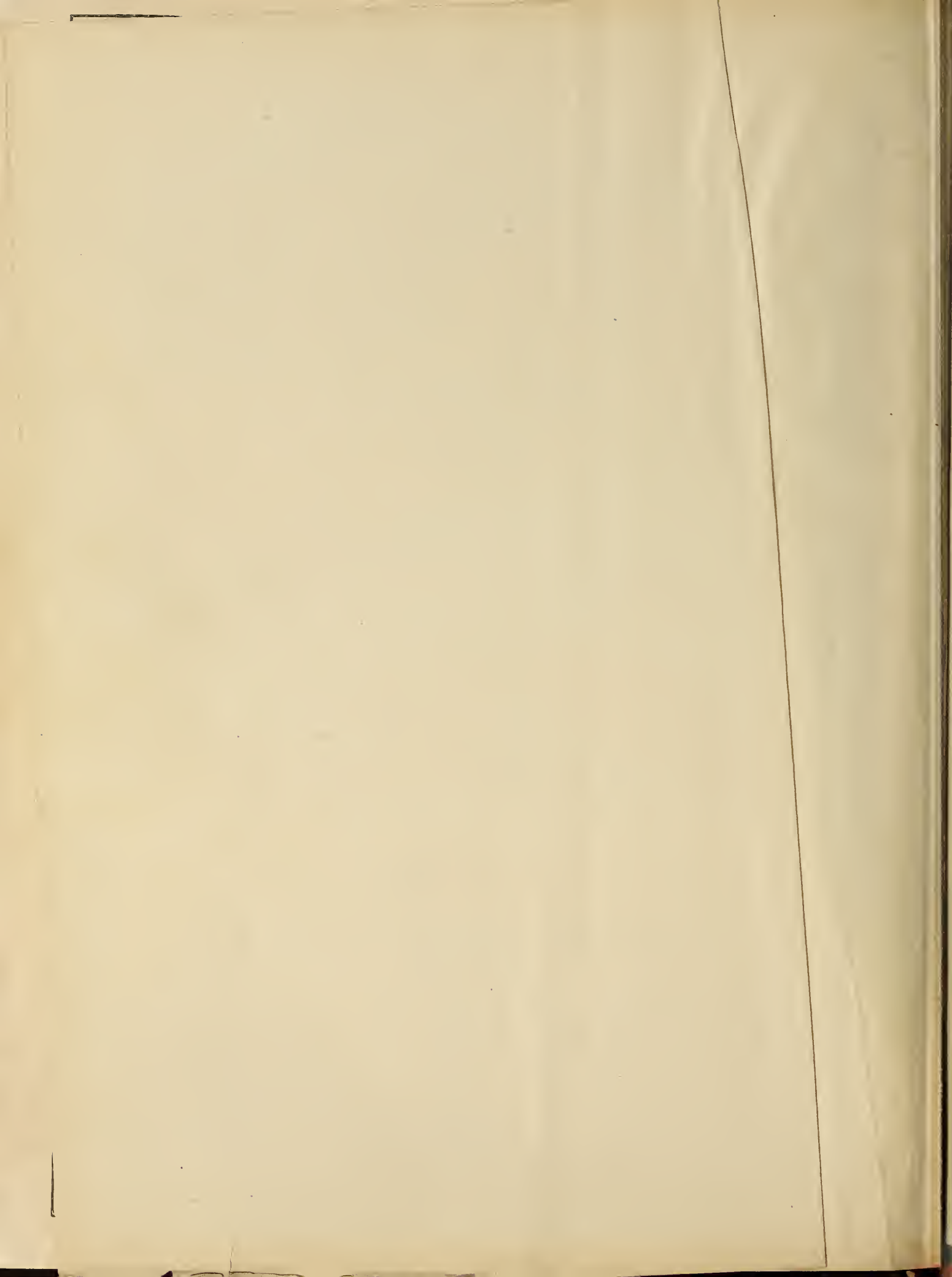
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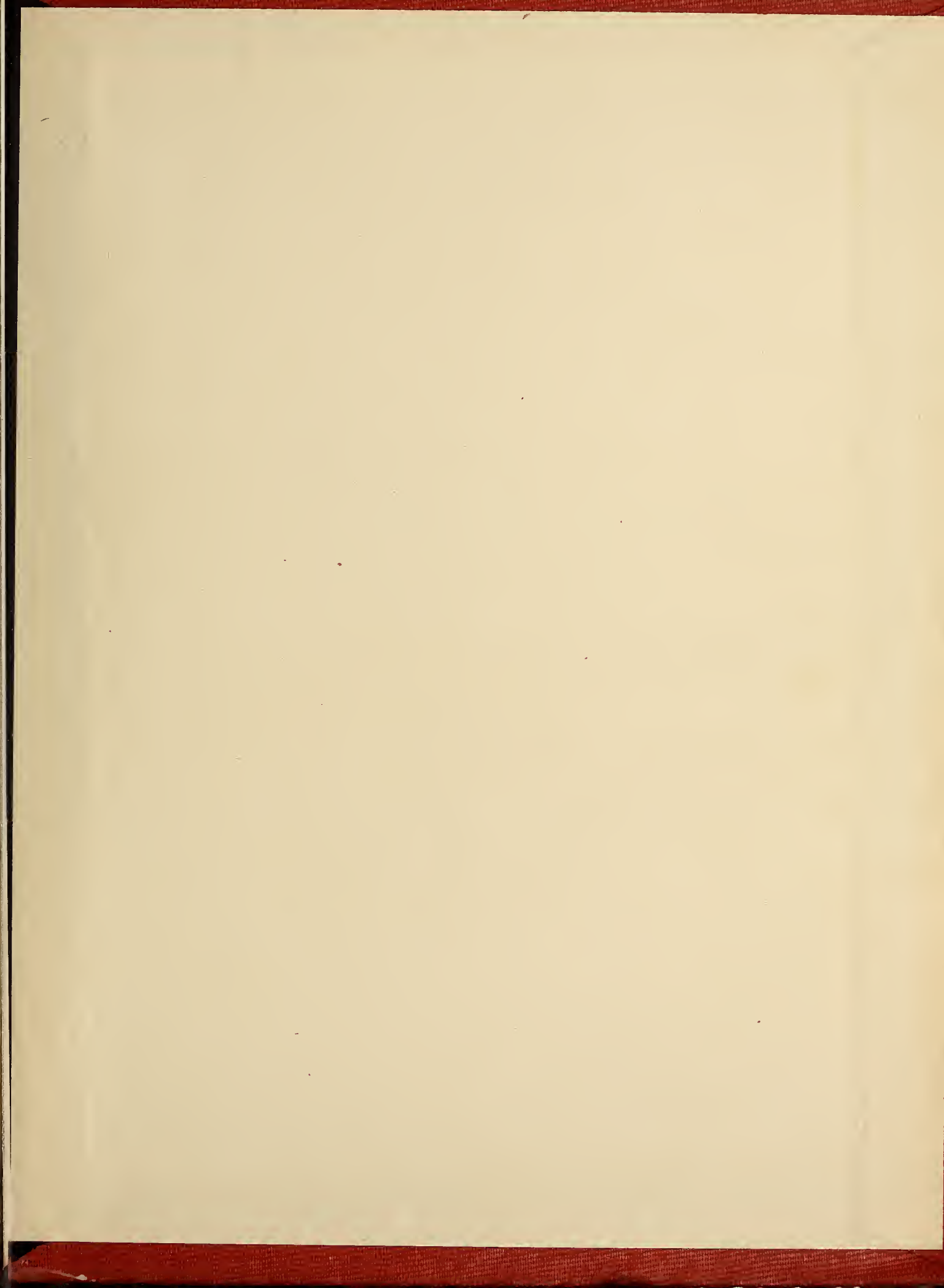
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